

of having and holding

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of having and holding

by [toxica939](#)

Summary

The ceremony had been outside, in the hotel's court yard, right as the sun was starting to set. Shane had thought it was nice enough. Nicer than a church anyway.

He feels Hayden freeze. “What the fuck is he doing here?”

Shane schools his face. “Fuck if I know,” he says.

He doesn't say, they used to play together in juniors, they text each other all the time. He doesn't say that Ilya had told Shane three days ago that he probably wouldn't make it to the wedding. Because he's not supposed to know any of that and the way his heart is suddenly racing in his chest is shameful enough.

OR

what if, at the cottage, it hadn't been months since they last saw each other?

Notes

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

The wedding had been beautiful. Shane's pretty sure that's what you're supposed to say. It's what he'd said to the new Mrs Novikov when she'd swung by their table after the speeches anyway.

She'd thanked him, made some joke about the florist being late that Shane had laughed at politely.

It certainly looked like it had cost a lot of money. Huge ballroom in an upmarket Boston hotel, Lauren's home town Novi had said when they'd crucified him for it in the locker room. What the future wife wants, the future wife gets, he'd said, and he'd paid the fine in good humor. The table arrangements are enormous, there are *feathers*. There are string lights hung through fake trees like stars, LED dance floor, the works. Even the food had been good.

“Do you think Novi wishes his parents were here?” Hayden's saying. He's got one arm across the back of Shane's chair now because Jackie has gone to dance, party finally starting to wind up a gear. Shane's wondering how much longer he has to stay here.

Shane swirls the remains of his second beer in his glass, shrugs. “Probably. Did he say why they weren't coming?”

Hayden's better friends with Novi than Shane is, probably. Shane tries not to think about the other Russian he knows who will definitely not have parents at his wedding. Tries not to think about Ilya getting married at all, if he's honest. It makes the beer already in his stomach swirl.

“I think because she's American,” Hayden says. “Or maybe it's a religious thing.”

The ceremony had been outside, in the hotel's court yard, right as the sun was starting to set. Shane had thought it was nice enough. Nicer than a church anyway.

He feels Hayden freeze. “What the fuck is he doing here?”

With a creeping dread, Shane follows his gaze to the doorway, where Ilya Rozanov is stood, shaking hands with a man Shane now knows to be Lauren's father and a collection of older men who are with him. He's grinning, teeth on show, the real one that makes his face crease and his eyes sparkle. *Fuck*.

There's also a beautiful woman on his arm, which Shane has absolutely no feelings about whatsoever. *Fuck*.

Shane schools his face. “Fuck if I know,” he says.

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Hayden's half out of his seat already so Shane yanks him back down. "Sit down, what the fuck are you doing?" he can already see another handful of Voyagers on their feet. Jesus Christ, do they know this is a fucking wedding and not a conference final?

"He can't just turn up to a team wedding," Hayden exclaims. "Who the fuck does he think he is? God, is that his girlfriend?"

JJ appears behind them. "What the fuck is Rozanov doing here?" he asks. It's probably supposed to be said in an undertone but he doesn't quite pull it off.

Hayden points at him. "That's what I said. Shouldn't he be back in Russia by now? What the fuck?"

No, Shane thinks, he's not going back to Russia this summer. He coming to me.

"Just settle down," is what he actually says. "He's probably only here to get a rise out of us. It's Novi's wedding, guys, he doesn't need you two idiots starting a brawl."

Ilya glances over then, makes eye contact with Shane. He feels it like a flood of heat through the centre of his chest, fingers tingling. Ilya raises his eyebrows once, in acknowledgement, before he turns away, one big hand on the bare back of the woman next to him, pale against her skin.

Shane knows he's turning red, is helpless to stop it. One day maybe he'll be able to get his shit together when Ilya looks at him like that, but not today. Not this summer. Not when they're just weeks away from the thing Shane has finally been letting himself hope for, when it's almost in his grasp.

Ilya's coming to the cottage. He'd said as much. In three weeks Shane is going to have him in his house, have days and days of him, just to be together. It's all he's thought about since that insane night on his parent's couch when Scott Hunter had turned the world on its head.

He'd sort of been hoping this wedding might be a distraction, to be honest. A day to hang out with his friends one last time before summer and let the excitement and the terror of what was to come simmer through him. He'd kind of been enjoying the anticipation.

"If he comes over here I'm going to punch him," Hayden announces, downing the last of his beer.

Shane rolls his eyes. "No you're not."

"I might do. What you don't think I could take him?"

JJ laughs. "I'll back you up, brother."

"No one is going to punch anyone," Shane tells them. "This is a classy wedding and Novi clearly invited him here-"

"Which we're going to have words about," Hayden interjects.

“Which is his right, as the guy fucking paying for all of this,” Shane says, louder. “Also Jackie would kill you. So go and get another drink, dance with your wife and chill the fuck out. Who cares about Rozanov?”

That sounded good, Shane thinks. He almost sounded like he meant that.

...

The thing about hockey players, especially on summer break, is that they've never met a bar they couldn't drink dry.

So a couple of hours later Shane is totally free to order himself a sad little ginger ale and watch his team mates embarrass themselves on the dance floor without any one giving him a hard time.

The bartender put his glass on a little napkin and accepts the tip Shane gives her with a smile. She must be making bank at this thing.

He's done a pretty good job, so far, of not watching Ilya like a fucking hawk. He absolutely did not watch him dance with the girl he's here with. Or with Lauren. Or with three red faced, dazzled bridesmaids. Or the half a dance he managed with Smitty's wife before *that* almost turned into a punch up.

Shane's fine. He's totally cool. Ilya Rozanov across the ballroom in a well cut navy suit is absolutely fine. Shane hasn't once thought about peeling him out of it with his fucking teeth. Jesus, he feels like his whole body is vibrating.

He leans an elbow on the bar to groan at himself. God he's in so fucking deep it's embarrassing. He's almost glad for the phantom ache in his collarbone, because at least if he focuses on that he can't get hard. Probably.

Obviously that's when the fucker appears at his side.

“Shane Hollander,” Ilya says, that quiet little murmur he always does that makes Shane's inside clench. “Fancy seeing you here.”

Shane glares at the bar top for another second before he rolls his neck on his neck. “I told you I'd be here.”

Ilya's mouth quirks, not quite a smile. “And here you are.”

“And here you are. I thought you said you were busy.”

Shane hopes no one is watching this. His hands feel clammy.

Ilya shakes his head. “Did not say busy, just maybe. Bad idea.”

Shane eyes him, can't seem to make himself look anywhere else. “But you changed your mind.”

“Svetlana wanted to come,” Ilya heaves a sigh, like it's been a hardship for him. “And you are here so...” he shrugs with mouth, finger tips tapping the bar near Shane's elbow.

“What?” Shane asks. “You wanted to see me that badly? This place is wall to wall Voyagers. You're lucky no one's tried to fight you.”

“I wanted to see you,” Ilya agrees, like that's the sort of thing they say to each other. “And everyone knows Voyagers can't fight so.”

“Fuck you.”

Ilya puts a hand to his chest. “Here Hollander? In front of whole team?”

Shane's not going to turn red again. He isn't. “You're such a dick.”

“And yet you're happy to see me. Admit it. As soon as you saw me you thought, “Ilya is here, he's come to save me from boring wedding.””

“I did not think that.”

“No? Something else? Was it dirty?”

He really shouldn't be able to make his voice sound like that. It's not fair. Shane's supposed to have three more weeks to build up some sort of defence against that fucking voice. There's probably a ten step program for it.

Shane glances over his shoulder. His team mates are still dancing. No one seems to have noticed Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov standing too close to each other at the bar but there's no telling how long that luck will hold out.

“Mostly I thought, he said he wouldn't be here,” and then, because he has no self preservation instincts left in him at all apparently, “And who's that girl? He knew I'd be here.”

Ilya's forehead creases but he doesn't say anything.

“So that's Svetlana huh?”

Ilya nods.

“She's pretty.”

“She is.”

Shane shakes his head. That shouldn't hurt really, should it? He knows who Ilya is.

Ilya moves then, a half step closer. Close enough for Shane to feel the heat of him and all the places that they're not touching. “She's also not who I come here for,” Ilya says. “Just friend. How you say? Moral support?”

“Moral support?”

He nods, wide hand gesturing to the dance floor. “Wall to wall Voyagers in here, Hollander. Maybe I need back up.”

Shane doesn't have anything to say to that. His heart is already doing something strange in his chest about the fact that Ilya didn't bring her here as a date and wants him to know that. It's pathetic. God he wants to touch him. If he leant his head just a little to the right he'd have his face in Ilya's throat. The warm space where it meets his shoulder and the smell of him is strongest. Shane wants it so badly his tongue feels numb.

Ilya moves even closer, a shark sensing blood in the water. “You have room upstairs?”

Shane does. It's right next door to Hayden and Jackie's. He'd brought earplugs with him because it's not his first time sharing a wall with them after a party.

“I'm not having sex with you in this hotel,” Shane says.

Ilya laughs, bright and sharp like he wasn't expecting Shane to say *sex* or something but he's happy to hear it.

“So you come to my house.”

“You know I can't do that.”

“No one here will even notice you leaving, Hollander.”

“I think they might.”

He'll never hear the end of it if he just disappears.

Ilya's fingers graze his wrist on the bar top, feather light. Just enough contact to make Shane shudder under the weight of all the things he wants and can't have.

“It's time for me to go, I think.” Ilya tells him, like they're in the middle of a totally different conversation. “I need to get Sveta home,” he puts a heavy hand on Shane's shoulder, thumb on his collarbone where the break has healed, pressing hard enough to make it ache. “When you're ready, you know where I'll be.”

“I don't know if I can.”

Ilya nods and his thumb turns gentle, stroking through Shane's shirt. “When you're ready.”

Shane takes a gulp of his drink when Ilya walks away, mostly to stop himself watching it happen. It tastes off, melted ice floating on top. He'd forgotten it was in even in his hand.

He wants to follow him right now. He wants a lot of things. But they're so close to the thing he's been wanting most now that it would be stupid to push it. It would be a very, very stupid thing to do.

He can wait three more weeks.

...

Ilya opens the door shirtless, because of course he does, and Shane dives for him as soon it closes behind him, because of course he does. Feels the cold of it up against his back when Ilya crowds him against it.

They kiss right there in the entry way, Ilya's tongue in his mouth, hands tugging Shane's shirt up to get at skin. Ilya tastes like mint and it's thrilling, somehow, to think that he came home and brushed his teeth, got himself ready for Shane. It makes the getting ready Shane did in his hotel bathroom before he ordered an Uber feel a little less mortifying.

"You are late," Ilya's saying, stripping Shane out of his shirt and latching on to his collarbone with his teeth. It doesn't hurt, doesn't feel much of anything, even when Ilya starts to press at the skin with his tongue, but it makes him feel tender somewhere on the inside, that Ilya can't seem to stop peppering kisses over his newly healed injury.

"I had to wait until Novi and his wife left," Shane gasps, trying to worm his hand down between their bodies. "It's polite."

Ilya laughs, tongue moving south to spread heat across Shane's nipple, probably because he knows it'll make Shane moan too loudly and he always find that amusing.

"Fuck polite," Ilya says, tugging Shane's belt open. "Clothes off, come on."

Shane drags him back up for another kiss by his hair, fists the back of it to hold him there so he can eat at his mouth. He likes the way it makes Ilya heave breath through his nose right up against Shane's cheek. Just a little tease of the way Shane might be able to make him come undone.

"Not here," Shane says, smearing his mouth down Ilya's throat because pulling away to speak feels impossible. "Bed."

"What?"

Shane pulls his hair again, holds Ilya's cheek against his to speak into his ear. "Bed, Rozanov. Take me to bed."

It would be a lie to say Shane wasn't expecting to get carried there, so his *for fuck's sake* when Ilya's hands sink into the meat of his thighs and hoist him up is mostly for show. It gets them there faster than any other option too and Shane will never complain about being tossed on Ilya's bed, not when the view is this good.

Ilya stands at the foot of the bed, chest heaving, skinning out of his pants and Shane can feel himself unravelling.

There's just so much of him. Shoulders and arms and veins. That scruff of dark hair that starts above his belly button and lead down to the only cock Shane has ever split himself open on. And that's perfect as well isn't it, long and thick, hard enough for Shane to see wet spreading at the tip. His mouth's watering.

Ilya's twirling a hand in the air at him. "Shane," he says, "Clothes."

Shane gets himself naked and tries not to feel self conscious how much he's leaking. Ilya already knows Shane's easy for him, it's not a big deal. He still feels like a raw nerve about it anyway. Old habits die hard, he guesses.

Ilya crawls over him, riding Shane down into the pillows and and kissing him again.

Shane loves this, feels like it's the only time his skin fits right sometimes, when he's on his back under Ilya, bodies finally pushed together again. He lets Ilya crush him into the bed, slides their tongues together until they're both gasping.

Shane maps him with his hands, the expanse of him. There's something about the size of him that's always got to Shane, for all that he's a pretty big guy himself. The width of his shoulders over Shane, casting shadows when he moves. The rough of his belly against Shane's own, hard nipples and wet breath, teeth sharp and tongue hot when he kisses down Shane's neck.

Shane hadn't known, the first time, how much he'd like it, being pinned down like this. Had only thought of it in vague terms, too difficult to let himself render the body over him into fine detail.

That's probably a good thing. He couldn't have dreamed Ilya up if he'd tried. Wouldn't have had the imagination. But he knows now. Knees riding high against the soft skin of Ilya's heaving rib cage, aching for something he can finally put a name to. He's tacky with sweat between his thighs, in all the spaces air creeps in between them no matter how tightly they press themselves together.

He'd live here now, if he could.

"You still with me Hollander?" Ilya asks, lips caught on the hinge of Shane's jaw. He sounds winded already, and it's like winning something, every time Shane can get him like this.

Always would probably be too much, but it's on the tip of Shane's tongue to say it anyway, rattling against his clenched teeth. Maybe all the romance of the day has gotten to him more than he thought.

He moans instead, thighs spreading, sinks his fingertips into the span of Ilya's shoulder blades and hopes he hears it anyway. Hopes he doesn't. Christ he needs to stop *thinking*.

"I want you to fuck me," he says. Because it's what he always wants when they're like this, when it's the only way Shane could get him any closer.

Ilya moans, a rumble against Shane's belly where he's slipped down to suck wet kisses that make Shane shake.

Ilya rises over him, all the muscles in his arms standing out in sharp relief. Shane wants to sink his teeth into them, take a bite out of him. His face is red, mouth hanging open. Shane is

aware that it is objectively kind of a ridiculous look but he's into it anyway. He did that to him. This is what they can do to each other.

Ilya scrapes his bottom lip up between his teeth, pants down at Shane. "What if I want my dick sucked first?" he asks.

And he's joking, Shane can tell, his hand is already moving to grip Shane's thigh, tip it back a little further.

But still.

Shane blinks up at him. "Then I'll suck it," he says, plainly.

It's a head rush, Ilya's little stutter of shock, but Shane rolls them across the bed before he can get too cocky about it.

All the breath rushes out of Ilya when Shane starts to bite his way down his chest, sucking a kiss over each nipple to feel him tense, nose dragging through the sprinkle of chest hair that's still filling out between them. Shane still can't grow any, but he's got a feeling Ilya's going to have a lot eventually. He tries not to wonder about whether he'll still be around to see it.

He tests his teeth on the sharp points of Ilya's hipbones instead of thinking about some phantom future Ilya. He's got this one right here after all, thigh hard and shivering between Shane's legs, rubbing against him just right as he sinks lower, tongue pushing through the hair under Ilya's belly button. The head of his dick is right there, dripping a little puddle for Shane to lick up.

Ilya pushes a hand through Shane's hair, body strung tight, but he's waiting patiently, for Shane to finish whatever he's doing and get on with it. He's more patient about these things than Shane would have thought he'd be actually. He's pretty perfect like that.

Shane moves lower, lets his breath graze hot over Ilya's straining cock, glances up.

Ilya's watching him, eyes hazy enough that it thrills through Shane all over again. He'd never thought the kind of sex he wants to have could feel this powerful. Ilya's given him that.

He watches, sealing his mouth around the head, tongue soft, as Ilya's head tips back, moan rattling out of him. He's beautiful like this, chin a sharp point, the strain in his neck, Adam's apple bobbing as he struggles to swallow. Coming undone under Shane's mouth and not afraid to show it to him.

Satisfied, Shane sinks his mouth down and down, keeps going until the hand in his hair clenches too tight and Ilya drags him off.

"If you want to get fucked," he says, red in the face and vicious. "You need to stop."

Shane gives the head another lick, just because he can, and because he feels kind of giddy about the way it makes Ilya's whole body spasm.

He deserves it, probably, when Ilya proceeds to split him open on three fingers and rub at his prostate until Shane's thighs goes shivery, but any hard feelings he might have about how long Ilya decides to tease him for are forgiven as soon as he sinks inside.

Shane breathes through it, like he always does, because Ilya is huge and Shane might love it but his body is still just a body, it's a lot to take.

Ilya rests over him while Shane adjusts, elbows by Shane's ears and fingers soft in his hair. He kisses Shane's wrinkled forehead.

"You are so beautiful," he murmurs, nosing down Shane's face to his lips. "You take it so well."

Shane shudders, hole clenching. "Shut up," he says, eyes feeling wet. "You can move now."

It gets him a raised eyebrow and Ilya not moving an inch. "Oh I can?"

Shane grits his teeth. It's starting to spread now, that needy ache, he wants it.

"Yes. Move."

"Say please."

Shane rolls his eyes. As though he's not dying here too, he's such an asshole.

"You're such an asshole. Fuck you."

Ilya looks down between their bodies, eyebrow raised again. He probably can't see actually see Shane spread around him from that angle but Shane feels hot all over about it anyway.

"Don't say it," Shane warns, and then, "Please. Fuck me please."

And Ilya folds. More easily than he usually does. Shane tries not to think about that.

He fucks Shane deep and hard, relentless, and all Shane can do is white knuckle the pillow under his head, try to keep his mouth open for every kiss Ilya wants to smear across it.

He comes, loudly, in the space between their bellies, thighs shivering, chest turned inside out.

He'll complain, probably, about the teeth marks Ilya is leaving in his shoulder and the fingerprint bruises he can feel sinking into his hips. As soon as he can feel his face again, Shane will complain about that.

Ilya kisses him again before he pulls out. "You staying?" he asks, and it makes Shane's stomach hurt, the way he sounds kind of shy about it, like he didn't want to ask.

Shane scrubs a hand up through his hair, draws him back down for a longer kiss, arms around his shoulders.

He shouldn't, honestly. He's supposed to be tucked up in bed at the hotel right now. There's some sort of post-wedding brunch tomorrow he's expected at, he thinks. And he already feels raw enough, flayed open, all his messy feelings on show. He feels, like he often does when Ilya is being like this, like he's dreaming.

"I'm staying," he says, reckless.

Fuck it.

:::

Ilya sees him right to the door in the morning, hands all over Shane's back like he's not ready to let go yet.

Shane gets it, waking up in the same bed has undone something in him. Some knot he didn't know about. He feels lighter than he has in months. Years, maybe.

Shane laughs into the kiss he gives him. There's sunlight on Ilya's face, catching golden through his eyelashes. He's perfect.

"I've already missed breakfast," Shane tells him, half heartedly trying to hold him at bay. "Hayden's blowing up my phone about brunch, I have to go."

"Mmm," Ilya agrees, mouth hot and wet down Shane's throat. "Yes, hurry back to Hayden. Very important."

Shane leans back against the door. It feels like a lifetime ago that Ilya had him held here when he first arrived for all that it's been a handful of hours.

"You'll see me so soon," Shane says between kisses. He cups Ilya's face between his hands, let himself have another one. "Three more weeks and you can kiss me for as long as you want."

Ilya must like that because the kiss he gives Shane in reply is long and deep and has Shane's head spinning.

"Okay," Ilya says, finally pulling back. He palms the back of Shane's head affectionately, presses a final kiss to his forehead. "Get out before I keep you here all summer and never see this cottage of yours."

He says cottage weird, like he means something else.

Shane nods to himself, straightening his clothes again. His mouth feels bruised and he likes it maybe a little too much.

"So I'll see you in three weeks," he says, just to be sure.

"You will."

"Because you're coming to the cottage."

Ilya smiles indulgently and Shane refuses to blush about it. "I am."

"Okay."

"Okay."

Shane meets his eyes. It's difficult to do because he never knows what Ilya is going to see in him when they look directly at each other. He's afraid his face will say too much.

He kisses him again before he opens the door, just to do it.

Three more weeks and he'll have him back, have him in *his house*. Ilya Rozanov taking up space in Shane's favourite place in the world.

Maybe the stupidest thing they've ever done together.

But maybe, he thinks, the start of something he could keep.

End Notes

hi hello. new fandoms are scary and comments/kudos save lives

i can be found on tumblr at vckaarob if you want to yell at me and/or be friends

love you, thanks for reading my porn

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