

Running Through My Head

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Summary

There was nothing simple about Hollander in Ilya's clothes.

Notes

The episode took over my brain, and there was no choice but to channel it into this - aka: *all the things it said, all the things it said. It was not enough.*

I hope you enjoy!

Ilya fidgeted - pulled at his ear, played with his pants - anything to keep himself from staring at Shane Hollander sitting on Ilya's couch, in Ilya's home, in Ilya's clothes. They weren't much different in size, really. At times over the years, the breadth of Hollander's shoulders had surpassed Ilya's own, so it was entirely transfixing, the way Ilya's shirt seemed to both engulf Hollander as he had sat at Ilya's kitchen island, making him appear softer than ever - but now, next to him on the couch, the fabric strained around his biceps.

Shane Hollander was a man of contradictions, even when it came to something as simple as wearing a black T-shirt.

But there was nothing simple about Hollander in Ilya's clothes. It awoke something deep inside Ilya, something he'd been doing anything and everything he could to shove back into the closet. Not the need, the desperation, to have Shane Hollander's ass in his bed, but the need, the desperation, to wake up to him the next morning.

The fact that he sat here watching Hollander watch hockey, something so fucking boring it had to be related to Shane fucking Hollander, something that should have made Ilya's head ache from dullness. But instead, here he was, holding his breath every time Hollander shifted on the couch and the joggers tugged lower on his hips. Fuck, he wanted to fuck Hollander again, but he also didn't want to take him out of his clothes.

Would Hollander fold the joggers and cotton shirt? Probably.

They were talking about hockey again, something about Ryan Price. And Ilya wanted to tell Hollander about the time he sat here on this couch, wearing the exact same outfit Hollander now wore, as he watched him lift the Cup over his head. Ilya's treacherous cock twitched in his own joggers.

Because Shane Hollander was a man of contradictions, but Ilya Rozanov's cock very clearly loved competency.

And there was nothing more competent than Shane Hollander's back-to-back Cup win.

"What's your, uh, favorite city to play in? On the road?" Hollander asked the most boring of questions, but the way he eagerly looked at Ilya took him right out of his memory of Stanley Cup wins and fixed right back in the present, where he and Hollander were talking, like normal fucking people....while every so often Hollander's gaze would lock on the way Ilya kept his hand in his pants.

Ilya kept his hand moving, and let his mouth talk, throwing outrageous topics into the air - women, relationships, hockey - anything to see what might provoke Hollander to share some truths about himself. The way Ilya wanted to know everything about him scared the shit out of him.

So he did what he always did, he teased, and flirted, and observed.

Later, after the tuna melts, after Hollander's fucking doe eyes asked about his goddamn father's condition with such interest and care, Ilya couldn't help himself. He broke. He pulled Shane closer, let the fabric of his shirt run over his bare chest, inhaled and drowned in the knowledge that Shane's scent would cling to the cotton long after he was gone. He wanted this moment captured forever, like one of his art pieces hanging on the wall.

Shane curled into him, lips tracing over his chest as if he'd been fighting his own battle of wills that faded to dust when they were in each other's arms. Then, all either of them seemed to want was more. More contact, more touching, more lips trailing over bare skin. Ilya couldn't resist running a hand down Shane's back, feeling his own shirt move over the muscle. It was his, all of it, and maybe some day Shane would be too.

Bare skin called for him, and he followed the impulse to slide his hand down the back of the shirt, feeling the muscles dance as Shane began kissing his hardening cock through the joggers. The match lit under their skin, the heat of them burning whenever they were mere centimeters apart.

Shane moved, straddling Ilya's lap and losing the shirt, and Ilya almost mourned the loss of it even as it let him drag his hands over his impressive pecs. But for once in his life, he didn't want Shane Hollander naked under him. He wanted some part of himself to stay wrapped around Shane. His hands roamed over the joggers stretching across Shane's ass, an intoxicating feel he couldn't get enough of. Shane took control and Ilya let him because this was his home, his couch, his clothes, and his....the rest of that thought might terrify him, but the skilled way Shane used his hands along their cocks drove him to distraction anyway.

They chased their orgasms together, egging each other on like they always did, until Shane's palm had both of them twitching.

"Oh, fuck, Hollander."

"You going to cum for me, Rozanov?"

Ilya's cock twitched in Shane's hand. "Fucking, make me." And Ilya knew he would, knew Shane always made him go off quicker and harder and in a way that transcended anything else. So he spat in Shane's hand, and wrapped their palms together over their cocks, and as one they fell over the edge.

It was then, as pleasure raced through him, the haze of orgasm mixing with the reality of the moment, of them together in his house, on his couch, in his clothes, that the lines blurred. Inner fantasies became outward declarations, and "*Shane*" fell from his lips like it belonged there too.

The responding "*Ilya*" ripped his heart out and put it in Shane's hands to hold and to own. All Ilya could do was close the space between them into another kiss, smile against Shane's lips when he returned it.

Then Shane's fist closed, and with it Ilya's heart shattered under the weight.

Shane pulled away, closed and distant, grabbing the shirt of Ilya's he had discarded as easily as he had the moment.

The look Hollander gave Ilya was that of a scared, panicked stranger.

Ilya watched as Hollander left his living room, his house, but he still had Ilya's clothes.

And Ilya was too heartbroken to hope it meant anything at all.

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