

Passionate as sin

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Passionate as sin

by [clockwrkpendrxgon](#)

Summary

Shane distantly registers that he is having a panic attack. But that doesn't make sense, isn't his chest moving? His heart beating? Then why can't he breathe?

It is probably because his breath is somewhere out there in an ambulance on the way to the hospital.

Notes

hi so this is my first ever hollanov fic so please be kind (😭?) and i haven't read the long game yet! i finished hr and just HAD to do this, so i hope you like it :)

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

“Alright, don’t be late, then.”

Ilya *tsked* over the phone. “And keep you waiting?” He asked playfully. “Will think about it.”

And that was the last thing they said to each other over the phone before Ilya got on the road to Montreal where Shane was staying instead of the house in Brossard. He had some time before his next game, which meant that this time was going to be spent with Ilya. However, for the first time since they got together, Shane didn’t want him to be here.

It was a tough call, but winter in Montreal is cruel, and they have been expecting a blizzard in those couple of days. Shane didn’t even second guess it for a moment. Ilya was not travelling in this weather, not even to see Shane who was dying to see him too. His boyfriend’s safety comes first.

“Do not worry, Hollander. My car is good in snow, remember?”

Yet of course, said boyfriend let every one of Shane’s words fly right over his stubborn head and still insisted on coming. Deep down it warmed his heart. The time he gets to spend with Ilya at his own home is basically the highlight of his entire existence at this point. He doesn’t even know what it will feel like when they are permanently living together one day.

He’d smiled to himself and mentally asked, *is it actually possible for his heart to grow in size from the amount of love he holds for Ilya?*

Because it sure feels like it every time his mind conjures up an image of the two of them together.

Which is why Shane has been obsessively watching the weather closely since he hung up with Ilya an hour ago. He even had the weather forecast turned on on the TV behind him, the presenter’s voice a background noise to him as he gazes out the window. His mind briefly entertains the idea of looking like an absolute lunatic for passersby with the way he is just standing there motionless looking through the glass.

Snow covers the streets, sidewalks, and grass; everything outside is blanketed in thick white. Shane can already hear the beginnings of the wind whistling out there every once in a while, which means it is going to become a non-stop noise soon.

His phone, that is clutched in his hand, startles him by ringing, and he rushes to answer without checking the caller ID.

“Shane, hi.” A voice that is *not* Ilya’s floods through the phone speaker.

“Hey, Jackie.” Shane has never been disappointed to hear his best friend’s voice before today. “Everything okay?”

“Yeah! Yeah, I guess?” She sounds apologetic, which he is unable to identify as whether good or bad based on the fact that his mind is somewhere on the road to here. “I’m really

sorry to dump this on you, but I had some things to take care of today and I happen to be nearby. Do you mind if I stay with you until the weather clears a bit?"

Shane pauses in hesitation.

"Don't worry, the kids aren't with me. They're back home with Hayden. God, this is—you know what? Forget it. You probably don't want me disturbing your time with Ilya I—"

"No, no, it's..." he thinks for the right words. "It's okay, he isn't here yet. And of course, Jackie, what were you thinking?" He sighs at the turn of events. "Drive safe, yeah?"

"Thank you so much, Shane. I promise I'll be out of your hair once this is all over." She gushes, her voice faltering as service wavers before she hangs up.

Shane watches the snow thicken, the clean up slow, and the sky keeping its steady snowfall.

An icicle lodges itself behind his ribs the longer time passes, and the weather gets significantly worse.

Jackie arrives a while later, Shane doesn't exactly remember when, and she sighs in relief at the warmth that meets her once she steps inside. "I can't thank you enough for this," she says sweetly, hugging him after she'd shrugged off her snow-dusted coat.

Shane shakes his head, giving her a polite smile after she withdraws from him. "I'm gonna check on the kids and Hayden, yeah?" She raises her phone in her hand and wanders down the hall for some privacy.

On another day, Shane would have laughed at the prospect of Hayden being left with all four of his and Jackie's kids at home. Alone. Now he stares at his phone and considers calling Ilya to check on him. *You literally just talked a little over an hour ago. Chill. Everything's gonna be fine*, a much snappier voice of himself echoed in his mind. He took a deep breath. He is being unreasonable. Ilya would be here before this shit show of a blizzard even starts.

Suddenly the lights flicker and go out, leaving Shane's place with the gloomy illumination of the weather outside. "Well, that can't be good," Jackie's voice sounds from next to him by the window. His stomach ties itself in knots.

"How are they?" Shane asks, switching the subject.

His best friend's wife gives him an unsatisfied look. "My phone went 'no service' in the middle of the call, but they're doing fine I guess. What about you? Any word from Ilya?"

Shane looks down at his phone and finds the service dimmed to four dots instead of bright white lines. "No, but he is probably going to take a bit longer than usual to arrive. That's okay. That's better. Safer." Is it though? He should have just fucking called him.

His worry must have shown on his face, because Jackie rubs his back. "I'm sorry, honey. But you're right. He is probably almost halfway here already, right?"

Shane doesn't need time to calculate where he thinks Ilya might be now. He knows how Ilya drives, he knows the road, he knows his boyfriend would do anything to be here right now.

—

After the first very mild and very much controlled slip of Ilya's car tires on the icy route, he wanted to text Shane and tell him that he is fine. Of course he wasn't going to tell him that he accidentally, momentarily lost control over his vehicle, because that meant telling Shane that he was right, and it also meant that Ilya had zero self preservation when it came to Shane. However, there are two things stopping him from doing that. One: Shane always scolds him when Ilya texts while driving. Two: He has lost fucking signal. It is not uncommon to happen, especially during the winter, but today was extra shitty, and Ilya was having a hard enough time navigating through the almost all-white air around him.

He has been out here for over two hours already, which is expected, and he knows Shane has already concluded that by the time Ilya crossed the usual two-hour travel time. Maybe even much earlier. He knows Shane must be fretting like a mother hen right now, and even though it might seem funny, to Ilya it is the most precious thing in the fucking world. To know with utmost surety that there is someone out there who cares deeply for him. Who loves him like Shane Hollander loves him. Wholeheartedly.

So, Ilya keeps this his biggest motive as he continues the drive. He checks his phone every now and then for service so he could contact Shane at the first chance and let him know that he is okay, but for what feels like ages, he has nothing. He could feel the way his car is literally slicing through the air. If it were any other car, it would have swerved once or twice already with the force of the wind. Which means that it is, in fact, worse than he thought out there. He blows out a breath and cranks up the heat a little bit to feel warmer. He barely takes his eyes off the road for less than a moment to check if he has service again when he hears the sharp sound of a car horn.

It is alarmingly close, startling Ilya and causing the phone to slip out of his hand as he grips the steering wheel with both hands to steady both himself and the car. The loud blare of it along with the fact that he can't locate where it is through the fog almost paralyzes all of Ilya's senses when two unmistakable headlights appear in front of him out of nowhere.

—

It has been four hours.

Four fucking hours and there is a blizzard outside.

Four fucking hours and Ilya isn't here yet.

Four fucking hours and he feels like his heart might stop any moment now.

“Shane, he is most likely stuck in traffic, you know how the roads get during this kind of weather,” Jackie says helplessly from where she is curled up on the couch with a throwblanket over her shoulders. The power went and came, allowing the two a glimpse of what is going on at the current time and predictions on when this hell will be over.

“If something was wrong we—”

Jackie was interrupted by the power coming on again, and they both turned their attention to the TV.

“Sources report that there has been a car accident on...”

The rest of the words go mute, because Shane sees his worst fear unfurl in front of him.

He recognizes the car. Or what remains of it, he sickly notes. He knows the license plate numbers, and he has scanned them more times than possible in under a minute to confirm that it is, much to his horror, Ilya's car.

There's another car facing it, or more like jammed into it, but Shane's eyes are only glued to the remains of the Mercedes SUV and the paramedics rushing around it.

Shane holds onto the last hope that whoever is going to come out of that car is not his boyfriend. It can't be.

“Oh my God,” he thinks he hears Jackie gasp at the same moment Ilya's almost unrecognizable face appears as they put him onto a stretcher and then the screen turns black again, signalling another turbulence in the power.

Something pricks Shane's chest. Sharp and hard he thinks he doubles over in pain, but he doesn't know if he is still standing altogether. The world around him tilts and the floor seems to suck him in like a tide pulling aggressively at his feet. He raises hand to his chest to remove the weight that is pressing down on it, but when he looks down at himself, he is confused to find nothing. Then why can't he breathe?

“Shane?” He hears a noise, but he can't decipher what it is above the whistling in his ears. “Shane, oh my God, are you okay?”

Is he?

Ilya's bloodied, unconscious face flashes in his mind over and over again, and the pain in his chest grows as if someone has a hold of his heart and is squeezing the life out of it. It's only when a face appears in his blurry line of vision that he realises what is happening. He distantly registers that he is having a panic attack. But that doesn't make sense, isn't his chest moving? His heart beating? Then why can't he breathe?

It is probably because his breath is somewhere out there in an ambulance on the way to the hospital.

Ilya is hurt.

“Shane, you need to breathe.” Jackie's voice cuts sharply through his haze of panic. Is he on his knees? When did he even fall? “Look at me.” She takes his face in her hands, and Shane realizes that he is shaking. “Ilya is gonna be okay,” she says, and Shane's eyes blur at the mention of his boyfriend's name.

“He’s gonna be okay, you hear that?” Jackie repeats and waits for Shane to say something, for the words to sink in, but Shane’s mind is miles ahead with thoughts that are far, far worse.

I should have stopped him.

I should have stood my ground.

You did this. He was coming to see you.

“He’s...he’s—” Shane’s voice cracks. “It’s all my fault.” He chokes out, his heart thudding painfully in his chest. He is still breathing irregularly, but he has started to follow Jackie through breathing a little slower.

Now that he can get the slightest of a grip of himself, the gravity of the situation actually sinks in.

“This is none of your fault, Shane,” Jackie says sternly. “You’re both adults, and you can make your own decisions. Besides,” her voice softened. “You wouldn’t have known.”

Except I did.

And I still let him endanger himself just so he could be with me.

The impact of the last thought has him covering his mouth with his own hand to stifle a sob, but it doesn’t stop the fresh streams of tears rolling down his cheeks. He looks long at Jackie, a much terrible, darker realization hitting him, and Jackie immediately catches onto where his mind has gone.

Her eyes widen, and she holds his hands firmly in hers shockingly tight. “Don’t say it. He is okay, and you are going to be with him again.”

“You don’t know that.”

“But I know Ilya well enough to know that he will find his way back to you no matter what.” She gives him a small, genuine smile. “It’s almost as if it’s—” she paused to find the right words, and Shane read it in her eyes. What she was trying to say.

Ilya had said it to him one time before falling asleep, but Shane had just blushed and hit him with a pillow, hoping he didn’t mean it in real terms. Because here he is at the receiving end of Ilya’s uninhibited love, and he has never been more terrified. And not even for himself but for the man who would willingly put himself through hell if it meant seeing Shane happy.

“Passionate as sin,” Shane murmurs the words between them.

Both clarity and confusion appear on Jackie’s face, but Shane doesn’t explain further, and she doesn’t ask.

He wipes his face and gets to his feet. “I need to go.”

Jackie scrambles up after him. “Go *where?*” She asks incredulously. “Do you want to end up in the hospital, Shane? Who would that be helping?”

Shane looks at her. She is right, he knows that.

To hell with it.

“I can’t stay here.” He shakes his head. “Jackie, I can’t.”

She gives him an empathetic look, and he can see it on her face—the moment she puts herself in his shoes and thinks if it were her husband out there. He knows she would fight any and everyone standing in her way. Blizzard included. It’s no less for him. It still hurts to breathe.

Jackie stays silent a moment before she turns to the coat rack and yanks her own. “They mentioned which hospital they are taking him to.” was all Jackie had to say before they both got ready to venture through a fucking snowstorm.

—

Ilya is dreaming.

He knows that, because he isn’t a child anymore and his mother is dead.

But the closer he looks, he can swear his mother is looking directly at him. Her gaze is as tender as Ilya has always remembered, but this time it is accompanied by a concern that is bothering him. His mother should only walk this world with nothing but joy in her eyes. No sad feelings even if Ilya is involved.

“*Moy Solnyshko.*”

A lump forms in Ilya’s throat, and his feet immediately carry him forward as if he were just ten years old again. *My sunshine.*

“*Mother?*” he calls, his voice foreign to his own ears.

They are somewhere he can’t recognize, but he doesn’t care, because it is calm. It is peaceful, and his mother is here. *His mother.*

She outstretches her arms for him, and Ilya falls into her like a soldier coming home from war, shedding his armour and the weights of the battle from his shoulders.

“*Are you hurt?*”

Ilya opens his mouth to speak, but no words come out. He feels pain *everywhere*. He tries to speak again, but there is nothing.

I miss you. Please don’t leave.

He tightens his arms around her, and he almost feels her arms circling him when it all vanishes. Ilya stumbles back in astonishment. “Mother?” He looks around him for her, but

she is gone. Again.

When his eyes return to the spot where she was standing, he is startled to find someone else. Someone who brings types of joy he never knew existed to his heart.

“Shane?” His voice cracks. It feels like it has been forever since Ilya last saw him.

Shane doesn’t look happy to see him, but he is not angry. When Ilya steps closer, he realizes that Shane’s freckled cheeks are shining wet with tears. Confusion strikes him. Why is Shane crying? Has someone hurt him? Has *Ilya* hurt him?

“Don’t cry, please.” His heart clenches in his chest. “I hurt too,” he says, splaying a hand over where his heart is. *Your pain pains me, too*, he wants to say, but Shane remains silent, his eyes shedding tears. Then, he very slowly shakes his head.

Ilya doesn’t understand.

He feels a terrible ache all over, he couldn’t speak to his mother, Shane doesn’t answer him, and when he removes his hand from where it was resting on his chest, he finds it coated in dark red. *Is he bleeding?*

—

Shane flies out of his seat and is by Ilya’s side in no time when he jolts awake if he was having a nightmare. The sudden motion is obviously a shock to his vulnerable body, so Shane watches warily as Ilya grimaces through the bruises and cuts on his face, his eyes barely open. He doesn’t seem aware of Shane’s presence yet, so he tries gently sliding his hand into Ilya’s and his heart nearly leaps out of his chest when Ilya attempts to hold his hand back but it relaxes slightly afterwards.

“Shane?” He calls weakly, his eyes moving beneath his closed eyelids. “Shane, is that you?”

Shane doesn’t know how many times he has cried today, but he doesn’t care when it’s Ilya’s voice calling his name after he thought he could never hear it again.

“Hey,” Shane whispered, giving his hand a light squeeze. “I’m here. You’re okay, right?”

God, Shane just wants to lean down and kiss him but he is scared he is going to accidentally hurt him. The doctors said that thankfully he did not have a cracked nor broken skull, that his ribs and right arm should heal in a moderate time if he rests properly, and that none of the cuts in his face will leave scars save for the stitched one on the side of his forehead. Still it doesn’t change the fact that he was pretty banged up. His whole face was ranging between different shades of purple and blue, and shallow wounds from glass shards peppered his cheeks and nose.

But he is okay. He will be even better.

Shane is not going to let him out of his sight any time soon.

“What happened?” He frowns, making a visible effort to open his eyes that finally oblige and let Shane take a peek at their golden colour that he loves.

“You, uh...” Shane’s bottom lip quivers at the memory, and he tucks it between his teeth to stop it from shaking until he regains his composure. “You were in a car crash.”

Ilya is quiet. Then, “oh.”

“I wanted to tell you,” he says, his voice still not fully decipherable because of the deep sleep he was in. “I wanted to let you know that am okay.” His voice grows a bit louder with the second sentence, finding a little strength.

“Shhh, it’s okay.” Shane forces a small smile, but he fails miserably and his face twists into the worst expression before a tear escapes him. He quickly wipes it away, and draws out a shaky breath.

“You’re crying,” Ilya says in his classic fashion of pointing out the obvious.

And Shane lets go.

“Christ, Ilya, I thought you’d died,” he says it out loud, and a full body shiver runs through him at the weight of it. “I thought I’d never see you again and the worst part was that I wasn’t *there*. I couldn’t be with you, and I couldn’t—I didn’t stop you from coming like I should’ve.”

Ilya looks at him through droopy, quizzical eyes. “You would not have stopped me. Would’ve come anyway.”

Shane squeezes his eyes shut. “Oh my God, no. No, I need you to understand that you can’t do this.”

“Can’t do what? Am sorry, mind is still not there,” he says, his English escaping him like it always does when he is tired. Shane feels awful for making him engage in this conversation at all now. He should be resting instead.

Shane sighs and takes a seat on the bed right next to Ilya, joining their hands once again. He *feels* the relief in his boyfriend’s body at the gesture, and his heart squeezes in his chest.

“Ilya, you can’t go about thinking your life is worthless,” he says gently. “You drove in a fucking snowstorm, and I almost lost you. Your life, your safety, your *heart* are mine to take care of, and I can’t do that alone. You have to help me, too.”

“But you are worth it all, Hollander.” Ilya is looking at him with an intensity that makes Shane want to squirm. “You are worth all the trouble in the world, and I hope I have made that clear.”

Fresh tears well up in Shane’s eyes and he lets out a ridiculous, wet laugh. “I’m going to cut off your life support myself if you keep saying stuff like that.”

“Would be an honour, Shane Hollander.” He smiles, and Shane’s whole world smiles with him.

“Shut up.” He squeezes Ilya’s hand in playful reprimand.

“Kiss me,” Ilya murmurs, a soft smile still hovering over his face. “Please.”

Shane is never going to deny this man anything in his life.

He leans forward and captures Ilya’s mouth in a tender kiss, hearing him hum in contentment like someone falling into their bed at the end of a long day. He lets himself drown in the comfort of Ilya’s lips on his, tasting his own tears as he tries to throw the horrible events of today behind his back.

“Sorry I scared you,” Ilya says quietly when they break away for Oxygen. Shane doesn’t want to tire him in the slightest. “I just wanted to see you.”

“I know.” Shane closes his eyes and nudges their noses together, unable to stay away from Ilya. He feels like his heart might just shatter if he puts any distance between them.

“Won’t happen again,” Ilya adds.

“Oh, it won’t, because I’m not letting you out of my sight again.”

“Lucky me.” Ilya smiles, and Shane melts like today never existed.

Sometimes it terrifies him—how strongly they feel for each other. Maybe Ilya was right; maybe their love really is passionate as sin.

“I love you,” Shane breathes the words over Ilya’s lips like an elixir for all the pain in the world.

“I love you too, sweetheart.” Ilya withdraws his hand from Shane’s and instead brings it to his wet face.

He wipes Shane’s tears away and lets his thumb graze Shane’s freckles over his cheekbones. “Please do not cry again,” he says. “Not because of me.”

“I’m not—”

“It makes me sad, Shane. Makes me want to burn whoever or whatever hurt you.” He finishes off by making a show of placing a kiss on his thumb then pressing it to the top of Shane’s cheek.

Shane really is going to cut off his life support. Because he needs it at this point from how deeply touching Ilya’s words are. His mind wanders to when he woke up startled not too long ago. Was it a nightmare? Was it a normal dream? He felt the need to know but knew this wasn’t the right time, so he shrugged it off.

“I had a dream before I woke up,” Ilya says as if he were reading Shane’s mind. “I saw my mother.”

Oh.

“And you.”

Oh.

“You were upset and you would not talk to me.” Lines form on the visible part of his forehead away from the bandage that’s secured on the side of it as if he were still trying to understand.

“Hey, it was just a dream.” Shane brushes his hand through Ilya’s rumpled curls. “Don’t let it get to you. We’re okay,” he says earnestly.

“We’re okay,” he repeats more to himself than to Ilya, caressing the top of his boyfriend’s head.

Silence falls between them for a bit before Ilya breaks it. “When did you get here?”

“As soon as I could,” Shane answers without a moment’s hesitation.

“Storm was over then?”

“Does it matter?” Heat rises under his cheeks. “I would have run here if I could. Actually, I almost did, but Jackie—”

“Jackie?” Ilya interrupted, confusion etched onto his face.

“Yeah, that’s a long story.” Shane tells him everything that has happened since this morning. Including how Jackie stayed with him until she knew for sure that Ilya is okay and the weather had toned down outside enough for her to manage to leave.

“You’re just as crazy as I am, Hollander.” Ilya shakes his head, the beginnings of a smug smile covering his face.

“You started it,” Shane grumbles, fighting a smile of his own.

He suddenly feels bone-tired, the impact of today’s events taking its toll on him. Now that he *knows* Ilya is okay, he can finally rest.

“What are you doing?” Shane’s attention rewires back to Ilya who is trying to move.

“Making room for you,” he says between almost laboured breaths.

“What? No, please don’t make me—”

“Lay with me.”

“You need all the space you can have,” Shane argues, secretly afraid of accidentally hurting him.

“I only need you,” Ilya replies almost automatically, causing him to give in.

He smiles as Shane kicks his shoes off and very carefully climbs into bed next to him. “You’ll tell me if you’re uncomfortable, okay?”

“Is okay.” Ilya does his best to relax, joining his hand with Shane’s between them and interlocking their fingers.

Shane leans his head to the side where it rests in the spot between Ilya’s shoulder and his neck, cheek softly pressed against one broad shoulder of Ilya’s. “Okay?” He checks.

Ilya hums, moving his shoulder so it fully supports Shane’s head. “Never better.”

Shane smiles even though Ilya can’t see it. His smile gradually fades as exhaustion kicks in, and his eyes start feeling heavy.

“Ilya?”

“Mhmm.”

“Don’t ever leave me,” Shane whispers, the thought representing itself in a pitch black room he never wishes to enter again.

When he was faced today with the possibility of living in a world without Ilya in it, his heart nearly stopped. There was a full moment when he thought Ilya might never open his eyes again or call Shane all the ridiculous pet names that make him blush to no end and then kiss him until they no longer remember their names.

Until they are just two men in love.

“Never.” Ilya raises their joined hands and kisses the back of Shane’s knuckles, the gesture sending his insides into a frenzy.

God, he is so in love.

And he can’t wait to love Ilya as loudly and as fiercely as he deserves. He wants to bring the world to him, to offer every piece of himself to Ilya, the good and the bad and the mediocre.

He wants to lose himself in the man lying next to him, and there is not a single cell in his body that feels otherwise.

End Notes

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