

## Don't You Leave Me in This Silence

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# Don't You Leave Me in This Silence

by [YearningForSolace](#)

## Summary

He reached into his pocket for his phone and fuck— he was still wearing Rozanov's clothes. They smelt like him. He couldn't go back inside now to get his own, that would make for even more embarrassment.

I just need to get out of here, far away.

He opened his phone and tried to call an Uber, but his vision was so blurry from unshed tears, he couldn't see a thing on the screen.

What the fuck was he doing? Ilya is never going to talk to him again and he's out here on the ground having a fucking panic attack.

Or, what if when Shane leaves Ilya on the couch, he only makes it past the front door before breaking down?

## Notes

Hi! This is my first fic I've ever written, so bear with me.

Thank you to my day one for reading it first!

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

“I’m sorry. This– I can’t.”

“Hollander.”

“I just– I can’t, uh– I can’t do this.”

“*Hollander.*”

“I’m sorry.”

Shane stumbled out of the room in a rush, gripping the t-shirt in his hands with a vice grip in an attempt to stop his hands from trembling. It felt as though his heart was going to beat out of his chest as he entered the kitchen, grabbing his phone from where he left it on the counter. *Just get outside.* He hastily threw the t-shirt on in a rush to escape, feeling sick to his stomach.

Darkness crept into the edges of his vision as the panic started to take a hold. Shane fumbled with the door handle three times before it finally opened and the fresh air hit his lungs. He only made it a few steps before his knees gave out on him. He crumpled to the ground on the walkway.

They had said each other's first names. They never do that. Shane felt the oxygen leave his lungs in short bursts. It felt too real. This *thing* that he and Rozanov had was strictly for pleasure and nothing more. Last names keep things distant, normal. *They couldn't be anything more.* He *wanted* it to be more though.

Shane had begun to know that his feelings for Ilya ran deeper than he wanted to admit, but there on the couch, it felt as though maybe Ilya felt the same as him. He knew from the moment they met all those years ago that there was something different in the way he felt around Rozanov.

He clutched his chest, his heart aching so fiercely he thought it might actually be splitting in two.

*Why did it have to be him?*

Shane always knew being with Rozanov was risky in itself because they were rivals and no one would ever accept the fact that they were friendly with each other, let alone if they were more than that. He could've ended this before his feelings developed and met some nice, safe guy in Montreal who could keep things quiet, but no. He had to fall for the Russian menace of a man who took his breath away.

Shane was on his hands and knees on the walkway trying to take a deep breath, but all he felt was pain. His lungs seized in desperation.

He reached into his pocket for his phone and *fuck*– he was still wearing Rozanov's clothes. They smelt like *him*. He couldn't go back inside now to get his own, that would make for even more embarrassment.

*I just need to get out of here, far away.*

He opened his phone and tried to call an Uber, but his vision was so blurry from unshed tears, he couldn't see a thing on the screen.

*What the fuck was he doing? Ilya is never going to talk to him again and he's out here on the ground having a fucking panic attack.*

Dropping his phone to the ground, Shane forced himself to sit, pulling his knees up and ducking his head between them. He clawed at his throat, an inhumane groan of frustration made its way out. His lungs were burning from his erratic breathing and lack of consistent oxygen. The edges of his vision were darkening as more dark spots crept in.

Ilya sat on the couch, hand frozen in time reaching out toward the ghost of Shane. He listened as Shane fled in a hurry, hearing the front door slam shut. Their interaction replayed in his head over and over again as he tried to pick out when exactly Shane had started to panic. Things were so good and then he felt Shane tense, pulling away as Ilya tried to kiss him. His heart was still thundering in his chest, coming down from the high, only to be tripled by the fear that edged its way in.

The second Shane stood up, Ilya's heart clenched and it felt like everything he was scared of was coming to fruition. All he wanted was to just have a little bit more *time* with Shane. He thought about his plan to have him stay and how he had made sure to have everything ready for him, down to making sure he had ginger ale stocked in the fridge.

He glanced at the coffee table with the open can sitting where Shane had left it, half-empty. Leaning back, letting out a frustrated sigh, he stared at the ceiling. Reeling in the whiplash of the last five minutes, he wanted nothing more than to rewind and stop Shane from walking away. He scrubbed his face doing anything to abate the frustrated tears that threatened to fall.

As someone who had been taught to conceal his emotions, he felt like an idiot for letting his guard down for even a moment. He had taken a risk to try to get closer with the one person he has ever wanted to make an effort for and it backfired in his face.

It was because he had said *Shane* – it had just slipped out, bubbling over with everything he felt for the man on top of him. As Shane pulled away, the desperation to take it back ebbed out with each *Hollander* he spoke. Ilya had pushed him too far and now he didn't know if he'd ever be able to get that feeling back. He pushed those thoughts back, burying them underneath the stoic facade he had worked so hard to build.

*"Blyat,"* he grunted under his breath.

*Fuck this shit. Get a grip, Rozanov. If Shane wants to leave, let him. Everyone does eventually.*

Ilya needed to reset immediately. He got up and went to the bathroom to clean any evidence of their encounter off of him. He would clean everything and erase the day. Any feelings he had would just have to be buried until he could forget.

He stared at himself in the bathroom mirror, his gaze intense and unforgiving – bordering on unkind. He nodded to himself, closing his mind to any thoughts of brown eyes and freckles. He would move on with his day and forget any fantasy he had built in his mind for them.

Back in the living room, he gathered their plates and soda cans, taking them into the kitchen to dispose of the evidence. He threw the plates and baking sheet in the sink, grabbed a cloth, and began wiping down the counters. That's the last time he'll cook for someone, that's for sure. If he could erase any traces of Shane, maybe he could make himself believe that things could go back to the way they were before. He would remove his feelings from the situation and go back to keeping things strictly physical – *if* Shane even wanted to see him again.

Ilya was rounding the corner of the kitchen island when movement outside his front door caught his attention. Dropping the cloth where it was on the counter, he stepped closer to the door to get a better look.

His heart stopped. Every ounce of frustration and anger left his body in an abrupt wave and his blood ran cold.

There Shane was, curled into a ball sitting on his front walk. Ilya wasn't sure what to do at first, not knowing if his presence would make things worse, but as he got closer to the door, he could hear strangled cries that made his heart clench.

He knew early on that Shane's brain operated differently than most. He was very particular, regimented in everything he did. He left very little room for error or change and when things strayed from the vision he had in his mind, panic would set in quickly. Ilya normally went out of his way to ensure Shane felt comfortable in every encounter they had, which made what was happening now that much worse.

*"Chert voz'mi," he muttered.*

Opening the front door, he made his way over to Shane and crouched next to him. He hesitated for a moment before resting his hand on the back of Shane's neck. He knew Shane had the potential to panic, but he had never seen him like this and it scared him.

"Hollander," he said softly, trying not to startle him, but bring his focus back to him. Shane's breathing was alarmingly erratic, gasping for air. "Hollander, look at me." His head stayed tucked between his knees, and Ilya wasn't sure that Shane could even hear him.

*"Moy lyubimyy,"* he demanded gently, gripping the back of Shane's neck tighter, "Hollander, I need you to look at me."

Shane didn't budge at first, his whole body trembling, but then he slowly lifted his head from between his knees.

*Finally.*

Ilya's breath hitched.

Shane's eyes were red-rimmed, glassy, unfocused – his pupils so dilated there was almost no color left. Tears streamed down his perfect freckled cheeks in an endless flow and Ilya felt like his heart was going to shatter right then and there.

*Those freckles.*

He gently cradled Shane's head, swiping his thumbs across his cheeks, wiping away the tears. Carefully, he tilted his head, forcing him to make eye contact.

*Stupid. Stupid. Stupid. He doesn't love you like that, you idiot. You are just another person to warm his bed. Nothing more. He could never— He doesn't need you. Nothing. You are—*

Shane's thoughts were interrupted as a blur of blond curls came into focus in front of him. Someone was speaking to him, but the words were so muffled he felt like he was underwater. He felt hands pressing against his cheeks, but his mind could register what was happening. Part of him wanted to melt into the touch, but one persisting thought echoed through his brain – *I can't breathe.*

"That's it. Look at me, *dorogoy*."

His lungs were burning, his throat felt like it was closing, but that voice – he could focus on that voice.

"I need you to breathe."

He knew that voice. *Ilya*. He was here. A flicker of warmth pulsed through his body.

A hand wrapped around his own and brought it to Ilya's chest. Shane could feel Ilya's strong heartbeat as he struggled to focus on anything other than his spiraling thoughts.

"Okay, that's it. You're okay. Breathe with me. In. Out."

*In.*

*Out.*

He could do that. Staring at Ilya's mouth forming the commands, Shane began to sync their breathing. Hand pressed against Ilya's chest, feeling the rise and fall of each breath.

Aching minutes passed, but the burn in his lungs began to fade away and the darkness in his vision slowly cleared. As his breathing regulated, all he could do was focus on the worried man staring back at him.

That's when the embarrassment started to creep in.

No.

*No.*

“I’m sorry,” Shane croaked out, new tears beginning to spill down his cheeks. He couldn’t believe the state he was in – nevermind the fact that he had left.

“Don’t,” Ilya whispered, wiping the tears away.

Ilya stood slowly, relief flowing in his veins now that Shane was breathing normally again. He tugged on Shane’s hands pulling him up onto his feet.

“Come here,” he urged.

Shane complied instantly falling into his arms, letting Ilya wrap him in a tight embrace. They stood there for a few minutes, just relishing the moment, breathing together. Ilya was gently swaying them back and forth in a soothing rocking motion.

“Let’s go back inside,” he whispered in Shane’s ear, afraid to break the silence. He felt Shane nod against his neck and nudged him toward the door.

Ilya bent down quickly to grab Shane’s discarded phone before following him inside.

With a hand providing gentle pressure on Shane’s lower back, he guided him back to the couch. He sat them down, pulling Shane to rest against his chest. Running his hand through Shane’s hair, he closed his eyes, letting out a deep breath. He was just happy to have Shane back with him.

“I’m sorry,” Shane mumbled into his chest.

“Shh, is okay.”

“I mean it,” he said, lifting his head up a little to meet Ilya’s worried gaze. “I panicked and I know why, but I shouldn’t have just left you like that. It was mean.”

After a beat, Ilya hesitantly asked, “What happened? Did I do something wrong?”

“No,” Shane groaned, burying his head back in Ilya’s neck. “I– You– You said my name and uh– it um– it made things feel– real. Like maybe we could– Like maybe we could be something.”

Ilya tensed. It felt like the air had been sucked out of the room. His heartbeat pulsed in his ears. He had known for a while that what he felt for Shane was more than he had ever felt for anyone. He had known that it was love. He would live with that forever without ever telling anyone if he had to. He never thought that it was a remote possibility that Shane could feel the same way about him. This was dangerous for both of them. They were the league’s biggest rivals for god sake. More than that, if word got back to his father, to Russia, he’d

never be able to go home again. *Never*. Never see his mother's grave again. His breath hitched.

"Hey," Shane murmured, drawing his attention back. "Forget I said anything. It's stupid. I know we-."

"No, no," Ilya sighed, "is not stupid. I feel- same way."

"You do?" the shock evident on Shane's face.

"*Da*, yes."

Shane let out a shaky breath.

Holding his gaze, Ilya leaned in to press a kiss to his cheek. "Thought it was obvious."

"Not to me," Shane huffed a laugh.

"I guess I will have to show you better then," he said leaning in again to capture his lips in a slow kiss. He tried to put every ounce of feeling into the kiss in an attempt to prove his point. "I ask you to stay with me today because I like you. Maybe too much, Hollander."

"I like you too," Shane smiled.

He must have drifted off, because when he opened his eyes again, there was a muted movie playing on the TV with Russian subtitles and a hand was playing with his hair. The sun was setting through the large glass windows, painting the sky a wonderful medley of pinks and oranges. His head was resting comfortably on Ilya's chest, his arm slung around his waist, and Shane felt utterly content.

*I could get used to this.*

The thought scared him a little. For years he had been restricting everything in his life, making sure that he never showed too much. One thing was certain – he had always felt safest in Ilya's arms, as fleeting as those moments have been. Looking up at the other man's face, he was met with his signature lopsided smile. Ilya leaned in and kissed Shane's forehead. His heart stuttered and he offered a soft smile in return before nuzzling back into Ilya's chest.

"Do you ever wish you could freeze time?" he whispered, moving his hand to play idly with Ilya's chest hair.

"Mmm," Ilya hummed in response.

"If I could, I would stay in this moment forever."

Ilya's arm tightened around his waist, giving him a quick squeeze, "Me too."

They would be okay. They would figure this thing out. *Together.*

## End Notes

Thank you for reading! I hoped you enjoyed it :)

Russian Translations:

Blyat - Fuck

Chert voz'mi - Damn it

Moy lyubimyy - My love

Dorogoy - Sweetheart

Da - Yes

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