Seeing You With Her Kills Me

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Seeing You With Her Kills Me

by sillyloontattoo

Summary

After running out of Ilyas's apartment, Shane breaks up with Rose, trying to move on.

Weeks later, he sees Ilya with another woman, and the sight makes his buried emotions boil over.

Maybe he really fucked this all up pretty badly.

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Or

Shane meets Svetlana and things take a different turn.

Notes

hey there, this is not my first rodeo on ao3 but I desperately needed an account solemnly dedicated to hollanov.

And ofc I need to start this journey with angst. This is an alternate turn out of their story after episode 4, enjoy and if you liked it I would be happy to hear your opinion ♡

See the end of the work for more notes

The invitation had been laying on his table for three weeks now. Unopened and starting to collect dust.

Every time he came home his eyes glanced over the silver paper, with the big red wax seal that dared him to rip it open. He didn't.

Instead he spent his time overthinking that horrifying conversation he had with Rose. He had not been honest about what he felt with anyone else. His sexuality had always been something very complex he had loved to hide underneath millions of stones, but one person had unraveled it so quickly, he still got whiplash from it.

Shane was glad at least one person knew, but it wasn't the person he badly needed to hear it. That guy was far away, out of reach because he had pulled back and ran away like a coward. That moment they had shared on the couch had been so intimate, it still gave him shivers to think about Ilya's hands on him.

He missed them, the warmth and the kisses.

His soft eyes.

But he also knew he had fucked it up badly and that was probably the number one reason he just couldn't open the letter.

Too much fear was hiding underneath his skin, giving him goosebumps just imagining meeting Ilya there, all dressed up and as handsome as ever but no one he could write anymore or meet in a dark hallway to make out with.

Shane sighed into his hands, fingers pulling on his hair to make him feel something other than disgust with himself and he was so close to dissociating enough to forget about it all for a few moments, when his phone rang.

It almost gave him a heartattack, partly because he always hoped it was a message from Ilya but deep down he knew that was unrealistic and far off.

Reaching for the phone he saw the name of his mother on the display and decided to answer, he knew if he didn't she would be on his doorstep in at least an hour and he really wasn't in the mood to see anyone today.

"Hey mom."

" *Shane, sweetheart, did you decide what to do*?"

A conversation he could not escape. That letter wasn't sent out of fun, it was a serious charity event he had been invited to and he also knew it would lift his reputation up onto a level his parents had been working hard for.

“ Still unopened.”

There was a sigh on the other line, not one that sounded annoyed, more contemplating and defeated.

“ *You know, we could go together and only stay for an hour or two and then leave again. Would that be an option*?”

Shane was not a person who wanted to disappoint anyone around him, especially his parents. They did everything for him, held him when he felt like crying, bought him his favorite food, even stayed over when he was sick and couldn't move at all.

They were everything to him and part of him wanted to go to that charity event, wanted to see if Ilya was there as well. Maybe he could talk to him, just walk over and shake his hands, feel his fingers on his own.

He wouldn't ignore him would he?

He thought about it for a few moments, aware his mom was yelling something at his dad in the background. Yeah, he could go there for an hour, listen to important people rambling, maybe have a drink or two and leave again.

Maybe it would function as a distraction as well, he needed that badly.

“ *Shane?*”

“ Hm?”

“ *You've been quiet, is everything okay?*”

“ Yeah, no, sorry. I was distracted for a moment. I will go to the charity. “

His mom sounded delighted while telling him about all the suit choices he had, colors, style, even ties. Shane listened to her with one ear, while his thoughts drifted off wondering if it would turn out as bad as he was imagining.

But then again, maybe this would be a perfect opportunity to get over the way he was feeling, to apologize and move on from this shit.

Who knew, maybe he could repair what he had broken. Heal what had been hurt.

Including his own heart.

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His mom had picked out a dark emerald suit combination for him with a black vest underneath and an equally as black tie. His hair had gotten longer and he didn't feel like cutting it short again, so he had asked his mom to style it for him.

Simple, combed back with gel but leaving a few loose strands framing his face.

He looked nice, at least that's what he has been told the last two hours by everyone passing by. They had arrived at 8pm, way too early but right on time to find a hidden spot in the big hall that at least hid his frame from the majority of people.

In his hand was the third or fourth glass of champagne. Drinking was something he rarely did, alcohol just didn't do it for him, but right now he needed the slight buzz. His nervous system was out of control and numbing his mind promised some peace.

Shane eyed his parents who mingled with a lot of sponsors and friends of them, people he had met once or twice but wasn't up to talk to for longer than a few minutes. Sure, he greeted them, but then he pulled back once more and let his eyes wander over the crowd, searching for someone he wasn't sure would be there.

At around 9pm the table was filled with empty glasses and he felt dizzy. His head was pounding as if someone was constantly hitting him with a hammer and he didn't trust his voice anymore, because his lips felt dry and numb and even just doing as much as swallow spit felt weird.

God. He absolutely did not want to embarrass anyone here, so he chose to go to the bathroom for a moment, maybe splashing his face would help him clear his thoughts.

On his way he met some curious glances with a friendly smile of his own and he really hoped it wasn't obvious he was drunk. *Not today, not here.*

That was when his gaze found hands. Those he knew all too well, just this time not touching him but wrapped around a beautiful slender waist that was covered in an elegant black dress.

Shane stopped in his tracks and blinked a few times, hoping he was imagining this because of the alcohol, but no.

Ilya was here, looking dashingly beautiful. He was dressed in a simple black suit but not a tie, instead a fly was wrapped around his throat, accentuating his broad neck. His hair wasn't particularly styled, but rather natural. His locks looked extremely soft and he knew exactly what they felt like, he had memorized every part of his body like a pattern he had been told to study.

Beside him was a woman, absolutely stunning, gorgeous eyes, beautiful smile.

But she was glued to Ilya, waist to hip, arm on his shoulder, head resting on it. They looked like a couple, maybe they were, who was Shane to know.

They were talking to someone who he recognized as a referee from the league. Nice guy, but all Shane could think and feel was heat.

Not the good kind, but then one that would make him cry anytime soon if he didn't disappear right now.

So he continued rushing through the crowd, but stopped in his tracks when his name was called.

“ Shane Hollander, I'm a huge fan.”

He turned around and immediately regretted it. In front of him stood the woman he had just eyed, her slender hand in the air, waiting for him to shake it.

He absentmindedly did, but his eyes soon found Ilya who was looking at him with pain in his eyes, or maybe it was anger. Shane wasn’t sure.

“ Nice to meet you, you are?”

“ Oh sorry, I'm Svetlana, Ilya brought me along. You know him?”

Svetlana.

Wow.

This hurt.

Shane swallowed around the knot in his throat and nodded his head, not trusting his voice right now. Of course he knew Svetlana, he was sure she was one of the hookups Ilya had talked about in passing. The one girl he had known for years, since they were young.

Maybe he had never stood a chance.

“ Of course, he's a great player.”

Svetlana crossed her arms and smiled, eyes crinkling so beautifully that Shane just wanted to kill himself.

“ Yeah but he's too arrogant sometimes, don't you agree?”

Ilya stepped closer at that and wrapped his hand around her waist once more, Shane immediately followed the movement with his eyes, feeling dryness because he didn't dare to blink, too scared it would make him cry.

“ Hollander, you look good. Suit makes you look very handsome.”

The compliment was soulless, no weight to it, Shane knew this was small talk and he absolutely despised it.

However, his heart yearned for more words, for his voice to last a bit longer, his eyes to stare more intensely. He missed him so much, it was actually starting to be embarrassing.

“ Thanks, you look quite handsome yourself. And you brought your girlfriend, you look nice together. “

Even just saying the word *girlfriend* felt like stabbing himself and he had to bite his lip to prevent any sound from coming out, knowing the pain in his chest meant he was very close to a panic attack.

A complete meltdown.

Both Ilya and Svetlana looked at him, eyes big and then they laughed, but he did not understand why. Had he told them a joke he already forgot?

Fuck, how drunk was he?

“ Girlfriend is a bit far-fetched. I'm just his accompaniment today because he feels most comfortable with me I guess.”

That did not make him feel any better actually.

Ilya eyed him curiously, but Shane could not depict what he was thinking, he could only focus on his moles, the ones he kissed last time they've been together.

“ What about you? Alone? Where is your girlfriend?”

He sensed some undertone, tense and uncomfortable. Ilya did not want to ask him, but he still did. Maybe out of spite.

Shane awkwardly touched his neck and rubbed it, hoping it would help lessen the nausea that had built up in his stomach, but it sort of made it worse.

“ No girlfriend, Rose and I….we are not together. “

“ Hm.”

This was more than uncomfortable and he felt like the air was getting thinner. His breathing was wrong, was he even breathing?

Shane touched his chest and tried to sense his heartbeat, not surprised when it was far too quick and out of rhythm. Then there was sweat, he could feel it on his neck first and then under his shirt.

The alcohol fucked him up, but this was something he was all too familiar with and he really did not need this now. Not here. Not in front of people he didn't want to be vulnerable around.

“ Are you okay?”

Svetlana asked him and he jerked his gaze towards her, embarrassed she caught on immediately. Ilya seemed to also realize something was wrong but the moment he stepped closer, Shane took a step back.

“ I'm, yeah no I'm okay…I think. If you will excuse me.”

He turned on his heels and quite literally ran to the toilets, immediately locking himself into the first cabin he stumbled into, body forcing him to throw up. It was a brief distraction from the panic he was experiencing, but once he felt like he had emptied his stomach, it was back.

Shane slid down to the floor and pressed his hands into his eyes, embarrassed he was sobbing like a baby, but this was all just too painful and too much.

How could this be reality?

Right outside was the one person he wanted the most, the only one he felt things for that had been foreign for so long, but he wasn't alone.

He was here with the person he occasionally hooked up with as well, someone that was prettier than Shane, more elegant.

This was stupid, he knew that it wasn't Ilya's fault, it was Shane's insecurities. But she could be there with him out in the open, hugging him, kissing him, maybe more.

Shane couldn't, even if that was the one thing he wanted the most. Maybe this was divine punishment for running out of that apartment and not turning back.

He reached for some toilet paper, trying to collect some of the tears that were staining his suit when he suddenly froze. Someone was inside the bathroom as well now, he could see shoes, black ones.

They stopped right in front of his cabin and he put a hand over his mouth to shut himself up, scared he would be found out. But once he heard the voice outside, the tears just came back like a waterfall.

" Hollander? Open up."

Ilya was there but no, he absolutely could not let him see him like this, not when he knew this was all because of him.

" Go away."

Shit, his voice sounded absolutely horrible. Like something out of a horror movie, completely wrecked and raw.

" Shane…open up."

He gasped at the use of his first name, immediately sending him back to that fateful day on top of Ilya, hands against his chest, breath mingling together.

A new set of tears rolled down his face and he started to feel too tired to care, pretty sure he was sobbing again but his ears tuned out the noise.

From the corner of his eyes he noticed the shoes leaving and for a moment he felt immense sadness within his chest but then he gasped when Ilya jumped into his cabin from the toilet beside him, his frame throwing a shadow over his body cowering on the floor.

He just stared, Shane couldn't really pinpoint his expression because it was too dark, but when he kneeled down to be on his eye level he saw the pain and he saw the worry.

“ Don't look at me like that,” he whispered, eyes avoiding him to instead stare at the toilet lid and the bright white color of it. He was unsure what to do with himself, after all, this was all his own fault.

Maybe Ilya was there to laugh at him, to tell him how poorly he had behaved and how much he deserved throwing up on a toilet at a charity event.

But instead Shane felt fingers on his chin, turning his face back to be able to dry the tears on his cheeks and god, did that feel good. That was the warmth he had been craving for so long, that he had missed because of his own dumb choices.

“ Stop crying, please.”

Easier said than done but Shane tried to calm down, his chest was hurting bad enough from vomiting and he was so damn tired.

“ You don't need to be here, I ran away after all, I don't deserve your attention.”

Ilya stopped his movements for a second but continued drying Shane's face, soon grabbing some toilet paper to clean his mouth as well. He probably looked like absolute shit but he couldn't believe the care the other man treated him with.

“ Come here,” he said and carefully helped Shane stand up before opening the cabin door and moving towards the sink. Ilya turned on the water and gently splashed some onto Shane's face and then offered him some to clean his mouth with.

Shane leaned down to swallow it and then carefully moved it around in his mouth, only spitting it out when he felt like he had removed every bit of bile he still tasted.

Before he could do anything else Ilya already picked him up and sat him down on the sink, pressing himself in between his legs to gently hold his face in between his warm rough hands.

The movement had already been overwhelming but Shane found it much worse to have the person he cared for so close again. So close he could feel his body heat radiating towards him.

“ Shane Hollander, you scared me.”

Looking up into his eyes, he swallowed hard and it hurt because his throat was raw but it also reminded him that this was real, that he was being cornered by Ilya and touched and consoled even though he didn't deserve it.

“ I'm sorry.”

“ Why did you drink so much?”

He shook his head, not wanting to answer because that meant he would expose something he was scared of, especially now that Ilya was here with someone else, someone he knew longer than he knew Shane.

But he could also feel tears brimming in his eyes again and he started to wonder what would be worse.

Ilya was silent, patient as well. His thumbs stroked over Shane's face so gently and carefully as if he was expensive china, fragile and ready to break. And maybe that feeling and that moment was the reason he leaned into the touch and dared to kiss Ilya's wrist, lips wet from the water and cold against the warm skin.

" I miss you so much…"

It was almost like a bomb he dropped, he could hear the harsh intake of breath from the other man and he was too scared to look at him, see something in his eyes that would mean this was over for good, so Shane avoided his gaze and looked past his face, lips caught between his teeth.

" I'm sorry I left that day, I'm sorry I didn't stay and avoided you. Ilya I….I never wanted to leave, I was just so scared."

" Scared about what?"

The question was soft, no harshness behind it but some sort of urgency that made Shane take a deep breath, " Scared losing what we had, the short moments of happiness. I'm scared Ilya, so scared."

Was he even making sense?

Maybe there was still too much alcohol in his body but he did not know what else to say so he hoped this was enough.

Ilya gently made him look at him again and stroked over his freckles, once twice and a third time, sending a wave of warmth through Shane's body before he felt the other man hovering against his lips.

" Don't run away again, please."

The desperation in his voice made him wonder and hope for something he had thought he had lost. Shane let his gaze drop to Ilya's lips, saw how they slightly trembled and he could not stop himself from moving forward and meeting them with his own.

From one moment to the other the air around them no longer felt stoic and tense but hot and barely breathable.

Shane gasped when Ilya pressed closer and pushed him into the mirror behind him, hands now holding his waist to push him against himself while his lips chased his own harder now.

It was nothing close to soft, more rough and needy but exactly what Shane had missed. His arms snaked around Ilya's neck, trying to be as close as possible, to make up for the time he had lost due to his cowardness and it was a bit too unbelievable that this was really happening right now but he could not stop himself from crying again.

This time out of relief, because Ilya was here with him, kissed him and not Svetlana, touched him and not Svetlana.

Wanted him and not Svetlana.

The jealousy was eating him up alive and he did not want to imagine how the other man felt seeing him together with Rose, but this right now, here, was real and he moaned into Ilya's mouth when said man's hand pressed into his groin, rubbing him roughly over his pants.

" We can't."

Ilya moved away from his mouth to press kisses against his neck and then sucked a bruise right over his adam's apple, making Shane shudder from arousal and he started to not care about getting caught or worse, being outed in front of everyone outside.

What was important right now was that he had the man he needed between his thighs, touching him as if these last weeks never had happened.

" Ilya.."

Feeling his lips leave his neck, Shane opened his eyes to stare right into the other man's eyes. They were so full of need and desperation that he felt bad for interrupting the moment, but it also gave him time to stare at him, at his face and every stubble, every mole he had missed so desperately.

" I missed you too."

His eyes grew bigger, if possible. He could not understand why he was surprised about his words, because a minute ago they were making out like crazy, but hearing it was a completely different situation and he dared to press their foreheads against each other, just relishing this moment for as long as he could.

" So Svetlana is-"

He stopped himself, not wanting to ruin the moment but also feeling like he needed to know what this all meant. Ilya sensed that though and moved his hand back up to stroke over Shane's hair, down to his ear to cup his face once more.

" Just friend to me, good friend."

Shane knew this, had hoped for this but the certainty felt amazing and he started to dare to think this meant he was different, he was special, " You were jealous, yes?"

He would have avoided replying, but Ilya didn't ask with ill intent, but genuine curiosity and he knew he had to go about this differently now.

So, he nodded and looked at the other man, knowing he was blushing because he could feel the heat on his face and ears, " She's beautiful. "

Ilya nodded in agreement but then there was something in his eyes that seemed different and softer than before. He moved his thumb over Shane's freckles and then his lips, rubbing gently over them.

“ But, you're prettier.”

It sounded so honest, so pure, so real. Shane did not know what to do with himself because this could mean so much more than he tried to imagine but it was too much right now because the tiredness was starting to feel present in his body and instead of overthinking it, he leaned forward once more and gave Ilya a kiss, then a second one.

A third but this time he let his tongue slide in between the other man's lips, meeting his in a gentle dance of heat. It did not escalate, it felt like it was enough which had never been the case before and that feeling settled in his chest when they pulled away once more, out of breath and shy.

“ Do you need to drive Svetlana back home?”

A plea, something akin to need was in his voice even though part of him felt like this was overall way too early and rushed.

Ilya on the other hand let his head drop on Shane's chest, hugging him close to himself, hands moving up and down his tense back.

“ Yes, she has to take flight early tomorrow. “

Shane moved his fingers into Ilya’s hair, stroking through it gently before caressing his ears, soon moving further down to cup his face and make him look up once more.

“ Do you want to come to my place on the weekend? To properly talk.”

“ Talk, yes sure,” he replied sarcastically as if he didn't believe that was all Shane wanted to do. Well, it would be a lie if he said there wasn't more to it, that he wasn't hoping they would touch each other the way they wouldn't be able to do today, but he really wanted to talk as well.

“ I mean it. Talk, eat, maybe fuck as well.”

That made Ilya smirk and give him another kiss, wet and addicting but ending too soon. Shane knew they needed to get back out but he was also surprised no one had interrupted them so far, eyes moving to the door.

“ Sounds very good, “ he replied and then followed his gaze, lips pressing behind Shane's ear and then briefly sucking on his lobe, making the young man gasp,” I locked door, don't worry.”

He sighed in relief, about to press Ilya against himself once more, when his phone rang and he nearly jumped out of his skin, “ Fuck,” he cursed and looked a the screen, seeing at least twenty messages from his mother, asking where he was.

“ Should we go back?”

Shane looked up at that and met Ilya’s gaze, silently proud of the way his lips were slightly swollen and red, knowing this was because of him.

“ Yeah, I should get back out and then head home. This was a bit too much for me.”

“ Not me though, right?”

He shook his head and gave Ilya a kiss to the nose and then lips for the last time, at least today.

“ Never you. But the alcohol, I think I will feel terrible tomorrow. “

“ Drink glass of vodka in the morning, you will feel better.”

He giggled at that and was grateful when Ilya helped him down to the floor again, not because he wasn't able to himself but because he felt pretty dizzy and a hand on his waist was very much needed right now.

But before they unlocked the door and left each other once more, Shane pulled Ilya by his fly, nudging their noses together, “ I will write you, I promise.”

And Ilya reciprocated the touch, pressing his nose to Shane's neck one last time to take in his scent.

“ I will answer.”

End Notes

It was not as bad right?
I'm a sucker for angst and pain so if you liked it let me know!
I definitely have some more stories up my sleeve ♡

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!