

Aglow

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Aglow

by [clockwrkpendrxgon](#)

Summary

The heart monitor Ilya is standing next to starts beeping really quickly. “Hey, why is this going crazy? Is this normal? Should I call for the nurse?”

Shane giggles, his eyes tearing up. “No, it's not normal. But it's you, so...” He inclines his head and tucks his and Ilya's joined hands somewhere under his ear.

“It's my heart, Ilya.” He croaks, his voice painfully scratchy. He points with his other hand at the monitor that is still beeping fairly fast. “It goes crazy because of you.”

Notes

sweetheart, this one's for you ily (you know who you are)

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

“Hollander, you are sick again?” Ilya asks from over his coffee when he catches Shane grimacing at his water.

“What? No! I'm fine,” Shane says through a hot, burning throat. There might as well be flames running up and down in there. It hurts to talk, to swallow, and sometimes at night, it hurts to even breathe.

His roommate narrows his eyes at him. “Then why is your dinner from yesterday in the fridge?”

Shane doesn't have an answer for that, or the answer he has been saying for almost three days is getting so old that Ilya recites it before Shane does. “Right, you were not hungry.”

The truth is, he has been feeling like shit lately. His throat is killing him, and no medicine is working on making his cold go away, so he has stopped taking meds all at once and decided it would probably go away on its own. He was very wrong.

“You should get it checked,” Ilya says casually before he grabs his backpack and heads for their front door. He pauses there and fixes Shane a death stare. “I am not joking, Hollander, if I come back and you are still miserable, we are going to the hospital.”

“Alright, I'll just tell it to magically go away!” Shane half yells. It is one thing to be cranky half of the time because he is in pain and another thing to have Rozanov breathing down his neck like that. It's almost as if he is Shane's—no, no. Ilya is his roommate. His *friend*. Nothing like what Shane sometimes imagines them to be. Which is more than friends.

He shakes his head once, throwing the delusional, disgusting idea to the darkest parts of his mind. If Ilya found out what Shane is thinking about, he would probably be disgusted with him. He is a great friend to Shane, an equally great roommate, and on top of all, he is *too* good looking. Shane finds himself red-faced most of the time around him, and he hopes Ilya never notices. He doesn't know which part of this is more stupid: the fact that he sometimes wishes if Ilya weren't so handsome, or the fact that his best friend knows more about their imaginary relationship than the guy living with him for a year now.

As if on cue, Shane's phone buzzes with a notification from said best friend.

Rose:

Hey! How are you today?

Not sick still I hope? :(

Shane:

As a dog.

Rose:

Awww

What did Ilya say??

Shane rolls his eyes.

Shane:

What would he "have to say"??

Anyway, he said that if he comes back and I'm still not feeling well, he's taking me to the hospital.

I'M NOT A BABY

Rose:

Shane, honey

I'm gonna hold your hand when I say this

But you're his baby

Shane's cheeks grow hot. This is stupid.

Shane:

I hate you

Rose:

Liar. You love me toooooo much

And because I love you too, I'm gonna tell you this one last time

Tell the damn guy you like him!!!!

You won't die if you do, you know?

See you soon xx

Shane throws his phone onto the counter next to him, buries his face in his hands and lets out the most ridiculous, aggravated sigh, tearing up afterwards at the pain it causes to his throat. He might just die. Rose doesn't know that. Liking someone is different from watching their every move and feeling funny things in your chest when they are near you, or blushing when they look at you with their beautiful hazel eyes. Or getting goosebumps when you hear your name in their heavy, Russian accent. Shane doesn't just *like* Ilya. He thinks he is in fucking love.

Apart from being sick and secretly in love with his roommate, Shane is double miserable because Rose is away doing theatre school in London, and she won't be back any time soon.

Again, he might just die.

It is afternoon when Ilya returns from his classes, leaving his shoes and bag by the door. Shane looks up from his book to greet him. His curly hair is rumpled, some of its strands falling on his forehead in a boyish way. “I take it that your literature test didn't go well today?”

Ilya shoots him a glare. “I got a D.”

Shane tries to sound uplifting. “Hey, at least you passed!”

“Whatever.” Ilya rolls his eyes. “How is your throat?” He taps his own Adam's apple, making Shane involuntarily swallow, therefore making a face. “Alright. Get dressed. We are leaving.”

“Ilya, it's just a cold.” Shane whines from the couch. “I get sick with my tonsils all the time. It's *fine*. Can we please just eat lunch or something?”

Ilya raises his eyebrows. “Ah, now you want to eat?”

He kneels down to Shane's level and brings his hands to Shane's neck.

“What are you...” Shane's heart rate spikes up very quickly, and he fears for his life when Ilya's fingers gently find two spots that immediately hurt when he applies the smallest, explorative pressure to them.

Ilya looks so focused, and he is so close to Shane he can smell him. “I looked it up,” he says.

“What?” Shane frowns.

“Your cold. Could be dangerous. We should go.”

“How did you even—”

Ilya places his hand on Shane's forehead to check his temperature as if he is mentally following the steps of a book. “If you do not get up, I will carry you to the bedroom myself.”

“Like hell you are.” That sends Shane jumping to his feet in no time, hearing the echo of Ilya's snort after him as he rushes to his room to get dressed. He really does feel like crap, and the idea of finding out what is wrong with him and getting it over with is kind of reassuring on its own. With Ilya it is terrifying though. Too fucking endearing, but terrifying.

When he comes out, Ilya is waiting by the door with Shane's car keys in his hands. “What are you doing? Ilya, I can drive. I'm not broken.”

Ilya shrugs. “I know.”

“Then give me my car keys, please.” He sighs.

They sometimes took shifts driving if they had somewhere to go together like grocery shopping, and sometimes Shane lent it to Ilya and he shared in the gas.

“You know I like driving.” Ilya opens the door and lets Shane pass first.

“And I like driving *my* car too.” He argues back, feeling exhausted afterwards at the amount of talking he is doing, so he reluctantly falls silent, but with a very dissatisfied scowl on his face.

Ilya rolls his eyes and makes a noise. “Here, you can have them, you baby. But I drive on the way back.”

Shane doesn't reply. That's the second time he gets called a baby today and neither of them is how Shane would want it to be. He gives Ilya his back and heads down to his car, looking forward to this day ending already.

“Is this the first time this has happened?” the doctor asks.

“No,” Shane answers. “They get inflamed a lot.”

“Medicine does not help,” Ilya adds, catching Shane's gaze for a split second.

The doctor scribbles down a couple of things. “Are you allergic to any medication?”

Shane pauses. “No, not that I know of.”

“Do you smoke?”

“God, no.” Shane shakes his head. “Is uh, is everything okay? Is there something I should worry about?” he asks nervously.

“Not at all,” the doctor says, looking at the two of them. “But it looks to me that the suitable solution for you is to surgically remove your tonsils. Which is a very simple—”

Shane shuts out every single word that is said after “surgically remove”, his mind going haywire at the thought. He hasn't had any surgical operations before, but he is old enough to figure out that a procedure like this would probably need to be done with general anaesthesia. Otherwise, the doctor wouldn't have asked him those follow up questions.

Not to mention the recovery time. Oh god, his classes. He will probably have to miss some of them. And the period right after he wakes up. He can't do this.

“Hollander, you are panicking.” Ilya's deep voice and his hand on Shane's knee pull him out of his thoughts.

“Why don't I give you a few minutes alone? There's a patient I need to check on. Please remember that it's a very simple procedure, there's nothing to worry about.” The doctor gets up and leaves as he promised, giving Shane and Ilya a moment of privacy.

“Is stupid,” Ilya says once the doctor is out of the room.

“I know!” Shane exclaims in agreement.

“I meant you. Not listening to the doctor. Do you want to be in pain forever?”

“Of course no—”

“Then you will do it. Doctor said it is simple.” He shrugs. Then, “are you scared?”

“What?! No.” Shane replies a little too sharply.

“I will not leave you,” Ilya says, finding his gaze.

“I’m not scared.” Shane insists. Technically he isn’t. Or at least not for the reasons Ilya thinks.
“What about my classes?”

“Oh my god, Hollander. You are so boring.” Ilya rolls his eyes. “Just skip them and study more later. You will still get perfect grades.”

“I hate you.” Shane buries his head in his hands.

“You will not when you are free from this awful thing.” Ilya playfully ruffles Shane’s hair, the gesture bringing goosebumps to his skin. His head jerks up in surprise, but he tries to hide it behind the glare he aims to shoot at Ilya, but he is kind of certain it turns into a smile.

Apparently everything Ilya does makes him smile.

The doctor returns shortly, and they inform him that they will be going forth with it since it is basically Shane’s only option out of this misery.

“Perfect. They will have you prepped shortly—”

“Wait. You meant now?” Shane, probably rudier than he intended, interrupts.

The doctor gives him a small smile. “Are you looking forward to spending one more night with inflamed tonsils, Mr. Hollander?”

Shane swallows painfully. “No.”

“Good.”

After what feels like hours of paperwork, Shane is finally sitting in a chilly room on his own. He hates the thin hospital gown they have put him in, and he keeps shivering every now and then. He is in the middle of calming his nerves when Ilya sneaks through the door. Shane goes rigid at his very lack of appropriate clothing, though Ilya doesn’t seem to mind it, because he walks all the way up to where Shane is sitting with his legs swinging by the side of the bed.

“I don’t think you’re supposed to be here.” Shane looks around them cautiously.

“Would you like me to I leave?”

“No,” Shane instinctively says.

“Is cold in here.” Ilya makes a face. “Are you not cold?”

As if it couldn't get any worse, Shane shudders. “It's okay.” He shrugs one shoulder. “I won't feel a thing in probably a few minutes.”

Ilya doesn't have a logical explanation as to why he snuck himself into the room Shane has been told to wait in until they get him ready. He just wanted to be with him. Simply because Shane is terrible at hiding things, and he is obviously nervous. What he wasn't prepared for though was the pressing urge to hug Shane the moment he shivered. He has found that much to his dismay, he isn't prepared for half of the things he feels when he is around Shane. It could be as simple as fighting the urge to run his fingers over Shane's freckles when he scrunches his nose up.

The fight is sometimes easy. Especially when he reminds himself of the boundaries that are their friendship. Sometimes it is much harder in times like when Ilya runs late for his morning class yet he wakes up to his coffee the way he likes it with a sandwich next to it, because “he shouldn't be drinking coffee or smoking on an empty stomach”.

Shane's foot nudging Ilya's knee reminds him of the present moment, to which Ilya is grateful. “Thanks for doing this.”

I haven't even done half of the things I want to do.

“Is okay. Will be fun.” He grins.

Shane grumbles, and it pulls at something in Ilya to reach out and boop his nose.

“I was serious. About earlier. I will not leave you.” Ilya bumps his knee with Shane's.

He takes a couple of moments to look up from their joined knees to Ilya's face. “I know,” he says quietly. “But you know, you don't have to.”

“I want to.” Ilya grazes his knee, earning the smallest, shyest smile from Shane.

Ilya decides to return the smile, and he watches *something* flicker in Hollander's eyes, but it disappears the moment the door bursts open. The moment is shattered, but Ilya still catches a glimpse of his eyes before he is advised to wait outside. “Good luck,” he mouths at Shane, winking afterwards. That always makes him smile, and Ilya is rewarded with what he was looking for.

He walks out of the room and waits in the dull row of chairs made for people to sit in while time passes. The doctor has talked to Ilya about the recovery process, what is normal, what is not, how Shane is going to be feeling, and a couple of pieces of advice on how to handle it—none of which Shane knows about. Because if he heard what the doctor told Ilya, he would have backed out from the whole thing. As simple a procedure it is, its recovery time won't be fun for Shane. Ilya already knows that, so he braces himself for whatever the next two weeks might bring.

An hour passes, and then someone comes to inform Ilya that Shane is awake.

"He is still under the effect of anaesthesia," the nurse says. "He is sensitive so it might take a little time to completely wear off."

"When will it go away?"

"A few hours until he feels like himself again, but other side effects might show. They're all normal." She reassures him. "Headaches, nausea, or pain are all common, so don't worry."

"Thank you." Ilya nods at her.

Whatever Ilya was bracing himself for, it all vanishes into thin air when he steps into the room and sees Shane propped up against the hospital pillows. His head rises drowsily at the sound of the door opening, and then his features morph into the silliest grin at Ilya's sight.

"Ilyaaaa!" He greets, his voice muffled and weird from the surgery. He frowns and looks like he is about to cough afterwards, which alarms Ilya.

"Hey." He approaches him. "Are you ok?"

Shane looks at him with wide brown eyes, reaches out a hand and shocks Ilya by taking it in his. "Better." He closes his eyes.

Ilya stands frozen in his spot. He has no clue what to do. Shane clearly isn't aware of what he is doing, that much Ilya can tell. Should he withdraw his hand? It would probably make Shane sad. Should he...

He very carefully rubs a tentative finger over the soft skin of Shane's hand. He does it again, and a hum escapes Shane, a smile painting itself on his lips. He looks so tired yet so adorable. His face is a little swollen, and the corners of his mouth look red. Ilya dreads the time when the drugs completely wear off and Shane would be left with nothing but pain. That prompts him to hold Shane's hand back properly, stepping a little closer to the bed.

"How are you feeling?"

"I feel fuzzy," Shane says, opening his eyes and looking up at Ilya.

Ilya is about to ask what that means when the heart monitor he is standing next to starts beeping a lot quicker than it was before, startling him. "Hey, why is this going crazy? Is this normal? Should I call for the nurse?"

Shane giggles, his eyes tearing up. "No, it's not normal. But it's you, so..." He inclines his head and tucks his and Ilya's joined hands somewhere under his ear.

Ilya is worried. On one hand, he doesn't understand a single thing Shane is saying. And on the other hand, he is liking the feeling of holding Shane's hand too much.

"It's my heart, Ilya." He croaks, his voice painfully scratchy. He points with his other hand at the monitor that is still beeping fairly fast. "It goes crazy because of you."

Ilya's throat closes up. He must be joking. That is what it has to be, because there is just—no way. It is all the medicine they gave him.

“Why are we still here?!” Shane looks around him, squirming in his spot. “Ilya, let's go home.” He sits up and almost falls over, giving Ilya barely any time to react as he catches him by the shoulder, bracing one hand on Shane's chest.

“Woah.” He breathes, probably recovering from feeling dizzy.

“We can't leave until the doctor says, Hollander.” Ilya rests his other hand on Shane's upper back.

He lifts his head and meets Ilya's eyes, his eyelids still heavy on the blinking, but they are glossy and wide. He looks at Ilya with a funny look, then shocks him by holding his face by the cheeks with one hand.

“You're very pretty.” He giggles, squishing Ilya's cheeks until his lips are pursed.

Ilya laughs, taking Shane's hand off of him and helping him lie back again, which he apparently doesn't want.

“No, nooo.” He whines, his voice breaking. “Don't gooo.”

“Hollander, I am right here.” Ilya argues, belatedly realizing that Shane thinks Ilya is going away, because there is more distance between them.

“Shane.” He scowls.

“What?”

“My name. Stop calling Hollander.”

Ilya's heart flips in his chest.

“Hey,” he says, the sad expression on his face deepening. “Heeeey.”

“Shhh, okay.” He closes the distance between them and holds his hand again. “Stop talking. It will hurt your throat more. I am here, yes?”

Shane looks at him with a kind of happiness that if anyone saw would think he found the world's rarest treasure and he gets to keep it to himself. It makes Ilya's heart clench in his chest. He sits down on the edge of the bed next to Shane and watches over him until he eventually falls asleep with Ilya's hand clutched to his chest.

He uses this time to fucking breathe.

He doesn't allow his mind to wander off too far though, because if it did, he would be breaking his own heart.

He has always wondered what it would feel like to be with Shane, but he never expected to have a taste of it this soon or even this way. It is worse than not having him at all, because the worst part of it is that this is not how Shane normally behaves around Ilya. He doesn't hold his hand or call him pretty and tell him that he makes his heart go crazy. Ilya wonders as he brushes the tips of his fingers in Shane's hair if he will ever get to know that he makes Ilya's heart go crazy too.

Ilya takes a deep breath and tells himself that he will live with whatever happens tonight, and then he will bury it all where it should be if he wants to stay friends with Shane.

Some time after midnight, Shane is cleared from the hospital and permitted to stay at home so long as he will be receiving extensive care. He is not fully okay yet, but since he argued with almost every hospital staff member that he wants to go home, they let the two boys go. Shane is no longer in his cheerful, overly happy mood now that the medicine has fully worn off. He is much quieter, because it probably hurts to speak as Ilya was warned, so he has to look at Shane every once in a while to make sure he is okay.

Ilya drives them home, stopping by the drug store to get the medications prescribed for Shane. The ride is quiet, though Ilya keeps checking Shane for any signs of fever, noticing that every time his hand touches Shane's face, his eyes flutter shut. When they get home, Shane lets him help him into a comfortable pair of joggers and a hoodie. Then, he climbs into bed, relieved to be where he feels comfortable the most.

“Ok?” Ilya asks, waiting for Shane to nod.

He does, silently confirming that he is alright. “I will go get your medicine, okay?”

When Ilya comes back with Shane's medicine and water, he finds him sitting with his back resting against the headboard, eyes watery. “Hey, what is it?”

Ilya sits next to him, emptying his hands onto the nightstand. “Is something hurting you?”

Shane nods twice, his face shattering Ilya's heart.

“The doctor said it will hurt for a while. I am sorry,” he says. “But I am here. Remember that.” He swipes his thumb over Shane's freckles, caressing his cheek with the back of his knuckles. “Yes?”

“Yes,” Shane whispers, gracing Ilya with a soft smile. “Good.”

“Now, take this. It will help with the pain.” He hands the pills over to him, following with the water.

The doctor also warned Ilya that Shane might resist eating or drinking, let alone opening his mouth because it will be uncomfortable. “Take small sips.”

Shane swallows with difficulty, grimacing after he successfully takes his medicine while Ilya mentally starts calculating when he will have to take them again. He sets up alarms on his phone so he doesn't forget, getting up to leave Shane to rest.

He is barely a couple of steps away when his hand gets stuck on something. Ilya looks down to find Shane's hand clasped around his. When his eyes lock on Shane's, he almost regrets it because the look he is giving Ilya is impossible to decline. "Stay," he whispers.

Ilya feels like he might crumble any moment. He doesn't know how this night just keeps testing every instinct in him. It is as if it is determined to break him in every sense of the word. Out of all the scenarios he had imagined holding Shane in his arms, none of them included doing it when Shane wasn't fully himself. He can't do it.

"Hol—" He stops himself mid-word. "Shane, I am only in my bedroom."

"Please?"

Ilya is damned.

He gives in and plops himself down onto the bed, sucking in a breath when Shane snakes an arm around Ilya's middle and rests his head on the hard plane of his chest.

"So good," Shane whispers. "So good to me."

Ilya finds himself frozen for the second time tonight, then he very slowly rests his chin on top of Shane's head, letting his hand rest on his back. He feels Shane relax in his arms, and repeatedly tells himself that it has nothing with Ilya's touch. He just relaxed because he is tired, he needs to rest. That's it.

"Always," Ilya murmurs back in Russian.

"Hey," Shane says quietly. "Your heart is going crazy too." His words are heavy with sleep, though they point Ilya's attention to the storm taking place in the confines of his ribs.

"Get some sleep." Ilya buries his fingers deep into Shane's hair, resulting in a satisfied hum from him.

"God, I love you so much." Shane's arms tighten around him. And just like that, all the sleep leaves Ilya's body faster than the smoke of his cigarettes.

He stays wide awake until the next time Shane's medicine is due, and he is quick to shut off the alarm before it startles him awake.

"Hey." Ilya gently wakes him up with a hand on his back and the other supporting his head.

He slowly wakes up, making a disgruntled noise at the effort of trying to talk, but he finds it still painful so he neither coughs nor says something coherent.

"Sorry." Ilya feels horrible at having to wake him up, but he is willing to do anything to see Shane better and out of this pain. "It is time to take your medicine again. How do you feel?" Ilya inspects him for any signs of fever, thankfully sighing afterwards when he finds him normal. The doctor said to look out for a fever because it would mean there is an infection since Shane's body is sensitive, so finding him okay is a fucking relief every time.

Shane makes a thumbs down with his eyes half open, which Ilya finds cute. His hair is messed up from all the threading Ilya has done through it while his mind fried itself with the words Shane said falling asleep, and his face looks less swollen than earlier.

“Does your head hurt?” Ilya asks, handing him the pills.

“Not anymore.” Shane shakes his head. He reaches for the glass of water, but it almost spills over the bed when it slips from Shane’s grip.

“Careful.” Ilya catches it. “Here.” He brings the glass to Shane’s lips and helps him carefully drink. Nearly three sips in, he withdraws with a pained expression.

“One more.” Ilya urges, but Shane shakes his head.

“For me?” He tries. “It will help you. I promise.”

Shane’s shoulders slump in defeat, and he drinks a little more. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and goes back to resting on Ilya once again as if nothing changed. When he falls into deep sleep, Ilya kisses two fingers then touches them to Shane’s forehead. A feather-light touch, a fragment of the promise to everything else he wants to do but probably would not do. The longer he stayed awake, Ilya found it easier to decide that he would live with those words from Shane as he meant them—which could be nothing, but he doesn’t care. He would rather have him in any way rather than none at all.

The next few days follow in the same pattern, minus Ilya staying in Shane’s bed. Because Ilya’s fears have been proven right. Even worse. Shane is acting distant, and he is always finding excuses to stay away from Ilya if he can. It is painful more than Ilya thought it would be, because during the times when he is taking care of Shane he can see it in his eyes that there is something wrong. He doesn’t know that Ilya knows exactly what is wrong, or maybe he knows.

Either way, Ilya swore that night that he would keep it to himself.

Shane feels like shit. There are multiple reasons for this feeling, and he can list them all down right now, but it would take too long. So, he settles for fleshing out the one that screams at him from the top of the list.

The fact that Ilya has been taking care of him like it is his full time job. Like he has nothing else to do in the world. Yet he does. He has his own classes, he has to study, but he not so subtly rescheduled his studying time to accommodate Shane’s medicine timings and his meal times. He doesn’t let Shane do anything even though he argued more than once that he can *do* stuff. He hasn’t made it easy for Shane to keep his distance from him. He hasn’t made it any easier to not feel gutted every time he looks at Shane.

Yet he continues to make falling more in love with him disastrously easier.

Shane accidentally stubs his toe in the pursuit of finding his glasses, and a stream of curses escape him. He glares down at the foot of his bed as if it is the cause of everything that is wrong in his life. He feels sick of eating soft food for three days straight, his throat still hurts if he talks too much or raises his voice, he feels horrible because of the way he is treating Ilya, and to make it all worse, Shane can't find his fucking glasses.

"Hey," Ilya says from the door frame, making Shane jump in fright. "Wow. What is going on? Are you ok?"

Looking around his now messy room, Shane sighs in frustration. "Have you seen my glasses anywhere? I can't fucking remember where I left them."

Ilya's mouth forms an O, then he walks into Shane's room with an unreadable expression. He looks a little amused, which only adds up to Shane's sour mood. That doesn't last long though because for some unknown reason, he finds Ilya standing very close to him. He doesn't give Shane time to say anything. He just raises his hands, and Shane holds his breath as he feels their warmth on his face.

Very delicately, Ilya does something with his fingers, and Shane feels a renewed presence of something resting on the bridge of his nose. "There they are." Ilya smiles softly, his eyes sparkling.

Heat blooms under Shane's cheeks. "Oh. Um..."

"What is really going on with you, Hollander?"

Hollander:

Shane's breathing returns in the form of a very slow, nervous exhale when Ilya doesn't leave as he should have and instead asks the one question he shouldn't ask. He asked so softly, so carefully as if he were applying a band-aid to a wound that needs protecting.

His ears thump with the rhythm of his heart the longer he looks into his Ilya's hazel eyes and tries to find an answer. *His Ilya.* Shane halts his every thought, a trail of memories from the past three days falling one by one behind his own eyes. Ilya waking him up in the night to make sure he takes his medicine. Ilya looking up recipes to make Shane's 'boring' food enjoyable yet healthy. Ilya rubbing his back when he is feeling nauseous and staying with him until it goes away.

Ilya standing right in front of him still ready to be of any help to Shane even if he doesn't have to. Even if Shane has been nothing but a terrible, ungrateful friend to him.

Hey, your heart is going crazy too.

God, I love you so much.

Well, in Shane's defence, there is a very solid reason why he has been acting like that.

"I don't want to be your friend anymore," Shane blurts out.

Ilya's face falls so quickly the light in his eyes goes away, but then Shane takes his glasses off, grabs Ilya's face and smashes their lips together.

Ilya stumbles back a step with the impact, but he regains his balance almost right away and forces them apart. There is a look of shock that haunts Ilya's features as he looks at Shane with his eyes wide and mouth slack with disbelief.

"Are you..."

"I'm so sorry," Shane whispers. "I'm so, so sorry." He repeats with more emotion, feeling his eyes sting.

Ilya's shock dissolves into painful relief before he does what Shane did moments ago. He holds Shane's face in his hands as if it were the most precious thing he has ever laid his hands on, and then he kisses him equally marvelously. Their lips sync together in a way that makes the hairs at the back of Shane's neck stand up. Every notion of his body is singing "*how the hell were you missing out on this?*" with every glide of Ilya's tongue into his mouth.

When they break apart for breath, they both find the other smiling like an idiot. "You stole my move," Shane says. "Also, sorry I have a bad breath. Apparently it's a side effect."

"No. *You* stole *my* move," Ilya retorts. "And I do not care." He rubs his fingers over where Shane's freckles are, then he places a kiss on both apples of his cheeks.

"You really like my freckles," Shane notes bashfully, feeling the familiar heat of a blush rising to his cheeks.

"*Like* them? I am nuts about them." Ilya trails a hand down the side of Shane's face, his eyes boring into his.

"I'm sorry I ever made you feel like I didn't want you," Shane admits. "I was terrible to you, and I couldn't face my own feelings."

Ilya silently shakes his head. "I would have waited for you. No matter how long."

Shane lets the weight of that sink in, and it hits him square in the chest. He doesn't deserve Ilya.

"I do not think you understand that I am madly in love with you, Shane." His words land right over where Shane has been harbouring his own love for Ilya, and he feels his heart swell behind his ribs.

"Madly?" Shane murmurs, looking at Ilya through his blurry eyes. "Wow."

It is simple and cheesy, and Shane knows Ilya probably picked the expression up from a movie he watched, which makes it even more endearing. Watching Ilya's English progress over the time since he moved in is one of the highlights of living together for Shane, especially if he will be the one receiving all the corny expressions.

Ilya wipes Shane's eyes. "Do not cry. I don't like it when you are sad."

“Then kiss me again.”

“Ah, music to my ears.” He grins then lets his lips find Shane’s in a chaste yet teasing kiss.

“I love you,” Shane confesses, letting his hand linger where it is placed over the juncture of Ilya’s neck and shoulder.

“That is old news.” Ilya smiles. “I have heard this before. But I like hearing it a lot.”

“I love you,” Shane says it over and over again between kisses to Ilya’s face until Ilya carries him and moves them to the bed.

He takes Shane into his arms just like he did the night they returned from Shane’s surgery except this time they both know where they stand, this time there are no secrets eating at them. It is just them and their love for each other.

Shane rests his head on Ilya’s chest, finding comfort in hearing his steady heart beats and the way his fingers comb through his hair.

“There is a word that I looked up,” Ilya says shortly into the comfortable silence that has fallen between them.

“Oh?” Shane says expectantly.

“I wanted to find a way to describe how you looked when I held your hand for the first time,” Ilya explains. “It was something more than happiness.”

That makes Shane get up to look at him. “What was it then?”

Ilya doesn’t reply immediately. Instead, he lets his eyes rake Shane’s face, drinking in every detail and committing it to his memory.

“What?” Shane nudges Ilya’s foot with his, unable to peel the stupid smile off his face. “Do I look like it now?”

Ilya nods, his eyes overflowing with love Shane wants to envelop himself in. “Aglow. Shining with strong emotion. Like warmth or excitement.”

Shane nearly gasps. Whether at the description or the fact that Ilya took time to look for a word for the way he wanted to describe Shane, he doesn’t care. He is so touched he could actually fucking cry at the fact that Ilya thinks he glows with warmth or excitement whenever he is near him. The word isn’t even that common, but then again, it is Ilya Rozanov and he will do whatever he can to make sure he does what no one else has done. In this case, making Shane’s heart melt into a puddle.

“You really believe that?” Shane timidly asks, still in awe.

“I see it.” Ilya draws soft patterns on the back of Shane’s hand, not breaking eye contact.

“You’re incredible.” Shane leans in to rest his forehead against his. “And you’re mine.”

Ilya pecks his lips. “Always.”

End Notes

this was written purely based on ep5 shane and some personal experience that i do NOT wish for anyone lol

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