

all you had to do was stay

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all you had to do was stay

by [falleraatje](#)

Summary

Ilya wouldn't say that he had planned this all out. To say that he'd planned it would mean that he cared, and he definitely didn't care that much. Not in the way that would get him in trouble. It didn't change the fact that he'd added ginger ale to his grocery delivery that week knowing full well that he'd never drink it himself.

He sent the text that evening when he knew Hollander should be back in his hotel room.
Come over.

[Ilya's POV of how it all went down the night he wanted Shane to stay over.]

Notes

The biggest thank you goes out to [thisfeebleheart](#) for supplying me with this great idea and being the best support while writing it. And also for getting me into this series in the first place <3

I hope you all enjoy this scene and my take on Ilya's POV. Most of the dialogue is taken directly from chapter 13 of "Heated Rivalry".

Ilya wouldn't say that he had planned this all out. To say that he'd planned it would mean that he cared, and he definitely didn't care that much. Not in the way that would get him in trouble. It didn't change the fact that he'd added ginger ale to his grocery delivery that week knowing full well that he'd never drink it himself.

He sent the text that evening when he knew Hollander should be back in his hotel room. Come over.

Ilya expected more of a fuss, but this time, Hollander seemed all too eager to get here. The text saying he'd arrived downstairs came in no time and Ilya checked himself out in the mirror once again while he was waiting for the elevator to reach the top floor. This wasn't caring too much. This was simply confirming that he looked inviting for the upcoming hook-up.

On second thought, he pulled his shirt up over his head and let it fall onto the chair in the corner. This was what it was all about. There would be no mistaking what he was up to tonight when he had so clearly only invited Hollander over to fuck him.

All thoughts of doing anything else left his mind when Ilya first laid eyes on Hollander anyway. He had no idea how anyone managed to look this good wearing sweatpants and a stupid winter coat. It made Ilya turn on his heel and walk straight to the bedroom because this was the only way he knew how to deal with this stuff.

"The fuck is this? You're not speaking to me anymore? Just expect me to follow you like a dog?"

If anything it was Ilya following Hollander. Meeting up with him again and again, watching stupid documentaries about him, and being way too happy about having him in his home. "Shh," he said. Maybe it was better if they didn't talk too much.

Kissing Hollander was much better. It felt familiar, but still exhilarating as Hollander pushed his tongue into Ilya's mouth. His hands were in Ilya's sweatpants already, letting the blood rush down from his brain and making him lightheaded. It hadn't been too long. Ilya had fucked other people in the meantime. Still, he couldn't deny how much he needed this.

He needed Shane tonight. He needed to get his stupid shirt off and touch him, all the smooth skin that he loved running his hands over. He could have been doing this for ages, but Hollander was faster, pushing him down so he was sitting on the edge of the bed and sinking to his knees in front of him.

Hollander didn't hesitate. He didn't waste any time helping him get harder first and instead took him in his mouth straight away. Ilya had so suppress a moan. It was way too hot how eager Hollander was for this. "Jesus, Hollander. Couldn't wait, could you?"

It wasn't like Ilya could have waited any longer either. With his hand on Hollander's face, he could feel how he was working for him, opening his mouth to take him deeper and doing stuff with his tongue that made Ilya curse. How the hell had Hollander become so good at

this? Now Ilya couldn't do anything but sit there and take it and hope to God he didn't do anything more embarrassing than whimper and mutter compliments he hoped Shane would never understand.

So good. Ilya swiped his thumb over the freckles on Shane's cheek. *So good for me. Why are you so good to me?*

"Stop," he said. He couldn't take this anymore. "Enough. Stop."

Hollander pulled off him. His lips were glistening with his own spit and Ilya had to drown out the urge to kiss him. However, he ended up doing something way more stupid. "I'd like to look at you tonight. You on top?"

It broached dangerous territory. Looking at Shane meant that Ilya couldn't keep lying to himself. But then again, the opportunity to lie to himself had probably long passed when he'd noticed that he sometimes didn't call him Hollander in his head anymore; that the occasional *Shane* had slipped in without Ilya ever meaning to. As long as it was only in his head, there was still plausible deniability though, and Ilya intended on keeping it that way for as long as possible, even if he was about to cross even more lines tonight.

Half of him wished for Hollander to say no. Maybe Hollander preferred to be fucked from behind, when he didn't have to look at Ilya and could imagine anyone else there. It was a surprise when Hollander simply said "okay" and started pulling the rest of his clothes off.

Ilya had to get back in line. He had always been good at keeping his thoughts in check, especially when he travelled back home to Russia. Russia seemed a lifetime away though when he was looking at the naked man standing in front of him, long lean lines and smooth skin, his cock hard for him even though Ilya hadn't even touched him yet.

He couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at that. "Shut up," Hollander replied and it felt like they were easing back into their roles a bit.

Ilya slipped back on the bed to settle himself on the pillows, waiting for Hollander to crawl over him. This hadn't been such a bad idea after all. It meant that Ilya could continue kissing him while his hands travelled down to Hollander's ass, making a quick job of preparing him. The angle was a bit awkward, but it was worth it when he was feeling Hollander's moans against his lips as he found the right places inside him with his fingers.

The kisses only faded when Hollander sank down on Ilya's cock. Watching him get filled up was always a sight to behold, but to see his face scrunch up at first before he slowly relaxed into it was on a whole other level. Ilya loved looking at him like that and he was glad he'd decided on that for tonight.

He didn't stop looking either. There was no way to know when he'd get this chance again and Ilya was determined to take it. He wanted Shane's expressions branded into his brain so he could come back to it when it was just him alone in this bed with his hand on his cock. He wanted to be able to imagine Shane here when his name fell from his lips, like it'd almost done the last few times he'd touched himself.

This way far better than touching himself. Hollander was working himself up and down on his cock, his hand on Ilya's chest so brace himself. Ilya couldn't help but lay his own hand above Hollander's, feeling his muscle flex and watching as Hollander reached out his other hand to start stroking himself.

It was almost enough, but Ilya needed more. He needed to see Shane fall apart under him. "Fuck." He had to flip them over so he was on top, thrusting into him again and again just to see how Shane's face became more and more tense as his orgasm approached.

Watching Shane's face as he came was something else entirely. "Yes, sweetheart," Ilya whispered, not able to distinguish if the words had left his mouth in Russian or in English. It didn't matter anyway because Ilya was coming too, leaning back down to kiss Shane to keep from saying any more dumb shit. He'd already said too much tonight.

Kissing was easier. It felt familiar, even after they'd come together. Ilya really didn't want to stop, but he felt like he had to after a while. Lying here like this was starting to feel gross and Ilya thought that maybe this was his sign that he should end the night here.

Unfortunately, Hollander looked way too good when he came out of the bathroom after he'd cleaned himself up. His looks were what had drawn Ilya in in the first place. However, they were not the reason Ilya patted the bed beside him now.

This was something they didn't do, lying next to each other just like this, when they weren't either looking to start something or just coming down from the high of sex. Now, that high was long gone, but Ilya still felt his heart pounding in his chest as he turned on his side so he could look at Shane.

He couldn't get enough of this. It was a realization that Ilya had had many times before whenever he exited another hotel room. But now, lying in his bed, he felt it burn even brighter. He simply needed to touch Shane again, to run his fingers through his hair and trace the damn freckles on his face that had drawn him in right from the start.

Ilya moved his mouth over Shane's hair, pressed kisses to his face and his throat, covering every inch of skin he could reach. It wasn't like he could lay any claim on him like this, but part of it felt like this was too much. He was taking more of Shane than he ever had and he still wanted more. "Please, stay with me," he whispered in Russian.

He stilled just after he'd spoken the words. His half-formed plan for tonight came back to him, but he couldn't do it. He shouldn't.

"Hm?" Shane made a vague sound without opening his eyes.

"You could stay."

"Stay?"

Ilya didn't even know what he was saying anymore. The English words escaped him without feeling like he had any control over them. "Stay here. Tonight."

Shane's eyes flew open. "You want me to stay here?"

No. Yes. Ilya needed to rope in everything that had tried to escape him these past few minutes and put it back into a box where no one could ever see it. He forced a smile, desperately trying to get them back into familiar territory. "I'm not done with you yet."

Maybe he'd succeeded in playing it cool because Hollander seemed to relax a bit more. But not enough to just say yes, it seemed. "Oh. I can't stay. You know that."

Of course, Ilya knew that. It didn't change how much he wanted Hollander to, even if it made him sound a little desperate. "You could. The game is tomorrow afternoon. No morning practice."

"I told Hayden –"

Ilya rolled his eyes. He wouldn't let fucking Hayden Pike ruin this. If anything, he'd dare Hollander to tell him outright that he didn't want to be with him. And Ilya knew that he wouldn't. "Is Hayden your mother?"

He could see the conflicting emotion running across Hollander's face. "No. But he's... expecting me. I told him I was meeting a friend."

Sometimes, it was hard for Ilya understand this good boy persona. Hollander could have just said he was meeting someone for a hook-up and Pike would have probably slapped him on the back and sent him on his merry way, not expecting him back before breakfast. It was what Ilya would have done anyway with any of his teammates. However, it went with Hollander's overall demeanor that he had tried to cover up not-so-proper plans for the night. Ilya tried to cover up his laughter, but he ended up snorting anyway. "That was a lie."

To his surprise, Hollander laughed right back at his words instead of getting defensive. "Yeah. Well."

Well. Hollander didn't make any more moves to deny it, and he still hadn't said no. Ilya crowded into him, getting as close to him as possible until his body screamed at him to just kiss him again. He stopped only inches from Hollander's face. "Stay?" He was half expecting it to be a no after all.

"Okay."

Now there was nothing stopping him from kissing Hollander again. Ilya lowered himself down onto him, capturing his lips and marveling at how soft and nice they felt on his. He'd discovered that he liked kissing Hollander early on, but this was different. He didn't need to hurry anymore. He could just let his mouth and his hands explore, sliding his tongue against Hollander's lazily and tangling his fingers into soft strands of hair that were just a tad too short to properly hold onto.

He didn't know how long they kept doing this, but he only stopped when his whole body felt tingly and warm and the urge to say something became a little too much. Instead of letting any of it slip, he kissed Hollander one last time. "Are you hungry?"

“For?” Hollander sounded a little breathless and it made Ilya almost want to kiss him again and keep doing until Hollander needed to leave in the morning.

Now that he’d brought up eating, he needed to stick with that, though. “Food.”

Hollander still didn’t seem convinced. It was too much, the way he scrunched up his nose and looked as if he expected Ilya to be just kidding.

He might be. If Hollander continued to look at him like that, Ilya might reconsider if they actually needed to eat. However, they had all night and Ilya was sure they had plenty of time to be hungry for other things later. “Let’s eat something.”

Hollander followed him into the kitchen after putting on some clothes. This wasn’t a place they had spent much time in before, mostly ignoring the rest of the apartment while heading towards the bedroom. It was nice to see Hollander in here, raking his gaze above the kitchen islands and the mostly empty countertops.

“I got, um, ginger ale”, Ilya said. “You like that shit, right?” He hoped he didn’t come off too strong. *I saw this documentary about you and you said you liked it. That’s why I ordered way too much of it.*

“Yeah, I do.” He didn’t like the way Hollander looked at him, like he was trying to read him, but the expression went away just as quickly as it had appeared on his face. “You want to order takeout, or—“

“Do you like tuna melts?”

“You want to make me a tuna melt?”

Ilya realized too late that he’d been too forward. Maybe Hollander didn’t like tuna. But Ilya was too hungry now to wait for takeout and he needed to play it cool. He hoped that his shrug would be convincing enough. “I’m making one for me. I can make two. Ginger ale is in fridge.”

He was relieved when Hollander didn’t question him away. Ilya waited until he had actually gone to the fridge to take out a bottle until he got to work and set out everything he needed for the tuna melts. This wouldn’t take him long, but he still felt like he needed to make conversation so they didn’t slip into awkward silence. “You head down to Florida after this game?”

“Yeah. Couple games down there. Then over to Dallas and up to St. Louis.”

Ilya nodded to himself. Making smalltalk with Hollander wasn’t so bad after all, even if it was a little stilted. “We are in town here for this week. Then out west for a while. Ginger ale good? Cold enough?”

“Yeah, it’s great. Thanks.”

Ilya glanced over at him quickly, noting that Hollander looked a little out of place. He watched him take a sip before he went back to work to prepare the tuna melts. He could have

probably picked something else to eat, something that he could actually arrange in a nice way, but this would have to do. He didn't want to seem too eager anyway. It wasn't like Hollander was expecting him to prepare a five course meal.

This was not going the way Ilya had planned. Even though Hollander had said that it was great, he seemed wary, as if he still didn't know what to expect from all of this. Ilya didn't know either, but he was determined not to make it any more awkward. They would eat, then they would have sex, maybe sleep a little and have more sex in the morning. Easy.

They just needed to talk a little more until they were done with dinner. After Ilya had put their tuna melts into the oven, he went to turn on the TV. There was hockey on, so they should find something to tie them over for the ten minutes they needed to wait for their food.

Ilya rolled his eyes when Hollander chose to sit on the opposite end of the couch, as far away from him as possible. It wasn't like they had never touched before. But Hollander's gaze was fixed on the TV, so he probably hadn't even noticed Ilya's slight annoyance.

Ilya decided to focus on the game as well. Buffalo vs. Chicago. There were a few familiar faces on screen, but there was one that stood to him. "Jesus. You know that guy? Ryan Price?"

It was easier, talking like this. Talking about Price while not thinking too hard about what it must be like to be traded every season, having to get used to new people and teammates you were unfamiliar with. Ilya wouldn't exactly say that he had many friends here, but after all those years, he felt at home enough in Boston and with his team.

There were other parts about America that he liked, cities that he liked to visit, when Hollander asked him about that, but Ilya couldn't see himself living anywhere else than here. Maybe it was just because he'd grown used to it and he could just as easily slot in anywhere else.

He didn't say that he quite liked playing in Montreal. Instead, he glanced over at Hollander, trying to study his reaction when he said: "L.A. is good. Beautiful women."

"Sure. Yeah," Hollander said. "There's beautiful women everywhere, really."

That was true. Although the way Hollander talked about them didn't sound too enthusiastic.

"When you are rich and famous, yes." Ilya waited for Hollander to take the bait, but he didn't say anything else. Maybe Ilya needed to approach this from a different angle. Talking about hockey was easier, but this was something he'd been curious about for a while. "There was a girl. In New York. I used to see her when I was in town."

"Used to?"

"She is getting married."

"Oh." Hollander wasn't looking at him. "Are you... upset about that?"

“What? No.” Ilya had no idea where Hollander was coming from there. He should be well aware that Ilya wasn’t doing that – he wasn’t flying around the States looking for love in every city. Even just in his head, it sounded ridiculous. “Was not like that. Just... convenient to have a reliable women to sleep with in New York. With three teams to play against there, we are there a lot.”

“You think she’s the only woman in New York that would be willing to sleep with you?” Hollander was looking at him again.

This, he seemed to be more comfortable with, so Ilya felt comfortable teasing him back. “I think I will find someone.” It didn’t matter that he hadn’t exactly been looking for someone the last time he was in New York. He would get back to it eventually.

Ilya considered changing the subject. It had been dumb to start talking about it anyway. They both knew where they stood and it had never mattered between them. Ilya had a girl in New York, another in Tampa and he just so happened to have a boy in Montreal. If Hollander preferred to keep to himself on the road, it wasn’t Ilya’s problem.

“I find it hard, being so...,” Hollander said suddenly, pulling Ilya out of thoughts he shouldn’t be having about girls Hollander might have been seeing. “High profile, you know. It’s hard to just... sleep with someone. Sometimes.”

Ilya had gone about this totally wrong. This wasn’t the confession he had been looking for and he certainly wasn’t going to give Hollander tips on how to find the right girls to sleep with. Although, now that Ilya thought about it, Hollander hadn’t exactly mentioned *girls* in his statement. Ilya was still left to wonder if him sleeping with *someone* even included women or not.

It wasn’t something they were supposed to talk about, but Ilya couldn’t help it. He muttered a reply, something about having reliable people, but he knew that wasn’t what he actually wanted to know, even if Hollander agreed with a smile. Ilya had to know if there was more to it.

He couldn’t stop thinking about it while he went to fetch their food from the kitchen. There were probably more subtle ways to approach the subject without going from simple remarks about their drinks and food straight to the point, but Ilya couldn’t help it. “Do you like them?”

“What? The tuna melts?”

Yeah, right. As if Ilya hadn’t noticed that Hollander was barely eating. He couldn’t care less right now if Hollander liked his food. “No. Girls.”

“Oh. Sure. Yeah. I like them. Of course.” Hollander was deliberately not looking at him, but Ilya would have caught him lying anyway. None of this screamed that Hollander would have been picking up a girl if he wasn’t at Ilya’s place tonight.

It should have been enough to quell his curiosity, but maybe today was the night for going too far. As it seemed, Ilya just wasn’t able to let it go at Hollander’s mumbled excuse. If he

was this bad at it, Ilya wondered why nobody else had found out yet.

“Never hear about you with girls,” he said.

“Well. It’s private.”

“Right. Private.” It wasn’t like he expected Hollander to go around and parade his girlfriends all over the place, but there were others who were more subtle about it while still appearing to be distinctly into women.

“I keep a lot of things private! Obviously.”

Obviously. Ilya didn’t like how Hollander gestured between them. It was hardly the same. If Hollander was seen with a nice girl, it would hardly make national news. Maybe some tabloids would be into it, but as soon as another player showed up with a b-list celebrity, it would be old news. Also, he still didn’t believe him. “I like girls.”

“Yeah, no shit.”

The prompt confirmation stung a little, but then again, Ilya had just talked about finding girls in every city. He could hardly be blamed for taking the chances that got presented to him. Still, he was here with Hollander now, wasn’t he? “But I also like you.”

“Well, lucky me.”

This time, it wasn’t as easy to determine if Hollander was lying. Was he just keeping up some kind of act or did he actually not care? Ilya had at least hoped for some kind of reciprocation, but maybe it was the wrong time for that. Hollander had already agreed to stay there night. There was no need to push him any further and it was better if Ilya retreated into safe territory for now. “Not as a person, of course. But you have a good mouth.”

He didn’t have time to plan his next move when his phone rang. He checked it out of habit and he felt his blood freeze when he saw the caller ID. “Fuck no,” he cursed in Russian, but there was no way he could be getting away with not taking the call. It had already ruined his mood, and his father didn’t take well to being ignored. The next time he called, it would only get worse. “I have to take this,” Ilya heard himself say. “Sorry.”

He had stopped paying attention to whatever Hollander was doing, only focusing on getting through the call without his father noticing that anything was off. *Sorry, father, I can’t talk right now. There’s a hot guy sitting on my couch that I’m going to fuck tonight.*

Dangerous. Those were dangerous thoughts to have at any time, but they were even worse when he was talking to anyone back home. The way his father started rambling without stating any reason to why he’d called, he might not be able to remember what Ilya told him later, but chances were high that he’d come back to himself as soon as Ilya dropped a single wrong word. He couldn’t risk it.

The risk had always been too high. There were a few things that Ilya could get away with, like fucking the coach’s son in secret or inviting his arch rival to his home for a night, but this

was already taking it too far. The fact alone that he was thinking about Hollander right now and wondering what he was doing while Ilya was on the phone was starting to freak him out a little and he might have been a bit too rude when ending the call quickly.

This would come back to bite him later, he knew. For now, he couldn't care that much about it because his chest felt lighter as soon as he'd put down the phone. It might be risky, but some people on the other side of the world disapproving of his actions sure wouldn't keep him from enjoying this night.

He just needed to snap out of it and ban any thoughts about Russia or his father from his mind while he walked back into the living room. Yes, everything was okay. That was what he told Hollander and what he tried to believe himself. It didn't make a difference anyway because Ilya had other plans for the night.

Plans that he got back to as soon as they'd finished their food. Ilya didn't hesitate to sit closer to Hollander when he came back from the kitchen. It felt good to sit like this, as close to Hollander as he could get. Wrapping an arm around him almost felt like second nature and it managed to silence the rest of his racing thoughts. This was nice.

For a moment, Ilya imagined a world where it could always be like this. Where they would sit together after dinner, Shane's head resting against his chest, while hockey was playing on the TV. It seemed so easy to run his fingers through smooth, dark hair. It made his heart calm and his breaths even out. He noticed that Shane was also breathing easier, snuggling up to him and Ilya realized that it made him *happy*.

Happiness was not an emotion he felt when he was with other people. It was something he felt when he was on the ice, when he knew that he was about to make the right move to score an almost impossible goal. He felt it when he was drafted, when his team won, when he lifted the Stanley Cup into the air to celebrate the biggest victory of his life. Sure, he hadn't been alone in those moments, but he'd never felt happy because of the people around him.

Once again, the word *dangerous* floated through the back of his mind. Ilya tried to keep it down, but he wasn't successful this time. He couldn't let this go on any longer. They needed to get back to something else, another purpose that wasn't simply cuddling and enjoying each other's company. Hollander was here so that Ilya could *enjoy his company* in a different way.

He reached out a hand to palm Hollander through his jeans. Hollander didn't disappoint. His cock responded straight away and Ilya continued stroking him slowly. Usually, they didn't have time for this, but just because Hollander was here for this one reason only, didn't mean that Ilya couldn't take his time.

He could feel it in the way Hollander's breath hitched and how he moved ever so slightly closer. Ilya took the chance to slip Hollander's cock free from his jeans. He hadn't put his underwear back on, something that Ilya had either not noticed or forgotten about until now and for some reason, he found it extremely hot.

It would have been easy to turn up the heat in this exact moment, but Ilya decided to keep it like this for now, playing with Hollander's cock until it was fully hard and he could feel the other man growing more impatient. Maybe the kisses he pressed into Hollander's hair could

be teasing, to rile him up even more while he kept his hand movements steady at exactly the same slow pace. However, Ilya wasn't sure whether he would have believed himself if he'd tried to give that explanation.

Luckily, Hollander didn't ask. He simply took matters into his own hands, climbing over Ilya's lap and boxing him in between his thighs. It was almost like they'd done it earlier, with Shane on top of him, but this felt different. Here, Hollander was taking the lead, forcing Ilya's head up so he could kiss him hard.

This was also good. Kissing like this almost made Ilya feel normal again, and it also made his arousal grow. He couldn't help himself as a moan escaped him when Hollander ground down on him. Hollander's cock was rubbing against him stomach. There were words coming out of Hollander's mouth, only to be nearly drowned out by his own mouth, but Ilya could just barely make them out. "Why do I need this so much?"

"Need what?" Being on top of him, holding him down while he frantically tried to get enough friction on his cock while rubbing up against him? Or simply being here, kissing Ilya like his life depended on it while they were in the safety of Ilya's penthouse, hidden way from the world, free to do this stuff that they would otherwise never be able to do? Did Hollander actually need *this* or did he need *him*?

Ilya didn't know how to ask for it, but he also never got the chance to. Hollander pulled down his sweatpants and then his hand was on Ilya's cock, making it too hard to form any coherent thoughts. "Fuck, Hollander."

Hollander. Shane. He'd been so close to letting the first name slip off his lips, only managing to catch himself in the last second. He tried to focus, but when he leaned his head back onto the arm of the couch, he only got Shane's lips attacking his neck. It felt so good. Maybe Ilya was wrong and he didn't need to focus and he could simply enjoy what Shane was doing to him.

He snapped up his hips, willing Shane to go faster, but Shane only used the opportunity to take both of their cocks in his hand. Fuck, his hands were so good. Why the fuck did it feel so good when Shane was simply holding him like that, stroking them together, without even lube or anything to enhance the sensation.

Ilya couldn't help but moan. "Yes. Do that." He moved against Shane's hand, feeling Shane's cock slide against his. It was so good, but not enough. Shane went in for a kiss and Ilya knew that he could come like this, but he needed to make sure that Shane felt the same way.

"Wait." It wouldn't work as well as lube, but for now, spit would have to do because there was no way Ilya would be stopping this to get up. Even the brief moment before Shane's hand wrapped around his cock again, sliding over it a little easier this time, felt far too long. Ilya needed more now.

And he got more when Shane picked up the moisture that had gathered at the tip of his cock, spreading it over them and adding more lubrication this way. "This is so fucking hot," he muttered, and he was pretty sure he hadn't said it in English this time because Shane didn't

respond. “You’re so hot,” Ilya added, just for good measure while he thrust up into Shane’s hand.

“You like that?”

As if that wasn’t obvious.

“You gonna come for me, Rozanov?”

Rozanov. His name felt foreign coming from Hollander’s mouth, and for some reason, he wished that Hollander had said it differently. “Fucking make me, Hollander.”

It wouldn’t take long anyway. Hollander didn’t need to put in any extra effort because Ilya was already so far gone, but he did it anyway. “Come on.”

And Ilya came, all over Shane’s hand and his fucking cock. “Oh god. Shane...”

Shane wasn’t far behind him. Ilya watched with fascination as Shane’s release joined his, making an absolute mess of them, but it didn’t stop Ilya from continuing to hold him. He just needed a moment to calm down; that was what he told himself. It wasn’t about the fact that as soon as they came down from their high, he would have to deal with what he’d just said.

He’d called him Shane. Not only in his head, but out loud, right before he’d come all over him. He couldn’t do anything but pull back and stare at Shane in terror, praying to God that he hadn’t just gone and fucked it all up.

“Ilya.”

Ilya had never liked his name very much, but falling from Shane’s lips in a breathless whisper, it sounded so much better than any intonation he has heard of it in years. It had the distinctly American tint to it, but it didn’t make him smirk as usual when a stupid interviewer struggled with the Russian pronunciation. Instead, it make him want to kiss Shane breathless.

Which is exactly what he did. He’d said his first name, but that didn’t have to mean anything. The problem was that Ilya wanted it to mean something. He didn’t even know which part of his complicated feelings he wanted to communicate with this kiss, but maybe he poured all of it into the way their tongues were clashing together. It didn’t *have to* mean anything, but it *could*.

Not that Ilya could say any of that out loud. Even if they got to first name basis in private, they were still rivals to the public and he couldn’t be caught dead talking about *Shane* when the next person asked him about their upcoming game in Montreal. This went far beyond dangerous. However, Ilya couldn’t take any of it back. And perhaps he even wanted Shane to say his name again.

Shane didn’t, though. He stayed there when Ilya broke the kiss to rest their foreheads together, still breathing heavily. His hands were still on Shane’s back, not quite able to let go, although he knew he probably should. They should –

“I should go.”

No. It didn't matter that Ilya had just been think about what they should or shouldn't do. They shouldn't have started this in the first place, but Shane had never seemed to care too much about that. Why would he need to go now? "Go?"

"Yeah... I... uh, I shouldn't stay. I can't. We can't. This is..."

This was so wrong. Ilya watched Shane struggle to get out the words and even though they were still touching, it was as if he could see Shane pull away. He had truly fucked this up and no matter how much he scrambled, he already knew there was no way to fix this. Not tonight.

Ilya had to try anyway. "This is nothing, Hollander." Hollander. It should have felt easier to go back to what he'd called him from the start, but Ilya felt himself starting to hate it. If he'd never said Shane's first name out loud, if he hadn't been so fucking stupid, maybe things would still be normal and Shane wouldn't be struggling to make up the most pathetic excuse.

"I know. I just... team meeting in the morning. I forgot."

Nothing about this was funny, but Ilya still laughed. Maybe if he laughed at himself and his own stupidity, he could stamp down the dread that was starting to form in his stomach. "You forgot about a team meeting? Sure?"

His usual snark didn't help him. Nothing could help him when Hollander was already up by the door, pulling on his sneakers. Was he actually leaving?

"Thanks for the tuna melt. Um..." Hollander was still hovering by the door. If he wanted to leave, he could have been out of the door already.

There was still a possibility that Ilya could keep him here. If he walked over to him, got close to him, trying to say with his eyes what his mouth couldn't. "Good night, then."

He was sure that Shane understood him. There was something in his eyes, even as he grabbed his coat and reached for the door. Shane hadn't left yet. It wasn't over. If Ilya only found the right thing to say...

Only when Shane turned back to him, Ilya knew that there was no point in saying anything else. Maybe it was over, after all. He felt his face fall and it took him too long to rearrange his features so none of his thoughts showed on his face. He didn't actually care. Hollander couldn't know that he *cared*.

But even if Hollander did know, it didn't change his mind. Ilya watched as he disappeared through the door, letting it fall closed behind him while his steps echoed down the hallway.

Ilya turned around sharply. As much as he wished for Hollander to come back, he knew that wouldn't happen. It was a stupid thing to wish for anyway.

He almost laughed at himself when he went back into his bedroom, only to find Hollander's underwear still lying there on the floor in front of the bed. He ignored it, just like the messed up sheets, as he continued into his bathroom. What a shitty kind of trophy for an equally shitty night.

Ilya was glad that he hadn't actually made plans for this evening. Sure, having Hollander here overnight would have been nice, but the fact that he didn't stay shouldn't faze Ilya. What did it matter anyway? They'd see each other again when they played their next game in Montreal, or maybe for the next All-Star event.

The possibility that they might not see each other again, at least not in this way, didn't even cross his mind. When it came up, he simply pushed it back down, unwilling to consider the topic any further. He was good at this stuff, suppressing the thoughts that he shouldn't be having. When he was done showering and getting his room back in order, he had almost forgotten about how different he'd hoped his night would turn out.

It was time he started to focus on what was to come. Tomorrow, they'd face each other on the ice, Hollander vs. Rozanov, once again settling into their roles as rivals just like they'd done it ever since their rookie season. By then, Ilya wouldn't be thinking about having Hollander in his bed anymore.

He would crush Hollander like he always did, and there wouldn't be any more room in his mind to think about how nice it would have been to defeat him on the ice after he'd woken up next to him in the morning.

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