

Wait it out

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Wait it out

by [dead_on_the_inside](#)

Summary

When they're done, and Rozanov is leaving, after a few minutes spent close and basking in it, Shane realizes it was worth the wait.

Or: 5 times Shane has to wait for Ilya, and one time he wants to.

Notes

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

I

Shane paced his room, his stomach rolled into terrible knots. The only thing that was helping was feeling his feet fall on the floor, repetitive, measured. Over and over again as he waited.

He sat on the weird random chair in the corner. Tried to watch something on the TV, anything, but couldn't focus. He lay on the bed with his head hanging over the side of it, upside down, until the blood was rushing in his ears. He showered again. He washed his hair with the little bottle of travel shampoo that actually smelled good when he usually didn't care enough to use anything other than the one provided by the hotel.

He used his nice body wash too, really got up in all his business three separate times just to be sure. If he didn't smell good, didn't taste good, for fucking Rozanov—Fuck, he just had to. He had to smell better than Rozanov, actually. He needed to smell better and taste better and kiss better, even though he knew for a fact that last one would not be the case.

He twisted awkwardly to put his ankle up on the bathroom counter so he could look at the pimple on the back of his thigh in the mirror. He poked at it and prodded until it only hurt more and had turned the skin around it red and irritated. He bet Rozanov didn't have acne on his ass.

He took a very, very deep breath. Shane was never very good at being patient. His mother had tried her damndest to teach that particular skill to him, but something about Shane had never been able to pick it up.

When it came to slow, methodical activities, he could do that—It wasn't waiting. It was just acting, slower. He liked puzzles and crosswords and difficult Sudoku even though he almost always got them wrong, mixed up the numbers somewhere along the line. But sitting still and doing nothing until something happened was not something that Shane Hollander had ever been able to do very well.

As a kid in waiting rooms he would end up running in circles, if he couldn't sleep he would rather go work out than wait for the dream to come to him, even waiting for his turn on the ice made him feel like he was itching a little bit, somewhere under his skin, to just get out there already and do the thing.

But he didn't know when Rozanov would arrive. He didn't know *if* Rozanov would arrive. He was pretty sure he would, he's pretty damn sure that was flirting, or something like it, but he's never been able to be certain he reads a situation. Except in hockey. When it came to hockey, he had his mother's eyes for looking at it and knowing in his soul exactly what was going on.

Socially, though, he had his scripts and without sticking to those he was a lost fucking cause. He had *Shane Hollander, polite in interview, this is what I did well this game, this is what I will change, no comment, thank you*. He had *Hi, I'm good, how are you?*. He had *Yeah, that'll be all. Thank you so much, have a good day!*. Hell, he even had *No, sorry, I'm too busy to have a girlfriend. Seriously, I just don't have time, you're really pretty, it's just me*.

He did not have any response to his biggest rival, to the man that always fucking beat him, making those eyes at him while he ass-out in the fucking shower room. So he was lost, hours later, still not knowing if he had said the right thing and if Rozanov would end up at his door.

He pulled on his suit. Looked at himself in the mirror and did know for sure that that was not what the situation called for. What the fuck had he been thinking? He switched it out for simple, but nice clothes. The sort that would come off easily. He was pretty sure that's what they were going for, and if not then, well, he just wants to be comfortable in his own hotel room. Nothing weird about that.

He's pretty sure he's about to start pulling his own damn hair out with the rap on his door finally comes, rhythmic and even and there's some part of him that thinks *God, I hope he fucks me like that* before he can stop himself. He has to stop himself from tearing the door off its damn hinges as he sees Rozanov there.

When they're done, and Rozanov is leaving, after a few minutes spent close and basking in it, Shane realizes it was worth the wait. He realizes that he spent time there, relaxed on Rozanov's chest, and he didn't think about looking at the time once. He hadn't thought about all he could be doing in those moments of downtime. He hadn't found himself sinking into a black hole in his thoughts at sitting still.

Rozanov had cured him, is what he thinks, still high on his first time with a man, falling asleep without worrying about getting the perfect eight hours.

II

Shane has realized, in the last year or so, that Rozanov had certainly not cured him. He was still struck with that same feeling as the first night, every time they did... their usual stuff. He could sleep without feeling like the clock was ticking, without a weird feeling like the world could end while he was asleep and he wouldn't even be there to watch it.

He could sit in quiet and wait and it didn't make him want to explode.

It didn't last, though. His brain came back to him by the morning, or at the latest the afternoon, and he was back to his usual self. No more dawdling on routines, no more meandering. Back to strict schedules that kept him on the move, so he wouldn't have to fucking atrophy for too long sitting still.

The problem was these times, where Rozanov was still not there, was out with his team at some bar, and Shane never did know if he really would show up. It wasn't that he'd ever lied before, it was just that he could. He could start lying at any time. He could not show up and Shane could waste away in his apartment waiting for him all night.

Usually, Shane would use the time to prep himself, ever since they'd started going further with things. He'd clean himself out, although he didn't really bother with the fingering because Rozanov liked to do that himself, he'd get himself a little worked up while he

waited, until his nipples pebbled a little and he was about ready to get hard any time he saw who he was waiting for.

“Usually” was not tonight. Tonight Shane had done all of that, and then he was waiting on the couch. And waiting some more. He flipped around so that his head lay on one arm rest and his feet kicked up on the other. He got up and he walked in circles around his kitchen island. He held onto the counter and he stared at the empty, spotless sink in front of him.

Twenty pushups on the floor, then he leaned against the table and he did twenty incline, too. No, then he did thirty incline then another twenty normally, until he was sweating again. He rinsed off in the shower, felt a little bad about wasting water like how Rozanov was wasting his time.

He ended up on his phone, answering emails and scheduling them to go out the next morning so no one knew how late he was up when he was very much known for not being much of a night owl. He brushed his teeth again, when he felt like his mouth had gone stale.

Fuck, Shane hated being up this late. It made him want to find snacks that didn’t at all fit his diet and lay around zoning out and being generally lazy, but he couldn’t fucking do that because he wasn’t even good at that.

He couldn’t just sit and watch a show without something else to do, something else to focus on. Sometimes he could manage a book for a few hours, but tonight was not going to be that night, not with how he was feeling. He liked reading, but mostly that ended up through audio books while he was on a run or on a plane. He couldn’t just sit down and read, not when he knew there were other things he could be doing to be productive.

Well, okay, he couldn’t actually think of any at the moment, but still. There were always things to do, even if Shane couldn’t find any he knew they were there, hiding somewhere. He ended up refolding the clothes in his suitcase, reorganizing them by color and texture three different times, when he finally got the text from Rozanov that he was waiting in Shane’s murder alley.

Shane shoved his suitcase back into the corner of the bedroom and practically bolted down the stairs. The heat in his stomach had had enough time to begin to die down, but the thought of Rozanov waiting for him, too, made it sputter back to life.

Fuck, Shane needed to make this worth the wait, had to make sure Rozanov remembered why he did this with him. Maybe, if he was good enough, if he impressed enough, he wouldn’t be so late next time. Maybe if he were pretty enough and gentle enough and felt good enough to fuck and made the right sounds, Rozanov would spend less time with his shitty team and more time in Shane’s very comfortable, very nice bed.

Six fucking months is how long Shane's had to wait this time. He decided after four—really, it's embarrassing it even took him that long—to give up on texting in the first place and just wait for Rozanov to text him first.

That's where he really learns that Rozanov *can* just not show up. He can just leave Shane waiting. And worse, Shane will do it. He'll stare at his phone for thirty minutes on the same text thread. Watch as his message is delivered. Pause. Take a deep breath. The phone screen turns off. He turns it back on. Waits longer.

Moves over to Instagram or even Twitter for a while and doomscrolls. And he hopes against hope that maybe this time he'll hear back. Or even just get a read receipt, something.

It never happens. Shane is pissed, mostly at himself for being willing to settle for that shit and also at Rozanov for being fucking Rozanov. So, when he tells Shane in no uncertain terms to wait for him longer in that grungy bathroom, it makes his blood boil a little bit. Unfortunately for his moral compass (and his self respect) blood-boiling and the thought of Rozanov on his knees lead down a very different path than the self-righteous telling off he'd been imagining for half a year.

Instead, he has to sit through a dozen smaller awards with goosebumps down his arms, uncomfortably hot in his suit but somehow desperate for another body to warm him up at the same time. For Rozanov's body. Even in their time apart, he hadn't been able to bring himself to have another hook up. He'd gotten close a few times, made out with a girl even, but it hadn't done it.

It wasn't even like when he'd been a teenager trying out that shit, where it wasn't good but it was fine and it got the job done, usually, and so he eventually just decided it didn't matter. No, this was different. What was telling him to stop wasn't that, it was a tugging on the base of his sternum, drawing it back to shove the air out of his lungs whenever he thought about anyone but Rozanov.

It felt like the lower halves of both of his lungs just stopped working, he couldn't suck in enough air no matter how hard he tried because he just couldn't even imagine it with anyone else, anymore, really.

So he sat, rubbed his palms against his thighs awkwardly, waiting for all the hosts to get the fuck on with it even though he knew they were sticking to a script, same as he had. He sat and he fidgeted with the seams on his cuffs until he'd managed to pull a thread loose and then he had to force himself to stop.

He chewed on his lips for a while, then remembered that Rozanov would probably want to kiss them later, and stopped. That was what stuck out to him in the elevator, on his way down. That he'd waited all that time, for Rozanov. That he'd halted something that was making the waiting easier, for Rozanov. And that it hadn't even made a difference, because Rozanov never did kiss him that night. He could've bit his lip until it was bleeding and it wouldn't have mattered.

Time wasn't settled. There was no easy sleep for him, just a feeling of nausea roiling in his gut. He'd promised himself to be more entertaining so that Rozanov would want to be around

him more, and he'd clearly failed. He'd been too boring, or he hadn't made the right sounds, or he'd failed, somehow, in his performance.

So he couldn't relax as time passed. The itch under his skin to do something was strong enough that he ended up staying up nearly all night working out, until his muscles gave up and he just lay on the scratchy carpet flooring of the hotel. It was gross and unsanitary but his biceps were shaking so bad the best he could do was roll onto his back and stare at the ceiling and fucking wait.

He could wait for the rest of his life, but unless Rozanov decided to stop him, he would only ever wait. He would only ever wait for one man, and that man was asleep, drunk, in his hotel penthouse, and he didn't even know that as soon as Shane left his room he had starting waiting all over again.

IV

The thing is, winning makes Shane horny. Winning the Stanley Cup makes Shane fight to keep his thoughts normal while he showers, texting Ilya first thing because he isn't really sure who else he would, actually. His mom and dad were in the stadium seated next to Jackie, obviously Hayden was right fucking there, which only leaves one person he so desperately needs to celebrate with.

Ilya tells him to go celebrate with his team before anything, and because Shane knows he's right, and he does need to go out and at least make an appearance, he does. Definitely not because Ilya told him to do it and he's starting to think he'd do anything Ilya asked him to.

He has two entire beers, which leaves him feeling unsteady on his feet, and he drunkenly tells J.J. to fuck off when he tries to set him up with a girl. He laughs along with the guys, most of them with their girlfriends hanging off them making fuck-me eyes at them all night. He buys a round for everyone on his way out, hugs Hayden, tells Jackie to say hi to the kids for him, and hightails it only a couple hours in.

The Uber driver is really fucking talkative. He tells Shane about his two dogs at home and when they adopted them and how sweet they are, or maybe they were cats, could be a couple of fish for all Shane was really paying attention. He nodded, he stared off into glaring streetlights that left halos of red and green dancing, burnt into his vision for a few seconds after the car went past them.

A sign for poke place he knows has shitty fish, another lit up for a bowling alley and arcade. One for an adult movie store right next to a smoke shop right next to a pizza place, and, yeah, Shane can see how those would all be good for business next to each other.

He wonders what Ilya watches when he jacks off. He wonders if it's the same stuff Shane does, on the rare occasions his imagination and Ilya's dick pics aren't enough. Or, if Ilya likes the straight ones, imagines himself as a somehow-more-hung version of the male star fucking into a woman.

Shane likes it when it's a couple who clearly just regularly record themselves. There's one from LA that bear a striking resemblance to him and Ilya, if a slightly older, less built version of the two. He wonders mostly if Ilya would get off to him, if he sent a picture of himself.

He isn't really sure what he would send, because it's not like he can just do a dick pic, he's pretty sure that's not what he'd be looking for. Maybe his ass? But then he'd have to find a good angle and he really isn't sure how to do that Maybe... maybe he can just ask. Maybe next time he sees Ilya, he can ask him to take a picture, to jerk off to it, at least once.

"So, do you have any pets?" Asks the driver, and Shane has to blink away his fantasies and pretend he isn't a little bit hard in the dark car, luckily hidden beneath his bag, to squeak out a simple no. He closes his eyes for a second and takes a deep breath. God, he really has to stop letting his imagination go this fucking insane when he isn't even alone.

So he focuses instead on trying to actually listen to the long-winded ramblings of the guy driving, and he only gets distracted like that a couple more times until he is blissfully dropped off on the sidewalk outside his very nice home, the one he actually lives in instead of using as investment. He hurries up, heads inside, and is calling Ilya the second the door is closed behind him, not even waiting until his shoes are off to have a hand down his pants.

V

"Oh, baby, sorry, you'll just have to hold on," Ilya says, whispering it into Shane's ear at the bar with the rest of the Centaurs around them. He hadn't even said anything about it, had already been on his best behavior to not jump his husband's bones while they were in the showers after beating Montreal to the playoffs.

So what if he's a little bit worked up while they're still out celebrating? Ilya wanted to celebrate, so Shane will wait for him even if he doesn't really want to. He'll be good, he won't even pull Ilya into the bathroom for a quick handy like he'd done the last time they won a game.

Unfortunately for Shane's resolution to be more patient and wait for his husband to finish socializing, said husband is an evil, evil man and he loves to torment. Because he's fucking terrible, his hand, the one that had shot the puck and won their last goal, is holding Shane's thigh just a little bit too high.

From anyone else, the way Ilya's thumb is rubbing in even circles could be called absent-minded, a subconscious little fidget. From him, though, Shane knows damn well it's on purpose because he knows his husband. He knows that he doesn't brush his teeth for two full minutes, he knows he leaves his socks out fucking everywhere, he knows he likes to make Shane eat weird, carb-filled Russian foods.

And he very much knows when he's doing something to fuck with Shane specifically. This is on purpose, not a happy accident of them spending time together. His hand there is

possessive, blurring the line between working Shane up more and keeping him in place, reminding him to be good for him and wait.

At least he isn't making Shane do the talking, thank God. Otherwise, Shane's pretty sure he would be making strange little noises between half of his words. Luckily, the small mercy of his team all being drunk and Shane already always being a quiet drunk means that he's not getting shit for it as he leans against Ilya and lets him do enough talking for the both of them.

He's quiet, but he's clingy, and tonight is no exception. Maybe it's worse than normal actually. It's definitely worse than normal, he thinks as he swings his legs over both of Ilya's in the booth, because he needs to be *closer* to him, right now. Ilya raises an eyebrow at him briefly but rejoins the conversation like nothing is happening. His hand returns to Shane's thigh, now spread across both of them and rubbing circles into the line where they overlap.

Play stupid games, win stupid prizes, Shane supposes. He was the one who wanted more, and Ilya isn't one to back down to a challenge like that. But, fuck, Shane needs it now. He needs to go home and he needs Ilya inside him, laying on top of him and holding him close.

"Let's go home?" Shane asks, muttering it so quietly into Ilya's neck he's surprised his husband even hears him. Ilya's other hand, the one that had been nursing his beer, sets the drink down and instead is splayed across the back of Shane's neck, cool from condensation.

"Later, мой нетерпеливый любовник. Подожди немного, пожалуйста. Ты можешь это сделать? Для меня?" Ilya says. Not all of the words make sense to Shane, at least while he's drunk and focused on other things, but he's learnt enough Russian to know what's being asked of him.

He takes a deep breath, and he practices being patient, for Ilya. This is what Ilya needs. He needs to talk to people and have fun and Shane loves him so much he's more than willing to wait for him to be done before Shane gets what he needs. That's okay, this is alright. Shane just has to wait a little longer, and Ilya will be his again, instead of being the captain of the Centaurs.

VI [+1]

The mornings where Shane doesn't have anything to do are rare, but with Ilya having a say in his schedule they've gotten a little more frequent. He doesn't mind it like he might have a decade ago. Usually he sleeps in a little bit, lets himself relax with his husband, cook a real breakfast in place of a quick smoothie.

This morning, he sits on his knees under the desk in their office while Ilya types out emails and checks his socials. His face lays on his husband's lap, and Ilya's hand periodically reaches down to play with his hair, or to tug at the collar looped around his throat.

It's quiet, and calm, and Shane can just wait. He can just let his eyes slip shut and the rest of the world melts away. He doesn't mind the kink in his neck or how he knows how knees will

be a little sore later. It's more than worth it.

He lets out a slow, content sigh. It's all worth it, all the years of waiting were more than worth it for this. To get to wait more, without an end goal to have to wait for. Just to wait on Ilya, now, knowing that Ilya would wait on him, too.

End Notes

pleeeeee leave comments and kudos. every comment is one day i'll wake shane up with a bj.

i'm on [Tumblr](#) so go talk to me if you want

i loved writing this fic. not that i'm a guy who has waited for people my entire life yearning and who will continue on in this state until i die or anything.

Edit: if you know me irl then yeah, you do, it's me, you found me out. you're the freak for reading it though now lets kiss.

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