

to hide what cannot be hidden

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to hide what cannot be hidden

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Summary

“Don’t get mixed up with doe eyed omegas Ilya, they bring nothing but trouble,” the ghost of his father whispers and Ilya flattens himself to the door and feels his jaw twitch. His mother had been a beta, kind and warm, but in contrast Shane burns like the sun and sometimes Ilya wonders if he is simply incapable of taking the intensity, if he is destined for the cold. For years he had tried to keep the distance between them healthy, not risk the lingering aftereffects of too long in his presence but when Shane had hit the ice, Ilya had felt something inside him freeze, something he felt would never thaw if Shane did not come back to him. Not just come back either, come back to *him*.

All his life, Ilya has been pushed to *want* but only the right things and his heart cannot take the strain of his mind trying to bludgeon it into submission any longer, cannot take hit after hit like stick to puck demanding he *should not* and *cannot* desire Shane that way. Cowards tell the truth wrapped in lies and it felt like lies if Shane could not understand a damn word he had said.

OR: things go differently after Shane's accident.

Notes

so i saw gifs on tumblr, demolished the two hollanov books within 24 hours, watched the series, here we are. its been a week. i've not written anything but fl rpf in over two years so...i tried :P

for al, because this would have been 500 words shorter if he hadn't implied i should leave ilya alone~

do not attempt to hide things which cannot be hidden

- aesop

“Ilya. They can see us.”

Sometimes, Ilya thinks Shane actually said that, lying in a broken heap upon the ice that had brought them together and now threatens to rip them apart, and sometimes he thinks that it is all in his admittedly vivid imagination. He can see Shane through the narrow window of the hospital room door but Shane has not noticed him yet. If Ilya was smart, he would turn and leave, safe in the knowledge that Shane is conscious and clearly in a stable enough condition to not be surrounded by people. His parents have not rushed to his bedside fearing life or death. Sure, there is a sling holding his arm in place and a drip hanging beside a monitor that Ilya can't see well from the door but it is better than what he feared. No oxygen masks. No tubes up Shane's nose or down his throat or anything to suggest things had taken a turn for the worst once Ilya was hauled away from him.

Because that is what it had taken in the end, two, three, maybe four of his teammates grabbing Ilya and hauling him back across to the ice and all but throwing him down onto the bench. His coach understands it is being a good captain to go and check on Shane, the others mutter about it being his *fucking Hollander thing* and Ilya tells himself it is a healthy mix of dose and not a madenning obsession that has been taking route in his brain for years.

So yes, if Ilya was *smart* he would turn on his heel now he has seen Shane is fine and leave and take his panic and fear and relief with him and buried under all of that his weakness too. Smart, has not been the right word for his choices regarding Shane Hollander though, not in all the years he has known him. Hormonal, drastic, idiotic maybe but not smart and that is why he has slipped in the door and closed it behind himself before he can lose his nerve.

“Don't get mixed up with doe eyed omegas Ilya, they bring nothing but trouble,” the ghost of his father whispers and Ilya flattens himself to the door and feels his jaw twitch. His mother had been a beta, kind and warm, but in contrast Shane burns like the sun and sometimes Ilya wonders if he is simply incapable of taking the intensity, if he is destined for the cold. For years he had tried to keep the distance between them healthy, not risk the lingering aftereffects of too long in his presence but when Shane had hit the ice, Ilya had felt something inside him freeze, something he felt would never thaw if Shane did not come back to him. Not just come back either, come back to *him*.

All his life, Ilya has been pushed to *want* but only the right things and his heart cannot take the strain of his mind trying to bludgeon it into submission any longer, cannot take hit after hit like stick to puck demanding he *should not* and *cannot* desire Shane that way. Cowards tell the truth wrapped in lies and it felt like lies if Shane could not understand a damn word he had said. If he has a head injury, he may never understand Ilya again, and he would

deserve it for being a coward and an idiot who chased Shane away from Boston in the first place.

“Don’t get mixed up-”

Impossible to stop. Ilya has been interwoven in the fabric of Shane’s being for years.

“Ilya.”

It sounds like the relief Ilya feels and his fingers twitch with the need to grab for Shane. The idiot tries to sit up, groans as he tries to reach out and panic has Ilya moving across the room making shushing noises and taking the hand that reaches for his own. It is not the solid weight that he is used to but he could cry feeling it nonetheless.

“I am sorry. I just needed- are you- god are you?”

“M’okay,” Shane mutters, lazy smile crossing his face *“Better. You’re here.”*

His words are slurred, his eyes glazed, and Ilya looks to the drip and raises an eyebrow, “The good stuff yes?”

“Stuff is good,” Shane nods, head falling falling in a sudden jerky movement that looks jerky and painful, like a baby unable to support his head yet, frowning as he hauls himself upright to beam up at Ilya through a half-lidded gaze, “Stuff is good now you’re here. My- my Ilya is here.”

Ilya barely suppresses the growl; he clearly fails to repress everything else because even doped up to the gills Shane’s body reacts, the pads of his fingers fretting against Ilya’s palm, his eyes fluttering as his pupils widen.

He heard his name. He also heard something else in his core, and his body is bending against his will, one foot reaching out behind him to drag a chair across the floor. It is outrageously loud and yet it does nothing to cover the happy and content purr that escapes from Shane as Ilya settles at his bedside. Ilya rarely hears that, rarely dares to hope for it, but he would desperately like to earn it. Shane struggles on the bed and tries to edge closer to Ilya and he can’t have his Shane in pain. Not for anything, but especially not for him.

“No, no, no, do not. Do not,” Ilya murmurs, leaning over him and taking a firmer hold of his hand.

“There,” Shane beams, “Good.”

“Hollander, we cannot do this.”

If anyone comes in it will look like everything they have not allowed it to be.

“Iiilya,” Shane sings, “I am...I am *mad*. I was looking forward to last night and it...it got fucked up.”

Ilya is not sure he gives a damn what it all looks like, if he thinks about it. His father always told him it was better not to think, just play hockey.

“Hollander, stop it.”

“Was gonna ask you something Ilya,” Shane says and then he frowns and licks his lips, runs his teeth over his lower lip and pouts as he tries to remember, clearly oblivious to what he’s doing to Ilya, what he is *always* doing to Ilya, “Doooo you, want to come to my cottage this summer?”

Yes, Ilya’s mind snarls, but he can’t. He can’t, he *can*’t. Shane’s grip is limp, Ilya’s is a vice, and then Shane is blinking rapidly and trying so hard to curl his fingers around Ilya’s.

“Don’t go to Russia. Stay with me. Please.”

If he stays, he will always have to stay, because he will *never* be able to go and he knows it. Time with Shane, real time, will seep into his bones and tell on the very lines of his face and he knows it. No vodka, morphine or fire itself would burn him out if Ilya lets himself have this.

“W-we-”

“Ilya...”

It is there, under the soap and the sterile backdrop, and the cardboard like sheets that have been washed too many times folded neatly around Shane’s legs, it is there. Shane’s scent, sweet and crisp and burned into Ilya’s senses the way it has been since they were seventeen and Shane was offering his hand as well as his admonishing words, a welcome in an otherwise hostile world. Shane has no idea how in a life Ilya has trusted so little he knew in that moment he could trust Shane.

It is there and it is getting angry under the haze of the drugs, irritation overriding fear and honesty spilling forth as he lifts a shaky hand and grasps for Ilya’s shirt instead, mustering everything he has to *try*.

“Stop running from me you *asshole*.”

“Hollander I-”

“And stop calling me that! You’re my alpha for god’s sake! I’m...goddamit Ilya *stay*.”

It all goes quiet after that. It sounds like everything he has ever wanted but it also sounds like it could be another mistranslation, Shane not saying what he means, Shane not knowing what he is saying, Ilya just hoping to any gods listening that it means what he needs it to.

God how it needs to mean what he heard.

How much simple his life would be if he was not so foolishly, deeply, in love with Shane fucking Hollander.

“Stay Ilya,” Shane says again, “*Be*. Better with you. Only with you Ilya.”

There is a buzzing in Ilya’s brain, a static. For a moment he thinks it is the machines Shane is hooked up to but they are not flashing, and Shane looks irritated, exhausted, but still stares at Ilya expecting an answer. He’s flushed, still high as hell, and more than that he’s unequivocally *Ilya’s*.

Noise erupts in Ilya’s senses and he stumbles to his feet and pushes Shane back onto the bed, covers his body with his own and that *does* set one of the machines off, something disconnected and Ilya should care about that. He doesn’t. All that matters is Shane’s happy laugh and the scent of him in Ilya’s nose. Of course Shane Hollander would run but when he came back, return to fierce and defiant he would destroy the expectations of society and claim Ilya for himself.

Don’t get mixed up with doe eyed omegas Ilya, they bring nothing but trouble

“You are trouble Shane Hollander,” Ilya murmurs in his ear, “But I like trouble, I like you, maybe a little too much.”

“Well, I like you a whole lot,” Shane says, “Yay....staying!”

He’s fading and Ilya laughs and slowly pulls back and tucks his fringe from his eyes. Shane is hot to the touch but worryingly so.

“Staying,” Ilya says, “Me, I like challenge. You are demanding omega so yes, challenge.”

Shane frowns and lifts a hand and then rolls his eyes and waves it at Ilya, sighing happily making Ilya laugh. The machine keeps beeping and as if Ilya’s notice summoned her a nurse slips in the door and freezes as she finds Ilya still holding Shane’s hand, knees tucked under his bed, very much the picture of a worried lover.

“I can’t say you’re who I expected to see here Mr Rozanov.”

Shane’s scent sours immediately and Ilya takes a deep breath. Blockers have been doing more than he thought over the years. To many, Shane is closed off with but Ilya he has always been open, honest, *his*. Ilya can recognise it now and he can see all their shared mistakes too. There cannot be another. Shane’s fear is palpable even in his drugged up state but Ilya’s fears are finally gone and the hand on Shane’s shoulder is firm as he stands to face the nurse.

“Where else would I be? I’m his alpha.”

A happy sigh and Ilya watches as Shane’s knees pull up towards him on the bed, fears gone now that Ilya stands between him and the danger. It will annoy him later, the exposure risk in the first place, how easily Ilya has soothed his worry over it all. He will probably have quite the huff about it all and Ilya will listen and nod and then scoop him up and fuck him until he’s done complaining and he won’t *leave*.

Because Shane is his omega, and Ilya’s place is with him.

If there are contracts Ilya has to get people to sign they will be signed. If threats need to be given out he will tower over nurses and threaten them. If he needs to give everything up for Shane then it is acceptable. Shane is the sun; Ilya can only follow him out of the darkness constructed of his own fears.

“My Iiiiiilya,” Shane declares with his blinding smile and his head lols towards Ilya’s hand. He’s gone again and somehow that only makes Ilya feel more fond.

His Ilya indeed.

F I N

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