

You're The Risk I'm Gonna Take It

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You're The Risk I'm Gonna Take It

by [PumpkinPrincess22](#)

Summary

In a world where Ilya and Shane are already friends by the time of the Draft, what if Ilya had kissed Shane in that hotel gym? And what if that kiss sparked the beginning of a real relationship seven years earlier than in canon?

Notes

Happy Valentine's Day everyone

100 Ways to Say 'I Love You' 37: 'Can I Kiss You?'

Title is from Risk by Gracie Abrams

Shane couldn't sleep. He was buzzing with adrenaline and disappointment from the day's events. He and Ilya had grown up knowing, or at least hoping, that when it came down to it they would be drafted first and second. They knew it could have gone either way, but Shane had really thought first place would go to him. He tried not to begrudge Ilya for this. He was a phenomenal player, anyone could see that, and Shane was glad the world knew what he had known for years, but Shane was better. It wasn't opinion or ego talking it was facts and numbers. Shane's statistics were higher and more consistent than Ilya's. But Ilya had been drafted first and Shane had not.

He got out of bed and put on the workout gear his mom had packed him despite his insistence he wouldn't need it for the short trip. Yuna Hollander was right as usual. Shane tried to close his door as quietly as possible so he didn't disturb the other guests.

The hotel gym was mercifully empty when he found it. No doubt because it was almost two o'clock in the morning. He walked up to one of the treadmills and started running, focusing on the steady rhythm of his breathing and of his feet hitting the machine instead of the thoughts swirling in his head.

He was so caught up in his own world that he didn't notice he was no longer alone until he heard sound of footsteps that were not his own pounding on the treadmill next to his. Shane looked to his left to see Ilya dressed in a too small camp t-shirt and a pair of shorts Shane knew he wore as pyjamas. Ilya had not had Yuna's foresight to pack gym clothes.

Shane wanted to ask him what he was doing here but Ilya just looked at Shane, grinned and said nothing. Shane watched as Ilya increased the speed of his machine to slightly above that of the one Shane was using. Oh so it was like that was it? Shane increased the speed of his own machine to beat Ilya's. He loved the rare moments where they could truly let loose and indulge their competitive spirits. Ilya took Shane's challenge and raised his speed again.

Shane didn't want to be the first to break but he had been running longer than Ilya and he was starting to tire. He slowly decreased his speed and dismounted the treadmill, collapsing on the floor, back leaning against the wall for support.

Ilya, ever the dramatic, stopped his treadmill without slowing down and leapt off before coming to sit beside Shane on the floor. "Couldn't sleep?" He asked.

Shane shrugged. "Big day."

"Everything we dreamed of yes?" Ilya asked taking a swig of water.

"Almost."

"Ah so you imagined yourself coming first."

"Of course." Shane admitted. "So did you. I mean you imagined yourself coming first not me."

"I never really thought about it. I just imagined the two of us at the top together." Ilya said, looking at Shane with an intensity that made Shane look away.

"That's not how it works. There can't be two winners."

Ilya stuck his tongue out. "Boring."

"How'd you know I was down here anyway?" Shane asked him.

"I heard you leave your room, figured you were probably not out hitting the town." He joked. "Lots of fun things to do in Los Angeles but where does Shane Hollander choose to go on a night out? The gym."

"I just wanted to clear my head." Shane argued but he couldn't help smiling at Ilya's chirping.

"At least you get to be in Montreal. Montreal is nice. You will be near your parents. And Mama."

"It won't be the same without you there."

"No, but Boston and Montreal are not so far."

"300 miles, give or take." Shane cut in. "I looked it up."

"Could be worse. Ottawa to Moscow is 4,500 miles."

It was actually 4,447 miles, Shane had looked that up too, it felt further during those summers when Ilya was away.

"And we will see each other when we are matched for games." Ilya continued.

"Montreal and Boston play each other a lot." Shane agreed. He wasn't sure it would be often enough.

"There you go then. And I will introduce you to all of my friends in Montreal so you do not have to be lonely." Ilya said, as if reading Shane's mind.

"Doesn't mean I won't miss you."

"That's years away."

"One year and three months."

"Potato potato." Ilya said with a dismissive wave of his hand.

"It's potato potahto." Shane laughed.

"That's stupid, nobody says potahto what a ridiculous saying. Anyway my point is we do not have to be so far apart for a year and three months, you are not getting rid of me that easily." His tone shifted easily from jovial to sincere.

"I don't ever want to be rid of you." Shane confessed quietly.

Ilya didn't respond and Shane looked to see Ilya's eyes apparently focused on Shane's mouth. Was Shane imagining it or was Ilya leaning in? Did Ilya want to kiss him? Did Shane want him to? It would be so easy for Shane to close the gap and kiss him. Shane leaned in ever so slightly which was all the permission Ilya needed apparently because suddenly his hands were in Shane's hair and Ilya's lips were on his.

This was not Shane's first kiss, contrary to popular opinion he was not a blushing virgin. He had kissed and been kissed before and fooled around with a couple of girls. Hell he had a girlfriend, although he couldn't actually remember her name at the moment because his mind, heart, and dick were all crying out for Ilya.

This was wrong, he had a girlfriend he shouldn't be kissing someone else. Especially not a guy. *Especially* not Ilya Rozanov, his best friend and soon to be biggest rival, if the media coverage today was any indication. Shane broke the kiss off and he watched Ilya's face go from giddy to crestfallen no doubt from the look of abject horror on Shane's face.

"I- I have to go." Shane stammered as he scrambled to his feet and headed towards the door.

"Shane wait. Shane!" Ilya called after him, but Shane didn't look back. He didn't bother waiting for the lift, just raced up the stairs two at a time despite his aching muscles from the workout.

When he got to his hotel room he shut the door and paced back and forth, pulling at the suddenly too tight clothing he needed off his body. What the fuck had happened down there? It was probably nothing, just a release of pent up energy and anxieties from the overwhelming day they'd had, a dumb albeit effective way for Ilya to reassure Shane that their friendship wouldn't end when they were living 300 miles apart in different countries and seeing each other less often than they did now. It didn't mean anything. But if that was true then why had Ilya looked so damn heartbroken when Shane left?

The two of them didn't talk about relationships. There was nothing to tell, Ilya didn't have them he had hook-ups, and Shane had only been in one with his current girlfriend Danielle, he remembered her name now. He'd kissed a couple of girls at parties, when his teammates dragged him to them, and one had given him a blowjob which he hadn't hated. And Danielle was great, he like Danielle, she was funny and pretty and she actually understood the rules of hockey. They'd had sex once too, it had been fine, okay it had been pretty bad and Shane had mostly spent the time waiting for it to be over, but that was normal, no-one's first time was good. He liked kissing her, usually, just not half as much as he had liked kissing Ilya.

Shane was half-hard at the memory of Ilya's lips on his. That probably meant something. Shane grabbed the notepad and pen the hotel had provided on the desk and drew two columns labelled 'Pros and Cons of pretending this never happened'.

In the 'Pros' column he wrote:

- Our careers have barely started. This could ruin everything.

- It isn't possible to be together in public.
- It isn't fair to be together in secret.
- The league is strict on misconduct. Any sort of relationship with Ilya would be misconduct.
- No player is currently or has ever been out.

Shane underlined that one three times.

- We cannot be the first. We cannot set the precedent.

In the 'Cons' column he wrote:

- Ilya might never speak to me again.
- He would definitely never kiss me again.

Shane stared at the lists weighing up the options. It was obvious really, the hockey career he had been working towards his entire life was on the line. Hockey was *the* most important thing, he couldn't risk throwing it all away over one, admittedly life changing, kiss. Shane tore the list into scraps and flushed them down the toilet for good measure.

He opened his suitcase and searched until he found the sweater and track pants Ilya had given him for his birthday last month. Shane liked them because they were soft and didn't have any annoying scratchy labels. He put them on and went down the hall to Ilya's room. He knocked on the door until Ilya opened up.

Ilya was staring at Shane dumbstruck. Shane walked past him into the room and let Ilya close the door. He looked around the room while he waited for Ilya to regain his ability to speak. It was much the same as Shane's although predictably less neat. The bed was unmade and his clothes were strewn all over the floor and the chair. When Shane's gaze returned to Ilya he was still staring at Shane, but now it was as though he was terrified to start this conversation and waiting for Shane to go first.

Shane did. "So we should probably-"

"Fuck Shane I'm so sorry." Ilya cut in. "I should never have done that. I thought maybe you wanted me to and now I've fucked everything up. I understand if you never want to see me again, well except on the ice. It will be so hard but I can do it if it is what you want."

Shane had never seen Ilya this flustered and panicked. He couldn't even say the words out loud in this room where no one else could hear them. Shane didn't know what to say to calm him down. Except he did know what he wanted to do.

"Can I kiss you?" He asked gently, placing his hands on Ilya's shoulders to steady him.

"What?" Ilya blinked at him. "You want that?"

"More than anything."

"More than hockey?" Ilya joked.

"More than anything." Shane repeated sincerely.

"Oh." Ilya said dumbfounded, as though he didn't know he meant more to Shane than a stupid sport.

"So? Can I kiss you?" Shane asked again playfully.

Instead of answering Ilya guided Shane backwards against the wall and crushed their mouths together. He was a good kisser. Shane tried not to be jealous of all the people who had come before him that Ilya had learned to kiss with. He was the one here now with Ilya, in his hotel room. Shane became painfully aware of the bed on the other side of the room. Were they going to do other stuff? Non kissing stuff? The idea terrified and thrilled him.

"Fuck, Hollander." Ilya moaned when they broke apart. "You have no idea how long I've wanted this."

"How long?"

"Years."

Years? Shane had only wanted this for an hour and forty-seven minutes. Consciously at least. Unconsciously he had probably wanted it a lot longer, because he was staring at Ilya's moles which come to think of it he had always thought of as rather kissable. Granted he had never imagined *himself* being the one to kiss them but he had often thought that girls might like to kiss Ilya there. Shane leaned in to kiss them but was distracted when Ilya continued.

"Jackie is going to be so happy for me." Ilya whispered grinning.

What? Jackie? Did she know? What had Ilya told her? Shane felt the trademark Shane Hollander dread and anxiety flood over him, it had been pleasantly absent until now.

"No one can know." He told Ilya urgently.

"Jackie is my friend. And she kind of already knows... I told her what happened downstairs." Ilya confessed.

"Why would you do that?" Panic rose in Shane. He thought about his list, his stupid fucking list and how this could only even begin to work if it remained a total secret from everyone.

"I didn't tell her about how I felt at first, but she guessed, and I just... I needed someone to tell me I hadn't ruined everything. Ilya explained.

Shane nodded. "You can't tell her anything else. I mean it, no one can know about this, us." he insisted.

"Oh we are an us now are we." Ilya asked with a smirk.

"I mean..."

"I am teasing Hollander, of course we are an us, I am not letting you go easily." To prove his point Ilya moved his hands from Shane's face to his back and pulled him into a tight embrace.

Shane blushed.

"I will not tell Jackie, but what about our parents? We have to tell them yes?"

"No one. If word got out about this, to our teams, the league? The media? I don't even want to think about what could happen..." A thousand scenarios swam in Shane's head threatening to break him, but Ilya was holding him steady and he felt the anxiety ebb, just a little.

"Our parents would not say anything." Ilya assured him reasonably.

"Not intentionally no but what if they slip up, or someone overhears something. The fewer people who know the better."

"I do not want to lie to Mama..."

"Don't think of it as lying, think of it as protecting a secret." It wasn't fair, Shane couldn't ask him to do this. Ilya would say no and they would go back to being friends, living 300 miles away from each other, and Shane would never again know what it felt like to kiss Ilya Rozanov. He would never get to experience any of the growing number of sexual fantasies that were battling the doom scenarios to occupy space in his brain. To his own surprise Shane heard Ilya agree.

"Okay. We keep it a secret for now, but we tell them when we are ready? Mama, and David, and Yuna? We figure out what this is and how it can work when I am in Boston and you are in Montreal, and then when we are sure we are ready we will tell them."

Shane didn't know how to tell Ilya that he might never be ready, that he intended to keep this a secret at least until they retired, so he just nodded.

"Now Hollander, it is very late and I am very tired so I am going to go to bed okay? And then in the morning when English works better we will talk more."

"Oh uh okay. Can I stay? Here? With you tonight?" Shane asked. He wasn't convinced that this wouldn't all fall apart the moment he left the safety of Ilya's room.

"You want to stay here? What will you tell your parents when they are looking for you in the morning and can't find you in your room?"

"That we had a sleepover. They'll believe it, we do it all the time back home."

"Mmm yes. Come to think of it they probably already think we are together."

Shane tensed.

Ilya kissed him on the cheek. "Relax Hollander I am messing. Of course they do not think that and of course you can stay. But just sleeping yes? I am too tired to give you the first time you deserve."

"I *have* had sex before." Shane reminded him.

"Not the way I do it." Ilya winked.

Shane was too flustered trying to figure out what *that* meant to argue. To be fair he was exhausted to but he kind of wanted to make this night last forever. It was the best night of his life and he didn't want it to end. But as he lay in bed curled up against Ilya's side Shane realised that it didn't matter if it did end, because they could have a hundred more like it, and better.

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