

Can you hear the violence? (Megaphone to my chest)

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Can you hear the violence? (Megaphone to my chest)

by [unlikelychild](#)

Summary

“Hollander,” Ilya sighs and comes to sit next to him. “We can't be more. This is all you get.”

*Shane really tries not to get mad, because yes he understands. This is all **he** gets.*

“Yeah, because it's not that it's a guy that is the problem, it's me right?”

Ilya frowns. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

*“You had no problem letting **him** be all over you today,” Shane is aware of how jealous he sounds. He doesn't care. If this is the last conversation they'll be having, he needs to make sure he says everything.*

Or, what if Ilya thought Shane was going to bring Rose to the All Stars Game so he brought Svetlana and Sasha with him?

Notes

The title is taken from the song The Louvre by Lorde.

English is not my first language and this is not beta read. All the mistakes, inconsistencies, and questionable smut are my doing. It might be a mess but it's *my* mess.

I know jackshit about hockey, so everything said here about it was pulled from Google. And, I'm not from Canada so it was also Google who told me about HoneyBar being an Ottawa based brand.

Enjoy!

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

Summer 2016

In hindsight, Shane might be overreacting a little bit. Really, it was just a handful of people on Twitter simply speculating, blowing things out of proportions. He should've done what he always did. He should've ignored it. It was just an ill-timed photo of them during the MLH award last season.

Honestly, the picture wasn't even anything scandalizing. It was just the two of them amongst a group of people. There was Scott Hunter, Carter Vaughn, Vinny Decosta, Frank Omar, his wife, Hayden, himself... and Ilya. How Shane found himself in the same circle as Ilya he doesn't recall.

Omar had cracked a joke funny enough to make everyone laugh, including Ilya. Shane watched, like he always did, in awe as Ilya's blue-green eyes crinkled and all his teeth made an appearance as he let out a laugh. He looked so beautiful, carefree, and... happy. It was a rare look on him. Shane had only witnessed it a couple of times himself, barring this one.

So like a fool, he stared. And someone chose that moment to take a fucking picture and put it on Twitter. With the god-awful caption: *Find someone who looks at you like @shanehollanderhockeyplayer looks at @ilyarozanov81*

And that stupid tweet has been retweeted about twelve hundred times now. It also has around 3 thousand likes. The comments are taking it as a joke, mostly.

@hollanderheat: yeah rivals my ass

@81inthecrease: I mean can you blame him? **@ilyarozanov81** is soooo dreamy (T-T)

@huntersticktap: as a haylander truther i don't support this!

@emptyrinkthoughts: rpf enemies to lovers?

Shane kind of regrets googling what RPF means.

Even the group chat of Montreal Metros is talking about it. Thankfully, they are poking fun at Shane and taking it as a joke like everyone else. He didn't respond to any of them. In fact, he could let it all go. He could let all this roll off his back. He could.

Except...

After he had spent quite some time staring at the Rozanov in the picture, he had looked at himself. And that's when the impending sense of doom dawned upon him.

Because what scared Shane the most was how he looked while looking at Ilya laughing. He looked... for lack of a better word, smitten. His eyes looked like they were adoring Ilya. He had a small smile at the corner of his lips, not because of the joke Omar cracked but because he simply liked to see Ilya smile. It scared him how much he liked it.

All of the things that happened in the stupid picture probably lasted a handful of seconds. But now it is commemorated forever, staring back at Shane like a mirror he doesn't want to look at.

Maybe no one could tell the truth behind the picture, but Shane is so fucking gone on Ilya Rozanov it's not even funny. He has actual feelings for the Russian asshole. And these feelings aren't fleeting as well. No, Shane realizes that they'd been festering inside him for a while. Maybe ever since their first time.

He remembers the staircase where Ilya tied up his shoes and Shane held on to his coat. He wouldn't ever admit it, but he had wanted Ilya to stay. And that parting kiss was... yeah.

All this has been a long time coming.

Begrudgingly, Shane also has to admit that it is a really good picture. They were both wearing the mandatory tuxedos.

(Men's fashion is so limited. Shane has worn identical-looking clothes to every formal event. They're all different tuxedos but they look exactly the same. So it looks like he's just wearing the same thing. Which he wouldn't mind doing but his mother insists he make an effort each time and find some designer—albeit similar looking—clothes.)

The lighting in the picture hits Ilya just in the perfect angle, giving his curls a nice gold hue. The champagne flutes in both of their hands don't even look out of place. Shane looks like a lovesick puppy in the picture and he hates it.

He hates it and yet he saves the picture. He hates it and yet he hides it in a locked folder. He hates it and yet he looks at it more times than he can count.

—

He spends the remainder of his summer stewing over this picture, or at least the underlying meaning behind it. Something in his chest gives a painful tug every time he looks at his own face in the picture.

Ilya texts him twice during summer, both of them are jabs about how he'll win the cup next season and how Shane shouldn't work so hard. Shane doesn't reply.

He finds himself smiling at the texts each time, and that is exactly why he doesn't reply to them.

Fucking the guy everyone else wants you to hate is one thing. Growing very real feelings for him is something else.

Shane knows himself. If he gives into whatever this is, it's going to be disastrous. Because one, he'll be the only one doing so, and two, everything he has worked for, he could lose. But mostly, he is scared to disappoint people who look up to him—people who depend on and expect from him, like his parents and his team. He owes it to them (and himself) to get rid of

whatever these feelings are. And the only way to do that is to get rid of Ilya Rozanov. He needs to quit this arrangement and with time he will be okay.

And objectively speaking, he's also doing Ilya a favor. The Sochi Olympics had given Shane a good enough idea about what Ilya's situation can be if he's outed. Even one rumor could cause a massive backlash. He could be deported and never play hockey again.

So this is the best decision. No matter how shitty it feels. He knows Ilya will get over it. He knows he himself will be okay. With time.

It's going to be fine. He's definitely going to end it.

—

He's definitely going to end it, Shane thinks with barely contained frustration as Ilya stops jerking him off, *again!*

The fucker insisted that they try something new tonight, since Rozanov managed to score three goals and assist two.

“Exceptional night for the Boston Captain!” the commentary had said in the highlight reel.

“Fu-fuck! Rozanov!” Shane groans and squirms again. He would finish himself off if he could but Rozanov had told him to keep his hands behind his head. He'd be rewarded if he listened.

Fuck!

“Patience, Hollander,” Rozanov chides softly as he kisses Shane's hipbone and then nuzzles it with his teeth. Not hard enough, never hard enough. Shane kind of hates their “leaving no marks” rule.

“Please,” he whines and then gasps as Rozanov takes him into his mouth at one go. He nearly thrusts his cock into Rozanov's mouth.

Yes, fuck yes!

He's gonna come. Fuck! Just a little more.

Rozanov swallows around him while humming like he's enjoying this as much as Shane. Impossible! Nobody is enjoying it like Shane. He fights the urge to grab a fistful of those curls and just hold on.

Shane's starts to twitch. His orgasm is so close he can taste it.

Rozanov backs off and starts to suck on his cockhead. He tongues the slit, licking off the pre-come.

Shane lets out an embarrassingly loud moan.

“Fuck Hollander, you get so wet every time,” Rozanov murmurs in a husky tone.

Shane wants to cry. He wants to whine. But mostly he wants to come.

“Is just me who gets you going like this?” Rozanov asks with a smirk. His blue-green eyes sparkle in the dim light of the hotel room.

Shane doesn't dignify it with a response.

“Tell me,” Rozanov insists. “Is just me?”

Shane groans again. What the fuck is he supposed to say to that?

Yes? Because you're the only one that I'm sleeping with? Only one I want to sleep with? No, really, what the fuck does he say?

“If you don't finish what you started, I might just find someone else to do it for me,” he spits out.

Rozanov laughs.

Oh, Shane's definitely going to end it.

But then Rozanov climbs up and kisses Shane until he can't remember what they were even talking about.

And then he turns him around and fucks him until he's coming so hard that he passes out for a solid ten seconds.

On his way back home, Shane thinks he's going to end it. He's gonna do it the next time they meet.

—

But the next time they meet, Rozanov eats him out on his couch and then fucks him before he even recovers from his first orgasm, ripping a second one from him in record time.

Maybe next time Shane will end it. Yeah, definitely next time.

—

However, next time they meet Shane is so wound up that he drops to his knees the moment the hotel door closes. He lets Rozanov fuck his mouth and then fuck his hole with only the barest prep possible. He wants it to burn and remain that way for days. Because this is definitely the last time!

He's going to end it after this.

—

But then Rozanov invites him to his place. He lets Shane ride him and then fucks him good.

He asks him to stay.

He dresses him. He gives him fucking ginger ale.

They watch hockey and bicker about stupid shit.

He feeds him goddamn tuna melts and tells him about all the girls he's fucking.

Then Shane has his face shoved in Rozanov's crotch and his fingers running through Shane's hair. Shane fucking whimpers at how good it feels. Then he's on Rozanov's lap jerking them both off with the spit Rozanov gives him.

And then...

"Shane," Ilya chokes out as he spills all over Shane's hand.

Shane comes a second later.

"Ilya," he tests that name on his lips. Not for the first time maybe, but definitely the first time like this.

Then he kisses Ilya. And for a moment, everything is okay. It's so easy. Shane feels so good, like a burden has been lifted off his shoulders. He feels warm like he usually does with Ilya. He repeats that name in his head over and over again like a prayer.

Ilya.

Ilya.

Ilya.

I love you.

No.

No, no, no.

And then everything goes to shit.

—

In the days following Shane's crash out at Ilya—*Rozanov's* place, he tells himself that all this was a long time coming. He had been planning to end things.

This was just convenient for him. Things had definitely escalated from where they initially agreed things should remain. It's good that all this is over now, before they did something they both regretted.

Yeah, this is safe and better. Shane is okay now and he can go back to being his old self now. He can focus more on hockey. He can... he can even date, for real this time. Maybe a nice

girl, whom his parents would like; who will like Shane enough and not call him boring for simply being him, whom he doesn't have to hide.

A nice girl who won't gloat about the people she has fucked or the one stable girl she has on the side because "it's nice to have steady woman like that."

Fuck you, Rozanov!

Shane can do so many things now. And he will. As soon as he starts to feel like the crushing weight on his chest is gone, he will.

Then JJ calls him and forces him out to a club one night, and Rose Landry happens.

—

Late 2016

Ilya chucks his phone on the couch when yet another picture of Rose Landry and Hollander ends up on his feed.

Don't people have anything better to do than to just stalk famous people?

Svetlana sends him a look from his left. He can feel her staring but refuses to say anything. Whatever she's thinking, he doesn't want to know.

"Sasha wants to visit for Christmas," she says and goes back to looking at her phone.

Ilya honestly doesn't care. He hums non-committally.

He wants to stop feeling like shit all the time. But no matter what he does, how hard he plays or fucks nameless strangers, he just doesn't get the relief he's looking for. He's sick of feeling like this.

And every time he closes his eyes, he can see Shane fucking Hollander staring at him from across the club. He can see him dancing with Rose Landry. He can see her hands beneath his shirt running over his torso. He can see Hollander grabbing on to her hips.

He wants to punch a hole through the damn wall. But mostly, he just wants to hate himself. And he does. He fucking does.

What was he thinking? That Shane would want him? *Him*? Shane Hollander, the golden boy, would uproot his entire life and chuck it out of the window because what? Because Ilya called him by his first name? Seriously, what the fuck had Ilya been expecting? Nobody wants him. Not more than one night anyway. That's all he's good for. That's all they want from him. A good fuck. Money; if it's his family.

Everyone just wants from him. He isn't allowed to ask for anything. Because the moment he does, they turn around and run away.

Ever since the club, Ilya has managed to spend at least 5 minutes per game in the sin bin for illegal fighting. He has bruises all over his body. In fact he has a split lip right now.

He has always been a rough player. But he has never been a fucking douchebag. But he's feeling himself turn into one. He'll keep doing this, he knows, no matter how many times his coaches yell at him, or the team medics advise him against it, or Marleau asks him what the fuck is wrong with him.

He'll keep doing this until he stops feeling like a piece of shit.

So, to conclude, he won't stop doing this for a while.

Though Ilya gets hit every game, he manages to score in all of them. Yes, his team still loses three games, but it's not because of him. He plays dirty but he plays good. He plays like Ilya Rozanov.

“Sasha is saying he might stay a while this time. Explore Boston,” Svetlana speaks, breaking Ilya's stupor.

“Great,” he comments and picks up his phone again.

He keeps scrolling on his tweeter feed. It's mostly hockey, fashion, and Bad Bunny fan posts (what? He likes his songs).

“You have the All Star game in January, right?”

“Yes.”

Svetlana hums. He knows what she's doing. He has planned on inviting her. Because he's not showing up to All Stars by himself when Rose Landry will be accompanying Hollander. He knows it sounds kind of fucked up to use Svetlana like this, but he also knows she'll enjoy being there. She's very astute about hockey and will end up having a good time talking about it with people who might actually understand her expertise.

Then a picture shows up on his feed. It's a paparazzi shot of Hollander and Rose. They're on a date, or at least leaving one. Rose Landry is leaning in and kissing Shane on the lips.

Hollander is smiling down at her. She's looking back at him with heart eyes. She's wrapped in a black coat and Shane's wearing the same jacket he wore when he came to Ilya's house.

Something inside Ilya shrivels up. Because he has seen Hollander smile like that before. It was in another picture. Shane was looking at *him* back then.

Ilya has that picture saved with the three other ones he had taken during the skit of the award ceremony they did two years ago. It's a locked album that he visits quite often.

Fuck this! He's had enough.

“Ask Sasha if he wants to come to Florida with us for the All Stars game.”

Ilya doesn't need to look at Svetlana to know she's looking at him, trying to assess.

Well, good luck with that.

—

All Star Game 2017

There's a lot of ways Shane had imagined his first post-freak out encounter with Ilya going. Having a tall Slavic man with an unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt and blue shorts plastered to his side wasn't one of them.

Suddenly Shane feels stupid for wearing this damned suit. He wanted to look nice for today because of Ilya. And now... fuck!

Ilya doesn't notice him, of course. He's busy talking to the man and a girl with curly hair. Shane recognizes her as someone who is constantly photographed with Ilya.

Is that Svetlana?

He brought someone to the game. Of course he did. People always brought their families and people they were dating to these things. Shane's probably the oddball for not doing so.

“Captain!” A loud voice booms, turning several heads in Shane's direction. He internally cringes as Carter Vaughn slings his arm around Shane's shoulder.

“Hey, Vaughnie,” Shane smiles.

“Hollander and Rozanov in the same team, can you believe this shit?” he jokes.

Shane laughs awkwardly. “People get what people want.”

“It's gonna be a fucking beauty,” Vaughn singsongs. And then he's gone. At least someone's enjoying himself.

When Shane looks back at Ilya's direction, he's looking back at him.

Shane's the captain. He should make his rounds around the room and talk to everyone, right? And it's no harm if Ilya's the first one, right?

“Hey,” he approaches the group of now two people because the girl is nowhere to be found.

The Slavic man eyes him. He's really tall. Thin too. Almost like a model. He even has long and thick eyelashes that give the impression that he's wearing eyeliner.

A thought hits Shane.

Is this Ilya's type for men? Pretty men who weren't afraid to be themselves authentically out in public?

“Captain,” Ilya nods at him, giving him a smile he knows is not real.

“How have you been?” Shane asks. He wonders if he should talk to the other guy. Will Ilya introduce them?

“Good. Is good times here. Florida is nice.”

“Yes, people love you here. Right?” Shane recalls the conversation they had on Ilya's couch. Ilya seems to have been thinking about that too. His smile dims a little.

“This is my friend, Sasha. Sasha, this is my captain, Shane Hollander.”

“Yes I know,” Sasha smiles at him sweetly. Shane doesn't like that smile. It's laced with something. “Everyone following hockey knows who he is.”

Shane chuckles. “I don't know about that.”

“But I can't say I am a fan,” Sasha teases and then gets closer to Ilya. “My loyalties are here.”

Shane tries not to let his irritation show. He's trying and failing. Because why is he touching Ilya like that in public? What if someone sees?

“You can support him this weekend. We are on same team,” Ilya says. There's an ease with which they talk to each other. Shane wishes he could have that with Ilya.

Well, you did. And then you ran away.

“Are you from Russia too?” Shane asks. He has a feeling he knows the answer.

Sasha gives him a mysterious smile. “Oh, Ilya and I go way back. My father was his coach.”

—

“Have you ever been with a man before?”

“No. Have you?”

“Yes.”

“Really? Who? Another player?”

“Ah, no. My coach's son, back in Russia. I like trouble.”

—

Oh.

“Oh,” Shane says. His voice comes out flat. “That's nice.”

There's silence. He doesn't know what else to say. He should leave.

“I should make my rounds,” he says. He briefly glances at Rozanov. “See you at the game. Nice to meet you, Sasha.”

And then he goes to the bar.

Two drinks of Vodka burns his throat. He hates it. But what else can he do? His mind won't stop racing and he needs to get a grip.

“Are you telling me Matheson is not as good as Petrov? Remind me how many NHL games did Petrov play again?” Carter Vaughn is sounding agitated.

“I'm saying, he's better and he didn't get many chances to prove himself. Coaches keep him on short leash: few shifts, then bench, then scratch. Always third line, never stable winger. Give him real minutes, top-six roles, and people will choose him over Matheson, no question. Matheson is good player, yes. Strong on boards, works forecheck. But he is not Petrov-good,” the girl talking to him is Probably-Svetlana.

“I don't agree. I think Matheson is one of the better wings. Coaches trust him. He drives play.”

“Again, I don't disagree. He is reliable. But Petrov has higher ceiling. Better puck sense, harder shot, better first step. When he is on ice, game changes. If he gets traded to Admirals, play him in power play then you look at numbers. Corsi, points, eye test. You test my theory if you want.”

With that she turns around from Vaughn, seemingly done with the conversation, and comes eye to eye with Shane.

Shit.

“Uhm,” Shane fumbles, trying to justify his eavesdropping.

“Shane Hollander, nice to meet you,” she smiles warmly.

Shane feels a little better. “Hello.”

“I'm Svetlana Vetrova. Ilya's friend.”

Shane nods. “I saw you with him.”

“Da. Why are you alone? Where is Rose Landry?”

Wow. She's direct.

“We, uh, we broke up,” Shane finds himself confessing.

Svetlana looks unimpressed. “Makes sense. You were not compatible.”

Shane blinks. What the fuck?

“Uh, yeah, I guess.”

“Have you talked to Ilya?”

“Yes. He, uh, seemed busy. So I left.”

Wow, could he sound anymore like a petulant child?

Svetlana looks at where Ilya and Sasha are standing before she says, "Sasha and he have history. They go way back.”

Shane nods. Because if he opens his mouth, he'll say something he can't take back.

Like: *Well he should fuck off because I'm here now.*

“But Ilya is not interested in going back,” she comments, nonchalantly. “I thought letting them meet will fix his shitty mood, but I was wrong.”

“He's been in a shitty mood?”

“Oh yes. Very... what is that word? Pissy. Throwing phone on couch, frowning, fighting on ice. Very strange and unlike him.”

Well Shane has been privy to Ilya's fights. Svetlana is right, it's very unlike Ilya.

“You look nice. Did Rose Landry pick your clothes?” She changes the subject.

Shane chuckles. “No. I, uh, I actually hired a stylist. Thought I'd make an effort to look nice for the weekend.”

Svetlana stays quiet for a beat. Then she says, “It's the first time you are seeing Ilya since the Boston game in Fall, yes?”

Shane feels his stomach drop out. What? How much does she know?

Svetlana speaks before Shane can spiral further, “Ilya didn't say anything. You did though. With your face. Is okay. I don't out people. Is a very shitty thing to do.”

Shane wants to feel reassured by that. But he doesn't. Of course he can deny it. And he will. As soon as someone asks him, he will deny this with all his might.

“I should go now. Before Sasha climbs Ilya. He looks drunk.”

And sure enough, they're standing too close now. Sasha leaning on Ilya too hard. Ilya's trying to keep him steady but he can only do so much.

Shane has the sudden urge to punch something... or someone. It's a strange feeling given that he's never been the one to pick fights on the ice or off it. He has always prided himself for playing clean games and being a non-violent person. But something about Sasha draped over Ilya makes him see red a little.

Will Ilya fuck him tonight? Like he used to fuck Shane? Will he hold him down? Will he moan in his ear too? Will he praise him like he used to praise Shane?

Fuck! Shane needs to sober up.

Nobody takes the All Star games seriously. Everyone knows they're just here to have some fun. If it weren't for the "attendance is mandatory" rule, most of them wouldn't even show up. So the scores are easy. There's just some friendly chirping on ice. That's all.

But playing with Ilya gives Shane a thrill. Because they just... click. They know where the other person is going to be without even looking at each other. The puck sticks to their sticks like a magnet. They're so in sync, Shane is almost sad that they've to play against each other again when this is over. What he would give to have this chemistry with someone on ice all the time.

They both score three goals each. Ilya assists Shane with one. Shane receives a pat on his back from Ilya. Though there are several layers of clothes in between the touch, Shane still feels thrilled.

But then his eyes land on Ilya during a commercial break and he watches him waving at someone in the audience. His heart gives a painful squeeze when he spots Sasha and Svetlana waving back and smiling at him.

You did this to yourself. You ran. What did you expect?

Not this, he thinks. Never in his life did he expect this. Seeing Rozanov with a woman is different than seeing him with a man. A woman provides Shane with the excuse that Rozanov is seen with a woman because he can only be seen with a woman. But if it's a man, what then? What excuse does Shane give to himself then?

Afterwards Shane is in a pissy mood for the entire game. He makes an attempt to get the puck past the goalie by himself instead of passing it to Ilya, who would've made it. Ilya shoots him a confused look. Shane ignores him.

Thankfully, the game ends soon after that.

East wins.

Shane skips the after party. He goes to the beach instead. He finds himself a nice spot and watches the night sky.

He hates feeling like this. There's something under his skin crawling all over him. His mind is running a mile a minute. And he just can't sit still.

He takes out his phone. As usual there are so many emails and messages he should be getting to. There's always something demanding his attention. But he just can't right now.

He opens the locked folder and stares at the one picture he has of him and Ilya. The damn picture that started this whole clusterfuck.

But *was* it this picture?

Wasn't he doomed the moment he spotted Ilya Rozanov leaning against a wall trying to light a cigarette at 17 years old in Saskatchewan?

Ilya sweeps the room again, trying to find one particular person. He doesn't spot him. Again.

"He's not here," Sasha says in Russian as he takes a seat next to him at the bar.

Ilya looks at him quizzically.

"You are not discreet, Ilya. I know you. I know that look. I remember you looking at me like that once."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Ilya denies because what else can he do?

"He wants you too," Sasha says before sipping his martini. "He looked like he wanted to punch me when he saw us together. It was adorable. Like an angry kitten."

He laughs. Ilya rolls his eyes because that is ridiculous. Hollander was just being polite. He would never get jealous over Ilya. He ran away, for fuck's sake.

"That's just his face," he says. "No reason for him to be jealous."

Sasha doesn't say anything, he just smirks. Ilya realizes his error. Sasha never specified whom he was talking about.

"Can't we go back to how it was Ilya? We'll do it your way. No feelings. Only fucking. Just how you like it. I can move here, in America. They will transfer me if I ask."

"You want to move just for us to fuck? They don't have gays in Paris anymore?"

Sasha gives him a sad smile. Ilya at that moment genuinely feels bad because he knows Sasha has feelings for him. He also knows he doesn't feel anything in return. Nobody has managed to make him feel the way Shane Hollander does. He searches the bar one more time, recognizing the irony of the entire situation.

Somehow Ilya ends up in a group of hockey players ten minutes later. Vaughn is next to him being his usual loud self.

"Where's Hollander?" someone asks. Ilya tries not to visibly perk up at the mention of his name like fucking Pavlov's dog.

"Probably having phone sex with fucking Rose Landry," someone else replies. Ilya clenches his jaw. He should leave. Call it a night. He's tired.

"Dude, they broke up," Vaughn says.

"What?" Ilya is surprised to find that he's the one asking the question.

“Yeah. I asked him why he didn't bring his girl, right before the game. He told me they broke up. Not compatible or some shit.”

“Even Rose Landry isn't fucking good enough for him huh? I'd pay to see who ends up with that guy.”

Okay, Ilya should definitely leave now, before he says something that gives him away. So he bids his goodbyes and heads towards the elevators.

He can't stop his mind from reeling the entire time.

They broke up. They broke up and Shane came here by himself.

—

When Shane heads towards the elevator after sitting at the beach and wallowing in self-pity, he doesn't expect to find Ilya standing in front of it scrolling on his phone.

Shane doesn't mean for his eyes to land on Ilya's screen but he finds himself smiling when he sees him looking up the meaning of the word “Compatible.”

And Shane gets it. He's been speaking French since he was five. Till this day there are words and grammars that catch him off-guard and he has to look up the meanings.

“Hey,” he says. Ilya looks at him, surprised.

“Hey,” he replies. “Didn't see you at the party.”

Shane shrugs. “I was at the beach. Didn't feel like sitting around the pool in the crowd.”

Ilya nods.

They stand in awkward silence for a few more seconds until the lift finally arrives.

“Where are your friends?” Shane asks as he presses the button for the 11th floor. Ilya presses for 12th.

“Still at the party.”

“Shouldn't you be there too then? Spending time with them?”

Ilya shrugs. “The one I wanted to spend time with wasn't at the party.”

Shane tries not to let the words affect him. He tries. But he feels himself smile anyway.
“Oh?”

Shane watches in the reflection of the steel doors of the elevator as Ilya nods.

They hold each other's gaze. Shane feels the familiar coil of desire in his belly. He wants to push Ilya against the steel wall and kiss him. He wants to feel his strong grip around his waist

pulling his crotch against Ilya's own, his hand on Shane's neck gripping him tight and guiding his mouth the way he wants.

Shane is not being subtle. He doesn't care to be. So what if Ilya brought Sasha, *Shane* is the one he has been with for the past eight years. He wants Shane. And Shane wants him.

The elevator stops at his floor. Shane doesn't want to leave. When the door opens, he's about to say that but Ilya says, "Heard you and Rose Landry broke up."

Shane looks at him. Ilya is not looking back. "Yeah."

Ilya hums. The elevator door closes, climbs one more floor, and opens again.

"I think we should talk," Shane blurts out. And it's true. They should talk.

Ilya nods as he gets out. He doesn't walk away. He waits for Shane to get out too.

Shane does, and follows Ilya to his room.

He doesn't push Ilya against the door as soon as it closes. Even though he really, *really* wants to. He walks towards the bed and sits on the edge. Ilya keeps staring at him from the desk he has decided to lean against.

"I am sorry," Shane starts. "For leaving. For hurting you. For freaking out."

"Yeah, you freaked out over nothing." The nonchalant tone pisses Shane off. It's an obvious lie.

"It wasn't nothing. Not for me. Don't be an asshole! This is hard enough already."

"Is simple. We meet, we fuck."

"Really? Is it that simple for you?"

"Da," Ilya shrugs. He doesn't look at Shane.

Fucking liar.

"So me and Rose, that didn't bother you? You weren't doing what you were doing in that club to hurt me?"

"Why would *you* be hurt? You were dancing with her. Saw you guys having good time."

"Because I was trying to forget you, you asshole!" Shane can't do this anymore. He's so tired of beating around the bush. "I like you!" he says, his voice firm and clear. "And I think I'm gay."

Ilya blinks at him. Shane almost expects him to laugh at him but he says, "Why are you telling me that?"

"Who else am I gonna tell?"

Ilya sighs. Then he says, “You don't like me.”

“Yes I do! I think I may like you a little too much.”

“Don't do this to me, Hollander.” Now Ilya sounds like he's getting angry.

“Do what?”

“I wouldn't be able to go back home! Do you understand that?” Ilya yells.

Shane winces but nods. Because yes he understands that. It is one of the many reasons he had wanted to end things since last year.

“But do you ever wonder?” he still asks, eyes cast low, voice small, “If we could be more? Would you want to?”

“Why the fuck does that matter?” Ilya spits angrily.

Shane flinches. “Nevermind.”

“Hollander,” Ilya sighs and comes to sit next to him. “We can't be more. This is all you get.”

Shane really tries not to get mad, because yes he understands. This is all *he* gets.

“Yeah, because it's not that it's a guy that is the problem, it's me right?”

Ilya frowns. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

“You had no problem letting *him* be all over you today,” Shane is aware of how jealous he sounds. He doesn't care. If this is the last conversation they'll be having, he needs to make sure he says everything.

“He probably gets you better. He'll keep your secret better, given your history. You wouldn't have any problem being with him because nobody expects you to hate him in front of the camera. He's not your arch-fucking-rival. You wouldn't even have to wait months in between fucking him. It's me, I'm the problem right? All that baggage comes with being with me.”

“Was it me who left you on my couch, Hollander? Or was it you?”

“I freaked out!” Shane snaps. “I freaked out because it felt good! It felt right! It made sense! It fucking scared me how easy it was, saying your name, talking to you, just existing next to you! I never felt that way with anyone. So forgive me if it scared me that I felt like that about someone I can't have, someone I am supposed to hate. I am sorry!”

He's heaving now. His vision blurs with tears.

“Fuck,” he curses and presses his palms against his eyes. He won't cry now. He searches his brain to see if he has something else left to say before he takes his leave.

One confession sticks out: *I love you, Ilya. I'm so in love with you it scares the shit out of me. I don't know what to do with the fact that I might never get to have you.*

But he decides not to say it out loud. No, Rozanov doesn't deserve to hear it. Not after all this. Shane wouldn't add to his burden.

“Sasha and I are nothing,” Ilya says.

A cruel part in Shane's brain replies, *yeah just like you and I are nothing.*

“I saw news that you might bring Rose Landry with you. So I brought my friends. So that I don't feel like dying every time I look at you and her together.”

Shane swallows.

“We can't be together, Hollander.”

Shane chuckles ruefully. “We weren't supposed to be doing what we had been doing either. But we did. If we wanted, really wanted, to be together I mean, we'd figure something out.”

Ilya doesn't say anything for some time.

“My father is sick. Dementia. He doesn't have long. If this gets out, I wouldn't be able to go back home to him.”

Shane's heart sinks. “I'm so sorry, Ilya.” He reaches to intertwine their fingers. Ilya lets him.

“He's very old fashioned. He was police. My brother is too.”

“Your mom?”

“Dead.”

Shane squeezes his hand again.

“My brother has been taking care of him for months. I want to be there, but I can't.”

The silence that follows is loaded. Shane doesn't know what to say or do. He doesn't know how to fix this. He wants to fix this. He wants to make it easy for Ilya. The kindest thing he can do for him is break it off. Ilya can move on. He can be with his father during his last days and not have to look over his shoulder for the rest of his life.

Because Shane can't in good conscience ask him to leave his homeland and his family behind for him. He can't ask him to risk his whole career for him. That's selfish. He wouldn't do that.

“Ilya,” he starts. The lump in his throat hurts. His chest hurts. But he has to do this. “I think—I think we should—”

Ilya looks at him and Shane sees the tears in his eyes before he looks away.

“Hey,” he prods gently. “Hey, look at me.”

“Sorry,” says Ilya but he doesn't look back.

“No, hey, c'mon.” Shane moves. He finds himself on Ilya's lap. His arms come to circle Shane's waist immediately, a habit. Shane cups his face gently and brushes the tears off with his thumbs.

Ilya closes his eyes and shakes his head with a frown, like he's angry with himself for crying. Shane realizes at that moment just how much the man below him has to carry on his shoulders every day.

“No,” he says and he pulls Ilya into a hug. He goes without resistance and all but melts into Shane's chest. “It's okay. You're okay,” Shane says as he runs a soothing hand over Ilya's back while holding onto him with the other. He rocks them back and forth to calm him down.

Ilya cries quietly, face pressed against Shane's neck. Shane lets him. He has a feeling Rozanov doesn't do this very often.

They stay like that for a long time, just existing in the quiet room. Eventually Ilya stops crying. When he pulls back Shane spots his flushed cheeks and wet lashes. The vulnerability displayed on his features feels like a gift.

Nobody gets to have it but me.

“Hey,” he says with a small smile.

“Hi,” Ilya replies.

“Are you feeling okay?” Shane asks and feels like an idiot. Of course he's not okay.

“Depends,” Ilya says. “Are you still trying to break up with me?”

Shane snorts. “We're not dating.”

Ilya shrugs. “Still feels like a break up.”

“It's the smart thing to do.”

“Da. But we're both very, very stupid.”

Shane smiles and brushes Ilya's curls off his forehead. He loves his hair. It's so soft and so easy to get lost in.

“I don't want to break up,” Ilya says. Shane wants to correct him again. He wants to say, *We're not dating. But it feels like a heartbreak anyway.*

“I can't,” Shane swallows. He has to say this before he chickens out. “I can't see you with other people and be okay. It's unfair to have to ask you not to, so I'm not. But I can't, not while we're still... together.”

“Then I won't,” Ilya says, like it's so simple.

“I can't ask you to do that.”

“You're not. Is my choice.”

“Ilya,” Shane starts to say. He wants to say this is a bad idea. That this will only end in pain and disaster. That they both have too much at stake. But he can't. Because Ilya is kissing him. Finally, after so many months.

Shane groans, his hold grows tighter around Ilya. He is helpless in Ilya's hold. He kisses him back fervently. He's been starving and nothing made sense until this point. This makes sense. This is exactly how it's supposed to be.

Ilya angles his head just right and kisses Shane deeper, his tongue slides in perfectly against Shane's like it always does. Shane whimpers and sinks into it, submitting his control over to Ilya.

“Hollander,” Ilya whispers between the millimeters where their lips are parted.

Shane moans in response and tugs Ilya closer again. They kiss desperately and messily, like they can't have enough of each other.

At one point Shane finds himself on his back looking up at Ilya. Ilya looks down at him like he can't believe Shane is here with him.

“Ilya,” Shane whispers. He tries to convey what he can't say in that one word.

Have me. Just how you want. I promise I won't leave this time.

Ilya trails kisses down his neck, soft and sweet. He's being so gentle yet so eager, a moan slips out from Shane's lips. He holds onto Ilya and lets him do what he wants.

The clothes get discarded soon. Ilya's skin is heated beneath Shane's palms as he holds onto his biceps. Ilya slowly makes his way down Shane's chest to his stomach to his crotch. His hands squeeze Shane's flesh wherever he can reach them.

Shane is achingly hard and dripping pre-come onto his stomach when Ilya wraps his lips around the head.

“Fuck,” he curses softly and sinks his hand into Ilya's hair. The warmth of Ilya's mouth, his tongue tracing familiar patterns against Shane's shaft and slit, the absurdly sexy sounds he's making—all of it is too much. He won't last. Not if Ilya keeps looking at him like that.

Shane pulls Ilya by his hair and surges forward to kiss him again. He lets out a moan when he tastes himself in Ilya's mouth.

“Fuck me. Please. Just fuck me,” he all but begs. Ilya looks down at him for a beat before he nods.

Shane can feel Ilya's body shaking minutely under his palms. He can feel the ragged breaths leaving Ilya's parted lips on his clammy skin. But even through this, Ilya is so gentle. He

doesn't rush preparing Shane for his cock. He slips in one lubed finger at a time, stretching Shane slowly and driving him crazy at the same time. All Shane can do is hold on to Ilya by his neck and keep looking at him.

Ilya looks back and he looks wrecked. His lips are kiss-swollen. There's an expression on his face—Shane can't quite name it, but he looks... unsure. As if he's scared Shane will disappear if Ilya doesn't do this right.

“Ilya,” Shane says again because apparently that's the only thing he's able to say now.

Ilya slips a third finger in him and grazes his prostate. Shane nearly bucks off the bed and releases a healthy dollop of pre-come. “Please, please, fuck! Ilya.”

Ilya gives a tiny and unsure nod before he slowly, carefully removes his fingers. Shane whines at the loss and gets a soft kiss against his temple for his troubles. Ilya wraps himself in a condom and slicks himself up with lube again.

Shane watches him. Ilya is quiet. Too quiet. He usually talks a lot during sex. He asks Shane questions, makes sure he's okay. But today it's as if words have left him. It's not the Ilya Shane knows and it bothers him.

When Ilya leans into him again, Shane wraps his arms around him and leaves kisses all over his face. He takes his time kissing Ilya's eyelids, his cheeks, his chin, and his nose before finally kissing him on the lips.

Ilya lets out a tiny sound, almost inaudible. Shane can't categorize it as anything.

They hold each other's gaze when Ilya slowly slips in.

Shane gasps like he always does. It baffles him that no matter how many times they do this, it always feels like the first time. The stretch, the fullness, the warmth—all of it feels so, *so* good that Shane can't help it when his eyes fill up with tears and he has to screw them shut. Ilya buries his face into Shane's neck and they just stay like that for a moment, unmoving and breathing each other in.

Nothing can compare to this. Nobody can make Shane feel like this. Ilya is it for him. There can be no after him because Shane's body—his soul wouldn't allow anyone else to make him feel like Ilya Rozanov does.

“Ilya,” he whimpers. He doesn't demand anything, only wanting to say that word over and over again, wanting to taste it on his tongue because it's his favorite word in the whole world.

I can't believe I ran away from this and almost lost you.

Ilya starts to move, slow and torturous. Shane's hold on him grows tighter. He wraps his legs around Ilya's hips and starts to move with him.

Ilya curses in Russian. The way he looks at Shane, nearly chokes him. Ilya looks so open and vulnerable. Like a porcelain doll balanced on a knife's edge.

“Ilya,” Shane calls again but he looks too far away. He's here in Shane's arms but he's not really here. Shane cups his face, brings his mouth against his own, but the feeling of distance doesn't fade away. Ilya is holding himself back, hiding himself. Why? Why is he doing that when Shane is all but flayed open in front of him?

He's scared that you'll disappear again.

The thought hits Shane like a freight train. But it makes sense.

“Ilya,” Shane grips his hair tightly and forces him to meet his eyes. “Look at me.”

Ilya does and Shane almost wishes he hadn't. His eyes break Shane's heart. The sadness, the helplessness—fuck! Has Shane done this to him?

He has to fix this. He has to wipe this look off Ilya's face. He can't stand to look at it knowing he had been the one to cause this.

Shane flips them around abruptly, coming on top of Ilya. Miraculously, they're still attached.

“Fuck!” Ilya curses and then groans. He stares up at Shane, curious and open.

“Let me,” Shane whispers and then he starts to move.

“Fuck, Hollander!” Ilya moans loudly when Shane starts to move his hips in earnest. He loves it when Ilya loses control. It's a rare occurrence but knowing he's the reason exhilarates him.

Shane braces his palms on Ilya's chest, his left thumb grazing the golden crucifix, and lets Ilya fuck him.

“Oh, fuck! Jesus!” he moans when the cock inside him hits his prostate, sending sparks up his spine.

Ilya has his jaw clenched shut, his eyes are closed and his chest is glistening with sweat Shane wants to lick up. He can't stop looking at the man beneath him. His own dick is red and weeping between their bodies but he doesn't care. He has to make Ilya feel good. He has to erase the memory of the last time they were together like this.

Shane leans back and takes Ilya impossibly deep before he clenches around him. The other man's eyes fly open and he lets out a loud moan.

Ilya's hands fly to grip Shane's hips, guiding him as he fucks himself stupid on Ilya's cock.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Shane moans. “Ilya, *please*.”

All of a sudden Ilya is touching him, wrapping his hand around Shane's cock. Shane cries out, loud, for once not caring who hears him. He doesn't stop riding Ilya until the man beneath him moans unrestrained.

“Hollander,” Ilya moans and picks up the pace. He nails Shane's prostate with every thrust. Shane can feel his orgasm on his tongue. It's right there.

Shane lets out a displeased sound and glares at Ilya. “No,” he grits out. “Say my name.”

Ilya shakes his head. That look comes back on his face. That guarded and scared look.

“Ilya, please,” he begs. His eyes sting but he doesn't care.

“You will—*fuck*—you will run again.”

“No. I'm not going anywhere.”

Shane grinds hard and fast on Ilya's lap trying to, ridiculously, make his point. He's so close but he needs Ilya to say it. He needs to hear it.

“Ilya,” he moans and sounds a little broken.

Suddenly he's being flipped around and Ilya is looking down at him. And then he's being kissed with a hard cock buried deep in him. He moans, lets a filthy sound slip past his lips.

Ilya fucks him good and deep, driving him against the headboard.

At one particularly deep thrust Shane swears he sees stars and he knows he'll come any second and Ilya won't say his name. Not ever again because he hurt him. He scared him. He ruined everything.

“Fuck, sweetheart,” Ilya rasps next to his ear. “Shane.”

Shane comes, untouched, with such force that he black outs. He feels a scream rip past his throat and feels Ilya release into the condom buried inside him.

When he comes to, Ilya is on his side holding him while kissing his neck and running his hands over Shane's hips where he knows his stretch marks are most visible. Their sweaty bodies are pressed tight. Shane wants to feel gross but he can't bring himself to care at the moment.

He feels Ilya's cock still inside him and clenches involuntarily. Ilya groans. “Stop that.”

This time Shane does it deliberately.

“Shane,” Ilya warns. Something warms inside Shane at the use of his first name and he listens to Ilya. He whimpers in discomfort when Ilya finally slips out. He doesn't let him go far though. No, Shane pulls him by his neck and kisses him until he's close to passing out from the lack of air.

When they're finally cleaned and lying together tangled up, Shane finds his voice.

“We'll figure it out.”

Ilya stays quiet and keeps holding him.

“Just give me some time. I'll think of something. A plan.”

“A plan?”

Shane nods against his chest. “For the future. For us.”

“For us?”

He feels Ilya's eyes on him and looks up at him. “For us,” he repeats. “Okay?”

Ilya stares at him for what feels like an eternity. His face gives away nothing about what he's thinking. But then finally he nods, small and hesitant.

Shane melts against him and closes his eyes. He has to leave soon. He has an early flight. But maybe he can stay a little longer. Just a few more minutes.

—

Shane is late to join the team in the hotel lobby before checking out. Normally he'd be pissed about setting a bad example as captain but nearly all the players look shit-faced and hungover. So he cuts himself some slack.

He settles into one of the sofas and waits for the bus to arrive to take him to the airport. He's five minutes into his daily crosswords when someone sits next to him. It's Sasha. He doesn't look hungover. He looks fresh and preppy like he's ready to walk the runway in thirty minutes. The man is unfairly pretty and Shane doesn't like that one bit.

“Relax. I won't bite you,” Sasha snickers. “You're not my type.”

Shane doesn't say anything but he can't quite mask the scowl on his face. Seriously, fuck this guy.

“Don't get too hung up on him, though. He doesn't stick to one place for too long. I would know.”

Shane feels a little sick. Yeah okay he knows not to get his hopes up with Ilya Rozanov, who is photographed with different women every week. Ilya has bragged to Shane's face about his conquests for crying out loud! But he promised he'd stop, didn't he? Does Shane really believe that he'd stick to that promise?

“We were fucking for four years before he left for good, and I couldn't even find a single t-shirt of his in my place. He does not get attached.”

Shane swallows a lump in his throat because Sasha is just speaking out loud about all his insecurities. He wants to say, “We're different. I know we are.” But he can't speak.

They're joined by three more people before Sasha can continue his psychological warfare. Svetlana wedges herself between Shane and Sasha unceremoniously before she says

something in Russian, low and gritted, to the other man. She looks hungover and pissed off. Her tone makes Shane think that if someone pushes her patience right now, she could probably commit a homicide, and get away with it.

“Cap, here's a freshly brewed hazelnut latte for you,” Vaughn hands him a to-go cup. Shane schools his features and smiles politely before taking it. He thanks Vaughn though he wouldn't be drinking it.

Ilya, who has decided to seat himself on the other side of Shane, not minding the squeeze of four people in a three seater couch, snickers. “He can't drink that. Macrobiotic diet.”

Shane flushes instantly.

“What?” Vaughn raises his eyebrows.

“My fitness coach suggested it. I've been sticking to it for years. Only black coffee for me unfortunately.”

“Yes, you blabbered about it for three paragraphs in that *Men's Health* interview,” says Ilya chuckling.

Shane wants to feel irritated but it warms his chest. “You read that?”

Ilya scratches his nose as he shrugs. “Had doctor's appointment. It was there. I was bored.”

No big deal, his posture screamed. But to Shane it is a big deal. It is a huge fucking deal.

“Have this,” Ilya switches the cup in Shane's hand with another identical one. The smell of freshly brewed espresso reaches Shane's nose and he takes a gulp. The temperature is not scalding, the brew is not too bitter. It's perfect. Just how he takes it. How did Rozanov know?

Vaughn shrugs not thinking much of it and moves to sit on the other couch.

Ilya says much quieter this time, “Don't drink coffee on empty stomach.”

Shane is about to roll his eyes when Ilya hands him a wrapper. It's a Caramel Apple HoneyBar Granola Bar. They're an Ottawa based company and notoriously hard to find in the USA, especially in Tampa fucking Bay. They're also Shane's favorite granola bar.

Shane looks at Ilya with wide eyes. There's a faint hint of blush under his cheeks. “What? You mentioned it in the interview. And I just happened to have one. No big deal, Hollander.”

But Shane knows Ilya is lying. He never mentioned it in that interview. In fact, he only mentioned it once in his entire hockey career, when he did a promotional video for YouTube in 2011. A fan sent in a question asking about his favorite snack. He had said, “Caramel Apple HoneyBar. I buy them in bulk and take a bunch with me on away games.”

He doesn't push Rozanov though. No, he sips his perfectly brewed coffee, chews on his favorite granola bar, sits next to probably his favorite person in the entire world and waits for the bus to arrive—feeling content and relaxed for the first time in months.

End Notes

Was this necessary? Probably not. But I felt like writing an alternate version of the ASG where Sasha was present. Plus I think nobody does jealousy quite as well as these two idiots.

FYI, I don't hate Sasha. I don't find him antagonistic either. He's in love with someone who doesn't love him back and he's dealing with it poorly. I would too.

Please comment and leave kudos if this was to your liking. We writers don't ask for much, do we?

Have a lovely day and stay hydrated!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!