

Lose Control, Letting Go

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Lose Control, Letting Go

by [Take My Breath \(Buckleys_Girl911\)](#)

Summary

Shane doesn't know exactly what led to this, but right now, Ilya's lips are pressed to his nice and rough, and his hand is on the side of his face. He hears a soft growl coming from the back of Ilya's throat like he's frustrated... Wait. Ilya is kissing him.

And now he's not.

It's taking a lot for Shane to ignore the fact that he's pretty sure he's mad that Ilya isn't kissing him anymore.

"I- I'm sorry..." Despite English being Ilya's second language, Shane isn't sure he's ever actually heard him stumble over his words. He looks... scared? Another thing Shane isn't used to.

"No. Don't apologize. Just... do it again."

-or-

Shane and Ilya are the same college team. They are also (healthily competitive) best friends. So, what happens when they're watching a movie on Shane's bed and Ilya cannot hold his feelings in anymore.

Notes

Look I tried to do as much research as I could on what happens when NHL draftees go to college, but it was hard to figure it out, so if I'm wrong, just ignore it and enjoy the story lol. Also, this is my first Hollanov fic, so I hope y'all enjoy!

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

Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov. They were supposed to be the most epic rookie match off in the NHL. Instead, those two idiots decided to go to college. The same college. Playing on the same team. They know the second they graduate, going to rivalry teams, it'll all go back to the way it was, but for now...

Well, right now, they're running the best college team anyone has ever seen. They didn't get along at first, of course. They were so used to feeling as though they *had* to hate each other, but when it was obvious that attitude wouldn't slide on the ice, they figured out how to get along... really well. Sure, they've maintained a healthy competitiveness in practices. They'll be able to play against each other no problem, but outside of that, they're...

Best friends.

Two years of running this team. Two years of spending all this time together. Every party, every study session, pretty much attached at the hip. It's been pointed out to them about a million times, all the guys on the team asking if they even plan on making other friends.

They laugh it off but don't say the one thing they're both thinking out loud. *Not really...* It doesn't feel like they really need other people around. They have other *friends* but no one else they're as close to as each other. They've even talked about getting a place together the next year.

They had just gone to the gym together this morning.. Another place they often decide to be competitive, seeing who can lift more, making fun of one another. They need to get it all out somehow, keep it up. They can't let themselves get too soft with each other.

Afterwards, they lay on Shane's bed, watching a movie. Ilya looks over at Shane and his heart flutters. It's something he's been noticing lately. He hates it. It's not something he's used to, although... he's not sure it's something *new*, just something he's new to noticing.

"You gonna say something to me, Rozanov? Or are you just going to keep staring?" Shane pauses the movie and Ilya really wishes he hadn't done that.

Shane has been catching looks like that from Ilya more often lately. He usually doesn't call him out on it. He's not as good at the teasing as Ilya, but sometimes, when he's right there and it's easy, he takes the opportunity.

"Is nothing," Ilya responds in his grumbly voice as he turns back to the screen. "Play the movie."

Shane rolls his eyes and plays it. He doesn't know why Ilya is acting so strange. He didn't even tease him back. He doesn't like that.

Ilya rubs his knuckles trying to distract himself. The movie isn't enough, not when Shane is laying so close to him, freshly cleaned from his shower at the gym. He probably still smells like that fucking soap... If only he could bury his face in the side of his neck, breathe it in just one time. Maybe that'd be enough.

Shane keeps his eyes on Ilya. He caught him staring once, there's a chance he catches him again. So... he watches, closely. His hazel eyes that add a bit of softness below that brows that always makes him look so angry. His nose that scrunches as if he's trying to focus. His lips that are in a permanent smirk. Some parts of Shane still hate some parts of Ilya. He gets a burning frustration when he looks at him. Of course he *likes* him, but sometimes he looks at him and he's just... pissed off. He wants to push him off his bed...

Then he catches him turn and look at him.

Ilya is worried at first that he's been caught again, but Shane was looking at him first this time. He was *checking him out*. He's got something behind his eyes that is unmistakably recognizable to Ilya. Desire.

Ilya reaches and rips the remote out of Shane's hands. He turns off the movie and tosses it off the bed. Shane gives him a '*what the fuck is wrong with you?*' look, which is just unbelievably sexy right now. He swears Shane is blushing and his freckles become just a little more visible. He wants to bite every one of them.

He can't stop himself anymore.

Shane doesn't know exactly what led to this, but right now, Ilya's lips are pressed to his nice and rough, and his hand is on the side of his face. He hears a soft growl coming from the back of Ilya's throat like he's frustrated... Wait. Ilya is kissing him.

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It's taking a lot for Shane to ignore the fact that he's pretty sure he's *mad* that Ilya isn't kissing him anymore.

"I- I'm sorry..." Despite English being Ilya's second language, Shane isn't sure he's ever actually heard him *stumble* over his words. He looks... scared? Another thing Shane isn't used to.

"No. Don't apologize. Just... do it again."

Okay, sure, Ilya was pretty sure Shane was checking him out, that Shane was into him. He wouldn't have kissed him if he wasn't so sure, but Shane hardly did anything. He was sure he was upset. "What?" Ilya has never asked a question after direction like that in his life. He'd always just *listen*. There is something wrong with him. Shane Hollander has broken him.

"I- I'm just trying to figure out... Just- just kiss me again." Shane says it frustrated, a bit more like a demand this time. Like he *needs* it.

Ilya doesn't have it in him to question Shane again. He's wanted to kiss him for so long and now Shane is asking for it, and he really can't get himself to care *why*. He grabs the side of his face again and pulls him in.

Shane makes sure to kiss him back this time, afraid that if he's too hesitant that Ilya will pull away again, and he just cannot have that right now. He's got shit he's trying to figure out, and

he can really only process it when Ilya is kissing him.

He thought maybe he was losing it the first time when he thought it actually felt nice. There is no way kissing Ilya Rozanov, his best friend of nearly two years, could feel *nice*. But... Ilya kisses him so rough but so tender. Like he *means* it. It's not like he's soft, making Shane feel breakable. He's had that kiss far too many times in his life. Way too many women being way too gentle, but Ilya doesn't kiss like that.

He thought he'd want to pull back sooner. He didn't think he'd get too deep in this, but Ilya's tongue presses against his lips and Shane is letting him in without a second thought. He didn't know it could happen like that on instinct. Usually he's thinking *so* much about what his lips are doing, too deep in the thought of what the other person's lips feel like, but he just slips into this.

Despite wanting so badly to kiss Hollander, some part of Ilya assumed it'd be lame. That he wouldn't kiss him back hard enough. He had it in his head for so long that Shane was competition, and he convinced himself Shane was weaker than him, had less passion, just for the sake of shit talking in his head. He's played with him on the ice, and he knows it's all wrong, but he also knows he'll have to play against him again one day, so some part of him holds onto that belief.

Some part of him thought Shane wouldn't kiss him back properly.

That part of him was wrong. Shane is hungry on the ice, he plays with passion, with *force*. Shane kisses him with that same hunger, his tongue fighting against his and he grunts into his mouth.

Ilya takes it as a signal that it's okay to do more. He presses his hand to Shane's shoulder, pushing him back to the bed as he crawls on top of him. It takes everything in him to not immediately bring his hips down onto Shane's. Ilya has never *wanted* to take anything slow in his life, but he wants to savor this. He wants to spend time with Shane, not just get off... Although he definitely wants that too.

One of Shane's hands grips tight on the back of his neck, his fingers pressed in so firm. The other tangles into his hair. Shane tugs. He's not trying to pull him back, he's just being a little rough with him. Ilya is definitely into it.

Ilya's hand slips up under Shane's shirt and his skin is so *hot*. Exactly the way he'd imagined it would be, because he *has* imagined it. Every practice, every workout, every night alone on the couch with him, he'd imagine the heat of his skin if only it were just a little closer.

Sometimes he'd reach out to touch him when he knew he shouldn't, but Shane never flinched, he never questioned. The touch was always too fleeting though, not enough to warm him entirely, which is the only proper way to touch Shane Hollander. Entirely and forever.

Ilya finally gives in, his cock already aching in his sweats. He grinds against Shane, pulling a moan from him that is simply heavenly. It's a higher pitched sound than he ever expected to hear from him, and *he* made it happen with just one small movement. Imagine all the things he could do if he could just get his hands on him.

Shane has never known instinct when it comes to sex. Everything always felt calculated, planned, and anything that wasn't clouded his mind in the middle of it all. He knew he was probably never the perfect partner in bed... or at all. He hasn't had a girlfriend since he got to college. Thought it was best to not focus on that when he wasn't good at it anyway. Just a few hookups because being the star (and no matter what Ilya tells anyone, Shane *is* the star) of their hockey team, girls are all over him anywhere he goes. He doesn't think they care much about how *good* the sex actually is, they just care that the sex is with him. And every once and a while, a release sounds nice, and Shane can convince himself enough that it'll be different that time.

It's never different... except that this time it is. His body moves with Ilya's without a single thought about it. His hips move up as Ilya's come down, desperately needing the movements to be rougher, but Ilya is already practically pinning him to the bed every time he comes down onto him.

Ilya's hands travel over his body and it calms him instead of making his skin feel like it's burning. Shane likes to be touched. He likes to be held... He always thought he hated it until now. Ilya's weight on top of him should take him out of it, cloud his mind so much he couldn't think of anything else, but it grounds him. The weight of him is oh so welcome. Actually, Shane wants to grab his waist and pull him down onto him *more*, but his hands are so happy where they are.

Ilya tugs on Shane's shirt, giving him a moment to process before he pulls back so Shane sits up a bit to make it easier to pull it over his head.

They aren't apart for long. It's hard to tell who is more eager to get back to the kiss at this point, but they're crashing back into each other, hands going right back to where they were before.

Ilya melts into Shane. The room could catch on fire and he wouldn't notice it until his skin was melting and fusing him to Shane permanently. Hell the friction from him grinding against Shane might be what starts the fire.

Shane's hands come down to the base of Ilya's back, pushing up under his shirt. He keeps tugging up until it's bunched at Ilya's shoulder. He keeps trying to pull it off but Ilya will just not pull away. Given it's not like Shane is putting any pause on the kissing.

He reaches one hand forward and pushes hard on Ilya's shoulder until he pulls away, looking a little offended. Shane doesn't even bother acknowledging it, he just pulls the shirt over Ilya's head and tosses it off the bed. Now that gold cross hangs between them... it must have been tucked in his shirt.

Shane places his hand on Ilya's chest, moving it up and down, tracing the hair that sits there, just a little darker than the hair on his head. It's sexy. That's a thought that bothers Shane, but he doesn't have much room to actually care about that right now.

He drags his eyes back up to Ilya's and his look is so soft. Too soft. This feels wrong. Wrong in the way that he's absolutely into it, and he absolutely shouldn't be.

Ilya places his hand at the base of Shane's stomach, slowly moving it up. "Have you done this before?" Ilya's accent goes right to Shane's dick. It's happened before, but he pretended it was nothing. It's hard to pretend it's nothing when he's stuck between Ilya and the bed...

"Hooked up? Yeah, I'm not a prude." He knows that's not what he meant, but this conversation just feels too serious... but Ilya doesn't break. He stares him down, biting at the inside of his cheek until he gets a proper answer. "No... Not with a guy..." Shane finally responds, a little timid. "What about you?"

"Yes. Few times. After parties."

Shane tries to not let the annoyance show on his face. He *shouldn't* be annoyed, but he thinks of every party they went to together, where he watched Ilya talk to some other guy, wondering now if that's who he went home with afterwards. He wonders if *he* could have gone home with him instead if he had asked. "Oh..."

"You jealous?"

Shane feels weak. Ilya's quiet voice mixed with his accent renders him unresponsive for a moment. He swallows back, but his lack of response already gives him away. It doesn't stop him from lying though. "No..."

Ilya leans back in, not even giving Shane the satisfaction of *thinking* that he believed him.

The coolness of Ilya's cross hits right at the base of Shane's throat before Ilya kisses him, making him draw in a quick gasp before their lips are pressed together. He lets out a moan when Ilya grinds against him again. He's getting hard embarrassingly fast. It's only ever happened when he was alone before, when... when he let himself think about Ilya just to get him out of his fucking mind.

It meant nothing. Or... he thought he did. Not once did he ever actually think he wanted him. It was some fluke in his brain that took a reset once every few months to get rid of it... then once every few weeks when they got closer. But it was *nothing*... Every other time, he thought about women, he watched videos with women in them, and he always finished. Shane was normal. There was nothing wrong with him until Ilya couldn't help but fucking kiss him. Now he's frustrated. He's mad at Ilya, but this is by far the hottest thing to ever happen to him so he can't get himself to push him off or yell at him for this.

And... and Ilya has never done a single thing seriously in his life. Not a single bone in Shane's body thinks this means anything to Ilya. Maybe he can do this and walk away unscathed. Ilya was probably just horny and Shane just so happened to be there.

As Shane thinks about it, that being the most likely possibility, he finds himself feeling angry about that as well. He doesn't like the idea of this meaning *nothing* to Ilya, but he doesn't like the idea of it meaning *something* to himself either.

Shane can't win this, so he just lets himself get lost in it, not thinking for what is probably the first time in his life.

Ilya's hand comes back down. He puts it between them, grabbing onto Shane through his sweats while he moves against his own hand. Shane is already hard, thick in his hand. He can tell even through the fabric. A smile stretches across his face that makes it hard to keep kissing Shane. He leans down to the side, whispering in his ear. "You get worked up easily, Hollander?"

"Maybe..." Shane starts to respond, but not to the question. Ilya only ever calls him 'Hollander' now when they're against each other in practice, or when they're at the gym. He only ever says it when they're competing or when there is some sort of frustration between them. And Shane hates it this time when his last name slips from Ilya's lips. "Maybe don't call me that right now." His words are breathy as Ilya keeps massaging him with his hand.

"You want me to call you Shane?" His lips graze over Shane's neck just below his ear.

"Yes..."

He tightens his grip on Shane's cock, listening to him take in a sharp breath, getting an even better idea of what he's done to him. "Do you get worked up easily... Shane?"

Shane pushes on Ilya's shoulder again. Not enough to actually push him away this time though because he doesn't actually want him to stop. "Fuck you." Shane tries to keep his voice steady.

"Seems like *you* want to."

Shane's eyes roll and he lets out a scoff. Which of course quickly turns into an embarrassing moan as Ilya finally properly kisses his neck.

Shane's sounds make Ilya's eyes roll back in his head, forcing out a groan of his own. It's not fair that he sounds like that. It takes everything in him not to tell him. He keeps telling himself Shane doesn't deserve to hear it, that it'd be giving him too much. It's the only way he can even keep it inside.

He moves his hand up again until his fingers slip under the elastic of his sweats. He waits a moment to give Shane time to tell him to stop, say it's too much, but he just keeps moving his hips up against him, so he tugs down on the pants. He pulls away from him so he can pull them all the way off.

With Ilya finally away from him, there is enough space for Shane to get a good look at him. The muscles in his arms, in his chest, freshly worked out. He wonders if he's sore at all, if doing all this is *work* for him. He hopes it is, that each movement stings him just a little.

He's snapped out of it when Ilya's hand wraps around his thigh.

Ilya's eyes trail Shane up and down. He's getting an even better look at what he's done to him. A clear outline of his hard cock, daring to pop right out of his boxers, and a small damp spot right where his tip would be resting. He slides his hand up until his fingertips slip under the hem of Shane's boxers. "I must really do it for you... Shane." There is a pause before he

says his name, as if he's trying to remind himself. Ilya is calling him that because he *asked*, and for a moment, Shane feels like he's got Ilya wrapped around his finger.

"Maybe I just haven't gotten off in a while," Shane sasses him. He moves his leg up a little trying to give the illusion of confidence.

"Hmm, been saving yourself for me?"

Shane rolls his eyes with much more confidence this time. Without Ilya kissing him, without him moving against him, it's a lot easier to pretend this is nothing. "This doesn't feel very fair. You gonna take yours off?" Shane nods down to Ilya's sweats where he can see the rough outline of his cock. His mouth quite literally waters at the thought of seeing it...

Ilya slips his thumb under the waistband and tugs down just a little. Every bit that it drops just reveals more skin. "I don't know if it is good idea."

Shane gets the hint. "You aren't wearing anything underneath, are you..."

"No..."

"Don't tell me you wanna take this slow..." Shane tries to make it seem like he's teasing him.

Ilya does. He could spend the whole day taking Shane apart and he still wouldn't feel like he's spent enough time with him. "If I say I do?"

"I'd say..." Shane pushes himself up onto to get just a little closer. "I want you to take those sweats off. *Then* we can take it slow."

Ilya has to admit Shane's confidence, no matter how fake he knows it is, is doing it for him. He wants to do whatever he tells him... He'd love to tease him, deny him, but the way his cock twitches every time Shane asks for something, he doesn't know if he can do that right now. He wants more than anything to just please Shane, which he'd never admit out loud.

He moves back so he has room to pull off his sweats. Shane is making quick work of his boxers too since he has the space.

Ilya nearly falls off the bed trying to take his sweats off because he's so busy staring at Shane, every new bit of skin he gets to see. He's seen Shane in the showers before, but he's never seen him worked up. Flushed cock, glistening tip. If Ilya could do anything he wanted, he'd flip Shane over and show him what he was good at. He'd really take him apart until he was moaning into his bedsheets, gripping so tight he could rip them, making a mess of his perfectly clean bedding. He'd make fun of him afterwards for freaking out about it.

Shane is staring at him, his mouth open. His eyes look all glossy. Ilya puts his hand back around Shane's thigh, finally pulling his attention back to him. "Like what you see, Shane?" Ilya is definitely enjoying his view.

Shane scoffs again and rolls his eyes. Ilya isn't going to let him pretend to not be into this. He knows Shane wants it. He leans in, pressing their bodies together again. His cock presses

right next to Shane's on his stomach, so he moves to give him a little friction to watch him completely fall apart.

Shane's eyes flutter shut as he lets out a soft whimper. He reaches his hand back up and puts it in Ilya's hair again.

Ilya leans in, taking the opportunity to capture Shane's open lips with his own, his tongue dipping into his mouth again. The way Shane kisses him back is much sloppier than it was before. The way his tongue moves has absolutely no coordination, and Ilya really wants to make a joke about his skating being uncoordinated too, but his mouth is far too busy at the moment.

He pulls away from the kiss to watch Shane's face, wondering how he's feeling about this. Every part of him is unbelievably tempting. His lips... His eyes, they draw him in even from across an entire ice rink. And those fucking freckles. When they're in his sights, he can't think about anything else. He likes to think he'll have the opportunity to kiss every one of them. Shane looks... happy, he looks pleased, but Ilya still feels the need to reassure him. "If it is too much, tell me..."

"Yes... I will..." Shane hates that right now all he can think about is how sweet Ilya is. He's not supposed to be *sweet*. He's supposed to be his best friend who gets on his nerves. He's not supposed to make him want more. "Not too much, so good..."

That feels like permission to do just a little more, so Ilya pulls up on Shane's to get their bodies closer together. The base of his stomach is already slick. Shane is just absolutely dripping for him. Ilya has imagined this a million different ways, but that was one thing that ever really crossed his mind. He smiles and leans in close to Shane's ear. "You are so wet..." He doesn't know how else to put it.

Shane just responds by letting out an annoyed sound.

"No. I am not making fun of you. Is good thing." He lets his nose graze over his jaw as he speaks, then he bites at his neck. He thinks about what he's allowed to do, if he could leave a mark. The guys on the team might make fun of him. They knew Shane hooked up, but there was never any evidence of it, and Shane never really talked about it. They'd never think it was *him* though...

He wonders if the team did know it was him how it'd go. If they knew he'd been hooking up with guys every once in a while after parties. If they knew how much he'd thought about fucking their favorite teammate over the past year. If they'd care or if they'd ice him out. Ilya wonders what he'd do if they *did* care. Probably nothing.

"Shane..."

"Yes?" It comes out as a moan and Shane tries to not feel embarrassed. He's supposed to be like this. Ilya wants him like this.

"What do you want? Tell me what you want."

“This... I just want this...” It’s more than enough for him, really. Anything more... and it’d feel too real. He can get lost in this so easily.

“Okay.” Ilya keeps kissing along Shane’s neck, his tongue twisting against his skin with each kiss, trying to taste him as much as he possibly can. He sucks on a small bit just above his collar bone, wondering if he’ll ever tell him it’s too much. He doesn’t. He just keeps making those sweet sounds.

Ilya pulls up on his leg again, trying to pull more of it from him. Their cocks are so slick that the friction just doesn’t feel like enough anymore. Shane’s fingers scratch at the back of his head. He lets out a moan that his neighbors can probably hear, then a softer whimper that’s obviously him trying to hold back.

“Fuck...” Ilya groans. “Those sounds you make... They are so...” God Ilya’s head *hurts* trying to think of the right thing to say. “I do not have the right words.”

That’s the best thing he could have said. Whenever Ilya loses his words, that’s when Shane knows it’s something good. His feelings so strong he only knows how to describe it in his native language. “Ilya...” He says his name so sweetly. It’s the only way he knows how to respond right now. *He’s* lost all his words as well.

Shane grinds up against him, his body begging for more. He’s *rough* with it, desperate. It’s like he just can’t get enough. No matter what Ilya does, how he moves, positions them, he needs *more*. He whines out of frustration between moans and *those* are the sounds that drive Ilya insane.

“Do not worry...” Ilya’s hand slips under Shane’s head as he nips at his neck. “I will take care of you, sweetheart.”

Shane’s entire body gets covered in goosebumps. His eyes roll back as he lets out a broken sigh. “Can’t talk to me like that.”

Ilya pulls back from Shane’s neck, bringing his face in nice and close till their noses press together. “No one ever tell you they will take care of you?” He teases him and it takes everything in him not to call him ‘Hollander.’ Shane takes it as a sign of competition, but it’s always been flirtatious leaving Ilya’s lips.

“I meant... sweetheart.”

“Why? You do not like it?”

Shane can hardly think with his cock still pressed firmly between them, right next to Ilya’s. It gets harder and harder to think with each slide of Ilya’s hips against his. He tries to think of a lie, but the real issue is... he thinks he likes it *too* much. He can’t come up with a good excuse, so he just avoids the question and settles for something that’s already hanging on his tongue. “Fuck...” His head moves back and his lips ghost over Ilay’s.

Ilya takes the opening and bites at Shane’s bottom lip, tugging at it until he hears him moan again. He moves his hand up Shane’s thigh, grabbing at his hip. “Are you sure you don’t

want more, Shane?” He places his hand flat at the base of Shane’s stomach. “Do you want me to touch you?”

“*Please...*” He rolls his hips up against Ilya’s again.

Ilya moves back just enough to slip his hand between them. He wraps his hand around both of them, a finger between them. It only takes a few strokes for his hand to slick up with precome. God, Shane is like a fucking faucet.

It nears on too intimate for Shane. Ilya holding him as he touches him. Being close enough to kiss, but they aren’t. He kind of just desperately moans into Ilay’s mouth with each stroke of his hand. “Ilya...” He moans his name more properly this time.

“Is a fun name to moan, yes?”

“Fuck off.”

“You want me to stop?”

“No...” Shane lets out in a shaky breath that is frankly embarrassing for the amount of time they’ve been doing this for.

“Then be nicer.”

“Oh *fuck* you.”

Ilya leans in and lets out the sweetest laugh into his ear. If Shane didn’t know better, he’d say this is what falling in love feels like. His heart is fluttering in his chest. He should want this to be the end, one and done, but he doesn’t. He wants to feel like this again. Maybe a million times more, maybe for the rest of his life.

Shane is so unbelievably fucked. Super fucked.

The only thing that should be on his mind right now is the feeling of Ilya’s hand wrapped around his cock, the way it’s absolutely *aching*... He should be focused on the moans Ilya is letting out right into his ear. He should be focused on the fact that Ilya is getting off to this, but instead all he can think about is how he wants more of this feeling.

His body, however, is very focused on what Ilya is doing. “Ilya... *fuck*, I- I can’t...”

“Close already?” Ilya teases, trying desperately to keep his tone even. Honestly, he’s happy to hear Shane admit it. He’s getting close himself, and coming before Shane Hollander would be a terribly embarrassing race to lose.

“Yes...” Shane whines as he moves his hips.

Ilya uses his hand at the back of Shane’s head to pull him up, pressing their foreheads together. They share heavy breaths back and forth for a few seconds. “Do you want to finish?”

“Yes... please...” Shane’s so close and he really only needs Ilya to go a little faster. His face already feels hot, sweat on his back, a tight feeling in his stomach. He feels *dizzy*. Ilya is blurry. Shane closes his eyes as Ilya’s hand speeds up.

He wishes Shane would look at him, open his eyes. It’s so easy to lose himself in them. Ilya likes to lose himself. It’s why he likes sex so much, but with Shane, he can get lost in other ways. He wants to get lost in every way possible with him, unable to find his way out of the mess he’s created.

“Shane...” Ilya moans right into his mouth and Shane’s eyes just barely flutter open to look at him.

Shane doesn’t respond. He just digs his fingers into Ilya’s hair, letting out moans that Ilya can feel on his tongue, and he finally lets the release wash over him.

Ilya feels Shane come into his hand, onto his stomach, some of it landing on him as well. He’s made a mess of Shane. Perfect, clean, proper Shane Hollander, now *his* mess...

Ilya strokes him through it, quickly approaching his own finish. Shane is left a whimpering mess below him as he keeps going. It’s almost too much for him, but he can’t help but care when Ilya’s hands are still on him and the heat of his moans is on his lips.

Ilya finishes, only making them both more of a mess. Then he collapses on top of him. Shane’s arms are around him and it feels so good to feel so close. The most he’s gotten from Shane is a quick hug. He savored every second of every one of them, but this is so much better. Skin to skin, feeling his warmth. He doesn’t even care what rests between them. He just sighs and buries himself in Shane.

Shane turns his head and buries his face in Ilya’s neck, letting out a happy hum. He’ll hold onto this for just a few more moments, then he’ll have to move on with his life.

After a bit, Ilya rolls back over onto the side of the bed he was on before, and Shane knows it’s over. He sits up on the side of the bed, his back to Ilya, about to get up, but he immediately feels Ilya grab his wrist.

“Where are you going?” He sounds sad to see him go and Shane convinces himself he’s imagining it.

“Umm... I was going to take a shower.” Shane responds so blandly. Ilya wonders for a moment if he’s done something wrong...

“I will come with. I need to wash off too.” Ilya sits up as Shane stands, then he follows him into standing.

“What?” Shane finally turns back to look at him. “No, I umm...” Ilya does need to wash off too. Shane hadn’t really thought this through.

Ilya takes a step closer, grabbing onto Shane’s waist. He keeps his eyes on Shane’s. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, just... I know what that was.”

“Good. I think if you didn’t it might be a problem.”

“No I mean... I just know it didn’t mean anything. I thought maybe it was best we didn’t... drag it out.”

Ilya shouldn’t tell Shane the truth. It’s not like he planned on it, but the way Shane is looking at him. Ilya doesn’t want this to end here. “What if it did... mean something.” He moves just a little closer to Shane, and he can see his throat bob up and down as he swallows.

“C’mon. You needed... to get off, I was there. I’m not- I’m not *mad*. I liked it, it was good. I just know what it was.”

“No. You are wrong. I like you.”

Shane laughs. “No you don’t.” It doesn’t even cross his mind that Ilya could be serious. He’s trying to pull something from him, something he could use to taunt him in the middle of practice or something.

“I do.” Ilya brings his clean hand up to the side of Shane’s face. “I like you, Shane.” He keeps trying to use his first name to show he’s serious. “I like you... I like how I feel when I am around you. Is... happy. That does not happen to me often unless I am winning.”

“Ilya...” Shane shakes his head, because he’s starting to think this isn’t a joke and that terrifies him, because he thinks he wants Ilya to be serious right now. He’s waiting for a crack, a laugh, *something*.

“I like that you make hockey hard for me.” Ilya would never admit that under any other circumstances, but he means it. Hockey was always easy. He was a natural. Of course he practiced, but he never had to put in the work everyone else did if he didn’t want to. Until he was playing against Shane Hollander. “I like when you smile, too. I like when you smile because of me.”

“Ilya...” Shane says his name softer this time. Parts of him are starting to accept this, and it’s terrifying, but he feels like he’s on top of the world. But what a fall he could take...

“And your freckles.”

“My freckles?”

“Yes. I like them. Even if they distract me.”

“You *like* my freckles?” Shane giggles, he actually giggles, and he wants to fall to the floor out of embarrassment, but he feels like that would cause a new kind of embarrassment. “You think about my freckles?” Shane never really liked them. He never really thought of the possibility that someone else might like them. And the thought that Ilya Rozanov of all people would be the one to say something like this to him. It’s unbelievably ridiculous. Shane would tell himself this was a dream, but that would be admitting this was something he had thought of before.

“Yes, often...” He drags his thumb across Shane’s cheek where most of his freckles are. “Even more when you are close.” Ilya’s eyes trail over them, and they are just so tempting. He’s not quite sure how Shane feels yet, but he knows he’s put himself out there, and it can’t possibly get worse, so he indulges himself. He leans in, pressing two soft kisses to Shane’s cheek right where all those freckles are.

He doesn’t pull back far. He keeps his forehead pressed to Shane’s. “I do not want this to end here.”

“What *do* you want?”

“I do not think I know...” Ilya has to be honest. He knows how he feels about Shane. He knows he’s never really had these feelings for anyone else. But... he never really thought about what he wanted out of it.

“You wanna sneak around, hide it from everyone.”

“Maybe?” He knows Shane is being sarcastic, but really, it sounds better than not having him at all.

“What’s the other option? Tell people?”

“I do not know.” He says again, a bit more frustrated. “I do not want this to stop... Do- what do you want?”

“Ilya, I don’t think I’ve ever known an answer to that question that wasn’t *hockey*.” Shane has never wanted much else.

“Do *you* want this to stop here?”

“I-” Shane contemplates lying. It’d sure make his life a hell of a lot easier besides the awkwardness between him and Ilya... “I don’t think so.”

“Do you feel anything for me?”

“I think so...” Shane’s voice shakes admitting it out loud. He thought that was something that would stay inside forever.

“So... can we just go take a shower? Maybe we talk about it later.”

Living in limbo. Not knowing where a decision he makes will lead. Not even *making* a decision. It’s not the way Shane lives. It’s never been what he’s done, but... maybe it’s time he breaks tradition. “A shower sounds nice.”

Ilya finally feels himself relax. He leans in, pressing a gentle kiss to Shane’s lips. “Let us go then.” Ilya pulls Shane out of the room, and Shane follows like Ilya is the only thing guiding him, because for the first time in his life, he’s letting go of some control.

End Notes

Comments and Kudos are always greatly appreciated :)

You can find me on Twitter(X): Um_TakeMyBreath or on TikTok: Buckleys_Girl118 I post about my fics and other fandom stuff in both places :)

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