Shed some light (on me)

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by theirmohawk

Summary

> “You don’t like cars or clubs or women but you saw my documentary where there is only that?”
>
> “I mean… yes,” Shane shrugged, feigning nonchalance. He was the very opposite of nonchalant about possibly everything in life. “I don’t like cars or clubs, but I like you.”
>
> There, he said it. He liked Ilya Rozanov.
>
> OR: Shane decides to stay after Ilya makes his famous tuna melts. Life ensues.

Notes

> Wohooo here we are! again! The first part of the series happens right after the tuna melts, and this second part starts right after that!
>
> Little technical note: sometimes Ilya thinks/speaks in Russian. If you hover the text (on desktop) or hold your finger over it (on mobile) you can see the English translation! If you turn off the work skin you'll see the Russian as normal text and then the English in brackets. I don't know Russian at all so I had to trust Google Translate, if someone has feedback on that it's very welcome.
>
> Lastly, absolutely hate rereading through the things I write, so this could be very bad. Apologies for any mistake/incongruence. Enjoy!

Chapter 1

Neither of them wanted to get up from the couch, so they didn't. Shane didn't know how he wasn't freaking out. He felt impossibly tired, and he knew they should talk a little more than "I want to stay" but he truly couldn't bring himself to speak. They spent the rest of the afternoon just laying there, basking in each other's presence and sharing tender kisses and gentle touches, barely noticing when they both fell asleep.

When they woke up once more, it was dark outside. Ilya had been awake for a few minutes when Shane started stirring in his arms. He was fucking adorable, his eyes still heavy with sleep, and Ilya was having a hard time believing his eyes.

Except that his arm was numb from being under Shane's weight for so long, and he really needed to piss.

"Mmm what time is it?" Shane asked, a little frown on his face. The bathroom could wait, Ilya decided. Watching Shane wake up like a kitten after a nap in the sun was more important.

He quickly looked at the clock on the wall. "It's nine thirty," he informed Shane. "Still early. You can go back to Mom Hayden for the night, if you want."

He truly hoped Shane didn't want to go back to his hotel, but maybe now that he had woken up and had to face the world he'd changed his mind about staying. He could see Shane briefly consider it, only to shake his head.

"It's already dark outside… I'll text him."

"Okay" Ilya replied flatly. "I have to go piss, you stay here." he truly didn't want to leave Shane's side, almost scared the man would vanish in thin air if he went into another room. But he really fucking needed to take a piss.

He tried to be as quick as possible, but when he got back to the living room Shane was sitting rigidly on the couch, his hands on his lap, visibly tense.

Ilya carefully sat back on his spot, trying to look relaxed. Shane already looked like he could snap any second with how tightly wound he was, so Ilya surely wasn't going to add his own tension into the mix.

He waited a little to give Shane space to say whatever thing was clearly going on in his mind, but Ilya was definitely not known for his patience, and after a few minutes he decided to speak first.

He wanted to say a million things– most of which he felt he could not translate properly, stupid fucking English. Я хочу обнять тебя навсегда. (*I want to hold you forever.*) I want to stay with you. Я никогда не хочу, чтобы ты уходила. (*I never want you to leave.*) You're so beautiful. моя мама бы тебя полюбила. (*My mom would have loved you.*)

What he ended up blurting was: "You want another ginger ale?"

Wonderfully enough, that actually made Shane relax, almost smile.

"Yeah, okay. Maybe we can go into the kitchen? I feel like I'll be forever stuck to this couch if I don't get up soon." Shane also was afraid they'd just go back to kissing and touching and that they'd never talk if they stayed too close on the couch. Having the kitchen table between them would have been a great help.

So, of course, after taking a ginger ale and a coke from the fridge, Ilya went and sat in the chair right next to Shane, bumping their knees together. Smiling.

"I like you in my house, Shane Hollander," he said.

Okay, this was not going to work for Shane. Ilya could not do that, at all. Be casually sexy and say romantic things with his hot Russian accent and his playful smile and his stupidly pretty hair.

Shane blushed. “Thanks,” he said, playing with the tab on his can. “Can we… can we talk?”

Ilya really wished he could just take all the tension from Shane’s shoulders and make a big ball of it and just throw it as far away as possible. Instead, he nodded, placing a hand on Shane’s arm in what he hoped would seem like a reassuring gesture.

“I am still bad at English but I will try, okay?” he said, feeling a little vulnerable about that, too. “You have to be patient maybe.”

“You’re good, Ilya” Shane replied. He couldn’t believe that in so many years this was the first time they used their first names. He couldn’t get enough of the weight of Ilya’s name on his tongue. “I just… wonder what you think, uhm. I mean, I think we are on the same page?”

He could tell that the Russian was a little confused, so he tried again. “I think we, uh, feel something? I mean I think that we feel the same, uhm. Whatever that is. Right? It’s not just me?”

“Yes, you are right. I feel…” Ilya didn’t know what to say. He wasn’t sure he had the right words to describe it. He also didn’t want to show too much too soon– Shane hadn’t even said *what* he felt. ‘Whatever it is’. “I feel good with you, yes.”

“But you are not gay,” Shane said, almost as if he had just realised so.

“Uhm, no, I like you, but not completely" Ilya said, sincere.

“What?” Shane was… a little bewildered. Ilya seemed confused too.

“I am not completely gay but… I like you?” It sounded like a question, and Shane really hoped it was just a language thing and not Ilya actually doubting his attraction for him. “But… you are gay, yes?”

Shane blushed. He knew he was gay. Deep down, he had known since junior year, and every year after that, hearing his classmates and then teammates talking about girls and pussy while he simply… wasn't interested. At first he thought it might have been the lack of experience but a highschool girlfriend later he was sure. He just… decided to ignore it, since he didn’t have time for relationships anyway. Until now.

Holy shit. For the first time in his life, he wanted a relationship. He genuinely wanted a proper *relationship*. With Ilya Rozanov.

“Y-yeah,” he confirmed, voice a little shaky. “I am gay. 100%”

“I’m not 100%” Ilya repeated. As if Shane wasn’t painfully aware of Ilya’s attraction for women. “I can’t be, you know. I am Russian.”

Shane almost smiled, but then he saw the serious look on Ilya’s face. He gave him time to find his words.

“In Russia… I cannot do this. 100% gay or 50% gay does not matter, just a little gay is too gay.” he tried to explain. “With that guy it was a secret and we knew no one could know. But it was, how do you say… casual. You know?”

“And this…” Shane gestured between the two of them. “You don’t want this to be casual… anymore?”

Ilya shook his head, then nodded. “I don’t want that. But I don’t know how… how to. If you were… If we are… I couldn’t go back to Russia. But I have to. My dad, you know…”

“Oh,” Shane was… sad, he realised. He didn’t know what to say. “You wouldn’t be able to go home anymore?”

“Russia is not home now.” Ilya never really felt at home there, but it was the only one he had. Or, well, it used to be the only one he had. He couldn’t tell this to Shane, not yet. “But I have to go. My father never… was easy. Very strict. And now he’s sick with… I don’t know the name in English, sorry. He doesn’t remember things, you know?”

“Alzheimer’s? Shit, I’m sorry Ilya,” Shane said, instinctively taking Ilya’s hand in his. “But he remembers you, right? And hockey?”

Ilya welcomed the touch, giving Shane’s hand a little squeeze.

“Yes, he remembers hockey sometimes. He remembers that I was not good enough at the Olympics.” Ilya said bitterly. “He hasn’t seen me play in years but every summer he says I am still young and lazy and that it was wrong to come to America.”

“I’m happy that you came to America, Ilya.”

Ilya shrugged, as if those words weren’t exactly what he needed to hear. That Shane was happy to have met him. That despite everything, Shane wanted him close.

“He asks me to bring home bread, like I’m in Russia with him.” Ilya doesn’t know why he’s sharing all these things about Russia and his family, but he can’t seem to stop. “My mom was a good person. She is dead now. I also have a brother, he is the same as my father. But stupid.”

Quick, efficient. He didn’t want to scare Shane away with his sad emotions. He wanted so bad for Shane to see them all anyway.

“I always thought you were an only child,” Shane replies. He’s very out of his depth right now, but he’ll try as hard as possible to make Ilya feel comfortable with all this… sharing.

“Mh no, I have brother. Older than me. But he is stupid, and throws money away all the time.”

“I mean, you spent your fair share of money on unnecessary things as well, Mr. I-Have-Thirteen-Sports-Car-In-My-Garage” Shane tries to lighten the mood a little.

“It’s not the same thing! Cars are cool, and you can always sell them!” Ilya liked his car collection a lot, thank you very much. Except… “How do you know I have thirteen cars? I never told you.”

Shane blushed again. He really needed to get a grip on himself. “I saw the ESPN documentary about you,” he admitted.

Ilya was almost beaming. “You don’t like cars or clubs or women but you saw my documentary where there is only that?”

“I mean… yes,” Shane shrugged, feigning nonchalance. Nonchalance was not even remotely in his current range of emotions. He was the very opposite of nonchalant about possibly everything but surely about this. “I don’t like cars or clubs but I like you.”

There, he said it. He liked Ilya Rozanov.

Before he could realise what was happening, Shane found himself sitting on the kitchen table, Ilya standing between his legs, strong hands gripping his tights.

“Oh, you like me, Shane Hollander?” Ilya said, a smug grin on his stupidly beautiful face. “I had not noticed, all this years I thought you only fucked me for my money.”

Shane laughed, putting his arms around Ilya’s neck. “That doesn’t even make sense! We make the same amount of money!”

Ilya kissed him instead of arguing. Whatever. Kissing Shane was already a victory itself, no need to win all the arguments. Only most of them.

After a few minutes of kisses and touches and even a little moan from Shane, the Canadian decided they were not done talking.

“Mmm, we need to talk!,” he pushed Ilya away, just enough to put a little space between them.

The thought that Ilya could probably resist his push effortlessly if he wanted to was very, very hot and Shane needed to stop thinking about his big, strong arms right away. Focus.

“You are so boring,” Ilya replied, not really meaning it. He sat back on his chair.

Shane hopped off the table and went back to his spot as well, nervously biting his lip.

“So, uhm… you have to go back to Russia this summer as well?”

“Yes, I think. My brother does not take care of our father well. But I…” Ilya seemed a little unsure of what to say next. He schooled his face in a resolute expression. “I don’t want to go back to Russia and not see you. But I have to go… fix things. I can find a way to maybe not go there anymore next year”

It would have been unimaginable for Shane to move abroad and never go back to Canada. Never *wanting* to go back to Canada. He was so incredibly glad to have a supporting family and a friendly country to count on. He wasn’t sure how to react, but he trusted Ilya’s words. If he wanted some help, Shane would help him find a way.

“It’s okay. We can facetime! It’s important that you take care of your family, Ilya. Even though they’re not… nice.” He felt like an asshole, talking badly about someone he didn’t

even know.

Apparently Ilya didn't share the sentiment. "You are too polite, Canadian boy. It's not like they can hear you." he snickered. "I promise I will find a way. Pay someone to take care of my dad… yes. And my brother can fuck off, I do not care."

"Okay. But uhm, like, in the meantime?"

"What meantime?"

"I mean, before the summer. How do we… What do we do?" Shane finally managed to ask what he really wanted to know.

"What do you mean 'what we do'? We do same usual, I beat you at hockey and win Stanley cup, and we have lots of sex." he even had the audacity to wink!

"First of all, you barely ever beat me. Secondly, you definitely won't win the Cup. It's Montreal's year!"

"So you have nothing to say about the lots of sex, huh?" Ilya teased him, because he simply couldn't resist.

"Yes! I mean, no, I don't have anything to say. That's… that's fine with me," Shane said sheepishly.

Ilya loved to see him like this, but he could tell the man had more things on his mind and took pity on him.

"What do you want to ask?" he deadpanned.

“What do I want… in sex?”

Why was Ilya even trying to steer the conversation towards something other than sex in the first place?

“No, I can tell your head is full of things. You want to talk more, then talk! I do not have brain reader.”

“Oh,” Shane deflated a bit. He was trying really hard to not let show how much anxiety he still felt and how much he still needed to say and hear.

“Is okay, we have all time in the world to fuck later but I cannot do that if you are distracted, so talk please.”

“I don’t want to come out. I like being with you and I… I want to be more with you, but I don’t think I will ever want to say it to other people. Maybe when I retire?”

“What does it mean that you want to be ‘more with me’ but not want to tell anyone? It’s the same as now, no?” Ilya sounded genuinely confused.

Shane sighed. He wasn’t even sure what he wanted. They let the silence fill the room for a few minutes, both trying to understand their own thoughts.

Finally, Ilya decided to speak first.

He had a weird look on his face, almost as if he knew he was about to say something wrong. Shane took a sip of his unfinished ginger ale and mentally braced himself for it.

“You said once that you… had sex with other people sometimes,” he started.

Shane honestly barely remembered sex with other people. Sure, it had happened. Years earlier.

He took another sip, not sure about what to say, but his silence was apparently not the reaction Ilya wanted, so the Russian decided to change strategy.

“I don’t want to fuck anyone else. Just you.”

Shane was... not expecting that. The surprise made him choke on his drink and start coughing so hard he had to stand up to try and breathe again.

Ilya was over him in a heartbeat, patting his back. “Please do not die here, would be hard to explain to the press that I did not kill you,” he joked.

“Please,” Shane said, voice hoarse, “Don’t make me laugh, or I'll start coughing again.”

The moment passed, and they both sat back down on their chairs, sharing a smile. Ilya took a sip of his Coke, wrinkling his nose when he noticed it was not so cold anymore.

“So, you want to be… exclusive? Like a real couple?”

“Yes. Exclusive,” Ilya said, abandoning his can to move his chair impossibly closer to Shane’s. “Want you to be all mine.”

Just as Ilya expected (and so desperately hoped), Shane blushed again.

“Okay, so we are… a couple” it almost sounded insane to their own ears. “But we won’t tell anyone. And maybe next summer we could… be together a little more?” Shane dared. The wait wouldn’t be so terrible if he had something to look forward to, he hoped.

“Yes. Next summer I can come visit you in your fancy yoga cottage maybe. Documentary said there's no neighbours, it's perfect.”

Fuck. Shane was going to spend *that* whole summer picturing Ilya at home with him, not the next. The wait was going to be horrible. He couldn’t even concentrate enough to feel outraged at the way Ilya had made fun of him earlier for having seen his ESPN documentary when Ilya had done exactly the same thing. Hypocrite.

“Okay,” he managed to say.

“Okay. No more talk now. Turn brain off, let’s go celebrate this ‘couple’ thing.”

Shane didn’t really feel like arguing as Ilya picked him up and kissed him all the way to the bedroom.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The next day is even better.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ilya was feeling warm. Very warm.

He slowly opened his eyes, a bright light flooding the room. He wanted to be pissed about it, but he really couldn't bring himself to care when he noticed the way the light danced on Shane's skin. He was glowing, and still asleep.

Ilya removed his arm from below Shane's pillow, but Shane simply snuggled closer to his chest, apparently unbothered by the movement.

Ilya didn't want to wake up and face the world. He decided to start leaving little kisses on every part of Shane he could reach, from the forehead to the chin, to his neck and ear. He actually gave a little nip to his ear, successfully stirring him from his sleep.

Shane looked confused, and then the shyest smile of all bloomed on his face.

"Goodmorning, милый" (*cutie*) Ilya said.

Shane was suddenly very awake. He didn't think Ilya's voice could get any lower than it normally did, but apparently it was *worse* in the morning. And so much better. Jesus Christ.

"What's that mean?" he asked, rolling on his back, creating a bit of space between them.

“Means that you’re cute,” Ilya said. “It’s almost nine, I think we have time for breakfast, mmmh?”

Shane momentarily let himself get distracted by the way Ilya stretched, flexing his muscles in the morning glow. He had always told himself that he couldn’t look *too much*. They were seeing each other just for sex, for a release. Staring at the other man naked had always seemed a little… too tender, in a way.

Well, not anymore. It was hard to believe but he could look all he wanted. Shame he was dressed from the waist down.

“Hellooo, Shane Hollander you alive?” Ilya was waving a hand in front of him now. “Is avocado toast okay for breakfast?”

“Oh, sure, sorry, that’s perfect.”

Before Shane could get up, Ilya had already left the room.

He decided to make a quick stop to the bathroom before joining him, as he couldn’t tolerate the feeling of his unbrushed teeth much longer.

Maybe snooping around was rude, but he sure as hell wasn't going to use his finger or someone else’s toothbrush (even though he shared more than just a little saliva with said someone). He managed to find everything he needed and when he finally looked at himself in the mirror, he was surprised to find his face looking… younger. Less worried, maybe. He hadn’t stopped to dwell on the toll this weird arrangement with Ilya had had on him but he could definitely see a positive difference now. Absolutely terrifying realisation.

He decided to ignore the mirror and joined Ilya shortly after.

The man had already laid on the table two plates with… a lot of stuff that actually was in Shane's diet plan.

Ilya looked very proud of himself, but he tried to hide it a little when he noticed Shane staring.

"Breakfast is ready. Orange juice is fine? Or I have apple," he said, pushing both bottles on the table towards Shane.

Shane poured himself a glass of apple juice and sat down in front of his plate, waiting for Ilya to do the same.

"I don't eat many things for breakfast… how did you know which ones I'd say yes to?"

Ilya was remarkably quick to school his features and shrug. "I am also top hockey player, I know what to eat for breakfast." He surely wasn't going to admit to looking up articles about Shane's diet and going grocery shopping exactly in case this happened. Russians are way cooler than that.

They ate in a comfortable silence, sharing small smiles and quick glances from time to time. It was incredibly domestic and kind of exactly what Ilya had been dreaming of for a while. Judging by Shane's relaxed body, he was also enjoying the morning.

Eventually, they finished the food and Ilya carefully placed everything in the sink, waving Shane away when he asked to help.

And so it was time.

Shane was expected to attend a team meeting in a couple of hours, and he had to go back to his hotel room before that anyway. Ilya was busy too, having to prepare for the afternoon game.

None of them wanted to move first and finally break the spell.

Suddenly, Ilya left the kitchen, just to come back soon after, holding a t-shirt.

“You will wear this,” he said matter-of-factly. Shane was pretty sure that wasn’t his t-shirt.

When he didn’t immediately move to go get the t-shirt from Ilya, the Russian took the matter into his own hands, tossing him the piece of fabric. “It’s white like yours. But it’s mine. So that you think of me today,” he adds. Leaving once again no room for discussion.

“We’re playing against each other, I have to think of you either way, Ilya.” He loved saying his name out loud, just because he could. *Ilya Ilya Ilya*. He diligently put on the new t-shirt, secretly very happy to know that he’d be surrounded by the other man’s scent even after he left.

“I want you to think about me as boyfriend too, not just hockey player.”

Shane looked at him as if he had just murdered someone, mouth agape. Ilya had the audacity to look innocent, as if he hadn’t just called himself his *boyfriend* for the first time ever. With his quirky little mouth and his sexy accent and an inextinguishable fire in his eyes.

Shane he crossed the room in three quick strides, crashing his mouth against Ilya’s, kissing him hard.

Ilya found himself trapped between the wall and a very eager Shane Hollander, pressing every inch of their bodies together. He was more than happy to indulge in a morning makeout session.

As it was about to become too much to stop, Shane stepped away. He looked wrecked, and Ilya probably did too. He was very proud of the way he had messed up Shane's perfect hair

and his perfect lips and his perfect everything.

"This was me thinking of you as my boyfriend," he said, licking his lips. "I really need to go now though. See you later?"

Ilya was momentarily starstruck at how confident Shane sounded. And acted. He had never seen him like this, he had always been the one leading. This was a very nice change of pace.

"I'll walk you," he said with a smile. He really wanted another kiss before sending Shane on his way. They would probably still see each other after the game but after that they'd both be on the road for a while, and the chances to meet would be slim to none.

He waited for Shane to put on his shoes and then kissed him again.

"Try not to think too much about my cock during the game, yes? Don't want you to mess up for your team," he smirked.

"Asshole!"

Chapter End Notes

These two bewitched me, so I have written more! Coming soon: hockey, injuries and love.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!