

When We Fell

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When We Fell

by [rocketttt](#)

Summary

“Well,” Ilya said eventually, voice low and thoughtful. “Your mother did not murder me. I think this is success.”

Shane huffed a quiet laugh before he could stop himself. “High bar.”

-or-

Shane’s coming-out goes wrong but he and Ilya survive. Later, they argue over who fell in love first. Spoiler: things get a little heated.

Notes

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

It had been an extremely emotional day.

Shane had always known he would eventually tell his parents he was gay. *In his head, the moment had been polished smooth with repetition—rehearsed until it felt inevitable instead of terrifying.* He would tell them he was in love with Ilya Rozanov. He would be calm. In control.

He'd pictured it happening over dinner, maybe back home, maybe after another Cup win. His parents—his mother especially—would already be glowing with pride, happiness layered thick enough to cushion the surprise. *It would be neat. Clean. Perfect.*

That day wasn't supposed to be today.

It wasn't supposed to be his father, frozen on the other side of the window, watching as Ilya pressed into him, hands familiar and unguarded. It wasn't supposed to be the sharp crack of panic in Shane's chest, the sense of being caught mid-breath in something private and fragile.

It had been his nightmare, realized in real time.

But like all nightmares, it had eventually ended.

The conversation had been awful and awkward and tender all in equal measure. There had been shock. Questions, carefully asked. Answers, given honestly. They had listened. They had stayed. And somehow—miraculously—they'd all made it through lunch sitting at the same table, with Ilya beside him, solid and unflinching.

By the time they were finally alone again, back at the cottage, the adrenaline drained out of Shane all at once, leaving him hollowed out and exhausted.

They lay in bed side by side, the room dark except for a thin line of moonlight cutting across the blankets. Shane stared at the ceiling, listening to the familiar rhythm of Ilya's breathing, letting it pull him back into himself.

"Well," Ilya said eventually, voice low and thoughtful. "Your mother did not murder me. I think this is success."

Shane huffed a quiet laugh before he could stop himself. "High bar."

Ilya turned onto his side, propping his head up on his elbow. "Are you okay?"

Shane nodded, then shook his head, then sighed. "I don't know. I think so. I just—" He swallowed. "I didn't want it to happen like that."

"I know," Ilya said softly, reaching out, thumb brushing over Shane's knuckles. "It was not how you planned. But that does not mean it was wrong."

Shane turned his head to look at him. Even in the low light, he could see the seriousness there. The steadiness. The way Ilya stayed.

After a moment, Shane said, “You know what I keep thinking about?”

Ilya’s mouth twitched. “That I told your parents we were not in love at first?”

Shane snorted. “Yeah. That.”

“I was being honest,” Ilya said, a touch defensive.

“So was I,” Shane shot back. “But you made it sound like you were way behind me.”

Ilya’s brows rose, a smirk tugging at his mouth. “Behind you?”

“Shut up,” Shane said, rolling his eyes as he turned onto his side to face him fully. “Like I was out here falling in love alone while you were just... doing whatever it is you do.”

“I was doing you,” Ilya said simply.

Shane shoved at his shoulder, smiling despite himself. “You know what I mean.”

Ilya caught his hand easily, fingers lacing together. “You are implying you fell in love first.”

“Yeah.”

Ilya considered him for a beat. “Impossible.”

Shane blinked. “What?”

“I fell first,” Ilya said, utterly certain.

Shane laughed. “No way.”

“Way,” Ilya said. “You were insufferable. I hated you. This is very romantic beginning.”

“That doesn’t sound like love.”

“It is,” Ilya said. “I could not stop thinking about you. I wanted to beat you. I wanted your attention. I wanted—” He paused, then shrugged. “You.”

Shane’s chest tightened. “That was rivalry.”

“That was obsession,” Ilya corrected. “There is a difference.”

Shane shook his head, smiling softly. “I think I felt it before you did. I just didn’t have the words for it yet.”

Ilya leaned in, pressing his forehead gently against Shane’s. “Then we will say we tied.”

Shane closed his eyes, breathing him in.

They lay there like that, foreheads touching, breathing the same air. The quiet felt different now—not heavy, not fragile. Expectant.

Ilya's thumb traced slow, absent patterns over Shane's knuckles, as if he'd forgotten he was doing it. Shane noticed anyway. He always did.

"Vegas," Shane said softly.

Ilya hummed.

"When I knew I loved you."

Ilya smiled against his forehead. "Ah. When you asked me to get on my knees and suck your dick. Very romantic, Hollander. Good story for grandkids."

Shane opened his eyes. There was humor in Ilya's voice, but sadness in his eyes. Shane hadn't meant to—but he'd hurt him.

"Ilya," Shane said, catching his chin and turning his face toward his own. "That's not what I meant, and you know it." He sighed. "I don't know the exact moment when I fell in love with you. But I know the moment I realized I had."

He took a deep breath, nerves tightening unexpectedly in his chest.

"After you won MVP, and we... celebrated," Shane said, lifting a brow as his eyes met Ilya's. "I left, and in the elevator I realized we hadn't even kissed." He paused, thumb brushing along Ilya's sharp jaw. "And it broke my heart."

Ilya looked at him softly, eyes wet. He remembered that night—Shane knew he did.

"I am sorry, Shane," Ilya said finally, and Shane could hear how much he meant it.

"Don't be," Shane said. "I wasn't ready to love you yet."

It was the truth. They both knew it.

Ilya shifted closer, pressing their lips together without kissing. "I wanted to kiss you," he murmured, nuzzling his face against Shane's, their mouths brushing.

"I know," Shane breathed into him, kissing him like he meant it to last.

It wasn't urgent. It wasn't hungry. It was careful in the way that only came after something had been shaken loose.

Ilya's hand slid to Shane's wrist, thumb pressing lightly over his pulse. He breathed out, slow and steady, and then kissed him back with the same measured intention. Shane melted into it.

The tension he'd been carrying all day—the bracing, the waiting for something to go wrong—eased its grip. This was familiar. This was safe. This was them, alone in the dark with nothing left to explain or defend.

Ilya shifted closer, careful not to rush it, his knee brushing Shane's thigh. The contact was innocent enough, but Shane's breath caught anyway. Ilya noticed. He always did.

Ilya's hand slid up Shane's arm, warm and anchoring, palm spreading over his shoulder.

"Come here," he said quietly—not a command, not a tease. An invitation.

Shane went willingly, tucking himself closer until there was no space left between them. He pressed his face into Ilya's neck for a second, breathing him in, letting himself be held. Ilya wrapped an arm around his back, fingers splaying wide like he was making sure Shane stayed exactly where he was.

They stayed like that longer than either of them usually would—just breathing, just adjusting to the closeness. Shane could feel Ilya's heartbeat, solid and unhurried, under his cheek. It steadied him.

"I hate that you had to do that today," Ilya said quietly, he tilted his head, pressing a kiss into Shane's hair. "I am proud of you."

The words landed heavier than Shane expected. He shifted, lifting his head just enough to look at him.

"You don't have to—"

"I want to," Ilya said gently, cutting him off. His thumb brushed under Shane's eye, tracing the faint tension there. "You were so brave."

Ilya's hand drifted lower, settling at Shane's hips, thumb slipping just under the waistband of his boxer briefs. He kissed him again—still slow, but deeper now, intention threaded through it. Shane's fingers curled into the fabric of Ilya's t-shirt as warmth spread through him, uncoiling something that had been wound tight all day.

Ilya's hand finally moved with purpose, slow and certain, and Shane felt the shift immediately—the moment where tenderness gave way to something heavier, inevitable. The quiet between them thickened, breaths turning uneven, touches lingering just a second longer than before.

Ilya's tongue pressed into Shane's mouth, the kiss turning desperate, consuming. He grabbed the back of Shane's neck and rolled them, the mattress dipping beneath Shane as Ilya settled over him, solid and unyielding.

Shane wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist, pulling him closer, kissing along his jaw and earlobe, nipping and sucking until Ilya groaned. Ilya pulled back just long enough to shed his clothes and tug Shane's t-shirt over his head, hands sliding beneath him as Shane lifted his hips to kick free of his boxer briefs.

"Are you going to fuck me?" Shane asked.

A coy smile teased across Ilya's mouth. "Is what you want?"

"What I need," Shane corrected.

Ilya reached for a condom, but Shane caught his wrist—a silent request.

Ilya searched his face. “You are sure?”

“Just fuck me,” Shane panted.

“Turn over,” Ilya said.

Shane obeyed, heart pounding. Ilya took his time, kissing along the line of Shane’s back, one hand spreading him open while the other worked him loose—one finger, then two, then three.

“Good?” Ilya murmured, mouth warm at the shell of Shane’s ear.

Shane nodded, then turned his head. “I need to see you.”

In one smooth motion, Ilya grabbed Shane’s forearms and flipped them again, leaving Shane straddling his hips. Shane slowly lowered himself onto Ilya, breath shuddering until there was no space left between them.

He braced his hands on Ilya’s chest, lifting and dropping his hips, drawing a groan from him. Ilya’s hands tightened on Shane’s thighs, pulling him closer, urging him on. Shane felt it in the way Ilya held him, the way his breath stuttered—how badly he wanted more.

Shane set a rhythm, faster, harder.

“Oh fuck, Ilya—” Shane lost whatever composure he had left, clenching as he rode him deeper into the mattress. He came with a cry, head thrown back, body shuddering apart.

Ilya thrust up hard, hands locked around Shane’s waist.

“Oh God, Shane,” he breathed. “You are so beautiful when you come.”

Shane carded a hand through his hair, looking down at him through heavy lashes. “Yeah?” He pressed his palm to Ilya’s chest. “Are you going to come for me now?”

“Fuck, yeah,” Ilya choked, thrusting up until he spilled inside him, collapsing back with Shane still wrapped around him.

“I love you,” Ilya whispered.

“I love you too.”

And suddenly Shane realized that it didn’t matter who fell in love first—or who realized they were in love first.

They were in love.

End Notes

As always, thanks for reading! I love you for it.

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