Finish Your Tuna Melt

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Finish Your Tuna Melt

by sincerelyinej

Summary

What if Ilya convinced Shane not to leave after the tuna melt scene?

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“I’m sorry.” Shane repeated, gathering the rest of his clothes before turning to walk out of the room.

It was just a name. All he said was a name, but it was his name. Shane. And it sounded like honey dripping from Ilya’s tongue. But it was too much too soon. The realization hit him when he reached for the doorknob. How could he pretend that this arrangement was enough? The sneaking around, the secret fucks a couple times a year.

It wasn’t enough.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“This is all just too much for me.” He paused, rubbing a hand against his jaw. “I’m sorry.”

Ilya shifted uncomfortably on the couch. “Hollander,” he muttered. Ilya didn’t understand Shane’s panic. “*Hollander*.”

“I’m sorry.” Shane repeated, gathering the rest of his clothes before turning to walk out of the room.

It was just a name. All he said was a name, but it was his name. Shane. And it sounded like honey dripping from Ilya’s tongue. But it was too much too soon. The realization hit him when he reached for the doorknob. How could he pretend that this arrangement was enough? The sneaking around, the secret fucks a couple times a year.

It wasn’t enough.

It couldn’t possibly be enough. But it also felt like too much. Shane wanted more but he was so goddamn scared of his world imploding. There was no way Ilya fucking Rozanov would more with him too. For all he knew, Ilya was already finding a hot Boston girl to hook up with.

Shane looked down at his shoes, taking a much needed breath before opening the door. The sound of footsteps growing louder stopped him in his tracks, though.

“Wait.” Rozanov’s accented voice pleaded. “Just don’t go.”

“I-I think I should.” Shane stumbled through his words. He didn’t dare to turn around, he was too ashamed to face him.

“Look at me, Hollander.”

Shane turned around, because of course he did. He would do anything Rozanov asked of him. Shane hated how compliant he was around him.

He was met with Rozanov’s stormy eyes. He had to resist the urge to let his eyes roam the rest of Rozanov’s form. Shane let his shoulders slump and he finally realized the fact that he was going to leave wearing Rozanov’s clothes.

“Come,” Rozanov said softly. “Come back to the couch. We will talk, yes?”

Shane nodded hesitantly. The steps back to the living room felt like it took a thousand years. They sat on opposite sides, like earlier, and for just a moment, Shane forgot why he wanted to leave in the first place.

“I feel so stupid.” Shane mumbled, refusing to look over at the Russian beside him.

“Why? Because you got scared?” Rozanov taunted. “Like little girl.”

“Fuck you.”

Rozanov rolled his eyes. “Is not a big deal. Your name is Shane, correct?”

Shane groaned and dropped his head in his hands. “I don’t know how you could possibly be more of an asshole than right now.”

“Hollander, what is the problem?”

The problem was Shane Hollander was in love with Ilya Rozanov, and he knew Ilya didn’t feel the same way.

“You come here, we fuck, I make you food, and we hang out.” Rozanov said plainly. Like it was the simplest situation. “Is simple.”

Shane rolled his eyes, finally raising his head and meeting Rozanov’s eyes. He was angry. Angry for himself, for the situation, for Rozanov. *Simple*, he thought. *How was any of this ‘simple’.*

“None of this has been simple for me, Rozanov.” Shane scoffed. “This feels….. This feels like–”

“Like what?” Rozanov interrupted.

“Like more.”

“More?” Rozanov questioned, curiosity meeting his eyes. “What do you mean, more?”

“Jesus Christ,” Shane mumbled. “Like more than just hooking up.”

“Don’t.” Rozanov spat. “Don’t do this. You know we cannot do this.”

He moved closer to Shane on the couch. The tension was unbearable. Shane wanted to leave. He wanted to crawl in a hole and stay there for the rest of his life if it meant an escape from this conversation.

Rozanov looked scared, though Shane didn’t know why. “Would you, if we could?” Shane asked him quietly.

Rozanov turned away. “It does not matter.”

“Of course it matters! I like you, Rozanov.”

“No, you don’t.” Rozanov shook his head aggressively. When he turned back to look at Shane, tears were forming in his eyes.

Shane immediately softened, scooching closer to Rozanov. “I actually think I like you a little too much.”

Rozanov shook his head and let out a shaky laugh. “You should not say this.”

“Yeah, I’m starting to regret it.” Shane grumbled.

The two sat in silence for a good while, unsure of what to do or say next. On one hand, it was freeing to lay it all in the open. On the other hand, they were both terrified. Of their feelings, of each other, of the implications of what this would mean. They were rivals, for heaven's sake. Whatever relationship the two had would never work. They both knew that.

Shane knew it was risky. He hated taking risks. He wanted to stay safe in his bubble of cautiousness. But for once, Shane Hollander decided to be brave.

"I want you, though." He said, moving closer to Rozanov. Shane placed a comforting hand on the Russian's thigh and squeezed. "I want you all to myself and it terrifies me."

Ilya looked up at him, unable to hide the tears falling down his face. "You do not mean that. It would never work. We cannot do this."

"It could. We could try."

Ilya shook his head. "We cannot come out. Is impossible."

"We don't have to come out. Not yet anyways, but I do know that I want more than the sneaking around that we've been doing for years."

Shane watched as Ilya rested a hand on top of his and squeezed. Their fingers interlaced as the two sat there, thinking. Could they really do this? Set aside anyone else and actually date? It would be in secret and lonely, but they could pull it off.

Every rational thought in Shane's brain was telling him to leave. To walk out Ilya's front door and never look back. *Fuck rationality*, he thought. *For once, just be selfish*. He craved Ilya like he craved hockey. The rush, fall, adrenaline of it all. He needed it. He needed Ilya. He needed all of him.

"*Ilya*," he whispered. Shane used his other hand to caress the side of Ilya's face and tip his chin towards his own.

The kiss was slow, like a fire just starting to ignite. It was the final push Ilya needed to finally admit that he wanted Shane just as badly.

"Shane…" Ilya mumbled against his lips. "*Я тоже хочу тебя*"

Shane loved it when Ilya spoke Russian. It didn't matter what he said, it always turned him on.

"What does that mean?"

Ilya broke away, looking deep into Shane's curious, brown eyes. Ilya smiled softly, letting himself be completely undone by the Canadian.

"I want you too." Ilya translated, his eyes shone with a playful glint. "Now, finish your tuna melt. You let it get cold."

End Notes

yooooo. so this is my first fic. this idea came to me when I was reading HR and thought, hmmmmm what if shane and ilya talked it out instead of shane just panicking.

turns out I think they would both still panic, but i thought they'd at least have the maturity to have a semi-normal conversation.

let me know what you think!

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