

**you'll never know if you never try**

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| Relationships:   | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander &amp; Rose Landry</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
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# you'll never know if you never try

by [cityofdownwardspirals](#)

## Summary

“Have you ever considered that he might be... I don't know, into you?”

Shane almost spat out his beer in response, but ended up choking instead. He went into a coughing fit, catching Rozanov's attention, who threw a glance and a smirk his way. Shane replied to that reaction with a scowl. This is just fucking great, isn't it? “What the fuck, Rose? He-He's not even gay!” he hissed.

“You don't know that! And, sometimes, you two look at each other in a way that makes me unsure whether you wanna kiss or kill the other. We all know you've tried the second option a few times. Have you tried the first?”

OR

Rose's favorite hobby is playing matchmaker for Shane. However, Shane didn't expect her to try to set him up with Ilya Rozanov of all people. Things between them are... complicated. Much more complicated than Rose even knows.

## Notes

helloooo it has only been two days but i am back with another little hollanov story. this one is an au that came to me in my dream and i just needed to write this scene that popped into my head.

it was supposed to start off as something very silly but it does get pretty real at time.

unfortunately, i love to make my favorite characters suffer.

i hope you still enjoy this as much as i enjoyed writing it. <3

comments always make my day <3

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

“I need to stop letting you drag me to these parties,” Shane said once they finally found a corner in the club where two people could have a conversation without needing to physically shout at each other.

Rose followed him with a pout on her face that Shane knew a little too well. It was the secret weapon she used when she had to convince him to do something and it unfortunately worked every time, hence why he was here tonight instead of in the comfort of his apartment. “You haven’t even danced with me yet.”

He shook his head but couldn’t hide the fond smile creeping onto his face. “Forget it. Go ask Miles to dance with you.”

The club around them was basically vibrating with the beat of the music. Rose looked around until her eyes landed on Miles, who was currently dancing with a tall redhead Shane was pretty sure was on the university swimming team. “Looks like Miles is distracted. Speaking of, why are you not out there doing the same?” Rose asked, lightly punching Shane’s shoulder. “I didn’t spend the last hour helping you with your outfit so you could stand around and sulk.”

Shane fidgeted with the cuffs of his button-up uncomfortably. He was originally going to wear a sweater and jeans, but then Rose came over to pick him up and started pulling his nicest outfits out of his closet, throwing them at him to try on. So here he was, in a navy button-up and slacks, which he personally considered way too much for a college party where most people were too drunk to care about anything. Rose was wearing a black sequin dress that made her look like she actually belonged in a place like this, unlike Shane.

“In case you forgot, I didn’t ask you for help with my outfit,” he pointed out.

“*‘Thank you, Rose.’*” Rose tried her best at doing a terrible impression of Shane’s voice and mannerisms. “*‘I’m so grateful to have a friend like you, Rose.’* You’re welcome, Shane.”

“I *am* grateful for you,” Shane admitted. “I’d also be grateful if you stopped taking me to these parties just to try and play matchmaker for me.”

The main emotion Shane had experienced when he came out to Rose as gay was relief, because she, as his girlfriend at the time, took it rather well. A bit too well. For the past months, it seemed as if her life's mission was to help Shane find his 'true love' at every college party and social gathering she could persuade him to go to. It quickly went from sweet to slightly annoying, but Shane didn't know how to communicate that without hurting her feelings, so he tried to go along with it while also rejecting everyone she introduced him to.

"You know that is not the only reason I invited you," Rose protested with a genuine frown. "You've been either holed up in your apartment learning for finals or at hockey practice. I haven't seen you in forever."

Well, Shane couldn't exactly argue with that because it was partly true. The time before winter break was always hell since the busiest time of hockey season happened at the same time as their exams, but throughout the years, he had developed a pretty good routine for himself that would keep him going at a steady rhythm.

Except this year, something changed.

As if on cue, his eyes moved across the dancefloor until they landed on the person who was the subject of his annoyance: Ilya Rozanov, business major who recently transferred to Montreal from a university in Russia and who had also joined their hockey team that season. His curls had been tamed down with a ridiculous amount of gel and the shirt he was wearing was showing just enough skin to be seductive while still being classy. He was talking to a girl with long dark hair who seemed to be laughing way too hard at something he had said.

It was like he could feel Shane staring daggers at him from across the room, because he looked up and their eyes met briefly over the girl's shoulder. Rozanov gave him a shit-eating grin and a wink and Shane looked away, feeling his cheeks heat up.

"What a fucking asshole," he muttered to himself.

Rose followed Shane's gaze and spotted Rozanov, then laughed. "Really? You still have that silly rivalry going on?"

“It’s not silly.” Shane refused to feel silly for the fact that he took pride in having been the captain of their hockey team ever since he was a freshman, which in itself was an achievement. Throughout the past three years he managed to uphold those standards and get perfect grades and now, as a senior, all of that was in danger. The reason Shane could become captain as a freshman is because he was good. And that wasn’t even in a cocky way, just a fact based on skills and stats. And now Ilya Rozanov was here, who almost matched him perfectly in skills and stats and while they were playing on the same team and that was generally a good thing for them all, his team was quick to start teasing him about how he had finally met his match and well... he felt threatened. Rose liked to tease him about getting so worked up about college sports, but it wasn’t as simple as that. Shane had always been a nice guy and that earned him most people's respect. But Ilya Rozanov apparently made it his mission to get under his skin, constantly teasing him and picking fights. It was...distracting. Exactly the thing he couldn't use in his final year.

Now, Rose was glancing between Shane and Rozanov with a look in her eyes he couldn’t quite place. “Have you ever tried working out whatever is going on between you two? You know, talking about it?”

Shane scoffed. The fact that they were on the same team sort of meant that they had to at least make an effort to talk to each other. And strangely enough, during games, they got along pretty well. They played well together. But as soon as they stepped off the ice and back into the real world, Rozanov went right back to acting like an asshole and keeping Shane at arm's length. Shane found it hard to talk to him most of the time.

“Why do you care about me talking to Rozanov, anyway?” he asked instead of answering.

“No reason,” Rose said in a way that made Shane feel like there totally was a reason behind it. He still refused to answer the original question so she sighed and continued. “Okay... promise you're going to hear me out before you deny what I'm about to say.”

“Okay...?”

She took a sip of her drink in a way that seemed much too theatrical to be actually nonchalant. “Have you ever considered that he might be... I don’t know, into you?”

Shane almost spat out his beer in response, but ended up choking instead. He went into a coughing fit, catching Rozanov's attention, who threw a glance and a smirk his way. Shane replied to that reaction with a scowl. This is just fucking great, isn't it? "What the fuck, Rose? He-He's not even gay!" he hissed.

"You don't know that! And, sometimes, you two look at each other in a way that makes me unsure whether you wanna kiss or kill the other. We all know you've tried the second option a few times. Have you tried the first?"

Shane was starting to sweat a little and could feel the first seeds of panic setting in so he took a deep breath, trying to ground himself. "First of all, I haven't tried to kill him. Yet. And second... you're not suggesting that I kiss Rozanov. Ilya Rozanov. International Asshole Ilya Rozanov." He shook his head. "I think I liked it better when you tried to set me up with one of your exes." Rose had a handful of exes from the theater department who all came out as gay either during their relationship with her or after, and she had already introduced Shane to three of them in an attempt to set them up.

Her eyes sparkled with mischief at the prospect. "Really? Cause you know Stephen would totally be down-

"Nooo," Shane moaned pathetically and sunk down into a free booth. "Rose, I love you, but what's it going to take for you to leave me to my uneventful love life?"

Rose seemed to seriously consider it for a bit. Her eyes were still on Rozanov, who had walked away from the girl he had been chatting with and was now doing shots with some of his friends. "Let's make a deal: You test out my theory and I'll stop trying to help you find love."

"Test out your theory...?"

"Try to kiss Rozanov, or like, ask him out," Rose said with a shrug, as if that was a totally normal and reasonable suggestion. "Of course you don't have to if you really, really don't want to. But if there is even a small part of you that thinks maybe there is something there... you know, maybe it's worth a try. If it turns out to be nothing, it's not like you two have a super great friendship that is gonna get ruined because of it."

Shane considered it for a moment. It seemed like he had quite a lot to win and not a lot to lose in this situation, because one thing he knew for sure was that Rose would get to see him trying to get Rozanov to kiss him and fail and then she would hopefully stop meddling in his love life. Plus, he would prove to her that there was nothing going on between the two of them. All good things.

“Alright,” he muttered, chugging the rest of his beer for courage.

“And before you-” Rose started saying, then stopped herself when she heard his answer, seeming to process. “All...right?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

Shane shrugged. “Yeah, totally. You got yourself a deal, okay? I will go up to Rozanov and ask him if he wants to go out with me. If he says no, which I can assure you he will, then you stop meddling with my love life until graduation at least.”

His friend still seemed slightly shocked. “Um, yeah, sure. Shane, are you feeling okay?”

It wasn't an unreasonable reaction. Shane wasn't generally known for being spontaneous or jumping head-first into things that sounded like a bad idea. That was a character trait one may assign more to Ilya Rozanov. But the truth was, this idea was actually one of the safest things Shane could think of doing, so there was no reason to worry.

“Never better. Be right back,” he said, standing up from the booth and taking a deep breath before walking across the dancefloor to where Rozanov was now just talking to Cliff Marlow, who had graduated last year. How Marlow and Rozanov even knew each other was beyond him.

Shane and Rozanov's eyes met from across the room as he got closer. He could see Rozanov telling Marlow something, not sure what, but the other frowned and walked away, which left him and Rozanov alone. Or as alone as they could be in a crowded room where everyone seemed to be watching them. Well, at least Rose was closely watching them, from where she had as stealthily as possible followed Shane so she could eavesdrop on them and jump in if the conversation got bad. Maybe she thought Shane would try to kill Ilya right there and then.

Shane was feeling more and more unsure with each step he took. He shouldn't be doing this. But then again, he knows Rose and he knows that this is the only way to get her to drop the topic of him and Rozanov so it seemed like a necessary evil.

He stopped a few feet in front of the other man, suddenly feeling awkward. He put his hands in his pockets as an attempt to look casual and then started rocking back and forth on his heels... so much for looking casual.

“Hi.”

Rozanov's eyes narrowed in a mix between amusement and genuine surprise. “Since when do we say ‘hi’ to each other, Hollander?” he asked, crossing his arms, which brought out the muscles in his biceps Shane forced himself to look away from.

“So, let me make this as quick and painless as possible. My friend over there,” he tilted his head in the general direction of Rose. “Thinks that you may be into me. I told her there was absolutely no way that was even remotely true because you're not gay, but she made me come over here and ask you anyway.” He spoke every word carefully and meaningfully, hoping Rozanov would catch onto the fact that he didn't want to do this.

The emotions on Rozanov's face were switching too fast for Shane to take note of any of them in particular, but there was definitely more confusion than amusement there now. He looked Shane up and down and then narrowed his eyes as if unsure whether he was telling the truth. As if Shane would willingly have this conversation just to mess with him.

Eventually, it seemed like he had reached a decision. “Thank you.” Now there was another smirk on his face, though it seemed smaller and more forced than the one before. “But like you say, I'm not gay. And if I was, I don't know why your friend thinks I'd like you.”

Shane let out a long breath and smiled back, feeling a little relieved and not at all offended by the rejection. “I know. Crazy idea, right?”

“Yes. All these beautiful women at the club. Why would I like a boring, mediocre hockey player?”

Now Shane was actually offended. It wasn't like he expected anything else from Rozanov. He always did like the low blows. But two could play at this. “Mediocre. Wow, someone's been learning new words,” he teased.

“So you're not denying. You're mediocre.” The smile on Rozanov's face said he got Shane right where he wanted him.

“Fuck you, Rozanov. Do you have to be a dick all the time?”

“Yes. Now go. I want to get drunk and get laid.” Rozanov waved him off in a nonchalant way, but only Shane was close enough and at the correct angle to notice the little wink that he sneaked in right before turning around.

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A few hours later, Rose and Shane were standing at the exit to the club together. Shane took in a deep breath, enjoying the cool night air after being in an enclosed space with so many people for so long.

“Are you sure you'll be good getting back to your apartment alone?” Rose asked, giving Shane a once-over. “I know you don't usually drink and you've had like three beers today.”

Her concern was sweet, but it still made Shane feel a little like a child. “In the span of a few hours and while drinking water in-between. I'm good, Rose.”

“Are you sure? I'm driving Miles home anyway, so I can totally drop you off at your place on the way there if you need.”

“I’m surprised that Miles is going home at all. Thought he might have hit it off with... Tristan?” Miles had quickly come over to Rose and Shane with his handsome redhead at some point during the night to introduce them, but Shane’s thoughts were still spiraling too much for him to properly remember names.

Rose smirked. “Oh, haven’t you heard? Miles is doing this thing where he doesn’t hook up on the first date anymore.”

Shane raised an eyebrow. “Really?”

The actress she was, Rose held the suspense for a moment before laughing. “Nope, I saw the two of them escaping to the bathroom together at some point so I think they’re good.” That sure sounds more believable.

A gust of air sent a shiver down Shane’s spine and he pulled his jacket tighter around him. A car ride didn’t sound bad, but he had other plans. “Thanks for the offer, but you know how hard it is to find parking near where I live. By the time you do, I might as well walk. I’ll let you know when I am home safely, though, *mom*.”

Rose rolled her eyes but stepped forward and placed a kiss on his cheek. “You’d better, my child.” She frowned apologetically. “Also sorry for how things turned out with Rozanov tonight. I guess I’ve been pretty pushy about getting you a boyfriend. I don’t know, I just want you to be happy.”

A big pool of guilt was about to swallow Shane whole if this conversation went any further, so he tried to squash the feeling down by saying, “I am. I promise. Please don’t worry about me.”

He waited for Miles to come out and said his goodbyes to the two of them before walking back to his place. He hadn’t lied to Rose, his apartment was way too close for him to bother her for a ride. He would get there in about 10 minutes on foot anyway.

He took his phone out of his pocket and quickly sent off a text.

*Just left the club now. Sorry I'm late. Will be there in 10.*

It took him exactly 8 minutes and 40 seconds to get to the door to his apartment, so he took a moment to text Rose as promised and let her know he got there and another 20 seconds to take a few deep breaths before unlocking the door and stepping in. He quickly took his shoes and jacket off and then lifted his gaze to meet the eyes of the man waiting for him on his couch.

“Hi,” Shane breathed out for the second time that night.

Ilya turned and gave Shane another one of those smiles that, though genuine, didn't quite reach his eyes. It was okay though. Shane preferred these over the performative ones Ilya would offer everyone else. “Rose did not let you go, huh?” Ilya asked, standing up and walking up to Shane to meet him by the door.

He let out a small laugh. “She felt like she needed to make it up to me for pushing me to talk to you, so she spent a few hours trying to distract me from the awkwardness.” Shane touched Ilya’s arm once he was within reach, squeezing a little too hard. “I am sorry about her. I hope it wasn’t- I mean-”

“It’s okay, Shane,” Ilya said, putting a hand on Shane’s waist, and the gesture already helped Shane feel more grounded. “Is not okay for me to ask you to lie to your friends.”

Shane leaned in and kissed Ilya before he could even start apologizing. They had talked about this. Ilya’s father was unfortunately still paying Ilya’s tuition and Ilya’s visa didn’t allow him to work enough hours to be able to afford both tuition and living expenses by himself. And Ilya’s father wouldn’t exactly be thrilled to find out that his son is seeing boys... again. The first time he found out, he sent Ilya to a university across the globe, so he could “clean up his mess with discretion” and also so Ilya's brother, who just so happened to study at the same university, could keep an eye on him.

It was all so fucked up and Shane had spent sleepless nights thinking about how he might help before learning that he needs to keep repeating to himself that there are some things he can't fix.

Shane had also never officially come out to his family, but part of him knew that his parents probably knew. He was still planning to tell them one day, but... well, okay, maybe he was a little scared.

Some of his friends knew that he was gay, but that was also something that happened more naturally and that he didn't actually plan. When he first told Rose, it was pretty fucking terrifying, but then she'd been so accepting that it gave him the feeling that maybe, it didn't have to be such a big deal with everyone. So Miles knew and Hayden knew and some of his other friends probably suspected it, but Shane's reputation was all about his architecture degree and his hockey skills, so no one cared that much about his love life or talked about his sexuality.

He certainly didn't have a brother spying on him waiting for him to make a wrong move.

So now, pressed his lips against Ilya's and hoped he could tell him everything he was feeling through that kiss. *I'm sorry the world is the way it is. I wanted to kiss you like this in the club, in front of everyone. You're safe here.*

After what felt like an unrushed eternity, Ilya pulled away, and the smile on his face was already brighter. "That move you tried in the club was fucking awful. Of course you find a way to make flirting boring."

Shane shoved his shoulder, which (maybe accidentally, maybe on purpose) got Ilya closer to the bedroom door. "Fuck off. I wasn't trying to actually flirt with you. Besides, you seem to like my boring ass."

Ilya's hand moved to Shane's back and then further down. "I like your ass, yes. Not your boring."

"Wow, you sure know how to make a guy feel special."

In lieu of an actual reply, Ilya laughed and pulled Shane in for another kiss, this one a lot more urgent. It was funny how even after months of doing what they were doing, the urgency sometimes felt just the same as it used to in the beginning. Now, Ilya had a spare key to Shane's apartment and could let himself in at any time, so they saw each other quite a bit, and yet sometimes their kisses felt like they hadn't seen each other in years and were starving. A part of Shane hoped that feeling would never go away.

Ilya's hand went up into Shane's hair, pulling on it gently. That got a sound out of him that he is going to deny ever making. "Fuck, Ilya. Do we, um, do we want to talk? Maybe?" he asked when they both pulled back for air. "I mean, if Rose noticed something, what if someone else does, too? I don't want your brother to hear... you know..."

The way Ilya had been walking them both into the bedroom was not at all subtle. There were shirts scattered around the floor left behind by the storm that was Rose Landry trying to style Shane and Ilya somehow managed to avoid stepping on any of them even though he was walking backwards. Once he reached the bed, he slowly shook his head and sat down, holding on to Shane's hand. "I don't understand how talking will change things. Also, I had to watch you look very sexy in that shirt all night and I want to take it off."

Of course he was right. Even if they talked about it, it would change nothing about Ilya's situation. It would change nothing about the fact that his brother and his father sucked. It would change nothing about the fact that rumours spiral and that any word about them getting to Ilya's brother would be ruinous. And, in the months they've been together, Shane has gotten pretty good at understanding what Ilya needs. And he knew that talking was not what he needed at that moment.

"Go on, then," he said softly, going to straddle Ilya on the bed. He ran his fingers through his hair, messing up the blonde curls that had way too much gel in them. Shane hated when Ilya styled his hair that way, but he took great pleasure in being the one to mess it up again.

Ilya made quick work of undoing Shane's button-up and then started touching him everywhere he could: his stomach, his chest, his arms and then again from the beginning, tracing lines on his body with his hands that Shane would be able to still feel as a ghost sensation for days. Shane took hold of Ilya's shirt and took it off in one shift motion, then pressed their naked torsos together as he leaned in for another kiss, this one much more needy than the ones before.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya gasped into his mouth and put his hands on Shane's hips, pulling him down into his lap. They both groaned when they felt how hard they were.

Shane planted his legs more steadily on the mattress and pushed Ilya down on the bed, immediately capturing his mouth again as soon as they were both laying down. He let his hands travel down, down to Ilya's belt, starting to open the buckle. Shane's mouth was dry when he said, “I wanted to kiss you in that club,” he made sure to not voice it as an accusation but as an invitation. As an invitation for them both to imagine what could be if their lives were different rather than to regret what they weren't.

It took Ilya just a few seconds to catch on to what Shane was trying to do and when he did, he let out another groan and rolled them over so he was on top of Shane. “Me too. Wanted to show everyone who you belong to.” His hands moved down to Shane's pants.

It might have taken them seconds or it might have taken them hours to get completely naked. Ilya might have taken forever to open him up with his fingers or he might have done it in a quick but still gentle rush. Shane couldn't tell because he was too lost in the sensation of having Ilya there, with him, on top of him. *Where he belongs*, a tiny voice in his head said.

Ilya positioned himself between Shane's legs and pressed the head of his cock against Shane's slick hole, looking down at him for permission. He always did this, searching Shane's face for any sign of hesitation only to find nothing other than sheer want. Once Shane nodded, he pushed in carefully like he always did and waited for Shane to adjust to the sensation before giving an experimental thrust. Shane cried out, not taking his eyes off Ilya's face.

“Wanted to be like this with you in the club. Close,” Shane managed to say between gasps as Ilya started moving at a more steady rhythm.

A breathless laugh left Ilya's mouth. “I don't know Canadian culture, but I think is illegal for us to do this,” he emphasized with a thrust of his hips. “In crowded club.”

“You asshole. You know what I mean,” Shane moaned, trying to move his hips to match Ilya's rhythm, but Ilya's hands were firm on Shane's hips, keeping him still, making it so he was the only one controlling the pace. It made Shane's head spin and his insides turn to liquid fire.

“Hmm, I don't think I know. Tell me,” Ilya muttered, slowing down. Shane had to stop a pathetic whine from leaving his throat. He also had to stop himself from embarrassing himself in other ways, like begging for Ilya to just stop stopping.

The words left his lips easily, though he couldn't tell whether they were even making sense as he was speaking them. “Wanna...fuck, wanna dance with you without a bit of space between us. Want you to claim me in front of everyone. I want... you. Just want you, Ilya. Please.”

In retrospect, that was more embarrassing than any other begging he might do, but in that moment, he didn't care about it one bit.

It was as if that was exactly what Ilya wanted to hear, too. He started fucking into Shane again, this time at a ruthless pace that knocked the air out of his lungs. His back arched off the mattress as he let out a broken cry and his hands flew up to Ilya's shoulders, holding on for dear life. His fingernails dug into Ilya's skin and a greedy part of him wanted to see the marks that would be left there afterwards.

They were kissing again, but they were moaning and gasping so much that it was up for debate if one could actually call it a kiss. It was more like a messy pressing together of lips and teeth.

Ilya switched the angle and with his next thrust Shane saw stars as Ilya's cock pressed right against his prostate. “Ilya,” Shane gasped, repeating the name over and over like a mantra.

“Yes,” Ilya agreed breathlessly, reaching for Shane's thus far neglected dick and giving it a squeeze. “You have me, Shane.”

Those words were just enough of a mix between the truth and a glorious fantasy that Shane felt tears well up in his eyes. With just a few more strokes of Ilya's hand, he was coming. Ilya worked him through his orgasm and then, when Shane was on the verge of oversensitivity, he felt Ilya's rhythm grow unsteady until he came to a halt, Shane's name on his lips as he finished and collapsed on top of him.

He didn't realize the tears in his eyes started to fall until he felt Ilya's clean hand stroking his cheek. "Shane?"

He shook his head, placing a hand over Ilya's. "I'm okay," he said, voice raspy.

Ilya didn't seem to believe him, but also didn't ask any further questions. Instead, he went through the motions of grabbing a cloth from the bathroom and getting them both cleaned up before settling next to Shane in bed, moving them around so Shane's head was laying on his chest and he was engulfed in Ilya's embrace. "Soon, okay?" Ilya whispered, and it sounded like a promise.

Shane knew what he meant. Soon, Ilya would graduate. Soon, he would try to apply for a working visa instead of a student visa and would hopefully be able to finally stop depending on his family. Soon, they wouldn't have to hide anymore.

Soon, Ilya wouldn't be able to go back to his hometown anymore. Soon, they will have to deal with whatever emotional manipulation Ilya's brother would throw his way.

Soon, they'll be able to dance in front of the whole world.

"Soon," Shane promised back, kissing Ilya's forehead.

## End Notes

okay so i did get super attached to shane and ilya in this universe so i am thinking of maybe making a series out of this. would anyone at all be interested? like let me know in the comments!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!