

How I wish you were here

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77299381) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77299381>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , POV Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Explicit Sexual Content , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Riding , Feelings , Hurt/Comfort , Crying During Sex
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-08 Words: 6,200 Chapters: 1/1

How I wish you were here

by [photographer_of_thoughts](#)

Summary

"I want you to be here." Shane admits, and Ilya can picture how red Hollander's face is right now. He blushes so easily.

Ilya breathes in deeply and then whispers, "I want to be there with you, too."

or, it's summer 2016 and Shane calls Ilya after his father ends up in the hospital.

Notes

Canon events are the same until summer 2016

Shane's father is sick, but doesn't die. There are mentions of a medical condition but nothing graphic, only the description of why he's in the hospital.

*Title from the song 'Wish you were here' by Pink Floyd

Summer 2016

It starts with a girl in a bar.

Ilya can see that she's attractive. And that she clearly wants him. But the moment his eyes leave his phone - glancing away from his old conversation with *Jane* - and he sees her looking at him expectantly, he literally can't imagine why he'd ever want to sleep with her.

Which freaks him out because *what?* Since when is he willingly going to turn down the opportunity to fuck a hot woman?

But he's just not feeling it. He doesn't even want to be in the club right now.

He wants to go home.

Not his home here in Moscow. But his real home in Boston. Or maybe Shane's apartment in Montreal.

But Shane's home isn't *his* home. Obviously. Ilya really needs to get a fucking grip.

Svetlana has been trying to get him to dance and drink with her for the past hour, but he keeps brushing her off. She looks a little disappointed but mostly indifferent, finding another man to dance with easily. She's gorgeous so everyone wants to dance with her.

The idea of getting fucked up doesn't even seem appealing. All that would do is make him wake up with a hangover tomorrow while he once again deals with his father's declining health and his brother's constant requests for money.

His father doesn't even recognize him anymore.

Ilya decides to leave. Maybe walking around outside in the cooling air will help him stop thinking about freckles and dark hair and an easy, handsome smile.

It doesn't, and after only twenty minutes Ilya decides to just go back to his apartment. Maybe he'll take a sleeping pill so he can sleep through this unbearable hurt in his chest.

As he gets through his door, he feels his phone vibrate in his pocket.

It's actually unbelievable how quickly his mood brightens when he sees a new message from 'Jane.'

Jane: Hey, you awake?

Ilya checks the time as he feels himself grinning. It's currently 2am here, which means it's 10am in Montreal.

Lily: Yes. You are working out?

He's guessing Shane's at the gym. He usually goes every morning, even in the off season. He's diligent like that. Ilya still works out too, but unlike Hollander he lets himself sleep in sometimes and have days off.

Jane: No, I'm at the hospital.

The smile immediately drops from Ilya's face and before he even stops to think about it, he presses the call button. He taps his fingers on the counter in his kitchen as he waits for Shane to answer.

His heart rate has skyrocketed by the time the other man picks up. "You are alright?" Ilya says instead of hello.

Silence.

"Hollander?" He asks again, and he knows he sounds scared but he can't help it.

"M'here." Shane says, sounding so fucking sad that Ilya can't bear it.

"What is wrong? You are hurt?"

Ilya has a crazy thought of checking flights that will get him to Quebec as fast as possible. But that's insane because he doesn't even know what's happening. It might not be Shane that's hurt. And why would Shane want him there, anyway?

"It's my dad." Shane finally says after another long few seconds of silence. His voice cracks on the word 'dad,' and then Ilya hears him start crying.

Ilya immediately knows what he would say if he could speak Russian to Shane. *Take some deep breaths. You're okay, baby. I'm here, whatever you need.* Hell, he'd say those words in English to Shane too if he could.

But he can't.

They aren't boyfriends. Their arrangement is actually pretty impersonal. They're not even friends. There are probably ten other people Shane could have called before Ilya that would make more sense.

But for some reason he chose to reach out to Ilya, and he's determined to do everything he can to help.

"Take some deep breaths." Ilya says, because that part of what he wanted to say isn't too much. "Tell me what happened."

He waits as Shane breathes through his distress, sniffing as he tries to pull himself together enough to speak. Ilya knows that unlike himself, Shane cries about stuff fairly easily. He's seen him upset before. He knows what Shane's face looks like when he's holding back tears.

"He had a heart attack." Shane says, his voice wobbly and so fragile.

“Oh, Shane, I am so sorry. He is going to be alright?”

Shane inhales sharply and clears his throat. “I don’t know yet. We’re waiting to hear.”

“You and your mom?”

“Yeah.”

Ilya thinks about what to say, how he can be comforting. His English has gotten so much better over the years but he doesn’t want to say the wrong thing. Words become a lot harder when he’s distressed.

“You have a friend who can come and be with you? Someone who is not...in Russia?” He asks, and his chest feels so warm at the way that makes Shane laugh. It’s a wet laugh, clearly through more tears, but a laugh all the same.

“You’re not my friend.”

Ilya tuts at him. “I think you are *my* friend. And you texted me, so.” Ilya was just thinking about how Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov *aren’t* friends, but he’s always been able to lie to himself really well.

There’s a few beats of silence from Shane, Ilya only able to hear the background noises from the hospital in Canada.

“I don’t know why I texted you. But I -” Shane cuts off, and Ilya can hear the click of his throat as he swallows.

“You..?” Ilya prompts, really wanting to know the end of that sentence.

“I guess I wanted to hear your voice. I was going to just call but I thought you might be asleep.”

Ilya doesn’t know how to handle how happy those words make him. Shane wanted to hear his voice? What the hell. Why is that so adorably honest?

“I’m glad you called. We can talk more if you want distraction?”

“Yes, please.”

And so they talk. Ilya gets himself a coke and then sits on his couch, looking out the window of his apartment. They talk about hockey and how their summers are going so far. Boring stuff. Easy things that take Shane out of the situation he’s in for a little while.

Despite the fact that they’ve been hooking up for literal years at this point, Ilya realizes that he doesn’t know Shane that well. He’s picked up on things over the years, obviously (like his love of ginger ale and that he is a huge control freak when it comes to exercise and eating clean) but he really only gets glimpses of who the other man is. And Ilya doesn’t count all the interviews or TV specials that he’s seen about Shane because those always have some

element of lie to them, some way of showing off for the viewers that portrays someone unauthentically.

As they talk, though, and he listens to Shane's boring stories about going to Hayden's house for dinner and spending time at his cottage with his parents (god, could he be more of a golden boy), Ilya also realizes that he's smiling the whole time.

He's grinning like a fool because it feels so good to talk to Shane like a normal person. They're not just endlessly teasing each other or getting fake-annoyed before they tear each other's clothes off. Which has always been fun, but sort of the only thing that defines them. They talk shit, and then they fuck each other's brains out.

Today is different. They're talking like two guys who like each other, who want to know about the boring things in each other's lives.

But as Shane asks him, "How's your family? I don't know anything about them, really. You've mentioned your dad, but that's it," Ilya feels himself shut down a little bit.

It's not that he doesn't want to tell Shane about his family for fear of being judged. He doesn't think Shane would be a dick about anything because he's sort of the nicest person in the world. He'd probably go out of his way to comfort Ilya if he told Shane the whole truth. But he doesn't want to burden Shane when he's already struggling with worrying about his own father.

"My family is okay. I don't get along with my brother that well, but is okay." Ilya shrugs, and that's the understatement of the century but whatever. He chose to give Shane something about his family, something a bit safer than discussing his own father.

"Is your brother a prick or are you the prick in this situation?" Shane huffs a laugh, and Ilya can imagine his smile. Shane has an adorable smile.

"Brother is prick. Trust me." Ilya replies, and Shane laughs again.

"Someone can be a bigger prick than *you*? I don't know if I can believe it."

"Hey, I am nice guy, Hollander. I stay up past three in the morning to talk with you."

"Oh God, sorry. That's so late. I can let you go -" Shane rushes to apologize, and Ilya smiles even wider.

"No, no, baby." He says in Russian. "Is okay. I like talking with you." He says the safe part in English.

There's a long pause before Shane says, "You - you do?"

"Yes, Hollander."

"Oh." He hears Shane say, almost like a whisper. Then he hears Shane's throat click as he adds, "I like talking to you, too."

They go quiet for a few long seconds, but it isn't awkward or tense. Ilya waits to see what Shane says next, whether they'll keep talking about their summers or if he wants to talk about his dad and all the worst case scenarios he's likely imagining.

"I don't know how to handle this." Shane suddenly says, taking in a shuddering breath.

Ilya assumes he means dealing with his father's health. And Ilya knows from personal experience that taking care of your parents when they're unwell is difficult. It's hard to watch someone you once considered indestructible become weak or ill.

But maybe that's only his experience. He doesn't know how Shane's relationship is with his father. Seemingly perfect, based on how often Shane discusses visiting his parents or how supportive and involved they've always been with his hockey career.

"People survive heart attacks, Hollander. Every day. He might need to take pills, or change how he eats. But -" Ilya begins, but Shane cuts him off.

"No, I didn't mean that." He clears his throat, and Ilya knows Shane does that a lot when he's nervous. "I should be thinking about that, and I *am*. But I meant that I don't know how to handle *this*."

Ilya frowns, and waits for an actual explanation. But Shane is quiet.

"Hollander, we are not on Facetime, I cannot see if you are pointing at something. What do you mean, '*this*'?"

"*Shit*," Shane says, taking a deep breath. "I mean you and me, idiot. I don't know how to handle how I feel about you."

Oh. *What?* He hadn't been expecting that at all. Ilya feels his heart rate pick back up again. "How do you feel about me?"

Shane scoffs. "I don't know. So many fucking things, Rozanov. You're all the way across the goddamn world, and I have friends here who could be at the hospital in ten minutes, but the second they took my dad away in the ambulance all I wanted was to call you. Which doesn't make *sense*."

"Hollander -"

"No, I didn't want to call you. I wanted you to be here. *Fuck*. Sorry, ignore me." Shane continues, and Ilya can picture how red Hollander's face is right now. He blushes so easily.

Ilya, once again not wanting to fuck everything up with English words he's not confident with, tries to put his thoughts together. He tries to think of what to say so that Shane knows he's right there with him. With him in terms of feelings, anyways. Because he doesn't know how to handle how he feels about Shane, either.

"I'm gonna need you to say something, Rozanov."

Ilya breathes in deeply and then whispers, "I want to be there with you, too."

“Yeah?” Shane asks, sounding hopeful.

“Yes.” Ilya says simply.

Silence falls between them again, and Ilya tries not to breathe too heavily into the phone. His body is overheating a little bit with panic because this is the most honest they’ve ever been with each other before. He’s always thought Shane has also felt something more between them over the years; that if things were different they might want to mean more to each other.

Even if that’s still impossible, even if they’re still rivals in their careers and completely different in terms of personalities, Ilya still wants him. He still *likes* Shane as a person, and he’s sick of pretending he doesn’t.

“Shane, honey, you have to come now, I -” Ilya hears a woman’s voice on Shane’s line, and his stomach drops with disappointment that their conversation is over. But it’s unfair of him to feel that way because Shane needs to be with his family.

“Hey, I’m sorry but I have to go. My mom -”

“Is okay. Goodbye, Hollander. You let me know how things go?”

“Yeah, I will. Goodnight, Rozanov.” Shane says, voice shaky again like he’s edging back into tears.

“You’ll be alright, Hollander. Keep taking deep breaths for me, yes?”

“I’ll try.”

The second Shane hangs up, Ilya doesn’t even stop to think about it before he’s looking up flights.

**

Ilya hears back from Shane when he’s checking his bags at the airport barely six hours after they’d ended their call. He’s in for a long day of traveling and has a stupidly long layover, but he should be able to be with Shane this time tomorrow.

Which might not be the best decision he’s ever made, inviting himself to another person’s house in another country because they said they wished he was there, but he’s taking the risk anyway. It’s only the end of July and Ilya is sick to death of Moscow and his family.

He set up a private nurse to come and be with his father because he knows Alexei is useless. He probably wouldn’t check on their father for days.

Jane: Dad is okay. Being released back to the cottage in a few hours.

Lily: That is good news. I’m happy for you.

Jane: Thanks. And thank you for yesterday, it really helped.

Lily: No problem. xo

**

Ilya doesn't hear from Shane again during his flights, and as Ilya walks out of the Montreal airport he's exhausted and seriously questioning his choices.

Shane and his parents aren't in the city. They're wherever Shane has his cottage. It could be hours away from here, and Ilya doesn't have the first clue as to where that is. His plan had been to call Shane when he got here and be like "surprise, I'm in Canada, please give me directions to your secluded cottage."

But now that he's slumped against the wall outside the airport waiting for a taxi to take him to a hotel so he can sleep for a few hours, he realizes how epically stupid he's being.

Why would Shane want to see him? They've never seen each other during the summer before. They barely talk during the summer, either. Well, more the last two years but weeks will go by without them sending even one message.

Again, they're not *friends*.

Just because Shane confessed feeling more for Ilya when he was distraught about his dad doesn't mean anything has really changed.

Ilya's in the back of the taxi - trying to tell himself that if nothing else the week he's here will be a nice solo vacation - when his phone rings.

'Jane' is calling him.

"Hey." He says, smiling.

"Hi." Shane says, and Ilya can hear the smile in his voice too. "How are you?"

"Tired." Ilya answers honestly, but he'll gladly never sleep again if it means being able to hear Shane's voice.

Which is a completely stupid thought. What the *fuck*? Clearly he's loopy from the lack of sleep.

"Me too. I haven't been able to relax."

"Your dad is okay, though, right?"

Shane sighs. "Yeah, he is. You were right about him having to take pills. The heart attack wasn't too severe and he doesn't need surgery or anything. But it could happen again."

"Try not to worry about that. He has a heart doctor to monitor him?"

"Yes, but -"

“But that’s all you need to do for now, Hollander. He is okay, and you are okay.” Ilya says confidently, rubbing his eyes under his sunglasses.

“Hey, there is traffic this way so I will go another way, yes?” The cab driver suddenly announces in French and then accented English when Ilya stares at him dumbly, definitely loud enough for Shane to hear.

“Sure.” Ilya nods, and then curses under his breath.

“Um, where are you? Whoever was just talking sounded kind of French?”

Ilya sighs and then thinks, *fuck it*.

“Oh, people speak French in Quebec, do they? I had no clue.” He quips, and he relishes the way Shane makes a choking sound.

“You’re in *Quebec*?”

“Is why I am tired, Hollander. Layovers from Russia are a nightmare.”

“Oh my fucking *God*.”

Ilya feels a bit less confident now because he can’t tell if Shane is happy or upset. He waits, though, for Shane to speak again.

“Are you here to - to see *me*? Or -”

“For fuck’s sake, Hollander.” Ilya snaps, and then panics because he sounds pissed off. “Of course I’m here to see you. I don’t know where your fancy cottage is, though. And I need to sleep for a bit so I’m going to hotel.”

He doesn’t mean to sound aggressive or irritated, but it’s how his English gets when he’s tired or scared. And he realizes as he stops speaking that he’s really fucking scared right now.

He feels stupid, too, like any minute now Shane is going to start laughing at him and tell him he’s a huge loser.

But what Shane does say is, “Which hotel?”

**

Ilya naps for three hours. He’s pretty much asleep the second he puts his head on the pillow. It’s a dreamless sleep and when he wakes up he’s not too groggy.

He showers, feeling gross from travelling and as he’s just getting fresh clothes on, black t-shirt and dark grey sweatpant shorts, he hears a knock at his door.

Ilya’s surprised at how fast his heart is racing as he approaches the door. He’s nervous, and if he’s being honest with himself, a bit disappointed.

He thought Shane would give him directions to his cottage. He figured he would sleep for a while and then be able to drive to meet Shane. But Hollander had insisted on meeting him in Montreal at the hotel.

He's still keeping Ilya at arm's length. He's still putting them back into what Shane considers safe territory, because he hadn't offered to have Ilya come and stay with him at his cottage. He told Ilya that it's two hours outside of Montreal, but that's all the details he got before he told Shane which hotel and room he's in.

Ilya knows that coming here was maybe too much, too fast. He can't expect their dynamic to change so quickly, not after years of secret hook ups in hotel rooms.

But as he opens the door and sees Shane's face, he realizes how much he had been hoping for more; for the barest glimpse of being closer.

"Hey." Shane says timidly, unsure. But then he smiles as Ilya stands back to let him in.

Shane's look is casual and soft. Dark beige shorts and a baggy t-shirt, hair longer than the last time Ilya saw him. His sunglasses rest on top of his head and his skin glistens, probably damp from the hot Montreal summer.

"Hi," Ilya says softly, and has barely gotten the door closed before Shane wraps his arms around him.

Ilya expects to be kissed roughly the way their hookups always start, but Shane isn't kissing him. He's just hugging Ilya, arms wrapped around his back tightly as he buries his face in Ilya's neck. His sunglasses fall to the floor, but he doesn't move to pick them up.

"I'm so glad you're here." Shane whispers, and then his right hand is running through Ilya's damp hair.

Ilya pulls Shane into him, leaning down a little bit to cradle him. It's the best hug Ilya's ever gotten, and he melts into it just as much as Shane.

They stand like that for a long few moments, breathing each other in. Ilya can't even describe how nice it feels to see Hollander; to not just be immediately diving into each other's pants with a time limit looming over them.

"I can't believe you came here." Shane says, pulling back enough to look at Ilya. He's blushing, likely embarrassed, but he gets embarrassed about everything.

It's hopelessly endearing.

"You said you wanted me here." Ilya shrugs, trying to be cool. "You do not seem like someone who asks for things very often when you need them."

This makes Shane smile for some reason, and then he cups Ilya's chin and pulls their mouths together. Unrushed, gentle and soft. It's Ilya's favourite kind of kiss with Shane even though they've never kissed like this before.

His whole body feels like melted sugar glistening in the sun as Shane lets him go and steps away, sitting down on the end of Ilya's unmade bed.

"I'll be sure not to inform newspapers about how soft Ilya Rozanov is. Might wreck your reputation." Shane jokes, smile lines showing as he grins.

Ilya walks over and sits next to him, keeping a bit of space between them. He's leaving it up to Shane to dictate what happens next.

"That would be bad, I suppose." He plays along.

Shane looks around the room, eyeing Ilya's suitcase. "So, um, how long did you plan to stay?"

"I booked a ticket for home in a week." Ilya says, and feels a bit of panic again and how much he *didn't* think this through. His flight might be in a week, but he'd only booked this hotel for one night. He figured he wouldn't be staying longer than that if he was with Shane.

But it seems like Shane doesn't want him to stay at his cottage. Maybe? Probably. It wouldn't be the most discreet, especially if his parents live close by and he'll be at their cottage a lot to help with his dad.

It's Ilya's turn to feel embarrassed now. He had assumed so many things that weren't based in reality. And Shane kind of ignored Ilya's earlier comment about not knowing where his cottage is.

Shane nods and then wrings his hands together, looking a bit uncomfortable. "I - I know you said about my cottage. Did you think, um - that we would -"

Ilya bites his bottom lip, feeling his ears heat. *Idiot, idiot, idiot.*

"I don't really know if that would work. You staying with me. My dad -"

"No, I know. That was not a thing I thought through." Ilya cuts in, clearing his throat.

"Right." Shane squeaks, coughing. "Not that I wouldn't *want* you there, it's just - I didn't expect -"

"Is okay, Hollander. I get it." Ilya says, trying to sound fine enough to mask that he's currently drowning in a flood of humiliation.

Shane scoots closer to him until their knees touch, reaching to touch Ilya's bicep. "Maybe next summer, we could -" He tries to say, but then Ilya kisses him before he can finish the thought.

Shane is too polite for his own good sometimes. He feels badly about things that aren't his fault, and Ilya doesn't want to be the reason he feels like that again. He's here to help Shane, not be selfish and wish for things he can't have.

Shane kisses him back hungrily, making a soft sound as Ilya pulls him into his lap. He straddles Ilya, grinding down on him as Ilya licks his way inside Shane's soft mouth.

He feels Shane relax into him now that they're back in familiar territory, and it calms Ilya as well. He doesn't want to overburden Shane. Doesn't think they're ready to talk about what they confessed to each other. Even if Ilya is here with him now and not in Russia.

It's all too much, too fast. Maybe for Ilya, too. What he feels for Shane is sometimes too all-consuming, too overwhelming. He has to shove it back in its box to be opened another time.

"Want you," Shane whispers, motioning for Ilya to take off his shirt that he only put on about fifteen minutes ago.

"Like this." Ilya suggests, obeying Hollander's request for him to strip. "You on top."

Shane nods eagerly, kissing him again. He moans so sweetly that Ilya feels his chest ache. He grabs onto Shane's legs, warning him before he picks the other man up. Shane wraps his legs around Ilya's hips as he moves them to the top of the bed so he can lie with his back against the headboard.

Shane is barely straddling him again as they reposition before Ilya leans up, biting his neck gently and saying, "Ride me, Hollander."

**

Ilya drifts sometimes when he's having sex with Shane. Not because he's bored or because what they're doing is lackluster.

It's the opposite.

Sometimes he gets almost drunk on how turned on he is when he's inside Shane. He can feel his mind settling into a peaceful bliss, watching his dick slide in and out of the other man; gazing at Shane's face contorting in pleasure.

He's overheating, slick with sweat, eyes feeling like they're crossing as Shane leans down and touches his forehead to Ilya's. His hips are rolling as he rides Ilya, making them both pant and whimper.

It's so *good*.

It's better than any drug Ilya's ever tried. Better than a cigarette after a stressful day. It's the best feeling he's ever known, and it sometimes catches him off guard. Sex is always something he enjoys, no matter who it's with, but it's *always* with Shane when this happens. His mind slips into some kind of pleasure haze that he never wants to end.

"You with me?" Shane gasps, slowing his hips as he looks down at Ilya. Their eyes meet and Shane basically stops moving, looking a little concerned.

Like he can tell that Ilya's lost in him.

He can't freak Shane out like that, so he looks away.

Ilya's hands have been on Shane's hips since Shane sank down on him, but now he pulls him down harder. "Yes." He slurs, not sounding at all like himself. "Faster, *please*."

Shane immediately starts moving again, taking Ilya deep and fast. He moans and kisses Ilya's mouth, a little sloppy and uncoordinated but still amazing. Ilya kisses him back, whimpering as he feels his eyes roll back in his head.

How can it be *this* good? It's better than anything else.

Anyone else, his mind whispers.

"Stay with me." Shane breathes in his ear, making goosebumps appear all over Ilya's body.

Ilya tries to obey, but he can't even open his eyes anymore. He knows if he looks at Shane, he's going to come and probably cry. Which nobody needs to see.

"Rozanov, *look* at me." Shane says, more begging than commanding. "I need you."

And because he can't deny Shane anything, Ilya makes himself open his eyes. He tries to see past the thick haze of lust surrounding him, finding Shane. He reaches up and grasps the back of Shane's neck with his right hand as his left locks across Shane's lower back.

"I'm here." He says, encouraging Shane to go even faster because he can tell they're both close. "Come on." His body shudders with need as Shane puts a hand on the headboard for leverage and pumps his legs harder.

Shane whines against him which is always his tell. As soon as he gets whiney and breathy, Ilya knows he's about to come.

"Gonna -" Hollander cries, and Ilya reaches down between them to jerk him off fast and rough. It makes Shane practically scream as he shoots all over Ilya's chest in hot, long pulses; clamping up tight around Ilya's cock.

The torturous grip of the other man is what makes Ilya come too, barely ten seconds after Shane. He thrusts his hips up a few times as he gasps out, "Oh fuck, *Hollander*," before stilling so far inside him it almost hurts.

"*Rozanov*." Shane whispers against his lips, suddenly threading his fingers through Ilya's hair before he tugs it from the root near the back; biting Ilya's lower lip. Then he thrusts his hips forward like he's about to start riding Ilya again and -

"Fuck!" Ilya cries, too sensitive.

It *hurts*. It hurts so good it might just kill him.

Shane immediately lets his hair go, sitting up and away from him in a panic. Which might be a valid response because Ilya's never made a sound like that before in his life. A cross between a wail and sob.

“Sorry, oh God, I didn’t mean to hurt you, I -” He places his hands on both of Ilya’s cheeks softly, distressed brown eyes searching his face like he’s going to find some kind of injury there.

But Ilya shushes him, still high on the other man; still unable to fully come back down to Earth. “No, baby, you did not. M’okay.” He mutters, words still slurred as he grabs Shane’s shoulder and pulls him back down.

He licks into Shane’s wet mouth, dissolving into the way Shane thrusts his hips forward again. They’re both pretty soft now, and Ilya slips out of him, but it still makes Ilya shiver and moan.

Shane’s hands are still on Ilya’s face like they’re trying to comfort him - caressing his flushed cheeks. Which is unfortunate because it means that Ilya knows the exact moment Shane realizes he’s crying.

His thumbs freeze under Ilya’s eyes and he immediately stops their kissing. He sits up again, but this time he gets out of Ilya’s lap entirely and comes to lie beside him. “I *did* hurt you. Fuck -”

“No.” Ilya protests, making himself get off the bed as Shane tries to reach for him again.

His head feels clearer all of a sudden, probably because he needs to put an end to this.

Shane can’t know. It’s something he always tells himself. *Shane can’t know how badly I want him. Shane can’t know how much I need him.*

“Was just really good. Whatever.” He says, trying to sound indifferent.

Like he could care less.

Like that hadn’t felt like real love making.

Like he has this kind of reaction to everyone he sleeps with.

He glances back at Shane and tries to put on a mocking grin, the one Shane always teases him for. *You’re such a fucking asshole, Rozanov.*

Ilya seems to pull it off because Shane relaxes, rolls his eyes and then huffs. “You could just say *thank you Hollander for making me come so hard I cried.*” He absolutely butchers the Russian accent so badly Ilya actually feels a bit offended.

“I *do not* sound like that. Fuck you.”

Shane just laughs and lies back. “I *do not* sound like that.” He mimics, clearly satisfied with himself. But then he shrieks when Ilya stomps over and flops down on top of him.

Then he goes in to tickle Shane’s sides which he knows Hollander hates. Shane tries to squirm away from him, shouting “Oh god, stop it, I hate you!”

Ilya stops because he knows it actually drives Shane crazy, wanting to keep the playful mood rather than get him actually upset. He grabs Shane's hands that are on their way to retaliate, pinning them above his head.

He leans in close and kisses the curses right off Shane's mouth.

"Shut up." He says, and Shane does.

**

Twenty minutes later, Shane is dressed again and hovering near the door. He looks like he doesn't want to leave, and that would make two of them, but Ilya doesn't want to assume what the other man is feeling.

He's done enough assuming over the last two days to last a lifetime.

"Get a coffee on the way. Is late and you have long drive." Ilya says, trying to talk about anything mundane to make the air between them feel less tense.

Then they might not have to talk about this.

"Yeah, I will." Shane says, attempting to smile but it fades fast as he looks at Ilya. "Look, I'm sorry. That we can't..."

The silence following Shane's abandoned sentence might as well be a slap.

"Is okay, Sha - *Hollander*." Ilya quickly corrects, clearing his throat. "You need to be with your family."

"But you said you're here for a week." Shane protests, not commenting on the first name near slip up. Maybe he didn't hear.

"I will find things to do. You can recommend me stuff." Ilya shrugs, trying not to let how disappointed he is show. It's not Shane's fault. He's not upset at him. But the idea of being alone here isn't appealing at all. Despite the distance from his family being nice, staying somewhere so close to Shane and knowing they can't see each other again is much worse.

Shane sighs and runs a hand through his messy hair.

Ilya thinks he should keep it long like this. He looks so grown up and sexy.

"But I should -"

"Go? Yes, you should. Come on." Ilya winks, leaning in and kissing Shane's mouth quick before he reaches for the hotel door. "Is really okay, Hollander. Get on the road, hm?"

Shane smiles a bit, looking fond. He kisses Ilya again before he lets Ilya open the door for him.

“I’ll text you.” He says, then checks the empty hallway before placing one more kiss on Ilya’s cheek. “And...thank you. For this.”

Ilya nods, and because he can’t help it he pulls Shane against him for a proper goodbye kiss. Lingering, deep and a little teasing.

Shane gets lost in it for a few seconds before he pulls away, glancing around them again nervously. When he sees there’s no danger of someone seeing, he laughs in relief. “Bye, you menace.”

“Bye.” Ilya says softly, watching as Shane walks down the hall towards the elevator.

**

Ilya tries to sleep, but he just tosses and turns. Stares at the wall. Gets up and stares out the window. Tries to distract himself on his phone.

But it’s hopeless.

He’s such an idiot. He shouldn’t have done this. All it’s done is make his want of Shane intensify.

He keeps replaying their night over and over. Keeps turning himself on imagining Shane’s face, the feel of him as they’d fucked.

By hour six of pacing his hotel room like some kind of caged animal, Ilya realizes he can’t stay here. He has a feeling that if he tries to stay for the week, he’ll end up getting drunk and calling Shane begging for the address to his cottage.

He’ll end up admitting that the world never feels like it’s actually real unless they’re together.

And that thought makes him pull out his laptop to change his flight details.

**

Ilya’s waiting to board his flight a few hours later when Shane texts him again.

Jane: Hey, try this place for breakfast. It’s close to your hotel. 😊

There’s a link attached to his text message, and Ilya bites the inside of his cheek so hard he tastes blood.

He’s sitting on the plane before he replies.

Lily: I’m actually going back to Russia. Some issues with my apartment.

Jane: That sucks, I’m sorry. I hope everything is alright with it.

Lily: Should be. Have a good rest of summer.

Ilya is about to turn off his phone because he can't bear to see Shane's reply. He might have been a little cold with that last sentence. Shane will likely take it as "*don't text me for the rest of the summer.*" But maybe that's a good thing.

Maybe Ilya needs some space.

But he doesn't turn it off in time. It buzzes in his hand, and he can't resist looking.

Jane: Can I text you?

Ilya bites his bottom lip. He can practically hear Shane asking that in a tentative, unsure voice. He feels guilty for being so harsh when Hollander clearly still wants contact with him.

Lily: Yes, Jane. You can always text me.

Jane: Okay. Safe flight. You're also still a menace

Lily: I will Google this word later. Don't know it

Jane: Menace: a person or thing that causes trouble or annoyance. Looked it up for you in the dictionary. Your picture was there too, how crazy.

Ilya can't help but smile.

Lily: I told you I like trouble 😜

Jane: Idiot

**

As the plane takes off, Ilya can only think one thing.

I'm so fucked.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!