**i heard about the twister, that lives inside your heart**

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# i heard about the twister, that lives inside your heart

by fullmachine00

Summary

Ilya knows he is being cruel. That there is no good reason for him pushing Shane out the door, other than the fact that he is selfish. But he has to, before he does something stupid, like offer for Shane to stay the night, which would only make everything worse than it already is.

Notes

welp the heated rivalry psychosis is making me write fanfic for the first time since like 2012 so enjoy!! this is just my self indulgence wanting to write angsty ilya from the vegas hotel room scene bc i have seen so many angsty shane ones and not enough angsty ilya so…. yeah!

not beta read so all mistakes are my own

Ilya notices it the second time that he and Hollander hook up. Maybe would have noticed it that first time, back before their rookie season started, but he was so nervous about impressing Hollander that he's not sure he would have noticed a lot that night.

The second time they're together, Ilya only notices after they've made each other come and are tangled together in the bed. When he tells Shane it was good, and Shane *preens*.

The casual praise makes him blush, and when Ilya smiles and runs a hand through Shane's hair, jokingly calling him a good boy, the blush deepens and he pushes his head into Ilya's hand, looking so sweet it makes his chest ache. Ilya stays for hours longer than he should, cuddling and touching Shane more gently than he thinks he's touched anyone in his life.

It had snowballed the next time they saw each other. Ilya had drawn it out for hours, edging Shane until there were tears leaking from his eyes, but every gentle touch or word of praise from Ilya made him bloom. Ilya had never been one for post sex cuddling until Shane, but he thinks now with Shane that it might almost be as good as the sex. The way Shane presses his whole body up against Ilya after they're finished, breathing him in, humming happily while Ilya touches his hair, his face, his chest. He looks at Ilya like he's drunk, freckles bright underneath the rosy blush of his cheeks. Ilya has never in his life wanted to take a photo of someone so badly as he does in those moments.

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After that night, Ilya knows he should put a stop to this thing between them, because it will only end in disaster, Ilya can already see it. But it is addicting, the way Shane opens up for him every time they're together. Every time, he tells himself he will stop it. And he had been doing so well, since Russia. Hadn't replied to Hollander's texts for over six months, had managed to go weeks even, without dreaming about the way Shane looks at him when they do this.

It is dangerous, how Shane warms so sweetly to every gentle touch. Ilya's hand in his hair, a palm cupped against his cheek, a thumb swiping over his lips. His eyelashes flutter and his smile stretches wider and he pushes into every touch, as if he can't get enough. Pushes closer and closer, as if he wants to crawl inside Ilya's skin and stay there. Ilya thinks he would let him, if he asked.

And Ilya indulges him, selfishly. He knows that no one else gets to see Shane like this. The rush it gives him is better than the nicotine or any hit of Russian vodka.

A hand around his wrist, or gentle pressure against the back of his neck, and Shane comes to him so sweetly. Will do anything Ilya asks. Stares up at him, pupils blown wide, so eager to please. And when Ilya murmurs the words, "good boy" Shane's pupils blow so wide that all Ilya can see is a thin ring of brown as Shane's lashes flutter and he whines low in his throat.

He notices it even more in the dimly lit bathroom, backstage after presenting their award. It crackles between them like a current on a live-wire. The way Shane's eyes go hazy the second Ilya puts a palm to his jaw, his thumb resting just below Shane's full lower lip. And when Ilya pulls Shane into him, Shane goes willingly, tucking his head into the crook of Ilya's neck, nudging his nose up against the collar of Ilya's shirt. All thoughts of someone walking in and seeing them forgotten, just for a few seconds of being close to him.

Ilya's pulse thrums against his ears, trying not to think about how this should be, has to be, the last time they do this.

Even now, as he fucks into Shane, with one hand anchored at Shane's neck and the other digging into his hipbone, Shane is still reaching back, twisting his arm to grasp Ilya's wrist, desperate to touch him everywhere he can.

When Ilya leans down, blanketing Shane's back with his body, and presses his lips to the top of Shane's spine, murmuring to him in Russian, he feels the way Shane's shoulders loosen and he goes pliant beneath Ilya's hands.

"Still ok?" He asks, with his lips pressed to Shane's ear, slowing his thrusts, trying to draw this out and make it last as long as he can.

"Uh huh," Shane groans, reaching back to tangle his fingers with Ilya's.

"I want to see you," Shane whines a moment later, his voice muffled where he is pressing his face into the pillow. He sounds so desperate and needy and Ilya knows he can't say no, not when Shane is always so shy, so hesitant to ask Ilya for something he wants while they do this.

He pulls out quickly, rolling Shane over to his back and leaning down to press kisses along Shane's collarbone as he pushes his cock back in.

Shane is letting out high pitched, breathy moans every time Ilya thrusts in, hitting his prostate with every stroke, and Ilya knows he's getting close to coming. He pulls back just enough to watch the way his cock pushes into Shane on every thrust, before looking back to his face, trying not to melt at the way Shane is looking at him.

Shane's eyes are so dark, all Ilya can see is his pupils. His lips are swollen and red, and there is a beautiful red flush that has spread across his nose, his freckled cheeks and down his neck. Ilya tries to stamp down on the feelings of jealousy knowing that someday soon, someone else will get to see Shane like this. Selfishly, he gets off on knowing that no one else has ever seen how Shane looks when they do this.

Ilya reaches up, cupping a palm under Shane's jaw and thumbing at his lips until Shane's mouth drops open, and Ilya is pressing his thumb in as Shane's eyelashes flutter and he moans around Ilya's thumb. "Such a good boy, you take it so perfectly."

He looks down to where Shane's cock is trapped between their stomachs, smearing precome over both of them.

“This all for me, hm? You get so wet for me.” He pulls his thumb out of Shane’s mouth and drops his hand to his clavicle, fingers resting over the curve of Shane’s neck.

“Stop it.” Shane mumbles shyly, gasping as Ilya starts to thrust faster again. Ilya knows that Shane loves when he talks like this, even if he won’t admit it.

Ilya puts one hand behind Shane’s knee, using the back of his thigh as leverage to fuck into him deeper. Maybe he wants Shane to feel it tomorrow, even if they aren’t going to do this again.

Shane is whining, mouth hanging wide as he gasps with each thrust. “Please, please,” he begs, and Ilya can feel his cock leaking more precome between them.

“Please what?” He huffs, driving his hips faster. The sounds Shane is making mixed with the sound of Ilya fucking into him is obscene. “You going to be a good boy and come for me, Hollander?”

“God, yeah, Rosanov, god Rosanov *please*-“ is all Shane gets out before he’s coming, cock pulsing untouched between them. Shane squeezes his eyes shut, gasping and moaning as he comes and Ilya can feel his nails digging in where Shane is grasping his shoulder.

“God, Hollander, so perfect, you are so good for me,” Ilya groans, driving his hips into Shane once last time as he comes.

For a few minutes, neither of them move, both panting and breathing hard. Ilya loosens his grip on the back of Shane’s knee, gently lowering his leg back to the mattress before he reaches up to brush Shane’s hair out of his eyes. He tries not to think too hard about the blissed out, dopey smile Shane gives him as he pushes his hair back.

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The second he pulls out and rolls to the side, Shane is following him, quick to bury himself into Ilya’s side, their sides pressed together from shoulder to hip, ankles knocking together. Shane is like a sponge, soaking up the physical contact as if he is starved.

Ilya lets him, since knows he won’t get to see Shane like this again. Lets Shane hook his chin over Ilya’s shoulder, laying half on top of him as he tucks his face against Ilya’s neck, breathing him in.

He brings a gentle hand to Shane’s hair, threading his fingers through the silky black strands and he hears Shane sigh happily, tangling their legs together. He brings his other hand to Shane’s back, running his fingers up and down the dip of his spine.

“Was it ok?” Shane asks quietly, after a while. Shane asks this every time, and Ilya thinks he’s really asking if Ilya thought *Shane* was good, always seeking out praise.

“Yes Hollander. Was good. You are always good.”

Shane hums happily, tucking his face back against Ilya's neck.

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After they've both cleaned up and showered, Ilya sits up against the headboard and lights a cigarette as Shane starts rattling off questions, asking Ilya as many personal things as he thinks he can get away with. Tonight he's asking Ilya things about Russia, and going home for the summer break.

Ilya knows what he's doing, and decides to indulge him just for a short while, since this is the last time they'll do this, he tells himself.

"Do you even like it there?" Shane asks eventually, leaning closer to Ilya, a brief moment of eye contact before his eyes flick down to the glowing end of Ilya's cigarette.

Ilya can tell that Shane is itching to move closer, to grab hold of Ilya's hand where it rests across his lap. Shane is still so timid, still too shy to ask for what he wants, most of the time. Maybe for the best, Ilya thinks, because if Shane was brave enough to ask, Ilya would crumble in seconds and give Shane anything he asked.

Ilya tries not to feel bad at the distance he had put between them when he'd returned to the bed after getting up to pour Shane the glass of vodka he had promised him as his reward.

He wants to touch Shane too, would let him burrow as close as he wants, touch him wherever he wants. But he can't, and he knows if he doesn't put the distance between them, then this will never end.

"What difference does it make?" He says, looking back at Shane.

"A pretty big one, I think." Shane is staring at him again, brow furrowed, like he can't understand what Ilya means.

Ilya can see Shane open his mouth to ask another question and is quick to cut him off.

"I need to sleep." Ilya says bluntly. He knows he is being harsh, cruel even. Shane doesn't mean to be invasive, is just trying to be nice, make boring conversation like he always does. But every question is grating on Ilya's nerves, the way Shane is looking at him so earnestly, like he so badly wants to *know* Ilya.

But he doesn't want to talk about Russia, or his family, or how much he would rather spend the summer break in Canada, somewhere closer to Shane.

"Oh, yeah, me too. I should, uh, I should go," Shane scrambles off the bed, pulling away as if Ilya had burned him. He hurriedly starts rummaging through the mess of clothes on the floor for his own, and Ilya tries to ignore the pit forming in his stomach. Has to stop himself from reaching out and steadying Shane's shaking hands as he pulls on his suit pants.

Ilya knows he is being cruel. That there is no good reason for him pushing Shane out the door, other than the fact that he is selfish. But he has to, before he does something stupid, like offer for Shane to stay the night, which would only make everything worse than it already is.

He knows he is being cruel when he doesn't even follow Shane to the door to say goodbye. Ilya can hear Shane redressing, quiet and methodical, the rustle of his dress shirt, probably wrinkled now. He knows how much Shane hates that.

"So, uh, I'm off," he hears Shane call from the living room. Ilya tries not to think about how disappointed his voice sounds. Is suddenly glad he stayed in bed so he doesn't have to look Shane in the eye and see how sad they look now. Shane always looks disappointed when Ilya leaves after they do this.

"Goodbye Hollander," he calls back.

Ilya hears the door open and close as Shane leaves. He is doing the right thing, he tells himself as he tries to ignore the hollow feeling in his chest.

He takes another drag of his cigarette before dumping it into Shane's vodka glass, still half full. He watches as the clear liquid turns murky and grey from the ash before he rolls over.

He shuts his eyes and tries to sleep, ignoring the urge to open his phone and text Shane, but one thought keeps playing over and over in his mind. They didn't even kiss.

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