

Stand Off

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Stand Off

by [SpiderGoose1](#)

Summary

"What is your problem?" Shane demanded, his voice sounding thinner than he liked, laced with the exhaustion of the night. "I gave up our bedroom and the guest room and now you're here".

He heard the rustle of fabric as Ilya settled onto the far end of the couch, claiming his territory with his infuriating, unspoken intensity.

"We sleep in same place no matter what," Ilya murmured, the low, steady vibration of his voice hitting Shane somewhere deep. "So stay put or I follow you around home".

Notes

I hope I do you all justice bringing this post to life.

Adaptation of the following post with permission from the author x

<https://www.tumblr.com/lexicanons/817972517119705088/post-tlg-shane-and-ilya-have-a-huge-fight-and?source=share>

I started with the more angsty side but I couldn't resist the ending, it just played out too well hehe

Shane stared at the ceiling of the guest room, the darkness doing nothing to dim the sharp edges of the argument that had driven him there. The room felt like a cold, hollow echo compared to the warmth of their bedroom. He hated every second of it.

His jaw ached from clenching and grinding his teeth, but every time he replayed Ilya's stubborn tone in his head, a fresh wave of irritation rippled through his chest. It was absurd. They were grown men, happily married grown men, yet they were currently waging a war of attrition over an idea for their hockey school.

As the silence of the house settled into his bones, the sharp bite of Shane's anger began to fray at the edges, replaced by an aching pressure in his gut. He didn't even want to win the argument anymore, he just wanted the fight to end. He wanted to reach out and feel the steady, grounding weight of Ilya beside him, not the empty, uninviting stretch of the guest bed. The irony wasn't lost on him: he was furious, yet the thought of Ilya lying alone in the master bedroom made his skin itch with a restless and lonely sort of misery.

Shane shifted in the bed, kicking the sheets down to his ankles. He felt his heart hammering against his ribs. The simple reality check that rushed through him had nothing to do with the fight they had and everything to do with the sheer, frustrating fact that he simply couldn't function when they were at odds. He stared at the ceiling, his mind reeling and his head beginning to pound.

Suddenly the silence was broken. The door handle clicked and the door creaked open slowly. Ilya stepped in, light on his feet as usual, his silhouette sharp against the hallway light. He moved with his familiar silent intensity, the one he argued with, and climbed right into the bed with his back turned to Shane.

Shane felt a surge of heat - partly indignation and partly a desperate, starving relief - flood his system. He didn't say a word to his husband, his own silence acting as a shield of sorts, but his eyes tracked the movement of Ilya's shoulders as he settled in. But he couldn't take the proximity without the contact, not tonight at least.

With a huff that sounded far more wounded than he intended, Shane kicked back the covers and pushed himself up, heading towards the master bedroom. If Ilya wanted the guest room he could have it, but Shane refused to let this night end with them inches apart but still worlds away.

He stormed back into the master bedroom, shoving the door closed behind him. The floorboards groaned heavily under his frustrated strides. He yanked the duvet back and climbed into the center of the mattress, pulling the covers up and over his shoulders.

Settled in their own bedroom - the one place that was usually their private sanctuary - he urged his mind to calm. He stared at the closet door, unspooling the argument and playing it back like a repeating film, over and over again. But the sanctuary felt too small and the weight of the evening felt heavy and mocking around him.

Ilya had been so damn stubborn about the project deadline, his voice so tight and clipped and his eyes flashing with that infuriating, intense focus. Shane could admit he usually found that intense focus on work matters unbearably attractive, but aimed at him in this context? It was nothing short of grating. And then there was the way Ilya had simply dismissed Shane's input with a flick of his wrist—a gesture that had sent Shane's temper soaring into the stratosphere. In front of their agents and small team of PR, nonetheless.

“You aren't listening,” Shane muttered into the pillow, his voice muffled and thick with emotion.

He could still hear the snap of their voices - the sharp, acidic barbs they'd traded that had escalated until the air felt too thin to breathe. It had started over something trivial, but as usual, it had spiraled into a contest of wills. Shane felt a raw spike of anger spark under his skin but beneath it, a different ache was beginning to grow and throb.

They should be wrapped up together in bed right now. He missed the weight of Ilya's arm wrapped around his waist. He missed the way Ilya smelled like sandalwood and late-night espresso. His anger and hurt wasn't quite fading yet, but it was steadily curdling into a desperate and needy sort of frustration. He rolled over, his face pressed into Ilya's empty pillow and breathed in the faint, lingering scent of him.

He was supposed to be holding the moral high ground, but as the minutes ticked by the silence became unbearable, and the realization hit him again. He hated being right if it meant being alone, even for the night. He was practically vibrating with the specific, maddening kind of arousal that only happened after one of their fights, the desire to channel all of their frantic, negative energy into something much more physical and much more honest.

He didn't have to sit for long with his thoughts before a soft click of the door handle signaled that his silent, stubborn rival had followed him once more. Shane's body went taut, anticipation humming under his skin.

Shane held his breath, keeping his eyes glued to the dark rectangle of the doorway. He didn't move an inch, playing the part of not so subtly pretending to sleep sleeping man, but his senses were screaming. He listened to the faint, familiar creak of the floorboards and the rhythmic, measured cadence of Ilya's gait that Shane knew better than his own heartbeat.

The bed dipped to his left.

It was a slow, deliberate movement, the mattress sagging under Ilya's weight as he settled in on his side. He didn't reach out towards Shane and he didn't apologize. He just existed in the space beside him, radiating that same stubborn, electric heat that made Shane's skin feel two sizes too small.

The silence between them was charged and thick enough to choke on. Shane could feel the exact point where their bodies were causing a reaction. He felt the way his own pulse was racing, the way his muscles were locked in a state of suspended animation.

It was agonizingly sweet, this dance. They were two magnets fighting against the inevitable pull, locked in a rivalry that had long since stopped being about the fight and started being

about how much they could torture each other with their presence. Shane knew this game all too well.

Squeezing his eyes shut, his hand clenched the corner of the sheet. He listened to Ilya's breaths as they slowed, but there was still a slight hitch in it. A tiny, imperceptible stutter that told Shane that Ilya was just as awake, probably just as rattled, and just as desperate for any point of contact as he was.

The temptation to roll over and bridge the gap was becoming a physical ache, a sharp, throbbing need that was starting to border on painful. Move, a voice in his head commanded, but the petty, infuriating pride kept him anchored to his spot.

Then, as if reading his thoughts and wanting to test his resolve, Ilya shifted. For a fleeting, accidental second, his ankle brushed against Shane's calf. And fuck, if it was like a live wire sparking in the dark.

Shane stiffened, his entire body jerking in a reflex that he couldn't control. It was an invitation, a challenge, and a silent question all wrapped in one brush of skin against skin. He pulled his leg away quickly, his jaw clamping shut tightly, but he knew the game was nearing its end. He was practically crawling out of his skin with the need to touch his husband, to hold him and feel him and to end the deafening silence with something far more visceral than words.

He could feel Ilya's gaze like a brand on his back. The weight of his eyes was heavy and intense, as if he were waiting for Shane to give up and lose the battle.

Shane lay there staring at the shadows cast by the streetlamp against the bedroom wall. His heart was drumming a frantic, uneven rhythm against his ribs. Every fiber of his being was hyper-focused on the space behind him. He could feel the radiating warmth of Ilya's body like a magnetic force that was making his own resolve feel flimsy and pathetic.

Just turn around, he thought, the voice in his head bitter and needy. Just reach out and stop this.

But he couldn't. Not yet. If he moved now, he was admitting defeat, and Shane Hollander didn't do defeat. Not with Ilya. Their rivalry was the oxygen they breathed, a constant, sharp-edged friction that kept them both on their toes, but tonight, the oxygen felt like it was running out.

He found himself cataloging every micro-movement Ilya made. A shallow shift of the mattress, the way Ilya's heavy, rhythmic breathing suddenly caught, as if he were holding his breath too. Shane's fingers curled tighter into the fabric of the duvet, his knuckles turning white.

He felt a wave of genuine, stinging sadness - that small, fragile ache that came with knowing how much he loved this man, and how utterly devastating it was to be within arm's reach of him and yet unable to bridge the void.

The room was filled with the kind of tension that felt like it was clawing at his skin, a desperate craving for the friction of their bodies, for the way Ilya tasted, for the way he would look at him with those dark eyes once the pretenses finally dropped.

You're an idiot, Shane, he told himself, though his body didn't agree. His soul was already primed, already reaching out in the dark, imagining the curve of Ilya's spine under his hand, the slide of skin against skin. The silence in the room was screaming at him, echoing with all the words they were too stubborn to say and he was suspended in the middle of it. Caught between the suffocating pride of the fight and the overwhelming knowing that he wouldn't actually survive the night without Ilya's arms around him.

The stalemate was becoming torturous. Every second of silence felt like it stretched to a lifetime. Shane gritted his teeth, his eyes burning with unshed tears as he stared into the dark, waiting, half-dreading - half-praying, for one of them to finally give in.

The silence in the bedroom was too heavy to bear. With a frustrated, ragged huff that echoed in the quiet room, Shane shoved the duvet away and swung his legs out of bed. He didn't look back at Ilya, he couldn't yet, not if he wanted to maintain even a shred of his dignity. He stomped toward the living room, his bare feet hitting the hardwood with deliberate, aggressive thuds. The final option was the couch, before he decided to get a hotel room for the night.

The living room was dark, cold, and blissfully free of the stifling tension contained within the master bedroom. Shane grabbed the wool throw from the back of the recliner and marched to the couch, practically vibrating with the need to isolate himself. He yanked the blanket around his shoulders, curling into a tight, defensive ball.

Fine, he thought, his chest aching with a mixture of righteous fury and a deep, pathetic longing. Let him stay in the bed. Let him have the room. I don't care.

But the air in the living room felt wrong. He hadn't even fully settled, hadn't even managed to smooth out the blanket over his legs, when he heard the familiar, heavy tread of footsteps entering the room.

Shane felt the shift in the atmosphere before Ilya even sat. He squeezed his eyes shut, his heart thundering against his ribs, fighting the sudden, desperate urge to just reach out and drag him down. His anger won this time, bursting out of him in a slew of words.

"What is your *problem*?" Shane demanded, his voice sounding thinner than he liked, laced with the exhaustion of the night. "I gave up our bedroom and the guest room and now you're here".

He heard the rustle of fabric as Ilya settled onto the far end of the couch, claiming his territory with his infuriating, unspoken intensity.

"We sleep in same place no matter what," Ilya murmured, the low, steady vibration of his voice hitting Shane somewhere deep. "So stay put or I follow you around home."

The simple admission from his husband sounded so small and so raw that it nearly broke his heart in two. Shane felt the brush of Ilya's feet against his. The small movement was a deliberate, grounding contact that felt like a spark touching dry tinder. He instinctively jerked away, pulling his knees tighter to his chest, but the damage was done. His heart was racing, his mind flooded with the aching presence of the man he was supposed to be fighting, but who he really just wanted to drag into the mess of blankets with him. Whose heart was probably hurting just as much as his own.

"Fine, goodnight," Shane spat out, though the words tasted like a lie the moment they left his lips. He curled into the cushions, forcing his eyes closed again, but his entire body was screaming for the contact he'd just rejected. He wrapped his arms around his legs to physically stop himself from reaching back out.

Shane lay on his side as the same heavy silence swallowed the room, his pulse thrumming in his throat. His anger was still there, no more than a dull ache in his chest, but it was being rapidly eclipsed by his rising, desperate hunger.

His presence alone was driving him mad, actually insane. He listened to the soft exhale of Ilya's breath, let the rhythm bring some sense back into his mind. He wasn't sure how long he stayed like that, staring at the blurred silhouette of his husband, but eventually, the frustration curdled into something else entirely—a sharp, needy clarity. He just wanted his husband.

With precise, calculated thoughts, Shane sat up. The floorboards didn't groan, and his movements were as fluid as a predator's as he stood from the couch. He watched Ilya for a long beat as he folded the blanket back up, his eyes tracing the line of Ilya's jaw in the dim moonlight. The sight of him so unguarded and so unfairly calm.

He reached out, his hands trembling slightly as he slid them beneath Ilya's shoulders and knees, effortlessly scooping the other man into his arms. Ilya let out a startled, sleepy "Huh?" as he stirred, his head lolling back against Shane's shoulder. That simple sound sent a jolt of pure electricity straight down Shane's spine.

Shane didn't say a word as he walked to their bedroom with purposeful strides, the weight of Ilya in his arms felt like the only thing that had made sense all night. He didn't care about the fight, the project, or the stubborn words they'd traded anymore. He carried him through the door and sank onto the bed, laying Ilya down in the center of the mattress, his own body hovering over him and pinning him there.

"You can't sleep on the couch," Shane murmured, his voice thick with an intensity that left no room for argument. "It's not good for your back."

Ilya's eyes fluttered open, dark and dazed. His voice was a low, sleepy rumble as he spoke. "Do not go to couch. I will follow you."

"I won't," Shane breathed, letting himself fall into the empty space beside him. He pressed a long, lingering kiss to Ilya's temple, the skin there warm and yielding. "Goodnight. Love you."

Ilya's hand came up, fingers tangling in the hair at the nape of Shane's neck, pulling him closer just a fraction and angling his face up. "If I say sorry, do I get proper kiss and proper I love you?"

Shane surged forward, capturing Ilya's lips in a kiss that was everything the argument hadn't been: hungry, desperate, and devastatingly honest. It was a kiss that tasted of apology and uncompromising ownership. When he pulled back just an inch, his forehead resting against Ilya's, his breath hitched in his chest as he whispered, "Ya tebya lyublyu, Ilya."

As Shane pulled back, the air in the room felt lighter, lighter but increasingly suffocating. The coolness of the sheets provided a sharp, delicious contrast to the fever-heat building between their bodies.

Ilya didn't let him retreat further. He kept his grip tight on the back of Shane's neck, his knuckles grazing against the sensitive skin there as he pulled him close, their lips brushing with every word whispered. The fight was a ghost now, evaporated into the shadows of the bedroom and replaced by something *much* more pressing.

"You are so stubborn, Hollander. You will kill me," Ilya breathed against Shane's lips. Surrender, finally.

Shane let out a breathless laugh, his hands sliding down to grip Ilya's hips and pressing his own firmly against him. "Pot, meet kettle," he murmured, before diving in to reconnect their lips. This time, the kiss was deeper, slower, and agonizingly deliberate. It was a silent, intense negotiation where the only currency was touch.

Shane traced the line of Ilya's jaw with his thumb as his tongue grazed his bottom lip, silently begging for permission, for a lifeline. Ilya's gaze was dark and heavy as it raked over Shane's features, searching for the remnants of the man who had been so infuriatingly quiet on the couch just moments ago. But he found only softness and a matching, hungry intensity.

Shane shifted his weight, gently straddling Ilya's hips and reveling in the way Ilya's breath hitched, the sound muffled against his own skin. This was their reality, how fast they could switch from shouting matches to this seamless, desperate fit and it made Shane's head spin in the best possible way. He dropped his head to the crook of Ilya's neck, pressing a series of firm, possessive kisses into his pulse point.

"I'm not moving," Shane whispered against his skin, his voice thick with a sudden, overwhelming need to anchor himself to the man beneath him. "I'm not going anywhere."

Ilya arched into him, his fingers splaying wide against Shane's shoulder blades and pulling him even closer, erasing every remaining millimeter of space. In the quiet, dark room, there was nothing else - no rivals, no arguments, just the frantic, honest rhythm of their hearts finally beating in sync.

Shane's weight pressed Ilya into the mattress, his familiar warmth seeping through the thin fabric of their t-shirts. The angry words from earlier still hung between them, but now there was only the quiet sound of their breathing, the way Shane's fingers trembled slightly as they traced Ilya's jaw.

"I was an asshole," Ilya murmured, his lips brushing against Shane's jaw.

Shane exhaled sharply, hands sliding down Ilya's chest and gripping the fabric of his shirt.
"Yeah, you were."

Shane kissed him again—slow at first, the barest press of lips, then deeper when Ilya tilted his head to grant him access. Their tongues met in a familiar dance, the taste of coffee and want lingering between them. Shane's hips rolled down instinctively, the fabric of his boxers dragging against Ilya's.

Ilya groaned into the kiss, fingers tightening in Shane's hair. "Fuck, I missed you," he breathed.

Shane's hands slipped under Ilya's shirt, calloused palms skimming over the taut muscles of his abdomen. Every touch was reverent, as if he was relearning the contours of Ilya's body after too many minutes apart. He dragged the shirt up, breaking the kiss just long enough to pull it over Ilya's head before descending again, lips trailing fire down his throat, his collarbone.

"I'm sorry," Ilya whispered against the air, pulling Shane by the hair to look him in the eye.
"I'm sorry, Shane."

Ilya arched beneath him, a shudder running through him as Shane batted his eyes up at his husband. "You better be."

Shane took his time, lavishing attention on every inch of exposed skin, his mouth hot and insistent. He felt Ilya's fingers hook into the waistband of his boxers, pausing just long enough for Shane to manoeuvre and shimmy them down his hips in silent permission. The fabric slid down, and Shane's breath hitched as his husband's hand wrapped around his arousal.

He didn't rush, stroking slowly over his length, his thumb swiping over the head and making Shane curse.

"Ilya, fuck—"

"Tell me what you want," Ilya murmured, his breath warm against Shane's ear.

Shane's hips jerked into his touch. "*You*. Always you."

Shane lurched forward to kiss him again, deep and filthy, as his fingers worked him to the edge over and over again, stopping every time he came close.

But Ilya didn't stop. He pressed open-mouthed kisses along Shane's jaw, his neck, anywhere he could reach from the bed, as his own arousal pressed insistently against Shane's thigh.

Shane let him take control, his breath coming in ragged gasps as Ilya took over. Shane groaned, his forehead dropping to Ilya's shoulder.

"I love you," he panted.

Ilya's grip tightened, "Show me."

Shane breathed against his neck, grinding down in slow circles that made Ilya gasp.

Ilya grabbed Shane's ass hard enough to make him moan, hard enough to leave bruises. "So fucking stubborn," he growled, bucking up against him. "Always have to win."

Their cocks aligned perfectly, trapped between their bodies and leaking heat on one another. Shane rutted against him harder, his hands fisting in the sheets beside Ilya's head.

Skin met skin as their shafts pressed together in the humid space between their bodies. Shane's precum smeared across Ilya's stomach as they moved, their breathing ragged.

"Always" Shane panted, wrapping a big hand around both their lengths. Ilya could only shake his head, licking his lips at his husband, hips jerking up into that perfect pressure. The ridge of Shane's cockhead dragged against his own with every stroke, their skin sliding together in wet, filthy perfection.

Ilya grabbed Shane's wrist, squeezing his hand tighter around them both. "Faster," he demanded. Shane obeyed, his strokes turning rough, the swollen heads of their cocks kissing with each pass. Their balls slapped together, the sound obscene in the otherwise quiet room.

When Ilya came it hit him like a punch to the gut - thick ropes of cum splashing between their chests. Shane followed with a choked off groan, adding his own release to the mess, their cocks still pressed together as they pulsed against each other.

"You don't ever leave this bed to get away from me again," Ilya purred up at Shane, gripping his jaw and forcing their eyes to meet, "Understand?"

Shane couldn't help the grin that spread across his face, cheeks heating lightly as he looked down at their mess and flushed skin, "No promises, Rozanov."

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