hang up (i'm coming to you)

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hang up (i'm coming to you)

by Raverin2

Summary

Shane ended things with Rose, and then he finds himself in the same city as Ilya. He's not expecting to see him, but he does take a risk… then he bares his soul.

Notes

The Show led me to the Books, and Fuck meeeee…. I wasn't supposed to jump into a new fandom, or even write a new fic yet, but uhhhh… they've screwed me up in the best way!!

So… there is a bit of a spoiler for the book heated rivalry, but it's fairly vague. read at your own risk, I guess.

Will edit later so be nice if you see errors~
<3<3<3<3

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane doesn’t really know what to do now. It’s been three days since things ended with Rose, since he’s started figuring out what he wants. The All-Star game is coming up, and he’s teaming with Rozanov.

He hasn’t spoken with him since that day when things got too vulnerable, and he'd realised just how deep he'd fallen into this thing between them.

It hurts to see how far down his messages with Ilya have fallen, but it had to happen. He needed to give himself the chance to see what being with Rose could be, but also he needed to have that space from Ilya.

He'd given too much of himself, too much of his heart, to the man, and Shane knew that Ilya didn't want it. Or at least, that's what it seems like.

Especially after seeing him in the bar, standing in the crowd as Ilya danced with a woman that seemed to be his choice for the night, or at least one choice. He still doesn't know if Ilya went home with her, but it only made sense that he did because everyone knows the Russian is never alone.

Fuck.

Fuck.

It hurts to think about it, but it always does.

He'd gotten used to that ache of knowing he wasn't special to Ilya.

Shane hadn't really thought about that night again because it makes him uncomfortable because of what he did that night with Rose.

He decides to pull up his messages with Ilya, and start typing.

It's a simple text, nothing crazy or flirty because he doesn't know what to expect from being in the same space as Rozanov.

Jane: See you at the All Star Game.

That was it. That was all he had in him because if he typed what he was really thinking, he'd probably make Ilya turn cold in a way that's worse than it has been.

He wanted to ask if Ilya still wanted to fuck him. He wanted to ask if Ilya had gone home with that blonde that he'd been with that night. He wanted to see if he was up for a night of fun, he knows Ilya's close enough that they could meet.

Literally.

And fuck does he want Ilya to pound into him until he melts into pure nothingness and pleasure.

He's missed it.

The way Ilya knows his body. The way he can take him apart and leave him floating happily. The way Ilya gives as much as he takes, ensuring there's an equal stance between them even when he's fucking Shane so hard that his eyes cross in pleasure.

He slides out of the message app and starts searching for schedules. He's pretty sure that Ilya is facing Hunter at some point, maybe now, and Shane's nearby solely because he had a photoshoot. He didn't have any other obligations, so he has to fly out for a game in the morning to meet up with the team.

"Yup, facing Hunter, and currently kicking his ass," mutters Shane as he shakes his head with a half-smile curving his lips unconsciously.

No answers will come now, though honestly, Shane isn't expecting one.

Instead, he wanders over to the bed and settles on the edge of it while pulling up the game on the TV. He settles back and gets comfortable and falls into the trance that is watching Ilya play hockey.

Brilliant passes, a hat trick holy hell, just so damn good.

He wonders how they'll play together, whether it'll be a train wreck or the best damn game they've ever played.

Shane's pretty sure that it's going to be the best game they've ever played because against each other, they're fucking insane. So, together, they're probably going to be the focus of the game because there's no chance they're giving up anything. Even with being rivals, they definitely know each other's gameplay way too well.

He'd drifted too long in his head, and now there's an intermission. Boston is up by three, though Hunter's team has two points on the board.

There's no way Ilya doesn't come out of this with at least a two-point lead.

He's shocked when his phone buzzes in his hand because he's listening to the commentators grumbling about Ilya's plays and how Scott had missed a play that was apparently too easy. His head drops forward to look at the phone that's still in his hand, and his jaw actually drops.

Lily: You actually remembered me, hm? Can not believe you texted mid-game.

He glares at the phone unhelpfully like it will tell him what to do because of this.

Jane: Can't believe you responded. And who can forget their rival?

Lily: Rival, best fuck of life, I am memorable.

Lily: But maybe not best fuck no more? You have girlfriend now

No punctuation mark.

Ilya doesn't always use punctuation, but he's not usually hesitant about it either.

For some reason, this felt like it was hesitant.

Jane: No girlfriend, not anymore anyway. Best fuck? I'm not giving you anymore fuel for that ego of yours, asshole.

Lily: Basic admission. Thanks ;)

Lily: So, no girlfriend? In need of fuck then? That why you texted?

Jane: Do I have to text you if I want to fuck? Or can I not text you about the All-Star Game?

Lily: Just curious about message during game. What happened with girlfriend?

Jane: Not compatible.

Jane: Didn't think about it until after I sent it. Figured you wouldn't respond.

Lily: Why not?

Jane: Because it's been two months.

Jane: And I'm pretty sure you don't want to fuck me anymore anyway.

Lily: Lies.

Lily: Who would not fuck you? Hm? Gorgeous with sexy ass.

Lily: Why would I not?

Jane: Let's not do that. You have a game to finish.

Lily: Going to finish now, so explain for me to read when I am back.

Lily: Talk to me, Sweetheart.

Shane's heart races in his chest, heat pouring over his face at the pet name that he didn't expect to see. He's so fucking gone for this damn man.

If he tells him before the All Star game, would that even… would that mess things up?

He wants to win this. He needs to.

Would it be worth the messiness?

The rejection that would fuck him up?

Because he knows he'll be rejected.

Jane: After the All Star games.

Jane: For now, I'm gonna enjoy my night before my early flight in the morning. Have a good night, Lily, and enjoy the victory.

The game isn't over yet when he sends that text, but when it does end, he smiles because he knew Ilya would win.

Shane's phone goes off fifteen minutes after the game changes to another one that he really doesn't feel like watching. He shuts the tv off and slides back up the bed, sleep is what he needs, so he just puts his phone on the side table and leaves it there for a few minutes.

Maybe five.

Then it rings, full on rings with an incoming phone call.

He sighs as he grabs the phone and then he jolts up at the sight of Lily on his screen.

He scrambles to answer it on the fourth ring, and says, "Why are you calling me?"

"Because I do not like your decision. What is going on, Hollander?"

"Are you alone while you're saying my name, Rozanov?" asks Shane as he adjusts to settle back against the headboard.

"Da. Empty locker room actually. Why will you not tell me the truth?"

"Because it might affect our game," replies Shane genuinely because he's not going to lie to the man, not when he's done lying to himself.

He's falling in love with Ilya Rozanov.

He's gay.

And he's fucking stupid for falling and scared shitless about being gay in the NHL.

"What are you talking about? Why would it affect game? We are best players in league. We not capable of losing."

"Vulnerability is not something we share together, and what I need to say is too vulnerable for the All Star games," replies Shane as he brings his legs up towards his chest, sighing at how close he's getting to just spilling it all in this hotel room.

"Be vulnerable then. Just say it, Hollander. We do not exactly hide from each other."

"But we don't talk about feelings," replies Shane simply, trying not to let himself sink too far that he just says it.

He wants to, but he can't, and he knows that.

"Shane."

His breath catches in his throat when Ilya says his first name.

"Ilya," whispers Shane as though he's telling a secret as he tastes the man's first name again.

"You want to talk feelings? Then we can."

"It's going to mess everything up," replies Shane seriously as he stares at his knees. "You don't do feelings, I'm not a person for you, Ilya, just a fuck, remember? Everything will be screwed, and I can't… Before the game? I can't."

"Hollander, say it. If you don't it's going to bother both of us and actually mess game up. So, come on and say it."

"If I say it, literally everything will change, Ilya. I can't," breathes Shane as he straightens his legs. "You don't really want me to say it either because you'll be pissed and probably hang up without saying anything."

"Hollander, where are you?"

The subject change has Shane going, "New York, why?"

"Where in New York, Hollander? Why New York?"

"Photoshoot, why do you need to know where I am?" asks Shane as his brows furrow harshly.

"Because it is important. You are alone in New York, and I want answers. Tell me where."

"Not a chance in hell, Rozanov," replies Shane a bit harsher than he means because he can't give that up.

"Fine, then tell me answers now. What is going on?"

"Seriously? You're like a dog with a bone. Can't you let this go?" asks Shane with a whine as he lets his head hit the headboard with a harsh thud of annoyance.

"As much as I like that sound, Shane, I need answers. Tell me truth. We bullshit, but we are honest too."

"Not like this," groans Shane as he presses his palm into his forehead. "And never before a game, or a game this big."

"Shane, just talk to me. Please?"

Fuck.

Ilya Rozanov saying please might be his kryptonite.

"I don't like girls, at all. I'm gay. Okay? Obvious shit, whatever," replies Shane as his heart pounds into his throat. "The problem with that is that I know exactly where my heart is going now, and you don't want that. Don't make me spell it out, Rozanov."

"Shane Hollander, I need you to spell it out because I can't be right in what I am thinking."

"Oh? You need me to spell it out just so I can tell you that you're right? Come on, Rozanov," exasperation echoes through his voice as the tears start to fall, his heart already shattering in his chest. But Shane doesn't stop because if he needs to spell it out, he's going to, even if it ruins everything for good. "I know it can't happen, but I'm fucking falling for you. It's been all over my damn face since we started this thing, that's probably when I started falling too. Just— There, I spelled it out for you. I need sleep, got an early flight, and you need to hang up now."

Silence, then a click.

Shane laughs brokenly as he pulls the phone away from his ear to see that Ilya had indeed ended the call.

He doesn't bother trying to call him back, doesn't even try to text him, he just puts his phone back on the side table instead. He gets the charger plugged into it, then turns his do not disturb on before curling over and letting his emotions go.

He's alone, so for one night, just one, he's not going to be who he **needs** to be.

Instead, he's going to be who he is.

Broken.

That was a break-up without the actual relationship, and wow that has to be fucked up.

But it's true.

He's broken because he just told Ilya the truth and had his heart shatter in his chest despite knowing *exactly* what was going to happen.

He knows Ilya can't be gay, can't be seen like this, he's heard things, about Russia. He knows what it means. Ilya can't be with him, even if he might have wanted to, and Shane understands that. He can't ask Ilya to make that choice, and he sure as hell can't expect it.

He doesn't know how long he lays there, curled up under the blanket, tears streaming down his face as he sobs, loud and open in a way he doesn't allow unless he's at the cottage or his apartment. Alone.

Shane can't believe he just did that.

Honestly, as his tears slow to a stop, as his sobs turn into shivers with hiccups, as his mind stop spinning, he's in disbelief.

Knock.

Knock.

Knock.

Shane swears under his breath as he pushes himself up.

There shouldn't be any visitors, he knows that.

The only other person who knows he's here, besides his team and his parents, is Scott Hunter because they met for lunch earlier.

If Scott Hunter is on the other side of this door, he's probably going to slam the door in his face and tell him to fuck off.

He steps up to the door and grumbles when he can't see anything out the peephole, he flips the lock and tugs open the door. He's shoved backwards, the door quickly slamming shut, and then his brain actually takes hold and processes who the hell just shoved his way into his hotel room.

Ilya fucking Rozanov.

"What— What the hell are you doing here?" hisses Shane as he catches up, glaring at the russian.

"What am I doing here? Why you let me go to voicemail?" asks Ilya as he leans back against the hotel door.

"How did you find me, Rozanov?" asks Shane seriously as he crosses his arms over his chest protectively, stepping back three more paces to add to the distance that he needs to keep between them. "And I turned my phone on do not disturb so I could get some rest. I have an early flight. What's it matter to you anyway, huh? You ended the call, so why go through the trouble to find me?"

"Shane, you are— ah влюбляешься в меня. Falling for me? Yes? That—" Ilya cuts himself off with a frustrated huff through his nose as he pushes off the door. "Shane, you were crying because you are falling for me. You think I don't feel the same?"

"You can't, can you?" asks Shane, knowing the answer already.

"In Russia, no, I cannot. I would not be able to return if it was found out here," explains Ilya seriously, taking a break to grumble under his breath in Russian. Shane's certain it's some sort of complaint about speaking english because he says that word too. "But I do not want to return. It was home, but is not home now. Home is when you are with me, Shane Hollander."

"You— I—" Shane's trying to speak but the words are catching in his throat as his eyes burn with more tears that he shouldn't be able to shed.

"I am in love with you too, Shane," breathes Ilya slowly, his pronunciation is firm. He wants Shane to know he means every single fucking word. "I love you, Sweetheart."

"Ilya," gasps Shane before he flies at him, arms wrapping around his neck to hug him tightly as he chokes on the tears. "I love you too. Ilya, I am in love with you, so fucking in love. Holy shit. I love you."

"I know," murmurs Ilya as he hugs Shane back, tightly for a moment before his hands slide down to lift him up. He walks as he keeps murmuring, one hand gripping a thigh, the other firmly resting in the middle of Shane's back. "I love you too, so much. My love. So in love we're both tearing. Love you, Shane, is okay."

Shane fights back the choked feeling, trying to gain some semblance of control as his tears soak Ilya's throat, and when they sit down, his knees bracketing Ilya's hips, he feels better. Less crying, more aching.

"Can you kiss me?" asks Shane into Ilya's throat, unable to pull back and look at the man just yet because he's scared to show just how emotional he's become now.

Ilya adjusts, hand coming up to cup Shane's face and slowly guide him into view, and then he whispers, "Whenever you want me to, Sweetheart."

Ilya doesn't give Shane much of a chance in reacting because he leans in and presses what is quite possibly the softest kiss he's ever shared on Shane's lips. It's filled with love, and Shane feels like he's about to sob again as he leans into it. Ilya doesn't let it open up, he keeps it gentle, chaste, slow, and Shane feels breathless with it.

When Ilya pulls away, Shane whispers, "I love you, and I've missed you, Ilya Rozanov."

"I missed you too, Shane, but I love you even more," murmurs Ilya right back as he lays back making Shane realize that they're on the bed. "I can not fuck you tonight, need to take time with you, but I can stay. If you want me to."

"My flight is stupid early, it'll be annoying," warns Shane as he leans over him, nudging their noses together softly as he looks into those gorgeous blue eyes.

"Eh, no worry. Holding you is worth it," replies Ilya with a shrug as he tips back to kiss him again, so gently it hurts. "Let's sleep, Shane."

Shane snorts before presses a kiss to Ilya's nose and moving out of his lap to get comfortable again.

"Hey, you never answered my question," murmurs Shane as Ilya slides under the blanket and curls around him protectively.

"What question? I answer everything," mutters Ilya as he rubs his nose against Shane's shoulder, and he feels it scrunch up.

"How did you find me?" asks Shane as he tips his head to the side as Ilya starts peppering kisses over his skin.

"Oh, Hunter knew where you were," snorts Ilya against his skin, holding tight when Shane gasps and starts struggling against him. "I did not ask for you, but for a hotel with room and no hockey players. Hunter said you were here because more rooms were open, so I try here."

"Hunter," grumbles Shane with an eye roll as he settles again. "Can't believe he sold me out without even knowing that's what he was doing."

"Of course he did. He was pissed too, told me not to start shit again if I saw you," chuckles Ilya as he nips gently at his shoulder. "You sleep now, Sweetheart."

"Fine," sighs Shane as he presses back, making sure all he feels is Ilya as he lets his eyes flutter.

Sleep comes far easier than it has in a while, and Shane is going to hate when his alarm goes off for his stupidly early flight. But for now, he's in the arms of the man he loves, and there's nothing better than that.

End Notes

Thank you for reading, and don't forget to let me know what you think! I know the comments are moderated, but I do respond to comments, friends! Comments along with Kudos make my entire day!

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