

we didn't even kiss

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we didn't even kiss

by [KJBee81](#)

Summary

Jane: *We didn't even kiss.*

The words stare back at him. They fucking taunt him, the same way Ilya does with that wink of his, with his smirk and his deep voice.

Abruptly, Shane feels pissed off and a little like he's grasping for something that's slipping away. He feels the way he did in that bathroom, the first time he had Ilya's attention for months and didn't want to let Ilya escape without stealing more of it.

The elevator door opens. Shane does not get off.

Instead, he presses the button for Penthouse 1 and hits send on *We didn't even kiss.*

He watches the floor numbers increase as the elevator carries him back to Ilya. Shane has no idea what he's going to say to the asshole but he knows he has so many words that are about to burst out of his mouth.

Fuck you being the first two.

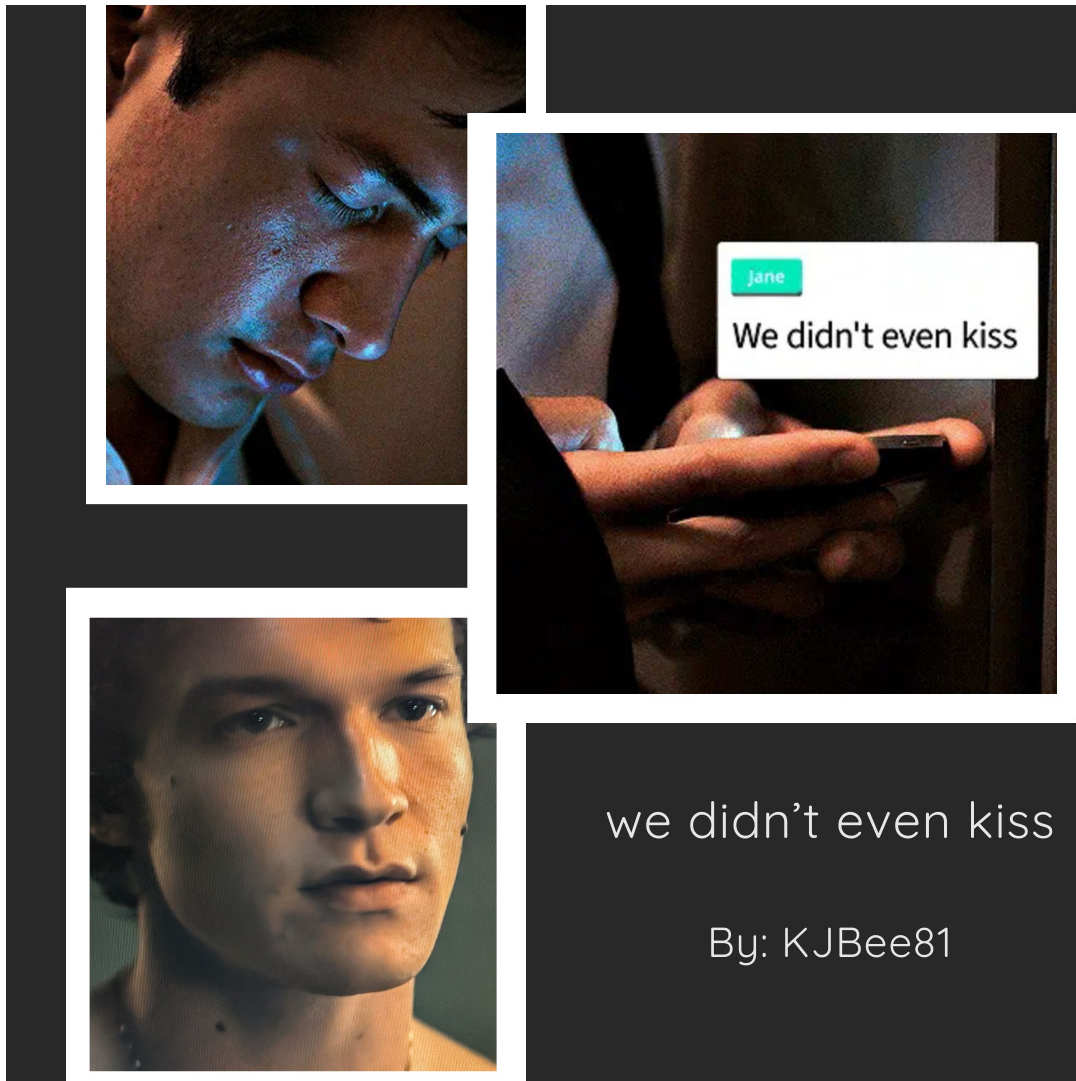
OR Shane goes back for that kiss.

Notes

Well, they got me. I've been absolutely obsessed with Ilya and Shane since I read the Game Changers series and the show just made that obsession ten times worse. The way Episode 2 ends has me in a chokehold and this kind of fell out of me? BAM! my first Hollanov fic!

For those of you who follow me for First Prince fics, don't worry! I will still be writing those too 💖

Also, I am bad (real BAD) at replying to comments here, so come and find me on [Twitter](#) or [Bsky](#)! Thank you so much for reading!



Jane: *We didn't even kiss.*

Shane stares at the words, some unnamed emotion catching in the back of his throat. He tries to shake it off.

Standing in the elevator, his flushed forehead pressed against the cool wall and everywhere in his body still carrying the heat of Ilya's hands, the weight of him pressing him into the mattress and the feeling of Ilya literally inside him...why is he thinking about a kiss?

It's stupid. And dangerous. Because this isn't...it's not about kissing. Or about the way Shane feels wrapped up in Ilya's arms, that mouth against his and Ilya's large hands in his hair.

He shuts his eyes tightly and bites his bottom lip. Shane knows that this can't be anything more than clandestine fucks and hurried blowjobs but it's getting harder to ignore that he wants...well, never mind.

He shakes his head, trying to clear the jumble of thoughts. Besides, obviously Ilya has no problem with their arrangement. After they were done, he never even got up from the bed to

watch Shane leave or uttered their usual *see you next season*.

Fuck. Maybe Ilya is done with whatever they are, Shane thinks. A sharp edge of panic rises in his chest. They always go their separate ways with the promise of *next season*, the idea that whatever they're doing, it will happen again.

Shane never realized how much he needed that promise until he didn't have it.

The thought of this ending makes Shane vaguely nauseous and alarm bells ring in his head. He glances back down at his phone, touching the screen just before it fades to black.

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Because how dare Ilya think he gets to decide when or if this is over. How dare he not *say something* about what he's thinking...or feeling. If he's feeling anything at all.

The elevator door opens. Shane gets off.

His heart races as he walks the short distance to the door. His hand shakes when he knocks. He's still deciding what exactly to say when the door opens.

"Hollander," Ilya says. His hair is damp and there's a towel hastily wrapped around his hips. His golden skin glistens in the dim lighting, still wet from the shower. "Did you forget something?"

Shane blames the sight of Ilya fresh out of the shower for many things - hell, it's a large part of the reason this whole thing started in the first place. But, right now, it's the reason his mind glitches and the anger burns away. It's the reason why his fingers itch to pull that towel off and his sense of self preservation disintegrates.

He pushes forward into the room and past Ilya, turning to watch him shut the door. When Ilya looks at him, a sardonic twist to his lips, Shane speaks.

“We didn’t even kiss.”

Ilya’s mouth softens and there’s an emotion that flashes behind his hazel eyes, too quick for Shane to catch.

“You watched me put on a show for you,” Shane continues when Ilya says nothing. “I...I touched myself for you, opened myself up for you. You fucked me and it was...”

“It was?” Ilya asks, voice so low and deep that Shane feels it crawl up his spine like a caress.

“It was good. So fucking good. Fuck you, Rozanov, you know that.” Shane steps closer to Ilya, watching the smug expression spread across his face and how his eyes darken with the memory. Russians don’t blush so it must be the expensive vodka that’s causing Ilya’s face to flush. “But we didn’t kiss. So I came back for one.”

“This is what you forgot? A kiss?” Ilya moves forward, his gaze dropping to Shane’s mouth. The warmth of him seeps through Shane’s clothing and the smell of his shampoo invades his senses.

His heart beats relentlessly in his chest despite the fact Shane is sure that it should’ve stopped working by now. He’s never heard of someone having a heart attack because their hook-up smells so good and looks too hot wearing only a towel but he feels like he’s in serious danger of it happening to him.

“Yeah. I need one,” Shane murmurs. He lets himself touch Ilya, his hands gripping on to his waist, pulling him closer. “You should give it to me.”

Ilya’s hands are in his hair, pulling his head back and exposing Shane’s neck. Shane can’t hold back the sigh that escapes. Ilya leans in and speaks against Shane’s skin, his stubble rough and his mouth beside Shane’s ear. “Do you always get what you want, Hollander?”

No, Shane wants to say. No, I don’t. Because I don’t get to be with you as often as I want. Which is every fucking hour of every fucking day. And not just for sex. Sex too, cause god, you make it the best I’ve ever had and all I’ve ever wanted. But I want you for more than just this, more than only during the season, and for so much more than what we’re allowing ourselves.

Shane doesn’t say any of that. He knows that he can’t. “Of course I do,” is what he says instead.

“Hmm,” Ilya hums. “I would not want to disappoint the great Shane Hollander.”

Ilya nibbles along his jaw, his hands holding Shane’s head in place and keeping him from moving. He holds his breath when Ilya kisses across his cheekbones, peppering kisses over where his freckles are.

“Was this the kiss you were looking for?” Ilya asks.

“No,” Shane exhales.

Ilya kisses his forehead. “This?”

“No.”

A kiss to the tip of Shane’s nose. “What about this?”

“No, Roza-”

Shane’s words are cut off by Ilya’s lips brushing his. It’s tentative, just the barest contact, a tease almost.

Ilya pulls back to look at him. There's something in his gaze that makes Shane’s heart flutter and skip a beat or seven. He swears he stops breathing, but he manages to utter one word.

“Please.”

Ilya brushes a thumb over Shane’s freckles and leaning in, he murmurs something in Russian that Shane has no hope of understanding. Ilya brings his mouth down to Shane’s and finally, he’s getting what he came here for.

A kiss.

But this kiss? It’s different. It’s slow and sweet, Ilya’s mouth soft against his. Ilya’s hands are still buried in his hair but they’re gentle, his thumbs stroking Shane’s jaw and Shane just fucking melts.

He sinks into it, lets his hands trace up Ilya’s strong back and over his broad shoulders. Shane tries to press all of the words he can’t say out loud into Ilya’s mouth. He swears he hears those words back, in the way Ilya’s tongue delicately tangles with his and the way that Ilya is holding him close like this means something.

If this was a movie, this kiss would be the start of their happily ever after.

But when the kiss is over, Shane knows this is no movie. Because this is not something they get to keep.

He should have known that. He should have stayed away, should have denied himself this.

His hands tremble when he stops touching Ilya. And when he steps back, Shane shoves his hands into his pockets to stop himself from reaching for Ilya again. He’s almost afraid to speak, his thoughts tangled and an ache in his chest that makes him want to say things he shouldn’t even be feeling.

Ilya stares at him. His lips are swollen and the towel is hanging so low on his hips that it looks ready to fall. Shane watches him fix it.

The silence stretches between them, heavy with something that neither of them want to acknowledge. It’s a tension that makes Shane feel like he’s vibrating and trying to read the expression on Ilya’s face feels impossible.

He needs to get out of here. This was a mistake, he sees that now.

Shane nods awkwardly in Ilya's direction before he walks to the door, pausing with his hand on the doorknob. He reverts back to the thing that always sees him through situations where he doesn't know what to do or say; his manners.

"Thank you," Shane says, trying to keep his voice even. It still sounds shaky to him. Shane turns the handle, about to pull the door open when Ilya speaks.

"Hollander."

His name on Ilya's lips makes him turn his head and look back. Ilya is standing there, just watching him leave. His hands have a death grip on his towel, his knuckles white.

"Yeah?"

"See you next season, yes?" Ilya asks. Shane could almost swear that he looks nervous but Ilya Rozanov is never nervous, right?

"Yeah, of course," Shane answers. He swallows, forcing down all the things he's dying to actually say. "See you next season."

With that, Shane opens the door and practically runs out into the hall. He presses the elevator button, waiting impatiently for it to arrive and fighting the urge to just run down the stairs.

When the door opens, he rushes inside, finger frantically pressing on the button for his floor. The door closes and Shane just breathes for a moment. The ache in his chest is stronger so he lifts a hand to rub his sternum, trying desperately not to even *think* for a moment.

Because if he does, he'll have to admit something to himself, something he's been trying to ignore for too long.

"Fuck me," Shane whispers under his breath. And the worst thing about how his heart hurts and he's likely having a small panic attack in a fancy hotel elevator?

Shane would still go back for that kiss.

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