

Like baby where the fuck you been?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76185691) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76185691>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Svetlana Vetrova , Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , POV Shane Hollander , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Anxious Shane Hollander , Autistic Shane Hollander , Inspired by Heated Rivalry (TV) , No Hockey Content (Hockey RPF) , Alternate Universe - College/University , How Do I Tag , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Fluff and Smut , Eventual Smut , Blow Jobs , Oral Sex , Semi-Public Sex , Anal Sex , Consent , Consent King Ilya Rozanov , Light Masochism , Light Smut , supernatural if you squint , Supernatural Elements
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-22 Completed: 2026-01-10 Words: 18,820 Chapters: 7/7

Like baby where the fuck you been?

by [lexibug_1738](#)

Summary

College AU! where Ilya and Shane are roommates and Shane is oblivious to Ilya's flirting.

Shane has thoughts about Ilya that he can't control, and he spirals wondering what it means for him, and his relationship with his roommate (nothing more), Ilya Rozanov.

Or 5 times Ilya's a great roommate + the 1 time he isn't (+ a short epilogue chapter from Irina Rozanov's POV)

Title from 'The Spins' by Mac Miller & Empire Of The Sun

Notes

Hey guys, this is a college, no hockey AU where Ilya and Shane share a room from Freshman year to their Senior year of University.

In this fic, Ilya tries dropping hints that he wants Shane but obviously adorable bb Shane is oblivious, which leads to a semi slow burn over 4 years.

This takes place at the University of Toronto as it's very dear to me, and there might be mentions to places in it.

As another note, this work is not beta'd but as always, enjoy and feel free to leave a comment/ kudo :) <3

Chapter 1: In sickness and in health

Ilya was a good roommate, great even. Shane liked their arrangement. Ilya would get back from his evening classes and unload the dishwasher. He would make whatever disgusting meal he could piece together, while Shane would make his pre-made diet meals.

They would eat their respective meals on the couch while watching an episode of friends, then retire to their rooms for the night. In the morning, before Shane left for his 8am lecture, he'd load the dishwasher and put it on.

The first time Shane had considered Ilya a 'great' roommate was freshman year. Shane had gotten the campus cold and was bedridden. He had run a fever, could barely keep anything down, and was either buried under a blanket or under a pile of used tissues.

Ilya had come home from a 9pm lecture with a white plastic bag. It had perked Shane's ears because it sounded like his favourite Japanese takeout. The one just off campus that tasted close to what his O bāchan had made.

Shane got up, swinging his legs over the edge of the shitty, thin mattress, and hauled his way to the kitchen, blanket drawn around his shoulders. He saw Ilya unpacking the bag, which sure enough was from the restaurant.

The moment Ilya saw Shane, he smiled. "Come, Hollander, sit. Eat while is hot"

Shane watched Ilya set a spoon beside a container of soup. Upon taking a seat at the small table he saw a large tub of miso soup and a plastic container filled with tempura. With a snuffle, Shane opened the miso container, picked up the spoon and began to dig in.

"Thanks, Rozanov. I needed this. Truly man, thanks" He said around a mouthful of tofu and scallions.

Ilya just nodded and sat across from Shane.

“Is nothing,” he said, waving his hand. “I do not want you to be sick, that is all.”

Shane nodded, that was a perfectly good reason to bring someone soup while they were sick. Ilya probably just didn't wanna get sick before finals. Shane was more touched by the fact that Ilya remembered his favourite Japanese spot. Afterall, they had only been roommates for about 3 months. It was nice knowing someone cared about him, especially since his parents were so far away in Ottawa.

Before Shane had the chance to finish eating, he watched Ilya stand up from the table, chair scraping against the floor, hands on the edge of the table. Shane looked up, surprised by the noise cutting through the pleasant silence.

“Going somewhere, Rozanov?” He asked, spoon to his lips. He watched Ilya shake his head.

“No. I will change the bed.”

And he walked away from the table, and headed right towards Shane's room. Shane's eyes widened and he set the spoon and soup down, dropping his blanket on the chair to follow Ilya to his room.

“Rozanov, wait, it's good. You don't have to do that man.” He rushed out, freezing on the spot.

Rozanov was holding Shane's trash bin, stuffing his used tissues inside. Shane cringed, already thinking of the kind of bacteria that has been living in those tissues the past week.

“You *really* don't need to do that. Oh lord, the *germs*” Shane shook his head, walking (more like rushing) towards Ilya, who was still picking up tissues.

“Relax, Hollander. I am Russian, Russians do not get sick. Is fact. Biology as you say.” He says, tutting at Shane, looking down at him and gently pushing the smaller man back towards the doorframe.

Shane had always hated how much taller Rozanov was. Even if it was only a few inches, it felt like feet when Ilya looked down at Shane like this.

“Oh come on, I really can’t let you do that Rozanov.” Shane pleads, feeling slightly embarrassed that his roommate was cleaning his room like his *mother*. In fact, Shane thought, his mother might love Ilya.

He was snapped out of his overthinking by Ilya’s sharp, heavily accented voice.

“Hollander.” He said it like it was a challenge. Like he was challenging Shane to disobey him.

His eyes met Shane’s. Still making direct eye contact with Shane as he stripped the sheets of the tiny, twin-sized mattress. Shane inhaled sharply and looked down, knowing he had lost whatever game Ilya was playing with him.

“If you must, go to my room until I am done. Since you are so freak out” Ilya said, jutting his chin in the direction of his bedroom door across the small hall in the dorm.

Shane thinks his eyes must be bugging out of his head at this point based on the way he's staring at Ilya.

“What-” He asks, coughing at the end of his sentence, head feeling stuffed with cotton. He wipes his mouth on his sleeve and takes a wet inhale, feeling mucus rattle his chest. Ilya must have heard it because the next words out of his mouth were,

“Go to room and lie in bed. Sleep” He says lowly, chucking the sheets in the hamper across the room.

Shane groans and sighs, knowing he wouldn't be able to get through to the stubborn Russian. Instead he turns around, walks back to the kitchen, grabs his blanket off the chair, and heads to Ilya's room.

He pushes open the door and smiles. It was exactly how he pictured it would be. Various sports posters hung up, even though they weren't allowed to hang up anything that could rip off the paint.

Shane walks towards the bed, running his fingers along the desk as he passed. Absolutely no dust.

That was one thing Shane liked about having Ilya Rozanov as his roommate. He was impeccably clean, something Shane valued in a man.

A man? In a roommate. Rozanov is my roommate- God what am I on? Shane thinks, climbing into Rozanov's warm bed, pulling the comforter up to his ears. He sinks into the bed, the tiny twin-size feeling much bigger for some reason. Shane leans onto the side of his nose he can breathe out of, and shuts his eyes. He listens to the quiet sounds of Ilya's Russian podcast playing from Shane's room while Ilya cleaned.

Shane noticed that about Ilya. He liked to listen to podcasts while he cleaned, but music while he worked out. Shane also noticed how Ilya would clean things up before Shane even had to ask.

As Shane began to fall asleep, he began to think about what else he noticed about Rozanov.

His eyes, a greenish-blue that looked like the lake that Shane grew up near.

His hair, honey blonde in the light, falling perfectly across his forehead in loose ringlets.

The sharp, smooth edge of his jaw, which was usually set firmly, making the muscles in his neck twitch every so often.

His lips, full and pink, usually pressed into a thin line, except for the times Shane had made Ilya laugh. Where his lips had stretched across his face to reveal a mouth full of pearly teeth.

Shane's eyes flew open. Why the fuck was he thinking about Rozanov like this. He was his roommate, not even his friend. They had routines, sure, but it was because they were forced to. Right?

Shane closed his eyes again, blaming these thoughts on his fever, willing himself to think about how great of a *roommate* Ilya Rozanov was.

Chapter 2: Antlers and Glitter

Chapter Notes

I'd like to note that this fic does take place in 2025, and yes Shane is an ipad kid.

I also thought it was funny if Shane was insanely good at art but was just in the class for shits and giggles. They have no set degree right now, but they might in the next chapter (wink wink)

This chapter mentions the UofT St. George campus where this takes place, if you have the time to google it, you should it's such a pretty campus.

Also for the scene where they arrive at the frat house, I'd recommend listening to 'ribs' by Lorde

Ok i'm done yapping, this fic WILL be getting updates everyday, so as always, enjoy!! :)

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

The second time Shane considered Ilya a great roommate was Halloween night in their freshman year.

Ilya had come back to the dorm from an afternoon lecture and had greeted Shane, who had been sitting on the couch with his ipad, idly sketching something for an art class.

His head lifted up when he saw Ilya. "Hey, you're home early. Prof let you guys go?" He asked, watching Ilya place his books on his section of the counter.

"Yes. Tonight is Halloween." Ilya said, grabbing a coke from the fridge before flopping down across from Shane and putting his feet in Shane's lap.

Shane huffed and set his ipad on Ilya's feet, continuing to sketch. "Are you going out tonight, Rozanov?"

Shane knew it was a stupid question. Ilya *never* passed up the opportunity to go to a party, and because it was Halloween he knew the St. George campus would be crawling with university students looking to get drunk.

Ilya nodded. “Yes. Are you?” The Russian asked, peeking over to see what Shane was drawing. “Is good.” He said casually.

Shane looked up “Thanks.” He closed the ipad case and set the pencil down. “But no, I don’t think I’m going out tonight.”

Shane knew he had close to no social life. Most of his friends had gone to different universities, or stayed home and went to uOttawa. He didn’t really like parties, but it would be nice to have someone to drag him away for the night.

Ilya gave Shane a look. “Is Halloween. You must dress up, go out, get drunk. Is tradition”

Ilya nudges Shane’s hip with his foot. “You are so boring Shane Hollander. Dress up like slut, get drunk, meet cute girl.” Secretly, Ilya wouldn’t mind seeing Shane all dressed up, but that was besides the point.

“I don’t have anyone to go out with, and girls aren’t really my thing. I’m terrible at talking to them. I’d just look like an idiot.” Shane mumbled, opening his ipad again to check if he had any messages. Really, he was doing anything to not show Ilya he was bothered by the topic of conversation.

“You will go with me. Matching costume” Ilya sounded so confident that Shane actually had to pause.

“What? Hold on-”

“You heard me, Hollander.” Ilya gently tapped Shane’s arm with his foot. “Get up, go shower. We will leave when you are ready.”

Shane's mouth was open. He forced himself to close his jaw. "You don't have to, Rozanov, really. I promise I'll be fine at home. I don't wanna go out anyway-"

Ilya cuts him off by swinging his legs out of Shane's lap and picking the ipad out of his hand. Shane watches Ilya put his ipad on the coffee table and walk to Shane's room. Shane gets up quickly and follows him.

"What are you-"

He sees Ilya standing in front of his closet, rifling through the items. Shane watches Ilya pick out one of his white, linen tops, and then a pair of white pants. Ilya tosses them onto the bed and nods.

"You are familiar with American movie, Saltburn?" Ilya asks, looking at Shane with his arms crossed.

Shane's eyes widen "You've seen Saltburn? But yeah I know it, why?"

"We will go as Oliver and Felix. I will be the angel, you will be the deer. You have big eyes like deer."

Shane feels himself flush. Was he embarrassed by the compliment? Or the fact Ilya was so sure about Shane coming out with him.

"Rozanov, you *really* don't have to do this. I want to stay home, really"

But Ilya doesn't seem to care. He folds the clothes and hands them to Shane.

"Go shower. I will find deer ears."

“Antlers” Shane corrects.

Ilya gives Shane a look and pulls a belt from a drawer. “Yes, antlers. Now go. I will not hear one more word, Hollander.”

Shane sighs, because what else was there to do besides listening to the hot Russian bossing him around? He grabs his towel and his shower shoes and heads to the communal dorm bathrooms to shower.

When Shane comes back, towel wrapped around his waist, he doesn’t expect Ilya to be in the kitchen watching the door.

“Uhm, hi” Shane says, closing the door. He notices Ilya by the stove, cooking something. “Are you making something?” He asks.

“I am making tuna melts. We cannot drink on empty stomach, Hollander.” Ilya says it like it’s a fact. *They* weren’t going to drink on an empty stomach. Shane was reminded that he was going out with Ilya Rozanov.

Not going *out* -out, just out, as roommates. But Ilya was known for being a playboy, so Shane didn’t have high hopes Ilya would be with him the whole night. He’d probably leave once Rozanov found a girl to bring home.

“Hollander.” Ilya’s voice cuts through Shane’s internal monologue.

“Huh, sorry, what?”

“I said, come sit. Eat.”

Shane huffs. “Can I get dressed first?”

“Is all-white outfit, you will get dirty.”

Shane finds that hard to argue with, because he would most likely would get it dirty. He adjusts the towel to pull it tighter around himself and sits at the table across from Ilya. The two of them begin to eat in silence.

“Is good?” Ilya asks. Shane nods, taking a sip from his ginger ale.

“Yeah, it’s really good, thanks. What time do we have to leave at?”

Ilya checks his phone and hums. He looks at Shane, then says, “eight, maybe eight thirty. Up to you.”

Shane checks his own phone and nods. That would be enough time.

“Yeah, okay sure.”

He stands up and puts his plate in the sink, tosses his can out and heads to his room. He hears Ilya do the same, and head to his own room to begin getting ready.

Shane pulls the outfit on and buttons up the shirt, but it looks awkward, and you wouldn’t be able to see the belt. So he opens a few buttons, but it still doesn’t look right. He goes on tiktok to see how other people have done the outfit before and he tries to follow it. Eventually he ends up with the shirt fully open and the pants low on his hips, the belt one notch too loose.

Looking in the mirror he realizes that something is missing. He probably needs makeup, just enough to look more like Oliver.

He reaches under his bed for one of his ex-girlfriends makeup bag that she hadn't wanted back after they broke up. Shane had experimented with makeup before, letting that same ex try her routine on him. He didn't hate it, and he was happy she encouraged him to keep it since the products were good.

He sat at his desk and used his ipad as a mirror, curling his lashes and applying a few coats of mascara. He brushed highlighter over his nose and cheekbones, and used a small brush to coat his eyelids in light brown eyeshadow.

After a few sprays of cologne and some aquaphor, Shane stabbed out from his room and crossed the hall to Ilya's. He knocked on the door and opened it when he heard Ilya yell, "enter!"

Shane pushed open the door and saw Ilya on his bed. He was wearing baggy, lowrise jeans, and a basic white tanktop, but he looked good. *Really* good, Shane thought.

Shane cleared his throat. "Hey, did you have the antlers or?-"

Ilya nodded and looked at him, taking in a breath. "Yes, yes"

Ilya rummaged through his closet and tossed a compliment over his shoulder.

"You look pretty."

Shane huffed, noting blue eyeshadow and black eyeliner on Ilya.

"You're wearing makeup too."

Ilya stood up, handing Shane the antlers.

“Yes, but I don’t look pretty.”

Shane huffed, deciding to take it as a compliment as he took in Rozanov’s full outfit, watching him slide on the gold angel wings.

“You look good. Planning on hooking up with many girls?”

Shane was trying to gauge how long he’d be at the party before Ilya started trying to get into bed with half the school. Ilya, however, remained nonchalant.

“Maybe girls, maybe boys, whoever can give best blowjob.”

Shane’s jaw dropped. There was no way Ilya Rozanov just said *that*

“Wait, hold on, sorry- What?” He spluttered.

Ilya just looked at Shane, that stupid smirk settled on his face. “Yes, Hollander? What is it?”

Shane shook his head.

“I can’t believe you just said that. That is so gross, and vulgar-”

“You are homophobic?”

Shane's jaw dropped. Was he fucking serious?

“God, no, of course not, what stupid fucking questions is that. I don't wanna hear about my roommate getting blowjobs from *anyone*, I was just caught off guard. I thought you were straight.”

Ilya looked at Shane. “Every Wednesday I go to pride club. You know this, Hollander.”

Shane had no comment for that one, because Ilya was right. Shane did know that.

“I thought you were just a really good ally.”

Ilya lets out a loud laugh, one that fills his chest and settles deep in Shane's.

“You are so funny, Hollander. You are lucky you are cute. Now let us go, we will be late.”

Shane shook his head quickly, trying to rid any thoughts from his mind about Rozanov and how good he looked while he laughed.

“Yeah you're right, lets go. I'll get an uber.” He mumbles, pulling out his phone.

Shane is distinctly aware of how Ilya is watching him, but he chooses to ignore it, thinking about how great of a roommate Rozanov is for dragging Shane out of the house.

“It'll be here in 6 minutes.”

Ilya gets out of the uber first, offering his hand to Shane to help him, which is refused by Shane. Ilya just smirks and waits for Shane.

They're greeted by an already bustling party at one of the Toronto fraternities. Ilya had a few connections inside Kappa Alpha, and he used it to his advantage to get into a pretty exclusive Halloween frat party.

Shane watched girls making tiktoks with their friends, and guys hauling more beer kegs into the house, but then turned his eyes to Ilya who seemed to be looking for someone.

Ilya seemed to finally see who he was looking for, a stunning woman with curly red hair. She ran up to Ilya and greeted him with a kiss to his cheeks.

Did Ilya have a girlfriend that Shane never noticed? As soon as he thought this, another woman with red hair came up and grabbed the other girl's hand.

Shane recognized the second redhead as a girl from his art class. She seemed to notice too because she gasped and pulled Shane into a tight hug.

"Oh my god, hi babe you look so good" She squealed, kissing Shane's cheek. Shane flushed. "Hey Rose, didn't think you'd be here. How are you?"

Rose was dressed as poison ivy, which made sense considering her hair, and Shane noted that she looked really pretty. The girl beside him, the one Ilya apparently knew, was dressed as Harley Quinn.

"Is this a couples costume?" Shane asked.

Rose and the other girl flushed. "Uhm no! We're just friends. Svetlana likes DC, and so do I. We figured we'd match."

Shane immediately realized that Rose didn't want to be just friends with his girl, and based on the way the other girl, Svetlana, was flushing she didn't want to be just friends either.

Shane gave her a knowing smile and turned his attention back to Rose.

“What about you and Rozanov? You guys are from Saltburn, right?”

Shane nodded. “I wasn't going to go out tonight, but he dragged me out.”

Shane looked over his shoulder to see Ilya and Svetlana talking, and he turned back to Rose who was smirking at her.

“You look really good. He's been staring at you the whole time we've been talking. Think he's jealous?”

Shane snorts. “Rozanov? No way. He's probably just trying to gauge if our dorm will be free for him to bring someone home”

Rose grins. “You know, I've always wanted to be your friend. Give me your number. I'd like to hang out outside of class. You seem like an interesting person.”

Shane laughs, throwing his head back. “I love you, Rose, but me? I'm boring as fuck. But if you really wanna torture yourself, here.” He puts his number into her phone, and she grabs his hand.

“Come on best friend, let's go drink.” And just like that, Shane is being pulled into the frat house. He's immediately slammed by the loud music and stench of sweat and perfume.

Once Rose gets a few drinks, and many rounds of shots into Shane, they hit the dance floor. Shane's pretty stiff, but Rose puts his hands on her shoulders and helps guide him.

Across the dance floor, Ilya Rozanov and Svetlana Vetrova are glaring at the pair.

“Have you told him you like him yet?” She asks in Russian, gripping a red solo cup tightly as she watches Shane put his hands around Rose’s waist.

“No.” Ilya replies stiffly, watching Rose put her head in the crook of Shane’s neck.

“Have you told her you like her?” Ilya asks back, toying with the gold cross around his neck, free hand playing with his belt loops.

“Course not” Svetlana replies shortly, grunting.

“I can’t watch anymore, let's go dance.”

Svetlana grabs Ilya’s hand and they go to the dance floor, slowly inching closer to Shane and Rose as they dance.

When Rose catches sight of Svetlana, she grins, dragging Shane over to them. She grabs Svetlana’s hands and giggles, pulling her away to dance. Shane is left standing by Ilya.

Watching Shane sway where he stands, Ilya realizes he hasn’t had anything to drink. Which is rare for the Russian. Shane, however, looked drunk off his ass.

“You are lightweight, Hollander?” He chuckles, gently shoving Shane with his finger, who says back, as if proving Ilya’s point.

Shane nods, feeling quite thankful that he wore his shirt open because of how hot it was in the house.

“It’s hot in here” Shane shouts.

Ilya nods, and grabs Shane’s hand. “Lets go outside, come, Hollander”

Shane lets Ilya drag him outside, everything blurring together until they finally get outside. Ilya sits Shane on the steps of the house, gently rubbing his back.

Shane takes in gulps of air, suddenly becoming hyper-aware of everything going on. The music is too loud, his clothes feel itchy, his skin feels like it’s on fire. Worst of all, he feels like he’s going to burp, which means he’ll likely throw up.

Just in time, Ilya turns Shane towards a bush, rubbing his neck as Shane throws up.

He pukes until his stomach feels empty, tears burning his eyes. Shane takes off his shirt and wipes his mouth with it, not caring that the shirt would be ruined.

“I think we should take you home, Shane.”

Shane looks at Ilya, thinking he heard him wrong. They never used each other’s first names.

“But you haven’t found someone to go home with.” Shane slurs, holding his head between his knees.

“Is unimportant. I will call Uber.”

Shane groans. “Ilyaaaa” he whines.

Ilya stares at Shane, heart hammering in his chest. Shane likely wouldn't remember this tomorrow anyway. So he sighs and says, "I care about you very much, and I would prefer you safe over a terrible blowjob. Come, we go home."

Ilya gently grabs Shane and hauls him up, wrapping a strong arm around Shane's waist.

Shane's fingers grip Ilya's tanktop, stumbling as they walk towards the sidewalk. They get into the Uber and Ilya buckles Shane in.

Even in his drunken state, Shane trusted Ilya completely. So much so, he let his head fall onto the Russian's shoulder, eyes shutting as he lets his full weight rest on Ilya.

Ilya gently pats Shane's cheek, gently inhaling the scent of Shane's coconut shampoo.

As Shane falls asleep to the quiet sounds of wind rushing past the car, he thinks to himself, Ilya Rozanov is a great roommate.

Chapter End Notes

and they were roommates.

Chapter 3: Vodka Gingers and Jealousy

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! In this chapter we bounce from Shane's perspective to Ilya's perspective, but i'm pretty sure I make it quite clear whose perspective we're in, so hopefully no confusion there.

The HISTORY venue is a venue in downtown Toronto where smaller artists play shows, and I think it should be cannon that Shane listens to underground music when he does listen to it.

As always pls enjoy, this chapter is extra long bc I literally couldn't shut up, so I hope you guys like it! Kisses <3

Halfway through their Sophomore year would be the next time Shane Hollander considered Ilya Rozanov to be a great roommate.

Shane and Ilya had realized at the end of their freshman year that there was a possibility they wouldn't be paired in the same room, or even guaranteed to have residence on the campus.

The two boys realized that over that year of sharing everything, they knew each other's habits, the little things about each other that most people wouldn't know unless you'd been in close quarters for a year. They had a schedule, and it worked. Very well.

So logically, the only solution was to lease an apartment and officially live together, right?

They still kept their routine's, the only difference was they were legally tied together. For better or for worse. In fact, their friends liked to say Ilya and Shane were like an old married couple, constantly bickering but loving each other when they went to bed at night. This was true for the most part.

Sometime after the freshman year's summer, Shane, Ilya, Svetlana, and Rose had created one big friend group. With the girls renting their own apartment in the same building a few floors

below.

They did ‘family’ dinners every Friday before going out, and they visited between apartments whenever they felt like it.

Shane wouldn’t consider him and Ilya ‘friends’. Ilya had seen Shane in situations far too embarrassing and intimate to consider him just a bro. Ilya was more like family.

Ilya had held Shane while he cried at the end of Bridge to Terebithia, and had accidentally walked in on him showering quite a few times. But regardless of this, Shane knew what he had with Ilya was special.

That was precisely why it fucked him up so bad when he thought he was falling for the Russian.

Shane remembered exactly where he was when it happened. He had been stressing over his midterms, gripping his hair while he stared at his open physics textbook. None of it made any fucking sense to Shane, and he was suddenly unsure why he even wanted to go into astrophysics.

Ilya had come up to Shane with a mug of tea, setting it in front of him with a packet of shortbread cookies, the one’s Shane loved to dunk in his tea before bed.

He remembered Ilya shutting his textbook and picking it up, taking it somewhere out of Shane’s vision, hiding it from his view.

He remembered Ilya cradling his face, using the pads of his calloused thumbs to wipe away Shane’s tears.

He remembered the way Ilya said, “Take a break, Shane. You’re doing no help to yourself by staring at evil textbook.” So soft and gentle that Shane thought it would break him.

He remembered crying harder, and Ilya just holding him as he cried. It had been a regular meltdown, just stress and anxiety bottling up and exploding all at once.

But the thing that stuck out to him the most, was what Ilya said to him when he finally calmed down.

“You are more than a number on a sheet. Do not let them define you, Shane Hollander. I love you, take a break for yourself.”

They said ‘I love you’ to each other all the time, in fact after the death of Ilya’s father, it had become a tradition for every person to say I love you before departing. But this time felt different. To Shane, it was the most grounding, impactful thing Ilya had ever said to him.

In that moment, Shane wondered what it would be like for Ilya to always be like this? What would it be like for Ilya to make him tea before bed every night? To hear him say ‘I love you’ all the time, and mean it romantically? To be proud of Shane when Shane wasn’t proud of himself?

After ‘physicsgate’ (the way Shane referred to the situation while talking to Rose) he tried to ignore how he did -or didn’t- feel about the hot, blonde, Russian.

“I don’t know why you won’t let yourself think he meant it romantically?” Rose had said when Shane admitted his crush to her.

“I just don’t think he meant it as more than a platonic thing. Has Svetla said anything to you about it? He asked, head resting on his hand as he sat at the breakfast bar in the girl’s kitchen.

Rose pretended to zip her lips and throw away the key

“You know I couldn’t tell you. Girlfriend privileges.”

Shane sighed, and nodded.

“Yeah, yeah, I know.”

After the Halloween party, Rose and Svetlana had gotten together, and had been together ever since. They were the cutest couple on campus, but maybe Shane was the tiniest bit biased. He was partially jealous though, secretly wishing that Ilya wanted Shane like that.

Even though Rose and Shane were close, he knew Rose wouldn't betray Svetlana. It was cute, but Shane was dying.

Sure, sometimes he caught Ilya staring at him for longer than necessary. And sometimes he noticed Ilya getting a little too close while they were cooking, but that was just because they had a tiny kitchen, right?

So Shane was forced to sit at Rose's breakfast bar, head buried in a mug of tea, staring back at his sad, pathetic reflection in the murky water, while contemplating his relationship with the greatest roommate ever, Ilya Rozanov.

It was safe to say Ilya was whipped. Ever since the first time he met Shane Hollander back on their first day of university he had been infatuated with the man.

From the moment his parents helped him unpack and made his bed for him, speaking in hushed French Ilya couldn't understand anyway, he knew he'd have to try very hard not to look stupid.

Apparently, Shane had been a hockey player back home, a pretty good one from the rumours Ilya heard. Shane had abandoned it however, to pursue his dream of becoming an astrophysicist.

Why someone would give up hockey for *that* was beyond Ilya's thought comprehension. That was exactly why Ilya was there for architectural studies.

This was a blessing and a curse however. Ilya loved what he did and what he learnt. He never would have received the same education in his chosen field back home in Russia. But he knew it had gotten out of control when he began staring at Shane and wondering what the angle of his cheekbones were, or how the slant of his nose would look as the roof of a building.

Ilya started adding elements of Shane into his design work wherever he could. The texture of his hair became the texture of his model cathedral's walls. The warm, brown colour of his eyes became the type of wood used in his sculptures. The cottage Shane had described to Ilya from his childhood had become the idea behind his final project.

Ilya had done many things to prevent thinking about how Shane Hollander would be good as anything more than his good roommate by hooking up. He'd use partying and sex as a way to ignore the one thing he couldn't have.

He would give up his control if it meant he could ignore the pulse, a steady rhythm beating somewhere deep inside him that would always pull him back towards Shane.

Ilya hadn't planned on falling for Shane, but he knew he was in too deep to pull away. So of course the next best thing was to ask the man if he wanted to live together for the next 3 years.

Ilya was fucked. So terribly fucked. It didn't help that Shane was constantly making Ilya jealous, even without realizing it.

There was one time Ilya was sure Shane knew about his infatuation with him. It had been a Saturday night, the whole gang had been at a popular gay sports bar run by a graduated varsity hockey player and a media student.

Rose and Svetlana had forced Ilya to get ready by himself, stealing Shane away to get ‘pretty’ with the girls. Their words, not Ilya’s.

He had gotten a text from Rose that they were all ready, and he was finally allowed to come to their apartment. Using his key to let himself in, his jaw dropped as soon as he saw Shane.

Rose had been using a small lint roller on his navy slacks, but Ilya was more drawn to the polo Ralph Lauren button down Shane was wearing. It was white, and it was loose fitting around his stomach, but tight on his arms, revealing the biceps Shane had recently gotten from stress-working out.

Ilya’s eyes drifted to the buttons on the shirt, the top few open, revealing Shane’s perfectly smooth chest. A pair of black sunglasses hung from the breast pocket.

Shane smiled at Ilya. “Hey you, you look nice.”

Ilya’s mouth was dry. He nodded, hoping his face wouldn’t give him away.

“Thanks, so do you. New shirt?” He swallowed, forcing himself to look at Rose and Svetlana, who were both just smirking at Ilya.

“Yeah,” Shane said, picking at the collar. “My parents got it for me from their trip to Vancouver. It’s nice.”

Ilya pulled at his own shirt collar, suddenly feeling constrained. “Is nice, let’s go before show starts without sexiest people there.”

Shane just smiled and walked by Ilya, ruffling his hair before walking out the door, holding it open for everyone to exit like the gentleman he is.

Ilya was so fucked.

And 20 minutes later, the 4 of them were piling out of the uber and onto the street outside the HISTORY venue, a small club where an artist they all liked was playing a show.

Shane had been the one to book the tickets for everyone and arrange rides there and back, he was always prepared for things. It was something everyone in the friend group was thankful for.

But tonight, Rose and Svetlana had told Shane to let loose. They had told him he needed a night to be spontaneous, a night to do whatever he wanted and not have to worry about what could go wrong.

And Shane planned to do exactly that. He would have a drink, even though he didn't particularly enjoy it. He would sing along to his favourite songs, maybe even dance with a stranger, and he wouldn't let himself be awkward.

That's how Shane found himself in the vip section of the venue, talking to a stunning blonde man with a drink in his hand.

Shane had been coming from the bathroom halfway into the show, when he heard the blonde talking about the University. Shane had decided to be bold and had gone up to him and they started talking about what they liked and disliked about UofT.

Shane had found himself enjoying the conversation, so when the blonde offered Shane a drink with a great view of the stage, how could he say no?

Shane was nursing his third vodka ginger of the night while listening to the blonde speak about something Shane wasn't fully paying attention to. He was instead focusing on how he was practically in the man's lap, the man's arm around Shane's waist.

Shane was hyperaware of the touch, and it felt pretty nice. Shane had been experimenting with his sexuality more, knowing he wasn't fully straight, and he was definitely attracted to men.

He wouldn't say that Ilya was his gay awakening, but the hot Russian was definitely a contributing factor that pushed Shane to explore what he *was*.

Shane was vaguely aware that the blonde man whose lap Shane was currently in carried some resemblance to Ilya, but he tried not to pay too much attention to that, instead attempting to focus back onto what the man had been explaining to Shane.

He was snapped out of his trance however by a text from Rose.

-Enjoying yourself? ;)

Shane shorted, looking at his phone with a smirk, typing back a quick reply.

-Cant talk, in hot man's lap ;)

He put his phone away and let the blonde's fingers stroke Shane's wrist gently.

"How would you feel about coming home with me tonight?" He had whispered, lips grazing the shell of Shane's ear, causing him to shiver.

"I wouldn't be opposed, I think." Shane had whispered back. "Let me just tell my friends where I'll be tonight."

Shane grabbed his phone again and typed out a text to the group chat.

-Won't be home tonight, location is on, love you guys :p

He let the man wrap a strong arm around Shane's waist while he led Shane to an uber.

He remembered meeting eyes with Ilya and giving him a wide grin, wiggling his eyebrows at the Russian. Shane was confused when he was met with a blank, almost angry look from Ilya.

He paid it no more attention and slid into the passenger side of the car.

Ilya had been seething while watching the way that stupid blonde had his arm around Shane. He was sure his face showed exactly how he felt about the situation.

Ilya knew this was one of Shane's favourite bands, and for someone who didn't listen to much music, it was a big deal to Shane. That stupid blonde had taken Shane away before the band was finished, probably making Shane miss out on an opportunity to the full set.

Svetlana looked over and nudged Ilya, taking her eyes off of Rose for a minute to look at her best friend.

"You okay? You look like someone murdered your cat" She said in Russian.

"Fine." Ilya replied stiffly, keeping his eyes on the stage.

Svetlana didn't look convinced. *"You're jealous that Shane left with someone else."*

Ilya rolled his eyes. *"I'm not jealous. Shane can get fucked by whoever he wants."*

Svetlana just stared at him, a smirk plastered on her face.

“I think you’re just upset that the guy looks like you.”

Ilya’s eyes narrowed. That was in fact the reason he was upset. If Shane wanted a tall blonde to fuck him, he was *right* here.

“Whatever” he muttered back in English, doing his best to ignore his thoughts about Shane.

It wouldn’t be until much later, well past midnight, while Ilya was laying in bed, overthinking about his relationship and what it could be with Shane, that he would get a frantic call from the very man he was thinking about.

“Shane?” Ilya had answered, sitting up in bed. He heard Shane’s anxious voice through the phone and it woke him up even more.

“Shane, is everything okay? What is wrong?”

Ilya heard a shaky inhale, and cars passing by in the background.

“What did he do? Where are you? Talk to me, what happened?”

Ilya finally heard Shane take a big gasp of air.

“He didn’t do anything, Ilya. I’m fine. I just got too scared. It was moving too fast, I-I left. Can you come pick me up?”

The way Shane was sniffing would make Ilya do anything for him.

“Of course. Stay where you are, send me the address, I’m on my way.”

He hung up, pulled on his sweats, and grabbed his keys and rushed out the door.

When Ilya finally got to Shane he pulled him into his arms, letting Shane cry on him for as long as he needed while gently stroking his soft hair. He whispered softly in Russian, kissing the top of his head as Shane leaned on him, crying into Ilya's chest.

As he brought his hands up to cradle Shane's face, Ilya realized would do anything for Shane. There was nothing he wouldn't do in order to make sure he was safe, even if it meant taking a cab halfway across the city to rescue him from a hookup gone wrong.

God, he was so gone.

With Ilya's strong arms wrapped around him, and his big hands cradling Shane's face, gently wiping away his tears, Shane had wanted nothing more than to kiss him.

He knew it was stupid. He wasn't scared of sex, he had done it many times before, he had just gotten scared this time. The blonde had looked a little too much like Ilya and it was in that moment that Shane realized he had wanted Ilya badly.

It took everything in Shane not to lean up and connect his lips with Ilya's, but he resisted, choosing to instead bury his head into Ilya's chest, letting him hold him close.

And just for a minute, with Ilya shielding Shane from the world, Shane let himself pretend that Ilya was more than a great roommate, because that's all Ilya could be to Shane, right?

A really great fucking roommate.

Chapter 4: Hookups and Half-truths

Chapter Notes

Hey guys sorry for this chapter being a day later than promised, I got a little shitfaced on Christmas and needed a day to recover :p

I hope everyone had a great holiday and thank you to anyone who subscribed to this work to get updates about this fic!!

This chapter is a slightly longer one (almost 4k words) as a little present to all of you. It features lots of angst and LOTS of Ilya POV. As always guys, please enjoy, take care of yourselves and Happy Holidays :)

PS. if anyone has any Hollanov ideas they'd like to see written or wants to get in touch with me, feel free to DM me

Junior year was hectic, not only for Shane, but for almost every single person Shane encountered. Whether that be running into a classmate who was drowning in coursework, or the 'family' dinners being changed to study sessions for Rose, Ilya, Svetlana, and Shane to catch up on the insane amount of work they had due.

Shane never thought he'd be able to take a break. So when miraculously everyone's schedules happened to line up, Shane wasn't surprised, he was grateful.

Lately everyone had felt disconnected. Not because there had been any fights, the friend group was still going strong, adding 2 new members from one of Rose's drama classes, but simply because everyone was so busy.

First semester, Ilya had day classes while Shane had night classes, so the only time they saw each other was on weekends or free days, and Rose and Svetlana had different schedules all together, making it almost impossible to find time to sit down and have a conversation about anything other than school.

Shane was now more comfortable with his sexuality, and had even come out to his parents over the summer when he went to visit their cottage. Obviously they had been cool with it,

and they made him promise to find a good guy who liked hockey.

When he was back at school he had come out to a few people he knew, and started wearing a pride pin and a gay flag pin on his school bag, silently telling anyone who might be interested in him that Shane was for the guys.

He had tried going on a few dates, but he was so busy with classes that he couldn't find the energy to entertain the men in his phone, instead politely declining dates in favour of studying.

Ilya, however, seemed to be having the time of his life, often having people over and asking Shane to leave for an hour or two. Shane was happy for Ilya, but something in him tugged in his stomach every time he got a 'need an hour' text from Ilya.

It wasn't jealousy, Shane was simply annoyed that Ilya was using Shane's study time, that was all. All the men and women he brought home were probably using Shane's good shampoo, and it irked him that Ilya would let all these strangers into their home when Ilya knew how particular Shane was about his things.

But whatever. They were two grown men. They could have sex with whoever they wanted, whenever they wanted.

One night, while laying in bed, with a physics textbook propped on Shane's thigh, he got a text from Ilya.

-Coming home, need an hour pls :P

Shane rolled his eyes.

-On my only free night with no classes? Srsly??

Shane huffed, already closing his textbook and putting his studying materials in his bag. He reached for his phone when it lit with a text.

-Sorry, omw now, you can leave or listen idc ;)

Shane scoffed. Lately Ilya had been a huge dick, and the hooking up thing was slowly starting to get to Shane. He didn't care about the sex, he wasn't a prude. It was the fact he couldn't go to Rose and Svetlana's place because he would be crashing their date night, and Scott and Kip lived on campus and Shane really didn't want to go back to school.

He felt... lonely. All his friends were shacking up and having this great sex, and Shane was.. What? Hooking up with a no.2 pencil and a textbook?

As Shane left the apartment, he decided that he wouldn't study tonight, he would find someone to hook up with. How he'd find someone? He didn't know. But Shane did know that he didn't want to spend another night releasing his sexual frustration jerking off in the shower alone.

Where Shane eventually ended up was a gay club just off campus. He ordered a drink and waited for someone to approach him. Shane knew he was attractive, and he had no trouble with getting people to hit on him, but he scanned the room looking for anyone in particular he wanted to 'seduce'.

His eyes landed on a giant ginger with freckles and moles littered across his skin. The man seemed to be alone and Shane stared at him, waiting to make eye contact with him.

When their eyes finally met, Shane fluttered his lashes at the man and looked away, smirking when he saw the ginger appear out of the corner of his eye.

"What's a pretty thing like you doing in a place like this?" The man asked, sitting down at the bar beside Shane.

Shane turned to him, grinning. “Looking for a man like you to take me home.”

The man’s eyes lit up and he knew he had found his partner for the night.

“I’m Shane.” He said, finishing the last of his ginger ale, pulling out money for his drink.

“Daniel, let me get that.” The man, Daniel, said, pulling out his own wallet and paying the bartender directly.

Shane grinned. Hot date *and* a drink he didn’t have to pay for? Score.

Shane left the club hand in hand with the giant ginger, already looking forward to the soreness he’d be feeling in the morning.

The only reason Shane would consider Ilya a great roommate was because he called him 43 times and sent him 61 messages asking where the fuck he was.

Fuck. He forgot to tell Ilya he wasn’t coming home that night. Or that he was going to be at someone else’s house. He also forgot that Ilya had his location, and started cursing when he watched Ilya’s find my icon moving towards his exact location.

Shane tried to get up, but Daniel, the strong ginger, had his arm wrapped around Shane’s middle.

No matter how many texts Shane sent to Ilya, his icon wasn’t turning around, meaning he was on his way to find Shane no matter what. Fuck, this was not good.

Sure, it was good that Ilya was worried when he hadn’t come home, but going to pick him up from a hookup where Shane was naked, dirty, and in the arms of another man was just down

right embarrassing.

Shane finally got himself and Daniel up and dressed, at least their top halves. Shane explained the situation to Daniel and the man just laughed, loud and deep.

“I don’t care, I’ll even buzz him up. Nice that your boyfriend worries about you.”

Shane choked on his orange juice.

“What? He’s not- he isn’t my boyfriend. I wouldn’t cheat-”

Daniel’s eyes widened.

“Oh. I thought you were looking for a third or some shit. This guy really seems to be closer to you than just a roommate, Shane”

Shane groaned, gently hitting his head against the table, about to reply before the buzzer went off and Daniel buzzed Ilya up.

Shane stood and looked for a shirt and maybe some sweats, trying to be more presentable.

“Where are my clothes?” He huffed, knowing he had maybe a minute before Ilya came up.

“No clue, where’d you leave them?”

Shane groaned, he was gonna have to find them after, and greet Ilya in his boxers then. It was fine though, they had seen each other naked-accidentally but still- it was just the premise of *why* Ilya had to see Shane in his boxers.

A loud knock cut off Shane's frantic search for clothes as Daniel opened the door for Ilya.

"Where is he? Shane?" Ilya called out.

Shane sighed, walking to the foyer where Daniel had allowed Ilya inside.

"Hey" He said, wishing he was wearing pants so he could stick his hands in the pockets, or fiddle with the drawstrings, or do *something* other than fidgeting with his hands in front of Ilya, his head bowed.

Ilya was *fuming*. The second he sent his hookup away he had sat on his bed, feeling a little disgusted with himself. He wanted to see Shane. He didn't know why he kept having sex with men and women he didn't care about.

Maybe it was because he couldn't touch the one person he *did* care about.

He shook that idea out of his head when he went to search for the man in question.

Shane wasn't in his room. His bed was still impeccably made, and all his books were left on the desk. He must be elsewhere then.

So Ilya slipped on Shane's crocs and a housecoat and went to their complex's gym, knowing Shane sometimes went there to work out.

The freckled man wasn't there either.

He went to Rose and Svetlana's place, asking if Shane was there with them, or if they knew where he was going/would be.

Shane wasn't there either, nor did he tell them where he was.

He shot KIp and Scott a quick text asking if maybe Shane went back to campus and was with them.

-Nah not here either. Sorry :(

Ilya was starting to get paranoid. Maybe he was at the library? Or maybe he went to get some food. Ilya pulled out his phone to look for Shane's location, only to find that his phone was dead and no location could be found.

Ilya was getting insanely worried. Shane's phone never died, he always made sure he had a portable charger with him. Maybe he forgot it this time and he was charging it at the library.

So Ilya did what he could. He went home, turned down Shane's bed in case he came home, and tried to get some sleep.

He was able to get about 45 minutes of rest, getting up to check if the door was locked, or if Shane had crawled into his bed anytime Ilya heard a noise.

But every time, he saw Shane's navy sheets, untouched, and the door still locked.

Ilya obsessively checked Shane's location, waiting for his location to turn back on. He called Shane more times than he could count, and filled Shane's voicemail.

Some messages were sweet, but as Ilya got more worried and more tired, they became threats, telling Shane if he didn't get home Ilya would burn his childhood stuffed animal he thought he could hide from Ilya.

When he couldn't call anymore he resorted to texts, sending as many as he could before his fingers got stiff.

It was 9am when the location pinged. Showing Shane's icon, a cute photo Ilya took during their freshman year, pinged near an apartment complex not too far.

Ilya decided to walk there, the fall air chilly but feeling nice against his skin as he made the walk quickly.

He didn't care what Shane was doing, or what had happened. He was just angry. White, hot anger flowed through Ilya's veins as he got closer to the building. He buzzed every single apartment until one let him in. He watched the screen display which number had buzzed him up and got into the elevator.

He cursed Shane as he watched the number ascend. If Shane was dead, Ilya didn't even care at this point. It was Shane's fault for being so *stupid*.

Ilya started thinking about why he was so mad at Shane. He made him worried. He made Ilya scared. Ilya's mind started drifting to the worst possible scenarios until it made him gag, bile rising in his throat.

Shane is fine, he told himself, exiting the elevator and knocking roughly on the door that had allowed him in.

Ilya swallowed when a ginger man, slightly shorter than Ilya, opened the door.

"Where is he? Where is Shane?" He asked, anger seething from his tone as he forced himself into the apartment.

Ilya looked past the ginger man to look at Shane, who was standing in his boxers in the man's kitchen.

"Hey." Shane whispered, looking down and fiddling with his fingers, a telltale sign that he was nervous.

Ilya was so mad, so naturally, he exploded.

“What the fuck? What the actual fuck were you thinking? You turned your location off so, what, some redhead could blow you then kidnap you? You fucking ignore me and make me worried about you being dead in an alley in the middle of Toronto? What the fuck Shane.”

Ilya knew he was overreacting a bit, especially when he watched Shane flinch, lowering his head until his chin was touching his chest.

The ginger just stood in the kitchen, sipping something from a mug, watching the interaction.

Ilya watched Shane, looking for a reaction.

“M’sorry.” Was all he got.

“You’re *sorry*. T-that’s it?” Ilya asked, attempting to keep his tone even as he clenched his teeth together.

Shane looked up, tears in his eyes, and fuck-he looked so pretty that Ilya wanted to grab him and kiss him until he was truly crying. Then he remembered how angry he was, his brows knitting into a tight line.

“I’m sorry Ilya-”

Shane’s voice cracked as he made eye contact with Ilya.

Ilya huffed, pinching the bridge of his nose with a sharp inhale and a deep exhale, reminding himself to breathe. He knew Shane was sensitive to loud yelling, and he chose not to explode

again, gathering himself before speaking again.

“Why? Why didn’t you come home last night? And why do you have no clothes on? And why didn’t you text me, or Rose, or Svetlana, or Kip, or fuck Scott?”

Shane’s head lowered again and Ilya watched a single tear roll from Shane’s cheek to his toned, muscular chest.

“You’ve been bringing home people every night. I was angry at you because I just need to study and you just keep telling me to leave. You just keep trading me for people to fuck-and I just, I needed to go out. I needed to have sex. I needed to get away from you and your fucking hookups”

Ilya watches Shane’s outburst and feels his heart clench. If only Shane knew why he was hooking up with all these people. Why he was putting distance between them.

“Rose has Svetlana, Kip has Scott, you have your hookups, and I’m *alone*”

The way Shane says it makes Ilya's anger disappear for a second. He never considered that Shane felt alone, or single in their group of coupled friends. Even if Ilya didn’t have a partner, he was still trading Shane, his friend, for a different body every night.

“I’m sorry you feel this way.” Ilya says, because what else was he meant to say.

“I was worried about you, Shane. You should have kept your phone on, or answered a fucking text.” He said.

Shane flushed, and even if his head was down, Ilya was still able to catch how his beautiful flush ran down his neck and onto his chest.

Shame looked good on Shane Hollander. Way too good.

“I’m sorry Ilya. I got up in the *activities* of the night.” Ilya watched Shane cringe. Maybe talking about the sex he had in front of his hookup wasn’t the best idea, but the ginger didn’t seem to care, he was scrolling on his phone like this was something he saw everyday.

“I forgive you. Let’s go home. Please put clothes on, I will call an uber.”

Shane flushed again, still refusing to make eye contact with Ilya as he turned and walked into the bedroom to get his clothes. And Ilya tried, he really did, to not focus on the way Shane’s ass looked in his boxers as he bent down to grab clothes off the floor, but no matter what he did, Ilya just couldn’t look away.

He was finally torn away from staring by the man’s voice.

“You should really hook up with him. He was seriously tight”

Ilya’s jaw dropped, then clenched.

“You better have been good to him. Also, don’t you dare tell me-”

The man rolled his eyes and held up his hand. Ilya was so taken aback by the motion he actually stopped talking.

“I was *great*, really wish I could have recorded it, he’s fantastic in bed. And also, I see how you look at him, and I can tell you care. More than ‘roommates’-or whatever you two fuckheads are- should. If you don’t tell him soon you’re gonna have many more nights of him looking for other people’s beds.”

Ilya’s jaw dropped. This man was obscene, and gross, and disgusting, and not wrong.

“I know. It’s complicated, is all.” Ilya huffed, watching a fully clothed Shane emerge.

Ilya turned to Shane, “Uber is here” he grumbled, giving the ginger a pointed look before leaving the apartment, not even looking back to see if Shane was following him or not. Ilya knew Shane was following him, practically smelling the shame that was dripping off the man.

They were silent all the way to the uber, finally crawling in and keeping distance between them.

“Why didn’t you tell me you didn’t want me hooking up with people?”

Ilya choked hearing Shane’s words, head whipping towards him.

“I never said that”

“You basically did.”

Ilya groaned. Shane Hollander always has and always will be an annoying little shit.

“No, Shane, I didn’t. I actually didn’t say *anything*. You are the one assuming.” Ilya let out a deep breathe he didn’t realize he was still holding. “I don’t care who you hook up with.”

Shane gave him a look.

“Is that a full truth or a half-truth, Ilya?”

Ilya sighed “I don’t want to talk about this right now Shane. I didn’t sleep last night and I’m tired”

The exhaustion from worrying and only getting 45 minutes of sleep was hitting Ilya like a train. He just wanted to get out of Shane's ridiculous neon green crocs and be in his own bed fast asleep. Ilya closed his eyes, exhaling through his nose as he willed the tension in his neck and shoulders to go away. There was a moment of silence and Ilya thought he might be able to sleep.

“Why didn’t you sleep?” Shane's voice cut through the silence and Ilya bit back a groan.

He opened his eyes to look at Shane, who was now looking him in the eyes. Ilya could see the familiar after-sex glow, the rosy flush still in his cheeks.

“I was worried. I was waiting for you to get home and I just couldn’t sleep knowing you weren’t home and I didn’t know where you were.”

Shane’s eyes widened and Ilya could practically hear the gears turning in his head.

“I’m sorry. I won’t do it again. Sleep and I’ll wake you up when we get home.”

Shane genuinely sounded sorry, and for now, Shane’s promise would be enough for him to fall asleep in the uber.

“Okay.” Ilya said, pressing his cheek up against the cold window, watching his breath fog up a small section of the glass.

“You’re a great roommate, Ilya” He heard Shane whisper, not sure if he was meant to hear the words or not, so he stayed silent.

Ilya’s heart clenched, knowing that was probably all they’d ever be to each other. Really great fucking roommates.

Chapter 5: Cottages and Confessions

Chapter Notes

Hey guys so I had to update the tags to switch from 'no smut' to a little bit of smut because I had a vision that needed to be freaky this chapter. If you're not comfortable with that feel free to skip over it, as there won't be important dialogue, it'll just be important to their 'friendship'

However, because this is ao3 I don't anticipate many of you guys will be skipping over it, so bear with me and my terrible ability to not write smut whatsoever!

I also apologize for this chapter taking so long, but it's a long one (almost 6.5k words) and I wanted it to be perfect before I uploaded, so sorry for the wait!

Also, how is everyone feeling after ep 6? I am destroyed and will never be the same. That said, here is the cottage episode basically rewritten to match the story line of this fic, as usual hope you enjoy our second last chapter!! :)

The last time Shane ever considered Ilya Rozanov a great roommate was when Shane broke up with his boyfriend of 6 months and Ilya was ready with a warm blanket, sappy 'american' movies, and a huge tub of brownie ice cream.

Shane had found a cute guy after the hookup fiasco with Ilya and they started seeing each other regularly.

He was a guy in Shane's physics class who was patient with Shane and his busy schedule, and always took the time Shane offered him to plan a date or a night together, and for Shane it was enough.

Senior year was busy enough for Shane, who would be one step closer to achieving his dream of being an astrophysicist by the end of the semester.

Ilya and Shane had grown closer as well, if that was even physically possible at this point. After Shane had apologized for scaring Ilya, he started telling him more about the guys he liked or the campus hotties he wanted a date with. And Ilya was surprisingly helpful.

He would point out who would be good for Shane, and who would be a distraction from his studies. He could point out who was staring at Shane, and disappear when a guy came to ask for his number. And quite a few times, Rozanov was able to tell Shane who had a monster cock since half of the men were people Ilya had slept with first.

So when Shane ‘fell in love’ with the guy from physics, he asked Ilya for help with everything. How to plan the best dates, how to dress for each specific date, how to meet his parents, all the things Shane wasn’t confident in, Ilya had an answer.

So when Shane came home, sobbing into Ilya’s chest, begging for an answer to why he wasn’t good enough, the realization Ilya didn’t have an answer made Shane spiral.

After finally calming Shane down, Ilya was able to coax out that Shane had gone to ‘idiot’s’ (the name Ilya calls Shane’s now ex-boyfriend) apartment and found him on the couch getting blown by some freshman.

Shane could tell Ilya was livid, and Shane was so tired that he convinced himself Ilya was more upset about it than him, which was a total lie. Shane left the apartment, slamming the door and immediately felt the rise of shame crawl up his spine.

He was embarrassed. He was ashamed. He was sad. He was angry. He felt worthless.

Shane Hollander had let someone make him feel worthless. And it felt like shit.

So when he arrived home, on the verge of a panic attack, hot, fat tears rolling down his cheeks, he didn’t feel one ounce of shame crawling into Ilya’s arms and crying.

Ilya held him, told Shane he loved him, wrapped Shane’s favourite weighted blanket around him and opened their emergency ice cream from the freezer. A silver spoon was handed to Shane along with the icecream tub as Ilya put on a rom-com he found on Crave.

Shane didn't even focus on the movie, and he suspected Ilya wasn't too focused on it either, due to the fact Ilya was watching Shane's every move.

Anytime Shane sniffled, or brought the spoon to his mouth, he felt Ilya's gaze tracking his movements, like if he looked away for one second he'd explode.

Shane thought that maybe that was true. He had been cheated on, by someone he trusted. If he thought about it too hard he'd either cry or scream. Either option made Shane feel like shit, and he'd rather eat his ice cream and pretend none of it happened.

If Ilya was mad about getting cheated on, Svetlana and Rose were *livid*. When Shane had told them the next day at dinner, they had reached for his phone to find 'idiot's' number to threaten him, along with a few other threats Shane was scared they'd actually commit to.

"It's fine guys. I'd rather just forget about it and move on." Shane had mumbled into his gluten free pasta, trying his hardest to sound convincing.

Rose gave him a look and reached across the table to grab his hand.

"You know we're all here for you, baby. You don't have to pretend, not in front of us. We're way too far into this friendship to make you feel like you always have to be brave."

Those words seemed to hit Shane hard, because gentle tears streamed down his face and onto his plate. Rose and Svetlana got up, moving to the other side of the table to wrap Shane in a tight hug.

Shane felt one of Ilya's ridiculously large hands settle on his back. He didn't force himself into his moment with the girls, but he was reassuring Shane that he was there, that he was grounding Shane, and Shane couldn't be more thankful.

When he calmed down again and had gone back to eating, Shane realized just how thankful he was for his little family.

“You guys should come to my cottage this summer. After all, it’s our last summer before we all go to different places. It might be the last time we see each other for a while.”

He watched everyone’s faces light up, then dim. There was no guarantee they’d be finishing their degrees in the same place, and both their leases were up at the end of the summer, so truly they could split up and go separate ways.

Shane tried not to imagine that possibility, but one last summer at the cottage would be good enough to calm his worries.

Rose was the first one to speak up.

“Of course. I’m coming.”

Next was Svetlana.

“I would never miss it.”

Lastly, and a bit hesitantly, Ilya sighed and agreed.

“Yes, Hollander, I will also go to your stupid cottage. Peer pressure.”

Shane smiled, and for the first time since the breakup, it felt genuine.

“I can’t wait.”

Svetlana knew Ilya was fucked. He was always fucked, but summer at the cottage alone with Shane might actually end him.

That's how she found herself doing dishes with Ilya after dinner, speaking to him in low Russian, that even if Rose or Shane knew, they wouldn't be able to hear.

"Will you tell him now Ilya?"

Ilya huffed and wrung out the drying towel into the sink.

"No-fuck-I don't know, Svetlana."

She stopped washing a fork, looking at Ilya with her mouth open.

"You are stupid or what? He's single, you're single. You're going to be alone in his cottage for at least a month. That would be the best time to do it."

Ilya grunted, wiping a bowl with more force than was needed, and replied,

"I won't be alone with him. You and Rose will be there too."

Svetlana grinned, plump lips stretching across a cheshire smile.

"Rose and I are gonna book a cottage nearby for 2 weeks and just visit you two during the day. We want to have some fun of our own."

Svetlana looked across the apartment at Rose and Shane watching tiktok on Rose's phone, Shane's head in Rose's lap.

Svetlana looked at her girlfriend with nothing but love in her eyes. The way she held Shane was so tender, and caring. Rose was still the same woman Svetlana had fell in love with all those years ago, and Svetlana knew she'd never change.

Rose would always be *her* Rose. Her precious flower. She'd make that woman her wife.

"Svetlana. Hello? Earth to Svetlana"

Svetlana was snapped out of her trance by Ilya.

"Yeah sorry. What did you say?"

Ilya huffed, rolling his eyes.

"I said. It's not that simple. How do I tell him I'm in love with him? That I've been in love with him for years? That's not something easy to say. He might not even want me in that way."

Svetlana laughed, loud and bright, causing Shane and Rose to turn their heads.

"Nothing, just thought of funny joke."

She turned back to Ilya with her brows raised.

"Shane has been in love with you for years. Anyone can see it. The only people who might not know are you and him. But, Ilya, he loves you. It's written on his face anytime he's around you."

Ilya sighed, leaning his head against a cupboard.

“We’ll see.”

Svetlana shrugged, knowing that they’d 100% be seeing Shane and Ilya together by the end of the cottage trip, and if they weren’t, she’d force them together one way or another.

Rose knew Shane was in love with Ilya, but she wasn’t sure if Shane himself was aware of this information.

So before graduation, she made Shane go dress shopping with her to help her find a dress for grad.

“Why couldn’t your girlfriend help you with this? You know my fashion sense is nonexistent. They’re the opposite of spidey senses.”

Rose chuckled and pulled another dress off the rack, handing it to Shane who was already holding at least 10 other dresses for her.

“Because we need to have a chat, and I wanted a girls day with you.”

Shane sighed.

“Chat about what?”

Rose hummed and handed Shane another dress, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

“Now you can’t hit me because you have at least 6 grand in dresses in your hands, so I’m gonna just come out and say it.”

She took a deep breath.

“Are you aware you’re in love with Ilya?”

Rose almost did have to grab the dresses because Shane went as white as a sheet and looked a bit wobbly.

“Woah, okay, lets sit down.”

She grabbed Shane’s arm and took him to a bench near the change rooms.

“I am not in love with Ilya. What the fuck, Rose?”

Rose took the dresses from Shane while he rambled on how he didn’t love Ilya.

“Sure I love him, he’s maybe my best friend beside you, Svetlana, and Hayden. But that’s just love. I’m not *in love* with him. That’s so different.”

Rose gave him a look, eyebrows raised, lips pressed into a tight line.

“You don’t think he’s hot?”

“Obviously he’s hot, have you seen him?”

Shane's eyes widened.

"Hey, just because you think someone's attractive doesn't mean you love them."

"True"

Shane gave Rose a pointed look, to which he raised his eyebrows in response. Rose sighed and smoothed the dresses in her lap.

"You're telling me, in the 4 years you've lived together, he's never acted like a boyfriend and you've liked it?"

"Okay well-"

Rose put up a hand.

"I'm not done. In 4 years you've never had one remotely sexual thought about him? You've never once been jealous of the people he brought home because you wanted it to be you? You never noticed how possessive and protective he is of you and found it hot?"

Shane pouted and bowed his head, meaning he had thought exactly all of those things, and the extent of his little crush was coming out in a Queen Street boutique.

"I'm not in love with Ilya Rozanov, end of story. The correlation isn't there."

Rose smirked, and reached over to pet Shane's hair.

"Would it really be so bad to love him? Or to be in love with him?"

Shane sighed and stared down at his sneakers.

“There was this moment-”

Rose squealed and grabbed his hands, forcing Shane to look up at her.

“Tell me now.”

Shane huffed and launched into his retelling of the night he came home after the breakup.

“I got home after seeing ‘idiot’ and I was crying, like full meltdown. Ilya just held me for a while and then he got me to the couch-”

“Ooh kinky”

“Shut up Rose.”

Shane hid his face in his arm and exhaled.

“He put my weighted blanket around me, and got me ice cream, and put on silly movies, and just held me the whole time. Then when we finished some movie, I can’t remember the name, he grabbed my face and used his thumb to wipe ice cream off my face. It was so stupid, and it was probably just friendly, but it felt *heated*.”

Rose giggled, face stretching into a wide smile.

“I swear to god, Shane Hollander, if you don’t make a move at the cottage I will be getting Svetlana to lock you in her storage unit until you guys kiss.”

“Oh, God, Rose, gross!” Shane giggled, secretly not finding the idea too bad. Would kissing Ilya be bad? No, it wouldn’t, Shane knew it wouldn’t.

“I’m serious, Shane. The cottage is the perfect time. You’ll be alone, it’ll be so private. You’ll have the time to tell him.”

Shane shuddered.

“We won’t be alone. You and Svetlana are going to be there as well, and who knows, he probably doesn’t feel the same so-”

Rose made a sound.

“Are you fucking stupid? Have you seen how Ilya looks at you? It’s the same way I used to look at Svetlana when I thought I couldn’t have her. That man is whipped for you Shane. He is so possessive of you, and the way he looks at you like he wants to fuck you. He wants you, bad.”

Rose took the first dress off the rack.

“Plus, Svetlana and I booked an hotel nearby so we can have alone time at night to fuck. You and Ilya should do the same”

Shane’s jaw was on the floor, his moment of shock interrupted by Rose taking the first dress into the changing room.

“Now help me with these zippers”

When Ilya got to the cottage, his first thought was ‘this was not a cottage, it was a fucking window’

“Shane, why is there so many windows? Are you not able to afford electricity?”

Shane has taken all the suitcases inside, setting them in the living room.

“Uh, no? When my grandparents passed they left me money to build a house. So I built this one. I always loved places with lots of windows.”

Ilya thought it was absurd, but he loved it because Shane loved it. Ilya was so whipped. Loving windows because Shane liked windows? Fucking stupid.

“Where will I sleep? Biggest room, obviously”

Shane snorted, watching Svetlana and Rose put all their coats and shoes into the closet.

“Rose and Svetlana can pick a room on the bottom floor for more privacy at night. You get the room beside mine.”

Ilya rolled his eyes, but he wasn’t really annoyed. Not at all.

“If I have to.” He muttered, no malice in his tone as he sauntered up beside Shane.

After his conversation with Svetlana, he decided that he’d try to give Shane some hints. He’d be more touchy, maybe flirt with Shane, just to see how he’d react. Just to see if Shane loved Ilya back.

Shane simply grabbed Ilya's shoulder, halting him.

“Get your bag I'll show you.”

Ilya complied, and grabbed his suitcase, following Shane up a short flight of stairs before being greeted by 2 large oak doors. Shane pointed to the one on the left.

“Yours,”

He pointed to the right door.

“Mine.”

Ilya nodded and pushed open his door, smiling at the view of his room.

“Very nice Shane, thanks.” He said, chucking his suitcase in a corner and flopping on the bed. Ilya lifted his head to look at Shane, who was staring back at him with wide eyes.

“What?” He asked quietly, eyes fixed on Ilya's.

“Nothing. I will shower, call me for food, ok?”

Shane nodded and shut Ilya's door, quickly saying “towels are in the linen closet!” before departing to do his own thing.

As soon as Shane shut the door he felt like he could breathe again. Staring at Ilya, and Ilya staring back, Shane felt like the most obvious idiot in the world.

He just wanted to tell Ilya how he felt. Now that Shane was done pushing down the thoughts he used to have about Ilya, his feelings for the Russian started hitting him dead on.

Suddenly, Ilya's hair that Shane had admired in a 'friendly' way before seemed like the perfect place to bury his fingers while they-

Nope.

Shane shook his head, ridding himself of the vile thoughts about his roommate. Good, great, fantastic roommate, Ilya Rozanov.

Shane quickly went to show Svetlana and Rose to their rooms.

"You two are down here. There's two rooms but I assumed you'd only be needing one, so I put 2 sets of all the towels and everything in the bathroom already."

The girls smiled at Shane and gave him a hug, Svetlana patted Shane on the back.

"Talk to Ilya, okay? We'll give you many opportunities to be alone with him before we stay in the hotel. Da?"

Rose nodded in agreement with her girlfriend.

"Yeah, Shane. Talk to him, try to give him signals. Anything to show him you want more than what you guys currently have."

Shane nodded, patting Svetlana's hand on his arm, then using his free arm to pull Rose into a quick hug. She kissed the top of his head and giggled, pulling away to rest her head on Svetlana's shoulder.

"We love you, Shane. And we know Ilya does too."

Shane smiled softly and nodded, detaching himself from them both.

"I'm gonna start dinner, okay? Settle in, explore a bit." With those words, Shane was off, leaving the girls to unpack while he went to the kitchen to begin cooking some gluten free pasta Svetlana had sent him on instagram. He pulled up the recipe and started chopping.

Shane lost track of time while he cooked, his phone connected to a speaker playing one of his playlist's quietly. He hardly noticed Ilya stalk up behind him until it was too late.

Ilya grabbed Shane's waist and he turned around, his head smacking into Ilya's hard.

"Fuck-" They both said at the same time, Ilya grabbing his nose, and Shane grabbing his forehead.

"Why the fuck would you come up behind me, Ilya?" Shane asked, blinking a few times until the stars disappeared. He noticed Ilya holding his nose and winced, gently reaching for his hands.

"I tried to scare you, but I did not know you were going to fight me- fuck-" Ilya grunted, letting Shane grab his face and inspect his nose.

"You're not bleeding, and it doesn't look broken or anything. I'll get you an ice pack."

Shane walked to the freezer and pulled out a pink, heart shaped ice pack. He wrapped it in a towel and handed it to Ilya, who took it and pressed it to his nose, mumbling, "thanks"

Ilya took a seat at the island, watching Shane strip a basil plant and toss the leaves into sauce. Ilya hissed as he adjusted the ice pack on his face so he could talk to Shane.

“You didn’t even notice I’m not wearing any clothes.”

“Pardon?”

Shane dropped the spoon into the sauce and whipped around. Sure enough Ilya was only in a towel, his hair still soaking wet. How Shane didn’t notice was a mystery. His eyes raked Ilya. Sure, he had seen the man in a towel hundreds of times before, but when Shane allowed himself to be attracted to Ilya Rozanov, he was able to appreciate the *man* he was.

Shane’s eyes tracked water droplets from his hair, down his thick neck, down his wide shoulders, over his tight pecs, then down his toned abs.

Shane felt his throat go dry. He forced his eyes back up to Ilya’s, watching the shit eating smirk appear on his face. Shane turned around, hoping it would hide his blush.

“God, put on some clothes you freak. All windows, remember?”

Ilya laughed, and Shane knew it was a belly laugh, one that made his frame shake. It was nice, Shane thought, knowing Ilya’s laughs. Even if Ilya was laughing at him, Shane never wanted him to stop.

“I know it is all windows, Shane. Let people see.”

Shane inhaled, calming down. He stirred the sauce once, before turning back to Ilya. He leaned against the counter and nodded.

“I got caught with a girlfriend of mine here *years* ago. I have neighbours, and they can be nosy. Thank god they go to Europe in the summers, they’d have a fit with you.” Shane

chuckled, letting himself admire Rozanov once again.

“Did you like it?”

Shane snorted. Looking back into Ilya’s eyes, a wide smile on Shane’s face.

“Like what?”

Ilya stood up, his towel slipped low on his hips. Lower than Shane would’ve liked, especially since the man was walking towards him.

“The neighbours watching? Did you like being watched, Shane Hollander?”

Shane shivered, flushing at the way Ilya said his name.

So he wasn’t imagining any of it, maybe Ilya did really like him.

“No- That’s a stupid question, of course I didn’t like being watched-”

Ilya tutted, clicking his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

“I think you’re a liar.”

Shane huffed, rolling his eyes. He ran a hand through his hair before turning back to the stove.

“Go put some clothes on before dinner, you absolute weirdo.”

Ilya grinned and chuckled, a low sounding laugh that sounded vaguely evil.

Shane felt Ilya behind him, the Russian's lips grazing Shane's ear, causing him to freeze, going incredibly stiff.

"Your weirdo."

When Shane whipped around, Ilya was already gone.

"Fuck." He whispered out loud.

Ilya was so proud of his little stunt. He put jeans and a t-shirt on before rushing down to find Rose and Svetlana. He wanted to tell them all about what he did to Shane, but he was stopped by Shane calling everyone for dinner.

Ilya was buzzing, just waiting to be alone with Shane. After years, *literal* years, Ilya was confident Shane had a thing for him. He couldn't wait to suck an answer out of Shane.

The idea put an extra pep in Ilya's step as he sat down beside Shane. They ate their gluten-free pasta and all talked about the cottage, and how Shane had designed it himself. Everyone was involved in the conversation at some point, but Ilya didn't really offer many details to his answers, more focused on watching Shane, soft smile on his face.

Ilya had always admired Shane.

How he was always anxious about something, even if the man didn't know what he was anxious about.

How he always held tension in his neck, almost as if he was constantly straining to see the things happening around him.

Ilya also liked Shane's neck. It was a pretty neck, one he'd like to mark up. Upon this pretty neck sat the most beautiful face Ilya had ever seen, with brown freckles and big, brown eyes that Ilya had tried his hardest to not envision anytime he jerked off. However, it never worked, Shane's eyes being the only thing he imagined while he came.

It was gonna be a long 2 weeks. Ilya knew Shane wouldn't want to do anything with Rose and Svetlana in the house. While Shane was with his ex, he always told Ilya to leave before he had sex, which Ilya found cute. Except for the fact he would've wanted to listen. It would have been hot.

Ilya almost pouted just thinking about it. Instead he snapped out of his trance, tuning back into the conversation they were having.

Over the next two weeks, Ilya decided he wouldn't let Shane have a singular moment of peace. If he wanted to wait until Rose and Svetlana left to make a move, Ilya would make him desperate for it.

He would hold onto Shane or grab him whenever he could. Ilya made sure part of him was always touching Shane. In the lake, on the couch, playing uno, anywhere Shane was, Ilya would be.

And he would especially jerk off extra loud, making sure Shane could hear it through the wall connecting their rooms.

Shane was listening to his guided meditation, airpods in as he laid on his bed. The video ended and he sat up, feeling relaxed. He took his airpods off and- was that?

Shane sat up on the creaky ass bed, putting his ear up to the wall.

Holy fuck. Was Ilya jerking off?

Shane practically flew off the bed, scrambling for his phone. It was 3 in the afternoon, what the fuck was he doing?

Was it worse that Shane wanted to go back and listen?

He noticed Ilya getting closer to him the past two weeks. He was very aware of the fact Ilya was basically glued to him. Wherever Shane went, Ilya followed, whispering in his ear, or brushing against him. It was driving Shane insane.

He was so close to grabbing Ilya by the collar of his stupid university crewneck and slamming him against the nearest wall, or window, whichever was closest in the moment.

Who even wears their university sweaters outside of school?

Shane sat back on his bed and put his airpods in, choosing to drown out the sound of Ilya enjoying himself with some Steve Lacy.

He locked his fingers behind his head and shut his eyes, willing himself to think about anything other than Ilya's gorgeous eyes, or his soft hair, or his huge hands.

He squeezed his eyes tighter and huffed.

Shane did want to make the first move, but at this rate, it was looking like he would be.

Rose and Svetlana packed up on the last day, putting all their things back in their suitcases.

“I think we should stay at the hotel for the first few days, give Shane and Ilya the full day alone to work their shit out. I can see how on edge Shane is.”

Svetlana nodded, listening to Rose as she folded her sweaters.

“I think that’s a great idea. If I have to see Ilya looking at Shane like he wants to get him pregnant, I might puke. It’s suffocating how much they love each other.”

Rose hops off the bed to join her girlfriend on the floor.

“Remember when we were like that? All over each other 24/7?”

Svetlana giggles and grabs her girlfriend, maneuvering Rose to lay her head in Svetlana’s lap.

Svetlana grabs Rose’s face and leans down to kiss her.

“I remember my love. Everyday feels like the first with you.”

Rose looks up at her girlfriend and smiles.

“I love you. Now let's get out of here. I want to get you all alone.”

They giggle, joining again for another kiss, the two of them grinning against each other as they kiss.

Shane understood when Rose told him that she and Svetlana were going to stay in the hotel for a few days, he really did, but he was also terrified of being alone with Ilya. He was scared that as soon as he closed the door, he'd be closing his friendship with Ilya, knowing that they would be crossing a line in their friendship that would change everything. They'd never be able to go back to what they were before.

Shane accepted the risk, and sent Rose and Svetlana off, watching their car disappear down the gravel driveway. He took a deep breath and shut the door, leaning his forehead against the door as he heard Ilya's footsteps coming down the stairs.

Shane inhaled, and turned around.

"Hi." He said quietly, staring at Ilya who looked like he had just woken up.

"Hi." Ilya said back, coming down the last step and walking over to Shane.

"Could we maybe talk?" Shane asked, hands clamped in the sleeves of his hoodie.

"Of course." Ilya nodded, holding his hand out for Shane. Shane took it and let Ilya lead him to the couch.

They sat down across from each other, and just stared.

"Are you going to say anything, Shane?"

"You say something, Ilya!"

"You're the one who asked to talk."

Shane huffed, and looked down. Ilya was right, Shane was the one who asked to talk. He was the one who wanted to cross the line. He was the one who wanted to ruin their friendship

over the idea of having... more.

“Listen, I need to tell you something, and I need you to not freak out, okay?”

Ilya nodded, blonde curls bouncing against his forehead as he nodded.

Shane inhaled and shut his eyes, feeling the bile rising up his throat. He swallowed thickly and nodded, opening his eyes to meet with Ilya's.

“I like you. Like, like-like. I actually think I'm in love with you, and I have been since freshman year.”

Shane waited.

Ilya said nothing. His expression remained the same.

So Shane rushed out, “Please don't hate me or anything. I understand if this changes things between us, but you've been giving me these signals since we got here, and you've been acting like a boyfriend even when we were back in school, and-”

Shane was cut off by Ilya moving from his spot on the couch, one of his big hands covering Shane's mouth.

“*Shut up*, Hollander” he whispered, taking his hand off of Shane's mouth to tangle it in Shane's hair.

Shane's eyes were wide, and he felt a whimper leave his throat, which was immediately swallowed by Ilya who pressed his lips against Shane's feverishly.

Shane groaned and his hands flew up to Ilya's hair, his fingers tangling in the curls and tugging Ilya's head up to meet his mouth at a closer angle.

Ilya slotted himself between Shane's legs, with Shane leaning back against the arm of the couch. Ilya's weight was heavy on top of Shane, but the man didn't mind it.

Ilya licked into Shane's mouth, and he felt his lips part for Ilya automatically, the Russian's tongue working its way inside Shane's mouth.

A whine left Shane's throat as he broke away from the kiss, gasping for air. His fingers still tangled into Ilya's hair, and he watched a line of spit still connecting their mouths.

Ilya's thumb came to swipe it away and Shane felt himself blush.

"So you feel the same I'm guessing?" Shane asked, anxiously.

Ilya's eyes darkened.

"You think I could look at you the way I do and not love you the same?"

Shane's eyes widened further- if that was even possible- and a squeak left him.

"Well I-

Ilya shook his head, silencing Shane.

"I have been in love with you since the first time you walked into our dorm room."

He pressed a chaste kiss to Shane's mouth.

“Over the years, watching you get hurt by other people, made me so jealous.” Ilya practically growled, nipping at Shane’s neck.

“I hated watching anyone else touch you. I wanted you all to myself, but I wasn’t sure you felt the same.”

Shane moaned as he felt Ilya suck a hickey onto his neck.

“Is that why over the years the sex with other people got... worse?” He asked, eyes shut tightly.

“Yes. I tried to forget that I couldn’t have you.” another bite to Shane’s neck. “It never worked.”

Shane’s eyes opened and he pulled Ilya down onto him again, kissing him roughly, tugging at his hair with more force than needed. Shane felt Ilya grunt, then moan.

“You can have me now... If you want me?”

Ilya swore in Russian, he seemed genuinely offended by the question.

“Let me fuck you. All night long. For the next two weeks. Forever if you’ll let me”

Shane nodded wildly, head bobbing up and down as he began to reach for Ilya’s jeans, working the zipper down.

“Not here. Not in front of all these windows. I want to be the only one seeing you while you cum.”

Shane felt his face flush. He covered his face with a hand, dragging it down with a sigh.

“You can’t say those kinds of things, Ilya.” Shane hissed.

“Why? Are you hard?” Ilya whispered, trailing kissing down Shane’s sweater, stopping at the hem.

Shane whimpered and watched a grin spread on Ilya’s face.

Ilya’s hands slipped under Shane’s sweater and up his chest. As they trailed up his chest, Ilya also hiked up the sweater. Shane shivered at how cold Ilya’s hands were, and shivered as he helped Ilya pull his sweater and shirt off.

His body quickly began to heat up as Ilya’s tongue dragged up Shane’s stomach. Ilya licked at his abs before ascending upwards to his pecs. Ilya kisses his nipples and Shane thought he might genuinely explode.

He was painfully aware of how hard he was.

“*Ilya*” Shane whimpered, tugging at his hair to make Ilya look him in the eyes.

Shane could practically see the need to fuck him in Ilya’s eyes. He swallowed as Ilya grunted, lifting himself off Shane.

“Bedroom. Now. Need to fuck you.” Ilya said, pulling Shane off the couch and throwing him over his shoulder.

Shane yelped.

“I am a grown man, I can walk on my own-”

Ilya shook his head and spanked Shane’s ass over his shoulder. Shane responded with a yelp that turned into a moan.

Ilya took him up the stairs and practically threw Shane on the bed, the bed frame creaking under the force.

Ilya unzipped his jeans and tugged at the neck of his shirt, pulling it off in one, smooth motion.

Shane laid back on the bed, propped up on his forearms, watching Ilya. He licked his lips and slid down his own sweatpants.

Ilya used one finger to call Shane to the edge of the bed. Shane obliged, crawling over to Ilya, stopping in front of him.

Ilya threw his head back as Shane sat on his knees in front of the Russian, and nuzzled into the erection in his jeans.

Shane began opening his mouth, moaning around Ilya’s dick through the fabric. Shane’s fingers came to hook in the belt loops of Ilya’s jeans, pulling them down in a fluid motion, revealing Ilya straining in his boxers.

Shane grinned against him and Ilya moaned, feeling Shane’s lips stretching through the thin fabric.

“Go. Back. I want to watch you open yourself up for me.” Ilya commanded.

“You won’t let me suck you first?” Shane pouted, looking up at Ilya through his lashes. He had heard the rumours about Ilya and his monster cock, and he wanted to find out if they

were true. Now.

Ilya grunted, shutting his eyes and breathing through his nose. Every micro-movement Shane made was going straight to his dick, and the way Shane was looking at him wasn't helping either.

"No." He grunted. "I want to watch you."

Shane pouted, but turned around and stuck his ass up, letting Ilya watch Shane crawl back to the headboard. Ilya stood at the end and licked his lips, watching as Shane rolled his hips while taking his boxers off.

Shane threw them at Ilya, and Ilya caught them, holding eye contact with Shane as he brought the material to his nose. He took a long inhale and breathed in Shane's scent on them, before turning his gaze back to Shane's naked form.

Ilya watched Shane take himself in his hand, stroking himself slowly for Ilya.

"I didn't say touch yourself." Ilya said sharply.

Shane grinned lazily, eyes opening slowly.

"Open yourself, touch yourself, basically the same thing, no?"

Ilya moaned and sat on the bed, taking his own boxers off.

"I won't let you come if you do this Shane." Ilya said lowly.

Shane stared at him, still stroking himself slowly, making little noises that made Ilya's cock twitch.

"Fine" he drawled out, dropping his dick to open himself up for Ilya.

Ilya shut his eyes and reminded himself to breathe.

"Think you can open yourself up while I suck you?" Ilya murmured, crawling over to Shane, hovering on top of him. Shane looked up, and nodded, immediately crying out as Ilya started sucking him off.

With his fingers inside himself, and Ilya swallowing Shane, he knew he'd be coming quick.

"Ilya I won't last very long if you keep doing that- oh *god*"

Shane's free hand grabbed Ilya's head, letting it rest there as he felt Ilya's head bobbing up, and down on his cock.

Shane threw his head back and stilled his fingers in his ass, whimpering.

"Ilya get off I'm gonna-"

Ilya only sped up, swallowing Shane through his orgasm, letting Shane paint his throat white.

Shane was a mess, legs shaking as he finished, staring at Ilya with wide eyes.

"That was so hot, fuck. My turn?"

Ilya pulled off with a 'pop' grabbing Shane's hand and pulling his fingers out.

"Depends. Are you ready for me or not?"

Shane nodded quickly. "Yes. I'm ready."

Ilya nodded.

"You may blow me once, then I get to fuck you into this mattress until we leave a Shane Hollander sized dent. Deal?"

Shane nodded and rolled off the bed, lowering himself onto the carpet, sinking to his knees once he was comfortable.

"Deal."

Ilya walked over to Shane, and he finally saw just how big Rozanov was.

"Woah." Shane whispered, taking in his huge cock as Ilya stood in front of him.

"You sure you can handle it Holl-"

Ilya was cut off by Shane's hot mouth wrapping around Ilya, effectively shutting him up. Ilya threw his head back as Shane's throat stretched to fit as much of Ilya as possible.

Ilya dug his fingers into Shane's silky hair, resisting the urge to fuck into his mouth every time he felt his dick reach the back of Shane's throat. Shane moaned around the shaft and Ilya tugged Shane's hair, a bit too rough, but it only seemed to make Shane go faster.

Ilya watched Shane's beautiful mouth stretch around him, swallowing as much of Ilya as he could, using his other hand to rake his nails up and down Ilya's stomach.

"God Shane-" Ilya cut himself off with a loud moan.

"I'm going to cum down your throat if you don't stop."

Shane pulled off with a grunt, licking his lips. He looked up at Ilya.

"Can you cum on me?" He sounded a bit embarrassed, but Ilya's eyes lit up.

"As long as I get to eat it off you." He replied with, watching Shane nod eagerly.

So Ilya stroked himself a few times quickly, and came on Shane's chest, lifting him to the bed to lick himself off of Shane.

The taste of cum mixed with Shane's musky taste, and Ilya thought he was eating ambrosia. He wanted to eat this for the rest of his life, not caring that it was gross.

It was later, as Shane was being fucked into his mattress by Ilya Rozanov, the two of them crying out each other's names as they came, over and over again, that Shane considered Ilya the best roommate ever.

They hadn't yet talked about being boyfriends, or anything. But for now, Shane was fine knowing they both loved each other, and loved taking turns making each other cum.

Ilya Rozanov was the greatest roommate *ever*.

Chapter 6: Melancholy and Mother

Chapter Notes

I finished this chapter after crushing a wild berry redbull and making my law exam review, so if there are any mistakes.....just ignore them please :D

I'm sorry this chapter has taken so long, but I hope everyone enjoys it!!!

This chapter is a shorter one but I really just wanted to wrap it up in a short and sweet way for you guys, and leave the most impact for my work!!

For anyone interested, I am writing a Hollanov Mafia Rivals AU next, and I'm looking for a beta reader!! If you are interested in either option, check out my page or shoot me a comment :)

Hope you guys all enjoy, thanks for being here for the ride! Kisses & Kudos <3

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

5 years later

‘Ilya Rozanov was the worst roommate ever’, Shane thinks to himself as he bends down and picks up Ilya’s socks. Ilya had always been messy, this Shane knew, but the Russian man had a knack for not seeming to care about the mess he left in his wake, forcing Shane to pick up after him.

Shane rounds up Ilya’s socks and tosses them in the hamper before walking out of their joint bedroom to the study, where he sees Ilya hunched over a drawing table, blueprints and floorplans laid out messily on the mahogany wood.

“Hi baby” Shane says, stepping into Ilya’s bubble of chaos to run his hands across his shoulder blades. He bends down and sees a pencil between Ilya’s teeth, clamping down hard on the plastic.

Ilya gives a grunt, acknowledging Shane and leaning into his touch, taking the pencil out from his mouth and setting it on the table beside the other drawing tools.

Shane pulls Ilya away from the work table, gently turning the taller man around and pulling him into his arms. Shane rubs his back as Ilya slumps onto him, hiding his face in Shane's neck.

While Ilya was a terrible roommate, he was a great boyfriend.

“How's the mock-ups going?”

Ilya groans and Shane feels him huff out against his neck.

After they had gotten married last year, Ilya had insisted on designing their house. Yes, Ilya had his degree in architecture, but he seemed to be putting unnecessary pressure on himself to make it ‘perfect’.

To Shane, any place where Ilya could sleep next to him, and fuck his brains out, was objectively ‘perfect’.

“How about you step away from the scary blueprints, Ilya. Let's take Anya for a walk, okay?”

Ilya removed himself from Shane with a sigh and looked at his husband.

“I need a break anyway, so sure.”

Shane smiles and kisses his cheek softly, grabbing Ilya's hand and pulling him out of the study to get changed for their walk.

Shane walks past his own work station in the kitchen as he grabs Anya's leash that was hung up on the wall.

He had achieved his dream of becoming an Astrophysicist, and was helping a university professor make research labs for kids who wanted to do the same programs.

He also achieved his other goal of making Ilya Rozanov his husband.

Shane twists the gold wedding band around his ring finger, running his fingers over the cyrillic script engraved in the gold.

“Солнышко”

A constant reminder that Shane was Ilya’s sunshine, there in the morning to wake up beside him, and at night settling Ilya into a restful sleep each night.

Shane still remembered seeing it on his wedding day.

As Ilya slid the gold band on his fingers he had whispered, “I had it engraved, Solnishko”

And if Shane hadn’t already been crying, he would have sobbed. Instead, he took his husband’s face in his hands, and kissed him, not as his roommate, not as his boyfriend, but as his *husband*.

They had their ups and downs, as all couples did. Ilya had been diagnosed with depression and it was something they had to navigate together as a couple, but Ilya had been doing well. Shane was his rock, and he was more than happy to drive Ilya to his appointments, or pick up his prescriptions for him.

When Shane had slipped on ice outside the St. George campus of the University of Toronto and had broken his tailbone, Ilya was there for him through his recovery. He had taken a 6 month remote period to work at home and help Shane with whatever he needed while his body was healing.

Their ups included sex. Lots of it, on basically every surface of their apartment. But it also included movie nights with Rose and Svetlana, helping them plan their wedding as they sat around the kitchen island, glasses of wine in their hands.

Their ups even included talks of adoption, or surrogacy, and they had agreed that when they had a permanent place to work, and their house was built, they would have a family.

That was why Ilya had been so stressed lately. Shane had been offered a permanent job as a researcher for the University of Toronto, which would mean good money and being close to family. Ilya, his parents, Rose and Svetlana, and the home he grew up in.

Ilya had immediately started working on plans for the house, laying out different floor plans to keep their child's room close in case something happened, but not too close they felt they lacked privacy in the future.

Ilya was having a hard time letting himself relax, and not overworking himself trying to predict the future.

Over the past two months, Shane found himself pulling Ilya away from the stuffy office to distract him. He would make him watch whatever shitty reality tv was on, or make Ilya do a workout with him, basically anything that would take Ilya's mind off the impending future.

He wanted Ilya with him now. Present with him here, in the confinements of their home, not lost in his mind over things he couldn't control.

Worrying was Shane's job. Being ridiculously sexy was Ilya's.

When Ilya came out in running clothes 15 minutes later, Shane was already waiting for him, a leashed Anya sitting with her tail wagging.

“Thank you, Solnyshko.” Ilya said, voice thick and his eyes heavy.

Ilya didn't have to say it, but Shane knew why he was thankful. He smiled at his husband and extended his hand.

“Come on, lets go”

A small grin spread on Ilya's face and he took Shane's hand. They fit perfectly together and Shane felt Ilya relax as he handed the leash to the Russian.

Together, they left the apartment and took Anya for a walk. They walked down the harbourfront, the crisp autumn air blowing red maple leafs across the sidewalks.

Ilya and Shane took off their shoes, walking onto the cold sand of the Toronto beaches. They unleashed Anya and let her run around, her tiny body jumping around as she ran to the water, then back to the boys.

They sat on the sand, watching the sun setting.

“It's gonna be getting dark a whole lot earlier, it's happening now.” Shane murmurs, grabbing Ilya's hand and lacing their fingers.

Ilya looks at Shane and grins.

“Does this remind you of anything?”

Shane looks out at the water, the orange sun blinding against the water as it gently descends from the sky. If Shane looked behind him, he was sure he'd see the moon beginning to peek out.

But it does remind Shane of something. Something that makes him grip Ilya's hand tighter, the pad of his thumb rubbing over Ilya's knuckles.

"That night at the cottage" Shane whispers.

Ilya nods, and holds his hand out for Anya, who had finally tired herself out, who plopped herself in Ilya's lap.

"I had been in love with you even before that trip. I think I started loving you the day you moved in and yelled at me for not having a separate towel for my face and body."

Shane giggles, recalling the memory of their first ever interaction as roommates back in their first year. In that first dorm, where they were strangers.

Who would have thought they'd be here, 9 years later, married?

Certainly not Shane.

He leaned his body to press his cheek into Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya snaked his arm around Shane's waist and tugged him closer, closing the small gap between them on the sand.

"I remember sitting on that rock, talking to my mom." The words are quiet, fragile, like they might break if Ilya says them too loud.

Shane places a comforting hand on Ilya's thigh. Even after all these years, Shane knew Ilya got sad talking about his mom. But Shane was there each time, letting him be sad for a moment, then reminding him he had so much to be happy about.

Ilya continued. “I had been talking to her in my head, but it’s like I knew she could hear me. I remember nights in Russia, when her and I would sit on the balcony of our apartment.”

Shane felt Ilya take a deep inhale, the Russian’s broad shoulders rising and falling against Shane.

“She would drink her tea, and I’d have my milk, and she would talk to me. We would sit outside in the summer and just watch the sunset. It was the best way to drown out my father and brother fighting.”

Shane ran his fingers across Ilya’s thigh in gentle swirls, grounding the Russian as he spoke about his past. Shane looked up and saw tears forming in Ilya’s eyes, but watched a small smile flicker on his face, his lips curling up.

“She would bring her little radio out and we would listen to the Russian music she grew up on.”

Shane found himself smiling. He would have loved to meet Irina. He knew he would have loved Ilya’s mom, and even though she isn’t alive, Shane does love her.

She gave him Ilya, and raised him to be the man he is today. Shane would be eternally grateful for that.

Ilya’s free hand left Anya’s fur to touch the crucifix hanging on his chest.

“She told me ‘Ilyusha, when I am gone, look for me in the sun’. She loved the sun. She was truly happiest when the sun was shining on her”

Shane nodded, moving his hand back into Ilya’s, holding it tightly.

“That night, at the cottage, I watched the sunset and I told her all about you, and I knew she was listening to me. She gave me the best gift of all, Shane. My mama gave you to me, I know it.”

He squeezed Shane’s hand, and Shane watched a tear slip from Ilya’s eyes. He cooed and grabbed Ilya’s face gently, wiping the tear away with his index finger.

“I love you, Ilya. So, so much.”

“I love you too, *Solnyshko*”

Shane smiles at him and gives him a kiss. It wasn’t heated, or messy, but careful. Shane pressed his lips against Ilya’s like he was trying to send him a message only Ilya could translate.

It was beautiful, just like the colours of the sun setting on the water of Lake Ontario.

“She was the sun, my mama.” Ilya whispered quietly.

“You are my Solnyshko”

Shane smiled widely up at him.

“Little sun” He translated, watching Ilya’s lips stretch into a grin. While Shane’s Russian wasn’t great, Ilya made sure he knew the meanings of his pet names, and the things Ilya said during sex.

Ilya’s fingers come up to grasp Shane’s face, like he couldn’t believe this was real. He ran his fingers over Shane’s freckles, a blush working its way onto Shane’s face.

“Little sun” Ilya whispered, capturing Shane’s lips in a gentle kiss.

Shane pulled away, grinning.

“You’re still the worst roommate ever, Ilya. You need to start putting your shit in the hamper.”

Ilya broke out into giggles.

“Sexy husband kissing you and all you care about is laundry, typical Shane Hollander-Rozanov.”

Shane’s face hurts from smiling so much. It was still strange hearing his hyphenated last name, but it made him happier.

Ilya had made Shane the happiest man on Earth.

While he was the worst roommate ever, he was the best soulmate in every universe.

Shane smiled softly, Anya licking his hand.

“Let’s go home.”

They stood up and Ilya leashed Anya, grabbing Shane’s hand after they both put their shoes back on.

“I love you, Solnyshko”

“I love you too, Ilya”

“Race you home?”

Shane grinned at Ilya.

“You’re an ass.”

He pushed Ilya and began running, hearing his husband’s boisterous laughter behind him.

And so, Ilya Hollander-Rozanov, and Shane Hollander Rozanov ran home, the orange sun dipping below the waterline as night came, disappearing into the darkness, sure to rise again in the morning.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so as I wrote this I also decided to add a tiny epilogue from Irina Rozanov (Hence the supernatural if you squint tag) but it was mainly meant to be a little silly thing to wrap up, but it's not necessary to read it. :)

Chapter 7: Serenity and Sunsets

Chapter Notes

Epilogue is super extra short, thank you to anyone who stayed for the ride, I love you all so much, thank you for your kind words throughout this journey. Kisses & Kudos <3

Somewhere out there, wherever 'out there' was, Irina Rozanov was smiling. Her boy would be okay.

The 5 times her Ilya had been a great roommate to Shane, she watched and smiled. She knew how in love the boys were, and she was happy for her son.

Incredibly sad that she wasn't there to show him, but happy nonetheless.

Her baby, her Ilya, her Solnyshko.

Irina had watched Ilya fall in love through the sun.

Everytime Ilya walked Shane to class on sunny days, watched them move into their first apartment on a sunny summer day, hoping Ilya felt her golden rays holding him.

She watched the wedding through a golden sunset, Ilya sliding a gold band on Shane's finger in the evening sunset overlooking the lake at their cottage.

Her favourite part of the days (If Irina could really call what she experiences days anymore) were when Ilya would speak to her, remembering her through the sun.

The golden rays threaded through Ilya's hair, the same way Irina used to card her fingers through her son's curls.

She loved knowing her baby was loved the same way she loved him, maybe more.

Irina was once Ilya's sun, and now he had his own.

Ilya had Shane, and Irina knew it would be enough for Ilya.

His Solnyshko.

His guiding light.

His grounding warmth.

She said goodbye to her son, watching Shane take Ilya's hand as they ran home, giving one final glance to the love oozing from them both before dipping down below the surface of the water.

Tomorrow, she would rise again, and watch Ilya plan his future with Shane, but tonight, she would sleep.

Irina was dead, but never gone.

Her son was her light, and she'd continue to be his light until they met again, hopefully not for many more decades, but Irina was patient.

Her son would be with her eventually, and he would bring his light, and they would all exist together, blinding light against the darkness of the world.

Later, not now.

She smiled and let herself shut off, darkness overcoming as the moon rose into the sky, her golden light gently shimmering off the water as she disappeared into the night.

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