

Wanted to be Normal

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Wanted to be Normal

by [angelcrybaby](#)

Summary

Ilya played like shit, he was willing to admit that. He couldn't get his head out of Hollander's ass, and even his hits on him were half hearted. Shane scored on him twice, and he had spent the game avoiding the one person he wanted to talk to most. He had written out three texts before the game, and two after, all five were unsent. It felt like groveling to admit there was something missing to be in Montreal and not with Shane. But he had Rose Landry now.

*** A new take on the club scene***

Red lights, strobes, the smell of sweat in the air. Bodies on bodies and the smell of alcohol in the air. The perfect place to get his mind off of one Shane Hollander. He hadn't been able to look at him during the game, too scared of what his own reaction might be. Rose Landry had been at the game, and the announcers were all too happy to put her on the jumbotron often enough that Ilya was starting to think they had a grudge against him. Everytime she was shown she was cheering, showing off her Hollander jersey, or blowing kisses towards Shane.

Ilya played like shit, he was willing to admit that. He couldn't get his head out of Hollander's ass, and even his hits on him were half hearted. Shane scored on him twice, and he had spent the game avoiding the one person he wanted to talk to most. He had written out three texts before the game, and two after, all five were unsent. It felt like groveling to admit there was something missing to be in Montreal and not with Shane. But he had Rose Landry now.

He took his phone out, checking the homescreen willing that the name Jane was there. It wasn't, he pushed his phone back in his pocket, turning his full attention back to where his team mates were leaning against the bar, chatting up the bartender.

He leans in close to the girl, her tits were on display, and Ilya made a show of glancing down and then back up at her, she blushed and asked for his order, he gave it back quickly. A double shot of vodka neat. He didn't want to remember tonight, needed his mind off Hollander. She placed the drink in front of him, taking his card to start a tab. She waved at someone down the bar, and Ilya followed the wave and his eyes landed on Miles. Rose Landry's friend. Miles met Ilya's eyes and picked his hand up in a wave of acknowledgement. If Miles was here, Rose was here, Shane was here.

He snatched the glass up and turns around as slowly as he can, his eyes raking across the dance floor, looking at every person. He was praying Shane wasn't here, that he wasn't here with Rose, that his own suffering wouldn't be amplified tonight. He kept his face as firm as possible, trying not to betray the fear in his stomach. His eyes landed on Shane. No. Not here. Not now.

His hands were on her waist, her hands were pushing up his shirt, touching his abs, and he was laughing. Why did he never laugh like that around Ilya? Shane never went to clubs. His mouth went dry watching the exchange, gripping the glass he brought it up to his mouth, taking it all in one go. His eyes never leave the couple on the dance floor. A woman comes up to him, draping her arms on his shoulders.

"Hey, I could be what you're looking for so intensely"

He rips his gaze off the dance floor to the pretty brunette hanging off of him. He needed a distraction and he needed it now. Give Hollander a taste of his own medicine, he would see him eventually. And his attention would be on this woman. He gave her a smirk and guided her to the dancefloor, positioning her body to rub up against him. He tried to focus on the way her body moved, how she felt under his touch, but his eyes kept drifting to Hollander and Rose. Hollander was glancing around, almost like he was looking for something, and he wasn't paying much mind to Rose.

Ilya pushed his nose into her throat, kissing up the column of it, she moans and rubs back against him appreciatively. The next glance he takes he sees Rose alone with Miles, he picks his head up searching for Hollander, finding him staring at Ilya from across the floor his face was blank but his eyes were following Ilya's hands as he touched her chest. Good, maybe he would feel the hurt that was plaguing him right now. Shane's eyes touched Ilya's for a moment, then he was walking towards him. Nope, time to bail. He couldn't talk to him right now, one word and his whole facade would crumble.

"Gotta go. Bathroom."

He whispers in her ear and she kisses his cheek before finding the next closest available guy and begins grinding on him. Ilya didn't glance back to see how far Hollander had gotten, but he picked up the pace, heading to the bathrooms. The hallway where they are located is shockingly empty, and he is able to slip into one of the private single bathroom rooms, slamming the door behind him and locking it quickly. Did Shane chase him through the club?

He goes to the sink, staring at his reflection. He was pathetic, trying not to cry over his hook up having a girlfriend. Images of his hands on her passed through his brain, of her seeing Shane's face when he cums, getting to kiss him in public, hold his hand. It feels like there is a boulder on his chest and a marble in his throat. He tried to steady himself in the mirror. Shane was with Rose Landry, he didn't need Ilya anymore. He could be happy with her, in public. But why did it hurt so much?

Heavy banging shook him from his despair, someone was knocking on the door. Ilya willed it to go away, closing his eyes. But the knocking just got heavier.

"Occupied."

His voice broke and he wiped his face off. The banging stopped momentarily before coming back again.

"It's me, Rozanov. Let me in."

"Occupied."

Shane. It was him banging on the door. He had followed him here. But he couldn't let him see him like this.

"Rozanov, if you don't let me in, I will wait for you to come out."

Ilya trudged towards the door, pausing to take a deep breath before slipping the lock out of place. Jumping back like it burned him, he slid away from the door and leaned on the sink facing the mirror, he couldn't face him. Not like this. The door is shoved open roughly, like he was expecting to meet resistance. Shane slipped inside and locked the door behind him, then leaned on it facing Ilya's back. He could see him in the mirror with his hands in his pockets. Now that he was inside, he must have lost confidence.

"What do you want, Hollander?"

He tries to keep his voice flat, not wanting the hurt to seep into his voice. Shane pushed off the door and walked up behind Ilya. His hand reaches out to touch Ilya's shoulder, but stops short and he pulls back. It hurts worse than if he had touched him.

"What are you doing here Rozanov?"

He had ignored Ilya's question, and was trying to catch his eyes in the mirror. Ilya stared up at the ceiling to avoid even looking at him.

"I came to dance. Blow off some steam."

"Why did you run away from me?"

Ilya flexed his arms against the sink in frustration. Because I couldn't stand to see you touching her.

"I didn't see you."

"Bullshit."

Ilya scoffs and debates his next words, but he has to know. Has to know why.

"You are with Rose Landry."

"Yes"

"Yet you are in bathroom with me."

"Yes."

"Seems I don't know. Backwards."

It was Shane's turn to look uncomfortable and he shifted his feet around, behind Ilya before leaning on the wall to his left.

"It's not like that."

"Like what Shane."

He spits his name, the exact thing that had caused him to run last time, he just wanted him to run, to leave him to his misery alone in this club bathroom. But he doesn't run. Shane just flinches at the venom in his voice

"I just wanted to be normal."

He mutters quietly, staring at the floor. Ilya watches as his shoulders drop, but can't let it be. Normal. Ilya wasn't normal. He and Shane were not normal.

"Huh normal. So go be normal, go get your girlfriend and leave me the fuck alone."

"No Ilya."

This hits him hard in his heart, hanging his head, Shane had never said his name and what a shitty way to hear it for the first time.

“Then tell me what you want from me.”

“I, I don’t know, but the look on your face, you looked like you wanted to kill me. I can’t stand the thought of you hating me.”

Hating him? Ilya was certain it was the furthest thing from hatred you could get. But that wouldn’t help the situation right now.

“We are rivals. I hate you. It is known.”

Ilya watched Shane’s face drop into a hurt expression and he was silent for a minute, staring at the floor and not at Ilya.

“Just leave me alone.”

Ilya was desperate to get him out of the room before the tears would fall on his face. He was blinking rapidly trying to chase them away.

“No.”

Shane pushed off the wall and turned until he was behind Ilya, looking at him in the mirror.

“I don’t think I want normal anymore.”

Ilya hung his head, refusing to look at him. He couldn’t dare have hope. He could feel his body heat with their closeness. His voice came out as a whisper.

“You should have normal. You deserve normal.”

“Is that what you want Ilya?”

Shane’s voice was unsure and had a twinge of hurt in it. He let the silence hang in the air. He was letting Shane go. He had to let him go. This was the moment he would go back out to the club, find Rose Landry, bring her home tonight, then he would marry her, have babies with her. Be normal. Nothing about him and Ilya were normal. He made up his mind quickly, if this was the last time, he wanted one last memory. He turned around and stares at Shane, at his mouth, daring him with his eyes.

Shane takes the dare and leans into Ilya, connecting them, giving permission. Ilya takes advantage of it immediately, bringing intensity into the equation, holding Shane’s face and guiding the kiss, the other hand gripping the shirt on Shane’s back. Shane grunted in surprise but responded back with the same intensity. Ilya slid his tongue past his lips, determined to taste every inch of Shane Hollander’s mouth. This closeness, this warmth. That was what he was going to miss. This memory was going to have to last him a lifetime.

Shane moaned into the kiss, his hands finding his way to Ilya’s waistband, he started to undo the top button and Ilya grabbed his hands repositioning them to his waist, the message was

clear to Shane, who gripped his hips and pulled him closer, the erections present in both of their pants rubbing against one another. Shane whimpered into Ilya's mouth, he was grinding against him, bullying Ilya against the sink, trapping him. Ilya didn't ever want to let him go. When Shane tried to pull back for air, Ilya chased his lips, bringing him back to him. He wanted his taste to infiltrate his every tastebud and never leave

The first tears fell from his eyes and he just hoped Shane wouldn't notice the tears streaming from his face. This is the last time.

Shane ended the kiss, pushing on Ilya's shoulders gently, panting for air. Ilya leaned into his neck, whispering the words he could never tell him against his skin.

"Ya tebya lyublyu."

He repeated it four times, pressing the words with his lips into Shane's skin, he couldn't not tell him. But he wouldn't know, but Ilya would. And this memory would have to last him a lifetime.

"Ya tebya lyublyu"

Shane whispered it back, and Ilya's heart broke in his chest. Shane was telling him he loved him, in his mother tongue, but didn't know what he was saying. Shane was breathing heavily, and rested his forehead on Ilya's after he had pulled back from the crook of his neck.

"You're crying. Why are you crying?"

"I am not crying. Russians do not do this"

He wiped at his cheeks and eyes, willing the tears to stop and not being able to control it. He laughed out loud at the situation, he was crying over someone who couldn't handle Ilya saying his name without running. But the one time he needs to run he refuses.. He refuses and tells me he loves me.

"Rozanov, talk to me."

"Go talk to Rose Landry."

"I am here with you. Ilya I can't get you out of my mind, no matter what I do. I was thinking about you on the dance floor, what you were doing tonight, while we were on the ice I couldn't stop looking at you, you wouldn't look at me, and then you appeared."

"Didn't stop your hands on her."

"You were also occupied."

Ilya flinched at the reminder of the woman on the dance floor, he stared down at Shane's chest, he needed to push him away, get out of this bathroom before his heart shatters. His hands went to push Shane away at his chest, but Shane caught his hands, crowding Ilya against the wall, pushing both of his hands above his head pinning him to the wall with a leg between each of his.

“Let me go.”

His words were half hearted and he didn't push against where he was restrained, he didn't want him to let go.

“Ilya, listen to me, please.”

He pushed his chin out and looked at him defiantly, waiting for him to speak, looking anywhere but his eyes. He settled on the collar of his shirt.

“I risked everything to come in here with you. I left Rose alone on the dance floor. We are together in a public space. You could expose me, you hold the power here. So listen to me please.”

Ilya nodded and pushed his head back against the wall, exposing his neck to Shane, he couldn't look at him at all anymore, not when a fresh batch of tears were threatening him. He would never expose Shane. He couldn't fathom that betrayal.

“I'm listening.”

He whispered this in defeat, letting his body go lax in Shane's hold.

“I don't... I don't want Rose. But I like her, shes good to talk to.”

Ilya rolled his eyes, out of sight from Shane, he likes her, he likes her, he likes her. Kept repeating in his mind, it was torture hearing Shane explain this to him. He should leave him alone if he likes her so much.

“So go to her.”

“Ilya I don't want normal.”

Ilya felt his whole body tense up, what did he want then? Did he want Ilya as much as he wanted him? The glimmer of hope sat in his chest, and he couldn't stop himself from asking.

“What do you want?”

He dared to ask the question, and it hung in the air unanswered for several seconds.

“Don't sleep with anyone else.”

Ilya scoffed again, Shane was jealous. He didn't want Ilya to sleep with someone else. What a hypocrite.

“I was planning to take that lucky lady home with me, she will be so disappointed.”

He couldn't help the jab at Shane. The grip on his wrist tightened and he dared to glance at Shane's face, it was full of jealousy and anger.

“She will have to be disappointed then.”

“And Rose? Will she be disappointed tonight?”

He had to know, was he going to fuck her tonight after kissing Ilya, after holding him hostage in the club bathroom?

“Yes, I think she will be. ya tebya lyublyu”

He snapped his gaze to meet Shane’s which was staring at him with intensity. Hearing those words again from Shane stabbed his heart again.

“Tell me you want me to break up with her.”

He was demanding this from Ilya, and he could not do it. He had to let him go. He had a chance to be happy with someone, and it was never going to be Ilya.

“No.”

His voice broke and he shook his head sadly, trying again to pull his hands away from Shane. He released his wrists, but brought his hands to Ilya’s face cupping both sides, forcing Ilya to look at him.

“I need to know you want me.”

He felt his lips tremble under the look Shane was giving him, he was staring at Ilya with love in his eyes. He wanted him, he wanted him more than anything in his life. It was over.

“Ilya do you want me?”

Shane repeated, his grip on Ilya’s face was firmer, and Ilya leaned into the touch, nodding his head in defeat. Too hypnotized by the touch, the closeness for the first time in six months, and just Shane.

“Then tell me to break up with her.”

“Break. Up. With. Her.”

He whispered, enunciating every word with force, this was what defeat tasted like.

“Tell me you won’t sleep with anyone else.”

“I won’t sleep with anyone else.”

He was hypnotized by Shane, studying his face trying to remember every freckle that was present. He could go the rest of his life without sex, because without Hollander, it would be pointless, no feelings.

“Ilya, I want you. I don’t want her. We aren’t compatible. I will end things right now if it will stop you from looking at me like that.”

“Com-pat-ible.”

He let the English word roll off his tongue. He wasn't positive about the meaning.

"I couldn't stand watching your hands on that woman, your lips. I realized you must have felt the same looking at me and Rose. I didn't realize how much it would hurt. To see you and not... have you."

Ilya just stared back at him, his feelings turning to shock. He had hurt him, exactly as intended. To see him and not have him, that was how Ilya felt every time on the ice.

"You can have me."

He couldn't stop himself from offering. He wanted it more than anything else, to be owned by Shane. To be wanted for something other than sex. He didn't deserve it, but he wanted it.

"Do you want me? Will you have me?"

Shane was leaning towards Ilya again close to his face, he was demanding an answer, an admission, and he could have it. He could have everything as long as he could see those freckles again.

"Yes... I want you. Don't go to Rose."

"I won't. I won't go to her. And oh god Ilya, I haven't been honest with you."

Ilya froze in his grip, his heart pounding in his chest. He hadn't been honest... About what? This was all a dream he tried to convince himself quickly, attempting to steel his expression

"I've been learning Russian."

"You... learning Russian."

His brain was short circuiting, Shane was trying to learn Russian, and then it dawned on him. Shane had said he loved him back. He stared back at Shane, trying to understand the meaning of the confession.

"I practiced one phrase a lot. I was going to surprise you. Ya tebya lyublyu."

He kissed Ilya after this declaration and Ilya felt like his soul was being pulled out of him. He could own him, he wouldn't complain. He was going to be with Shane tonight. He loved him and he wasn't running away. Fresh tears came down his face, touching Shane's cheeks where their flesh connected. He wrapped his arms around him pulling him as close as space allowed. Drinking in how their saliva mixed, at Shane's tongue in his mouth, the desperation they both felt to be close to one another. A knock on the door interrupted the kiss, they both jumped away startled, then laughed at their collective reaction.

"Occupied."

Ilya yelled out and the person groaned and moved on. Shane was blushing but hadn't let go of Ilya, his grip was firm, like if he let go he would leave.

“Say it again.”

“Ya tebya lyublyu”

“Again”

“Ya tebya lyublyu”

Ilya let his head fall on Shane’s shoulder and whispered quietly against his neck, for the fifth time that night.

“I love you too.”

They held onto each other, not moving except for some sniffles. Ilya was aware of the wet spot forming on his own shoulder. Shane was crying too.

“One of us has to leave first.”

Shane broke the silence in the room, and it brought Ilya back to his senses, they had just confessed love in a bathroom at a club.

“You are really going to break up with Rose Landry?”

“Yes, you can watch if it will make you feel better.”

He shook his head. The idea made him feel silly, but also slightly satisfied. If Shane said he loves him. That was all he needed.

“Your home? Where is it?”

Shane took out his phone and started a text, Ilya’s phone vibrated in his pocket.

“Just texted you the address, door code is 1919.”

“Okie. I will go to your place.”

“I’ll meet you after I finish.”

“Finish breaking her heart?”

Shane laughed and ran a hand nervously through his hair. His hand picked up Ilya’s to hold.

“Hopefully not, it’s only been two months.”

Ilya grimaced and felt the dip of anxiety in his stomach again. He noticed the expression on Ilya’s face, and squeezed his hand with both of his.

“If it breaks her heart to give me yours, I would gladly make the trade.”

Ilya was stunned, Shane wanted his heart. He didn’t know he already had it, that he had received it, locked the box, and wore the key. Ilya never wanted it back.

“You’ve had it. You just didn’t know.”

He whispered this, wanting Shane to understand his feelings, for once being brave enough to speak them.

“Ilya. You’re it for me. I don’t think I could want anyone else.”

“Damn Hollander my dick ruined you for anyone else?”

The quip made them both laugh, but Shane reached out and cupped him through his pants with his eyebrow raised.

“Yes, and it belongs to me now.”

“Yours.”

He whispered back with a groan, grinding into his hand, when he got hard he didn’t know. Maybe the first time Shane had spoken his language.

“You go out first. Watch if you want. I am going to go do it now. Then run home so that you can fuck me with what belongs to me.”

“I will do much more than that.”

He grabbed Shane’s ass boldly, kneading into it roughly. He sought out Shane’s lips for the first time since entering the bathroom, determined to outshine, to show him what he was feeling was real. But also believing that there was no way this was happening now. Shane broke the kiss and pushed him towards the door, dropping his hand.

“Go. Now. Before I suck you off in this disgusting bathroom.”

Ilya smiled and turned the lock in his hand, he pulled the door open and slid out quickly, jogging away from the door. The club was overpacked, but he found Marleau purely from his height. He pushed through the crowd to him.

“I got a date. I am leaving. Cover me for curfew.”

Marleau gave him a big thumbs up and slapped him on the back. Ilya went to the bar to settle up his tab, taking his card back from the bartender. He glanced back across the floor, spotting Shane sitting in a booth with Rose. He held his breath watching them talk. It was a serious conversation. He was keeping his word. He saw Shane push up from the table giving her a hug, and then checking his phone.

I know you haven’t left yet. Let me drive you

The text made Ilya smile, he was predictable wasn’t he? He waited outside the club, smoking a cigarette to explain his lingering. He watched as Shane got in his car and turned out of the parking space, stopping in front of him. He jogged around to the passenger side, slipping in

the car quickly, Shane's free hand immediately rested on Ilya's thigh, a grounding touch in an overwhelming situation, he leaned over and kissed Ilya's cheek quickly.

"Let's go home."

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