Anything You Want

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Anything You Want

by smackalicious

Summary

Shane rolls his eyes and looks away, unable to maintain eye contact. “You don’t,” he whispers, and Ilya pushes himself to his feet, approaching Shane warily, like any sudden movements will scare him away.

“Shane,” he says, reaching out and taking one of Shane’s hands, “look at me.” He waits, and waits, for Shane to turn his attention back to him. “Why would I lie? You said you wanted us to be honest, I am being honest.”

A tear finally escapes and runs down Shane’s cheek. He doesn’t appear to notice. “You love me.” It’s a statement, not a question.

Notes

I have returned with yet another fic, lol. This one is just a short guy, little alternate scene that takes place immediately after the burger scene in episode 6. I saw a gifset of the last part of the scene (thank you, tumblr) with Shane saying, "It doesn't really matter, you know?" and was like, okay but what is THAT supposed to mean? And was like, I wonder if someone has written a fic about that. And then I said, well I guess I will have to do that. Of course. So this essentially ends up replacing the love confession scene later on (apologies for that). I was also inspired by the bathroom scene from episode 2 for the middle part. Enjoy. :)

See the end of the work for more notes

He just can’t stop thinking about it.

It doesn’t really matter.

He watches Shane clean up, sleeves rolled up as he stands at the sink, rinsing dishes, and the words keep repeating in his head, in Shane’s voice.

He'd offered to help, of course, but Shane insisted he was a *guest.* Someone passing through, unfamiliar.

He feels stiff, uncomfortable, sitting up straight on the couch below the kitchen. Waiting.

“What do you want to do now?”

Ilya looks up at Shane’s words. He’s standing at the edge of the steps, looking down at him, thumbs hooked in his pockets. He radiates so much nervous energy that Ilya thinks it’s somehow contagious and that’s why he feels so awkward just sitting there.

Ilya shrugs. “Is your house. Sorry, cottage.”

Shane rolls his eyes. “I’m not going to boss you around while you’re here, you know.”

“No, I know.” His voice is soft and his gaze shifts to the floor, triggering Shane to move.

“I never did get to give you a tour,” he says, though he sits down next to Ilya. No tour here.

“I think I've seen what I need to.” The words are perhaps harsher than they need to be, but he really can’t help but feel a little irritated by what Shane said.

“Oh, okay.” Shane sounds taken aback, surprised. There's a long pause and then he says, quietly, “You think I should come out to my parents.”

“Well, yes, but I cannot make you do anything.” He sits back against the couch, staring out at the wilderness surrounding the cottage.

“It’s just... not that easy. You know that.”

Ilya can feel Shane’s eyes on him, pleading, but something about his words has lit a fuse deep in his gut. He can feel it burning and burning, rising up through his ribs, into his throat, before the words tear out of him without a second thought. “You are ashamed to tell them about me, yes?”

“W-what? Ilya...” Shane sounds about 30 seconds away from a panic attack.

Ilya finally turns to look at him. “Well? What am I supposed to think? You said it doesn’t matter.”

Shane’s eyes are wide. “Yeah, like when I tell them I’m gay, that’s not the important part,” he says, disbelief in his tone.

Somehow that's worse. "Oh, okay. So you invite me here to, what, fuck for two weeks?"

"No, Ilya! Fuck, why would you think that? I told you I like you." He searches Ilya's face, desperation written all over his. "In what fucking world does that translate to being ashamed to tell my parents about you?"

"If you are not ashamed, then why haven't you done it yet?" Ilya has raised his voice now, as well, unable to maintain his facade of cool detachment.

Shane throws up a hand in exasperation. "What am I supposed to say, Ilya? 'Mom, Dad, I'm gay, and by the way, I've been sleeping with my arch fucking rival since our rookie season.' Not sure how well that would go over!"

Ilya is silent for a long moment, face drawn tight. He looks away from Shane. He's right, of course, but it doesn't stop him from feeling the way he does, that *of course* golden boy Shane Hollander would be ashamed to be associated with the fucked up Ilya Rozanov.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Ilya," Shane continues when Ilya doesn't say anything. "I invited you here because I *wanted* you here. Because I like you and want to spend time with you."

Ilya remains quiet, processing Shane's words, but Shane takes the silence for continued anger.

"Oh my God, fuck you," he says, standing up from the couch. He walks to the steps that lead to the kitchen, then pauses and turns back around, his words quieter, like he's saying them more to himself than to Ilya. "I can't believe I fell in love with you."

And *that* gets Ilya's full attention.

His head snaps back to face Shane so quickly that he's worried he's injured himself. But it doesn't matter. Shane just said... "You...," he says, the rest of his words drying up in his mouth.

Shane's staring at him with a shocked expression on his face, like he didn't mean to say that, and tears in his eyes. "Yeah," he says, his voice coming out wobbly. "I love you, even though you're a fucking asshole." He shifts his gaze to the ceiling, blinking away his tears. "You must think I'm so pathet-"

"I love you, too." The words come out without hesitation, surprising even Ilya.

The cottage is silent for a long moment and right when Ilya is about to stand up, Shane lowers his head and looks at him. His face is red. "You don't have to say that just because -"

"When have I ever said something to make someone feel better?" Ilya interrupts. "Especially you?"

Shane rolls his eyes and looks away, unable to maintain eye contact. "You don't," he whispers, and Ilya pushes himself to his feet, approaching Shane warily, like any sudden movements will scare him away.

“Shane,” he says, reaching out and taking one of Shane’s hands, “look at me.” He waits, and waits, for Shane to turn his attention back to him. “Why would I lie? You said you wanted us to be honest, I am being honest.”

A tear finally escapes and runs down Shane’s cheek. He doesn’t appear to notice. “You love me.” It’s a statement, not a question.

Ilya nods. “So much.” His voice is hoarse.

“Oh my God.” Shane practically collapses into Ilya’s arms, his face pressed into his shoulder. “I am so sorry,” he mumbles into Ilya’s shirt.

“Why sorry?” Ilya asks, unable to resist pressing a kiss to the side of Shane’s head.

Shane lets out a low moan. “I called you a fucking asshole.”

Ilya reaches up and runs a hand down the back of Shane’s head. “Not the first time,” he says, and Shane lifts his head, giving him a serious look.

“How are you not mad at me?” he asks, genuinely curious.

Ilya waggles his head back and forth a few times. “Telling someone you love them usually helps.”

Shane can’t keep a small smile off his face. “Usually?”

Ilya makes a ‘meh’ face. “Also helps if that person will suck your dick later.”

Shane lights up with a full smile this time. “Fuck you.”

Ilya grabs Shane’s chin, though his grip is gentle. “I will fuck *you* later,” he says, then kisses him quickly, before releasing his chin, his eyes growing soft. “You are really not ashamed to tell your parents about me?”

“Of course not, Ilya,” Shane insists. “It’s just... they don’t know you. Not the way I do.”

“I would hope not,” Ilya mutters, and Shane swats at him.

“Shut up,” he says with a smile, but it fades when he continues his previous thought. “My mom especially...”

Ilya wrinkles his nose. “She does not like me very much, does she?”

“She only knows you from hockey,” Shane insists. “And she might like hockey even more than I do.”

“Impossible,” Ilya murmurs, running a thumb over Shane’s chin.

Shane smiles softly at the touch. “She thinks you’re an asshole.”

“So do you,” Ilya says, “but you loooove meee.” He says it as obnoxiously as possible, making Shane roll his eyes and turn away.

“I’m starting to have second thoughts about that part,” he says, and Ilya grabs him by the waist and pulls him so they’re pressed together.

“You better not,” he says through gritted teeth. “You’re *mine*.”

And despite the love confession, those words make Shane a little breathless. “Yours?” he repeats.

“Mmm,” Ilya breathes out, nudging his nose along Shane’s chin, then kissing him right below his ear. “Yes. Finally.”

Shane closes his eyes and dips his head. *Finally*.

He feels the same way.

“Maybe,” Shane speaks up after a few moments, “in a few days, we can go over there, and you can meet them. Properly.” He slowly raises his head, as if he’s afraid of Ilya’s response.

But Ilya’s looking at him so softly that Shane thinks he might start crying again. “I would like that.”

“Really?” He still can’t believe this, that he gets to *have* Ilya.

Ilya just nods. “Anything you want.”

All I want is you. “Okay. Okay. Sounds good.”

End Notes

Hope you liked! :)

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