

I love you, tenderly, tragically

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I love you, tenderly, tragically

by [Stargirl \(JanetBaby99\)](#)

Summary

“Wait,” Ilya swallows. Fuck fuck fuck. What is he doing?
He shouldn’t offer this. They shouldn’t do this. If he were responsible, he would stand up and help Shane get dressed and order him a ride. Offering what he really wants to do is dangerous. It crosses the line.
He does it anyway.
“Stay,” Ilya sits up, vision swimming. It seems that extra vodka has caught up with him. Shane hesitates, and Ilya feels the need to explain himself a little better. “We are too drunk to have sex, but you can sleep it off here.”

After leaving an after-party for an award show, Ilya and Shane meet up for a hook-up. Ilya realizes that they have both drank too much to have sex, so he offers for Shane to spend the night instead and sleep it off. Before they fall asleep though, Shane says something he shouldn't.

Notes

WARNING: Shane and Ilya are both drunk. They attempt to initiate a hook up but Ilya realizes after taking off their clothes that they are too drunk. Both are consenting and want to touch each other but because of the alcohol, it is tagged as dubious consent. If that makes you uncomfortable, please do not read!

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

It's late and he's drunk. They both are.

Ilya watches Shane chat with other players from across the room, the after-party in full swing. Pike is at his side like always, a bit infuriatingly so. He knows it means nothing to any of them, and perhaps it is the vodka talking, but every time Pike claps Shane's shoulder or wraps his arm around him, he imagines punching him in the nose.

Ilya's team is mostly gone, retired to their rooms for the night after a long awards show, but Ilya lingers if only to catch another glance at Hollander.

He shouldn't. He should go to his hotel room too. He should wait patiently for Hollander to see his text from Lily and for the man to follow him there.

He cannot bring himself to do it though. Not yet. So he sips his vodka and imagines knocking Pike out and admires Shane.

He's stunning tonight. His suit is dark, a nice tie around his neck that Ilya imagines threading through his fingers and pulling on for leverage, yanking the other man down where he wants him. His cheeks are flushed, a half lidded gaze on his face from all of the shots his team has talked him into. Scott Hunter was a part of the shots too, but Ilya is choosing to ignore that.

Shane is loose. From a distance he doesn't look too far gone, but every now and then he does something that makes Ilya raise an eyebrow. He stumbles, or his voice carries louder than usual, and he keeps openly looking over at Ilya.

Ilya is at least being subtle about it. He looks at the bartender, and the women in beautiful dresses, he chats intermittently with those passing by, and *then* he glances at Shane. More than once though he has caught Shane staring him down, eyeing him openly like he's two seconds away from crossing the room and dropping to his knees in front of him.

Not subtle at all.

Ilya adverts his eyes, Shane's searing gaze tracing over his body. He caught his attention again.

Playfully, he sits lower in the chair he claimed against the wall, spreading his knees apart, knowing exactly what the man across the room is thinking right now.

Hoping to strike Shane's interest, he slows his movements down, and purposefully checks his phone. There are a few texts to answer, but he ignores them all, stealing a glance at Shane.

Hollander seems to finally get the message. He begins to pat around for his phone, first in his suit jacket and then his back pockets, fumbling around. He's uncoordinated in a way Ilya isn't sure he's ever seen in Shane before, but eventually he finds his phone and pulls it out.

Ilya watches as Shane stares at the message, then brings the phone up closer, squinting at the text messages.

He suppresses a laugh and downs the rest of his vodka, the icy liquid burning as it settling in his stomach. A glance down at his phone shows that Jane is typing, then the message stops, and starts again.

Jane: now

Ilya looks up, unsurprised to see Shane's eyes boring into him once again. He takes a step towards him, but Ilya shakes his head, stopping Shane in his place.

Shane stares, and then looks around, looking adorably lost and flushed. The blush on his face from the alcohol makes his freckles stand out darker, even in the low light of the party. He then turns to Pike and says something that Ilya can't hear, hopefully a goodbye.

Ilya looks around. No one seems to be paying him much attention. He sees a few of his teammates closer to the bar, but he doesn't feel the need to say anything to them when he leaves.

Pulling himself up, his head swims for a second, the vodka seeming to hit him all at once. It takes a moment to right himself, but then he begins to slip out of the party, mostly undetected.

The hotel is thankfully only a block away.

The cold air is refreshing, helping clear his mind as he makes his way to his room. For a moment he thinks Shane might come out behind him, but he seems to have gotten held up as he said his goodbyes.

Ilya vibrates thinking about what the night will bring. They've been doing this for a few years now, it's nothing new, yet just the idea of being alone with Shane Hollander puts a thrill beneath his skin, zapping along his nerves. He can't wait to see him, breathe in his existence, lose himself in his touch, all of the things he craves to do when they're apart.

He is well aware that his feelings have grown to be past what they are allowed to be. *They* are not anything. Friends maybe, at best. But nothing more, no matter how his treacherous heart screams in his chest.

Tonight will be fun, regardless. There was a hunger radiating off of Shane in that room. It is always fun when Shane walks into a hotel room knowing exactly what he wants. Ilya loves when Shane gives up control and surrenders, but letting Shane take charge is just as fun.

The hotel is sterile when he walks in. Clean. There is a vague odor of bleach that wafts off every surface. Even the lobby is empty, save for the concierge who is too busy typing away on his phone to notice anyone had entered the room.

Ilya brushes past the obnoxiously colored furniture and the generic paintings on the walls, hurrying to the elevator.

The steel doors open after he presses the button, and he slips inside, taking a deep breath as he presses his number and waits.

The elevator rises slowly, only adding to the anticipation. In the meantime, he imagines what Shane would be like if he got to the room first instead of Ilya, if he had to wait for Ilya to unlock the door before ducking inside. He can imagine the antsy shift Shane would do so vividly, the way those dark brown eyes would dart around the hallway so calculatingly, watching and waiting to be discovered, the way he would shove Ilya inside before he even has a chance to turn on the lights.

Ilya grins to himself, endeared.

The elevator dings, and the steel door slides open, releasing him onto his floor. Ilya prowls forward, glancing down the hallway hopefully. Unfortunately, he did in fact beat Hollander here. There is no one waiting down the hall in front of his door, as fun as it would be.

Ilya walks forward leisurely, taking his time to get to his door. He hasn't checked his phone to see if Hollander messaged, but he is fairly sure he hasn't. He'll be here soon and finally they will be alone together at least for the night.

Ilya takes his keycard from his wallet, and swipes it, ducking into his hotel room. Again, the faint scent of bleach meets him, so clean it almost feels strange.

He flicks on the light by the door first, casting the room in a warm glow. It's on the smaller side. He could have chosen a more luxurious room, but he's only here for one night before a flight early tomorrow, and he picked the location knowing it would be close to the after-party, knowing that Shane would be walking here too.

Ilya kicks his shoes off by the door, setting them aside before walking further into the room. Next, he flicks on the bedside lamp picturing what Shane will look like in it. The sultry low light is always stunning on Shane's skin, the way the shadows fall across the curves and ridges of his body makes a familiar stir of arousal build in his groin just imagining it. Sometimes he fantasizes turning on all of the lights just so he can see every inch of him, cataloging every reaction he manages to draw from him. He can just imagine how it would make Shane squirm too, the way he would look so nervous to take his clothes off in so much light just to end up loving every second of it. Ilya had learned that about Shane fairly quickly. On the outside he may look nervous, anxious even, but he loves every dirty thing they do together.

Ilya walks across the room to the minibar tucked away beneath the TV, hidden in the dark wood cabinet. He opens it, pursing his lips at the various options. Waters, Coke, ginger ale, beer, and a few small bottles of liquor that line the door. He pulls out the Absolute Vodka, filling a glass with it. It isn't his favorite, but it will do.

After that, there is nothing more to do than wait. He keeps drinking, staring out the window at the streets he just crossed, wondering if one of the few people walking down there is

Shane.

Eventually, a knock at the door makes him flinch.

He glances towards it, heart thumping in his chest. Slowly, he walks across the room, and opens it.

Shane tumbles in his usual flurry of movements, always so afraid of being caught. He's flushed still, out of breath like he was running.

"What is wrong with you?" Ilya asks, resisting a smile.

"Shut up. I just ran up four flights of stairs," Shane pants.

Ilya frowns. "Why?"

"Because your fucking team was in the elevator!"

Ilya looks around, confused. "No they were not."

"Yes they were!"

"No," Ilya shakes his head. "They chose nicer hotel. I am the only one staying here."

Shane squints at him, then glances at the door as if gazing through it. "Then who the fuck was in the elevator?"

"Just a stranger," Ilya shrugs, poking the bear. "Have you lost your mind?"

"Fuck off."

"Concussion, probably," Ilya nods, curling his lip up. "You know if you were faster on ice you wouldn't hit the walls as much."

Shane looks at him with disbelief.

"Memory problems," Ilya nods solemnly. "Cannot even remember who he plays against. It is sad day for Hollander-"

"You are such a fucking asshole," Shane rolls his eyes. "Okay, my bad I guess. I thought more of you would be staying here. My team usually stays in the same hotel as each other."

"Mine does too," Ilya agrees, loving the way Shane looks when he gets worked up. He makes it too fun to antagonize him. "But I picked this one so we could get here quickly after the party."

"Eager?" Shane asks, that same spark in his eyes that he had during the party when he was staring Ilya down. His eyes look unfocused though.

He's drunk.

Drunker than Ilya previously thought even. He's never seen Shane like this before.

When he doesn't get an immediate reply, Shane walks further into the hotel, not bothering with taking his shoes off. Every other step he takes, he seems to stumble, looking around the room and taking it all in.

His eyes then settle back on Ilya and the drink in his hand. "Vodka?"

Ilya hums in confirmation.

"Can I have some?" he asks.

"You are drunk," Ilya answers, following him slowly.

Shane huffs. "There were so many shots. And I didn't... I wanted to fit in," he admits. "Besides, the season's over. A few drinks can't hurt."

Ilya shrugs, approaching him until they are almost chest to chest. Shane holds his stare, intense and unwavering, the air between them charged.

Ilya holds up his glass, and Shane reaches for it excitedly, only for Ilya to hold it up a little higher in the air, making him falter.

Shane glances from the glass to Ilya, confused.

"Say please," Ilya insists.

Shane's lips part, and his eyes dart down to Ilya's lips. He wants to kiss, but Ilya holds out, waiting patiently.

"Please," he whispers.

"Hmm?"

Shane's shoulders drop with frustration, look at the drink again. Obediently, he tries again. "Please. Can I have a drink?"

"Good boy," Ilya grins at him, lowering the glass. He doesn't miss the way Shane's cheeks turn impossibly redder at the praise.

"Shut up," Shane takes the glass from him, eagerly bringing it to his lips. He takes a long drink, scowling at the taste, but still drinking most of it.

Ilya furrows his brows. He wants to ask if something is wrong. He's never seen Shane act like this in all of the years he's known him, but the words stick to his tongue. It feels like it would cross the line between them if he were to ask. He can't, so he doesn't.

Shane sets the glass down on the cabinet rather than handing it back to Ilya, and before Ilya can even process what is happening, Shane is slamming into him.

They stumble back a step, lips crashing into one another. Shane tastes like liquor, smells like it too, the sharp scent covering up the usual cologne he has come to associate with him.

Ilya sighs into the kiss, licking between his teeth. He's been waiting to kiss Shane all damn day. He even thought about it on the plane, knowing that Shane would be at this event as well.

Ilya slides his hands into Shane's hair, tugging him in closer. They stumble again, and again, until Ilya's calves press against the mattress.

"Take your clothes off," Ilya breathes between the kisses, eagerly capturing him in another kiss before he can respond.

Shane begins to move, tugging fruitlessly at his tie. He's still uncoordinated, and Ilya decides to speed things along and undo it for him.

Perhaps if they had not consumed any liquor tonight, Ilya would have asked him to keep that tie on, but instead he lets it drop to the floor and begins working at his buttons. They're tedious, and he thinks one might have popped off, but he doesn't dare break the kiss to look and see. His eyes stay shut, using his tongue to map out Shane's mouth, occasionally biting down on one another's lips, making them both ache.

That stir in his groin is back, Shane's daft fingers tugging at his belt, trying his best to work it open.

It takes far too long for them to work their clothes off. An eternity later, they are finally both free of their shirts and pants, tossed into the floor instead of folded neatly like Shane always does. It's so fucking cute how he folds his clothes after taking them off.

Shane breaks the kiss, a trail of spit connecting their mouths still. He looks down at the clothes on the floor, as if thinking of the same thing.

"Later," he decides.

Ilya almost points out that there will be no later. Later entails putting his clothes back on, not folding them, but he decides not to say that.

Their underwear goes last, removed with sly smiles and hungry eyes that look over each other, so horribly turned on it is almost embarrassing. *Almost*.

He grabs Shane by his neck and turns him around, pushing him down roughly onto the bed.

Shane bounces at the impact, looking a bit unfocused at the sudden movement.

Ilya pauses again. "Are you okay?" He cannot help but ask.

"Fine. Just... come here," Shane flops back against the bed, adjusting his hips. He spreads his knees wide, showing off with a little smile, lacking that usual nervousness that usually greets Ilya.

Ilya crawls on top of him, and begins kissing his neck, hands finding his pecs to grope at his chest. He's careful not to leave any marks, no matter how much he would love to lay hickey

after hickey across Shane's neck until he had a collar of them, marking him as belonging to Ilya.

Shane lets out a little whine when his fingers find his nipple, pinching down softly. He then pushes Ilya back, trying to flop their positions, though as soon as Shane sits down on top of him, straddling his waist, everything comes to a stop.

Ilya watches as Shane struggles to blink the dizziness away, but it does not happen. "The room is spinning," he says apologetically, bringing his hands up to hide his eyes behind.

They should not be doing this, Ilya realizes in that moment. All of those signals that something was wrong were real. Shane is too drunk for this, and Ilya is willing to admit that he probably is too.

Shane takes a deep breath, and pulls his hands away, working his way down. Before he can put his mouth anywhere, Ilya grabs his shoulder, holding him in place.

"Wait," he instructs.

Shane stops.

"Not tonight," he shakes his head, holding firmly on to Shane's shoulder.

"What?"

"No sex. Tonight."

Shane's face is a mixture of confusion and hurt. "Why?" He asks, his mind running faster than Ilya can keep up with.

"You are drunk," Ilya answers.

"We've drank and had sex before," Shane points out.

That is true, but this feels different. "Not like this. Not this much."

"But..." Shane trails off. "I need you. I was thinking about you all day. Don't you want to fuck me?"

"I always want to fuck you, but not like this." Ilya shakes his head.

That seems to put some of Shane's anxiety to rest. Ilya hopes he understands that it is because they are drunk and not because Ilya does not want him.

Shane doesn't move, still sitting on Ilya's thighs. He squares his jaw the more clear it becomes that he is not going to get what he wants before he finally says, "Fine. Shit."

He's upset, Ilya notes, watching Shane climb off of his lap. He stumbles when his feet hit the floor, staring down at his clothes the same way he did before. Like they're a challenge that he knows he can't do right now.

“Wait,” Ilya swallows. *Fuck fuck fuck*. What is he doing?

He shouldn't offer this. They shouldn't do this. If he were responsible, he would stand up and help Shane get dressed and order him a ride. He would text Jane to make sure she got to her hotel alright and they could move past this. Offering what he really wants to do is dangerous. It crosses that line.

He does it anyway.

“Stay,” Ilya sits up, vision swimming. It seems that extra vodka has caught up with him. He isn't too sure that he isn't just as inebriated as Shane is. Maybe that is what makes this easier to say, easier to convince himself that it is okay.

Shane hesitates, and Ilya feels the need to explain himself a little better. “We are too drunk to have sex, but you can sleep it off here.”

Shane furrows his brows, looking far too cute for his own good. “Just sleep?”

“What, you don't sleep?” Ilya asks, quirking his brow up at him.

“No, I do,” Shane doesn't move. “We've never...”

“Yes, I know,” Ilya rolls his eyes exasperatedly. “We have never drank this much either though, so what does it matter? Toss me my underwear.”

Shane stares at him, calculatingly, and then looks down at the pile of clothes. Eventually he bends down, and plucks Ilya's briefs out from the mess. He tosses them to him, and then waits.

“Put yours back on too,” Ilya instructs.

Shane groans, but he does it at least, bending down and sliding his underwear back on.

There's no point in bothering with the rest of their clothes. Suits would be uncomfortable to sleep in, and Ilya doesn't think he should offer Shane a shirt to sleep in. That would cross even more lines than what they are already doing.

Shane stands there awkwardly at the edge of the bed, hovering, waiting.

Ilya isn't really sure what to do either though now. This is uncharted territory.

“Do you sleep standing up?” He jokes for lack of anything else to say. They've never shared a bed before like this. Ilya's mind suddenly explodes with questions. Does Shane sleep on his stomach? On his side? Does he snore? Does he wake up so stupidly handsome and pretty every day or does he wake up with wild bed head and stinky breath?

He wants to know. He wants to know everything. Does he wake up slow, does he jump out of bed as soon as the alarm goes off, does he talk in his sleep? Is he grumpy in the mornings, does he drink coffee, does he hide his face in a pillow when sunlight shines in his eyes?

He *needs* to know everything.

“No,” Shane scoffs. “This is just... weird.”

“No, it is boring. Like you. You should be used to it,” Ilya sits up on his elbows, scooting back until he can work his body beneath the blankets. Once he does, he throws them back enough for Shane to get in too, and pats the bed in offering.

“Fuck off,” Shane fights a smile, giving in and climbing into bed. He becomes obviously dizzy again when he lays down next to him, stealing a glance at Ilya. When he finds him watching, he sighs. “I guess you’re right. Wayyy too much alcohol.”

Ilya hums in agreement, wishing he hadn’t drank so much, yet still grateful that Shane is not leaving right away. It feels selfish how excited he is to sleep together, literally.

“Can we still kiss?” Shane asks suddenly. “Kissing isn’t bad.”

“One kiss,” Ilya relents. “And then you go to sleep.”

Shane smiles at him, and Ilya returns it, heart skipping in his chest.

For a moment it feels too intimate, too vulnerable. It’s terrifying and electrifying at the same time. Everything about the kiss is tender– there is no other word for it. Their lips meet, and eyes flutter shut, and for a moment, they are something more.

When the kiss breaks, Ilya’s heart clenches. He wants to kiss him again, but he doesn’t want to get Shane going again either.

“I will turn off lights,” He decides with one last longing glance at Shane’s perfect lips.

Shane doesn’t say anything, but Ilya can feel his eyes following him as he goes around the room, turning off the light by the door first and then the bedside lamps.

Even in the darkness, he cannot seem to escape Shane’s stares.

Ilya slides back into the bed beside them, keeping a careful distance.

“I told Hayden not to wait up,” Shane whispers. “I should text him but I think if I stand up again I’ll throw up.”

“There is ginger ale in the fridge. If you want one.” Ilya offers quietly.

“Maybe in the morning. When we’re both dying.”

“I do not get hungover,” Ilya lies.

Shane huffs. “Of course you don’t.”

“Go to sleep,” Ilya insists.

Shane shifts around in the darkness.

Neither of them say anything, and the alcohol begins to tug at his brain, luring him to sleep.

Just as his eyes shut though, Shane moves again.

“Hollander.”

“I can’t just fall asleep,” Shane whispers.

Ilya sighs, and reaches over, beginning to manhandle Shane into rolling over onto his side. It makes him laugh, a soft little giggle that makes Ilya’s heart feel like it’s going to explode.

“Stop,” he laughs.

“Roll over then,” Ilya demands.

Shane just laughs more until eventually he’s on his side, facing away from Ilya.

“You’re funny,” Shane says, like it’s an accusation.

“Oh, am I now?” Ilya asks, curling up behind him.

“And stupid. And sexy.”

Ilya hums, hooking his chin over Shane’s shoulder.

“And... And I like you,” Shane slurs. “Maybe love.”

Ilya stops.

“It’s why I drank so much tonight,” Shane snuggles against him, pressing his muscular back against Ilya’s chest. “I just kept thinking about you.”

... This was a mistake. Asking him to stay was a mistake, hell, inviting him over at all was a mistake. They aren’t anything, they cannot be anything, even if Shane’s words apply for him as well. Even if Ilya feels the same, *it doesn’t matter*.

This is too much. It’s too vulnerable, it’s too-

Ilya tries to create distance between them, but Shane follows, scooting back until they’re touching again. There’s no escape and panic is beginning to itch beneath his skin.

Ilya swallows thickly. *He’s just drunk*, he reminds himself. *He’s drunk and he’s saying nonsense. It’s not real. He doesn’t mean it. He doesn’t even know what he’s saying.*

“Sleep, Shane,” Ilya whispers, carding his fingers through his hair lovingly, throat tight with emotion.

He keeps telling himself that it is not real the rest of the night, even after Shane begins to snore.

In the morning, they keep their interactions brief. Whatever fantasy Ilya had about waking up together is quickly forgotten in favor of putting an entire continent of distance between the two of them. Shane dresses and leaves, and Ilya pretends he cannot remember the night.

Shane does the same.

End Notes

Let me know what you thought!!

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