

No Going Back

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No Going Back

by [damndirtylies](#)

Summary

Shane feels guilty for all of Ilya's sacrifices. Seeing Ilya's Instagram posts tips him over the edge. Maybe he's finally ready for the world to know more.

Notes

Haven't read the books but I heard there's a scene of Shane analyzing Ilya's insta and noticing all of his posts are secretly about them and it made me emotional. I again have NO idea if there's already a scene in the books of Ilya being able to post about them for the first time so sorry if it happened in the books... I also think the official timeline is later than what I'm making it in this fic (2021?) of when they're forced to become public. There's no forcing here. This is set like ~2 years after the cottage. So, 2019.

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

Shane stepped into the living room, his phone in hand, as he continued to scan each and every post that Ilya had posted in the last year and a half. His brows were furrowed, heart thumping.

“You okay?” He hears, causing him to halt, eyes raising to find Ilya perched on the couch staring at him.

“Your Instagram...” He starts, trying to find the words. Ilya’s brow raises in question. Shane swallows. “You post about me?” He asks as he raises his phone, showing Ilya his screen. It’s a picture of a meal Shane had made them a week ago. A meal Ilya had pretended to complain about. “Where are the carbs, Hollander? I am how you say... Withering away.” Causing Shane to shove his shoulder with a curt, “asshole”. The caption of the photo, 'Seconds please.'

“I am not understanding... I have not posted any part of you.” Ilya sounds almost defensive. Shane huffs.

“I *know* that. I’m not accusing you... I just... Didn’t realize how much you posted about me. About us.” His voice trails off, teeth biting into his lower lip as he slips his phone back into his sweats pocket. Ilya still looked confused.

“I still do not understand. Do you have problem with my posts?” Fuck, was that a tinge of hurt in his voice?

This wasn’t how things were supposed to go. “No!” He was quick to exclaim. Truthfully, he hadn’t even meant for Ilya to catch him scrolling on Instagram. Shane was almost never on the site in the first place. All he used it for was to post promotional photos and brand deals. It’s why he even created an account in the first place. He took a deep breath.

“I was just surprised is all. Maybe feeling a little... I don’t know... Guilty?” Ilya snorted out at that, causing Shane to purse his lips.

“Why do you feel guilt? That is silly.”

Shane shrugged, walking the last few steps toward the couch before dropping onto the cushion next to Ilya. “I don’t know... You post about us all the time, in all these sneaky ways.”

Ilya smiled, his lips twitching up on one side. “I thought you enjoyed sneaky.”

“Shut up.” Shane couldn’t help the small smile that pulled at his lips. He leaned his head back onto the cushions, eyes closing. “My account is just... business. No personal stuff. I guess I just didn’t realize until tonight how much you actually do for us... Publicly.”

Ilya’s smile faded, replaced by a thoughtful expression. “Ah. You feel... unequal?”

“How could I not?” Shane breathed out, eyes opening back up to look over at the other male. “You’ve done so much for me. For us.” He reached out a hand and Ilya accepted it easily,

their fingers intertwining. He left Boston, left his team, moved to Canada, just to be with Shane. What the fuck had Shane done?

“I wanted to do those things, Shane.” Ilya replied gently, his thumb soothing over Shane’s knuckles. Shane’s heart squeezed.

Shane lifted their joined hands, pausing only long enough to release Ilya’s grasp before he scooted in close, settling his head against Ilya’s shoulder. As soon as Shane was settled, Ilya’s arm wrapped around his shoulders, pulling him in tight.

“I know.” A mumble, his own arm coming around to drape over Ilya’s waist.

They sat for a few minutes silently. Only, Shane’s mind was going a mile a minute. Thinking back to all the times he had pushed Ilya away in a panic when the other got too close, too intimate, in public. Ilya never complained, never brought it up. Shane always saw the hurt in his eyes.

Just under two years ago, they had been sat on this exact couch, at his, no, *their* cottage, confessing to each other. Two years and all the public knew about them was they no longer hated each other. Ilya’s fingers traced patterns over Shane’s back, a steady presence that hadn’t wavered. Not once. Realization hit him like a truck. Ilya wasn’t waiting on the world to know, he was just waiting for Shane to stop being afraid of the world.

The air in the cottage usually felt like a sanctuary. Though with this thought, it starts to feel like a cage that Shane built for himself. He can feel his breathing go slightly ragged, which grabs Ilya’s attention. He was always so in-tuned with Shane.

That was the problem, wasn't it? Ilya was a master of navigating Shane’s minefields. He had learned exactly where not to step, how to touch without triggering the panic, and how to love Shane in the shadows without ever demanding the light.

"Ilya?" Shane’s voice was thick, barely a ghost of a sound.

“Yes, Shane?”

Shane turned slightly, enough to see the profile of the man who had spent two years being 'patient' while Shane stayed frozen in fear.

“I think I’m ready for the world to know more.” A whisper, searching Ilya’s face.

The words hung in the air for a moment. For two years, the “world” had been the monster in Shane’s closet. A collection of flashing cameras, headlines, and judgmental strangers that Shane had used as an excuse to keep Ilya at arm’s length for so long.

Ilya’s fingers stilled against Shane’s back. “More?” He repeated. Shane could hear the hope in his tone.

Shane felt the familiar spike of anxiety, forcing himself to push away the instinct to backtrack.

“More than ‘we like each other enough to create a charity together’ more. I-“ A pause. “I don’t know if I’m ready for *that* just yet but...” He bit his lower lip, fingers gripping into the loose shirt Ilya was wearing. “I don’t see why we can’t be *more* public than we are now.”

Sure, there might be rumors if Ilya and Shane suddenly start hanging out. Taking photos together. Spending time together outside of work. Hugging each other. Those things could be explained away. Those things were still *safe*.

“Shane, you do not have to do this for me.” Ilya started, before Shane reached up to cup his strong jaw.

“I’m not. It’s for me too. For us.” He pressed a kiss to Ilya’s skin, right under his ear, then another, leaving a small trail until he reached the other’s lips.

Ilya didn’t hesitate to deepen the kiss with a sudden, needy hunger. His hand dropped from Shane’s upper back, his palm heavy and warm as he gripped Shane’s hip. It was a solid, grounding weight. A reminder that Ilya was right there, he wasn’t letting go. Shane whimpered. Ilya’s breath hitched into Shane’s mouth, his hand wandering to find purchase, fingers slipping under Shane’s thigh to haul him upward, fully onto Ilya’s lap. Ilya held him there with a bruising pressure, as if trying to fuse their bodies together.

Even here, in the safety of the cottage, Shane usually carried a phantom weight, of keeping a piece of himself braced for the moment he’d have to pull away again. Especially after *that* first incident with his dad.

Ilya’s hand moved from his thigh to the string of Shane’s grey sweats. Expertly, he undid the knot and slipped his hand inside, never once breaking the kiss. Shane’s fingers tangled into Ilya’s curls, tugging slightly as he arched his back. Finally breaking the kiss to let out a moan.

Ilya’s hand was hot against his skin, his calloused palm a stark contrast to the sensitive friction as he finally freed them both. He didn’t move away to create space. Instead, he shifted Shane’s weight on his lap, aligning them until they were pressed together, a slick, heavy slide of heat that made Shane’s head spin, eyes shutting as he pressed his forehead against Ilya’s.

"Look at me, Shane," Ilya rasped against his lips, his voice sounding like it had been dragged over gravel.

Shane opened his eyes, his vision slightly blurred. There was a raw, unwavering intensity.

“Spit,” He commanded, his voice thick. He holds his palm open, a silent demand for the friction they both crave.

Ilya reached down, his large hand wrapping around both of them at once, his fingers easily spanning the distance to lock them together in a single, grounding grip.

The first long, slow stroke upward made Shane’s breath catch in a jagged sob. It was too much and not enough all at once. Ilya began a steady, punishing rhythm, his thumb grazing

over the sensitive tips as he pulled his hand back down. Shane's mouth dropped open, breathing heavily.

"I've got you," Ilya whispered, the words punctuated by the wet, rhythmic sound of his hand moving against them. "I'm right here."

"F-fuck," Shane leaned into the sensation, his hips stuttering forward to meet Ilya's hand, seeking the friction, chasing the release.

Ilya didn't waste the momentum. He increased the pace, his thumb hooked over the top of them both, applying a steady, bruising pressure that sent white-hot sparks behind Shane's eyelids.

"Ilya—" Shane gasped, his body coiling tight, his fingers practically clawing into Ilya's shoulders to steady himself.

"I've got you," Ilya promised again, his own breath coming in ragged, shallow hitches. He didn't look away. He watched every flicker of pleasure cross Shane's face, holding him through the tension until Shane's breath hitched, his back arched, and he finally broke.

Shane collapsed against him, his forehead dropping onto Ilya's shoulder as the world blurred into a singular, pulsing relief. Ilya followed moments later with a low, guttural sound, a curse on his tongue. His grip tightening one last time before his hand went still, keeping them pressed together.

"I love you, so much." Shane finally found himself saying after a couple of moments of heavy breathing, pressing a kiss to Ilya's shoulder.

"I love you too, Shane."

The heavy, charged atmosphere of the afternoon had settled into something warm. By the time the sun began to dip behind the treeline, casting long, golden shadows across the cottage kitchen, Shane felt a sense of clarity he hadn't possessed in years.

After another beat of comfortable silence, "I'm hungry... How about some burgers?"

Ilya chuckled. "Sounds good. Let me clean up, yes?"

Shane nodded, smiling back as he leaned to catch Ilya's mouth in a quick kiss.

He stood at the stove, the sizzle of beef filling the room. He was meticulous as always, the patties were perfectly round, the cheese placed at the exact moment of the flip. Two years ago, he'd followed a recipe for eight people because the paper told him to, and he'd been too overwhelmed by his own feelings for the man still inside to question it.

Ilya leaned against the counter, watching Shane with a look of quiet contentment. He reached for his phone, tapping the camera app.

"You are doing it again," Ilya teased softly.

"Doing what?" Shane asked, not looking up from the precise sear of the fourth burger.

"Being adorable." Ilya held up the phone, framing Shane in the glow of the stove light, spatula in hand, hair still a little messy from earlier, looking entirely too perfect. "Can I?"

Shane paused. Usually, this was where he'd say *'no'*, or *'not with me in it'*. Shane looked at the four burgers, then at Ilya. "Yeah. But get the burgers in the shot. I want proof I finally learned how to divide in half."

Ilya laughed, a bright, genuine sound that made Shane's heart ache in the best way. He snapped the photo. A slight over the shoulder shot that got half of Shane's face in it and the pan of four burgers.

"You help me create caption later." Shane felt his stomach swoop, which was stupid. Why did it feel like such a big deal for Shane to help Ilya post on his Instagram?

A few minutes later, while they were huddled together on the porch with their plates, Ilya showed him the phone screen.

"How is this?"

Caption: Hollander finally figured out how to halve the recipe. Best burgers in the world!

Before he allowed himself to overthink, Shane snatched the phone from Ilya's hand and tapped share, then immediately exited the app and locked the phone.

When he looked back up, he saw Ilya's mouth agape, a slight smirk tugging at the corner of his lips. Shane felt the heat climbing up his neck, his pulse still thrumming in his fingertips where they'd touched the screen. He handed the phone back with a hand that was only slightly shaking.

"If I looked at it for one more second, I would have made you delete it," Shane admitted, his voice a bit strained as he picked up his burger. He took a pointed, aggressive bite to avoid having to say anything else.

Ilya's smirk widened into a full, beaming smile. The kind of smile he usually reserved only for Shane, and only in the dark. He tucked the phone into his pocket, reaching over to bump his shoulder against Shane's.

"Well," Ilya murmured, leaning in until he could press a quick, salt-and-grease-flavored kiss to Shane's temple. "It is out now. No going back."

Shane leaned back into the contact, his eyes fluttering shut as the evening air cooled his skin. “No going back,” he echoed, and for the first time, the thought didn't make him want to puke.

End Notes

Let me know what you think! I might continue this with an actual coming out scene that would be different from the books. Maybe add some full on smut.

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