

I'll Catch You When You Fall

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I'll Catch You When You Fall

by [probsnothawkeye](#)

Summary

Shane was leaving. Ilya kept trying to call out to him, to explain, to stop him, but the words were all stuck in his chest.

Shane Hollander was leaving.

Notes

Hello hello!

Happy season finale day! And happy christmas to those who celebrate! I had the idea for a domdrop Ilya fic in the middle of spending time with my family for christmas and then wrote half of this on my phone in the car while we were on our way to dinner. I've been loving all of the subdrop Shane post vegas fics and was like "it's ilya's turn actually" and now we're here. Got it done with just enough time to rewatch episode 5 before the finale drops though!

Dedicated to J once again-- happy finale day J!

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

Shane was leaving. Ilya kept trying to call out to him, to explain, to stop him, but the words were all stuck in his chest.

Shane Hollander was leaving.

The door seemed to slam shut even though Ilya knew Shane would never be so callous like that. *This is all your fault*, a voice in his mind— one that sounded remarkably similar to his fathers— hissed. *You take and take and take— and now look what you've done. You took too much from him and now he's leaving you alone. Alone like you've always deserved.*

Somewhere deep inside himself, Ilya knew he was panicking and making absolutely no sense. But that part was buried so deep within him that trying to reach it felt like trying to reach the bottom of the ocean. Suddenly Ilya wasn't in his Boston home— No, he was in a too big room in Russia, hiding from the shouting match his father and Alexei were having about his mother's funeral. He had been crying too much— that's what both of them had said— so he had to hide. He couldn't be caught crying, not again. Tears— hot and plentiful— raced down Ilya's cheeks and he tried to calm himself down. He was going to get in trouble, he was going to get caught, he was—

The door opening caused Ilya to flinch. He slid to the floor in front of the couch, trying his best to prepare for his angry father or brother or whoever else was stalking towards him. He felt so small, so scared, so—

“Rozanov!” A voice— not his family but familiar. Not angry but clearly distressed. “Rozanov, I made a mistake I'm sor—” Footsteps, rounding the corner, right where Ilya was hiding on the floor. He braced, waiting for the blow. “Oh, Ilya.”

Through teary eyes, Ilya looked up to see Shane standing above him, looking as lost as Ilya felt. They stared at each other for a moment— the silence suffocating and making Ilya feel like this was nothing more than a dream. But Shane Hollander would never look this sad in Ilya's dreams. “Shane?”

One word was all it took for Shane to fall to his knees next to Ilya. He felt Shane's arms surrounding him, allowed himself to be pulled close to Shane's chest. “Ilya. Ilya, I'm here-- I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, Ilya.”

None of this made any sense. How was Shane there— he had left. He said that he couldn't do this and he left Ilya *all alone*—

“I need you to breathe for me, Ilya,” Shane said softly. He tried his best to stand up, but found his legs giving out, Shane catching up. “Deep breaths, come on. Match my breathing okay?” Ilya did his best to follow Shane's instructions, but something deep within him was fighting for control of the situation. He could prove to Shane that he could be good for him— that he could provide comfort for Shane the way he was dying to. He wouldn't deflect, wouldn't hide behind women that he hadn't even slept with, not if it meant keeping Shane here. Ilya *needed* to keep Shane here.

"Let me take care of you?" Ilya asked, begged, hands clutching Shane's biceps like they were the only things keeping him upright. Like Shane was the only thing keeping him upright.

Shane seemed concerned by this. "Ilya, I should be taking care of you."

"This is how you take care of me," Ilya pleaded. His head was spinning and the only constant was Shane and the need to take care of him. "I need to know that you are okay. That you will stay. Let me take care of you? Please?"

"Okay," Shane said softly. He carefully guided Ilya back to his feet. "Okay, Ilya. Take care of me."

Something was wrong with Ilya. It didn't take a genius to see that— Shane was far from being intelligent right now, after all, almost walking out on the beautiful man in front of him.

Actually walking out on the beautiful man in front of him.

He hadn't even gotten half a block away before he was turning around, heart aching in his chest. Their morning had been so wonderful and Shane had fucked it all up because he was *scared*— as if Ilya hadn't always done his best to assuage Shane's fears. And Shane had left, like an idiot.

But despite all of that— despite Shane leaving and Ilya crying and barely being able to stand— Ilya was insisting upon taking care of Shane. It made the guilt itching beneath his skin burn even hotter. Ilya led Shane through the house to the bathroom; in the center sat a large bathtub which Ilya immediately started fussing with. He tugged lightly at Shane's shirt, helping it pull it over his head, folding it just the way Shane always did. Ilya continued to help Shane undress, ushering him into the bath before quickly stripping and settling in beside him.

With a little shifting about, Shane found himself seated in Ilya's lap, Ilya's fingers carding through his hair.

"Your hair is soft," Ilya said softly. He sounded more grounded, more like himself again. "I did not appreciate this while pulling your hair before. Is nice."

"Thanks," Shane replied, just as softly. He waited for a moment, wanting to see if Ilya would say anything else. When he didn't, Shane finally allowed himself to voice the thought that had been bouncing through his brain since the moment he got back to Ilya's. "What's going on with you?"

Ilya stiffened behind him, his hands freezing briefly before beginning to play with Shane's hair once more. "I don't know what you're talking about," he deflected. Shane could hear the hesitation in his voice though; he wanted to turn around, to question Ilya, but Ilya spoke up first. "Is just... Is something that can happen sometimes. With sex. I'm sure you wouldn't get it."

“Try me.”

Silence followed after that. Shane wiggled himself around in Ilya’s arms, careful not to splash water over the sides of the tub. He could see the nervousness clear as day on Ilya’s face, amplified by the fact that Ilya— who usually *loved* to make intense eye contact with Shane— wouldn’t look at him directly. He’d either stare off to the side or stare past Shane. It was unnerving in some ways— Ilya had always been the stronger one between them, always the one who could and did do everything with beautiful confidence and reckless abandon. For him to be shrinking in on himself so much...

“Maybe we get out of the tub first,” Ilya said suddenly. “Is not a good place to talk, I don’t think.”

Shane nodded, wiggling back and getting to his feet. He allowed Ilya to dry him with a soft towel— any thought of protesting died when he saw the almost pleading look on Ilya’s face. *This is how you take care of me*, Ilya had said. All he wanted was to take care of Shane— for reasons Shane couldn’t even begin to understand. So instead of arguing, of letting his anxieties force him to push back on Ilya’s care, Shane allowed himself to have this moment. He allowed himself to experience the deep, almost *loving* care that Ilya was bestowing on him. He allowed himself to *want*— in the same way he had been denying himself before when he tried to leave. Ilya wanted to take care of him and Shane wanted to be taken care of. It was a terrifying thought— he had never had anyone pull at his heart like this before, and for it to be Ilya Rozanov?

Who was he kidding? It was always going to be Ilya.

Shane followed Ilya dutifully back to the bedroom; something in Ilya preened at that, body feeling more his own as Shane followed his directions and allowed himself care. He laid down on the bed, patting the space beside him; Shane smiled before laying down beside him, allowing Ilya to wrap Shane in his arms. That anxious, cold feeling that he had been steeped in when Shane left was finally dissipating, leaving only the joy of having Shane in his arms again.

That joy, alongside that fear.

He was being too much, Ilya knew this. He should’ve seen the signs of dropping— but how often does a dom truly drop? Not often enough for Ilya to recognize it coming on, but it was clear enough in retrospect for him to feel embarrassed. To feel *ashamed*. Shane had wanted to leave, and yet here he was, trapped in Ilya’s arms all because Ilya couldn’t handle himself. Despite every instinct in his body screaming against this, Ilya forced his arms away from Shane, quickly wrapping them around himself instead. “I’m sorry Sh— Hollander.”

Shane sat up and studied him for a minute— Ilya felt splayed open and bare in front of those kind, watchful eyes. “You can call me Shane, you know. I... I actually kind of like it when you do.”

“Really?”

“Yeah,” Shane said with a nervous smile. “I... I liked calling you Ilya. If that’s okay.”

Ilya couldn’t believe what was happening. He had thought he’d driven Shane off but now—
“You really want to?”

“If you’re okay with it.” Shane looked as nervous as Ilya felt in that moment and all Ilya wanted to do was pull him back into his arms. “I made a mistake before, when I left. I’m really sorry, Ilya.”

“It’s okay, Shane,” Ilya said, finally giving into temptation and pulled Shane back down into his arms. Shane— beautiful, amazing Shane— slotted himself right into the crook of Ilya’s neck, pressing a soft kiss to his chest before settling into Ilya’s side. “I... I pushed you away. I wanted too badly so I— I took without meaning to. And I’m sorry for that.”

Shane sat back up— Ilya choked back a desperate whimper at that— looking at Ilya incredulously. “What do you mean?”

“I went too far and called you Shane—”

“And I liked that,” Shane said with more confidence than Ilya had ever heard in his voice. “I liked it and I was scared so I ran. You didn’t *take* anything, Ilya. You *gave* and you gave and you gave and I left. Like an idiot.” Shane turned away from Ilya, head in his hands. “You... You terrify me. I mean, just look at you! You’re— You’re Ilya fucking Rozanov and we’re meant to be rivals and all I can think—” Shane turned back to Ilya, tears in his eyes. “All I can think is how much you mean to me. How much I want you to mean *more* to me. And for a moment, it felt like you saw that too, so I ran. And when I came back, you were insisting upon taking care of me and I just...” Shane sighed, collapsing backwards, head landing on Ilya’s lap. “I just wanted to pretend it could be real for a moment.”

“It is real,” Ilya whispered. He carassed Shane’s cheek, blinking back his own tears. “Of course it is real, Shane. It is so real that the thought of having upset you— the thought of you running away and finding solace in someone else— sent me spiraling. I... I was not aware of myself when you arrived, not fully. Is something that can happen— when sex is too intense and emotions are running high. Did not know that it would hit me like this, not until you left.” Ilya lifted Shane’s hand to his mouth, pressing a soft kiss to it. “I don’t know what we are, Shane, but we are *real*, and that is what matters most, yes?”

There was so much light and *fondness* in Shane’s eyes that Ilya could’ve choked on it. Shane all but threw himself on top of Ilya, kissing him with a reverence that Ilya had dared not dream about before. They kissed like this for what could’ve been minutes or hours; when they finally stopped, Ilya laid back down with Shane’s head resting on his chest once again. “I’m sorry I left,” Shane whispered as he ran his fingers up and down Ilya’s side.

“It’s okay, *moya lyubov*. What matters most is that you came back.”

Ilya pressed a kiss to the top of Shane’s head, relishing in the way Shane relaxed into his arms. Shane came back— and Ilya was going to keep him here, in his arms, where they *both* wanted him.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Comments and kudos are always appreciated but never required. I'm supposed to be working on my own podcasts but instead I keep writing about these gay hockey boys because I love them so much. If you'd like to check out my other work, you can find my podcasts *Tales from the Fringes of Reality* and *Forged Bonds* wherever you get your podcasts! And you can find me on tumblr/bluesky @probsnothawkeye, just like on here.

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