

Deserve You

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Deserve You

by [imjaebumism](#)

Summary

“‘We can’t do this anymore.’

He watches as Shane freezes in front of him, his chest, neck and shoulders still littered with the evidence of Ilya’s hands and lips and teeth all over him. Fuck his release is most definitely dripping out of Shane right now, yet he’s doing this. He has to do this.

‘What are you talking about?’

‘It’s been fun, but I think we should move on. Stop doing this, what we’ve been doing.’

‘Move on.’

‘Yes. Is that not right saying?’”

—Shane doesn’t get hurt during the Montreal game, and Ilya goes through with the plan he had to break up with him.

Notes

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

Ilya presses 1919 into Shane's keypad and forgets to be surprised that it works. He's spent the last hour or so in his car steeling himself for what he knew he had to do.

He knew things were changing with them, but he couldn't prepare himself for how much he himself was changing. After Shane came out to Ilya, he noticed he's wanted things that he's never allowed himself to want before. He thought he'd be okay with this for a long time and 8 years was a long time.

8 years of them doing this stupid thing they started when they were kids. Sneaking around, stealing moments and the stupidest of all, falling in love. If 18 year old Ilya could see him now, he'd call him a fucking punk.

Ilya had to end this. There was no way he could continue on with this without losing himself in Shane Hollander completely. He had to run away before he risked everything he's worked so hard for.

Taking the step into Shane's house feels like he's walking towards a guillotine. He feels so numb, completely shutting his feelings down as the door falls closed behind him and chimes with some technological sounding mechanism that lets him know it's locked himself. Hollander the engineer.

Shane rounds the corner in the next second and for that moment, Ilya's rehearsed speech and plan falters. Cause Shane looks fucking delectable, fresh off an after game shower and wearing just a pair of sweats that sit so far down on his hips that Ilya knows he's not wearing anything underneath. His golden skin is just begging for Ilya's tongue to lick every dip and crevice and Ilya wants to do that more than he wants to do what he knows he should right now.

And what makes it worse is the way Shane is smiling at him. It's warm and soft and transforms his handsome face from the straightedge worrywart Ilya knew him to be to something else entirely. It's I'm happy you're here, It's I'm glad to see you, It's welcome home.

It hurts Ilya to take a deep breath as he stands dumbly at the entrance of Shane's apartment.

"Hey." Shane says, approaching him slowly. He's got slippers on his feet and his hands in his pockets. He's still wearing that stupid smile.

"Hello."

"Took you a while, I thought you got lost."

"Did not know I was working with a time limit."

"You weren't. I was just excited to see you, is all." He stops just a hair away from him, the tips of their shoes touching. Ilya knows that when Shane touches him, he'll lose this fight. Even just hearing Shane say those words is enough for him to want to tuck his tail between his legs and run away. "Sorry we beat you."

“You guys just got lucky with that last shot.”

“Sure.”

“I was benched, if I hadn’t been we would have won.”

“Alright.”

Shane isn’t even listening to him, Ilya can tell because his eyes are fixed on his face while Shane’s are fixed on Ilya’s lips. There’s enough time for Ilya to back away but he doesn’t, he lets Shane place his warm hand on his neck and thumb at his jaw. He lets Shane draw their lips together and kiss him.

He wants to pull away but instead he drags his tongue along Shane’s and tugs at his hair, draws out that familiar moan that Ilya loves hearing Shane make every time. They’re like hurricanes, starting at opposite sides, growing in strength on their own but moving, moving, moving towards each other. The culmination of the two storms merging means certain disaster but they’re hopeless to stop it.

Ilya is hopeless to stop this.

“You okay?” Shane asks, of course he asks. He knows Ilya, even if Ilya doesn’t want him to, knows things Ilya has never even said to him. He wants to be angry, that this man was able to get through all his bravado and defenses to strip him bare and fucking desperate. He’s so fucking desperate.

He doesn’t answer Shane’s question, he kisses him instead, pushes him back and presses him against a wall and takes his fucking time. Because he doesn’t know when he’ll get this again. If he gets the balls, this will be the last time.

Ilya sinks to his knees and drags Shane’s sweats down. He pushes everything out of his mind for the time being so he can focus on Shane, focus on getting him to make more of those pretty sounds he makes. Focus on getting Shane to scream his name. He wants to only exist as sound on Shane’s tongue, he doesn’t want his body or his thoughts or his fucked up feelings. He doesn’t want his life—he just wants to sink into Shane. Shane, Shane, Shane—

Shane comes on Ilya’s tongue in record time and Ilya almost beats himself up for not stretching it out a bit longer. Shane’s thick thighs quiver under Ilya’s palms as he uses them as leverage to get up, his aging bones and limbs catching up to him after years of grueling hockey. Fuck, he couldn’t do this.

Ilya groans the second he stands and Shane shoves his tongue in Ilya’s mouth, grasping onto him everywhere he can like he’s scared Ilya will dissipate like a plume of smoke in the air. He gets rid of Ilya’s shirt and shoves his hand down Ilya’s pants and licks his palm to grip Ilya’s dick tightly in his fist. He knows just what he needs to do to get Ilya to come but Ilya doesn’t want his hand, he wants more—he always wants more.

Deftly, Ilya rips his mouth from Shane’s and tries not to mourn the loss of contact. He turns Shane to face the wall and Shane arches his back exactly how Ilya needs him to, his finger

circling Shane's dry hole. "Fuck, Hollander."

Shane says something intelligible and Ilya smirks, using his teeth on the strong lines of Shane's back. He breaches Shane's entrance with the tip of his middle finger and Shane shakes, "lube. In my pocket."

"So prepared."

"Had nothing better to do while you were taking forever."

"Could've gotten yourself ready for me." Ilya bends to find the packet of lube in Shane's sweats on the floor and opens it with his teeth. He goes back to what he'd been doing, his finger going in easier this time as Shane rests his cheek against the wall in front of him and tugs at his cock.

"Where's the fun in that?"

Ilya chuckles darkly. Shane's right, there was no fun in that. Getting Shane ready for him was his favorite part. He lets Shane get three of his fingers while he kisses and sucks on Shane's neck and pinches his nipples. Shane is a whimpering mess against him as Ilya lines his cock up and enters Shane quickly. He doesn't take his time, doesn't give Shane a chance to adjust to the size and length difference of Ilya's cock from his fingers, but by the filthy curse words falling from Shane's decadent lips, he doesn't mind one bit.

He keeps up a brutal pace, gripping Shane's hips hard and fucking into him with long strokes, the sound of their skin slapping together fills the air and makes Ilya's head feel light and buzzy. "Fuck, Ilya— fuck harder."

Ilya doesn't know how he could possibly go harder than this. "Look at you, Hollander. Such a good fucking slut for me." He shoves his fingers into Shane's hair, pushing his head a bit harder into the wall and pulling his hips towards him. The arch of Shane's back is nothing short of a piece of art. Ilya wishes he could photograph this moment and hang it on a wall in his house. One where the second anyone walks in from the front door it's the first thing they see.

He fucks Shane almost like he hates him. If he could muster any of that towards Shane, it would be this, but he's tuned into this man like he's an extension of Ilya, knows that he wouldn't go too far, would know if Shane wanted him to stop. Instead, Shane is a boneless, moaning mess under his punishing attention and Ilya comes inside him while Shane paints the wall in front of him with his second orgasm of the night.

"Holy shit, fuck. That was—," Shane is breathless and wonderstruck, turning and leaning heavily against the wall behind him. His eyes are all bleary and fogged over, his skin flush with heat and sweat. He's a fucking vision, so beautiful that Ilya has to look away before he breaks. "C'mere," Shane tugs him in with a hand on the back of his neck and Ilya starts to feel himself go cold. He allows himself this, one last kiss on Shane's pretty, smiling, freshly fucked mouth and then he dips his head and pulls away.

He's a fucking mess, tucking himself back into his pants and zipping up his jeans. He hadn't even taken off his shoes. Shane catches on quick, his expression shifting quickly between blissed out and satisfied to alert and alarmed. "Hey-,"

"I should go."

"What? No, stay." Shane reaches out to hold his hand, pulling up his sweats and cringing slightly cause Ilya made a fucking mess of him and he's just realizing, "I wanted to ask you something."

"Hollander—,"

"Why do you keep calling me that?"

Ilya blinks at him. "What, your name?"

Shane narrows his eyes at him, shaking his head slightly, "you're not okay."

"I'm fine."

"You're not." Sighing, Ilya takes a step back, putting some space between them. Shane's hand flexes on his neck before it falls away from him. The second they're no longer touching, Ilya's mind clears and he knows what he has to do. "Ilya—,"

"We can't do this anymore."

He watches as Shane freezes in front of him, his chest, neck and shoulders still littered with the evidence of Ilya's hands and lips and teeth all over him. Fuck his release is most definitely dripping out of Shane right now, yet he's doing this. He has to do this.

"What are you talking about?"

"It's been fun, but I think we should move on. Stop doing this, what we've been doing."

"Move on."

"Yes. Is that not right saying?"

Shane shakes his head like doing that will put him in a different reality where Ilya isn't actively trying to break both of their hearts right now. It's just— Ilya isn't strong enough for this anymore. He's lost his dad, he's lost his brother, his connection to Russia, the only home he's ever known, the last place he saw his mother. He doesn't know if he can take anymore loss. And if he lets this thing ride with Shane for any longer, losing him will hurt more than anything he's felt before and he knows he won't make it through that hurt.

"Hollander,"

"No, shut up. Stop talking." Shane runs his fingers through his hair roughly, his face is angry and Ilya at any other time would point out how adorable he looks when he's angry. Like a kitten. "You don't get to do this."

“I don’t?”

“No, you don’t. You don’t get to disappear and ice me out and crawl back whenever you find it convenient for you and then end it when you start to get scared.”

“Oh, so I’m scared now?”

“You are. You’re fucking terrified and it’s really fucking obvious.” Shane spits out, his face is red.

“You’re wrong. I’m just doing what we should’ve done a long time ago.”

“Ending this.”

“Yes.”

“And what is this, exactly? What has any of this been to you this entire time?”

“Fun. Is hard to find good fuck during the season. This was convenient.”

Shane’s eyes flash and Ilya knows he’s being an asshole, but it’s his comfort place. Usually, he’s impervious to hurt when he’s being a dick to someone else. Now is not one of those times, he feels like he’s tearing himself apart, “bullshit.”

“If you say so.”

“What happened?” Shane’s voice is suddenly small, gone in the blink of an eye all the heat and anger that had been there before. Ilya looks away from him, “you can talk to me, you know? I know shit has been hard with your dad and your brother— I wanted to help. I wanted to ask you—,”

“Ask me what.” Ilya tries his best to sound disinterested.

“I know being in Russia is hard for you. I wanted to ask you to spend this summer break with me, at my cottage by the lake.” There’s so much space between them that it feels insurmountable to Ilya but Shane just reaches for him, and he’s so soft and loving and warm and Ilya wants nothing more than to just sink into him. “I thought it would be nice, just you and me, all the time in the world to just— be together. No one would know, no one would bother us. We wouldn’t have to rush or hide or be afraid, I thought— I think it would be nice.” He leans in and presses warm lips to the base of Ilya’s throat and Ilya almost gets lost in the illusion.

It would be nice. A week or more of uninterrupted time with Shane where neither of them had to worry about anyone or anything else. But Ilya couldn’t let himself have that, he couldn’t let himself believe he deserved it.

“You know we can’t do that.”

“Ilya.”

“This is all we’d ever have, Hollander. We knew that when we started this.” Ilya feels his accent getting thicker as his throat starts to close and his eyes start to sting. He pulls back away from Shane’s comfort and touch. Shane doesn’t move to close the distance between them again.

He looks hurt and broken, his eyes are red with tears unshed and his hands are balled into fists at his side. “Don’t do this, Ilya. Not now, not when I—I lov—,”

“Don’t.” Ilya shakes his head. He knows what Shane wanted to say but those words would most certainly shatter him, he’d be fucking ruined. “I have to go.”

He picks up his shirt from the ground and puts it on, gives Shane his back. Ilya doesn’t look back at Shane as he heads for the door, and Shane doesn’t stop him.

-

They crash and burn, separately but together.

They’re messes on the ice and both their teams make it out of the playoffs. Ilya gets rocked so hard during a game and walks away with bruised ribs to match his broken heart. Both are his fault but he hates how it’s only getting harder and harder for him to breathe.

Shane spirals too and Ilya watches the game that gets the Metros out of the playoffs with some sick sort of masochism. It’s not just Shane that gets the Metros out, there’s other injuries, their goalie gets taken out and their backup isn’t as good so there’s reasons. With Boston, it’s all Ilya’s fault. Everything is his fault.

He drinks. He drinks a lot and stews alone on his couch, wallowing in self pity that he doesn’t deserve. He hasn’t heard from Shane in weeks, which he does deserve. Everything good and right and beautiful that Ilya has, he breaks. He never deserved Shane Hollander or his mother Irina or Svetlana Vetrova. People like his dad, people like his shit brother, they’re who saw him for him, saw him for the disaster he’s always been. That’s probably why they hated him, they saw his black hole tendencies and wanted to stay far away lest they get sucked into him and torn apart atom by atom.

“Fuck, you look pathetic.” He glares at the dark hallway leading to his front door. He’s so fucking drunk that even as he’s lying down, the room is spinning. Svetlana looks like a well dressed tornado in a valley. He hadn’t even heard her come in, “I’ve never seen you this bad.”

“Go away.” Ilya grumbles in Russian, shutting his eyes against the bright lights of the tv.

“I know this can’t be about the playoffs. You played with broken ribs and Marly got clipped halfway through. The other team was just better, even you know that.”

“That means I can’t be upset?”

“Yes. You can’t be upset because you knew the outcome when you started. They beat you mentally before your skates even hit the ice.”

“Fuck off, Sveta. I don’t have energy for this right now.”

“I can imagine. You also don’t seem to have energy to wash your ass. You smell like shit.”

The sounds of glass and bottles clanging clues him into her starting to clean up. He sighs and squeezes his eyes shut, rubbing at them until the rainbows behind his lids stop. “I just want to be alone.”

“Too bad. I’ve let you be alone for long enough now, what has it done for you?”

Ilya has no real answer for that. His ribs hurt, he’s drunk and his chest feels hollow. It’s empty, his heart beat is hundreds of miles away in Montréal hating him. Rightfully so.

“Get up.”

“No.”

“Ilya, get up. Get up, get up.” Ilya’s shocked when Svetlana muscles him up to a sitting position and drags him off the couch, surprised that her five foot five, 120 pound body could get him to do anything. He’s too stunned to fight her so he just meanders along, letting himself be dragged into his bedroom then his bathroom.

He stays where she posts him up by his sink while she fills his bathtub with warm water, soap and the smell good oils she leaves in his cabinets. Rolling his eyes at the glare she throws him, he undresses himself, walking over to sink into the tub slowly while she sits on a stool beside him.

“I know you’re not really that upset that the Admirals are going to take the cup this season.”

She fills a plastic cup with water and pours it over his hair gently, wetting a rag and sudsing it against his chest, “Scott Hunter is a shit player.”

“He played better than you this season.”

“Yeah, well.”

Selfishly, Ilya lets Svetlana wash him. He leans his head back and relaxes into the water, allows himself just this bit of comfort before he rips that away from himself too.

When she finishes, the water’s gone cold and murky and Ilya rinses off in the shower before wrapping himself in a big comfy towel. Svetlana uses a second towel in his hair and changes into one of his big shirts before climbing into bed with him. It’s so familiar, so them, that Ilya doesn’t think twice as he invades her space, wrapping his hand around the side of her delicate neck and drawing her mouth down to his. Their kiss is soft and gentle but lasts only a second before Svetlana pulls away.

“You don’t need that right now. Not from me.”

“I always need you.” Ilya groans. He’s still a bit drunk, the vodka runs through his veins as he presses his face into Svetlana’s neck and pulls her body to his by wrapping his arm around her waist.

“What about Jane?”

It’s not his name but it still sends a rush of pain through Ilya’s body at the reminder. “That’s over.”

“Why?”

“It was becoming too much.”

“Too much of what?”

She’s holding him now. Shifting onto her back, she holds his head against her, wrapping her arms around him and playing with his hair, smelling like roses. She’s far too good for him, too good.

“Maybe not too much of anything. Maybe I just— wasn’t enough.”

“Did he say that?”

Ilya blinks, irate tears filling his eyes that he tries to keep away. “He would never.”

“Then why do you think that?”

“Nobody stays.” Ilya says, speaking around the rock in his throat. “He’d realize it at some point and he would leave too. I did not want to be there when it happened. I had to end it.”

“That’s not fair to him, Ilya.”

“I know.”

“He deserves a chance to choose.”

He closes his eyes against Svetlana’s throat, tears running freely down his cheeks now, wetting her skin. He feels so lost. So, so lost.

“You’re not scared that he wouldn’t choose you.”

“No.” Ilya breathes, words catching, “I’m scared that he would. I’m scared that he does and I disappoint him.”

“Ilya-,”

“What if I’m just like her. My mom.” He grips tighter onto Svetlana’s body, taking all the comfort she’s willing to give. “What if I become a burden to him?”

“Did you see your mom as a burden?”

“No.”

“Give him some credit.” It’s never been more clear to Ilya than now that Svetlana knows exactly who he’s all broken up over. Not just that Jane is a guy and that Ilya is madly in love

with him. She knows who he is, knows that it's Shane who's been tearing up all his creature comforts and replacing them with his smile. Fuck.

"I ruined it too bad. I can't fix it anymore."

"Ilya." Svetlana places a finger under his chin and tilts it up, meets his eyes with her beautiful brown ones. He must have a thing for brown eyes, brown eyes and gentle people who were stupid enough to fall for him. Svetlana smiles at him small, caressing his cheek with a gentle swipe of her thumb, "give him some credit."

Ilya cries himself to sleep that night and Svetlana holds him together the entire time.

-

The Admirals win the Stanley cup.

Ilya feels better, a bit more human as he watches the screen, watches Scott Hunter lift the cup over his head and the other players families flood the ice to congratulate the team. Ilya doesn't feel the least bit upset, he agreed with Svetlana and every commentator on Sports Center, they had a better season than him and he'd also played like shit for most of it. He'd get 'em next year. Maybe.

He's about to shut off the tv when Scott Hunter starts to skate off towards the crowd, gesturing for something or someone one. The camera pans to the crowd too, looking, searching for the object of Hunter's attention. Ilya's eyes stay glued to the screen as it seems to land on another man, standing there shellshocked like he also can't believe what's going on. Beside him, Svetlana is there, just as captivated.

He watches as the man makes his way down to the ice. He watches Scott Hunter take him by the hand, whisper something into his ear and then kiss him. Ilya's brain goes white.

"Holy shit." Svetlana mutters beside him, placing a hand on Ilya's arm as Ilya just watches, slack-jawed. He knows what he has to do.

-

Lily: Hey

Jane: Hi

...

Jane: Did you seriously just text me to say hi and nothing else?

Lily: No.

Lily: I'm sorry.

...

Jane: you're sorry?

Lily: I want to see you

Lily: Is that invite still open?

...

...

...

Jane: yeah. it is.

-

The ride to the cottage is mostly quiet. When Ilya got into Shane's car and saw him again, he wanted to make a chirp about his sensible dad car but decided to keep his mouth shut instead. It was quite the feat. He played with his fingers in his lap and pretended you couldn't cut the tension between them with a knife.

For two whole hours, Ilya tortures himself by barely saying any words. He says no when Shane asks if he's hungry and hums when Shane nervously talks about stocking the cottage with food and how private it is.

Ilya just wants to kiss him, but he knows he can't just do it. He was to earn back that right.

"I can take my own bag." Ilya protests when he's caught up in taking in Shane's cottage so he misses Shane grabbing his bag from the back and bringing it up the stairs.

"How're your ribs?"

"Fine."

"I can't believe you played with broken ribs. You must be some sort of masochist or something."

Or something is probably right. He follows Shane inside and kicks his shoes off at the entrance. He takes everything in, the sleek interior design, the large wall sized windows and the view of the lake from the back. He turns and sees Shane is looking at him, taking him in, his emotions locked behind a steel vault as impenetrable as he can make it. Unfortunately, Ilya knows him too well, he can see the cracks there where his feelings come through. He's hurt.

He closes the space between them slowly, letting himself feel and believe that he deserves this, that whatever Shane wants to give him he'll take. He's tired and touch starved and the only one he wants to touch is standing right in front of him but feels miles away. He's such a fucking idiot.

"I'm sorry."

“You said that.”

“I shouldn’t have said what I said to you. Any of it.”

Shane nods once at him, flexing his jaw as Ilya’s hands find his hips.

“We are not just fun.”

“No?”

“No. I— care about you. A lot. And you were right, it terrified me.”

Shane frowns then but his hands come up and finally, finally he’s touching Ilya back, his hands curling around Ilya’s elbows, “I thought we worked through that before.”

“I— I was feeling a lot of things after Russia. It scared me how much I wanted you. I don’t think I ever really understood how big this thing got.”

“I think I know what you mean.” Shane caresses his upper arm, eyes tracing his features, “it feels bigger than both of us.”

“So much bigger.”

“You can’t do that to me again.” Shane’s voice breaks, leaning his forehead against Ilya’s and breathing in, “If you’re scared, we can talk about it. I want to talk about it but Ilya— that shit hurt like hell. It broke me.”

Ilya wraps his arms around Shane then, hands in his hair as he holds him close, breathes in his scent and melts his body against Shane’s. He presses his lips to the side of Shane’s head, his cheek, “I’m sorry. I’m so so sorry, I promise you, Shane. I don’t ever want to hurt you again.”

“Fuck.” Shane pulls back and in the next second smashes his lips to Ilya’s, moaning when Ilya’s mouth parts immediately to accept Shane’s tongue into his mouth. They fall together fast and clumsily, stumbling blindly through Shane’s cottage until they find a couch to tumble onto, Shane’s body falling onto Ilya’s and settling between his legs.

A small part of him still thinks he doesn’t deserve this, that maybe Shane made getting him back too easy. But when Shane drags his tongue along the roof of Ilya’s mouth and grips Ilya’s ass to grind their clothed cocks together between them, he shuts that piece of him up.

They rub against each other and kiss and come in their pants like fucking teenagers, but Ilya thinks it’s perfect.

-

Ilya tells Shane about his mother.

He lays everything out bare, his fears, his loss, his aching need for something that he’ll never have again. That maternal love and feeling, it’s been so long that he doesn’t even remember

sometimes the warmth of his mother's hugs.

But Shane's hugs are warm, and he holds Ilya as they stare into the fire and the crazy Canadian wolf bird does its weird call in the night around them.

He loves this boy. He loves him, he loves him, he loves him, and two nights later he tells him so in Russian, love overflowing in his chest because even after everything, even after Ilya tried to and succeeded at breaking Shane's heart, Shane still dared to plan for them.

He makes a plan for Ilya to join the Ottawa Centaurs, makes a plan for a joint charity project, he makes a plan for their future and for them to be together and God Ilya doesn't deserve him, but he wants to. He vows then that he'll do everything in his power to be what Shane needs, just like Shane is for him. He'll love him and be there for him and wipe the tears from his eyes and kiss his swollen lips and love him so much it hurts, until the day they die.

When Shane says the words back, Ilya feels like he's flying. It's everything and it's in the silence of this magical place, he gets why the cottage is Shane's favorite place in the whole world. Ilya's favorite place in the whole world is next to Shane, he understands that now. It doesn't scare him anymore.

He fucks Shane into the mattress like he loves him. Kissing every exposed inch of him, caressing his hair, rolling his hips and languishing each thrust as he stares into his lover's eyes. He whispers those three words over and over, in English and in Russian, switching it up so Shane doesn't get tired of hearing them.

His boy is so perfect, with the sexy sounds he makes as Ilya makes him come and Shane tells Ilya how much he loves him back. Over and over and over again. He knows he can never again live without this. He wants Shane Hollander forever.

"You're everything to me. My whole heart." Ilya mumbles just as Shane is starting to teeter over the edge of sleep. He combs his fingers through Shane's hair, smiles and kisses his sleepy lips when Shane looks at him like he personally hung the moon in the sky.

"I love you." Shane whispers like he's scared to shatter the tranquility surrounding them.

"I love you." Ilya says back, kissing Shane's nose tenderly. They fall asleep like that, soft touches and words of affirmation whispered against damp skin.

Ilya doesn't think he's ever been so happy.

End Notes

How bout that finale??

I hope you guys liked this read, if so please consider leaving a nice comment~ I love hearing what you think.

Thanks for reading!

I will be at the cottage until 2027 🙌

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