

not common sense (but I'm haunted)

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Summary

Ilya is jealous and lashing out. Shane goes after him.

A tentative kind of fix-it fic for Episode 4.

He didn't want to admit that he was seething with jealousy.

Seeing Hollander had only made it worse. He hadn't looked at Ilya, not once the whole game. He'd barely even been present. They'd both had probably the worst game of their entire careers, and Ilya tried not to read too much into that.

It didn't matter. Hollander was just distracted by his fucking movie star girlfriend. It was Ilya who was fucking miserable and heartbroken and furious with himself.

Of course, it only got worse when he realized that of all fucking bars they could have picked to commiserate in, it's the one where Shane Hollander and Rose Landry are, her smiling up at him with her pretty smile while she dances.

And it hurt. But it also made him want to lash out, to be mean.

He grabbed his drink from the bar, stalking closer. Like a second sense, Shane looked up at his approach, stilling like a deer in headlights. Ilya smirked, dropping his eyes to where Rose Landry had her hands tangled in the white shirt Hollander was wearing.

"Well, well, well," Ilya said, eyes glittering maliciously. "I guess the rumors are true after all."

Shane looked startled. The "fuck off, Rozanov" was automatic, though his eyes were intense as he looked up at him. Searching. Just a little bit scared. Of what he might do. Or say.

And Ilya was an asshole. But not *that* much of an asshole.

He looked down further. "Hello, Rose Landry," he said.

Her smile was friendly but confused, and when she offered her hand, removing it, Ilya noted, from Shane's abs, he took it, kissing the back of it and winking at her.

This, he can do. The flirting. Just Rozanov being a dog, as usual. His teammates were probably watching and pissing themselves laughing.

"Hi." She looked, he thought absently, very beautiful in her dress.

"This looks very cozy, mmm?" he said, wiggling his eyebrows at them both. "Didn't know you had it in you, Hollander."

He sounded as bitter as he felt, probably. Rose's brow furrowed at that, and she looked back at Shane. He could see her putting two and two together.

Ilya smiled. "You two have fun, now."

He winked at Shane.

Shane glared back.

Cold laughter dripped from his lips as he turned away.

“Shane?” he heard Landry say.

“Ignore him, Rozanov is just an asshole,” Shane muttered back.

Ilya paused. He shouldn't look back. He could feel his eyes stinging. Orpheus at the entrance back to the overworld, Eurydice behind him.

He closed his eyes. Around him, bodies moved to the loud thrum of the music, happy, laughing, dancing, a buzz of energy that couldn't penetrate the cold, empty, gaping cavern that was his chest.

It was inevitable. He couldn't have stopped himself from looking even if he wanted to. He was weak, undisciplined.

He glanced back. Rose Landry was dancing again, pressed to Shane's front, eyes closed as she moved to the music.

But Shane was still. And he was looking back.

And his eyes. Ilya shuddered at the look in his eyes. Desperate. Lost. Sad.

Ilya drank his fill, and gave the opposing captain a single nod. Acknowledging the distress, filing it away as hope choked him.

Shane's lips thinned.

He needed to get out of here. He needed to go and get so fucking obliterated that he didn't remember his own name, let alone Shane's.

Tearing his eyes away, he sought out Cliff, telling him he was leaving. The team made an assumption, a wrong one, but Ilya didn't correct it.

The vodka was cheap, burning the whole way down because America could do nothing right, certainly not making a vodka that was drinkable. But he was too fucking heartbroken to care, inconsolable in his grief and anger and self-loathing.

It was, of course, when he was two-thirds of the way through the bottle when his phone lit up with a text.

Ilya set the bottle aside on the damp tile of the shower floor, standing up on shaky knees and scrabbling for it. The case was slippery in his hands, and he almost dropped it.

And then he was staring.

Jane: *I hate this.*

Me fucking too, Hollander, he thought bitterly. He brought the phone to his forehead, squeezing his eyes closed. It was fucking three in the morning. Why the fuck was Hollander

even texting him? He'd probably gone home with his perfect girlfriend, probably fucked her in the bed Ilya had never been invited to. In his real apartment.

Because he could do that with her. He could be with her. In the light. Where everyone could see.

He shouldn't reply. It was the bad idea of all bad ideas.

Lily: *Was your choice.*

The reply was almost instantaneous.

Jane: *I know.*

Jane: *I shouldn't have run away.*

The acknowledgement made the screen blurry. Ilya turned off the shower, shivering as he stepped out, pulling the big, fluffy towel provided by the hotel around him. He covered his face with his hands, trying to calm himself, his chest aching fiercely with a pain that even shitty vodka hadn't been able to touch.

His phone buzzed again.

Jane: *Can I see you?*

Ilya scoffed.

Lily: *Bad idea, Jane.*

Jane: *Everything we do is a bad idea.*

Jane: *Hasn't stopped us yet.*

Except it *had*. Fucking Hollander. Shane had stopped it, had fucking walked out of his apartment in Boston like it was nothing, like *they* were nothing, like *Ilya fucking Rozanov* was nothing.

And it hurt. It was devastating. But the thought of that being the last time he ever kissed Shane Hollander was *worse*.

Fuck.

Suddenly, he was tired. The fight went out of him. The desire to be mean, to lash out, to make Shane sad, was gone. He just wanted... him. Only him. It was agony, but he only ever wanted Shane Hollander.

Lily: *Fine. I am in team hotel. 852.*

Jane: *I will be there in 5 minutes.*

He finished drying off while he waited, pulling on a pair of sweatpants and a singlet and then sitting on the end of the bed, staring down at his phone.

A light knock a few minutes later had him staggering to his feet, and then he was opening the door and Shane was there.

He stood aside, letting him past, before closing and locking the door.

Ilya kept his back to Hollander, resting his head against the wood, eyes tightly shut.

“Ilya,” Shane whispered.

He shook his head. He was fine. He just... he needed a moment. That was all.

“I never meant to hurt you,” Shane said quietly. “I’m so sorry. I was scared.”

Ilya sighed. “Of what?”

“I don’t know. I guess it got too real,” Shane admitted. “Like it was more.”

He’d wanted it to be. Was that so bad? Had he been too greedy? Was that why-

“You don’t want it?” Ilya asked, despite himself. He shook his head. “Well, clearly not.”

Finally, he turned, he opened his eyes. Shane hovered a few feet away, his expression pained.

He was so beautiful that Ilya’s heart clenched, his throat closing over. He couldn’t have him. Not anymore. He had a girlfriend. He didn’t have a fucking clue why he was here.

“Why are you here, Hollander?” he asked him when it was clear Shane wasn’t going to respond to his previous question.

It was Shane’s turn to sigh. “I don’t know,” he admitted. “I guess, I’m trying to figure out what I want.”

Ilya’s eyebrows rose at that. “Seemed like you already have it,” he said, some of his earlier anger flaring. “Pretty woman dancing with you at club where everyone can see.”

Shane winced like Ilya had punched him. “I don’t think it was her I wanted to be dancing with,” he said. “Not really.”

Ba dum. Ba dum. Ba dum.

His heart went on beating like the world hadn’t just fallen out from under his feet. Faster than usual, sure, but still there. He rubbed a hand on his chest, where it felt like it was trying to force its way out of his ribcage.

“So, what then?”

Shane stopped closer. Ilya stayed very still against the door which was doing more to hold him up than he was willing to admit.

He paused in front of him.

“You smell like alcohol,” Shane said, his brow furrowing.

Ilya nodded. “That would be all the vodka I have been drinking,” he said. “Cheap, nasty shit.”

“How much have you had?” Shane looked upset.

He shrugged. “Most of the bottle.”

“Jesus,” Shane whispered. “How are you still standing right now?”

Sheer fucking stubbornness, if he was completely honest. And the door.

“Am Russian,” he said. “Will take more than a bottle of shit American vodka to keep me down.”

Shane rolled his eyes at that, but backed off.

“What time is your flight tomorrow?” he asked. “Well, today, I guess, technically?”

Ilya gave him an incredulous look. “You think we are going to fuck?” he asked him. “Hollander, you have a girlfriend.”

“No,” Shane said, shaking his head, looking frustrated. “That’s not why I’m asking. Not *what* I’m asking.”

That was good. He didn’t think he’d be able to get hard after that much vodka. Not even for Shane Hollander.

“And I don’t,” he continued, a strange look on his face.

“Don’t what?”

“Have a girlfriend.”

Ilya blinked at him.

“Sure looked like you did,” he said eventually.

“I know how it looks... how it looked,” Shane said with a sigh, running a hand through his hair. “But I don’t... I’ve never. Look, we kissed, a few times, sure. But I didn’t sleep with her.”

Ilya gave him an unimpressed look. “What? Do you want a medal, Hollander?”

Shane scowled at him. “No,” he shot back. “But I just, she wanted to, but I couldn’t. I wouldn’t. Do that.”

He studied him for a few moments. Shane looked down at the floor while Ilya's eyes swept him up and down, before centering back on his face.

"Have sex with her? Or with any woman?" he asked. Sue him. He was curious.

Shane glanced up at him. "I mean, neither," he mumbled. "But more, I wouldn't do that... to you."

Ilya blinked. "Oh."

"It's not just me, right?" Shane pleaded.

"What?"

He was struggling to keep up. Hollander just kept talking, talking, talking, throwing so many grenades at Ilya's feet that he didn't know which way to lunge. Ilya was reeling.

"I mean, I know I left, and I'm so sorry about that," Shane continued. "But you know, before that, well, it was nice."

Ilya swallowed thickly.

"It was."

"It made me think that we were... more. That we could *be* more."

Impossible.

"You know we can't," Ilya whispered.

Shane nodded. "But, would you want to be?"

Maybe it was the vodka loosening his lips, maybe not.

His whisper was quiet, barely a breath.

"Yes."

He wanted it so much it fucking *terrified* him.

"Okay," Shane said. "Okay."

He stepped closer again. Ilya could feel the warmth coming off of him as Shane nuzzled into his neck, his arms resting at Ilya's sides. Like it was that easy.

Slowly, he wrapped his arms around Shane, tucking his chin onto his shoulder and closing his eyes against the wave of relief that suffused his entire body.

"Your flight?" Shane asked again, except this time, his voice was in his ear, a low rumble.

Ilya shrugged. "I don't know. Late, though. Not til night."

Shane nodded against him. "Come home with me," he said.

Ilya pushed him back gently. "Shane..."

"Not for sex. Just... let me hold you? I want to hold you."

The tension was thick, a palpable thing. Ilya wanted nothing more in the entire fucking world than what Shane was offering him. He just wasn't sure if he could trust it.

"I don't want to go to your shitty sex apartment right now, Hollander," Ilya said bitterly. "Okay? Just... you should go."

Shane shook his head, a stubborn tilt to his jaw. He didn't let go of Ilya.

"No, I want you to come *home* with me," he said, emphasizing the word.

Another sucker punch straight to the gut.

"What?" he whispered.

"I've wanted to bring you there for years," Shane admitted. "It was stupid, buying that rental. I was just... I wanted to protect this. I thought it was the only way I could have you. And by the time I realized I wanted more, I didn't want to scare you off."

He gave Shane a pointed look. "I was not the one who ran."

Shane sighed. "Yeah, well, you weren't exactly straightforward, either."

Well, that was true. This push and pull between them had always been exhilarating, but Shane was right, after almost eight years of this, it had grown tiring to hold the pretense that it didn't mean anything, that it didn't matter.

"That is because I am bisexual," he said with faux cheeriness. "Not straight."

Shane groaned, letting his head thud down onto Ilya's shoulder. "Asshole," he muttered.

"Maybe," he said, but he knew his voice was soft. And he hadn't let Shane go. His fingers itched with the urge to move, to map Hollander's body and make sure everything was just as he'd left it.

"Please?" Shane whispered.

Ilya closed his eyes. His head was swimming. He was so fucking tired. There was nothing left in him, to fight this, to push back. Not against something he wanted more than anything in the world.

"Yeah," he said quietly. "Okay, Hollander."

He heard Shane's sigh of relief, felt the kiss he pressed to Ilya's collarbone before pushing up and stepping back. Ilya let him go, reluctantly.

Shane waited to the side. As Ilya put his things back in his bag. As he tipped out the rest of the vodka bottle and binned it. As he pulled on a pair of old, ratty sneakers and wrapped himself up in a jacket.

All the while, he watched him. Those soft, brown eyes tracking him around the hotel room.

Finally, Ilya turned, bag slung over one shoulder.

It was almost four in the fucking morning. There was no one to see them leave, not even a doorman. The streets were quiet, empty, and Shane drove him in his sensible Jeep Cherokee to his place that was ten minutes away, both of them silent, both of them exhausted.

Shane let him into his house, and they kicked off their shoes, and Ilya dropped his bag at the door, trudging after him to the bedroom. He didn't even look around, didn't know if he could, not yet.

And Shane crawled into the bed, and he held out his arms, and Ilya went to him, burying his face in his neck, blinking back tears as Shane drew the comforter up and over them.

Closing his eyes, he fell almost immediately into an exhausted slumber.

He was woken, an indeterminate number of hours later, by soft fingers tracing over his aching head. It was nice, soothing, and he leaned into it, keeping his eyes squeezed closed.

"Morning," Shane murmured.

Ilya grumbled but didn't respond. His head felt like a pike had been jammed into it.

Fingertips traced the furrow in his brow.

"Headache?"

He gave a slight nod of acknowledgement, grimacing as that sent a dizzy spell through him. Fuck, he hurt.

"Here," Shane whispered. He held something to Ilya's lips and he opened them. Two pills were placed on his tongue, and he tipped his head back as a water bottle was pressed to his lips next, sucking a mouthful of it and swallowing them down.

He mumbled his thanks and buried his face back into Shane's chest.

"I'm sorry you're hurting," Shane said, his voice strained. "It's my fault."

"No," Ilya mumbled. "Is America and their shit vodka."

He heard the quiet snort of laughter and bit back a smile.

“You wouldn’t have been drinking that shit vodka if I hadn’t made you sad,” Shane pointed out.

Ilya sighed. “Probably not,” he admitted.

Slowly, he squinted one eye open. Thank God, Hollander’s blinds were closed. The room was dark. He blinked a few times, getting used to what little light was filtering around the edges of the blinds. He could just make out Shane’s face in front of him. He looked sad.

He hated it. He wracked his mind for literally anything else to talk about.

“So,” he said, drawling it out as he glanced around what little he could see around them. “This is Shane Hollander’s bedroom.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Yes, yes, I know. It’s boring.”

Ilya grabbed a handful of his blanket, squinting at it. “Is blue?”

Shane scowled. “What’s wrong with blue?”

“I knew it,” he said, smugly.

“Shut up,” Shane grumbled, hitting his arm. “I like blue.”

“Is your dildo blue, as well?” Ilya asked him. It had been fucking *killing* him, not knowing.

Even in the low light, he could see the flush that immediately rose to Shane’s cheeks.

He grinned. “I am right?”

“Fuck off, Ilya,” Shane grumbled, turning and hiding his face in his pillow.

He said nothing more, just lying back on the pillow and looking at him. He felt his heart settle, finally.

Nothing was fixed, not just yet. Soon, he would have to get up and leave, probably head back to his team’s hotel and be driven to the airport. But this, it felt significant. Important.

He was in Shane Hollander’s bed. In his bedroom. In his house. He was letting him in, finally. Had acknowledged that they both wanted more.

What that more looked like, he wasn’t sure. But if it led him here, to teasing Shane in his bed and waking up in his arms sometimes?

Well, it would be worth it.

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