

Carrying your love with me

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by [Thiamsalpha](#)

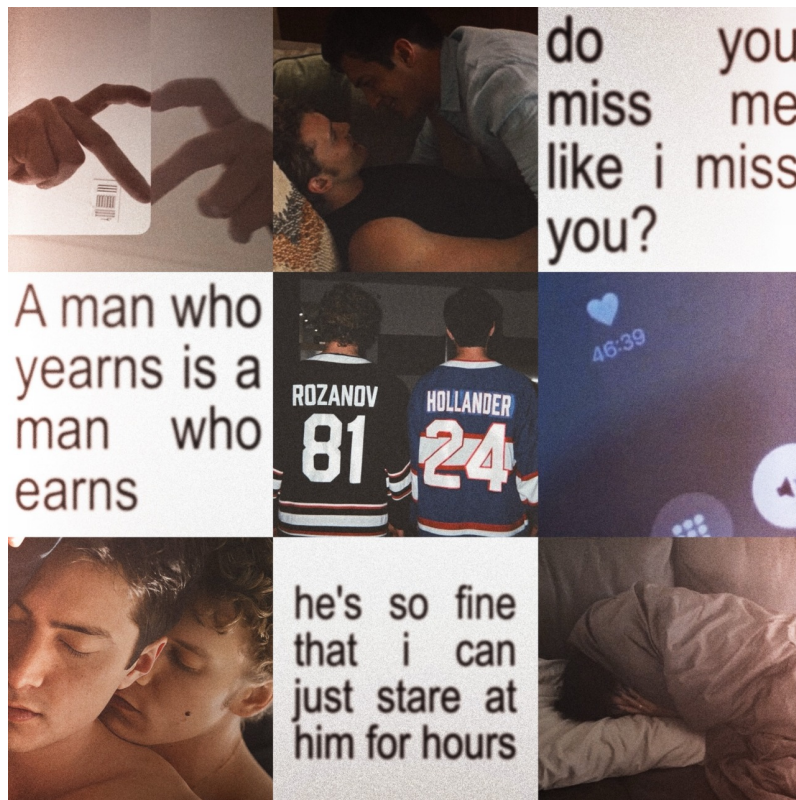
Summary

While Ilya is away in Moscow, Shane struggles with the quietness in their apartment. What starts as a moment of weakness turns into a nightly habit when Shane begins wearing Ilya's jersey to sleep.

Notes

hi, this is my first HR fanfic so i hope it's okay and i hope you enjoy <3

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



Shane lasted four days before he broke.

It wasn't real silence, not exactly. Ilya still texted, still called when he could, still sent the occasional blurry photo from unfamiliar streets in Moscow — buildings dusted with snow, grey skies stretching overhead, captions short and matter-of-fact. Shane always opened them immediately, studying each picture longer than he meant to before locking his phone and setting it facedown on the table. The messages helped, but they also made the distance feel sharper, more defined. They reminded him exactly how far away Ilya was.

Two weeks wasn't supposed to be long. That was what Ilya had said before he left. Shane had nodded at the time, pretending he agreed, pretending it didn't matter that their routines had grown so intertwined that separating them felt like his entire world was going to come crashing down. Now, halfway through the trip, the apartment felt hollow in a way Shane hadn't expected.

It was too quiet without Ilya. No equipment bag slumped by the door, no half-melted ice packs forgotten on the counter, no low Russian music drifting from the kitchen while Ilya cooked meals that Shane always claimed not to like, even when he finished every bite. The absence wasn't loud or dramatic. It was subtle, pressing in from all sides until Shane noticed it in every small moment.

He had avoided the bedroom at first. The couch had seemed easier, less confronting, a temporary solution that let him pretend nothing had really changed. But sleep came poorly, restless and shallow, and eventually exhaustion drove him back down the hallway.

The bedroom felt worse.

The bed looked too large, the untouched side was too smooth. The emptiness there was impossible to ignore, and Shane found himself staring at it longer than he meant to, as though something might change if he waited long enough.

Of course, nothing did.

He stood in front of the closet for several minutes before opening it. The hesitation felt irrational, but he couldn't shake the sense that crossing that small threshold meant admitting something he wasn't ready to face.

When he finally pulled the door open, the familiar scent hit him immediately.

It smelled like Ilya— not faintly, not like a distant memory, but vivid and present, as though he had just stepped out moments earlier. Clean detergent mingled with sharp cologne.

Shane swallowed hard and stepped closer.

Everything inside was arranged with Shane's usual precision, shirts hung evenly, jackets aligned by color, nothing out of place. Shane's fingers brushed lightly across the fabric as he moved, not searching for anything in particular, just following instinct.

Then he saw the red jersey tucked between darker clothes. He recognized it immediately, even before pulling it free. Number 81.

The name *ROZANOV* stretched across the shoulders in bold lettering, and Shane found himself staring at it longer than he intended. There was something strangely intimate about seeing it like this, removed from the rink and folded into everyday life. Wearing it would mean carrying that name with him, claiming something that felt too close. He knew he shouldn't. It felt like crossing a line that neither of them had ever clearly defined. But the apartment was quiet, and the bed was empty, and Ilya was thousands of miles away. So, Shane pulled the jersey over his head.

The fabric settled loosely around him, far too large, the sleeves falling past his elbows and the hem brushing against his thighs. It felt unfamiliar at first, cool against his skin before warming quickly. The weight of it was light but noticeable, a constant reminder pressed against him from all sides. He sat down on the edge of the bed, gripping the fabric in his hands.

It smelled like Ilya.

That realisation struck harder than anything else. The scent was unmistakable, lingering in the collar and seams, grounding and painful at the same time.

Shane lifted the neckline to his face and closed his eyes, inhaling slowly before he could stop himself. For a moment, he allowed the illusion to settle— the sense that Ilya might be nearby, just out of sight, close enough that the distance between them didn't feel so absolute.

Eventually, exhaustion pulled him down onto the mattress. He told himself he was only lying there to rest, only for a few minutes, but sleep took him before he could argue otherwise.

He woke in the middle of the night, disoriented and uneasy.

For a brief and hopeful second, he thought Ilya might be there. The sensation lingered just long enough to make the realisation hurt when he reached across the bed and found nothing but cool sheets. The emptiness pressed in again, heavier than before.

Shane turned onto his side and pulled the jersey tighter around himself, curling inward as though the fabric could make up for what was missing. It didn't truly help, but it offered enough comfort to keep the loneliness from overwhelming him completely.

He didn't take the jersey off the next morning. Or the next day. At first he told himself it was simple practicality. It was comfortable, clean, and no one else was around to see him wearing it. The reasoning sounded logical enough, but he knew it wasn't the truth.

Taking it off felt too much like letting go. As long as he wore it, some part of Ilya remained close.

The fifth night was the hardest.

Sleep wouldn't come, no matter how long he lay there. The room felt too still, the silence stretching endlessly around him. His phone rested on the nightstand, the dark screen offering no distractions.

He knew the time difference. He knew Ilya was busy. He knew there were obligations and expectations waiting for him on the other side of the world, responsibilities that Shane had no place in.

Still, the quiet left too much room for doubt.

Unwelcome thoughts slipped in, persistent and difficult to ignore. Maybe Ilya felt more at home there than he did here. Maybe the distance didn't weigh on him the same way. Maybe Shane was the only one counting the days.

Shane turned onto his side and pressed his face into the pillow, frustration tightening his chest. The jersey twisted around him as he moved, warm and familiar, and he clutched at the fabric without thinking.

Before he could stop himself, he inhaled deeply. The scent grounded him just enough to steady his breathing, though it also sharpened the ache that lingered beneath everything else.

The phone buzzed suddenly against the nightstand. Shane grabbed it immediately as Ilya's name lit the screen. The timing felt almost uncanny, as though Ilya had sensed something from across the distance.

Lily: Still awake?

Shane stared at the message for a moment before replying. A small smile crept across his face, they'd never changed the nicknames even after becoming an item, it felt too sentimental to change.

Jane: Yeah

The response came quickly. Video call.

Shane hesitated. He felt exposed somehow, caught in a moment he hadn't meant to share. The jersey still hung loosely around him, an unspoken confession he wasn't sure he wanted seen. In the end, he answered anyway.

Ilya appeared on the screen almost instantly, his face softly lit, hair slightly disheveled as though he had been running his hands through it. His expression shifted with visible relief when he saw Shane. Then his gaze dropped.

"Is that mine?"

Shane followed his line of sight to the red fabric. There was no point denying it. "...Maybe."

Ilya studied him quietly, something warm and unreadable settling in his eyes. "You sleep in it?"

Shane hesitated before answering. "...Sometimes."

The silence that followed felt heavy but not uncomfortable. Ilya didn't tease or push, just watched him with that steady attentiveness Shane had never quite gotten used to.

"You miss me," Ilya said at last, his voice gentle and certain.

Shane looked away, unable to meet his eyes. "It's just a shirt."

Ilya didn't argue. Instead, he said softly, "Keep it."

Shane frowned slightly. "Why?"

Ilya held his gaze through the screen. "Because it belongs with you." Ilya pulled out a shirt from his own bag, one that Shane immediately recognised to be his own. "I have yours too."

"What?"

"Helps me sleep," Ilya admitted much to Shane's surprise. It wasn't that Ilya wasn't romantic, cause he was. But sometimes Ilya struggled to voice his feelings and intentions so that tended to leave Shane feeling unsure or clingy, when in reality, they were both as in love as the other.

He nodded once, briefly, before looking away again. After the call ended, Shane lay back against the pillows, the room falling quiet once more. He remained there for a long time, still wearing the jersey, still alone but not quite as empty as before. Eventually he pressed his hand lightly against the stitched name across his chest.

Rozanov.

The letters felt solid beneath his fingertips. In the darkness, barely above a whisper, Shane said, “Come home.”

End Notes

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[thiamsalpha](#)

comments and kudos mean a lot to me! <3

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