

Secrets

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76800456) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76800456>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug , New Year's Eve , New Year's Kiss , Drunken Confessions , Fluff and Angst , POV Ilya Rozanov , Alternate Universe , Alternate Universe - College/University
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-31 Words: 5,433 Chapters: 1/1

Secrets

by [itsjosten](#)

Summary

Ilya moved from his country with the intention to leave all his secrets behind. In Canada, he meets Shane, starting to get more attached to him every day. Having to stay away from him for the holidays makes him realize how much their casual relationship means to him, and that scares him, making him turn his feelings into a secret.

Or, Ilya needs to get drunk in a New Year's Eve party to finally be honest with Shane and leave this secret behind with all the others.

Notes

Hi! First, some content warnings: there are mentions about Ilya's parents death and his bad relationship with his brother. Also, there is no explicit sex scenes, but there are mentions. So, if you are sensible to any of this topics, please read carefully. This fic takes place in an alternative universe where they are not players. Also, english is not my first language, so please let me know if there are any mistakes. Happy New Year, and I hope you enjoy reading it!!!

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

Ilya had a lot of secrets, to be honest. Luckily, he was great at saving them. When he was a child, he never told his mom that nobody at school wanted to sit with him at the break, because that would make her sad, and she was already so sad. He never told anyone that she was so sad, so he also never told anyone how she died. He never told his dad that he didn't like the color of his bedroom walls, because he wouldn't care. He never told his brother about the first time their dad forgot his name, because he was afraid he would be as sad as their mom was.

Every time his mom used to tell him a secret, like a hint of his birthday present or what would the dessert be, he would look at her deadly serious and say "don't worry, mom. I'll take this to the grave", and she would laugh so hard. Of course he knew she would. Of course he would say it just to make her laugh. But the secrets kept getting bigger than just "we're having ice cream after dinner", and Ilya started to think that, maybe, they would be what took him to the grave. Still, he kept all of them. He moved to Canada, a student visa in hands, and took everything with him. All the secrets, all the trauma.

He thought he would be safe from the secrets there. And he was, at some point. He didn't have to hide anything, he just chose to not let anyone know about his personal life. It was different. No secrets, just choices. He was safe for the first three months.

His first new secret started at a party one of his classmates was throwing. No special celebration, just the teenage dream: big house, parents out of town. Ilya loved those, he had attended to at least eight of these since he arrived in Canadian lands. He was looking forward to ending the night with some girl at his dorm, just like the last eight times. He didn't have to put much effort at this, it would naturally happen at some point.

He already had lost count of the drinks he had when started looking around. Person by person, he didn't spot anyone interesting enough dancing or nearby the drinks area. He passed his eyes directly by the door, but went back for a second look. Right on the first hallway, there were two people he had never seen before, despite being probably the same age as him. First, a girl. He couldn't deny, she was beautiful. Like, the movie star kind of beautiful, but still not Ilya's type. Next to her, a boy. He had to put some effort to see his face, since he was almost hiding himself behind a pilaster. It took him a minute, but the boy turned around.

Wow.

Ilya didn't have the words to describe him. He wanted to put the blame on English being a stupid language, but he couldn't think of anything in Russian either. Beautiful was not enough. Movie star type of beauty was not enough. The girl talking to him was pretty, but he... he was something else. And he was definitely Ilya's type.

Ilya kept looking at him, trying to find out what to do with that. It was a rare occasion, but he had no idea how to approach. He kept staring at the two of them, trying to figure out if something was happening between them. The girl touched him a lot of times, but he never touched back. Also, she wasn't touching his hair, his shoulders or anything like that. It was always his arm, while she was laughing. Maybe she was just a touchy kind of person.

He didn't know for how long he kept looking at them, probably a weird amount, but it was worth it. The pretty girl finally left the beautiful boy alone. Ilya exhaled, but approached without thinking twice. He walked until he took the girl's original place, and almost forgot how to speak when the boy looked at him from so close. Like, not so close, but still too close for him to be able to breathe properly.

"Your girlfriend is beautiful," Ilya said, feeling like an idiot. Still, a great idiot, because the boy laughed.

"Oh, she's not my girlfriend. Me and Rose have been best friends since forever. But I admit, you're brave for coming to tell me this in case I was, in fact, her boyfriend."

Ilya shrugged. "Are you really living if you can't risk getting punched in the face for a pretty girl?"

The boy really laughed this time. "You must be right. She'll probably be back in a minute. I can go for a walk so you can try talking to her."

Shit. Ilya was, in fact, an idiot.

"No," he said, trying not to let his despair be visible. He exhaled, trying to be confident. "Your friend is pretty, but I'm not interested in her."

"Oh, I'm sorry. You asked if she was single, so I thought..."

"I didn't. I asked if she was your girlfriend. You assumed I wanted to know if *she* was single."

"Oh."

Ilya kept looking at him, trying to find out how to make this less embarrassing. Being dumped was already humiliating. He had to, at least, make things a little less terrible.

"I mean..." he started.

"I'm Shane," the boy said at the same time. "And we're single. Like, me and Rose. Separately."

"Ok," Ilya responded, trying not to laugh at how cute it was.

"I'm single," Shane concluded.

"I'm glad."

And then, they talked, just the two of them, in their own world. At some point, Ilya spotted Rose coming back, seeing them and immediately turning around.

"Where are you from?" Shane asked at some point. "I'm not sure if I recognize your accent."

"Russia," Ilya answered, forcing the accent to be even stronger. Shane smiled and Ilya could immediately die.

At the end of the night, Shane was at Ilya's dorm. He went away at almost six in the morning. Ilya had to use all of his self-control to let him go away. He wanted him to stay the night, but nobody ever stayed. It was sort of a casual sex unsaid rule, and sort of an Ilya's unsaid rule. So he watched Shane go away, imagining if he would ever have him in his bed again.

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Shane went back to Ilya's bed a lot of times during the semester. First, it became usual after every party. Then, after some stressing class. Then, skipping a class or another to see Shane was not the end of the world.

"When are you coming back?" Shane asked, laid in Ilya's bed after their last class of the day.

It was the end of semester, and there was only one test left. Some other classes too, but Ilya chose to ignore them. He spent the last week studying almost non stop, dividing his attention only with Shane. But it wasn't a problem. With all the stress, and the need to relieve it somehow, their dynamic became almost scheduled. They would attend every class, then Shane would knock on Ilya's dorm door, spend around an hour and go away. Then, they could focus on studying. He was actually proud of himself for being so organized with it.

"What do you mean?" Ilya responded, his eyes almost closing.

"From Russia."

"Oh. I'm not going. I'll stay here, the campus stays open for foreign students."

"But why? You'll spend Christmas alone," Shane said it with so much worry that Ilya could die because of how cute it was. He gave Shane a quick kiss, because he couldn't help it.

"That's fine," Ilya replied. "I don't care about Christmas. And I would spend it alone in Russia anyway."

"Why? Your parents don't live there? Neither your brother?"

Ilya didn't remember telling Shane he had a brother, but ignored it.

"My parents are... unavailable." Shane looked confused. "They're both dead. And I don't really feel like wasting my holidays with my brother."

"May I ask?"

The easy answer was: no. Ilya never talked to anyone in Canada about his family, and wanted to keep it that way. Not as a secret, but as a choice. Still, he had to remind himself of this, because it didn't feel like something wrong or a sacrifice sharing it with Shane. But he was still afraid, maybe afraid to scare him. In the end of the day, they were fucking each other, not in a type of group therapy.

"Not today," he finally answered. "I'm tired. You fucking killed me, Shane, you know that?"

"Yes!" Shane replied, too happy. Ilya immediately kissed him, just to take that presumptuous smile off his face. Then, he kept kissing him, for no reason in particular.

"How about you?" Ilya asked after a minute. "Are you going home?"

"Yeah. I'll go to my hometown tomorrow and spend Christmas with my parents and my grandma there. Then I'll be back on New Year's Eve to spend it with my aunt. I don't know if

we're staying here or traveling after."

"Do your parents live here?"

"No, I'd probably not live on campus if they did. I just came because it was the only way, my parents hate to let me live alone."

"Oh, use Christmas morning to tell them you've had some great company this semester."

Shane amusedly stared at him. "Sure. I'll tell them about Rose, of course. And there's this guy in my economics class that helped me to study for the test. Oh, and that girl that threw that last party. She personally invited me and said she wanted me to be there, you know? My parents will love knowing I have great friends here."

"Fuck you," Ilya firmly said, staring back at that angel face.

"What? Did I forget someone?"

"Yeah. How about that hot Russian that made you relax during the most stressful week of the semester?"

"I'm not telling my parents you've been fucking me, Ilya. Not on Christmas!"

"Stop being so extreme. Tell them you've been *kissing a pretty* Russian. See? That's lighter."

Shane laughed, but stayed quiet a second later. He stopped looking at Ilya's eyes and started staring at his neck.

"What?" Ilya asked, confused.

"My parents don't know."

"About me? I'm glad they don't. I was kidding."

"About me. They don't know I'm gay."

"And you want to tell them?"

"I don't know. I think not yet. Like, I assume they won't be mad or anything. But, still."

"If you don't want to, then don't do it."

Shane heavily closed his eyes, exhaling deeply. Ilya kept looking at him, not sure what to do about it. After a minute, he approached him, getting Shane's head in his chest and passing his fingers through the dark hair.

"Think about the good side of it," Ilya whispered in a sweet tone. "You have a secret now. It makes you a little less boring."

Shane opened his eyes and looked at him, pretending to be offended. Having his head in Ilya's chest, he was close enough to almost kiss him every time he moved his mouth.

"I'm not boring. And I have secrets."

"Do you?" Ilya took advantage of the proximity to kiss Shane after every word said.

"Yes! I have as many as you do, your fucking idiot."

"I don't have any secrets," Ilya spotted. Shane ironically laughed, incredulous. "I'm being serious. I used to have a lot of them, but not anymore."

Shane believed him, nodding.

"I have to let you study," Shane said after a while, without moving a bit of his body.

"No, you don't. You'll be out of town for two weeks, you can stay for one more hour."

"Oh, so you'll miss me?"

"No," Ilya said firmly, because Shane had to believe it. "But I'm not finished with you yet."

"Oh, no?"

"Absolutely not," Ilya whispered, immediately kissing him again. He didn't want to let him go so soon, or never. "Why don't you stay here? We can study together."

"Ilya, we need to concentrate. This test is important."

"I know it is. We will concentrate, really."

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Ilya started the next day trying to convince himself that he had studied enough during the semester, because the last night had been academically useless. He and Shane didn't concentrate at all. They were both too physically tired, but kisses and touches were enough to

make them forget the books for too long. But he didn't regret it. Shane would be gone for two weeks, at minimum. This assuming they would be able to see each other near New Year night. If they didn't and Shane went to travel with his parents, it would be a month.

He knew he liked Shane. He wasn't so out of his self awareness to not perceive it. He liked spending time with Shane, actually quality time. Sex with him was great, really great, but there was more. He liked talking to him about anything, classes or the weather or how the week seemed like a whole year.

Sometimes, they talked about personal stuff. Trying to sleep, Ilya remembered when he told Shane he had a brother. It was around midnight, and Alexei had sent him a message after months. Of course, he was asking for money. Money he knew Ilya didn't have. He immediately rolled his eyes, but Shane thought it was at him. He became uncomfortable and told he was already leaving, but Ilya asked him to stay a little longer. He showed him the message, and said his brother was pissing him off. Shane probably thought it was some kind of brother's fight, usual and healthy. It wasn't. Shane used to speak to him about his parents or the rest of his family too. Ilya knew his parents were obsessed with his safety, his aunt was funny (in Shane's perspective, so Ilya didn't trust it totally) and he had a baby cousin that was born in September and he would meet for the first time on Christmas.

He knew he would miss Shane in his bed. He already missed having him moaning and trying to stay speechless. He wasn't the type of person to talk during sex, but Ilya put all his effort to get three or four desperate phrases from him. But Ilya also knew he would miss talking to him. It was too much to admit, but Shane was also the only person he had to talk to. He didn't have other friends, if Shane could even be called that way, so the weeks would be lonely. Also, even if there was anyone else, he wanted to talk specifically to Shane.

Ilya wondered for a while about it, but finally saved his phone number in Shane's phone before he went to his own dorm last night. It wouldn't be the same, he knew that, but it would have to be enough.

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It didn't seem enough. Shane was gone for five days. Not even a week, and Ilya was getting crazy. They messaged each other every day, but it just made him feel worse.

It was very weird at first, because they had never texted each other before. Shane told him that he was already home, and Ilya sent him a photo of him organizing his dorm.

Shane sent him a picture with his baby cousin, to which Ilya replied “fun fact: I’m great with kids”.

At some point during the middle of the second day, they started talking about anything. Shane complained it was too cold, Ilya said he had to buy new clothes soon. Shane responded to this saying that he preferred him without any clothes, and Ilya couldn’t believe the first spicy text came from him.

On the fifth day, when Ilya already accepted he was going to die before Christmas, he took the courage to ask Shane to call him. “I wish,” Shane replied. “I’m sharing my room with two cousins. I don’t have a single second alone here. I’m so sorry”. Ilya expected to be upset with any negative answer, of course, but he didn’t see the uncontrollable willing to cry coming.

He tried to hold it, but finally cried. He didn’t believe he was crying for missing a boy, so he tried to be rational. He exhaled, over and over, until the tears stopped coming down his face. He tried to find a hidden reason. Maybe he missed his home and it was becoming too much. Maybe he was secretly angry at Shane for having a big family around. Maybe he was tired from the semester. But it wasn’t it.

He really missed Shane so much. He needed to talk to him looking at his eyes. Needed having him close enough to pass his fingers through his hair. Needed his kisses. Immediately. And if he couldn’t have it, he needed to at least let Shane know about it. But he couldn’t. He couldn’t tell him he was feeling this much. It was ridiculous, and maybe he didn’t feel it back. He couldn’t risk it. He had to keep this a secret.

Now, he had a secret. The first one after he ran away from every other one he ever had. It made him want to throw up, because he needed the choice. He needed to have control over what he said or not. He couldn’t lose control. The decision was being made for him, and he couldn’t accept it.

Ilya took his phone, Shane’s contact already open, and typed “I miss you”. It felt wrong, so he deleted before sending and typed “I wish you were here”. Wrong. “Come back soon,

please.””I want to see you.””I miss having you around.””I’m dying for a kiss.” Wrong. All of them were wrong.

Ilya didn’t send anything, tears coming down his face again. He didn’t want to admit it, because rejection would hurt as much as this impotence feeling. He threw the phone on the other side of the bedroom, exhaling heavily. Control was over.

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Ilya didn’t respond to any of Shane’s texts after the tenth day. He tried to, at first, because he didn’t want to hurt him by ignoring him, but it became too painful. He felt like every word he said was a lie, and he didn’t want to lie to Shane. It was terrifying him, so he avoided his phone like the plague and didn’t answer anything else. Not the Christmas wishes, not the photos of family activities, not the hundred texts asking if he was okay. He couldn’t do it anymore. He needed to take control of some part of it, at least.

Not using his phone, he lost track of the days. He could swear it was still December 30th, but discovered it wasn’t when a classmate knocked on his door. He told Ilya there would be a huge New Year’s Eve party in his house, and Ilya had to be there. Apparently, he sent a message inviting him days before, but Ilya didn’t even receive it.

He thought about going or not. He wasn’t in the mood for a party, but he was also tired of spending the whole day in his room, feeling sorry for himself. He thought about texting Shane something like “hey, I’m going out, see you next year”, just to feel less guilty and get to enjoy the night fully, but Ilya refused to act like anything happened. He didn’t want to be even more of an idiot with Shane.

At night, he took almost two hours to get ready, acknowledging he was trying to convince himself to give up going. He called an Uber anyways. In fifteen minutes, he was in that guy’s house, seeing he did not lie. It was huge. The house was enormous, and Ilya still took a minute to find out how to enter because there were too many people piled up in every door. In every place, to be exact.

Ilya finally went in, looking for someone he knew. He spotted some classmates, but didn’t have any interest in talking to them. He saw Rose, Shane’s friend, in the distance, and felt the need to hide from her. Some girls who he had been with before tried to catch his attention,

but he ignored them. Ilya ended up going to the drinks area, not planning to leave there for a while.

Of course Ilya wasn't the type of person to easily get drunk. He was naturally resistant, and combined this with being careful. He followed all the basic rules to not be an idiot. He would drink a lot of water and eat something sweet if he started to feel bad. It was easy. But there was no water nearby the drinks area, and he felt too tired to pass through all the people to get in the kitchen and get some. Also, he took too long to get ready to go out, so he didn't have time to eat anything before leaving. His head started to feel heavy after an hour, but he kept drinking, since there was nothing else to do there and he didn't want to go home yet.

One of the classmates he saw before approached him, saying loudly something Ilya didn't understand. His head started aching from how loud the guy was talking, but he still couldn't understand a single word.

"What?" Ilya asked, trying to smile.

"Are you ok, Ilya?" The boy answered, talking lower and stopping smiling. "You look pale. Did you drink too much?"

Ilya planned to say that absolutely not, he was great. Instead, he made a gesture with his hand and whispered "a little bit".

"Look," the guy, whose name Ilya couldn't remember for his life, said. "Stay here and I'll get you some water, okay? Don't move and do not talk to anyone you don't know."

Again, Ilya wanted to tell him to fuck off and leave him alone. He was not a child and knew how to take care of himself. Instead, he nodded and stood still, waiting for him to come back.

It took what Ilya felt like an hour, but the guy, Jason, he remembered, came back with a glass of water.

"Did you come alone?" Jason asked, carefully. "You shouldn't be alone being so drunk. It is dangerous."

"I'm fine." Ilya felt proud for finally being able to say what he wanted.

"Ilya, you are not. I'll stay here with you, okay? Also, I didn't drink and I've come by car, so I can take you home if you prefer."

Ilya wanted to cry because it was cute. He felt bad for ignoring him and his friends earlier. He was tired and a little scared, because he had never been so drunk before. So out of control, he thought, ironically.

"It's fine," he said, trying to look like it was true. "You can go enjoy the party, Jason. I was about to call a friend to come take me anyways."

Jason looked deadly at him, suspicious. "Okay, I'll wait here until you make the call. Just to make sure you won't be alone in case your friend is busy or anything."

Fuck. It was already humiliating, and Ilya didn't want to make it even more by admitting he was lying. He smiled, opened his phone and looked at the contacts, all of them kinda blurred. He looked at all the few names there. His brother, his stepmom, a teacher who had to contact him earlier in the semester, some classmates he had to talk to about group works, and Shane. Ilya hated himself for not having the habit of getting people's numbers. He looked at Jason, who was still staring at him. Ilya took a deep breath and called Shane.

It would be weird, but would be fine. Shane absolutely wouldn't answer. He was with his family and had probably blocked Ilya at this point. He would tell Jason that he was right, his friend was busy, and the poor guy would babysit him until midnight. Weird, but not as humiliating as confessing he was lying. The phone rang for almost a minute, and Ilya was already preparing his sad and surprised face, but, at the last second, Shane picked up.

"Hello?" Shane said, sounding confused.

Ilya didn't know what to do. Unconsciously, he looked at Jason, a deadly scared look in his eyes. Jason probably thought he was too drunk to explain the situation to his friend, because he took Ilya's phone from his hand.

"Hi," he looked at the contact's name, "Shane! Happy New Year! I'm Jason, a friend of Ilya, and he is not feeling well. He drank a little bit too much, and I didn't want to leave him alone. I offered to take him home, but he told me he was already calling you. Are you busy? Can you come pick him up? If you can't, don't worry, I absolutely can take him."

Ilya saw Jason wait for a second, not being able to identify what Shane was saying in the other way of the line. Knowing Shane, he assumed he was inventing some excuse to not create an embarrassing situation.

"Great, thank you so much," Jason said, smiling and turning to Ilya. "Look, I'll leave to make you more comfortable, okay? Stay on the line with Shane, do not hang up until he is here. He said he'll be here in a maximum of ten minutes. You should wait outside, the fresh air will be good for you. I'll keep an eye on you until he's here, don't worry."

Now, Ilya was actually terrified. He couldn't believe Shane was actually coming. He wanted to cry again, because he couldn't believe this motherfucker would still take care of him after he was an idiot to him. Ilya nodded to Jason and went to the front garden, whispering a simple "thank you" or the closest to it he could.

Ignoring what Jason said, he hung up the phone. He sat in a bank outside and waited for Shane, not drunk enough to avoid being ashamed of it. He kept track of the time, looking at the minutes passing. There was still half an hour until midnight. He saw Shane getting out of a car right in front of him exactly six minutes after he started staring at the clock.

Ilya adjusted his posture, trying to look a little less terrible for Shane. During the six minutes he waited, he imagined how it would be when he arrived. He knew Shane enough to know he was at least a little worried, so he would absolutely come. He thought he would arrive in an Uber, because he never knew about him having a car. He would probably take him to the dorm, make sure he was alive there, and then go away. He didn't prepare to any conversation, because he was sure Shane would not want to talk to him.

Shane almost ran to him as soon as he spotted him sitting there, completely alone. He got there in a second, standing in front of him.

"How are you?" Shane asked, much more gently than Ilya was expecting.

"I'm fine. My head just aches a bit."

Shane nodded, obviously not believing him. He gave Ilya his hand, helping him get up. Shane gently guided him to the car he had just parked, helping him get in.

"I didn't know you had a car," Ilya said, as soon as Shane started driving.

"I don't. It's my mom's."

"Did you steal it?"

"No, your idiot. I asked her."

"Really?" Ilya asked, actually incredulous. "And what did you tell her?"

"That a friend was stupidly drunk and needed a ride home."

The car went silent after that. Ilya got comfortable in the car seat, staring at Shane during the whole ride. Upsetly, they got on campus too fast, making Ilya's heart ache as much as his head.

"Wait, I'll help you get out," Shane said as soon as he parked.

"Wait," Ilya asked, his voice almost in a whisper. Shane immediately stopped opening his own door, staring back at Ilya. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine, Ilya. I wouldn't leave you drunk alone. I didn't even know who this Jason was, so I was worried for your safety."

"He's a classmate. We never talked much, but I think he assumed I was going to die at any moment. I don't know if anyone ever saw me this drunk. I don't think I have ever been this drunk."

"And why the fuck did you chose today? New Year's Eve, when everyone else is also out and maybe no one could've taken care of you."

"I don't know, Shane. I spent days miserable in my room and they invited me out today. I wanted to go out a little and see if I could, you know, turn back into a normal human being. But I was bored there, and everything was so uninteresting, and the only thing to do was drinking."

"What happened?"

"I got drunk, as you can see."

"No, your fucking idiot. You said you spent days miserable. And," he exhaled, "you didn't respond to any of my texts anymore. I was worried. I didn't know if I did something wrong, or if you were just tired."

"Never of you," Ilya said, completely serious.

"Then what happened?" Shane asked, his voice about to break. There were some tears coming down his face now, and Ilya never felt worse in his life. He never wanted to be the reason for Shane crying, or feeling like he was wrong somehow.

Ilya started thinking about some excuse, or at least a vague answer. He didn't want to lie, but being honest was too much at that moment. But he looked at Shane, his eyes full of worry and sadness, and he couldn't be the reason for any of it anymore. He had to take control again, so he could give it to Shane's hands. Ilya exhaled one, two, three times before starting talking.

"I was scared," Ilya said, almost in a whisper. "Scared," he repeated louder, because Shane deserved to hear every word clearly.

"Of what?"

"I missed you, Shane. So, so, so much. It hurt."

"I missed you too, but it was two weeks. I mean, it felt like an eternity, but I was planning to see you today. But you ignored me and I assumed you didn't want to, that you got tired. Why didn't you just tell me?"

"Shane, I would never be tired of you. Of anything, but never of you. I was scared, because it was so out of control. I needed you so much, but I didn't know if you felt the same. And having to keep it from you, like it was a secret that I wanted you, was killing me. I was afraid you didn't feel the same and I would lose it forever. Lose *you* forever."

"You would not," Shane responded, with even more tears in his face. "I want you around, Ilya. I want to be near you. I want to see you more and talk to you more. But how can I do it if you run away from me? I don't want you keeping anything as a secret from me. You need to trust me if you want me to be around."

"I'm sorry," Ilya said, reaching his hand near Shane's face, waiting for permission to touch him. He didn't know if he would want it, since he was rightfully mad.

Shane took a second, but moved his face to Ilya's hand, resting his head there. He quickly kissed his wrist.

"I missed you," Ilya said, clear and loud. "I want you with me."

"I want to be with you."

They stood there for a minute, looking at each other. Ilya finally used his other hand to pass his fingers through Shane's hair, something he dreamed about doing every day since he went away. Ilya was going to tell him this, but was interrupted by a loud noise that made him jump. He looked out of the window, seeing a lot of colors in the sky. Fireworks. He looked at his phone, it was exactly midnight.

"Happy New Year, Shane."

"Happy New Year, Ilya. Stay with me, okay?"

"I promise."

In the first minute of the year, they kissed, as a promise to make that year better for them.

End Notes

So, what do we think? Please tell me all of your thoughts in the comments. Also, I just made a new twitter account to talk about my fics and to be closer to the fandon of stuff I like (including Heated Rivalry, of course), so if you prefer, talk to me there! I'm @its_josten there! On twitter or in the comments, I love reading about what you think, so please talk to me! I hope you enjoyed reading and I leave my wishes that this next year will be the best of your life! Thank you so much for reading!!!

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