

FaceTime fixes everything

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/80804021) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/80804021>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Svetlana Vetrova , Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - College/University , Anxious Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Shane has a shitty boyfriend that I didn't care to give a name , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Characters Yelling or Screaming , Shane Hollander Freaks Out , Exhibitionism , but barely ?
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-03-07 Completed: 2026-03-29 Words: 16,544 Chapters: 2/2

FaceTime fixes everything

by [chmknbee](#)

Summary

When Ilya Rozanov was looking for a roommate in the summer leading into Shane's second year of university, he didn't even consider it at first, but when he eventually realized how difficult it was to find housing close to his school, he decided to reach out.

They had been on the same hockey team for a year and got along mostly fine, it couldn't be that bad, right? Shane would agree with that statement, though Ilya wasn't sure he would. Shane was not a bad roommate at all, in fact, Ilya was kind of heavily crushing on Shane, though he didn't frequently admit that. That part was bad enough, but to make it worse Shane had a boyfriend who Ilya had once described as 'Satan himself' to the only person who knew about his crush, his best friend of many, many years, Svetlana.

or

Shane Hollander has a shitty boyfriend who he eventually cheats on with Ilya. And perhaps they FaceTime him while fucking.

Notes

Probably ooc in some parts

Shane not listening to music is SO NOT CANON TO ME. But if you believe in that when I say he has headphones on just pretend his is listening to a hockey game.

I deeply apologize for any spelling and grammar errors i'm so ass at proof reading.

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

Chapter 1

When Ilya Rozanov was looking for a roommate in the summer leading into Shane's second year of university, he didn't even consider it at first, but when he eventually realized how difficult it was to find housing close to his school, he decided to reach out.

They had been on the same hockey team for a year and got along mostly fine, it couldn't be that bad, right? Shane would agree with that statement, though Ilya wasn't sure he would. Shane was not a bad roommate at all, in fact, Ilya was kind of heavily crushing on Shane, though he didn't frequently admit that. That part was bad enough, but to make it worse Shane had a boyfriend who Ilya had once described as 'Satan himself' to the only person who knew about his crush, his best friend of many, many years, Svetlana.

"I am pretty sure he fakes it with his boyfriend." Ilya said to Svetlana, who just stared at him for a moment.

"Genuinely, how would you know that?" And Ilya could only shrug in response.

"I do not know. I can hear them sometimes, I think I could do better." Svetlana was used to hearing about Shane, to the point where she too hated his boyfriend despite only meeting him briefly a few times.

"You really need to get over this crush. You have been living with him for over two years, Ilya." Ilya sighed at this, she was definitely right, but he just couldn't, especially knowing how awful Shane's boyfriend was sometimes.

"You could vouch for me to him... about how good I am in bed." It was mostly a joke and a way to ignore Svetlana's point about getting over Shane.

"Ew, Ilya, stop talking." She couldn't help laughing a bit at what he said, though.

Ilya could hear yelling before he even unlocked the front door to his apartment, the sound of Shane's boyfriend's voice pissed him off immediately.

When he shut the door behind himself, he heard Shane shushing him. "Keep your voice down!" Shane pleaded with him. "I can hear Ilya in the living room, he shouldn't have to deal with your yelling."

This did the exact opposite of what Shane had hoped for, and his boyfriend was now yelling louder. Shane was beyond overwhelmed now, and he couldn't stop himself from bringing his hands to his ears to quiet the yelling.

"What, you won't even listen to me now? You're so ridiculous." Was the last thing Shane heard before he watched his boyfriend storm out, he wasn't sure why, but he chased after him, only stopping when his own front door was slammed in his face.

"Are you okay?" Shane heard after a moment of silence and turned to see Ilya in their kitchen, he hadn't noticed him when he walked out and had assumed he'd gone to his own room.

"I'm fine." Shane answered quickly, though he was definitely blinking back tears. "I... Umm..." Shane felt he needed to explain something, he wanted to make his boyfriend not look absolutely horrible, he felt like he needed to defend his actions.

"I was being too controlling, you know? Asked too much." He finally said while staring at the floor.

Of course this was far from the truth, they'd gotten into an argument over his boyfriend flirting with a girl in one of his classes, but he insisted Shane was just being jealous and controlling, which Shane was too easily convinced was true.

“Nothing should ever be too much for you.” Ilya said without thinking, and Shane slowly lifted his head up to look at him, a small blush forming on his face. He wasn’t sure how Ilya meant that, but it sounded romantic, very romantic, in fact, it sounded more romantic than anything his boyfriend had said or done in god knows how long.

Shane stared at Ilya in silence for a moment, and then the sudden realization that he couldn’t remember the last time his boyfriend had done something romantic for him made the tears he’d been holding back start streaming down his face.

“Fuck.” Was the only word that he could get to come out of his mouth as he started furiously wiping away his tears.

Shane did not cry in front of people, he absolutely hated that he was crying in front of Ilya, though, he was sure he had probably heard him crying after fights with his boyfriend before, so maybe of all people he was the best for this to happen in front of.

Ilya quickly moved over to Shane and went to place a hand on his shoulder in an attempt to comfort him, but when Shane flinched away from his touch, he quickly pulled his hand away.

Shane only cried harder at this, his boyfriend hated when he got overwhelmed and flinched away from any form of contact, but here Ilya was listening to him without him actually having to say anything.

Ilya’s face was slightly panicked seeing Shane cry more. How was he making this worse?

“I’m sorry.” He said quietly, and Shane responded by shaking his head. Ilya definitely had no reason to be sorry.

“It’s okay. Sorry.” Shane replied, it came out mostly choked up, so he kept it short. He let out a somewhat frustrated groan and quickly left to his bedroom.

Ilya wanted to go after him, to tell him his boyfriend was a complete asshole and he should break up with him, but he had a feeling that would be no help, so he just stood there for a while trying to wrap his head around the fact that he had attempted to hit on Shane and, as a result, made him sob in their living room.

Ilya eventually went to his own room and called Svetlana to fill her in, they shared practically every detail of their lives with each other.

“Are you sure you didn’t accidentally insult him?” She asked, they were both not sure why he had cried at what Ilya said.

“It definitely was not an insult... But maybe it came off weird?” He felt like shit for making Shane cry, but he had also said it was okay before leaving, so maybe he shouldn’t feel so bad. “Sveta, I have to go.” He said quickly when he heard a knock on his bedroom door. He probably answered the door a bit too eagerly and gave Shane a warm smile as he did.

“Hey, I’m sorry for earlier.” Shane said quietly, his eyes were still red and puffy from crying, which made Ilya feel as though he was in physical pain. “I wasn’t upset with you at all. I just wanted to make sure you knew that.”

Ilya gave a nod, he was happy to hear that. He didn’t understand how Shane’s boyfriend could make Shane feel so terrible all the time and live with himself, if Ilya ever made Shane cry like that again, he might kill himself.

“Did you want to talk at all?” Ilya offered, and Shane looked like he wanted to accept the offer at first before he shook his head ‘no’.

Shane honestly wanted nothing more than to sit and talk with Ilya, maybe do more than talk with him... No, he couldn’t think that. He looked at Ilya for a moment, and his thoughts quickly started to wander, so he looked away again.

“I’ll see you later.” Shane quickly excused himself. Ilya noticed, though, that Shane left the apartment instead of going back to his room, which likely meant he was going to go forgive his boyfriend.

His suspicions were confirmed when Shane posted a picture, showing he was out with his boyfriend. Ilya couldn't imagine being Rose, who was Shane's best friend, she had to hate his boyfriend as much as he did, probably more actually.

As if specifically to make Ilya's night worse, Shane brought his boyfriend home, so it wasn't long till Ilya could hear Shane moaning from his bedroom. Ilya kind of wanted to throw something against the wall in frustration.

Ilya had never interfered when Shane and his boyfriend were fighting before, but when he heard Shane suddenly yelling at his boyfriend to leave, he was immediately leaving his bedroom.

Just as Ilya entered their living room, he was watching Shane shove his half-dressed boyfriend out of his bedroom, who was now fumbling to get more of his clothes on as Shane threw them at him.

"You're so dramatic! It's actually ridiculous, I don't know why I put up with you." Ilya could see Shane doing the same blinking away tears things that he'd been doing earlier, and if he didn't think it would make things worse, he would've probably punched Shane's boyfriend the second he said that.

"Come on, out." Ilya finally spoke, Shane was basically frozen at his door now as Ilya nudged and pushed Shane's boyfriend closer to the front door.

Shane's boyfriend glanced between them for a moment before giving Ilya a slight shove back. "Are you fucking him?"

Shane laughed at this and shook his head. "You're the only one fucking someone else." Shane replied, and now Ilya felt like he understood their fight a little bit more.

“You need to leave.” Ilya said, and this time Shane’s boyfriend actually left. Ilya shut and locked the door once he was gone before turning to Shane, who he was just now realizing was wearing just his bedsheet wrapped around his waist in order to not be naked in their living room.

“Are you okay?” Ilya asked and looked down at the floor, avoiding looking at him, he had a hard time pulling his eyes away from Shane’s bare chest.

“No.” he admitted and sighed. “I’m sorry. You shouldn’t have had to get involved.” Shane said, he was embarrassed that Ilya had seen all of that go down.

“He shouldn’t have spoken to you like that.” Ilya replied with a shrug.

Ilya wasn’t sure how he managed to do it again, but Shane was now crying. “Sorry. I do not mean to keep making you cry.”

Ilya made his way closer to Shane, but remembered how he’d flinched away from him last time so he didn’t try to touch him at all, but when Shane stepped closer and eventually leaned his weight into Ilya, he quickly wrapped his arms around him.

They stood there for a while, Shane crying into Ilya’s shoulder, while Ilya just held him.

“I need to go shower.” Shane finally said once he’d calmed down, he wanted Ilya to see him like this as little as possible. Ilya nodded and let go of him. “I’m not crying cause you upset me or anything, please don’t think that.” Shane said before he made his way back into his bedroom.

Ilya smiled softly at the reassurance from Shane and waited a moment before also returning to his bedroom.

Ilya had hoped that that night would be the last time he saw Shane with his boyfriend, but when he was leaving from their hockey practice the next day, he saw them outside and sighed.

Shane's boyfriend noticed Ilya and glared at him, as if he'd actually slept with Shane or something. Ilya debated going over, but he knew Shane could handle himself, he only got involved last night cause he physically couldn't stop himself.

Ilya went home and it wasn't too long before he had a girl from one of his classes over, his hookups had become less frequent since moving in with Shane, but he agreed with Svetlana that he needed to get over this crush on him, and this was probably the best way to do so.

Shane got home a little while after Ilya, he unlocked their front door and entered the apartment, finally taking off the headphones he'd been wearing. He was quickly greeted with the sound of moaning from Ilya's room, which made his stomach drop, and for a second he was genuinely worried he was going to be sick.

Shane knew he had absolutely no right to be jealous, but he definitely was, he'd always found Ilya attractive but he'd always pushed away any feelings and desires he'd felt towards him. He ended up leaving immediately, slamming their front door as he left, which he felt bad about quickly. Shane texted rose asking her to meet him at a cafe nearby.

"I tried to end things with him today, but I couldn't." Shane said the second Rose sat down with him, she had heard this exact thing many times. "And then I got home, and Ilya, oh my god. I was actually jealous. He had a girl over, he's probably straight too. He's only ever brought girls over." Shane rambled on for a little bit before Rose spoke up.

"Your boyfriend already cheated on you. I'm just saying if you fucked your roommate... I would support it." Shane laughed quietly before he realized Rose was being completely serious.

"Did you not hear me say I'm pretty sure he's straight?" Shane questioned and rolled his eyes.

“You could be wrong is all I’m saying.” Shane definitely wished he was wrong, but Ilya was essentially known on their hockey team for being a ladies man.

Shane and Rose stayed talking for a while before he eventually headed back home. When he walked up to the door, he took his headphones off first this time, and it sounded quiet inside, so he unlocked the door and went in.

Ilya was in the kitchen cooking, but he quickly turned around when he heard the door unlock and open.

“Sorry if you heard me earlier, I heard the door slam.” Ilya said, though he didn’t really need to apologize since he’d heard Shane and his boyfriend plenty of times before.

Shane stared at him for a moment, trying to think of absolutely anything to respond, but the jealousy from earlier was quickly returning. He didn’t manage to get any words out, he just quickly went to his bedroom and locked himself in. He was pacing around his room, trying to stop himself from feeling jealous. He had a boyfriend, he should not be this bothered that his roommate was sleeping with someone.

Ilya was kind of confused when Shane had just ignored him and walked off, and he could now hear him pacing around in his room.

Not too long later, Ilya could hear Shane in his room arguing with his boyfriend over the phone, and he was definitely a topic in this argument.

“No, I’m not moving out.” He heard Shane insisting over the phone. “Just because I won’t move out does not prove I’m sleeping with him!”

Ilya really couldn’t believe this was the argument they were having, especially when he now knew for a fact Shane’s boyfriend had cheated on him. He was beyond annoyed with Shane’s boyfriend now and decided he would do his best to annoy him back, so he walked up to Shane’s door and knocked before speaking, hopefully loud enough that the phone would pick it up.

“Shane? Do you want to come watch a movie?”

Shane was silent for a moment as his boyfriend yelled through the phone that he'd better not go watch that movie.

“Yes, I do.” Shane said quickly and then hung up before his boyfriend could say anything else. Shane then went to his door and opened it. “Do you actually want to watch a movie? Or was that just to help me out?” Shane asked, he was a little nervous and was hoping his offer had been genuine.

“If you want to watch a movie, it was an actual question, if you do not, then it was just to help you out.” Ilya answered with a grin, which did not help the confusing feelings Shane has been having for Ilya.

“Okay, what movie?” Shane asked and made his way to their couch.

Ilya debated for a moment if suggesting a horror movie was too much of a cliché, before deciding to do it anyways, maybe he would get lucky and get a scared Shane clinging to him.

“Let's find a horror movie to watch.” Ilya said and joined him on the couch, though he sat a bit away.

Shane had agreed to the horror movie with the intention of maybe using it as an excuse to end up in Ilya's lap. Though, the more he thought about it, the more guilty he started to feel.

Shane had barely been paying attention to the movie when he decided to pull out his phone and text Rose, maybe her encouragement would make him worried less, though his heart was racing as he typed his texts to her.

Shane: one like and i'll climb in his lap right now

Shane: we're watching a horror movie

Rose: ilya?

Shane: yes

Rose: PLEASE

Rose loved "one like and i'll climb on his lap right now"

Shane's face grew slightly red, and he put his phone down, pretending to focus on the movie as he shifted himself a little bit closer to Ilya.

He stayed in his new place, not moving any closer, now feeling stupid that he was building himself up to possibly cheat on his boyfriend. His boyfriend, who already cheated on him, who screams at him daily... Who he stupidly stayed with after being cheated on, he did his best to remind himself of this.

"Fuck." Shane muttered out as he jumped from a scene in the movie, he could hear Ilya laughing at him, but he just took this as an opportunity to move himself even closer.

Shane was now sitting right next to Ilya, and when he felt like something in the movie was going to jump scare him, he hid his face in Ilya's neck, he only pulled away when his phone started ringing and getting a bunch of texts.

He should've ignored it, but he answered, his boyfriend immediately questioning him on what him and Ilya were doing.

"We're just watching a movie!" Shane insisted into the phone, Ilya could hear Shane's boyfriend talking more, and Shane could barely even get a word in.

“Nothing else is going on-“ Shane was cut off by Ilya grabbing his phone, and Shane just stared at him with wide eyes. “What are you-?” He was cut off again when Ilya spoke.

“Maybe you should be worried I am going to fuck your boyfriend.” Shane’s jaw dropped as Ilya spoke into his phone.

“You are an asshole to him, and I would be much better in bed.” Ilya then hung up and handed Shane his phone back, who was still just staring at him.

“Sorry, was that too much?” Ilya asked, suddenly realizing how stupid that was of him.

Shane didn’t answer, he just turned his gaze to his phone, which was ringing and buzzing with text notifications nonstop. After a moment of staring, Shane muted his phone and looked back up at Ilya.

Shane wished he could think of something to say, instead, he finally climbed onto Ilya’s lap. He straddled his waist, not even looking at the movie anymore as he fully faced away from the screen.

Shane’s eyes avoided Ilya’s while he did this, and when he finally landed back on his face, Ilya was staring up at him in a way he wasn’t sure his boyfriend ever had. Ilya was looking at Shane like he was the most perfect thing in the world, which made his heart race like crazy before he leaned in and pressed his lips to Ilya’s. Ilya kissed him back and quickly wrapped his arms around him.

When Shane pulled away, Ilya’s lips quickly made their way to Shane’s neck, and he let out a small whine in response.

“I... Mmm... I tried to break up with him today.” Shane said, one of his hands finding its way into Ilya’s curls. “I am going to break up with him.” Shane assured, Ilya gave a slight nod and started sucking gently onto Shane’s skin, pulling away once he left a small mark.

“Okay, let’s stop talking about him, yeah?” Shane quickly nodded and pulled Ilya’s lips back to his own. Ilya was quick to slip his tongue into Shane’s mouth as they kissed this time.

A little bit into their kiss, Shane couldn’t stop himself from slowly grinding his hips down. Ilya’s hands gripped his waist, helping to guide his movements.

Ilya pulled away from the kiss and looked up at Shane, admiring him with a small grin on his face. He watched, practically studying Shane’s face, seeing how his eyebrows scrunched up slightly when something felt good, the way he bit down on his lip to hold back any noises that were threatening to escape, he wanted to learn every single way Shane reacted to pleasure.

When Shane couldn’t bite back a moan anymore, he hid his face in Ilya’s shoulder to try and muffle the sounds.

“Can we go to my room?” He asked after a moment, his movements coming to a somewhat abrupt stop.

Ilya nodded, and Shane went to get off his lap, but he was stopped by Ilya holding him in place before just lifting him up.

As Ilya carried Shane to his bedroom, Shane was getting lost in thought, he wanted to tell Ilya that he wasn’t just doing this to make his boyfriend mad, but he couldn’t figure out how to say that without it seeming weird or too serious, so he just kept his mouth shut.

Soon enough he was being placed on his bed, and Ilya was quickly climbing on top of him.

Everything about this felt so perfect, it felt so much more personal than anything with his boyfriend. Ilya was handling him carefully, and he wasn’t rushing.

When Ilya’s hands slipped under Shane’s shirt, he quickly lifted his back off the bed to let Ilya slip it off, which he did with ease. Shane watched as his shirt dropped to the floor, and

Ilya quickly began attacking his chest with kisses, leaving a few more marks in less visible places as he did this, Ilya couldn't help himself, he'd wanted Shane for so long, he at least had to leave proof he'd been there.

Ilya carefully wrapped his lips around one of Shane's nipples, sucking gently while also using his tongue to flick it, his eyes were locked onto Shane's face, watching for any reaction from him.

Shane let out a quiet moan, which felt like music to Ilya's ears knowing he was the cause of it. Ilya got himself a few more moans from Shane before he started to trail his kisses down his chest and stomach until he reached his waistband.

Ilya paused for a moment and looked up. "Is okay?" Ilya asked, and Shane was very quick to nod. "Words, Hollander." Ilya said with a small grin on his face.

"Yes." Shane said quickly, desperate for Ilya to do something, anything.

"You are a good listener." Ilya was quick to slide off Shane's sweatpants, placing his phone on his nightstand so it didn't fall to the floor with them as he pushed them off the bed. He pulled his hands away from him as Shane covered his face in embarrassment.

"What, you did not like my compliment?" Ilya teased and grabbed ahold of Shane's wrists, holding them up above his head. "No covering your pretty face. Keep them there, okay?"

Shane gave a small nod, his face was burning red at this point, but he couldn't deny how turned on he was. Ilya returned to his position lower down Shane's body and placed a hand over the bulge in his boxers.

"You like being bossed around?" Ilya asked, glancing up at Shane, watching to make sure his hands stayed where Ilya placed them.

"Sometimes, kind of, I guess." He definitely liked Ilya doing it right now.

“So obedient.” Ilya was practically beaming at him. “Just like on the ice.”

Shane let out a quiet groan, starting to grow impatient. He thrust his hips up slightly, grinding against Ilya’s hand.

“Fuck, you are so hot.” Ilya said, practically in awe. Shane was tempted to cover his face again, but he resisted the urge.

Ilya palmed Shane through his boxers, as much as he was also desperate for more, he wanted to let this last as long as he could, in case he didn’t get another chance.

“Can you-“ Shane’s words were cut off by a quiet moan slipping from his lips, he took a moment before speaking again. “Please take your shirt off.” Shane had tried to sound casual about it, but he definitely sounded desperate, like he was begging.

When Ilya heard this, he realized how fast he would do anything Shane wanted because his shirt was off immediately.

Shane’s eyes wandered around Ilya’s chest, he’d seen him shirtless plenty of times before, he’d even seen him naked, but this felt like the first time he was properly looking. He’d always felt guilty before, Their hockey team was mostly accepting, sure, but he was always worried his eyes would land on someone for too long and they’d react badly.

Shane let himself take Ilya in for a moment longer, Ilya was just letting him, in fact, he was enjoying it.

“You have seen me shirtless before.” Ilya finally broke the silence, and Shane nodded.

“I’ve never actually... looked. I guess.” Shane leaned up, taking his chance to now kiss along Ilya’s chest. “I thought you were straight. I don’t look at anyone in the change rooms.” Shane

quickly added, pulling his lips away for only a moment.

Shane flipped their positions, pushing Ilya down onto the bed and quickly climbed on top of him.

“I do mostly only hook up with women.” Ilya understood where he was coming from, he wasn’t closeted, but he also wasn’t very vocally out.

Shane’s hands made their way to Ilya’s waistband and started to tug off his pants.

“You were taking too long.” Shane mumbled, folding Ilya’s pants before he placed them on the floor, he was tempted to do the same to his own clothes, but he was more desperate to have Ilya inside him.

Shane reached his hands down and pulled off Ilya’s boxers, he would’ve waited a bit longer, but he was getting too desperate at this point. For a moment the only thing running through Shane’s head was ‘*there’s no way that is fitting in me*’.

Shane pushed the thought away by taking Ilya in his mouth. His head bobbed while he felt Ilya’s finger tangle into his hair. He used a hand to stroke the length he couldn’t fit in his mouth, he figured taking more was something he’d have to work up to.

Shane’s face flushed at his own thoughts. *Would this even happen again?*

Ilya was practically mesmerized watching Shane, his blushing, freckled face, and swollen lips, he wasn’t sure anything in the world could look better than this. God, he felt greedy.

“Fuck.” Ilya half said, half moaned, he couldn’t miss the way Shane’s eyes lit up from the noise, which made him realize whenever he’d heard Shane and his boyfriend, he’d only heard Shane, and he could tell Shane was desperate for that validation.

The only solution was for Ilya to not hold back a single moan, he let every single one slip past his lips.

“You are doing so good.” Ilya praised, and he could tell this was exactly what Shane needed to hear.

Shane earned himself a few more moans from Ilya before he felt Ilya pushing him off. He pulled off and panted a little bit, catching his breath before Ilya pulled him into a kiss while he quickly flipped their positions again. Ilya kept his lips latched onto Shane’s as he reached down and pulled off his boxers.

When Ilya finally pulled away, he was quick to speak. “Condom? Lube?” He asked, his impatience showing now too.

Shane leaned over to his nightstand and pulled out both, handing them to Ilya. Ilya got some of the lube on his fingers and pressed one against Shane’s hole, eyes locked on his face now.

“Okay?” He asked, and Shane nodded, he wasn’t sure he’d ever nodded at something so quickly.

“Yes.” He also said, reminding himself to use his words as well.

Ilya smiled at him before pushing one finger inside, he listened as Shane’s breathing hitched and he started to move his finger carefully.

Shane was taking deep breaths, trying to keep himself at least somewhat quiet, Ilya, with one finger, was definitely better than anything his boyfriend had ever done.

“Mmm...” Shane wasn’t even sure what he had been trying to say, but no actual words came out.

Ilya took this as his sign to add a second finger, Shane moaned in response, and Ilya currently felt like he'd won some kind of award.

Ilya carefully took Shane in his mouth as he moved his two fingers inside of him, bobbing his head up and down.

Shane was moaning like he'd never experienced something this good before, and if Ilya wasn't so desperate to fuck him, he would've finished him off like that.

Once he had Shane stretched out well, he pulled his fingers out and pulled off from Shane's dick, quickly getting the condom on before he covered his own dick in lube.

Shane had already moved onto his hands and knees when Ilya had turned back to face him.

This time it was Ilya's breathing that hitched as he took in the sight in front of him. Shane's boyfriend was a complete idiot.

Ilya carefully lined himself up, gripping Shane's hips as he started to slowly push in.

"Good job." Ilya muttered out as he slowly sank into Shane, who was gripping tightly at the sheets.

Ilya stayed slow, giving Shane as much time as he needed to adjust to his size. When he bottomed out, Ilya stilled himself, giving Shane a moment, his hand was gripping tightly onto the sheet still.

"Are you okay?" Ilya asked, wanting to make sure Shane wasn't in any pain.

Shane nodded quickly and opened his mouth to reply but quickly shut it again, thinking for a moment.

“I’m okay.” He said after a moment, deciding to bite back a comment on Ilya having a huge dick.

After a deep breath, Shane gave Ilya a small nod. “You can move.”

He had enjoyed the moment of feeling completely full, but he needed more now.

Ilya started his thrusts off slow, still just giving Shane a chance to adjust, but it wasn’t long before he heard

“Harder, please.” And who was Ilya to deny Shane of what he wanted?

Ilya immediately did exactly what Shane asked for, thrusting hard into him, causing him to spill out moans that definitely confirmed his theory that Shane faked it with his boyfriend.

Ilya felt as though the moans Shane let out were the most beautiful sounds on the planet, and he was sure others would agree, but he didn’t want them to have a chance to hear, he wanted every single one to himself.

“Should take a video for your boyfriend, show him how to make you actually feel good.” Ilya said, his hand pressing into Shane’s back.

When Shane stayed quiet in response, Ilya was worried maybe he’d crossed a line or something, though he wasn’t sure how he could cross one he hadn’t already. Soon he saw Shane’s hand reaching for his phone, he unlocked it and handed it to Ilya.

“FaceTime him.” Shane said simply and kind of breathlessly. Ilya nearly choked, his thrusts becoming messy for a second, he started to laugh before Shane quickly stir him up. “I’m not joking.” He clarified, turning his head to look back at Ilya.

“Shit.” Was the only thing Ilya could reply. He quickly regained himself, his thrusts becoming more consistent again.

Once he had Shane moaning like he was absolutely ruined, he pressed the call button, it barely got a chance to ring before Shane’s boyfriend answered.

Ilya made sure the phone was picking up the best view of Shane, ignoring the full-on yelling that was coming through the screen, instead he just focused on earning those beautiful sounds from Shane’s lips.

Ilya eventually passed the phone to Shane, who was too far gone to even process any of the nasty names his boyfriend was calling him.

Shane held the phone in front of him, giving a good view of Ilya pounding into him, just in case his boyfriend wasn’t certain it was Ilya he was with.

Shane couldn’t help but watch from his phone, maybe if they did this again, he’d have to ask Ilya to fuck him in front of a mirror.

“Fuck, I’m so close.” Shane moaned out, his hand gripping and tugging at the bedsheet again, his face pressed up against his pillow, he genuinely believed this is what heaven felt like.

“Me too. You’re doing so good.” Ilya leaned down, pressing a few kisses against Shane’s back as he reached his hand around his body, wrapping his fingers around Shane’s dick to push him over the edge.

Shane was a mess of moans, his legs trembling as he came all over his bedsheets. Ilya followed quickly after him, his thrusts coming to a gradual stop.

He pulled out after giving himself a moment to catch his breath, and Shane whined at the empty feeling as Ilya carefully turned him onto his back, pressing a gentle kiss to his lips that somehow, to Shane, felt more intimate than anything else they had just done.

Shane had lost count of how many times his boyfriend had just fucked him and left, not even a peck before he was climbing out of the bed.

After Ilya pulled away, Shane grabbed his phone and hung up the call, he was surprised his boyfriend hadn't already. He watched as his chat with him filled with texts calling him an '*idiot*', '*whore*', '*slut*' the list of names felt like it was never ending, and Shane was starting to feel guilty, even though he realistically knew he shouldn't be.

Shane took a deep breath, building himself up to type out a text he should've sent a long time ago. It was simple, he didn't really need to explain himself, but he hesitated for a while before actually sending it.

Shane: We're done.

Shane stared at the replies he was getting for a while before forcing himself to put his phone down.

"I need a bath." He mumbled, giving Ilya an excuse to leave.

"I will start it for you." Shane stared at him like this was a completely foreign concept but gave him a nod, telling him that was fine.

Ilya went into Shane's bathroom and started the water, filling the tub once it was at a temperature he felt was good, he also threw the condom out while he was in there.

When the tub was full, Ilya returned to Shane, who was definitely avoiding eye contact with him.

"Your bath is ready." Shane stood himself up from the bed, his legs felt a little bit like jelly, which Ilya could see, so he quickly picked Shane up, carrying him to the tub.

Shane wanted to say he could walk himself to the tub, he wanted to insist Ilya put him down, but he was worried the next words he would say would cause the tears he was suddenly holding back to start falling, and he really did not want to cry in front of Ilya for a third time.

Shane was put down next to his bathtub, and he climbed in on his own, sitting with his knees bent to his chest so he could lean his head on them, staring at the wall so his head was turned away from Ilya.

He just sat there, his arms tightly wrapped around his legs. When he felt Ilya slowly starting to wash his body with soap, he felt the tears quickly rolling down his cheeks.

He and Ilya had only hooked up, and he was taking better care of him than his boyfriend, ex-boyfriend, ever had.

“Why are you doing this?” Shane asked, finally feeling his voice come back to him. Ilya’s hands stilled at the question and the obvious sounds of Shane crying.

“Aftercare.” Ilya said with a shrug that Shane couldn’t even see. “Is important.” He didn’t really know what else to say. When he heard Shane start crying harder, he felt nauseous at the sounds.

“Did I do something? Did I hurt you?” Ilya asked, his voice was soft and comforting.

“No. No, you didn’t. You’re...” Shane paused for a moment trying to figure out what he was trying to say. “Perfect.” Was what he settled on.

Ilya smiled softly at this, but it quickly faded when he could hear Shane still crying.

“Did your boyfriend not...?” Ilya couldn’t think of what exactly he was trying to say, or he could, but the thought just sounded awful to him, but Shane understood.

“No. He would fuck me and then leave... Or just fall asleep.” Ilya felt his heart break for Shane when he heard this.

“Have you been with other guys?” Ilya asked, he didn’t know if he was asking things that were too personal, but he couldn’t stop himself.

“Only him, and now you.” Shane admitted. Ilya carefully reached his hand out and used it to turn Shane’s head towards him.

“Your boyfriend is a complete asshole.” Ilya said, and Shane nodded slightly.

“Ex.” He corrected, and Ilya was embarrassed by the way his stomach fluttered at this.

“You deserve so much better.” Ilya said and finished washing Shane up, he was still sniffing quietly, but he wasn’t actually crying anymore.

“Towel?” Ilya asked, and Shane pointed to a cupboard. Ilya grabbed him a towel while Shane pulled the drain stopper.

“Thank you. For everything.” Shane said as he stood himself up, accepting the towel from Ilya.

“No need to thank me.” Ilya said and shrugged. “I am going to go shower quickly.” Ilya said, for a moment Shane stared at the floor, lost in thought.

“Can you come back after?” He finally asked, his eyes still glued to the floor.

“Yes.” Ilya replied immediately, watching as Shane smiled to himself. “I will be so quick.” Ilya went to go take his shower while Shane dried himself off.

When Ilya returned, Shane was picking up his clothes from the floor and placing them neatly into his laundry hamper, he'd pulled on a pair of sweatpants and, to Ilya's absolute delight, nothing else. Ilya had also returned in a pair of sweatpants.

"You are cute." Ilya said, though he hadn't exactly planned to say it out loud.

Shane's attention quickly landed on Ilya, and he stared at him with a blush on his face, he was bad at accepting compliments.

"Thank you." He said after a moment and then pulled the sheets off his bed to put them in the wash, once he'd done that, he started putting new ones on.

"Do you need help?" Ilya asked, and Shane nodded. Ilya quickly started helping him to make the bed.

Once the bed was made, Shane climbed onto it and got under his blanket. He was quickly on his phone but it immediately ruined his mood again so he put it down.

Shane turned to Ilya, who was now lying next to him, somewhat awkwardly because he didn't really know what to do, not that Shane could tell that though.

"Do you think I'm a whore?" He asked, and those were definitely not the words Ilya had expected to hear from him.

"What? Hollander, you have slept with two people." Ilya said, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Two men." Shane corrected him and Ilya just stared at him for a moment.

"You are not gay?" He asked, clearly shocked.

“No, I am. Just before I knew, I had a few girlfriends.” Shane shrugged, completely unaware of the slight jealousy Ilya felt at this, the jealousy he had absolutely no reason to feel.

“If anyone here is a whore, is definitely me.” Ilya said and climbed on top of Shane, pressing a kiss to his lips. “I am going to remind you, you got cheated on first. You just got revenge.” Ilya did his best to remind Shane that he was not the bad one in this situation.

“How many exes do you have?” Ilya asked, not able to bite back his jealousy any longer, Shane looked amused beneath him.

“One guy and two girls, though Rose and I barely dated. She figured out I was gay based on how... Bad I was at sex.” Shane was beyond embarrassed at saying the last part.

“You were very good with me.” Ilya said, watching the embracement on Shane’s face grow as he got more red at this comment.

“Rose, she is your friend who comes over all the time?” Ilya asked, as if he didn’t already know the answer and Shane nodded, laughing at him.

“Are you jealous?” Shane asked, he found it completely unbelievable.

“Shane, I have had a crush on you since I first met you at hockey tryouts, of course I am jealous.” Shane stared at Ilya in disbelief, he probably was staring for too long before he finally spoke.

“You what?” He asked, his voice cracking, which he would’ve been embarrassed by if his ears didn’t feel like they were ringing and he didn’t feel dizzy.

“I have had a crush on you forever.” Ilya replied, it honestly felt good to admit, though the look on Shane’s face made him worry he should’ve kept it to himself.

Shane was panicking a little bit, and suddenly Ilya being on top of him was too close, but he didn’t want to make things worse by pushing him off, he was just kind of frozen, breathing a bit rapidly.

Ilya was starting to think maybe that had been a bit much to admit after they had only hooked up one time, he hadn’t expected Shane to have a panic attack in response, though.

“Tell me 5 things you see.” Ilya said, remembering seeing something about this before.

Shane knew Ilya was just trying to help but he couldn’t help himself from glaring at him, he hated when people tried to help him with that, it had never once helped. Ilya quickly stopped from the look Shane gave him, *okay that video he saw was of no help.*

Shane finally brought his hands up and pushed Ilya off of him, it was gentle though, he didn’t want Ilya to go far.

With Ilya off of him, he finally felt like he could breathe again, and he felt himself slowly calming down. Ilya was just sitting next to him awkwardly, just waiting for Shane to speak, or, anything, he didn’t know.

“You shouldn’t.” Were the words that Shane finally said, and Ilya gave him a confused look.

“What?” Ilya asked, he didn’t understand at all.

“You shouldn’t have a crush on me. I just cheated on my boyfriend with you. I don’t want you to get hurt.” Shane knew he was definitely not ready to be in a relationship, and he didn’t want to lead Ilya on in any way.

“You won’t hurt me.” Ilya said and smiled at Shane, which was somehow very comforting to him.

“I can’t date someone yet.” Shane said, he was trying to give Ilya as many different outs as he could offer.

“We will go slow. I can wait.” Shane did not feel like he deserved this level of patience, he did not feel like he deserved Ilya at all.

“I like you.” Shane said after failing to come up with another out to offer.

“I like you too.” Ilya said, though he knew he didn’t have to, they were both already aware of this fact. “And you aren’t going to do anything to change that.”

Shane was quiet for a while again and then nodded.

“Okay.” Shane said looking over at Ilya, he did not deserve any of this.

“Okay.” Ilya replied, and he leaned in to kiss Shane, stopping just before their lips touched so Shane could close the distance himself, which he did immediately.

Chapter 2: Your love is a threat, and i'm nauseous

Chapter Summary

“Do you care if I sleep with other people?” Ilya asked, his sex drive had always been high, but the question wasn’t genuine, he just wanted to hear Shane tell him not to.

Shane was quiet for a moment, he couldn’t be mad. He spent weeks telling himself he didn’t deserve Ilya waiting for him, he shouldn’t be so upset that he actually wasn’t waiting.

“No, it's fine. We aren’t... Together. We aren’t anything, you don’t even need to ask me.” Shane's words came out quick, and a bit harsher than he had meant, he'd hoped he didn’t sound noticeably bothered.

Shane cared so much, the thought of Ilya bringing someone back to their apartment made him want to throw up, but he cared more that Ilya was happy and not just waiting around for him.

or

Shane and Ilya are idiots and cant communicate BUT finally they do and they go on a first date <3

Chapter Notes

stream nauseous by conan gray to feel like how i imagine shane in this fic!
<https://open.spotify.com/track/3KknxobyItvsTh70pfVKUP?si=tDZPT86CTAmTdHUVQTWl8A>

sorry for any error i am awful at proof reading!

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

It had been a week since Shane and Ilya had hooked up and agreed to build up towards a relationship.

Neither of them were really sure what their new norm would be like, and they quickly discovered they weren’t good at figuring that out.

Shane wasn’t doing so great from his breakup, he didn’t want to get back with his ex, he didn't miss him. He had just been torn down so much he no longer felt like a whole person on

his own.

He was worried Ilya would not want to deal with him, that he would be too much like his ex had always told him, so he did his best to hide how he was feeling from Ilya.

The last week had been sort of awkward between them, neither of them tried to overstep, which led to absolutely nothing happening between them.

One of the nights Shane had been feeling extra awful, and all he had wanted was to fall asleep in Ilya's arms, but he couldn't push himself to ask for it. He had cried in his bathroom for what felt like hours, not even allowing himself the comfort of his bed in case Ilya could hear.

Ilya wanted to stick to his promise of moving slowly, so he kept waiting for Shane to initiate anything. So when he hadn't, he just assumed that meant Shane wanted some sort of distance.

Shane and Ilya were awful at communicating.

They had fallen into a weird silence in their house, like they were complete strangers living together. They would exchange 'hellos' when they saw each other, but, honestly, they had barely spoken since the morning after they hooked up.

That morning Shane and Ilya had woken up together, and it had felt just as perfect as everything they had done together. Ilya drove them to hockey practice that day and everything was going until Shane's Ex showed up after their practice. He yelled at Shane, Ilya yelled at him. It was a mess. When his ex had finally left, Shane was so overwhelmed he told Ilya he would find his own way back home.

Shane told Ilya he just needed to clear his head. He'd stayed out running for a long time and couldn't bring himself to go to Ilya for the comfort he very much needed when he eventually got back to their apartment.

Shane walked out of his room carrying his hockey gear, they had a game today and Shane always liked to get there a bit earlier than everyone else.

"Hey." Ilya said from the kitchen, which startled Shane.

Shane turned and gave Ilya a smile before replying. "Hi. I'm heading to the rink."

Shane watched as Ilya's eyes narrowed, looking Shane up and down for a moment.

"You're going to the rink?" Ilya asked.

Shane furrowed his brows, confused as to why Ilya was asking this. He had just said that was where he was going.

"Yes...?" Shane said but was now genuinely wondering if he'd said something else.

“You have been in your room all day. You have not had any food, and you are going to play a hockey game?”

Shane felt his ears burning up at this, he was embarrassed that this was true and that Ilya had even noticed.

When Shane was overwhelmed, stressed, or just overall in a bad place, his eating habits sometimes got worse. His parents had been the only ones to ever notice this before Ilya.

“You are very observant.” Was all Shane could think of to reply.

“It was not very hard to notice.” Ilya said, almost correcting Shane.

Shane noticed he would get a lot of unintentional reminders from Ilya on how little his ex had paid attention to him, and it was not really making him any more interested in food.

“Sit, I will make you something.” Ilya said and gestured to one of their kitchen chairs

Ilya had been in the middle of making his own food, so he started making a bigger portion.

Shane hesitated for what was probably too long before he listened and sat down, he wanted to reject the offer but he knew he would play better if he ate. He also did not want Ilya to worry about him.

When Ilya eventually placed a plate in front of him, Shane looked like he was frozen for a moment before he carefully grabbed Ilya’s hand and pressed a kiss to it. It may have been a small gesture, but for him it seemed bigger.

“Thank you.” He said when he had let go.

Ilya blushed slightly at this but quickly turned to get his plate so it wasn’t noticeable.

After they ate, Shane accepted a ride to the rink. He didn’t get there as early as he would’ve liked to, but at least he wasn’t about to skate on an empty stomach.

Shane left the game feeling really good about their win and also really fucking turned on. When a player from the other team had gone after Shane, Ilya had defended Shane immediately, not that Shane couldn’t have done it himself.

Shane had had plenty of teammates defend him like that before, of course, his team would do anything for their captain, but Ilya doing it was something else entirely.

Shane followed Ilya to his car, he was happy it had started to get dark out, his blush was mostly hidden under the dim streetlights.

Once they were both in the car, Shane was shifting around, unable to sit still. “Ilya...” Shane started but was cut off.

“Why are you moving around so much?” Ilya asked, completely missing that Shane had also started speaking.

Ilya turned to look at Shane and noticed how red his face was and his eyes soon after landed on the bulge in Shane’s pants, which made his breathing catch in his throat.

“Fuck.” Ilya mumbled, trying to catch his breath. “What has you all worked up?” He asked, a small grin forming on his face, he was pretty sure he knew the answer.

Shane whined quietly, he was fighting between being embarrassed and extremely desperate.

“The fight.” Shane finally admitted, turning his head to look out the window now, too embarrassed to make eye contact with Ilya.

“You like being told what to do, you like me protecting you, what else?” Ilya asked, leaning over the centre console to be closer to Shane.

When Shane didn’t reply, Ilya reached his hand out, grabbing Shane’s chin to force him to look at him. Ilya took a moment to take in Shane’s blushing face before speaking again.

“Answer me.” Ilya said, still holding Shane’s chin.

Shane could only let out a whine and Ilya dropped his hand, now placing it over the bulge in Shane’s pants.

“You’re such a brat.” Ilya said and slipped his hand into Shane’s sweatpants and under the waistband of his boxers.

Shane let out a quiet moan at the grip he felt around his dick, but he was extremely aware of the fact that they were in a parking lot and other people were around.

Ilya’s hand rested there for a moment before he pulled both his hand and Shane’s dick out of his pants.

“Spit.” Ilya said and moved his hand closer to Shane’s mouth.

Shane hesitated for a moment but ended up listening, his desires and desperation were overpowering his embarrassment.

“Good boy.” Ilya said somewhat instinctively, he didn’t miss the moan Shane let out in response, though.

Ilya carefully stroked Shane with his hand, he started at what he would consider to be a painfully slow pace.

Quiet moans were already starting to spill from Shane’s lips, but Ilya kept with his slow pace.

“Faster... Please.” Shane pleaded

Ilya was surprised at how quick Shane was begging, and it made him give in quicker than he had intended, pumping his hand faster.

When Ilya could tell Shane was getting close, he pumped his hand a few more times before pulling away, quickly starting his car.

Shane let out a whine and looked at Ilya like he was ready to cry. Ilya just leaned over and pressed a quick peck to his lips. "You're an asshole."

"If you're going to act like a brat, you're going to get punished like one."

Shane's face burned red again at this, and he wondered if Ilya could tell how hot he found him at that moment. He carefully brought his hands down and fixed his pants. His dick was begging for attention the whole ride back to their apartment.

When Ilya finally parked, Shane was quick to unbuckle, and so was Ilya, they were practically racing to get back to their apartment.

When they made it inside, Ilya quickly grabbed Shane by the hips and pulled him close. He kissed him briefly before pulling away to speak.

"So, you like watching me fight? Or is it just because I fought someone over you?" Ilya asks, backing Shane up against the wall.

Shane shifted a bit, tensing when he felt Ilya's thigh press between his legs and against his crotch. He bit back a moan and looked up at Ilya before quickly looking away.

"Both." Shane said, starting to grind his hips down to get any sort of friction he could.

Ilya was slightly taken aback when he felt Shane start moving against his thigh, he was at a loss for words as he just watched him for a moment.

Shane was somewhat embarrassed, his body was practically moving on its own, but the way Ilya was watching him only felt like encouragement.

"You drive me crazy, Hollander."

Shane felt a strong blush returning to his face as moans that he struggled to muffle slipped past his lips.

Ilya finally forced himself to stop greedily watching Shane, leaning in to kiss his neck now.

"I need you." Were the only words that Shane could get out.

Ilya trailed his kisses up until he was somewhat roughly kissing Shane, his desperation now showing now too.

Ilya let his tongue explore Shane's mouth, he'd been slightly worried that he was never going to get this chance again, so he took his time. Maybe he was being a bit greedy by taking his time, making Shane wait longer, but maybe Shane deserved to be teased some more.

Shane happily kissed back, moaning into the kiss as he continued to basically ride Ilya's thigh. He pulled away when he felt Ilya's hands gripping his waist to stop him from moving.

Shane whined, desperately trying to move still. "Please..." He said, looking at Ilya, it was a rare time that he found himself looking someone in the eyes. "Please just touch me."

Ilya grinned at him and shrugged in response. "You only get to tell me what to do on the ice, Captain."

Shane felt like he had short-circuited for a second at the name 'captain' being said to him in a way he never imagined he'd hear. "I-" He started but quickly shut his mouth again, just staring at Ilya.

Ilya laughed quietly at Shane's reaction, loving how easily he could fluster him.

"I find you impossible to say no to, though." Ilya said, before dragging Shane to his room, he figured Shane would prefer to dirty Ilya's sheets over his own.

Shane stumbled a bit at first before quickly following as he regained his balance.

Shane had Ilya wrapped around his finger, not that Shane was even remotely aware of this, of course.

Once they were in his room, Ilya pushed Shane onto his bed, barely giving him a moment to adjust before he was pulling off his pants.

Shane was glancing around Ilya's room a bit, just properly taking in that he was in there, on his bed. He shivered slightly as he watched his pants fall to the floor.

Shane adjusted himself on the bed, helping Ilya to get his boxers off, gasping quietly when Ilya immediately wrapped his lips around his dick.

Shane had been waiting for so long there was no way he was going to last long, especially when Ilya was really fucking skilled with his mouth.

"Ah- Fuck." Shane mumbled out, gripping at Ilya's hair, tugging it gently without really realizing. He was surprised by the slight moan Ilya let out at this.

Shane watched practically in awe at how Ilya could take all of him without even a sign of struggle. He felt like he needed to ask him for tips sometime, definitely not now though, he really did not want Ilya to pull off.

Shane was embarrassed at how quickly he was getting close, he was a mess of moans and curse words at this point, and as if Ilya could read his thoughts, he pulled off with a 'pop' sound, and Shane let out a frustrated cry.

Shane brought his hands to cover his face, he could feel Ilya shifting around on the bed, and when he finally moved his hands, Ilya was lying naked beside him, his hand firmly gripping his cock.

All Shane could do for a moment was watch as Ilya touched himself before he decided he needed to be the one touching him.

Shane hesitated for a moment before moving himself between Ilya's thighs, but he quickly readjusted so he was straddling one of Ilya's thighs instead of being directly between them.

Shane replaced Ilya's hand with his own, licking up the length of his dick, which kind of made Shane question how that had ever managed to fit inside of him.

Shane gave a few kitten licks before focusing on Ilya's tip, licking at his slit, finally taking just the tip in his mouth, using this as his chance to now tease Ilya a little bit.

Ilya carefully placed a hand on the back of Shane's head, he made sure not to push or anything, he just held him. Ilya moaned out, his eyes glued on Shane.

Shane continued to just focus on his tip for a bit before finally taking more into his mouth, he was pleased at the moan Ilya let out as he did this.

Ilya resisted the urge to thrust his hips as Shane started to bob his head at almost a painfully slow pace.

Shane's head moved slowly because Ilya was right, he was a brat. He only started to go a bit fast when he started to hump against Ilya's thigh, matching the pace, moaning against Ilya's dick as he did this.

Shane did his best to not choke as he pushed his head down further, feeling Ilya's dick pressing against his throat. His eyes watered a little bit, but he didn't pull off.

"Fuck... Moy lyubimyy, you are doing so well." Ilya moaned out, the pet name only slipping out since he knew Shane wouldn't understand.

Part of Shane wanted to ask what Ilya had just said, but the majority of him was enjoying the feeling of Ilya's dick moving in and out his throat too much to pull off and ask.

Shane was moaning against Ilya's dick, he was blushing, eyes glossed over with tears, and Ilya wished he could take a picture and frame it, make it his wallpaper, engrave it into his brain.

Shane was getting close rather quickly again, his hips started moving a bit faster, desperate for release.

Shane's hip movements started to become messy, and he was soon spilling his release over Ilya's thigh. Ilya threw his head back with a moan, his hips bucking forward slightly.

"Fuck..." Ilya moaned quickly, lifting his head back up so he could see Shane clearly. "You're so hot."

Shane choked slightly but was quickly able to keep bobbing his head, Ilya's moans were getting more frequent now.

Ilya reached down and gently pushed Shane off of him, which Shane tried to resist, but he soon found his mouth empty.

Shane pouted slightly as he watched Ilya replace his mouth with his hand. “Was that not good?” He couldn’t stop himself from asking.

“Was so good. Perfect.” Ilya said, his spare hand moving quickly to cup Shane’s face. “Didn’t know if you wanted me to...” Ilya’s words trailed off as he watched Shane stick his tongue out, his mouth open at the tip of his dick, just waiting.

“Fuck...” Ilya moaned out, and within seconds he was making a mess of Shane’s pretty face.

Shane swallowed what he could, though he was pretty sure most had ended up on his face, not that he minded.

Shane carefully rested his head on Ilya’s hip, looking up at him with a small smile on his face, he looked slightly dazed, and weirdly, this was the most relaxed Ilya had ever seen him.

Ilya ran his fingers through Shane’s hair and smiled back at him. “Pretty.” This was another sight Ilya wouldn’t mind a picture of.

Shane blushed at this before he sat up when Ilya started shifting around on the bed. Ilya left for a moment to grab a washcloth, getting it wet with warm water before returning to Shane.

Ilya carefully cleaned up Shane’s face, kissing him once he was done. He only pulled away to quickly clean himself up as well.

Shane stared down at the floor as Ilya cleaned off his face, which to him felt like a huge improvement from crying when Ilya helped him clean up last time. He still was not at all used to being taken care of.

Shane was quickly pulled out of his thoughts when Ilya kissed him, he was immediately kissing back.

Shane watched Ilya after he pulled away. “What did you say to me earlier?” Shane asked.

Ilya gave him a confused look. “What do you mean?”

Shane couldn’t remember what Ilya had said exactly. “It was like... I don’t know actually. You said something to me in Russian.”

Ilya felt his face warming up, he shrugged in response. “Ah, I do not remember.”

Shane felt slightly disappointed but nodded in response, not even questioning if Ilya was telling the truth.

The silence that filled the room was comfortable at first, until Shane felt himself quickly overthinking, about anything, everything. Maybe he was just looking for a reason to panic and leave. The thoughts running through his head were becoming loud and overwhelming.

“I have an early class tomorrow... So I should sleep.” Shane said, looking up at Ilya, who was still standing.

“Okay, do you-“ But before Ilya could finish asking him if he wanted to stay there, Shane was heading out the door and his panic was clear on his face.

“Goodnight.” Shane said quietly and left for his own bedroom. He could have slept there, it was no different from Ilya sleeping in his bed the other night.

Ilya was left confused, but he knew he needed to be patient with Shane. “Goodnight.” Ilya said even though Shane could no longer hear him.

Shane had found himself pretty much avoiding Ilya entirely after their second night together, only talking to him at hockey or brief greetings when they saw each other in the common spaces of their apartment, which did not happen often as Shane left his room a little as he could unless he was leaving the apartment all together.

After their last night together Shane had quickly spiralled, he didn't believe he deserved Ilya to wait for him. Ilya was too good for him, too good to him. And now Shane was repaying him with silence, which made him feel worse, but he couldn't get himself to talk to Ilya. He was in a weird cycle of feeling awful not talking to Ilya, but the idea of talking to him made him panic and feel just as awful.

After two weeks of silence, which felt like forever, Ilya couldn't take it anymore. He stood outside Shane's bedroom door for way too long before finally knocking.

Ilya was one to often come up with dumb ideas to get what he wanted, this idea was not approved by Svetlana. In fact, she told him to not even think about going through with it.

Shane quickly went to the door when he heard knocking, hesitating for a moment before opening it.

The slight relief that Shane felt at Ilya's knock was immediately replaced with nausea as Ilya started speaking.

“Do you care if I sleep with other people?” Ilya asked, his sex drive had always been high, but the question wasn't genuine, he just wanted to hear Shane tell him not to.

Shane was quiet for a moment, he couldn't be mad. He spent weeks telling himself he didn't deserve Ilya waiting for him, he shouldn't be so upset that he actually wasn't waiting.

“No, it's fine. We aren't... Together. We aren't anything, you don't even need to ask me.” Shane's words came out quick, and a bit harsher than he had meant, he'd hoped he didn't sound noticeably bothered.

Shane cared so much, the thought of Ilya bringing someone back to their apartment made him want to throw up, but he cared more that Ilya was happy and not just waiting around for him.

Ilya was completely silent, he really should listen to Svetlana more often. “Okay, great.” He replied very flatly.

Shane watched Ilya walk away, he felt like he was going to cry, but it never actually happened. He was so upset he started to just feel numb. He did this to himself, and he deserved it.

Shane stood in shock at his door for longer than he would like to admit before finally crawling into his bed.

In the three days since Ilya had asked Shane about sleeping with other people, to Shane’s knowledge, Ilya hadn’t brought anyone else over. It made Shane slightly hopeful again.

That hope lasted until Shane got home from class and heard someone in Ilya’s room giggling while he laughed.

Shane couldn’t stop himself from letting their front door slam behind him as he headed straight to his bedroom, the laughing from Ilya’s room became more hushed.

Shane quickly went to his bedroom and put on a pair of headphones to block out anything he might hear.

“I think you’re making him jealous.” Svetlana said to Ilya, “But I still don’t think this is the right way to go about this... Just talk to him.”

Ilya groaned slightly, Svetlana was definitely right, but Ilya was bad at talking about feelings, and it was obvious that Shane was too.

“Maybe I will try tonight, there’s a party at one of the guys on the team's house.”

When Ilya got to their teammates party, he immediately spotted Shane drinking with some of their teammates, he was shocked to see Shane doing a shot.

Most of the team had never really seen Shane drink more than a beer or two, so the guys on the team were kind of loving getting drunk with their captain.

By the end of the night Shane was probably the second most drunk he had ever been, the most drunk was a night that Rose loved to bring up to tease him and one he could barely remember.

Rose was standing next to Shane scanning the room for Ilya, she needed to get Shane a ride home even if Ilya was the last person Shane wanted that from right now. “Wait here.”

Rose walked over to Ilya and spoke quickly. "Have you been drinking?"

Ilya shook his head. "Nope, I drove here. Nice to see you, Rose." Ilya said with a grin.

Rose rolled her eyes. "Okay, you can take Shane home then?" She asked and pointed to Shane behind them.

Ilya looked back at Shane then nodded. "Yeah."

Ilya walked over to Shane, they were in an awkward place again, but he wouldn't leave him there. "Let's go home."

"I don't need you to take me home." Shane complained and started looking around the room. "Maybe a hot guy will come home with me." Though nobody but Ilya was catching his eyes.

Shane had kind of been hoping to bring a guy home in an attempt to make Ilya jealous, but he'd quickly realized that none of the guys at that party were gay, he had even briefly considered flirting back with a girl who had hit on him.

"You're wasted." Ilya stated and practically dragged Shane out of the house, Rose was helping to make sure he left. "You are in no shape to bring anyone home."

"Do you need a ride too?" Ilya asked once they had Shane in the passenger seat of his car.

"No, I just live a few houses down, thank you for taking him." Rose turned to walk away but stopped for a moment. "He really likes you, Ilya."

Rose walked away after not wanting to meddle any further than this, Shane would kill her.

When Ilya got into the car Shane was staring at him. "Technically a hot man is still coming home with me."

"Yes, but that home is also my home." Ilya said with a laugh, he looked over at Shane for a moment before starting his car.

Ilya had been a bit of a mess after Shane had told him they weren't anything, but he hadn't given up on waiting for him.

When they finally arrived at their apartment, Ilya helped Shane get into his bedroom and was about to leave when Shane pulled him onto his bed and on top of him.

Ilya quickly stood himself up and shook his head at Shane, who let out a disappointed whine in response. "We're not doing anything tonight."

Shane frowned and crossed his arms. "Because you're sleeping with other people?"

Ilya brought a hand to his temples, holding it there for a moment as he took a deep breath. "Because you are wasted."

"Because you're sleeping with other people." Shane replied, this time it wasn't a question.

“No, because you are drunk.” Ilya said again, he was confused now. “You are making no sense, that's how drunk you are.”

“I am making complete sense.” Shane struggled a bit to change into his pyjamas but eventually managed.

Shane didn't explain himself any further, he just sat on his bed, now just wearing a pair of plaid pyjama pants.

“Maybe we should talk about this when you're sober.” Ilya said, he was still confused and Shane wasn't making any more sense to him.

“Talk about you sleeping with other people?” Shane asked, and Ilya held his head in his hand for a moment again, confused on why Shane wouldn't let this go.

Shane looked over at his phone, and he briefly wondered if Hayden would make out with him just to make Ilya jealous, Jackie would definitely let them, and Hayden kind of hated Ilya even though they were all on the same hockey team. Shane was pulled out of his train of thought when he realized he'd missed what Ilya had said to him.

“Sorry?” He asked, looking up at Ilya.

“I was just saying you should go to bed. What were you thinking about?” Shane had obviously been lost in thought, and now Ilya was curious.

“How to make you jealous.” Shane answered though, he had definitely not meant to answer out loud.

“You're being very confusing tonight. Go to bed Shane.” Ilya sounded slightly annoyed at this point.

The second Shane fully laid down he was pretty much instantly asleep. Ilya sighed and pulled the blanket over Shane.

“I do not understand you.” Ilya mumbled to a sleeping Shane. “Somehow you are worse at communicating than me.”

Ilya walked over to Shane's bed and pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead. “Ya tebya lyublyu.” Ilya didn't say this in english just in case Shane somehow heard.

Those words would probably make Shane panic in english, maybe one day he would get to actually hear them.

Shane woke up in the morning with the worst headache he had ever had and deep embarrassment about the night before.

Shane got out of bed and eventually made his way into the living room, where he could see Ilya cooking. Every noise Ilya was making felt way too loud.

“Morning...” Shane said quietly as he walked to their kitchen island and sat on one of their stools. “I am so sorry about last night.”

“Ah, you remember last night?” Ilya teased with a laugh, which to Shane felt like a good thing. Ilya was not absolutely pissed off with him.

“I wasn’t that drunk.” Shane defended, but he was laughing too, only stopping from it hurting his head.

“You were very drunk. You kept saying the same thing, made no sense.” Ilya said, flailing his hand around as he spoke.

“It made sense.” Shane mumbled but still did not explain.

“You are still drunk?” Ilya joked.

“I drank so much last night because I was jealous at the thought of you sleeping with other people. You had a girl over.” Shane paused for a moment, staring at his hands as he took a deep breath. He was practically forcing himself to speak, desperately wanting to shut up and avoid discussing how he felt.

“And I was upset. I knew I wasn’t worth waiting for.” Shane paused again, and when Ilya tried to speak Shane spoke over him.

“It was very selfish of me to push you away and just expect you to keep waiting, to fight for me or something.”

“I didn’t sleep with anyone.” Ilya interrupted, needing Shane to stop. “I am still waiting, I am still fighting.”

“You didn’t?” Shane asked, his eyes looked like they had literally lit up. “Who was here then?”

“Svetlana. I was trying to... Ah... Make you jealous.” Ilya said, realizing how ridiculous it had been, he was again realizing he really needed to listen to Svetlana more.

“We have slept together. But we do not anymore. She told me it was a stupid idea.”

Shane felt slightly jealous at the confession of Ilya and Svetlana having slept together, but he did his best to ignore that.

“Shane, I promise you, you are worth waiting for.” Ilya had left the food he had been cooking to walk over to Shane.

As Ilya walked closer to Shane, he realized he was blinking back tears. He really wished he would stop crying at Ilya being even remotely kind to him.

“Okay, then just to be clear, I am not okay with you sleeping with other people.” Shane said, and Ilya laughed, which made him laugh too.

“Good, because I do not want to sleep with other people.” Ilya carefully got closer to Shane, wanting to give him a chance to initiate any contact.

When Ilya got close, Shane wrapped his arms around him. “I’m sorry.” He said quietly, and he felt Ilya press a kiss to the top of his head.

“Could we... Umm... I want to go on a date.” Shane said quietly, and when he looked at Ilya, he was practically beaming, he looked like sunshine.

“Yes, we absolutely can.” He said before returning to the food he had been making, checking that it wasn’t burning. “Where should we go?”

Shane thought for a moment, not really sure of an answer. The last time he had been on a date was probably his anniversary with his ex, which he had to practically beg for.

“We could go anywhere, I don't mind.” Shane said with a slight shrug.

“Okay, I will surprise you.” And Shane liked the idea of that, usually he liked things to be very planned out, and usually he liked to be the one planning it. He trusted Ilya, even if that scared him a bit.

When Ilya’s food was done, he gave some to Shane and told him to come watch TV with him.

After they ate, they ended up playing video games. Anytime Shane was winning, Ilya would try to block his view of the screen.

“You asshole! Stop cheating!” Shane yelled playfully at him, they were both laughing non-stop. His headache had gotten better, thankfully.

Shane stood up and sat himself on Ilya’s lap, blocking his view of the screen completely, which allowed him to win.

“Oh! Now who’s the cheater?” Ilya asked and rolled his eyes.

“It’s not my fault you get easily distracted by my ass.” Shane teased, and he was pretty sure it only took one second for Ilya to have him pinned down against their couch.

Shane was blushing as he looked up at Ilya, he couldn’t believe he’d risked losing this.

“Your ass is very nice.” Ilya said, his lips soon crashing into Shane’s.

Ilya’s hands were carefully intertwined with Shanes, holding them down against the couch, while his tongue explored Shane's mouth.

It wasn’t long till Ilya’s kisses had made their way to Shane's neck, which Shane let him do for a moment before Shane gently pushed Ilya's head away.

“No marks.” Shane said quietly. “I’m going to my parents in a few days.”

Shane wasn’t out to his parents, and he didn’t want to deal with any questions if they noticed a hickey on his neck.

Shane had wanted to come out to his parents, but his ex had never had any interest in meeting them, so he never had. He didn’t want to tell his parents he was gay and seeing someone who barely wanted anything to do with him.

Maybe it would actually be good timing to come out to them soon.

“What about if I leave them low enough that a shirt covers?” Ilya asked, and Shane felt like he understood why Ilya had such a hard time denying Shane of things.

“Okay.” Shane said with a nod.

By the time Ilya was done, Shane was moaning softly below him. What seemed like an absurd amount of hickeys were scattered across his chest and low on his collarbone.

“You idiot.” Shane mumbled, finally being able to see the marks. “You know the team will still see me, right?”

Ilya couldn’t help but laugh in response, because the team seeing Shane all marked up by him sounded absolutely perfect to him.

It didn’t take long for the two of them to retreat to Shane’s room, and when they were left panting and sweaty on his bed, this time it was Ilya covered in marks, bright coloured scratch marks littered his back. Their team was definitely going to put the pieces together.

Shane had been right that the team was going to notice their captain and alternate captain covered in marks.

“Roz, holy shit, what girl did that to you?” Shane heard from across the change, which made him freeze as his head shot in that direction.

Cliff Marleau was Ilya’s closest friend on the team, and his eyes landed on Shane when he saw his head turn so quickly. He eyed the marks on Shane’s neck before glancing between him and Ilya.

Hayden was now glancing between the pair as well. “Shane… Please tell me the crime scene on your body is not from Rozanov.”

Shane’s face grew red as the rest of the team started to notice as well. Him and Ilya had discussed that they were okay with the team knowing, Shane just hadn’t realized how quickly they would notice.

Now that this was actually happening, he realized they hadn’t discussed *what* they would tell their teammates.

“It is from him.” Shane admitted. “We’re... Umm...” Shane looked over to Ilya for help, but his eyes landed on him, Ilya was just grinning like an idiot.

“Okay, let’s just get ready for practice!” Shane said with a clap of his hands.

“Why him of all people? You couldn’t have rebound sex with anyone else?” Hayden asked, looking over at Shane again.

“It’s not just- we’re going out, kind of.” Shane said quietly just so Hayden would hear.

“You’re what? Shane, he’s such an asshole... I don’t want to see you with another shitty guy.”

Shane frowned for a moment, staring at the ground. “He’s not actually an asshole, he helped me leave my ex.” Shane decided not to mention that had been by fucking him while on a FaceTime call.

“Okay.” Hayden said. “I still don’t like him, but maybe he’s not awful. He’s gonna have to prove that to me though.”

Shane gave Hayden a small smile, then finished getting ready for practice before their game.

Today’s game was against his ex boyfriend’s team, so Shane was a little nervous. He hoped his nerves weren’t showing to the rest of the team.

“We’re gonna destroy them.” Ilya said, sitting next to Shane on the bench. “If he goes after you, I will go after him.”

Shane and Ilya weren’t on the ice at the same time typically, so when Shane’s ex nearly immediately went after him, it had been Hayden who helped him out.

Though Ilya had kept his word and towards the end of the game took his chance to start a fight, Shane couldn’t tell what was being said from the bench, but he figured it was about himself when he saw Ilya immediately punching.

Shane was going to have to figure out a way to not get so turned on by watching Ilya fight.

When the game ended, Shane celebrated their win for a moment before everyone headed into the changing rooms.

“That punch looked like it hurt. Is your hand okay?” Shane asked as he walked over to Ilya. “What did he say to you?”

“He was calling you names.” Ilya said with a shrug, he didn’t want to upset Shane with specifics. “Hand is fine, could use a kiss better though.”

“Well, it was hot.” Shane said, kissing Ilya's hand before returning back to his stuff to change.

Ilya was grinning to himself as Shane walked away from him.

When they got back to Ilya's car, instead of getting in the passenger seat, Shane got into the back.

"What are you doing?" Ilya asked, turning to look at him from the driver's seat, Shane was pulling his shirt off.

"I can't wait till we get home, please?" Shane said, and he was pretty sure Ilya was blushing, which he absolutely loved to see.

Ilya was staring at him, unable to respond, his brain felt like it had been fried. "Fuck." Were the only words he could get out at first.

"I don't have... Fuck, Shane, I don't have anything."

Shane gestured for Ilya to come into the back seat still. "In my bag." Shane said with his voice low. "The small pouch on the side."

Ilya finally got into the back seat as well, opening the pouch Shane had told him to. "You just carry lube and condoms around in your hockey bag?" Ilya asked as he pulled them out.

"No." Shane said, which made Ilya laugh.

"What do you mean 'No'? There is proof in my hands." Ilya said and flailed the condom package in front of Shane's face.

"I put it in today... Just in case."

"Just in case what? I got in a fight on the ice? And you got so turned on you begged me to fuck you in my car?"

Shane turned his head away, avoiding Ilya's eyes. "You make me sound like a pervert."

"You are a pervert." Ilya teased before practically pouncing on him, pinning him against the car seats. "A very pretty one."

"Pretty?" Shane asked, and he sounded like he genuinely didn't believe it.

"So fucking pretty." Ilya said with a nod, turning Shane's head so he was looking at him now.

"Maybe I did go a bit overboard." Ilya said when his eyes landed on the marks that littered Shane's chest and shoulders.

"No. I like it." Shane replied almost in a whisper. It felt possessive, he liked it even if it did make him nervous.

"Your back kind of looks like a wild animal went after you, though." Shane said before finally pulling Ilya down into a kiss.

By the time they were done, the cold car was almost uncomfortably warm, the windows were completely fogged up, and Shane had discovered he was a big fan of missionary.

“Maybe we just... stay here all night. I'm too exhausted to move.” Shane's chest was rising and falling quickly, his sweaty back felt like it was stuck to the leather seats. The idea of falling asleep with Ilya still inside of him also seemed very appealing to him.

“No, let's go sleep in a comfy bed.” Ilya replied and finally pulled out, Shane whined out at the emptiness, taking a moment before he joined Ilya in getting his clothes back on.

When they got back home, they showered quickly, and as Shane dried off, Ilya noticed a familiar look of panic starting to form on his face.

This time was different, though, instead of running, Shane sat himself down on his bed and looked up at him. “I’m scared by how much I like you.” he admitted.

Ilya sat next to Shane, listening as he continued to speak. “And I don’t really know what to do about it.”

Shane had grown to expect disappointment from his ex, the hopefulness he felt towards a future with Ilya was nauseating. It seemed too perfect, he had learned to stop hoping for good things for himself a long time ago. He didn't want to be wrong again.

“That is okay.” Ilya said and carefully grabbed onto Shane's hand. He wasn't the greatest at comforting people, but he did his best, giving Shane's hand a gentle squeeze. “That is not going to scare me away or anything, I promise.”

Shane's eyes were wet with tears, but none were actually falling. “Okay, I believe you.” It wasn't long after Shane said this that he was asleep in Ilya's arms.

The next day Shane woke up alone in his bed, and he felt a sinking feeling in his gut. “Ilya?” He asked quietly, hoping he’d get a reply, but there was none.

When Shane heard nothing in response, he quickly brushed his teeth and got dressed before leaving his bedroom. “Ilya?” He asked again. Still no answer.

Shane was starting to panic, he had slept in kind of late, though, so he was hoping Ilya had just needed to be somewhere. When he heard their front door opening, his head quickly shot in that direction. When he saw Ilya walk through the door with flowers, he felt his heart fluttering in his chest.

“Good morning.” Ilya said and walked over to him, Shane still looked a little uneasy as Ilya held the flowers out to him.

“You went out to get me flowers?” Shane asked as he accepted them.

“Yes, because we are going on our date today! You aren’t busy, are you?” Shane could only shake his head in response.

“What, did you think I abandoned you or something?” Ilya joked, but the frown on Shane’s face made him realize that was exactly what he had thought, and he wished he could take those words back.

“No.” Shane lied, and Ilya carefully pulled him into a hug.

“Sorry, I should have left a note, or texted you, or something.” Ilya squeezed Shane in his arms.

Shane relaxed into Ilya's touch, taking a few deep breaths to fully calm himself down finally. “Thank you for the flowers.”

“When are we going out? Should I get ready soon?” Shane asked as he pulled away from Ilya's grasp. “Where are we going?”

Ilya laughed at Shane asking so many questions. “You should get ready, yes, but I thought you wanted it to be a surprise?”

Shane shrugged before speaking. “I just didn't want to pick, I've only been on like... Four dates.”

“You were in a multiple year relationship, and you only went on four dates?”

Shane's eyes found the floor quickly. “One of those four was with Rose.” He corrected. “I sound like such an idiot for staying with him every time I talk about him.”

“You are not an idiot.” Ilya assured him. “Now, go get ready!”

“You haven't told me where we are going! What should I wear?”

Ilya thought for a moment before answering. “Nothing too fancy, but a little nice. Also bring a jacket for later.”

Shane nodded and went to get himself ready. He wasn't the most knowledgeable when it came to fashion, so he called Rose to ask for outfit opinions.

When Shane walked out of his bedroom, Ilya was sitting waiting for him. “You look hot.” Shane said, walking over to him.

“You look hotter.” Ilya said with a grin.

“Not possible.” Shane said before Ilya had grabbed his hand, dragging him towards the front door.

“Hurry up, we cannot be late.” Ilya said, which made Shane follow quickly.

Ilya got Shane in his car and was soon driving them somewhere, they stopped to get something to eat first, Ilya insisted, before eventually pulling into the parking lot of their team's rink.

“Why are we here?” Shane asked, slightly confused.

“I want to go skating with you.”

Shane looked at him confused. “We skate together all the time, nearly every day...”

“No, we play hockey together with an entire team.” Ilya quickly corrected. “We are going to skate without all of our hockey equipment, just us.”

The idea seemed slightly odd to Shane still, but he agreed anyway, and soon enough they were on the ice skating.

“I think ice skating dates work better when one of you can’t skate.” Shane joked, and Ilya's laugh seemed slightly forced, which made him realize he had been insulting Ilya's date idea since they got there.

Ilya had struggled to think of a date idea. Shane seemed to live and breathe hockey, so he thought maybe this would've been a good idea, maybe he should've just taken him to watch a game.

“I bet I'm a faster skater than you.” Shane said to try and show Ilya he was enjoying their time together, and within seconds they were racing laps around the rink. Ilya stopped first to catch his breath, and Shane made his way over to him.

“I am definitely faster!” He said excitedly, and Ilya smiled back, he looked like a love-stricken puppy.

“So, you are enjoying skating?”

“I think I would enjoy doing anything with you.” Shane replied.

Ilya felt his face heating up at this and looked down in an attempt to hide it. “You’re blushing!” Shane practically yelled, he was in absolute awe at the sight.

“No, I am not! I do not do that.” Ilya said as he rolled his eyes, lifting his head back up to look at Shane.

“Mhm, yeah, sure.” Shane said and pulled his phone out to take a picture of Ilya, the first photo he had of Ilya on his phone that wasn't a group shot from hockey. He then turned his screen to show Ilya.

“You’re so red, it's adorable.” Shane said, admiring the photo he had just taken.

“You are red like that all the time! You get much more red than that when I am deep inside you.”

Shane's jaw dropped at Ilya's words, and much to his dismay, his face grew red. “And you called me a pervert?”

“Yes, is true. You begged me to fuck you in my car, our teammates were still in the parking lot, probably. They probably heard you, though, you seem like you might be into that. You came all over my thigh while trying to fit my whole dick down your throat-”

“Okay, Okay! You don't need to keep going.” Shane said the warmth from his face was feeling unbearable. “I get it.”

“Oh come on, only one more... You had me fuck you during a FaceTime call.” Ilya recalled, and he watched as Shane brought his hands up to cover his face.

“Is okay, I enjoyed every single one. I am no better than you.” Ilya said, trying to calm down Shane's embarrassment.

“You are so handsome when you blush, Moy lyubimyy.” Ilya said, pulling Shane's hands away from his face.

Shane's eyes went wide at Ilya's words, and he pointed a finger at him. “That is what you said the other night! What does it mean?”

“Ah, umm, I do not know the words in english.” Ilya lied.

Shane frowned, he was not the best at telling when people were lying, but he was pretty sure Ilya was right now. He made a mental note to try and look up what Ilya had said, if he could remember it later.

When they got back into Ilya's car, Shane had expected that to be the end of the date, but he was happy to hear there was going to be more.

“I am glad you would enjoy doing anything with me, because we also have a dinner reservation and one more surprise thing.”

Shane was a bit nervous at the mention of going to dinner, he was rather strict with what he ate and often found it hard to eat in restaurants.

“It's a vegan restaurant.” Ilya said, noticing the worry on Shane's face. “I know you aren't vegan, but they have a lot of stuff that works with your diet.”

Shane stayed quiet for a moment, telling himself to keep his emotions in control over this. “Thank you.” Shane said and smiled at Ilya. “How do you know what my diet is?” He asked with a laugh.

“We share a fridge and pantry, I see the very boring foods you stock up on.”

“And I see you eat fast food burgers all the time, pretty boring too.”

“So what is the last surprise of our date?” Shane asked when they left the restaurant.

“Well, if I tell you, it's not a surprise!” Ilya exclaimed, laughing a bit. “You will know soon enough.”

Ilya drove them, it was dark out now. Shane was trying to stare out the window, but he was mostly only seeing his reflection. He didn't mind, though, he was looking at a version of himself he wasn't used to seeing. He looked happy, he felt like he was looking at someone entirely new.

When they finally parked, Shane was brought out of his thoughts, they were in the middle of nowhere. “You aren't going to murder me, right?” Shane joked.

“You're too pretty, I decided you can live.” Ilya teased back. “Grab your jacket, it is kind of chilly.”

When Ilya got out, he laid a blanket out for them and was lying down on it, staring up when Shane finally joined him.

“We're stargazing?” Shane asked, lying himself right next to Ilya.

“Yes, I used to all the time with my mother.” Ilya said, there was something to his voice that Shane couldn't fully identify.

“Do you miss her?” Shane asked, and Ilya only nodded silently.

“It must be hard being in another country. Are you going home for the winter break?” Shane asked.

Ilya felt like he was frozen, Shane didn't know, and part of him didn't want to tell him, he wanted to pretend he was going home to his mother soon, that he would ever see her again. The only reason Ilya was honest was because he did not want to start off with Shane by lying, but the realization of having to tell another person his mother was dead was making tears fall from his eyes.

“I might go home.” Ilya finally answered with a sniffle, which clued Shane in to the fact that he was crying. “My mother is dead, and my father is not so great, I am not sure I want to see him this year.”

Shane sat up staring over at Ilya. “I'm so sorry.” He said, he felt awful for not knowing that, he felt awful for not making more of an effort to know Ilya when they had been roommates for so long.

“It is okay, I do not tell many people.” Ilya sat up now too and leaned his head against Shane's shoulder. “I just wanted you to know about her, I wish you could have actually known her.”

“Tell me about her.”

Ilya was struggling with where to start, and what was too much to share right now, he didn't want to scare Shane away. “She was the best mom, she made me so happy, even when she was so sad.”

Shane listened, nodding along to Ilya's words, he didn't respond yet, he wanted to just let Ilya speak.

“My dad was very hard on her, like he is me. She did not deserve it. She was the funniest, most beautiful person ever.” Ilya was crying against Shane's shoulder as he spoke, so he lifted his head up to stop from making his shirt more wet.

“You don't deserve it either.” Shane said quietly, he was not entirely certain what ‘it’ was, but he got the idea. Shane lifted his hands to wipe the tears from Ilya's face.

“I would have taken all of my dad’s anger if it meant she didn't have to, if it meant she was still here.”

Shane was quiet for a moment, trying to decide the politest way to ask the question that was forming in his head. “Did your mom...” Shane stopped, he felt like he was going to be too blunt and come off as rude.

“Yes.” Ilya answered, knowing what the rest of Shane's sentence was going to be. “She... She accidentally took too many of her pills.” Ilya added, though they both had a sort of understanding that he was using the word accidentally rather lightly.

“She sounds great, I can't wait to learn more about her over time.” Shane said quietly. Ilya smiled at him, though he looked rather sad still. Ilya wanted Shane to meet her, and know her personally, not know her secondhand.

“She was so great. I am sorry, I did not mean to ruin the night.”

“You didn't ruin anything. It means a lot to me that you wanted to share her with me.” Shane said and pressed a few kisses to Ilya's face.

Ilya smiled and kissed Shane for a moment before pulling away, he has never wanted to tell someone he loved them so badly.

“I am going to speak in Russian, and you are going to promise not to ask for translation, okay?” Ilya asked. “One day you will understand, probably, and when you do, that will mean... The time is right, not to be cheesy.”

Shane thought for a moment, he would hate not knowing what Ilya was saying, but he agreed. He could tell Ilya needed this, whatever it was. “Okay.” He answered.

And for the second time Ilya told Shane he loved him, the first time with Shane being awake, next time he hoped it could be his first time saying it in english.

hope you enjoyed !! I do have an idea for a 3rd chapter to this fic so maybe expect that soon ;)

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!