

built to fall apart (and fall back together)

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built to fall apart (and fall back together)

by [theprinceandagcd](#)

Summary

Shane doesn't know how long they sit there in silence.

He isn't counting seconds or minutes as the time passes by, quiet and heavy in the dim light of the hotel room. Instead, he counts Ilya's breaths—the ones that tremble and shake against the skin of Shane's neck, the ones that are buried in the fabric of Shane's shirt, the ones that become steadier the longer that Shane holds him as tight as he can.

Notes

taps mic is this thing on? yeah? okay, hi! I'd like to start by saying I never intended to do this. After episode 5, when I was awake at 2am with gay hockey zoomies, i dumped like 700 words of this into a google doc on a whim. when I woke up, I read it over and was like, "Yeah, I mean. I could give this a shot."

So I did?

please know that firstprince are still permanent residents in my brain. Hollanov are visiting and I have no idea how long they'll be here. This honestly might be the only time I venture outside of my little bubble, but it was fun to challenge myself to write something other than the couple I've spent over two years writing for. It's really not the same writing these characters as it is Alex and Henry, and I hope you'll be gracious when it comes to my first attempt.

title is from out of the woods by taylor swift. Saw an edit for them with this song the other day and was blessed that it wasn't a song I'd used yet. Kismet, perhaps.

finally, thank you [ExitAriel](#) for your time and energy. I'm going to start buying you nicer snacks for when I trap you in my google docs. i love you xoxo

Anyway, I hope you like this. I'm gonna go hide in the Sims 4 now. <3

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

Shane doesn't know how long they sit there in silence.

He isn't counting seconds or minutes as the time passes by, quiet and heavy in the dim light of the hotel room. Instead, he counts Ilya's breaths—the ones that tremble and shake against the skin of Shane's neck, the ones that are buried in the fabric of Shane's shirt, the ones that become steadier the longer that Shane holds him as tight as he can.

It's eighteen breaths before Ilya sighs, heavy and rough, squeezing his arms tighter around Shane's waist. His fingers dig into Shane's side, but it feels nice to let Ilya cling to him, as if he might need him. After twenty-four breaths, Ilya touches a gentle kiss to Shane's neck, his nose brushing the column of Shane's throat. At twenty-nine, Ilya's hand moves to Shane's hip with a firm, possessive grip that makes Shane shiver.

When Ilya exhales his thirty-fifth breath, he picks up his head and looks up at Shane. His eyes are still glassy. Still clouded with pain. Shane wishes he could remove it somehow, fling it into the ocean where it can't ever hurt him again. It feels silly to yearn for something like that, something so utterly impossible, but Shane does it anyway.

Shane brushes his thumb across Ilya's damp cheek, and Ilya closes his eyes and leans into the touch, his expression as soft as Shane has ever seen it. He shifts on his knees, and Ilya's grip on his waist tightens, his eyebrows pinching together.

"I'm not going anywhere," Shane promises, his voice rough. "I'm sorry."

He doesn't know what he's apologizing for. For Ilya's family. For running away last time and leaving a scar. For dropping all of these feelings on Ilya when Shane is still processing them himself.

He knows what he is not apologizing for. For being gay. For liking Ilya and admitting it out loud. For how right it feels to run his fingertips over Ilya's face and tangle them in his hair.

Ilya shifts his hand, skimming the pad of his thumb against Shane's skin under his shirt. He swallows, his gaze flicking to Shane's lips and back. The weight of that pause is nearly incapacitating, and Shane holds his breath.

"Can I touch you?"

"You are touching me," Shane quips, desperately trying to lighten the mood.

Ilya smiles, small but real. "Is not what I meant."

"I know," Shane murmurs, scooting forward on Ilya's lap. "Yes, you can touch me."

Ilya looks relieved. Maybe Shane is, too.

This is the language they're both fluent in, after all.

Ilya's hand flattens on the skin of Shane's back, a few of his fingers slipping beneath the waistband of Shane's shorts. Shane sighs and rolls his hips down, and the world fuzzes around them until it is only them, only here, only now. Neither of them say a word as they share a breath, but they understand each other anyway.

Shane leans closer, and Ilya bridges the final gap between them.

It doesn't feel like a grand reunion. They don't crash back together. The world doesn't shift on its axis or change its rotation around the sun. This is something more subtle, softer. A connection that was never really broken, just tangled in a knot, that they untie together as they kiss. Two heartbeats thumping in the same rhythm, just at different times, finally syncing as they pull off their shirts and plaster themselves together, warm skin on warm skin.

Shane's chest still feels tight. He still isn't sure what this means.

But he hopes it's progress. That they'll be better now. That they can be more honest going forward. He hopes that they can start building something, even if they're the only ones who know about it. Even if it takes time.

He hopes that Ilya wants that, too.

But maybe they're in the same place they've always been.

A bad idea.

A secret to keep hidden.

Shane isn't sure where they're going. There is no guide, no plan, no road map. There isn't even a fucking road. He's staring out at a vague, foggy abyss as Ilya's tongue licks into his mouth and wishing he could see what lies ahead.

He doesn't tell Ilya how scared he is.

Ilya probably knows, anyway.

There will be plenty of time for Shane to worry about this. He'll spend hours staring at his ceiling and contemplating the world he lives in, how Ilya fits into it. He'll wonder if he's enough for Ilya or if they're doomed to fall apart. He'll agonize over whether they'll ever get as close as Shane wants or if they'll be perpetually stuck in this strange orbit around each other.

Never getting nearer. Never spinning free.

But Ilya whispers, "I want you," into the skin of Shane's jaw, sounding raw and wrecked.

And Shane says, "You have me," with his hands on Ilya's cheeks, grasping for a flicker of hope that they can be *something*.

It's enough.

Maybe it can be enough.

It has to be enough.

So he lets Ilya roll them over and press him into the mattress. Heat burns everywhere they touch, barely controlled fire that promises destruction. They toss pillows that are in the way and mess up the bedding beneath their bodies as they kiss. Ilya settles between Shane's spread thighs and hitches his hips down in a filthy grind, rubbing their cocks together through their clothes until they're both panting and needy and lost in this perfect disaster together.

"I don't—" Ilya groans, dropping his face into Shane's neck. "I don't have anything. To fuck you."

"You mean you weren't prepared to fuck your way through Tampa Bay?" Shane teases, huffing through his nose.

Ilya picks his head up, meeting Shane's eyes. He's dead serious when he says, "No, I was not."

"Oh," Shane breathes, dropping his gaze to the hollow of Ilya's throat. "Why... why not?"

"I did not want to," Ilya replies, shrugging one shoulder.

Shane nods, searching Ilya's eyes and swallowing past the sudden knot in his throat. "Okay. I mean, we can still do other stuff."

A slow smile spreads across Ilya's face before he nods, too. He kisses Shane once, then trails his mouth along Shane's jaw, over his throat, and down his chest. His lips pause when he reaches Shane's waistband, his hot exhale making Shane squirm with anticipation. Shane expects Ilya to strip him quickly—he's desperate for Ilya to touch him—but Ilya lingers instead. He kisses the skin just beneath Shane's bellybutton, a long press of his mouth that feels intimate and sweet.

Shane flushes, hitching his hips up and doing his best not to whine for Ilya to get a move on. Ilya smirks as if he might keep dragging this out, but then he glances up and winks before he yanks down Shane's shorts and underwear at the same time, tossing them over his shoulder.

As soon as Ilya's mouth closes around him, Shane throws his head back onto the pillow, a low moan punched from his chest. His memory and imagination during their time apart was nothing compared to the real thing, with Ilya's tongue flicking around the head of his cock and the tight grip he has on Shane's ass as he sinks all the way down.

"Fuck," Shane curses as he hits the back of Ilya's throat, sliding his hand over the back of Ilya's head and holding on. "Oh, fuck. Rozanov. *Shit.*"

Ilya has always had the cheat code for Shane's body. Somehow, he never had to learn where or how to touch him for it to be the best thing that Shane has ever felt. It doesn't matter if Ilya is using his hand or his mouth or his dick—it always feels like the hottest thing that's ever happened to him.

But he's staring down the length of his torso, at the sight of his cock disappearing into Ilya's mouth and one of his legs thrown over Ilya's shoulder, and Ilya's eyes are half-closed and angled down, and... Shane suddenly aches for something different. He doesn't know what it is, not exactly. Maybe he wants to be able to kiss Ilya as he comes or maybe he wants to look into Ilya's eyes while they get there together. Maybe he wants reassurance that they're finally on the same page.

It feels stupid, because he should just be glad that Ilya is still here after everything Shane said tonight. He should exist in this moment and be grateful and not worry about the nagging itch in the back of his mind. Ilya doesn't even know what's going on in his brain, but Shane is still hot with embarrassment that he's thinking like this at all.

Sensing the shift in his mood, Ilya glances up at him and pulls off. "What is wrong?"

"Nothing," Shane says quickly, shaking his head. "It feels really good. It's nothing."

"Is not nothing," Ilya replies, moving further away from Shane's dick. "Tell me."

Except Shane doesn't *know* what to say.

"I want..."

Shane hesitates, scared of asking for what he might want and how it could sound. If it'll be too much. If it'll come out of his mouth all wrong. He drags his fingers down over Ilya's cheek and touches his thumb to the center of Ilya's damp bottom lip, trying to string together a sentence that doesn't ruin everything.

Ilya's expression shifts, understanding coloring his features. He crawls up Shane's body and kisses him without hesitation, deep enough that Shane can taste himself on Ilya's tongue. A small hum reverberates in Shane's throat as he opens up, a sound of such utter contentment that it makes Ilya chuckle.

"Come here," Ilya says, pushing himself up on his knees and rolling to sit against the headboard. He kicks off his pants and then pats his thighs, glancing over at Shane. "In my lap."

Shane obeys and throws a leg over Ilya's hips, settling into place. Ilya kisses him as soon as they're close enough, his hands skating up the length of Shane's spine as if he's trying to pry him open at the seams.

It *feels* like Shane might be unraveling. He's straddling Ilya's strong thighs and grinding down into the hard length of Ilya beneath him and kissing Ilya's soft lips, all without thinking too much about where his hands should go or how he should tilt his head or if he's using too much tongue.

Better. It's definitely better.

Shane reaches for Ilya's underwear, sitting back so that he can pull them down and get Ilya's cock out. He can't get them all the way off without getting up, but it's enough for Ilya to get a

hand around them both and start to stroke. Shane's eyelids flutter closed at the way his body responds, so immediate and easy.

He forgot how easy it could be.

“Fuck, I missed you,” Shane admits, capturing Ilya's lips in another kiss.

Ilya releases them to lick his palm, making the glide of his fist a little smoother when he starts jacking them off again. Shane moans, pressing his forehead harder into Ilya's as that familiar touch drives him wild.

It's so much like the last time. An almost exact replica. Maybe it's what Ilya was thinking of when he prompted Shane to get into his lap—a do-over for what Shane messed up.

So this time, Shane meets Ilya's eyes, holds his jaw, and fiercely says, “*Ilya*. That's so fucking good.”

Ilya's face crumples, his eyes shining in the lamp light as he arches up to kiss Shane. His voice is husky and hot when he groans, “*Shane*, fuck.”

Shane shudders at the sound of his name on Ilya's tongue, pouring all of his restless energy into crushing their mouths together. He loves the way Ilya's free hand grips the back of his neck, hard and a little possessive. He loves how Ilya's lips taste like sunshine and saltwater. He loves the sturdiness of Ilya's muscles beneath his ass, the warmth of his palm around their dicks, and the texture of the curls between his fingers. He loves the way this feels in his body, in his head, in his heart. He loves—

“Fuck,” Shane curses into the corner of Ilya's mouth, his body tensing as his orgasm starts to crest. “Ilya. Fuck, I'm—*Jesus*.”

Ilya hums, low and rough in the back of his throat. He mutters something in Russian that sounds like a curse, his other hand dropping to Shane's ass and squeezing hard. One of Ilya's fingers dips lower to press gently against his hole.

Shane comes apart at the touch, Ilya's name like an oath on his tongue. He spills over Ilya's fist and onto his abs, making Ilya's strokes hotter and messier and dragging out Shane's release. Ilya swallows Shane's moan, his kiss hard and desperate, before his face scrunches up as he comes, too.

“Fuck,” Ilya murmurs a few moments later, smirking as he glances down at his body. “Look at this mess you made.”

Shane shoves at his chest and rolls, landing in a breathless heap beside Ilya. “Fuck you.”

Ilya smacks a loud, obnoxious kiss to Shane's mouth before he slides out of bed, heading into the bathroom to clean up. When he comes back, Shane is sitting up in the center of the mattress, waiting and watching. Ilya's lips twist into a wicked grin as he ducks his shoulder and tackles Shane back onto the sheets, feigning roughness despite the protective cage his arms make around Shane's shoulders.

“Get off me,” Shane huffs, wriggling beneath Ilya’s body. “I’m sore from the game, you asshole.”

Ilya stops, picking his head up and looking down at Shane. “You are hurt?”

Shane blanches at the concern in Ilya’s voice. “No. Well, I mean. I just meant, like, normal soreness. You know. Hockey is a contact sport.”

“Not if you are very good, like me.”

“Fuck off,” Shane says, but the words are laced with fondness.

Ilya rolls his eyes and settles on his back, wrapping his arms around Shane's body until he feels cocooned in warmth. Shane moves his hand up Ilya's thigh, fiddling with the hem of his underwear. His cheek is pressed against Ilya’s chest, and Ilya’s hands are combing through his hair, and everything feels like the quiet in the eye of a hurricane—surrounded by storm but safe within the center. For now.

It's nice, but Shane doesn't say so.

He doesn’t run, either.

Shane knows they can't linger for long—they have early flights tomorrow, after all. He’ll need to go to his room soon to try to get some sleep, but he doesn't move yet. He kisses Ilya again, because he can. Because he wants to.

The world always feels a little more unsteady when he has to leave. He just wants to stay in this moment a little longer.

Ilya’s chest is moving up and down beneath Shane's cheek, steady and strong. Shane puts a palm over Ilya’s heart and counts each breath.

One. Ilya kisses Shane's forehead.

Two. Ilya nuzzles into Shane's temple.

Three. The heartbeat beneath Shane’s hand stutters when Shane touches his lips to Ilya’s skin.

Four. Ilya gives Shane’s waist a playful squeeze while he nips at Shane’s earlobe, and they both laugh.

Five. Shane decides that this is enough.

It has to be enough.

End Notes

i'm a mess of a human 99% of the time, but come say hi! [Twitter](#), [Tumblr](#), [BlueSky](#)

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