

Falling apart in you

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Falling apart in you

by [MoonLightFireSide](#)

Summary

What if Shane had sent the text to Ilya that night in Vegas.. What if Ilya went searching.

Notes

Hello, here is a Reupload of this fic because I am an idiot and in my fever brain when trying to fix tags accidentally deleted the whole thing. I hope you enjoy this piece, let me know if you think I should continue it.

Shane stared blearily at his phone as he typed in, “We didn’t even kiss.” He closed his eyes and choked back the sob that threatened to burst through him. Air. He needed air. He shoved his phone in his pocket, not noticing that he pressed send on that message.

Turning from the back wall of the elevator, he slammed the button to level 14; he closed his eyes as the elevator groaned to life and proceeded to take him down. Once on the floor, the doors parted, and Shane made his way to his hotel room, sliding his keycard into the door. He let himself in and headed straight to his balcony, ripping off his tuxedo jacket and shirt as he made his way through the room and out the sliding glass door.

He was too warm, too sad, and felt like he was burning from the inside out. Tears burned in his eyes, and in the privacy of the night; he let them fall.

Stupid, pathetic Shane had convinced himself that he was more than a hole to fuck.

He choked out a laugh as he thought that to himself.

“Nothing more than a distraction,” He whispered to the night as more tears burned down his cheeks.

He felt his phone vibrate in his pocket, but chose to ignore it in that moment. It was either Ilya or his mother this late in the evening, and either way, he wasn’t going to answer.

The phone buzzed again. Longer this time, insistent.

Shane swallowed hard, dragging the back of his hand across his face. The night air did nothing to cool the ache in his chest. He leaned forward against the railing; the city humming beneath him—bright, loud, alive—while he stood here feeling like a cracked shell of himself.

The phone buzzed for the third time.

“Jesus,” he muttered, pulling it out with trembling fingers. He didn’t recognize the sensation at first—his hands shaking. He never shook. Not on the ice. Not in interviews. Not even the first time he and Ilya—

His breath stopped.

It was Ilya blowing up his phone.

“Where are you?”

“Room number.”

“SHANE, answer me.”

Shane stared at the screen, chest heaving; fingers tense around the phone as if it might explode. His throat felt raw, scraped clean, and the night air suddenly wasn't enough to breathe.

He wiped his cheeks again, uselessly. New tears kept coming.

What was he supposed to say?

That he was on the balcony half-naked and shaking apart because he'd accidentally exposed the softest part of himself?

That he'd spent the night convincing himself he was nothing more than convenient flesh—and one stupid, accidental text had ripped that lie wide open?

He couldn't.

He *couldn't* do this right now.

Another vibration buzzed against his palm.

Then another.

“Shane. If you don't answer me, I'll come find you myself.”

His breath hitched. That was a threat—and a promise—and Shane wasn't sure which terrified him more.

He typed back with clumsy fingers before he lost his nerve.

“I'm fine.”

Three seconds later:

Ilya:

You lie. Room. Now.

Shane's heart slammed painfully. He stared at the message until the characters warped, another wave of tears blurring everything. He felt split open, every part of him exposed.

He didn't reply.

He didn't have to.

Because a moment later, from inside the hotel room, he heard it—

A sharp, insistent **knock**.

Not gentle.

Not curious.

The kind of knock that demanded he open the door.

Shane froze; breath caught in his throat.

Another knock. Harder.

“I know you’re in there,” Ilya’s voice growled through the door, muffled but unmistakable. “Open it, Hollander.”

Shane’s knees nearly buckled.

He wiped his face again, smearing tears across his skin, and forced himself to move. His bare feet carried him back through the sliding door, across the room. His hand hovered over the deadbolt.

He wasn’t ready.

He would *never* be ready.

But he turned the lock anyway.

The door swung open before he even finished pulling it.

Ilya Rozanov stood there—hair messy, shirt wrinkled, eyes sharp and wild as he’d sprinted from his own damn room.

For a long second, neither of them breathed.

Then Ilya’s gaze dropped to Shane’s tear-streaked face.

Something in him broke.

“Shane,” he said, voice low, raw in a way Shane had never heard before. “What did I do?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Shane whispered, the words barely more than breath. “I was being stupid.”

He turned away from Ilya, scrubbing at his face again even though the tears kept gathering, hot and humiliating. His skin burned with shame—shame for crying, shame for hoping, shame for wanting something he should’ve known better than to want.

“I looked too far into... us.”

The last word cracked.

“I was wrong. I’ll be fine.”

He moved past Ilya, not trusting himself to keep his voice steady, and walked into the bedroom. He crouched beside his open suitcase, fingers fumbling through shirts, needing something, anything to cover the exposed pieces of himself. His hands shook violently as he pulled out a soft T-shirt and a pair of sweats.

Behind him, he heard Ilya follow, footsteps slow, hesitant.

“I don’t understand,” Ilya said quietly.

“You don’t have to.” Shane’s breath hitched as he yanked the shirt over his head.

“Really. It’s fine.”

“Shane.” There was a warning in Ilya’s voice. A plea. “Stop this.”

Shane laughed sharp and broken. He swallowed hard, shoulders trembling.

“You don’t get it,” he murmured. “I know what this is.”

“What, what is?” Ilya’s tone tightened.

“This.” Shane gestured weakly between them, not turning around. “Whatever we’ve been doing. I know what it means to you.”

Silence.

He felt Ilya still behind him.

Shane dragged in a shuddering breath.

“I’m not stupid,” he said, softer now. “I know I’m just... something to fuck.”

Ilya inhaled sharply.

Shane pressed on, words tumbling out like they’d been waiting for this crack in him to escape.

“You always kiss me, Ilya. Always.” His voice wavered. “Even when you said you shouldn’t. Even when you said it was too risky. Even when you pretended it didn’t mean anything.”

His throat tightened.

“But tonight? Nothing. Not once. Not even...” He shook his head, breath trembling.

“It made things really clear,” Shane whispered. “I’m just... something to fuck. And I should’ve known that. I should’ve kept it simple as you do.”

Ilya inhaled sharply, eyes flashing.

“Shane—”

“No,” Shane cut him off, voice small, breaking apart. “Tonight proved it. I mean, if it meant anything, you would have kissed me. But you didn’t. Not once. Not even when I...” He looked away, face twisting in self-loathing. “It shouldn’t have hurt. But it did. And that’s on me.”

He wiped his face viciously.

“I’m nothing more than a distraction.”

The words hit the room like a dropped blade.

Ilya moved before he seemed to think, stepping close, close enough for Shane to feel the warmth radiating from him.

“Do not say that,” Ilya said, voice raw. “Do not ever say that.”

Shane flinched at the intensity.

Ilya’s jaw tightened. His hands curled into fists at his sides, like he didn’t trust them near Shane right now.

“You think I didn’t kiss you because you don’t matter?” He asked, voice shaking.

Shane blinked rapidly and silently.

“I didn’t kiss you,” Ilya continued, “because it mattered too much.”

Shane’s breath caught.

Ilya’s voice dropped soft and broken.

“Tonight was... different. More than anything before. You looked at me like you were giving me something I don’t deserve.” He dragged in an unsteady breath. “And I was afraid that if I kissed you, I would... fall into you.”

Shane’s chest clenched, hard enough to hurt.

Ilya finally reached out, brushing a thumb under Shane’s eye with aching gentleness.

“I kiss you always, Shane. I kiss you because I want you. Because you make me feel” His voice faltered. “Too much.”

He swallowed.

“And tonight... if I kissed you, I wouldn’t have survived it. Not with how you were with me. Not with how I felt.”

Shane shook his head, tears spilling again. “Ilya...”

“You are not distraction,” Ilya whispered fiercely. “You are the one thing I cannot forget.” Without missing another beat, he pulled Shane tight to him and kissed him deeply, tongue slipping past his lips as he devoured him.

Shane returned the kiss, fingers sliding into Ilya’s hair, whimpering into his mouth. Every part of him grounded to the earth by him. The true danger for Shane was realizing that he would fall apart for Ilya, every time.

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