

Everything You Own

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Everything You Own

by [lucianowriter](#)

Summary

Shane left wearing Ilya's clothes. How did the two of them get the clothes back to each other if they weren't in contact?

Notes

Hello my lovelies!

This is a fic that I wrote specifically for my friend Lizzie. We were discussing Episode 4 after noticing Shane wore his Episode 4 outfit again in Episode 5. That led to wondering how he got that outfit back if he left Ilya's in Ilya's clothes.

This is merely an emotional study of Ilya's feelings on Shane running to the arms of Rose Landry.

I hope you guys enjoy. There is a happy ending, I promise.

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

It took Ilya a long time to get up off his couch after Shane unceremoniously left. He hadn't meant to utter Shane's first name, it had just happened. Part of him understood why Shane had freaked out, he would've too if he were Shane. Out of the two of them, Shane was always going to be more scared of what it all could mean. Ilya had made peace with his desires for men a long time ago, but he doubted Shane had ever even admitted his attraction to the same sex out loud.

When he did finally make it back to his bedroom, and the comfort of his pillows and blankets, his eyes landed on the chair near his bed. Folded neatly there was Shane's outfit he'd come in. The brown jacket, nondescript white shirt, and form-fitting black jeans. Ilya walked over and ran a reverent finger over the perfectly placed items. Never before had he been so besotted by something as neurotically boring as folding your clothes before sex.

He thought about Shane showing back up to his hotel that he shared with Hayden wearing Ilya's lounge clothes. Ilya's mouth moved into a smirk. Hayden probably wouldn't even notice that Shane wasn't in clothes that even fit him correctly, let alone a completely different outfit than he'd left in. Hell, the guy was probably too busy talking to his wife and kids to notice anything Shane did.

But, if he did notice, Ilya got a kick out of Hayden's mind trying to figure things out while Shane inevitably denied anything and everything. If Ilya had Hayden's number he would take a picture of Shane's clothes neatly folded and send it to Hayden just to fuck with him, never revealing who he was in the process.

Even though Shane leaving so suddenly, without letting Ilya explain, had hurt, Ilya was certain they'd work through it eventually. They always did. Even if it took months, like their miscommunication error around the Sochi Olympics back in 2014. He'd just hold onto Shane's clothes until the next time Boston was in Montreal or until Shane reached out and asked about them, whichever came first.

With a delicate hand, Ilya picked up the stack and walked it to his walk-in closet. He reverently put the clothes on a shelf, front and center, easy for him to find – and also look at whenever the urge hit him. He would take good care of Shane's clothes until the man could take them back.

Then, with a sad sigh, Ilya turned off the light and went back to his bed. He climbed under the covers and tried his best not to overthink everything that had happened. He'd gone out on a limb in an attempt to test the waters of making them more than just the occasional casual hook up. But, he'd been too earnest and it had spooked the man he loved. Yes, Ilya could admit that to himself in the safety of his own mind. He was in love with Shane Hollander.

A Few Weeks Later

Ilya *hated* Shane Hollander. What was he playing at? Running away from what Ilya knew he'd also felt and straight into the arms of Rose fucking Landry? It would've been one thing if they'd been discovered just hooking up. But no, Shane fucking Hollander was *dating* her. He got to walk around in public holding her hand, loving her, kissing her, dating her. All the things Ilya couldn't give him no matter how desperately he wanted to.

This news would've been bad enough, but then, two days after the news broke that Shane Hollander and Rose Landry were an item, Ilya received a lumpy package in the mail. Even without opening it he knew it was the clothes Shane had left his home in. Pushing back his emotions, Ilya slowly opened the mailing envelope. He gently took out a neatly folded pair of black track pants and oversized black t-shirt. He brought them to his nose and smelled. *Fuck*. Shane had washed them and so now the clothes sort of smelled like him.

Ilya fought back tears as he realized the weight these clothes now held. This was Shane telling Ilya they wouldn't be seeing each other again. Ilya placed the clothes on his kitchen counter and turned the envelope upside down hoping a note or something more would fall out. Nothing did.

Ilya took a deep breath and pulled his borrowed clothes against his chest so he could cling to the scent of the man he loved, who he'd probably never see again.

After a few more minutes of self-indulgence, Ilya steeled himself and swiped away his tears. Fuck Shane Hollander. Ilya would be just fine without him. If he wanted to send Ilya's clothes back to him without a fucking word then, Ilya could do the same. Just as he had that thought, Ilya had an even pettier one.

What if he never returned Shane's outfit to him? What if he played dumb and refused to acknowledge he even had them?

Yes. That is what Ilya was going to do. If Shane wanted to be cold, aloof, and dismissive about what they were both feeling, then Ilya could be the asshole he's always purported as being. But, the moment he went to his closet to put his clothes next to Shane's, his heart squeezed. No matter how much seeing Shane in public with *her* hurt, Ilya could never truly hate Shane. Shane had made him feel more alive than he ever had since his mom died. No matter what had happened, Ilya still loved him and that meant he could never hurt Shane.

Shane could hurt him, he could take it. But, if Ilya hurt Shane back he'd never forgive himself. So, instead, he sat on the floor of his closet and held both sets of clothes on his knees and let the feelings wash over him. He ached for the little boy who used to believe love could be unconditional and easy. He ached for the version of himself that Shane allowed him to be. He ached for the future he had naively hoped the two of them would share. But most of all he just ached for Shane.

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A week later

Shane unlocked the front door to his Montreal apartment. He was juggling his bag and some groceries from the 24 hour mart a few blocks away. He stopped in the lobby to check his mailbox and found a medium sized box on the floor with his name on it. There was no return address but the postmark was Boston.

Ilya.

Shane had been anticipating Ilya would send his outfit back ever since he had put Ilya's into the mail. He'd hoped that Ilya opening the package, smelling Shane's detergent, and seeing how carefully he cared for Ilya's clothes would cause the Russian to reach out. He hadn't.

Ilya had always had women while also meeting up with Shane. Why was Shane getting together with Rose any different? It was as if Ilya had completely iced him out, despite Shane trying to get his attention whenever he could. It wouldn't be the first time in his life Shane had reacted a certain way to a situation and the other person involved took it the wrong way.

Shane had run away after the afternoon at Ilya's house, but he hadn't wanted to stay away. He had just needed some time to process everything and then he would've calmed down. If Ilya had reached out to him, Shane wouldn't have ignored him.

But here it was, a box from Ilya. Finally some form of communication. Shane briefly wondered if it would be some elaborate ruse to get Shane to come back to him. But, as far as Shane was concerned he hadn't completely left Ilya. He'd texted him last week before their game together, but it had been radio silence. But, then his brain reminded him that it was probably just his clothes being sent back.

Once he was in the comfort of his own apartment, curled under a weighted blanket on the couch, Shane opened the box from Boston. Inside he finds something wrapped beautifully in red and blue tissue paper. Like a present. On top was a white note card upon which Ilya had carefully written a message, short and succinct.

Shane -

I give you your clothes back. I hope you have happiness.

- *Lily*

Shane sniffed and wiped away a tear in his eye. Untaping the tissue paper, Shane found his clothes folded exactly as he'd left them that day. Down to each delicate fold, as if Ilya hadn't unfolded them at all. And yet, he must've because each item smelled distinctly like him. Shane closed his eyes and allowed the scent to surround him.

His chest ached for Ilya. His strong arms made Shane feel more tethered than he'd ever felt in his life. Rose was great and she made Shane smile and laugh, but she couldn't make Shane feel grounded like Ilya could. She didn't get his heart pumping like Ilya could with one of his quick smirks. Shane leaned back and banged his head against the head of his bed.

He missed Ilya and didn't understand why anything had to change between them. They'd been doing so well, then Ilya had to say his first name during sex.

Tampa, Florida - All Star Weekend

Shane clung tightly to Ilya as the man cried into his shoulder. For months, Shane had been feeling listless, unmoored. But now, in a crappy Tampa hotel room, he felt like everything was aligned once more. He'd talked things through with Ilya and they seemed to be on the same page. But one thing still clung to him, the clothes. Why hadn't Ilya reached out when he'd received Shane's package?

He pulled back and grabbed Ilya's cheek and gently moved his face so they shared eye contact.

"I still have one question." Shane whispered, his eyes raking over Ilya's face, looking for a sign that Ilya was done being open and honest. He wasn't.

"Yes?"

"Why didn't you text me? When I sent your outfit back with the smell of my detergent I figured I would hear from you. Even if it was to tell me to fuck off." Shane bit his lip, nervous that this might derail whatever tenuous impasse they'd reached here tonight.

"There wasn't a note. What was I supposed to think other than you wanted nothing to do with me?" The hurt in Ilya's words tugged at Shane's heart so he wrapped him up in an embrace once more.

"Again, I expected you to text, even if it was to tell me off." Shane whispered, "You are with women while with me. Why is Rose any different?"

Ilya looked Shane up and down, he could tell the Russian was trying to figure him out.

“I don’t publicly date other people. You did. And then you sent back my clothes with no note. What was I supposed to think? I couldn’t stop you, it wouldn’t have been fair, but I also couldn’t stick around and be your dirty little secret.”

Shane thought over Ilya’s words for a beat before he added his two cents. “We never wanted people to suspect us. Rose Landry got my teammates off my back about dating. I was terrified of feeling too much for you so I ran to a safer option. I shouldn’t have done it. I never realized it would hurt you.”

“I not hurt. I don’t care what you do.” Ilya scoffed, but they both knew he was lying through his teeth.

“Bullshit.” Shane leaned forward, connecting their foreheads.

“Yes, is bullshit.” There was so much more hidden between Ilya’s words, but for now those three little words were enough to ease both their minds. They were in this, together. Everything was going to work out. They had each other.

End Notes

Leave comments and kudos if you are so inclined. I greatly appreciate you reading my fic.

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