didn't even kiss

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didn't even kiss

by Tizniz

Summary

The elevator is quiet. Too quiet. It presses against his skin, making him incredibly aware of the sweat cooling there. He also realizes that he hasn't hit the button to take him away from this floor.

Shane glances at his phone once more, where the message glares back at him. He shakes his head and pockets the device, unaware of his thumb hitting the button to send it, reaching out with his other hand to stab at the button for his own floor.

Notes

An anon sent in the idea for a drabble of 'what if Shane sent the *we didn't even kiss* text' and then it became this. I also had been wanting to explore an idea like this.

I love Shane. I adore him. I cannot wait to hurt him some more!

See the end of the work for more notes

We didn't even kiss.

The words stare back at Shane, growing blurry as he realizes that there's tears forming in his eyes.

"Fuck." He mutters, knocking his head against the side of the elevator a few times. "*Fuck*."

Why does it matter? Why does he regret that little detail so much? Why did he even *notice*?

The sex had been good. Great. Fantastic. Shane didn't even know sex could *be* that good.

(Although he's been learning through his times with Rozanov that it apparently can be good and addicting and intoxicating in ways Shane never considered.)

So why did it matter that he and Rozanov hadn't kissed?

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Why did they have to host all attendees in the same hotel? Why couldn't Shane at least get to escape to a different building?

He could go for a walk, he supposes as the elevator finally moves. The crisp night air would feel good on his skin. But the sweat is sticky and tacky on his skin. And he needs to shower.

Even if the thought of washing away the last bit of Rozanov has his insides churning.

The need to be clean wins out though, and so when the elevator doors slide open, Shane walks with a purpose to his hotel room.

Not the same nice suite as Rozanov. Something more modest and casual. But more than enough for Shane.

He doesn't turn the overhead lights on when he enters, depositing his jacket on the end of his bed. He only makes it a few steps towards the bathroom before he's spinning back around and picking it up, carrying it over to his closet where the hanger for it waits.

Shane undresses the rest of the way until he's naked, hanging and folding the clothing into their respective spot, finding a soothing calm in the routine. His phone is placed face down on the dresser by the TV. There's no reason to look at it, after all. He hadn't sent the message to Rozanov. And Rozanov certainly isn't going to message him.

Something cold and hollow forms in Shane's chest. He rubs absently at the bone and muscle as he walks into the bathroom, shivering lightly at the cool air in his room. He didn't think it was set that low, but maybe housekeeping had been in while he was out.

Shane cranks the shower on, turning it up hot. The shivering gets worse as he stands there, rubbing at the hollow spot in his chest.

He sort of feels off kilter since leaving. The pleasant haze from the moment with Rozanov has faded. The dirty sensation across his skin is growing more prominent. Shane shifts his weight from one foot to the other, restless, uneasy.

What is wrong with him? He never feels like this after he and Rozanov spend stolen time together.

You usually kiss. Shane's mind supplies and he closes his eyes at the sudden rush of tears. He inhales sharply before pushing it out slowly. Then opens his eyes and steps into the shower.

The water washes away everything from the night. He drops his head down, watching as the water swirls around the drain.

The last bits of Rozanov that had been on his skin, gone.

Shane's tears mix with the water and he does nothing to stop them this time.

His body moves on autopilot, washing his body and hair, until his skin is red from the efforts and the heat of the water. When everything is cleaned away again, Shane turns the water off, standing there as it drips off of him.

He's shivering harder now. The hollow sensation has spread down his arms and into his fingers. Shane fumbles with the towel he grabs, wrapping it around his waist. He ignores his reflection as he walks back out of the bathroom.

The bed is perfectly made. His clothes have been put away. His shoes are tucked against the wall. His suitcase has been stored away. He can pack in the morning.

Curling his fingers into his palms, Shane clenches his jaw and walks over to the drawers. He tugs one open, selecting a fresh pair of underwear. His toweling off is rough, the towel uncomfortable against his raw skin, but he doesn’t let up. His hair is done last before he slips on the underwear and hangs the towel up in the bathroom. Then he climbs into the bed, curling up on his side, closing his eyes tightly.

What is *wrong* with him?

So what if he and Rozanov didn’t kiss? They aren’t anything. They get together every few months and fuck. That’s it.

To the world, they’re rivals. In private, they’re…they’re fuck buddies.

The label makes Shane's stomach churn unpleasantly.

He can't deny it. He wanted to kiss Rozanov. *Ilya*.

And he wanted Ilya to kiss him.

Shane turns his face into his pillow, muffling the small sob that breaks its way out of him.

He feels pathetic.

The silence of the room is broken a short while later by the sound of his phone buzzing. He had left it on the dresser before. It vibrates with a new message. Shane doesn't have the energy to pull himself out of the bed to go grab it. Decides it can wait until morning.

But then it goes off again. And again. A few more times. Someone is either calling him or rapid firing texts.

Shane can't leave it anymore. He throws the blankets off and drags his body out of the bed, stumbling almost drunkenly over to the dresser. His body feels detached from his mind. Not the first time he's experienced this. Probably won't be the last, either. He grabs the phone as it buzzes again and flips it over to see an array of messages.

All from Lily.

Lily: *I know.*

Lily: *I should have.*

Lily: *It is not your fault.*

Lily: *Where are you?*

Lily: *I want to see you. Need to see you. Need to kiss you.*

Lily: *Hollander??*

Lily: *Hollander. Room number. Give it to me.*

Lily: *Shane.*

Shane stumbles back a few steps until he falls onto the end of the bed, breath caught somewhere between his chest and throat. He scrolls up, discovers the message he'd accidentally sent while in the elevator.

We didn't even kiss.

"Fuck." He whispers out loud. He sent it. He sent the fucking message.

And…and Ilya wants to see him?

His phone buzzes in his hand.

Lily: *I will knock on every door of this hotel if you do not answer me.*

Shane thinks Ilya would do that, too. He's that type of asshole.

It takes him a few tries to type his room number in reply, his fingers still shaky and feeling separate from his body. But eventually he manages. And then he stares. Waits.

Lily: *Coming.*

Shane stares at the phone. At the single word response. He doesn't move. Isn't even sure if he breathes. But then there's a soft knock on his door, and he blinks and he's suddenly in front of the door, opening it to reveal Ilya Rozanov.

"You're here." Shane mumbles, wondering if he's imagining this. He had a few moments like that, when he was younger, where he'd imagined stuff. *Anxiety induced hallucinations*, the doctor had said. But it's been so many years now, surely that isn't happening.

"*Da*." Rozanov says, "Can I…"

"Right." Shane steps back, pulling the door with him, allowing Rozanov to slip in, the door softly closing behind him. They're close together since Shane hasn't moved any further. It's darker, in this small corner of the room, but Shane feels as if there's a spotlight on him with the way Rozanov is looking at him. "I…"

Rozanov frowns, reaching up a hand to trace a finger along Shane's cheek, just under his left eye, "You are not okay."

A breath explodes out of Shane in a gasp and he shakes his head, body falling into Rozanov's as he opens his arms. "No. S-something's wrong w-with me."

"Shh. No. Nothing is wrong. You are perfect." Rozanov murmurs into his ear, hands encompassing Shane's body. "It is me that was wrong. I should have kissed you."

"Kiss me now." Shane half-begs, fingers clutching to the front of Rozanov's shirt. "Please."

There's no verbal response. But Shane feels a nose drag along his cheek until it brushes against his own. Rozanov's breath is hot against Shane's parted lips. A small, pained sound comes from Shane and it's swallowed up by Rozanov as he captures Shane's mouth.

The cold, hollow spot in Shane's chest is filled with warmth and *rightness* as they stand there, kissing.

This had been missing. Ilya had been missing.

Shane whimpers and presses himself closer, needing to merge his body with Ilya's.

"Shh." Ilya soothes against his mouth, "You are okay. I got you."

Shane's feet leave the ground as he's lifted, his legs wrapping around Ilya's waist as he's carried over to the bed. He watches with half-lidded eyes as Ilya stands at the side of the bed, quickly removing his shirt and pants, shoes kicked somewhere, and then he's climbing into the bed, wrapping his body around Shane, pulling him closer as Shane burrows into Ilya's bare chest.

"I am sorry, Hollander." Ilya kisses the top of Shane's head, hands moving up and down his spine. "I should not have let you leave. Not without a kiss."

"You're here now." Shane murmurs, body feeling heavy but not like before. This time it is from feeling safe and relaxed. "That's all that matters."

"Yes." Ilya presses his mouth to the crown of Shane's head and stays there. "I am here."

End Notes

Tumbr: Tizniz.

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