

So Kiss Me Where I Lay Down

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So Kiss Me Where I Lay Down

by [goindownshipping](#)

Summary

What if the infamous "We didn't even kiss" text actually got sent? And what if it was Ilya that sent it to Shane?

Or: Ilya experiences a tiny bit of dom drop and Shane comes to the rescue.

Notes

So... I haven't written a fic in literally foreverrrr, but I can't get these boys out of my head. I hope you enjoy this short little glimpse of an alternate ending to the Vegas scene!

Title from 18 by One Direction (of course)

We didn't even kiss.

Ilya stared at his text thread with Hollander, imagining all the ways tonight could have ended differently. How it could have started differently, really.

We didn't even kiss.

The cigarette hung from his lips, unlit and mocking his indecision and cold demeanor. Then again, Hollander had given him a perfunctory goodbye.

“So, I’m off,” Hollander had called. Ilya shouldn’t - couldn’t - expect anything different. And yet, here he was, rethinking every second he’d had with Shane - *Hollander* - tonight.

We didn't even kiss.

Tonight was different, right? Not just in the bathroom after their award presentation, but in this penthouse. It was different. *Right?* Hollander was soft and vulnerable. Even in a few short words, he gave Ilya the world and cracked his heart right open without realizing it.

“I need you,” he’d admitted. *Fuck*. Ilya was powerless to those eyes, that voice, that body. Shane - *Hollander*, *fuck!* - could have asked for anything in that moment and Ilya would have done anything to give it to him. For once in his life, he wanted someone to need him. The warmth that flowed through Ilya’s body upon Shane’s - *fuck it* - admission was an unfamiliar one. Is this how it felt to be desired, wanted, for who you are? Nothing in return, no obligation. Just him.

We didn't even kiss.

Ilya dumped his unlit cigarette in the tumbler of vodka on the nightstand without any care for the waste. His eyes blurred as he stared at the phone screen, unable to remember what he was looking at. As he closed out of his thread with “Jane,” he tossed the phone aside, willing himself to get some rest. His body was humming with adrenaline but sluggish at the same time. He should be out celebrating his award, surrounding himself with teammates and admirers. And yet, he couldn’t even bring himself to turn out the lights. He’d probably fall asleep regardless given how exhausted he suddenly was.

His eyes closed on their own accord and he was immediately assaulted by visions of Shane. Attempting to distract himself, he thought of everything that brought him to this moment; all the wins, his teammates, his MVP award. He drifted into a restless slumber, unable to fight off the images of Hollander beneath him.

We didn't even kiss.

Some time later, the door to the penthouse creaked open, the beep of the room key barely audible. Shane quickly toed off his dress shoes, depositing his suit jacket on the back of the couch. The spare key he’d mistakenly kept in his pocket was deposited on a side table as he made his way toward the bedroom.

“Rozanov?” he called with trepidation. He took a few more steps, waiting for Rozanov’s thick accent to accost him for invading his privacy.

He glanced at his phone and saw his text messages still unanswered; none of his phone calls returned.

We didn’t even kiss.

When Shane first got Ilya’s text, he assumed the stoic Russian was just mocking him, being an asshole, per usual. Moments later, the same text came through again. It set Shane on edge, his own heart pounding in his chest harder than when he’d left the penthouse. He’d paced his own hotel room, waiting for Ilya to reply.

Are you ok?

Did something happen?

When no reply came and his calls went unanswered or acknowledged, Shane was practically crawling out of his skin. Against his better judgment, he headed back to the elevators, grateful he’d kept the key Rozanov had slipped him earlier in the evening. This was probably a terrible idea. Surely Ilya didn’t care that they hadn’t kissed. They met up, they fucked, that was it. That was it, *right?*

Shane rounded the corner and caught a glimpse of Rozanov in the mirror. He clearly hadn’t moved from the bed since Shane had left. The sheet was barely draped over him and there were cigarettes strewn about, all unlit. Shane’s heart dropped to his feet. Whatever front he’d tried to put up for these last several months was crumbling even faster than before. This image of Ilya - *Rozanov* - looking so small and broken just about sent Shane into his own panic.

He took a few deep breaths before approaching the restless Russian.

“Rozanov?” he called, slightly louder this time. He approached the side of the bed, gently laying his hand on Ilya’s shoulder.

Rozanov stirred, mumbling to himself in a combination of Russian and English. “-llander?”

Shane gripped Ilya’s shoulder tighter, hoping his grip didn’t give away the slight tremor in his hand.

“Rozanov,” he prodded. “Roza- hey, I’m right here.”

At this point, Shane was practically draped across Ilya, both hands grasping his shoulders, gently shaking him, hoping to bring him back to awareness.

Ilya tried to focus his gaze on the beautiful man in front of him, but his vision remained blurry. He tried to smile, unbelieving that Shane was back. He didn’t leave! He opened his mouth, attempting to reassure Shane, but nothing came out besides a jumble of incomprehensible words in any language.

“Ilya!” Shane cried, getting nervous about his lover’s lack of awareness. “Ilya, it’s Shane, wake up!”

Ilya’s gaze focused on Shane in an instant, his vision suddenly clearing. Shane’s wide brown eyes came into view, clearly holding back tears. With the coordination of a baby deer, Ilya reached up, resting one handing over Shane’s on his own shoulder and the other one threading tightly into Shane’s hair.

“Shane,” he breathed with relief. “I- what are you doing here?”

Shane breathed a loud sigh of relief, not realizing how nervous he’d been.

“I just- I’m sorry I barged in but you texted me and then you didn’t reply. I didn’t- I don’t know, something seemed wrong, I had to-”

He was suddenly cut off by Ilya’s lips pressing firmly against his own. It only took a heartbeat for Shane to press firmly into Ilya’ returning the kiss. His left hand shifted up into Ilya’s curls, matching Ilya’s own grip on Shane.

After a moment, they pulled back enough so their foreheads were pressed together.

Ilya took a shaky breath before speaking. “We didn’t even-”

“Kiss, I know,” Shane finished for him.

“You came back.” Ilya gazed up at Shane, uncaring how disheveled and unhinged he probably looked. After the night they’d spent together, the way Shane had yielded to his every directive, all Ilya wanted was the comfort of Shane’s embrace.

“I came back,” Shane breathed.

Without a second thought, Shane stripped off the rest of his suit and crawled into bed, immediately wrapping Ilya in his arms. He could feel the tension melt away from Ilya’s body, instantaneously melting into his hold.

“For the record,” Shane mused, “kissing you is my favorite thing.”

Feeling more at peace than he knew possible, Ilya drifted into a dreamless slumber, protected by Shane’s loving embrace, comforted by the fact that this man knew him better than he knew himself. Flights, schedules, and rivalry be damned.

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