

Just One Chance.

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Just One Chance.

by [SuckonLarrysDick](#)

Summary

“Maybe he has a crush on you or something,” Hayden said when he first noticed Ilya’s interest in his best friend.

“Jesus,” Shane responded.

“What? Isn’t he bi?”

“I have no idea,” Shane said, even though he knows. Ilya is charming; his sex appeal is off the roof (even he, Shane Hollander, can admit that), and Ilya constantly flirts with people—both guys and girls. That’s why the concept of Ilya Rozanov taking an interest in him is out of question; the guy is a legend on and off the ice

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Or, the College/University AU where Ilya is the captain of the hockey team, who may or may not have a crush on Shane Hollander.

Notes

My very first hollanov fic!! I'm really excited for this one because it's one of my favorite tropes. Please go easy on me!!

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

The hallway is buzzing with energy, since today's the last game for the semi-finals for the hockey tournament, which includes their university. Students are anxious in classes, and professors are low-key rushing their classes so they can be dismissed earlier. For Shane Hollander, hockey is just a hobby, not something to lose his marbles over. His mom's the fan, but Shane just preferred glimpses here and there. His best friend, however, will kill for tickets every time there's a home game at their university.

"You're coming with me, Shane, that's final." Hayden, the best friend (and roommate) in question, said to him as he fixed his things.

Shane groaned, "You know I'd rather bed rot than watch a game, right?"

"I know, and I don't care. You're still coming,"

"But why?"

"Why not?" Hayden retorted, "It'll be fun, it's a high-stakes game!"

Shane weighed his options, bedrotting sounds really tempting right now, but he knows he won't hear the end of it if he rejects Hayden's offer. Besides, the guy has been trying to get him to watch a game this season.

"Fine!"

Hayden pumped the air, "Finally! Alright, I have to meet Jackie for a few hours, the game starts at 6 in the stadium, you know how to get there, right?" Shane shot him a look, "I'll take that as a yes. Anyway, here's your ticket, seats are already reserved, so I'll see you there, buddy," Hayden left as soon as he dropped the ticket on the table.

Shane checked the time on his phone: 3:32 pm. He has enough time to lounge around before he has to mingle with other people. He decided to grab a snack in the cafeteria, since he hadn't restocked their groceries yet. He grabbed a hoodie, pulling it on, and made the short walk to the cafeteria.

The cafeteria is closed, and Shane glared at the locked doors as if they did him dirty. Luckily, the vending machine outside has a few snacks available. He checked his options, deciding on a bar of Snickers and a cup of yoghurt.

"Weird choice, Hollander," He heard someone say from behind him. He knows that accent without even turning to look who it is.

"What do you want, Rozanov? Don't you have a game to get to?"

"Just getting a snack, will you be watching?" Shane can hear the smirk on his face.

"Unfortunately," He said under his breath, crouching down to get his snacks.

"Then I will see you there, yes?" Rozanov asked, to which Shane answered with a shrug.

He left the other standing there, feeling eyes on his back as he made his way back to his room. Ilya Rozanov is the current captain of their hockey team and the guy who seems to make it his life's mission to taunt Shane every minute of every day.

They are both juniors; Ilya is studying international relations, while Shane is studying nursing. They barely have any classes together, but Ilya seems to be there wherever Shane is. He'll always have this lopsided smile on his lips, asking Shane nonsense questions.

"Going to class, Hollander?"

"We are at school, aren't we?" or sometimes,

"Those books might be heavy. Need help?"

"I can manage."

Shane is focused on his studies, nursing is no joke, and he needs to be great in class, so he has no time for Ilya's bullshit. Ilya, on the other hand, doesn't seem to get the memo and still chose to keep on pestering Shane with his existence.

"Maybe he has a crush on you or something," Hayden said when he first noticed Ilya's interest in his best friend.

"Jesus," Shane responded.

"What? Isn't he bi?"

"I have no idea," Shane said, even though he knows. Ilya is charming; his sex appeal is off the roof (even he, Shane Hollander, can admit that), and Ilya constantly flirts with people—both guys and girls. That's why the concept of Ilya Rozanov taking an interest in him is out of the question; the guy is a legend on and off the ice.

Shane prepared for the upcoming game, wearing something simple and what Hayden calls Shane-esque, which is basically track pants and a different hoodie he was already wearing. He sprayed some cologne and put on his glasses, deciding to wear them for the day, as he wasn't sure how far they would be from the rink; he might not understand what was happening if he were blind.

The walk to the stadium took Shane only 10 minutes, during which he had the chance to eat the yogurt he had bought earlier. The seats are decent, and Hayden is already there.

"Glad to see you didn't get lost," Hayden said once Shane sat down.

"Fuck you, you're lucky I showed up at all."

Hayden laughed, "You're right, thank you so much for gracing me with your presence, great Shane Hollander." Shane punched him on the arm.

A few minutes later, the teams were introduced, and the whole stadium erupted in cheers, most especially when Ilya was called, waving smugly to the crowd.

“Your boyfriend’s famous, isn’t he?” Hayden snickered beside him, earning another punch from Shane.

The other team was introduced, and a significant number of fans also attended to support them. Admittedly, Shane missed this feeling. He used to watch games with his parents, but now that he has other priorities, he has lost interest in them. The game started, and it was already very heated; both teams were eager to secure a spot in the finals. Ilya is on fire, skating as if his life depended on it.

“Ilya’s the fastest skater on the team,” Hayden said next to him without looking away from the game. Then Ilya got slammed on the boards, making the people shout profanities at the other player. Ilya, the little shit that he is, is still smiling despite the brutal hit he just received.

And then a fist collided with his face, causing the people to scream even louder.

“Oh shit!” Hayden exclaimed with his fist on his mouth. The altercation was quickly interrupted by the refs, with Ilya being tended by their team’s medic.

In the end, they won with a final score of 3-1, and it feels like the whole stadium is about to collapse from the energy the crowd is generating. Shane watched as the players shook hands with each other, and then they walked out to their locker rooms.

“Hey, is it okay if I wait for J.J.? I want to congratulate him,” Hayden said.

“Go ahead, I’ll wait for you guys,” Shane said, following Hayden over to the entrance of the locker rooms.

It took J.J. a few minutes before he stepped out, towel on his neck. “J.J., you beast!” Hayden said, giving the guy a hug.

“What’s up, Hayd?” He turned his eyes to Shane. “Shane! Man, it’s been so long since you watched. What made you join Hayden?”

Shane gave J.J. a friendly handshake. “I got tired of Hayden’s persuasion.” They all laughed at that. “You were great, by the way.”

J.J. waved him off, “Nah, have you seen Rozanov? Dude’s unstoppable,”

“Yeah, he was great,” Shane agreed, because he saw how Ilya played amazingly a few minutes ago. Despite being cunning and annoying (to Shane), Ilya is a great captain and a great hockey player; it’s something Shane can’t deny even if he wants to.

“We got invited to this party at a sorority, not sure where, but I’m sure I’ll get the details later. You guys want to come?”

“Hell yes!” Hayden said at the same time Shane said, “No thanks,”

“It’ll be awesome, Shane. You should come!” Said J.J.

“Hollander does not do parties, J.J., you know that,” Ilya said, suddenly appearing behind J.J., wearing a simple white shirt and shorts, bag slung over his shoulder.

“How would you know?” Shane said defensively.

Ilya shrugged, “I asked you a couple of times before, you always say no.”

Shane shot daggers at Ilya, “What if I just don’t want to come with you?”

Ilya shrugged once again, cool as ice, “You do not have to force yourself to do something you do not like just because you do not like me.”

Shane was taken aback, as were Hayden and J.J., whose eyes were wandering from one person to another. J.J., bless his heart, broke the awkward silence, “Well! I will be showering for the time being. Hayden, I will see you later, and Shane, it was nice seeing you.” He clapped Ilya on the back before walking back to the locker room.

“I’m meeting Jackie, are you cool to go back on your own?” Hayden said carefully, not wanting to upset Shane.

“I can walk with him,” Ilya said, “Our buildings are close together, anyway.”

Shane, tired of arguing with Ilya, just shrugged. Hayden gave him a playful shove before leaving.

“You do not live close to me,” Shane said matter-of-factly as he and Ilya walked. “Why did you say that?”

“If I say it is because I want to walk with you, would you believe me, Hollander?”

“No,” Shane said.

“Well, whatever, it is because I want to walk with you.”

“Why? Don’t you have a party to get to?”

Ilya sighed as he switched his bag from one hand to the other, raking his hand through his curls to tidy them a bit from being thrown by the wind, “I try, Hollander. I have been trying.”

“What are you talking about?”

Ilya opened his mouth to reply, but decided not to. He just continued walking with Shane right beside him. It was quiet, and Shane could feel the tension between them. What does Ilya mean by that, that he’s been trying? He didn’t have the chance to ask, since they had already arrived at Shane’s building.

“I will see you around, Hollander,” Ilya said.

“Thanks,” Shane said, looking at Ilya’s face, and he noticed the bruise forming on his cheek. “Do you want some ice for that?”

Ilya raised an eyebrow, hand coming up to touch his cheek, “Ah, it’s not problem. I can ice it back in my place, but thanks for the offer.” Then, “You want to be my nurse, Hollander?”

Shane rolled his eyes, “Fuck you, Rozanov. Have a great night.” He replied before entering his building.

If he smiled as he climbed the stairs, then it’s his business.

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Shane just finished his first class of the day, and his next one is not until 2 pm; it’s only 11. He doesn’t feel like eating, so he decides to go to the central library, sitting in a vacant space in the reading room. He lay his head on the cool table, pulling his phone out and scrolling through social media. He has more than enough time to kill anyway.

At the corner of his eye, he saw someone enter the library. A curly-haired student who goes by the name of Ilya Rozanov. He played it cool, using his phone but trying to see where Ilya would go.

Then their eyes met.

“Fuck,” Shane whispered to himself, because Ilya is now making his way over with a smile on his face.

“Nice seeing you here, Hollander,” He said as he took the vacant space next to Shane.

“I guess,” Shane replied, keeping his eyes glued to his phone. It seems he’s scrolling through Instagram now.

“Your class went okay?”

Shane shrugged, but he still had his head on the table, so his shrug looked a little awkward, “S’fine, you?”

“Boring,” Ilya laughed to himself, “I fell asleep during the last 30 minutes, the professor did not mind.”

Shane chuckled, “That sucks.”

There was a minute of silence before Ilya spoke again, “Do you have any plans later?”

“I have class at 2 pm,”

“I see, this is your last class?”

Shane nodded, “Yeah, it ends at 5 pm.”

Ilya smiled, “Then we go at 5 pm.”

At that, Shane lifted his head and stared at Ilya, “Go where?”

“I know this good diner just outside of campus, very spacious. Great food. Let’s eat there.”

Shane blinked, still looking at Ilya with curious eyes. Admittedly, this is not the first time that Ilya has asked him to go somewhere. Most of the time, it’s to eat somewhere, sometimes it’s just to buy something from the store. But Shane usually turns him down because he’s either busy or he doesn’t want to go with Ilya.

Which is mean, especially for someone like Shane, who people adore due to his friendly nature. He just doesn’t see the point with Ilya- the same person who always teases him at every opportunity.

“What do you say?” Ilya asked, snapping Shane out of his thoughts.

“Oh, well, okay? I guess?”

He saw the surprised look on the other’s face, before it was subtly masked with a soft smile. He has a feeling that Ilya was expecting another rejection. “Great, I’ll see you outside your classroom at 5 pm.”

“Don’t you have any remaining classes later?” Shane asked.

“I finish at 4 pm.” Ilya winked at him, “I will see you later, Shane.” He said before leaving, and Shane sat there dumbfounded and oh-

He called me Shane.

An hour before his next class, he went back to his room to switch his iPad for his laptop, seeing Hayden on his bed reading a textbook. His best friend looked up and waved.

“I’m planning to go grocery shopping later, care to join?” Hayden asked as he highlighted something in his book.

“I have plans,” Shane said simply.

At this, Hayden raised an eyebrow, closing the book slowly, “You, Shane Hollander, have plans? With who?”

“Does it have to be with someone else?” Shane asked, squeezing the laptop inside his backpack.

“I know it’s with someone else, now who is it!” Hayden said.

Shane sighed, turning to face the other man, “Ilya.”

“Ilya... Rozanov?” Hayden asked slowly, “Did I hear you right?”

“Yeah, pretty sure he’s the only Ilya in the whole school.”

Hayden sat up, turning to face his best friend, “Honestly, I’m surprised you agreed. I thought his advances would be for nothing. You can be pretty clueless sometimes,”

“What do you mean?” Shane asked, his eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

“I mean, everyone already knows Ilya’s interested in you. Even Jackie, who rarely sees you, knows about that.”

“Dude, I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Shane said dumbly.

Hayden laughed, and Shane wanted to grab the textbook he was holding and slap it across the other’s face. “Didn’t you notice anything? At first I thought it was a joke, it’s very Ilya, you know? The things he does to you? But when I noticed he only does things *to you*, it confirmed my suspicions.” Hayden explained, “Ilya is an ass; he likes to make fun of people and get under their skin. It’s what he does, and he does that to you. But you know what else? Ilya asks you to accompany him to places, carries your books for you, and walks you to your classes. Ilya does not do that.”

Shane can feel his cheeks redden. Surely, this is just Hayden’s theory and not something that Ilya will confirm? Not that Shane wants to ask him. He doesn’t think he can. “Are you guys best friends now?”

Hayden laughed again, that jerk. “Ilya’s famous; it’s not hard to notice these things from him. Just ask him directly if you’re doubting my words. If I’m wrong, then I owe you an apology.”

Shane didn’t answer; he just left the room with his laptop in his bag and his cheeks the color of tomatoes.

He willed himself to focus in his class. If his mind wanders to what Hayden just told him, then he will overthink everything, and he won’t have the chance to focus. Not to mention, this is a major subject. Time passed pretty quickly, and soon they were being dismissed. He grabbed his things before stepping out of the room, and lo and behold, Ilya is already there waiting for him.

“Ready to go?” He asked. “Want me to carry your bag for you?”

“Yeah, let’s go, and uh, no thanks, I can manage.” He can feel himself redden because Hayden’s point about Ilya asking to carry his things for him just got confirmed.

“Are you okay? You look red.” Ilya said once they’re out in the field.

“I need to ask you something,” Shane said without looking at Ilya.

“Sounds serious,” Ilya joked, “What is it?”

“Hayden told me something, and I don’t think I believe him, not yet, at least.”

“Pike told you something? Is it about me?”

Shane swallowed. Why is he so goddamn nervous? It’s just a question! “Kind of. He said that you-” *you can do it, Hollander!* “-he said you’re interested in me?”

“Ahh, he is not wrong.”

Shane's eyes almost bulged out of its sockets, turning to look at Ilya. They stopped walking now, standing in the middle of the field together. "Say what now?"

"Shane, c'mon, did you not notice anything?"

"No!" Shane exclaimed, his voice coming out high and squeaky.

Ilya laughed, "You are very cute, Hollander. You kill me with this cuteness."

"I'm not cute, what the hell?" Shane said as he started walking once again.

Ilya was quick to follow, walking in pace with Shane, "Ah, but you are! You do not see it, but I do."

"Whatever." Shane said, "Where are we going, anyway?"

Ilya smiled at him, and he led the way, letting Shane follow just a couple of feet behind. Now that Ilya has confirmed his (Hayden's) suspicions, everything should feel different, right? But Shane didn't feel anything different; Ilya is still the infuriating jock who likes to taunt him. The jock who has soft, curly hair that may or may not be something that Shane wants to touch. The same jock who has gorgeous eyes, he wants to swim in them.

Perhaps nothing had changed between them, but Shane began to notice things right then and there.

"We are almost there." Ilya said, "Just around the corner."

The place came into view, and it's a cute retro diner with neon lights. It's not full, but there's a significant number of people already inside. It's almost dinner time, Shane's sure it'll fill up pretty fast. Ilya asked for a table for two, and they were led to one by a server named Alex, who gave Ilya a look that only screams *want*.

"You should try the double cheeseburger here, it's pretty good," Alex said, holding a notepad and a pen.

"What would you like, Shane?" Ilya asked.

"What do you suggest? I've never been here."

"I tried the cheese pizza, I split it with J.J., and it is good. But the burgers here are famous, so maybe you want to try that?"

Shane bit his lip as he weighed his options, ultimately ending up with an order of a single burger with a chocolate milkshake on the side. Ilya ordered a double burger with cheese fries.

"Coming right up, sugar," Alex said as he took their menus away.

"That Alex guy is one blink away from tearing your clothes off," Shane said to Ilya.

Ilya turned, looking at Alex, who gave him a wink. "He is hot, but not my type."

“Don’t let him hear that, you might break his heart.” Shane joked as Alex walked back to their table with their drinks.

“Choco milkshake, and a glass of Coke,” He said as he slid their drinks over to them.

“Thank you, Alex. I also want to tell you that you are handsome, but I only have my eyes set on this guy right here,” Ilya said out of nowhere, making Shane cough since he’s already drinking his milkshake. Alex lost his confident self, sputtering words before walking away.

“Oh my God, you’re an asshole!” Shane whispered angrily, but he couldn’t help the laugh that escaped him.

“I am honest!” Ilya said, laughing quietly with Shane. “Why would I ask you to come here if I will flirt with Alex the waiter? It does not make sense.”

Shane shook his head, “Whatever you say.” He stirred his drink with the straw, looking at Ilya through his lashes.

“I am serious, though.” Ilya said, “I hope you do not think of this as a joke or a prank. I have been trying to get your attention, but you are a very stubborn man.”

Shane remembered Ilya’s words from yesterday, *I try, Hollander. I have been trying.*

“I am not asking you to be my boyfriend, not yet anyway.” Ilya winked, “I just want a chance with you, if you are willing to give it to me.” They were interrupted when their orders were placed on their table (by a server named Anne, poor Alex might’ve asked to switch), and everything looked and smelled really good.

“Alright,” Shane said, “I’ll give you, this, us, a chance,” Shane said, trying not to look at Ilya because he can feel the bright smile coming off from the other’s face.

“Thank you,” Ilya said.

What Ilya said was true, the food in the diner is excellent. Shane had a great time with Ilya, who turned out to be a really great company. They talked about their classes, Ilya’s love for hockey, and Shane’s dream of becoming a doctor one day. Shane really thought he could run away from Ilya forever, when he knows himself that he’s curious about the other as well.

Now that Ilya has made the first move and confirmed his interest, Shane can finally be open to himself and accept his (growing) interest in the other.

“I had a great time tonight,” Ilya said, standing in front of Shane’s building with his hands in his pockets. “Thank you for accepting my invite.”

“I’m glad I did, honestly,” Shane admitted with a smile.

“Do you have iMessage?” Ilya asked.

“Is this your way of asking for my number?” Shane teased. “I’m a very private person; I don’t just give my number to anyone.”

Ilya laughed at that, “Private, of course you are. And yes, I am asking for your number because I will send you links for my favorite porno.”

Shane’s face scrunched up, “Gross,” He rolled his eyes, pulling his phone out of his pocket and handing it over to Ilya. “Save your number and text yourself so you get mine.”

Ilya took the phone happily and typed his number in, saving it to Shane’s phone. The other watched as Ilya opened a message thread and sent a message. Ilya’s phone chimed in his pocket. “Got it,” He said, handing the phone back to Shane.

“Guess I’ll see you around, Ilya,” Shane said.

“What, no kiss?” Ilya asked with a smirk.

Shane rolled his eyes (he does that a lot when he’s with Ilya), leaning over and giving him a peck on the lips. “Happy?”

But Ilya shook his head, wrapping his arms tightly around Shane’s waist and looking him in his eyes. “Tell me if you want me to stop.”

Instead of answering, Shane closed the gap and kissed Ilya squarely on the lips. Ilya inhaled in surprise before breathing out and kissing Shane back properly. It’s nice, nicer than Shane thought it would be. His arms found their way to Ilya’s neck and through his curls, which are indeed as soft as Shane thought. Ilya tried to deepen the kiss, and Shane is willing to but Ilya had to pull away with a grunt.

“Sorry,” Shane said, keeping his hands where they are.

“No, my cheek. The bruise.” Ilya said, wiggling his bruised cheek from yesterday. “It’s still sore.”

Shane chuckled, leaning over and kissing it, “Better?”

Ilya hummed, “Might need a couple more to be sure.”

Shane pulled his hair fondly, leaning his head on Ilya’s chest and breathing with him. “I really need to go, I still have to finish a paper for tomorrow.”

Ilya kissed the top of his head before separating from Shane, hand came up to stroke his cheek, “Text me, okay? I know where you live. I will stalk you if you don’t.”

“I will call campus security on you.” Shane joked.

“They will have to catch me first,” Ilya smiled, leaning over and kissing Shane one last time, “See you tomorrow,”

“See you,” Shane said, turning and entering the building.

He was not even halfway through the staircase when he received a message from Ilya,

From: Future boyfriend (Ilya)

I can't resist, I have to text you first. Good night!

End Notes

A sequel may or may not be in the works... I hope you guys like this!! Please follow me on [Twitter](#) .

Thanks, and see you at the next fic!

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