

the great chase

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by [suguruus](#)

Summary

“Hollander.” Shane’s head snaps back to his left. Ilya is much closer, pace slightly hurried. “Come here.” His voice sort of mimics the way one would talk to an animal paralyzed in fight-or-flight. Shane is not sure what to make of that.

He slowly turns his head in the opposite direction, where his vision tunnels on the door for the stairwell. It almost glows like a special item in a video game, like a hint. Without giving himself time to doubt, he bolts.

“Wha- Hollander, what the fuck!” Ilya shouts in audible disbelief, and Shane distinctly hears matching thuds of frantic footsteps behind him; Ilya is *chasing after him*. Shane runs faster, positively sprinting at this point. He’s the fastest skater in the NHL right now. He can do this. He flings the door open and bounds down the steps two at a time, hitting the walls with each turn of a corner. If he eats shit on this filthy floor and embarrasses himself in front of Ilya, he thinks, he’ll never let himself see the light of day ever again.

or alternatively, in which Shane accidentally sends the text, and Ilya chases after him. Like, *actually* chases after him.

Notes

i've seen so many renditions of the episode 2 ending on here but i lowkenuinely needed one where ilya actually chases shane bc that would have been so funny. i would have paid big bucks to see that happen

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

We didn't even kiss.

Shane's thumb trembles over the send button, before he retracts it.

No, he can't send that. His face feels hot, shame washing over him like a tidal wave. He squeezes his eyes shut and bumps his head against the wall like some kind of physical punishment, pressing the elevator button again for good measure even though it's already lit up. He's been waiting for this stupid elevator for almost 5 minutes now. Fuck Vegas and fuck everyone having a good time gambling and fuck everyone who can fuck people with no strings attached and not promptly develop emotions for them right after.

Exhaustion and regret suddenly hit him like a freight train again, and tears well up in his eyes and fall before he can blink them back down. He's emotionally wrung out. He thinks, with a sickly feeling in his stomach, that he should maybe put a stop to this tonight. Ilya Rozanov, he tries to convince himself, is bad for his health, and tonight was definite proof that this thing they had was slowly souring. Through his blurry vision, he attempts to backspace on the text, except a tear that fell at the top of his phone screen trails down faster than he can react. With growing horror, he watches it smear over the send button.

Shane's heart positively drops into his ass at the 'whoosh' sound the sent text makes, and he chokes on a gasp, fumbling with his phone. It slips out of his fingers onto the patterned hotel carpet with a resounding thud, and he picks it up with shaky fingers.

"Oh nononono. No, please, no, oh *God*." He frantically wipes his screen on his suit, taps at the text, seeing if there's a way to delete it. Nope. It'll only delete on his end. Ilya will now have physical proof of Shane's ugly desperation for the rest of his life.

"Oh fuck." Shane's voice cracks on his whimper, feeling dizzy and very trapped all of a sudden, and he realizes he's way too close to Ilya's door to be having a panic attack. He needs to get out of here. He frantically glances at the glowing numbers above the still closed elevator door. He's on floor 13. The elevator is still at 5. His room is on floor 2. He slams the elevator button again repeatedly, clicking it so fast he could probably give professional gamers a run for their money. The elevator climbs slowly, and he can hear the distant *ding* many floors beneath him. A wave of nausea hits him.

Ilya wouldn't come out anyways, right? Shane risks a look at where he knows Ilya's door is, down the hall. The thirteenth floor lobby is completely empty. There's no sound, no movement. A guilty little part of him feels a little disappointed, but most of him feels bone-deep relief. Of course he wouldn't come out. They're basically done after tonight. Ilya will return to Russia. He will probably sleep with that beautiful family friend of his and maybe date her because Shane is boring and emotional and unhealthily attached and none of that is what Ilya is looking for.

"Jesus fucking *Christ*, how long does this take?" Shane hisses, watching the elevator climb to floor 8. He looks at his phone screen. It's about midnight. Probably around the time everyone is getting ready to go out and have a good time at the casinos, he reasons.

He's just about to angrily hit the elevator button again, as if that would do anything, when he hears a door creak open to his left. His knees almost buckle with fear. Should he look over? *No. Do not look over, dumbass.* But he does anyway. And of course, Ilya fucking Rozanov walks out, expression unreadable from this distance, clad in only his dress pants and white dress shirt half buttoned. He looks gorgeously disheveled. *I did that*, Shane thinks in horny despair.

"Hollander." Ilya says, walking towards him slowly.

Shane feels frozen in place, heart climbing into his throat and practically suffocating him. He looks up at the elevator dial again. Floor 6. *What?* It went back down? Is that legal, even? Shane consults all the information in his head about elevators. It should have at least come up to his floor before going back down, or that's just an inconvenience and poor design. He should put in a complaint at the front desk.

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Ilya is hot on his heels, calling after him while also cursing in rapidfire Russian. Shane is not very proud of the sob-like noises that are ripped out of his throat with every gasp of air as he scales the stairs like his life depends on it. He chances a look at the large signs on one of the doors as he speeds by. Floor 10. He can do this.

"G-Go away!" Shane cries out, gripping the handrails like a lifeline. At one point, his palms get so clammy he loses grip on it and hits the wall. Ilya makes a strangled noise above him, but Shane ignores it, scaling the steps even faster.

"Hollan- ебня," Ilya spits out from a floor above him, stumbling over a step, "Shane!"

The sound of his name makes Shane's breath catch in his throat, and he pauses, legs suddenly very, very weak. When he cranes his head up, there's an almost crazed expression on Ilya's face, eyes wild and face red and sweaty. The look is enough to shock Shane into freezing where he is, heart beating so hard it almost *hurts*. God, he's so handsome. Why did it have to be him?

"Stop-" Shane gasps out, eyes laser focused on the way Ilya keeps closing the distance between them, "Stop following me, what the *fuck!*" He backs himself into the wall (the

seventh floor. He stood no chance). This probably takes the cake as one of the stupidest things he's done, right after running away from Ilya with no forethought as to what he would do after scaling eleven flights of stairs. But Ilya pins him there with his gaze, movements borderline predatory. His broad, sweaty chest rises and falls with each heavy pant, necklace stuck to his collarbones. Shane wants to bite them.

He tears his eyes away to stare at the ceiling desperately, tracing the cracks and cobwebs. He doesn't really believe in a God, but there has to be somebody up there who can help him right about now. Maybe they can strike him down and put him out of his misery. Does this classify as agnosticism?

"Shane." Ilya's voice brings him crashing back to reality. Shane lets his eyes fall to Ilya's face, beautiful under the harsh stairwell lighting. He vaguely notes that their shoes are touching. Ilya sounds ragged, voice cracking on his name, and for a second, Shane feels guilty. Then he doesn't.

"Stop saying my name." He hisses out, but it doesn't come out as aggressive as he'd hoped. It sounds more like a petulant whine. Ilya's breath shudders over his clammy skin, blue eyes rapidly mapping his face. He must find something he doesn't like, because his eyebrows furrow.

"Were you crying?" Ilya reaches a hand out and caresses his face, completely unlike the way he had gripped his chin possessively in the bathroom at the awards ceremony. He wipes a thumb under Shane's right eye, where it catches moisture. Shane can't help the way he melts into the warm touch, following his hand unconsciously. He's so humiliated it makes his skin crawl, and he waits for the beratement. It never comes. Ilya stays silent, as if waiting for Shane to say something.

"No." Shane mutters, but it's weak. Ilya sighs. He sounds disappointed. Shane wants to *die*.

"Hollander." Ilya says slowly. His other hand comes up to frame Shane's face. His thumbs glide over Shane's cheeks, tracing gently under his eyebags. "I am sorry." His face cycles through several emotions, but Shane, for the life of him, cannot figure out what any of them are. He's never been good at that. All he knows is that Ilya should not be apologizing. This is his fault.

"N-No." Shane's voice rises several octaves in sheer panic. "No, *I'm* sorry. I- I know you're going through shit. I shouldn't- I didn't-"

Damn it, Shane, he thinks offhandedly. He gasps for air, but somehow it feels like it's not reaching his lungs. The only thing stopping him from crumbling to the floor is Ilya's grip on his face.

"Okay, *okay*," Ilya presses their foreheads together, "Breathe, Shane."

The command, embarrassingly, washes over him like a balm, and his muscles relax immediately, gasps stabilizing into deep breaths. Ilya smells amazing, all warm and musky and rich like the cologne he loves so much, and Shane has probably been Pavlov'd into becoming some sort of obedient lapdog whenever he catches a whiff.

“Ily- Rozanov.” Shane whispers after a beat. He feels calmer, but now the gravity of the situation is starting to dawn on him. Shane’s text. Ilya chasing after him. Now his borderline panic attack.

“Hm?” Ilya hums, eyes still trained on his face. He’s got a little smile on his face, like he knows something Shane doesn’t, but it still makes Shane feel miles better. Their foreheads are still pressed together. Actually, now their *bodies* are pressed together. Shane reaches out and grips Ilya’s shirt like a lifeline.

“I’m, um, sorry.” He says, a little awkwardly. “I shouldn’t have ran. I- I didn’t even mean to send the text.”

“No.” Ilya says quickly, cutting him off. He looks alarmed. “You were right.”

This is not how he thought it would go. “Right? About what?” Shane pulls his face back an inch to look at him properly, but Ilya doesn’t give him the chance, closing the distance again. He noses Shane’s cheek. Shane tries to count his eyelashes, but gives up in favor of watching Ilya’s lips curve up, white teeth peeking out. It’s the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen.

“Yes. I did not kiss you. Was my mistake.” He sounds slightly amused now. Shane feels his face heat up, but he can’t stop himself from smiling stupidly. Ilya looks absolutely overjoyed now.

“Oh, fuck you.” He shoots back, but that’s all he gets out before Ilya presses their lips together, and Shane falls into the most familiar thing he’s ever known, after hockey. On instinct, he opens his mouth, letting Ilya press his tongue in and curl around his own. He traces his hands up Ilya’s chest before wrapping it around his neck, pulling him in impossibly closer. Ilya hums approvingly into the kiss, letting go of his face to palm his lower back, pressing their hips together. They groan in unison, and Shane is suddenly very fearful of being taken right here against the wall of a very filthy, very public stairwell.

That thought is enough to make Shane break away, their lips connected by a string of saliva. He licks it unconsciously, and Ilya’s eyes follow the motion, pupils dilated and chest heaving. He attempts to kiss Shane again, but Shane pulls back, a little regretfully. He feels so giddy, but he knows he has to address the elephant in the room.

“Listen.” He begins, but Ilya whines, attempting to get at his mouth again. Shane dodges, but he can’t help the laugh he lets out. He’s so unbelievably whipped. “Hey, listen.”

“Yes, Hollander.” Ilya groans, squeezing Shane’s ass with both hands. “So boring. Tell me.”

“I- er, well,” Shane stutters, “If- you know, if there’s ever anything going on, just tell me. I’m not good with advice, but at least I’ll know what you’re feeling.”

Ilya just stares, expression indiscernible. Shane can’t stop himself from wincing, a pit of despair opening up in his gut. Fuck. He begins to realize in real time that this is not a conversation he should be having with a *sneaky link* of all people.

“And!” He continues, attempting to salvage whatever’s left of his dignity, “And we can maybe avoid shit like this happening.” Or very embarrassing misunderstandings that put Shane’s heart on his sleeve to his fuckbuddy, of all people. That part remains unsaid. “And ruining the sex.” He finishes lamely, and lets out a very awkward, stilted laugh. It’s silent for a beat.

“You-” Ilya starts, then stops. He looks conflicted. Shane doesn’t say anything, watching in growing horror as his eyes grow red and misty. How he keeps fucking this situation up more and more each second is beyond unbelievable, and he kind of wants the ground to swallow him whole.

“Oh God, I didn’t-”

“Come back to my room, Hollander.” Ilya all but demands, pressing a soft kiss to Shane’s cheek. It’s a little too soft for what they’ve got going on right now. Shane is very confused.

“What? Why?” Shane resists a little when he gets pulled off the wall, but Ilya rolls his eyes, overpowering him and dragging him towards the door of the stairwell. He’s blinking a little too rapidly, Shane notices.

“So I can fuck you again. Many times, maybe. You say such things, what do you expect to happen?” Ilya grins, albeit a little shakily, keeping a tight grip on his waist as he pulls the door open and walks them towards the elevator, hitting the button without breaking eye contact. Shane flushes, trying to ignore the growing interest that’s currently happening in his pants. He pries himself out of Ilya’s grip in an effort to compose himself, but flails a little when Ilya’s face falls.

“Relax, I’m still coming. I’m not running away again.” He sighs, then levels a glare at the elevator as it dings and opens right away. What the fuck? Now the elevator wants to work? He reminds himself to file a complaint with the front desk when this is all over. There are definitely people on the upper floors who are having issues with elevator times. It could also be dangerous in situations like fires.

Ilya shoves him into the elevator gently and corners him, sneaking a hand up the back of his shirt and pressing an open kiss to his collarbone. He licks a long stripe up to the bolt of his jaw, worrying a hickey into the spot. Shane sighs happily, craning his head back further.

“What do you think about, in that pretty head of yours?” Ilya murmurs teasingly into his skin. “I am boring fuck for you now?”

Shane shivers, and he’s helpless but to tease back the handsome man in his arms. Who knows if and when he’ll ever get to do it again? “Maybe. Gonna prove me otherwise?”

“I already have, красивый,” Ilya licks into Shane’s open, inviting mouth, swallowing his whine, “But I can show you again as many times as you like.”

Shane hazily tries to commit the pronunciation of that word to memory. *Kra-si-vy*, he thinks. He makes a mental note to search that up later. Ilya kisses him hard and fast, holding him so tight Shane thinks they might melt together. He wouldn’t mind that.

Every thought flies out of his head barely a moment later when Ilya snakes a hand down the back of his pants. He pants into the kiss. Wasn't there something he was supposed to remember?

Ilya pushes him out of the opening elevator doors, refusing to part with him for even a second. He says something else in Russian against his lips, voice almost reverent. Shane has never felt more regretful that he doesn't understand a lick of Russian until now.

"Mm, wait," Shane gasps, craning his head back to make sure they don't hit a vase or something on the way. Ilya grunts and grabs his chin to connect their lips again like it'll kill him if they don't kiss, and Shane almost comes in his pants right then and there, that's so *hot*. They walk backwards until Shane's back hits the door, and without hesitation, Ilya pushes the handle, shoving him in. They finally part, and Shane is so breathless he almost passes out right there. Ilya nods his head towards the bed, kicking the door shut without looking back. Shane's a little annoyed now because Ilya's definitely showing off, just a little bit. Something must show on his face, because Ilya grins, pulling him back in for another kiss, reclining against the door.

The mood gets a little less frantic, and Shane gives him one last, longing kiss before he pulls away reluctantly. "I don't think I can stay. You leave pretty early in the morning, right?"

Ilya looks at him for a bit, the cogs in his head very obviously turning. Shane squirms in his grip.

"Yes. You are right." Ilya says eventually, running a hand through Shane's hair gently, brushing it out of his face. "I was, how do you say, lost in... moment?" He pouts a little in confusion, and Shane swallows down the very inappropriate feeling of fondness that wells up in his throat.

"Carried away?"

"Yes." Ilya sighs, scrunching his nose. "I do not understand how that translates. Makes no sense."

Shane laughs quietly.

"Yeah." It gets quiet, before Shane speaks again. "I don't really understand, you know, the whole Russia thing. And your situation, like, with Russia. But, um, I'm sorry."

Ilya gaze flits between his eyes. "Yeah?"

"Mm-hm."

"Okay." Is all he says, but his face is relaxed and he's still got a pretty tight hold on Shane, so Shane counts that as some sort of 'thank you'. And he'll take it.

"I'll leave now." Shane says, ignoring the weird ball of emotion in his chest. He reluctantly detangles himself from Ilya's grasp, and he's a little disappointed that Ilya lets him, but he gets it.

Ilya, ever the gentleman all of a sudden (not really, he's always kind of been one), walks him to the elevator. Shane halfheartedly hopes the elevator never gets here and Ilya stays with him for as long as he can have him. But of course, the elevator was somehow already waiting on their floor. Ilya keeps a hand on the door jamb, and it warms Shane from the inside a little as he walks in.

"See you." Ilya says, and something on his face is so melancholy that Shane can't help himself from pulling Ilya in and pressing one last deep kiss to his mouth. Ilya all but sighs into the kiss, tangling a hand into Shane's hair and tugging lightly. Shane pulls away before it gets any deeper.

"See you." Shane parrots back, watching him step back outside and stick his hands in his pockets, and he's suddenly struck by how young and unsure Ilya appears sometimes. It feels vulnerable.

They both watch each other until the very last second when the door closes, and Shane heaves a deep sigh, squeezing his eyes shut. As each decreasing floor number flashes on the elevator dial, he begins to feel very, very alone. It's too quiet. When did he start feeling this way?

Not even a minute later though, as the elevator opens for his floor, his phone buzzes. He opens it, heart thudding.

Lily: Not sure what you talk about. I recall giving you very good kisses.

Shane muffles his giggles into his hand, dangerously close to squealing and running down the hallway.

Jane: You suck.

Lily: Yes I know, I am very generous.

Jane: Big word. Where'd you learn that from?

Lily: Your mother.

Alright, well, Shane walked right into that one. All the way back to his room, he brainstorms possible comebacks to the very predictable traps that Ilya keeps luring him into. In the end, he comes up with nothing. If this is the minor price he pays to see Ilya all relaxed and open and talkative, then he'll take it any day.

End Notes

shane u wayyyyy too easy bro lock in!!!!

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