I Want You

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I Want You

by kingskindly

Summary

Inspired by all these Shane Hollander gets subdrop after the Vegas scene fics.
Where Shane leaves Ilya's room feeling incredibly self-destructive and Ilya pulls him out of it.

or

Shane's autism, being properly drunk for the first time, and going into subdrop make for an insanely whumpy combination.

Notes

Can't get these characters out of my head. But I do love them. Please enjoy some angst with a good helping of comfort :D

I have all the chapters written (only 3) so I will try and get them out as fast as I can, but a girl's gotta edit at least a little. So rest assured the comfort is coming asap, but this is your warning that ch 1 is just hurt.

Chapter 1: Needy

Shane pressed his forehead into the cold metal of the elevator wall and tried to ignore the thick, sticky feeling of regret that clung to him like tar, as he deleted the message he had typed into his phone.

We didn't even kiss.

"Fuck," the word fell out on a breath, and he pressed his head harder into the wall. Enough that it was a little painful. Enough to give him some clarity.

He had a visceral image of rearing back and slamming his head into the hard, shiny surface. His brain was fixated on the way the skin would split on his forehead. The way blood would trickle, warm, down his face. It would smudge the metal. He breathed through it. Instead, he just pushed harder.

"Fuck," he whispered again, the end of the word feeling dangerously close to a sob.

This was so incredibly pathetic. He was well aware of that fact without proof of its existence on Rozanov's phone. He deleted the message, his thumb jerking on the backspace button, watching as the words disappeared.

He bit the inside of his cheek until he could taste that slight copperiness that meant he hadn't quite drawn blood yet, but he was close. He wouldn't cry. Even alone in this elevator, it would be too much of a humiliation. He couldn't look Rozanov in the eyes again, knowing he ended the night in tears.

But it had been a long time since he'd tasted Rozanov's mouth. Always hot, saliva slick, with the slightly ashy taste of cigarettes that Shane had started to crave at some point despite all his harping on the bad habit. Aside from their rushed, messy kiss in the bathroom a few hours prior, it had been *months*.

Shane couldn't believe how the satisfaction of before could turn so quickly into whatever pathetic mess this was. What had been hot, sexy, some of the best sex of Shane's life, had turned into this prickling shame that made his entire body feel hot and itchy. His thoughts could only skirt around the memory of being in that bed, fingering himself open, legs spread for Rozanov's heated gaze, without wanting to smash his head into the wall.

He hated it. He wished he had drunk more of the vodka Rozanov had given him. He wasn't prone to drinking hard spirits, but he should have made the exception.

He swallowed thickly, staring at the now-empty message box on his phone. *See you next season?* That seemed trite after what they had just done. Anything else he could think of made him look too needy. He opted for nothing instead, pushing his phone into the pocket of his dress pants, feeling like he was wounding himself.

The elevator doors opened to the floor he was staying on. They were already closing on him by the time he realized he was just standing there. The wash of anger that came over him then was welcome. A reprieve from the awful feeling of before. *Shame? Regret? Heartache?* No. Not that. Never that.

He focused on the anger instead. Anger at Rozanov for being such an asshole. For being so fucking stupidly hot. But stronger than that was the anger at himself. How fucking stupid did Shane have to be to take some meaningless hookup and turn it into a weird self-pity fest? *What was wrong with him*?

Rozanov didn't even want him like that. That was clear enough. Shane was a convenient body. Titilating. With a role in Rozanov's life dangerous enough that it got him going. That was the purpose Shane served.

Fuck this.

He pushed the elevator button to take him back down to the lobby. There was still a party going on. Shane had already broken his no drinking rule tonight, and there was no one to tell him he couldn't take advantage of that while he still had the chance.

"Hollander!" J.J.'s French accent carried across the lobby as soon as Shane stepped out of the elevator.

Shane plastered on a smile, hoping it looked better than it felt. It felt like a grimace slashed across his face—fake and ugly. J.J. didn't seem to notice. "You decided you weren't done with us after all?"

"I need a fucking drink," Shane muttered as he was jostled by J.J.'s strong hands on his shoulders, shaking him in excitement.

"Ah, drinking away the loss? That fucking MVP should have been yours!" he crowed as he made his way jovially back to the lobby bar, with Shane in tow.

The party was smaller but no less quiet. Most of the management and families were long gone. The catering had packed up, leaving the hotel bar and a bunch of rowdy hockey players on a night off with nothing to do but get drunk.

"Hollzy!" Dryden slapped him on the shoulder and shoved a beer into his hand. "I didn't expect to see you back. Thought you'd be tucked into bed by now."

Shane gave his best laugh at the friendly ribbing, but it was glass in his lungs. He sucked down as much of his beer as he could, finishing most of the glass in one go.

"Jesus," J.J. whistled, "Cap is taking the day off tomorrow, I think."

Shane wiped at his mouth, finished the rest of the beer and said, "Something stronger."

"Fuck yeah!" Gauthier shouted, "A round of shots, on Cap!"

Shane dutifully paid for the shots and knocked his back, hissing at the burn in his throat. He wasn't used to this.

The guys clapped and cheered and made more fun of Shane for being a lightweight and never drinking. Shane let them get swept up in it. He let himself get swept up in it. He just wanted this awful ache in his chest to go away. He wanted to stop feeling the humiliation that dripped down his throat and sat heavy, in the bottom of his stomach like acid.

The alcohol didn't help as much as he thought it would. Instead, it felt like the pit in his stomach gaped wider, like the alcohol had knocked away whatever supports he had in place there before.

He sat at the bar nursing a vodka on the rocks, feeling like vodka was a bad choice of drink. He wondered if Rozanov's mouth would have tasted like vodka tonight.

He pulled out his phone and scrolled to 'Lily'.

He didn't know why he did it. It was a dumb thing to do.

"No freaking way, Hollzy is about to drunk dial." J.J. had been hovering around Shane all night. He snatched the phone out of Shane's hands. "As your friend, I must save you from this decision."

Having his phone in the hands of anyone else made sharp panic bloom. His phone was unlocked. Shane couldn't remember if he had any incriminating messages recently with Lily. The fake names helped somewhat, but Rozanov sexted blatantly. If anyone really got into their messages, it would be incredibly obvious Lily was a man.

"Give it back," Shane snapped, reaching for the phone. J.J. gave him a strange look, and Shane's fear must have shown on his face because he let Shane pull the phone from his grasp.

"You are pining for Boston Lily?"

"I'm not pining." Shane knew he sounded petulant. Maybe he was pining. Whatever he was doing, it was pathetic. "I'm just..." Shane didn't have an answer.

He thought of Rozanov up in his hotel room. Probably smoking. Maybe he had gone to bed. He definitely wasn't thinking about Shane in the same obsessive way Shane was thinking about him.

"Ah, you got dumped," J.J. concluded. It made Shane wonder how badly he was hiding his expressions.

"No!" Shane realized he sounded too defensive and softened his voice, tried to sound as normal about it as possible, "No. There's nothing to break off anyway. We're not in a relationship." The words felt ashy in his mouth.

"Been there, my friend," Dykstra said empathetically, saddling up beside them. "But a drunk call is a terrible idea. Trust me."

“I’m not even drunk.”

“We are being friends, keeping you from doing this!”

“I wasn’t going to do anything,” Shane grumbled.

“Maybe another drink, yes?” J.J. asked, a look of sympathy on his face.

“Yeah. Yep. Another drink sounds good.”

“There he is! That’s our Captain!” Dykstra cheered.

Hours later, Shane had never been so drunk in his life. Dykstra and J.J. had just kept plying him with drinks. One after the other, and with each drink, Shane felt the feeling of before slowly dissipate. He was feeling strangely self-destructive, like he wasn’t truly attached to his body. It was good; he didn’t want to be attached to his body right now.

“I can’t wait to tell Hayden he missed this!” J.J. was laughing. “Capitaine, you are less of a square than I thought!”

“I need to pee.” His tongue felt thick in his mouth, the words slurred.

Shane didn’t need to pee. Instead, he slid into a booth on the other side of the room. He had only ever been tipsy. This was new for him. He needed a moment of quiet. He landed harder on the seat than he expected with a soft ‘oof’. The booth's leather was not as soft as he expected, but this corner of the room was quiet and dark.

The only downside to the dark and quiet was that everything felt sharper. The way silence buzzed in his ears like white noise. The dizzying way everything swooped. He plunked his head into his hands and blew out a breath.

He wanted Rozanov.

J.J. and Dykstra didn’t know what they were talking about. A drunk call sounded pretty good right now. When the sharp edges of his feelings were dulled, he felt braver than normal. The idea of Rozanov’s silky Russian accent directly in his ear right now felt like maybe it would solve every problem Shane ever had.

Being drunk was weird. It was like he had no control over himself whatsoever. His thoughts, his body, they just kind of…wandered.

He scrolled to Rozanov’s contact. Pressed the call button before he could think too hard about it. Wondered what words would come out of his mouth when he picked up.

It turned out he didn’t have to worry about it. Because after one ring, he got voicemail. Rozanov had sent him to voicemail.

Fuck.

It was like the air had been sucked out of his lungs. The most obvious display of Rozanov's care for him, or lack thereof. Voicemail. *Humiliating*.

“Bad night?”

Shane looked up. The man who hovered over him was handsome. Dark hair, tall, slight scruff. He was wearing a dark collared shirt with the hotel logo on the right breast. Someone who worked here then.

“You have no idea.”

“You look like you need another drink.”

Shane frowned. He was pretty sure he did not look like that. In fact, he was pretty sure he looked hammered. And the flirty smile the man was giving him was making him nervous. He didn’t trust himself, this drunk, out in public.

“I’m good,” he managed to get out.

“Come on. You look miserable. Let me get you a drink. I’m Don, by the way.”

“Shane.”

Don slid into the booth across from Shane.

“Hi Shane. So, what’s got you down?”

“Don’t really want to talk about it.” Shane’s words were definitely slurred.

“Do you need someone to help you forget about it?”

Shane’s head snapped up. He didn’t often catch on to more nuanced pickup lines, but the sulty way the words slipped past the man’s lips made it obvious. Was Shane so obviously gay that someone could tell from the way he sat in this booth? Shane stared; he could feel his heart beating in his neck.

“You’re cute,” Don said, like it was an explanation.

“I— um, not— not interested,” Shane stammered out.

“Really?” he drawled, “you sure you’re not—”

“I’m not.” The words came out sharper than he intended.

Don put up his hands in defeat. “Okay. Sorry. My bad. At least let me get you that drink. You really look like you could use it.”

Shane felt sick. The man was attractive. Shane didn’t even hate the attention; it was flattering. Tonight, especially he was craving it. Just not from Don. From one person in particular.

He needed air.

“I need some air.”

Shane stumbled out of the booth, away from Don. Waved his teammates away as he passed them, mumbling the same line about needing air, and pushed through the doors. He wasn’t sure how he got outside, only that there were multiple doors he had to walk through before he got there.

Outside, the air wasn't any better. It wasn’t sobering like he thought it would be. Like he knew the crisp Canadian air of his hometown would have been. Instead, it smelled faintly of sewage. Bright lights lit the entrance of the hotel, and the buzzing colours of neon signs made the night feel weirdly dystopian.

Privacy, Shane needed privacy. He walked, or more so stumbled, around the side of the building. Into an empty, shadowed alleyway. He gulped down breath after breath of warm Vegas air. He was going to be sick.

The alcohol made his brain feel buzzy. Seconds ago, the numbness was good; now it was making him nauseated. He bent over, braced a hand against the wall and retched. Nothing came out. His breath rattled in his chest.

Chapter 2: I've got you

Ilya hadn’t moved since the door clicked shut behind Shane. He couldn’t bring himself to. He was a coward. He couldn’t even watch Shane leave.

His cigarette had long since burnt out. He was still naked. His post-sex sweat had dried to his body, leaving him sticky and gross. He felt empty.

Shane had opened up a pandora’s box when he had asked about Russia. Because no, Ilya did not like it there. And no, he did not want to go back. The one thing he wanted was something he could never truly have: The man who had just opened himself up in front of Ilya. Who took orders effortlessly in a way that made Ilya’s dick pound with a second heartbeat. Who had no idea how alluring or sensual he was being when he slid his away across the sheets like a muscled panther and nuzzled his face unabashedly into Ilya’s groin.

Ilya dragged a hand down his face, wishing he hadn’t kept Shane at arm's length all night. But Ilya was scared of himself. He was terrified of how badly he wanted Shane.

He had spent *months* after the Olympics trying to convince himself to stay away. If he just broke things off, everything would be so much easier for both of them. Russia had scared him. The urge to pull Hollander into his arms in front of everyone, right there in the stands of the arena, scared him. What he was doing—what they were doing—was dangerous.

But Ilya was a weak man.

He had seen Shane at the awards show, looking incredible in his tailored tux; the fabric pulled tight across his broad shoulders, accentuating his waist. His hair combed back to reveal a forehead that was almost always covered by bangs. Ilya couldn’t help but follow him into that bathroom. Couldn’t help pushing. So he brought Shane as close as he dared. Not nearly as close as he wanted him. But if he brought Shane any closer, he’d never let go. He'd give himself away. And he didn’t want to scare Shane.

His sweet, skittish Shane, who, for some unfathomable reason, kept coming back to Ilya. What they had was working. Ilya couldn’t mess that up.

At the very least, Ilya thought he should have prolonged the experience. Made it last. Like sucking on a hard candy rather than crunching into the hard crystalline confectionery. But being inside of Shane, after the show he put on… well, Ilya could’t have been expected to last. He had barely even registered Shane’s orgasm, so high on lust that all he knew was their bodies pressed together and sweat and the exhilaration and euphoria that was being inside Shane Hollander, Prince of Hockey.

There were a few things Ilya was sure of in his post-nut clarity. He needed to shower. He didn’t want to go back to Russia. He wanted Shane Hollander more than he had wanted anything in his life.

His phone rang.

Jane.

He sucked in a sharp breath. He couldn't. He just couldn't right now. Having the sweet rumble of Shane's voice in his ear was always devastating, and the words Ilya wanted to say would inevitably spill out. He sent the call to voicemail before he thought too hard about it. He couldn't decide if Shane was sent to this earth to torture him or to test him.

He could at least take a shower.

Ilya showered until his skin felt like it would flake apart under the heat of the water. He didn't bother getting dressed, and instead paced with a towel wrapped low around his waist, in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows of the penthouse and wondered what it would have been like if Hollander had let Ilya fuck him in front of the Vegas skyline, as the dampness from the shower cooled on his skin.

He needed a cigarette. He swore softly in Russian when he learned he was out. He ruffled through his suitcase for another pack. Realized belatedly he was being a frantic idiot as he sat, half naked, in the pulled apart mess of his clothes and toiletries with no cigarettes in sight.

Ilya was not an invalid. He was in downtown Vegas for fucks sake. He could find himself a pack of cigarettes. It was the early hours of the morning. There would only be stragglers out at this time of night.

Almost angrily, he pulled on some clothes: black joggers, a tank top, his favourite well-worn bomber jacket. He left his room, trying not to think too hard about what floor Hollander's was on.

The outside air was fresher than inside his room, but still not fresh. It had the telltale staleness that all big cities seemed to have, worse in Vegas. A hint of steam and sewage, with concrete and the mix of hundreds of thousands of people's colognes, hair products and perfumes. The streets were mostly empty but still bright with the lights of buildings and flashing signs.

The lobby had been quiet. It was late enough (or early enough) that most people had turned in.

Ilya looked at the directions to the nearest gas station on his phone, turned left, and stopped dead in his tracks. Braced up against the wall, around the side of the building, with his forehead pressed to the gritty concrete was Shane Hollander.

"Hollander?"

Ilya should have ignored him, walked past, as he had never seen him, bought his cigarettes, gone back to his hotel room and chain-smoked as many as he could manage. But he was helpless to the gravitational pull that was Shane Hollander, and the concerned word fell out of Ilya's mouth before he had time to even process what he was seeing.

Hollander flinched. Hard. Ilya frowned, some sense of shadowy foreboding knocking around inside him. He took a few strides forward.

“Hollander?” he tried again.

Shane shook his head, where it was pressed into the wall. Ilya grimaced as he thought of how the rough concrete would scrape against the skin of Shane's forehead. He had the urge to put his hand there, between Shane’s head and the wall.

Hollander was wearing the same suit Ilya had seen him in earlier. The buttons were undone almost to his navel, the first fact that had alarm bells ringing in Ilya’s head. It was unlike Hollander to be out in such a state of undress. The back of Shane’s neck was flushed and beaded with sweat. His chest heaved like he had just gone running.

“What’s wrong?” Ilya asked sharply.

Shane didn’t look up. “I’m— I’m— I—” He was hyperventilating.

Ilya reached out a hand slowly and placed it on Hollander’s shoulder. What he didn’t expect was Shane to rip away from the touch. Pulling himself away from the wall, stumbling backwards, shrinking into himself.

“Don’t touch me!” Ilya pulled his hand backwards like he had been burned. “Don’t touch—” The rest of the sentence was swallowed by a high, panicked noise.

“Okay, Hollander, okay. I’m not touching,” Ilya put his hands up in the air in a gesture of peace.

Shane’s face was flushed, his eyes rimmed red and unfocused.

“You are drunk.” The realization washed over Ilya quickly, too quickly. The words came out accusatory. Hollander flinched again.

Hollander was drunk. Ilya had never seen it before. Not like this.

“What the fuck do you want, Rozanov?” Hollander snarled, suddenly having found his voice. It was Ilya’s turn to flinch. *You. I want you*.

“I—”

“Why are you even here?”

“I wanted cigarette,” Ilya said dumbly.

“Then go- go do that.”

Ilya frowned. “I don’t think is what you want.”

“You have no idea what I want,” Shane said, voice rising in pitch. “*No idea*. I’m—”

Hollander turned, bent over and retched. Ilya felt his chest do something painful. Hollander crouched down, his breathing spiralling out of control. He fisted unforgiving fingers into his hair.

“Are you okay?” Ilya said, low and soft, like he was talking to an injured, stray cat.

“Please leave me alone. Rozanov. Just go…just—I don’t want you to see me like this.” The words were muffled into Hollander’s knees. He sounded like he might be crying. Ilya couldn’t be sure with his voice and his face hidden like this. He looked so small.

Ilya’s heart clenched. He weighed his options. He could leave Hollander, in his obvious distress. He knew they would see each other again, the next time they played. They would both do a great job of pretending this never happened. Or he could stay. Listen to the instincts that were screaming at him to *fix, protect, help*. Ilya took a steadying breath. He had always been selfish.

“Hollander?” Ilya said. He got no response. “Shane?” he tried again, and Hollander drew in a sharp breath.

Ilya approached slowly, tried to find his confidence, even as he felt he was walking on the edge of something sharp.

“Shane,” Ilya said again gently, testing the power of Hollander’s first name. Shane whimpered. *Okay*, thought Ilya, sucking in a breath. He blew it out slowly, trying to ground himself, *okay*.

“I’m going to touch you now, okay, Shane?” Shane only hunched further into himself. It wasn’t a definite yes, but it also wasn’t a no.

So Ilya moved slowly, giving Shane time to move away if he needed, wrapped a hand around Shane’s upper arm, feeling the feverish heat that radiated through his shirt. When Shane didn’t protest, Ilya guided him up into a standing position.

Shane was surprisingly pliant, coming easier than Ilya had expected. Ilya was running on instinct as he pulled Shane towards his chest and banded an arm around Shane’s shoulders.

Something in Ilya unlocked then. Something that had been tense and rigid since he had spoken to Shane in Sochi loosened. Shane, in his arms, felt *right*. Like a missing puzzle piece.

Shane pushed his forehead into Ilya’s collarbone, and Ilya winced at the pressure, thinking that if this was how hard he was pushing into the wall, then it must have been painful. His breath still came in fast little puffs.

“I think—” the words sounded choked and small and scared, “Oh god, I think I’m dying.”

“No, Shane. You are drunk, and you are having panic attack.”

Shane laughed, the sound all jagged edges before it tapered off into a miserable-sounding moan. But Ilya wasn’t making a joke. Shane’s neurotic tendencies, his intense need to always

be in control, mixed with alcohol, were a disaster waiting to happen.

“Breathe,” Ilya commanded, “you need to breathe.”

Ilya exaggerated the breath in his chest, letting it expand against Shane’s, and they stood like that until Ilya could tell that Shane was making an effort to match his breathing. Ilya pet the back of his head, smoothing the silky hair there. And slowly, so slowly, Shane’s breathing returned to normal.

“Good, Shane,” Ilya said soothingly. Shane shuddered and then suddenly went boneless in his arms. Ilya grunted as he absorbed all of Shane’s muscled weight. “How long were you like this?”

He felt the way Shane shrugged against him. “Dunno. An hour…maybe two, I don’t know.” He was slightly slurred in a way that told Ilya that Shane was still drunk, and coming down off a fight-or-flight response that had apparently lasted *hours*.

“You sent me to voicemail.”

Ilya felt like he missed a step. A swooping feeling in his stomach as his brain tripped over the whispered confession. His chest hurt.

“You— you tried to call me? To help?” *And I ignored you?* Ilya thought he might be sick.

“No, not to help. I called before.” Shane pushed harder into Ilya’s collarbone until Ilya was sure it was hurting Shane as much as it was hurting Ilya. He wrapped a hand around Shane’s head and wiggled his palm over Shane’s forehead. There, that was better.

“Why did you call? You needed something?”

Shane shook his head against Ilya’s palm. “Someone’s gonna see us.”

Ilya tightened his hold, but Shane was making no move to push away.

“No one will see, Shane,” Ilya pressed his lips into the top of Shane’s head. “I’ve got you.”

Chapter 3: I want you, too

Chapter Notes

I'm cracking up at myself, trying to give myself some time to edit and then just staying up until 2 am to get all these chapters out. But I hate cliffhangers, so here I am trying to avoid giving you them.

Thank you to the Hollanov-induced stupor I've been in for the last 4 hours as I cranked out this entire fic. Weeee.

Ilya's Russian is in the endnotes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shane sat on the couch in the main room of Rozanov's penthouse suite, feeling no less pathetic than he had a few hours ago.

He should leave. Push himself up and stagger out of here on drunk legs. His room wasn't that far away. It was only a few floors down. He could probably get himself there. But the idea of falling into the cold hotel bed, without the wherewithal to take off his shoes, let alone his rumpled clothes, alone, drunk, in the dark, felt like a knife in his gut.

So he sat there shivering, fine tremors that wracked his body, as he wondered when he had started doing that. He clenched his jaw to keep his teeth from chattering.

There were so many opportunities to tell Rozanov to fuck off, to leave Shane alone. But Shane had done it once, tearing himself up in some shadowed side alley as he forced out the words, and that was enough. It counted. He had tried. He didn't have the energy to do it again.

He hated how much he craved the way Rozanov stroked the back of his head and held Shane, like he was something precious. The way he murmured comfortingly in Shane's ear as he helped Shane stumble back to Rozanov's room.

I've got you. There's no one here. No one will see. Shane. You're okay. Just a little further. I've got you.

And that was another thing. Rozanov was calling him Shane. Not Hollander, *Shane*. His name sounded softer, sweeter, wrapped in Ilya's accent, and Shane didn't know what to do with that in his clouded mind.

The first time Rozanov said it, Shane had thought it was his own drunk mind playing tricks on itself, and it felt like his entire being had recoiled from it. But Rozanov was incessant,

saying Shane's name on the back of almost every sentence, like it was somehow the key to making Shane understand what he was saying.

"I'll be right back, okay, Shane?" Rozanov had said 5 minutes ago, looking worried, before he had left Shane to shiver on the couch, disappearing into the hall.

Shane wondered if he was supposed to leave before Rozanov came back. Maybe he was just offering Shane some semblance of preserving his pride. Joke was on Rozanov then, because Shane's pride had disappeared when he had been desperate enough to type those pathetic words into his phone. *We didn't even kiss*. Any chance of finding it was gone when Shane had retched up bile and nothing into the alley in front of the man he was fucking.

The door opened. Ah, well, too late to leave now. Rozanov walked in with a handful of what looked like vending machine snacks, a Gatorade, and a ginger ale—one that came in a green plastic bottle from the vending machines rather than a can.

Shane stared at him, dully registering that he still had no control over himself. He had no idea what his face was doing. The world still felt like it was tilted on its axis.

"Shane." Ilya was looking at him with a face that was all concern.

"Ilya," the word fell from Shane's lips. He had been listening to Rozanov calling him Shane all night. He wanted to try.

Ilya's eyes widened, and an expression crossed his face that Shane couldn't place. Shane's teeth started to chatter. The expression on Ilya's face snapped back to concern. He muttered a Russian word. Shane was pretty sure he was swearing.

"You're shivering."

"Yeah."

Ilya grabbed a blanket that was folded on the side of the couch and wrapped it around Shane's shoulders, crouching in front of him. He arranged the blanket carefully, making sure it draped around Shane comfortably. He opened the Gatorade and deposited it into Shane's hands. Shane held it uselessly.

"Drink."

The order, when it came, had Shane unlocking. It was a wash of relief to have something concrete to follow. He put the Gatorade to his lips with little hesitation. He wondered if Ilya noticed it too, the strange way he was looking at Shane.

He took a sip.

"More," Ilya said softly.

Shane took another. But the sensation of liquid sliding down his throat, into his already roiling stomach, made nausea rise. He put the bottle to the side, swallowing around the urge to gag.

“No good?” Ilya asked.

“Sorry,” Shane said.

Ilya met his eyes, flicking over his face, before he grimaced and shook his head.

“No,” Ilya said, brushing his fingers over Shane’s cheek, so lightly that Shane barely felt it. “You have nothing to be sorry for.”

Ilya rubbed his palms up and down Shane’s arms.

“I don’t know what happened,” Shane said.

“You had panic attack,” Ilya said simply.

“No, I was just drinking. Too much, I think—”

“Panic attack,” Ilya said in a way that bartered to argument, “I know. I have them too.”

Shane’s eyes snapped to his, and Ilya gave him a withdrawn smile.

“You- you do?”

Ilya nodded. “Too much excitement…” he grunted as he searched for the right word in English. “Too much fear? Something like this. The body thinks there is danger.”

Fear? Shane wondered what Ilya was so afraid of that it would send him into such a spiralling clash of adrenaline and hysteria.

“Yes, fear.” Ilya looked steadily up at him, thumbed the delicate skin under his left eye. Oh. Shane didn’t realize he had spoken aloud. “For me, fear. Maybe for you, something else?”

Shane thought of the panic he had felt when Don had flirted with him. The realization that Ilya didn’t need Shane as much as Shane needed him. The fear of having to live with that fact forever.

“No, fear sounds right,” he said, the words sounding strange around his chattering shivers.

Ilya made a frustrated cluck, and Shane tried not to flinch.

“This isn’t working. You are still shivering. Come.”

He stood automatically and let Ilya lead him to the bedroom. Ilya pointed at the edge of the bed.

“Sit.”

Shane sat.

“I will undress you now.”

A sick feeling then.

“Wait, I don’t—”

“I will not fuck you, Hollander,” Ilya looked pained. “I would not do this. Not while you are…”

“No! No, I know that, I just…”

“You need to get warm. Under covers, without sweaty clothes, yes? Also, they stink,” Ilya made a face.

He wasn’t wrong. Shane was pretty sure he reeked of alcohol.

So he let Ilya undress him, undoing the few buttons that were still keeping Shane’s shirt clinging to him. Shane lifted his hips obediently for Ilya to pull his pants off. He watched Ilya fold his wrinkled clothes and put them off to the side. Exactly the way Shane liked to fold them, in thirds.

Shane crawled under the covers in his boxers and then felt his breath stutter when Ilya divested himself of clothes and crawled in after him.

Ilya arranged them so that he sat at the headboard, nestled against the pillows and pulled Shane between his legs. Tugged Shane back towards his chest, wrapped an arm around him. Ilya made a satisfied noise that rumbled through his chest and into Shane’s back. Shane let his head rest on Ilya’s shoulder, their faces close together.

Shane’s heart felt like it was breaking when Ilya pressed his lips to the side of his neck. He made a little pained noise, and Ilya shushed him.

But it helped. Even as he felt like he was breaking apart, it helped. The rough scrape of Ilya’s leg hairs bracketing Shane’s own, the silky warmth of his chest against Shane’s naked back, the way his breath disturbed the little hairs at the nape of Shane’s neck each time he exhaled.

Shane let his eyes droop. His shivering subsided. His heartbeat slowed.

“This is so stupid,” Shane whispered.

“I don’t think is stupid.”

“You’re not the one who broke down outside of a hotel, in downtown Vegas,” Shane complained.

“What happened, Shane?”

Shane just shook his head. It was too humiliating. He didn’t want to talk about it.

“Did someone hurt you?” The words were gentle, but Shane could hear the undercurrent of violence in Ilya’s voice. Shane stiffened. He hadn’t realized that’s what Ilya thought.

“No, no one hurt me. I’m— I think I might have hurt myself,” Shane admitted.

He felt more sober than before, but Shane thought maybe he wouldn’t be admitting this if he wasn’t still under the influence of all those vodka shots.

“You hurt yourself?” Ilya sounded confused, and the words came out slow, like he was piecing them together as he repeated them. “You are hurt? Where?”

Ilya was shifting, moving them with the obvious intent of looking into Shane’s eyes, maybe roving them over his body for injuries. But Shane didn’t want to be looked at, and he hadn’t meant it like that anyway.

“I’m fine, really, I’m fine.” Shane put a soothing hand on the upper part of Ilya’s thigh. “I didn’t mean physically.”

There was silence, then, “Oh, you mean in the head?” Ilya settled back down into the cushions, and Shane tried to unlock his muscles too. Ilya, rubbing firm circles into his chest, helped.

“Yeah,” Shane said quietly, after a beat. “I told you it was stupid.”

He could feel the shake of Ilya’s head rather than see it.

“Not stupid.”

Shane had the sudden sense that this wasn’t what he wanted to be doing. He didn’t want to be soothed by Ilya about something he couldn’t be soothed about. There was no fixing the problem that Shane currently had. The fact that he wanted things, Ilya was not able to give him.

“I should go,” he said abruptly, pushing himself up.

“Go?” Ilya sounded confused.

“Yeah,” Shane said, looking around for his clothes, planning his exit, “This isn’t— I know this isn’t what you want to be doing right now, and I’m being an idiot about this, my brain's just all,” Shane moved his hands in a gesture that he hoped got the point across. “And I’m taking up your time. I should—”

“Shane,” Ilya grabbed onto Shane’s biceps and pushed him back onto the bed, down onto the pillows. Ilya hovered above him now. “Don’t leave. Not like this.”

Shane’s breath hitched in his throat. It was the first time Ilya had ever expressed a need— aside from his need to get off, or fuck Shane, or shower. His face was painfully open as he looked down at Shane.

“Please.” Shane hated the earnestness in Ilya’s voice.

“You sent me to voicemail.”

Ilya froze. “This is why you had panic attack?”

It sounded so dumb like that. One missed call, and Shane was down for the count. Pathetic.

“No, no. I mean, I don’t know. I think it started before that, maybe.” Shane met Ilya’s eyes, wanted to ask him; *am I being good? Answering your questions like this, even when I feel like speaking them aloud, will kill me?*

“Before? Like…” Shane could see the wheels turning in Ilya’s head, “Like before? When we fucked? This is my fault?” The question wasn’t defensive, or accusatory, or wary, but earnest and regretful.

“We didn’t even kiss,” Shane finally whispered, feeling like the words had been driving small wounds into him all night. Shrapnel: razor-edged and shredding the most vulnerable parts of him. He felt relief. He also felt dizzy with terror.

“Ah, this is my fault,” Ilya said soberly.

“No, it’s not your fault. Like at all. I’m the one who—”

“Hollander,” Ilya put a hand over Shane’s mouth, and Shane met his eyes. Ilya’s entire air had changed. He still looked worried, but he also looked confident. Like Shane had answered some questions that had solved everything. “This is my fault. *Podkaplya*. And maybe being drunk and also being neurotic. Like bad cocktail, yes?”

“What?” Shane stared, wide-eyed, feeling like maybe Ilya’s questions had been answered, but Shane was more confused than ever.

“I do not know English translation. It does not matter. You do not need to know. This is easy problem to fix. I like to kiss you.”

“But you don’t even want me,” Shane winced as the words snuck past his downed barriers. He sounded whiny. Ungrateful. He was about to get what he wanted. He was going to ruin it.

Ilya frowned. “Of course I do. This is not obvious?”

Shane shook his head. Felt breathless and agonized and terrified as he said, “Not the way I want you.”

“Ah,” the expression that flicked across Ilya’s face felt like maybe it matched the agony in Shane's chest, “I think maybe…” Ilya hesitated, and Shane braced himself for the blow.

I think maybe you are too fucking clingy, Hollander. Get out. I didn’t sign up for this. Shane stared at Ilya’s lips and waited for them to shape some combination of words that would finally take a hacksaw to whatever delicate thing Shane was harbouring and kill it once and for all.

Ilya sucked in a breath. Looked like he was steeling himself. “I think maybe is the opposite. I want you this way, Shane. I think more than you want me. Maybe.”

“What?”

Shane must have been drunker than he thought. Ilya’s responding smile was more like a grimace.

“I want you, Shane. Of course I do. More than I should. *Fuck*. It’s— it’s dangerous, I think, how bad I want.”

Shane was saved from having to respond when Ilya closed the gap between them and pressed gentle lips to Shane’s. When he slid his tongue into Shane’s mouth, it felt like he was breathing pure oxygen. The inhale Shane took felt like the first full one since the award show. His lungs expanded with it.

He couldn’t help but return the kiss, eyebrows pulling together, so much more uninhibited than usual. Ilya kissed with tongue, like he always did, soft and wet and gentle. It stirred heat in Shane’s gut.

But every time Shane tried to turn it into more, Ilya would return to those gentle, closed-mouth kisses. Pressing his lips chastely against Shane’s. Sometimes, rubbing them together, for the sensory feel of it smooth and velvety.

When Shane settled, Ilya would slick his tongue once more across Shane’s lips, like a reward. Like he was telling Shane, *we won’t go further than this*. Shane didn’t mind.

It was shockingly settling, these sweet, gentle kisses. Shane felt present in his body for the first time since… maybe since the Olympics.

When Ilya finally pulled back, Shane’s lips felt red and swollen, and he felt drunk in a whole different way. He stared up at Ilya with blown pupils, and couldn’t help the way his gaze dipped to Ilya’s alluringly spit-shiny lips.

“Better?” Ilya smiled, and Shane couldn’t help but nod. Yes, he felt better. “Good, we are not done.”

“We’re not?”

“No. You are still *padeniye*. I put you here, I will fix this for you,” Ilya said firmly.

Shane only nodded. He had no idea what the Russian word meant, but if it meant more of those slow drugging kisses, Shane didn’t particularly care in this moment. He thought for a moment he could try to remember it, to look up later. But already the rolling syllables of the word escaped him.

Ilya pressed his lips to Shane’s once more and then pushed up off the bed.

“Wait here. Don’t move.”

Shane didn’t know where Ilya thought he would go, but he dutifully didn’t move. Lying on the bed, boneless against the soft sheets and fluffy pillows. When Ilya returned, his arms were full of all his vending machine spoils. He dumped them onto the bedside table.

Then, he was above Shane once more, propped up on his elbows. He tapped Shane's bottom lip.

"*Otkryt*'." Shane didn't need to know Russian to know what Ilya wanted.

He opened his mouth and let Ilya's fingers in. They deposited something small and salty on his tongue. He bit into it.

"Almond?"

"Yes. Something to help with your hangover, I think."

"Okay," Shane whispered, his eyes fluttering closed as Ilya pressed another nut onto his tongue. He peppered slow closed-mouthed kisses into Shane's lips as he chewed. It went like this slowly, food, kisses, every so often a water bottle pressed to his lips. Then, when the nausea was almost completely gone, and Shane was starting to feel kind of full, something new:

Shane's mind was quiet, finally, and he chewed without thinking, his eyes fluttering open at the rich, sweet taste. Ilya was looking down at him, his lips upturned gently with something fond, his eyes soft.

"Smartie," Ilya said.

Shane chased the flavour around the inside of his mouth with his tongue. Swallowed and watched the way Ilya's eyes tracked his bobbing adam's apple.

"Good?"

"Mmm," Shane hummed his agreement.

"Let me try," Ilya purred.

And then Ilya was kissing him again, pushing a tongue into Shane's mouth. The taste of Ilya mixing with the taste of cheap milk chocolate. It was drugging. And Ilya kissed him like he was trying to erase all trace of chocolate from his mouth.

His tongue dipped underneath Shane's tongue, making saliva pool. He ran it along the insides of his cheeks, over the dips in his molars where the candied shell stuck. He pulled Shane's tongue into his mouth and *sucked*, eliciting a moan from Shane. But Shane had long since forgotten about his arousal, now just something pleasant in the background, warm and fizzy underneath his skin. His dick had been hard for so long it felt almost normal.

When Ilya pulled back, Shane barely had time to catch his breath before Ilya had placed another smartie against his lips.

"*Snova*."

Shane wondered idly if they'd do this with the entire box.

They did. Until Shane could barely keep his eyes open, until his lips felt numb and buzzy, and the inside of his mouth tasted more like Ilya than it did like himself.

“Do you want to brush your teeth?”

Shane shook his head. He liked the chocolate-Ilya taste in his mouth. He didn’t want to get rid of it.

“Okay,” Ilya said softly, barely over a whisper, “Sleep then, Shane. For a little while. I will wake you up early, so you can be back in your room before anyone notices, okay?”

“Okay,” Shane matched Ilya’s quiet tones. It was easy; he was already half asleep. “Ilya?”

“Hmm?”

“I want you.” It was a sad imitation of what Shane wanted to say. But it felt good nonetheless, to put something out there. To be at least fractionally honest about how he felt.

“Yes,” Ilya said, and Shane could hear the smile in his voice, “I want you, too, Shane.”

Shane drifted into sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Podkaplya - subdrop
padeniye - dropping
Otkryt' - open
Snova - again

As a side note I know absolutely nothing about Russian so if this makes no sense to any native Russian speakers its because this all came from google translate :D

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