

Something Great

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Something Great

by [lucy_in_the_sky](#)

Summary

It's not fair.

Shane doesn't want to be with Rose and Ilya doesn't want to marry Svetlana, but it would be so much fucking easier if they did want to, so much less complicated and actually accepted both legally and by the public.

Sure, gay marriage is now legal in both Canada and the States but that's only the tip of their problem-iceberg.

It sucks and it's stupid and it's not fair and Shane feels childish whining and drinking about it but it's not. Fucking. Fair.

Notes

Set somewhere after Ep 6 when the hockey season starts again (blend of book and TV series canon). Title from "Something Great" by One Direction.

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

—
*I want you here with me
Like how I pictured it
So I don't have to keep imagining*

*Come on, jump out at me
Come on, bring everything
Is it too much to ask for something great?*

—

Shane Hollander doesn't get drunk.

He doesn't miss a workout and he doesn't eat junk and he doesn't miss dinner with his parents and he doesn't ghost girls even when he couldn't be less interested in them and he doesn't break team-mandated curfew at away games.

And he doesn't get drunk.

Except for the fact that he's absolutely wasted right now.

He somehow made it back to his Montreal apartment — yes, his sex apartment because he's feeling sentimental — despite sharing two bottles of shitty merlot with Rose at some new hipster place she'd been wanting to try the next time she was in the city.

She'd sent him off with a cheeky kiss to his wine-stained lips and a pat to his cheek before ushering him into a cab.

Shane licks his lips now, wondering if he can really taste her strawberry chapstick or if it's only his imagination.

Probably his imagination.

He doesn't even know if Rose still uses the same set of fruity chapsticks that he spent so much time analysing back when they dated so he didn't have to think about how *wrong* kissing her felt.

He sighs to himself and downs the last of his drink.

He's now polished off the mostly empty bottle of vodka Ilya'd stashed at the apartment within a half an hour of returning, making a half-assed promise to replace the stuff before his boyfriend visits again.

He stumbles to the dishwasher and tries to line up the lowball tumbler with the rest of the glasses on the top rack, still mindful of cleanliness even though the world is starting to tilt sideways.

Shane Hollander doesn't often drink wine and he even more rarely drinks vodka and he definitely doesn't get blisteringly drunk...but tonight he needed it.

Boston obliterated Dallas earlier tonight, sending the Stars back to Texas crying, and everyone knows how the Bears get after a win on home ice.

Ilya texted him after the game ended, dedicating his four goals to his 'sexy back dimples and freckles,' but they hadn't spoken since then.

Not that Ilya was laying low though.

Shane grabs a bottle of water from the fridge and flops down on the couch, pulling out his phone.

The article stares back up at him, bold letters burning his eyes.

“ILYA ROZANOV, HOCKEY'S NOTORIOUS HEARTTHROB, SEEN GETTING COZY AFTER CELEBRATING BOSTON'S 6-1 WIN AGAINST DALLAS”

Shane runs his finger over the header image, clumsily scrolling the page up and down. There's Ilya, looking drunk and happy, cuddling up to Svetlana as they leave some overcrowded bar. The dozens of people in the background are blurry, the image highlighting the woman's body tucked against Ilya's, their blinding smiles and flushed cheeks taking centre stage.

The article doesn't mention Svetlana by name, but they'd shared hasty introductions over Skype the last time he video called Ilya since she'd been heading out of his place. She, apparently, figured them out within days of Ilya's return to Boston in August meaning she's incredibly clever. And she's gorgeous. And speaks Russian. *And she's gorgeous...*

Shane knows Ilya loves him.

They made their relationship official. Ilya wants to move to Canada for him. Shane's fucking parents know about them.

He's the problem Ilya *doesn't ever want to ever go away...*

But Ilya's words ring clear among Shane's drunken thoughts. *'I could marry Svetlana,'* the asshole mused only three months ago.

“Fuck that,” Shane mumbles to himself, tossing his phone to the other end of the couch and chugging half the bottle of water.

Fuck that and fuck the predatory media quick to publish assuming headlines and *fuck* the stupid fucking NHL who would surely tear he and Ilya to shreds if anyone caught wind of Shane cuddled that close to Ilya.

He's not actually jealous of Svetlana.

Okay— That's total bullshit. He is. He's absolutely jealous of Svetlana. He's not actually *threatened* by her, not anymore.

It's just not fucking fair, is all.

Svetlana can go drinking with Ilya.

Svetlana can kiss Ilya in public.

Svetlana can fuck Ilya without the overwhelming fear of people finding out about it.

And Svetlana— *fuck*.

Svetlana can *marry* Ilya. That's the one that hurts the most.

His phone pings.

From: Rose [11:46]

Get home okay? 💜

Shane blinks heavily and tries to refocus his vision on his phone's keyboard that seems way smaller than usual. He sticks his tongue between his teeth, hoping it'll stop the letters from vibrating.

To: Rose [11:47]

Yep

Although I kind of regret that sexond bottle

He doesn't mention the vodka. He knows she'd worry.

Rose 'hearts' the first message and reacts with a 'thumbs down' to the second.

From: Rose [11:48]

Noooo it was a great idea ahaha

I had a lot of fun tn 🤔

They chat for a few more minutes, Shane slowly and half-heartedly getting ready for bed in between texts before they say goodbye right before midnight, but now he lies awake staring at his ceiling, still feeling incredibly drunk and way too keyed up.

Rose kissed him tonight, totally platonic — she literally spent thirty minutes trying to set him up with her new co-star — but still, she could plant one on him in broad daylight. Well. Moonlight. Whatever, he's drunk and the metaphor still stands.

He can kiss Rose and go to dinner with her and give her his jersey to wear at games and *sleep* with her and the media eats that shit up, but in a *good* way, not in a way that would ruin his career.

It's not fair.

Shane doesn't want to be with Rose and Ilya doesn't want to marry Svetlana, but it would be so easy if they did want to, so much less complicated and actually accepted both legally and by the public.

Sure, gay marriage is now legal in both Canada and the States but that's only the tip of their problem-iceberg.

Citizenship, the NHL, their teammates and other players, the media, the fans, fucking *Russia*.

It's not fair.

It's not fucking fair.

Shane pushes himself out of bed and stumbles back into the kitchen, all but throwing the fridge door open and grabbing a beer from the top shelf.

He twists the top off and throws the bottle cap in the direction of the garbage bin, taking three long pulls standing in the light of the fridge. He shuts the door harder than he intended, padding out of the kitchen to the living room, flicking on the lights and curling up in the armchair by the sofa.

This is a bad idea. All of it.

Getting drunk. Ruminating over a life he can't live. Getting jealous of Ilya's friend because she can love him in public. *Getting drunk*.

Shane Hollander doesn't lose his shit like this but he's sad and drunk and lonely and he really fucking misses his boyfriend.

He picks up his phone again, fumbling around until he finds his hidden photo album, silently thanking Steve Jobs or whoever the fuck for inventing it. The new feature is only a few months old so he doesn't have many photos in the album, but he has enough of he and Ilya to fulfill his sad, drunken desires and scrolls through each one with reverence.

He and Ilya at the cottage, right after coming home from his parent's place.

Ilya asleep, head in Shane's lap, while the sun sets over the lake.

The infamous selfie from the Vegas awards show all those years ago.

Ilya laughing at something stupid on the TV.

Ilya Ilya Ilya Ilya Ilya.

Ilya– Calling him. On his phone.

Has he drunkenly *manifested* a phone call? Rose likes to talk about the idea of sending ‘good vibes’ into the universe and the universe responding. He doesn’t believe that he thought about being with his boyfriend so hard that the cosmos rewarded his desires, but Ilya *is* actually calling him.

“H’llo?” Shane picks up, taking another sip of his beer.

“Shane,” Ilya calls happily. Shane can hear his smile through the phone. “How are you *moya lyubov my love?*”

Shane tries to respond. He tries to say something normal. Tries to congratulate him on the win or ask how his night went or literally anything else.

But all that comes out is a pathetic little sob.

“Shane? Sweetheart, *malysh, baby*, what is wrong?” Ilya’s voice tinges with concern.

“No- Sorry, just- I-” Shane shakes his head even though Ilya can’t see him. “Sorry-”

“No sorry, it’s okay,” Ilya speaks hurriedly but softly. “Talk to me, what is wrong, Shane?”

What’s *not* wrong?

He’s drunk and he’s crying and he’s not allowed to be with the love of his life and it’s slowly killing him.

“My love, tell me what is wrong?” Ilya sounds more frantic now since Shane can only manage stuttered blubbling.

“I miss you,” he finds his words, not sure if they’re the right ones, but they’re the truth.

“Oh *moya lyubov, my love* I miss you too,” Ilya all but coos. It makes Shane cry a little harder. “Are you at home? Did you go out tonight? You have few days off, yes? You were drinking? You are drunk?”

Shane tries to keep up with the series of questions but he *is* drunk and his brain has decided to go fully offline at the sound of his boyfriend’s voice.

He finishes the last few sips of his beer because *why the fuck not* and shuffles around in the armchair until he can reach the side table, placing the empty bottle there for future-Shane to clean up.

“Shane? Sweetheart?” Right- His boyfriend’s voice. The voice which sounds increasingly worried, even over the less-than-ideal cell connection.

“‘m here, ‘m okay,” he mumbles, sniffing away what he hopes are the last of his tears.

“Do not lie, Shane,” Ilya chastises gently.

“I just miss you,” Shane exhales deeply. He picks at an invisible thread on his shirt, rubbing the fabric between his fingers as he catches his breath.

“I miss you, too,” Ilya repeats. “Can you tell me what is wrong? Why are you crying, *solnyshkosunshine?*”

“I don’t even know anymore.” Not necessarily a lie. A half truth, at best. “I was out with Rose and got pretty drunk, well I had more to drink here so I technically got drunk here, but then I saw you and Svetlana in some stupid article and- *fuck*- Ilya, I just wanna be with you.” He pauses for a breath, hating how shaky it is. “Is that too much to ask for?”

It’s a rhetorical question, but Ilya answers anyway.

“No, *moya lyubov my love* it’s not too much to ask for,” he whispers.

The softness in his voice sets Shane off again. He’s always been a weepy drunk, it’s part of the reason he doesn’t like to overindulge, even outside of -hockey season. The range of emotions crashing through his drunken mind don’t help his tearful-tendencies.

Shane cradles his phone to his chest, sucking in several pitiful gasps of air. Jesus, he hasn’t cried in probably years, let alone *sobbed*.

He feels like a child again. It’s pathetic.

“*Oh my love,*” he can distantly hear Ilya call, but his phone is still pressed to his heaving chest. “*Moy lyubimyy My beloved, can you hear me? Shane?*”

Jesus Christ, he’s gotta get his fucking shit together or Ilya’s gonna worry. Well. Worry more than he probably already does.

He evens out his breathing and sloppily wipes away his tears, squeezing his eyes shut to quell any lingering tears from falling. He waits a few more seconds to make sure he’s not gonna lose it again.

“I’m here, I’m okay, I’m here,” Shane returns his phone to his ear.

“Shane-”

“No, s’okay, Ilya, I just got drunk and started crying like a fucking pathetic... whatever, but I’m okay and not crying anymore and I’m okay,” he rambles, eyes still closed shut.

“Is okay to not be okay,” Ilya hums. “You are sad. You can tell me you are sad.”

“I’m...” Shane blinks his eyes open. “I’m sad,” he confesses — earnestly, honestly. *Pathetically*, a nagging voice in the back of his head bites.

Ilya hums gently once more but doesn't respond, not yet. He's letting Shane choose to share more if he's up for it.

"I- Ilya- I love you and I want to be with you and I- I want to be able to tell people about you and kiss you in public and hold your hand whenever I want and marry you-" *Jesus he didn't mean to let that one slip out* "-and not have to worry about the fucking NHL or the media or, or anyone else. I just want to be normal. I hate that we can't be normal," he finishes in a whisper, losing steam halfway through. He's past worked up now. It's fizzled away, melted into bone-deep sadness that makes Shane feel heavy and tired.

Ilya says something in Russian that Shane doesn't quite make out, but it sounds as sad as he feels.

"I want that, too," he sighs. "I want all of that and I'm so sorry that we cannot have it."

"No need to be sorry," Shane mumbles. "'s not like either of us can do anything about it."

"Well, yes, that is true, but I am still sorry for us, that we cannot share our love in public. I want to shout to the world that Shane Hollander has chosen to love me, but we cannot do this now. And it makes me sad. For both of us."

Shane feels his face pinch up, eyebrows tense and eyes shut tight. Ilya has this way of speaking that's so honest and direct. Maybe it's the language translation or maybe it's just how he is, but it never fails to devastate Shane when Ilya lays all his cards down.

"I love you," he breathes out. There's nothing really left to say.

"I love you too, *moy lyubimiy. Ya tak sil'no tebya lyublyu*, "my beloved. I love you so much." Ilya whispers reverently.

Shane wishes he were there to hold him, but just his voice still soothes his soul like nothing else can, so he listens with rapt attention as Ilya guides him through his nighttime routine. Shane doesn't even mind that he's already done a perfunctory version of it earlier that night.

The familiar routine and soft voice in his ear calm him enough for Shane to actually fall asleep, phone plugged in with their call still active, Ilya's voice soft in his ear until he finally sleeps.

It's restful. Enough.

In the morning, he feels the beginnings of a telltale hangover headache throbbing behind his eyes but his body is nevertheless relaxed, soft and pliant, cradled against a warm body.

A warm body?

Oh-

A warm body.

“Good morning, *sladkiy*, ”*sweetheart*, ” Ilya presses a string of kisses to the back of his neck, tightening his grip around Shane’s torso and pulling him closer against Ilya’s chest.

“*Ilya*, ” Shane breathes out, his body relaxing muscles he didn’t even know he had tensed as if on cue, responding to even the slightest touch from the man behind him. “You’re here?”

“Of course, *moya lyubov my love*. Of course I am here.”

“But- But you have an away game in two days, you have to-”

“No buts,” Ilya interrupts Shane’s protest. “Except maybe this one,” he teases, one hand making its way between their flush bodies to squeeze one of Shane’s asscheeks.

“Hey-” Shane chides without any heat, smiling wryly. He wiggles until they’re face to face, Ilya’s hand somehow staying pressed to his ass the whole time. His other hand reaches up to brush a wayward bit of hair out of Shane’s eyes.

That hand stays close to his face, caressing down Shane’s cheekbone, thumb gently rubbing the soft skin beneath his eye. Probably tracing the freckles there. Shane doesn’t really know why, but he seems to love his freckles.

“I love you,” he whispers, leaning into the gentle touch.

“And I love you,” Ilya whispers back, leaning in for a gentle kiss. Shane hums against his lips before he shifts down to nuzzle into Ilya’s shoulder, letting Ilya hold him close.

“How’d you ev’n get here?” Shane mumbles into his sleep-warmed skin.

“Called cab as you fell asleep. He drove me to Canada border then I was sober enough to get rental car and drive here,” Ilya explains, hands trailing over Shane’s skin. He tangles one hand in Shane’s hair and wriggles the other under Shane’s shirt to trace random shapes against his bare skin. “Don’t worry, kicked driver to the curb before he could find out the location of your secret sex apartment,” he tacks on, voice low and teasing.

“Fuck you- It’s not a sex apartment,” Shane grumbles even though it *totally is*, wiggling away from Ilya’s pinching fingers against his hip.

“Is apartment you bought so we can fuck! Is our sex apartment,” Ilya attacks his face with kisses while Shane pretends to push him away.

Ilya lets up a few moments later, kissing the smile off Shane’s lips. It’s gentle and sweet and heals any wounds leftover from the night before.

“How is your head?” Ilya asks when they part for air. He traces his fingertips along Shane’s hairline as if he could tangibly feel his alleged headache.

“Hurts a little but ‘m fine,” Shane hums, eyes closing with pleasure.

“My little lightweight,” Ilya teases, fingers still gently dancing across Shane’s temple and cheek. “But don’t think I did not see the vodka and the beer bottle in the kitchen,” he tuts.

“This is more than you usually drink even without going to bar with Rose Landry before.”

“I regret last-night-Shane’s choices,” Shane opens his eyes to see Ilya’s half-amused, half-worried expression. “The restaurant was fun, it’s always nice to see Rose when she’s in town...”

“But?” Ilya prompts, eyes gentle but questioning. “You came here, not your real home.”

“Yeah- I- Just,” Shane lets out a puff of air. “I was just thinking about how easy it was to be in public with Rose and then I saw that article of you and Svetlana and I started spiraling about how much I wish we could just get to *live* and not keep everything a secret.”

Ilya knows this.

He heard it all last night.

Ilya gives him a sad look and pulls him in for a deeper kiss, apparently not caring about their morning breath.

“It was fun at the start, for the first few years, ya know?” Shane continues, tucking himself into Ilya’s shoulder again. “The sneaking around, the thrill of it all. I mean it was terrifying but also kinda hot,” he admits with a shrug. He knows Ilya feels the same. “But now it’s not fun anymore. It just sucks.”

“It does suck,” Ilya sighs. “You are not my dirty little secret and I don’t like that we have to pretend this still.”

Shane nods, feeling the telltale sting of tears behind his eyes.

Jesus, he doesn’t wanna cry again. He cried more last night than he has in the past five years combined.

“One day-” Ilya presses a kiss against Shane’s temple. “One day I’m going to yell to the whole fucking world that you are my boyfriend and that we are in love and we won’t care at all what they say. One day. I know it will happen,” he seals the promise with a kiss.

“Sounds nice,” Shane smiles softly against Ilya’s lips. “Really fucking nice.”

“It will be,” Ilya returns his grin. “We will just have to be patient until then, *moy lyubimyy*. ”*my beloved.*” He leans back in for a kiss.

They’re cut off by Shane’s stomach grumbling.

“Okay time to get up,” Ilya pats at Shane’s ass with a series of lighthearted slaps, ignoring Shane’s grumbles as he ushers him out of bed. For once in his life, Shane isn’t itching to get up and at it at the crack of dawn. “I need to feed my poor, hungover, hungry boyfriend,” he pouts teasingly, pushing Shane toward the ensuite and sauntering in after him.

They brush their teeth side by side, Ilya making silly faces at him in the mirror.

It feels so fucking domestic. Shane wants to bottle this feeling and save it for a rainy day, of which there will be many until they can finally figure their shit out.

They spent a few days at the end of summer at the apartment — Ilya curious to see the other two floors *Mr Landlord* had renovated — so there are some pantry staples, but apparently Ilya also stopped by the store on his way to Montreal and bought breakfast supplies. He's an asshole, sure. But he's also really fucking thoughtful when he wants to be.

Shane sips on his black coffee and Gatorade Zero (*I bought blue flavour because I know is only one you drink*) while Ilya prepares, what he deems, a breakfast that is a foolproof hangover cure.

Shane's not sure it fits his macros but the painkillers he took only soothed his headache — the rest of his body is still angry at him, so he'll gamble some eggs and greasy sausage if it'll make the roil in his stomach go away.

"Et voila," Ilya says with a flourish as he places a full plate in front of Shane, exaggerating the French and his terrible accent.

"*Et voila*," Shane corrects his pronunciation with a teasing roll of his eyes. Ilya leans down to kiss the French off his lips.

He plates a heaping portion for himself, plopping down in the seat adjacent to Shane, shuffling the chair closer so he can knock his knee against Shane's under the table.

They chat about nonsense throughout breakfast, Shane feeling worlds better by the time he finishes his last bite of hashbrowns. Maybe Ilya was onto something.

"Shower, *solnyshko?*" *sunshine?*" Ilya asks when they've cleaned up after breakfast.

"You saying I smell?" Shane asks in a teasing deadpan, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes. Terrible. I have no clue why I love you, you smell like a dirty locker room after game," Ilya pokes at Shane's hips where he's the most ticklish, crowding him against the kitchen island.

"You just wanna shower with me," Shane grabs Ilya's hands to stop their attack, wrapping them around himself.

"Ah, you caught me," Ilya smiles down at him. "Just want to get you naked and soapy," he captures Shane's lips in a slow, heady kiss.

"Perv," Shane teases, smiling when Ilya bites his lip in retaliation. He lets him take over the kiss, closing his eyes and wrapping his arms around Ilya's shoulders.

Yesterday, he thought he'd have to wait three more long weeks until they could steal a moment together. *Today*, he lets Ilya kiss away his sorrows, lifting him with strong arms and walking the two of them to Shane's ensuite.

“Strip,” Ilya commands with a wink, shrugging off his own shirt before turning on the shower. By the time he turns back around, Shane’s hopped off the vanity and is pushing down his pajama pants and boxers, nearly tripping out of them in his haste to get naked.

Once they’re under the spray that’s just on the perfect side of too-hot, it’s like there’s an unspoken rule to stay as close as possible.

Ilya’s hands on his pecs.

His fingers massaging Ilya’s scalp.

Their chests flush as they pretend they’re washing each other, but they’re really just getting handsy under Shane’s very expensive, extra large, high-pressure rain shower head.

“Fuck- Shane,” Ilya moans when Shane drops to his knees, taking his half hard cock in his mouth. He’s always loved giving head, has been addicted to it since the first time he had Ilya’s cock on his tongue.

He loses himself to the feeling, hands squeezing rhythmically against Ilya’s thighs as he gets lost in the pleasure of giving. He moans when Ilya’s hands tangle in his hair, guiding Shane to take his cock further down his throat.

“Okay- Okay, stop,” Ilya pulls him off by his hair. He keeps his grip firm on the back of Shane’s neck to help him stand and capture his lips in a frantic kiss. “You’re too good at that, I taught you well,” he purrs with a smirk.

“Fuck off,” Shane huffs, shutting up his boyfriend with another kiss.

“Hmm, I don’t think that is what you really want,” Ilya hums, one hand trailing down Shane’s body until it reaches his hard cock. Shane can’t stop his full-body shiver.

Then, without warning, Ilya turns him around and presses him up against the cool tile, kicking out his legs to force Shane to brace against the wall and stick his ass out to keep from falling.

“Jesus Christ-” he whines, knocking his forehead against the tile. He barely holds back a whimper as Ilya teases two fingertips against his hole.

“Do you want me here?” Ilya whispers, crowding his front against Shane’s back, nibbling at his ear.

“Yes, fuck- *fuck*-” Shane moans when Ilya presses the tips of both fingers just inside his hole. The stretch is *delicious* even if he knows Ilya wouldn’t actually push in further, not without proper lubrication. He presses back against the fingers anyway.

“God- Hollander, you’re desperate for it, aren’t you?” Ilya groans, rutting his cock against Shane’s ass. And *yes*, Shane is desperate for it. Can Ilya blame him? It’s been two weeks since he’s been fucked after he’d gotten used to near-constant sex this summer.

But before he can bite back a response, Ilya is kneeling behind him and pulling apart Shane's cheeks, spitting on Shane's hole.

"Oh god, oh my fucking god-" Shane moans, hands scrambling for purchase against the slippery tile when Ilya licks a teasing stripe across his hole. "*Fuck*, Ilya-" he whines, subconsciously pressing back against his tongue.

His head goes foggy the longer Ilya licks and bites and tongues his ass. He knows he's making all sorts of slutty noises but he feels disconnected from it all, mind hyper focused on the way Ilya's attempting to *murder him* with pleasure.

"I'm- Ilya I'm gonna come," he warns minutes or hours later, feeling his orgasm building. "Ilya-"

"Come for me, Shane," Ilya pulls back just long enough to command. "Be a good boy and come."

"*Oh fuck-*" Shane whimpers, legs shaking as he does just that, spilling against his chest and the shower wall, his orgasm prolonged by Ilya's ceaseless tongue fucking into his hole.

He barely has enough time to catch his breath before Ilya's standing and turning him back around, pulling him in for a desperate kiss. Shane doesn't even care that he can taste himself on Ilya's tongue.

"You are so fucking hot, Hollander," Ilya groans into his mouth, rutting his cock against Shane's abs. Shane needs it inside him. Now- He needs Ilya's cock inside him *right now*.

"Ilya- Ilya-" he tries to convey his urgency with his body, grinding against Ilya despite his oversensitive cock and pulling him in closer with the grip he has around Ilya's broad shoulders.

"Did you want something?" The asshole asks with faux innocence, one hand caressing Shane's jaw, pulling him out of the kiss.

"Fuck you," Shane groans.

"Fuck me?" Ilya purses his lips. "Is that really what you want?"

"Asshole, you know what I fucking want," Shane tries to lean in for another kiss but Ilya's firm grip holds his head in place.

"Tell me," he commands, voicing pitching down.

"Fuck you," Shane repeats, trying to glare at him. He's pretty sure he's entirely unsuccessful.

"Hmm, try again." Ilya tuts.

"Ilya-" Shane whines, grinding his hips forward, noticing he's already back to half-hard. Jesus, okay. Fuck this. "Please- *Please* Ilya, fuck me," he begs, losing whatever's left of his pride.

“That’s better,” Ilya rewards him with a kiss that’s more tongue than anything. “So good asking for what you want,” he praises. Shane has to bite his lip to hold back a whimper.

Then *finally* Ilya’s shutting off the water and ushering them out of the shower, tossing a towel to Shane. They both dry off just enough to not be soaking wet, dumping their towels into the hamper and reuniting with a kiss as they rush into the bedroom.

Ilya pushes his shoulders until Shane’s falling back onto the bed. He crawls backwards until he’s resting against the pillows, thighs spread to show off his hole. Ilya all but growls as he climbs onto the bed and covers Shane’s body with his own. Shane meets him halfway.

“One day, Hollander, I swear you will kill me,” Ilya moans against Shane’s lips. Shane smiles into the kiss.

Things get a little frantic from there. Ilya reaches for the lube stashed in Shane’s bedside drawer and rolls Shane over to his stomach, fingering him open with the same urgency that Shane is boiling with.

“Rozanov, hurry up and fuck me,” Shane moans, face pressed against his pillow, hands twisted in the sheets by his head. He bites his bicep to hold back another needy sound when Ilya presses three fingers directly against his prostate.

He hears Ilya curse in Russian as he removes his fingers and scrambles to put on a condom, lining himself up to Shane’s hole.

“Ready?” He asks, voice already deep and fucked-out.

“Yeah, yeah hurry up,” Shane eggs him on, pressing back until he can feel the tip of Ilya’s cock start to enter him.

“Fuck-” Ilya groans as he pushes in, slower than Shane wants. “So fucking tight.”

“Come on- Ilya, *c’mon*,” he whines through his teeth. “Fuck me- Fuck me hard enough that I feel you during my game tomorrow. Wanna be reminded of it every time I’m on- *fuck*- on the ice,” he pants as Ilya finally bottoms out, clenching down on all nine glorious inches of his cock. *God*, Shane missed this.

“Yeah? Want to feel me every time you look into stupid Warner’s face during faceoff?” Ilya grunts, starting to roll his hips. “Looking at him and remembering me inside of you? Wishing it was me across from you?” He starts to properly fuck him, removing his cock halfway before slowly reentering him, the tip rubbing ceaselessly at Shane’s prostate.

“*Yeah*-” Shane huffs, choking on a moan when Ilya finally quickens his pace, his pelvis slamming against Shane’s ass with every thrust. “Fuck, *fuck Ilya*.”

“Fuck Shane, my little *shyuchkaslut* you take me so well,” Ilya groans, hands leaving bruises on Shane’s hip as he fucks him like Shane begged for, hard and fast.

All too quickly, Shane feels another orgasm begin to crest. He presses his front half further into the mattress, ass tilted higher into the air.

“Fuck, Ilya fuck, I’m- I’m-”

“Yes, Shane-” Ilya moans, his hips stuttering as he nears his own release. “Come on my cock, let me feel it.”

And that’s all it takes for Shane to feel his orgasm wash over him. He thinks he nearly blacks out from the force of it, cock pulsing against his stomach and hole fluttering around Ilya’s cock.

Distantly, he hears Ilya moan through his own orgasm, spilling into the condom as his hips slam into Shane with one final, bruising thrust. Shane’s floating somewhere between Earth and outer space, mind turned blissfully off as he lets Ilya take care of their mess, tucking him against his front when they’re clean.

“Fuck,” he exhales, relaxing into Ilya’s arms.

“I agree,” Ilya chuckles. Shane can feel a puff of air on the back of his neck.

He already feels the ache in his body, thighs burning and hole pleasantly throbbing. He’ll never say it out loud, but he loves the lingering hint of pain, especially when he and Ilya won’t see each other for weeks after they hook up.

“Feeling okay?” Ilya checks in, arm tightening around his waist.

“Feeling great, you?”

“Feeling great,” Ilya parrots, teasingly nipping the sensitive skin behind Shane’s ear. He soothes the sting with his tongue. Shane shivers.

They’ll have to get up soon.

It’s past one, Shane having slept in wildly later than usual what with everything that went down last night. They’ll get up for lunch and maybe a relaxed workout. Perhaps Shane can cajole Ilya into trying some yoga. He’d absolutely love to ogle his ass in a borrowed pair of Shane’s lycra shorts.

They only have a few more hours together, Ilya having to get back to Boston at a reasonable hour and Shane needing to go through his nighttime routine before an early morning practice, so Shane tries to commit everything to memory as if he’s experiencing it for the first time.

The comfort of Ilya’s strong chest against his back.

The feel of Ilya’s fingers tracing soft patterns against his stomach.

The warmth he feels throughout his body that can’t solely be attributed to their combined body heat.

“Three weeks until Boston plays Montreal, yes?” Ilya whispers the question despite them both knowing the answer.

“Yeah,” Shane hums. “Three weeks.”

“Cannot wait to see the look on your face when we obliterate you,” he teases, playfully squeezing Shane’s pec.

“You fucking wish, Rozanov,” Shane retorts, slapping away his boyfriend’s hand. They squabble until Ilya rolls them over and pins Shane to the bed, hands clasped in Shane’s above his head. Shane gives in easily.

“I win,” Ilya teases, leaning down to capture his lips in a kiss.

“Only ‘cause I let you,” Shane rolls his eyes, unable to wipe the smile off his face.

Shane can be patient.

For Ilya, he can be patient.

He’ll wait until they jointly announce the Irina Foundation to be *mildly friendly* with Ilya under the watchful eyes of the public and then take what he can get until some nebulous day in the future when they can come out as a couple.

He can wait – he’ll survive. But this sucks. Objectively, this fucking sucks.

Having to sneak around and play up their rivalry for the chance to interact in public without facing mass scrutiny. Hiding how much he loves this man so they don’t ruin both their careers. Fearing for his boyfriend’s *life* if he needed to go back to his home country.

Shane can be patient. But that’s not to say he isn’t counting down the days until the world knows he’s absolutely gone on the man above him.

Looking up at him now, he can tell Ilya’s thinking the same thing.

—

You're all I want

So much it's hurting

You're all I want

So much it's hurting

—

End Notes

((Also @native Russian speakers, please correct my Russian if it's wrong — I speak several languages but alas Russian is not one of them 🙄👉))

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