

make much of time

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Summary

To fall in love one hour at a time is not possible. Ilya knows this.

Notes

Timeline: around 1.02 Olympians (the important part is that it's pre-tuna melt)

Author's Note: I started thinking about how little time they actually get together and it made my brain melt. Thanks to [Robert Herrick](#) for the title.

To fall in love one hour at a time is not possible. Ilya knows this. An hour on the ice, an hour in the hotel. Maybe two hours in the hotel if they are very lucky. But those days, it is like the only real minutes of Ilya's day are the ones he spends with Hollander. Practice is a blur. After is nothing.

Those hours are special.

He fucking loves to play against Hollander. He loves to chirp him, to chase him, to watch the way Hollander's face changes when he watches Ilya score. It is like chess, but not boring, watching Hollander's thoughts show through the way his body moves. Each game is an hour that is special to Ilya. Even when he loses. Even when he plays badly, or Hollander does. This happens. But even a bad game is time to study Hollander.

Ilya thought he understood Hollander before they met. He knew the boy on the ice, how that boy would react when one thing or another thing happened. Ilya had watched Hollander for years in videos. Hollander was confident and powerful. He took charge. "One day you will meet him on the ice," his coach said, "and it will be a fight to the death." Ilya understood that. And then Hollander found him outside in the snow, soft and polite with his nice manners and his silly little good-boy handshakes, and he was not who Ilya had thought at all. Or maybe Hollander was more than Ilya had imagined: the captain, the center, the star, the prince of hockey, and also gentle and kind. Not so predictable. Not so boring.

When they met on the ice in that final, it was a fight, but nobody died. Maybe instead something was born. Something small, but always growing.

He wishes he had kissed Hollander at the draft. Both of them sweating, breathing fast, almost like sex. Both of them already looking forward to the future, losing sleep. They were alone together, and then alone, separate. Wasted time, even if he thought of Hollander in the shower. They wasted other time, later. He could have tasted Hollander's victory at the second Prospect Cup, instead of his own defeat. And those months they didn't text, gone. Ilya can't get those hours back. They have so few. Every one is precious to Ilya.

Ilya has a good life. He has money, he has women, he has fast cars, and his job is so fucking fun it's barely work. It's the best life he could have imagined, almost. But sometimes he feels like it's all just connecting the hours he spends with Hollander. Those hours are when he *lives*.

In those hours, Ilya learns more and more about Hollander. There is so much hunger in Hollander, so much need. Kissing Hollander is like touching an electric wire. Hollander can't hold back. In the bedroom, all his nerves are on the outside of his body, all his emotions are part of his skin. Ilya touches him and he could swear he's touching Hollander's soul. It makes sense: Hollander has no one, no one else. Ilya, yes, he can always find someone to fuck. It's easy for him to touch, to kiss, to fuck, and not give himself away. But Hollander gives himself to no one. Only Ilya. Hollander spends so much time keeping all of himself inside that maybe he cannot help offering everything to Ilya, body and soul and. And. Ilya can't think more about it.

If Ilya counts up the minutes they have spent together, he feels crazy. So few for so much feeling. But the feeling is there, always. Waiting for the text message, for the sight of the 24 jersey, for the click of a lock.

This hour is already slipping away. So soon, Ilya will leave and go back to the hotel and pretend that nothing has happened. That his body isn't throbbing with lust. That he isn't full of joy and sadness so mixed together he can't separate them. That he isn't missing Hollander, already, even though they're still in the same room.

Enough. He will enjoy this.

Ilya flicks Hollander's soft dick very, very gently with one finger. "Is that all you have for me?"

Hollander groans. His arm is crooked over his face to hide his eyes. Ilya can see the smooth underneath of his bicep, the dark tangle of hair in Hollander's armpit. He wants to put his face there, to smell Hollander's sweat. This is a ridiculous thought, but he wants to do it anyway. To know something new about Hollander that no one else knows.

"Fuck off," Hollander says. "It's your fault."

"My fault?" Ilya points at himself. He makes the face of an angel. "My fault, Hollander? I barely touched you. You are the one who came all over himself while I was still taking your pants off."

"You're too sexy," Hollander says like he's complaining.

"Ah," Ilya says. "You were thinking of me before, hmm? That's why you came so fast." He leans over Hollander, drags his tongue through the splashes of cum on Hollander's belly. Hollander shivers under him. "So messy."

"I wasn't trying to," Hollander says. "You gotta stop sexting me before games."

"Hmm." Ilya puts his tongue in Hollander's belly button, drags his mouth up Hollander's abs. "Maybe so. Maybe not. Anyway, you won." He kisses Hollander's chest. Hollander makes a soft sound. Ilya bites him and Hollander moans. His hand pushes softly through Ilya's hair. Ilya ignores the way his heart squeezes. He uses his teeth on Hollander's nipples instead, until Hollander is gasping, pulling Ilya's hair. It makes Ilya's dick twitch. His dick has no patience when it comes to Hollander. Ilya ignores it, for now. He will get what he wants soon enough.

Ilya can see in Hollander's eyes how much he wants this. He loves how much Hollander loves to get fucked, the way he gives everything to Ilya. Sometimes it is sad, knowing no one else gives Hollander this feeling. Sometimes it makes Ilya proud. He likes not sharing Hollander.

"You can still fuck me," Hollander says as Ilya slides up to lie next to him on the pillow. Hollander's arm is around Ilya's shoulders now. It feels good.

“I can,” Ilya agrees. He pouts, pretending to be disappointed. “But I wanted to be inside you. I want to watch you come for me.” There is time. Hollander will get hard again in ten or fifteen minutes, probably. Still. Hollander hardly touches himself compared to Ilya. His first time is always impressive. Ilya did want to watch.

He watches Hollander’s face instead. Hollander didn’t turn on many lights. He looks very pretty in the soft shadows. Ilya touches Hollander’s nose with one finger, traces his lips and eyebrows, cups his palm under Hollander’s jaw. It is bad for Ilya’s heart to do these things. He cannot stop himself.

“We could kiss for a while,” Hollander says, as if he doesn’t care. He’s such a terrible liar.

“Okay,” Ilya says softly. He leans into Hollander’s mouth. Hollander kisses like a confession. Ilya can taste everything Hollander is feeling. He wonders if Hollander can taste him too, the truth in him.

For long minutes, they kiss, too gently, too sweet. Hollander melts against Ilya. Not the team captain now, not the star player: the nice boy. The lover, not the fighter. When Hollander kisses like they’re fighting, Ilya likes it. It’s like vodka: refreshing, clear, slivers of ice in the way they touch each other. This side of Hollander is something more intoxicating. Warmer. Softer. Maybe they are just tired from the game, or maybe it’s something else. Ilya cannot bear it any longer. His heart is so full it hurts, and so are his balls.

He rolls onto Hollander, pins him, kissing him harder. With one hand, he reaches out for the lube. He knows where Hollander keeps it now; he doesn’t have to look. Hollander spreads his legs, so sexy under Ilya, so ready. Ilya keeps kissing him as he drips lube down Hollander’s balls and taint. It’s not so easy to aim when he isn’t looking, but it doesn’t matter. He strokes Hollander’s balls until his fingers are slick, and then he finds Hollander’s hole. He knows how to press Hollander open now, how to make Hollander gasp and moan. Hollander trusts him. He isn’t scared anymore: of Ilya’s body, of the hunger they feel together.

By the time Ilya has made Hollander ready, Hollander’s dick is hard again. Ilya can feel it against his belly as they kiss. He sits up to put on a condom and Hollander pulls him back down, his mouth open, seeking Ilya’s. They’re still kissing when Ilya pushes into him. Hollander wraps his arms around Ilya’s neck and moans into Ilya’s mouth. Ilya can’t help moaning too. Hollander feels so fucking good.

He can tell Hollander how he feels with no words. With his sounds, with his body. Ilya knows their hour is slipping away, but he fucks Hollander slowly. Hollander should know how it feels, once, not to hurry. To feel every sensation. Ilya has never made love, probably, only fucked. Even with Svetlana, it’s only for fun. But he tries to make love to Hollander.

It is dangerous, to feel as much with his heart as he does with his dick.

The way Hollander moves under him is so familiar now. Ilya can tell how much Hollander is enjoying this, how close he is. Ilya is close too. He reaches between them to stroke Hollander’s dick. Hollander arches up into Ilya’s hand. Ilya wants to come so badly, but he wants Hollander to come first. It’s easy to make it happen. He moves the right way inside Hollander, rubs his thumb over the head of Hollander’s dick the way Hollander likes it. Soon

Hollander is shaking, under him, around him, and then he comes into the space between their bodies, splashing Ilya's stomach and chest.

"Oh fuck," Hollander says. "Fuck, yes." He pants for breath. "Are you close?"

"Yes," Ilya says, and he can hear his own voice shaking. Hollander kisses him, hard and sweet at the same time.

"Come for me," he says between kisses. "Come for me, please." That "please" does something to Ilya. He comes so hard that for a moment it is like the lights go out. And then he can see again: Hollander's face, his eyes soft. Ilya takes off the condom and throws it away, leaning over the edge of the bed, over Hollander's body. Hollander doesn't seem to mind. When Ilya sits up, he pulls Ilya down against him. Ilya lets himself collapse against Hollander. His skin is sticky. For once, Hollander doesn't seem to care. He pets Ilya's hair. Ilya lies on Hollander's chest and listens to his heart beat. Hollander smells like sweat and sex and deodorant. Ilya wishes he could sleep in this bed, so he could wake up to that smell.

"How long do you have?" Hollander asks after a while.

Ilya sighs. He looks at Hollander's alarm clock. "Fifteen, twenty minutes." He stretches, rolling off Hollander.

"Enough time for a shower," Hollander says.

"Mm," Ilya says. "You think I should not go back to the hotel covered in your cum?"

Hollander pushes at him, just playing. "Maybe not." He puts his feet on the floor. "Maybe I should join you. Since I'm also covered in my cum."

"Is there a word in English for someone who can never have enough?" Ilya asks as he walks to the bathroom. "Like hungry, greedy, but more?"

"Yeah," Hollander says, following. "Insatiable." He puts two towels on the counter, the big fluffy ones Ilya likes.

"That is you," Ilya says. "In-sa-tia-ble." He rolls each syllable in his mouth.

"I'm feeling pretty satiated right now," Hollander says, and that must mean the opposite. Ilya has fed his hunger.

"I could go then," Ilya says, jerking his thumb toward the door. Just a joke. He really likes Hollander's shower. The water pressure is amazing.

"No!" Hollander says fast. "I mean. You can stay a little longer. You've got time, right?"

Ilya looks at Hollander for a long time. He cannot describe what he's feeling when he looks at Hollander's face, those wide hopeful eyes.

"Yes," Ilya says at last. "I have time."

“Good,” Hollander says, and Ilya has to look away from the way Hollander’s face looks and the relief in Hollander’s voice. He turns on the water instead and lets the noise fill his head.

A few minutes more. This hour, added to their other hours. Out of years of knowing each other, all they have had together to really know each other is a few days’ worth of hours. Does it make three days of hours? Maybe five? Not a whole week, he thinks. If Ilya counts their texts, their media appearances, their boring events, the stupid parties after, every minute he’s spent watching Hollander play, then it seems possible. To fall in love in two weeks or a month is still fast, but it’s better. Not so crazy.

Ilya wants more. More hours, more days, more of Hollander. Not so smart, wanting this. But he can’t help himself. Insatiable.

Hollander steps into the shower. “Water’s hot.” The spray runs over his face. He blows it away, swipes it out of his eyes. He looks so cute. Ilya can’t help smiling. “You coming?”

He holds out his hand.

Ilya takes it.

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