

Snapbacks and Sigma Phi

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Snapbacks and Sigma Phi

by [darkbluedarkblue](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander meets frat boy Ilya Rozanov in a too-loud, too-crowded basement at a fraternity party. And maybe it's strangely attractive to watch Ilya win at beer pong.

Notes

i saw that picture of hudson in a backwards hat and this came to me in a fit. anyway.

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

Shane first laid eyes on Ilya across the table during a game of beer pong at the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity party in his sophomore year of college. He hadn't planned on going, not really; some of his friends had been invited and taken him along. They'd weaved through the crowd on the front lawn of the fraternity house, through the dozens of undergrads dancing on the main floor, and down to the basement, crammed with even more college kids watching the drinking game that was transpiring.

It was even louder in the basement. There was some terrible remix, one of those songs he only ever heard at this sort of party, playing over massive speakers that vibrated from the sheer force of the sound waves. Someone bumped into him in the mass of bodies. Then another person. He took a shot with his friends. Then another. The lights flashed too bright in his eyes.

He was on the verge of leaving when he saw someone out of the corner of his eye and stopped dead.

Shane watched as Ilya's nimble fingers plucked the ping-pong ball from a cup, watched the muscle of his right arm tense and release, watched the ball sail through the air in an arc, landing soundly into a cup, and the crowd cheered around Ilya. His fraternity brothers jumped madly, slamming each other on the back, beer sloshing out of red cups and onto the floor. It was a team playing, he would later realize, because Shane hadn't even noticed the game until that moment.

Until Ilya. His cutoff tank showing off his arms, hat on backwards, *what a douche*. Shane's hand went to his own hat. Did he look like that? He took it off, held it for a moment, then put it back on, his eyes never looking away from the other man.

Ilya took a bow, then picked up another ball to make the winning shot.

Across the table, Ilya looked at Shane, suddenly making eye contact. For a moment too long, Shane stared, Ilya's eyes reflecting the flickering light from the tiny disco ball on the ceiling of the basement. As if startled, Ilya blinked hard, once, twice, three times, before throwing the ball once more, which landed squarely into its target cup.

Ilya let out a large whoop and turned to chest-bump one of his frat brothers.

"Let's go *Ilya!*" shouted the other man, barely audible over the pounding music, and others chanted his name, throwing their cups in the air and pumping their fists in triumph. From the outside, they looked almost animalistic— getting up in each other's faces, making strange noises. Shane was no stranger to locker room celebrations and post-game revelry, but this was over a singular game of beer pong. The brothers continued on with their victory dance while the losers gathered up the remaining cups, choking down gulps of mystery alcohol as they went.

Despite the way that he was hooting obnoxiously and that there was absolutely no reason for Shane to feel so drawn to him, he found himself walking around the table to the other side,

where Ilya stood. It didn't seem like they were setting up for another game any time soon, and girls were starting to flock to the winning team, like moths to a flame.

"You got a good arm, man," Shane said, the words surprising him as they came out of his mouth. Shane wasn't usually overflowing with compliments, and especially didn't want to seem like he was sucking up to any other guy.

Ilya turned and grinned at him. In the dim light, Shane could see tiny beads of sweat on his forehead along the edge of his cap, darkening its brim. His light curls stuck out from underneath.

"I know," Ilya bragged, flexing his right bicep as he spoke. Shane could barely stifle a smile at the show. It was ridiculous, sure, but Ilya was muscular enough to pull it off.

"We have met?" Ilya asked, cocking his head. "You are pledge?"

Shane shook his head. "Nah, I thought about rushing one of the Asian frats last year but, not really my thing."

Ilya smirked. "But you are here."

Shane rubbed the side of his cheek with his knuckles. Compared to Ilya, who had barely visible stubble on his face, probably only a day's worth, Shane had almost none. He wondered what it would be like to feel Ilya's face under his fingertips. Shane blinked hard.

"I guess I am," Shane replied.

"You are just not pledge yet?" Ilya asked, winking.

It made Shane wish that the answer was *yes*.

"I don't know," he said instead, stumbling over his words.

"Is okay," Ilya said, slinging an arm over Shane's shoulders. Shane tried not to jump in surprise at the sudden, unexpected physical contact with a man he'd just met. A man who was making his mind go strangely blank and his heart beat strangely fast. "For the best. I do not need another rival for drinking game champion."

Before Shane could protest this, Ilya was opening his mouth to speak again.

"Drink," Ilya said, more of a statement than a question, and steered them through the crowd in the direction of the sticky table with a bucket full of jungle juice and stacks of beer cans, piled high enough that they were starting to teeter to the side.

Now that Ilya was closer, Shane could smell the alcohol on his breath. He was a little drunk, certainly, but couldn't have been more than just tipsy, not with how amazing his aim had been earlier. He could smell the sweat, the natural result of the basement with no ventilation, packed to the brim with college kids. It smelled sharp and heady and overwhelming. There was a note of something like cologne, too, that must've been coming from Ilya.

There was a cooler underneath the bucket of jungle juice, and Ilya reached down to open it. As he leaned over, a necklace fell out from where it had been concealed under his shirt. The gold Orthodox cross glittered in the low light. When Ilya stood, it came to a rest squarely on his chest. “Is not vodka,” he said, handing Shane one of the few cold beers, “but this is the better stuff. And is the American way.”

“Thanks,” Shane replied. He gave a cursory glance in the direction of the friends that he’d come with, confirming that everyone looked to be occupied with someone else, or at least, that no one appeared to be actively searching for him. Rose looked up and made eye contact with him across the room, giving him a reassuring nod. Satisfied, he looked back at Ilya, half-expecting him to be gone already, or sidled up with one of the girls. But to his surprise, Ilya was still standing there, beer in hand, looking at him.

“Are you sure we haven’t met?” Shane asked.

Ilya shook his head. “Am not sure.”

He stuck his hand out to shake, and Shane took it. It was cold and slightly wet from the ice in the cooler. “I am Ilya Rozanov.”

“Wait, you’re *Ilya Rozanov*?” Shane’s eyes widened.

“Yes.” He said this as if it were obvious. He opened his beer with a *crack* and took a sip.

“Wait,” Shane stuttered, “I— I heard about you. You led Russia to victory at the World Junior Hockey Championships. You were supposed to be the number one pick.”

“You were injured, Shane Hollander,” Ilya explained, as if Shane hadn’t lived it, “and now you are playing hockey for college team instead of NHL.” And why did Ilya know his name?

“I could still go pro,” Shane replied, and Ilya scoffed.

Rather than reply, Shane opened his own beer and took a sip. His eyes darted from side to side, scanning. He waited for one of Ilya’s fraternity brothers to come up to him, to pull him away, for anyone to come up to them. But a moment passed, and no one did. No one even came up to the corner for a drink. He had the strange sensation that the focus, somehow, was on him, with the way Ilya was looking at him.

He had to say something because Ilya was still looking at him, and maybe he was staring back too much. And the shots he’d downed earlier with his friends by the beer pong table were hitting now, making his limbs feel heavy and light at the same time. Or maybe it was Ilya.

“Why didn’t you keep playing?” Shane asked finally, hating the aggressive way that it came out.

“I wanted to come to America,” Ilya said, “and enjoy life.” He leaned back against the wall and took another drink.

“You’re wasting your hockey talent for this?” asked Shane, incredulous.

Ilya bristled. "It's not waste," he said, looking down.

Shane softened. "You could still play hockey," he offered, "on the team with me."

"You want me to compete with you for captain?" Ilya teased, raising an eyebrow.

"Like it would be a competition," Shane retorted.

Ilya grinned. "So confident."

"Well, for some reason, you know I'm the captain, so you must know what you're up against."

Ilya shrugged. Lifted his beer again. Shane watched as his Adam's apple bobbed in his throat as he took several gulps. He couldn't tear his eyes away.

"You will come play another game with me, yes?" Ilya looked devilishly at Shane, and there was no chance that he could ever say no.

They played two-on-two against a pair of Ilya's fraternity brothers. They beat them mercilessly, alternating plays that sunk in almost every time. Though he would never admit it, especially not now, Shane had never been one for this sort of thing. But as he watched Ilya furrow his brow in concentration, lips pursed, he thought that joining a fraternity might not be such a bad idea. This one, specifically.

Ilya whooped when they won, picking Shane up and spinning him around. He's back to jumping and high-fiving the crowd before he can notice Shane blush.

He's so irresistible. So charming. So easy in his movements. A few women have approached him, now, but he's waved them off every time. He's cute even when he shotgunned a beer with one of the brothers and crushed the can on his head when he was done. Shane heard words being exchanged, heard himself talking to the others around him, not processing a single thing. All he could think about was Ilya.

Not thinking about the feeling. Not thinking about the thoughts that undergird all other thoughts that occur in a place like this, where people are drinking and dancing and making out, or not making out.

"Let's go outside," Ilya said, still breathless from his cheering, "I want cigarette."

Shane followed Ilya up the stairs and out onto the front lawn, keeping close on his heels. Ilya tucked himself partially behind a wall and into a corner at the front of the house. He produced a pack of cigarettes and a lighter from his pocket, pulling one out with his teeth before depositing the pack back into his pocket. He cupped his hand around the lighter and the end of the cigarette. The spark of the flame briefly illuminated his face, his lips around the filter. Ilya took a drag then leaned his head back against the wall, sighing.

He held the cigarette out to Shane. “You want?”

“Oh, uh, no,” Shane stuttered, “I don’t– I don’t smoke.”

Ilya hummed. “Right. You are athlete,” he said sarcastically, taking another drag.

“I mean, I have to keep my body in top condition,” Shane replied, cursing himself as he spoke.

Ilya nodded at him, smirking with the cigarette between his lips. “Yes. Your body.”

His accent curled around the words in a satisfying way.

Shane found himself shivering, though it wasn’t very cold. He stuffed his hands into his pockets and leaned back against the wall next to Ilya. Thinking better of it, he stepped away from the wall, turning to face Ilya. Now that was too confrontational. Shane couldn’t figure out what the appropriate distance was to stand from Ilya. He huffed in frustration and leaned back against the wall again.

“You are cold?” Ilya asked.

Shane shook his head. “No.”

The smoke from Ilya’s cigarette floated up in a little plume. Ilya flicked away the ash and took another drag. He watched Ilya’s lips wrap around it. It was close enough that Shane could practically taste it. Maybe he should’ve said yes to a drag. Just once.

Shane fidgeted, rocking back on his heels.

Ilya turned to look at him. “You are cold,” Ilya said.

“No,” Shane repeated, shaking his head again.

Ilya frowned slightly. “You want to go inside?”

They locked eyes. Shane couldn’t look away. As much as he felt like he should, that it was going on too long, that he was being weird, he didn’t stop. Neither did Ilya. They just stood there, staring at each other, until finally, Shane said: “Yeah, we could go inside.”

Ilya threw his cigarette down on the concrete, stubbing it out with his shoe, and turned to leave. Rather than going back down into the basement, Ilya went through another door, into the first floor of the fraternity house. There was a large seal on the ground of the entryway, and a banner with the fraternity’s Greek letters hung over the twin staircases. Though the party was raging through all of the doorways that Shane could see, there was no one in the foyer. And there was only one door that was closed.

Without even really thinking about what he was doing, Shane opened the door to the closet, ducking inside and pulling Ilya along after him. It was decently sized, and dozens of formal jackets hung around their heads. It smelled of mothballs and male body odor. The air was thick and heavy, and Shane immediately felt short of breath.

In the darkness, all Shane could see was the multicolored light pulsating on the floor coming through the crack at the bottom of the door. Ilya looked down at it, and flashes of blue and purple and green reflected in his eyes, barely illuminating his face. The music was throbbing in his ears, but Ilya was close enough for Shane to hear the sound of his breath coming in short pants. Shane watched as Ilya's tongue darted out from his mouth, wetting his lips. The curve of his lips – the cupid's bow, he had heard Rose say once – was ridiculously perfect, Shane thought.

“Uh, you should know,” Shane murmured, “that I’m– I’m not gay.”

He could not stop staring at Ilya's lips.

“I’m not either,” Ilya said, swallowing.

Neither of them could be sure who moved first, but one second, they were standing there, breathing in the semidark, and the next, they were kissing, crashing into each other with a fervor. Ilya's hands came up to Shane's face, cupping his cheeks and holding him in place as he kissed him. And Shane has kissed girls before, but it's never felt like this. He could hear his heart roaring in his ears, louder than the thrum of the music. Ilya's tongue ghosted over his lips, and Shane opened his mouth, deepening the kiss. Ilya tasted like the smoke from his cigarette.

Shane couldn't help the small moan that fell from his lips. He froze. Stopped.

“What?” Ilya said. Shane opened his eyes to see Ilya's, half-lidded in bliss. “They cannot hear us.”

Shane bit down on his lip. “I–”

“Is too loud,” Ilya assured, “no one will notice.”

Then Ilya captured his lips again, still holding his face in his hands, and Shane stopped thinking of anything but that. His hands went for Ilya's neck, one tangling in his necklace. The gold chain was cold in Shane's palm. It was the only thing he could touch that wasn't burning with heat. He tugged on it, and Ilya rewarded him by biting down slightly on his bottom lip, sucking it into his mouth, and slotting his leg in between Shane's thighs. Shane groaned as he felt Ilya's thigh rub against his dick. It occurred to him that now Ilya could feel how hard he was already, how he was straining against his jeans. Then Ilya shifted, and Shane could feel Ilya, just as hard, bulge grinding against his through two layers of fabric. Shane's hands slid down, grasping at Ilya's shoulder blades. He was so firm. The muscles in his back flexed as Ilya moved his hands down Shane's body to his waist.

Shane moaned into Ilya's mouth when Ilya's hands dipped under the hem of his shirt, big hands on his bare skin. He had never felt so much just from a kiss. Well, it was more than that, their bodies grinding together, their lips moving together in a rhythm like they'd done it a thousand times before. Ilya's fingertips dug into the soft flesh of his sides, and Shane whimpered as he tightened his grip. Shane's hands moved down to lay over Ilya's and pull them away from his body. Ilya made a sound of disapproval, but Shane shushed him.

Slowly, Shane dropped to his knees. His hands came up to the hem of Ilya's pants. Shane looked up at him through his eyelashes, not moving.

Ilya nodded, and Shane pulled his pants and boxers down in one motion, allowing his cock to spring free. He took it in his right hand, its weight heavy in his palm. Ilya sucked in a breath as Shane ducked his head closer.

Gingerly, he swiped his tongue over the tip like he was licking a lollipop.

Ilya's mouth fell open. Shane's hat was knocked off his head and onto the floor so that Ilya could fist his hand in his hair, barely getting a grip on the short strands.

"More," Ilya spoke, as quietly as he could over the sound.

Opening his mouth, Shane wrapped his lips around the tip and gave a slight suck.

"*Fuck*," Ilya moaned, throwing his head back against the wall.

Experimentally, Shane swirled his tongue around the tip, and Ilya swore again. He bobbed his head down, taking in more, more, and Ilya's fingers tightened in his hair. Shane reached a hand up, up under the hem of Ilya's stupid cutoff tank top to his pec. And Ilya might have stopped playing hockey, but it didn't *feel* like he had. His body still felt like a weapon, all hard ridges and taut muscles. He tweaked his nipple and felt Ilya's hips buck against his face, almost knocking him off his knees.

Shane's dick was aching in his pants, but he balanced himself, in case Ilya couldn't control himself, and kept going. He worked his hands in coordination with his mouth, licking stripes that drew long, satisfying moans out of Ilya. He meant to pause, to draw it out longer, but he was enjoying himself too much. He couldn't help but keep going. Ilya bucked against his face again, and Shane steadied him with a hand on his hip. His scalp was starting to hurt from how Ilya was pulling his hair, but Ilya's moans were coming faster and faster.

"Fuck, Shane, I—" was all Ilya could get out before he was coming down Shane's throat with a guttural gasp, doubling over on Shane, trapping him between his torso and his legs. He took several long breaths before righting himself and leaning back against the wall. Shane looked up at him. The colored lights were dancing over his face. It shone with a thin sheen of sweat, and his chest was heaving.

Shane collected his hat from the floor and put it back on before Ilya offered him a hand and hauled him to his feet.

For a moment, they said nothing. The music from the other side of the door felt loud again, and Shane could pick up some of the words. *This is not enough.*

"So," Ilya said, breaking the silence, "do you want to come upstairs? I have my own room."

End Notes

i could not make shane a frat bro im sorry i couldn't do it.

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