

wanna be yours

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wanna be yours

by [momentsofbeauty](#)

Summary

He knows Ilya is concussed, and probably doesn't even know what he's saying, but the look in his eyes is so tender, so genuine, and Shane can't help but get lost in it.

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What if Ilya was the one injured in Episode 5?

Notes

silly loopy concussed ilya rozanov.....my beloved.....

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

Shane's hands tremble as he reaches up to readjust his baseball cap, pulling it low over his forehead. He pushes his sunglasses up the bridge of his nose, again, before shoving his hands back into his jacket pockets. He can hear his heart pounding in his ears as he makes his way down the sterile white hallway of the hospital.

It's a little reckless, coming here. He could be seen, he could be recognized. But all he cares about, all he's been able to think about since he saw Ilya go down on the ice last night, is seeing him. He needs to make sure he's alright.

He pauses just outside the doorway, eyes darting around the hallway. It's empty; there's no one around to see him. He takes off his sunglasses and shoves them into his pocket. With a shaky breath, he pushes the door open and enters the room, easing the door shut behind him.

When he turns, his eyes land instantly on Ilya, lying in a pale blue hospital gown beneath crisp white sheets. His eyes are closed, golden curls tousled against the pillow, a serene half-smile on his lips.

Shane releases the breath he'd been holding at the sight of him.

Just then, Ilya stirs, eyes blinking open. His gaze lands on Shane, and a wide smile spreads across his face. "Hollander!" he announces. Then, quieter: "Shane."

Shane's heart pounds. "Ilya," he replies, voice unsteady as he shuffles closer to him. He removes his baseball cap and runs a hand through his hair, hoping, ridiculously, that he looks good for Ilya.

"You came to see me," Ilya says, staring up at him in awe.

"Of course I did. I..." Shane swallows. "I wanted to make sure you were okay."

"I am okay," Ilya grins. "Probably, I think. Feel okay right now."

Shane huffs out a laugh. “Yeah, because you’re on all kinds of drugs.”

Ilya’s smile grows wider. “And other reasons,” he says with a wink. “I am starting to feel *much* better now.”

Shane feels his cheeks get warm as he glances down at his shoes. “Sorry, uh, sorry the Raiders ended up losing the game,” he says, suddenly desperate to change the subject.

Ilya shrugs, then winces in pain. Shane glances down to the dark bruises peeking out from underneath the gown. “Is okay,” Ilya says. “We beat you next time.”

“Yeah, right.” Shane grins at him.

“You can be my constellation prize.”

“Consolation prize,” Shane corrects gently.

“No, no,” Ilya insists. “Constellation,” he says, his accent thick as he slowly enunciates each syllable. He lifts his hand and gestures vaguely toward Shane’s face. “Because your freckles. They are like stars.”

Ilya looks up at him dreamily, and Shane swears his heart stops for a moment before sputtering back to life. “Oh,” is all he can say.

He knows Ilya is concussed, and probably doesn’t even know what he’s saying, but the look in his eyes is so tender, so genuine, and Shane can’t help but get lost in it. Ilya reaches his hand out again, flexing his fingers toward him in a silent request. Shane complies instantly, grasping Ilya’s hand with his own.

Ilya smiles again at the contact. “Shane,” he murmurs softly.

“I’m here,” Shane says, squeezing his hand gently.

“My Shane,” Ilya coos, closing his eyes.

Yours, Shane thinks. *Only yours*.

Shane clears his throat. “You, uh, you scared me there,” he tells him. “When I saw you go down, I...”

Ilya opens his eyes again. “I am okay,” he says.

Shane nods. “You’re okay.”

He wants nothing more than to bend down and kiss him right now, but he settles for another squeeze to Ilya’s hand, a little firmer than before.

I love you, he wishes he could say. *So much it scares me*.

“You are so pretty, my Shane,” Ilya says then, and Shane glances away, eyes landing on the styrofoam water cup on the bedside table.

“Stop it,” he says to the cup.

“Is true,” Ilya urges, his thumb rubbing against the back of Shane’s hand. “So pretty, with your star freckles and your big brown eyes and your perfect lips. Perfect ass, too,” he adds, and Shane’s eyes dart toward the closed door.

He tries to shush him, but Ilya continues, his words slurring slightly as he speaks. “So perfect. Perfect for me. Perfect for taking my—”

“Okay!” Shane interjects. “Are you done?”

“Never.” Ilya shakes his head, or at least Shane thinks that’s what he’s trying to do. He’s so out of it, and Shane smiles despite himself. “I could go on forever about your perfect ass, your perfect everything. Could write poems about it.”

“Poems about my ass?”

Ilya nods very seriously. “Yes.”

“Didn’t know you were a poet, Rozanov,” Shane teases.

“For you, I am anything,” Ilya slurs, and Shane feels that familiar swell in his chest. “Shane, my Shane,” he says again. “I want to tell you something.”

“What is it?”

“I want...I want you to be mine,” he says.

I already am, Shane thinks. *I think I have been for a long time.*

“What—” Shane clears his throat again, his mouth suddenly dry. “What do you mean?”

“Mine,” Ilya repeats slowly, “and *only* mine. No one else’s.”

Shane knows that Ilya doesn't really mean what he's saying, probably won't remember anything about this conversation. But fuck if hearing him say it doesn't send a thrill through his entire body. Maybe, just for now, he can go along with it. He can pretend it's all true.

"Yours," Shane says quietly.

Ilya nods. "Mine," he sighs.

"I want that too," Shane forces himself to admit. His voice is quiet, but it rings loudly in his ears. "Do you...want to be...mine, too?"

Ilya looks at him quizzically. "Yes," he says, like Shane is a complete idiot.

"Oh," Shane says. "Okay."

"Okay?" Ilya asks, his voice barely above a whisper.

"Yeah, okay," Shane whispers back.

"No one else? Only...only us?"

Shane fears his chest will explode from how hard his heart is pounding. "Let's talk about this again when you're feeling better," he says, trying desperately to push down the hope rising in his chest.

Ilya pouts, and Shane wishes, again, that he could kiss him. "I told you, I am feeling fine."

Shane gives him an indulgent smile. “When you’re not on drugs, then.”

“I want you, Shane,” Ilya says, and all the air punches out of Shane’s lungs. “Only you. And I...I want you to want only me.”

“I do,” Shane says before he can think.

Ilya’s answering smile is blinding.

Before Shane can respond, a knock at the door startles him back. He drops Ilya’s hand, and Ilya pouts again.

“Alright, Mr. Rozanov,” the nurse says, before stopping in surprise. “Oh! Wow. Shane Hollander.”

Shane feels heat prick up the back of his neck as he manages an awkward smile. “Just checking on him,” he says lamely.

“That’s very good of you,” the nurse tells him, patting his arm.

“He is very good,” Ilya pipes up. “Very good boy.”

Shane wishes the pristine tile floor below his feet would open up and swallow him whole.

The nurse just laughs good-naturedly, and Shane forces himself to join in. “He’s...he’s so out of it,” he says. “Probably doesn’t even know who I am.”

“You are Shane Hollander,” Ilya says helpfully.

“Alright, well, I’ll, uh, get out of your way,” Shane says to the nurse. His eyes flick back to Ilya, who still has that same loopy smile on his face. “I’ll see you around, Rozanov.”

“Bye-bye, Hollander,” Ilya calls gleefully, waving at him with the same hand Shane had been holding before the nurse walked in.

Shane wishes he could stay, wishes he could grab Ilya’s hand again and never let go. After one last glance back at him, he pulls his cap back on and pushes the door open.

—

Shane’s eyes are locked onto the TV screen as he watches Scott Hunter leading someone—a man—by the hand across the ice. When Scott pulls the man in for a kiss, Shane barely has time to think before he’s scrambling to his feet and whipping his phone out of his pocket.

Ilya answers on the first ring.

“Did you just see that?” Shane asks, breathless.

“I meant what I said,” is Ilya’s response.

“What?” Shane struggles to process his words as the image of Scott Hunter pressing a sweet kiss to the other man’s mouth replays in front of his eyes.

“In the hospital,” Ilya explains. “I meant it. All of it.”

Oh. Shane’s stomach swoops and he has to lean against the wall for support.

“I want you,” Ilya tells him, strong and confident like always. “Only you. I want us. Together. How you say it...exclusive.”

“You want...you want to be...” Shane’s head is spinning. If he’s dreaming right now, he hopes he doesn’t wake up.

“Yours.”

“Will you come to my cottage with me this summer?” Shane asks, the words running together in his eagerness to get them out. “Just me and you, together. For a week, or, or even two, if you want.”

“Yes. I want.” He can hear Ilya smiling through the phone.

“Okay,” he breathes, giddy.

“Okay,” Ilya says back. His voice is warm and soft, and Shane wants to wrap himself in it like a blanket.

“Okay,” Shane says again, and Ilya laughs.

“You say that already, Hollander.”

“I know, I’m just...”

“Me too.”

“I...”

Shane almost says them, those words that surge to the tip of his tongue every time he's around Ilya, but he stops himself. For now, he takes a deep breath, content with the knowledge that Ilya wants him too, that he wants to be his...boyfriend? Just the thought has him dizzy with happiness.

"I can't wait to see you," Shane says after a beat.

"Me too, Shane," Ilya says back, like he knows what he wanted to say instead.

Shane knows himself, knows that the panic will come later, the over analyzing that he cannot help. But for now, he is so utterly, blissfully happy that he can barely stand it, and he chooses to bask in that glow for a little while longer.

He will see Ilya this summer, at the cottage, and everything will be okay.

End Notes

thank you for reading!! <3

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