

nothing in the world is mine for free [but my love is mine, all mine]

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by [actualtaracole \(freaking_intelligent_fangirl\)](#)

Summary

“I love you,” he says in English. His vision swims with unshed tears. His voice thick with emotion that would have strangled him had he not spoken.

Shane’s breath stutters in his chest. His eyes go wide. His mouth falls open. Ilya pulls back, a handful of inches between their faces.

“Holy shit,” is all Shane says. He stares at Ilya like he’s seeing him for the first time.

Notes

95% of the dialogue in this is taken straight from the episode. I fear I couldn't make their... whole thing any better than Jacob, Hudson, and Connor already did.

This is inspired by the whole 8 seconds [I checked timestamps] between when Ilya told Shane he loved him and when Shane said it back. I imagine Ilya managed to fit a whole entire breakdown into those 8 seconds.

Title is from My Love Mine All Mine by Mitski.

Enjoy!

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

“And we tell the press and everyone that by working on this cause that we both love that we developed a mutual respect for one another and...” Shane trails off, the locomotive of his brain finally running out of steam.

“And we like sucking each other’s dicks. Any questions?” Ilya says. It’s a weak attempt to break the tension, to quell the feelings that fill the back of his throat and threaten to spill out of his mouth. Shane doesn’t let him get away with it.

“Fuck off. This is a good idea, Rozanov.”

“Ok. Ok! It’s not bad. So we start the charity.”

“Yeah, and it wouldn’t be bullshit either.” Shane’s excitement is palpable. Ilya feels in the tone of his voice and the way his fingertips skate across Ilya’s skin, restless. “Like, we can really start a charity. Something cool that means a lot to both of us. And we still play hard against each other on the ice.”

Ilya laughs at that. He can’t help himself. The smile appears on his face as easy as breathing. He stares at the side of Shane’s face, watches the moment he realizes what he said.

“Shut up!” Shane says, the words undercut with a matching smile. His eyes flick to Ilya’s for a moment, taking stock of the expression on his face, of what Ilya thinks of the idea. They move back to a space just below Ilya’s collarbone when he continues.

“And then if people saw us out in public or whatever, it wouldn’t be so fucking crazy. And we’re only two hours apart all year round. Apply for, like, citizenship here in Canada.” Ilya takes a deep breath through his nose. Not for the first time he’s glad his... he’s glad for Shane’s aversion to eye contact. He’s doing his best to keep his face even, just the hint of a smile that he can never seem to get rid of when Shane is speaking at a million kilometers an hour. But he knows the look in his eyes would give him away. “And maybe, one day, when we both retire...” Shane continues. “We could be together. For real.”

“You really think that far ahead, Hollander?” he asks after a beat of silence.

“I do. About this.” Shane meets his eyes then.

Ilya cannot extricate himself from his gaze.

“And is that what you want? To be together?” He can hear the wobble in his voice, the way the questions escape his mouth almost without his permission.

“So much,” is the immediate reply. “So much it scares me.”

He tears his eyes away from Shane’s to search his face. Hollander. His Shane. His terrible liar. There is not a single drop of artifice anywhere on his face. It is the same open, honest, earnestness that Ilya fell in love with before he was aware enough to stop himself.

He turns his face away from Shane in an attempt to get his emotions under control. He snuffles, breathes through his nose, and feels a tear escape the corner of his eye. Shane's fingers run across his cheek, his jaw.

"Hey..." he whispers. He turns Ilya's face back to him with the barest amount of pressure. He leans down to kiss him, something soft and sweet. Ilya grabs onto it like a drowning man being tossed a life preserver. He rolls them over, pressing a kiss to Shane's chest, just over his heart. Shane kisses the side of his face as Ilya buries his face in the side of Shane's neck.

"Ya tebya lyublyu," he whispers into Shane's neck between kisses. He kisses him again, lips soft against his, before retreating back. "Ya tebya lyublyu," he says again.

In spite of the cross that hangs from his neck Ilya hasn't set foot in a church since his mother died. And yet, the words he speaks, soft, fervent, worshipful, carry the same weight as the whispered prayers he grew up surrounded by.

He lifts his head from Shane's neck. Presses their foreheads together.

"I love you," he says in English. His vision swims with unshed tears. His voice thick with emotion that would have strangled him had he not spoken.

Shane's breath stutters in his chest. His eyes go wide. His mouth falls open. Ilya pulls back, a handful of inches between their faces.

"Holy shit," is all Shane says. He stares at Ilya like he's seeing him for the first time.

A minor eternity passes between them. Shane says nothing, wide eyes dancing across his face. A voice that sounds suspiciously like his father's starts screaming in the back of Ilya's head.

Foolish, stupid boy, it says. Lazy, weak, whiny little child. Why on earth would you think he loved you. None of them love you, he is no different. You are not worth the effort it takes to love. He knows this. You know this. Why would you open your mouth to say anything.

It is a voice he has gotten better at ignoring. But as it whispers poison in his ear he casts about desperately, trying to find something to say. A thing to patch over the chasm he's created. A way to wave away the tears in his eyes and the beating of his heart. Anything to keep Shane from running away or turning him down. Anything to go back to ten seconds ago before he opened his mouth. He does not know how to take this back but he will. He will fix the mess he has made by sticking his foot in his mouth.

"I mean..." he starts to say. Shane doesn't allow him to finish.

"I love you too."

Everything in Ilya freezes. Blood roars in his ears. His breath catches in his lungs. He stares at Shane in something resembling disbelief. The voice of his father goes silent. Shane stares back, meeting his gaze again.

He means it, Ilya realizes. The force of it nearly blows him through the windows and into the cold lake water outside.

“Fuck, Hollander,” he says. The tears flow now, nothing that Ilya could possibly do to stop them. His arms go weak, suddenly unable to hold up his body anymore. He all but collapses. Shane catches him with ease.

“Oh my God, I love you so much,” Shane says. He presses a kiss into his temple. One of his hands is carded through the curls at the base of Ilya’s neck. The other cradles his face, his thumb rubbing across his jawline. Shane holds him effortlessly. Wraps him in the protection of his arms and his cottage.

Ilya moves, putting his head on Shane’s chest. He can feel the thundering of Shane’s heart under his ear. He lays across him, their whole bodies in contact. The sheets are twisted and tangled somewhere around their feet. Shane’s hands move, one on top of the other at the base of Ilya’s skull. They hold him in place, secure against his chest. He kisses Ilya’s forehead, moves his hands so that his fingers run through Ilya’s curls. He scratches his scalp, the light pressure enough to keep Ilya in his own head.

“Does it... Does it fucking kill you too?”

Ilya snuffles again. He thinks of all the ways he could answer that question. Everything he could say about Shane, his Shane, and how he destroyed Ilya and put him back together without ever realizing it.

“Not anymore,” he says.

He drops a kiss on Shane’s chest, over his heart. He lifts his head for another kiss, still sniffling. Shane kisses him the same way he always has, with care and focus. Attention and tenderness and... love.

Ilya drops his head back into the curve between his neck and his shoulder. One of Shane’s arms comes around him, an iron band encircling his shoulder blades. Ilya cries, soft tears that land on Shane’s pillowcase. Shane leaves a trail of kisses across Ilya’s face, neck, and shoulder. His arm traces idle patterns on Ilya’s spine.

They both doze at some point. The light of the nightstand casts everything in a warm amber glow that blends into the pre-dawn light that filters through the windows of the cottage. Both of them are loathe to leave Shane’s bed, even more so than normal. The entire time at the cottage has been an oasis. A reprieve from everything, exactly as Shane had promised it would be. But the bubble they have found themselves in is the happiest either of them have ever been. Neither of them want to be the one to pop it.

“I love you, Ilya,” Shane says. He’s still running his hand through Ilya’s hair. Ilya burrows closer. He wants to live under Shane’s skin. Wants to hear him say he loves him every second of every day. “But if you don’t let me up I’m going to piss the bed.”

Ilya barks out a surprised laugh. He turns his head to look at Shane. His eyes are serious as always, but there’s a small smile at the corner of his lips.

“Shane Hollander,” Ilya says as he kisses Shane’s smile. “My secret comedian.”

“Yours,” Shane agrees.

And Ilya can do nothing in the face of that but kiss him. And kiss him again, and again, and again, and again.

End Notes

Truly I have not written ANYTHING in almost three full months and then *boom* 1,500+ words in one day because I got the government funded hockey yaoi brainworms. Whatever works I guess!

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