

Say Don't Go

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Say Don't Go

by [Oaks118](#)

Summary

We didn't even kiss

They hadn't kissed. Shane had been lying there, right next to him, and Ilya hadn't kissed him. Hadn't leaned over a foot of space when he'd spent the last year just wanting to be in the same room as Shane Hollander.

Fuck.

OR: Shane sends the text. Ilya chases after him.

Notes

Haven't had time to write for two weeks but I just watched the first 2 eps of Heated Rivalry and busted this out in a hour.

Disclaimer: I haven't read the books (I want to but I'm waiting for a copy) and I've managed to avoid most spoilers so I'm writing this purely off the vibes from the first 2 eps. Hopefully the characterization is good but I'm using context clues for most of the future plot speculation.

Feel free to comment and share, just be kind. Enjoy!

-Oaks

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

- Translation into Русский available: [Say Don't Go | Попроси меня остаться](#) by [PANDAR](#)

Ilya hadn't moved from the bed when the text came through. Hadn't even lit his cigarette. He'd just been staring at the wall, trying not to look at the other side of the bed where Shane's body heat still radiated. Was resisting the urge to roll into it—

Buzz, buzz.

He was reaching for his phone before he could even think about it. A reflex that had invaded his life – checking it in the locker room, on runs, at the gym, at the dinner table (that one time while fucking Svetlana which had left him with blue balls when she'd caught him). Just in case it was Shane. It was almost like he'd become so addicted to the rush of dopamine he'd get when it was, that he'd also become obsessed with the sinking disappointment when it wasn't. And it usually wasn't.

He shouldn't have looked. It was probably just a teammate or an update from their coach. It wasn't going to be Shane no matter how much he hoped it was. They'd just finished. They had to start the game over again. Ilya was trying to psych himself up for once-a-month texts for the next year until Shane finally caved enough to grace him with one extraordinary night of—

Jane: *We didn't even kiss.*

Ilya's heart stopped beating. Because surely no. Kissing Shane was all he could think about every time he saw the man. It didn't even have to be in person. He'd catch an interview (ok, he'd be very attentively watching the interview that he very purposefully went searching for) and have this sudden *physical* urge to pull Shane through the screen by his tie, or his jersey, or the scruff of hair at the back of his neck.

But...Shane had put his head on his shoulder in the bathroom...and then Ilya hadn't touched him when he'd come into the hotel room...he'd just sat there watching, so, so far away while Shane *taunted* him, lying all stretched out and comfortable in Ilya's bed...and then Ilya had propped Shane up by the hips and he'd been so occupied with wanting to feel closer, *needing* it in the way only Shane could say out loud and he'd...he'd...

They hadn't kissed. Shane had been lying there, right next to him, and Ilya hadn't kissed him. Hadn't leaned over a foot of space when he'd spent the last year just wanting to be in the same *room* as Shane Hollander.

Fuck.

He needed clothes. And Shane's room number – if he had even gone back to his room. Fuck.

Ilya dropped his unlit cigarette on the nightstand. His foot got tangled in the rumpled sheets as he tried to exit the bed, doing an awkward hop and roll to free himself.

“Fuck.”

He slipped on jeans, forgoing underwear in his haste, grabbed a clean shirt from his drawer (he at least had enough sense not to go walking around in a half-done up suit that gave him

the very accurate freshly fucked look), and put his dress shoes back on sans socks. He stormed through the suite, grabbing his leather jacket off the back of the chair he'd thrown it over before the awards ceremony and picked up his room key off the bar counter.

He got all the way to the door before he stopped. He looked down at his hand grasping the cold metal of the handle, ready turn it, ready to step outside.

No. This was so fucking stupid. What was he fucking doing? They didn't do this. It wasn't part of the game. They were done. Finished. He had to wait now. This was safer – so they didn't get caught. And the waiting was fun – it was supposed to be fun. He liked the banter, and the anticipation, and that half-hope half-sinking feeling he got when his phone lit up with a notification. It made the reward so much sweeter if he could just wait it out because then he had *worked* for it. He'd *deserve* to let himself feel that all-consuming physical *need* to have Shane Hollander in his bed. He could ride that high all the way into the next season from just one night.

But last time...last time his lips were still swollen, and the cold of Montreal hadn't even registered because his chest was still warm from Shane sleepily kissing him goodbye in the stairwell. They hadn't left off with the cold sinking feeling and...well, this wouldn't do at all.

Fuck it. Ilya had said he liked trouble.

He turned the door handle and marched down the hall.

Stupid. So fucking *stupid*.

Shane didn't know why he'd sent that text. He shouldn't have sent that text. It was too open. Too *earnest*. They didn't do that. It wasn't part of the game.

This was supposed to be fun. It was banter, and stress relief, and Ilya being a fucking *asshole* and Shane taking it because he actually kind of liked it, and the satisfied tint in Ilya's eyes when he saw he got under Shane's skin making something flutter in Shane's chest in a way that made him want to chase that feeling forever.

And now he'd gone and fucked it up. Because Ilya hadn't responded. Shane had been standing on the roof of the hotel for the last twenty minutes contemplating if he should throw his phone or himself over the railing.

He didn't even know what he meant when he sent the text. What did kissing matter anyway? Kissing shouldn't be such a big deal when Ilya had been *inside* him an hour ago.

Shane dragged a hand over his face, groaning into the night. God, why did he have to be so fucking *needy*—

The door to the stairwell banged open. Shane swung around, a little panicked at being caught on the roof (not that he'd been doing anything wrong, but Shane was always on edge like he

was waiting to get in trouble for something), heart rate picking up with adrenaline...and then doubling it's tempo again when he came face-to-face with a panting and sweaty Ilya.

"What the fuck?" Ilya said, hands waving dramatically at Shane. "I was looking everywhere for you and you have been here whole time?!"

Shane took in Ilya's dress shoes and jeans, his unbuttoned jacket, his curls sticking to his sweaty forehead. A dangerous little bit of hope bloomed in his chest. God, he was becoming such an addict for this feeling. Fuck. "You've been looking for me?"

Ilya rolled his eyes, "No, I have been running around hotel trying to find what room you are in for extra exercise."

Shane couldn't resist, "I thought we already did the whole extra exercise thing?"

Ilya rolled his eyes again, "You are insufferable." He waved a hand, turning back to the door, "Forget it. I am going to bed—"

"H-Hey, wait," Shane took a step forward. "Wait, Rozanov c'mon."

Ilya stopped, making a show of reluctantly turning back to Shane.

Shane gave him a small smile, "You were looking for me?"

"Yes."

"What did you want?"

Ilya pursed his lips, shifting his feet.

"What did you want?" Shane asked again.

Ilya's eyes dropped to Shane's lips, "You sent text."

Shane had already figured but his heartrate still picked up again. "You got that?"

"Yes."

"You didn't say anything back."

Ilya huffed out a breath, looked Shane up and down, and took a step forward to meet him. He reached out to put his hands on Shane's face, long fingers stretching from his jaw to the back of his neck. Shane glanced down at Ilya's lips, watching his tongue dart out to wet them. He flicked his eyes back up to find Ilya staring at his mouth.

One tug to Shane's neck and they were kissing. Hot mouths pressed together, tongues sweeping past lips, breaths panting. Shane grabbed Ilya's hips and pulled him closer. One of Ilya's hands sunk into Shane's hair, the other grabbing his shoulder to squeeze his trap in that way that made Shane feel like Ilya was grabbing his cock.

Shane moaned into his mouth and Ilya panted back.

Shane pulled back enough to speak, lips moving against Ilya's, "Should we take this back to your room?"

"Another round already Hollander?" Ilya hummed. "Should we go for record tonight?"

Shane pressed their lips together again, mumbling into his mouth, "I bet I could beat you."

Ilya pulled back with a laugh, "You make very tempting offer."

"C'mon," Shane gave Ilya's hips a little push. "I promise no pillow talk this time."

Ilya pulled all the way back. Shane was going to chase his lips before he saw the way the other man's eyes shuttered. Cold night air seeped into the distance Ilya set between them.

"I-I'm sorry, it was a joke. We don't have to talk," Shane was already trying to draw it back. Trying to get Ilya to let him back in his bed. To just have a couple more hours before they started over again because what was the waiting without the good part? And they were at the good part *now* so if he could just keep it going a little bit longer...

Ilya sighed, "You want to know about my life?"

Shane tried to brush it off, "It's fine. We don't have to talk about it."

"But you want me to."

"I don't. It doesn't matter."

"Yes, it does. To you, it matters. You feel like you do not know me."

"I..." Shane couldn't lie, "I just want to understand."

"I..." Ilya seemed to be searching for words – not in a translating to English way, but in a translating feelings into coherent sentences way. "I want you to know about me. I want to share myself with you. But I cannot tell you."

Shane frowned, "Why?"

"I can't."

"I don't see why it has to be some big secret—"

"Not secret. I am not hiding it to hide."

"Then why won't you tell me about your family? You clam up every time I try to talk about them."

"Family for me is...it is not the same as for you. I am not trying to hide but some things... they are hard to talk about."

“So you’re not not telling me about it because you don’t want to tell *me*, you just don’t want to tell anyone?”

Ilya took a breath, “I think if I were to tell someone...it would be you. But I do not wish to talk about it. This thing – what we do together – it is good, yes?”

Shane didn’t hesitate, “Yes.”

“I would like to keep it good. I do not wish to taint it with my...what would you call it? Baggage?”

“I guess emotionally speaking, yes. But I wouldn’t just label your familial problems as baggage.”

“I would. It is very...heavy.”

Shane nodded, trying to understand, “Ok...Um, I’m here if you ever do want to talk about it. But I also won’t press if you don’t want to.”

Ilya nodded, “Thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me. You’re allowed to set boundaries.”

“Hmm,” Ilya gave him that little smile that made Shane’s stomach do the warm flippy thing. “You are allowed as well.”

“To set boundaries?”

“Yes.”

“Ok.”

Ilya nodded like he wanted Shane to go on.

“Oh,” Shane tried to think of something. “Ok um, I’ll let you know if I think of anything.”

Ilya rolled his eyes in that way that said Shane was missing something obvious, “The kissing.”

“Um, what?” Shane wasn’t following.

Ilya grabbed his phone out of his pocket, waving it around a little mockingly, “You want me to kiss you.”

“Oh,” Shane felt his whole face heat up. “That was silly, it doesn’t matter—”

Ilya pressed their lips together. Shane leaned into it, savoring the feeling.

When Ilya pulled back he said, “From now on, I kiss you every time. Ok?”

“Ok,” Shane said a little breathlessly.

Ilya reached up to brush Shane's hair out of his face, "You know, out of everyone, I think you might know me best. Or at least, you understand me. We are same."

That was something that made sense to Shane. "When we were prospects, that was the first thing that I thought about you. That you wanted it just as bad as me."

Ilya squinted, "Hmm, maybe little bit more."

Shane scoffed, shoving Ilya's shoulder hard enough to make him take a step back, "You are such an asshole."

Ilya just laughed, "Yet you still come back for more."

It was Shane's turn to roll his eyes.

"You know," Ilya was still smiling. "I do not have to be up early tomorrow."

Shane sighed apologetically, "I have an early flight."

Ilya's eyes dimmed, dropping to his shoes, "Ok." He took a step back, putting space between them. "I guess I will see you next season?"

"Yeah," Shane nodded, trying to figure out a way to keep this going.

Ilya gave a single nod back and turned for the door. Shane watched him walk all the way there, put his hand on the handle, open it—

"But I could sleep on the plane tomorrow," Shane called.

Ilya stopped. He turned to Shane with a raised brow, "You do not need sleep tonight?"

Shane took a deep, steadying breath of the cool night air, "Not if you...wanted to do something else?"

The side of Ilya's mouth rose to match his brow, "Something else?"

"To talk. I-If you wanted to talk more."

A slow grin stretched over Ilya's face, "Come here."

Shane was immediately on edge, gut instinct wanting to hit back with a *why* and *you come here*.

Ilya rolled his eyes, "Come here, Hollander."

Shane took two steps forward so there was a foot of space between them. Ilya sighed, taking his own step to put them chest to chest.

"We have done enough talking tonight."

Shane's heart dropped a little. He tried not to let it show on his face but before the disappointment could overtake him, Ilya reached out.

He put a finger under Shane's chin, drawing their eyes together, "Tonight we sleep. In my bed. Together."

Hope bloomed again, "Yeah?"

"Yes."

Ilya pulled Shane's chin forward, lips meeting in a sweet kiss.

He pulled back with a smirk, "And then in the morning, you suck my cock before you leave."

Shane slapped his chest, "You are *such* an asshole, Rozanov."

Ilya just pulled him closer, "You love it, Hollander."

End Notes

Will get back to my 911 stuff soon but I can't guarantee anything for another week or two. But the final chapter and epilogue of Anticipation are coming. Hope this tides people over in the meantime :)
-Oaks

Works inspired by this one

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