

Now You Know

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Now You Know

by [j_huang](#)

Summary

Ilya finally apologizes for ghosting Shane for six months.

Notes

English is not my main language. Sorry for any grammatical errors.

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

Shane's cottage is truly perfect for summer.

Sunlight streams through the wide windows, allowing natural light to spill into the space. The wooden interior and furniture give a sense of comfort and warmth. Outside, the lake glitters under the sun, the surface rippling and catching the light like sparkles. Birds chirp back and forth in the trees and the leaves rustle gently with the wind.

Inside, it's not that peaceful with the two of them occupied with the PlayStation.

Shane and Ilya sitting on opposite ends of the sofa with controllers in hands. Their shoulders are tense and their bodies are angled toward the TV, eyes locked on the screen. Shane has his elbows on his knees, jaw tight and eyes narrowed in concentration. Beside him, Ilya sits a little more relaxed, but his thumbs move rapidly as he mutters some Russian words under his breath when Shane blocks his shot.

"Fuck." Ilya curses when the puck bounces the wrong way.

"Skill issue." Shane grins and steals the puck.

The tension builds up until it's absurd, like they're playing an actual match against each other on ice. Ilya curses in Russian and tries to steal the puck, but Shane doesn't let him.

When the last seconds tick down, Shane scores a goal.

"Yes!" Shane throws his fist in the air and laughs as the victory screen flashes. "That's what I'm talking about!"

Ilya groans dramatically and flops back against the sofa with one arm thrown over his eyes. "I hate this stupid game."

“You’re the one who wanted to play this.” Shane laughs and turns to Ilya, wanting to gloat, but then pauses.

Ilya is staring at him.

There’s something soft in the way Ilya looks at him, something that always makes Shane’s heart beat a little faster. His laughter quiets down and his smile turns a little shy under the attention.

“What?” He asks.

Ilya turns his head and looks up to the ceiling before muttering. “I remember something.”

Shane senses the shift in Ilya’s tone. He reaches forward to place the controller on the coffee table before shifting on the couch to fully turn and face Ilya.

“Remember what?” He asks carefully.

Ilya doesn’t answer right away, like he’s hesitating. Then he asks, blunt as ever. “Do you remember that time when I first fucked you? At your house?”

Shane’s brain stutters as he blinks rapidly. His mouth opens and closes once before he responds. “W-What about it?”

Ilya turns to look at him. “Do you remember what happened after?”

Shane’s mind drifts back to that night. It was years ago and some details are a bit blurry, but he still remembers the feeling of Ilya’s strong hands on his body, Ilya’s hot lips on his skin, Ilya’s thick cock pounding into him until he could do nothing other than moan like a whore.

Shane clears his throat and shakes his head, forcibly pushing the dirty images away.

“Are you talking about right after? Or, uh... like months later?” He asks, a bit flustered.

“Winter Olympics. Sochi.” Ilya says.

Shane’s face falters when he recalls those two weeks. He remembers how the headlines talked about the Russian team playing terribly and how the commentators blamed Ilya for it. He remembers how Ilya pushed him away and shut him out when he tried to talk during men’s figure skating. He remembers how Ilya stopped responding to his messages afterwards like he did something wrong.

He remembers how Ilya ignored him for six months.

Until that fucking clown show in Las Vegas where they finally crossed paths again. And they finally fucked again that night, but it felt different than the first time.

It’s been years, but the memory still leaves a dull ache in Shane’s chest. It’s not painful or anything, but enough to remind him that he was hurting at that time.

“Yeah.” Shane swallows the knot in his throat and forces himself to meet Ilya’s eyes. “What about it?”

Ilya looks him right in the eyes. “I am sorry.”

Shane blinks, caught off guard. He didn’t expect an apology, not here and not now after all these years. He lets a second pass before he asks. “For what?”

Ilya’s jaw works like he’s searching for the right words. He tilts his head slightly, looking frustrated, and then sighs.

“For ignoring you.” Ilya finally says.

“You were an asshole for that.” Shane snorts softly and looks away for a second before turning his eyes back to Ilya. “But I know you were dealing with a lot of shit back then. Especially after what happened with the match.”

Ilya doesn’t respond. His shoulders are tense and his eyes are distant like he’s back on that day again whether he wants to be or not.

Shane watches him for a moment and then smiles softly. “It’s been years. We were both stupid and stubborn. We should just let it go now.”

“No.” Ilya looks at Shane again. His expression looks so serious that Shane straightens his back without realizing it. “You were crying.”

“What?” Shane blinks.

“In the bathroom. When we talked again. You were crying.” Ilya continues.

The memory rushes back so fast that Shane feels his breath hitching.

He remembers that night after that stupid event. He remembers how his frustration finally boiled over after months of being ignored. He remembers snapping and cursing and yelling at Ilya who just stood there, watching him like it’s some kind of sick entertainment. He remembers how his eyes burned and his vision blurred even as he tried to hold it together. He remembers glaring at Ilya like anger could hide how much he was actually hurt.

God, it’s embarrassing to think about now.

He was such a mess that night. Ilya must've thought that he was being dramatic or he was losing his mind.

"I was just angry and frustrated." He says, trying to brush it off.

Ilya watches him for a long moment with an unreadable expression before shifting closer, close enough for their shoulders to brush.

"I am sorry. For making you cry." Ilya says quietly.

The sincerity in Ilya's voice makes Shane's chest tightens painfully, like it lands exactly where it's meant to. He drops his gaze for a moment before lifting it again to meet Ilya's.

"I was... frustrated. And a bit hurt. You chased me for years just to fuck me. And then we did it, and it was—" Shane pauses, his breath hitching slightly. "It was... amazing. You were gentle. You were caring. You made sure I was okay and I wasn't in pain. You... made me feel really good."

Ilya stares at him, listening.

"But then you just... ghosted me completely." Shane continues with a smaller voice. "It felt like you got what you wanted, so you didn't care about me anymore."

"No." Ilya says immediately. "No, no. Is not like that."

Shane watches as Ilya leans in, his eyes look intense and almost desperate, like he wants to correct the misunderstanding before it can happen again.

"I felt terrible that time. Everything was bad. Hockey was bad. I was bad." Ilya starts explaining. "I didn't want to see anyone. Didn't want to talk to anyone. Everybody felt like pressure and expectations. Every person made me feel worse."

Shane listens to every word.

“I thought you wouldn’t care. I thought it was just sex for you. Fun. Simple. Something easy.” Ilya drops his gaze with a sigh before looking at Shane again. “But then I saw you crying. And I realized you did care. About me.”

“Of course I care about you.” Shane says, almost offended by Ilya’s assumption.

“I didn’t know that time.” Ilya says.

Shane’s expression softens into a smile. “Well, now you know.”

Ilya is quiet for a moment, like he’s letting the words sink in, and then he speaks again. “That was the first time I saw you cry.”

Shane opens his mouth to say something, but then Ilya continues.

“Aside from sex.”

“You fucking asshole.” Shane sputters, nearly choking on air.

“What?” Ilya’s mouth twitches into a teasing smile. “You cry during sex sometimes. When it feels too good for you.”

“Fuck off, Rozanov.” Shane snaps, feeling his cheeks burning.

“And you look pretty when you cry.” Ilya adds.

“Shut the fuck up. Oh my God.” Shane groans.

Ilya breaks into a grin and shifts even closer, and Shane lets him. His arm slides around Shane’s waist to pull him closer while Shane’s hands come up automatically to rest on Ilya’s shoulders. Their foreheads gently press together, their breaths brushing against each other’s lips as they stay close.

“I am sorry.” Ilya whispers. “For being an asshole.”

“You are forgiven.” Shane smiles softly.

Ilya stays there for a second before asking another question. “Did I do other things that hurt you?”

Shane is about to say *no*, but then he pauses.

Ilya senses it immediately. “What is it?”

“It’s nothing, just...” Shane trails off and then huffs out a small laugh. “That night in Vegas, in the hotel room. We did it, but we didn’t kiss. Not at all.”

Ilya stares at him.

“I know it’s stupid.” Shane adds quickly, feeling embarrassed for admitting it. “I just... felt a little sad about it. I wanted to kiss.”

Ilya stares at him for a beat longer, and then his lips curl into a smile.

“Then let’s kiss a lot.” He says softly.

Shane barely has time to process the words before Ilya kisses him on the lips. He instantly closes his eyes and kisses Ilya back, his arms wrapping around Ilya’s shoulders while Ilya holds his waist tighter.

And just like that, the PlayStation is completely forgotten.

End Notes

I just felt like ilya has to apologize to shane for ghosting him like that ok like did u see shane's teary eyes in that scene ??? and ilya had the audacity to actually chuckle ????? and where was the kiss for shane ????? 🙄🙄🙄

Anyway i actually wrote this during a zoom meeting at work and i am not sorry at all, but pls don't tell my boss

Hope you enjoyed it !!!

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