

followin' a whim

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followin' a whim

by [rowed](#)

Summary

Forever, Shane wanted to say. Forever if you ask.

And that was the problem, wasn't it? Shane was in too deep, in over his head. Sure, Ilya would entertain the idea of possibly being more for these two weeks, but after that? He would go back home, to Boston, to his incomparably talented team, to his roster of other lovers. Ones with no repercussions. Ones that he could share everything with; ones that he could take out into the world, could love openly, loudly, without shame.

or, 5 times Shane and Ilya didn't say everything they wanted to, and 1 time they finally did

Notes

1100 words for day 11 (24th december)!! only one more to go after this!!

some notes for today:

- this is a remix of The Cottage (tm)!! 5 times Shane and Ilya didn't say everything they wanted to, and 1 time they finally did

- the first few lines in each section are lifted directly from chapters 23-25 of HR

- the quotes from the book are long enough to give context, but not too long to spoil anything imo, EXCEPT for the very last section!! if you haven't read the book and dont want spoilers going into episode 6, skip out after the fifth break! or dont read this one at all! i am extremely biased!

- title and lyrics at the beginning from Whim by Hayley Williams. please go listen. it's perfect for the cottage and i've been obsessed with this idea since her new album was released. i literally listened to this one song on repeat the entire time i wrote this

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

Baby, take it easy following a whim

Listen how the heart beats laying next to him

I want to be in love,

to believe in us, sans sabotage

“I have an idea,” Shane said. He was brushing his thumb over Ilya’s bottom lip as he said it.

“What?” Ilya asked, with more bravery than he felt.

“Let’s be honest with each other. For these two weeks, let’s just...say what we’re really thinking. Maybe...say how we really feel.”

I can’t, Ilya wanted to say. I can’t because if I do you’ll think I’m pathetic, or, worse, you’ll say it back and then what the fuck are we supposed to do?

It was a terrifying prospect, baring his innermost thoughts to another. There were still so many things he was afraid to admit to himself. Ilya never had a problem *doing*; it was the *thinking before* that was dangerous. He kept himself wrapped up tight, armored in sarcasm and cocky comments, to hide the soft underside of his heart.

There was no way he could say everything he wanted to. The only thing worse than telling Shane what he really wanted was hearing that Shane wanted it to. Their situation was impossible, and it always would be. If it ever morphed into something else, they would risk everything they had built for themselves. He couldn’t sabotage his career, his whole life, for this fledgling that might not ever make it off the ground anyway. However much it ached, he had to keep his thoughts under wraps.

They talked quietly to each other as they—there was no other word for it—*cuddled* for over an hour... Every now and again, Ilya would kiss Shane's jaw, or his throat, or, one time, the tip of his nose.

Ilya couldn't believe what he had been reduced to. He was...*infatuated*. It was disgusting.

He had never felt like this about anyone before. Sure, he had harbored some...minorly possessive feelings about sexual partners in the past, but nothing like this. Nothing that stretched outside of the bedroom. Nothing that suggested anything more.

So how had this one man broken through every protective wall Ilya had built around himself to ensure that this exact situation would never happen? How was it that all it took was one adoring look and some prolonged skin-to-skin contact? How had Shane burrowed his way beneath Ilya's skin and made a home between his ribs, right next to his heart? Why did he only ever feel at home when they were wrapped up in each other?

Shane laughed. "You wanna kiss me on television?"

"Yes. After I win the Stanley Cup."

Shane spread his arms out. "Oh, so in this romantic scenario, you've just defeated me?"

"Yes. Sorry."

"I'm not going to be in the mood to kiss you if I've just lost the Stanley Cup, Rozanov."

"But you would be so proud of me!"

Shane rolled his eyes. "You are the most obnoxious person on earth. I have no idea why I—" He stopped himself just in time. "—why I put up with you."

Fuck. Ilya was infuriatingly endearing even when he was being dickish. The worst part about it was that he was right; Shane would be incredibly proud of him, even if it meant he had to sink for Ilya to swim. But he could never do that to himself. He'd worked too hard to get here. It was a catch twenty-two, a lose-lose-lose situation.

But if Shane was honest with himself, he could admit that he loved Ilya Rozanov. That he would do anything for him.

“Mine.” Ilya’s breath tickled Shane’s skin when he spoke the single word.

“Yours,” Shane said dreamily.

“All of this. For two weeks. Is mine.”

Forever, Shane wanted to say. *Forever if you ask*.

And that was the problem, wasn’t it? Shane was in too deep, in over his head. Sure, Ilya would entertain the idea of possibly being more for these two weeks, but after that? He would go back home, to Boston, to his incomparably talented team, to his roster of other lovers. Ones with no repercussions. Ones that he could share everything with; ones that he could take out into the world, could love openly, *loudly*, without shame.

But Shane would still be here, at the cottage, alone. Seeing the shadows of Ilya’s impossibly beautiful frame in the hallways, hearing the echoes of his laughter in the kitchen. Shane would be here, at the cottage, where he had a taste of what a whole lifetime with Ilya would be like. A microcosm of a whole lifetime with the man he loved. And he knew it would never be enough.

For long moments, neither of them moved. They both panted and gazed at each other, and there were words that Shane was dangerously close to saying. He could feel them, thrashing around inside him, desperate to get out, but he forced them down.

And then Ilya placed a palm on the side of Shane’s face and just *looked* at him, and for a wild second Shane thought *Ilya* was going to be the one to say those forbidden words.

Shane’s heart was racing. He didn’t know what he would have done if they had broken that dam. He probably would have vomited out every single feeling he’d been trying hard to bury so deep inside of himself that there was no risk of them ever seeing the light of day. He probably would have said too much, scared Ilya away, ruined *everything*.

He yearned for a world where this thing between them, this thing that had grown fangs and sunk them into both him and Ilya, could be free. But that wasn’t this world, and it never would be. They could never have more than this, than secret rendezvous that could never be discussed with anyone, anywhere. It was dangerous, mixing sex and feelings in this way.

Shane knew that, and still, he wanted more. He wanted to stop feeling like his limbs were being ripped off whenever Ilya separated from him after they fucked.

He forced himself to stay silent, but it was getting harder to do each time.

Ilya turned his face away from Shane, and was silent. Cold dread flooded Shane's stomach; he had admitted too much.

But Ilya turned back and quickly rolled on top of Shane and was kissing him and kissing him and kept murmuring the same thing in Russian over and over again until he pulled back and translated: "I love you."

"Holy shit," Shane whispered... "I love you too."

End Notes

pls be gentle about this one, its a brand new structure and style for me!!

feedback and hate mail always welcome on twt @ ilyaroseanov <3

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