

I don't smoke except for when I'm missing you

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I don't smoke except for when I'm missing you

by [hawkestars](#)

Summary

Times Shane detests Ilya's smoking, times Shane misses Ilya, times Shane starts smoking because he misses Ilya.

Notes

This might not be super timeline accurate tbh.

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

Shane's eyes are hazy and unfocused, low lamplight streaking his vision. His cheek squishes into his outstretched arm, limbs so heavy he feels as though the bed is sucking him in. The post-sex high renders his brain fuzzy and far away. Marks that shouldn't be there are already swelling under his skin. He hears the balcony door open. It's obvious Ilya is trying to be quiet, but the door is loud with its strain all the same. Somehow he's aching for a cigarette, even after fucking Shane. Maybe to push away the deep adoration, he won't let himself feel away. Maybe to feel something in his chest other than this tight feeling that Ilya only feels with *him*.

"Hm?" Shane barely perks up.

When he's met with no response, he painstakingly peels himself from the bed and gravitates towards Ilya. He doesn't allow the feeling of rejection from his leaving to take hold in his stomach. Instead, he presses himself into his back, mouthing at his throat. Who knows when the next time he'll be able to take him into his mouth is? When do Montreal and Boston play together next? His mind's fuzzy enough that the reminder of the external world, where there's more than him and Ilya, doesn't weigh him down quite yet. The sharp smell of smoke hits him, curling around his face, tightening his lungs.

Ilya lets out a laugh that is more smoke than breath at the feeling of Shane wrinkling his nose.

"Rozanov, ew," he whines.

"Go back to bed," Ilya poorly dodges the reprimand.

"I thought the bears made you quit," Shane presses, incapable of ever letting anything go. Ilya takes another drag to force away how he feels about knowing these types of things about Shane.

"Is just one; what they don't know doesn't hurt them," he grins sardonically and turns, pulling Shane into a slow kiss, his unoccupied hand holding his jaw barely too roughly.

The *'It doesn't hurt them, but it hurts you'* dies on Shane's tongue as he breathes in the kiss. He pulls back, coughs racking his chest.

"Fuck." Ilya guides Shane's head to rest on his shoulder as he coughs up the smoke Ilya breathed into him instead of the night air. "I'm sorry."

"It's," another cough, "fine."

Every one of Shane's muscles is pulled taut, thoughts buzzing like a wasps' nest, so fast he hardly keeps up. He impatiently watches the elevator, which seems hard-set on making him wait as long as possible. The game was *fine*; he could've done better. There's always the 'could've,' but it's not even hockey this time. Shane has no idea why today he is a live wire, and he figures this is why Ilya smokes.

The elevator comes.

The instant that their hotel door closes, Shane's lips are on Ilya's, kissing hungrily. He's sure if he kisses any harder, there'll be broken teeth. After what feels like not long enough, Shane comes up for air. Shane's mouth is full of the taste of cigarettes.

"Fuck, Rozanov. Seriously?" His voice only lacks bite because of his breathlessness, he tells himself.

Ilya gives him an indecipherable look and kisses him again.

Shane pulls away quicker this time, Ilya leaning after his lips.

"Rozanov," he says, more sternly this time, holding his gaze.

"Hollander," Ilya bites back in the same tone.

Shane breathes out a frustrated sigh and takes Ilya's—"still disgusting-tasting," he tells himself—lips back. The buzzing under his skin fizzles out into a low hum. He lets himself be consumed by everything, Ilya; he lets it turn off his overactive brain.

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Shane watches Ilya on the ice, wild and alive and so very Rozanov. He wrestles for the puck against the boards. He doesn't need to hear him to know his usual chirping; he can practically read his lips from where he waits for his shift. He hopes his face is indifferent, but he knows better than to assume that there isn't bitterness seeping in. He wishes he was close enough to smell the smoke he knows clings to his clothes, his hair, and his lips.

Fuck, Shane. Focus.

His shift's up, and he pushes himself over the boards and onto the ice, forcing his thoughts to the game.

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The cold bites through Shane's too few layers. He really should've taken a cab; he'd hardly drunk anything, but his insufficient food intake made him tipsier than he should be. The cold does nothing to warm over the hollowness he feels in his throat. The wind slaps at his face, almost pushing his whole body back, and his eyes water.

A muscular figure with a mop of dirty-blond hair leans against a building he passes, hunched over his lighter and cigarette. Shane's insides lurch, and he blinks hard.

It's not Ilya. Of course it fucking wouldn't be.

He pushes his hands further into his pockets and forces himself to quicken his pace.

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It's been several months since they've talked. Shane knows this. He knows the exact number of weeks, days, and hours. He does not let himself think of them. He's on his mother's couch; he can smell the chicken parmesan from the kitchen. He scrolls through his messages with *the contact name Lily*, chewing at his bottom lip. *Does Ilya miss him? Does it bother him? Does he even care?* He startles at the sound of plates against the coffee table, and he places his phone face down in a way he hopes is not frantic.

"You okay?" Yuna asks, half-concerned, half-amused.

"Yeah," he busies himself taking a bite of pasta. He wishes he'd tasted a cigarette instead.

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It's fucking disgusting, really. He knows this. He knows he knows this. Yet, he aches for it all the same. He knows he shouldn't miss Ilya. They're not anything. Ilya is not his to miss, so it should be out of the question.

Shane's thoughts swirl and swirl as he paces.

Ilya hasn't reached out, so Shane forces his hand to be stagnant.

He just needs a walk to clear his head.

He pulls on his coat and shoes in a blur. He doesn't remember walking to a gas station. He doesn't remember asking for the cigarettes he knows Ilya smokes. He doesn't remember lighting the cigarette or fighting the wind.

He coughs violently almost immediately after he attempts his first drag, and tears press against his eyes. He coughs and coughs, unable to come up for air, choking on his own coughs so hard he hiccups.

His coughs settle, and his mind goes blissfully blank. He sighs, leaning his head against the wall behind him. He can almost feel Ilya's lips on his.

He forces his eyes open and watches the cigarette's embers get closer to his fingers. Allows the heat to try to warm over the aching emptiness he feels.

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Shane unpacks his bag at his stall in a blur. There's the usual locker room conversation, but every word flies over his head, like he's underwater.

"Shit, Shane, since when do you smoke?" Hayden slaps him on the shoulder in greeting, sitting down to tie his skates.

"What?" Shane's voice reflects how he is not at all there, distant.

"Do not let Coach smell that shit on you, or Jackie for that matter," Hayden continues, squinting his eyes, studying his friend.

"Yeah, okay." Shane replies, a little more present this time. He doesn't even try to deny it. He should've hidden it better, he thinks distantly.

Hayden looks like he has more to say, but Shane turns and starts tying up his skates.

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Coach is having them run drills, and Shane moves through them in a blur.

He should focus. All he can think about is Ilya. Ilya crowded him, pushing himself into Shane's space, the fading smell of his cologne and smoke lingering in the air between them. His lips on his, the overwhelming flavor of Rozanov and his cigarettes melting on his tongue. He should be paying attention.

He doesn't move out of the way quickly enough, and one of his teammates slams into him. The wind is knocked out of him, and he narrowly avoids toppling over.

"Shit, Hollander," his teammate reaches out a hand to stabilize him.

“Sorry,” Shane forces himself upright and slips out of his teammate’s support, turning back to the next drill.

“Hollander!” his coach beckons him over.

Shane skates over, keeping distance between them. It’s best that his coach *doesn’t* smell the cigarettes on him, if Hayden’s warning is anything to go off of, though he *knows* he’s right. He should be paying better attention.

“What’s going on with you?” His coach asks with evident concern, looking him over. It’s so unlike Shane to be this out of it.

“Nothing. I’m sorry, I just need to focus,” Shane forces out the excuse.

“Okay—” he says, unconvinced, brows furrowing.

Shane skates back to make it for the next drill as it starts.

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Shane is smoking on his balcony, the sounds of Montreal from below echoing around him. His heart is sore. He rubs at his chest with his hand and brings the cigarette to his lips. He breathes in deep. The smoke burns at the back of his throat, but his heart hurts all the same. He pushes down the cough; he’s not so lucky with his thoughts. Just like the smoke he breathes out, his thoughts float up, up, and away.

It’s all the fucking same. It’s always all the fucking same. He tries to wrangle the thoughts of Ilya from his mind, but with the cigarettes he knows Ilya smokes in his airways, and that unmistakable flavor with just something missing on his lips, it’s hard to avoid. He thinks back.

Shane had been kissing Ilya, slow and deliberate, interrupting his smoking. Ilya holds Shane’s face with his free hand, thumb tracing his freckles. All of Shane’s senses are flooded with Ilya.

He forcefully shuts his eyes and shakes his head, trying to will the thoughts and memories away. He takes another drag, smoke flooding his lungs.

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Shane waits backstage, the stage lights streaming in. Nervousness buzzes under Shane's skin; maybe he should've smoked before this.

No, he won't show up smelling like an ashtray, like Ilya.

Where the fuck is he? He doesn't know how he's supposed to feel about seeing him. They haven't spoken in five months. Is he just supposed to act like nothing happened? The back of his throat closes slightly. He craves a cigarette. *Since when did he start doing that?*

Ilya strolls in like nothing is wrong. As if they're not on air in too few seconds. As if they haven't spoken in too long.

Through their staged dialogue, Shane doesn't even need to pretend to resent Ilya, pushing down his simmering anger. Forces himself to not lean into Ilya's lingering touch through their stupid fucking selfie. Easily hides behind his socially awkward reputation through his stiffness. Only Ilya knows his stiffness is unusual, but he cannot say anything here.

Later, in the bathroom, Shane seethes, anger grossly tightening in his gut. All this fucking time and not even a moment of acknowledgement. Ilya comes in and leans against the sink all casual, as if nothing is wrong. Shane hates how bits of his anger melt away. How this person, *Ilya*, can undo him so easily.

When Ilya roughly kisses him, Shane tastes the cigarettes on Ilya's tongue and mouth. Ilya pulls back and frowns at the flavor on Shane's lips.

"Smoking? Really?" Ilya scolds, disbelief evident.

"Fuck you," Shane brushes off.

"Later," Ilya says, voice all casual as he leaves. He doesn't let himself let this go, as if he ever could.

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After they've fucked, Shane sits on Ilya's bed. He sips the vodka, allowing the liquid to burn his mouth. He and Ilya are side by side and not touching. Shane holds himself back from reaching out, eyes unfocused and mind rather thoughtless in this moment.

"Since when do you smoke, Hollander?" Ilya asks, and Shane barely startles from his thoughtlessness.

"What does it matter?" comes Shane's falsely cool reply. There's so much he wants to say.

"Just..." He makes a motion with his hand in the air.

"Just what, Rozanov?" His voice is cold, just like earlier that day in that bathroom backstage. He turns to him daringly, as if to say, *"Say everything you want to say." Say you care. Say I mean something to you. Tell me this devotion I'm fighting myself not to feel is mutual. Tell me it's not a waste of time.*

“Out of character,” Ilya breathes, deflating. What he means is, *it makes no sense. You don’t do shit like this. Am I ruining you? Am I spoiling you just as I spoil everything I touch? Am I nothing but the putrid things I’ve been told and telling myself I am all these years?*

“I don’t think it matters.” The way he says it is final. *Tell me more. Tell me what you’re thinking. I cannot read anything behind your cursed eyes. Do you know that you’re so fucking beautiful? That I’d do anything for you? And that these thoughts scare me? Because I cannot push them away.*

“Course it does,” Ilya murmurs against his lips, and fuck, when did he get so close? *Why would you do this? I know that it destroys me, but why would you destroy you? Do you not see how sacred you are? How horrified I am to lose this. Lose you. That these words are so heavy they choke me up and stay stuck in my throat.*

Ilya’s eyes are piercing through him, his particular shade of blue. Shane should lean into the kiss; that’s what he had been aching for. What had been clawing at his mind was buzzing on his lips. Buzzing, he had been trying to numb with cigarettes but could never capture the feeling of *this*. Of *exactly what he fucking wanted*. But he shouldn’t want this and shouldn’t let himself have it.

Shane’s eyes flutter, and he turns his gaze away, nose bumping with Ilya’s.

“Hollander…” he says, raw, trying to not let the feeling of rejection curl up and make a home in his chest.

“It’s silly.” He hesitantly glances back. “It doesn’t matter.” He breaks eye contact too soon because he knows that if he maintains it for too long, he’ll figure him out. Ilya will lay him bare if given even the slightest opportunity.

Ilya holds Shane’s cheek, stroking his freckles, turning Shane to face him, willing him to look at him. Silently urging him to look up. Looking at him hard, to anyone else it would seem harsh, but Shane can see the guilt and worry mixed into his expression.

“It calms me down,” he says so quietly that if Ilya were any further from him, he wouldn’t have heard it, “and I missed you.” He shouldn’t have even said it. Maybe it’s the post-sex chemicals. Maybe with Ilya he just can’t lie.

“Oh,” Ilya’s breathy with surprise, and kisses him, pouring love into it, keeping it slow. He hopes it says everything he won’t let himself. *I missed you too. You didn’t have to miss me. You shouldn’t miss me. I’m not worthy of being missed.* Ilya tries to not let the guilt drift to the front of his thoughts; it lingers in the background all the same. Maybe it’s his fault? If he had never allowed himself this, allowed himself to be so selfish, Shane would’ve never missed him. Never started smoking. Never started to ruin himself, all because of Ilya. Because he ruins everything he lets himself touch.

He pulls back for air; Shane’s pupils are blown wide, just a sliver of that particular shade of brown caught in the lowlight. For a while neither of them speaks, catching their breath, and then kissing but nothing more, and then catching their breath again. They let themselves be lost in this, let their senses be flooded with each other, not letting the world press in.

“You shouldn’t,” Ilya says against Shane’s hair. He’s sure Shane can hear the pounding of his heart from where he is in his arms.

“Shouldn’t what?” Shane looks up at him, face inches away, brows cinching together in a frown.

“You know.” *You shouldn’t smoke. You shouldn’t miss me. I shouldn’t have you.*

“I don’t,” he challenges.

“Smoke,” Ilya says flatly, accent curling around the words, forcing himself to not look away, “is not good for you.”

Shane looks at him incredulously, and then laughter bubbles from deep in his chest, filling the room and the space between them.

Ilya looks at him, unimpressed, shaking his head and rolling his eyes.

“Sorry, sorry,” he says breathlessly, still laughing, and entirely not sorry at all.

“Seriously, Hollander,” Ilya says sternly.

“Okay?”

“Okay, what? You won’t smoke, and I won’t make you miss me?” He tries to make it sound light, but it comes out all too heavy.

“Hm... okay,” Shane says, laughter settled but a smile still on his face, and presses their lips together sweetly.

“Okay,” Ilya says against Shane’s lips.

End Notes

Thank you for reading. Feel free to leave comments and kudos if you so please.
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