

Touch Me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77948501) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77948501>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike , Troy Barrett & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe , Alternate Universe - College/University , Alternate Universe - Roommates/Housemates , Roommates to Lovers , College Ice Hockey , Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers) , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , Yearning Ilya Rozanov , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Autistic Shane Hollander , Anxious Shane Hollander , Good Boy Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , POV Ilya Rozanov , Kissing , Smut , First Time Blow Jobs , Feelings Confession but also not really , they're idiots , Shane Hollander's Freckles , First Time , Yearning
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Hollanov Drabbles , Part 2 of hollanov college au
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-19 Words: 22,566 Chapters: 1/1

Touch Me

by [AkirasStories](#)

Summary

Shane's whining beneath him, head thrown back, exposing the long column of his neck and rutting up against Ilya. Ilya licks up his throat, nibbling at Shane's jaw, before his lips brush the shell of Shane's ear.

"Tell me what you want."

The reply is instant.

"You."

or: after his drunken confession, shane keeps avoiding ilya. at a student party ilya finally gets the chance to speak to him.

part 2 to [Close to Me](#)

Notes

hello my friends!

please bare with me for a minute:

this fic has been in the works for months now. what i figured would be a fun write turned into a fucking wild ride (one with many many lows). i always knew where i wanted to take this story but i didn't think it would turn into almost 23k. are all the scenes necessary? no. do some probably make no sense? yes. did i have a crash-out over the changing tone in this fic? yes. several times. but at this point i decided it won't get better. sometimes you gotta accept, that this isn't your best and that it's fine. i still hope it's good enough and that all of you, who have patiently waited for a part 2, will enjoy it.

ilya is going through it here. he is a professional yearner & loverboy. but also a bit of an asshole. shane? well, shane is my pookie, so don't be coming after him. sometimes they may seem ooc. this may be because i struggled a lot writing this fic (and bc at some point i just gave up and let them do whatever) or it may be because this is an au. don't be yelling at me in the comments please. i am sensitive...

more fun news: we are sticking to song names as titles! this one isn't from the cure but this lovely band called the doors. 'touch me' is one of my fav songs from them, and i highly recommend a listen. the lyrics are basically all that's going on in ilya's head during this fic lol before i leave you all to read, i want to shout out two amazing friends of mine who have listened to me whine & complain about this fic for months.

[cal](#) is the lovely & wonderful person who beta'd some of this fic and the one who kept urging me on to keep on writing. check out her hollanov (and thiam) fics. she's one of the most talented writer this fandom is lucky enough to call their own.

[via](#) is my clone and not only the funniest & best human being that has ever walked this earth (i just realized this is me kinda self-complimenting myself lol) but also the one who had to listen to me whine the most. thank you for doing so. <3 check out her amazing fics for teen wolf, dps & stranger things!!

enough of me ranting, now go read & have fun! 🧡

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

The excitement is still palpable hours after the Michigan State Spartans left the ice with a 4:2 win over the Michigan Wolverines.

A game against their rival university is always a big deal. The stadium had been filled with green and white jerseys, their fans singing and yelling encouragement. The crowd was always loudest when they faced the blue Wolverines. And this had been a home game. Of course the air had been vibrating with it.

Now, even hours later, the air still crackles with the buzz of winning.

The student house is overcrowded, the bass thumping through the walls. The whole team is here ((half already drunk off their ass) and with the way there's barely space to walk, Ilya guesses half of campus came too.

There's a strong congratulatory clap on his back as Chouinard—one of their defense men—walks by, grinning and raising his drink toward Ilya with a booming “Go green! Go white!” that elicits a full-throated response by the people near. They all turn towards him, smiling wide, cheers erupting again, aimed squarely at him—the star player of the game.

Ilya *thrives* on it—the attention, the win, the heat of it all.

He's made for this. Made for the way his teammates roar his name, the way women throw themselves at him. He's made to be on the dance floor, knowing he looks like a fucking Adonis. He's made to drink that cheap vodka, laughing when his teammates make a face as the burning cold touches their throat.

He's the one who decides if the party is a hit or miss. He's the center of it all and he fucking loves it.

Tonight though, he's fine standing at the edge and not in the middle of it all, letting the chants roll past him. He'd been part of it before—destroying Cliff in Beer pong, leading a victory chant, and letting the buzz of the party fill him. From where he stands now, he has a clear view of the dancefloor where a group of sophomores are competing for Ilya's attention, shaking their ass and smiling widely at him. They're hot. Ilya from a week ago would have already been between them, letting them grind on him.

But not tonight.

Tonight, Ilya has something—or rather *someone*—else on his mind. He barely spares them a glance. Instead, his attention stays fixed on the archway leading into the kitchen, where a handful of his teammates have gathered. Close enough to feel the party, far enough not to have to shout over the music.

And in the middle of that group stands the object of Ilya's attention.

Shane Hollander.

Ilya has been watching Shane Hollander for the past hour now.

Actually, he's been watching Hollander for the last couple days. His attention hasn't drifted since Tuesday night. Since the night Shane fucking Hollander had stumbled into their dorm room drunk, put his mouth on Ilya's neck, kissed his skin, and whispered things that rewrote the laws of Ilya's existence.

Ilya takes another sip of his drink, the burn of alcohol welcoming. He eyes the Ginger Ale in Hollander's hand, noting with satisfaction that their captain has really stuck to non-alcoholic drinks tonight.

Just like Ilya planned.

Because tonight he'll get what he wants.

He'll get Shane Hollander in his bed. He'll kiss him stupid, let him hump his legs until all Shane can do is whine, and then he'll fuck him until all Hollander is able to say is Ilya's name.

Wednesday morning, 5:30 a.m.

Just like Ilya predicted, Hollander wakes up on Wednesday hungover, bleary-eyed, and extremely annoyed at having to be up at 5:30 a.m.

He groans into his pillow, one arm flung over his eyes, the other slapping at his alarm—which Ilya already turned off twice, because he figured Hollander could actually use the extra thirty minutes of sleep so he wouldn't fall over on the ice. Which would have been funny... but also their coach is strict as hell and might've benched Shane for the next game. And Ilya does *not* want that. He would've died of boredom.

Ilya watches Hollander from his side of the room. He's already dressed, hair still damp from his shower, sitting on the edge of his bed like he hasn't barely closed an eye last night. Like he hasn't replayed the events of the night before time and time again.

Shane makes a small despairing noise.

"My head..."

"Да." *Yes.* Ilya sips on his Red Bull, his gaze lingering on Shane, greedily taking in the sleep-ruffled state of his roommate. "Hangover."

Hollander flinches at the sound of Ilya's voice, and Ilya smirks.

And just like Ilya expected, he has the pleasure of watching the realization of what happened last night wash over Shane's pretty face when he manages to sit up.

Hollander glances down at himself first, confusion flickering in his eyes. Probably wondering why the hell he's still wearing his clothes from last night. Ilya hadn't bothered to undress him, not trusting either himself or drunk Shane to not start something stupid.

As his roommate processes his disheveled state, Ilya's gaze falls to his cheek, where he spots a red mark where the pillow pressed into Hollander's skin. It should look ridiculous. But it doesn't. On Hollander's pretty face, looking so disoriented and sleepy, it makes him look all vulnerable and soft.

Ilya has to restrain himself from leaning over, cradling Hollander's face, and kissing the confused frown away. To touch the spot and trace the lines.

And then Shane looks up at him, the realization hitting, and Ilya watches him go bright red.

All the way to the tips of his ears. Just—*boom*. Immediate crimson explosion. A flush that spreads like wildfire across his freckles lighting them up like constellations that Ilya could trace with his tongue. Or fingers. Or both.

He wants to do it so badly.

Shane jerks his gaze away, and Ilya fights the urge to call him out on it, to make him face it, but instead, Ilya keeps quiet, just watching. Another groan leaves Hollander at the sudden movement clearly feeling the weight of his hangover and the vertigo that comes with it.

He should have gotten drunk with Ilya. Now Hollander is feeling like shit. Oh, well, that's what he gets for drinking cheap vodka with other people and not telling him.

Raising an eyebrow, Ilya keeps his expression perfectly neutral.

"You good, Hollander?"

Clearing his throat, Shane looks away—at the wall, the ceiling, the desk, his own damn hand, anywhere but Ilya.

"Fine," he squeaks. "Totally fine. All good."

Ilya nearly laughs. Instead, he hums and stands, his tight workout shirt clinging to his muscular torso. He knows it looks fantastic on him.

And like he hoped Shane automatically looks back at Ilya when he notices the movement, his eyes clinging a second too long on his chest. Somehow, Hollander goes even redder.

"You can leave," he croaks, "No need to wait for me. I'm... good."

Ilya almost rolls his eyes, lingering for a few more seconds, waiting—*hoping*—for Shane to say anything else. To acknowledge what happened last night. But nothing comes. Shane just keeps on avoiding Ilya's gaze, staring at the floor like it holds the universe's secret to curing a bad hangover.

And Ilya really shouldn't be surprised by that. Of course Shane pretends nothing happened. This is Shane Hollander after all! He's definitely freaking the fuck out internally—Ilya knows him well enough to see the panic in those wide brown eyes—and probably hoping that if he doesn't acknowledge it, maybe it hasn't happened at all.

Sure, Ilya wants nothing more than to grab Shane, drag him up, and put his mouth on Hollander's rosy lips. To pull that bottom lip Shane is currently chewing into his mouth and bite down, just to make sure *he* hasn't imagined last night. To prove it was real. But Hollander would probably faint or run and that would ruin any chance Ilya might ever have with him...

Shane Hollander is like a scared, wild animal, and backing him into a corner would be the worst thing to do. Ilya knows that. His mother used to feed stray cats with him in Moscow, telling young Ilya to be patient and let them come to him. He'd been frustrated when his favorite calico kept running away every time he made the smallest movement. But after weeks of sitting still, putting distance between himself and the food, the cat had finally come close on her own. Ilya remembers grinning up at his mother, and the way she'd smiled warmly and told him, "Всему своё время." *Everything in its own time.*

So Ilya will let Shane have his time.

With a grunt, he makes his way out of their dorm, towards the ice rink. He thinks about that calico cat. About the way she'd hissed at first, all sharp edges and fear, before eventually winding herself around his leg like she'd never doubted him at all.

If Shane wants to pretend he hasn't nosed his way down Ilya's throat like some affectionate, drunk puppy, fine.

Ilya will let him pretend.

He'll let him.

He'll give him time and space.

And then he'll make his move.

Because Shane Hollander has admitted to wanting him.

And Ilya Rozanov *always* gets what he wants

Wednesday morning, 6:45 a.m.

By the time it's 6:45 a.m., Ilya has already finished several laps around the rink.

The ice is clean and glassy, holding that sharp, cold smell that always hits his lungs like a reset. The rink is empty, like it always is at that time—the time Ilya has come to think of as his.

His and—

Ilya throws another look towards the clock, annoyed yet again at Hollander not showing up when expected. Only this time, Ilya knows the reason, and he really shouldn't be irritated when Hollander is probably throwing up in their bathroom, or trying to regain composure by

standing under a cold shower, or spiraling into a full-blown panic attack about outing himself to his roommate... and possibly to half the people at that gay club.

Or maybe Hollander is currently texting Rose Landry about that evening.

Or that *Miles*.

Ilya skates harder, faster, carving a tight turn at the far end of the rink and driving back down the middle. The puck slaps against his stick and he starts shooting—quick releases, clean angles, the satisfying crack of rubber hitting the boards when he misses and the sweeter sound of it snapping into the net when he doesn't.

He doesn't miss often, of course. He's Ilya fucking Rozanov afterall.

He shoots again.

And again.

Hard enough that his shoulders burn, hard enough that his breath turns into steam in the air, hard enough that his thoughts should be drowned out by the rhythm of it.

They aren't.

Because his thoughts are still just Shane Hollander.

Shane, flushed and wrecked in their dim dorm light. Shane saying his first name like it belongs in his mouth. Shane's warm mouth on his neck like he found something there and didn't want to let go.

Ilya's grip tightens on his stick.

He snaps a shot to the top corner. The puck hits the netting with a sharp *thwack*.

Good.

He focuses on the easy glide of his skates, the natural way the puck obeys him. The way his body knows exactly what to do without thinking.

Everything in its own time.

His mothers voice rings out in his head, the crucifix burning on his skin beneath his jersey. He needs to be patient. Needs to stop thinking about the way Shane looked at him. The way his voice broke on *please*. The way he asked, all soft and wrecked, if Ilya thought he was pretty.

Everything in its own time.

If he's patient, he'll get more of that.

And fuck, how badly he wants more.

Not just the mouth on his throat, not just the confession slipping out of Shane because vodka loosened the locks.

More. Everything.

He wants Shane Hollander sober and stubborn and wide-eyed and real. He wants him in his bed, wants to kiss the freckles that make him lose his mind. Wants to figure out exactly how many different ways he can make him blush. Wants him smiling at him like he *likes* him. Wants him talking about those boring books he reads, gesturing with his hands like it's the most interesting thing.

He wants boring, real, fiery, soft Shane Hollander.

He wants him to be *his*.

With a fast swing, Ilya takes another shot.

Another goal.

He'd be stupid to say those feelings—this heat burning through his chest with sharp, desperate want—are new. They aren't. They've been there for a long time. Maybe since the first time he's laid eyes on that freckled face, heard Hollander introduce himself and hold out his hand like he was some fifty-year-old man instead of a cocky teenager who played hockey like no other.

He just never acknowledged them. Never let himself name them.

But all it took was one drunk Shane Hollander admitting he wanted him, admitting he thought about him—and suddenly there was no containing it anymore. It felt like the floor had given out beneath him, like he'd been dragged to his knees without realizing it, heart split clean open, every buried want and unspoken truth spilling out at Shane's feet.

Ilya's chest rises and falls, the burn in his lungs familiar and welcome. Lining up another puck, he throws yet another look towards the clock.

6:50 a.m.

In ten minutes, the locker room will start filling up. Coach will arrive soon after, and by 7:30 training will start at the latest.

There's the sound of the rink door creaking open. Skates scrape softly the ice, the faint clink of metal against plastic.

Ilya doesn't turn. The way this person skates is careful, quiet. Not like Hollander whose strides are precise and clean but with power.

This is someone else.

And there's only one person who comes onto the ice this early besides Ilya and Hollander.

Troy Barrett.

Transfer this semester. A good player. Quiet as a ghost in the locker room, the kind of guy who watches more than he talks.

Ilya has heard the story (Everyone has.) Barrett punched a teammate at his old school. The rumor's that the teammate deserved it. Worse rumor: that it isn't even a rumor, it is true. That the guy had put hands on women, and Barrett had decided consequences were necessary as no one else seemed to do something.

There are also whispers that the guy had been Barrett's best friend. Former best friend, if the broken nose and sudden transfer are anything to go by.

Ilya doesn't care much about the why. He knows enough assholes already. Shit, he's probably the biggest of them all. All he cares about is the results, which are: Barrett has transferred. Stayed. Skates like he has something to prove and zero patience for bullshit.

Ilya respects that. He can work with that.

Stepping onto the ice, Barrett pushes off smoothly, taking a lazy circle to warm up. He doesn't invade Ilya's space, doesn't act like the rink belongs to him the way some players do—as if arrogance alone will make them better.

(Only one who is allowed to be arrogant, in Ilya's not so humble opinion, is him. And Hollander. But Hollander always pretends like he isn't a cocky show-off, so Ilya goes ahead and is arrogant enough for both of them. He certainly deserves it. He's a generational talent, for fuck's sake! Not his fault, Hollander decides to be boring, goody-shoe Canadian.)

But Barrett is nothing like those other players. That honestly surprised Ilya at first. The guy is good—arguably just behind Ilya, Hollander, and maybe Hayes—and certainly not bad-looking. But he doesn't show off. Doesn't preen or posture.

Only during games do the rumors about arrogant asshole Troy Barrett start to make sense. The chirps and aggressive plays all too familiar to Ilya.

But besides that, Barrett just keeps to himself. Ilya figures there's more to it than just a best friend who turned out to be a rapist. But Ilya has his own shit to deal with. He isn't interested in digging deeper, babysitting or making new friends. As long as Barrett continues to be an excellent right wing to Ilya, he can keep his secrets.

After a moment, Barrett drifts closer and glances toward the far boards.

“Hollander not here yet?”

Ilya sets another puck in place without looking at him. He skates forward, snaps his wrists, and sends the puck flying.

Clean hit.

He lets himself glide a second, letting the satisfaction settle in his bones, then he shrugs.

“He знаю.” *Don’t know.*

Barret exhales something close to hum, his blue eyes watching Ilya way too close, before letting his gaze swipe away. Maybe he understands the words even if he doesn’t know the language. Or maybe he’s smart enough to back off, Ilya’s mood clearly not the best.

“Coach’ll be pissed.”

Why did Ilya ever think Barrett isn’t half bad? The guy is clearly a fucking idiot. What’s his deal with Hollander anyway? Why is he asking where he is? It’s not like they are close.

...or are they?

Ilya shoots Barrett a glare. The guy doesn’t look bad—something close to some young, american actor. Pretty. Not *pretty* like Hollander, but close enough. Ilya thinks back to locker rooms, to moments where he felt Barrett’s gaze linger on Ilya’s chest a second too long, where he caught Barrett watching Hollander with intense eyes.

Is that it?

Ilya turns away, scooping up another puck with the heel of his blade and nudging it into place. His fingers itch with the urge to do something, the familiar shiver of anger crawling up his spine.

No. Hollander has been very obvious about what—*who*—he wants. Not Barrett. Not anyone else. Ilya. He wants *Ilya*. Doesn’t matter if Barrett thinks Hollander is attractive. That’s just obvious. A fact, like the sky is blue and Shane Hollander is hot.

This is fine. Totally fucking fine.

The ticking of the clock fills the silence and Ilya practically feels the empty spot on the ice where Hollander always is.

“Don’t care. Coach can be pissed,” is all he responds.

Barret finally seems to understand. He nods once and skates toward the other end of ice.

Good.

He shoots again. Another goal. Another sharp *thwack*.

—

Wednesday, training

Training is a fucking shit show.

Ilya should have let Hollander sleep through it... that would’ve been better than whatever the hell is happening on the ice.

Shortly after 7 a.m. the rink fills with the rest of the team. Freshmen cluster together, throwing wide-eyed looks towards the older players. Marlow skates up to him, already talking about some chick he's gone out with last night. Hayes is warming up in front of the net. Barrett stands a little off to the side, quiet as always, while most of the team huddles near center ice, waiting for Coach to start drills.

Ilya feels the looks anyway—the confusion flickering across faces when they realize he's been on the ice alone. Without Hollander.

Carmichael even skates over, nudges Ilya with his shoulder, and makes some half-joking comment about how Hollander must've slept in, asking if Ilya turned off his alarm.

Ilya answers with an icy glare.

Carmichael laughs, uncertain, and backs off.

Thankfully, Hollander does arrive after all. He and Pike step onto the ice last, Shane still looking flushed, jaw tight, and shoulders set stiff with tension.

He looks shaken up. Worse than when Ilya left him.

Ilya wants—desperately—to skate up to him. To check if he is okay. To make sure nothing has gone wrong. To tell him that nothing bad is going to happen. That no one knows.

Obviously, that isn't an option.

Not with the whole team there. Not with Hayden Pike glued to Hollander's side like some kind of overprotective guard dog. Seriously—what's Pike's deal? Does he think his stupid glares will scare the team into not noticing that their perfect captain looks anything but?

But Ilya tells himself he can deal with this. He can deal with Pike skating too close to Hollander. He can deal with Hollander laughing at something Pike says. He can deal with Pike clapping Shane on the shoulder, clearly aware that something is off.

He can even deal with Hollander pretending everything is fucking normal.

What Ilya is not prepared to deal with is Hollander *ignoring* him.

Because that's what's happening. Hollander scans the ice and skates right past Ilya like he isn't even there. He doesn't meet his eyes during drills, and doesn't acknowledge him at all during face-off. More; he *avoids* him.

Ilya hates it.

He hates the way Shane doesn't look at him. Hates the way he angles his body away when they cross paths. Hates the way that stupid, understanding part of him wants to give Shane space—and the much louder part wants to grab him by the jersey and force him to *look*.

So Ilya does what Ilya always does when he's irritated.

He becomes an asshole. He chirps. Calls out Hollander's horrible performance, clearly running on too little sleep and too much anxiety.

"Careful there, Hollander," Ilya says when Shane fumbles a puck during an easy enough passing drill. "Ice slippery today?"

A few guys snort. Someone laughs outright. Pike shoots Ilya a glare.

Hollander doesn't react. Not at all. He keeps his eyes forward, jaw clenched, lips pressed thin and keeps on running the drills.

That somehow pisses Ilya off even more.

It isn't Ilya's fault Hollander got drunk and then decided to try and jump him. And if Hollander remembers anything at all, he should know Ilya had been anything but opposed to it.

So why is Hollander punishing *him* now? Why does Ilya have to deal with Shane's panic when Ilya would've been fine—fuck, even grateful—to talk about it?

So he chirps again. And again.

The laughs grow louder. A few of the guys start circling closer to Ilya like he's their ringleader. Fucking idiots. As if tearing down the guy who usually carries the team proves anything.

But even with almost the whole team starting to laugh on Shane's behalf, Hollander doesn't rise to the bait. Only the tight tick of his jaw, the furrow of his brow, and the red blooming across his cheeks tell Ilya he hears every word and laugh.

After another icy glare from Pike and no reaction from Shane, Ilya finally shuts up.

Unfortunately, his behavior has already spread. A rookie skates up during scoring drills, snickering about how Ilya should be captain if Hollander is going to play like this, trying to—how do Americans say?—suck up to him.

Ilya slams into him in the very next drill, leaning in close enough to whisper:

"Before you open your mouth and say stupid shit about players who can beat you blindfolded, maybe try skating better than a grandma."

Rest of practice goes by fast. Hollander doesn't improve his performance and Ilya feels like a dick about it. The team, very clearly aware of the foul mood hanging over both of their star players, mostly leaves them alone.

Coach isn't so nice. He pulls Shane aside the moment the final whistle blows. Not subtle about it, either.

"Captain," he barks, jerking his head toward the boards. "A word."

Shane nods, clearly expecting this and skates over immediately. There's no arguing, no excuses. Just that familiar straight-backed compliance that makes coaches love him and teammates feel vaguely guilty for ever giving him shit.

Ilya watches from the corner of his eye as Shane coasts toward the bench, shoulders tense, helmet coming off a little too roughly. Coach leans in, voice low but sharp enough that the message is obvious even from a distance.

You were off. Do better. Get your head straight.

Ilya's mouth twists. He knows Shane will replay those words for days. Let them sit heavy in his chest, convincing himself he's failed somehow—like Hollander hasn't already given everything he has to this team. As if he isn't allowed *one* bad day.

"You coming, Roz?"

Cliff's call makes Ilya tear his eyes away from Hollander. "Miss me already, Marlow?"

"Always," Cliff grins, throwing an arm around Ilya's shoulders, leading him towards the locker rooms, off the ice and away from Hollander.

The locker room is loud in the way it always is after practice—helmets clattering onto benches, gear tossed aside, laughter bouncing off concrete walls. There's music, complaints about drills and classes they have to go to.

Ilya peels his jersey over his head, sweat cooling instantly against his skin.

"Ohhh—fuck." "Rozy, damn, what happened to you?"

Looking up, Ilya sees Cliff freeze mid-sentence in his re-telling about his date to Carmichael, eyes locked on Ilya's neck.

"Roz," Marlow grins like he's just been handed a gift. "What the hell is that?"

"What?" Ilya frowns, distracted, reaching for his towel.

"Don't 'what' us," someone chimes in. "You get attacked by a vampire or something?"

Laughter breaks out immediately.

Ilya frowns, he's not in the mood for whatever this is. When Cliff taps his own shoulder with a grin, Ilya stalks towards the mirror across the room. He's still holding the towel to his face, wiping away the sweat there, when he sees it.

Right where his neck meets his shoulder, just visible above his collarbone.

A mark.

Dark. Faintly purple.

Definitely not from hockey.

Ilya stills.

Oh.

Oh.

His brain helpfully replays warm lips, clumsy teeth, Shane's mouth mouthing at that exact spot like he's found something he likes and didn't want to let go of.

“Блядь,” Ilya mutters under his breath, half stunned, half impressed. *Fuck.*

“So?” Cliff presses, clearly ready to hear all about Ilya's night. “You gonna tell us who the lucky girl is?”

Ilya straightens, crucifix resting heavy against his chest. He eyes the hickey one more time before he shrugs and turns back to face his team, all eagerly awaiting his story.

“Ilya Rozanov does not kiss and tell,” he says easily. He waits a moment before adding with a wink, “But yes. Someone wanted to leave mark.”

The locker room erupts.

“Bro, you gotta tell us!” “Come on, you can't come in with a hickey like that and not say!” “Was it that cheerleader who keeps making the eyes at you?” “How was it? Did you even sleep last night?”

Ilya smirks. “Sleep is overrated.”

More laughter breaks out, everyone adding their own comments. Amidst the chaos the door opens.

Hollander walks in, still very clearly riding the thin edge of a bad mood. The room quiets just a fraction, everyone watching their captain with hawk eyes. But no one comments on his bad plays again. Only Hayes speaks up, concern genuine in voice, curls ruffled by the jersey he just tucked over his head.

“Bad day?”

All he gets as a reply is a grunt. Pike steps close to Hollander, and puts a hand on his shoulder. “You good? Coach give you trouble? Just tell him you're sick if he's being a dick. You sure look like hell.”

Ilya rolls his eyes. Subtle as ever, Pike. Shane really needs better friends. Friends who know how to whisper. Friends who aren't so touchy. Friends who are not bad at Hockey.

Shrugging Pike's hand off his shoulder, Hollander mumbles “Am fine,” and heads for his locker. Ilya leans back against his own locker, arms crossed over his bare chest, watching him.

Hollander is anything but fine.

“He’s probably tired because Roz fucked some girl in their dorm,” Carmichael jokes, which earns him another round of chuckles.

“No, he is mad because he skated even slower than you,” Ilya corrects, eyes never leaving Shane. Shane who put a hickey on him. Shane who *marked* him.

More laughter and an annoyed “Fuck you,” from Carmicheal.

Hollander’s shoulders tense. “Drop it, Rozanov.”

He sounds genuinely mad. But he just gave Ilya exactly what he had been looking for—a reaction.

So, instead of backing off, Ilya pushes even harder.

“Or maybe,” he says smoothly, lips turning into a smirk. “he just needs to get laid. Helps with focus.”

That gets a louder reaction.

“Ohhhh.” “Is that your secret?”

Ilya scoffs dramatically. “Please. I am always good player. Just like I am always good with women.”

Groans mix with laughter as Ilya winks. Cliff shakes his head in fake exasperation, Hayes rolls his eyes and the rookies hang onto every word of his.

“That why you showing off that hickey now, eh?”

Ilya watches the exact moment Shane registers the words.

His gaze snaps up and lands right on Ilya’s shoulder, on the faint purple mark sitting above his collarbone. Hollander stares at it like it has personally betrayed him. Like his brain is racing, rewinding the night frame by frame, putting the pieces together all at once.

The color drains from his face for half a second, then it comes rushing back twice as hard.

His ears burn red, mouth opening and closing like he’s forgotten how to speak or breathe. Ilya can practically see the realization hit him: *I did that*. Not some girl. *Him*.

Satisfaction curls slow and dark in Ilya’s chest.

Good.

He wants Shane to see it. Wants him to acknowledge it, even if only silently. Wants him to know this isn’t something he can just pretend away.

Ilya lifts his chin just slightly, and catches Hollander’s gaze, holding it.

“You should get laid, Hollander,” he practically purrs. “Will do you good.”

Shane stares at him, eyes stormy—anger and confusion and fear all tangled together, but threaded through with something far more dangerous: Want. It’s so obvious it makes Ilya want to drop between Hollander’s knees right there.

For a second, Ilya thinks Shane might actually say something. But instead, Hollander tears his gaze away, tightening his hold on his helmet.

“Whatever, Rozanov.”

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday

The rest of the week passes in much the same way.

Hollander tries to avoid Ilya at all costs, moving like a deer caught in headlights whenever he runs into him in their shared dorm, freezing for half a second before pretending to be very, very busy with classwork. He sits at his desk, shoulders tense, eyes glued to his laptop screen—while still, not so subtly, stealing glances at Ilya when he thinks he’s being subtle.

And, well, at least that is *something*.

Ilya tried to talk to him on that Wednesday evening, when they both got back to their dorm after practice and classes. He figured he could at least tell Shane there was no need to panic—he wasn’t going to tell anyone about him being gay, wasn’t going to make this into a thing Shane had to be afraid of. Ilya would never do that to anyone.

But the moment Ilya opened his mouth, Shane had practically bolted for the bathroom, mumbling something about needing a shower.

And maybe Ilya should’ve tried again later. Maybe he should’ve followed him, knocked on the door, forced the conversation. But he didn’t. Because he told himself to give Shane space, to not corner him and just *take*. And that level of restraint was honestly already asking a lot from him.

And fine. Maybe he was still a little petty about being ignored.

Sue him. He isn’t used to that. Normally, people *beg* just for a chance with him, not run away.

So Ilya continues the rest of the week as always. He goes to class. Sits through lectures. Pretends to listen to painfully boring discussions about economics and markets and systems he couldn’t care less about.

All the while, he keeps thinking about Shane Hollander.

Shane Hollander and his drunken confession. Shane Hollander and his mouth on Ilya’s neck. Shane Hollander and his panic that morning. Shane Hollander and his stupid, stubborn pretending.

And because Ilya can't stop thinking about it—and because he wants *something*, any kind of reaction—he starts staying shirtless in their dorm whenever he is there.

Partly because he wants Hollander to see exactly what he's missing out on. (Just like when Ilya's mother had told Ilya to put out special cat treats for the calico stray, watching the cat hover just out of reach—watching, wanting, refusing to come closer until she finally couldn't resist.)

And partly because it shows off Shane's work.

The hickey is still there. Faded, but visible. The mark Shane has left on him, whether he wants to acknowledge it or not.

By Friday, Shane is still anxious, still blushing furiously whenever he catches sight of shirtless Ilya—but the edge of panic has dulled. He doesn't look like he's about to bolt anymore. He just looks... uncertain. Overwhelmed. A little lost.

Which Ilya takes as progress.

He's grateful for it—not just because it means he might be able to make a move soon, but because they have a game that night, and the last thing the team needs is their captain spiraling on the ice.

So just before they step onto the rink, Ilya nudges his shoulder lightly against Hollander's.

Hollander goes still instantly, bracing himself, clearly expecting something sharp or teasing or cruel.

Instead, Ilya leans in just enough to murmur, low and steady, meant only for him to hear, “Come on, Hollander. Let's destroy them, yes? Send them home crying.”

Surprised, Shane looks up at him.

Ilya winks.

And Shane smiles.

Friday night, student house

Ilya thinks about that smile as he tips his cup back and finishes his drink.

It had been small and uncertain, but real.

And that's enough.

Enough to tell him that he can try now. That he can push. That he can see what Shane Hollander will do if Ilya finally stops circling and actually says it out loud—if he tells him he wants him, offers him exactly what Shane had asked for.

Ilya pushes himself off the wall, slipping easily through the crowd of bodies, shoulders brushing past strangers, his gaze fixed on a familiar shock of dark hair near the kitchen archway.

He wants to talk to Shane. Wants to see his face when Ilya says it out loud. Wants to watch the freckles flare, the way Shane swallows when he's overwhelmed, the way his eyes go wide when he doesn't know whether to run or stay.

Hollander stands with Pike, Chouinard and two younger players—Young and Holmber. Sliding right right between the freshmen Ilya throws an arm around each of their shoulders.

Young nearly jumps, spilling some of his beer, cussing, “Who the fuck—?”

Holmber laughs until Ilya plucks the beer straight out of his hand and takes a sip.

“You,” he says solemnly, slipping into his best captain voice. “Are not old enough to drink. As assistant captain, I must make sure you behave.” Ilya gestures lazily toward Shane, who's watching with wide eyes, clearly caught off guard by Ilya's sudden appearance. “Especially in front of the captain.”

“Fuck off,” Holmber grumbles but doesn't make a move to try to regain his beer.

“But I am correct,” Ilya sing-songs, taking yet another sip.

Young snorts, and Chouinard shakes his head, “Rozy, aren't *you* the one who gets all the rookies drunk their first week?”

“Ah, but that is tradition,” Ilya smirks, then hands the beer back, looking around the little circle. “So,” he asks brightly, “what are we talking about? Hopefully not hockey.”

He leans in toward Young and stage-whispers, loud enough for everyone to hear, “Do not listen to advice from Pike. Very bad player.”

“Hey!” Pike snaps instantly, already looking ready to punch Ilya. “What the hell?”

Ilya beams at him. “Hi.”

“I had two assists tonight, you fucking asshole!”

“Oh?” Ilya tilts his head. “Already forgot. Hard to remember when I scored three goals.”

“One of them was off *my* assist!”

“You sure it wasn't Holmy?”

“Listen, you little—”

“Hayden,” Shane cuts in gently, nudging Pike with his shoulder, sending him a soft smile. “Let it go. You know how he is. You played great.”

Ilya watches the moment with sharp attention. He isn't jealous of Hayden Pike. Nope. He just thinks the 15th best player on the team doesn't deserve that kind of smile directed at him. When Shane's eyes flick to him, there's that hesitation again but he doesn't run away.

Instead, he swallows, squares his shoulders, and says, "Let it go, Rozanov. Okay?"

Ilya grins, openly pleased just to be addressed. "You hear that?" He ruffles Young's hair. "Gotta listen to cap."

Young rolls his eyes but grins. "Sure, Rozy."

Before Ilya can figure out how to annoy Pike again—or better yet, get Shane alone—the noise near the front of the house spikes. A collective cheer ripples through the room.

"The cheer squad!" someone yells.

The energy shifts instantly. People move. Heads turn. The room feels like it tilts toward the doorway.

Pike glances toward the sound, then back at Shane. "I think Jackie's with them," he notes, looking at Shane like some excited puppy who needs permission before taking off.

Ilya wants to roll his eyes. Jackie is Pike's girlfriend who he can't shut up about. Ilya hasn't met her yet, but he seriously wonders who wants to be with Hayden Pike.

Shane smiles and nods towards the door. "Go ahead. Tell her I said hi."

Pike grins. "Yeah, I will," he says, already heading toward the new arrivals.

Chouinard claps Ilya on the back again and follows, fading into the crowd.

Holmber and Young both wriggle free from Ilya's arms, glancing at each other with wide grins.

"We gotta go say hi," Holmber says, already stepping back.

"Yeah, obviously," Young adds, eyes sparkling. "Gotta talk to the ladies before Marlow scares them off."

Ilya laughs. "Make sure he doesn't get to play his music."

"Or dance," Holmber adds, grinning. And then they're gone too, disappearing into the flow of bodies.

Ilya watches them leave, knowing both will end up black-out drunk within the next two hours. Until then they're gonna have their fun. Just like Ilya will—turning, he's ready to talk to his (hopefully) fun of the night, only to realize, that Shane's gone as well.

Fuck.

His gaze sweeps the room, cutting through movement and noise. It takes him a second, but then he spots him—Hollander is slipping past a group of girls in the kitchen, trying to get to the fridge.

Ilya follows.

When he passes the same group of girls, he offers them a lazy wink. One of them laughs, nudging her friend, and they move aside without complaint. Ilya doesn't stop.

Hollander is at the fridge, one hand braced on the door, the other holding a glass.

Ilya steps in close, claiming the space beside him. Shane closes the fridge door a little too quickly and turns, glass still in hand. Ilya leans an elbow against the counter, close enough that their arms almost brush, the hum of the party washing around them.

"So," Ilya chimes lightly, "no vodka tonight, Hollander?"

"No," Shane says a little too fast. Then he nods, like he's trying to convince himself as much as Ilya. "No. Just—just this."

Ilya hums. He tilts his head, eyes dancing. "Smart. Last time vodka caused... complications."

Shane swallows. He looks away, before looking back at Ilya like he's expecting another comment. Maybe something mean.

Ilya lets the silence stretch, enjoying the way Shane's gaze flickers—up to his face, down to his mouth, back up again. Uncertain. Anxious. But unmistakably drawn.

"You know that saying," Ilya continues then, snapping his fingers as he searches for the words. "Drunken words are sober thoughts." His smile goes slow and knowing. "That true, Hollander?"

Shane stares at him like a deer caught in headlights, brown eyes wide.

For a moment, Ilya thinks he might have gone too far, that Shane isn't ready for this conversation yet. That he might deflect. Laugh it off. Run—like he has all week.

Instead, Shane hesitates... then gives the smallest nod. Barely there. Honest anyway.

Ilya's grin widens. He wants to grab Hollander and kiss him stupid.

"Yeah," he murmurs, eyes locked on Shane's lips. "Thought so."

He steps closer—just enough without drawing attention. His hand brushes Shane's waist, slides lower for a brief, deliberate second, stopping short over his ass, then traces back up before pulling away entirely.

Shane inhales sharply, shoulders tensing like he's holding himself together by sheer force of will. Ilya wants to see it snap. Wants to see Shane without all that fear and anxiety. Wants him without inhibitions. Just like he was that Tuesday night.

The thought that he can maybe have this tonight is all the push Ilya needs.

So, he leans in, voice low. “Is that what you want?” he asks, another brush on his hands along Shane’s waist. “Because if it is... that can be arranged.”

Shane’s breath stutters. His pupils are already blown wide. Ilya could drown in them.

“Yes,” Hollander replies swiftly, looking surprised by how fast the word had come out.

Ilya’s eyes darken with satisfaction.

“Good,” he says. Then, like he’s discussing weekend plans instead of rewriting both their lives, he adds, “I’m heading back to the dorm.”

A pause. He lets the implication hang heavy between them.

“Maybe I will still be there when you come home.”

Friday night, dormitory

Ilya sits on the bed, waiting for Hollander to show up at their dorm. He’s already unbuttoned his shirt, white tank top visible, the crucifix resting against his chest. He isn’t sure how long he’s been sitting here. Maybe a few minutes. Maybe an hour. Maybe just mere seconds.

He can’t tell.

His heart is thrumming in his chest. *Boom. Boom. Boom.*

Hollander’s face when he’d ask him if he wanted this still so clear in his mind. That flush. The desire in his eyes.

Sure, he expected Shane to admit it after a while but how *fast*, how *eager* he’d been, had taken Ilya back. He’d wanted to take him right there, drag Shane into some bedroom and make him scream his name, or even better fuck him with everyone to see.

There’s heat pooling low in his stomach. He wants Hollander bad. He needs him. And he needs him *now*.

So, where the fuck *is* Hollander?

As if he’d summoned him with his thoughts, the dorm door opens and Hollander walks through.

Ilya watches him. He looks unsure, uncertain, as if he isn’t sure that this is the right dorm he’s in. As if maybe he’s questioning what the fuck he’s doing. But despite his clear anxiousness he steps closer, until he stops again.

Right in the middle of the room.

Ilya watches him. Eyes glued to the one person he's been thinking about for days now.

Cocking his head to the side, Ilya smirks.

Shane blushes instantly. It's infuriating how easily he does that. How obvious he displays all his emotions. Ilya cannot wait to see how much he can make Shane blush later. How pretty that face will look when he's falling apart.

"So...uh..." Hollander starts, uneasily shifting from one foot to another. "What now?"

"Now," Ilya grins, and stands slowly, "we will have fun."

Hollander swallows and tears his eyes away from Ilya only to bring them back to him again. His eyes flick down Ilya's body, then drag back up helplessly.

It makes Ilya feel drunk on the power he has over Shane fucking Hollander. His roommate, his captain, the perfect student, a hockey prodigy—and all he can do is look at Ilya with obvious want and desire.

Ilya moves with the easy, lethal grace of a predator closing in on prey—except this prey *wants* to be caught. Is offering his throat, his body, all of him, just for Ilya to take.

It drives Ilya insane.

He closes the distance until they're barely an inch apart. Shane's chest rises and falls quickly, his pupils are blown, every freckle is vivid against the heat rushing over his cheeks.

Those damn freckles...

"I—uh— I'm not— I..." Shane stammers.

His words die the moment Ilya leans close. Brown eyes lock onto hazel.

"Ilya."

It's just a whisper. A breath. A plea.

But Ilya feels it *everywhere*.

It's the first time Hollander has said his first name in a sober state. It sounds just as good as it did the first time Shane used his first name.

"Let's see," Ilya murmurs, voice low, "how much you remember. Yes?"

He dips down, nose brushing the warm skin of Shane's throat—right where Shane had kissed him a few nights ago.

"This?" Ilya asks, lips barely grazing him.

"Yes—oh god. Oh fuck—" Shane breathes, voice breaking. The pulse beneath his skin jumps wildly. Ilya inhales once, slow and deep. Shane smells like eucalyptus and sweat and

something warm and sweet that is just him.

It's like a drug.

"Yes what?" Ilya smirks against his neck. He can see Shane trembling. "You remember this? Or just vodka?"

"Rozanov..." Shane gasps.

Ilya pulls back just enough to see him.

Shane's eyes are huge and pleading. Beautiful.

"What do you want, Hollander?"

Shane's gaze drops immediately to Ilya's mouth, tongue flicking out to wet his own lips.

Fuck. He wants to eat him alive.

"Say it, Hollander."

Shane blushes harder, eyes snapping up to Ilya's again. His pupils are so blown they're nearly completely black.

"What do you want?" Ilya whispers, hovering an inch away, eyes fixed on those pretty lips. "Say it, Shane."

And then Shane finally does. His lips shape Ilya's name on a breathless, desperate *please*. And Ilya feels drunk on it.

He leans back in, Shane having closed his eyes, awaiting his lips meeting his—but Ilya wants Shane even more desperate. Wants to tease him, to make him feel the same way he had back when he came in drunk and willing and pretty, so he drops his mouth to Hollander's throat again.

His mouth crashes there, hot and hungry, kissing and dragging his lips along the skin. He wants to leave it ruined.

Shane gasps and a violent, full-body shudder rips through him. His head tips back immediately, offering more, like instinct takes over before thought can.

Ilya bites. Teeth scraping soft skin, pulling a sharp, choked sound out of Shane that sounds half-moan, half plea. Ilya's hands on Shane's waist tighten.

Shane's hands still twitch uselessly at his side. Ilya needs them to be on him, for Shane to *touch* him. And when he drags his tongue over the spot he just bit, he finally gets what he's wishing for. Shane's one hand suddenly fists in Ilya's hair, tugging, dragging him closer.

Ilya's reaction is instantaneous. He needs more. Needs *him*. His body jerking with want.

Shane's fingers curl tighter, tugging again. Desperate and fucking perfect. He looks startled by his own boldness, a tiny gasp slipping out—but he doesn't let go.

If anything, he pulls Ilya closer, dragging his head back to his throat like his body has decided *do not stop*.

Ilya crowds Shane backward until their chests are pressed together. And then Shane tugs Ilya's head up, leans forward and their mouths *finally* brush.

Their lips meet for the first time and Ilya feels it like wildfire spreading through his body. It's like he's hyperaware of Shane's soft lips against his and like he's having an out of body experience. Ilya drags his tongue over Shane's lips, wanting more, wanting to finally know what he tastes like, and Shane opens his mouth with a moan and a sharp tug on Ilya's curls.

The kiss explodes now.

With a need that borders on desperation, Ilya licks into Shane's mouth, claiming it all, before biting into Shane's bottom lip. Shane kisses back like he can't get close enough, like weeks of restraint rip open all at once—chasing Ilya's mouth every time he pulls back even a fraction.

Ilya groans helplessly into it, gripping Shane's waist and yanking him even closer until their bodies grind flush.

Shane is already hard.

And he ruts forward—instinctive, needy—dragging himself against Ilya's hip with a choked noise that sounds like he's never experienced anything this intense in his life.

"Fuck..." Ilya murmurs against his lips, dizzy, wrecked by how easily Shane comes apart.

He presses Shane back until he's pressed against the wall. Shane hits it with a soft gasp, one hand dropping to clutch his shoulder—while Ilya slides a thigh between Shane's legs.

Shane practically falls onto it.

His hips jerk down blindly, grinding hard, without rhythm.

"Il—Ilya—"

His name wrapped in such desire makes Ilya's head spin like nothing else.

Ilya holds him right there, one hand braced beside Shane's head, the other gripping his hips to guide the movement. He needs to see Hollander fall apart.

"Good," Ilya murmurs. "Use me. Go on."

And Shane does. It's the best thing Ilya has ever seen.

Hollander's breath catches on every exhale, stuttering against Ilya's jaw. His freckles are flushed against the deep red of his cheeks, his lashes flutter, his whole body trembles as he rocks against Ilya's thigh with whimpering sounds he tries (and fails) to choke down.

When his mouth finds Ilya's again, it's frantic, sloppy, desperate—like he's trying to breathe Ilya in, like he's trying to climb inside his skin. Their lips crash, teeth scrape, spit mixing between them. Shane whimpers into the kiss.

Ilya kisses back, swallowing every noise, every tremble, every begging breath Shane spills into him.

It's obvious Shane hasn't done this a lot—not like Ilya—but he means every second of it. He kisses like he's falling apart in Ilya's hands, like he'll *die* if Ilya stops.

And Ilya likes the idea of being the first one Shane kisses like this. Likes thinking about being the first one that has Shane whimpering in his mouth, that has him trembling with need. He cups Shane's face, fingers spreading over those flushed, freckled cheeks, thumbs stroking along bone.

He wants devours him.

But then Shane breaks the kiss. For air or for the stupid comment he's about to make, Ilya isn't sure.

“Did you smoke?”

Ilya groans.

Of course Hollander would say this. Of course he would break up this fucking incredible kiss with that. Not even their bodies pressed together, tongues barely parting, Shane hard and desperate against Ilya's thigh, could get the good boy out of him.

“No,” Ilya mutters. The lie is obvious. But whatever. Ilya likes fucking with Hollander and maybe he's a bit embarrassed having smoked two cigarettes on his walk home because he was maybe a tiny bit nervous about finally getting Shane alone.

Shane frowns. “No, you did. I can taste it.”

Ilya rolls his eyes. Hollander can't taste anything right now because his lips are currently pouting instead of being on Ilya's.

“Admit it,” Shane adds like he's his father wanting him to be honest before scolding him.

“Okay, Hollander,” he sighs, because he knows Hollander won't let it go. “I smoked a fucking cigarette. No big deal.”

He leans in again, ready to go right back to kissing him—but Shane tips his head back slightly instead, still frowning, freckles scrunched deep.

Fine.

If Shane won't give him his mouth, he'll take his throat.

It's better anyway because then Shane can still make those needy noises Ilya is already addicted to.

So, Ilya lowers his lips to that long, exposed column of skin and starts peppering kisses there. Then he drags his tongue slowly down, tasting salt and sweat, feeling Shane shiver under his mouth.

"F—fuck," Shane moans.

Ilya grins against Shane's throat and bites lightly—just enough teeth to make the point.

Shane *whimpers*.

The sound goes straight to Ilya's dick. Shane's hips immediately rock down against his thigh again, completely unguarded, instinct taking over as his body chases the friction.

"You're an athlete," Shane breathes between wrecked little gasps, trying so hard to sound serious, "and smoking—"

Ilya pulls back sharply. Enough is enough.

"Ugh, Hollander," he mutters, watching Shane sway forward like he almost loses his balance without Ilya's mouth on him. "Okay. Smoking bad. I get it." He lifts his hands in mock surrender. "So what now? You don't want to kiss me? Fine. No kissing."

"What?" Shane's eyes go wide. "No—what? No, Rozanov—"

"No kissing, Hollander," Ilya says smugly, stepping just half a pace back. "You said you don't like."

Shane looks like he's about to cry. His fingers curl uselessly at his sides, then lift like he wants to grab Ilya but doesn't dare.

"No, I—" His voice cracks immediately. He swallows hard, eyes shining. "I just meant... Rozanov, please—"

Ilya's grin widens.

Oh.

Oh.

He really, really likes this.

Shane steps forward, lifting his chin like he's trying to catch Ilya's mouth again and maybe Ilya will just let him. But he barely makes it halfway before Ilya plants a firm hand on his chest.

“Nuh-uh,” Ilya shakes his head once, mockingly gentle. “I am very respectful. You said you don’t like, so we will not do.”

Shane lets out a soft, broken sound that isn’t quite a whine and isn’t quite a sob. His hands fist into the fabric of his own shirt like he doesn’t know what to do with them.

“I didn’t mean that,” he rushes out. And Ilya smirks. “I just—I just— Ilya, I didn’t mean—”

He looks wrecked. Ruined. Like denial is physically painful.

“Please,” he whispers again, stepping closer even with Ilya’s hand still between them. “I want—it’s okay—please—”

His voice goes soft and frantic at the same time, barely holding together.

And Ilya is only human. Really, how could he deny this?

He drops his hand and crashes their mouths back together.

The kiss is rougher this time. Hungrier. Shane makes a broken sound and melts into it instantly, hands flying up like he’s terrified Ilya might vanish again. He clutches at Ilya’s shirt, at his shoulders, pulling him closer with everything he has.

Ilya lets him grind against his thigh once more, slow at first—then deeper, guiding him with firm hands at his waist. He pulls back just enough to watch Shane chase it, eyes blown dark, lips swollen and parted as he rocks against him like he needs it to breathe.

His hand slides up to cradle Shane’s jaw, thumb pressing into his flushed cheek, holding his face steady while he watches him come undone.

It’s a beautiful sight.

He’s beautiful.

Ilya will never be able to think of anything else while jerking off. Shane Hollander’s flushed, freckled face with his lips parted slightly will be imprinted on his eyelids for years to come, the soundtrack of Hollander’s desperate moans playing whenever he touches himself.

His thumb slides to Shane’s mouth on his own accord. He wants to see what Shane will do. How he’ll react.

Hollander hesitates just a second.

Then his lips part. And Ilya pushes forward.

Shane takes the thumb in with a soft, needy sound.

The sight nearly kills Ilya.

Shane's lashes flutter. His cheeks burn red. His mouth moves instinctively, tentative at first—then more confident.

Ilya swears under his breath in Russian, his hand tightening at Shane's jaw as his control frays dangerously thin.

Shane's cheeks hollow a little. His tongue presses up against the pad of Ilya's thumb and a soft, broken sound vibrates in his throat like he's embarrassed by how much he wants this but can't stop.

“Блядь...” Ilya hisses, the curse ripped out of him. *Fuck.*

And when Shane grinds again, the drag of their clothed cocks sliding against each other, both of them moan loud and unrestrained.

Shane's legs wobble. Then he just sinks—down, down, down until he's on his knees in front of Ilya, palms landing on Ilya's thighs for balance before he snatches them back like he doesn't trust himself to touch. Or maybe he's afraid he'll *grab* instead of touch.

He kneels there with his chest rising too fast, lips kiss-bruised, pupils blown wide.

“I—” Shane's voice cracks on the first word. He swallows, throat bobbing. “I've never... done this before.”

The want and hunger hit Ilya like he's being thrown against the barrier during an especially rough game. But besides the desire there is something else under his ribs... Those feelings he absolutely does not have the strength to fight.

He cups Shane's face—knuckles brushing over constellations again—and feels the way Shane leans into it.

“S okay,” Ilya mutters, voice rough, steady only on the surface. “ты уже идеален” *You are already perfect.*

His thumb drags across Shane's lower lip, smearing warmth and spit along it. Shane shudders, and then he moves.

He reaches for Ilya's jeans with both hands, clumsy with adrenaline, fingers fumbling at the button.

Ilya can't help but curse again with the sight of Shane Hollander kneeling in front of him, desperately trying to get Ilya's cock out of his pants.

Finally, Shane pops the button open with a shaky exhale, then unzips Ilya's jeans slowly. He looks terrified and fascinated at the same time.

Ilya lets one arm fall forward so he can brace himself on the wall.

And then Shane leans in.

Closer. Closer. Until his face is right there—mouth inches from the hard shape trapped behind Ilya’s boxers.

Ilya has never been this turned on in life. He feels his dick throbbing. He wants to grab Shane’s dark hair and make him take his cock between those perfect lips, but he can see the nervousness in Shane’s posture. So he lets him do it at his pace.

There will be more opportunities for Ilya to face-fuck Shane. He’s sure of it.

Shane hesitates only one more second before he breathes out. Warm air hits Ilya through thin fabric.

Ilya shuts his eyes, head tipping back with a ragged curse.

“Блядь...” *Fuck.*

Shane does it again—closer this time, breath shaking, nose brushing the bulge, his lips barely grazing the outline like he’s testing how close he can get before he loses his nerve.

The heat of his breath goes straight to Ilya’s spine. Straight to his cock. Straight to every place that’s been wound too tight from the moment he knew Shane wanted him.

Biting his lip, Shane hooks his fingers into the waistband of Ilya’s boxers.

But before he goes on, he looks up, seeking permission. Wanting it, *needing* it.

Ilya’s chest rises harshly and fast. He needs Shane’s mouth on him. Needs it like nothing else he needed before.

“Go on,” he growls.

Shane lets out a tiny, helpless sound and pulls the boxers down.

Ilya’s cock springs free, thick and flushed and already painfully hard.

A shocked, hungry gasp leaves Shane. His eyes flick from Ilya’s cock to his face then back to his cock. Ilya curses again.

For a moment Hollander just *stares*, like he’s mesmerized, like he can’t believe he’s allowed to touch something that looks like *that*.

Then he finally lowers his head.

His lips brush the base first, soft and barely there. It makes Ilya’s entire body jerks. He braces his other hand against the wall, afraid his legs might give out under him.

Shane scatters light kisses up the shaft, clumsy and adoring, mouth getting closer with every shaky inhale. He presses his nose against the heat of it, breathing in like he’s overwhelmed by the smell alone.

Then he finally—fucking finally—wraps his lips around the head.

A soft, wet seal. A shaky inhale through his nose. A sound like a swallowed whimper escaping his throat.

Ilya's hand drops to fist Shane's hair now.

“Fuck—Shane—”

Shane sucks in a little more, hollowing his cheeks without being told. His tongue flicks over the slit, catching some precum. He's hesitant at first, then firmer when he hears Ilya's breath break.

He slides lower, taking more of Ilya into his mouth, jaw straining, lips sliding down the slick length. It's neither smooth nor practiced. It's messy and uncertain, but eager enough to make Ilya's vision blur.

Saliva gathers instantly, dribbling down Shane's chin as he tries to take him deeper.

Ilya's hips twitch of their own accord, a sharp little thrust he barely restrains.

Shane moans around him.

The vibration *wrecks* Ilya.

His hand lands on Shane's cheek before he even thinks, thumb dragging along the corner of Shane's mouth, feeling the stretch of his lips around him.

“Look at me.”

Shane does. His eyes wide and already wet, and his pupils blown to hell.

And that sight—Shane Hollander on his knees, mouth full of his cock, eyes glazed and desperate—nearly makes him come undone.

“Fuck, sweetheart—” Ilya breathes, the end of the sentence dissolving into a hiss as Shane tries to go deeper.

He gags softly around the thickness, eyes watering, but he doesn't pull back. He steadies himself, hands finally coming up to help and gripping the base of Ilya's cock that Shane can't fit into his mouth yet.

Ilya moans when Shane starts to bop his head.

“такой идеальный” Ilya can't help stop the truth slipping out. Shane's fucking perfect like this. *You are perfect.*

And Ilya had some great head before. Had girls sink to their knees, their red-painted lips stretching prettily around his thick cock. Had guys swallow him whole, gag-reflex trained

off. He had a lot of great sex, had a lot of amazing head but nothing would ever compare to *this*.

To Shane Hollander bopping his head down Ilya's cock, letting himself be softly guided by Ilya's hand on his head.

Shane moans around him and licks at the head again, and Ilya swears.

Fuck.

With a strained breath, he gently pulls Shane back.

Shane makes a small, wounded sound immediately like he thinks he's being reprimanded. His wet mouth stays open for a second before he licks his lips, eyes flicking up in panic.

"Did I... mess up?" he asks quietly.

Panic flickers across his flushed face.

Ilya cups his jaw instantly, firm this time.

"No," he says. "Нет. Никогда." *Never that.*

His thumb rubs along Shane's cheek, wiping away the tear clinging to his lashes. He's so pretty.

"I just want to fuck you," Ilya murmurs. "I need to be inside you."

Shane's blush spreads warm across his cheeks, down his neck—his whole body shivering with it. He swallows, breath shaky.

"O-okay," he whispers.

Ilya pulls Shane up and kisses him, slow and hungry and messy, tasting himself on Shane's tongue. Then he guides him backward across the small room. Shane's legs wobble, and Ilya loves it, loves the way he leans into him for balance. When Shane's calves hit the mattress, Ilya pushes him down onto the bed.

Shane's back hits the sheets, and Ilya is on him immediately—mouth on his throat, his jaw, his collarbone, working lower. By the time he reaches the center of Shane's sternum, their clothes are already half-off—tugged, pulled, discarded in a frantic tangle on the floor.

Shane lifts his hips without being asked, obedient and dazed, letting Ilya strip him the rest of the way.

He hits the mattress bare.

And he's so hard.

Ilya groans just looking at him.

“Такой красивый...” *So fucking beautiful.*

Shane Hollander is splayed out beneath him in all his naked glory—skin flushed, thighs trembling, freckles dancing on his skin, and his dick leaking steadily on his abs. His chest rises and falls in quick, shallow breaths, pupils blown wide.

Ilya is fucking obsessed.

He just had Shane on his knees, trying to suck the soul out of his cock and now he’s here, open and perfect, about to let Ilya fuck him.

He’s beautiful. He’s perfect.

Shane shifts under Ilya’s gaze, hands fidgeting with the sheets. Like a nervous instinct, he tries to cover himself, but Ilya’s already on him, crawling over him, catching his wrists and pinning them gently to the bed.

“No,” he murmurs. “Let me see you.”

Shane flushes red but listens immediately. He nods, lips parted, breath fast before it slowly steadies, his hands going soft beneath Ilya’s grip as he relaxes into it.

Ilya kisses him again—slower now, deeper, tasting and savoring every sound Shane makes. He kisses him like he wants Shane to understand through the slide of their tongues just how beautiful he is, how Ilya thinks there is nothing more perfect, nothing prettier in this world than Shane Hollander. And maybe Shane understands—at least a little—because his lips stay eager against Ilya’s, because his hands clutch at Ilya’s shoulders before sliding up into his hair, holding him there.

It’s addicting, kissing Shane. Ilya never wants to taste anything else. Never wants to pull away.

Only more of him.

That’s all he craves. So his mouth begins to roam—down Shane’s throat, along his collarbone. He finds freckles scattered over Shane’s chest, lighter than the ones on his face, and lingers there, kissing each one. His tongue drags over a nipple, teeth biting lightly, earning a helpless, breathless moan and the twitch of Shane’s body against his own.

Ilya licks over the same spot again, slow and soft, soothing the sting, then drags his tongue across Shane’s chest to the other side. Shane arches into it, whimpering, his hands fisting in Ilya’s hair, whole body begging without words.

He continues making his way down, kissing a slow path down the line of his ribs, the dip of his stomach—avoiding his dick by a deliberate inch each time.

He pauses, his mouth over Shane’s hipbone now. There are more freckles scattered there. Ilya wants to memorize them all.

Under him, Shane is a wreck already.

Breath shaking. Hips twitching upward. Eyes glazed. Searching—*pleading*—for even the brush of a fingertip where he wants it most.

Ilya smiles, low and wicked, and presses another kiss just above the sharp line of Shane's hip.

It's a sight like no other—watching him fall apart from nothing. Watching him whimper and chase shadows of touch, desperate for any friction at all.

So needy.

So easy to ruin.

The thought makes heat coil tight and brutal in Ilya's gut.

It makes him wonder how Shane will sound when he finally gets what he wants. When Ilya finally touches him. When Ilya *fucks* him.

Shane acts like this is the first time anyone has ever touched him like this. So desperate. So undone.

Ilya pauses, breath ghosting over the spot he just kissed.

And suddenly, a thought punches through the haze of lust:

What if this really is his first time with a guy?

Fuck. He should have thought about this earlier. Should have asked him. Instead he acted like a horny, inconsiderate teenager ready to fuck first and ask questions never.

Before he can sort himself out, fingers curl into his hair, tugging.

“Why did you stop?”

Ilya lifts his head again, and almost forgets why he stopped in the first place.

Shane is a picture he never expected to see in his lifetime: half-lidded eyes gone glassy, lashes dark against flushed skin, hair falling into his face, cheeks stained a deep, ruined red that spreads down his neck, freckles standing out stark and vivid against it. His lips are wet and parted, swollen from kisses, breath stuttering in and out of him. His chest rises and falls fast beneath Ilya, muscles tense and trembling, like his body is braced for something it desperately wants but can't quite believe is happening.

He looks wrecked. Beautifully undone.

So fucking beautiful.

And the way he looks at Ilya—seeking, unsure, needy in a way Shane never is on the ice or anywhere else—does something dangerous to Ilya's sanity.

Ilya wants to protect this sight. Lock it away. Make sure no one else ever sees Shane Hollander like this.

This would be *his* and his only.

Right. That brings him back to the question he needs to ask.

He pushes himself up, bracing one elbow beside Shane's head, faces close enough that Shane's ragged breaths brush against his mouth.

"Have you done this before?"

"What?" Shane's eyes are still blown wide with heat, but threaded now with confusion and the slightest bit of frustration.

"This," Ilya clarifies, gesturing between them, down to where their bare, very hard cocks lie between their bodies. "Sex with—"

Shane groans loudly, cutting him off. He swats at Ilya's chest, which is not very nice of him when Ilya just asked a question.

But Ilya loves it.

Loves the disgruntled little smack that is absolutely *not* becoming of the supposed Golden Boy Shane Hollander.

"Yes, of course I have!"

That's not the answer Ilya expected.

He has? *With who?*

The sharp, static buzz that rises under his skin at those words isn't unfamiliar. He knows it's jealousy. He doesn't pretend anymore, not like he did a few nights ago when he kept telling himself he was just annoyed at Hollander for being out late.

No. This is hot, ugly, possessive jealousy, burning low and relentless beneath his skin.

Who had Hollander slept with?

Who the fuck has seen Shane like this? Who touched him? Who got him desperate like this?

Didn't Shane *just* come out to him? Ilya can't picture him hooking up in bars. Shane is too anxious, too stiff, too worried about everything. He wouldn't disappear into a bathroom stall with some guy he didn't know.

So who?

Miles.

The name slams into his chest.

Right.

Fucking Miles. The friend who took Shane to the gay bar.

Who even is that guy? Is he hot? Handsome? Funny? Could he even compare to Ilya?

Probably not. But maybe...

"I'm not a virgin!" Shane snaps, ripping Ilya out of his spiral.

He's pouting now. Actually pouting. "I had sex with Rose. And my girlfriend in high school. And there was—"

Ilya can't help the delighted laugh that escapes him at Shane's words. That earns him a lethal glare from Shane, but Ilya doesn't care.

He leans down and kisses Shane's cheek, his jaw, the corner of his mouth—quick presses of lips that only make Shane scowl harder before he shoves Ilya away with a furious, "No—fuck off!"

Ilya is back to hovering over Shane again, braced on his elbows. Shane refuses to look at him, glaring at the ceiling now, arms crossed like he's trying to preserve whatever dignity he thinks he has left.

He's so fucking adorable Ilya could bite him.

And he hasn't slept with Miles. Or any other guy.

He talked about *women*. Two. Maybe three. No men.

Which is something Ilya can't help but be happy about.

"Men, Hollander." Ilya says, still laughing a bit. "Gay sex. Not you trying with poor women."

"Oh."

Shane turns his head, finally meeting Ilya's eyes again. He's blushing so hard he looks like a tomato.

A very cute tomato.

"Uhm..." His eyes dart away, then come back, almost painfully vulnerable.

"None."

"Mhmm," Ilya hums, leaning in because he absolutely cannot resist those rosy lips for even one more second. He presses a light, soft kiss to them.

"But you slept with two? Or three women?"

“Fuck off,” Shane mutters, rolling his eyes. But there’s a tiny smile tugging at the corner of his mouth.

Ilya loves that he’s the reason for it. That *he* put that smile there.

“I don’t think they enjoyed it much,” Shane admits, face heating even more. “I mean… neither did I. So probably good I didn’t go sleeping around.”

Ilya chuckles at that again. Yes, he thinks. Of course it wouldn’t be fun when one person isn’t even attracted to the other. It must’ve been awkward as hell for everyone involved.

Though apparently not awkward enough… Rose still dated Hollander for four months.

But Ilya guesses he’d also date Shane even if the sex was bad. Though he strongly, *strongly* doubts Shane is bad at it when he moans like that. Doubts Shane is bad at anything, really.

Shane blushes deeper at Ilya’s chuckle, embarrassment rolling off him in waves.

“I tried, okay?” he mumbles, defensive now.

Ilya nods, trying to not grin too much and failing miserably.

“Is okay.”

“Yeah?” Shane breathes the word, eyes flicking down to Ilya’s mouth again before lifting back up. His voice has gone soft, almost shy

God, the way he looks at him… Oh, how Ilya wants to wreck him.

“Yes.” Ilya nods. “Normal, I think”

Shane’s gaze lifts fully then, meeting Ilya’s. They’re so warm, so gentle, that Ilya feels something in his chest give way. He could drown in that look alone.

“You’re gay,” Ilya adds quickly, because if he doesn’t say something teasing he’ll make a fool of himself declaring his undying love for Shane Hollander and his stupid freckles, “and they don’t have a dick. Just boobs and pussy.”

“Oh my god—” Shane groans, covering his face with both hands as if he could hide inside them. His blush *deepens*, spreading down his throat. It’s ridiculous and innocent how the mention of those words can fluster him when Ilya’s hard cock is pressed against Shane’s stomach and Shane’s own dick is still leaking steadily onto both their skin.

“Normal,” Ilya repeats, lowering his head to nip at one of Shane’s wrists until it drops. “You are fine.”

He pauses, smirks, and adds with a wink, “Not that I had that problem before.”

Shane groans loudly, rolling his eyes as he gives Ilya’s chest a light, half-hearted push.

“I am *amazing* sex god. No one ever complained.”

Shane swats at his chest again, but Ilya barely sways back. Shane’s hand runs up to his shoulder, before he slides it into Ilya’s curls again, twirling them thoughtlessly.

“So, uh, you did this before?” Shane looks shy now, the question quiet.

“Sex with a man?” Ilya asks to be a little shit. He told Shane an hour ago that he’d fucked guys before, but clearly Hollander either didn’t absorb that through all the horny haze or wants clarification spelled out in bold letters.

Shane nods.

“да.” *Yes.* Ilya says easily, his thumb tracing slow circles along Shane’s ribcage.

“With how many?” Shane murmurs, eyes fixed on Ilya’s curls as he keeps playing with them. He tries to sound nonchalant but Ilya sees right through it.

“I don’t know,” Ilya shrugs. “Not as much as with women. But enough.”

Shane looks back up at him, chewing on his bottom lip—soft and plush and begging to be bitten. Ilya’s fingers twitch with the urge to grab his jaw and take that lip between his teeth, but he stays still. Lets Shane have space. Lets him think.

“So... you’re bisexual?” Shane asks.

Ilya groans dramatically and drops his head onto Shane’s shoulder, burying his face there in mock agony.

“Yes, Hollander, I am. I am bisexual,” he says, muffled against Shane’s skin. Then lifts his head enough to add, clear and blunt, “And I want to fuck you.”

“I was just asking,” Shane says, embarrassed but smiling at Ilya’s dramatics.

Ilya smiles back. Of course Hollander wants every data point, every detail, every label. It’s so *him*.

“Now you know,” Ilya says simply, brushing his knuckles along Shane’s jaw. Then, with a teasing glint: “And you are super gay. I know.”

Shane flushes red again. “I’m not super gay. Just... regular gay.”

“Noo,” Ilya drawls, shaking his head and grinning wider, “you said, ‘Ilya, I am *super gay* and I want to fuck you.’ I remember.”

It’s funny to watch Shane get all flustered over the recall of his drunken confessions. But Ilya doesn’t actually want him embarrassed. Not really. Not when his drunk confessions was everything Ilya had ever hoped for.

So he leans down again and finally captures those lips.

Shane is eager—hungry—licking into Ilya’s mouth like he’s starved for it. His hands fist in Ilya’s curls. His hips lift, brushing their cocks together, both of them groaning into the kiss.

Ilya could drown in this. But he needs to say something first. The reason why he stopped in the first place.

He forces himself to pull back, even if he doesn’t really want to.

“We don’t have to fuck tonight.”

“What?” Shane looks panicked. Just panicked as he did when Ilya told him no kissing. His voice jumps an octave. “Why?”

Ilya smiles softly and strokes a thumb over his flushed, freckled cheek. “Is your first time. With man. We don’t have to.”

“We can do other things.” He adds with a wink.

Shane makes a strangled noise and hides his face again.

Fuck, he’s cute. Ilya is so gone for him it’s pathetic.

It would be a lie if he said he doesn’t *want* to fuck Shane. Because he *does*. He wants to be inside him so badly it’s almost painful. But he’s not going to push. He’d be perfectly happy kissing him for hours. Letting Shane jerk them off together. Letting Shane get on his knees again.

Anything Shane wants, Ilya wants.

Shane takes a deep breath, then drops his hands from his face.

“No. I want this. “ His voice is steady even if his blush deepens with his next words. “I want you to fuck me.”

Ilya studies his face—every twitch, every blink, every tiny breath—searching for any sign of doubt.

He finds none.

“Please,” Shane adds.

Fuck. Why does Hollander have to say it like that?

Ilya’s mouth is on him again immediately. Shane moans into it, pulling Ilya closer by the hair, bodies grinding together. Ilya kisses down his jaw, his throat, sucking bruises into his skin.

“Tell me if is too much,” Ilya murmurs against his skin.

Shane’s grip on Ilya’s hair is almost painful. “Fuck, Rozanov, just do it.”

Rozanov.

No. Absolutely not.

Ilya sinks his teeth into Shane's pec—hard enough to make Shane gasp, arch, cry out.

“Ilya—” he moans, breathless.

Better.

His hand drifts down, wrapping around Shane's cock—which hasn't lost a *single* ounce of hardness. It's still thick, hot, perfectly flushed, and fits beautifully in Ilya's palm. Shane jerks instantly, head falling back.

“Oh—fuck—” he moans, voice breaking.

But Ilya doesn't move his hand yet.

“You will tell me if is too much,” he repeats, voice lower now.

Shane's eyes are squeezed shut, chest heaving, but he nods desperately. “Yes—yes—okay. Please just touch me.”

Ilya's smile is wicked and fond all at once.

“Good,” he murmurs, lips brushing Shane's throat. “Good boy.”

There's a shudder that runs through Shane at those words. Ilya sees it as much as he feels it. Shane's cock twitches in his hand, a bead of slick precome spilling over his fingers.

Ilya begins to stroke him then. He's careful with his rhythm, goes slow at first with long deliberate pulls from the base up, twisting slightly at the head to draw out the sweetest, sharpest sounds.

It amazes him how responsive Shane is. How every touch makes him jerk, gasp, moan, hips lifting off the bed and thrusting up into Ilya's fist. How his dick is so wet from his own precome that Ilya doesn't even need lube or spit to make the slide go easier.

“Fuck—fuck, Ilya—” Shane stammers, fingers gripping Ilya's arm hard enough to leave marks. Ilya hopes it will.

“I know,” he whispers, leaning down to kiss the hollow of his throat. “Feels good, yes?”

Shane nods helplessly. “Y-yeah—please—don't stop—”

Ilya grins, and for one second he thinks about drawing this out but his own dick is throbbing and he really needs to be inside Hollander, so he speeds up his rhythm. He lets his thumb drag over the slit, spreading the mess there.

His cock is leaking all over Ilya's hand. Ilya doesn't think he's ever had someone get wet and messy this fast—not even some of the girls. He loves it.

Tearing his eyes away from Shane's face, he watches the way Shane's cock twitches in his grip. It's a pretty dick. One Ilya would love to take into his mouth—kiss and lick it, watch Shane come undone completely. He's only a little disappointed Shane's cut. It would've been a joy to tease him with his foreskin, to make him whine before finally pulling the head free and licking over the slit.

When Shane's hips start jerking too wildly—when his moans get higher, his thighs trembling—Ilya eases off.

“Turn over,” he says, kissing the corner of Shane's mouth. “On your stomach.”

Shane obeys instantly. He rolls over onto his stomach, chest pressing to the mattress, ass lifted just slightly.

The sight makes Ilya curse—Shane offering himself up like this.

He takes some time just watching, running both hands down Shane's back, feeling every tremor, every breath. Then he bends down and kisses between his shoulder blades. Another kiss at the curve of his spine. Another at the soft dip of his lower back.

Shane's breath hiccups each time.

“You okay?” The words ghost over the warm skin.

“Yes,” Shane's nodding frantically, “Yeah. More. Please.”

Ilya chuckles softly, kissing the top of his spine one last time, before sitting back. “Gonna get the lube.”

“Wait.” Shane twists, his ass still in the air but his torso half-turned toward Ilya. One hand shoots out, gripping Ilya's arm with surprising strength.

“Hollander,” Ilya grins, “we need lube. It's important. And condoms.” His grin widens. “Don't want to get you pregnant.”

Shane blushes furiously at those words.

“Fuck you,” he says. And Ilya's insides feel all warm and fuzzy.

“I am trying. You are stopping me.”

“Ugh,” Shane rolls his eyes and lets go of Ilya, leaning forward toward his nightstand. “I have everything here. You don't need to leave.”

Leave. Ilya's smirk softens at that. Does Shane really think him getting up for lube meant leaving? Does he need him that close?

Ilya watches as Shane opens the drawer, his own hands sliding soothingly over Shane's hips.

“What the fuck, Hollander?” Ilya laughs when Shane pulls out a big, full bottle of lube—and what looks like twenty condoms. “You think those are enough?”

He’s still laughing when he leans over Shane, letting the condoms dangle right in front of Shane’s very red face.

“Shut up! I—I just…” Shane trails off, clearly mortified.

Ilya chuckles again, presses a kiss to Shane’s shoulder, and takes the lube and one condom.

“Is okay. I can fuck you as many times as you want.”

“I’d be happy if you’d do it at least once. Preferably now.”

Ilya shakes his head in amusement. “So impatient.”

His hands drift back to Shane’s ass, splaying possessively, kneading once before he leans down to kiss one cheek, then the other.

Shane makes a choked sound, burying his face in the pillow.

“Such good boy for me,” Ilya murmurs, letting his teeth graze the skin just above Shane’s hip. “So perfect.”

Grabbing the lube, he pours some over his fingers, and goes to touch Shane gently. With one finger, he circles his hole first, teasing, letting him get used to the pressure.

A sharp gasp leaves Shane, his fingers curling into the sheets.

“Is okay?” Ilya asks.

“Y-yeah,” Shane whispers after a second. “Feels… weird.” He swallows, then adds, softer. “But good. Keep going.”

Ilya presses his lips to Shane’s shoulder and pushes one finger in.

Shane’s breath hitches, body tensing, then relaxing as Ilya rubs his back, whispering praise into his skin.

“Good boy,” he says again, kissing just behind Shane’s ear this time. “You are doing so well.”

When Shane isn’t as tight around him anymore, he slides another finger in. A moan rips out of Shane at that, and another one follows when Ilya finds that sweet spot, pressing against it.

Ilya is finger-fucking Shane now, thrusting his fingers in and out at a fast pace, before adding a third finger.

Shane is panting, hips rocking back into Ilya’s hand, moaning without a coherent thought. Ilya could make him come just like this—on his fingers, trembling apart into the mattress.

He wants to. But he wants to fuck him more.

Slowly, he withdraws his fingers, watching Shane gasp at the emptiness, watching his hole clench around nothing, watching his hips push back as if he's trying to follow the touch.

His hands are a little frantic as he tears open the condom and rolls it down his cock, thumb squeezing the base as he forces himself to breathe, to slow down, to not come just from the thought of finally fucking Shane instead of only imagining it. His pulse is loud in his ears. He pours lube into his palm and slicks himself carefully.

This is Shane's first time with a man.

And Ilya wants it to be good. Wants it to be right. He refuses to rush it, refuses to accidentally hurt him.

If everything goes well, he plans on having more than enough chances to fuck Shane properly.

He drags the tip across Shane's entrance, swearing when Shane pushes back with a desperate sound.

"You still want?" Ilya asks, his English is slipping—rougher, heavier, the way it always does when he's overwhelmed. He doesn't care how it sounds. He just needs to know.

"Yes," Shane breathes. "Please." He looks back over his shoulder, eyes glassy and wide. "I still want."

Ilya nods, placing a firm hand on Shane's waist while the other guides his cock.

Slowly, he pushes in. Tight heat wraps around him and the sound he makes is barely human.

"Fuck," Shane whines. "It's—fuck—"

"I know," Ilya growls, sweat already beading on his skin. "Yo are taking me so fucking well. Relax. Just like that."

Shane drops his head into the pillow, moaning with every new inch. Ilya forces himself to move carefully, fighting the urge to thrust, giving Shane time.

"You good?" he asks, voice strained.

Shane's nod and the broken sounds he makes are answer enough.

When Ilya finally bottoms out, both of them are gasping. Shane trembles beneath him, shoulders tight, thighs spread wide.

Before Ilya can ask again—before he can check in one more time—Shane rolls his hips, pushing back against Ilya's cock.

Ilya's vision blurs.

He swears in Russian, a rough, broken sound torn from his chest as he grips Shane's hips and drives deeper.

“Блядь... “ *Fuck*. “You want it that bad?”

Shane's face presses into the pillow, shoulders trembling as his body arches instinctively. “Yeah—fuck—Ilya—please—” His voice breaks, shy and wrecked all at once. “Please... fuck me.”

That's it.

Ilya starts to move.

Slow at first—long, deep strokes, pulling almost all the way out before pushing back in, making Shane whine at the stretch, making him feel every inch. Testing him. Letting him adjust. Letting himself feel how tight and warm Shane is around him.

But then Shane starts meeting every thrust, hips rolling back in those eager, needy little movements, like he can't help himself.

And everything goes to hell.

Ilya's got Shane Hollander beneath him. Finally. He can't believe it.

But the sight in front of him tells him it's true. Never could he imagine something this perfect.

His gaze travels from Shane's ass over his back and lands on the back of Shane's neck—there are more freckles there that before had been hidden by his dark hair. Ilya groans aloud because fuck—those freckles. Those stupid, beautiful freckles are going to ruin him.

“Такой красивый,” he murmurs, reverent. *So beautiful*.

He leans down, mouth brushing over Shane's spine, tongue dragging slow and wet along the line of it.

Shane gasps, a broken, keening sound, fingers clawing at the sheets.

Ilya grabs Shane tighter, fingers digging in, and sets a rhythm—harder now, rougher, every thrust driving Shane forward only for him to push back again, greedy and aching and loud. The sound of skin slapping skin fills the room, obscene and perfect.

“Чёрт... look at you,” Ilya groans. “Taking me like this. So fucking good.” He snaps his hips forward again. “You were made for this. For me.”

Shane whimpers, clearly overwhelmed, voice cracking when he tries to answer. “Ilya—”

“Да,” Ilya growls. “That's it. Tell me. Tell me you want me to fuck you. You want my cock like this.”

Shane moans, his neck flushed pink, freckles beaded in sweat. He keeps pushing back again and again, like his body is answering for him before his mouth can catch up.

“I—yes. I want—” His breath stutters, breaks. “I want you. Please.”

I want you. I want you. I want you.

It doesn't matter what Shane means by it—whether it's the sex or Ilya himself—because at this point Ilya can't think straight enough to care. The words hit him all the same, straight to his dick.

He slams in deeper, hips snapping against Shane's ass, the sound loud and obscene, echoing through the room. He hopes everyone hears it. Hopes they know. Hopes they understand exactly who Shane Hollander is giving himself to.

The mattress creaks. The headboard thumps against the wall. Sweat runs down Ilya's spine as the last of his control splinters.

“Блядь,” he snarls, breathless. “You feel too good. You are doing so good for me, Shane.”

Normally, Ilya has stamina for hours.

He knows how to pace himself—how to edge, how to draw things out until his partner is shaking, wrecked, overstimulated and blissed out beneath him. He's always been good at that. Always good at dragging out pleasure until it borders on cruel.

But Shane—

Shane fucking Hollander.

Whimpering under him, flushed and open and so fucking eager it makes something feral claw up Ilya's spine—

He's going to ruin him.

Fuck, he already *is* ruined by him. Shane Hollander has ruined Ilya Rozanov.

How is he supposed to hold out when Shane feels like this? Sounds like this? Looks like this? How is he not supposed to lose it when every thrust pulls him closer to the edge, when Shane is gasping and shaking beneath him as if this is all he's ever wanted?

How will he not embarrass himself when he'll come within a few minutes?

“Блядь...” Ilya growls, voice breaking as he wraps a hand around Shane's cock, stroking him in time with each thrust. “Such a good boy. So fucking pretty.”

It barely takes seconds.

Shane makes this loud, unrestrained sound, his whole body seizing as he comes hard. His cock is spilling all across the sheets in hot, messy streaks, where it doesn't spill over his abs

or Ilya's hand. He sobs through it, back arching so wonderfully, and still pushing back against him.

All of this is the most magnificent thing he's ever seen.

That broken voice. That helpless shudder. The way Shane's body clenches around him like he needs more even as he comes.

"Чёрт..." Ilya curses, desperate now, slamming in twice more, control snapping completely —

And then he's gone too.

He comes, hips stuttering, cock twitching as pleasure rips through him, too fast, too intense.

"Fuck—Shane—блядь—" *Fuck.*

His arms finally give out. He collapses forward, sweat-slick skin pressing against Shane's back, burying his face into the curve of Shane's neck as he forces himself to breathe.

Just breathe.

Shane's legs give out under Ilya's weight on him and his orgasm still trembling through him in aftershocks. He slumps forward, and Ilya barely catches himself, following him down, staying close.

He kisses Shane's shoulders—soft now, slow, lips brushing over hot skin and scattered freckles. He doesn't say anything at first. Just breathes against Shane's spine.

Then, after a long pause—

"Fuck," Ilya mutters against his skin. "You are unbelievable."

"Was it good?" Shane's voice is muffled by the sheets, but Ilya hears uncertainty in it.

Ilya smiles, pressing a kiss to his shoulder blade. "Was not bad."

"You're an asshole."

"Hm," Ilya hums, kissing along the freckles on Shane's shoulder, then his neck. "Was good."

And fuck, he means it.

It was incredible. Unsettling. Life-changing. Almost terrifying in how much it mattered.

"Was good for you too?" he asks softly into Shane's neck.

He hopes it was.

His cock is still buried inside Shane, slowly softening. It's intimate in a completely different way than the sex before.

Shane only hums as a reply. Ilya hopes it means yes. But what if it doesn't? What if he pushed Shane too far? What if Shane regrets this?

If Shane regrets sleeping with him—if he didn't enjoy it—Ilya doesn't know what he'll do. He doesn't think he can pretend it meant nothing. Not when they share a room. Not when he sees Shane every day. Not when he falls asleep to the sound of Shane's breathing across the room and wakes up to him pulling on clothes for class.

Not after he had him like this now.

Not when all these feelings inside him are too real to be denied.

Shane is different. So different.

Ilya can't stand the thought of Shane opening his eyes now and wishing any of it hadn't happened.

When Shane doesn't say more, he starts to carefully pull out.

At the motion, Shane whines softly. The sound muffled by the sheets.

It makes Ilya groan quietly. He leans down to kiss Shane's shoulder again, soothingly murmuring, "I know, I know." His hand strokes up Shane's side, slow and gentle. Shane twitches at the touch and lets out another soft whine.

The bed is a fucking mess and come must be sticky across Shane's lower stomach and thighs. The sheets beneath are probably soaked with sweat and release. Ilya moves quickly, rolling the condom off, tying it off, and tossing it into the trash.

Gently, he slides an arm under Shane's torso and starts to turn him over.

Shane makes a weak, protesting sound—maybe confusion, maybe just dazed—but he doesn't resist. He lets himself be moved.

When Ilya's got him halfway turned he grabs the comforter that had half-slid off the bed during their fucking. He yanks it up and throws it over the ruined sheets, covering the worst of it, before lowering Shane back on them again. It's not perfect, but it's something. He can't strip the whole bed right now, but at least this is cleaner. More comfortable.

Ilya figures this helps at least a bit with the mess.

And then... then Ilya sees Shane's face and with that—

Freckles. Wonderful, pretty, and spread all over Shane's nose and flushed cheeks. His hair is a mess, and his eyes are still hazy, blinking up at him like he's not entirely sure what planet he's on.

And Ilya curses himself.

Why the fuck did he fuck Shane like that?

It was easily one of the best fucks of Ilya's life. Sure. But he hadn't seen Shane's face. Hadn't been able to kiss him through it. Hadn't watched the way his mouth opened when he moaned, or how his brows pulled together when he got close.

He'd had the most beautiful boy beneath him and hadn't even looked at him.

But now he can.

Now he can admire the beauty that is Shane Hollander. Shane's lips twitch into something like a smile before his eyes even finish opening. His lashes flutter, and when he focuses enough to register Ilya hovering over him, he blinks once—

Then giggles.

Giggles. Shane Hollander is *giggling*.

Real, soft and sweet. Like he did just a few nights ago. It's one of the sweetest sounds Ilya's ever heard.

"Mmh... Ilya..." he murmurs, the sound half laughter, half sigh. "It was great."

Emotions, so feral and full, swell in Ilya's chest. He can't help but grin as well, leaning down.

He kisses Shane's cheek. His jaw. His nose. His lips. He kisses each freckle along Shane's cheekbone, sun-kissed and peppered over soft skin.

Shane gasps and squirms faintly, still sensitive, but he doesn't stop him. If anything, he tilts his head, giggling again, and inviting it—letting Ilya kiss lower, to his neck, his collarbone, his shoulder.

"Pretty boy," Ilya murmurs against his skin.

"Don't say that."

Ilya pauses, lifting his head just enough to look at him. "Why?" His voice is low, confusion in his tone. "Is true."

"You're just saying it to tease me," Shane says softly, his eyes shyly avoiding Ilya's. "Like on the ice."

Ilya stills.

It's true, in a way. He has called Shane *pretty boy* on the ice more times than he can count. Chirped it at him, tossed it out like a provocation, watched with satisfaction as that infuriating flush spread across Shane's face. But it was never just to annoy him. It was because it *was* true. Because calling it out loud was the only way he was allowed to say it.

He'd thought it was all he'd ever get. Thought *this*—Shane in his bed, warm and open and giggling under his mouth—was something that could never exist. He didn't even dare dream of it.

Fuck, until a few days ago he had kept telling himself he didn't lo— *like* Shane like that.

What a fucking idiot he was.

He wants Shane so badly it almost hurts.

But not just to fuck him. Not just to touch him, or mark him, or draw those sounds out of his throat. He wants to stay. To linger. To memorize this version of Shane Hollander and carve it into his bones, make it something he can never lose.

Ilya leans down and kisses him again. Shane sighs into his mouth, soft and open. When Ilya pulls back, he says it plainly.

“You are pretty. Is truth.”

A light blush taints Shane's face, color blooming across his cheeks, down to his neck. Ilya traces it with his thumb. There's a cluster of freckles on Shane's left cheek that almost form a heart. He wants to kiss it.

He doesn't get the chance, as Shane leans up again, capturing his mouth once more. Messy and eager do their lips meet—and Ilya feels like a junkie chasing the next hit. Fuck. It's so good. Kissing Shane is too good. He never wants to stop.

Then Shane starts shifting, and Ilya pulls back. He lets his finger trail over Shane's arm, feeling the strong muscles beneath soft skin.

“You okay?” he presses the question against Shane's throat, tasting salty sweat.

“Uhm, yeah,” Shane shifts again, focusing his eyes on some point right to Ilya's head.

“Just... the cum.”

Oh. Fuck. Yeah.

Ilya almost forgot. Not just the bed is a mess but Shane's stomach as well. He looks down, seeing some stripes of come drying on Shane's abs.

“Ahh,” Ilya states, already looking for something to clean Shane up with so he doesn't have to stand up and leave this wonderful, safe, cozy, and sexy bubble they made themselves.

“I can—”

“No,” Ilya interrupts whatever Shane was about to say, already leaning over him, fumbling with his nightstand, looking for some tissues. He has to have some there. No way Shane never jerks off. And yup, there, he's victorious.

“You really don't have to—” Shane starts, when Ilya starts to carefully swipe away some of the mess on Shane's abs.

Ilya stops, eyes locking with Shane's. “You do not want me to?”

“No, it’s fine. I just—”

“Then let me. Please.”

“Okay.” Shane’s lips lift in a small, shy smile. Ilya can’t help but press a light kiss to the corner of it. Fuck, he’s so gone for him.

He can’t believe he really has Shane Hollander beneath him, soft and spent after having sex with him, smiling sweetly at him, when only hours ago he’d been a menace on the ice. A force. A wonder to watch. All control and leadership and sharp focus.

With swift motion Ilya cleans Shane up, throwing away the tissues once he’s done. He doesn’t stop touching Shane though, hands lingering.

Ilya knows he looks good. *Good* doesn’t even cover it. He’s a solid ten and he’s always known it—people like to look at him, like to touch him even more, and he’s never seen a reason not to enjoy that. He’s young, hot, built like a god.

But Shane Hollander...

Never has Ilya wanted to trace someone’s every curve and dip like this. Never felt the urge to follow the strong lines of muscle with his fingers, to let his mouth linger over stretch marks with something close to reverence, to map and memorize every freckle scattered across Shane’s skin like galaxy dust.

He doesn’t want to stop touching him. Doesn’t want to look away. He drinks in the sight of Shane’s bare body beside him, greedy and unapologetic.

Shane doesn’t seem to mind at all. His brown eyes follow Ilya’s hands, warm and intent, like he’s watching just as closely in return. He leans into the faint brushes of fingers, the soft press of lips against his skin.

It’s only when Ilya feels a light brush over the mark that still sits at the junction of his neck and shoulder, does Ilya stop outlining Shane’s abs, noticing with a smirk how Shane’s soft cock starts to harden again.

Ilya lifts his gaze to Shane’s face, his eyes fixed on that faint purple mark. It’s already faded some, but it’s still there, Ilya knows.

“Jealous?” Ilya smirks.

Shane huffs a laugh, and looks up. His eyes are still dazed but the desire in them is clear as day, his pupils blown wide.

Ilya takes it as an invitation to move from his place next to Shane to hover over him again. And Shane doesn’t waste a second, surging up to kiss him again, licking into his mouth. Ilya groans, letting his hips roll forward, swallowing the moan that escapes Shane at the friction.

It doesn’t take long for Shane’s cock to be hard against Ilya, twitching whenever he lets his body press closer to Shane. Ilya hadn’t joked when he told Shane he’d fuck him how many

times he wants, he's just a tiny bit surprised (but pleasantly) how eager Shane seems to go again. Not that he's complaining.

Shane's whining beneath him, head thrown back, exposing the long column of his neck and rutting up against Ilya. Ilya licks up his throat, nibbling at Shane's jaw, before his lips brush the shell of Shane's ear.

"Tell me what you want."

The reply is instant.

"You."

If Ilya would be stronger, if he didn't have Shane Hollander beneath him, he might have dragged this out, might have made him beg more but he already wants this too much, wants to see Shane's pretty face twist in pleasure as Ilya fucks him.

Ilya reaches between them, wrapping a hand around Shane's hard and his half-hard cock, squeezing them together. It barely takes seconds before he's completely hard again.

Shane's face is a sight to behold when Ilya starts stroking them.

"Ты такой красивый," Ilya breathes. *You're so beautiful.*

"Ilya, please—"

Shane's fingers are digging into Ilya's shoulder as he whines and moves his hips up, letting his cock brush firmer against Ilya's.

"Fuck," Ilya groans, letting go of their cocks to go reach for another condom, ripping it open and sliding into on.

Bracing his palms on either side of Shane's shoulders, he's caging him in again. But this time when he leans in, he doesn't go for his mouth but the dip of his throat, his collarbone. He sucks on a nipple, coaxing another one of those high-pitched moans out of Shane.

As he kisses his way down, he shifts Shane's leg higher—a hand sliding under his knee, lifting it and spreading Shane open for him. Shane goes willingly, pliant beneath him.

Ilya pulls back just enough to line himself up, the tip of his cock nudging against Shane's hole where it's still wet and loose.

He pushes in slowly, eyes locked on Shane's face as his dick sinks in inch by inch. Shane's mouth falls open, eyes fluttering shut before Ilya takes his chin in his hands and tells him "Keep them open. Look at me."

Their eyes are locked until Ilya bottoms out, his hips flush against Shane's ass. He then lets his eyes wander to the place where they are joined. Shane's hole stretched out beautifully around him, his walls tight and warm around Ilya's cock.

“Move,” Shane whimpers, “Please, Ilya, move.”

He starts to move, slow, deep thrusts that drag all the way out before pushing back in. Shane makes the softest, wrecked sounds with every movement, eyes fluttering shut, then opening again like he doesn't want to miss seeing Ilya above him.

“That's it,” Ilya murmurs. “Let me see you. Don't hide.”

Ilya lets his gaze roam over Shane's face—the furrow of his eyebrows when Ilya drags out almost all the way, the pure bliss and flutter of eyelashes when Ilya pushes in again, the freckles on his skin, a bead of rolling down his temple that Ilya licks away.

“Такой хороший мал'чик,” Ilya groans, thrusting a little harder now. “So good for me. So beautiful.” *Such a good boy.*

Arching up into him, Shane meets every thrust. His hands drag up and down Ilya's shoulder, fisting into his hair before taking his face between his hands, and kissing him messily.

“Так красиво реагируешь” Ilya breathes against his lips, before biting into Shane's lower lip, earning another sinful moan. *You react so beautifully.*

He reaches down and hooks Shane's leg, lifting it easily and settling it over his shoulder.

Shane gasps sharply at the new angle. “Ilya—”

“Fuck,” Ilya groans, eyes dark. “You're *so* flexible. Такой мягкий. Did you know that?” *So soft.*

Shane's response is a mix of moans and whimpers, already cockdrunk and blissed out.

Ilya thrusts again, deeper now, the angle perfect. Shane cries out, back bowing, one hand flying to Ilya's arm.

“There,” Ilya pants. “You feel that? *Da?* That's it. That's where I want you.”

Shane nods frantically, his mouth opening on broken moans. His cock bobs uselessly between them, and Ilya wants to make him come untouched.

Putting a firm hand on Shane's hip Ilya starts to drill into Shane, hitting his prostate every time if the tightening of Shane's walls around him and the sounds spilling out of him are anything to go by.

Ilya presses open-mouthed kisses to whatever part of Shane he can reach—his neck, his throat, his temple, his shoulders, his cheeks, his torso. He tries to find every single cluster of freckles and murmur praise against them, devoting himself to this worship of Shane Hollander.

“You're *so* pretty,” Ilya moans. “Fuck—sound so good—”

Shane whines, clutching at his shoulders. “Say more—say anything—*please*—”

And who would Ilya be to deny Shane something that comes so naturally to him? Praising Shane is as natural to him as the easy glide of his skates over ice.

“Такое красивое лицо,” Ilya pants, thrusting harder. *Such a beautiful face.*

Complimenting Shane is as natural as slipping into his mother tongue, the words rolling easily off his tongue just like the puck slides into the net whenever Ilya shoots.

“Такие приятные звуки.” *Such sweet little sounds.*

Adoring Shane feels just as instinctive as his heart pumping blood through his veins, syncing perfectly with every broken noise Shane pulls from his own parted lips.

“О Боже, как я тебя хочу.” *Fuck, how I want you.*

Shane whimpers, hips rolling up, chasing every thrust now. He’s close. Ilya knows it. He can feel it—the way Shane pulses around him, the way his cock is leaking like a fountain, the way his thighs twitch. He presses one palm to Shane’s cheek, feeling the wetness from where tears have slipped free, turning his face towards Ilya.

“Look at me,” he urges softly.

And Shane does. He listens so perfectly.

His eyes are glassy, blown wide, fixed on Ilya like he’s trying to memorize him. Like he can’t believe this is real.

Ilya loses himself in that face—every twitch, every gasp, every helpless sound. He knows, with a jolt that borders on terrifying, that he’s never going back to fucking someone without seeing this.

“Come for me,” Ilya murmurs, stroking down Shane’s chest, thumb brushing his nipple. “I want to see it on your face.”

Shane breaks.

His body tightens, leg slipping further down Ilya’s shoulder as he comes with a cry, cock jerking between them, smearing both of their stomachs. His face twists in bliss—eyes squeezed shut, mouth open on a sound that punches straight through Ilya, freckles bedded in sweat and tears.

“Блядь’...” Ilya groans, control shattering. “That’s it. So fucking good. Так красиво. You’re perfect like this.” *Fuck. So beautiful.*

He thrusts harder, faster—then buries himself deep and comes, hips stuttering, groaning his name, eyes locked on Shane’s wrecked, blissed-out face.

The world stills for a moment. The air smells like sex and sweat, raw and heavy. The only sounds left are their breathless gasps, the faint creak of the bedframe, the erratic thump of Ilya’s heartbeat in his ears.

Shane's leg slowly slides down from Ilya's shoulder, boneless, his whole body slack beneath him. He's still got his eyes closed, wetness clinging to his lashes. Ilya softly wipes away the rest of the tears, before letting his forehead rest against Shane's cheek, his body still half-sprawled atop of him.

"Fuck," Shane breathes eventually, voice raw and floaty.

Ilya lets out a low, content noise, somewhere between a hum and a satisfied growl. "Mmm."

He could stay like this forever. His body feels like it's still buzzing, still wired with the aftermath of it. His cock is softening inside Shane, and everything is messy and hot and perfect. He lets his hand drift lazily over Shane's side, then across his stomach—feeling the slick mess spread there. His palm sticks slightly when it brushes through it.

The touch seems to awaken something in Shane. He moves his head, letting Ilya's own fall onto his shoulder, and glances down at himself.

"Oh." His brows furrow slightly. "Wow, I'm a mess."

Ilya blinks at him, wanting to smooth out the furrow, then shifts enough to glance down too.

There's certainly a mess... Shane's abs are covered in his come, some smeared on his chest, and some caught in the hair on Ilya's lower stomach where they pressed together. Ilya is just happy Shane hasn't seen the sheets before he covered them hastily with a blanket. They are probably all sticky and gross by now. Oops.

But what's that saying? What one doesn't know won't hurt. And Ilya will make sure Shane won't know for at least a while. He wants to stay here with him, pressed close.

"No, you're not," Ilya lies.

Shane's face scrunches up adorably in irritation. "Yes. I am. I'm sweaty. And like... messy. And everything's sticky."

"It's *sex*, Hollander," Ilya says, trying to joke but Shane's already squirming.

"I'm gonna shower," Shane mutters, already starting to sit up, cheeks pink.

Ilya sighs dramatically but shifts back onto his knees. "You sure? Can just sleep in filth. Is tradition."

Shane gives him a look. "Gross." He moves towards the edge of the bed. "Maybe you do that with your other—" He pauses, and looks at Ilya with uncertainty in his eyes before averting his gaze. "Maybe they don't mind. But I do."

Ilya stares at him, unsure what Shane means, who he's talking about when he says *them*. But Shane's already standing up, the mattress dipping under the movement. Ilya looks at the empty space where Shane's body was a second ago.

Fuck it. Their bubble is already broken. The air already feels colder. The intimacy slipping like sand through his fingers.

He fears he should say something but he isn't sure what. He just stands as well, discarding the used condom and stretches with a low groan as the muscles in his back pull tight.

If Shane wants to shower, then sure, they can shower. Maybe it's not a bad idea at all. Ilya was just too lazy to move but he'd follow Shane anywhere. He's not letting Shane pull away because he's too lazy to shower.

Standing, Ilya takes a moment to take Shane in in all his naked glory.

His skin is still glowing faintly with sweat. His thighs are shaking slightly. His hair is a mess. His freckles are everywhere. His lips kiss-swollen. His dick, soft and twitching against his thigh, is still leaking a little. He's got marks on his collarbone where Ilya kissed too hard, and a lovebite near his hip.

He looks fucked. So clearly and beautifully fucked.

Ilya's mouth goes dry at the sight. If he hadn't just fucked Shane two times, he's pretty sure he'd get hard again. Well, maybe he could try again in the shower. Wouldn't that be fun? Figuring out how many times Ilya could make Shane come within an hour.

Hollander doesn't catch him watching him, already walking towards their adjacent bathroom.

Ilya trails after him, not unhappy with the sight in front of him. Shane really got a great ass.

But the moment Shane steps inside and Ilya crosses the threshold behind him, Shane turns, surprised.

"Uh—" He laughs awkwardly, rubbing the back of his neck. "I don't need you in here with me. I can shower by myself."

Ouch.

Ilya stills at the doorway. It sounds like rejection. Except it doesn't quite *feel* like one. Hollander says it matter-of-factly, like the idea of showering together simply hasn't occurred to him.

Shane's eyes dart to the side, clearly flustered by Ilya's sudden silence, shifting his weight from one foot to another. "Or if you wanna go in first..."

"No," Ilya shakes his head. "Is fine."

He really doesn't want to push Shane into something he isn't ready for, and the way Shane's face turns pink, the way his shoulders hunch in shy embarrassment, tells Ilya everything he needs to know.

So Ilya sends him a soft smile, steps back once—twice—

But then pauses in the doorway.

Shane has already turned again, his back to him now, ready to step into the shower, fingers tightening on the edge of the curtain. His shoulder blades shift beneath flushed skin. There's a faint sheen of sweat still clinging to the curve of his spine.

He's still glowing from it all. Still radiating something warm and wrecked and soft and *his*.

And Ilya... he can't help himself.

He steps forward one last time, pressing himself lightly against Shane's back. Just enough contact to feel the heat between them. His chest meets Shane's spine, bare skin to bare skin, his breath ghosting over Shane's ear.

Then he leans down and presses a kiss right to the curve of Shane's shoulder, letting his lips linger for a second.

Shane freezes for half a breath, but then exhales something close to a sigh. His head tilts slightly like he doesn't even realize it, and a soft flush rises up his neck. Ilya's hand ghosts over Shane's hip and he feels how his body softens at the contact.

But Ilya doesn't do more, no matter how much he wants to. No matter how badly he wants to linger, to trace more freckles, to tug Shane under the spray with him. Shane doesn't have to share every part of himself all at once with Ilya. Ilya can be patient. He can wait.

"I'll be out there," is all he says.

Shane nods without looking, and Ilya backs out, grabbing a towel from the hook near the door and wiping himself down with a few quick passes.

He wraps the towel loosely around his waist and heads back out into the dorm.

It's quiet now. No sounds but the faint hiss of the shower and his own footsteps as he crosses the room. He wonders if the rest of the team is still at the party. Some probably making out with some cheerleaders if they got lucky, Pike maybe dancing with his girlfriend he can't shut up about. Marlow is probably trying to take over the music and Barrett will have left already.

Ilya stops by Shane's bed, running a hand through his messy curls.

The bed is... well. Fucked.

Literally.

It's a fucking mess. The sheets are twisted and damp, still holding evidence of what they did. They're probably all musky from the sweat and come. One pillow has rolled to the floor. Ilya half-heartedly kicks it into the air, catches it with one hand, and lets it drop back onto the bed. The navy comforter he'd tossed over their earlier mess is half-hanging off the mattress now, dragged and forgotten.

Ilya knows Shane. Better: he knows *Shane Hollander*.

Knows how much he likes routine (how he needs it). Knows how sharp and organized he is, how particular, how his face twists into this half-panic, half-irritated grimace when something's out of place. He knows how Shane only eats the diet-approved food, how he's the only one on the team who actually sticks to it.

He knows Shane *hates* a mess. That he keeps his space methodically clean. That he throws judgmental little side-eyes whenever Ilya leaves his gear strewn across the floor by his desk.

There's no way Shane's going to be able to even *look* at the bed like this, let alone lie in it.

Ilya knows he keeps his spare linens in the bottom drawer. Ilya's seen him fold them before, all neatly stacked, every corner tucked in like his mother taught him to do laundry military-style.

His eyes roam over the mess of blue and white. He *could* make the bed. Strip the sheets, wipe everything down, replace it all with fresh covers.

But Ilya doesn't want to.

Because if he does that, if he resets it all, Shane's going to go right to it after his shower. Crawl into clean sheets and tuck himself away under his boring navy-blue comforter. He'll probably thank Ilya, and climb into his bed like it's any other night. Tell him goodnight.

And Ilya is selfish.

He doesn't want Shane there. He wants Shane to see the wreckage. Wants him to remember it. To feel the hesitation in his step when he looks at the bed and realizes *oh*—this is where Ilya fucked me senseless.

But more than that... he wants Shane to choose *him*.

To step out of the bathroom, look at the destroyed bed, and *not* go to it.

To come to him instead. Without being asked.

The idea of holding Shane close, post-shower, skin-clean and still pink from the heat, curling together under Ilya's blanket instead of retreating back to safe corners...

Yeah.

So he leaves Hollander's bed as it is.

He turns his back on it and walks to his own. He drops his towel over his chair, deciding to stay bare instead of tugging on some underwear. Ilya has always felt comfortable in his own skin. He doesn't mind nudity, doesn't understand why Americans (and Canadians) make such a deal out of it. Fucking prudes.

By the time he hears their bathroom door open, Ilya has let himself fall backwards on his bed, staring at the ceiling, listening to some students trail through the hallway and back to their dorms.

He doesn't look up right away, but he hears the shuffle of feet and the soft pat-pat of Shane's towel brushing his legs. Then a sudden pause—followed by a very familiar, very horrified sound.

“Oh, fuck.”

Ilya glances up.

Shane is standing frozen at the edge of his bed, blinking down at the destruction. His hair is wet and falling into his eyes, cheeks flushed from the steam. His chest is bare and tinted a delicious pink where the hot water hit, his towel tucked securely around his hips. He looks like a wet dream—literally.

“I almost forgot. Shit,” Shane's voice is pitched with dismay as his eyes rake over the sheets. “That's.. ruined. Completely ruined.”

He lets out another exhale, then drops into motion, clearly unable to just leave it. He crouches down, gathering his clothes from where they're scattered across the floor and starts folding them methodically. Since sharing a dorm with Hollander, Ilya learned that his roommate is almost obsessive about how his clothes are organized. Even the socks get paired and neatly folded. Ilya hadn't even known people do that...

But Shane keeps at it, focused and determined, trying to restore order wherever he can.

Ilya watches him with tangled emotions. Fondness, first and foremost, but also a sharp edge of despair. Shane doesn't spare him a glance, entirely absorbed in his task, like a man on a mission to reclaim control.

Glancing toward his alarm on the nightstand, Shane checks the time. It's past midnight. Ilya had just checked his own phone. There'd been a text from Svetlana asking where he's at. Shane rubs his forehead, clearly doing mental math.

“I can't run the washing machine now. After midnight we're not allowed to anymore,” he mutters, already sounding like he's planning around it anyway. “I guess I could just wipe it down and strip it and grab my extra set—”

He turns toward the bottom drawer.

Oh, absolutely not.

Ilya is not letting Shane put on clean sheets while Ilya lies awake three feet away, completely getting ignored like nothing happened.

Absolutely not.

“God, Shane,” he murmurs, annoyed, standing up.

Shane turns just in time to see him coming, barely having time to react before Ilya scoops him up. He's surprisingly lighter than expected. (At least for a hockey player.)

"Ilya, what the fuck—!" Shane shouts, arms flailing, hands smacking uselessly at Ilya's shoulders. "Put me *down*!"

"Quiet," Ilya grins, carrying him like a princess (though he wouldn't say that outloud. Shane might just punch him for it). "Is fine. I have a plan."

"This is *not* a plan—My bed! I need to—" Shane's still yelling, voice squeaking when Ilya crosses the room in three strides and tosses him—gently, sort of—onto *his* bed.

Shane bounces once on the mattress with a shocked "*oomph*," landing on his back, towel barely staying up. Ilya wants to get rid of it entirely.

Looming over a very disgruntled Shane, he smirks down at him.

"Clean bed," he explains easily. "You sleep here. All good."

"I—you—*what*?" Shane's hair is falling into his eyes. He looks so cute, all disoriented. "No, I can't just—this is *your* bed, Rozanov."

"Yes." Ilya tugs at the corner of the blanket, matter-of-fact. "And you are in it. Is smart plan. I am genius."

Shane sputters, tugging the towel tighter around himself. "I wasn't planning to sleep with you —"

Ilya arches a brow and starts pulling more at the blanket, signaling Shane he'd either lift his hips or they won't get anywhere. "You were naked in front of me fifteen minutes ago."

"That was different!" Shane yelps again when Ilya tugs more strongly at the blanket. Shane does lift his hips though, letting Ilya pull it out beneath him. He even lets Ilya take away his towel, before he starts tucking the blanket around Shane.

The moment the fabric slides over Shane something in his shoulder relaxes, the furrow in his brow lessens.

"I could've made my bed," Shane grumbles.

"Yes, but it is late," Ilya replies smoothly. "And I do not want to hear you cursing at sheets for twenty minutes while you try to find corners."

"I *don't* curse at sheets—"

"You do," Ilya says. "Also you are tired. And you look better in my bed."

And with that he crawls onto his bed, arms bracketing either side of Shane for a second before he flops onto his side, wedging himself between Shane and the wall. It's a tight fit.

The dorm beds were barely built for one, let alone two six-foot hockey players, but Ilya couldn't care less.

He just had the best fuck of his life, and now he has Shane Hollander in his bed.

Propping his head on one hand, he looks at Shane.

Hollander's lying flat on his back, staring at the ceiling like it's challenging him to a duel. His brows are drawn, lips pressed into a thin, thoughtful line. They don't share a class, but Ilya imagines this is how Shane looks when he's solving equations or writing essays. No wonder he passes everything with flying colors. Hell, Ilya would give him straight A's just for looking like that.

Unfairly pretty.

Beautiful like sin.

It does things to Ilya's sanity. He's never been one for lingering. Sure, aftercare. He made sure people felt good, cleaned them up, maybe even talked for a few minutes if the person seemed interesting enough. But staying just to stay? And not just because he's too lazy to get back to his own bed? To stay and watch someone breathe and thinking about freckles and wondering what they're thinking?

Yeah, that was never his thing.

But Shane Hollander...

Ilya can't *not* stay. He's never felt like this before. Never felt this full, this light, this *giddy* with the realization that someone is in his bed. That *Shane Hollander* is in *Ilya's* bed. All flushed and fucked out and pink, jaw tight in thought, still so pretty it makes Ilya's head spin.

He wants to touch him again... just to see him look back.

But Shane doesn't. Shane would rather look at their boring beige popcorn ceiling than at Ilya's handsome face. It annoys Ilya.

Shane's clearly thinking *too* much. Probably about the ruined bed next to them. About the come-soaked sheets and the sweat-stained pillow and how it's his mess, his responsibility, and maybe even—

Maybe even about whether this was a mistake.

Ilya frowns, shifting a little closer.

Then, after a long pause, Shane speaks.

"That was..." His voice is quiet, uncertain. "Something."

Ilya watches how Shane's lips turn up into the smallest smile when he says *something*. He smirks.

“да. You can say it,” he says, nudging Shane’s arm with his knuckles. *Yes*. “Best sex of your life.”

Shane turns his head, slowly. It’s not with the look he hoped for. Not a smile. Not that soft, post-orgasm daze still curling behind his own ribs. Shane’s expression is... troubled. Like there’s a problem to solve. Like there’s something he has to *fix*.

Ilya has no interest in seeing that. No interest in speaking to Shane if he won’t even admit this night had been mind-blowing. Turning away, he feels his smirk slipping. He flips onto his back with a sharp exhale, now the one staring up at the ceiling. His jaw clenches. His ego (and his heart) are hurt.

Fuck.

He wants a cigarette. Craves one. He wants to go outside barefoot, lean against the railing with the night air on his skin and light up and *not think*.

But instead, he’s in this too-small bed, lying shoulder to shoulder with the boy he likes, who confessed his feelings to him and gifted Ilya a part of himself no one had before. And who now looks like he regrets it.

Ilya feels his fingers twitch where they rest on his stomach under the blanket. Feels his pulse in his neck. If Shane’s about to make this into some thing, some conversation where he says “*I think we should forget this happened*” or “*this was a mistake*”—

Whatever. Ilya won’t stop him. He doesn’t give a flying shit.

He just wants a cigarette and drink the vodka he stores in one of his drawers from one of his few visits to Russia. And if Shane complains about the smell again? If he doesn’t want to kiss him again? Fine. Whatever.

He clenches his teeth and stares harder at the ceiling, trying to will the heat behind his eyes to cool.

The bed is too small. Their shoulders keep brushing. Every time they breathe, they shift into each other’s space.

Shane’s still overthinking it. Ilya can feel it in the tension between them. It makes his skin itch. His heart twist. He just wanted to enjoy this. Just *once*. Wanted to enjoy the post-orgasm haze, the weight of someone else in his bed, the warm hum of affection and want.

The feeling of *Shane*.

Shane, who made him feel wanted back. Who told him he *liked* him. Who Ilya has feelings for so big they consume him.

Ilya’s eyes close briefly. When they open again, they don’t move from the cracks in the ceiling paint.

“...Rozanov.”

Shane says it quietly. Almost a whisper, like he's afraid to interrupt the silence he created.

Ilya doesn't react.

He keeps staring at the ceiling.

He doesn't want to go back to *Rozanov* and *Hollander*. Doesn't want to be just roommates and just teammates and just rivals again. Not after this. Not after Shane had kissed him, moaned for him, came apart in his arms.

Not after *Ilya and Shane*.

But now it feels like the world is tilting back, reverting, snapping the two of them into their old shape—and Ilya *hates* it.

He hates everything.

The sheets are still warm. The room still smells like sex. But something inside him is turning cold.

“...Ilya.”

The words are spoken softly, heavy with meaning.

Slowly, Ilya rolls onto his side.

Now they're face to face again. His pillow shifts slightly with the movement, and for the first time since everything inside him flipped, he looks at Shane.

That stupidly pretty, freckled face. Eyes tired and uncertain. Lips a little swollen from kissing. The slope of his nose.

The same face that had looked up at him earlier, wide-eyed and gasping, while Ilya fucked him deep.

Shane feels like standing too close to the sun. Warm and blinding and impossible to ignore. And Ilya, knowing exactly how this ends, still leans in. Still steps closer. He knows his fall is inevitable, but he's willing to burn if it means staying here for even a moment longer.

“What now?” Shane asks softly, his breath brushing Ilya's cheek..

The question isn't accusatory nor casual. Ilya knows that Shane is genuinely asking, that he's worried and anxious, caught between want and fear.

And Ilya. Fuck. Ilya wants so much.

He wants to kiss Shane again. Wants to wake up next to him. Wants to press his face into his neck and stay there. Wants to do this a hundred more times, softer and slower and rougher and *better*, wants Shane to want it too, wants—

But clearly Shane isn't ready for that. Not yet. Ilya wonders if he ever will be.

He thinks of his mom. He wishes she was here. He wishes she could sit beside him and tell him *Everything in its own time*. He can almost hear her voice, soft and certain, calling him *Ilyusha*, pulling him into a tight hug that made the world feel manageable again. He wants her to tell him he hasn't ruined this. That he's not asking for too much. That Shane likes him just as much, even if he's scared. He wants her to tell him what to do, or at least that he's allowed to feel like this.

He wishes she was still here, just a phone call away.

But she isn't.

So Ilya pulls in a slow breath and says simply, "Now we will sleep."

Shane's face twists. It's not what he meant, not the answer he wanted. Ilya isn't dumb, he knows.

"No, I meant—What if..." Shane trails off. His eyes are so big and brown, searching, pleading almost.

"No one will know, Shane." He makes sure to keep eye contact to make Shane, hoping he can see the trust he's trying to convey. "No one will find out. This won't ruin anything. Not hockey. Not the draft."

Shane looks at him, something unreadable in his eyes, then he nods.

Ilya watches him in the dark, chest tight but hopeful. Maybe not everything is lost yet. Shane still trusts him. Shane is still here, lying in bed next to him.

"We have a couple more months living here together."

Shane blinks, confused. "So?"

"So..." Ilya shrugs, trying to keep it casual. "Why not make best of it? Have some fun."

"Fun?" Shane's brow furrows.

"Wasn't this fun?"

Color creeps into Shane's cheeks. He nods, almost shy, glancing at Ilya like he's trying to figure out what he sees reflected back at him.

Then, slowly, a small smile tugs at his lips.

Ilya smirks back, like he doesn't hate reducing this night to *fun*.

"Okay," Shane breathes, shifting slightly.

Their hands rest between them on the bed. Slowly, Shane edges his closer, crossing the small gap. His fingers barely brush Ilya's.

Ilya is transfixed by the almost-touch. So focused on it that he nearly misses Shane's next words.

"Do you... do you remember Tuesday night?"

Tearing his gaze away from their hands, Ilya raises an eyebrow at Shane.

"I was not the one drunk. Do *you* remember?"

Shane huffs a quiet breath. "No—I mean, yes." He swallows, eyes dropping back to where their hands hover an inch apart. "I just... do you remember what I said?"

You always look so good. I think about you all the time. You're very handsome. You could kiss me. I was thinking about you. Do you think I'm pretty?

"Yes."

There's a pause. Ilya feels that familiar gravitational pull toward Shane again—like a planet meant to orbit a sun it knows will burn it eventually. He feels the heat already, knows the risk, knows he'll still move closer anyway.

"I remember too."

When Shane hooks his pinky around Ilya's, the world stills. Gravity rearranges itself, its pull snapping into place around that single point of contact.

"And I meant it," Shane adds softly. "Everything I said."

Then Shane lets go before Ilya can say anything, before he can lace their fingers together just to see how their palms fit.

He rolls onto his side, turning his back to Ilya.

Ilya watches him for a second longer. *I meant it. Everything I said.*

Shane is the sun, and Ilya is willing to burn. Shane is the calico cat, and Ilya is willing to wait. Shane is everything Ilya wants, and Ilya is greedily taking whatever he can get.

Everything in its own time.

Slowly, Ilya moves, pulling Shane close to him.

He tucks his body around Shane's, their bare skin warm under the blanket. Shane's hair brushes his face and Ilya breathes him in.

Shane sighs softly. Then he reaches back, finds Ilya's hand, and pulls it over his chest, their fingers interlacing easily, like they've done this before.

A heartbeat later, Shane whispers, “Goodnight, Ilya.”

And Ilya, nose pressed into Shane’s curls, exhales against his skin.

“Goodnight, Shane.”

End Notes

sorry for everyone who expected them to openly confess their feelings & get together. this is hollanov. ofc they are NOT going to straight up talk about feelings & all that 😬 and because i have not learned from my former mistakes : yes, there will be more of them in this universe. next fic will be titled 'Light My Fire' (another song by the doors)

kudos & comments are always appreciated! i may take a while to reply to them but i see them all and they continue to brighten my day :)

thank you so much for reading <3
come say hi on [twitter](#)

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