

it's you (it's always been you)

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it's you (it's always been you)

by [w1theredr0ses](#)

Summary

Realistically, Shane is more than aware he's being irrational. There's absolutely no reason for him to be freaking out the way he currently is. Shane is literally his name. All Rozanov did was call him his own name. Rozanov calls him by his name all the time. But it's always his last. Never just Shane. Even though he's been called that his whole life, the word feels unbearably intimate, coated in Rozanov's annoyingly attractive russian accent. And that thought terrifies him.

Or

The tuna melt scene went differently, causing Shane and Ilya to realize their feelings a lot sooner.

Notes

hi! this is the first fic that I've posted in YEARS and obviously, I had to crawl out of my hole for heated rivalry. I wrote this in like 3 hours and only reread it once, so please ignore any grammatical mistakes. This is also probably so painfully ooc but I hope you can enjoy it anyway.

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

Realistically, Shane is more than aware he's being irrational. There's absolutely no reason for him to be freaking out the way he currently is. Shane is literally *his name*. All Rozanov did was call him his own name. Rozanov calls him by his name all the time. But it's always his *last*. Never just *Shane*. Even though he's been called that his whole life, the word feels unbearably intimate, coated in Rozanov's annoyingly attractive russian accent. And that thought terrifies him.

He's gotten used to the routine of their relationship. They meet, hook up, one of them leaves, then the cycle of waiting and meeting up begins again. Despite how many times they've had sex, they've never actually *slept* together. Until today, apparently.

Rozanov made him a goddamn tuna melt for crying out loud. They've never made each other food before.

Shane *thought* he was confident of both his and Rozanov's places in their relationship. Apparently, today, Rozanov decided to throw everything Shane thought he knew out the window.

The ginger ale was a surprisingly sweet gesture. Shane didn't know that Rozanov drinks it. In fact, he's fairly confident that he doesn't. The idea that he bought it specifically for him crosses his mind, but he refuses to let himself fall down that rabbit hole. He doesn't want to imagine how much it would hurt when he inevitably found out he was wrong. Better to just ignore it altogether. It was probably a coincidence. It can't be anything more than that. Shane needs it to be nothing more than that.

He really likes that idea, though. He can almost imagine Rozanov at his local grocery store picking up boxes of ginger ale and loading them into his fridge in his kitchen just for Shane.

Which leads to where Shane currently is. Briskly walking through Rozanov's kitchen, trying to escape from his own feelings.

He's still holding Rozanov's black shirt that he borrowed after their hook-up. He's not really sure where his own clothes are if he's being completely honest. However, the idea of having

to walk past Rozanov to go find them makes his heart feel like it's going to drop through the floor.

Speaking of his heart, it already feels like it's going to actively beat out of his chest. It's pounding so hard that Shane can swear that he feels it in his throat. Pausing in front of the kitchen island's chairs, Shane raises a shaking hand to press down onto his chest, trying to ease the pain even just a little.

Shivering, he notes the fact that he's still shirtless. Shane fumbles with the shirt in his hands, trying to twist it so it's facing the right way. His hands are shaking too much for him to actually make any progress.

He's still standing in Rozanov's kitchen like a fucking idiot. What is he *doing*? It's just a shirt. Why can't he put the shirt on? After a particularly bad jerk, the fabric slips through his fingers and lands in a heap on the floor.

Staring down at the pile of fabric at his feet, Shane is suddenly aware that everything is spinning. Holy shit, he's lightheaded. It feels like his head has been stuffed full of cotton. When did it get so hard to breathe?

He barely hears the thud of his knees as he drops to the ground to try to pick up the shirt. Shane finally gives up on that task when he realizes his hands are shaking too much to be able to do anything useful right now. He rubs his hands up and down his pants in an attempt to wipe off the sweat accumulating on his palms. Abandoning that effort when he accepts that it's fruitless, he brings his hands up to his hair and *pulls*. The pain helps to ground him a little, but it's not enough. It's not *enough*.

Just when Shane thinks he might actually pass out, he feels two strong hands gently gripping his own, which are still tangled in his hair. They're not pulling or trying to pry them open, just slowly pushing down, forcing Shane's hand to open up and release his hair.

Once his fingers lay flat on his head, the other set of hands, that Shane is beginning to recognize as Rozanov's, gently slip between Shane's head and his hands and slowly start to pry them away, guiding them down to rest in Shane's lap.

Now that he's no longer actively hurting himself, Rozanov wraps an arm around Shane's shoulders in a half-hug, albeit awkwardly, since he's kneeling in front of Shane, and pulls Shane to the side so instead of kneeling, Shane is sitting on the floor with his legs bent at an angle to the side of him. Satisfied with the new position, Rozanov shifts so he's sitting right next to Shane on the floor, wrapping his arm fully over his shoulders now that he has a better angle. He places his hand that isn't gripping onto Shane's opposite shoulder onto Shane's still shaking hands that are resting in his lap. The pressure is grounding, and brings Shane back from the edge of passing out from oxygen deprivation.

"You are okay, Hollander. You are okay. Just breathe." Shane squeezes his eyes shut and drops his chin down to his chest.

"I'm...*trying*." Shane squeezes out between the shaky shallow breaths he's been forcing out. Rozanov's hand leaves his lap, and Shane feels his breathing pick right back up again.

This is it. He's finally managed to completely scare Rozanov off. However, instead of getting up as Shane expected, he registers Rozanov's hand on the side of his head, guiding him down to rest on his chest. The position is eerily similar to how they were on the coach, not even fifteen minutes ago, before Shane freaked out and attempted to leave.

The relief Shane feels is so intense that it's like it completely drains all of his energy. He slumps against Rozanov's muscular body and turns his head into his firm chest. He feels Rozanov's hand leave his head and wrap around his back.

Shane isn't sure how long they sit on the ground like this. Shane rested his head on Rozanov, wrapped in his arms. Time feels like it's passing all too fast and not at all simultaneously.

What feels like hours later, but realistically is probably no more than a few minutes, Shane feels his panicked breathing slowly shift into sobs. Tears begin streaming down his face.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." He chokes out in between the sobs that are racking through his body.

"Hey. Hey," Rozanov shifts so he's sitting criss-cross applesauce on the ground, pulling Shane into his lap, his legs on either side of Rozanov's hips. Shane almost catches himself whining at the loss of the arms surrounding him when he feels two hands gripping either side

of his face, forcing him to look at Rozanov's concerned expression. "Do not apologize. Is okay. You are okay. I need you to focus on breathing now, okay? Вам не за что извиняться. Это моя вина."

Shane closes his eyes and nods into Rozanov's hands, forcing himself to take a deep, though shaky, breath. Tears continue running down his face. He can feel Rozanov's thumbs gliding comfortingly across his cheeks, catching the tears before they can make it to his jawline.

"I'm sorry," Shane whispers as he leans forward to rest his forehead against Rozanov's. He can feel Rozanov's protest building up, and continues so he can explain, "I'm sorry for leaving."

Rozanov pauses at this. "Is okay." He whispers back. Shane notices that he didn't argue with that apology, but he does feel the hands leaving his face and returning to the previous position wrapped around his back. Shane pulls back away from Rozanov's face and instead drops his head onto his shoulder. He feels Rozanov shift and suddenly, there's a hair running soothingly through his hair, a sharp contrast to Shane's earlier aggressive pulling.

He's not sure how long they remain in that position. It's long after Shane has his breathing back under control and is no longer crying. Instead, he just feels utterly wiped out, pure exhaustion having replaced his earlier panic. If Rozanov hadn't shifted again, he thinks he could have fallen asleep like that.

Rozanov turns his head to bury his face into Shane's hair and repeats his early sentiment, and Shane feels his chest tighten and how uncertain and desperate he sounds this time.

"Stay. Please." And how can Shane do anything but agree with that?

"Okay. I'll stay." Shane is almost overwhelmed with the relief he can feel radiating off of the man below him. He hears him mutter some words in Russian under his breath, and Shane finds himself wishing, and not for the first time, that he could speak Rozanov's mother tongue.

“Я не хочу, чтобы ты когда-либо снова уезжала.” He feels the arms around him tighten at that, and Shane feels himself relax even more if that’s even possible. He’s not sure if he’s ever felt so relaxed in his life.

They remain like this for probably another five minutes before Rozanov begins to rub his hands up and down Shane’s back. Likely to wake him up in case he had fallen asleep.

“Come on, Hollander. Let’s go take shower, then we can go back to the couch. Much more comfortable than the floor, da?” Shane nods against his shoulder, but he’s not sure if he can muster the energy to peel himself off from where he’s practically plastered to Rozanov. Turns out he doesn’t have to.

Shane can’t even bring himself to argue when he feels Rozanov manhandling him, so he’s carrying him bridal style. He’s more turned on by it than anything else. Shane’s not a small guy. While Rozanov does have about five inches on him, Shane is still pushing two hundred pounds of muscle, and Rozanov carries him like it’s nothing.

Once they reach the bathroom, Shane is placed onto the closed seat of the toilet while Rozanov reaches into the shower to turn the water on. Once he’s satisfied with the temperature, he turns back to Shane and motions for him to get undressed. Shane finds himself complying, but is surprised to see Rozanov also taking his clothes off. He was expecting to be left alone in the shower. They’ve never showered together without some sort of sexual undertones, and Shane doesn’t think he has anything left in him right now. Rozanov must notice him about to protest, so he interjects before Shane can even open his mouth.

“I wanted to help you...is okay?” He seems so unsure of himself. Like he’s trying to keep from scaring Shane off again. Shane finds his expression immediately softening at this.

“Is okay,” He replies, not even meaning to replicate Rozanov’s accent. It just slipped out.

Rozanov steps into the shower and holds his hand out for Shane to follow. Shane only hesitates for half a second before accepting and stepping into place next to Rozanov. He hears a pop of a bottle and a moment later feels hands massaging the shampoo into his now-soaked hair.

Shane has no idea how to process anything that's happened since he stood up from that couch with every intent of running and never looking back. They've crossed every invisible line that existed in whatever the fuck their relationship was before this. Nothing is the same as it was before, and Shane has no idea what to do with this. Or better yet, what Rozanov plans to do with this. Shane doesn't think he could handle being ghosted again after all of this. Being ignored for six months after their first time was bad enough. But today has managed to feel so much more intimate than that. Almost like they were in a real relationship. It doesn't surprise Shane as much as it should when he realizes just how badly he actually wants that. A relationship with Rozanov. With *Ilya*.

"Hollander?" He must have zoned out for longer than he thought when he realizes that Ilya is gently tapping his face. "There you are, Hollander. We are all done." It doesn't escape Shane's notice that Ilya has not used his first name again.

A towel is carded through his hair before it's wrapped around his shoulders. Shane holds the towel around himself with one hand. Ilya must have grabbed himself a towel while Shane was still spaced out. Hands are gently placed on his shoulders, and he's guided out of the shower. Ilya grabs Shane's hand, not holding the towels, and pulls him out of the bathroom.

Oh, there his clothes are, Shane's eyes drift over to where his outfit is neatly folded on the nightstand next to the large bed in the middle of Ilya's bedroom. Shane is almost disappointed at the idea of having to put his own clothes on again. He finds himself *wanting* to wear something of Ilya's. Before he even has the chance to process *that* thought, it seems like Ilya had read his mind when suddenly his vision goes dark, obscured by the deep blue hoodie that is now covering his face. It smells like Ilya.

Pulling the hoodie off his head, Shane sees that Ilya is holding out a pair of briefs and grey sweatpants for him as well. Neither of which is Shane's, and yet he doesn't find himself caring. He accepts the offered clothes and gets dressed without complaint. He knows Ilya was watching him as he dressed himself in matching sweats and a black short-sleeve shirt, because the second Shane is done, he can feel a hand on his lower back as they walk back to the living room. Ilya sits a respectable distance away from where Shane is standing, like he's still scared of spooking him off again. Shane thinks that they've already crossed every careful boundary that they had built up over the years and finds himself collapsing into Ilya's side, resting his head on his shoulder.

Shane hears a sharp inhale of breath next to him before Ilya wraps his arm around Shane's shoulders. Ilya picks up the tv remote and begins mindlessly flipping through channels before

landing on a sports channel that's playing the hockey game between the New York Admirals and Toronto Guardians.

"Can we talk about it?" Ilya asks like he's almost scared of the answer.

"I'm sorry," Shane feels like a parrot at this point. He continues before Ilya's inevitable rejection of his apology, "I don't know why I freaked out so much. Just everything was changing so fast, and I-I didn't know what to do. I'm sorry". Ilya responds after a beat.

"I am sorry too. I just wanted you to feel comfortable enough to stay. I didn't mean to scare you out." Ilya sounds so guilty. Shane finds himself rubbing repetitive circles onto Ilya's opposite forearm that isn't wrapped around him.

"I guess I got so used to the routine of our hookups. I just couldn't handle that it was changing," Shane pauses, "I didn't know what to do."

There's a moment of silence before Shane works up the courage to admit what was eating at him since he heard his name out of Ilya's mouth for the first time.

"Today felt...different. Like we were closer. I liked it. And that scared me." It feels like a weight that he didn't even know was there was lifted off his chest at the admission.

"It was different for me, too." Shane looks up at Ilya at that, just to find that Ilya was already looking at him. Shane's never been the best at reading emotions, but you would have to be blind not see the pure *longing* in Ilya's expression.

"Call me it again," Ilya's brow furrows just slightly in confusion before Shane clarifies, "Call me Shane again."

Ilya just stares at him for a moment, and Shane wonders if he did actually misread the situation before Ilya's lips are suddenly meeting his own. It's not desperate and crushing like their kisses usually are. It's so painfully soft and tender that Shane almost finds himself

tearing up again. Ilya pulls back after a few seconds and places just enough space between them to get one singular word out.

“*Shane.*” It’s so full of emotion and longing that Shane does actually tear up at it. He sits up and crawls into Ilya’s lap, a replica of their position earlier, before everything. Shane cups Ilya’s face with his hands and responds with just as much emotion.

“*Ilya*” Shane swears he sees tears welling up in Ilya’s eyes before he’s being dragged down into another kiss, their lips colliding in a passionate embrace. Ilya’s arms wrap around his back and drag him as close as possible. As Ilya pulls back and begins to mouth at Shane’s neck, Shane shifts his hands to Ilya’s hair, gripping onto it for support as he throws his head back to allow Ilya easier access to his neck. Shane can hear Ilya mumbling words in Russian in between the kisses being placed onto his neck, before suddenly Ilya is pulling back and placing their foreheads together again.

“Ya tebya lyublyu.” Despite the fact that their faces are pressed together, Shane can see that Ilya is crying. He pulls back enough to cradle Ilya’s face once again and wipe his tears just like Ilya did for him earlier. Shane pauses for a moment, expecting Ilya to translate, but instead he just repeats himself. “Ya tebya lyublyu. Ya tebya lyublyu.” He repeats himself over and over again with tears streaming down his face. “Я так сильно тебя люблю, и я не знаю, что с этим делать.” Shane allows Ilya this moment to himself, knowing that Ilya needs to get this out of his system despite not understanding what he’s saying.

There’s a moment of silence where Ilya just stares up at Shane before he finally translates.

“I love you.” Shane’s eyes widen, and he doesn’t think before he responds in shock.

“Holy shit,” Shane watches in horror as Ilya begins to backtrack, fearing he’s gone too far.

“I mean—

“I love you too,” Ilya’s face crumbles. He leans forward to press his head to Shane’s chest and lets out a sob of relief. Shane wraps his arms around Ilya’s back and cradles the back of

his head, gently running his fingers through golden blonde curls. “Does it feel like agony for you, too?”

“Not anymore.”

End Notes

Russian translations:

Я не хочу, чтобы ты когда-либо снова уезжала: I don't want you to ever leave again.

Я так сильно тебя люблю, и я не знаю, что с этим делать.: I love you so much, and I don't know what to do about it.

I'm tempted to write either another chapter or another fic of this from Ilya's perspective, but this was such a random burst of motivation, I'm not sure if I will end up doing it LOL.

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