

First Name Basis

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First Name Basis

by [Random_Nerd3](#)

Summary

A fix-it fic for the Tuna Melt scene, except Shane has an anxiety attack about everything before Ilya can make it better.

Notes

This is my first Heated Rivalry fic! These two gays have taken over my life.

"*Ilya*," Shane breathes before he could stop himself. They never used first names. *Ever*. They were always *Hollander and Rozanov* when they were in bed together. Then, like it was a prayer on his lips, Ilya whispered his given name back to him again.

Fuck. Shane was, and always will be impossibly in love with Ilya Rozanov. "Shane," Ilya repeats, pronouncing the consonants like Shane's name is a new English word he's experimenting with. He knows it's not. Shane has heard Ilya say his name in interviews, on the ice, at award shows, but never like this. Never like he's worshiping the ground he walks on, like *Shane Hollander* was the only thing in the world that mattered.

Shane stares at him, mesmerized as he watches Ilya's lips move with the letters again, silently this time. Ilya's eyes flicker as he stares back at Shane, arms wrapped around him on his stupidly large sofa that he probably spent way too much money on.

Then reality set in. Shane's heart rate skyrocketed as his breathing turned shallow. A frown furrowed Ilya's eyebrows at the change in his body language. His palm flattened over Shane's heart, like he was trying to stop it from going so fast. "You are having panic attack." Worry flashes across Ilya's face, and Shane hated that he was the one who put it there. He was all too aware of Ilya's hard on pressed into his own palm through his sweatpants. He wanted to move, to breathe to do *anything*.

He should apologize, shouldn't he? God, he was so stupid. He shouldn't have allowed things to get this far. They don't do this. They don't get attached. They just had sex. Really good, emotionally mind-blowing, extremely possessive, sex. It was clear they were friends with benefits, as Hayden so eloquently put it when he realized Shane had a regular 'girl' in Boston. Sex and nothing more, because they could never *be* more.

Here Shane was, as always, fucking everything up. He only *just* got *Ilya Rozanov* back in his arms and now he was going to have to be the one who leaves. "Shane Hollander, you are having panic attack." Ilya repeats, eyes flickering with concern as he looked at Shane's chest rising and falling and rising erratically.

The words slip between Shane's ears, but he's not processing what's going on around him anymore. His breathing hitches with a sharp gasp for air as his heart thuds rapidly in his chest. Ilya's palm presses firmly against it, feeling how quickly Shane was falling to pieces because he was going to lose the best thing that ever happened to him.

"I'm not." He jerks back from Ilya's touch, missing the hurt flash across Ilya's face before he realizes something more serious was going on. His Russian always saw straight through his bullshit. Shane stumbled to his feet, putting distance between himself and the man who lit his heart on fire. Ilya shifts to the edge of the couch, feet planted on the floor. He looked like he couldn't figure out if he wanted to get up to comfort Shane or if it would make things worse. "I - there's a team meeting," he heard himself say before he can stop himself. It's a lame excuse, he doesn't even believe himself.

A team meeting? Ilya said, doubt written across his face. Shane ran a hand through his hair, trying to look around for the rest of his clothes. "*You* forgot a team meeting?" Ilya asked. It

took everything Shane had to muster the courage to put more distance between them. He grabbed a black shirt they discarded at some point and pulled it over his head. "Hollander."

Shane's breathing hitched again, his chest felt like it was being squeezed to death. When did his throat get so tight? "I can't do this." He said before he could second guess it. "I - uh, I can't." His eyes dart to the door. He's got a straight shot at it.

If Ilya tried he could probably stop him. A kiss would be enough to melt Shane into his arms, but Shane knew if he left Ilya probably wouldn't chase after him. This was it. Here and now. He couldn't matter to Ilya *that* much. He was just a body to help keep him warm during the playing season. Everyone knew Ilya Rozanov had a girl in every city. Probably several girls.

Shane shifts his weight to move toward the door, but instead of running out of the apartment the tuna melt had other ideas. Bile simmered up Shane's throat the second he started moving. *Oh, fuck.* Shane dove to the bathroom. He was *not* throwing up on Ilya Rozanov's living room floor. Ilya would never let him live that down. "Hollander!" Ilya called after him, fear etched in his voice.

Shane dropped to his knees over the toilet bowl and retched. Everything in his stomach spilled out of his mouth. The smell was rancid, and his cheeks flushed with heat, utterly embarrassed about what just happened. "Hollander? I am coming in, now." Ilya said, knocking briefly on the already open bathroom door. Shane opened his mouth to tell him to go away, but all he managed to do was further empty the contents of his stomach.

"I'm fine." He manages, hoarse and raw. Ilya softly clicks his tongue on the roof of his mouth, a noise he makes when he doesn't believe what Shane's telling him. Ilya sinks to the bathroom floor next to him and rests his arms on his knees. Shane takes a few deep breaths, waiting to see if anything else was coming up, before flushing the toilet.

"Water, for you. Drink." Ilya says once Shane stops puking the contents of his stomach into his toilet bowl. He watches him with his soft, gentle, eyes laced with concern. His brows were furrowed, mouth curled into a deep frown.

"Sorry," Shane says back, instinctive. Ilya hums, but doesn't say anything. Shane leans against the ceramic toilet bowl, still breathing shallowly. Ilya gestures for him to drink more. Shane's hands raised the glass to his mouth. His lips wrap around the edge of the cup and let the cool water trickle down his throat. He could *feel* Ilya's eyes entrancing him, hyper vigilant and flickering with concern. It starkly reminded him of that first day in the hotel gym, back before they had any idea what the future had in store for them.

More.

He swallowed thickly and licked his lips. Like the coward he was he averted Ilya's gaze, opting to stare at his hands nervously wringing together instead. Ilya wasn't asking him to explain himself. To justify why he was thrown into a deep seeded panic, nearly tripping over his own pants trying to leave.

Ilya just... *stayed*. Quiet and unmoving, a force of reassurance Shane could focus his energy on instead of the sense of impending doom still circulating his thoughts. "Hollander," Ilya

finally spoke, breaking their mesmerizing silence. Shane's eyes snapped in his direction. He wondered if they looked as wild as he felt. "Breathe." The single word punches air through Shane's chest. He couldn't remember when he stopped. His chest seized and trapped all of his air with it.

"*Can't.*"

"Can. Like this," Ilya inhales deeply, making a show of expanding his very chiseled breasts. Shane tried to follow his lead, but he still felt weak. Ilya nodded, praise flickered in his eyes. "Good. Again." Shane takes a shaky, deep, breath. He felt slightly more stable. "Again." Ilya repeated firmly, cutting through the anxiety spun cotton lacing throughout Shane's thoughts.

Ilya's hand reached for Shane, but instead of *touching* him, really touching him how Shane craved, it rested on his knee. Shane felt heat rise in his cheeks, watching Ilya's fingers sprawl across his kneecap. As if it belonged there. As if they made sense together, sitting on the bathroom floor of Ilya's hotel room. Shane dropped his head, watching his fingers fidget in his lap, slowly adapting to Ilya's breathing patterns.

Ilya's patience was a skill Shane quickly picked up on in all their little tyrsts. He would sit and wait, bore his eyes into Shane's. Shane would get easily lost the deepness to them that only meant safety and... the promise he would get what he really wanted if he simply obeyed.

He knew he couldn't lie to Ilya about anything. Especially something like this. No matter how terrifying it was, Rozanov deserved to know the truth. Shane took a deep breath and ran a hand through his hair, eyes flutter toward his lover. They were closer than he thought, centimeters away from skin touching skin. Like Ilya was worried about overstepping, but ached to be as close as possible. "We used our first names," Shane said, barely audible, for the world to hear.

"We did." Rozanov agreed with a curt nod and a soft curl to his lips. "You did not enjoy it. it will not happen again."

"No!" Shane protested immediately, lunging forward. His fists curled into the front of Rozanov's black Henley. Rozanov raised an eyebrow at his sudden determined aggression. Shane immediately folded, releasing his grip, only for Ilya to hold his hands to his chest instead. "I - I just mean... I didn't *hate* it. It was just... surprising, that's all." He licked his lips and swallowed again, eyes landing on the cross on Ilya's chest.

Ilya let their hands fall in his lap, and suddenly Shane felt an urge to crawl into it himself. "You are... different. You make me feel different, and it is... strange." Ilya's large hands encased Shane's fingers, the pad of his thumb ran against the back of Shane's hand.

"Strange how?" Shane asks, genuinely curious. He shifts closer, nearly climbing into Rozanov's lap. The movement sends a spark in Ilya's eyes, so Shane reaches for him and cups his cheek, kissing him tenderly on the lips.

"I want..." Ilya starts, eyes shining in the way they get when he's trying to find an English translation. He sighs in frustration. His eyes are hungry with want, with possession. "I do not

know the words."

"It's okay," Shane promises. He slides into Ilya's lap, spreading his legs so they could wrap their arms around each other. Shane presses his face into Ilya's neck and inhales deeply, folding over his body.

"Good, breathing," Ilya says. Shane lets out a wrung out laugh and kisses the nape of Ilya's neck. He smiles against Ilya's skin, his fingers sprawl across Ilya's back as he settles into Ilya's lap. "You are... okay?" It's a half question, so Shane makes a point of breathing deeply, sinking into Ilya's chest. Ilya's arms wrap around him, possessive and strong and warm. Safety.

"Always, when I'm with you."

"Not always," Ilya says, guilt flickered in his eyes. Shane cupped Ilya's face with both his hands and kissed him on the mouth, then let his lips wrap around his nose. It was enough to soften the harden gaze in his partner's eyes. Shane breathes against Ilya, basking in the feeling of being held and comforted.

Silence only lasts so long, before Shane feels himself start to get sore and he knows Ilya probably feels worse. "It wasn't your fault."

"You have panic attack after we kiss with first names."

"Not *because* of the kiss," Shane says back. He pulls just far enough away to look Ilya in the eyes. Ilya's hand rests on Shane's neck. His fingers possessively sprawled across Shane's hairline, gently scratching his scalp. Shane took a deep breath and let himself relax. "It felt real. Like... like we could really be together." Shane's arms rest on Ilya's shoulders. "But we can't, we literally can't be together. It's not fair, but that's how it's always going to be." His fingers instinctively curl into his Russian's hair. Ilya's eyes fluttered at the gentle touch.

"Ah, you are... homophobic?"

"You are such an asshole." Shane's tone held no real malice. Ilya's lips curl into a wide grin. "I've had your dick down my throat. I'm not homophobic. I'm just..."

"Scared," Ilya fills the thought for him. Shane nodded, burrowing back into Ilya's neck. "It is... intense, hockey. We help each other feel good and relax."

"Yes, but you make me feel... *different* good," Shane said, stealing Ilya's word from earlier. "Intense good, I guess. It was scary, how much I wanted..." Ilya's expression perked up, eyes sparkling with hope. God, Shane really did love this man with his whole heart.

"You want?"

"How much I want you scares me," Shane admitted, finally. He rests their foreheads together with a soft laugh. Ilya kisses him, hesitant and soft. Shane melts into him even more.

Then, suddenly the world shifted and Ilya managed to pick Shane up as he stood on his feet. Shane let out a yelp and clutched onto Ilya for stability. "What are you doing?" He asked,

laughing as Ilya carried him out of the bathroom.

"This is not bathroom floor conversation. This is bedroom conversation. More comfortable, *da?*" Ilya explains, dropping Shane unceremoniously on the bed. He climbs into the other side of the mattress and sprawls himself across it.

They fall into a comfortable silence. Shane makes his home on Ilya's chest, listening to the deep patterns of his breathes, trying to mimic them as his own. He hums softly when Ilya's fingers find purchase in his hair, playing with the strands. Shane's arm wrapped around Ilya's torso, as if to ensure this was real. That they were still here, together. "Sometimes when I'm with you," Shane says, formulating the right way to explain himself. "Sometimes it's... it's a lot. Too much good. I get all..."

"Soft, like *shchenok*."

"I am *not* soft." Shane protested, despite Ilya's fingers petting his hair drawing content sighs from deep in his chest. "I get quiet, and floaty in my head. It's like all I care about is you staying with me, staying close."

"I've noticed," Ilya says, a proud smugness in his voice. Shane pinches his meaty bicep for it. "*Hey*." Ilya protested, but he didn't bat Shane away. He didn't kick him out or make him leave. He looks down to firmly press a kiss to the top of Shane's head. "My little *shchenok*." Ilya repeats. The absolute fondness seeped into his tone laced around Shane's body like a blanket.

"What does that one mean?" Shane asks, pressing a kiss to Ilya's jaw.

"Shane," Ilya whispers softly. Shane blinks at him.

"Does it?"

"Close enough," Ilya says, lips quirking into a mischievous smile.

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