

In the Deep End

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In the Deep End

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Summary

“You owe me a shirt,” Shane greeted him.

Ilya let out a gruff, short, laugh, remembering the shirt of Shane’s that he'd soaked, right by this pool hours ago. Shane’s abs had clung against the wet fabric. Ilya had wanted to bite them.

“Did you forget how to clean clothes?” Ilya smirked. The water slid along his calves as he knocked their shoulders together; Ilya grinned and continued, “If so, I did you a favor. Was an ugly shirt.”

Notes

For day four of the [Off Season Fic Fest](#) - Pool

Thanks for the beta, ferret!

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

Ilya pushed open the metal door that led to the pool and, beyond that, the beach. It was late enough that most of the other NHL players participating in the All-Stars Weekend had turned in, even though the game wasn't until tomorrow afternoon. The ocean breeze hit Ilya's face, ran through his hair, and for a moment it almost seemed like it would rush away the thoughts that had kept him awake tonight.

Except, there, on the other side of the otherwise abandoned pool, sat Shane, legs dangling in the water, arms resting behind him, face turned up towards the barely decipherable stars.

Ilya stopped in his steps; the thoughts he'd been running from up in his hotel room crashed into him in a cresting wave.

The moonlight fell across Shane's cheekbones, highlighting their sharp angles. If Ilya stepped closer, slid into the spot next to the man, he was sure to see the splattering of freckles under its whitened glow.

The door slammed behind Ilya. Shane looked from the sky, across the pool, and right towards Ilya. Ilya's breath did something stupid, twisting in his lungs and making him gasp. And that was before a bright, welcoming smile spread across Shane's face at the sight of him. That caused Ilya's exhale to lock in his throat. Shane lifted a hand, a small wave, and Ilya coughed out the breath.

All he could do was step forward, his feet taking him where his body wanted to go even as his brain screamed at him all the thoughts he'd been running from: They needed to end this. He'd gotten too attached. Those freckles. Those fucking freckles. Yes, no one else was by the pool, but that didn't mean half a dozen balconies attached to NHL occupied hotel rooms weren't surrounding them. It didn't mean someone couldn't wander back from the beach at any moment, catching Ilya kicking off his sandals and slotting himself next to Shane, all because his body wanted him to.

"You owe me a shirt," Shane greeted him.

Ilya let out a gruff, short, laugh, remembering the shirt of Shane's that he'd soaked, right by this pool hours ago. Shane's abs had clung against the wet fabric. Ilya had wanted to bite them.

"Did you forget how to clean clothes?" Ilya smirked. The water slid along his calves as he knocked their shoulders together; Ilya grinned and continued, "If so, I did you a favor. Was an ugly shirt."

It was not an ugly shirt. Nothing Shane wore lately was ugly, and it had started driving Ilya a little mad.

Shane laughed. "I'll have to fire my personal stylist then."

"Please do." Please don't.

As if Shane heard the unspoken words, he looked down at his current outfit - a linen button down and a pair of tailored shorts. Ilya followed his gaze, even in the moonlight it was easy to see how the linen clung to his chest, highlighting his shoulders. Ilya swallowed against a million different comments, grabbed the side of the pool so he wouldn't give into his impulse to start unbuttoning Shane's shirt. When his eyes traveled back up to Shane's face, a pink flush accented those damn freckles.

They stared at each other for far longer than two players--two rivals--ever should. Shane looked away first and Ilya both privately cursed and admired his strength. Ilya still stared, just for another second more, before turning his gaze to their legs, kicking side-by-side in the water.

He'd been in his hotel room, wondering where Shane was, he'd been in the bed, staring at his phone, hand idly running up and down his stomach, trying not to imagine it was Shane's touch. Now, they sat so close he could feel the heat of Shane pressed along his side. Ilya wondered if the invisible string that seemed to tie their cocks together for the last six years had led him from his hotel bed to here.

They never did anything like this though, sitting in silence together. And tomorrow, they'd be on the same line, on the same team. The thought shouldn't make Ilya's heart squeeze. The thought couldn't make Ilya's heart squeeze, not when it came to them, who they were, what they were to each other and this league.

Ilya had to break the silence, had to break the moment before it broke him. He reached over, placed a hand on Shane's shoulder, and pushed him into the water.

A moment later, Shane's face broke through the surface sputtering, a glare fixed on Ilya, and that expression shouldn't make his cock twitch but it did. It always did.

"What the fuck, Ilya!"

"You asked for it," he replied, even though it made no sense at all. Nothing about them did, so it fit in nicely.

"I could've had my phone on me."

"Phone is over there." He pointed to the deck chair with a towel, phone, and key perched on top of it. "You would never sit so close to water with it."

That reply made Shane sputter even more than being pushed into the pool. Was it such a shock to him, that after all these years, Ilya knew him so well? Shane didn't reply, instead he grabbed onto Ilya's ankles and tugged him right into the water with him. Under the surface, they were a tangle of limbs, fighting with each other to keep the other submerged. Shane's thigh felt even softer from the water, and pinching it made Shane kick Ilya in the chest. Then there was Shane's arms wrapping around Ilya's torso, turning him so he was under him, face to face, and Ilya did something stupid, something dangerous, by bringing their lips together.

It was the most they'd ever done outside of a hotel room, more than they'd ever dared. He could feel the jolt of surprise that went through Shane. He startled, stilled, and then, with a

narrowed gaze, as if he read the challenge in Ilya's eyes, Shane brought their lips together again.

Ilya only had a few more seconds of oxygen in him, but he would let himself drown before letting Shane have the last word. So he raised the stakes and slammed their hips together. He knew Shane could feel the effect their underwater wrestling had on Ilya, how the danger of it all continued to drive Ilya wild. And because he was an asshole who loved getting under Shane's skin, loved having the last word, loved driving him wild, he let his hand drift down to cup Shane's equally hard cock and squeeze.

For a brief moment, Shane leaned into the touch, grinding his hard cock against Ilya's touch. Ilya's other hand came up and caressed his sharp cheekbone. A soft touch, a lover's touch. That seemed to be what broke Shane from a lust filled trance. He shot back from Ilya and up to the surface. Ilya followed.

"What the fuck, Ilya!" Shane's wet hair plastered to his forehead, his cheeks flushed and he looked as turned on as he was frustrated. Mission accomplished.

Ilya grinned from ear to ear. "You asked for it."

Exasperation broke across Shane's face, doing its best to mask another small smile. "You're an absolute menace, Rozanov."

Ilya felt a jolt of yearning crash into him, the desire to pull Shane close, wrap his legs around Shane's waist, continue what they started under the water above the surface for anyone to see. But Shane was already swimming towards the edge of the pool, pushing himself up from the water. He sent Ilya a knowing glance over his shoulder, well aware that Ilya would be watching the way the water made all that linen stick to his back, his ass.

"And you call me menace," he grumbled under his breath, but the smug way Shane pressed his lips together let him know that Shane had heard him.

Shane grabbed the towel from the deck chair and rubbed it over his wet hair, tugged the wet shirt from his chest before, apparently, coming to the decision to tug it right off, leaving him only in a wet pair of shorts and moonlight. Ilya treaded water, and watched. He knew the show was for him, after all.

A satisfied Shane made Ilya's stomach swoop as much as a frustrated one did. His gaze stayed fixed on Shane as he threw the towel over his shoulder and walked around the edge of the pool, towards the metal door. He glanced at Ilya one last time. "See you on the ice tomorrow."

Ilya smirked. "Enjoy cleaning two shirts now."

"I'll send you the dry cleaning bill."

Then Shane was gone and Ilya tilted back in the pool, floating. The same thoughts from earlier in his hotel room--the feel of Shane's skin, the taste of his lips, all of it--rushed back into his mind. But this time, as he took in the stars, he found he welcomed them.

End Notes

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