

you can't always get what you want

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you can't always get what you want

by [swans](#)

Summary

Ilya stumbles back, blindly reaching for the door. “You should call your girlfriend. I will — ”

Shane’s head turns fully to look at him. The look in his eyes is devastating. Ilya’s hand, slick with sweat, slips.

“I don’t want Rose,” Shane gasps. “I want you.”

Notes

i, too, have fallen to the mass psychosis of heated rivalry like that show is shot so beautifully and the ROMANCE of it all !!! also that club scene damn... soooo spicy so nasty how do i make it worse

hope you all enjoy!

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

Ilya wants to go home.

“You can’t go now!” Marleau yells in his ear. “We beat Montreal’s ass! This is our night!”

Ilya doesn’t give a fuck whose ass they beat. He doesn’t give a fuck whose night it is. He tells Marleau as much, and the jubilant, slightly drunken look on his face dissolves into something sour.

“Hey, man, it was your fucking idea,” Marleau sneers. “*Captain.*”

Ilya wants to hit him. He doesn’t. Because it was his idea. And it was a bad idea. A bad, senseless, stupid idea, because as if Ilya’s life weren’t fucked up enough, he had the cataclysmic bad luck of picking the exact club that Shane Hollander was partying in with his brand spanking new girlfriend.

Ilya turns away from his teammate, and, in spite of himself, towards where he’d last seen Shane. He’s not there anymore. Ilya knows Shane had seen him. Had held his gaze as he dragged his tongue along the neck of some random girl; had seen the hardening of Shane’s face as he claimed the girl’s mouth in a kiss. The heady rush that followed after — whether it was from the knowledge that Shane was watching, or from the girl palming his crotch, Ilya didn’t know or care to know.

But then he’d come up for air, and Shane was gone.

Probably back, Ilya thinks, to Rose Landry.

His fingers itch. He needs a fucking cigarette.

A throng of gyrating bodies separate him from the exit. Ilya has no desire to thread his way through the crowd, risking bumping into Shane, or Rose, or Shane and Rose together. A dim neon sign beckons, and Ilya makes his way towards it, hugging the wall and avoiding the touch of a hundred strangers. By the time he pushes open the door to the men’s bathroom, he’s already managed to wedge a cigarette between his lips, his other hand flicking the wheel of his lighter.

“You’re not supposed to smoke in here.”

Ilya exhales. He watches the smoke unfurl from his mouth and rise upwards towards the haze of the fluorescents. Watches the reflection of Shane Hollander, leant up against the stalls with a half-full glass in his hand, watching him.

Ilya takes another drag of his cigarette, the sharp, sour taste of nicotine filling his mouth.

“Oh, we are talking now?”

“You’re such an asshole.”

Shane looks... hot. Literally. His hair is plastered to his forehead, no doubt from the closeness of the club, and sweat glints at the dip of his Cupid’s bow. A flush spreads across

his cheeks and nose bridge, highlighting his freckles.

You are so beautiful and I almost had you, Ilya thinks. “You look like shit,” he says.

Shane snarls. It is like a puppy learning to bite. “Fuck off.”

He pushes off against the wall to leave, but stumbles and loses his balance. Ilya’s got one hand encircling Shane’s arm, steadying him, before he even knows he’s moving. He can feel Shane’s bicep tense; can feel the familiar hard bulk beneath his palm.

Ilya’s mouth is dry when he asks, “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.”

“How much did you drink?”

“I said I’m *fine*, leave me alone.”

Shane shakes him off, but it’s weak. None of his usual strength comes through. As Shane tries to break free, the liquid in his glass sloshes dangerously, catching the light, and Ilya suddenly feels a thousand times more alert than he has been all night.

“Hollander,” he says. “What is that?”

Miraculously, Shane listens. He follows Ilya’s gaze, confused.

“Hm? This?”

Shane raises his glass to the light. The liquid fizzes.

“It’s champagne,” he says.

It is not champagne. At least, not just champagne. It shimmers, fine glitter particles floating around in the liquid that are obvious in the harsh light of the bathrooms, but perfectly concealed under club lights. Ilya doesn’t know what it is, but he knows it cannot be good.

“Where is your girlfriend,” he says flatly.

“I…”

Shane is closer, closer than he’s been for months, and Ilya can see what he couldn’t through a mirror and five feet away: the sickly pallor of Shane’s skin. The glassy, vacant look in his eyes. The heat that burns through the fabric of his shirt, branding itself into Ilya’s palm.

Ilya swallows his longing down. “You are sick,” he says. “You should call her and get her to take you home.”

Shane shakes his head, like he’s trying to dislodge water from his ears. “She’s not — she’s got an early shoot tomorrow.”

“Then get someone else.”

“I don’t have anyone — ”

“Not my problem.”

Ilya releases him. He stubs out the rest of his cigarette in the sink and turns to leave. But then there’s the tinkle of glass breaking, and he makes the mistake of looking back one last time to see Shane slumped against the stalls, trembling, the shattered remains of his drink strewn across the bathroom floor.

“Rose — Rozanov,” Shane says. “I don’t feel so good.”

Ilya should go. He should not give a flying fuck about Shane Hollander. Let his famous movie star girlfriend clean up his mess. Let literally anyone else do it. Ilya should leave him here, just like Shane left him in Boston, and simply not care.

Shane’s eyes flutter shut. “Please.”

Fuck.

Fuck.

*

The thing is, Ilya does not generally consider himself to be a decent person.

The media calls him feral. His fellow players call him an asshole. He has heard more *fuck yous* from his father and brother than he’s sure is normal in any family.

He agrees. He is not the best. He is not good. But he tries. He tries, and with Shane, he found himself wanting to try harder. Wanting to be good; wanting to be worthy.

But the thing is, if Ilya had known what was about to happen, what he had set in motion — he’s not sure he would’ve found it within himself to stop.

*

Shane’s Montreal house is bland, but huge. Bigger than Ilya’s place, with a staircase that has too-big gaps between the steps that Shane’s feet keep getting caught in as Ilya helps him upstairs.

“Nice place,” Ilya grunts. Shane is heavy, and hot, his skin clammy and burning up everywhere he touches. Shane is never this warm. Ilya still remembers how he had kept his

socks on, that first time.

“Thanks,” Shane mumbles. His whole face is flushed now, sweat dripping in rivulets down his nose, the back of his neck. “Had it specially designed.”

“Mm, yes, I can see your personality all over it.”

Shane either doesn't hear the sarcasm, or is too ill to retort. Once they make it to the second floor, he nods vaguely in the direction of a door that's ajar. Ilya shoulders it open, finding himself in the bedroom. It's decorated exactly the same as Shane's other apartment, down to the thousand throw pillows sitting against the headboard. The sight makes Ilya's chest tighten.

“Wanna lie down,” Shane whines.

Ilya breathes out slowly. He sets Shane down on the bed carefully, and helps him out of his shoes. Above him, Shane starts taking off his shirt, fingers fumbling with the buttons. Ilya avoids looking.

“You sit here. I get you water.”

There's an en-suite. Ilya steps inside, rinses the glass holding the singular toothbrush and fills it with water from the tap. When he returns to the bedroom, he almost drops it.

Because Shane is lying on the bed on his stomach, all of his clothes sans his underwear lying in a heap on the ground, and grinding against the sheets like a dog in heat.

Ilya feels like he's underwater. “Your drink,” he says stupidly.

Shane's head turns slightly towards him. His hips don't stop moving. “I need...”

Ilya forgot, or tried to forget, how beautiful Shane could be in bed. He's acutely reminded of it now: the way Shane whimpers, high and needy, in between pants. The way his back muscles ripple over the arch of his shoulder wings. The way the shadows fall in the dip of his back, before the light crests over the swell of his ass.

Ilya's throat clicks when he swallows. “Hollander.”

“I know, I don't know what...” Shane bites his lip so hard it goes white. “Help me.”

It hits him with the force of an oncoming train. What Shane is asking — it burns, it chills, it is exactly, and also exactly the opposite of, what Ilya wants. He takes a deep breath, flexing his hand. The glass strains in his grip.

Ilya's voice is husky when he speaks. “This is not a good idea, Hollander.”

Shane doesn't seem to have heard him. “S'hot,” he says. “Need... need your...”

I need you, Shane had said, years ago in a penthouse suite overlooking the city of sin. Ilya's jaw clenches. Deep in his chest, his heart throbs, tired and overworked. It hurts.

“It hurts,” Shane whimpers. He sounds like he is close to crying. “Make it stop.”

Ilya knows what he cannot do. He cannot stay here. He cannot stay here and watch Shane beg and whimper and writhe, and do nothing. He cannot be a good person.

So he shakes his head. He stumbles back, blindly reaching for the door. “You should call your girlfriend. I will — ”

Shane’s head turns fully to look at him. The look in his eyes is devastating. Ilya’s hand, slick with sweat, slips.

“I don’t want Rose,” Shane gasps. “I want you.”

The right thing to do — the sane thing to do — would be to walk away. To pick up Shane’s phone and call someone in a position — someone with the right — to help.

Instead, Ilya’s hand falls from the door.

His night has been full of bad decisions.

Really, what’s one more?

*

Shane keens at the first close of Ilya’s hand around his cock, his head thrown back, sweat collecting in the dips of his collarbones. He feels warm, warmer than all those countless, precious times before. His hand comes up to clutch at Ilya’s bicep as Ilya starts to move his hand, his grip twitchy, fingernails digging hard into flesh. Shane’s cock pulses, smearing pre-come velvet along the calluses of Ilya’s palm.

It’s just a handjob. Tamer than so many things they’ve done together, but touching Shane after months of cold shoulders and silence feels like a privilege. It’s more than Ilya feels like he’s allowed. He knows that he’s not meant to be seeing Shane like this, touching him, and it makes his gut twist, but not entirely unpleasantly.

When he speaks, his voice comes out rough. “Is good?”

“Yes,” Shane breathes. His eyes have gone hazy. “Yes, I... keep going.”

Ilya complies. He twists his hand on the upstroke, and a perfect, ruined noise falls from Shane’s mouth. He presses his lips together immediately, cutting off the sound, almost as if he’s embarrassed at how loud that was, how easy he is. It’s a reflex from their earlier days together, when Shane was never quite sure how much he was allowed, when he kept himself small to avoid taking up too much time or space in Ilya’s bed. Ilya wants to pry his lips apart and feed his fingers into his mouth, give him something else to muffle the sounds. To tell

Shane that he'll give him the space he clearly wants, but that he'll always make room for him.

He shouldn't be thinking like that. But touching Shane now, with the scent of Rose Landry's jasmine perfume still lingering on his skin — Ilya bends down and presses his mouth to Shane's stomach. He moves upwards, following the path Rose's hands had taken earlier in the club, his tongue laving across Shane's abs, erasing all traces of anyone else. If Rose left behind a flourishing, Ilya leaves behind destruction. It's wrong, so wrong to be doing this, thinking this, ruining this, but Ilya's body is incapable of acknowledging that. Every atom in his being is simply too focused on the fact that Shane is here, that Shane wants him. It may be dangerously illicit, but perhaps that is why he and Shane feel compelled to go back to each other, over and over again.

Perhaps, Ilya realises sombrely, that is the only way he can ever have Shane.

He moves down the bed. It is easy to pin Shane's hips down, easier still to take his cock, hard and flushed an angry, dark red into his mouth, to taste the want and the need on his tongue. Shane jerks beneath him, groaning, cock jumping.

“Wait — ”

Ilya pops off. He doesn't mean to have an edge in his tone, but he does. “You want my help, yes?”

Shane is beautiful from all angles, but this one may be Ilya's favourite. The one where Shane's above him, his lips bitten red and hair mussed, constellations peppered across his cheeks, a god that Ilya worships on bent knees with his hands and teeth and tongue.

Above him, Shane licks his lips. His eyes are still unfocused, but beneath the haze there is, unmistakably, a look that Ilya knows well.

Hunger.

“Yes,” Shane says, nodding once, then again, resolve strengthening, his eyes going dark. “Yeah, I — yeah.”

*

Ilya is well aware that it could be the drug talking. That despite their history, Shane doesn't, couldn't want him like that. Not anymore, at least. Ilya can take a hint, and Shane running away from him, and then publicly dating someone else, is as good as an explicit rejection as any.

The truth settles, burns a hole through the pit of his stomach. Yes. Ilya knows that he might not be what Shane wants.

But right now, he's the only one who can give Shane what he needs.

*

Bitterness floods Ilya's mouth as Shane comes with a moan, legs bracketing his head, fingers twisted in his curls. He waits for Shane to go boneless before pulling off, spitting what he can't swallow into a tissue.

When Ilya turns back around from tossing the tissue, he half-expects Shane to be scrambling for his clothes, the fog cleared, ready to throw him out. Instead, Shane's still lying on his back, an arm thrown across his eyes. The muscles in his legs spasm. He is, Ilya notes with some alarm, still hard.

Worry starts to creep in. He reaches out, fingers brushing the soft skin behind Shane's knee. He's never been this tentative before, but Shane looks so fragile. Ilya wants to put him back together, not break him apart.

"Hollander," he says, "are you okay?"

Shane moves his arm. His eyes are wet. But then Ilya catches the expression on his face, and he realises that Shane's not upset, but overwhelmed and — there's no other word for it: *frustrated*.

"I need — " Shane blinks, biting down hard on his lip. "I think I need more."

"More?"

Ilya's hopeful, but his accent masks it as judgmental. Shane shoots him a look, half-accusatory, half-pleading.

"You said you'd help."

Ilya swallows. He did say that, somewhat altruistically, more so selfishly.

"I will give it to you," he says. "Whatever you want, okay? What do you want?"

Their gazes catch and hold. Shane looks away then, sudden and shy. It throws Ilya off-kilter. Reminds him of their first time together, a little bit. A lot. When did he get so sentimental?

"I want..." Shane drifts a hand downwards, vague but deliberate. "Can you...?"

They have known each other long enough now that he understands what Shane is asking for, even without words, without prompting. Suddenly, all Ilya can think of is his own cock, aching and neglected this whole time. His want coats his tongue like sand. His heart is a pounding, feral thing.

“Anything,” Ilya says, and means it. “Anything.”

Shane is hot and tight around Ilya’s fingers. His body is a furnace, and Ilya can practically feel the fever rolling off of him in waves, the heat making his vision shimmer at the edges. Or maybe it’s just Shane himself. What he does to Ilya. Maybe it’s getting to be with him in such close quarters, touching him, getting ready to fuck him, that’s got Ilya feeling like this, like Shane is his own brand of drugs specifically designed to make Ilya lose his head entirely.

And whatever Shane had consumed is consuming him whole now. He’s increasingly restless, heels digging into the sheets, eyes screwed up tight, one hand encircling Ilya’s wrist in a vice grip as he desperately fucks himself onto Ilya’s fingers. Desire floods Ilya’s veins, makes him want to throw caution to the wind, pin Shane down and ruin him. It’s too much, too soon.

“Hollander, slow down,” Ilya says, voice unsteady. He grips Shane’s hip with his unoccupied hand, a warning, but it only seems to spur Shane on harder.

“No.”

“You are going to — ”

“If you don’t hurry *up*,” Shane snarls, teeth flashing, and Ilya *snaps*.

He pulls his fingers out and grabs Shane’s hips, yanking him roughly towards him. Shane’s cry barely registers; all Ilya can focus on is the roar of blood in his ears, the sight of the blunt head of his cock nudging Shane’s hole open, and then the tight, velvet, sweet relief as Shane envelopes him whole.

“Fuck,” Shane hisses, back arching off the mattress, “*yes —*”

Ilya snaps his hips forwards, setting a slow, steady rhythm. He feels dizzy. He feels like a child overdosing on sugar, elbow-deep in a cookie jar he’s not supposed to have access to, the thrill of getting something he wants that he’s not allowed to have lighting up his nerve endings. Shane is so fucking tight — it must have been a while since he last did this. Maybe the last time he was with Ilya was the last time he did this.

It drives Ilya crazy, that Shane has been with other people since then. It drives Ilya crazier, that he could’ve been the last, and only, person to see Shane like this. Spread out beneath him, black hair fanned across the white of his pillow, knees bent and feet planted on the bed as he grinds down helplessly to meet Ilya halfway, seeking more, more, more. A painting. Just for Ilya.

“Ilya,” Shane gasps. “*Ilya.*”

The way Shane says his name now is so different from the first, and only, time he’d said it. It rings in Ilya’s ears. His heart is like a dog on a leash, straining, straining. He fucks up into the snug heat of Shane, harder, faster, to replace the feeling with something else. When Shane is keening, thrashing, asking for more, Ilya folds himself over to bury his face into the crook of his neck. He wants to crawl beneath his skin and live there. He wants to lick the skin anew until the only person who’s touched Shane there is him. He wants to kiss him.

He settles for something else. “Shane,” Ilya allows himself to say. “Shane,” he breathes, sound muffled, muted, swallowed whole.

*

Shane’s fever dies down sometime around dawn. Ilya watches him sleep, his chest rising and falling with deep, even breaths. He looks so calm; so peaceful. It hurts to watch.

Ilya had ignored it earlier, relished in it, even, but the reality of what they’ve done has finally caught up to him. He could argue that he was just taking care of Shane, helping him out, and maybe it started that way, but....

He will always be selfish when it comes to Shane Hollander. Ilya will want him even when he can’t have him, even when Shane doesn’t want him back. Even when the only way he can have Shane is like this, in the dark and in secret and because of some fucked-up drug. Does that make Ilya a terrible person? Yes. Maybe. But even decent people do terrible things all the time in the name of —

Ilya’s throat thickens. He collects himself, then rises to gather his clothes, dressing as quickly and silently as possible. There is a burning in the back of his eyes as he buttons, a gnawing ache in his chest as he slips on his shoes. It’s nothing, he tells himself. Just get out. Just get out.

The door creaks when he goes to open it. Ilya freezes. Behind him, sheets rustle. In spite of himself, Ilya turns.

“Rose,” Shane slurs. “Is that you?”

His eyes flicker open, then widen when he sees who it is. Ilya’s stomach roils. He feels like screaming. He feels like crying.

“You’d better call her,” Ilya says flatly, and, before Shane can see the expression on his face, flees.

End Notes

thank you for reading! kudos and comments are always appreciated ❤️

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