so give me your eyes (i need sunshine)

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so give me your eyes (i need sunshine)

by GatheringBlue

Summary

Shane had known for a while now that he was in love with Ilya Rozanov. But it was seeing the sweet, gentle, caring side of him that leaked out more and more after they finally admitted their feelings for one another that clinched the deal.

“We’re good here,” Ilya promised him, voice softer than Shane is used to hearing it as he gently ran a large hand gently over his shoulders. “Your family is here. Your boyfriend is here. You’re good here, okay?”

“My boyfriend?” Shane asked, slightly surprised at the other man’s use of the word.

And it was when he looked up, staring into Ilya’s soft blue eyes as he casually confirmed his words, as though there was no doubt in Ilya’s mind that they were anything but, that Shane knew.

He could love this man for the rest of his life. He could love him for all of their days, and it wouldn’t even be hard. Loving Ilya was easier than breathing. It was natural, instinctual, and impossible to live without.

During their visit to Shane's parents' house, he reflects on just how much he loves Ilya Rozanov

It wasn't until Shane saw Ilya at his parents' house, a setting completely unlike any other one they'd ever been in together (for starters, there were actually other people around that knew their secret), that he began to realize all the things he hadn't noticed about the other man before.

The first thing he noticed was just how… polite Ilya was with his parents. Shane hadn't ever realized that was something Ilya knew how to be. Charming, yes. An asshole, yes. But polite? Sure, he could be sweet and affectionate, a side of him that Shane was thankfully seeing more and more of, but even a sweet Ilya Rozanov was still a bit of an ass. Except in his parents' home, Ilya was polite. Polite and… nervous?

If there was one thing that Ilya Rozanov had always been defined by, it was confidence. He exuded it at every moment. Even before a championship game, you would never see anything but complete confidence in him. Shane had seen him uncomfortable before – in press interviews, when he couldn't quite piece together what a reporter was asking him, during the Olympics because, well, Russia was Russia – but he'd never seen him *nervous*. At least not until Shane brought him home to meet his parents and watched as the cool, confident Ilya Rozanov turned into a shy, timid version of himself.

He'd brushed it off, for the most part, too busy having a panic attack to really think much about it. It wasn't like he could blame the man, after all. Shane was far more of a wreck than he was. Anyone in this situation would be nervous, he thought.

Shane had known for a while now that he was in love with Ilya Rozanov. But it was seeing the sweet, gentle, caring side of him that leaked out more and more after they finally admitted their feelings for one another that clinched the deal.

It was the way that, when Shane was struggling to get air into his lungs, too busy spiraling about what a complete and utter shit show his life was, Ilya was the first to comfort him, not his parents.

"We're good here," Ilya promised him, voice softer than Shane is used to hearing it as he gently ran a large hand gently over his shoulders. "Your family is here. Your boyfriend is here. You're good here, okay?"

"My boyfriend?" Shane asked, slightly surprised at the other man's use of the word.

And it was when he looked up, staring into Ilya's soft blue eyes (the eyes that were his favorite color in the world, the ones he could stare at forever and never get tired of, eyes that saw every inch of Shane for who he was) as he casually confirmed his words, as though there was no doubt in Ilya's mind that they were anything but, that Shane knew.

He could love this man for the rest of his life. He could love him for all of their days, and it wouldn't even be hard. Loving Ilya was easier than breathing. It was natural, instinctual, and impossible to live without.

By the time they waved goodbye to his parents and pulled out of the driveway, Shane had never been more grateful for Ilya than in that moment. There was no way, he knew, that he would've made it through the afternoon if Ilya hadn't come with him.

He'd been perfect. Supportive, kind, gentle. All the things Shane had desperately needed that day.

While lying in bed later that night, unable to sleep due to the last vestiges of anxiety clinging to his brain, he replayed the afternoon in his mind. It was then that he realized that even the things Ilya had done that, albeit in the moment had annoyed Shane, were really just more parts of Ilya that he found so endearing.

His use of the word lover hadn't been some sort of snarky remark. It'd been the language barrier, the fact that there were so many words that Ilya knew the definitions of but not the true context of them.

The way he'd been the only one eating the meal Shane's dad had made for them while the rest of them were talking hadn't been rude or a lack of awareness of the situation. It'd been an attempt to be respectful to David, to show that at least one person was grateful he'd gone through the trouble of making them a meal. And, the more Shane thought about it, probably because it was the first home-cooked meal Ilya had been given in a long time. Maybe since his mother died.

He rolled over in bed, watching Ilya sleep, the man looking more relaxed than he ever did awake. His curls, which had been sprung free of any gel the entire time Ilya had been at the cottage – much to Shane's utter delight – were falling into his face and Shane reached forward, gently brushing them back. Ilya snuffled a bit in his sleep, adorably, in Shane's opinion, although he could hear Ilya's protests already.

Russians are not adorable, Hollander. We have never been adorable. This is not something we are.

And even though most of the world would probably say they were a horrible match for one another, even though the entire deck was stacked against them, even though they might not be able to publicly be together for another decade… Shane couldn't help it.

He loved him.

He loved Ilya Rozanov with every fiber of his being.

The same things he used to hate about him, the things that used to drive Shane crazy, were now the parts about him that Shane loved, the parts he couldn't live without.

Ilya was the first person Shane had ever loved, and he desperately wanted him to be the last. His beginning and his end.

And while the logistics of their relationship wasn't easy, being with Ilya, *loving* Ilya, well…

That was the easiest thing in the world.

Being with Ilya was like finding a missing part of himself.

A part he'd never quite realized was missing, but now that it had finally slotted into place, he knew that losing it would be the greatest pain he could ever suffer.

It didn't matter if the world could never know the truth. Shane would know. He'd know that he desperately, fiercely, without any hesitation at all, loved Ilya Rozanov, and that would be enough.

That would *always* be enough.

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