we didnt even kiss

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Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Pre-Relationship, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Las Vegas Scene, what if shane sent the text?, Mutual Pining, i tried to keep this as similar to the storyline as possible, shane has feelings for ilya, but doesnt realize it yet, but i realize it, ilya is lowkey down bad, he literally ran after him, unbetaed, i wrote this in an hour and a half sue me, post episode 1x2
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we didnt even kiss

by daylightsashley

Summary

So when he typed out on his phone “we didn’t even kiss” with tears rolling down his cheeks, he just wanted to type it. He just wanted to feel it— to feel the pain he had inside of him. That maybe typing it would help let it out, he would type it and the feeling would go away.

And the stupid fucking elevator still wasn’t here, and he was forced to sit there and wallow in his sadness. He should’ve thought this through, his hands were still shaking and as he went to delete the text. His clumsy thumb accidentally hit the send button.

“Oh fuck.” That snapped Shane out of everything.

Or

What if Shane accidentally sent the "we didnt even kiss" text to Ilya?

Notes

Hello hello hello, it is lil ol me again, someone tell my brain to be quiet please. This is just a silly little fic that popped into my head and I decided to write it. That if Shane accidentally texted Ilya becasue he was so upset and his fingers slipped. I tried to keep it as close to the story as possible because I love their story so much. I just couldnt get this idea out of my head. I hope you guys enjoy my take on this!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane stood outside the elevator, his hands were shaking and he was gripping onto his phone. He wanted to be angry— he wanted to be angry at Ilya but he couldn't. He was so sad. They hadn't seen each other that way in months. And it was already all gone, it was already all taken away. And Shane—Shane didn't know why he felt this way, he couldn't understand it. His brain was in a daze, he just couldn't tell if it was the drunken sex haze he was in or it was *something else*.

There was no choice for it to be something else, it had to be the sex haze talking, that his brain was funny and spinning from that. Because why else is Shane fucking Hollandar crying in the middle of the hallway waiting for an elevator because Ilya Rozanov didn't kiss him not once. Because Shane needed Ilya so badly his brain didn't even process there was no kissing till he was out the door.

The elevator was taking forever, which left him there to wallow in his thoughts. He kept on typing a text to Ilya but deleting it every time. He couldn't let Ilya see this side of him, the side where he so badly wanted to be soft. But kissing Ilya was all he could think about, or more that he didn't know when they next time he would be able to kiss him again. That thought alone was going to eat him alive.

It's the sex haze, it has to be. There's no way he allowed himself to become this, to become a man who craves touch. Who feels like they might die without it. *He's not even gay, this wasn't gay. It couldn't be gay.*

So when he typed out on his phone *"we didn't even kiss"* with tears rolling down his cheeks, he just wanted to type it. He just wanted to feel it— to feel the pain he had inside of him. That maybe typing it would help let it out, he would type it and the feeling would go away.

And the stupid fucking elevator still wasn't here, and he was forced to sit there and wallow in his sadness. He should've thought this through, his hands were still shaking and as he went to delete the text. His clumsy thumb accidentally hit the send button.

"Oh fuck." That snapped Shane out of everything.

"Oh my fuck," He whispered yelled at himself, tugging at his hair. Now not only will Ilya know Shane wanted to kiss him, but that he was thinking about it enough that he sent a text message about it. He needed this elevator to come here fast and now.

The button was still lit up but that didn't stop Shane from aggressively clicking it over and over again. His phone still hasn't lit up again, not that he expected Ilya to text him back, or not that he was checking. *He was.* But the second there was movement behind him, the sound of cluttering and a door being open, finally the elevator popped open.

He didn't waste any time jumping into the elevator, hitting the lobby button. He needed to get out of here, he needed air. Breathing was hard, the air felt thicker, the room felt like it was slightly spinning. He was blooming into an anxiety attack, and being trapped in a hotel floor where you just had sex with a man who you so desperately wanted to push you against the

wall and kiss you so hard you forgot your name, did not help. The door was finally about to close and Shane whispered *"Thank god,"* to himself.

That was until there was an arm shoving itself into the door that was very much about to be closed. Shane prayed it was just another random staying at the same hotel they were. That it wasn't someone who would've known Ilya was on this floor. What he didn't expect was Ilya Rozanov coming into the view, his hair was a mess.

His clothes were wrinkled and all over the place. He also seemed like he was out of breath, like he ran to the elevator door. Shane just stood there as Ilya kept his hand and most of his body in the doorway preventing the door from closing. Ilya didn't have his phone in his hand, which could absolutely mean nothing, but it could also mean Ilya hadn't seen the text Shane sent. God. Shane hoped that was the case, but why would Ilya even be out here, why would he even have followed after Shane?

"You forgot something in hotel room," Ilya spoke, his voice was low and sounded like it was shaking almost?

Shane let out a sigh of relief, Ilya had just come to bring him whatever he forgot in the hotel room. He felt like he could breathe again. Real air.

"Where is it?" Shane squeaked out, he still wasn't completely there. His brain was still going 200 miles a minute.

"I did not bring it." Ilya responded without directly looking at Shane. "You come get it." Ilya walked away from the elevator door, and without even thinking Shane was following him like a lost puppy dog. He couldn't understand why he felt this way—why he couldn't stop his brain from short circuiting around him. Making him do stupid things he never imagined himself to ever do. But here he was, following Ilya with no questions asked, not even a slight hesitation.

He needed to get whatever he left behind and get out of there, before Ilya saw the text. Before he embarrassed himself even more than he already felt right now.

Ilya was opening the door to the hotel room, *it looked all the same. It looked used.* Memories of the night flashed back into Shane's memory like he had his own private film in his brain. The movie of their secret rendezvous engraved inside his memory. His heart was beating, even faster than it was when the night began.

"Where is it?" Shane mustered up the courage to speak. He had no idea what he left behind, he didn't remember leaving anything behind.

"Where is what?" Ilya asked, and he sounded genuine. Like he was truly asking what Shane was talking about. Like he hadn't just came into the hallway seconds prior to bring him back to his hotel room.

Shane stood there stunned, was his brain playing this many tricks on him? Was he going insane? Did he just make up some fabricated story in his brain? Is this him imagining things

and he's still safe inside the elevator? He pinched himself slightly on the wrist hoping it would snap him out of whatever dream he's walking in right now.

"What I forgot." Shane stumbled over his words, his voice cracking on the last word.

"This," Ilya responded before crowding Shane up against the wall, both of his hands flying up to his cheeks and kissing him with so much force. Shane was shocked, but that didn't mean he wasn't kissing back, he absolutely did. This kiss wasn't like the others, it wasn't hot or steamy, it wasn't because they wanted each other so badly. It was soft, and gentle, like Ilya was hungry and Shane was what he was craving. And that confused Shane, because was he not the only one feeling the things he was feeling right now? Did Ilya maybe sort of feel that way too?

Ilya was the first to pull away, but not fully. He left his forehead to rest against Shane's, his nose slightly brushing up his. He could feel Ilya's eyelashes fluttering on his forehead and it tickled.

"What?" It barely came out as a word, it was more like a sound escaping Shane's throat.

"You text." Ilya softly responded, it wasn't one of his sarcastic answers. It felt pure, it felt safe—different.

"I didn't mean to send it. Was just in my head." Shane closed his eyes, hoping that would help shield the embarrassment he was feeling.

"Did not want to leave for home without kissing you." Ilya spoke before pressing another kiss to Shane's lips. He tasted sweet, like cotton candy, Shane had never noticed that. Their kisses usually were heated and when all Shane could think about was being fucked. It was never like this. This was new.

"Did you run after me?" Shane asked. He knew the answer to the question but his brain needed to hear it to process what exactly was happening right now.

"Da." Ilya responded, his cheeks becoming more flush than they already were, and this wasn't from running. Ilya was blushing, that his ears were even flushed a soft shade of red.

Shane cracked a small smile into the kiss, because Ilya was still kissing him. His eyes were closed but he could feel Ilya smiling into the kiss. It wasn't a huge smile, but it was enough that it made Shane's heart flutter with that stupid feeling he felt before all this.

"Could not leave you unsatisfied." Ilya smirked, pulling away from the kiss again.

There he was. There was the Ilya Shane adored— *what?* Shane had to stop himself mid thought because why did he just think that? *Adored? Shane adored him?* These were a lot of feelings Shane was going to spend a lot of time unpacking.

"You're such an asshole." Shane laughed, slightly pushing Ilya's chest in an extremely playful way.

"You like it," Ilya pushed him back slightly.

"I do like it," Shane thought, but he didn't dare to say those words out loud. Tonight was already so much, he didn't need to pull that into the loop as well.

"Do you want to leave still?" Ilya asked, it almost sounded like he wanted Shane to stay, that he didn't want him to walk out those doors. That he wanted more than a couple hours once every few months with him. But Shane knew that couldn't happen. That it wasn't realistic. Not here. Not today. As much as he would've wanted it, *he couldn't.*

"You know I have to," Shane whispered, this time he pressed a soft kiss onto Ilya's lips. He could literally feel Ilya sigh into his lips. His brain didn't understand what the fuck was happening anymore at this point. This was a lot to understand and process.

"I'll see you soon then Hollander?" It came off like a question, but it also sounded like a promise. Like a declaration of some sort.

"Yeah, soon." Shane nuzzled his face into Ilya's neck, leaving a kiss there before he was pushing himself away from the wall and heading to the door. The both just stood there, he could feel Ilya watching him as he exited the door. He made his way to the elevator, this time it decided it wanted to cooperate. He thought that maybe that would be it for a while. That he could be Ilya Rozanov free for the time being. That he could push him away into a separate part of his brain and forget about it for the summer.

His phone dinged in his pants, a text lit up his screen.

Lily
Had fun tonight. Hope you are satisfied now. Will see you soon.

Shane let out a shaky breath, he was back to exactly where he was before all this, his hands shaking as he held his phone. It wasn't just him being in his head though this time, he wasn't wallowing in sadness or anger. He wanted— no needed to send a text message back. So with shaky fingers he typed out.

Me too. See you soon Lily.

And he left it like that. If he truly believed this summer was going to be easy, he was wrong. But if he had to be honest to himself, he wasn't sure if he actually cared anymore. There was a glimmer of happiness that burned inside of him that usually wasn't there. And it felt nice. If that's how it always felt, he wouldn't mind feeling like that.

End Notes

comments and kudos are always appreciated and welcomed!!

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