

Gave You I Gave You I

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Gave You I Gave You I

by [Floriscope](#)

Summary

Ilya breaks and Shane refuses to leave.

Or; an alternative continuation to the post-fight scene in The Long Game.

Notes

These silly little gays cannot leave me alone

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

Shane closes the door behind him and doesn't dare to take a step forward. The weight of the feud that just happened behind the walls is too daunting for him to brush it away and take a 2-hour drive home. The vindication is that his head is all over the place. Too daring to sit under the wheel and let his emotions control his lifeline for the next 2 hours. Fate pulling its strings and possibly making this the last time he speaks to Ilya ever again. The last time he sees his face. And it isn't the memory of his smile lines, or the crow's feet that form around his eyelids when he looks at Anya at any time of a given day. Instead, it would have been anger. It would have been a frown. It would have been his ocean eyes daring to spill over the shore. His voice threatening to escape from his throat and never come back again.

The mere thought of this moment possibly being the last time they see each other. The last time they speak to each other before the other ceases to exist. Anger and disappointment being the last memory in which they leave this earth. In which this is how the last memory of each other is preserved. The mere thought of going to sleep with the thought of Ilya thinking Shane would never choose him.

Without thinking, Shane turns back around and twists the door handle open, stepping back inside where the dooming ghost of their godforsaken nemesis persists in the air. He walks towards the kitchen, Ilya standing exactly where Shane left him, a cigarette in his hand and eyes staring vacantly at the window. He didn't even bother to go stand by the window.

"You at least could have opened the window." Shane breaks the silence. His choice of an ice breaker being something that was going to provoke Ilya in one way or another was a deliberate choice. A way to coax him into speaking what he has been keeping inside for however long Shane has been oblivious to.

Except, Ilya stays silent at that. "I need you to talk to me, Ilya."

"There's nothing to talk about, Shane. I got your message loud and clear." Ilya speaks finally, stubbing the end of his cigarette on an ashtray.

"But I didn't even say anything! You just made shit up in your head and went on with it because it is so much easier for you to paint as the culprit than actually fucking speak to me!"

"Shane, you not even understanding what has been bothering me all this fucking time is enough of a reason for me to come to the conclusion that I did."

"What is that conclusion, huh? That I don't fucking love you? That I would pick hockey over you? Is that it? Is that what you really think of me?"

Ilya doesn't speak.

"Then I guess you don't know me well enough to know otherwise."

Only then does Ilya turn around to look at him. And all Shane sees is red rimmed eyes, fuming with something beyond anger. The kind of anger that doesn't even dare to come out

because of how vast it is.

“I know every crevice of your brain, Shane. Inside and out.”

“Doesn’t seem like it.”

“What the fuck do you want me to do, Shane? Go up the rooftop of a random building and scream my undying love for you? You almost had a heart attack at the thought of going out with my friends and me!”

“That’s not-”

“What? Not true? Wait, let me guess, not fair? Not fair that I get to ask you for once in my fucking life to be introduced as my boyfriend when half of the population from your world already knows everything? Does it only ever scare you when it’s my turn to acknowledge our relationship? Because, not to burst your perfect fucking bubble, relationships work and go both ways. Big fucking shocking surprise.”

“You are being mean right now, Ilya.” Shane chokes up through his words.

“Mean? Am I being mean to you? Shane, you just practically told me you would rather die than be next to me in public. And that was a super fucking kind thing to say, right?”

“Stop twisting my words.”

“Words that you can’t even say out lo-”

“Exactly! That’s the fucking point! We haven’t even uttered a full sentence as to why we did what we did! You just kicked me out before I could even form a coherent sentence!”

“What the fuck do you want, Shane?”

“I want to talk for fuck’s sake!”

“Then fucking talk! Say something that is going to change my mind, Shane! Please. I am actually begging you right now to say something that isn’t going to make me leave my own damn house this time! Because all you have been doing ever since you came back is provoking me for something that you and I are both guilty of!”

“I am not pro-”

“For fuck’s sake, Shane! Is this why you came in? To just deny whatever I say and stay silent for the rest of the time? Huh? Why the fuck did you come back, Shane?”

Shane swallows a lump formed in his throat, heavy.

“I couldn’t bear the thought of my last memory of you being this,” he musters through the prickly ball, unmoving.

“What?”

“I just...” he trails off, composing his best to not cry, though it looks like a battle he will lose in a mere second or two, “I just thought if something had happened to you or me after this... after the fight... then my last memory of you would have been your anger. And whoever would stay would have to carry the burden of ending this under such circumstances. And I just couldn’t bear the thou-” He chokes on his last word, violently attempting to wipe the tears falling from his eyes, only to be stumped by a pair of familiar arms cradling his head, bringing it to a familiar chest, lingering a scent that is home. And so, letting his guard down, he lets himself be held, lets himself be soothed, be spoken sweet nothings, be caressed through his entire body and heart. He lets himself cry for the first time in a long time.

“I’m so sorry, moya lyubov.” Is what he hears after however many minutes or hours they have been standing on the kitchen floor. “I didn’t mean to make you feel this way.”

“No, it’s... I’m sorry too. I didn’t mean to make you feel like you mean nothing to me.” He speaks, and he isn’t sure if Ilya can even pick up all the words that he speaks through his face mashed into the crevice of his neck.

“How about a bath and then we can talk once we are both cooled off, hm?” He says it with so much care, and the knife in Shane’s chest twists a little further. He isn’t sure how long it has been inside him. Or who even stabbed him in the first place. But it’s there, and he has to learn how to live with it.

Shane manages to nod and resigns Ilya to navigate both of them to the bathroom.

He isn’t sure how Ilya manages to get them there, but the next thing he sees when he is detaching himself from Ilya’s body is him slowly and patiently filling up the bath with water, grazing his fingers in hopes of getting the water in the right temperature. And all Shane can do is stare at how the bath starts to slowly fill itself up, bubbles forming from a body wash poured in earlier.

He flinches at fingertips brushing the end of his sweater and touching the bare skin of his torso, pulling it off his head. Ilya presses a kiss on his collarbone. His pants being removed next, a kiss on his upper thigh. Underwear last, a soft kiss on his hipbone. He taps at his heels so he can remove his socks at last. He stands there, unmoving, naked. Bath almost full. The faint noise of Ilya taking off his clothes somewhere in the background, away from Shane’s vicinity.

“Come here,” Ilya whispers as he takes a hold of his hand and slowly brings them closer to the bathtub. Ilya gets in first, nuzzling himself comfortably at the edge of the tub, spreading his legs open as an invitation for Shane. To make home between him.

They don’t speak but let the warm water soak their bodies. Bodies wrapped around each other. Silence louder than ever, Shane occasionally feels a pair of lips gently pressing to wherever they can reach. His shoulders, the back of his neck, the juncture between his neck and collarbones, the top of his head. And all he can do is sag even further into Ilya, merging into one.

“We should get out, the water is getting cold,” Ilya murmurs against his hair, and Shane just nods. Words are nowhere near ready to reach the tip of his tongue and be let out.

He slowly brings Shane up to his feet and out of the tub. He watches Ilya as he paddles through the tiles of the bathroom, water dripping from his legs, grabbing two towels from under the sink. He watches how he lousily wraps one around his torso, not bothering to dry off the rest of the residue from his body. Just when Shane is about to take the other towel from him, Ilya starts to gently wipe him dry. Starting with his shoulders, ending with the tip of his toes. "You don't have to baby me." He speaks, and his voice sounds alien to him.

Ilya doesn't say anything to that, but gets up to his feet and simply wraps the towel around Shane's torso, grabs his hand, and leads them to the bedroom.

For a second Shane thinks he is going to dress him too. As he is about to protest and tell Ilya that he is absolutely capable of dressing himself up, especially for something as simple as a pair of underwear and a shirt. His ego prevailed once again. But Ilya's adamancy was stronger.

"Let me, please." A plea. And Shane lets him. Of course he does.

They are now lying in bed, tucked under the covers, facing each other, and eyes speaking volumes of words that the mouth cannot utter. They have done this so many times, but never for the reason it is now. Never for the lack of truth and honesty.

"I am sorry." Ilya breaks the silence first.

"Me too."

"I'm not mad at you. I'm more mad at the...world? I don't understand why Hayden can have 10 kids and still be a player while I can't hold your hand in public."

"It's not that simple, Ilya."

"I know. I hate that you know that too."

"What do you mean?"

"I just said that I wish we were louder about each other, and instead of saying 'Yeah, me too,' you just agreed, Shane. I really don't know what else I should be saying for you to realize how miserable I am about all of this."

"Miserable wha-"

"No, I'm not miserable with you. God, no, never. If I knew this was how we were going to live 3 years ago, I would have still chosen you over anything, Shane. I need you to know that. I need you to remember that no matter what. It's just...if you were to grab my hand for a few seconds while grocery shopping, I wouldn't have flinched for even a second. I would have gripped it harder and kept them intertwined until we got home. But if it were I to reach for you..." He doesn't finish the sentence. He doesn't think he has it in himself to complete it.

"I would have dropped the hand immediately." Shane finished the sentence for him instead, and there are thousands of shattered glass pieces being pierced through Ilya's heart right now.

“I don’t think you would even ever reach for it.”

“Ilya...”

“I don’t blame you, my love. It’s just...you don’t have to hold my hand in public, or kiss me, or dance with me, or remotely acknowledge me if you don’t want to. I would never want for you to do something you don’t want to, ever. But I just wish, sometimes, while we are in a room full of people, you would text me that you want to do these things. That you are thinking about it, about me. That I’m not just some stranger in this crowd, but a man you love.”

“And you are, Ilya, you are, please-”

“I know I am, *solnce*, I know. I don’t know how else to explain it besides saying that I need to hear it not just when we are alone, but also when we aren’t. Because sometimes I feel like I’m a secret and I hate feeling like that. Because you are so much more than that to me, Shane. And I cannot bear the thought of being like this for the rest of our lives.”

Ilya gently reaches for his face, cupping it, the cushion of his thumb gently wiping away the tears that have been falling from Shane’s face since the minute they lay down. Part of him hates himself for being the reason behind his tears, but another part of him would have hated himself for never telling him what has been going on in his head all this time, brushing it off with yet another passive-aggressive comment. And maybe that would have cost more tears in the long-run than now. Maybe it is a good thing that Shane is crying, because Ilya is crying too. It’s been so long.

“I am sorry I’ve made you feel this way all this time,” Shane murmurs through his tears that do not seem to stop anytime soon. “Please forgive me.”

“I do. Always.” And it is easy to say. Easy to forgive. Easy to love. To love him.

“I am sorry, I never noticed it. I’ve just been so focused on keeping both of us safe from public scrutiny that I didn’t even...I didn’t know you had been thinking otherwise. I wish you had told me sooner.”

“I wanted to. So many times. But at times, I felt like I was being selfish for asking this, that it was too much, and we weren’t ready for it. And maybe I am selfish afterall for starting all of this, but if not now, I would have just kept throwing these bitter remarks at you, and you would just brush them off. I didn’t want to carry the weight of that anymore.”

“I am glad that it happened. I am glad that you are sharing that weight with me now.”

Ilya leans in and drops a soft kiss on the tip of his nose and then the corner of his mouth.

“I’ve been seeing someone...uh, a therapist.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah, for a while now.”

“Why haven’t you told me?”

“I didn’t want to burden you.”

“You could never burden me, Ilya. What are you talking about? I am worried that you didn’t tell me. If there’s anything that concerns your health, I want to be the first person to know.”

“I know, I know. But this wasn’t more about you not knowing, but rather me not knowing how to bring it up to you without sounding like...like I’m someone weak.”

“Oh, no...” Shane slithers further, until there’s no space between them, cradling Ilya’s head to his chest, “You are not weak. You aren’t. You are anything but that, Ilya.” He murmurs against his hair, pressing kisses between each syllabus uttered. “You are so strong. And brave. No weak person has the courage to go and lay their heart out to a stranger for an hour straight. None. And no weak person can carry everything that you do.”

“I promise to look at you in a room of people that I don’t care about,” Shane whispers to him. They are still in bed. Curled up around each other. Forming the shape of a beating heart. One of Shane and one of Ilya. “I promise to hold your hand in a grocery store, even if it is for a few seconds.” They are so close that his lips are brushing against Ilya’s, but they don’t have it in themselves to lean and cave in. Too exhausted to be doing anything but breathing each other’s air.

“I am never going to tell you to leave after an argument. Or go to sleep mad at you. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay.”

“It’s okay.” He breathes after him.

“I promise to give you a piece of myself no matter where we are. However, it is. Through a text, a look, or a touch. I will give you I.”

“I will give you I,” he breathes back and leans in to kiss him. Sealing the promises safe.

End Notes

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