not shane hollander

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by tunamelts (sweetiemimi)

Summary

> *Ilya would've seemed pathetic if anyone were to read his mind right now. He was making out with a beautiful girl, with plenty of other girls around him, and all he could think about was Shane Hollander. Was Shane really in love with Rose Landry? Was Ilya stupid for thinking that they could actually be something? He must've been, right?*

or, the fic where Ilya spirals over Shane and Rose being together

Notes

hi hi guys! i was going through things myself and this fic lwk spoke to me... (i swear rachel was right... ilya speaks to you) i really wanted to rewrite the club scene but make it even more depressing. i love ilya rozanov im so sorry for doing you like this buddy. this fic was also mostly inspired by slow dancing in the dark by joji. i thought of hollanov the moment i heard it again i fear... also. literally like all of my italics fucked up so thats annoying and im not redoing that...but yeah! hope u enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more notes

January 2017—Montreal

Ilya headed straight for the dance floor as soon as they entered the club. It was late and the place was packed. A quick scan of the place told that there were plenty of good options. Plenty of gorgeous girls who could take his mind off Shane stupid Hollander.

Wait.

It was impossible not to spot Rose Landry on the dance floor. Even in this crowd, she stood out.

And it only took him a second longer to realize the man she had her arms around—who had his hands on her waist—was Shane Hollander.

Fuck it.

Ilya moved purposefully to the other side of the dance floor. He found a girl inside a minute who was happy to press her body against his. By the next song, she had her tongue in his mouth.

He wondered if Hollander saw him.

He hoped he did so badly.

Ilya would've seemed pathetic if anyone were to read his mind right now. He was making out with a beautiful girl, with plenty of other girls around him, and all he could think about was Shane Hollander. Was Shane really in love with Rose Landry? Was Ilya stupid for thinking that they could actually be something? He must've been, right? Shane Hollander didn't seem like the kind of man that fell in love quickly. Did he run out on Ilya because of her? Shane had said he kept his relationships with girls private. Were they talking the last time Shane and Ilya had hooked up? Together? Ilya had given up so much of himself that night—he wanted so badly for Shane to stay the night with him and it was terrifying. He had never wanted something this badly, had never lo– no. He didn't feel that way about Shane Hollander.

None of that mattered though. Ilya was here at the club with his teammates, dancing with a beautiful girl that was nothing like Shane Hollander. Not a man, none of his stupid freckles or his stupid dark hair, nor his stupid athletic body, not him. Ilya had been grinding against the woman, watching her and not Shane Hollander. It was her lips he kissed, not those beautiful kissable lips on his Shane—not his Shane. Rose Landry's Shane.

In this dark crowded club, all Ilya Rozanov could think about Shane in his arms, not her arms. Did Shane see him? What he make his way to Ilya if he saw him? Was it truly only ever sex to him? How was it that Ilya was the only one to catch feelings? He never did that. He had fucked women in every city, every country he had ever been in. No one compared to Shane Hollander. Stupid Shane Hollander filling up his entire brain.

Ilya had pulled away from the kiss and smiled at the woman. She was a good kisser. She had a tongue piercing. He liked that. Ilya looked around for a dark corner where he could pull

her off to the side and—

Holy fuck.

When his gaze landed on Shane Hollander, Shane's eyes went wide.

Had Shane just been…watching him?

Was Ilya right? Did Shane care? Did Shane want to dance with him? Would he let him push that stupid polo up and run his hands all over his abs? No that couldn't be true. Shane was with Rose now, everyone in the world knew that. Like he belonged to her. Did Rose Landry know how much Shane begged to be fucked? How to make him cum? How to make him feel good? Probably not.

He was never his to make feel good though, was he? He was only there as a quick fuck a couple times a year. Just like the girl in New York, or Svetlana, and every girl he'd ever hooked up with. It wasn't Shane's fault that Ilya fell for him. Memorized his favourite stupid drink. Committed his smell and touch to memory.

Was Shane just looking for Rose in Ilya's eyes? They had said for years that this would only be casual. Was this truly the end? How long had Rose and Shane been a thing for? It must've been awhile if they were letting themselves get caught in the tabloids. Here Ilya was, falling for the only person he could never truly have, while that very man was falling in love with Rose Landry of all people.

Ilya could never really compete with Rose Landry. Shane would never have to sacrifice his career for someone like Rose. He could live comfortably, he could have a family if that was what he wanted. It was stupid for Ilya to think it could ever work out between them. They were two guys that played hockey. The NHL would never accept a gay man—let alone two that were rivals who are gay for each other. Would Shane ever choose Ilya over hockey? Ilya knows without a doubt that he'd choose him a thousand times over.

He needed to get out of his head. He needed to get laid. Ilya looked back to where Shane was standing, but he was nowhere to be found. This was stupid. It was pathetic. Ilya was dancing with a very beautiful girl, he didn't need to be dancing with Shane Hollander—he didn't want to be dancing with Shane Hollander.

"Should we take this somewhere else?" Ilya asked the girl, leaning down to whisper in her ear.

"Sorry, not tonight, babe. I'm here with my boyfriend. He likes to watch me. It turns him on. But I'm leaving with him."

The fuck? "Your…boyfriend?" He looked around nervously.

She laughed. "Relax. He's not gonna hit you. He likes it, like I said." She kisses his cheek, turned, and left him.

Great.

Now Ilya was alone in this Montreal nightclub while Shane Hollander was here in the same room with Rose fucking Landry. All Ilya wanted was to hold him, to dance with him, to kiss him, to have him. But he would never get that again would he? Ilya didn't want to be here anymore, but what was better? Being alone in his hotel when he should really be in Hollander's stupid building that he had bought for them. Not Rose Landry. Was it too late for one more night? It was Ilya's arms that Shane fell into after their games. Should he have reached out? Was there any point in reaching out anymore? At what point was he supposed to delete Shane's number? Would he come crawling back to Ilya if they ever broke up? Would they get married?

Ilya was getting sick thinking about this. He shouldn't be feeling this way about some random guy. Ilya should forget about him, get with a girl—not Shane Hollander. They would never truly mean anything. And maybe it was better that way. Ilya could continue to visit Russia, visit his father, visit his mother's grave, live his life in the way he wanted to. All of that would change if he actually loved Shane Hollander. Which he would never, he wasn't allowed to. Everything would be better this way. Better for him. Better even for Shane Hollander.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!!!

Feel free to reach me on twitter xoxo

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