

## And I'll Always Come Back To You

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# And I'll Always Come Back To You

by [Rozanovsbitch](#)

## Summary

Hollander, who just walked out of the penthouse 5 minutes ago and Ilya felt someone clawing his heart out from his ribcage because with a dreadful horror, he realized that on the best night of his life, Ilya hadn't kissed Hollander.

Or, where Ilya is the one realising they hadn't kissed after the Vegas scene and decides to fix it (plus rain for more dramatic effect)

## Notes

Hello there! This is my first oneshot of Hollanov because I just couldn't stop myself from writing a think piece so here it is. English is not my first language and i do not fucking care about any typos or grammatical mistakes that might show up because fuck proofreading. I hope you enjoy <3

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

The loud thunder outside breaks Ilya out of his zone. He has been staring at the closed door of his penthouse for the last 5 minutes. There's a buzzing sound inside his ears, a strange.... Awful feeling inside his guts that he hasn't felt in a long....long time.

He isn't supposed to feel like this tonight. He had a great night. He got one of the best lay of his entire life and won the fucking MVP. This season he was at the top of his game and showed it to everyone who doubted him that he's the shit. He's The Ilya Rozanov and got the Boston Raiders the finals of MHL and led them to win the cup after years. It was obvious he was gonna sweep the awards tonight and he did.

So yeah, the best fucking night of his life and the best fucking *fuck* of his life.

With Shane Hollander.

*Hollander:*

Who has challenged him in every step of the way this season. Who has always been breathing down his neck since the first time they met back in 2008 in that cold, snowy morning in Russia.

*Hollander* who wore that stupid fucking beanie and had this stupid fucking awkward smile on his face when he came to introduce himself and Ilya had struggled to understand all those stupid English words.

*Hollander:* Who's pretty freckles have haunted Ilya since then.

*Hollander;* who just walked out of the penthouse 5 minutes ago and Ilya felt someone clawing his heart out from his ribcage because with a dreadful horror, he realized that on the best night of his life, Ilya hadn't *kissed Hollander*.

They had fucked. The most steamy, horny, sexiest fuck of his life. Hollander had looked him into the eye and told him how much he *needed* him. How much he needed Ilya to wreck him. And Ilya had done just that. He had wrecked Hollander just like he wanted. Just like Ilya *himself* wanted.

But they hadn't kissed.

That sinking feeling consumed him so quickly that he couldn't process for a solid 2 minutes. And by the time he could say anything, Hollander was gone.

Ilya tried. He really did. To tell himself that it doesn't matter. He and Hollander aren't anything special. But even thinking those words in his head felt so wrong that he wanted to throw up.

How could they not be *anything*? How else would you explain this urge to rip apart every shred of sanity you have and just wrap him in your arms and never let go? Because that's how Ilya felt. That's how he has been feeling for years now. And it frightened him so bad

because what if Hollander didn't feel the same? What if it was only Ilya who was drowning and Hollander had sailed his boat?

This crippling fear of letting out your feelings kept Ilya bound for so long that when Hollander left him tonight, he let himself believe that's how it's supposed to go.

But it's not and Ilya can't take it anymore.

Grabbing his jacket and keys Ilya darts out of the door.

He doesn't know where he is going. It's not like he can't just barge into Hollander's room. Hell, he doesn't even know if Hollander is in the same hotel or not. Probably not because this hotel was mostly packed with Europeans. They must have booked the hotel on the other side of the block.

When Ilya is at the entrance of the hotel, it's raining heavily. There's barely any cars on the road. Not a peep in sight.

Shit.

Ilya steps out.

The rain gets him instantly. Drenching him from head to toe. But he doesn't care. He starts walking down the sidewalk. Looking for fuck knows what. He just knows that he can't stay still and he needs to do something... anything... for this feeling to go away. It hurts and Ilya doesn't like hurting. Not like this. It's new and new scares him.

And just as Ilya thought he was about to lose his mind, he spots a figure.

No, he spots *him*.

He would recognize that man in a room full of people. He would recognize that man in the middle of a storm. He would recognize that man anywhere even though his vision was blurry it was hard to see.

And he recognizes him now. Hollander is sitting at a bus stand. Just as drenched as him. His head hung low, elbows resting on top of his knees, fingers crossed. And Ilya's heart skips a beat.

He takes slow steps towards him as his heart starts to pound. *What the fuck is he doing here?* Ilya thinks to himself as he comes toe to toe with him. *Now what? What is he gonna say?*

The moment Ilya comes within his vision, Hollander looks up and Ilya feels his heart break all over again.

*Has he been crying?*

"Rozanov? What are you doing he—"

*"Shane."*

---

Shane feels his jaw hit the floor the way his mouth falls open as he looks at Rozanov.

*Rozanov*, who's soaking wet because of the rain and standing in front of him, and just called him '*Shane*'.

Rozanov has never called him *Shane*.

*Rozanov*, who had fucked him into oblivion, sated every intense desire he could ever imagine to have and then let him walk out of that penthouse without kissing him.

Shane couldn't help himself when he exited the hotel as his eyes started to blur. A whimper crawled up his throat as he covered his mouth and speedwalked his way to the bus stand when rain started to pour. The hotel he was staying at was a block over. He didn't think of taking a cab. But then the rain started, and he got stuck here.

Now *Rozanov* was here.

*Rozanov*, who was looking— *anguished*.

*Why?*

Shane's throat clogged up and he cleared it before speaking again, "It's late. Why are you out?"

"Couldn't do it."

"Couldn't do what?"

Shane watches him gulp. His face twisted into something pained and Shane just can't understand *why*.

"Staying away. I couldn't, Hollander."

For some reason, Shane's heart squeezes as Rozanov goes back to calling him Hollander. He pushes the feeling down and looked away. Oh god, he must look so messed up. *But the rain probably washed it away right?* No way Rozanov could tell he had been crying.

"Rozanov, you should leave. It's not safe here. Someone could see and recognize yo—"

“I don’t fucking care anymore Hollander!” Rozanov shouts. If it was not for the heavy rain, and the distant thunder, Shane was sure he would’ve been heard from miles away. “I don’t fucking care. Safe, not safe. What’s not safe is my heart when I’m around you. Have you ever thought about that?”

“W-what?” Shane says, flabbergasted. Rozanov never bursts out like this. It takes him off guard. But what shakes him the most is the words. “What are you saying?”

“I fucked up is what I’m saying. Is stupid. I know. Because why on earth would I be like this for a stupid fucking Canadian who is crying out here in the rain?” Rozanov scoffs but it sounded like he was choking on his own words.

“I am not crying!” Shane says defensively as he stands up to meet him eye to eye.

Shane doesn’t even flinch when Rozanov reaches up and grabs him by the chin. His thumb reaching out to touch him just under his eyes. “Oh yes? You are a very bad liar, Hollander.” he says. “I can see it with my own eyes. Your pretty face is all pink and flushed. You are a pretty crier.”

Shane shoves him. Hard. but Rozanov doesn’t budge. “What the fuck is your problem?” he asks, furious but at the same time he feels like melting right there into a puddle because Rozanov was touching him so gently, as if too much pressure would break him. Shane has been on the verge of a breakdown nonetheless.

Rozanov looks at him. Really looks at him. As if he is trying to read his mind, staring into his soul as they stand there in silence for a moment. Then he says, “I’m sorry.”

It’s like, Rozanov is on a mission to whiplash Shane today one after another. “What? Why?”

“Because I let you go without doing this.” Rozanov says and before Shane couldn’t process what it was, their mouths crashed together.

Rozanov kisses him hard. No build up, no easing him into it. He grabs Shane’s neck with one hand, grasping the short hair at the back, the other hand still gripping his jaw and kisses him.

It takes Shane a moment to hold his ground but he kisses him back. With equal fervent. Grabbing Rozanov’s jacket and pulling him close to the point there wasn’t even air between them.

And they kissed. They kissed until they couldn’t breathe. Until they disintegrated into each other.

Until Rozanov pulls away to say, “If I ever let you go without showing you how much I need you to be able to breathe, I hope you kill me next time, Shane.”

And it was the last straw Shane needed before he fully broke down. He buries his face in the crook of Rozanov’s neck and cries. He knows later, Rozanov would make fun of him for this. But he doesn’t care. Right now, he feels the entire world could end and he would be happy right here, right now, in his arms.

“Okay, Ilya.”

## End Notes

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