

Rare is This Love, Keep It Covered (Run to Me, Lover)

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by [Samsamiam](#)

Summary

“Mr Hollander I just-” He had been forming the words in his head the whole time. Translating it over and over to make sure it came out correctly.

“David, please.”

“What?” Ilya says.

“David. Please call me David.”

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Alternatively what Ilya was thinking and feeling during the second half of episode 6

Notes

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

Shit

Fuck

Shit

He waits for Shane inside. It feels like the right thing to do.

“This is a fucking nightmare.” Ilya wishes he knew what to say to help Shane here. It is kind of a nightmare. Shane's parents finding out could be nowhere near as bad as if Ilya's family found out if for no other reason than they aren't in Russia. He doesn't actually know for sure how much better it will be from there. Shane said that they would be okay with it but he had seemed uncertain. Being gay and fucking your arch rival are also two different things.

“We should go talk to him.” Ilya suggests. Good or bad it feels like the next step.

“What if he doesn't want to talk to me?” Ilya honestly can't imagine that, not with how Shane talks about them but maybe this will change that. He isn't sure.

“Fuck my mom,” Shane doubles over again. He is on the verge of a panic attack. Now isn't the time for Ilya to be unsure.

“Hey. Hey. Hey. they will talk to you.”

Shane starts walking towards him. “This is my actual fucking nightmare Ilya”

“Maybe it is time to wake up, yes?” he tries to make eye contact with him but he is just staring down like he can't bear it.

Shane is just hovering in front of him and Ilya can't stop himself anymore. He reaches out to guide Shane's arms around him but he barely has to touch his elbows before Shane is

reaching up and putting his hands on Ilya's collarbones, somewhere between his neck and fully committing to putting his hands on his shoulders. Ilya continues to push lightly on his elbows until Shane is wrapped around him.

This is better. He can feel Shane's breathing here. He can try to slow his own to force Shane's to level out as an automatic response if nothing else. Looking Shane in the eye never helps him, Ilya sometimes feels like it makes Shane act more like a skittish deer, but here Ilya doesn't need to try. He rubs Shane's back to try to help calm him.

"Fuck I'm scared." That is a feeling Ilya knows all too well. That is something he knows how to handle.

"Yes it is scary but you are brave."

He realizes in that moment that their relationship feels more on even footing than it has maybe this whole time. He thinks he would have entirely followed Shane's lead if this had happened months ago but now he feels he can push back, suggest things.

He will still deal with it however Shane wants, it is his family, but it no longer feels like a year ago when he felt like a wrong move would scare him off. It no longer feels like half a decade ago when Ilya felt like he had the power to make Shane do anything and it scared him. They're somewhere in the middle now. This feels manageable now.

He is so full of pride for Shane his chest aches. He doesn't know if he can convey that, he doesn't know if now is the time. He's worried it will come off patronizing, Shane seems to already feel that at Ilya's insistence he is brave.

When Shane pushes back Ilya lets him. "So much for easing them into it." He can tell it's Shane's attempt to lighten the mood.

"Maybe... maybe he didn't even notice?" Ilya tries and Shane smiles. He's trying not to, but it's there and that feels good. It feels good to make the man he loves laugh in his nightmare. It makes Ilya feel powerful, like he can help Shane through this even if he feels helpless.

Shane bonks their heads together and Ilya decides fuck it.”do you... do you want me to come with you?”

“Would you?” it’s almost instantaneous and it uncoils something Ilya hadn’t even realized he had wound tight inside of him

“Of course.”

He would do anything for this man. He already knows he’s going to leave Boston for the promise of a life decades from now with him. He will do whatever it takes for the rest of his life for Shane to hold him like he is a lifeline when he is in distress.



He puts on the Boston Raiders shirt in another attempt to make Shane laugh. He holds Shane’s hand over the gear shift the whole drive over. He does not try to hide the are you serious right now look on his face when Shane tries to make him stay in the car. He hopes these things help.

Shane’s parents are already standing when Ilya follows Shane in. He thinks Shane’s father is trying to explain why he came over but it’s a little too jumbled and Ilya doesn’t make it in till half way through so he doesn’t fully understand. He doesn’t need to because Shane does. He just tries to stand there, respectfully, quietly, however he thinks will help Shane the most.

He looks between Shane’s parents and greets them, it feels respectful. When Shane struggles to find the way to describe the relationship Ilya steps in with the word he feels fits it best. It must be one of those stupid English words that means something else than how it sounds because Shane tells him no.

“No actually I love him.” Ilya had been looking between Shane’s parents, not actually sure which one to be facing to not come off as rude or dismissive, but he can’t stop from glancing at Shane when he says that. He had known that, wasn’t doubting it, but he didn’t think that Shane was going to say it outright.

They sit down. Shane's mom comes out with coffee. Ilya observes. In a deeply ironic way it feels like a warped version of a conversation he had with his own brother dozens of times. He would have never come out to Alexi but they had both known about Ilya's... tastes. It was something Alexi would use against him often. Ilya had known there was no real way for him to prove it but there is still a part of him that can't quite shake the spike of fear that comes with someone telling you they know. That they have suspected for a long time what you are.

He knows that's not what this is though. This is already going better than it would have for him, he knows that. He can't imagine a world where your family knows you that well, loves you that much. He still feels tense, can feel it in Shane too. They won't be killed for this here he knows that but he knows that is not the only bad outcome that can come from being as they are.

He insists on being Ilya here. He won't be Rozanov. The world has Rozanov and Hollander. They think they know all they need too and Ilya is okay letting them. As long as he gets to keep Shane. Rozanov and Hollander can be rivals. For now Shane and Ilya are just for them.

"Since your rookie season?"

She seems so surprised Ilya has to cut in. "No, that's not true." He thinks it's better she knows now than finds out later. "It was before that."

"Not helpful," Shane mutters at the same time his mother says, "Before?"

Ilya nods, still looking at Shane. "The summer before."

He lets Shane deny they've been in love first before he steps in to agree.

"No, no, no, just..." then his brain catches up and he realizes what he is saying. "Just... uh just..." he makes a vague motion with his hand and starts drinking his coffee so he doesn't have to speak. He is starting to think that maybe he is not being as helpful as he thought.

“Just what?”

“Lovers”

Ilya’s nose wrinkles. So that is what that word means. Shane was right. Gross.



The vodka is good, probably not the best but he can tell it’s Russian. Good Russian vodka has been so hard to find when he is over here.

The first reaction out of Shane that doesn’t look like he’s wishing the ground would swallow him whole is when his mother tries to suggest he would let Ilya win. It’s perhaps a stupid moment to be filled with overwhelming love and joy but he feels it anyway. It is starting to feel safe, like maybe everything will be okay and Shane will come out of it with his parents too. Shane fired up has always been a thing for Ilya. He can’t be expected to help it honestly. How could he?

It is sad. It is unfortunately their reality. It doesn’t make it less hard. It somehow makes the confession easier though. He will wait decades. He would wait his whole life. He would do anything just to have Shane. He means that. He needs them to know he means that.



Shane follows his mother outside not long after she steps out. Shane’s dad is in the kitchen cooking something, spaghetti, Ilya thinks. He hasn’t had a meal cooked for him in a long time.

“Can I help?” he asks, hovering in the doorway to the kitchen awkwardly.

“No, no I-” he turns and looks at Ilya in the doorway. “Actually you know what, yeah. Here.” He slides a cutting board with a knife across the counter towards Ilya “grab the garlic out of the fridge for me and dice it will you?”

Ilya opens the fridge and stares into it. He realizes he doesn’t know what garlic actually looks like. He used to help his mother cook when his father wasn’t home but he’s only used the

powdered stuff since then. He must have been staring at the fridge for too long because suddenly Shane's dad is reaching past him.

“Sorry, forgot we’d already used some of it so it was in the garlic container.”

Ilya nods and shuts the fridge. “Thank you.”

They cook in silence for a while until they both try to break it at the same time.

“So how was-”

“Mr Hollander I just-” He had been forming the words in his head the whole time. Translating it over and over to make sure it came out correctly. He hadn’t expected to be interrupted.

“David, please.”

“What?” Ilya says.

“David. Please call me David.”

Ilya smiles and nods. “David. I just want you to know. I am serious about him.” His hands are shaking a little where he’s chopping.

David stops what he was doing and turns to Ilya. “I know, son.” He puts his hands awkwardly on Ilya’s shoulders and Ilya freezes. “I can tell.” He squeezes Ilya’s shoulders looking just as out of his depth as Ilya feels.

He nods once, like the conversation is over and goes back to mixing together the other ingredients. Ilya smiles and goes back to chopping the garlic.



Sitting at their dining room table he sees where Shane's structure comes from. It does not bother him in the way it seems to bother Shane. It seems to set Shane on edge, stress him out. To Ilya it feels like love, like acceptance.

"We just want a future." Ilya beams at him in agreement. He can see it now. A future. A life like this. He will do anything to make it happen.

"You would leave Boston for Shane?"

He wouldn't even hesitate.

Ilya sees where Shane gets his intensity in his mother. He can't even be mad the intensity is aimed at him. Shane has people willing to fight for him. Maybe one day he can prove he's on their side, wants to fight just as hard. Maybe one day he can have people fight for him too.

None of them really notice how hard the anxiety had crashed into Shane until he put his head down. Ilya looks to his parents first to make sure this isn't something they want to or know how to handle. When they look just as bewildered, Ilya says his name softly and begins rubbing his leg to try to ground him.

"We're good here." he says it and can really mean it. They are good here. Things will be hard but they have people to back them now. He glances up at Shane's parents briefly to reassure himself of that fact.

"Your family is here. Your boyfriend is here." He escalates from gently rubbing Shane's back to massaging the pressure point at his neck. He doesn't know when he learned the steps to calming Shane down because at some point Shane looks up at him.

“My boyfriend?” Shane says like Ilya didn’t just promise him the rest of his life in front of his parents and the fucking loons. He loves him so big in that moment it’s all consuming. This is the best day of Ilya’s fucking life.

End Notes

I hope you guys liked it!! Comments and kudos are always appreciated

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