

(only) so many hours

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by [nomsy](#)

Summary

“Shane,” Ilya whispers.

“Yes?”

“What is wrong?”

“Nothing,” Shane says. “It’s great.”

“Hollander. You look like you will throw up or cry into fire. Both will ruin mood.”

Shane and Ilya have to leave the cottage eventually. Shane spirals about it. Ilya makes it better.

Shane is trying very much to enjoy his last evening with Ilya at the cottage. He is trying so much that he feels queasy. All he can think about as Ilya strokes his back and kisses his hair while they sit by the fire, is *less than fourteen hours now. Thirteen and a half. Thirteen and a quarter*. He can't bear thinking of Ilya leaving, but he also can't *not* think about it for even a second.

"Shane," Ilya whispers.

"Yes?"

"What is wrong?"

"Nothing," Shane says. "It's great."

"Hollander. You look like you will throw up or cry into fire. Both will ruin mood."

And Shane definitely can't tell Ilya what's actually wrong because then he won't just have ruined what's left of the mood, he'll have completely destroyed it, and then Shane fucking up will cast a shadow over their entire time here and Ilya will always think that it wasn't actually that good and maybe he won't want to come back, ever, and -

"Shane. You said to say what we really feel while we are here. Say what you need."

"Fuck me," Shane says. "Make me stop thinking about tomorrow."

Ilya kisses him, softly. "Okay," he says. "Would you like it if I take these dishes inside and clean up and you go to bed and get yourself ready for me?"

A gasp escapes Shane's mouth, he can't help it. The thought of lying in his bed, opening himself up while Ilya is loading the dishwasher down the hall, has him half-hard already.

"Yeah," he breathes. "Yeah, I'd like that."

Ilya grins, and kisses him again. "Get started. I will see you in few minutes."

Only once he's naked and fucking himself open with two fingers does Shane realise that he left the bedroom door wide open. It wasn't on purpose, not really, except somehow it was. He can hear the clinks of cutlery and plates, the sliding of the dishwasher racks. He closes his eyes and pictures Ilya moving around the kitchen, unhurried, sure that Shane will be ready exactly when Ilya will want him. Shane still can hardly believe that Ilya is here, much less how settled he seems. *But he won't be settled here any more in thirteen hours.*

Shane forces his thoughts back to the present. Ilya will be with him soon. Shane wants to be ready, wants Ilya to be proud of him. Ilya will make him forget all about tomorrow. Just the

anticipation is driving Shane wild. He wraps his free hand around his cock, stroking himself a couple of times, just to take the edge off a little. It doesn't work, and he ends up moaning more loudly than he intended.

He hears Ilya laugh from across the hallway. "Hollander, slow down. I still have to soak pans!"

"Asshole," Shane shouts. He opens his eyes again to glare at the open door. "Fucking hurry!"

"No," Ilya calls back to him. "Have to be thorough. Otherwise will be nightmare to clean. You like everything very clean, no?"

Shane groans, half in frustration, half in arousal. But he can't tell Ilya *not* to soak the pans. They can't just leave them out on the counter all night without soaking them. That would be crazy.

"Maybe I stay in kitchen for a while," Ilya sing-songs. "Make cup of tea. Ah, here is camomile. Very healthy. You want tea?"

"Fuck you, Rozanov!"

Ilya laughs again. "So impatient, Hollander. I told you, slow down."

Shane curses some more but obeys, stops working himself open and just brushes his fingers over the most sensitive spots, sighing and enjoying the sensation, little sparks up his spine. And soon Ilya will be here. Soon Ilya will take Shane out of his head, and maybe they'll say I love you again. Maybe Ilya will say it in Russian again, too. *Ya tebya lyublyu*. Shane looked it up the other day. He plans to practise saying it until he thinks it sounds okay, as close to Ilya's pronunciation as he can manage. Then he'll say it back to Ilya, so Ilya can hear that Shane loves him in his own language.

He loses himself a little, floating for a couple of minutes, maybe longer. Eventually, he hears Ilya's steps and comes out of it, starting to panic. He's not ready yet. He got too distracted, too calm, enjoyed himself too much, stopped focusing on the objective. He was meant to get himself ready for Ilya to be able to fuck him straight away, and now he *isn't*.

Ilya looks stunning stepping into the room, framed by the light shining in through the doorway behind him. He's already lost most of his clothes in the hallway by the look of things. He kneels on the bed, hungrily raking his eyes over Shane.

"Sorry," Shane whispers. "I was too slow, I'm not quite there yet -"

"Hollander," Ilya says firmly. "Is no hurry. I told you to slow down. You slowed down. You are perfect. Always, always good for me."

Shane has no idea why the words hit like they do, but *fuck* do they ever. He starts up properly again, arching his spine, pushing back against his own fingers.

"Fucking gorgeous," Ilya murmurs.

“Oh, god,” Shane groans. “Ilya, please -”

“So good,” Ilya says, running his hands up the inside of Shane’s thighs before replacing Shane’s fingers with two of his own, pinning Shane’s wrists to the mattress with his other hand. “Look at you. Almost there already. Beautiful.” His fingers curl and twist gently. “We will do the rest together now, yes?”

Shane whimpers and nods. “Stay,” he says, nonsensically, because Ilya isn’t going anywhere right now, and he can’t stay tomorrow no matter what Shane asks.

But Ilya just leans down, kisses Shane, and says, “I am here. More?”

“Please,” Shane says. Ilya adds a third finger, and Shane drags up his knees, rocking into it. His eyes flutter closed for a moment, he can’t help it, but he makes himself blink them open again. He needs to be looking at Ilya.

“Need,” he starts.

Ilya nods encouragingly. “Tell me. I will give you what you need.”

“Need to see you,” Shane slurs. “Don’t go.” He needs to make sure, absolutely sure, that Ilya isn’t going anywhere.

“I am here,” Ilya assures him again. “You want to ride me?”

Shane shakes his head.

“Ah, I understand, okay,” Ilya says, winking down at him. “You do not want to work. Lazy, Hollander. Is good for me. I will win more next season if you are getting lazy.”

Shane feels his mouth pulling up into a smile. “Ilya,” he says.

“Shane,” Ilya says, grinning. He leans down until his forehead touches Shane’s. “Do not worry. I will take care of you. Do all the work for you tonight. You will just enjoy.”

Shane wishes he could say something really good, something hot. Instead, he just says *Ilya* again. And again, and again. He has never been religious, but maybe this is praying, he thinks vaguely, as Ilya removes his fingers, shucks off the rest of his clothes, and kisses Shane messily until they’re melting into the mattress in a tangle of limbs.

Shane bucks up his hips, sliding their cocks together, until Ilya gasps into his mouth and says, “Stop, stop, too much. So eager for me.”

Shane nods, because yes, he is, always, for Ilya. He slides his hands into Ilya’s hair and cries out when Ilya pushes into him in one smooth thrust. He wraps his legs around Ilya’s back with effort, and does exactly what Ilya told him to do. He just enjoys, just takes, just *is* until Ilya’s thrusts become erratic and his breath is nothing but gasps, and his words nothing but *so good, Shane, fuck*.

Once Ilya's there with him, Shane wraps his fingers around his cock and strokes himself, fast and rough, until he comes all over his chest. Ilya stills just moments later, stammering in breathless Russian, and collapses on top of Shane.

They lie there, tangled up together, until their breathing evens out. Shane enjoys Ilya's weight on top of him, loves the way Ilya occasionally presses kisses to Shane's cheek, his jaw, his lips.

"Should change the sheets," Shane mutters sleepily. He does not want to get up to change the sheets at all. Possibly ever. "Get cleaned up."

Ilya shakes his head. "In the morning," he says against the shell of Shane's ear. "No point now. We have so many hours. Want more of you tonight."

Yes, is the only thought in Shane's head for a blissful moment. He gets his hands back into Ilya's hair and scratches his nails across Ilya's scalp. Ilya shivers in his arms.

Hours and hours could never be enough, but Shane will take anything he can get.

The worst thing about the next day is that they have to say goodbye before leaving the cottage. Shane isn't sure how he's going to survive the drive to the airport knowing that he won't be able to kiss and hold Ilya before he boards the plane. That he'll essentially be nothing more than a driver who lets Ilya out of the car and leaves without a care.

But Shane can hardly walk Ilya to the check-in counter and have a tearful goodbye there like a normal couple.

It would all be bearable if only Shane wasn't so fucking *stupid* to ruin their last few minutes at the cottage by having a full-on panic attack pretty much as soon as they've got out of bed. Well, as soon as they've got out of bed, changed the sheets and cleaned yesterday's pans, because while he is occupied, Shane doesn't have to think. The moment his hands are no longer occupied, his mind starts reeling.

If he was only able to be good and normal, they could enjoy each other's company happily for another quarter of an hour. Instead, they're on the floor, Shane's back against the dishwasher that's still warm from when Ilya ran it last night. Ilya is kneeling between Shane's legs, framing Shane's face between his hands.

"I'm sorry," Shane chokes out. The worst parts of it have already passed, and he's just grateful that he was only shaking and crying, not throwing up. Ilya doesn't need to remember him like that once he's back in Boston.

"Shane, Shane," Ilya whispers, stroking his thumbs over Shane's cheekbones. "Will be okay. We have plan. Was your amazing idea. Yes?"

"Yes," Shane gasps.

“We will be together. We will have time.”

Shane nods. Ilya wipes his tears away. But Shane knows Ilya well enough by now to see that he's close to tears himself, even if he's trying not to show it.

It's the same thing that gets Shane to push through a game when he's injured, the same thing that gets him through thirty different takes of an ad, that gets him up off the floor of the cottage now. Something deep within himself that refuses to just lie down and let himself be tired and sad for longer than a few minutes because *he needs to do things*. He's grateful for it, usually. Now, when he pushes himself up off the kitchen floor and grabs the car keys while Ilya watches him with concern, Shane isn't so sure it's a good thing. But he lets it steer him out the door and into the car anyway. It's not like there's another option.

“Okay,” Shane says, once they're parked. He nods a few times, but he isn't really sure why. “Have a safe flight.”

Ilya reaches out to take Shane's hand, interlacing their fingers and squeezing.

Shane wants to think, *fuck it*, grab Ilya's face and kiss him. He looks out the windows, leans towards Ilya a little, then back out. He feels his whole body tense painfully.

“Shane,” Ilya says. “Is okay.”

“I,” Shane says. “I don't want to let you leave this car without a kiss.”

“And I do not want to make you stressed and worried about someone seeing us. Is up to you.”

Shane squeezes his eyes shut. “I don't think I can – I – I want you to tell me to kiss you.”

“Just how I told you,” Ilya says. “Always good, telling me what you want. Now kiss me.”

Shane leans over and presses his lips to Ilya's. It's immediately, reassuringly familiar, intoxicating, the way Ilya licks into his mouth. It's *more*, and *never stop*, like every single other one of their kisses, every time. When they break apart, Ilya is still holding Shane's hand. He lifts it up and kisses Shane's knuckles.

“I will see you for next game,” Ilya says.

Shane smiles. “Yeah,” he says. “I can't wait to beat you.”

“*I cannot wait to beat you.*”

They look at each other for a few long moments, smiling. But Ilya has a plane to catch.

“Call me when you get home, okay?” Shane says.

“Okay,” Ilya says. “Keep glasses ready for when I call.”

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” Shane says. He hasn’t practised. It must sound barely intelligible, if at all. It doesn’t matter, though. He knows Ilya understands him just fine.

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