

let's just walk in the dark

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let's just walk in the dark

by [canadianwolfbird](#)

Summary

“Kiss me.”

“You’re drunk.”

“Pfft - it’s just a kiss.”

Notes

Well, it's been almost exactly three months since I've posted anything here - my writer's block has been an absolute asshole and I've started and stopped what feels like a million things. After much bellyaching from me, [shanehollandertwentyfour](#) (who was also kind enough to beta this, thank you!) gave me a dialogue prompt (the summary is the prompt given to me) and a limit of 1200 words, and this is what was born from that.

I'm hoping this clears out some cobwebs, and that I'm back soon with some of the WIPs I've started over the last few months.

If you've not tired of me in this author's note - enjoy, and thanks for reading!

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

*in the dark, i'm not scared
i just reach and you're right there
shooting stars, racing cars
everything i own just feels like ours*
"honeybee" - Olivia Rodrigo

"Kiss me."

"You're drunk."

"Pfft - it's just a kiss."

That was the thing though - *just* a kiss would turn into *just* making out would turn into *just* fucking. And nothing was *just* anything when it comes to Shane Hollander.

Ilya sighs, resting his left fist on the brick wall of the alley and propping his arm near Shane's head. The warm, rough texture feels good against the bare skin of his forearm and grounds him back to reality.

"Are you scared?" Shane teases, catching his plump bottom lip between his teeth.

"No," Ilya exhales in a growl.

"Then fucking kiss me."

"That is what you really want?"

"I wouldn't say it if I didn't want it, Rozanov."

And it's hard for Ilya to argue that - each time he had seen Shane drunk, the man had more faculties about him than most sober people.

With his free hand, Ilya cradles Shane's jaw and gently forces him to look up. Fuck...those mahogany eyes were going to be the death of him, if the freckles that dotted Shane's cheeks and nose didn't kill him first. There's a hint of a smile tugging at the corner of Shane's lips - even though he's the one with his back against the wall, literally, he has Ilya right where he wants him, and Ilya is falling for it, hook, line, and sinker.

"Just don't want you to regret it in the morning."

A flash of heat ripples across Shane's face, and Ilya, for all he does to go out of his way to protect Shane, realizes that maybe it's his own self he needs to protect. Because this Shane is dangerous - not in a physical sense, but in the sense that he's got a tight hold on Ilya's heart, much as Ilya does his best to pretend otherwise.

“I won’t regret it. Now either kiss me or get off of me.” Even with his wits seemingly mostly about him, the alcohol makes Shane bolder, his tongue sharper than it normally is.

Ilya shifts slightly as a crisp spring breeze ruffles his hair, but keeps his hand cradled around Shane’s jaw. A quiet hiss escapes him as Shane’s impossibly cool hands move under Ilya’s tight tank top to the small of his back - the contact against his skin a stark contrast to the warm night air around them. Shane pulls Ilya’s hips closer, a purr escaping his lips as their clothed cocks make contact.

“Fuck,” Ilya mutters. He can’t fight it anymore, not with Shane leaning in, he closes his eyes, and covers Shane’s lips with his.

The combined taste of champagne and gin floods Ilya’s senses as Shane parts his lips, immediately drawing Ilya’s tongue into his mouth. Beyond the taste of alcohol, there’s an essence of just *Shane* - and that’s the most intoxicating thing of them all. Ilya hasn’t touched a drop of alcohol all night, and yet, the taste of Shane makes him feel heady and dizzy as their tongues slide together.

The hand cupping Shane’s jaw moves lower, now bracing his Adam’s apple with the lightest of touches. It’s not enough force to restrict Shane’s breathing - but just enough pressure to let Shane know that as much as Ilya belongs to Shane, Shane belongs to Ilya also.

Shane moans into Ilya’s mouth at the shift of his hand, and Ilya feels the sharp bite of Shane’s nails at his spine in tandem. It’s too much and not enough at once, and *God*, the things Shane does to him. He could ask Ilya to do just about anything right now, and Ilya would - the fact that they’re in a place where they could get caught be damned.

Ilya doesn’t know how long they kiss, pressed against each other there in the alley of the Kingfisher, but he *does* know he still wants more as Shane is finally the one to break away. At the loss of contact, Ilya chases after Shane’s lips as the other man tilts his head to the side. His lips brush against the warm skin of Shane’s cheek instead, and Ilya groans, unable to help himself.

“Sorry...just need...a second,” Shane pants out with a laugh, and Ilya can feel the bob of his throat under his palm as Shane takes a beat to try and catch his breath. Ilya slides his hand away from where it rests and kisses down Shane’s newly exposed neck past the juncture where it meets his shoulder.

“Hmm,” Ilya huffs playfully, nosing against Shane’s collarbone. He nips at the skin gently as he presses their bodies together as close as he can without completely crushing Shane against the wall. “Done with our game then, *solnyshko*?”

This is something they do on occasion, mostly when they’re on the road - they’ll pretend they’re younger and that they’re still new at this, new to each other, but without the weight of having to hide themselves. In this game, they have to be careful about getting caught, lest their secret come out by way of someone stumbling upon them. They kiss and touch in back rooms and hallways and dark corners of bars, just barely out of the public eye.

Of course, it's been years since they've had to worry about being caught, the video that outed them barely a blip in their memories. They're now in the twilight of their respective playing careers - and the scandal that could have defined them now lives well in the rearview mirror where it belongs. In the next year or two, they'll retire to the fanfare that comes with being the celebrated players they are before they slip into a much quieter, less hectic life away from the sport they've both been playing for their entire adult lives.

But for now, they've slipped away from their teammates and friends into the alley of a place that's come to mean a lot to both of them, and they're engaging in a game only they know how to play.

"Only if you are," Shane whispers, his voice blissful and content as Ilya lifts his head so he can look at his husband from a better angle.

The grey hairs that freckle Shane's temples shimmer in the dim moonlight. The crow's feet that cradle the corners of his eyes become even more pronounced as Shane's face breaks into the smile he saves just for Ilya.

Ilya's heart swoops, and just like every day since he was seventeen, he falls that much more in love with Shane. It's an easy thing for Ilya to do - loving Shane is like breathing, something that comes naturally with nary a second thought.

He could easily continue the game, pretending what they have is new and burgeoning, but Ilya finds he doesn't want to continue for now. They can play again later.

"I am," Ilya says, pecking Shane's lips. Shane relaxes against Ilya, a sign he's giving up the game also.

"Mmm, I love you." Shane brushes their noses together as he moves to wrap his arms loosely around Ilya's neck. "So much."

"I love you too, sweetheart. Now, what do you say we go back to our room and I will show you just how much?"

End Notes

Something a little short and sweet - I hope you enjoyed! Title credit to "honeybee" by Olivia Rodrigo.

Please leave kudos and/or comments if you're so inclined - Ilya gives Anya a treat for every one!

You can find me spiraling out about Hollanov elsewhere on [Instagram](#), [Threads](#), or [Tumblr](#)!

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