

and it was all yellow

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by [belowtherabbithole](#)

Summary

Shane keeps getting random packages sent to his door for an Ilya Rozanov. Problem is - he has no idea who that is.

It's really frustrating. Lucky for him when they do meet, Ilya Rozanov is a tall, blonde, *gorgeous* model.

Hm. Less frustrating.

Notes

Hi hi! I couldn't get the idea of Shane and Ilya being neighbours who live in the same apartment complex out of my head so I had to write it down.

Thank you to bankrobber who is the best beta to ever exist. ILY forever.

Disclaimer: I took a couple of inspirations from HR book because we didn't see it in the show but I was desperate for it. This is an alternate universe fic.

I hope you like it :)

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

It started out with a magazine subscription to *Plants, Gardening and All Things Green*. The copy was left at Shane's door and he was confused at first because he had no memory of subscribing to a magazine, let alone one for plants. (He killed them, every time.) But then upon further investigation he found the letter addressed to a Mr Ilya Rozanov. *Who the hell was that?*

Sighing, he thought nothing of it and left it downstairs at the apartment reception.

Next came a package, and then another magazine (*House Weekly*). The following Friday was a bouquet of yellow flowers. All of them were addressed to that Mr Rozanov. All of them with *his* address.

Groaning in frustration, Shane made his way down to reception.

"Can you please tell me who this Ilya is? He's been getting parcels delivered to my house almost every day and honestly it's getting a little annoying," he begged.

"No can do. I already told you this," the receptionist said in a tone that suggested he gave zero fucks and that the conversation was over. A few weeks ago the receptionist had told Shane that it was his problem to deal with and he refused to accept any more wrong deliveries.

Fantastic. What the fuck was he supposed to do with fresh flowers?

Was it completely unreasonable to knock on every door in this six storey building to work out whose apartment was being confused for his? He rolled his eyes, frustrated at himself. This shouldn't be as annoying as it was, but he was a busy man and this game of door dash was driving him mad.

He had a pile of uncollected mail in his apartment that was getting bigger and bigger by the day for his mystery Ilya to pick up. It got tiring having to lug down random books and boxes to reception every time they got delivered to his apartment. To top it all off, the damn

elevator was broken. It had a habit of being questionable on the best of days. He would rather run up and down the stairs than risk the elevator of death.

It was causing quite the mess and Shane *hated* having unnecessary mess in his apartment. He liked things neat and tidy and in its place. Random gardening books, home-related magazines, plush pillows, and an unopened large rectangular box that he suspected to be a vacuum cleaner did not belong in his house.

Staring down at the bouquet of lilies, roses and sunflowers, Shane decided that keeping these flowers wouldn't be the worst thing in the world. It was essentially compensation for all the bullshit that he'd had to deal with for the past month. It wouldn't exactly be stealing... They were fresh flowers and they would die if he didn't put them in a vase with water. And *that* would be irresponsible.

Yes, and Shane was responsible.

"No, Hayden, it's not stealing." Shane groaned to his best friend who was currently vacationing in The Bahamas with his family. He had filled Hayden in on the latest delivery debacle, and Hayden seemed equally enthusiastic and amused at the latest developments.

Shane criticised himself internally, wondering if his life was that pathetic that this was the juiciest update he could share.

"Dude, it's totally stealing. Jackie — it's stealing, right?" Shane could hear Hayden call out to his wife and a quick reply of "Yes it is!" was heard. There were muffles of children's voices shrieking in the background and a loud thud.

"Uh, you good, Hayds?" Shane asked.

"Yep, all good, my evil children are about to get us blacklisted from this resort, but I told them that if they misbehave I'll ship them off to uncle Shane's. That shut them up real

quick.”

“Gee, thanks. Glad to be the deterrent,” Shane muttered as he cut off the stems of the bouquet and delicately arranged them one by one on the vase on his kitchen counter top. Shane shifted so he was awkwardly holding his phone between his ear and shoulder in an attempt to fill the vase with water, when he was interrupted by a knock at his door.

Shane was surprised, he didn’t really have very many friends and certainly none that would come to his place. *Oh!* It must be a delivery. This was the perfect opportunity to tell the postman that this was the wrong address.

“Hayden, I have to go. There’s someone at my door. I’ll call you later, ok? Enjoy your trip.”

“Bye, pookie.”

Shane clicked end on his phone and practically sprinted to the door swinging it open and hoping he didn’t miss them.

“Excuse me—” Shane stopped, words suddenly stuck in his throat.

Because standing directly in front of him was the most gorgeous person he had ever seen. He was wearing all black; black jeans, black tank top and a black jacket. The man had dirty blonde hair which was curled in random spots. And his eyes — *blue?* God, Shane desperately wanted to look closer because he was sure that he would find a million other colours in them.

Holy shit, who the fuck looks like this?

Say something, Shane thought desperately. *Say anything.*

“Hi” Shane said lamely. *Hi?* Now would be the perfect time for the building to collapse.

“You have flowers.” A thick accent. An accusatory tone.

“Sorry?”

“My flowers. You have. Give back please.” The man's face was blank.

Realisation hit Shane. *Holy shit. This was Ilya Rozanov?*

“Oh, sorry! You must be Ilya Rozanov. I’m Shane Hollander.” Shane extended his hand in greeting to the stranger. *Full Christian name?* He questioned why he said that. He could be so awkward. “Yes, I have your flowers. Actually, I have a lot of your things. You should really fix the address on your mailing list. Everything keeps coming to my apartment and it’s really inconvenient for me.”

Why was he talking so much? Oh my God.

Shane realised horrifiedly that he still had his hand extended and the man — *Ilya?* — was just staring at him with a blank expression on his face. An annoyingly gorgeous face.

Shane’s own face flushed. Pulling his hand back, he stepped to the side to make way in his doorway.

“Please, come in. I can give you the rest of your things.”

Ilya didn’t hesitate and brushed past him. Shane tried not to think too much about how the overwhelming smell of sandalwood and bergamot made him dizzy.

“Those are my flowers,” Ilya said, staring at the mess on Shane’s kitchen counter and the vase that housed his flowers.

Shane blushed. Half because in the two minutes from him opening the door to eye fucking the stranger in the hallway, he'd completely forgotten about the flowers. (The ones that he had stolen. He hated when Hayden was right.) The other half because he never left a mess, and now the first time someone who wasn't Hayden or his parents came to his apartment, there were flower stems all over his kitchen.

"I'm so sorry, I just didn't know what to do with them! I went downstairs to ask at reception where you lived and they wouldn't tell me. And I didn't want the flowers to die. But you can totally take them! You can even have the vase. That's totally fine! I'm sorry, I should have — hang on." Shane stopped abruptly. "How did *you* know to come *here*?"

"They tell me." Now Ilya looked a little embarrassed, his accent coming out stronger. Shane was pretty sure it was Russian (he had googled Rozanov and made a guess).

"What?" Shane felt betrayed. "The receptionist?"

"Yes. I asked."

"They didn't tell me where you lived!"

"I asked nicely." Ilya smirked, and Shane felt dizzy again.

"Right. Well, let me show you the rest of your things."

Shane led him to the neatly stacked pile of boxes in the corner of his living room and Ilya followed obediently.

"Is alot. I'm sorry," Ilya said shyly, reaching over to pick up a yellow couch cushion, giving it a slight squeeze. He smiled and handed the cushion to Shane. "Is soft, right? Good for couch."

Ilya sounded so genuine and sweet, and somehow Shane forgot about all the annoyances that had frustrated him for the past month.

It turned out that Ilya actually lived across the hall. Shane worked out through broken English that Ilya had moved from Russia to Ottawa six weeks ago. He was a model, because of course he was. With a face like that and a body Shane tried his best to not gawk at, he was not surprised. Ilya was surprisingly more friendly than his initial impression. Shane would put that down to Eastern European mannerisms.

“I want to make home,” Ilya said, flicking through the pile of home decor and gardening books. “Is different here, but I like.”

They spent the rest of the afternoon moving packages from Shane’s apartment into Ilya’s. This wasn’t a two person job, but Shane couldn’t find it in him to leave and end this just yet and Ilya didn’t seem to mind. Ilya’s apartment was practically empty — bar a few unopened boxes and a small rug in the middle of his living room.

“You haven’t unpacked,” Shane mused, a part of him desperately trying to suppress the desire to unpack and sort the apartment himself.

“Yes, I’m busy. I work a lot.” Right. *Model*.

Ilya explained that his modeling jobs could sometimes last 12-15 hours a day and he had no energy to come home and unpack. There was a flatpack of what Shane assumed was a couch rested against a wall.

“I could help. If you want, that is.” Shane offered, nodding his head in the direction of the flat pack. “So you have a place to sit that’s not on the floor.”

He was getting bolder and bolder. This was *so* not him. Hayden would be proud.

“I want,” Ilya answered, eyes bright and a small smile creeping on his face. “Please,” he added.

It was nearly 6pm by the time Shane finished helping Ilya assemble the couch. It really shouldn't have been that hard but Ilya was sweating and flushed and red and it really wasn't Shane's fault that he was distracted because of it.

“I'll go get your flowers and then get out of your hair,” Shane said, remembering how they'd left them back at his apartment.

“No, you keep,” Ilya said, reaching over to brush away a piece of styrofoam from Shane's shirt. “As thank you.”

Shane's face heated up and his chest burned where Ilya had just touched him.

He was halfway across the hall, heading back into his apartment when he abruptly turned around to ask, “Can I get your number?”

Shane wasn't really sure where this new-found bravery had come from. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his cell phone. “It would be easier to text you if the wrong address is used again.”

This was practical and reasonable. No other reason.

Ilya smiled and grabbed his phone, their fingers lightly brushing against each other and typed his number.

Shane smiled. He *loved* being practical.

Ilya: I have pizza.

Shane: Sorry?

Ilya: Come. Eat with me.

Shane: Now?

Ilya: Is night time, yes? I cannot eat all. It's illegal.

Shane: Illegal? LOL not sure it's a crime but sure.

Ilya: Forbidden? Not allowed.

Shane: Are you using google translate?

Ilya: Da.

Ilya: Sorry. Yes.

Shane: I'm coming.

Ilya: :)

Pizza turned out to be a rare treat for Ilya. There were rules and diets that Ilya had to follow, he explained to Shane. But he had no modeling gigs for the next two days and was more than willing to commit this 'illegal' act.

“If I eat a lot my face goes like this.” Ilya sucked in a deep breath and puffed up his cheeks. Shane burst into laughter.

They sat on the floor of Ilya’s apartment, eating, laughing and chatting about nothing. Shane did most of the talking — which was also rare but Ilya didn’t know that. Ilya would just stare and smile, and Shane would take mental pictures in his head because Ilya was so beautiful and Shane didn’t know what to do about it.

It happened again. And then again. A quick text from Ilya asking if Shane wanted some food (lasagna, salmon and rice, mexican food) he’d made. There was always too much and Shane would always say yes.

“I’m learning from book,” Ilya said nonchalantly, a recipe book perched on his kitchen counter next to the stove. “Is good to get feedback, yes?”

Shane started bringing drinks because he felt awkward going to someone's house and eating their food without contributing anything. He could practically hear his mother’s voice in the back of his head scolding him for showing up empty handed. A coke for Ilya and ginger ale for Shane. Ilya didn’t drink alcohol when he modeled and Shane rarely drank alcohol himself.

They would eat and laugh and Shane would tell him about his day. About hockey practice and how annoying some of his players were. He was a sports physician and he would have to travel for work a lot of the time when the season started. He explained that the season was over and he was enjoying his spare time for now, before they got back into the swing of it. Ilya would show him photos of his shoots. The raw unedited ones he managed to get copies of from the photographers.

“That’s me.” He would point himself out in group photos, as though his face wasn’t the one Shane would automatically gravitate towards. There was one particular photo that Shane was obsessed with. It was a close up of Ilya’s face, he was wearing a green sweater with a blue collared shirt underneath. His eyebrows were furrowed and his lips were slightly parted with a lollipop delicately placed between his teeth. Shane could see every mole on his face and he wanted so badly to trace them.

Shane could picture himself kissing every mole on his face, working his way down to his lips... he could picture what else Ilya's mouth could suck.

Shane flushed red and straightened himself up — mad at himself for letting his mind wander so far. He adjusted himself so that Ilya couldn't see the strain in his pants. For a brief second Shane thought he could see the flicker of Ilya's eyes glance down at his crotch but that moment passed as soon as it happened. Shane was sure he had imagined it.

Ilya continued to swipe through the photos on his phone, and Shane fought the urge to steal the phone then and there to send himself a copy of the photos.

That night, Shane followed Ilya on instagram.

They talked about their family — well, mostly Shane did. He explained that his mom was a manager for some hockey players in the team Shane worked for. Yuna Hollander loved hockey. She knew the sport inside out, so it was natural that her career path had navigated that way. She was kind and warm and smart, but equally ruthless and unstoppable. She was not someone he could win arguments with.

“She's my biggest supporter. She's fucking terrifying, but there's no one else in the world who has my back like she does.” There was so much affection in his own voice that it caught him off guard as he spoke.

His father, David, worked for the treasury board of Canada.

“Doing what?” Ilya asked. Shane stared blankly, a little embarrassed. Honestly, Shane didn't even know. He just knew that his father was a soft and quiet man. He was smart too — probably from the years of reading *The New Yorker*. He often wondered how his parents had got together, but he never doubted that they belonged together.

It had taken years of convincing both her and his father that they should go on a long deserved holiday, which is why they were currently navigating a three month trip across Europe.

Ilya didn't really say anything about his family. He mentioned his father was a police officer and that he had an older brother. His eyes softened when he mentioned his niece, pulling out his phone to show photos of a blonde little girl. In the photo, the girl sat on his lap secured by Ilya's left arm, both their faces squished against each other. He had used his other hand to take a selfie of the two of them. Shane could see the ridiculous grins on their faces and his heart constricted in a new and completely puzzling way.

"She looks so much like my mother," Ilya shared, in a voice so sad Shane never wanted to hear him sound like that again.

He did not say anything after that.

Sometimes, they would sit on Ilya's couch, the one they built together, and watch movies. It was usually a kids movie, because it was easier for Ilya to understand the English, and he had often already seen them in Russian so he already knew the storyline. Other times, Ilya would come to his apartment. On really long shoot days, Shane would cook for him and they wouldn't talk much. Ilya would eat, say thank you, and go back to his place and sleep. Shane didn't mind. He liked all the time he could get with Ilya. He *really* liked it.

"You are beautiful," Ilya said unprompted one evening. They were sitting on Shane's couch, Mulan playing on the television and Ilya was staring intently at him.

"Excuse me?" Shane laughed, because that was absurd.

"Is true. You should be model too."

Shane rolled his eyes, a blush slowly forming in his cheeks. “Yeah, right. Because awkward guys with ugly freckles make the best models.”

Ilya looked mortified.

“Nooo Shane,” Ilya moaned. “They are stunning.”

“*Stunning?*”

“Yes. Am I using word correctly? How you say... take my breath?”

Shane nearly cried.

“You are blushing,” Ilya said as Shane turned even redder.

“No, I’m not.”

“Lies. You are liar,” Ilya teased. He reached over and gently brushed his thumb across Shane’s cheek. Shane stopped breathing.

“Stunning,” Ilya muttered, eyes moving back to the tv screen.

Shane didn’t sleep that night.

“Yellow was my mother’s favourite colour,” Ilya said quietly one night as he was preparing dinner. Shane was spread out on the floor assembling a new bookshelf for Ilya when he

looked up at the unexpected conversation topic. “She liked bright things. Like sun, to me she was the sun.”

Shane could tell by the way he used past tense that his mother probably wasn’t around.

“She loved flowers too,” he continued. “And singing. She had beautiful voice. So pretty — like bird.”

And then Ilya was crying, and Shane stood up and walked over to engulf him in a hug.

“Ilya... I’m sorry.”

“I buy them when I think of her,” he muffled into Shane’s chest, “Yellow flowers.”

They stood together for a long time, just breathing and holding each other.

Ilya always had yellow flowers in his house. He must’ve thought of her a lot.

Shane started buying yellow flowers too.

“Holy shit, you have a boyfriend!” Hayden slapped Shane on the back, absolutely giddy with emotion.

“Shut the fuck up Hayden, I do not have a boyfriend.”

Hayden gave him a look that Shane was pretty sure he only reserved for his children.

“Riiiiight,” he said sarcastically, dragging his words. “Your hot model neighbour and you spend literally every night together, cooking dinner and watching movies and cuddling on the couch—”

“We do not cuddle!”

“—and dry humping each other”

“What the fuck dude, we do *not* do that.”

“Yeah yeah.” Hayden waved his hands, taking a swig of his beer. “Neighbours don’t do this, Shane. This is pure unadulterated flirting. Trust me, last time I spent that many nights together with another person, I ended up marrying her. Whether you like it or not you are dating him. You have a hot model boyfriend.” He sang the last part.

Hayden was being ridiculous because there was no way on earth that Ilya Rozanov would be interested in him. Sure, they did hang out a lot. And *yes*, sometimes it felt intimate and nice and domestic. And they had fallen into some sort of routine. But that meant absolutely nothing. Shane didn’t even know if Ilya liked men, let alone liked *him*. Shane knew it would be a preposterous and reckless thing to dream of or even pursue.

A very small part of him wondered though... *did Ilya like him?* There were moments between them that felt different. Ilya would laugh at jokes that Shane told — and Shane wasn’t funny. Ilya would hold the door open for him, and gently guide him with his hand on his back. There was always ginger ale in Ilya’s fridge. Ilya would cook salmon because it was Shane’s favourite. Shane would sometimes wash Ilya’s clothes because he was already doing a load so it was economical to do a full load.

Sometimes when they were watching a movie, legs spread on the couch, their knees would touch. Neither of them would move.

Maybe it was okay to be reckless, just a little.

“I don’t have girlfriend,” Ilya said. They were unpacking groceries in Shane’s apartment. Ilya had offered to go shopping with him and Shane had quickly agreed. It was nice, wheeling the trolley around the grocery store aisle. Planning their meals together. The receptionist had given a knowing nod when they both came back, arms filled with brown paper bags as they hauled up the stairs (the elevator was broken). Shane didn’t want to think about how domestic all of this was feeling.

“Oh?”

“Or a boyfriend,” Ilya added, eyes focused on the punnet of strawberries he was packing away.

“*Oh.*”

Shane looked at him, Ilya looked back.

“Neither do I. Girlfriend or boyfriend.”

Ilya’s body relaxed, as though he was holding his breath. His face broke out into a wide grin. He did that a lot these days.

Shane had accidentally fallen asleep on Ilya’s couch. Actually, Shane had accidentally fallen asleep on *Ilya*. It had been another typical Friday night and Shane came home exhausted and his legs automatically walked him directly to Ilya’s apartment. Dinner was already prepared, something simple today. A tuna melt, some crips and pickles for the side. The dining table (Ilya had bought one!) was set up and Shane sat where his sandwich was placed next to a can of cool ginger ale. Across from him sat Ilya, waiting. Waiting for him. That was a concept Shane still could not grasp his head around. But it was normal.

“Let me take photo,” Ilya said, reaching for his phone and snapping a quick picture before Shane could protest.

He examined the photo and muttered, “Pretty.” He quickly took another one of the tuna melt on the table and continued, “Let’s watch horror movie tonight. I want to be scared.”

Shane smiled and agreed, taking a bite of his sandwich. He always said yes when Ilya asked.

So they finished dinner, got comfortable on the couch and started watching the movie. Shane was paying absolutely zero attention to the screen because Ilya had grabbed a blanket, pulled Shane closer, and draped it over the both of them. Shane was suddenly hyper aware of how his shoulders and legs were brushed up against Ilya’s.

“Relax,” Ilya whispered.

And he did. He carefully rested his head against Ilya’s shoulders and could feel him run his hands through his hair.

This was not normal. *Was any of this normal?*

Shane decided that at this moment, he didn’t care. He would be okay to sit here for the rest of his life if it meant that Ilya would keep carding his fingers through his hair. Shane could feel Ilya’s hot breath on his face, and he realised how close their mouths were. Ilya shifted and for a moment Shane swore he could feel a light feathered kiss on his head. It was his eyelids that betrayed him, and he fell into a deep, *deep* sleep.

Shane jolted awake and realised with horror that he had been asleep on *top* of Ilya. The TV was still on, and the credits were rolling. The light from the TV was the only thing illuminating them both. Shane could see that Ilya was awake, and watching him deeply.

“I should go,” Shane said, voice rough from having just woken up.

“Stay,” Ilya begged, arms stretched out beckoning him in. “Will you please stay?”

Shane looked at him for a long moment before bringing his body back down to fit in the space in Ilya’s welcoming arms.

Shane wondered if he would ever learn how to say no to Ilya.

@ilyarozanow81 posted a story.

Shane clicked open the notification (so what if he had notifications on for Ilya’s instagram; it wasn’t a crime) and viewed the story.

A dining table, a picture of tuna melt, and a caption: home .

Through misty eyes, Shane sent a heart back.

“Hey, you know I haven’t seen a package come to my door in months,” Shane said. “They must’ve worked out which one your apartment was.”

“Ah, yes. I change address,” Ilya said simply.

“Good. It’s so annoying when they get it wrong” Shane grumbled, remembering all the hassle.

“They don’t get wrong,” Ilya said. “I put your address.”

“What?” Shane asked incredulously. “What do you mean you put my address?”

Ilya laughed, a little unsure but continued, “Um. I saw you. The day I moved in. I saw you go into your apartment. You were pretty. I wanted to see you again but I don’t know your name.”

“So you had your package delivered to *my* apartment?” Shane was bewildered. *Why would Ilya do that?* Unless — no. That couldn’t be it.

“Yes, I wanted to come to your door. But every time I had new package delivered you took them to reception. Had to ask guy downstairs to say no to you. It was — how you say? — difficult.”

“You got the receptionist involved?” A wave of disbelief washed over Shane. Shane forced himself to speak.

“Yes, he was scary. Got angry, told me your address and said to deal with it myself. I deal with it.”

“Why would you do that?”

Ilya looked up at him, practically beaming. The most beautiful smile on his face. *Oh God, oh God.*

“I said. You are pretty. I like pretty. I like you. Is okay?”

For the first time since Shane had met him, Ilya sounded small.

“Is okay, right Shane?” Ilya prompted again. “Please say it’s ok—”

Shane couldn’t hear anything past the ringing in his ears. His body was moving without any prompt from him, heart hammering in his chest. Before he knew what was happening, Shane was kissing him. Shane was *kissing* Ilya. *His* Ilya. Strong arms wrapped around him and Ilya was pushing him closer and closer until their bodies flushed against each other. Ilya moaned into his mouth, tongue darting out in permission. Shane happily complied. It was frantic and sweet and the best kiss of Shane’s life.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya groaned, reluctantly pulling apart, forehead pressed to each others. Shane opened his eyes and could see Ilya’s eyes were glassy. His heart clenched. He peppered a kiss to Ilya’s mole on the right side of his face. Then another to the one directly below it. One more right at the corner of his lips.

“It’s okay,” Shane whispered wetly, his eyes getting blurry too.

Everything was okay now.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! This is actually my first time ever writing a fic and I was too obsessed with HR to not jot something down! Please leave me a kudos and/or comment if you liked it? ❤️

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!