

All I Do is Stay Winning

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76385356) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76385356>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , cliff marleau , rose Landry (mentioned) , Svetlana Vetrova (mentioned) , Connors (Heated Rivalry)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Hanahaki Disease , Angst , Fluff , Suicidal Thoughts , Humor , POV Ilya Rozanov , Post Tuna Melt , Angst with a Happy Ending , Podfic Available
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-25 Words: 5,144 Chapters: 1/1

All I Do is Stay Winning

by [Ragazza_Guasto](#)

Summary

“Can you believe it? How the hell did he end up bagging her?”

Ilya stared, brain not comprehending what his body already seemed to, that Hollander was dating-

“Rose fuckin’ Landry! How does the lamest guy in the League-”

He knew that smile. He thought it was for him, just for him. But it wasn't.

“No,” he whispered. His stomach spasmed.

“You good, Roz?”

Why would he- How could he-

They were holding hands...

“Rozanov? What the fuck?”

He jumped up from the table and stumbled for the front door, just barely making it through before the first mass of petals came up. He heaved as he ran, trying desperately to get away from the pavement, somewhere he could hide what was happening.

Unfortunately, his teammates had followed, because of course they would. He saw a photo of Shane Hollander holding hands with a movie star and promptly threw up.

Who wouldn't be curious?

Notes

Write the fics you want to see in the world!!!

I banged this out in like 36 hours. Frenzied, Feral, Fanatic. That's how I've been these last few weeks. It's unreal. These fucking idiots, this fucking show, these fucking books, I swear, it's what I imagine doing qualuuds was like.

Trigger warning for the usual Hanahaki tropes. Vomiting, thoughts of impending death, suicide. Stay safe and enjoy!

Update: THERE'S A PODFIC MUTHA FUCKAS!!! Go listen to my very good friend SD_Ryan narrate this story, they did an amazing job!!! This is why it's important to make

friends in fandom spaces, you will meet some of the most talented and thoughtful people! ❤️



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

He thought it was a cold. At first.

The moment the front door slammed shut behind Hollander, an itch worked its way up his throat, following a path from the pit in his stomach. It was all background annoyance though, an irritation he ignored while he lamented ever speaking to Shane Hollander. Ever looking at him. Kissing him. Touching him.

He should've walked away that day in Saskatchewan, should've knocked into his shoulder with a sneer and never looked back. Not shook his hand and memorized his stupid face. He wanted to go back in time and tell that younger version of himself to run, get away as fast as he could. Because now it was too late. He'd let a cute boy take over everything and now it was over. At least, he assumed it was. Shane didn't want what was offered, fine, but Ilya wasn't so precious or proud to think if Hollander reached out again, Ilya would say no. He was pathetic like that.

Days went by with no word, which wasn't unusual, sometimes it could be weeks before even a text was shared, but it felt heavy in his chest, those days of silence. It felt purposeful. Permanent.

Marleau clapped him on the back as they made their way out of the Ottawa Arena, dislodging another dry cough. "I swear they're making it easier every time."

Ilya snorted at the assessment. Ottawa was never a threat but tonight was especially easy, even feeling as shitty as he did.

"Coming to the bar with us?"

He didn't feel up to it, honestly, had been battling this weird cold for a week, but sitting alone in the hotel sounded worse.

"Of course," he agreed easily. "Captain gets first draft pick."

"May the best man win," he chirped back.

As if.

The bar Marleau had found for them was some upscale, expensive place. The Mariner's Daughter it was called, low lit with blue accents; way too elegant for a bunch of hockey players, a little too much jazz and not enough Pitbull, but the clientele was good. Lots of leg showing for a cold, Canadian winter. Reminded him a bit of home.

"Holly," she said her name was, maybe, it was forgotten as soon as she said it. She talked a lot, too fast for Ilya to keep up with half the time but she didn't seem to want his input anyway, so he didn't feel guilty for checking out. He just wanted her for the night. She wanted the same, if her less than subtle glances at his arms were any hint.

This is too easy.

He shook the thought away. He wanted easy. He wanted simple. No strings, no thoughts, just sex in its basest form.

If she smiles when she kisses you, it won't mean anything...

Yes. Good. That was exactly the point. He wasn't looking to *earn* anything with this woman. That wasn't the goal. God, what was happening to him?

You miss him.

Fuck.

He ran for the restroom, praying for an empty stall as something sharp worked its way up his throat. It felt huge, scraping everything on its way out, blocking his airway for a horrifying minute before he was able to get it past. He had to force his diaphragm into the sink to get it out and when it came it was coated in blood.

“Jesus Christ, buddy,” said a guy at the urinal. “You good?”

But Ilya couldn't answer. Not only because his throat was scraped raw but because he couldn't focus on anything but what was in front of him.

He ran the tap over it, just to be sure.

“Dude, you're supposed to chew your food.” The guy chuckled at the small, round, brown shape laying in the sink.

He supposed it did look a bit like a potato.

Ilya shook his head. “It's a bulb.”

“Oh, sorry, man, I don't speak Russian. Good luck with...all that though.”

He left Ilya there, still staring at the thing.

“It's a tulip bulb.”

“I'm afraid the news isn't good, Mr Rozanov.”

No shit, he didn't say. That was apparent as soon as he'd sat down. Also, he wasn't stupid. You don't throw up an intact flower bulb out of nowhere unless you have-

“Hanahaki.”

“Right.” He stared over the man's shoulder while he then listed off the damage the thing had done to his insides.

“The good news is you don't have another bulb coming up. That first one was a doozy but it looks like a lone aberration. And you came in early, which means reversal is still possible.” He took a breath, made his face do something resembling sympathy, and said, “You know I have to ask the big question first.”

Ilya nodded. He'd been preparing for this.

“Is there any possibility of reciprocation?”

The truth was...maybe. It could honestly go either way, he knew that, but he was never going to ask. He knew Hollander would say yes just to save Ilya the suffering and he wasn't willing to ruin both of their careers over what was essentially a pity date.

So he shook his head no.

The doctor sighed, resigned but probably used to getting that answer. People didn't end up with Hanahaki for no reason.

“Alright. If you're sure.”

He wasn't. “Yes.”

“So,” he brought out the pamphlets next, “these are our treatment options. Obviously we want to avoid surgery if we can, and since we caught it in time, I'm hopeful of your ability to recover without it.”

Good. That was good. He reached over and took them, looking over the glossy faces of stock models living their best lives, free from choking to death on blood coated flowers.

One of the pamphlets caught his eye.
Hanahaki: A Family History of Love Sickness.

He had marked no for Family History but...the photo on the cover had him sitting up in his seat, sweat forming on his brow.

“Mr Rozanov?”

There was a woman leaned over a toilet bowl, her hair covering her face; a vulnerable scene, sure, but that wasn't what was making him feel ill. It was the little boy hovering in the doorway, looking worried, looking scared.

He thought it was bulimia. She would lock the bathroom door and heave into the toilet as quietly as she could. Ilya didn't understand at the time, and after her death it seemed like a pointless thing to dwell on, but... This...

“I think-” He couldn't finish. This possibility changed everything he thought he knew about his mother's death. She wasn't depressed. Or, it wasn't only that. If she had fallen in love with

someone else, there would be no hope for her. His father wouldn't have allowed it. And she would've known that people finding out she had Hanahaki would've embarrassed the family, so she- She-

He stood and left the room, pamphlets forgotten on the floor.

Two weeks went by. It wasn't the easiest stretch he'd ever endured; between hiding his illness, avoiding talk of Hollander, playing subpar hockey, and letting his teammates rib him for all of it, he wasn't doing well. But he thought it could definitely be worse. He could be dead.

The training regimen for self curing Hanahaki was absurd, lots of talking to yourself, trying to trick your body into believing you didn't need love from an outside source to be fulfilled. Ridiculous. If loving himself was going to cure this disease, he might as well pack it in now. But believing that was the best alternative to cutting the mess straight out of his chest, which wasn't an option. Until it was the *only* option, anyway.

“Rozy! C’mere, you gotta see this.”

He wove his way through the tables and sat next to Connors and Marleau, who handed his phone over so Ilya could look at whatever had got them worked up.

“Can you believe it? How the hell did he end up bagging *her*?”

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It was hard to tell, what with all the bile and the orange juice and the bagel he'd had for breakfast but he was pretty sure they were purple. The petals. Purple tulips.

"Rozy..." No longer a question but a pained realization. Marleau put a hand on his back. "You should have told us."

That got Ilya to laugh. "Why? So you could make fun of me?" He spit against the brick wall of the alleyway and wiped at his mouth.

"We wouldn't-" Connors tried to say but shut up when Ilya gave him a dry look. "Well we're not laughing now," he amended, glancing at the mess at their feet. "You need to see a doctor."

"Have. It's under control." They shared a skeptical look, not believing him for a second. "It is fine. I don't want to talk about it again. Do you understand?"

He hated to pull rank with them, they weren't just teammates, they were his friends, but he had to shut this down before it spread beyond his control.

"Of course. But-"

"I have to go."

They let him.

Hollander and Rose Landry...

Try as he might, the image of the two of them wouldn't leave his head, it was burned into his retinas as he walked back to the parking garage. As he drove home. He even had to pull over to cough up another wet ball of petals.

At least they were pretty.

The news was everywhere after that. He couldn't watch TV or scroll social media without seeing them together. They must've been photographed a hundred times in the last few weeks. It made him very aware that they must be spending a lot of their time together. He wondered how the sex was. Probably not as good as theirs. She'd never be able to fuck him like he wanted.

And then he remembered strap-ons were a thing and got depressed all over again.

They were everywhere, and always happy, and Ilya couldn't even get him to stay the night.

It was his own fault, he knew. He'd pushed Hollander away at every turn, toyed with him, and then...he'd gotten greedy. He'd wanted more. Even though he knew they couldn't have more. They would never have dinner at a nice restaurant. Never wear each other's jerseys in support. Never even hold hands. Not where anyone could see. But he'd wanted something, anything, to prove that it wasn't just sex. And for a few perfect hours, he'd had that.

"The internet just can't get enough of Rose Landry and Shane Holl-"

Marleau snatched the remote from Briggs' hand and turned the channel.

"Hey! I was watching that!"

"And now we're watching C.S.I. Deal with it."

Ilya didn't look up from his bike, he knew if he did Marleau would be looking back at him in pity and he couldn't stand it. He waited until enough time passed to comfortably finish his routine and leave the gym.

He made it approximately twenty feet toward the locker room before Connors caught up to him.

"Look, man" he said as they walked, "I know your plan is to ignore this and hope it goes away but that's stupid and insane and I can't watch you die so, like, I don't know. Figure something out!"

He stared, unamused. "Something, eh?"

"Yeah! Something! The Rozanov I know would never let a fuckin' Hallmark Channel disease kill him off. Fucking fight, man!"

Ilya pinched the bridge of his nose, staving off a headache. "And you think, what, I should do the surgery which may or may not permanently remove my ability to fall in love at best and fucking kill me at worst, defeating the purpose of trying to live longer?"

"Or you could just tell Hollan-"

"Shut your mouth," he growled. No one was in the locker room but that didn't mean no one could hear them.

He lowered his voice but he didn't shut up. "Maybe he likes dudes, you don't know. It's worth a shot at least."

Oh. Connors thought he had just developed a crush. That was good actually. Safer for Hollander.

"And in your made up, fantasy tale, Hollander dumps his movie star girlfriend to date the guy everyone knows he hates, who he could never be out with, and risk his entire career for? Mm? That's what I should hope for, Connors?"

Connors looked gutted, like none of that had occurred to him. “I- I just need you to be okay. This is so fucked up. What the fuck are we supposed to do?” His hands went into his hair and pulled.

Ilya took pity on him. It wasn't Connors' fault. He was trying to be a good friend.

“Hey. It's okay. I'm seeing a specialist, the best one in town. I'm going to be fine.”

“Yeah?”

Christ. Connors wasn't even that much younger than Ilya but in that moment he looked like a child.

“Yes. One way or another.”

“It's worse,” he guessed, though he knew it was true already.

Dr Morrison looked up from the nurses notes, gave a sad smile, and nodded. “Unfortunately, yes, it is. It looks as though you've got another bulb growing. Still small, so we caught it in time for the laser but this isn't a good sign.”

Yeah. No shit.

He found himself thinking that a lot in this office.

“So we laser and then what?”

“I'm afraid with how rapidly this is accelerating, you're looking at a full floraectomy by January.”

He swallowed. Just a normal nervous reaction, not a wad of flowers, thankfully. “You can't just,” he waved a hand around, “laser them every six weeks until I die of old age?”

He thought that was funny. Ilya wasn't joking. “Afraid not. Doing a laser treatment is a necessary evil to keep your flowers from taking root. You got lucky your stomach saved you the first time, considering the size of the bulb. Next time you might not be so lucky.”

He understood but it took every bit of his discipline to not stand up and throw a fit. Promise money. Whatever it took. He knew this wasn't that kind of problem.

“Can I ask...this acceleration, do you know what's causing it? Proximity?”

He chewed on that for a second. “We're...co-workers. And, they- She's in a relationship with someone else.”

That was stupid. Dr Morrison knew who he was, that the likelihood of him having any female coworkers was negligible. If prompted he supposed he could say he was in love with Margery, the morning custodial supervisor at the arena.

“That does make things difficult. I might have to recommend you take the rest of the season off.”

“Impossible.”

“Otherwise you're looking at that surgery sooner rather than later, and the longer you put it off, the more invasive it'll be.”

Right. So he was fucked either way.

“And since your positive reinforcements don't seem to be working, I think removing yourself from temptation is the only recourse. Just until we can get an accurate read on things.”

How did he explain that quitting halfway through the season wasn't going to stop him from laying in bed, scrolling Instagram to torture himself? That nothing could stop him from remembering the way Shane always folded his fucking clothes before they had sex and how the pain of it was so sweet, that he sometimes remembered on purpose, just to see if he would die faster?

Yeah. Probably shouldn't say that.

“I'll see what I can do,” he agreed just to get out of the office. “Do I need a note?”

“I can't make it to the All Star game.”

Mack, the team's GM, looked up so fast his neck cracked audibly. “What?”

“I'm having surgery and I'll need at least six to eight weeks for recovery, so I suppose I won't be at those games either.”

He blinked in response. “What? No you're not. Quit fucking around.”

“I'm serious.”

“Rozanov, what the fuck are you talking about? What surgery?”

He waited a beat before very seriously answering, “Dick reduction surgery. It's too big, it's scaring all the women I-”

“If you finish that sentence, you're fired.”

Damn, tough crowd. He'd had to look up the word 'reduction' to make that joke, he was super proud of it.

"It's personal. But I'm not fucking with you about needing the time off. Here," he leaned over and handed him the stupid doctor's excuse. Mack read it over with a scowl.

"This just says 'Time off for treatment.' Nothing about needing surgery."

He took a breath for patience. "They're hoping alternative treatments will help. It's not going to work. I will need the surgery."

Mack stood up and waved the note around. "This is insane. Do you understand what you're asking for?"

"Yes."

"But you've played injured before."

"Not like this."

"Seriously? Can't you just--"

"Play with my chest cracked open? No. Not even I can do that."

Mack sat back down. Heavily. "Is it because you smoke?" He guessed.

That made Ilya smile. "Yes. Tell people that." At least Shane would get an 'I told you so' out of it.

"What the fuck." Mack stared at the note some more, not reading, just planning. "It's serious? You're not just fucking with me to go run off to Jamaica for the holidays?"

He snorted. "I wish that were it. But no. It is...fairly serious."

He nodded. "Okay. Let's call in everyone else. We have a lot of planning to do."

Three weeks later, after every single team mate, coach, board member, and zamboni driver had berated him for his mysterious medical absence, he sat alone in his house and wrote out five separate letters. One for his father, one for his brother, one for his niece, who barely knew him but that wasn't her fault, one for Svetlana, and one for Shane.

Shane's he did last. He knew it would be the hardest, the longest, and the one that would finally put him in the hospital.

When it was finished, he hated how sloppy it looked; his English had improved over the years but he'd rarely had need to hand write it out like this. It looked like a child's writing. Oh

well. Shane would still get it.

Ilya folded the papers up, along with his mother's necklace, and sealed it into a padded envelope. He planned to give it to Marleau to pass to Shane at the All Star game. Hopefully a fight didn't break out. Shane didn't know how to throw a punch. He'd never needed to. Because he was fast, and smart, and good with a stick, and if Ilya had been stronger he could've been playing on the line with him this weekend instead of wallowing alone in his big, stupid house.

He sat at the kitchen island and stared at the letters. They were good, he thought, honest and heartfelt. Full of the things he had always wanted to say but was too afraid to.

Shane's was the best.

I knew who you were the day we met. I had been following your progress, I knew you were the only competition for me. I was convinced you would be mean to me when we met, which was supposed to be on the ice by the way. You were not supposed to walk up to me before the game and introduce yourself to me, compliment me. You were supposed to talk shit. Say something mean about my backchecking or my accent or whatever. Instead, you come to me with your hand out, freckles on your stupid, beautiful face, and say 'You're amazing to watch.' What was I supposed to do? Not fall in love with you? Impossible.

I did try not to, for the record, because being with you is impossible too. Right? We can't do that. Right? You understand the dilemma. Sorry I tried to keep you after years of pushing you away. That was too much, I understand now. I was so used to you being there when I reached out, I took you for granted. I'm sorry.

It kills me to know you think I didn't want more, though. I did. I do. I would've done anything, I think, to be with you like she can.

Turns out it's literally killing me, by the way. Terminally in love with you. Ha ha. Sorry. Not your fault, except in all the ways that it is your fault, you fucking menace. You exist and so I am in love. Just basic facts.

I'm headed to the hospital soon, to see if we can't fix this thing. If it works, we won't have to worry about running around ever again. Sneaking around I mean. I know it always stressed you out. My anxious little chipmunk. Had to look up the word for those guys. Ha.

Anyway, if it doesn't work, I want you to have my mother's necklace. I thought about giving it to my niece but I'm scared my brother will pawn it. I could give it to Svetlana but she will keep it in a drawer and never wear it, and that makes me sad. I think if I give it to you, you will take good care of it, make sure she sees the sunshine once in a while. You will do this for me, yes?

If you don't want the necklace and want to return it to me before the surgery, and maybe also declare your undying love for me so I don't die, that would be cool. No pressure. Up to you. Either way, thank you. For good memories and for staying for a little while. It was nice.

I love you,

Ilya

When he started coughing up blood, he finally broke down and called Marleau.

“It's time. Can you come get me? I don't want to call ambulance. Also I need you to do me a favor this weekend.”

They had him on the good medicine, so he floated in and out of consciousness for a while. The doctors wanted to operate right away but he made them wait three days. One last Hail Mary, as the Americans would say, to see if Hollander would come through. He wasn't holding his breath. Or at least, he didn't think Shane would come declaring his love, more like come to yell at him for the guilt trip. He would feel bad, Ilya knew, blame himself for Ilya's death, but he still didn't think he'd win out over Rose Landry.

That was, until he woke up Saturday night with a nose full of black, spicy smelling hair.

“Hollander?” He croaked. Stupid. Who else would it be in his bed?

Shane looked up, tears in his eyes and said, “Hi. I love you. You moron. You absolute fucking idiot. Which of your teeth are original? I'm gonna knock them out.”

He was still stoned so it didn't compute right away. “Huh?” He responded.

“I'm going to wait until you're better and then I'm going to kill you with my bare hands.”

He looked over Shane's face. His stupid, beautiful face. “Okay,” he agreed easily. “You come to visit me?”

His head thunked back down on Ilya's chest, arms went around him tighter.

“Fuck you. Go back to sleep. Keep healing. We'll talk tomorrow when you're more coherent.”

“Okay.” He used the hand not hooked into the IV to stroke Shane's head. “Is nice. Thank you for coming to see me.”

He sighed. Ilya fell back to sleep.

He blinked into the light, annoyed at being woken up.

“Good morning, Mr Rozanov. How are you feeling?”

“Like shit.”

The nurse laughed as he checked over his heart monitor. “Well your vitals are looking better. Good news, right?”

“They are?” He thought back to last night. Had he dreamt that? “Hey, have you seen an Asian man running around anywhere? 5’ 10”, kind of nervous?”

A throat cleared on his left. He looked over and found Shane seated at his bedside, literally holding his hand, which he had somehow missed.

Ilya grinned. “Hi.”

“Hi.” He looked angry, but the kind of angry Ilya was used to. ‘Scott Hunter is right next door’ angry. He would take it.

“I’ll leave you two alone, but you seem to be stabilising well, Mr Rozanov. Congratulations.”

He was?

Wait. Shane was holding his hand. In public. In full view of other people. He stared at them in awe. Shane’s thumb was caressing his wrist, back and forth, soothing, even though he was mad.

He tried sitting up, which was painful but he didn’t want to look more like a child than he already did.

“Stop fussing, you’re still injured.”

“Injured, sminjured.”

There it was, Shane’s ‘you’re being cute but I don’t want you to know I think so’ face. He felt hugely smug that he could still produce it.

“How stoned are you right now?” Shane asked.

He took stock. As shitty as he still felt, he did feel better. Could breathe again. Shane was here, he wasn’t leaving yet.

“Medium stoned.”

Shane nodded but didn’t say anything else.

“You’re wondering if you should start yelling yet?”

That got him a smirk. “Don’t want to start if you’re not going to remember.”

“You threatened to knock out my good teeth last night.”

“Oh, remember that, do you?”

He was waiting on Ilya to admit he remembered the other thing Shane said.

“You got my letter?”

That darkened his eyes back to anger. His hand tightened in Ilya's. He didn't pull away though.

“Yes. I did. Marleau knocked my ass into a wall delivering it.”

He would've liked to see that. “Sorry. He's not thrilled with you right now.”

“You told him?” Shane whispered, eyes on the white bedspread.

“No. He showed me a picture of you and Rose Landry and I threw up purple tulips all over the place. He correctly assumed it wasn't Rose that was the problem.”

Shane bent over the bed, forehead to the top of their entwined hands. “You idiot,” he grumbled.

“If it makes you feel better, Connors thinks I just have a crush on you. He's young.”

Shane rolled his head until he could look up at Ilya again. His stupid dark eyes were doing things to Ilya's insides that the beeping machine was blabbing about.

“Do you not have a crush on me?”

He swallowed. “No. Is slander.”

Shane smiled, slow and soft, like when they were alone. “Sometimes I think you look up words just to make fun of me.”

He shrugged. “Maybe.”

“You called me a chipmunk.”

“I did. You are cute like chipmunk.” He shrugged again. “If that is the only thing you remember from my letter...”

“It's not.” He sat up. “Your handwriting is atrocious and I didn't have my glasses so I could barely read it but...I remember the whole thing.”

The whole thing. Good. “You wear glasses?”

He snorted. “That's what you took from that?”

“Is important. I want to see them.”

“You will.”

Ilya stared. He stared until tears welled up in his eyes. It made Shane crawl up onto the bed again, so that was a perk. He wound his body around Ilya's, conscious of the IV and not putting too much weight on his chest. They were quiet for a while, just breathing and holding each other, but eventually Shane started talking.

“I had a plan. Sort of. A plan of a plan. I spent like eight grand on new clothes so you'd notice me this weekend.”

“I always notice you. You don't need clothes for that. In fact, you could never wear clothes again if you want.”

“Shut up. I'm trying to admit I was going to seduce you at the game.”

As if he needed to do anything special to do that.

“Yes?”

“Yeah. I-” He took a deep breath. “I figured some stuff out. About myself. Rose, she, uh, pretty quickly figured out what I had been ignoring for a decade.”

“Hmm?” He couldn't be more invested in this conversation.

Shane glanced up at Ilya. “I don't like girls. Not like that. If I couldn't get it up for Rose Landry, who the fuck would do it for me? Well, it turns out, basically just you. She asked me if being with men was better and I realized, it's not just the sex that's better. It's everything. Everything is better with you. Do you know how much of my life revolves around you? A lot.”

Same, he thought, but he didn't want to interrupt.

“We've been doing this so long, pretending it doesn't mean anything, but it means everything to me. I wish I hadn't freaked out that day. When you asked me to stay. I should've just admitted it then. That I wanted more.”

“It's my fault. You were always trying to know me and I pushed you away and then when I decided to try, I-”

“Shut up. We're both stupid. You more than me, but still.”

They smiled at each other stupidly.

Shane snaked a hand over Ilya's chest, resting it over his heart.

“I love you. Don't die before we have our first real date.”

“I think Tuna Melt and ginger ale was first date.”

“Ilya.”

“Shane,” he whispered before bending down enough to kiss him for the first time in weeks. After he thought he'd never get to again. He pulled back just enough to whisper, “I love you. So much I almost *died*,” he added with wide eyes. “Is romantic, yes? You know when couple plays stupid game, ‘I love you more, no I love you more?’ I win this game now, every time.”

He expected an 'Okay, Ilya' or maybe 'We'll see about that.' But Shane just pulled him back down into another kiss.

Ilya didn't know where they would go from here. People knew, more people would find out. He didn't want them to lose their careers, but...

Shane was right. This was everything.

End Notes

I have this extra headcanon that Shane's not worried about his parents finding out anymore because his mom's favorite movie is an old Japanese film about a tragic Hanahaki couple and Shane knows when she finds out she's gonna think it's romantic af. And she's right. I might go over this a few more times just to edit if needed but I need to post now before episode 6 because I won't be able to think about anything else after. 😞😭😞💀
Kudos and comments always welcome!!! ❤️

Works inspired by this one

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