

Is It Really Over?

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Is It Really Over?

by [Mapple_s](#)

Summary

Ilya telling Shane to go away at the Olympics except Shane actually starts ignoring him. Ilya realizes he's losing him and doesn't want that.

Notes

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

“We are not anything...go away Hollander”

Those were the last words Ilya spoke to Shane, but this time Shane didn't let his need for Ilya overpower him. This time he decides he'll leave him alone for good.

The conversation they had runs through Ilya's head. Now he's at this boring party, in a boring bathroom, with a boring old hookup. Everything he had once found exciting felt so empty. He checks his phone again to see if Shane had texted him a “see you next season” message like always. Nothing.

His next opportunity to see Shane in person finally comes at an award show, they're paired up to do a skit and read off the winner. Shane ignores him as he approaches to go on stage, but he goes into professional mode when they get out there. Ilya can't help but glide his hand down his back after the photos are taken on stage. He wants to savor whatever contact he can get right now after being ignored for so long.

Shane doesn't wait for Ilya backstage and immediately darts for a bathroom away from the people. Ilya follows Shane, not really confident in what he'll say or do, but he needs to see him. He finds him leaning over the sink before fixing his posture when they make eye contact through the mirror. Ilya can't help himself as he leans against the paper towel dispenser and chuckles before saying “well...?”.

“What? What the fuck do you want, Rozanov? You tell me to go away and now you come in here to what? What the actual fuck do you want from me? Well?”

Ilya keeps up the cocky attitude despite his mind racing.

“You haven't texted in long time Hollander”

It's Shane's turn to laugh this time, not in an amused way, in a way of disbelief.

“But what I want, is for you to suck my dick”

“Oh fuck you, you're unbelievable. You suck my dick!”

Ilya finally walks over to Shane and grabs his face to make him look at him, an action that makes Shane's determination to not fall for his antics, waver.

“Maybe ask nicely, hmm?”

As much as those words turn him on, something in Shane snaps again. He slaps his hand away and comes out of whatever trance he was in. His glare towards Ilya is sharp before storming out of the bathroom.

Ilya stays in the bathroom a little shocked that Shane had actually just left, he looks at himself on the mirror and adjusts his bow tie. He tries to convince himself Shane will only be mad for a little while.

During the after party his eyes always end up trailing back to Shane, the man who isn't paying a single cent of attention back to him. The way he talks with other players so naturally, his suit bursting every time he flexes his arm. It's frankly getting on Ilya's nerves how badly he wants Shane, so he sends him a text.

Lily: Penthouse 1

He watches as Shane looks at his phone but just sets it back down, that isn't unusual, that's what Shane always does. This time feels different, something about the speed and the lack of acknowledgment to Ilya makes his stomach drop.

The rest of the night is filled with boring conversations and Ilya can't wait to get back to his room, maybe Shane will show up despite him ignoring the text. A little part of him hopes so. His few seconds of feeling him through his suit on stage wasn't nearly enough.

The after party dies down and Ilya takes the chance to slip away. Once in his room, Ilya pours some vodka in a glass and unbuttons his dress shirt, finally free from the uncomfortable suit. Over an hour passes before he finally hears the knock he's been waiting for. He smirks and feels a little relieved. They both couldn't resist each other no matter what they said or did.

He takes a deep breath and tries to take his time opening the door, not wanting to be seen as desperate. The view presented to Ilya almost takes his breath away. Shane has his bow tie undone, hanging off his neck and his jacket on his arm. He's left in his white button down shirt that's begging to come off. God, those freckles.

Shane walks past him into the room without a greeting. Usually he'd say "hello" or maybe even scold Ilya for taking so long to answer the door, scared someone might see him. Not this time though, the air is filled with tension.

"We should end this"

Ilya's stomach churns and he clears his throat before answering trying to find the words that won't make him sound desperate.

"What do you mean Hollander?"

"This. Whatever is, or isn't, going on here. It needs to stop and I think we both know it"

"Is this about Olympics?"

"No, well yes, but this was a bad idea from the start"

"What I said the-"

"You told me to go away when I was just worried with how you were doing, it's obvious you don't do serious but this is getting serious for me"

Ilya runs a hand through his hair and takes a sip of vodka before huffing. He has a serious look as he stares at Shane.

“It’s not simple like that, you understand? Russia is-it is, fuck”

Ilya can’t seem to find the right words in English to tell Shane how much trouble he’d be in if they were seen. He doesn’t have the mind to tell him how terrible his family is, not right now.

But Shane’s stare is steady and he’s patient. Which Ilya has learned makes him even more frustrated. He knows it means Shane won’t stop talking about this until he gets his answer.

“Is not safe for people who do such things! Fuck, Hollander. I have lots of-of shit on my mind, sorry I didn’t RSVP for pity party you were throwing!”

Shane watches as Ilya frantically throw his hands up then walks over to a chair to plop down in by the large windows.

“You mean gay people right?”

Ilya nods like it’s the most obvious thing in the world.

“You think me asking if you were okay was me looking down on you? That’s the reason you’ve been ignoring me?”

“Oh my god, we are not dating, I do not need to give life updates”

“Why are you always such an asshole? I can’t worry about you even if we aren’t dating?”

Ilya can’t think about the last person who cared about him like this outside of Svetlana and it scares him. A man who has prided himself on his promiscuous lifestyle hasn’t stopped to think about settling down, especially with a man. Being from Russia where both your father and brother are cops has made any idea of that cleaned from his mind. He would not be able to go back if he did such a thing or worse could happen to him.

“You do not need to worry about me, we are not close”

That’s all it takes to finally get Shane to realize they’re getting nowhere. He wipes his face with his hand out of frustration and nods.

“I’m glad we’ve established that. Goodnight Rozanov, I don’t think we’ll be seeing each other off the ice much”

“Guess not”

Ilya is left staring at the door Shane walked out of for hours thinking over their whole conversation. He lays in the hotel bed and tries to fall asleep to forget his shitty day.

The next time they meet is in fact on the ice. Ilya can tell Shane is out of it tonight and tries to do some banter.

“Having good night?”

No response.

“That’s nice, I think there’s still time for a hat trick. Should I do now or wait till the last second?”

Shane glares at him through his eyelashes. Something in Ilya ignites at the look.

“Cause I don’t know, last second is more fun”

Boston wins 4 to 1, but nothing about it feels all that satisfying to Ilya.

After that, Ilya only ever gets to see Shane on a screen, two times raising the cup in the air and one time he was entranced by a documentary about his cottage. He memorized every word Shane said in it. Svetlana ends up interrupting this when she reminds him they’re going out.

In the car Svetlana mentions the name Jane, Ilya’s heart starts beating quickly when she asks and he tries to play it off. “It’s not serious” “You’ve been talking to her for years” Svetlana can tell he’s keeping something but doesn’t push further. The mentioning of Shane’s fake contact name makes him press on the messages. The last one being from Shane at the Olympics and a sudden realization of how badly Ilya fucked up washed over him.

He starts keeping track of the next time Shane will be in Boston, and once he is, Ilya finally sends a text.

Ilya: Come to my house, I want to speak

Ilya fiddles with his necklace as he waits for Shane to read it. Ilya prays for another chance he promises to God he won’t mess it up this time. Shane does read the message and some relief courses through him. In all honesty, he also wasn’t expecting a response, but when he gets one he almost smiles.

Jane: Send the address

Ilya gives Shane his address and during practice he starts making a mental note of everything he needs to prepare.

The day Shane is supposed to come over Ilya makes sure his fridge is stocked and the house is picked up. It’s the first time Shane is coming over there and he is undeniably nervous. The ring of the doorbell doesn’t help him, but when he opens the door to see Shane everything settles.

Shane walks in.

“You want me to take my shoes off?”

Ilya shakes his head.

“You’re good”

They are quiet as they walk together to the kitchen area. Ilya can’t help himself when Shane turns to him, he grabs his waist and kisses him. The kiss is deep and longing. To Ilya’s surprise, Shane doesn’t push him away and actually places his hand on the back of his neck.

They’re both out of breath by the time they pull back.

“I didn’t come here-“

“Fuck, I know Hollander”

Ilya closes his eyes and places his head on Shane’s shoulder. He can’t believe how much he missed him and how badly he needed him. Shane runs his hands through Ilya’s hair.

“What did you want to talk about?”

“Us”

Shane’s hand pauses once he hears that word.

“There is no us”

Ilya wants to be offended, but that’s exactly what he had told Shane before and now he knows exactly how he felt in that moment.

“I’m sorry, so sorry. I want us”

“You can’t keep doing this to me”

“No, I mean this. Shane, I want us”

The use of his real first name forms a rock in Shane’s throat.

“Don’t do this to me, Rozanov. Not after all this time”

Ilya lifts his head and stares into Shane’s eyes. They stare at each other for what feels like hours before Ilya finally says something.

“I was idiot for making you think I do not love you”

“Love?”

Ilya nods and tries to read Shane’s reaction to his words. He can’t tell if Shane is about to kiss him or shove him away and storm out again.

Finally Shane takes a deep breath and says “I love you too, Ilya”.

Ilya smiles and laughs a little before kissing Shane again. First on his mouth then small kisses all over his face.

“You will not regret saying that”

“Neither will you”

“I will never, never regret it”

Ilya excitedly shows Shane around his house and offers him one of the many ginger ales in his fridge before finally making love to him in his bed. He takes his time with him, savoring every moment Shane gives him. Ilya can't believe how long it took him to finally realize what Shane meant to him but he's so thankful he has him.

End Notes

Wrote this because I was stressed this whole episode and needed to calm my soul 😊 but the whole show is amazeballs and the books are even better.

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