

**no other homeland but you**

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# **no other homeland but you**

by [allthatsings](#)

## Summary

Shane wakes up as Ilya. Ilya wakes up as Shane. They're 300 miles apart. How they get back together and get together.

## Notes

Heads up that Ilya has sex with Rose and Shane receives an (interrupted) blowjob from Svetlana before anyone realizes they've switched. Vaguely described and then nothing sexual happens outside Hollanov after they know who's who.

Excuse my google translate Russian.

Show- and book-specific details are all mixed up (ex: show Svetlana + book sex apartment).

Title from the letters of Albert Camus

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

Shane wakes up with a mouth around his dick and at first he thinks he's still asleep. Waking up like this with Ilya—waking Ilya up like this—is an embarrassingly common dream.

Not possible in real life, not for a million reasons Shane doesn't care to consider right now.

Speaking of things he doesn't want to consider: Last night with Rose didn't go nearly well enough for him to deserve this. Maybe she thinks trying something new will help.

Shane tips his head back, eyes still closed, and softly moans his appreciation. It's nice. Really nice, actually. Rose is doing something with her tongue she didn't last time.

He reaches down to run his fingers through her hair and feels... curls? Rose's hair is straight? They aren't curls like Rozanov's, either. They're, like, curly curls.

His eyes fly open and there's a woman between his thighs that he only vaguely recognizes.

“What the fuck?!”

She pulls off him with a loud pop. “Chto?”

That's... that's not Shane's dick. Shane knows what his dick looks like and it's not this. He does recognize it though.

Shane would know Ilya Rozanov's cock anywhere.

“What the fuck, what the—“

Shane scrambles off the bed. Ilya's bed. In Ilya's bedroom.

“V chem delo?”

It takes Shane two tries to find the bathroom door even though he long ago memorized the layout of Ilya's apartment. He gropes for the light switch and turns it on and—

“Ilyushka?”

That's Ilya's face in the mirror. He's in Ilya's body. What the actual fuck.

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It's almost completely dark when Ilya opens his eyes. There's someone on the other side of the bed and he doesn't recognize the room. Neither is an unheard of way to wake up, but he does usually remember a bit more (anything at all) about how he got here.

Those concerns fly out the window when the woman next to him rolls over and reaches for him. “C'mere,” she mumbles.

Ilya smiles. A good start to the day.

If hockey is what Ilya is best at in the world, sex is a close second. He does a pretty good job that morning, if he says so himself, despite being sleepy and more than a little disoriented.

The woman is vocal and appreciative and honestly seems a little surprised at how good it is.

What happened last night? Why is he not hungover?

When they're finished, Ilya rolls back to his side of the bed and thinks, *I want a cigarette*. His stomach recoils a little at the idea, which is odd.

"That was really good," the woman says. Her voice sounds familiar, but it's in the wrong context. What does that even mean, wrong context?

She pads off to the bathroom and unease washes over Ilya like the incoming tide. When the en suite door opens and light casts the woman's face into sharp relief, it's official:

Ilya Rozanov is the biggest asshole on the planet.

He just had sex with Hollander's girlfriend. And why? Some misguided attempt to get closer to Shane? To prove their tabloid relationship isn't real? Or just because she's a movie star and she was willing?

Is he that terrible a person?

He really wishes he remembered literally anything about how he got here. The last thing he can recall is sitting on the couch with Sveta and bickering about whether to order Thai or pizza for dinner.

"Rose Landry," he says. His voice sounds wrong. Was he drugged?

"Shane Hollander," she says with silly little fingerguns.

That's... that's not... What?

"That really was good." She flops onto the bed beside him and sets her hand on his wrist.

Ilya flinches away from the contact. What a fucked up thing to say right after you cheated on your boyfriend with his... his... with him!

She moves to touch his chest and Ilya pulls away again. Sits on the edge of the bed. He's wearing socks for some reason?

"Shane, what's wrong?"

The socks. The voice. This strange, unknown place. Rose.

Is he somehow Shane right now?

"You keep calling me that."

"That's your name, silly."

Holy fucking fuck he's Shane right now.

He darts to the bathroom, knowing exactly what he's going to see in the mirror. Sure enough, there he is. Freckles and brown eyes and all.

Ilya has no clue what to do about it.

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The woman must be Svetlana. Ilya's... whatever. Maybe she's just another woman in Ilya's long line of hookups, but the Russian and her familiarity suggest more. Suggests friend, suggests *sometimes we fuck*.

A phone rings, loud and piercing.

“‘Jane’ zvonit tebe,” the woman—Svetlana—says.

Jane. Shane.

Ilya.

Shane runs back from the bathroom and finds Ilya's phone plugged in on the side table. It's a model newer than his and the cord is weird.

He answers. “Ilya, what the fuck.” It's Ilya's voice, deep and accented, that comes out of his mouth.

“Ilyushka?” Svetlana asks, then switches to English. “What is going on?”

“I don't fucking know,” Shane snaps, rudier than she probably deserves.

“Hollander, it is you?” His own voice echoes along the phone line and it's like a nightmare Shane had once as a kid.

“Are you me? Why am I you?”

“You are ok?”

“No I'm not fucking ok, I'm *you*.”

“Is not bad thing, to be me.”

“Are you fucking joking right now? We have to fucking fix this.”

“Hollander, breathe.”

“I can't— We have to— How did this— How do we—“

“Shane!”

His name is sharp like a slap to the face. It clears his mind just enough he can take a deep, shaking breath.

“Are you in my house?”

Shane nods. Realizes Ilya can’t see him. Says, “Yes.”

“Is Svetlana there?”

She’s pulled on one of Ilya’s tshirts—it hangs off her like a dress—and is staring at him like he’s a crazy man. Maybe he is a crazy man.

“I assume that’s who this is.”

“It is. Let me talk to her.”

Of course he wants to talk to *Svetlana* right now.

“How are you so calm?”

“I am not,” Ilya says and Shane can hear a slight tightness around the edges of the words.

“Give the phone to Svetlana. Please.”

Shane does so and crouches down. His balance isn’t quite what he was expecting; he falls on his ass rather than squatting comfortably. He buries his face in his hands and tries to wrap his brain around a single thing that is happening. He hears the rush of his own blood and Svetlana’s rapid Russian interrupted by a shouted, “Shane Hollander?!”

Great. Just fucking great. He’s in the wrong body *and* their secret is out.

Eventually, Svetlana tries to hand him back the phone. When he doesn’t take it immediately, she shakes it in a way that is eerily reminiscent of Ilya and his water bottle.

“Shane, are you there?”

“Mhm.” Shane is still on the floor beside Ilya’s bed. He rests his forehead on the mattress.

“I am getting on the first flight to Boston, okay?”

“You’re coming here?”

“Of course. Together we can sort this.”

“I—You have a game tonight.” As if hockey is still the most important thing in the world right now.

“I—You am very sick and cannot play tonight. Cough.” He says the last word flatly.

Shane laughs a little. Somehow. “Being in the wrong body is a kind of sick.”

Ilya laughs too, then says something muffled away from the phone.

“Wait.” Shane realizes. “Rose is there.”

“Yes, *Rose* is here.” Ilya puts an odd emphasis on her name. Similar to the way Shane thought *Svetlana*, but that’s not something to consider right now.

“Can I talk to her?”

A rustle, then, “Shane?”

Shane cannot think of a single word in the entire English language.

“Are you there?”

“Yeah. I don’t know what happened.” An understatement.

“This is crazy. You, like, swapped bodies? Your brain is in his body?”

“I guess.”

“Also, him?”

“Uh...”

“It’s over between us, isn’t it?”

“Uh...”

“Ok, I have follow-up questions, just so you know. Once this is all sorted.”

A half-laugh. “Yeah. I’m sure you do.”

Before he’s forced to say anything else, Svetlana comes back into the room. She hands him a cold ginger ale, asks for the phone back, and sits cross-legged on the bed as she has another rapid conversation with Ilya. She’s typing on a laptop and fiddling with something Shane eventually realizes is Ilya’s wallet.

Listening to words he doesn’t understand, Shane’s brain glitches for a moment, trying to figure out the logistics of all this.

His mind woke up in Ilya’s body. Ilya’s woke up in his. They haven’t seen each other in weeks. They didn’t get cursed by a witch or get struck by lightning or whatever it was that happened in Freaky Friday. They just... woke up. In the wrong bodies.

He remembers the thought he had, the last thought he had before memory turns into blackness. No. It couldn’t be that.

This is not a real thing. Apparently it’s a real thing.

Also, he doesn’t know a word of Russian, but still speaks in a heavy Russian accent. Odd. Irrelevant.

The phone is shoved back into his hand.

“Hollander, listen to me.”

“I’m listening.”

“Svetlana is getting me a plane.”

“A plane? You said flight.” As if the distinction matters.

“There were no flights soon enough. With plane, I get there before noon.”

“Noon?” Shane says, looking around him for a clock.

“Before noon.”

Shane rocks back and forth a little. The motion is soothing. “You still sound so calm.”

A long, long pause. “I am very good at hiding.”

“Yeah,” Shane says. “Too good.”

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Ilya is on the verge of a meltdown and he needs to not be in the same room as Rose fucking Landry when it hits. He shakes his arms loose and tries to center himself.

“I’m going to...” Rose is already standing at the front door, overnight bag in hand.

“Ok.”

With a half-grin, she says, “I hope to see you again, Ilya Rozanov.” Then she leaves with a quiet snick of the front door.

Did Hollander’s girlfriend just proposition him?

How bad in bed *was* Shane? When not with him, of course. With him, very good.

Shane’s phone buzzes in Ilya’s hand. A text from an unknown number. Flight details from Sveta. If everything goes right, he will be by Shane’s side in about three-and-a-half hours.

Well before noon. As soon as possible. Far too long.

Ilya calls a car service to get him to the airport. The man on the other end of the line greets him as “Mr. Hollander” and Ilya hopes the pause before he says, “Yes,” isn’t too conspicuous.

When the dispatcher asks if he would like this charged to his account, Ilya agrees, but feels a little weird about spending Shane’s money. On a \$40 cab ride. To get to Shane. Especially silly considering he told Sveta to spend whatever it took to get him to Boston that morning and it had taken an awful lot.

While he's waiting for the car, Ilya walks a slow lap around Shane's home. He's never been here before. It's a little sickening that he slept with Rose in Shane's bed before having Shane there. Years he's wanted Shane in his own bed and now it feels... desecrated.

The apartment is about what he expected. Clean lines, grays and navy blues. Clearly designed by the same interior decorator who did their secret sex pad.

Shane's trophy cabinet is in a spare bedroom, which is both adorably modest (not in the living room) and unintentionally conceited (force guests to sleep in the glow of your Olympic silver medal and Stanley Cup rings and Calder and Richard Rocket and Lady Byng and...).

There's a photo of Shane's parents on his dresser. An adorable picture of Shane as a toddler in full hockey gear and grinning like a maniac. On the bedside table, a boring book about hockey—huh, about the 1990 Soviet Red Machine. Svetlana's dad was on that team. He flips through the pages to see what it says about him (probably that he was a very good goalie; probably not that he's a real prick), but wow Shane's eyesight is bad. How did he not know that? He finds reading glasses (glasses!) on the table and the words are crystal clear.

He should make Shane wear these every time during sex. Make sure he sees Ilya's pretty face better.

The car arrives before Ilya gets a chance to snoop through the bathroom, which is probably good. He tucks the book and Shane's glasses in a backpack, along with a few changes of clothes and the toiletry bag still packed from Shane's last road trip.

Keys, wallet, and passport are conveniently (predictably) in a neat pile by the front door and Ilya is off. On his way to Shane.

On his way to where he should be.

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It's a long flight without his phone to distract him. He's sure there are games or something on Shane's—actually, no he's not sure of that at all—but he Will. Not. Snoop. He won't look to see if Shane has a secret twitter account. What music he listens to. What he texts Rose. If he has any photos of Ilya saved in a secret, password-protected file.

No snooping. None. At all. No matter how long this interminable flight is.

For a private jet, the movie selection is terrible. Maybe there's a note on Shane's account: boring movies only.

He turns on *Miracle*. He doesn't watch it.

He opens Shane's book. He doesn't read it.

He stares out the window. He doesn't see anything.

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Shane goes into standby mode. That's what his mom always called it when he was a kid. He's awake. He's conscious. He's not quite there.

He sits on Ilya's couch. Lets Svetlana turn on the television and put a fresh ginger ale in front of him. The movie is more Ilya's taste than his, but even if it were his favorite, even if it were *Miracle*, he wouldn't be able to watch. His eyes don't quite focus on the screen. He doesn't touch the (considerately provided) drink. He barely moves a muscle for what might be hours. Might be minutes. Time doesn't really exist, when he's like this. His thoughts are a wordless droning. Anxious, upset. But as long as he stays on standby he won't have to face the full reality of them.

Shane is vaguely aware of the front door slamming open, but he doesn't register what it is. He doesn't so much as twitch when a new voice fills the place. One that's loud and worried and right in front of him.

"Shane. Shane, look at me."

Shane's brain starts to wake up. It's his own face looking back at him. Ilya. He looks away, says something in rapid Russian that sounds different than Ilya's normal speech. A Canadian accent, he supposes.

Shane tells his hands to move. Tells his mouth to form Ilya's name. Tells his body to do literally anything, but it doesn't listen.

Not until Ilya's fingers are soft on his cheekbone and it's like Ilya hit his power button. He grabs Ilya's shoulders in a sudden burst of movement and pulls him down on top of him. They lie on the couch and Ilya is heavy and touching him and it helps.

"Shane," Ilya says.

"Ilya."

An echo of the first time they said those words. The only time, before today. Right here on this couch. An exchange so momentous that Shane, overwhelmed and terrified, ran away.

He's overwhelmed and terrified now. He couldn't run even if he wanted to. He doesn't want to.

"Are you with me?" Ilya asks. The calm he had projected through the phone is nowhere to be found.

Shane nuzzles at the hair at the nape of Ilya's neck. They're short and straight; he misses Ilya's soft curls, the way he can bury his face and get lost. "Getting there."

It takes a while, but Shane eventually reaches a point where he can manage a conversation. He rolls them so they're side by side on the wide couch. Facing each other, forehead to forehead. Still touching nearly everywhere.

"What are we supposed to do?" he asks.

“I don’t know.”

“How is this even possible?”

“I don’t know.”

“How do we get back? How long-- What if we don’t--” The words come quickly. A rush. A dam breaking and every anxious thought flooding his brain at once.

“Hollander,” Ilya says. Hearing his last name is familiar and somehow calming, even if the accent is all wrong. Ilya He kisses the tip of Shane’s nose. “We are together. That was first step.”

“Yeah,” Shane says, mirroring Ilya’s slow breaths. He calms himself enough to say, “I didn’t know this was a thing that could happen.”

“Me neither,” Ilya says. “We must be very special.” A lightness to the words that helps Shane breathe easier.

“What’s the last thing you remember?” Shane asks, already dreading his turn at answering the question.

“Last night, deciding what to order for dinner. 8 o’clock, maybe? Then nothing until I woke up.”

Shane notices that he elides the fact that he was with Svetlana. “Nothing unusual, then.”

“Nothing. You?”

“Last night too. I was... I was with Rose.” God, this is embarrassing. “We were, um...”

“Having sex,” Ilya says bluntly.

“Yeah. That.”

“Did not go well?”

Shane wonders, not for the first time, what Rose told Ilya this morning. What Ilya told Rose. “Not really.”

A twitch at the corner of Ilya’s lips.

Shane squeezes his eyes shut. “Please don’t laugh at me.”

“Am not laughing,” he says, with a definite touch of laughter.

Keeping his eyes closed--he can’t manage looking directly at Ilya right now--Shane powers through the rest: “It wasn’t going well and I was having trouble, uh, finishing, and I thought of you. I thought, ‘I wish this were Ilya,’ and then I came and that’s it. That’s the last thing I remember.”

Ilya doesn't say anything for what feels like a very, very long time. Shane opens his eyes and is met with a tender expression such as he has never seen before. He now understands what people mean when they say *Shane has doe eyes*. They're wide and dark and they glisten with unshed tears makes Shane want to kiss every inch of Ilya's face.

"You wished it were me?" Ilya says, softly and full of reverence.

"Yeah." Shane gives in to the impulse. He kisses every inch of Ilya's face. The tears are falling now. It's salty and wet and Shane can't stop until Ilya pulls him to his mouth and kisses him with softness and with fierce desperation and with... and with love.

This is love. For both of them, he thinks.

Fuck.

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"I need you," Shane groans.

Ilya rolls them off the couch and sweeps Shane up into a bridal carry. He doesn't even protest, which is very not-Shane. Making his way from living room to bedroom, Ilya whispers, "It is me now." He thinks he says it in English. He's not sure. "I'll show you how fucking is done. Only weeks without me and you already forgot. How you manage months, I always wonder."

Shane struggles then. That's more like it. More like him. He squirms out of Ilya's hold and stands before him. A few inches away from chest to chest. Ilya can feel his breath and his heat.

"I have sex with people other than you too." There's a quaver in Shane's voice that makes Ilya think it might be a lie. Or at least mostly a lie. He kind of hopes it is.

"Oh, I know. I got to fuck Rose Landry, I'm not mad about this." Ilya means it as a joke, but Shane doesn't take it that way.

"You fucked my girlfriend?!" He shoves away from Ilya.

"This is your body, you fucked your girlfriend!"

"That's not—"

Ilya shrugs, affecting nonchalance. Trying to bury the fact that he would give anything to have Shane back in his arms. "You fucked my Sveta and I'm not mad."

"I didn't, actually," Shane spits. "And maybe you should be!"

Ilya ignores the loosening in his chest. Hypocritical, he knows. In this moment, though, he doesn't particularly care. He fists his hands in Shane's shirt—a plain black tee Ilya knows was buried under a pile of team-provided ones; Shane would never wear Boston colors—and pulls him in for a searing kiss.

It's odd, looking up to kiss Shane. Ilya has never kissed someone taller than him and it feels vulnerable, tipping up his chin and baring his neck. As if he's baring his heart at the same time.

He shoves Shane to the bed, trying to regain some equilibrium. Seeing his own body, all splayed out for his enjoyment, doesn't help.

"This is so fucking weird," he mumbles in Russian before pouncing. He bites Shane's ear, his neck, his collarbone.

Shane is already out of breath when he asks, "What did you say?"

"I said, 'Finally, I get to fuck hottest man in NHL'."

"Nuh uh, you were fifth hottest."

"Give me second at least."

"After who? Hunter? Barrett?" Shane says, listing players who had been ranked above Ilya in that ridiculous article.

It had gotten one thing right, though. "You're looking at him."

Shane rolls his eyes, then stretches his arms over his head.

"You want?" Ilya asks and Shane immediately nods yes.

He loves the way they do this: slip effortlessly between bicker and banter and the hottest sex of Ilya's life. There's no one else like Shane.

No one else...

Ilya takes both of Shane's wrists in one hand. "You want me to fuck you?"

Shane pulls slightly at Ilya's grip, which he uses as a cue to hold on tighter. With his other hand, Ilya grabs Shane's chin and forces him to look him in the face.

"Say it."

Shane squirms and Ilya clamps his thighs tightly around his hips.

"Are you going to say it or are you going to be a brat?"

Shane bucks his hips. "Both."

Ilya leans forward. Uses his entire body weight to press Shane into the mattress. Runs his teeth along his sharp jawline.

Shane bites his earlobe, just hard enough to sting. "Fuck me already."

With a growl, Ilya flips Shane to his stomach. Kisses his way down his spine and pulls down his waistband with his teeth.

God, Shane's ass. His ass? Is he about to fuck himself right now? Will his ass even like getting fucked? Will Shane's dick like fucking?

No. No, what's with all these thoughts when it's *Shane* who's spread out before him. Waiting, needing, desperate for Ilya's touch.

Ilya's desperate too. He tears off his clothes and Shane's too, then lies on top of him. Bodies long, bare, pressed together. Cock wedged between Shane's asscheeks and begging to be deeper.

Ilya takes longer than usual with his fingers to open Shane up. He knows these muscles aren't used to being used like that, and, once he's inside Shane, Ilya doesn't think he has it in him to take it easy.

When Shane is relaxed and ready and begging and whimpering, when the last vestiges of Ilya's sanity have frayed and fallen away, he rolls Shane to his back. Ilya's body isn't nearly as flexible as Shane's, but still he pushes knees up to chest and there he is. Pink and slick and waiting for him.

Ilya presses in slowly. It feels like heaven, like coming home, but he watches Shane's face closely to make sure the stretch isn't too much. It's not, the way Shane's hands are grappling on his hips and fingernails are running sharp down his back.

"Fuck me already," Shane says, more groan than words.

And so he does. Ilya fucks him with every ounce of strength he has. Every bit of feeling and confusion and fear and desperation and need and... and love. He pours his love into how he fucks Shane. How he snaps his hips the way Ilya knows he likes. How he holds Shane's face and kisses him with teeth and tongue and tenderness.

It doesn't take long for Ilya to reach the edge. A cliff waiting for him to hurl himself into the abyss beyond.

"Are you?" he asks, not taking his mouth from Shane's.

"Yeah," Shane says between gasping breaths and tangling kisses. "So close."

Ilya thrusts harder, faster. Wedges a hand between them to grab Shane's cock, even though he doubts the extra friction is actually necessary. He wants to do this together. To hold hands and to jump into the unknown.

"I'm-- I'm--" Ilya says.

"I--" Shane says.

The best orgasm of Ilya's life consumes him. Fills every cell in his body with fire and burns away any reservations that may have been lingering in the background.

“I love you,” they both say.

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So strong is his orgasm, so perfectly simultaneous with Ilya’s, that Shane’s vision goes black. He says, “I love you,” and he hears, “I love you,” and his soul is thrown from his body. He’s loose for a moment, completely unmoored from reality.

But then there’s Ilya. In the darkness, Ilya is still there, holding tightly onto Shane’s very being. They twist together, share, connect, then drift from the unknown into something more real than Shane has ever experienced before.

He opens his eyes and is confronted with the best sight in the world: Ilya’s hazel eyes, inches away and fixed solely on him.

“I love you,” Shane says again, slipping out of Ilya’s body.

“I love you,” Ilya says, never completely leaving Shane’s.

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Later, they’re cleaned up and tucked warmly into bed together. Shane traces slow lines up and down Ilya’s arms, loving the trail of goosebumps that follows his touch.

But then Ilya shifts uncomfortably and Shane pulls his hand away.

“Is something wrong?”

“No. Is good.” He squirms again. “Is just—“

Shane moves so his chin is on Ilya’s pec and his arm is over his waist. “What’s wrong?”

“Is nothing! Is—” Ilya arches his back and flops back down. “You fucked me, Hollander. Am not used to it.”

He buries his head in Ilya’s armpit to stop from laughing. Laughs anyway. “I fucked you good, Rozanov.”

“Yeah?”

“Real good. It was...” His laughter drifts into a dreamy smile. “It was really good.”

Ilya pulls him up so they’re nose to nose, forehead to forehead. He doesn’t say anything. His hand drifting up and down Shane’s spine says everything.

Trying to diffuse the intense feeling of *everything* and *what is this* and *my soul met yours in a place beyond reality*, Shane jokes, “Well, good to know it’s my brain that’s gay and not my dick.”

The tension is not broken. Shane’s words, despite their light tone, hang heavy between them.

“Have you said that before?” Ilya asks.

Shane shakes his head no.

As much as he tried not to be, as much as he had a girlfriend when he went to sleep last night: he knew. Since he watched Ilya’s wet lips and Adam’s apple, since he jerked off to the thought of his hands and thighs, since before their very first kiss: he knew.

“How does it feel?”

“To be gay?”

“To say it.”

Shane squeezes his eyes shut. Pushes his forehead harder against Ilya’s. *It feels like everything fits. Like my soul wasn’t fully situated in my body, even before it got torn out and replaced with yours. Like we fucked and said what we said and my entire life snapped into place and everything is finally where it’s supposed to be.*

But he doesn’t say any of that. He can’t. He’s reached his limit for putting feelings to thoughts and thoughts to speech. So, instead, he kisses Ilya and rolls them over so Ilya is a heavy, comfortable weight on top of him.

“Stay like this,” he whispers.

And they do.

## End Notes

I couldn't find a place to fit this in, but to be clear: Rose was not propositioning Ilya as she left Shane's place. She's a lifelong hockey fan and just met Ilya Rozanov! There's a bit of fangirling going on. She also cares deeply about Shane and wants to be a part of his life going forward, a life that will clearly include Ilya from here on out.

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