

until the end of time

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76065036) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76065036>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Canon Compliant , Love Confessions , Fluff , Angst , 1x05 , cottage scene , Kissing , Promises , POV Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 2,884 Chapters: 1/1

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by [leaveittome](#)

Summary

Shane placed a hand over Ilya's cheek, lightly pushing his face away. "I need to, um—I need to ask you something. Well, not *need*, but I wanted to ask you something."

Though Ilya's eyes avoided his, his gaze set on Shane's wallpaper in the back, he nodded. "Go ahead."

"Would you..." He started, letting his voice trail off as he searched for the words. He wished Ilya would just *look* at him, but it wasn't as if he was doing any better in the eye contact aspect. "Would you want to... come to the cottage? With me?"

aka cottage scene if shane was never injured

Notes

i kept seeing that ilya was planning to break it up before seeing shane get injured and im OBSESSED with that possible reality so ofc i had to write it!!

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

Shane *had* told Ilya the correct code to the main entrance, right?

That was the single thought on his mind as Shane sat idly on his bed, trying to avoid looking at the clock. It was already well past midnight; Ilya should have been there an hour ago, and yet Shane was still left with nothing. That silence only caused the damning thought; had he spoken the wrong code?

Though Shane hardly believed that, he still went up to check anyway. It wasn't as if he had anything else productive to do. He dragged his feet across the ground, turning off the lights in his apartment as he went, before checking out the peephole to his front porch.

Nope. Nothing.

Was Ilya even still planning to show up?

Of course, he had to be. They'd already confirmed that during the game. Even though Shane hadn't texted Ilya afterward to double-check on the plan, he still assumed it would be followed through. As everything usually was. From what he could recall, nothing had happened differently from their last time, so he wasn't sure what the hold-up was about.

Ilya wasn't mad that they lost, was he? Montreal took a disastrous seven-to-one lead during that game, furthering them along in the playoffs, but Ilya hadn't seemed off during the game. He seemed happy—joyous, even—as Shane caught his eyes many times throughout. They'd exchanged words of grace and smiles alike, so Shane really had no doubt that Ilya would be racing over as soon as the game ended, eager to get into his pants.

Shane told himself that he was just in over his head. Midnight wasn't *that* late, in comparison. Ilya was probably busy showering and getting himself ready. They had all night, with neither team having plans for the morning, so there was no rush. Shane told himself that he was just overthinking because of the... question he planned to ask. That was causing his nerves to spike, leading to blatant unease.

Ilya had always been honest with him in the past. The least Shane could do was trust that he would do the same in the future.

Fifteen minutes past midnight, Shane finally heard the door click open. His heart nearly leapt out of his chest as he quickly rushed back to the living room, standing awkwardly in the clearing as he waited. Ilya squeezed himself through the open door, carefully clicking it shut behind him before turning to look at Shane.

He looked... off, to say the least. Shane couldn't quite pinpoint it, but there was something unreadable in his demeanor.

Still, Shane greeted him with a smile. "Hi."

Ilya nodded back. "Hello."

“Stuck in traffic?” He joked, taking a small step forward. He hoped Ilya would match it, delighted when he did, as they were soon just inches from each other.

Ilya’s eyes shone with amusement. “No, no. It was just... I was showering.”

Shane’s heart settled, filling his chest with warmth. See, he had nothing to worry about. “Right, I figured. Busy sulking after the loss?”

Rolling his eyes, Ilya shook his head. “We’ll get you next time. You have too much fun on the ice.”

“Do I have too much fun? Or do you just not have enough fun?”

“Isn’t those mean the same thing?”

“Oh, please. Your English is much better than that, stop pretending.”

Ilya smirked, raising an eyebrow. “Sorry.”

“Apology taken,” Shane replied, though he couldn’t resist any longer. Ilya had stood in front of him for far too long without initiating anything, and after an intense game like that, Shane was pent up. He needed to kiss Ilya until the sun came up, jump into his skin, making it so every waking breath was filled with Ilya’s scent.

Every moment spent together was just a simulation of what could be; time with Ilya that wasn’t limited to a few days a year, scattered throughout their schedule. For that night, Shane could pretend that’s what they were: boyfriends. Lives led to live under the same roof, fulfilling the same external purpose. A couple built to take every trial and tribulation this world had to offer as a pair, fighting by each other’s side through every last waking breath. That was what they should be, how Shane dreamt of their future falling into.

Shane led him through the doorway past the living room, keeping his hands on Ilya’s hips while their lips remained locked together, not stopping until he felt the quilt of his comforter against his legs. Shane then leaned his body back, hoping Ilya would follow suit, but instead — there was hesitation.

“What?” Shane asked. Through the dim lighting, he could hardly see Ilya’s expression, left only to wonder why he wasn’t leaning in.

Ilya only licked his lips as his shoulders deflated, void of a response.

Shane quickly sat back up to get a closer look, repeating, “What?”

For a moment, neither spoke until Ilya quickly shook his head. “Nothing, nothing.” He then leaned in, hands wrapped around Shane’s neck, placing kisses on his lips.

Though confused, Shane shut his eyes again, pulling himself back into the moment. He felt Ilya’s hands on his chest, pressing his body back to the bed, before the same hand trickled down to his pants. Every kiss was still sensational, building up those emotions Shane had long held, but he couldn’t help but feel something was missing.

Ilya's movements felt stiff, coordinated, as if there were something on his mind. But, Shane found himself in the same boat. There was something he'd been meaning to ask, something that would likely change the outcome of what their meetings consisted of, and he didn't think he'd truly be able to enjoy himself with that weight still leaning on his chest.

Ilya could likely sense his uncertainty, playing into those same emotions. He always knew how to read Shane in ways he couldn't comprehend himself. Shane needed to get it out there, to ask before it took over his mind.

Shane placed a hand over Ilya's cheek, lightly pushing his face away. "I need to, um—I need to ask you something. Well, not *need*, but I wanted to ask you something."

Though Ilya's eyes avoided his, his gaze set on Shane's wallpaper in the back, he nodded. "Go ahead."

"Would you..." He started, letting his voice trail off as he searched for the words. He wished Ilya would just *look* at him, but it wasn't as if he was doing any better in the eye contact aspect. "Would you want to... come to the cottage? With me?"

A flicker of emotion, one unreadable, passed over Ilya's features.

"It would be during the break. You know, when we have off. I know you mentioned Russia, and... and going home, but..." He bit his lip, taking a small breath. "I want you to know you have another option."

Ilya's jaw hardened, still holding an expression so unlike anything Shane had ever seen on him. Usually, Ilya was so emotive—speaking his mind, never letting a word go unsaid—but Shane couldn't pinpoint what was running through his mind. And that worried him more than anything else ever had.

"Come with me," Shane said, feeling his voice grow desperate. He reached to grasp Ilya's hands, noticing how sweaty they'd become. Something deep and intense was simmering underneath. "Please."

Slowly, Ilya began to shake his head.

Shane felt his heart drop. "Ilya," he said, trying to keep his voice as firm as he could, unnerved by how quickly the mood had shifted. Just seconds ago, they were ready to climb into each other, and yet—there he was, frantically trying to cope with the obvious rejection. "You... you don't have to go back there, you know that, right?" he said, his voice dropping low.

Ilya's head dropped as his gaze fell to the floor, shaking his head once more. "No. No. We can't do that," he spoke, the words mumbling from his lips.

Shane's heart was in his throat, mixed with the pit of despair growing in his chest. He felt nausea creeping up, hardening his jaw to prevent his lips from quivering. "Why?" he simply asked, feeling it was the only word he could choke out.

“Shane.” Ilya brought his eyes back up to meet Shane’s, gaze dark. “I told you why.”

“I know, I know, but—”

“But what? There are no ‘buts.’ This is how it is,” Ilya said, words firm but voice soft, as if he were fighting the words on his tongue. “This is how—this is how it has to be, okay?”

Shane shook his head. “This isn’t how things have to be. If there’s anything I know in life, it’s that,” he replied, his heart racing in his chest. There were so many things he wanted to say, so many things he wanted to do—from ripping his heart out and throwing it into Ilya’s face, to getting on his knees, begging for his side to be seen.

There had to be more, more evidence he could dig up to remind Ilya that he *shouldn’t* just throw everything away as if it never mattered to him. Shane didn’t know what was going to happen when Ilya left that night, if they’d ever even speak again. There was fear in his eyes that hadn’t been so prominent before. That spunky, rambunctious side of him had dissipated. The side that Shane had grown to desire.

If Ilya was denying an invite to his cottage of all places, who was to say he would even shoot Shane another text? If this fear was taking over his mind, making him deny the things he clearly loved, then Shane wouldn’t live another day in peace if he let this slip through his fingers.

“I looked up what you said about me,” Shane said after a brief moment of silence.

Ilya’s eyebrows furrowed. “What?”

“In Russian, what you said on the phone,” Shane admitted. It wasn’t something he wanted to do, as it almost felt like spying, but the words played on loop in his mind, and to the best of his ability, Shane was able to look up key phrases, catching the slight confession. “You said you loved me.”

“Shane.”

“But you’re scared, aren’t you?” he continued, searching for signs in Ilya’s expression that his words were heard. “You’re scared, but I’m... I’m here. And I’m in the same boat—arguably not as bad, but... I’m scared too. Holy shit, I’m scared shitless, like I’ve never been terrified before, but—” He shook his head, cutting his ramble off before deciding he had more to say. “But when I’m with you, Ilya, everything is just how it should be. It feels like you and me, this is how it’s meant to be.”

Ilya swallowed, but left the conversation in silence, as if he were silently begging Shane to keep going.

“I love you too, and I want you to come and be with me. At my cottage. Just us, alone for the entire summer,” Shane said, a smile crawling across his face as he spoke the words out loud. That was all he ever wanted. The fact that he was so, *so* close to reaching that point made him feel more than desperate.

Ilya's jaw hardened, but he didn't shake his head again. Shane took that as a good sign.

"I know it's tough. I don't expect you to have an answer for me now, you can think about it if you want, but..." He took a deep breath, feeling fresh air fill his lungs in relief. "I needed to say it. I needed you to understand how much you meant to me."

For a moment, it looked like Ilya would agree, but that feeling dissipated as he shut his eyes. "No. There is no thinking. It's... I came here with meaning, and it is what I should do."

Shane paused, greeted again by that sickening drop in his chest. He felt his body begin to quiver, jumping to conclusions around Ilya's words. Though unsure he was even interpreting them correctly, his emotions were high enough to reach an assumption. "You came here to break up with me?" His voice rose in pitch, the nauseating sensation returning. Those feelings of rejection ran deep into his veins, forcing a heat flash through his body as his limbs began to tremble.

"No," Ilya quickly shook his head, eyes widening as he noticed Shane's demeanor shift. "Not like that."

"*No*, no," Shane's voice quivered, meeting Ilya's eyes with defeat. "You did, didn't you? Is that why you took so long to come? You were debating even coming at all?"

"Shane, that is not—"

"I was sitting here, working up the courage to ask you to *be* with me, and you were wondering what the easiest way was to break it all—"

"*Shane*," Ilya's voice rose, cutting him off. "No. Not like that. I couldn't stay away from you, no matter what—no matter how hard I tried."

A lump formed in his throat as Shane let his head fall forward, deciding it was his turn to listen.

"Me being here right now, this is me showing that I'm still fighting against myself, okay?" Ilya's gaze burned as he reached forward to wipe a tear from Shane's cheek, one he hadn't even realized had fallen.

Shane wanted to pull himself away from Ilya's grip, to show him that he couldn't just say things like that and mess with his emotions during such a fragile time, but his body was frozen in place. No matter what, nothing Ilya said was a lie. The safest Shane had ever felt was in Ilya's arms, and no amount of assumed rejection would change that.

"It says a lot to myself that I am here right now," Ilya continued, fingers lightly tapping Shane's back as he urged their bodies closer. "You don't know how much I *want* you."

"Clearly, not enough," Shane mumbled, sniffing back another tear.

"Don't say that."

“Then *show* me! Make me shut up! Make me know that you love me more than anyone else, if you’re so sure that--”

For the second time that night, Shane was shut up, except it had been by Ilya pressing his lips onto his. Their kiss was passionate, almost enough to distill those harsh emotions and tension flying in the air.

There was an unspoken truce instilled in that kiss, with each passing second only solidifying that stance. They were on the same page. They were always on the same page. Those emotions, opinions, decisions, and everything else could all wait. Because the second they were together, everything fell right back into place. Whether it be through kissing, passionate lovemaking on the bed, or a simple conversation before a game, highlighting that they were so much more important than just a hookup to the other. Shane would easily consider them soulmates, as the second they separated, they began to lose sight of themselves.

Shane wrapped an arm around Ilya’s neck, pulling him in closer as they both dropped breathless onto the bed. His heart rate had significantly increased again, but for a different reason this time—a much more desired one.

He felt the touch of Ilya’s hands through his hair as he was pulled in closer. A small murmur was whispered into his ear. “Why does it have to be this way?”

Shane nuzzled his head into Ilya’s neck, swallowing. “If you promise me that you will never leave, then I promise too. Whatever it is, you’ll have me. Through thick and thin, I want you to talk to me.”

“Okay. I... I promise,” Ilya replied.

“I want you to talk to me,” Shane continued, feeling a wave of relief wash over him as Ilya easily agreed. “I don’t want you sitting in your hotel room for a whole fucking hour because you’re busy deciding whether you should even come at all, so talk to me, okay?”

“I will.”

Shane nodded, shifting his body to face Ilya’s. He placed his left leg across Ilya’s torso, removing that last bit of distance between them. If he was going for it, he was going all out. “I’ll learn Russian for you.”

“Really?” Ilya replied, sounding both surprised and amused.

“Yes. If you ever feel like you can’t talk or communicate, then... I’ll learn the language,” he said. Even though he knew that wasn’t the only issue with their lack of communication, it was a step in the right direction. At some point, that was all he could wish for. “I’ll learn those important words. So if you feel like nobody is out there listening to you—nobody in Russia, nobody to speak your mother tongue—then I’ll understand, okay?”

Ilya’s shaky inhale could be heard from miles away. He reached down to grab hold of Shane’s hand, squeezing it tight.

Shane felt the flutter in his chest as he bit his lip, trying to fight off a rush of tears himself. “Okay? You promise me?” he asked once more, needing that direct confirmation etched into his heart.

“Of course—of course, Shane. I’d... I’d do anything to keep you by my side.”

Shane knew he was in the same boat, until the end.

End Notes

hope you all enjoyed! comments and kudos always welcome :)

i plan to write a decent more about these two im obsessed lmao

feel free to follow me on twitter: @leaveit_tome

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