

The one before the tuna melt

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The one before the tuna melt

by [toraten](#)

Summary

There was a build up, okay? The tuna melt fiasco is their first hookup AFTER the summer but Ilya was emboldened by the last hookup BEFORE the summer.

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Inspired by the 5 second clip in the montage in episode 4 where Ilya wears the teal Adidas shirt and they kiss against the glass/up the stairs in Shane's apartment.

When Ilya leaves his hotel on that late spring evening, the sun is still out and it would actually be a great evening for a walk. Hollander's apartment is just a half hour walk away, but Ilya calls an Uber anyway. It's warm, he just took a shower and got all nice and handsome for an evening with the one and only Shane Hollander. It's been over two months since their last hookup and Ilya has been pestering him all morning and afternoon with lude texts and promises. It was worth every *shut the fuck up* and *I'm at breakfast with my parents* and *not.before.the.game*. To be fair, Shane was the one who asked *him* to come over after this game and he asked this two weeks ago. Two months since they've fucked and now Ilya had been looking forward to this night *specifically* for two weeks. Whether he was jerking off, or just trying to figure out what he should have for dinner, Shane Hollander was always right there at the forefront of his mind. Ilya tries not to dwell too much on what that means, tries not to dwell on why he's been so bored with the Boston nightlife for a while now, tries his very best not to put two and two together and come to conclusions that will benefit no one. He's sure everything will be just fine again after they fuck tonight and he gets this out of his system. At least for a little while.

It's nice to have this, this evening. The Raiders are out of the running for the cup after today's game and Ilya could spend all night sulking about it, could start dreading the prospect of another miserable summer in Moscow today, but instead he gets to forget about it for one more night.

Shane still greets him at the back entrance. "You're not cold?" he asks, when Ilya shows up in nothing but a long-sleeve Adidas shirt. "I guess it's a pretty nice day out, but it's supposed to rain later tonight."

"Are you the weatherman now?" Ilya asks, passing him through the door and heading up the stairs without waiting. Shane catches up to him and tries to pass him. Ilya blocks him. He can't help himself. They do this every time.

Ilya is pretty familiar with Shane's apartment at this point. He knows all the lights are going to be dimmed with soft orange lighting. He knows the place is going to vaguely smell like vanilla from the fancy scented candles near the entrance. Just for decor, he's pretty sure. Ilya has never actually seen Shane turn one on and he's also never seen the remnants of one having been turned on before. He doesn't know if Shane even likes the scent of vanilla that much. His shampoo and soap are citrusy. He doesn't wear cologne. If Ilya had to guess, with the limited knowledge he has, he would guess that Shane doesn't like any strong smells at all. But what does he know, really.

To him the candles smell great. Maybe it's pavlovian at this point. He enters the apartment, smells the candles and gets unimaginably horny. He takes his shoes off, before moving any further, but once they're off he leaves Shane at the front door and lets himself wander. He passes the brown leather couch. They hadn't gotten further than this point the last time he was there. They had fallen onto the couch right away. He bites his lip as he passes it, remembering how Shane had tentatively reached back with one hand and had said: "*You can go harder if you want.*" He had said it with his eyes tightly shut. Ilya didn't need to be told twice, held him down and fucked him hard. He made sure to keep his own eyes open though, fixed on Shane's face for any sign of unease or discomfort. It was a great night.

“Did you get a haircut?” Shane then asks. Ilya turns to look at him, hand going up to his hair without thinking.

“Couple days ago,” Ilya says. “You like it?”

“It looks good,” Shane says, like it’s a forced admission. Shane then closes the gap between them, placing his hands right above Ilya’s hips. “No, it looks nice, pushed back like that,” he then says, more earnestly. Ilya thinks it’s so interesting how he gives these earnest answers when they are nose to nose and gets all snappy when there is too much space between them. Shane doesn’t give out a lot of compliments, so Ilya doesn’t respond. He’s sure he’ll ruin it if he does. But his silence is barely noticeable, because Shane kisses him and Ilya kisses him back eagerly, hands coming up to Shane’s face. Ilya feels his shoulders hit the glass panel of the staircase that heads up to Shane’s bedroom. And he can feel it in that very first kiss, that Shane is as hungry for this as he is. Shane’s hands start tugging on Ilya’s shirt immediately, and Ilya is more than happy to get rid of it. He laughs when Shane refuses to stop kissing him as he leads him up the stairs.

Shane still has each and every one of those pillows, even though Ilya now knows he removes half of them everytime he goes to bed, just to put them all back again when he makes the bed in the morning. Something about liking the symmetrie.

Ilya makes sure Shane gets fully undressed as he drops his own jeans and underwear, and then makes himself comfortable on the bed as Shane neatly puts the clothes on the chair. It only takes a second and Ilya thinks it is cute every single time. “Come lie down with me,” Ilya says, unnecessarily. But he knows Shane likes the clarity to start with. It’s a fine line Ilya is still figuring out. Shane likes direction, but he doesn’t like being treated like a prude. Likes being bossed around and being put in position, but doesn’t like feeling used. Ilya learns something new about him every time they get together. About the way he likes to have sex at least.

Shane lies down next to him, on his side like Ilya, propped up on one elbow. Shane kisses him first again, running a hand up and down his chest, fingers flicking over his nipple, grazing over his chest hair.

Ilya has to touch, too. He places a firm hand on Shane’s ass, pulling him close enough for their cocks to slide over each other. They both react to it simultaneously, pulling a little chuckle out of them. Shane’s smile is sweet like honey, even when he looks away. It gives Ilya an idea. He manoeuvres Shane onto his back and gets on top of him. He uses his hands to align their cocks and then gently grinds down. It elicits the exact reaction Ilya was hoping for.

“Feels good?” he asks softly, just to make Shane think about it for that moment.

Shane nods, looking up at him with both his hands on Ilya’s shoulders. “Feels really good,” he says, voice a few notches deeper than usual. Ilya grinds down again, repeating his movements at a steady pace. Shane lets one hand travel up to Ilya’s head and pulls him down for a long, openmouthed kiss, until he finally stops Ilya with both hands on Ilya’s hips and a small shake of his head. “I can’t keep this up much longer, I’m going to…”

“You don’t want to cum like this?” Ilya asks. He was ready to get there himself in probably less than a minute, that’s how fucking *good* it feels.

“I want to, I just also wanted you to...”

And Ilya gets that. For weeks, even months he’s been thinking about every which way they could fuck each other. “It’s early,” Ilya says. “We can still fuck after if you want.” It’s not something they’ve done before. They are always in and out of each other’s space in an hour. One and done.

But Shane nods, and takes Ilya’s mouth again. He continues grinding, continues building up and up and up until he feels Shane’s grip on his shoulders tighten. Ilya cums barely five seconds after, and collapses down on Shane’s chest, face in the crook of his neck. Shane’s hands roam up and down Ilya’s back. It feels amazing, of course. Ilya lifts his head to kiss him again, languid and with absolutely no hurry at all. Shane is the one to break the kiss eventually, shifting under him. “I’m going to grab a water.”

Ilya gets off of him. He grabs the box of tissues off the nightstand and hands it to Shane. Their stomachs are a similar mess, both their loads mixed together. Ilya watches as Shane wipes at his dark happy trail. Shane then grabs both their tissues and throws them in the empty trash can in the corner of the room. He then puts his underwear back on and leaves the room.

Ilya could get dressed right now and leave. If he does, he’d still have time to catch up with the guys at the hotel bar for an hour or so. He shouldn’t be lingering here anyway. But getting to fuck Shane one more time? At the end of the day, Ilya is just a man. One who doesn’t stand a fucking chance. Who knows when the next time will be? If there will even be a next time. Sooner or later Hollander is going to come to his senses and figure out how dangerous this game that they are playing really is. Ilya doesn’t want it to end just yet. It’s the best sex he’s had in his life, every time, one short meeting at a time.

He gets off the bed and glances at himself in the mirror above Shane’s dresser. His hair is a mess, of course it is. He runs a hand through it, brushes it away from his forehead at least and tries to flatten down the sides. He puts his boxers back on, because it’s what Shane did. Ilya doesn’t mind walking around naked, but he’s in another man’s house after all.

Shane comes back and hands him one of the two water bottles he’s holding. Ilya drinks about half of it in one go and leaves the bottle on the nightstand. Shane is sitting on the edge of the bed, so Ilya moves in behind him. He puts his hands on Shane’s shoulders, massages the strong, but very tense trap muscles there. Shane tilts his head, indicating that maybe one side needs more attention than the other. “Do you get physical therapy for this?” Ilya asks, pressing his thumb into one knot close to the crook of his neck.

“It’s not that bad,” Shane answers.

“Could be why you missed that shot today.”

“Shut up. It’s not. I was going too fast and lost coordination.”

Ilya moves in a little closer and presses his lips to the back of Shane's neck and then in the space between his neck and shoulders. Shane lets out a low hum, a moan that is barely there, really, but every little sound out of this boy has Ilya feeling hot again, blood rushing south faster than it ever has for a second round. "Why are you losing coordination?"

"I don't know. The ice was wet. And we won, don't forget that part," Shane mumbles, words barely making it out from between perfectly red-kissed lips, remnants from barely ten minutes ago.

Ilya keeps going, nipping at Shane's neck and ear, letting one hand travel from his shoulders to his chest, running his fingers over sensitive nipples. Ilya lets his other hand rest on Shane's thigh, fingers spread out. It still amazes him that Shane Hollander, of all people, *just lets him*. "Ice is always wet," he hums into Shane's shoulder.

"You know what I mean."

"Your shoulder is tight, I'm telling you."

"I didn't even feel it until you pressed on it."

"Hm. It's always my fault with you."

Shane turns his head then, far enough to look at Ilya's face, but only getting as far as Ilya's lips. Eyes endlessly dark and beautifully. "You're being an asshole."

Ilya doesn't respond. Not with words anyway. He kisses him. He has been kissing him, but every time he feels Shane's tongue glide against his own, he is just amazed by how his entire body reacts to it, how his heart summersaults, how something flutters in his stomach and how he just has nothing else to compare it to. How being close to this one man in particular, in these moments, just feels like nothing he has ever felt before.

What Ilya wants is to open the blinds. He wants to see Shane's body, his face, all of it, in what little sunlight is still left. But Shane pulled those blinds closed for a reason, never even considered turning more lights on in this dimly lit bedroom. Ilya leaves it be. He's preoccupied with plenty of other stuff right now, anyway.

Ilya moves back on the bed. "Come here," Ilya tells him, and Shane follows on his knees. "On your back," Ilya instructs. He grabs the lube and a condom out of Shane's nightstand. He leaves both within reach on the bed and turns back to Shane who is waiting, hard and ready for whatever Ilya has in store for him. They got carried away the first round. He's pretty sure there was barely fifteen minutes between him entering the apartment and their first orgasm. This time, he wants to take his time, maybe show Shane what it could be like when it lasts a little longer, when the desperate edge is gone.

Ilya pulls off Shane's boxers. He lies back down on his side, plastered against Shane's body. He grabs Shane's thigh, spreading his legs apart. He lathers his fingers with lube and keeps the bottle close. Before touching him, Ilya searches Shane's face again. Shane is looking right at him, with all the need and arousal he'd expect.

“Is cold,” Ilya warns him, finally circling Shane’s hole with two lubed fingers.

Shane lets out a little chuckle, tickling Ilya’s face with his breath. Ilya kisses him while he presses his fingers in, feels Shane’s body go tense against his own for just a moment and then relax again. Shane deepens the kiss, hot and wet, before dropping his head back into his pillow and closing his eyes. So Ilya goes to work.

He peppers Shane’s body with kisses while he fingers him open, gets so entranced by the feeling of Shane’s tight hole on his fingers that he starts wondering if he can make Shane cum like this. If he just keeps going, if he keeps hitting that spot right there, just with his fingers...

Ilya doesn’t know how much time goes by, but he’s pulled back into his own body, reminded of his own physical pleasure when the hand Shane had gripped tightly in Ilya’s hair loosens up and Shane reaches down and slides his hand into Ilya’s boxers, wrapping careful fingers around his hard cock before he starts stroking him with intent. Ilya kisses him again, or keeps kissing him, maybe. He’s not a hundred percent sure, really, where his body ends and Shane’s body begins right in this moment.

Shane then carefully pushes at Ilya’s hand. Ilya slips his fingers out and lies on his back when Shane moves to position himself between Ilya’s legs instead. He tugs Ilya’s underwear off completely, and wastes no time, taking Ilya’s cock into his mouth.

“Fuck,” Ilya curses under his breath and for just a second he again thinks about seeing Shane do this in the day time, with daylight flooding in. He pushes the thought away. This is not the time to be ungrateful for what he *does* have, right here in this moment. Shane has gotten so fucking good at this, too.

Even like this, Ilya has to look away, just for a second. Even in this dimly lit room, even on his second round, the sight of Shane with his lips wrapped around his cock, massive brown eyes, and red cheeks dusted with gorgeous freckles, is enough to send Ilya over the edge. He really is just unbearably beautiful.

Ilya reaches for the condom strewn on the bed, but finds Shane’s hand instead, one step ahead of him already. Shane lets Ilya’s cock slip out of his mouth, nuzzles at it for a second, presses an absent kiss to the shaft and Ilya doesn’t think anyone has ever done that to him. Give his hard and dripping cock a cute little kiss? No, that’s a Shane Hollander special.

Shane then sits up on his knees and Ilya takes the condom from him. Shane doesn’t need to be doing all of that and Ilya could do with focusing on something else for a few seconds. “Have you ever been on top?” Ilya then asks. Shane’s expression changes, eyes snapping up to Ilya’s face. Discomfort. Unease.

“Not like that,” Ilya quickly clarifies with a chuckle. “No, not like that. Like... have you ever... ridden someone.” He has to look for the right words, but he’s pretty sure he nailed it, if the blush on Shane’s cheeks is anything to go by. He visibly relaxes again and shakes his head. He lies down next to Ilya, eyes locked on Ilya’s hands and cock as Ilya puts the condom on himself and lathers it with lube.

It occurs to Ilya then that this could have been awkward for multiple reasons. The main one being: what if Shane had said yes? What if Shane had disclosed then and there that yes, he's been *riding* some other guy all the time and Ilya is just *some guy* he screws when it's more convenient? Ilya pushes the thought away. As far away as he can. It doesn't matter, is the thing. It shouldn't matter to him and he needs to work on these kinds of thoughts not making his heart feel like *that*.

"You want to try?" Ilya then asks.

Shane doesn't need to be convinced. Ilya sit ups against the pillows on the bed. With a small, almost shy smile on his face Shane straddles Ilya's hips, letting Ilya's cock rest against the pillowy curve of Shane's ass. "Like this?" Shane asks, hands on Ilya's shoulders.

"Hm. Almost," Ilya says. He steals a kiss, because he can, because Shane is right there and Ilya can still taste himself on those perfect lips. Shane then reaches back with one hand. Pressing the tip of Ilya's cock to his hole.

Shane's lips part just slightly, nails lightly scratching at Ilya's shoulders. Ilya has to bite his lip to keep some semblance of control as impossibly tight heat envelops his cock again. Shane kisses him again as he sinks down. Ilya puts both his hands on Shane's hips. "Good?" he asks him. Shane nods curtly.

Ilya tightens his grips on Shane's hips and lifts him, just slightly, just to show him. "You move your hips like this," he tells him. "Do what feels good for you."

Shane rolls his hips, once, twice, and finds a natural rhythm that has them both breathless, drunk with pleasure. Ilya's orgasm builds slowly, but when he feels it nearing, he carefully changes their positions. He'd be damned if he denied Shane the one thing he *almost* asked for earlier that evening. He rolls them over, Shane on his back and Ilya on top of him, and he fucks him with the deep and fast strokes he knows Shane likes.

"Fuck," Shane curses, arms coming up to wrap around Ilya's back, pulling him closer so that they are chest to chest. "Fuck, Rozanov," he curses again, this time right into Ilya's ear. Ilya wants to respond, wants to say his name back, but he can taste the wrong name on the tip of his tongue. *Fuck, Shane. Shane. Shane.*

Instead he doesn't say anything, instead he kisses him, so that no one can say anything stupid, and he keeps kissing him until Shane cums, the only warning being him tightening his grip on Ilya's hair. Ilya grabs Shane's cock, stroking him until the last drop is out and his own orgasm floods over him.

Ilya stays there, revels in the soft kisses Shane presses onto his face, and neck. The large hand, still in his hair, nails gently scraping over his scalp. Ilya stays there, just for a little bit. It is probably the last time in a while. The Raiders are out for the season. Ilya will be heading back to Russia in a few weeks.

And when that specific reality makes it to the forefront of his mind, Ilya remembers that it is time to go, actually. It has *been* time to go.

“I’m going to shower now,” Ilya says, removing himself from the perfectly warm and comfortable embrace of Shane Hollander, who, unfortunately for Ilya, is still the most beautiful man he’s ever seen. Two orgasms later *that* feeling still hasn’t left his body.

“There are towels in the bathroom,” Shane says. “I can, uh, throw that away for you if you want.” He’s looking at where Ilya is tying a knot in the condom.

“Why? You want to get yourself pregnant?” Ilya jokes.

“Shut the fuck up. Just don’t flush it. Last thing I want is the pipes getting clogged and some plumber finding your condoms in there.”

“My condoms? You think the plumber is doing DNA tests on condoms he finds in pipes? Hollander, you’re paranoid.” Ilya makes a show of throwing the condom into Shane’s little bedroom trashcan from a distance. It’s pretty gross, even to him, but it’s worth the outraged expression on Shane’s face as he hurls an entire box of tissues at Ilya’s chest.

Ilya finishes the water bottle he left on the nightstand before finally getting into the shower. There he scrubs himself down quickly, uses Shane’s citrusy soap and shampoo, the same one as last time, and leaves the shower again in under seven minutes. Ilya’s teammates have always teased him for the approximately three showers he takes a day, more on some days. But he feels like it resets him, somewhat. Like he is getting ready for something or just finished something. A moment in between.

He dries himself off and wraps the towel around his waist. He takes a moment in front of the damp mirror in Shane’s bathroom. There are just a few vague red lines on Ilya’s shoulder where Shane dragged his nails a little bit. He pushes his wet hair out of face.

Shane doesn’t waste any time and enters the shower right as Ilya exits. Ilya figures that must mean the night really is over. Maybe Shane even expects Ilya to be gone by the time he gets out of the shower. Ilya gets dressed. His pants, underwear and socks are there in Shane’s bedroom, but he has to go looking for his shirt downstairs. His phone is burning a hole in his jeans pocket. His brother already called him twice after the game, probably because his dad asked him to. If he looks at his phone now, he’s sure it’ll be more. He doubts his father is even able to follow the games these days. Still manages a phone call after every loss, though.

The shirt is strewn on the floor at the bottom of the stairs. He puts it back on. It would be rude to just fuck off while Hollander is in the shower, right? Unless he really does expect him to leave. No, if anything Hollander would be mad if Ilya left without saying anything. He’s been mad about that kind of stuff before. Mad about not properly congratulating him, mad about not texting him, mad about Ilya being a dick to him at the Olympics. And for some reason Ilya gives a shit about that kind of stuff these days. He doesn’t mind riling him up a little bit, or a lot even. He just doesn’t want Shane to look at him with that same hurt and disappointment again, the way he looked at him in Sochi. How angry he was on that Vegas rooftop or in that bathroom at the MLH Awards. Just so earnestly upset, like Ilya *owed* him something. And every time Ilya felt like he did. He was just falling short every single time. And what he owed him was at the very least just common decency, really. And at most...

“I have bad news for you,” Shane says, as he’s coming down the stairs. He’s showered and dressed in a pair of black shorts and a grey t-shirt. Ilya has to wonder how long he was just zoning out on Shane’s couch, staunchly refusing to look at his phone and instead thinking about how nice it would be to have a cigarette right now. He hasn’t smoked for about two weeks now and he still can’t really think about a cigarette without his skin starting to itch. Shane doesn’t seem to have noticed that Ilya quit at all, though. Not that that was the goal.

“Oh?” Ilya says. He gets off the couch, and heads for the door where his shoes are. “Finally going to murder me? After I made you cum twice?”

“No. And I made you cum twice, too, by the way.”

“Yes, thank you.”

“It just started raining,” Shane then says, hovering over Ilya right as he is putting on his shoes. “Like pouring rain. We can’t really hear it in here, because these windows are pretty soundproof-”

“Wow, the weatherman has soundproof windows. Does he have an umbrella?”

“Shut up. I don’t think an umbrella is going to help. The wind is crazy.”

“Okay. Jacket?”

“Sure. I mean, if you want. The worst of it is supposed to pass over in like half an hour. You can wait it out here, if you want.”

“What, here?” Ilya asks. “Hollander, we can try a third time, but no promises.”

“That’s not what I’m saying,” Shane rolls his eyes, blush creeping up his cheeks. And Ilya knows it’s not what he’s saying. Still fun to poke at him, though.

Ilya takes his shoes off again and peaks between the blinds covering the wall to wall sliding doors to Shane’s balcony. Yes, the rain is coming down pretty intensely. All he sees is water flowing down the glass panels of the doors and smudged headlights and brake lights in the distance. Even if he stepped out of the building and right into a cab, he’d still be drenched. But so what? He’ll get in the cab, head straight to his hotel, take a fourth shower and get into bed.

But maybe half an hour is worth the wait. “Is your TV broken?” he asks, walking back to the couch where Shane is standing, looking at him.

“No, why?”

“Why is it not on?”

“You can just ask me to turn the TV on.”

“Why should I ask? It should be on.”

“What do you want to watch?” Shane sits down on the couch first, grabbing the remote off the table.

Ilya sits down next to him, leaving about a foot of space between them. “I don’t care.”

Shane looks at him, annoyed. “Then why does it need to be on?”

“For noise. It should be on, always.”

“That’s crazy. You shouldn’t be turning it on, unless you’re going to watch something.”

Ilya grabs the remote out of his hand and turns the TV on himself. It’s set to a sports channel, of course, but thankfully they seem to have moved on from hockey and are now discussing the upcoming Formula 1 race this weekend. “Do you just sit in silence when you get home, then?” Ilya asks, handing him back the remote.

“Yes. Having noise in the background that I don’t care about is just annoying.”

“And music?”

“No. I don’t listen to music.”

“What does that mean?”

“Exactly what I said.”

“What, like ever?”

Shane shrugs.

“In the car?”

“No.”

“In the gym?”

“No. It’s not that weird.”

“It’s the weirdest thing you ever said. I’ve seen you wear earphones, no?”

“Okay, well... you can’t tell anyone this, but I wear them sometimes when I don’t want people to talk to me. Don’t look at me like that. It’s not that weird.”

“No, everyone does that. Normal people would listen to something and not just pretend,” Ilya says.

“Whatever,” Shane huffs and pushes himself off the couch. Ilya watches him go into the kitchen and open the fridge. He grabs a can of ginger ale and then turns to look at Ilya. “Do you want a drink? All I have is ginger ale. And water, I guess.”

“All you have is ginger ale?” Ilya asks.

“It’s what I drink,” Shane says. He grabs a second one and closes the fridge.

“Not even coke? Everyone drinks coke.”

“Not me.” Shane hands him the cold can and sits back down.

“What if guests come over?”

“I don’t have guests over.”

“Why? You have no friends?”

“I do.”

“Name even one.”

“Hayden. I go to his house, usually,”

“‘Hayden’? I’ve never heard that name before. First name or last name?”

“Hayden Pike. You know him. He’s on my team.”

Ilya knows of him. He knows of him from always hovering around Shane before games start, when they end and in the box. Unremarkable player, so Ilya never worried- not that he *would* worry. “Never heard of him. What about that weird orange drink you did the ads for? You have that at least?” he goes back to the drinks.

Shane makes a face. “I think there might be a case of that in my parents’ garage somewhere. I don’t really like that drink, though.”

Ilya cracks open his ginger ale and takes a sip. “Sprite is better.”

“Go fuck yourself. Who asked?”

The sudden passion in Shane’s voice makes Ilya laugh. Shane rolls his eyes at him for good measure and cracks his own can open. Ilya becomes distracted, watching pink lips part and pretty throat move gently as Shane swallows.

Ilya is yanked back to reality when he hears his own name coming from the TV. “...*Raiders are out. Captain Ilya Rozanov gave it a good shot, but back to Russia it is. He will certainly be missed by the fans.*”

“You know who won’t miss him? Montreal Metros Captain Shane Hollander must be thrilled to see his biggest competition finally make an exit...”

“These people are assholes,” Shane says.

“Oh, so you wanted me to win then?” Ilya jokes.

“Of course not. Their analysis is just dumb in general. Why try to guess what *I’m* thinking? They can just talk about the game.”

“Would be nice, but people watch to see you and hear about you, so. I don’t know why. Most boring player we have. But people like it.”

“You can call me a boring person, that’s fair. But I’m not a boring player,” Shane says, looking at Ilya like he expects him to concede on that.

“Yes, yes,” Ilya says. “Very exciting when you slipped on wet ice and the puck disappeared. It must be in the highlights, no?”

“Do you want to take a walk in the rain, after all? You can go-”

“No, Hollander. Sorry,” Ilya apologizes dramatically. He takes the can Shane is holding out of his hand and puts it down on the coffee table. He gets closer, carefully watching Shane’s face. He might not want this, after all. He might be done with Ilya for the night, might be at that stage of post-orgasm where he doesn’t want to be touched at all anymore.

But Shane leans in and meets Ilya in a pleasantly ginger ale flavored kiss. One hand comes up to Ilya’s face, his thumb grazing over Ilya’s cheek. The other hand at the back of Ilya’s neck, fingers playing with still damp strands of hair.

Ilya gently pushes Shane down onto the couch, making sure his head rests comfortably on a pillow. The couch is just big enough for Shane to lie down fully, and for Ilya to lie on top of him.

Ilya isn’t sure what he’s doing here. He’s not necessarily looking to get off again. But feeling Shane’s body against his like this feels good regardless. He’s warm, his touch is gentle, large hands in the small of his back, and he’s... well, he’s very pretty. Ilya gazes down at him in between kisses and has to bite away a smile at just *how* pretty he is, looking back up at him. Long eyelashes casting shadows over sweet freckles. And like so often, it looks like Shane wants to say something. It’s probably better if he doesn’t, if it’s anything nearly as damning as what Ilya has on the tip of his tongue. *You’re beautiful. You’re perfect. I could do this with you forever.*

Ilya kisses him again, before any of those words can escape his mouth. He’s not sure how long they’re just lying there, making out. But it’s long enough for Ilya to feel Shane’s erection strain against his shorts and press up against Ilya’s hip.

Ilya has a clear directive again. He sits up and pulls Shane into a sitting position with him. He then slinks off the couch, on his knees and pushes Shane’s legs apart.

“You don’t have to,” Shane says, a hint of apology in his voice.

“I want to,” Ilya assures him. And he takes his time, too. There is no rush for them to get to the main event, so Ilya just takes Shane into his mouth and plays with him, using only Shane’s hand in his hair as guidance to go deeper, slower, faster. Shane’s breathing is heavy but slow, letting out soft, encouraging moans and curses. Again, Ilya doesn’t know how long it takes, just loses himself in Shane’s pleasure and swallows all of it. Shane leans down and kisses Ilya while he’s still on his knees. “Come here,” Shane tells him, motioning for Ilya to

get back on the couch. Ilya does so, and Shane reaches over to undo the buttons of Ilya's jeans.

"You don't have to," Ilya says this time, but Shane is already on his knees, positions switched. Ilya's head rolls back as the heat of Shane's mouth envelops the tip of his half hard cock. It's too good, is the thing. Him being here in Shane Hollander's apartment with Shane Hollander between his legs after he has cum twice already? He doesn't deserve it, he knows that much, but Ilya would be a fucking fool to do anything but revel in it.

By the time Ilya does finally leave, the rain has stopped for some time now. Shane walks him out, all the way down the stairs to the back entrance.

"I guess I'll see you next season," Shane says, arms crossed, leaning against the wall one step above the bottom of the stairwell. Ilya has to crank his neck to look up at him.

"Are you going to win the cup again this year?" Ilya asks.

"Yes," Shane answers confidently.

"Ah, I see you don't believe in bad luck," Ilya says. "They say don't celebrate until you win."

"I'm not celebrating," Shane says with a small smile. "But I feel like I've been getting pretty lucky lately, so."

Ilya puts his hands on Shane's hips. "Hm. Getting lucky means..." Ilya questions, because he's pretty sure he's heard it in one specific context before.

Shane uncrosses his arms and touches Ilya's hair again, pushing a few almost dry curls out of his face. "Yes, that's what it means," Shane says. He leans down and presses one last kiss onto Ilya's lips.

"Oh?" Ilya chuckles. "Round four on the stairs? You're so wild, Hollander."

"Fuck off," Shane huffs and pushes at Ilya's shoulders. Ilya finally pushes the door open, letting in a sobering breeze and noisy street sounds, reminding them, emphatically, that there is still an entire world out there.

"See you next season, Hollander," Ilya says.

"Enjoy the summer with your family," Shane says earnestly.

It's a nice thing to wish for someone, even if it's not one that will be coming true for Ilya.

He leaves, thinking beyond the summer. Thinking that maybe when they meet next season, they can spend more than a few hours together. Maybe even spend the night together.

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