

Golden Frames

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by [juuljuul](#)

Summary

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Ilya thought his chest may burst open with the sheer force his heart beat with. “It was sunny today, yes? Did not make me feel like this. Not even close,” Ilya offered Shane his hand. Shane took it and Ilya dragged him to his chest. He pressed their intertwined hands against his heart. “Feel that? Only you, no sun. Would not want the earth to collapse. It would take you away, too. What do I do with just the stupid sun, if you are not there to block it out?”

or; Shane visits Ilya when the Voyageurs are in Boston. They are down horrendous for each other. Also very much in love. So, pretty canon.

Notes

hiiii, darling <33

welcome to my disgustingly sweet Hollanov fic where they have sex, lots of feelings and maybe a few tears.

this fic has been a work in progress for quite a while, and i finally finished it when at my parents' for christmas. i feel like a teenager writing my wattpad stories when i'm supposed to be sleeping, again. fun times.

the autistic wasian man has bewitched me — mind, body and soul, and i don't know what to do with myself other than write him getting railed and loved, i guess. the other guy is also great.

these characters really are holding all of us hostage, aren't they?

also, i may live next to russia, but i do not speak a word of the language, so bare with me and my googled russian words.

all hail jacob tierney!! ☆

love,
j.

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

January 2018, Boston

It is game night, once again, ladies and gentlemen! Tonight, a match between Boston and Montreal is played here on the Bears' home ice. This night will, without a question, bring to you some of the best hockey you will be able to find in the whole world. These teams dominated the Stanley Cup finals in the mid-2010s, winning three Cups — one for Boston, two for Montreal, respectively.

While the numerous accolades are impressive, that is rarely the reason why the arena's over 17,000 seats are always sold out when it comes to a battle between these two teams. In reality, the teams' respective captains are the main event. The famous rivalry between Boston's Ilya Rozanov and Montreal's Shane Hollander has been a ticket-worthy event since their rookie season in 2009. The audience has witnessed these two men toeing the line of entertainment and hostility for almost ten seasons, and there seems to be no end to the venom they shoot each other with on the ice.

Boston has been on fire this season, in a way we haven't seen since the 2013-14 season, when the team bulldozed their way to the finals, and won the whole thing! Boston is currently second in the Atlantic Division standings, once again looking like they will find themselves in the playoffs, when Montreal is currently in sixth place.

The standings have never dictated these games, though — not when it comes to these two teams. This night will surely show you, dear audience, why these teams are, year after year, listed as the best showmen in the league. So, sit back, relax, and let us make this an unforgettable night.

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the game between Montreal Voyageurs and your very own Boston —

“Bears... What kind of a moron thought, ‘oh, I just have to gather a bunch of guys, make them stand on knife blades, and call them Bears’? Who in their right mind thought that was a good idea?”

“We are supposed to not look like we are discussing weather, Hollander. The big cameras are all pointed to us.”

“Oh, trust me, I do not feel like I’m discussing weather. In fact, I’m getting kind of angry,” Shane tilted his head. “Okay, maybe not angry, but at least a little frustrated,” he pointed a finger to Ilya’s chest, “you are not a bear.”

“And what exactly is a bear, then, *tsyplyónak*?”

“Did you just call me a chicken? Seriously?”

“Little chicken,” Ilya corrected, the corner of his lips traitorously twitching upwards.

“Chick,” Shane absentmindedly reminded. He shook his head, as if to clear the chicken-induced thoughts from it. “Anyway, not my point. Did you know voyageurs were these French-Canadian fur salesmen back in the day? So, basically, I should be on a boat selling your skin right now.”

“Hollander, why are you still talking?”

“I don’t know. I was trying to make a fun joke about how I have the upper hand, but I don’t think it landed like I wanted it to,” Shane’s nose and forehead scrunched up. Ilya wanted to run his fingers through those wrinkles. Maybe follow them with his lips.

Ilya smiled at him in a way the audience would think was derisive. Shane knew better. That smile had been directed at him for the past ten years.

Before either of them could get another word in, a referee came to a sudden stop next to them. “Let’s not start making chirping a thing before the puck has even hit the ice, okay, boys?” he stared at both sternly. Neither of them uttered so much as a word.

Shane and Ilya followed the referee from the sidelines to center ice. They bent down face to face; hockey sticks held tightly against their knees. Neither of their eyes were on the referee's puck-wielding hand. They were looking at each other.

"Okay, boys, I expect a clean game. Don't make me the middleman in whatever piss fight you've got going on," the referee waited for both of them to look him in the eye, before turning his eyes to the small blue circle in the center of the rink. He glanced at the other players, his linesmen.

Ilya smirked as he watched Shane try to decide whether he should be looking at him or the ice. The ice won, in the end.

"Try not to cheat, *radnój*," Shane said, loud enough for Ilya to hear it through the deafening crowd. He had called Ilya his family.

Shane won the faceoff.

Ilya, in fact, did not cheat. Though, he ended up in the penalty box twice during the first period. He had looked Shane in the eye while skating to the bench both times. Shane had not smiled, but the way he had wiped his nose with his gloved hand told Ilya just how much he liked seeing him fight. Shane's eyes followed him to the box. Ilya sat down on the bench and looked at the camera. He knew he would be on the big screen. He held his mouth guard between his teeth and winked. There were exactly two people in this arena who knew who the wink was for.

After the second period, Boston was leading the match 3–1. Ilya had scored twice. Shane had scored Montreal's only goal.

The third period began with Shane crouched over the faceoff circle against the Bears' second line's center. Ilya only paid attention to the strands of dark hair sticking to Shane's neck. His cheeks were flushed, highlighting the freckles. His usually beady eyes were hardened as he stared at the puck the referee was holding. Ilya knew what those eyes would look like when the adrenaline wore off and the familiar glimmer came back.

How he had ever thought he could live with just these glimpses of Hollander, was beyond him. He wouldn't know the way his hair doesn't get messy until you put your hands in it, or the deodorant he had in every bag and cabinet possible. He always cut his nails in a specific order, filed them down to get rid of the jagged corners, and meticulously cleaned the counter afterwards. His coasters for the coffee table, the fabric-lined case for his glasses, endless amounts of leafy greens in the fridge, the order for filling up the dishwasher, the ancient yoga mat he refused to get rid of. The woolen socks left around the apartment Ilya will always pick up without a complaint; the same way Shane will clean his necklace every time he comes over. There was nothing he would rather do than follow Shane around his home, pick up everything he left behind and build a shrine for him from the stray objects. He would arrange candles, maybe frame his favorite photo of Shane — the one Yuna had shown him on Christmas. He would get one of those golden-colored frames meant for icons — no, he would get one made of solid gold. Frame Shane's unguarded expression and dark features with the metal, surround the —

"81, 34, 52, on the ice!" the coach's yell woke him from his daydream. Ilya jumped the boards and followed his linemates to Boston's side of the ice.

Shane was on him the second he got the puck and pushed forward to get to the opposing goal. They crashed against the plexiglass, trapping the puck between their skates.

They fought for the puck with elbow hits to ribs and knees knocking together, breathing harshly, equal parts excited and annoyed. Not a word was said.

Shane got the puck and skated back towards the Bears' goal as fast as his tired legs could go. He knew Ilya was right behind him — they were irritatingly matched when it came to speed.

Shane heard Ilya's skates all the way to the goal. He was hit from left and right, players trying to prevent him from getting through. He righted his footing after one of Boston's defensemen almost knocked him down.

There were seven minutes left of the third period when Shane scored his second goal of the game. Ilya had seen very few more beautiful things in his life than Shane's face after the goal horn echoed through the arena. Shane had turned his face upwards, closed his eyes, and gotten tackled to the boards by his teammates. Ilya knew he would rewind those few seconds of the game for days to come.

Five minutes left and Shane scored his third goal of the night. No hats came down to the ice — they were in Boston after all. Ilya wanted to run through the audience, gather up everyone's hats and throw them on the ice himself. He wanted to join the hug Shane got from his linemates.

Of all people, Hayden Pike was the one to score the winning goal. That Ilya was not so thrilled about. Montreal had won on Boston's home ice because of a child-hoarding puck slapper.

Tonight's game delivered just what was promised — entertainment and the highest level of hockey a man can get! Even though this match ended in Montreal's favor, Boston will still have its place in the top three teams in the Atlantic Division. In addition to the seven incredible goals we saw tonight, tonight's game was mild, as fans have described, in terms of the feud between the two teams. Rozanov, of course, holds his penalty-per-game status with pride, and this game was no excuse. Though we didn't see the usual scuffles between the two captains, we did get to see Hollander's third hat trick of the season. The hat trick of hat tricks!

Ilya's doorbell rang an hour after he had gotten home. He opened the door to find a red-cheeked Shane burrowed into a thick jacket. He had never looked softer.

"Hi, it's really cold, I think my fingers are going to fall off," Shane said as a greeting. He stepped into the house as if he was not a guest but an owner. Ilya liked the implications of it.

Shane, still in his padded jacket, shivered in Ilya's hallway, as Ilya stepped closer to greet him properly. Shane took this as an invitation to fold himself as close to Ilya as humanly possible, tucking his freezing fingers into Ilya's hoodie's pocket. Ilya gathered him into his arms. Shane's jacket bled its coldness through Ilya's clothes. He didn't care, he had Shane Hollander's red cheek against his shoulder, feeling his cold lips press light kisses to his neck. He didn't care about anything but what he had right here.

"Hi, *solnyshko*. Let's get you out of this jacket," Ilya whispered, his cheek against Shane's head. "Then we will get you something to eat, or you will get — hm? What is the word? Like angry?"

“Cranky,” Shane responded. He raised his head from Ilya’s shoulder. His eyes were closed as he held his arms out.

Ilya hummed an amused breath but stripped the jacket off Shane anyway.

“Thank you,” Shane said softly.

“Russian?”

“*Spasibo.*”

“Good. Now, you eat. Come on.”

Shane seemed to wake up from his adrenaline crash induced coma during the time he sat at Ilya’s kitchen island. Ilya stood opposite him, watching his every move.

“Ilya?”

Ilya hummed a questioning sound.

“You were really good today,” Shane answered, scraping his bowl with a spoon, trying to make as little sound as he could.

Ilya breathed out a slow breath. His throat grew tight at the sincerity of Shane’s statement. “Thank you, sweetheart.” He laid both of his hands on the counter. “Will you look at me?”

Shane raised his wide eyes to Ilya, setting down the cutlery. His eyebrows were lifted with curiosity.

“You did well, too.”

“Oh,” Shane breathed out. His eyebrows relaxed, the wide eyes still trained on Ilya’s. He rose from his seat, picked up the bowl and began rounding the kitchen island.

“What? Did you think you were not good?” Ilya studied Shane’s rapidly filling eyes.

“No, I — I just like the way you say it,” Shane rinsed his bowl, turning his back to Ilya while putting it in the dishwasher. Ilya couldn’t do anything but fight against his grin. The simple action was so incredibly Shane — no matter what, his need to keep his surroundings consistent, familiar, came first.

“How do I say it?”

Shane turned back to Ilya. “You say things to me that make me feel the same as when you kiss me,” he spoke softly, accentuating his words with motioning arms, “like the earth could give out from under you and you wouldn’t give a shit, because that way you could stay in the sunlight all the time. You love when it’s sunny.” He drew in a long, steadying breath. “And it makes me think you might love me like you love the sun.”

Ilya thought his chest may burst open with the sheer force his heart beat with. “It was sunny today, yes? Did not make me feel like this. Not even close,” Ilya offered Shane his hand. Shane took it and Ilya dragged him to his chest. He pressed their intertwined hands against his heart. “Feel that? Only you, no sun. Would not want the earth to collapse. It would take you away, too. What do I do with just the stupid sun, if you are not there to block it out?”

Shane tore his hand away from Ilya’s grasp, farming Ilya’s face with both. For an indefinite number of seconds, they just looked at each other. Unshed tears blurring the edges of their vision but never obscuring the view they had of the center of their universe — two children, who had somehow found one another in Regina, of all places, and never stopped hovering too close to the other’s orbit.

Shane kissed him. Kissed him like he had taken his last breath, and this is what he wanted to do for the remainder of his time. After what felt like eons of shared breath and numb lips, he pulled away — not far, their foreheads still pressed against each other, lips touching with every bit of movement.

Shane dragged in a shaky breath, keeping his eyes closed, revelling in the comfortable closeness. He rarely felt this content, when he knows the heart he wears on his sleeve at all times is showing so magnificently. But he also knew that Ilya would never be the one to bring a blade to his wrist. Instead, he would always be the one to bandage up the wounds others, or sometimes Shane himself, had caused.

Ilya cradled his face between his hands, bringing it backwards to look him in the eye. His eyes, while maintaining their harsh edges, were something Shane prided himself in knowing how to read. Though right now, the unsaid words he saw only managed to blur the rest of his vision with tears, his heartbeat quickening no matter how many calming breaths he tried to take. Shane saw love — the kind they had been afraid of feeling and receiving for nine years. They weren't afraid anymore, not of the strength with which they felt. They didn't have to be, because love was an opportunity they were allowed to take.

“Do you remember Russia?” Ilya asked. “The last time I was there?”

Shane didn't think the guilt of being the reason Ilya couldn't go back to his home country would even truly go away. But they had chosen one another over every act of God they now would never get. So, he had to learn to let it go, guilt had no power over his love for Ilya.

“Yes, you called me. I remember you sounding sad,” Shane said.

“Do you know what I told you when you asked me to speak Russian?”

“No, I never asked.”

“Do you want to know?”

Shane nodded, a motion so minute no one should have noticed. But Ilya did, he always noticed.

“I told you I was scared, and sad. I was sad about my father, because he was dead, had been close to for years. And he was not a good man, but he was my father, and now he wasn’t anything anymore. I was scared of Russia. It was my home, but it never treated me like I lived there. To them I was this god, and they hated having to believe in me. But they did believe in me, because I made them famous and I gave them money. They never liked me, only wanted me.”

Shane had moved his hands to Ilya’s. He could feel Ilya gripping them tightly as he stared over Shane’s shoulder.

Ilya continued, “I told you a lot about my family, about my brother and Svetlana. I told you I loved her. And I said loving her made me scared, too, because I did not love her like I was supposed to. But I think I was the most scared of you, maybe for you, I don’t know. I just knew I loved you like I was meant to love Svetlana. I loved you, and nothing has ever made me feel scared like that. I told you I was sad, scared, and definitely in love with you, and I heard you breathing in my phone,” Ilya huffed out a sharp breath. “I was scared you would translate my words and find out how much power you have over me.”

Shane guided Ilya’s wandering eyes to his own, grazed his cheek with his thumb.

“You know, I sat in a stairwell listening to you. Every sound echoed so loudly, I think I got tinnitus because of it. But also, I couldn’t tell you what any of those sounds were. You know why?” Shane bit his cheek to stop himself from smiling. Ilya shook his head, so Shane continued, “Because you were there, talking to me, sounding so heartbroken and a second away from losing it, and all I could focus on was the fact that I wanted to understand you, so much. And I wanted to hug you, and kiss you — just hold you, because you deserve that,” Shane gathered Ilya into his arms and continued with a whisper, “and most of all, I really wanted to tell you how much I loved you, because you deserve that, too. And I do love you.”

They had shared those words before, but they still felt like a punch to the gut, and a warm hug wrapped into one every time. Shane hoped that feeling would never go away.

So, Shane kissed him again, trying to pour out all the emotions he couldn't name as well as the ones he had told Ilya all about, because he wanted Ilya to have all of him. He didn't want to give out scraps, not when he knew Ilya wanted to have it all. And even without giving away his heart, his body, and his brain, Shane knew Ilya would find a way to get them — not forcefully, but by just existing he made it impossibly harder to keep anything locked in.

Shane whispered against Ilya's lips, "*Radnój*," he knew what that word did to Ilya, had seen it during the game, "can I love you?"

"You do not need permission, Shane, you already do."

"I know I do, but can I show you how much?"

"You can do whatever you want to me, sweetheart, I am always yours."

"Yeah, I've got you."

He took Ilya's hand, carefully pressed it into his own and led Ilya to his bedroom, though it did look like their shared bedroom nowadays. Shane's spare glasses laid on the nightstand, the sheets on his side of the bed were new but slept in — Shane knew Ilya slept on his side when they were not together. If he opened the closet, it would have his clothes inside. His toothbrush was in the bathroom and his yoga mat in the gym. They were building a home together, Shane realized, and he didn't hate the implications.

They walked into the room. Shane stopped and turned to face Ilya. "Stay there."

Ilya complied without a word, but his eyebrows rose at Shane's tone. He would never complain, though, they both knew that.

Shane took a few steps backwards, still facing Ilya, and brought a hand to his hair. It had dried after the shower he had taken at the rink and was now fluffier than usual. Ilya loved it.

Shane ran his fingers through his hair, making it stand up even more. He lowered his hands to the collar of his shirt and could see the understanding spreading in Ilya's eyes. He could do nothing but watch.

Shane took off the shirt, feeling a blush make its way from his chest to his face. Ilya barely blinked. Shane's hands made their way down his chest, as if trying to spread the blush like lotion. He dragged his right palm down his stomach and kept the left one on his right pectoral.

He looked Ilya in the eye and asked, "Do you remember Vegas?"

Ilya held his gaze. He didn't say a word, just nodded.

"I don't think you know how good I felt then. Frustrated and a little hurt, but above all else, good," Shane said. They had talked about that night.

"I am sorry I did not kiss you. You know that, yes?" Ilya asked. Shane hated the way he looked so scared.

"I know, you don't need to apologize. I need you to know it wasn't a bad night, just surprising — definitely good, though, all things considered."

Ilya kept following Shane's hands with his eyes as they travelled to the buttons of his pants.

Ilya's hand twitched at his side. "Let me," he whispered.

"No, I take these off. I have much better plans for you."

Ilya breathed in deep. "Can I take my shirt off?" he asked.

“Not yet, you know I won’t be able to concentrate if you do that,” Shane smiled at him. Ilya looked pleased.

Shane opened the buttons slowly, dragged down the zipper. He closed his eyes and let out a breathy sound when his rapidly hardening cock was freed from its constraints. Ilya’s hand twitched again. Shane smiled and moved his eyes back to Ilya’s.

Shane slid his legs out of his pants. He turned around to find the shirt he had thrown on the bed. Ilya let out a sharp breath. Shane held his pants in his hands and folded them neatly. He did the same to the shirt and set them on the foot of the bed.

Turning back to Ilya, he pressed the heel of his palm against his crotch. Ilya couldn’t move his eyes away. Shane let out a quiet whimper.

“Do you want to take these off?” Shane asked, running his thumb underneath the waistband of his underwear.

“Yes,” Ilya said. He was looking Shane in the eye.

Shane spread his arms in an inviting gesture. Ilya didn’t waste a second — he pounced, backed Shane to the bed, waiting for the back of his knees to hit the edge, making him fall on his back, legs hanging off the side.

Ilya pulled down his underwear. He stood between Shane’s knees, looking over him. What he saw was much more than a naked body; because it was Shane. He saw the collarbones he loved to breathe against when they were both catching their breath. The muscled chest and stomach that were already a pretty shade of red and would soon be covered in sweat. His hips that Ilya would always want to hold on to. The dip from his hip to his groin. Ilya would get weeks during the summer to mark the skin. A patch of dark hair framing his cock. Ilya just looked for a minute, basking in the fact that he was the only one who got to see this unravelled version of Shane, the version that knew how much he deserved the pleasure he got.

Shane moved backwards on the bed, laying against the pillows. His legs were relaxed, just barely open, but open enough for Ilya to see exactly what Shane wanted him to see. He brought a hand to his cock. Looking Ilya in the eye and moaning at the contact.

“Take off your clothes, please,” Shane whispered, moving his fingers against his cock.

Ilya took off his shirt, making his hair stand up. Shane loved when he looked that soft. Shane’s eyes followed the trail of hair from Ilya’s navel, disappearing below the waistband of his pants. Ilya dipped his fingers under the elastic of his underwear and pulled the last pieces of clothing off himself.

“Oh,” Shane whispered. Ilya’s beauty would always amaze him. Shane could never forget that Ilya’s body looked like it was sculpted for a god, but seeing it rather than just remembering it was an entirely different experience.

Shane couldn’t rip his gaze away from Ilya’s cock, already hard from the anticipation, yet Shane knew he could get it even harder.

Shane moved from his position, kneeling at the foot of the bed in front of Ilya. He was still holding himself in his fist. He brought his other hand to Ilya’s muscled thigh, caressing it with his thumb.

“I’m going to touch you now, okay?” Shane said, framing the question in the statement. Ilya nodded, giving his permission to continue. “And you will tell me when to stop. You’re not going to come just from me touching you. Then I want you to do your best at making my brain shut up. I love it when I don’t have to think, and I know you love being the only one who can actually make it happen.”

Ilya bent down to catch the last of Shane’s words with his lips. He kissed Shane eagerly, with an unrestrained need to devour him whole. Ilya lifted his hand to Shane’s hair, gathering it into his fist. He tugged on the hair to tilt Shane’s head back, being able to deepen the kiss. There was a lot of tongue, a bit of teeth and way too much saliva, and the combination made Shane groan against Ilya. Spit clung to their lips when they separated.

Ilya stood back up and Shane leaned in to press a kiss to his sternum. Shane moved his hand from Ilya's thigh to his hip, pressing his thumb to the muscle, feeling it give out under his touch. His other hand held the back of Ilya's thigh. Shane kept his lips pressed to Ilya's chest as his hand found its way from Ilya's hip to his groin, running his fingertips over the coarse hair, and finally, after listening to Ilya's harsh breaths, he wrapped a hand around the hard length of his cock.

Ilya let his head drop backwards, letting out a long, slow breath. "Fuck, Shane, I will not last long," he said with shaky words.

"Tell me when to stop," Shane said. He kissed his way down Ilya's chest and stomach. He was practically on all fours, hand slowly moving back and forth along Ilya's length as his nose reached the patch of dark hair. He inhaled deeply, loving the scent, a mixture of soap, sweat, and Ilya.

Shane reached out to touch the root of Ilya's cock with his tongue, his bottom lip grazing the smooth skin, his nose still surrounded by the familiar smell.

His thumb caressed the base of the tip, feeling Ilya shudder under his tongue. Shane removed his lips from Ilya, the fist around him moving to the base of his cock, and attached his lips back to the tip, tongue swirling the sensitive flesh.

Ilya's hand was in Shane's hair. The stinging hold only encouraged Shane more. He swallowed Ilya's cock down as far as he could. His fist was tightly wrapped around the base, not relaxing his hold for a second.

"Shane, fuck, slow down," Ilya managed to say, with pauses too long between the words.

Shane breathed in through his nose, and on the exhale he took Ilya down to his throat. He would never get tired of the way his mind quieted, when Ilya was the only thing he cared about in the moment. Shane felt his own erection hang heavy between his thighs. As he moaned around Ilya, feeling his eyes glaze over, Ilya pulled his head back sharply from his hair.

The corners of Shane's mouth ached from the stretch, spit dripped down his chin. His eyes focused on Ilya's — the hand was still wound tight in his hair.

Ilya kissed him, entirely too fast for Shane's brain to catch up, and he was already pulling back when Shane got with the program. He let out a sound Ilya would undoubtedly make fun of, if he could focus on anything but the way Shane looked with his hanging jaw and dishevelled hair.

"You want me to stop?" Shane asked and licked the excess spit off his lips.

Ilya knew he would have come on the spot if not for the hand still wrapped tightly around him.

"You did not want me to come, so I need you to slow down," Ilya responded calmly, a small smile directed at Shane.

"I also wanted you to make my brain quiet. This isn't working," Shane raised his eyebrows.

"I will, *solnyshko*. Patience," Ilya said. He carded his fingers through Shane's hair. Shane's eyes slid shut. "Lay back, please, sweetheart."

Shane sat back on his heels and laid down on the pillows. His eyes were locked to Ilya's.

Ilya's eyes raked up and down Shane's body, finding his. "You are stunning, Shane, do you know that?"

"You like using that word. I'm starting to think you mean it," Shane tried to joke.

Ilya was serious, though. "I do mean it. I always want to look at you, nothing else."

Shane's smile fell off his face. He tried to swallow down the tightness in his throat, unsuccessfully. He held out his hand. "Come here, please," Shane said, his eyebrows knitted together, not in confusion but in amazement of the man in front of him, and his ability to stop Shane's heart with just a few words.

Ilya did go to him. He always would. He laid on top of Shane, not even trying to keep his body weight off — Shane loved the feeling of being fully surrounded by Ilya, having nowhere to go and hide.

Shane's body shuddered as it touched Ilya's. His eyes fell shut and all the air left his lungs. His mind was back to focusing only on Ilya.

"Oh, that feels nice," Shane breathed out. Ilya's head was slotted in the crook of his neck, his lips pressing down kisses, and his left hand against Shane's right cheek.

Ilya reached between them with his right hand. He laid both of their cocks on Shane's stomach and pressed himself on Shane again. Ilya's lips found Shane's temple, not kissing, just breathing deeply, having to compose himself after feeling their lengths against each other. Shane's hand had wrapped itself around the hair on the nape of Ilya's neck.

"Ilya, I'm going to need you to move," Shane said, tightening his hold on Ilya.

Ilya let out a breathy laugh next to his ear. "I will. I need to get the lube, yes? So, you have to let go."

Shane did let go. Ilya rose to his elbows and rolled his hips once, drawing a high pitched sound out of Shane.

Shane let out a surprised laugh, "Holy fuck, warn a guy next time."

Ilya smiled down at him and reached for the bedside table, digging through the drawer to find their used bottle of lube.

Shane kept his eyes on Ilya's face. He heard the snap of the bottle opening and closing, of it being set down on the bed, but he only ever saw Ilya.

Ilya brought his hand between them again, wrapping it around both cocks. Shane's hand held Ilya's cheek and brought him closer. Their lips met just as Ilya ran his thumb over the tips. They could do nothing more than breathe each other's air.

"Oh my god, Ilya. I don't want to come yet, you have to slow down," Shane said, his hips involuntarily rolling upwards. A whispered, "oh," was all he could get out.

"You can come more than once, yes? I've seen you do it."

Shane could only let out a string of curses and throw his head back when Ilya didn't slow his rhythm.

"Ilya, Ilya, slow down," Shane breathed, his eyes closing on their own.

"Eyes on me," was all it took to open them again. Ilya was already looking at him. His eyes spoke only of adoration. Shane wanted to close his own again. But he wouldn't.

"I will make you come now, okay? And then I will fuck you, and you will come again. All because I say so," Ilya said. He kissed Shane slowly, letting their tongues tangle together and lips grow tender. He didn't slow down his movement.

Shane drew in shaky breaths and let out broken noises. His hips moved on their own against Ilya's grip.

Their cocks slid together in Ilya's fist, mixing the lube with Shane's rapidly gathering pre-come. Shane felt like crying from the pressure building in his stomach.

“Tighter, tighter,” Shane whispered against Ilya’s lips.

Instead, Ilya loosened his hold. Now Shane truly wanted to cry.

“I’m sorry?” Ilya questioned. He had stopped moving.

“Tighter,” Shane sobbed, “please.”

“Good, there we go,” Ilya only took hold of Shane now, tighter than before. Shane couldn’t hold back the noises gathering in the back of his throat.

The pressure began growing again, moving towards his groin. Shane’s legs had started shaking without him noticing. Ilya had hooked his ankle over Shane’s shin to keep him in place.

Shane’s hands grabbed onto Ilya’s hair, holding on too tight, but Ilya said nothing. He knew Shane needed to feel anchored once started unravelling.

“Ilya, Ilya —,” Shane’s mouth hung open, eyes rolled back. His back arched off the bed. Ilya kept up his pace until he saw white, long streaks cover Shane’s lower stomach. He slowed down his movement, dragging out the remnants of Shane’s orgasm.

Shane’s whole body was shaking, he was desperately gasping for air, his eyes closed. He hadn’t let go of Ilya’s hair.

He opened his eyes, unfocused on the ceiling, white sparks danced before his vision. “Jesus fucking Christ,” Shane whispered. He brought his hand down to where Ilya’s was resting between them. His fingers found Ilya’s cock, hard and warm. “How do you not come from doing that?”

Ilya's fingers caressed Shane's face. He kissed Shane quickly. "Not easy, trust me. Not when you look like that."

"I feel like I can't move," Shane laughed.

Ilya ran his hand up and down Shane's side, watching goosebumps follow his trail. His hand found Shane's cheek. "You do not need to. Just lay there and look pretty, yes?"

"I can do that, yeah," Shane said quietly, "but I do want to see you come."

"You will, *moy luchik*. But only after you come a second time."

"Yeah, I don't know if that's going to happen."

"It will. I know you can," Ilya smiled in a way that made Shane want to jump his bones, if only he could move.

"Oh god," Shane responded under his breath. His answering smile told Ilya just how much he didn't mean the complaining.

Ilya leaned in, his nose touching Shane's, their eyes open, trying not to get cross-eyed from being so close. "Exactly," he whispered and closed the remaining gap.

Ilya kissed him like he always does — never just a kiss, but an elaborate love confession. His lips felt like fire on Shane's, like he was being branded. It felt like the kiss would still show on his face tomorrow, that everyone would know that Ilya Rozanov was the one Shane had let under his skin. Because he had, and he didn't hate the idea of having that truth available to the public. It wasn't realistic, no one could know, but he could dream of being with Ilya in broad daylight, getting kissed like this in front of everyone.

And they kept kissing, just like that, until the air ran out of their lungs.

Ilya moved his lips to Shane's cheek, to his neck, shoulder, back to his temple. He whispered things Shane didn't know how to translate to English.

"What are you saying?" Shane asked.

"I am telling you that you are the most beautiful person I have ever seen. I don't think I will see anything as pretty as you, ever," Ilya spoke against Shane's hair. His fingers moved to Shane's cheek. "You know I love your freckles, I have told you this before. When you blush like this, they show even more."

Ilya kissed his cheekbones, his nose, under his eyes. Shane turned his nose to Ilya's hair, pressed a kiss to the sweat-damp curls.

"This was supposed to be about me showing how much I love you, not the other way around," Shane whined.

"I know, but I like it this way. You let me love you — I think that says a lot, already. You do not let people love you. This is just my thing, only I get to do this," Ilya continued kissing every inch of Shane's face.

"We're not good at getting loved, are we?" Shane smiled.

Ilya raised his head to look Shane in the eye. "No, I think we are still waiting for something bad to happen. For someone to run away or get too scared. I think we are trying to protect ourselves from getting hurt by not letting people love us. But I also think we know the running hurts a lot, too."

Shane wasn't smiling anymore. He knew that Ilya was talking about all the times they had run from each other, tried to pretend it didn't feel like ripping off a limb. They had, as they always will, found their way back to one another, hopefully for the last time — no more running. But he knew they were both afraid, they had their whole lives to lose, when the shared-in-secret nights were not enough anymore, and their relationship craved freedom like

it never had before. It hadn't happened yet, the locked eyes during faceoffs and late night kisses were plenty, but they both dreaded the day their decade-long secret would gain an audience.

"I'm not running, though, you know that? Not anymore," Shane told him.

"I know, I am not running either," Ilya assured. He kissed Shane sweetly.

Shane kissed him back with newfound intensity. He let his hands wander along Ilya's back, as far down as he could reach. He spread his fingers over Ilya's ass, feeling the muscle beneath the soft skin. He pressed down, got Ilya to lay his full weight on him again. Shane could feel Ilya's hardness against his hip, not soft but not as urgent as before. He hooked one of his legs over Ilya's, trying to keep him as close as possible.

Ilya kissed Shane's neck, used a lot of tongue and saliva, and continued all the way to Shane's navel. His one hand was on Shane's chest, the other on his hip. Shane's breathing was beginning to quicken.

Ilya kissed along Shane's still soft length, his lips running through the come on Shane's stomach. He pressed his tongue at the base of Shane's cock.

Shane covered his eyes with his hand and blew out a heavy breath. "How do you do that?" he whispered.

Ilya licked a stripe along Shane's length. "Do what?"

"Oh, come on — How can you make me come like that and still get me hard? It's not fair, I feel like a teenager. Though, I don't think I got this hard this fast even then — I don't think there's enough blood left in my brain."

"You got hard very fast back then. Came even faster," Ilya bit his lip to keep himself from laughing.

“I mean... Have you seen yourself? You were like all my daydreams personified, how was I meant to last any longer than I did?” Shane looked down at Ilya, his eyebrows raised high.

“Practice,” Ilya said slowly, smiling. “But I was very good, so I can not blame you for coming so fast.”

“Oh, fuck off, I was good, too,” Shane argued.

“You were,” Ilya said sincerely. “I came to your room and you practically fell to your knees. I had to breathe very slowly to not come right then.”

Ilya loved to reassure Shane of his importance in Ilya’s life, knew that he needed it. He loved to see the understanding light up his eyes, time and time again. He would never grow tired of seeing the dilating pupils and parting lips, when Shane got told things he didn’t expect. Ilya loved being the constant unexpectedness in Shane’s carefully curated life.

Ilya kissed him, couldn’t resist the wonder-filled eyes and bitten lips. He laid down next to Shane, lifted one of Shane’s legs over his hip, and dragged him on top of himself.

Shane was straddling Ilya’s hips, his knees bent, their bodies touching from chest to groin. He breathed out a shuddering breath against Ilya’s lips. Shane ground his hips to Ilya’s once, twice, letting out the sweetest noises Ilya had ever heard.

Shane took hold of Ilya’s hand, brought it to his own thigh. Ilya squeezed the warm skin between his fingers, running his palm from hip to knee.

Ilya’s hand found its way to Shane’s lower back, dipping his fingertips to the two small divots. He guided his fingers lower, feeling them run against Shane’s faintly sweat-slick skin. His middle finger found the ribbed texture first, Shane letting out a small whine at the contact.

He skirted his fingers around Shane's hole, let his nails draw lines on the skin of Shane's ass. Ilya pressed a fingertip against the puckered skin, never letting it breach, but creating enough pressure to leave Shane wanting more.

After drawing out a few more delicious sounds from Shane, Ilya tapped his hand on Shane's hip. "On your back, sweetheart."

Shane complied, rolling off of him. He opened his legs for Ilya, thighs spread out, the muscles on his stomach flexing with every fast breath.

Ilya situated himself between the inviting legs. He let his hands roam the expanse of available skin. Ilya kissed the left thigh twice, moved upwards with every kiss. He pressed a kiss to both of Shane's balls, his nose blowing air to the base of his cock. The right thigh got two kisses as well.

Ilya found the discarded bottle of lube between the pillows, spread it generously onto his fingers.

He ran the slick fingers against Shane's cock, wrapped his hand around it and gave him a few fast pumps.

"Oh my god, get on with it," Shane cried, his hips bucking up against his will.

"Patience, patience," Ilya laughed slowly.

"I'm not a patient man, you know this," Shane panted.

Ilya pushed Shane's knees upwards, gave himself a show of seeing Shane become completely exposed.

Ilya ran his hand over Shane's thighs, down to his ass, kneading the skin under his palms.

He added more lube to his fingers. “Breathe in,” Ilya whispered, kissing Shane’s knee. After hearing his inhale, Ilya pushed a finger in. Shane’s hips stuttered, his thighs flexed. Ilya watched his eyebrows draw together and mouth open.

Ilya felt the muscle clench around his finger. “You are okay, yes?”

Shane nodded frantically, his voice paralyzed from the feeling.

Ilya pulled his finger out to the first knuckle, turned his hand over and pushed it back in. Shane whined. With the slow pace, he kept the base of his finger pressing against Shane’s rim, applying constant pressure. He crooked the finger while pulling it outwards.

Ilya pressed a second finger against the stretched skin. “Tell me if it hurts.”

“Yes, yes, I will, please,” and a whispered, “please.”

So, Ilya complied. He pushed the second finger in, felt the muscle give way and then grip his fingers tightly. Shane’s breath was being punched out of him to Ilya’s slow rhythm.

Shane’s eyes had closed, his hands gripping the sheets. “I love you, I love you, I — how the fuck do you do this?” he whispered quickly, drawing in a loud breath.

“Eyes open. Look at me,” Ilya waited to meet Shane’s gaze before resuming his movement. “There you are. Hi.”

“Hi,” Shane said, his voice so sweet Ilya thought he would melt. “More, more.”

Ilya stopped his fingers once again. “Hm? What did you say?”

“Oh, fuck you,” Shane spit out, trying to reach for Ilya’s wrist. Ilya didn’t let him.

“No, I will fuck you, trust me, but you have to ask nicely.”

Shane’s venomous glare lasted until he felt a third finger against his rim. “Oh —”

Ilya raised a questioning eyebrow, didn’t move his hand. “Yes?”

“Yes, god,” Shane cried out, “yes, please, please. You need me to get on my knees and beg a little more?” he asked, annoyed.

“No need,” Ilya smiled. He pushed in the third finger.

Shane’s face relaxed, his muscles flexing involuntarily. His head fell back to the pillows.

Ilya continued his torturously slow pace, twisting his wrist to the rhythm of Shane’s hips. He mapped out the inside of Shane’s body until his thighs quivered and his back arched off the bed.

“Holy fuck,” Shane whispered, his wide eyes locked on Ilya’s as Ilya kept his fingers pressed inside.

Ilya smiled at him. Shane’s flushed skin against his own pale hands creating a contrast that should be immortalized on canvas and put to an exhibition with the Mona Lisa.

“Come on, I’m so ready. I’ve never been this ready,” Shane panted.

“One more, *l’ubímyj*. Think you can do that?”

“Yeah, yeah, I can. I can do it. Just go slow, I’m so close, I don’t want to come yet. I can’t go three times in a row, even you know that,” Shane said quietly, trying to control his breathing.

Ilya pulled the three fingers to Shane’s rim, grazed the skin with the fourth, and forced it in. He smiled at Shane’s dramatics, his head falling back and his hand flying up to cover his eyes.

“Fuck you,” his shaky voice managed to get out.

Ilya just smiled. He kept his fingers pressed as deep as they went.

It hurt, of course it did, this part wasn’t supposed to be comfortable. Stretched on four fingers made Shane feel impossibly open, the burn of Ilya’s fingers like a torch inside him, almost unbearably hot. But at least Ilya knew how to make it fun.

He talked to Shane, made sure he was never on the wrong side of uncomfortable, smiled at him, laughed at him, but never scathingly, always with an undercurrent of affection.

He got Shane to respond, preventing him from getting lost in his own head. Ilya had been studying Shane’s body for almost a decade, learning its curves and motions by heart, cataloguing every injury, every bruise as to never hurt him. And he had succeeded — Shane had allowed him to learn, test, maybe fail, but still stay.

So, even when it hurt, even when it was Ilya’s fingers that hurt, Shane knew it would always get better. Ilya would not let him hurt.

Shane removed the hand from his eyes as Ilya began moving his hand. They looked at each other, not a word was said.

Ilya kept his thumb pressed against Shane's perineum, digging the nail into the sensitive skin.

Ilya's fingers kept moving, bending and dragging, as he bent down to take Shane's leaking cock into his mouth. He managed to hollow out his cheeks, move his head downwards once, before Shane's fingers tangled in his hair and he was being pulled away.

"Ilya, what the fuck? Oh my god, you can't just do that," Shane panted.

He had let go of Ilya's hair. His hand was now wrapped tightly around the base of his worryingly red cock. His legs were shaking beside Ilya's shoulders. Ilya's fingers felt the rhythmic clenching around them.

Ilya pressed gentle kisses to the inside of Shane's knees. "Do what?" he smiled.

"That's not helping," Shane whimpered, tightening the white-knuckled grip on himself.

Ilya chuckled, but moved his lips away, not touching Shane.

Shane's hips twitched. "Talk about something, please. Something really, horribly unsexy," his grip had started to loosen, his breathing still clearly calculated.

"Okay, so I will not tell you how I plan to make you fall apart, maybe use my tongue —"

"Ilya, I'm serious. I'm so close it's not even funny anymore," Shane whined, his eyes tightly shut. "Don't make me come yet. I want to come with you." He sounded close to tears.

"Okay, okay, I will not tease you, sweetheart," Ilya assured. "How about your mother?"

“What? Ew, gross, I don’t want to think about my mom when I’m holding my dick in my hand,” Shane said. He nudged Ilya’s shoulder with his knee.

“Your father, then? Rose Landry, Hayden Pike... You probably would get turned on when thinking about Hayden.”

“Hayden? Are you serious? I mean, yeah, that man fucks, based on the amount of kids he has, but —”

“Okay, I do not like this game anymore. No more Hayden Pike in our bed.”

“Oh god, did you have to word it like that? There’s no Hayden in your bed.”

“Our bed.”

“What?”

“I said ‘our bed’,” Ilya looked Shane in the eye. “This is your bed, too, yes?”

Shane had to bite his lip and take in a deep breath to try, and fail, to seem like Ilya’s words hadn’t just brought down the last of his defences. He had found a place where he belonged, where his existence was wanted — not because of his talents but just because he was loved.

“Great, now I’m going to cry,” Shane laughed. “A weird combination of emotions you have me feeling over here.”

Ilya listened to him snuffle. “Can I touch you now? Will stop you from crying.”

Shane nodded, wiping his nose with the back of his hand. Ilya kissed his knee again. His fingers were still deep in Shane's body. He continued the slow pace, moving his fingers to the rim and pushing them back in.

Ilya wrestled with the lube bottle, slicking up his other hand. He gave his own neglected, hard cock a few strokes, knowing it would not take long for him to come. Shane watched, captivated by the movement of Ilya's fingers against his own length.

"Condom?"

"We don't have to. I need a good shower anyway."

Ilya nodded, taking in a deep breath. He moved closer to Shane, wiped the lubed hand to the sheets. Shane gave him a disgruntled look.

"Okay?" Ilya asked.

"Yeah, I'm ready."

Ilya pulled out his fingers, circling the stretched skin with his thumb. He wiped the other hand on the sheets as well. Shane didn't notice.

He pulled Shane closer from his waist. In one motion, with shaking hands, he pushed himself inside Shane and laid over him, resting on his elbows.

Shane didn't make a sound. His jaw hung open, eyelids fighting not to close, looking straight at Ilya.

Shane's hands gripped onto Ilya's back, feeling the muscles tremble. His thighs were squeezing Ilya's hips.

Shane kissed him, or tried to, it was more a press of panting mouths than anything resembling a kiss.

Ilya's shaking hand laid on Shane's cheek. "Are you okay?"

"Fuck, yeah, I'm okay. Are you, you're shaking?"

"My stamina is not as good as you like to think," Ilya huffed out a breathless laugh. "I need a minute."

Shane smiled at him. "You can have a minute. As many as you want, I've got you."

Ilya leaned in to kiss him, locking Shane underneath his body, between his arms. Shane let out a satisfied sigh as their lips met.

Shane's hands moved from Ilya's back to his hair, keeping Ilya's lips locked to his by gripping the hair in his fist.

Shane was kissing in a way that reminded Ilya of the first time they had hooked up in Toronto. It had been almost two years after they had met, and somehow Ilya had managed to get Shane's hotel room number. He had waited for those two years to get that freckled boy out of his system, and during the hour they spent together he had come to the realization that he was now an irremovable part of Ilya's existence. Shane would never get out of his system.

Now, after almost ten years since Shane had first spoken to him in Regina, Ilya had become very sure of two things — their souls must be woven together in some other universe, and he never wanted that universe to get destroyed, because it would destroy the only purely good thing he had ever come across; Shane Hollander, his unsteady psyche and undeterred heart.

Ilya didn't believe in soulmates, hadn't wanted to believe in fear of being disappointed, but he was sure Shane was the love of his life, no one could ever compare.

He breathed in, out, kissed Shane's cheek and looked him in the eye.

Shane tapped his shoulder. "Move, please. I mean, if you can. If you're —"

Ilya snapped his hips once, fast. Shane's words dried out, his lips could only form a silent 'oh my god'.

"Now is the time for your brain to shut up. I will take care of you. Let me do the thinking, yes?" Ilya said.

Shane nodded. He took a deep breath and tapped Ilya's shoulder again

Ilya set a slow pace, the movement of his hips dragging along Shane's skin. He felt the tightening of Shane's hand in his hair, could see his eyes unfocusing.

"Good. That's good, sweetheart, there you go," he whispered, pressing a kiss to Shane's temple.

Shane's fingers ran through Ilya's hair, almost a petting motion if not for the tugging. He pulled Ilya down to kiss him to the slow rhythm of his hips.

The kiss was messy, tongue and panting mouths and urgent hands, and Shane loved it. It made him feel appreciated, owned, out of control — all the things he had once told Ilya he wanted to feel when they were together. He didn't want to be the awkward, wound-too-tight man he was in front of a camera. And Ilya let him have that, give up the control he had been drowning in and give some of it to Ilya, who so desperately craved it.

Ilya's hand was resting against Shane's cheek, the other squeezing his thigh. There would be bruises tomorrow, and Shane would remind him of how they had promised no bruises until the summer. Then Ilya could do whatever he wanted. But right now, Ilya didn't really care — Shane wanted a quiet mind, so bruises were a requirement.

Ilya picked up his pace. Shane was gasping for breath underneath him. Ilya held him tight. He could feel the rhythmic pulsing around his cock, the hot walls creating pressure, and Shane's cock steadily leaking on his stomach.

"You always get so wet. I love it. You know what you do to me, yes?" Ilya breathed against his face. Shane's eyes were on him, barely blinking. "You make me insane. My brain does not work when you are around, you are all I can think about," his words were accompanied by quick thrusts.

Shane whimpered, his eyebrows drawn together. "Harder," he drew in a trembling breath, "please."

Ilya did just that. He moved the hand from Shane's thigh to his chest, grabbing the muscle under his palm. He traced Shane's collarbone with his ring finger, letting the finger dip to the hollow between the bone and the trapezius.

He slowed down his rhythm, still giving Shane the hard thrusts he wanted. Ilya pulled his cock out, keeping it against Shane's hole. He let the hole's muscle clench once, feeling it on the tip of his cock. Ilya pressed his thumb to the underside of Shane's jaw, not pressing down, but upwards, holding his head up high. Ilya pushed himself back in.

Shane let out a broken sound. His hands had moved to Ilya's shoulders, nails digging into the skin. "So good, holy fuck, you feel so good," his shaking voice told Ilya.

Ilya's sudden exhale came out as a moan. He laid his lips to Shane's hair and whispered, "You too, *nenaglyadnyj*, you are incredible. Fuck, you are so good, doing so well."

Shane's head tilted backwards, eyes staying on Ilya's. "I'm so close, Ilya, please —," he moaned at the twist of Ilya's hips, his eyes beginning to fill up, "please, fuck, come on."

Ilya picked up his pace again, grinding his hips as deep as they went.

Shane's back arched off the bed. Ilya slid an arm under him, pulling Shane's body up to his own. Shane's cock was trapped between them.

Shane's eyes were trying to roll back, but he stubbornly kept them on Ilya. "Ilya, Ilya, fuck. I'm going to come," a tear escaped his eye, "I'm going to come, Ilya, please."

Ilya didn't know what he was asking for. All he could do was to keep his rhythm and his eyes on Shane. Ilya loved this part — when Shane was so out of it he didn't care about the tears or the begging, when he could only focus on himself.

A stream of tears had made their way to Shane's right cheek. Ilya kissed them.

Shane's muscles wound tight, his whole body shaking, eyes slipping shut. Ilya could feel the grip around his cock tightening.

Shane couldn't make a sound when he came. Hot, white streaks painted his stomach. He felt Ilya's chest expanding with an inhale, saw bright sparks behind his eyelids. He knew there were tears on his face.

"I have you, you are okay. You will be okay," Ilya spoke to his ear. He trusted Ilya to know the truth.

Shane's legs were still locked around Ilya as he opened his eyes. He had to blink to clear his vision.

"Hi. There you are. Are you okay?" Ilya asked him quietly.

Shane had to clear his throat before speaking. “Hi,” he took a steadying breath, “I’m okay, just give me a second.”

“How is your brain?”

Shane laughed, “Good, a little fuzzy.”

Ilya nodded. It would take a while for them to piece Shane’s mind back together.

Shan wrapped his hands gently around Ilya’s arms. “Did you come yet?”

“No, you wanted to see. So, look,” Ilya smirked at him and picked up the bruising pace he had before.

Shane could feel his arms tremble, knowing Ilya was close. The movement against his tender skin didn’t hurt, exactly, but was more of a reminder of everything Ilya had done for him. Shane liked the burn, just on the edge of uncomfortable.

Ilya pressed his face to the crook of Shane’s neck, his damp breaths bringing low moans with them. He kissed Shane’s shoulder.

“You’re so good, you know that, right? You always make me feel so good, let me do that for you, too. I know you’re close, baby, I know it, I can feel it. I need you to come for me. It’ll be so good, I promise,” Shane spoke against Ilya’s hair.

Ilya let out a breathy groan, his thrusts growing erratic, arm tightening around Shane.

Ilya’s teeth grazed Shane’s clavicle, his mouth hung open, as he pushed himself inside Shane so brutally they both shook.

Shane felt Ilya's hips twitch minutely as he breathed out a long, loud breath. Ilya made a whimpering sound to Shane's neck.

Shane could feel the warmth erupting from Ilya inside of him, he couldn't keep the answering sound inside, a satisfied sigh left his lips.

Shane held Ilya's hips tightly between his legs. He wound his fingers into Ilya's curls again, tugged to raise his head.

Ilya's arms were shaking, his hips trembling against Shane's. Shane saw the unfocused look in his eyes. His own hips bucked at the sight.

"Hey, you're okay, you're okay," Shane let his eyes wander around Ilya's face. "God, you're pretty."

"No god, just me," Ilya responded, his voice cracking.

Shane laughed. "No, I guess not, though I think you're pretty close."

"Okay, I will be god for you. You can be the little naked angel."

"The Cupid? Why would I be a naked baby with wings?"

Ilya tapped Shane's hip. "Because you are baby and you are always naked," he eased himself out of Shane, slowly, as to not hurt him.

Shane's thigh twitched at the movement. "I'm only ever naked when I'm with you."

Ilya laid next to Shane, his head against Shane's side. Ilya's head tilted backwards to look at him. He rubbed a hand on Shane's thigh, moving towards the aching hole. Ilya skirted around the muscle with two fingers before pushing them in, preventing his own come from leaking out.

Ilya watched Shane's eyes flutter shut. "Yes. Then I will be god for you, and you will be my angel."

"I can be an angel if you want, but I don't want a fucking god in my house — your ego is big enough as it is," Shane clenched around Ilya's fingers to express his disapproval.

Ilya ran his thumb over the surrounding skin, across the seam of Shane's balls. He kissed Shane's ribs and pulled his fingers out.

Ilya moved himself upwards. He let the already messy fingers run through the come on Shane's stomach. He held the fingers up to his own lips, looking Shane in the eye as he licked them clean.

"Oh —," Shane breathed out.

Shane wrapped his fingers around Ilya's wrist, pulling the fingers out of his mouth. He pulled on the wrist until he got Ilya on top of him.

Shane kissed him, chasing their combined flavor in Ilya's mouth. He held Ilya's cheek in his palm when they pulled apart.

"Is your brain okay?"

"Yeah, better, a little blurry, still," Shane smiled at him.

"I know, we will make it better, I promise."

“But this is nice, I like it a little fuzzy.”

“Yes, I know, but it will not be nice for much longer if we don’t do anything,” Ilya raised his eyebrows.

“I know,” Shane sighed. “So, what, shower?”

“Yes, in a little bit. First, I want to hug you.”

Shane laughed at him as Ilya wrapped his arms around him. He held on tight, kissed every inch he could reach with his lips. Shane shut his eyes.

Ilya held him until his eyes opened again. He saw the clearer look in them, knowing Shane’s mind cleared with his eyes, brushing away the dusty edges of his vision and focusing on the surroundings that were not Ilya.

Shane tapped an irregular pattern against Ilya’s ribs with his fingers. Ilya brushed the loose strands of hair off of Shane’s face.

“Brain is better?” Ilya asked.

Shane nodded. “I like having you close,” he closed his eyes, looking tired.

“I know, sweetheart, but you have to stay awake. You need a shower.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, let’s go, before I actually fall asleep.”

Ilya rolled off him and off the bed, held out his hand. Shane had to admire Ilya at his full height, towering over him while he laid on the bed. He looked ethereal — light curls and a body carved out of marble, lean muscle and long lines.

“Fuck, it’s getting so unfair — how do you just look like that every day?” Shane asked, taking Ilya’s hand.

“Like what? Like a god?”

“Don’t let it get to your head.”

They walked to the bathroom side by side, Ilya’s arm on Shane’s shoulder, hand in his hair. Shane did his best to burrow into Ilya’s skin.

“My thighs feel disgusting, all sticky and gross,” Shane complained, trying to wipe the feeling off with his hands.

Ilya turned on the shower. “Get in, I will wash it away.”

“I can do it myself.”

“I know, but I like this part.”

Shane looked at him, finally nodding. It was no secret he would let Ilya do just about anything to himself. If he enjoyed taking care of Shane, making sure he had returned back to his original mind, Shane would let him. He would let him, even if he was asked to be cannibalized. Shane was sure he could find something worth his while about cannibalism.

So, Shane stood under the scalding hot spray as he let Ilya scrub him clean. Ilya loved to have his showers in boiling hot water. And Shane loved doing things Ilya loved. Ilya ran his soapy hand through Shane’s hair, down his arms, over his stomach. He gave whispered apologies

when his fingers slid across Shane's hole, knowing it must be sensitive. He paid additional attention to Shane's thighs, for his own as well as Shane's benefit. They barely said a word, only gentle orders to turn or close eyes.

Shane stood in the shower, now clean, watching the water cascade down Ilya's skin. He was tired, but would always find time to look at Ilya in all his glory, even if he was starting to get cold.

Ilya wrapped him in a warm towel and placed him beside the bathroom sink. He offered a full glass of water to Shane. Shane took it and asked for more. Ilya kissed him as a reward.

Ilya hunted down clean clothes and hung up the towels. He made Shane brush his teeth and drink more water. Shane got another kiss.

"Okay, *solnyshko*, we are ready. Time for bed."

Shane felt a hand on his back leading him back to the bedroom. Ilya kissed his shoulder and let him climb between the sheets.

The sheets were disgusting, containing all kinds of fluids, but luckily Shane was too tired to care.

Ilya got in from the other side of the bed. He plastered himself to Shane's side, threw an arm over him and waited for Shane to look at him.

He kissed Shane breathless. "I love you, sweetheart, sleep well."

They had made a promise during the past summer, the first they had spent together, that whenever they shared a bed, 'I love you' was the last thing to be said before going to sleep — a new rule for a new era. They had gone long enough without the words and without the closeness to let it go to waste now.

So, with his horrible accent, Shane said, “*Ya tebya lyublyu.*”

As clearly as Ilya had known, all those years ago, that Shane Hollander was never getting washed out of his soul, he never could have predicted this. He could drown in the amount of Shane he consumed daily — the phone calls, the texts, the kisses, the sex. And he loved it. He loved feeling human again, being allowed to exist with his temper and his impulsivity without being cast aside. Shane would never cast him aside, hadn't done that even when they were still running from each other. He loved knowing he was loved.

As they laid on the bed, Ilya looking at the man he had wrapped himself around, his body surrounded by the light sheets, his face the paragon of peace. At that moment he knew he wouldn't need to buy wall space from prestigious galleries.

Who needed golden frames when your whole universe is already surrounded by silky black hair?

End Notes

long live queer media!!

if you want to chat, you can find me on [twitter](#) ★。°☆

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