

You Love Me. I Love You. Simple.

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You Love Me. I Love You. Simple.

by [Ilyhuuuuh](#)

Summary

Nobody knows. Shane and Ilya are in love and nobody knows, it's starting to drive him crazy. He just wants his friends to accept it and move on, but it's a work in progress.

Shane never wanted to leave this bed. It was warm, his mind was quiet, he had no worries in this bed. His boyfriend had made sure to fuck all his worries away. And now he was cuddled up with him, counting his heartbeats, and tracing patterns over his shoulder.

He's been so stressed lately. The hiding was finally catching up to him, the sneaking around, the mysterious texts, disappearing on his team without an explanation, trying to worm his way out of questions he couldn't answer. It was exhausting, even with him and Ilya being closer than ever, emotionally and physically.

This season has been more tiring than any other, and it's not even half over. He knew what he needed to do, but he was dreading it. He wanted the whole world to know about them without having to answer questions about it. We're in love, move on.

"We need to get up. You have two hour drive back, and practice in the morning" Ilya presses a kiss into his hair, jostling him slightly as he moves to get up. Shane puts a hand on his chest to make him stay "just one more minute, please" he tried to keep his voice steady, like he wasn't breaking apart at the seams.

"What is wrong?" He tried to duck his head and get a look into his lover's eyes, but Shane shied away, turning into Ilya's neck to hide his face "hey...hey, come here, look at me" he gently pried Shane's face out of hiding and looked in his glossy eyes.

"what is wrong?" He asked again, this time Shane had nowhere to hide, he let it all show on his face, his lip quivered, his eyes overflowed, his breathing stuttered.

Ilya quickly pulled him back to his chest, hugging him close, running his fingers through Shane's hair softly, soothingly.

"I hate this. I'm sorry, I know I'm acting stupid but" he cut himself off with a whimper "no, is not stupid. I hate it too, I miss you so much when you are gone, my love" he whispered, hoping the quiet words would relax him a little. "I just wish we didn't have to hide, I know I've been adamant about not coming out, but I want to. I want to hold your hand, and kiss you, and love you. I want to tell everyone I love you, I just hate that they'll have opinions" he was rambling, and as much as Ilya's heart fluttered at the thought, Shane Hollander shouting his love for Ilya Rozanov from the rooftops, or maybe from centre ice, he had to calm him down first.

"I know, is awful, but no matter what we do, what happens, we will still have this. I will still have you, in my bed, naked" he grinned as Shane lightly smacked his chest "nobody can take that away, opinions can't take this away" he finished, smiling sadly onto Shane's hairline, pressing little kisses all over.

"I want to come out" Shane whispered, and Ilya nodded solemnly, he did too. But Shane shook his head and sat up "no, like, I want to come out. To the team at least" and Ilya's heart stopped. They had talked about it before, many many many times before, but Shane was always too frightened, and understandably in Ilya's opinion, his team was awful. But he hadn't pushed, didn't want to make Shane feel bad about things he couldn't control.

“you mean, you want to tell them you are into men?” He asked carefully, not wanting to get his hopes up, of course he wanted the world to know Shane Hollander was his (including the voyagers stupid team), but he would take it at his pace, not pushing, just supporting.

“well yes, but no. I want to tell them about us. Me and you” he took a deep breath, as if waiting for Ilya to get mad, but all he could do was smile. He was scared, absolutely terrified, but he didn’t care right now. Right now his boyfriend was saying he wanted to tell his whole world, his team, that he was in love with him. And that felt like winning the lottery, twice, hell. It felt like winning the world.

“okay, then we tell them, do you want to do it on your own? Or would you like me to be there?” He secretly hoped Shane would ask him to be there, in case anyone got any ideas Ilya had to remind them how big of an asshole he could be.

“I’d like you there, if that’s okay with you, you don’t have to if you don’t want to- I just think. It might be easier to explain” he was rambling again, and Ilya loved it. He loved him. So much.

he laced his fingers through Shane’s twisted hands, squeezing. “I will be wherever you need me to be” he said seriously, needing Shane to know he was in this, completely.

“okay, we’ll talk to them next time we’re all together. I think you play in Montreal in a couple weeks, right?” Ilya almost laughed, as if he was waiting that long. “I have a next weekend off, I will come in then, if that is okay with you” he was already planning the trip in his head, leave after practice on Friday afternoon, be in Montreal by 3, spend the day fucking any stray thoughts from Shane’s mind, tell his team Saturday morning, spend the rest of the weekend fucking him again. Perfect weekend.

“oh. Okay, yeah, we can do that” he looked almost surprised, as if he didn’t already know Ilya would move heaven and earth for him.

“okay, now. Don’t worry about that” he said, knowing that’s all Shane was going to be doing “how about I fuck you again before you leave” he smirked and crawled over him, knocking Shane onto his back again. Shane laughed and weakly pushed at his chest “I have to leave in like 10 minutes” Ilya gently bit his neck “bet I could make you cum in 4”

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It was Friday afternoon, he had just pulled into a parking space behind Shane’s apartment building. He quickly grabbed his bag, punched in the door code, and ran up the stairs.

He wasn’t sure what he expected to see when he walked in, but this. This was not it.

Shane was lying in the middle of the living room floor, the coffee table had been pushed to the side, he had headphones on, and a blanket resting over his eyes. What the fuck?

he put his bags down near the entrance and slowly walked over, calling Shane’s name “baby. Shane. Are you okay?” He poked Shane’s thigh with his toe and Shane jumped, quickly

ripping the blanket off, a horrified expression on his face, until he seen Ilyas confused one in return and let out a relieved sigh, taking the headphones off.

“did you think I was intruder? Because if I was, I would have left after seeing...that” he gestured to Shane still sitting on the floor. Shane just chuckled and sat on his knees, right in front of Ilya, who’s cock was twitching now, thanks Shane.

“was just meditating, and trying to forget what we’re doing tomorrow” he said quietly, and Ilya would have none of that. Save the worrying for tomorrow, right now he was going to take Shane apart so gently, and then put him back together. Take him out of his head, as Shane called it.

“well, seeing as you are already down there” he cradled the man’s cheek in one hand, undoing the tie on his sweatpants with the other, smirking down at him, the other boy just moaned happily and rubbed his cheek against Ilyas crotch. God he was gorgeous.

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The next morning comes way too soon in Shane’s opinion. He’s been up since 6, after tossing and turning all night, it’s now 10 and he’s already exhausted. He’d been going over what he wanted to say, how to explain this wonderful, amazing, confusing love.

He didn’t know how his friends were going to take it, he thought about telling Hayden separately, but he didn’t know if he had it in him to repeat the whole back and forth more than once. He knew Hayden would have questions, but he also knew they would be on par with the rest of his friends questions.

He had only invited Hayden, J.J., Drapeau, and Comeau. Suddenly it felt like too many people. Too many eyes on him, too many people in on the secret that’s supposed to be just his and Ilyas.

“Relax. You will put hole in rug” Ilya gestured to where Shane had been pacing for the last hour, Shane just groaned and fell into Ilyas arms, resting his forehead on his shoulder.

“What do I tell them? How do I tell them?” Ilya is quick to comfort, running his fingers through the hair at the base of his neck, his other hand soothing circles on his back.

“You tell them whatever you want to tell them. Tell them you love me. Tell them I love you. Tell them you beg for my cock. Simple” Shane could hear the smirk on Ilyas face, and as much as he hated to admit it, the joke made him feel better.

“I will be one room away, you tell me when you need me. I will come.” He says simply, Shane nodded, he knew he had to do this, it would give them that much more freedom, it would be worth it.

There was a knock on the door and he jumped, Ilyas hands quick to steady him “everything will work out, I love you” a quick kiss to Shane’s lips and Ilya disappeared into the guest bedroom, just across from where he would break the news. The door to the bedroom stayed open, just in case.

Shane took his time, checking his reflection in the hall mirror, fixing his hair, pulling his sweater sleeves down, shuffling his feet, all before opening the door.

The four men on the other side looked more than concerned, Shane had told them after practice Friday morning that he wanted to talk to them, and hadn't elaborated, so their minds have probably run off in different directions, Shane was certain none of their guesses or assumptions were correct.

"Come on in, I'll grab some beers" he quickly shuffled to the kitchen, he had stocked up yesterday, he didn't normally drink during the season, but god. He needed to today.

"Shane, it's 10:30am in the middle of the season, why are you drinking?" Hayden suddenly looked more concerned than he had before, not following the others to the kitchen table.

"We're all going to need one, trust me" he breathed out and placed a bottle in front of everyone, Comeau was the only one to drink, the others glancing at him with worry.

He sat at the head of the table, picking at the label on his bottle, not brave enough to meet their gaze.

"Can you tell us what's going on? We're worried" Hayden sat next to him, the closest. Him and Hayden had always been the closest out of everyone in the group, spending so much time together on and off the ice.

"Just give me a second, I need a minute" he said, resting his head on his forearms against the table. God, how did people do this? Then again, he can't imagine many people had to explain their gay relationship with their very public rival to their NHL teammates. This was probably new territory all around.

He composed himself as much as possible, reaching for strength from Ilya in the other room.

"I have to tell you guys something" he started, worrying his bottom lip between his fingers "please don't be mad at me, hear me out" he gathered the courage to look each of his friends in the eye, trying to convey how important this was for him.

They all nodded seriously, leaning in subconsciously.

He nodded his head, looking to the table before steeling himself "I'm gay" and it was out. One of the secrets he had been harbouring for years, splayed out on his mahogany dining table, for his friends to inspect.

"Shane, we would never be mad at you for that. We support you, always" Hayden was the first to speak, followed by J.J. "oui capitaine! Does not matter to us".

Drapeau kicked his foot under the table, causing Shane to look to him, he sent a friendly smile in support and nodded, Comeau just nodded and chuckled "of course Hollander, you're still the best player in the league".

Part of the weight on his chest lifted, he had thought his friends would be supportive, but to know for sure was a relief.

“Is that why you were so nervous? Did you think we wouldn’t be okay with it?” Hayden asked hesitantly, and the weight suddenly doubled again because no, that’s not why he was so nervous. He wasn’t done yet.

“No actually, there’s more” he whispered, knowing the support could easily turn into anger very soon.

“What? You got some secret boy toy we don’t know about, huh?” J.J. joked, and Shane stiffened at the words ‘boy toy’ because what if that’s what they thought him and Ilya were to each other? just a quick fuck. Sure, that had been how it started, but it hadn’t been like that in years, Shane still wasn’t convinced it had ever been like that for him or Ilya.

“Holy shit! You do! Shane Hollander has a boyfriend?” Hayden yelled excitedly, he could feel his cheeks flush, he probably looked like he was about to pass out.

“I uh- yeah. I do” he swallowed around the lump in his throat, now for the tricky part.

“Well who is he?” Comeau asked across the table, a wide grin on his face. Shane tried to return it but it fell short.

”I need you to know, before I tell you anything...he’s the love of my life. Okay? I love him, he loves me” all the guys eyes softened just a little, and in any other circumstance he would find it adorable, his teammates secretly gushing over his boyfriend, but he knew they would have much different expressions once they knew.

“I’m happy for you, Shane” Drapeau expressed fondly, Shane nodded and soaked it in, it felt good to talk about this, even without full disclosure.

“So when do we get to meet the lucky guy?” Hayden asked, this was his opening, this was his chance.

“you already have, actually” it took everything for him to choke that sentence out, he felt like his body was vibrating.

“what do you mean? We all have?” J.J. asked and Shane just nodded, not having the words right now. He was spiralling.

“Who is he then?” Hayden put a soothing hand on his arm, he jumped slightly and looked at it, the familiar comfort pushing him.

“Ilya Rozanov” he whispered, barely audible, but the apartment was so quiet it felt like he screamed it.

Everyone was silent. Nobody breathed for a minute, he could hear the tap from the kitchen sink drip, the fireplace in the living room crackle, he could’ve sworn he heard Ilya shift in the other room.

“Rozanov...? You’re..in love? With Rozanov?” Hayden asked, his voice confused, shocked, and a little irritated.

Shane just nodded and looked at the table.

“what the fuck do you mean? How long have you been...fucking? How are you-?” Comeau trailed off, the irritation seemed to be a common theme. Well, it was nice having supportive friends while it lasted.

“we’re not- it’s not just fucking okay? I love him” he tried to sound confident, sure, as sure as he was in their love. He wanted to prove that what they had was real, but it came out meek, shy, and uncertain.

“You can’t be serious? You are joking, yeah?” J.J. asked, he could feel someone’s leg shaking under the table. Shane just shook his head.

“I’m not joking. I wouldn’t. Not about this, not about him” he said, more confident this time, almost like he was siphoning it from Ilya from a room away.

“you hate him! You can’t love him when we were talking about how much we hated him the last time we played Ottawa” Hayden said, as if this was a gotcha moment, as if he had proved Shane wrong.

“I never said I hated him, you did. You all did, never me” he explained, as if that would make this any better. ‘You all hate my boyfriend, not me though!’ God this was going about as awful as he expected.

“so this is what? A tactic? A way to get close to the enemy? Or is it the other way around? He’s using you? I’m so confused” Comeau asked and despite Shane’s mild temper, his calm, cool and collected attitude, he could feel the fire start in his stomach.

“It’s none of those things. It’s real. It’s not some twisted plan to get in each others heads” he stated plainly, not wanting to raise his voice at his friends, even though he was close.

“what about playing against each other? It does not affect how you play? Knowing he’s on the ice, you won’t go easy on him?” J.J. asked, almost sarcastically.

“no, we’ve never gone easy on each other. If anything we play harder against each other. He makes me better” again, plain delivery in attempt to calm his raging nerves.

“you can’t possibly think we believe that, if what you’re saying is true how are we supposed to know you’re not going to fuck the next game on purpose?” Drapeau asked, accusingly, and that was enough.

“I have carried this team for years! You think I’m going to, what? Throw a game because Ilyas playing? To make him feel good about himself? To make him like me?” He was starting to shout “I hate to debunk your theory but we have won three! Three goddamn cups since me and Ilya have been together, and he’s won two, so you can all fuck off” he breathed through his nose hard, trying to reign in his heartbeat.

“Three!? How long have you been together?” Hayden’s voice was so loud in his ears, so loud. It felt like the world was collapsing, his vision tunnelling, he was shaking so much he

thought he might fall out of his skin.

The others must have noticed because suddenly there was a squeak of a chair and hurried words in his ear, he couldn't quite pick them out.

"out of my way. Move!" That voice he did recognize. "Ilya" he whispered, leaning to where he heard him. "What the fuck are you doing here?!" Nobody responded.

There were warm hands on his neck, supporting his head, tracing soothing circles just below his hairline "Shane, look at me moy lyubimyy, look at me" Shane opened his eyes, staring back into Ilyas. His gaze was soft, gentle, a little worried.

"There you are. Come back to me. That's it, breathe in" he followed Ilyas words, breathing along with him until this vision was back to normal albeit blurry with tears, and his pulse had calmed.

"I think is enough for today. Get out" Ilya straightened and looked to their company, who all had matching shocked looks on their faces.

"Ilya no, I want them to-" Ilya cut him off "I know you do, but they do not want to hear it. And I do not want you having panic attack. So they leave. Now." He basically growled at the other four, who continued to stare.

"I'm not leaving him with you when he's like that" Hayden settled on, as if Ilyas hands weren't the safest place for him to be.

"You are the reason he is like that. So yes you will leave" he started moving forward, Hayden backing up on instinct, which probably made Ilya feel like tough shit.

"Shane, are you okay?" Drapeau asked cautiously, walking a little closer but keeping an eye on Ilya.

Shane looked up at his boyfriend, took his hand and twisted their fingers together "yeah, I'm okay" he said softly, standing on shaky legs, stepping closer to Ilya.

"If you don't...approve or whatever, of me and Ilya, I don't care. You can leave, all I ask is to please not tell anyone, we're going to tell everyone, we just need some more time" he looked in everyone's eyes, trying to push that point across sternly. That was not up for discussion. He didn't continue until everyone had nodded.

"You can stay for lunch if you'd like, I'll explain this as best as I can, I'll answer any questions you have, I can imagine there are a lot. But I will not have you here if you're going to tear down my relationship, or if you're going to shit talk him" Ilya squeezed his hand, Shane smiled weakly at him in response.

"I understand you're not going to like him overnight, god knows I didn't," he chuckles as Ilya groans and continues "but if you're staying, I need you to try. I need you to listen when I say he's here to stay." He finishes. He fully expects all of them to walk out, straightens his spine in preparation for the blow that's about to come, but it doesn't.

Hayden is the first to move, grabbing his beer off the table and downing it “I’m not eating anything he cooks” he scowls at Ilya who just grins in return. J.J. slowly sits back down, staring at them wordlessly. Drapeau nods and moves back to his chair, keeping his eyes on where Ilya and Shane’s hands are intertwined. Comeau is the last to move, if Shane was a betting person, he would have put money on Comeau walking out, never talking to him again, but surprisingly he just takes his seat.

Shane lets out a breath he feels has been locked in his lungs since they knocked on his door, and deflates, leaning into Ilya, his head on his shoulder “hard part is over, sweetheart. Relax” the hand that’s not being smushed between Shane’s comes up and runs through his hair, and he kisses the side of his head.

That sends the boys into a frenzy of “did Rozanov just call him sweetheart?”, “What the hell happened to big bad Russian, huh?”, “I can’t believe I have to be civil with this man” and all Shane can do is smile, and relish in this little, tiny bit of freedom. Ilya was wrong, the hard part isn’t over, but they’ll get through it. In this moment, he thinks he could go through anything, as long as he’s got Ilya to catch him.

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