

loud absence

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by [seariarly](#)

Summary

Biting on his thumb nail, leg nervously bouncing as he hunches over his knees inside the penalty box, Ilya Rozanov scrutinizes with an unwavering gaze at the man who, blatantly and deliberately, ignores him.

Or, when Ilya loses his mind over Shane not acknowledging his existence.

Notes

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

Boston

This fucking—

Ilya feels like his brain is close to implosion.

Biting on his thumb nail, leg nervously bouncing as he hunches over his knees inside the penalty box, Ilya Rozanov scrutinizes with an unwavering gaze at the man who, blatantly and deliberately, ignores him.

Just wait, Hollander.

Ilya had tried to believe it was all just an annoying fabrication of his mind when Hollander hadn't replied to his texts over two weeks ago. Ilya himself recognizes his jokes are pretty obnoxious— which is the intent—; thus he could understand if Hollander had gotten a little *sensitive*. However, when he had arrived at the ice rink for practice before the game this morning, Hollander had looked at him once with an unreadable expression before skating away. It had given Ilya an uncomfortable itch— one he decided to focus on instead of on the subtle pang at his chest— as he engaged in practice while absolutely *not* throwing glances Shane's way.

He did *not* sulk over Hollander not looking at him even once, nor did he execute a plan that ultimately led him to his current stay at the penalty box just to get Hollander's attention.

At all.

Throughout the first and second periods of the game, Rozanov had found any and every way possible to approach Hollander. Whether blocking his passes with a teasing smile, or skating at his side to push him off the control of the puck, Ilya had tried everything.

Yet at what cost.

Now, he's sitting inside the penalty box, pissed the fuck off and with his mind sewing nonsensical thoughts into a messy thread of ideas that had begun to choke at him until he saw red. Because, what the fuck is the matter with Hollander? Usually, he'd have a blush faintly appear on his cheeks at Ilya's teasing or would curse at him for playing rough; yet he had done none.

“Jesus Christ... *Fuck.*”

Ilya throws his head back in an attempt to clear his head. A futile one, needless to say, for Hollander's cold, indifferent countenance has taken rule of every cell inside his brain.

How low can he get? Messing up the game over fucking *Hollander* ignoring Ilya? This is driving him mad.

And to top it all off, his team lost the game. Of course, with the way he'd played today it wouldn't surprise him if he was kicked back to Russia.

And it was all thanks to Shane fucking Hollander.

Slamming his helmet off, Ilya pulls his phone out of his bag and heads to the bathroom. His teammates know well to keep out of his way when he's in a foul mood. Yet Ilya himself wants to know *why* this is affecting him so much. It's not like he couldn't find someone to get laid with in a matter of minutes it took to make a call or text.

So sex is not the issue.

Then, what?

With hurried taps, Ilya writes down on his phone as he walks down the hallway.

[Lily: Bathroom.]

He presses 'send' right before closing the bathroom stall door behind him.

And then he waits.

And waits.

Almost fifteen minutes pass. Jaw clenched tight, he swallows heavily as he begins to type into his phone again. For some reason, a sensation of cold and sweat creeps on his skin.

[Lily: Hello?]

His teammates will soon come looking for him.

[Lily: Where are you?]

Badump.

[Lily: Hollabdee]

Fuck.

[Lily: Hollander.]

Radio silent. *Not even a 'read', for fuck's sake.*

“What the fuck, Hollander...” Ilya mumbles to himself. He barely acknowledges the way his fingers shake.

He dismisses the twinge that stirs in his gut.

“Hey, Rozanov, you takin’ a shit or what? We’re leaving!”

Hearing his teammate’s call coming from the hallway outside, it’s unlikely that Hollander is even close to coming over; and actually becoming aware of this reality makes it sort of hard to breathe. Because Hollander is not coming.

For the first time, after so long, Hollander didn’t go to him despite him always doing so even when saying he wouldn’t again.

Ilya couldn’t ignore the sudden feeling of anxiety slowly creeping into his body even if he wanted to.

He gives a last glance at his phone’s screen where his messages seem to speak to him in foul, mocking echoes, and begrudgingly leaves.

...

Montreal

“You’re gonna just stay?” his roommate asks. Ilya really wants to ask him to fuck off.

Instead, he replies dismissively, “Yes. I am.”

He waves his hand with a ‘shooing’ gesture as the door closes with a light ‘thump’, before locking his eyes again onto his phone’s screen that stares back at him with his long line of unresponded messages.

He himself wouldn’t believe it if it weren’t for him actually being witness to it, but the amount of messages sent to Shane Hollander on a daily basis had increased ever since their last encounter in Boston two weeks ago.

[Lily: You alive.]

[Lily: Hey, Hollander.]

[Lily: You are seriously ignoring me.]

[Lily: Hollander.]

[Lily: Hey...]

[Lily: Hollander?]

[Lily: Is this what is called silent treatment?]

[Lily: Unfair. I do not know why, so explain.]

[Lily: Hm? Hollander.]

Rozanov grimaces at the last few messages, flabbergasted at what he has been reduced to over Shane fucking Hollander not acknowledging his existence. Yet he couldn’t help it. It actually felt suffocating— this unending wait and unbearable silence.

[Lily: Hollander, what is it?]

[Lily: Tell me. So I fix it.]

[Lily: Please?]

Fucking hell, “please”? I completely lost it, he scoffs, shaking his head in disbelief. Boston has a game against Montreal the night after next, however Ilya just couldn’t wait until then to speak to— to *see*, Jesus Christ, even for a second— Hollander.

This surge of contradictory emotions swirling inside him has him on the edge of madness.

He actually thinks that, at this point, sanity has turned alien to him. A main reason as to why he's standing up from where he had been sitting frozen on the bed— despite having just said he was going to stay— to head over, grab his jacket and leave to the one and only place he could think of finding *him*.

Even if it meant having to wait all day and night.

...

He arrives at the eerie, horror movie-looking building and tries his luck at opening the backside entrance.

To his surprise, it's unlocked; and this makes his heart speed up into a marathon rhythm.

He makes way to pull the door handle and tries to keep his hand from trembling as he turns the knob. Coming face to face with the stairs, he takes a moment to think carefully about what he's going to say.

He will go, and he will ask him to talk. He will inquire of the reason behind Hollander's bizarre— and rather nerve-wrecking— behavior, and apologize if necessary.

Why? Ilya has no clue. He just knows he is willing to do so even if it makes him lose face.

Hollander is worth it.

Stop.

Where did that thought *even* come from?

Shaking his head, Ilya takes a deep breath and goes upstairs. A moment later, he finds Hollander sitting on a chair staring at his phone.

He watches him hunch over his crossed arms that rest on his knees, before straightening up again and wiping away at his eyes— phone still in hand.

His body heaves with staggered breaths that come out in faint, broken sobs.

Ilya's body moves on his own. The next thing he knows he's kneeling in front of Hollander, losing the last remaining straw of composure and desperately reaching over to touch him.

Hollander flinches, surprised. His teary, deer-like eyes widen when he sees Ilya; and before he can muster even a single word, Ilya takes his face into his hands and kisses him.

Softly. Slowly. Warily.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Hollander kisses him back; only for a moment— a moment that was more than enough for Ilya's uneasy heart to feel *relief*.

Then, he pulls away and stares at Ilya with confusion. Ilya thinks he is devastatingly cute.

“Rozanov, what are you—”

But Ilya doesn't let him finish. He leans in to lightly nuzzle his nose against Hollander's, eyes closed and thumb gently brushing against his ear.

“Don't cry...” Ilya moans, voice aching. “Please.”

He looks at Hollander, who's staring back at him with eyes glimmering under the lamp's dim light and his heart might've done a little spin. They're puffy, a little red and too much lovely.

He kisses the skin under those eyes, tasting the salty tears and his chest gnaws from the inside with a pang.

“I'm not crying...”

Despite himself, Ilya chuckles because that is such a Shane Hollander thing to say.

Ilya smirks, hand gently grazing Hollander's blushing cheek, “You are drinking water through your eyes, yes?”

Hollander punches his shoulder, rolling his eyes with the hint of a smile curving his lips, “Asshole.”

Ilya just realized he *loves* Hollander's smile. He loves the way Hollander pretends to be mad at him yet can't help but let a smile slip through. He loves the way Hollander's eyes seem to flicker with amusement, and a hint of *something* else, whenever they both banter with one another.

But just as much as he loves those particularities of him, he realized he *hates* to see him cry.

Hollander is playing nervously with his hands on his lap. Rozanov swallows and hides his face between Hollander's knees— still kneeling on the floor in front of him.

“Why were you ignoring me?” he says, unable to keep the whine and disappointment hidden.

Hollander coughs, obviously taken off guard. Ilya wonders why, considering Hollander hadn't been subtle at pretending Ilya's existence had been revoked from the planet, at all. But knowing Hollander, he might've actually thought he had.

Ah, he is so fucking cute. Kill me now.

"I, um, was... I mean... What?" Hollander stammers. "I wasn't..."

"Do not lie. Liar," Ilya mumbles as he nuzzles his face on Hollander's legs. "You did not text. Did not look at me."

Ilya looks up, a frown creased on his brow. Hollander remains quiet, avoiding his gaze.

"Hollander."

Hollander stammers again, "I—"

"Why cry—"

"I realized that I may, sort of, maybe, very much probably be in love with you and I panicked!" he shouts, words stumbling over each other. "Okay?! Satisfied?"

Ilya could feel the oxygen stop from reaching his brain. His eyes are wide, mouth slightly agape and his heart beating a mile per minute.

Hollander is looking at him the same way— mouth opening and closing— before hiding his face into his hands.

"Oh fuck, what have I done. Fuck!" he wails into his hands. "Forget I said that."

Snapping out of his trance, Ilya blinks a few times and frowns. First, he is having time processing what he just heard; and second, why is he feeling so fucking elated right now?

As he's going through it, Hollander pushes himself up and begins to walk away, "I need to leave the fuck now..."

In that moment, everything snaps into place and nothing ever before had made as much sense as the very acknowledgment of the feelings that had taken root inside him all this time.

The anger, ache, anxiety and despair as he waited for Hollander's response. The need to see him, the longing to touch him as well as the *relief* of having once again his lips against his own...

Ah.

“I love Hollander,” Ilya mutters to himself. Hollander stops in his tracks.

He turns around, eyes incredulous yet glimmering with hope, “What?”

Ilya walks over to him, wrapping his arms around his waist and leaning to breathe in Hollander’s scent. He kisses the curve of his neck, nipping softly at the skin and delights at the faint whimper Hollander gives.

He grazes the tip of his nose along Hollander’s jaw, and kisses it, “I said, ‘I love Hollander’.”

“I heard you loud and clear,” Hollander says between gasps of air. Ilya keeps nibbling at his collarbone and ears.

“Then why ask ‘what’ if you heard. Stupid question, Hollander.”

He could sense Hollander rolling his eyes, “I just couldn’t believe it.”

“Then believe it. Because I love you.”

“All of a sudden?” Hollander asks, a hint of insecurity in his shaky voice.

Ilya stares at him, his index finger trailing adoringly over Hollander’s freckles.

He wants to lick them so badly.

“No,” Ilya replies, and smiles. “Sudden realization, yes. Sudden feelings, no.”

He whispers, lips barely grazing Hollander’s, “I think I have loved you since the first time I saw you.”

He pecks Hollander’s lips, and Hollander chuckles— eyes warm, and soft, and very loving. Ilya can feel the air leave his lungs.

He kisses him again, nibbles at his lower lips and says, “You, and those pretty freckles.”

End Notes

thank you for reading! i hope you enjoyed!

follow me on twitter to scream more about hollanov! - @ilyanderov

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