

hold my breath in your hands

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/84914291) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/84914291>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Episode: s01e05 I'll Believe in Anything (Heated Rivalry) , Missing Scene , Mutual Pining , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Blow Jobs , Rimming , Anal Fingering , Biting Kink , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Hopeful Ending , Happy Ending , Light Angst , Fluff and Smut , Crying During Sex
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-05-15 Words: 5,143 Chapters: 1/1

hold my breath in your hands

by [justhockey](#)

Summary

Ilya knows it's a bad idea. Of course it is. But everything he's ever done in regards to Shane Hollander has been a bad idea.

So he sends the text, even though they're playing against each other in just a few hours. Even though it's reckless, and it's breaking all their rules. Even though he's supposed to be rebuilding the distance that Tampa tore down, instead of letting it shrink even further.

But he just can't seem to help himself.

Notes

Title from *like you're god* by mehro.

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

Ilya knows it's a bad idea. Of course it is. But everything he's ever done in regards to Shane Hollander has been a bad idea.

So he sends the text, even though they're playing against each other in just a few hours. Even though it's reckless, and it's breaking all their rules. Even though he's supposed to be rebuilding the distance that Tampa tore down, instead of letting it shrink even further.

But he just can't seem to help himself.

He'd known from the very first moment Shane shook his hand that he was going to be a problem, and that problem hasn't gone away in all the years since.

Ilya isn't even sure if he wants it to.

Lily: *Come over. Not for long. An hour?*

Jane: *No! Come on, it's a terrible idea.*

Lily: *Everything we do is a bad idea.*

It doesn't come as a surprise when his doorbell rings not even twenty minutes later.

Shane didn't need to confirm it for Ilya to know he was on his way; they can't stay away from each other, no matter how hard they try. Ilya still jumps at the sound of the bell, though. His breath still hitches, and his heart starts beating faster, and he has to tell himself to *get a fucking grip, Rozanov*, before he opens the door.

Shane looks...good. It's only been two weeks since Tampa, but something shifted between them that night. Something big. So Shane's wide eyes, and fairy-dust freckles, and the way he's standing awkwardly at Ilya's front door - fuck, it makes Ilya want to eat him. Just completely devour him until Shane is a shaking, writhing mess.

"You came," Ilya greets him, as Shane steps inside and closes the door behind him.

"Yeah, well. You asked me to."

"You said no," Ilya points out.

Shane tilts his head slightly to the side and looks up at Ilya through his lashes, fixing him with glare. *You knew I would come anyway*, it says. And of course, Shane is right. Ilya had no doubt about it.

If Shane wants Ilya even half as bad as he wants Shane, he would have been getting ready to leave the hotel the second that first message arrived.

"Well...I'm here," Shane says, holding his hands up in a shrug. His eyes are sparkling with mischief as he smirks, and asks, "Are you gonna do something about it, or--"

God, he's such a bitch sometimes. It makes Ilya so hard he can barely see straight.

He launches himself across the distance between them, instantly grabbing Shane's head and tilting it backwards so he can kiss him. Shane lets out a quiet whine, but there's no resistance as he winds his own arms around Ilya's waist and lets Ilya plunder his mouth.

They don't have enough time for Ilya to do everything he wants to do to Shane today, but he will always make time for this. For kissing him.

Sometimes he remembers that night in Vegas all those years ago - when he'd let Shane walk out of his hotel suite without so much as a kiss goodbye - and it makes Ilya feel nauseous. All cold and hollow and guilty. He'd spent the entire summer in Moscow thinking about that night, about how blisteringly hot it was, right up until the point where he ruined it. Again. Like he always does.

Kissing Shane is, *god*, it's like nothing else in the world.

It's always been a perfunctory, necessary thing with other people. Simply something you do before you get to the main attraction. But with Shane? With Shane, Ilya is pretty sure he could come just from kissing him. It's not just a support act, it's part of the main event. It makes his head go blank and his body feel heavy, in the very best way.

So Ilya kisses him slow, and deep, and filthy. He bullies his tongue between Shane's lips, licks at his tongue and teeth just to get a better taste of him - just to touch more of him.

He backs Shane up, up, up against the kitchen island, and lets his hands trail from Shane's hair, to his neck, to his chest. He squeezes him there, like he's squeezing a pair of tits, and he feels Shane shudder against him. It's such a powerful feeling, being able to make Shane Hollander tremble like this for him.

It's a gift he's not sure he deserves.

Ilya sucks Shane's tongue into his mouth and Shane cries out, his hips bucking forward and grinding their bulges together.

"Missed you," Shane mumbles, and it's so unexpected - so brave - that Ilya freezes for a moment.

"I missed you, too," he confesses, because they're both horny and desperate, and later they can blame it on the heat of the moment.

They can still go back to pretending afterwards.

But then Shane sighs, his breath fanning over Ilya's lips. And it's sweet, and gentle, and Ilya feels like he is choking on it. Shane kisses him again, delicately this time - a painfully soft brush of their lips. Too tender, too precious, too *much*. And yet Ilya still finds himself wanting more.

Always, always wanting more of him. Whatever he can get. Glances across the ice, or stolen hours in hotel rooms, or snarky text messages that make Ilya's pulse quicken.

He wants bitchy Shane, and hockey-brained Shane, and desperate Shane. But he also wants *this* Shane, too. The sweet, affectionate version of him that Ilya knows is a rare sight to see, because he's only ever been treated to it a couple of times before.

"Bedroom?" Ilya suggests, because as hot as it would be to fuck him over the kitchen counter, he wants to give Shane more than that today.

Shane moans. "Yes. Please. Now."

Ilya pulls away reluctantly, and Shane follows instinctively, his body listing towards Ilya like there's some invisible string tying them together. Maybe before Ilya would have teased him for it, for being so easy for him, but not today. Not like this. Ilya recognises Shane's desire for the gift that it is.

So he leans in again to press another kiss to Shane's lips, then he takes his hand and laces their fingers together, and guides Shane upstairs.

The moment the bedroom door swings shut behind them, Shane is on Ilya again.

One hand is in Ilya's hair, the other is wrapped loosely around his throat, and Shane's tongue is in his mouth. Ilya feels like the luckiest man alive for getting to have this. He wraps his arms around Shane and pulls him in until their bodies are flushed together, until he can feel their cocks rubbing against each other and Shane's heart beat pounding in the same rhythm as his own.

"Off, off, *off*," Shane groans, while tugging at Ilya's shirt.

"You too," Ilya insists. "Need to see you. Need to see how far down this pink goes."

Ilya kisses the blush on Shane's cheek, and his throat, and the hollow above his collar bone. For a moment they get lost in each other again, Shane's fingers digging into Ilya's skin as Ilya flicks his tongue over Shane's neck. But then they both stumble backwards, just far enough that they can tug their t-shirts off.

Ilya tosses his on the floor carelessly, but Shane folds his up - albeit haphazardly - and tosses it onto the chair in the corner of Ilya's room.

They crash back together, Shane's mouth on Ilya's jaw, then his pulse, and then - he sinks his teeth into the meat of Ilya's shoulder. Ilya moans, a loud, low sound that rumbles through his chest at the pleasure-pain of it. They don't usually do anything that will leave a mark, don't usually allow themselves to leave any evidence behind, but Ilya can't bring himself to care.

"Need you in my mouth," Shane says.

"Yeah?" Ilya teases him. "You want to suck me, котёнок?"

Shane whines, dropping his head down to rest on Ilya's shoulder. "Yes. Please," he begs, so prettily that Ilya could never deny him a thing.

"Get on your knees."

Shane drops.

The sight is so devastatingly beautiful that Ilya almost can't breathe.

Shane is gorgeous always, when he's locked in on the ice, and when he's sweaty and red-faced and awkward in interviews, and when he's all buttoned up in a fancy tux. But Ilya thinks there's perhaps never been a more beautiful sight than when Shane is like this, all docile and pliant and submissive, like he'd do anything at all Ilya asked of him.

Shane looks up at him like his favourite place to be in the whole world is on his knees for Ilya.

His eyes are dark and glassy, and there's so much trust in his face - so much cracked-open vulnerability - that all Ilya wants to do is take care of him. Make him feel good. Prove that he'll always be safe here, with Ilya, where the rest of the world can't touch them.

"Take me out," Ilya gently orders, and Shane scrambles to obey.

He tugs Ilya's sweats and briefs over his hips and down his legs so Ilya can step out of them, and this time he doesn't bother folding anything. He throws them to the side aimlessly.

And then - then Shane leans in.

He presses his nose to Ilya's groin, nuzzling against him like he's breathing in Ilya's scent. It's heady and filthy, and so fucking hot that Ilya can't stop himself from threading his fingers through Shane's hair and tugging him closer.

Shane groans, and his hands come to rest around the back of Ilya's thighs like he needs something to hold onto. Ilya - unable to glance away from him for even a single second - presses his thumb into Shane's chin and tilts his mouth open.

Like the perfect boy he is, Shane opens wide.

Ilya can't stop himself from putting two fingers into Shane's mouth - stroking them against his tongue, pressing to the back of his throat, tugging on his bottom teeth. Shane whines as tears spring to his eyes, but he doesn't pull away. He doesn't even gag. He just stares at Ilya while he fucks Shane's throat with his fingers.

"So gorgeous," Ilya whispers. "Aren't you, Shane? So pretty for me."

It's not lost on Ilya that the last time he called Shane by his name in this house, he almost lost him for good.

But this time Shane just hums around Ilya's fingers, and his eyes flutter closed at the praise.

Ilya can't take it anymore; he needs Shane's mouth around him now. He slowly withdraws his fingers, chuckling quietly when Shane's teeth catch on them as he tries to suck them back in.

"I thought you wanted my cock, котёнок?" Ilya's kitten, with his claws and teeth.

“I do. Please, Ilya.” So polite.

“Okay. Okay, you can have it.”

Shane doesn't hesitate. There's no easing into it, he just takes Ilya to the back of his throat in one practiced move.

Ilya throws his head back and groans.

“Fuck, Shane. Your mouth.”

It's hot, and soft, and velvety, and he takes Ilya so good that it feels like his soul is being sucked clean out of his body. No one has ever made Ilya feel this good, this *wanted*.

Ilya likes sex, that's no secret. It's not something he has ever lied about or tried to hide.

But, while he's had some really fucking good sex in his life, it has always been meaningless. Always no-strings-attached, and no feelings involved. He's honest and upfront about that with every single person he sleeps with so they know what they're getting into, and it works because they usually want the same thing.

But with Shane...with Shane there is nothing meaningless about it.

Every single kiss - every touch, every fuck - is personal, intentional, *important*. It matters with Shane. It always feels like two people who want to have sex *with each other*, not just two people who want to fuck.

“You take me so good, Shane. So perfect,” Ilya murmurs, and Shane hums around Ilya's dick in response.

He feels half delirious with pleasure and lust as he holds Shane's hair and rocks into his mouth. Not harshly, just enough to nudge the back of Shane's throat and make him swallow around the intrusion.

Shane's fingers are digging into his thighs in a way that will leave marks, and that somehow makes Ilya's pleasure even better. He likes knowing there'll be proof left behind once they're done - likes knowing that his body will hold onto the memory of this.

Ilya is close already, right on the edge of spilling into Shane's mouth. Usually he'd want to wait, want to save it until he can sink into Shane's hole and finish inside of him, but they don't have much time today, and Ilya wants his mouth on Shane, too.

“I'm close, Shane,” Ilya pants. “Do you want to pull off?”

Shane whines frantically, pulling Ilya further into him as he bobs his head faster, teases Ilya's slit with his tongue, cups Ilya's balls with one of his hands. And that's it - that's all it takes.

“Fuck, Shane.”

Ilya comes with a groan, his whole body trembling as he spills into Shane's mouth. And Shane - the perfect, sweet boy that he is - swallows it down like he can't get enough. Like Ilya is his favourite taste.

When his dick is finally released from Shane's mouth, Ilya is soft, spent, and shaking. He looks down at Shane, still kneeling so prettily between Ilya's legs, and his dick gives a valiant effort to get hard again almost instantly.

Shane looks debauched.

Here, on his knees in front of Ilya, his hair is as wild as Ilya has ever seen it, his pupils are blown wide, and his mouth is dropped open as he pants to catch his breath.

There's a smear of Ilya's cum on his chin. And because Ilya feels absolutely feral with lust - because he's absolutely starving for this man - he leans his trembling body down, and he *licks*. A long, slow, filthy swipe of his tongue, as he cleans his own cum off Shane's face.

And then, when Shane groans like it's the hottest thing that's ever happened to him, Ilya forces his tongue into his mouth and feeds Shane the last drops of his cum.

"Ilya," Shane whimpers, pleading for something he can't find the words for.

"Come on," Ilya says. "Up. I want you on the bed."

Shane gives him the most beautifully pathetic pout, and Ilya finds himself grinning as he leans back down to help Shane up off the ground. He's so fucking needy that he instantly presses into Ilya, kissing his lips, then his jaw, and then licking at the sweat on Ilya's chest.

Ilya is so fucking screwed it's not even funny.

He's gone for this man. So embarrassingly, impossibly sweet on him, that he almost doesn't recognise himself. Ilya has never known himself to be so desperate for anyone before.

Never known himself to be so soft, either.

Ilya works at the button of Shane's jeans until he gets them undone, and then slowly pulls them down his thick legs. Ilya drops into a crouch, kissing Shane's hip as he steps out of his jeans, then his briefs.

And suddenly he's naked in front of Ilya, and he's the most gorgeous thing in the world.

"Bed, sweetheart," Ilya orders as he stands back to full height. Shane's breath shakes at the petname Ilya drops so casually.

"Need you," Shane says. "Need you to make me feel good."

His pupils are like giant black holes sucking Ilya in, and he thinks he might never be able to climb out. He thinks he doesn't even want to try.

“You know I will,” Ilya promises, as he backs Shane up and carefully pushes him down onto the bed.

He looks like a feast spread out just for Ilya - miles of creamy skin, with a pink blush spreading down his chest and freckles dusting the tops of his shoulders. His dick is long and thick, curving slightly to the right where it rests on his toned stomach. He’s so hard that he’s leaking steadily, and a pool of precum is already gathering between his abs.

Ilya can’t stop looking at him.

“Ilya,” Shane pleads. “Stop staring and *do* something.”

Ilya can’t help but laugh. “But you’re so pretty.”

Shane glares, but it slowly turns into a smirk as he slides his hand down his chest and curls his fingers around his weeping cock. “Fine. Guess I’ll have to do it myself.”

Between one blink and the next, Ilya is on the bed between Shane’s thighs and batting his hand away.

“Mine,” he says. Shane throws his head back and whimpers.

Ilya wants to dismantle him. He wants to take Shane apart so thoroughly that the only thing he can remember is Ilya’s name.

He lowers himself onto his stomach and curls his hands around the tops of Shane’s thighs to keep him still. He’s a wriggler in bed, always arching and bucking and writhing beneath Ilya, desperate for *more closerharderfaster*.

Ilya kisses Shane’s hip first, and then the other one. He mouths down the crease of his thigh, and then sucks gently at the insides of them. Not enough to leave a mark behind, but enough to have Shane muttering desperate pleas under his breath. Ilya even nips at the fragile skin there, just quick little bites that don’t leave a trace except for the way Shane gasps at the sensation.

When Ilya licks Shane’s hole, he keens so loudly that Ilya finds himself thankful he doesn’t have neighbours.

“Fuck. *Fuck*, Ilya. Oh my god.”

“Shhh,” Ilya hushes him. “Let me taste you.”

He loves eating Shane out - loves the taste of him, and the sounds he makes, and the way his hole clenches around Ilya’s tongue when he works his way inside. It’s one of his favourite ways to watch Shane fall apart, because there’s something about it that is so intimate.

He’s never done it with anyone else before, and he’s so glad that he got to have one of his firsts with Shane.

That mattered, even before it was allowed to.

He alternates between licking, sucking, and working his tongue inside Shane, and Ilya revels in the way Shane gasps and whines. He fists Ilya's hair and holds him close as he rocks his ass back onto Ilya's face, chasing his pleasure in such an uninhibited way that it stuns Ilya.

He'd already known Tampa changed things, but *this*? This version of Shane is wanton, and messy, and selfish is the most divine way. He wants to take whatever Ilya is willing to give him and, honestly, there isn't much he *wouldn't* give to Shane. He likes it when Shane knows what he wants, and he takes it unselfconsciously.

When he's used his tongue and spit to loosen Shane's hole up enough, he slowly eases two fingers inside of him.

"Holy shit, Rozanov," Shane gasps. His legs tighten around Ilya's head, and Ilya turns to press an open-mouthed kiss to his thigh.

"Yes? Is good?"

"So fucking good, holy fuck. I can't - what are you - I don't-" Shane can't even finish his sentence, he's so overcome with bliss.

Ilya fingers him open slowly, licking between his fingers to keep Shane wet and trembling. Ilya props himself up so he can watch Shane's face - watch the way his mouth drops open, and his eyes scrunch closed, and his pink flushed chest heaves with every ragged breath.

He's fucking heavenly. Ilya can't breathe.

He crooks his fingers and watches as Shane arches off the bed, a high-pitched whimper slipping from between his spit-damp lips. He does it again, and again, pressing against Shane's sweet spot until his whole body is trembling, and he's tugging Ilya's hair, and saying-

"Ilya. Ilya, please. I'm gonna - can I? Can I come?"

"You need to come, Hollander?"

"*Please*. Fuck, Ilya. Please. I can't hold it," he begs, the words slurring almost incoherently.

Ilya is hard again at just the sight of him. At the sounds he makes, and the blush beneath his freckles, and the way he begs Ilya so beautifully.

"Come for me, Shane. You can let go."

Shane cries out, and then just as he tips over the edge Ilya swallows him down.

Shane *wails* as Ilya takes his cum, drinking it down until Shane is dry and trembling, and going soft on Ilya's tongue. Shane's whole body quivers as Ilya pulls off his dick and slides his fingers out of his hole.

For a moment, Ilya rests his head on Shane's hip. He kisses the spot just beneath Shane's bellybutton then he laps up the precum that had pooled there, because he simply can't

enough. When he hears Shane whimper again Ilya pats his thigh gently, then digs his thumb into the flesh and watches it turn pink, before fading back to a milky white.

Shane lets out a quiet, choked off sound, and when Ilya sits back up to check on him, his heart fractures open.

Shane is crying.

Not the shy, silent tears from all the times Ilya has taken him apart before. No, this time his chest is heaving as he lets out muffled, hiccuping sobs into his hand, and for a moment Ilya thinks he's pushed too far - thinks he's done something wrong.

"Shane?" Ilya whispers hesitantly. "Shane, are you--"

But then Shane grabs for him, tugging Ilya up his body and down onto his chest like some kind of weighted blanket.

As Ilya settles on top of him Shane melts into the mattress, and the quiet whimpers taper off until the only sound in the room is their heaving breaths. Ilya runs his nose along Shane's throat, feeling the thrum of his pulse and inhaling the salt-sweat scent of his skin. He kisses him there, once, twice, three times, because he's allowed to here. Because, just for this moment, they can pretend this is all that exists.

There's no outside world - no game to play, or people to hide from, or secrets to keep - there's just them, together, holding each other like this is something they might get to keep.

"Sorry," Shane eventually mumbles. He trails his fingers up and down Ilya's spine with a featherlight touch.

"What for?" Ilya asks.

He props himself up on one elbow so he can look down on Shane, but he doesn't get off him. He'll keep lying here, on top of Shane, until he asks Ilya to move.

"This," Shane laughs, gesturing at himself. "I don't know. For getting emotional. It's dumb."

"No, I do not think so," Ilya disagrees. He brushes a strand of Shane's hair out of his eyes. "It's normal, I think, to have big feelings after sex like that."

"Like...like what?"

"Like-" Ilya waves his hand, trying to reach for a word that he can't quite place. "Good," he settles on, even though it's not close to being enough. "Honest? It was vulnerable for us. It is okay so feel a lot about it."

"Yeah," Shane quietly agrees. "Yeah, it was..."

"Different?" Ilya suggests.

Shane nods. "Yes. Different."

“But good?”

Shane snorts out a laugh. He leans up enough to nip at the underside of Ilya’s jaw in such a playful, unguarded manner that Ilya feels his heart stumble in his chest.

“Well now you’re just fishing for compliments,” Shane says.

“Uh, no,” Ilya argues. “I make you come so hard you cry. I think that is compliment enough, no?”

Shane laughs again, loud and bright, and it makes his belly jump against Ilya’s. “Oh, fuck you.”

“I just did, котёнок.”

Shane hums thoughtfully, then asks, “What is that? You keep saying it.”

He’s looking up at Ilya with such an open expression on his face, all wide-eyed curiosity with a post-sex glow that’s making him look incandescent. Ilya has no other choice but to lean down and kiss him. And when he pulls back Shane chases after him, eager for another one.

“котёнок?” Ilya says, and Shane nods. “It is name for kitten, because you cannot keep your teeth to yourself.”

A slow, sly grin spreads across Shane’s face, but before Ilya even has time to question it, Shane is turning his head to the side and biting Ilya’s bicep. It’s not too hard - the mark probably won’t last longer than an hour or two - but Ilya groans anyway.

He wants Shane’s marks all over his body. Wants to wear them in the locker room and show them off to the world, and he wants them tattooed onto his skin.

“See! It fits you so well.”

“Whatever,” Shane says. His nose scrunches as he sticks his tongue out at Ilya.

It takes all of his self control not to lean down and suck it back into his mouth.

Fuck, Ilya is so in love.

It’s this bright, burning thing, tearing through his body like some kind of unstoppable force. A thing he can’t control, no matter how desperately he tries to.

There’s no going back from this now, of that he is absolutely certain. He can’t have it - can’t have *him* - but he is never going to be able to take it back. He’s never going to be able to stop wanting him anyway. *Loving him* anyway.

It lives inside him, thrumming like a second heartbeat.

Ilya can’t believe he has let this happen. It was so foolish and irresponsible to allow himself to fall in love with someone he can’t truly have. Though, it’s not like Ilya ever had much of a

choice; Shane is so impossibly easy to love.

He's got Ilya in the palm of his hands, now. He thinks he'd do anything at all that Shane asked of him.

It feels so overwhelming - so *much* - that Ilya has to roll off Shane before he says something reckless, like, *I love you*.

He misses Shane almost instantly, though, so he pulls the rumpled covers over them and presses their legs together beneath it. It's not nearly enough - Ilya wants to crawl inside Shane's skin, wants to live beneath his ribcage and beside his beating heart - but this is all he will let himself take. All that he is allowed to want. So he basks in the moment, in Shane's touch and his company, and lets himself hope for more of this, even if only for a second.

It's Ilya's phone vibrating on the bedside table that cracks the moment open.

He reaches over to check it, sees his brother's name on the screen, and whispers, "Fuck," beneath his breath. He's been incessant lately - call, after text, after voicemail - always asking for more money, or complaining about their father, or just bitching at Ilya for the sake of letting off some steam. It's fucking unbearable.

He drops his phone onto the table and turns back to Shane with a sigh, only to be met with an impossibly earnest expression.

"My brother," Ilya explains.

"You can take it if you want to--"

"No. I don't want to," Ilya interrupts.

This is a nice moment. Shane is a good fucking thing. He doesn't want anything to do with Russia or his family getting anywhere near someone so precious.

"Is everything okay at home? Your father--"

"Enough, okay?" Ilya says.

"Enough, what?"

"Questions. You have too many of them."

He just - he can't talk about it right now. Last time he'd tried to was at the All Star Game, and Ilya had ended up crying, with Shane in his lap holding him together.

It's just...too raw. It's not that he doesn't trust Shane, not that he wants to keep things from him, he just hasn't learned how to talk about his family yet. It's all so messy and tangled, and he can't put names to his feelings in Russian, let alone in English.

Plus, he might send Shane running for the hills if he knew just how fucked up Ilya's family really is.

But Shane just smiles sweetly as he says, “I’m sorry.”

“Is okay,” Ilya promises. He rubs Shane’s knee gently, unable to keep his hands off even now.

“I wasn’t clear,” Shane says. “I’m sorry in advance for tonight’s game. We’re gonna destroy you guys.”

Ilya is momentarily taken aback, but he fucking *adores* when Shane gets like this.

The whole world thinks he’s hockey’s golden boy, and that he can do no wrong. They mistake his awkward, stilted interviews for Canadian politeness, but they don’t know what he’s really like. They don’t get to hear when he’s chirping on the ice, or when he’s insulting someone so subtly that they don’t even pick up on it, or when he’s in Ilya’s bed, trash-talking the fuck out of him just to earn a reaction from Ilya.

He’s a terror, and it’s fucking *hot*.

“Oh, so you are the asshole?”

Shane laughs. “No, it’s still you.”

“No, no. Is not me. You are the asshole. Everyone must know this.” He cups his hands around his mouth and yells, “*Everyone! Shane Hollander is an asshole!*”

Shane laughs, slapping Ilya’s chest lightly. But before he has the chance to do anything else, Ilya rolls back on top of him. He thinks about pinning his wrists to the mattress or tickling him until he can’t breathe, but instead...

Instead, Ilya leans down and kisses him.

It’s a brief, chaste peck on his lips, before he moves to the corner of his mouth, then his chin, and cheek, and nose, and forehead. Ilya kisses him over and over again. All over his face and neck and chest, until Shane is squirming and laughing and pinching at Ilya’s thighs to get him to stop. And even then, Ilya keeps going. He can’t rein it in.

He kisses everywhere he can reach, until they’re both breathless and laughing, and curled towards each other like two parentheses.

“I should go,” Shane says softly, but doesn’t make any attempts to move.

Ilya doesn’t want Shane to go. He doesn’t ever want him to leave again. Ilya doesn’t think he could survive it a second time.

He shuffles in closer, presses the tips of their noses together, and says, “Five more minutes.”

The rest of the world is waiting for them outside Ilya’s front door. There are fans to impress, and teammates to support, and franchises that are relying on them. There are games to play, and obligations to fulfil, and expectations to meet. But that’s out there, and right now, in here, nothing matters but the two of them.

In here, they can pretend for a little bit longer.

“Okay,” Shane whispers. “Five more minutes.”

Ilya will take it. He’ll take anything he can get.

End Notes

some smut for you if you want it :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!