

Leave on a high note

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75951851) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75951851>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Getting Back Together , Jealousy , Drunk Dialing , Explicit Sexual Content , POV Alternating , Confessions
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-18 Words: 7,123 Chapters: 1/1

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by [photographer_of_thoughts](#)

Summary

Shane groans as he tries to sit up, memories of the previous night coming back to him like a tidal wave. He went out to a club. Ilya was there. He broke up with Rose. He told her he's gay. He got really fucking drunk and he called -

“Good morning.” Ilya says from right next to him.

or, Shane breaks up with Rose shortly after the club scene and then he drunkenly calls Ilya.

Notes

- I can't escape this show, it's awful (wonderful).
- Title from the song 'My Moon My Man' by Feist
- Shane/Rose is very brief and only at the beginning.

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

“*Stop.*”

Shane gasps the word out, pulling away from a half naked Rose who was just about to put her hand down his pants.

They’re in Shane’s bedroom after getting home from the club, and he knew that Rose would be expecting them to sleep together. He was going to make himself do it because that’s what he *should* want.

He’s managed to get himself an amazingly beautiful girlfriend who for some reason really likes him. All of his teammates are jealous. The tabloids have been going insane.

Shane has been telling himself he’s alright; that maybe this thing with Rose could lead into something long term. Maybe marriage. Kids. All the normal things. She’s perfect in every sense of the word.

But he doesn’t want to have sex with her. Despite her being dressed in only a thong right now, his dick could seriously not care less.

He’s not fine. This isn’t fine.

He doesn’t want this, and the realization is hitting him like a ton of bricks.

“Sorry. Did I do something wrong?” Rose asks, looking worried and hurt by his rejection.

“No, *no*. I’m the one who’s sorry.” Shane says quickly, grabbing the small blanket from the end of his bed and throwing it around her shoulders. He hugs her close, rubbing her back.

“What do you mean?”

Fuck. How does he explain this? He doesn’t want to hurt her. He actually really enjoys her company as a person. As a *friend*. He doesn’t want to lose her.

But he can’t keep lying.

“Rose, I gotta tell you something.”

**

A little while later, they’re sitting at his kitchen table with two glasses of wine. Rose is dressed in a pair of his sweat pants and a hoodie, hair up in a bun. She gulps back her wine and takes a deep breath.

“Wow. This is not how I thought the night would end.” She says, not unkindly. She actually flashes him a brief grin, and it seems genuine. But Shane can tell she’s also still a bit upset.

“I know. Me either, honestly.” He says, crossing his arms over his chest. “I’m so -”

“Don’t apologize anymore, Shane. I understand. I’m sad about it, obviously, but it’s not your fault.”

An awkward silence falls between them. Shane sips his wine - even though he’s still a bit drunk from all the drinks he had at the club earlier - waiting for her to decide how the rest of the evening is going to go.

“I won’t tell anyone.” Rose states, and Shane immediately nods.

“I trust you. I know.” And it’s the truth. Despite not knowing her for very long, he trusts that Rose wouldn’t out him to the world as some form of revenge for him being gay and therefore being unable to love her.

Fuck.

Gay.

Shane is gay.

Why has it taken him so long to know this about himself?

Their gazes hold for a long few seconds before Rose finishes her wine and then stands up. “I’m going to go. Maybe we’ll take a bit of space and talk later?”

Shane nods, standing up as well - a little bit wobbly but he manages not to fall. “Yeah. Whatever you want, Rose.”

She looks at him sadly before going back upstairs. She keeps a few things here in a suitcase at the back of Shane’s closet. When she comes back downstairs a few minutes later, she’s back in her dress and carrying the suitcase.

It makes Shane clench his teeth because whatever kind of fantasy he’d created for himself the last few months is over now. He has to face his real inner truth, and he’s scared as hell.

But he knows he can’t keep pretending to be someone he’s not.

He’s not sure if Rose will hug him or just leave. He wants a hug, some sort of reassurance that they could still be friends someday, but he won’t push it.

But because Rose is a wonderful human being who Shane definitely doesn’t deserve, she comes over and wraps her arms around his shoulders.

“Take care of yourself, Shane.” She whispers, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

“You too.” He nods, pushing down the tears that want to escape.

Two minutes later, he’s alone in his kitchen and has no idea what to do now. Maybe have another glass of wine? That might be the only option.

What he *wants* to do is call Ilya. Because he hasn't been able to stop thinking about him since he saw him at the club. If Shane's honest with himself though, which apparently he is actually starting to do, he would have been thinking of Ilya tonight whether he saw him or not.

But they haven't talked in months. No texting, no hooking up. Ilya didn't even meet his eyes during the game tonight.

It feels as awful as it did a few years ago when all Shane got from Ilya was radio silence. But this time he knows it's because he went and started dating a famous celebrity. Ilya backed off, which Shane would have too if Ilya had started dating someone so publicly.

He keeps drinking wine as he stares at his phone, at his old conversation with Ilya. He feels awful and knows he needs to stop drinking. He's supposed to be facing the truth right now, not clouding his mind with alcohol. It's hitting him hard because he hasn't touched anything booze related in months.

But facing the truth also means facing the fact that he's in love with Ilya Rozanov, and he can't do anything about it. They can't be together the way he was with Rose. And fuck, he doesn't even know if Ilya would want something even close. Ilya is the king of hookups, not relationships. Just because the last time they were together felt intimate and domestic and *everything Shane has ever wanted* doesn't mean Ilya saw it in the same way.

Shane still shivers when he thinks of the way Ilya had moaned his name, though. His *first name*.

He finishes his third glass of wine and, since he's still looking at their conversation, presses the call button.

This is going to be such a bad idea, but he wants to hear Ilya's voice.

And isn't that what they're all about, anyway? Having bad ideas?

**

Ilya is almost asleep when he hears his phone start buzzing from under his pillow. He groans loudly because he has a feeling it's going to be either his brother or father calling him, and dealing with their bullshit is the last thing he wants to do after this horrible night.

He looks over at the other bed in his hotel room and sees that his roommate isn't back from the club yet. He probably went home with a girl the way Ilya was supposed to. The girl he was dancing with offered, practically begged him to come back and fuck her, but he couldn't make himself do it.

He rolls over in bed, grabs his phone and without checking the ID presses 'answer.'

"Hello?" He grumbles, eyes still closed.

"Uh, hey?"

Ilya sits up so quickly he hurts his neck. Was that Shane's voice? It definitely was. He pulls the phone away from his ear for a second and feels his heart leap when he sees, 'Jane.'

"I probably woke you up. Oh shit, you're probably busy. Fuck. Sorry. I'll just...call back? No, you probably don't want to talk to me. Sorry." Hollander mumbles, and Ilya's first instinct is to laugh at how awkward he is.

How *adorable* too, he thinks. But he quickly squashes that thought. He can't let himself be soft with Shane right now.

Shane has a girlfriend and wants nothing to do with Ilya anymore. Which is fine. He has every right to do that. They're not dating, not exclusive. Not even friends, really.

"What do you want, Hollander?" Ilya asks, purposely making his voice sound disinterested. It takes a lot of effort.

"I - uh -" Shane begins, and then there's a loud crash in the background. "Oh shit. Ouch."

Ilya frowns. "You forget how to walk?"

"Fuck. No. I'm kind of drunk."

Ilya continues to frown because *what*? Shane doesn't drink during the season. Was he drinking earlier in the club? Ilya doesn't remember. He'd been too distracted being insanely jealous of the way Rose was running her hands up the front of Shane's body under his t-shirt, stroking his abs.

"Hollander, what -"

"I miss you." Shane suddenly blurts, voice so loud that Ilya has to pull the phone back a bit. "Shit. I'm so sorry. Did I shout that? I don't know how to be drunk and like, functional?"

Ilya clears his throat, Shane's confession about missing him cutting him deep.

"You miss me? You have a girlfriend, Hollander." He snaps. He knows Shane's drunk and they can't properly talk but he feels like he has to say it anyway.

Why the fuck is Shane doing this? Is he hiding in the bathroom after fucking Rose to call Ilya, wanting to be an asshole? Wanting Ilya to hurt even more than he already is?

"I don't. Her and I, we don't fit. Bad puzzle pieces. Not right, you know? You and me, though. We're always fitting. This is a bad simile. Metaphor? I don't fucking know, but I know that her and I are done." Shane continues to ramble, the words a bit incoherent.

Ilya sucks in a breath.

"You broke up?" He clarifies, because that's what he thinks Shane said.

"Yeah. She left. I didn't want to fuck her. I don't want to do that." Shane continues, and Ilya hears another loud sound in the background before Hollander groans in pain. "Fuck, has that

table always been there?”

Shane really can't handle alcohol at all, apparently.

“Hollander, stop walking around. You are going to fall and hurt yourself.” Ilya admonishes, putting his phone between his ear and his shoulder while he shoves his pants back on.

“It doesn't matter.” Shane says softly. “Maybe I should just throw myself down the stairs.”

“No. Don't say stupid shit like that!” Ilya yells, the thought of Shane intentionally hurting himself actually unbearable.

His stomach lurches at the idea.

“No, no, Ilya I was kidding. I'm just sitting down now. On the couch. I won't move.” Shane says, and the words comfort Ilya a little bit but not enough to make him stay here at the hotel.

Then he realizes something. Shane called him Ilya.

Fuck.

“You are at your apartment, yes?”

“Yes. It's so stupid, you know? I bought this place and thought of you. Making it our place. But nothing is ours because there's no *us*. Right? God, I'm so sorry. I'll let you get back to whoever you're with.”

Ilya really doesn't want to read into what Shane's saying too much. He doesn't know if he should let himself get his hopes up. Shane is drunk. He might not mean what he's saying. But maybe he *does*.

“I am coming over.” He says, and he might regret doing this. But he thinks he might regret not doing it even more.

“You are?” Shane asks, sounding like a little kid on Christmas; bright and full of hope. But then, “Oh God, the *stairs*. I really can't do them, Ilya. I can't come and let you in. Oh, no.”

Ilya chuckles a little, unable to help it.

“Sweetheart,” He says in Russian, then in English, “I have a key, remember? You gave to me last time.”

Ilya doesn't want to remember the last time. How Shane had been all embarrassed as he handed the key to Ilya, muttering something about him being able to let himself in if Shane wasn't here first. Because that had happened more than once over the years. Ilya would get to the apartment and have to wait around outside before Shane got back. Which Hollander had been worried about being too risky.

But then Rose Landry happened, and Ilya never got to use it.

“Oh yeah. You still - still have it?” Shane asks, hiccuping a little bit. “You didn’t throw it out?”

“No.” Ilya says simply, even though the answer really isn’t that simple. He can’t tell Shane that he carries the key with him everywhere. He has since Hollander gave it to him, even before Rose. He keeps it in the front pocket of his bag and sometimes takes it out and holds it.

He can’t be that honest.

“You’re not with someone?” Shane asks, just as Ilya is walking out the door.

“No, Shane.”

**

As Ilya walks up the stairs, he tries to calm his heartrate. He tries to be cool and relaxed and indifferent.

He’s just here to make sure Hollander doesn’t drown in his own puke or break his ankle and put his career on hold because he decided to go overboard with drinking. Once he knows Shane is fine, he’ll be able to leave.

Simple. Easy.

Except nothing has ever been simple between them. Ilya realized that recently, once Shane started dating Rose. Even from their rookie year, from the first time they hooked up, Ilya has always wanted more. More sex, sure. But also more contact. Conversations and texting.

He’s actually always liked Shane. And it scares him to death.

The apartment is silent as he gets upstairs. He wanders around for only a few minutes before he finds Shane fast asleep on the couch he mentioned sitting on earlier. He’s a bit slumped over on the arm of the couch, like he sat there but didn’t intend to sleep. His phone is on the floor at his feet.

Ilya sighs as he watches him. He’s still wearing that white t-shirt from the club. His hair is a bit of a mess, cheeks flushed from being drunk.

He’s so fucking gorgeous it breaks Ilya’s heart.

He walks over, kneeling down in front of Shane and gently brushes his hair off his forehead.

“Shane?” He asks, trying to see how out of it the other man is. Hollander doesn’t move or react.

Ilya sighs, wondering what to do. He could leave Shane here to sleep it off and stay close by in case he wakes up and gets sick. But that will probably mean that Hollander wakes up with some kind of neck or shoulder pain, considering how slumped over he is.

The other option is to try and get him to walk to the bedroom.

“Shane?” Ilya asks again, shaking his arm. “You need to wake up.”

“Okay.” Hollander slurs, not opening his eyes or moving. “I’m waiting.”

Ilya purses his lips so he doesn’t laugh. “What are you waiting for?” He plays along, knowing Shane probably isn’t super awake or aware of what he’s doing.

“For Ilya.”

Fuck.

“I’m here, Shane. It’s me.” He whispers, stroking Shane’s freckles along the left side of his face. “Open your eyes.”

He shakes Hollander until he finally opens them. It takes him a second, but then he focuses on Ilya’s face and tries to sit up.

“Oh God, was that real? I *called* you? Oh shit. I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t -” Shane begins, wobbling as he attempts to sit up. He reaches for Ilya and manages to hold onto his forearms.

“It’s fine. But you need to try and walk now, yes?” Ilya instructs, pulling a little until Shane is back on his feet.

“M’good. I’m so able to do this, obviously.” Shane giggles, like they’re both in on some joke he just made.

Ilya sighs and puts an arm around Shane’s waist to steady him as they make their way down the hall. Shane is doing surprisingly well for someone who’s absolutely shitfaced.

“I’ve never been drunk before. Not like this. It’s awful.” He whines as Ilya gets him to sit on the bed. “Are you actually here?”

“Yes, Hollander. I’m here. Now go to sleep.” Ilya huffs, moving Shane to a better position in bed rather than just letting him sit on the end. If Ilya left him like that he’d probably just fall off.

“But I want to tell you things. There’s so much we gotta talk about. We never talk about shit, Ilya.” Shane whines, reaching for Ilya again. He grabs his hand and tries to tug him forward, like he wants Ilya to sleep in bed with him.

“We can talk tomorrow when you’re sober.”

“But what if I lose my nerve?”

Ilya lets Shane pull him until he’s standing directly beside the bed Shane is half lying on. He knows he should pull away, sleep in one of the guest rooms. Keep a respectful distance.

But Shane looks so fucking sad; at the stage of drunkenness where your energy drops. You're not silly anymore, just a bit depressed and out of it. Maybe Ilya should be here in case he gets sick.

Ilya hasn't really touched Shane in months. That's fairly normal for them considering their busy schedules. Complete silence isn't normal, though. Before Rose, they used to text and be flirty a lot more the last two years. Ilya was used to a life where he was constantly checking his phone for new messages. The last few months have been a void, and he fully realizes it now as he stares down at Shane.

The longing he feels to hold Hollander is kind of out of this world.

He puts his hands on either side of Shane's face, and Hollander looks up at him.

"What is it you want to tell me, hm?" He whispers, tracing Shane's mouth with his thumb. "Say it and then you need to sleep."

Shane inhales deeply and closes his eyes, leaning towards Ilya until his forehead is against Ilya's stomach.

"I missed you. How you touch me. Want it all the time." He says, the words still a bit jumbled.

"Yeah?" He doesn't recognize his own voice as he moves his hands over Shane's back. He traces the lines of his shoulder blades as he feels Shane's hands on his thighs, pulling them closer together.

"I'm sorry I left that day. I should have stayed. I wanted to stay. I'm such a fucking idiot." Shane says, and Ilya can't see his face since it's pressed against him but he can tell Hollander is crying.

"I don't like girls. I like Rose, but not the way I like you. I think I've known that for a long fucking time but I didn't want it to be true. It makes everything so much harder, and I can't _"

Shane is hyperventilating now, too upset to continue speaking, and Ilya can't bear it.

"Sweetheart, stop. Take a deep breath, is okay. You are okay." Ilya pleads, gently pushing Shane into a lying position on the right side of the bed. He lies down next to him, holding his arms out, and Shane comes easily - putting his head on Ilya's chest as he sobs.

"I'm sorry. I'm so fucking sorry." Shane keeps saying.

Shane doesn't need to apologize to him. Ilya was angry when he was at the club earlier. But not at Shane. Angry because he assumed he would never get to have this again. Angry that he hadn't told Shane how he felt, or hadn't tried to make him stay that day at his house. Angry at not realizing what Shane meant to him until he couldn't have him anymore.

"You do not need to be sorry, Shane. Everything is okay." Ilya tells him, hugging him tight and kissing the top of his head. God, he loves the smell of Shane's hair.

Ilya hasn't cried since his mother died. He doesn't let himself. But he feels tears in his eyes as Shane starts to quiet down, burying his damp face in Ilya's neck; hugging them so close together Ilya can barely breathe.

They haven't talked properly. Shane is still drunk. He might take this all back in the morning. But for right now, Ilya feels like he's coming back home.

And he never wants to be without this ever again.

**

Shane wakes up warm and snuggled against someone.

He's so comfortable. He feels so safe. He hums contentedly, burrowing his face against soft skin.

Where is he? Is he dreaming? This must be a dream because waking up is usually uncomfortable and daunting. Especially lately since he knows he has to pretend. Everything about his life is for show.

And every day he wakes up with the thought that he can't talk to Ilya. He can't text him or see him or -

"Oh *shit*." Shane groans as he tries to sit up, memories of the previous night coming back to him like a tidal wave.

He went out to a club. Ilya was there.

He broke up with Rose.

He told her he's gay.

He got really fucking drunk and he called -

"Good morning." Ilya says from right next to him and Shane can't help but jump.

"Oh my God." He blurts out, unable to believe how fucking gorgeous Ilya is with his sleep rumpled hair and squinty face. "You really came over here. Oh God. I'm -" Shane pulls the blanket off and moves back a little, anxiety rushing through him so hard he feels dizzy with it.

"You are going to be sick?" Ilya asks, sitting up too. He reaches over to his side of the bed and grabs a bowl. "Here."

Shane takes it, but he doesn't feel sick. Not vomit kind of sick.

Mostly just sick with embarrassment because of what he told Ilya.

Oh fuck. He had *cried*. Full on sobbing tears as he'd told Ilya how much he missed him.

“Shane? What?” Ilya says, sounding worried. His eyes are wide with alarm. “Are you okay?”

“No.” He blurts out honestly, heart clenching at hearing Ilya say his first name again when he’s sober enough to appreciate it. “God, I’m so embarrassed.”

Ilya watches him carefully, throat bobbing as he swallows. “Why?”

Shane scoffs at him, and gets out of the bed completely. He’s still wearing his clothes from yesterday, he notices. He should change, and shower. Fuck, what does he even have to do today? He can’t think. His brain feels like scrambled eggs.

“Shane, stop panicking for one minute, hm?” Ilya says, his voice deeper than normal. He rubs a hand over his tired face and gets off the bed, walking closer to Shane.

“How am I supposed to stop panicking?” Shane asks, feeling himself getting overwhelmed.

He’s fully fucked everything up.

“Take a deep breath.” Ilya demands, putting a hand on Shane’s chest. “Deep. Come on.”

“Why are you still here? God, you must think I’m a fucking idiot. I know I’m pathetic. I know I’m -”

“Hey.” Ilya snaps at him, gripping the back of his neck. “I don’t think anything like that. Is this why you are freaking out? You think I came over here in the middle of the night so I can tell you how awful you are in the morning?”

“Ilya -” Shane shakes his head, not knowing how to feel about how intensely the other man is looking at him.

“No. You don’t know how I feel. I didn’t get to tell you yet because you were drunk yesterday. But you asked me to come here. You told me you missed me. Is that not the truth? Are you embarrassed because you told me things that are lies? Do you even remember?”

“I remember.” Shane whispers, because he does. He was drunk but he didn’t black out. He remembers it like he was someone else, though. Someone who isn’t constantly burdened with worry about his every single move, every word he speaks. Last night he had felt more free in the way he could talk, and he’d said nothing but the truth.

“Then what? You want to take it back? You are upset you broke up with Rose? You want her back after all?”

“What?” Shane gasps. “No. I don’t want her.”

He wasn’t thinking he’d fucked everything up by ending things with Rose. He feels like he fucked up his chances of Ilya ever wanting to sleep with - or want him - again after breaking down like a kid last night.

“But you take back what you said to me?” Ilya asks, jaw tense and eyes blazing with what Shane realizes is hurt.

Ilya’s hurt at the idea of Shane saying things but not actually meaning them?

Oh God, if Ilya only knew.

Wait, does that mean Ilya is hoping that Shane *did* mean what he said?

“No. I don’t take it back. But I’m scared you don’t like what I said. Last time I saw you, you told me that I’m boring. And maybe I am. But now, after last night, I feel like you think I’m kind of a loser, too.”

He can feel himself blushing. The tips of his ears are burning and he can’t look Ilya in the eyes.

Shane has been overthinking everything so much that he didn’t realize Ilya is still holding the back of his neck. He’s rubbing soothing circles over the skin, which feels amazing.

“You are not a loser.” Ilya suddenly says, and then he pulls gently on Shane’s hair so that Shane looks up at him. “I do not think this, Shane.”

Shane swallows hard. “No?”

“No.”

“Then what do you think of me?”

Ilya pauses for a few seconds as he looks at Shane’s face. Not just in his eyes, but he glances at his mouth and jaw. Nose and forehead. And then he traces Shane’s freckles with his right thumb.

“I think that I missed you too. And that I have never been more happy to have someone drunk dial me. That is an expression, right? Drunk dial?”

Shane can’t help but laugh. “Yes.”

Ilya smiles at him fondly. “You are a cute drunk. Chatty. And can’t remember layout of your own apartment, but cute.”

“Fuck, yeah I did walk into a few things last night.” Shane rubs his left hip, knowing there’s probably a huge bruise there from slamming into the edge of the table.

They smile at each other, and as the seconds tick by, Shane begins to feel the enormity of how much he missed Ilya. He can’t believe he was so stupid to think he could be without him, without whatever it is between them that sets Shane’s soul on fire.

“You feel this too, yes?” Ilya asks, finally taking his hand away from Shane’s face and motioning between them. “What is between us?”

Shane nods, no sense trying to hide it. “I was just thinking that. I know we’ve never labelled it, but it means something to me. It always has.”

“Me too.”

Shane really wants to keep talking this out, but he’s too aware of how badly he must smell. The inside of his mouth tastes horrible and he can tell he was sweating a lot yesterday. That happens when he’s nervous or upset.

“You go shower.” Ilya says, apparently able to read every thought Shane has. “I will make us breakfast. You don’t have to leave yet, right?”

Shane tries to think. No, he doesn’t have to leave Montreal until tomorrow for another game. He was supposed to spend the day with Rose. She finally had a day off shooting and they’d planned to be together.

Guilt surges through him at the thought. He knows he hurt her. But he would have hurt her even more by continuing to pretend.

“No, not until tomorrow. What about you?”

“Flight is this afternoon, but not until four. I have a bit of time.” Ilya says, leaning in to put a kiss on Shane’s cheek. “Go.” He nods towards the ensuite bathroom, and Shane obeys.

He showers quickly but thoroughly and brushes his teeth, rinsing with mouthwash too because he didn’t get to brush his teeth last night. He feels about ten times better when he walks back out and puts on clean clothes.

He’s not as hung over as he was expecting to be. He has a memory of Ilya making him drink water and take some Advil before he passed out last night. Maybe that’s helping him feel less like death.

The smell of eggs greets him as he pads towards the kitchen. Ilya is humming something under his breath as he scoops some over easy eggs onto a plate with two slices of toast lathered in butter. It’s more carbs than Shane normally eats but he’s not going to complain.

“Greasy breakfast always helps me when I’m hungover.” Ilya winks at him.

“Oh my God, get out of my head. That’s like the third time you’ve read my mind and we barely woke up an hour ago.” Shane laughs, sitting at the table as Ilya brings him the plate. “Thank you.”

“Was easy. You want coffee? I made some for me with your fancy espresso machine. I have this same one at my house.”

“Sure, that would be great. No sugar.”

“I know, I know.”

Five minutes later, they're sitting together eating breakfast and sipping coffee. The silence isn't as awkward as it could be, but it still feels like they need to talk about stuff. It's close to ten in the morning, and Shane knows Ilya will have to go soon to pack his stuff from his hotel and head to the airport.

He wishes Ilya could stay longer. He wishes they could always wake up together and have breakfast like this.

In another world, maybe. But not this one.

"You are thinking about something too hard." Ilya says, and when Shane meets his gaze Rozanov smiles softly at him.

"I guess I always am."

"What is it you are thinking about? You look sad."

Shane takes a deep breath. "I was thinking that I wish we could always wake up together. Because I'm pretty sure I'm -" *in love with you*, he nearly says but stops himself.

Oh shit, that's too much. He can't say that, can he?

"You are?" Ilya prompts, finishing up his toast.

Shane swallows thickly. "I'm really into you, Rozanov. *Ilya*. I never stop thinking about you. I thought about you all the time when I was with Rose."

"*Rose*." Ilya tuts, looking away. He mutters something in Russian that Shane can't understand.

His obvious jealousy makes Shane feel warm to his core, which is stupid, but he's trying to be more honest with himself. And it drives him a bit crazy thinking Ilya has been jealous this whole time. He thought Ilya might have been indifferent to his relationship since he's always hooking up with women, too. But apparently not.

"She's not a bad person."

"Oh, I know. She's amazing, beautiful superstar. What's not to like?" Ilya snaps, standing up and gathering their dishes.

He brings them into the kitchen and Shane follows him, drawn to him like a magnet. He doesn't want Ilya out of his sight for the rest of the small amount of time they have together.

Ilya puts the dishes in the sink and then stays there with his hands against the counter, breathing heavily - like he's trying to calm himself down. Shane doesn't want to push it, but he follows his instincts and comes up behind Ilya.

Rozanov flinches a little bit as Shane hugs him from behind, wrapping his arms around the other man's defined chest and abs. He's always loved Ilya's strong, capable body. Loves how he moves it with so much grace on the ice and in the bedroom.

He misses the way Ilya touches him, too. How he can be aggressive and dominant the way Shane loves, but also tender afterwards which is his favourite part of sex with Ilya; the brief glimpses of tenderness he's always gotten, even from their first time.

"I missed you." He whispers, kissing the top of Ilya's spine that's exposed above his t-shirt.

"You said that before." Ilya replies, his tone less angry now. He touches and strokes Shane's arms, but still doesn't turn around to face him.

"You don't have to be jealous of Rose. I didn't want her. I don't think I'm capable of wanting anyone but you."

"*Fuck*, Shane." Ilya sighs, threading their fingers together on their right hands. "I *do* get to be jealous because she could have you out in the open. You could go places together and it did not matter who saw."

Shane's breath catches in his chest.

"We cannot ever do that. And it...kills me."

Shane doesn't miss the way Ilya's voice has changed. He doesn't sound like himself. He sounds small and scared and heartbroken.

Shane pushes him until Ilya turns to face him, keeping his arms around Rozanov's middle. Ilya's lips are pursed into a thin line when he looks at Shane, the way he does when he's trying to hide his emotions.

"I wish things could be different, too." He says, leaning closer and kissing the edge of Ilya's chiseled jaw. He lines up their fronts closely, his body zinging with pleasure as he does. And it turns even more delicious when Ilya finally wraps his arms around Shane's lower back and pulls them together tighter.

"Yeah?" Ilya asks breathlessly.

"Yes." Shane moans, wanting him so badly.

"You would want to let me kiss you in the street?" Ilya asks, placing a chaste and teasing kiss on Shane's lips.

Shane wants him to deepen it, but Ilya pulls away instead. He nods as answer to Ilya's question. The idea scares him, too, because publicly nobody knows he's gay. But in a perfect world where nobody would care, he'd love to show off the fact that the hottest man in the world somehow wants Shane.

They're both getting turned on now, grinding together for friction. Shane hasn't gotten off a lot lately. He's been too sad and anxious, too busy focusing on trying to make himself be something he's not.

"You are so hard already." Ilya says, reaching his left hand up to cup Shane's face. But he still doesn't kiss him. "So needy for it, hm?"

Shane makes a desperate noise. "Ilya, please don't tease me right now. I can't handle it."

Ilya looks at him intensely for a long few seconds, maybe deciding whether or not to ignore him and tease Shane like he begged him not to, before he surges forward and takes Shane's mouth. It's deep and wet right away, and Shane couldn't be happier.

Shane reaches up to run his hands through Ilya's soft hair, moaning into the other man's mouth. Ilya's hands go back down to Shane's back and then his ass, cupping it and hauling Shane hard against his erection.

"You want me to fuck you?" Ilya asks, moving to the side and licking Shane's throat.

"Yes. *Please.*"

"Good. Because that's what I'm going to do." Ilya says firmly, kissing Shane as he backs him up out of the kitchen towards the bedroom again.

They don't let each other go as they clumsily make their way back, stripping each other down when they get there.

"Want to see you. Missed your body." Ilya admits, dragging Shane's sweatpants and underwear down his thighs at the same time. He then pushes until Shane sits down on the side of the mattress as Ilya stands in front of him, touching his shoulders. "*Fuck.* Why are you so gorgeous, Shane? Why did you not let me have you for so long?"

Guilt once again punches itself into Shane's chest, the sensation so strong it makes him cry out as he kisses Ilya's stomach; unzipping his jeans and pulling them down.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry." He whispers, moving his head down and down until he can mouth Ilya over his underwear. Just like he did at Ilya's house when they were last together.

"*Shane.*" Ilya gasps, running his fingers through Shane's hair as he takes Ilya's underwear off. "Do not be sorry. That was not fair of me to say. I just missed you." And then Ilya starts talking in Russian.

Shane was about to take Ilya in his mouth, but he looks up at him instead and sees that Rozanov has his head tilted up to the ceiling. He's still muttering something quietly in Russian.

"That's what's not fair. I can't understand." Shane tuts at him, kissing his stomach as Ilya looks back down at him.

Ilya is breathing hard, eyes dark as he strokes Shane's face. "Is too much. I cannot say to you. Too much."

But now Shane *has* to know. There's no way he can ignore it.

Ilya's cock is hard and leaking in front of Shane's face. He leans close and licks the tip, loving the way Ilya curses and jerks. "Tell me." He begs, moaning as he takes Ilya deeper.

He missed doing this. It's almost as good as when Rozanov fucks him.

His mind starts drifting into the pleasure haze it always does when he has Ilya in his mouth, but he's taken out of it when he hears Rozanov say, "I have always wanted you to be mine. You are too good. I hated seeing you with her. I'm fucking falling for you and I can't get away from it. It is with me all the time, knowing how much I want you."

Fuck. Holy *fuck*.

Ilya suddenly pulls Shane off his dick and gently tugs him to his feet. Shane reaches for him, wanting his mouth back on his again. Needing it so badly it hurts.

"This what you wanted to hear? Hm? How needy I am for *you*?" Ilya asks between their kisses, hands stroking Shane's face. It's the most passionate he's ever kissed Shane before, a new level of desperation for both of them as they cling to each other.

"Yes. *Yes*, Ilya. Me too. Want you all the time."

They continue to kiss as they fall back on the bed, Shane on his back and Ilya on top. Shane opens his legs wide, feeling their dicks line up and he groans.

"I'm so worked up." He gasps, not knowing if he'll be able to wait for Ilya to open him before he comes. He wants to come so badly. Right now.

Ilya looks down at him as he wraps his big hand around both their dicks, stroking. They moan into each other's mouths.

"We take the edge off, then I fuck you."

Shane nods and then kisses him again. He thinks about the last time they were together and how it had been him on top of Ilya, stroking them. It had been so hot, so out in the open and in the light of day. Just like now.

"God, I fucking want you. Make me come, please. *Please*." He says, the words high pitched as Ilya gets him so close.

"Yes, come for me sweetheart." Ilya says, and the nickname is what sends Shane over the edge.

He comes hard against Ilya's cock and Rozanov follows him seconds later, groaning loudly into Shane's mouth. They kiss and rock together for minutes after, holding each other close.

As the high wears off, Ilya moves to lie next to Shane and they mirror their positions from the night before. Shane's head is on his chest as Ilya strokes his hand through his hair.

Shane feels good that he has Ilya back again, but also vulnerable after their confessions. He also doesn't know what this changes, considering they can't be public about anything. They'll still have to sneak around, pretend to not like each other during games. They won't get to see each other a lot during the season.

“Shane, stop thinking.” Ilya says, pulling Shane’s face up and kissing him.

“Can’t help it, sorry.”

Ilya nods in understanding. “You are wondering where we go from here?”

Shane just nods as his response.

“I do not want anyone else. Do you?” Ilya asks, and Shane immediately shakes his head.

“Good, so then we be together only. What is the word?”

“Exclusive?”

“Yes, that. Makes sense?”

“Yes.” Shane says, kissing Ilya again because he’s suddenly so fucking happy. Maybe they can’t be together in a traditional sense, but knowing they’re on the same page about this makes him feel so much better.

Knowing Ilya won’t be touching anyone else settles that jealous part of him that’s been seething for years. Shane hasn’t really hooked up with many people besides Ilya over the years because he never *wants* anyone else. Maybe that makes him pathetic, but right now he doesn’t care.

“Just mine, hm?” Ilya asks, pulling Shane up and up until Shane realizes that Ilya wants him to straddle him. “All mine?” Ilya asks again, running his hands all over Shane’s bare hips as he sits his weight down.

They’re both hard again.

“All yours.” Shane whispers, kissing him deeply.

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Shane hates that Ilya has to leave, but they’re already cutting it too close. He can’t miss his flight.

Shane walks him down the stairs as they wait for his taxi to arrive, holding each other at the bottom near the door. Ilya keeps putting kisses all over Shane’s face as Shane hugs him tight.

“Three weeks is so long from now.” Shane whispers. It’s the earliest their schedules will allow them to see each other again.

“I know.”

Shane nuzzles into Ilya’s neck, trying to savor how good he feels in his arms. And then he suddenly remembers something. “You called me sweetheart.”

He grins as he sees Ilya start to blush.

“Yes, so?” Ilya tuts, trying to seem indifferent but then he gives in and smiles. “Is how I think of you.”

Shane raises his eyebrows. “Really?”

“Yes. Hollander. Shane. Sweetheart.” Ilya shrugs his shoulders, leaning in and kissing Shane again. It’s so soft that it makes Shane’s toes curl in his shoes.

“I like it.”

“Good, because I will call you this lots.” Ilya smiles, but then his phone buzzes and he sighs. “My ride is here.”

Shane’s stomach tightens in anticipation of being without something that he only *just* got back. But he tells himself it’s okay. He knows where they stand now. He has Ilya all to himself. Exclusive. He never thought he’d have that.

“Okay. Have a safe flight.” He says, clearing his throat.

He tries to step away from Ilya because he has to let him go, but then Ilya walks him back until he’s against the wall, puts his hands on either side of Shane’s face and kisses him breathless. It’s an amazing kiss.

When they pull apart, Ilya whispers, “Goodbye, Shane.”

“Bye, Ilya.”

And even though it hurts to see him go, Shane walks back upstairs with a smile on his face.

End Notes

Comments/feedback welcome and appreciated :)

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