

Fly with You

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Fly with You

by [KasmiKassim](#)

Summary

Four times Ilya Rozanov denies himself Shane Hollander, and the one time he finally crumbles.

Notes

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

"You're an awesome player to watch."

Shane Hollander, idiot that he is, thinks they "started" back in rookie season.

Ilya finds this hilarious, because he'd recognized him from the beginning. When he came holding out a hand for a shake, wanting to be friendly and polite like some goddamned goody-two-shoes.

Shane Hollander is a dove among crows. Gentle, soft, too good for his flock. Tries so hard to fit in, though – endearingly; desperately.

The world will break him. Just as it broke his mother.

Hollander should be left alone, for all intents and purposes - Ilya knows that he, of all people, shouldn't touch a boy like Shane Hollander. When he says the world will break Hollander, he means Ilya. Ilya is the world that will break him. He is everything dirty and stained in the world, and it's people like him that Hollander should learn to be wary of.

So he's doing Hollander a favor, really, when he seduces him. He's teaching him not to fall in too deep. Not to trust too easily. Not to let himself be known.

Really, can anyone blame Ilya for being drawn to him? Such a soft little thing among the ugly spitting homophobes in the locker room? For wanting to – poke him to see how he bleeds, push him to see how he falls, cage him until he is forced to look Ilya squarely in the eye?

Maybe he hates Hollander just a little bit. All politeness, prim and proper, he will never know what it's like to break and bleed under whips and rods. He will go home at the end of the day after the shittiest of games and still be told that he did a good job. It makes him sick.

But what makes him sicker is the way Hollander looks at him, uncertain and scared, but still brave as he meets him touch to touch. The way the lamplight of the lonely hotel room wavers in his eyes as he stares at him, unable to say the million things that Ilya knows like a familiar scar in his own heart – but cannot find the words to say in either of the languages he knows. Every time he looks at him, it makes Ilya want to STAY in this – fantastical world where people are good, right versus wrong exist, family is kind, and love conquers all. He WANTS to believe in this fairy tale so badly that he doesn't mind being thrown off kilter and losing the ground beneath his feet. He WANTS to soar into the skies to see what it is that this dove sees when he flies; where it is that the air is so pure, hard work is rewarded, his own country doesn't hate him, and there's something worth continuing on for.

So Ilya drags him in, pushes him onto his knees, presses him unto the bed. Forcing Hollander's body beneath his own, Ilya can tell himself that he's safe on the ground. As long as he can fuck Hollander into forgetting his own name, making him throw his arms over his eyes and clench his teeth and lose all senses – Ilya can get Hollander to stop looking at him like that, with that soft wavering light in his eyes that promise – a world that is everything Ilya cannot have.

He's doing Hollander a favor. He is.

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"What the fuck do you want, Rozanov?"

The pretty Canadian kid has more guts than Ilya had given him credit for.

He's a fucking dark horse, is what he is. Ambushing Ilya with his dove soft eyes, his ridiculously righteous perfection – he keeps his spine straight, head held high, and continues to win games while he walks through life as if his straight (hah)-laced worldview is actually worth something. As if – if he believes in it enough, enough people will be moved to believe it too. As if – the world can try to be terrible all it wants, but it can't touch him if he refuses to let it.

He grows into a beautiful young man right before his eyes, and gods, it's just not fair. How he keeps winning and making Ilya's blood run hot; how he shouts at Ilya and tells him to fuck off. How he looks so uncertain at first, but eventually matches his energy in bed. Fucking feral, just the way Ilya likes it.

How he wraps himself up in a hoodie, bundled up like a soft baby bird after getting fucked raw, and sits at the stairwell with Ilya until his taxi comes just to – see him off.

Ilya can't stand it.

Because he makes Ilya WANT to text him stupid shit. Shit that has nothing to do with sex. And heaven forbid – get on the phone for a CALL – for no reason.

Just to hear his gentle fucking voice.

It feels so soft, and soft is dangerous. Let his guard down, and he'll be torn out of the sky at the zenith of the flight, thrown to the crashing depths below.

And who's going to catch him once he falls? Because he WILL fall – it is not a question of if, but when.

And gods above, what's scariest of all is that Ilya – WANTS Hollander to pull him up to those heights, even if he knows he'll fall.

"What do you want from me?!"

In the span of half a second, a million different answers cross Ilya's lips.

I want you.

I want to be with you for real.

I want you all to myself.

I want to hold your hand under the sun.

I want –

"I want you to suck my dick."

The boy's pretty eyes glitter bright, and by gods, he's a beautiful little thing when he's angry.

"Fuck you."

Because he's such a sweet, gentle thing. And Ilya, as far as he knows, is the only person who can turn him into this.

If he can't have Shane Hollander, he'll have at least this part of him: the anger that the rest of the world never sees.

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So, okay. It's kind of Ilya's fault that Shane took a page out of his book and got himself a girlfriend.

But is it Ilya's fault that he reads into it just a little bit? Because come on – a girl named Rose, really? Rose?

Ilya Rozanov. Rose... didn't Shane once call him Rozy or some shit?

Fuck.

He doesn't care. He can have his pick of women. And that's what he'll do. Have his pick of women. Rub it into Shane's face. Because Shane sure as hell doesn't care, right?

So... yeah. Who cares.

But it doesn't stop him from breaking into the biggest stupid smile in months when Shane says he and Rose aren't together anymore. Ilya goes back to his room later that afternoon to secretly look up the word "compatible" – just in case it means what he thinks it means.

He nearly vibrates as he steps out onto the sand to join Shane at the beach that sunset. Because fuck, Shane is like a fucking siren's song and Ilya just ...

Just... is happy to see him. As a fuck buddy.

Who... really wants to hold his hand in the sand when it gets too dark for people to see.

It continues on the ice. They keep orbiting each other as if they're each other's sun. Smiling big enough to light up the whole fucking rink, and Ilya will take this over any trophy or some shit – to have Shane look back at him with that adorably blinding smile every time they cross paths.

He even has an excuse to plant a sloppy kiss on him in front of the cameras, because they're not enemies in public for once.

Fuck... why can't they have this all the time? Ilya feels like he's flying.

And just like that – the light goes out, and the flight aborts.

Shane lies motionless on the ice, broken like a rag doll, because he was smiling that beautiful smile for Ilya – and –

Fate is a beautiful, terrible bitch, because it had a way of twisting itself even when Ilya thought he was one step ahead of it. Because instead of Ilya, it struck Shane down instead. Just because he was smiling for Ilya. Because he was so good, so kind, so sweet. Because of Ilya.

Why did Ilya think he was allowed to have this?

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"You feel it too, don't you?"

It was never supposed to come this far.

They're well into their twenties. Old enough to know better – old enough for Hollander to have become an even bigger menace.

Menace enough to look him in the eye and challenge him to be honest.

The thing is, Ilya always knew that Hollander was formidable. Knew from the start when the kid refused to back down when Ilya responded to his friendliness with a rude rebuff. But now – he actually opens his mouth and SAYS it.

Fuck, they weren't supposed to say this part aloud.

Who does this? A goddamn hockey player, asking another hockey player to be gay with them? In public?

"We get together, we fuck. It's simple."

They both know it's a lie, but Ilya needs it. Needs the lie.

Ilya needs Hollander to believe this. He needs him to be a coward like himself, so they can keep dancing this dance. So they can both have their cake and eat it too. Stay safe from the public – from each other – from themselves. That way no one will know. Not even themselves.

Yeah, they'll settle for crumbs, orbiting each other and pretending not to be jealous – but what other choice is there? Give up Mother Russia – for what? A chance at a domestic fucking life

with a Canadian boy?

What is he left with if Hollander leaves him? Abandoned by Russia, spat on by his people, denounced by his family, mocked by his friends? What morsel of anything does he have left?

He can't dream of more. He needs Hollander to stop dreaming of more, so they can go back to pretending that neither of them cares. Such fantastical dreams – they are not real.

They aren't real.

But fuck – those arms holding him are so warm, the voice against his hair so soft, that Ilya wants to burrow into this dream and never come out of it. Even if it means he'll crash and burn – stopping the flight is no longer an option. Even if there's a million safe places to land, exiting this – whatever path this is that he's been on for years at this point – is not an option.

He's going to fly too close to the sun one day, and he's going to crash and burn.

But as long as he gets to fly by Hollander – for the next hour, day, or month – Ilya doesn't care. He'll crash when the time comes.

Until then, he'll keep flying.

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"Don't marry Svetlana."

Shane Hollander is a goddamn force of nature.

He invites him to a lonely cabin in a lake. Asks him to spend their precious two weeks off together, stuck in a cottage hidden from the world, instead of going home to family and the press and headlines. Has the audacity to tell him – not to marry Svetlana.

Has the audacity to pump the brakes on Ilya's escape plan. His ticket to freedom.

"We can figure something else out, okay?"

Doesn't even offer a backup plan. But promises hope – and Ilya believes him, because Shane Hollander would not ask him for this without backing it up with action. He would not put himself out there like this unless he means it.

So Ilya throws himself up into that blind trust-fall once again, and concedes. Half-awake, half-aware that the plates of his life's tectonics are shifting beneath his feet – he concedes. Trusts Shane to plan their future.

It's such a terrible idea, this stupid dream that they could be normal. But he's perhaps half-crazed at this point that he'll cling to anything. Because it's been – how many years now? Fuck, almost a decade since they were kids, and Shane Hollander isn't going away. He just

keeps getting bigger and bigger in his dreams and his life, and he can't fight it. Doesn't want to.

"I have another idea."

The little dork had stayed up all night drawing out a multi-year plan. To slowly close their public gap while getting to see each other more. To create a whole-ass narrative to their love story. So they can be something real. Something permanent – something normal.

How? Why? What had Ilya ever offered him that would make him deserving of this?

Let's start a charity, the kindhearted idiot says. Move to Canada to be closer to me. Then we'll have an excuse – then we can be together for real, after we retire, and –

Ilya isn't crying. He isn't.

How does Shane – do this? Through all the times Ilya had pulled him in and pushed him away, hurt him and rebuffed him, chewed him up and spat him out – how?

How does he know how desperately Ilya needed to hear these words? That he's – wanted? Loved?

Shane Hollander doesn't offer him a landing pad to get off this trajectory. He offers to fly with him – he offers to build reinforcements and runway lights and steer the course. He makes a goddamn STRUCTURE out of this uncontrolled flight Ilya had embarked on so many years ago.

He doesn't ask Ilya to cease his flight. He doesn't pull him up to the sun where he can burn.

He makes it safe for Ilya to keep flying alongside him.

So, he does.

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The End

End Notes

-My first time doing the 5+1 trope... and I realized I didn't have five, but four, because I can't count.

-This was admittedly done within one afternoon with no real edits because I like to live dangerously. Hopefully it is still Worthy.

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