

Russians Do Not Do This

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Russians Do Not Do This

by [Mint_chocolatechip](#)

Summary

Inspired by “Never in life have I blushed. Russians do not do this.”

Russians do not get cold, and they definitely do not get sick.

Notes

Takes place at a fictional game in Boston between tuna melts and the cottage. Just go with it ;)

Thank you K-Tripp for beta! 🧡

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ilya Rozanov didn't shiver.

Except, he was. And Shane fucking Hollander was here. Watching the Bears warm up like some sort of beautiful pain in the ass sent to pass judgement on the Boston team and to completely fucking ruin Ilya.

He wouldn't meet Hollander's eyes. Until he did, and what he saw was an eyebrow raised in question and eyes that saw too much and were far too concerned.

Fuck.

"Like what you see, Hollander?" Ilya called out to Shane as he skated by, but Shane's expression didn't change as he flicked his middle finger up at Ilya. Ilya grinned. He loved when he could get a reaction out of Shane, even something little always felt like a success.

"You look cold." Shane said quietly when Ilya leaned up against the boards near him, pretending to tie his laces. Ilya scoffed.

"Never in life have I been cold. Russians do not do this."

"Okay," Shane responded flatly, but that look was still there in the depths of his beautiful brown eyes. Fuck. Ilya shivered, then tried to play it off by shaking his arms out as he got up and skated away, before Hollander could do any more of that damn *looking* and *knowing*.

Two hours later, Ilya was sitting in the locker room, alone, definitely not shivering.

Why did he feel so fucking cold, and so fucking hot, both at once? This wasn't supposed to happen to him. Not on a game day, definitely not at a game against Shane Hollander.

Speaking of Hollander.



Ilya scoffed. There was no way that Shane could tell that Ilya was burning up on the inside. That his head was foggy and hot and his hands were too cold. That was some bullshit.

He was playing a terrible game. He knew this, knew he should bench himself for the sake of his team, but his fucking pride wouldn't let him. Russians do not get sick. Or, if they do, they don't show it. Ilya hadn't known any Russian hockey players to ever be sick, and he certainly wasn't going to be the first.

"You're skating like crap," Shane called to him after a missed shot on the goal.

"Shut the fuck up, Hollander," Ilya growled, seizing his chance to be near Shane with a fake argument. His headache faded to the background as he breathed in Shane's air.

"You shouldn't be on the ice like this," Shane murmured, the annoyance in his tone failing to mask the concern underneath.

Ilya blinked, and the pain in his head started pulsing again.

"Is just a fucking cold, Hollander! Don't be a fucking nanny!" Ilya skated away, no longer having to pretend to look angry at Shane. He didn't need anyone to tell him to get off the ice. This was his fucking ice. Ilya's ice. He owned this ice.

Hollander was so fucking annoying. And cute. And so fucking irritating. Irritatingly cute. Ugh.

He got control of the puck, because this was *his fucking ice*. Somebody rammed into him, not particularly hard but in this state it made his bones rattle and his head spin. Ilya tried to shake it off, but he couldn't see well enough to keep track of the puck. And then in the scuffle he tripped, he fucking *slipped* and he couldn't catch himself, his helmet clattered against the ice, sending skittering pulses of pain through his head. Heat flushed through his body and the world spun.

Someone leapt over him to avoid tripping over him, and whoever it was crashed down nearby as they lost their footing.

Ilya's ears were ringing. His head was hot and a dull ache was pulsing in all his limbs. He was fucking *shivering* again.

He stayed down on the ice, staring up at the spinning ceiling, until faces began appearing above him, blurred and hazy bright around the edges.

“Rozanov, you okay?”

“Hey, Roz, can you hear me?”

And then the one voice he recognized: “Ilya.”

He passed out.

Ilya woke to sound and lights and chaos. He was still on the ice, and his foggy brain had the sense to be relieved that he hadn't been carried off on a board.

Yet.

He tried to sit up, but the medics surrounding him freaked the fuck out. He was dizzy, sure, but he could stand, he could skate. Ilya glanced around, trying to understand the blur of faces and jerseys around him. It was mostly gold, but he definitely saw a blur of blue too, and he hoped and also didn't hope that Shane was close.

Eventually he was cleared to stand, and he left the ice slowly with his arm around one of the medics for support. Embarrassing, but better than being carried off.

Ilya waited in the team doctor's office while they cleared him for leave and the game ended. He changed into gray sweatpants and a black long sleeve shirt instead of his post-game suit. The Bears had lost, which was fucking stupid. This whole thing was bullshit.

Someone drove him home. He wasn't even sure who. His vision was still blurred, his muscles still aching as he laid down on the couch in his apartment, burning with fever and shame.

The buzz of his phone woke him an hour later. Jane. He put the phone to his ear.

"Can you let me in? Or do I have to break a window?" Shane's voice was laced with concern, and Ilya tried to pretend he didn't like it.

"If Shane Hollander breaks into my apartment I will call police." He was already heading for the door, but his pace was slow because his body fucking *hurt*.

"Ilya, I'm serious -" Shane cut off when Ilya opened the door, and then Shane nearly ran him over coming into the apartment.

"Holy shit. Are you okay?" Shane had his hands on Ilya's hips, his eyes flitting over Ilya's body like he was making a note of every way Ilya could possibly be broken. His hair was damp and he was wearing black athletic pants with a navy blue hoodie. That didn't match at all, Ilya thought. He looked ridiculous. And adorable.

"Fine." Ilya cringed inside at the way his voice cracked.

"What happened out there? And what the fuck did you say to them that they sent you home alone?!" Shane was upset, he could tell. It was cute. Ilya kind of liked it. Shane had been

scared about him.

“Was nothing. Just a little dizzy. They sent me home because I am fine.”

“You are so fucking not fine.”

Ilya wanted to argue back, but at that moment he had reached his limit for standing. His knees started to become wobbly and he gripped the counter to pull himself onto a barstool. Shane was next to him quicker than Ilya could understand, a hand on Ilya’s back.

“I am fine,” Ilya tried, even as his hands shook and he laid his head on the counter.

“You are such a bad liar,” Shane said softly, moving his hand slowly over Ilya’s back. “Come on, let me help you to bed.”

This was so fucking embarrassing. He was supposed to be doing naughty things to Shane right now, not shamefully being guided to his own bed to sleep. Though, it did feel kind of nice, Shane’s arm around his waist and the ease at which he held Ilya up. He was strong, even though he was smaller than Ilya. He was exactly what Ilya liked.

The room spun again as Ilya sat down on the bed, and Shane seemed to know. He knelt next to the bed with his arms around Ilya in support, and Ilya’s head fell to Shane’s shoulder. He felt hot again, at least his head did; the rest of him was freezing. He was shivering again, too.

“Hollander,” Ilya murmured into Shane’s neck. “Russians do not get sick.”

“Everyone gets sick. Lie down,” Shane responded, kindness in his voice that wasn’t there before, now that the walls between them had melted away.

“You going to snuggle me?” Ilya asked as he leaned back, Shane’s hand gripping his arm tightly in support. “Because Russians do not -”

“Shut up.” Shane kicked off his shoes and slid into bed next to him. Ilya closed his eyes. He needed to sleep.

Eventually Shane reached to turn the bedside lamp off, and in the resulting darkness, he finally murmured, “You fucking scared me.” Ilya couldn’t help it, he scooted closer to Shane.

He must really be sick. He must be fucking delirious, because there’s no way Shane fucking Hollander was pulling Ilya to his chest and sliding a hand down his back. No way he was humming into Ilya’s hair, his body heat immediately soothing the ache in Ilya’s chest as he slowly stopped shivering.

Big shot hockey players might hug, slap an ass on occasion, even kiss in a moment of excitement. But there’s no fucking way that they snuggle. Not Americans. Not Canadians.

And definitely *not* Russians.

Chapter End Notes

Hi I’m mint, hurt/comfort addict and dealer.

Should we hear from Shane next?

Let me know if you’re here! 

Chapter 2

Shane slept terribly. He woke again and again in the night, confused and disoriented until he remembered he was in Ilya's apartment in Boston. Ilya was mumbling in his sleep, something in Russian, repeating the same phrases again and again throughout the night. Shane would shift and run his hand along Ilya's back, never fully waking him, just rousing him enough to stop the nightmares.

Ilya was cold, he was shivering each time Shane woke, yet his forehead against Shane's neck was a small furnace. Shane was nervous, anxious about Ilya's fever and lethargy. He was worried about what happened on the ice when Ilya fell, he had a strong feeling he had passed out from illness, not injury like Ilya was trying to play off. Shane knew as soon as he saw him during warm ups that Ilya had obviously been coming down with something. And he was obviously sick now, he was burning with fever and he had nearly passed out on the kitchen counter. Why had the medics sent him home alone? What if Shane had not come? Shane could hardly bear to think of Ilya alone, suffering and shivering in his apartment.

Halfway through the night, Shane rolled away from Ilya, half-asleep. And then Shane finally slept solid, unbothered by Ilya's shaking and sleep-talking.

When he woke in the morning he felt like he had gotten a few refreshing hours in, and he stretched, rolling his ankles as he turned toward Ilya.

Ilya.

He wasn't in bed.

Shane bolted upright and flew out of bed, checking the bathroom, the living room, the kitchen, the front hall. Ilya wasn't anywhere.

Shane's heart began to pound. Where the fuck was he?

“Ilya!” Shane called out, his voice still raspy from sleep. No answer.

Fuck!

Shane paced the apartment, looked again in all the rooms, and finally returned to Ilya’s bedroom. His heart rate picked up and he rushed to the side of the bed, where Ilya was curled on the floor, either asleep or unconscious.

“Shit! Ilya, fuck!” Shane slid to his knees beside him, immediately shaking Ilya’s shoulder. His light brown curls were a mess, tangled and damp with sweat, and he was so fucking pale. Shane was terrified, he whipped out his phone to call for help, but at that moment Ilya stirred. Who could he fucking call anyway? This would blow their cover spectacularly.

“Ilya,” Shane said quickly, pushing back Ilya’s hair to feel his clammy forehead. Ilya blinked, but his eyes didn’t flicker up to meet Shane’s, so Shane crouched lower, nearly lying on the floor in order to get Ilya to look at him.

“Holl...der,” Ilya slurred, and Shane’s heart thudded with worry.

“Ilya, are you hurt? Talk to me, please.” Shane moved his hand to the back of Ilya’s head, hand stroking through curls, probing for any evidence of a head injury. He must have fallen out of bed, or fallen while getting up from bed, and how the fuck did Shane not wake up to that? Guilt washed over him. He had been sleeping hard, all comfy in Ilya’s bed, while Ilya had needed help. Ilya had needed *Shane*, and he’d screwed it up.

Ilya mumbled something in Russian, and Shane cursed. “Fuck, Ilya, in English. Come on. Tell me if you’re hurt.”

Ilya tried again, some slurred Russian words, and Shane felt helpless. He knew just enough first aid to know never to move someone who could have an unknown head or back injury. He wasn’t sure what was going on with Ilya, if it was safe to move him or not. He pulled out his phone again, unlocking it, navigating to the keypad, hesitating.

“Ilya,” Shane murmured, hand stroking in his hair. “You have to tell me if you’re hurt. Please, Ilya.” He was outright begging now, and not ashamed about it. Fear was his only available emotion. “I have to call emergency if you don’t talk to me.”

Ilya blinked up at Shane, eyes glazed. “Hollander,” he mumbled.

“That’s it,” Shane encouraged, his heart threatening to beat right out of his chest. “Come on, Rozanov. Tell me what hurts.”

“Am okay,” Ilya responded slowly.

“Do you remember falling?” Shane went on, moving his hand down Ilya’s arm now, feeling for anything out of place.

“No.” Ilya closed his eyes.

“Shit, Rozanov, don’t do that. Eyes on me. Come on.” Ilya blinked open heavy lids to gaze up at Shane.

“Does your back hurt?” Shane asked, moving his hand along the ridges of Ilya’s spine.

“No,” Ilya whispered after a moment.

“Head hurt?”

“Yes.”

“Wiggle your toes,” Shane instructed, hand on Ilya’s socked foot. Ilya did. Then the other foot. “Good,” Shane breathed in relief. He took one of Ilya’s hands, the move unnervingly

intimate. “Squeeze,” he whispered, and Ilya did. Then the other hand.

Shane blew out a breath. He was *pretty sure* Ilya didn’t have any major injuries. He must just be really fucking sick. Shane curled a hand around the back of Ilya’s neck, gently moving his fingers into the curls on the back of his head.

Ilya took a shaky breath and pressed into Shane’s hand, his eyes sliding closed, “Hey,” Shane murmured, softly massaging the pads of his fingers into Ilya’s scalp. “Let’s get you up into bed.”

There was no tough-guy pretense between the two of them anymore. Ilya was sick, Shane knew it, and Shane was going to take care of him. It was automatic, natural, *compulsive*. Just like the rest of their fucked-up relationship. Shane carefully eased Ilya up into his arms, pausing for Ilya to rest against his racing heart. Ilya’s fingers curled into the smooth fabric of Shane’s athletic hoodie. Shane nearly pressed a kiss to Ilya’s head, freezing as he nuzzled his chin into Ilya’s hair. What the fuck was he doing?

“Okay, come here.” Shane knelt and tucked his arm under Ilya. “Ready?” Ilya nodded into his chest, and Shane stood, lifting the larger man easily and setting him down into bed.

Ilya clung to Shane as he tried to pull away, mumbling quickly in Russian.

“Hey,” Shane said gently, his hand moving to unwind Ilya’s fingers from his shirt. “It’s okay, I’m not going anywhere.” He slid into bed next to Ilya without taking his hands off of him. Ilya was warm and heavy against him.

“Okay,” Shane said, breathing. Trying to slow his heart rate. Ilya’s weight against him helped. “Okay,” he repeated. “Okay.”

Ilya seemed dazed and sleepy. He didn’t say anything else, just laid against Shane’s chest, eyes closed, cheeks flushed with fever.

Shane held him, thinking about how weird this was, but also how automatic. This was the only place he could be, the only thing he could do. There was nothing else. There was only this, holding his... whatever. His Ilya.

His Ilya.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Guys. This is writing itself. I'm just along for the ride

Shane's heartbeat was the only thing keeping Ilya conscious. It was all there was, just warmth and the consistent thrum of a heart beating a hint too fast.

Ilya kept *trying* to answer him, and it kept coming out in stupid Russian, and why hadn't stupid smart Hollander learned Russian yet? Ilya couldn't access the part of his brain that could speak English.

One thing was new. Russians absolutely, without a doubt, enjoyed snuggles. Though apparently only with their fake-rival secret-lovers. Ilya's hands of their own accord would not loosen their grip on the front of Shane's hoodie, and Hollander had graciously not called him out on it. Instead, he had allowed it, slid into bed with Ilya, and whispered to him that he wouldn't leave.

He wasn't going to leave.

Still Ilya kept his fingers entwined in the fabric of Shane's sweatshirt, not daring to let go for how badly he needed him to stay.

Ilya didn't know what the fuck was wrong inside him, but it felt like his body was on fire and he couldn't escape it. It made his brain foggy and his limbs not work right.

He fell asleep to the consistent thudding of Shane's heart against his ear, cradled in Shane's arms like he was something precious.

Ilya woke when someone screamed.

“Hey, hey, shhh. Shit, Rozanov, it’s okay. I’m right here.” Arms tugged him back up against broad chest, the now-familiar heartbeat plugged back into Ilya’s ear.

Hollander was murmuring all kinds of reassurance to him, words he couldn’t understand the meaning of, only the feelings behind them. Safety. Comfort. Support.

Something else too, something warm and soft. Something Ilya didn’t dare to look too closely at.

Ilya lifted heavy eyelids up, achy eye muscles up, to gaze at the outline of Shane’s chin. He was looking down at Ilya, shadows obscuring his features in the fading light, eyes dark pools of concern.

“Hey,” Shane said quietly. “There you are.”

Ilya blinked. It was all he could do. His head slid back down, chin to his chest, ear to Shane’s heartbeat.

“Okay, just...” Shane’s voice was broken and hesitant above him. “Just rest, Ilya. I’m right here.” A hand came to rest against his shoulder, then slid into his hair. Ilya moaned at how good it felt.

Somewhere deep inside of him Ilya had the thought that he should probably be embarrassed about the way he was acting. He was Ilya fucking Rozanov, best hockey player in the whole world. Not some sap who clung to his boyfriend and cried.

No, not boyfriend, Ilya's fever-addled mind corrected. What even was Hollander to him anyway? Hockey rival he liked to fuck. That was it.

But in his fragile state, Ilya couldn't hold up the facade. Shane was more than that, he'd known it for a long time even though he hadn't admitted it to himself. It was more than just fucking, for Ilya at least. Not for Shane, even if his demeanor at the moment might suggest otherwise.

Ilya could swear he'd felt Shane kiss his head earlier. That wasn't something they did. Boys who liked to fuck didn't kiss each other's hair like they were something worth loving. And then there was the way that Shane held him, his strong arms wrapped securely around Ilya's back and waist, his hand moving in comfort along Ilya's arm.

This would end soon, and Ilya didn't want it to.

When Ilya woke it was dark, and Shane was gone. He was cold, his body ached, and the loss cut him like a knife through his chest. Shit, he was crying. Why couldn't he get it the fuck together? He was pathetic enough already, curled and miserable and alone in bed, now he was crying too?

"Ilya?" a soft voice from the doorway. Fuck, why hadn't he just left. Ilya deserved that. He was so fucking relieved that he hadn't. Traitorous tears slid down his face and soaked the pillow. Shane's face hovered in front of him.

"Shit, Ilya, I'm so fucking sorry. Shit." Shane quickly slid into bed, arms around Ilya, pulling him tightly against him.

"You left," Ilya said stupidly.

“No, I was coming right back.” Shane’s hand was in Ilya’s hair, his lips against Ilya’s forehead.

“I am so fucking stupid.”

“English?”

Ilya couldn’t.

“That’s okay.”

It wasn’t fucking okay.

“Hey, I’m right here. I’m right here, okay? I’m not going to leave you.” Ilya swatted tears from his cheeks, and Hollander kindly pretended not to notice. “Hey, come here,” Shane said, sitting them both up and supporting Ilya’s shoulders so he could look him in the eyes. Ilya looked down. Shane reached for his face, two fingers on his chin, guiding Ilya to look up at him.

Ilya’s vision swam as Shane’s dark eyes met his, full of concern. Then Shane moved closer, gripping Ilya’s shoulders and pulling him into a hug.

“It’s okay,” Shane whispered as Ilya shook, emotions rocketing through him. Shane was holding him, was fucking hugging him. “Maybe no one’s ever stayed for you?” Shane guessed, and Ilya nearly broke down again. “But I’m not leaving, okay, Rozanov? I’m not leaving.” Shane held him tightly. “You’re okay.”

Fucking Shane and his fucking Canadian *niceness*. Of course he was a fucking *hugger*. Ilya was too sick to pretend he didn’t like it. He nodded into Shane’s shoulder.

“Okay good. Okay. You’re okay, Ilya. I’m not leaving.” Ilya nodded again. Then Shane pulled back and scooted toward the head of the bed, propping pillows behind himself while tugging Ilya toward him. He put a pillow on his lap and guided Ilya down onto it. “You need to sleep,” Shane murmured, loosely twirling a curl of Ilya’s around his finger.

Ilya relaxed into him, curling his arm around Shane’s thigh and letting out a shaking breath.

Shane flicked the TV on and made an effort to pretend he was watching. Ilya kept his eyes closed, breathing. He was cold now that he wasn’t up against Shane’s chest, and he reached weakly for the blanket. Shane tugged it around him and smoothed it over his shoulder.

Shane didn’t leave again. Eventually he slumped down next to Ilya, Ilya’s head on Shane’s stomach and Shane’s arm wrapped around Ilya’s chest. Everything was finally warm and comfortable.

Ilya slept.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Updated rating to explicit. Idk, the boys insisted. 🙄

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

Shane stayed in bed late into the next morning while Ilya slept. He didn't want to move, he was so comfortable and Ilya looked so peaceful. The flush of fever was gone from his cheeks, and his normal color had returned. His curls were a mess but somehow he still looked gorgeous. Shane wasn't sure how he managed that.

He didn't dare leave Ilya, even for a moment, after what had happened yesterday. Shane wondered if it was just the fever that had caused Ilya to become so upset, or if there was something buried there, some betrayal or abandonment in his past. It made Shane's heart ache to think about.

When he woke at last, Ilya seemed to finally have some strength back. Shane sat up, giving him space as Ilya stretched his long limbs and groaned.

"What the fuck," Ilya drawled.

"Oh good, your English is back," Shane remarked, giving Ilya a tentative smile.

"Holy shit, Hollander. Feel fucking terrible. What the fuck happened?" Ilya's voice was hoarse, his words still tangled together like he didn't quite have control over them.

Shane wondered how much Ilya remembered. "I don't know, dude. You are so fucking sick."

“Nah. Russians do not do that.”

“They sure as fuck do,” Shane chuckled darkly. “You were so fucking out of it.” Ilya looked up and studied him, and Shane’s tough act couldn’t hold up against Ilya’s searching eyes. God, why was he so fucking beautiful?

“I was really worried last night,” Shane murmured, inching his hand closer to Ilya’s, giving him time to pull away. Ilya said nothing, but his fingers flickered against the bedsheets, and Shane slid his fingers between Ilya’s. He wondered if something had changed. It felt like it had.

After a moment, or maybe a lifetime, Ilya tugged on Shane’s hand, and Shane moved closer, laid down next to Ilya like it wasn’t a choice. Technically, it was. He’d chosen it again and again. He’d tried to resist but he’d always chosen Ilya.

“Hollander,” Ilya murmured, their bodies melting into each other. Ilya draped one leg over Shane’s, pressing closer until Shane could feel something hard against his thigh.

Shane let out a shaky huff of a breath, somewhere between a chuckle and a sigh of want. “We can’t do this right now. You’re still sick.”

“I am all better now. You cured me.” Ilya grinned and Shane couldn’t help but smile as he shook his head.

“I don’t think you realize how sick you were. I don’t even know if you can get out of bed today, you couldn’t yesterday.”

Ilya gave him a pouty face and a whine. And it wasn’t that Shane didn’t want it. He always wanted it. Something about Ilya Rozanov made him all hot and horny any fucking time they were together.

Ilya shifted his hips to rub his erection against Shane’s thigh.

“Shit, Rozanov,” Shane sighed, throwing his head back while he considered the options. He really wanted this. But Ilya should not be exerting himself after the past two days of being sick out of his mind. He turned to look back at Ilya, the Russian’s eyes bright and aroused. “The only way we’re doing this,” Shane said firmly, “is if I do all the work. You just lie there and let me.”

“Ooh, kinky.”

Shane waggled his eyebrows, and Ilya grinned.

“Okay, yes, you do the work. Come on, then,” Ilya stretched out on his back, and Shane crawled like a cat on top of him, untying the drawstring on Ilya’s sweatpants. He kept eye contact with Rozanov as he slid his pants and boxer briefs down over his ass, revealing Ilya’s rapidly hardening dick.

Shane gave Ilya a predatory look, kneeling between his spread legs and lowering his face to Ilya’s crotch. He opened his mouth wide and licked a stripe up the impressive length, Ilya gasping softly. Then Shane took Ilya in his mouth, sliding slowly closer, deeper, breathing steadily as his nose pressed against Ilya’s skin.

“Shit, Hollander. That’s so fucking good.”

Ilya’s hand fisted gently into Shane’s hair, watching him through half-lidded eyes. “You’ve been practicing?” Ilya murmured.

Shane rolled his eyes and shook his head.

“No?” Ilya raised an eyebrow, brushing fingertips over Shane’s cheekbone. “Then how you get so good at this, Hollander, hmm?”

“Had a good teacher,” Shane said with his mouth full of cock. Ilya groaned, and Shane grinned around his prey. He started bobbing against Ilya, sucking him deeply and then sliding almost all the way off as Ilya wiggled and panted.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya moaned, prompting Shane to go harder. “Fuuuck,” he groaned as he spilled down Shane’s throat. Shane swallowed, a feeling of pride swelling in his chest. He looked up at Ilya, who was panting and laid out limp above him. Shane pressed kisses into the curve of Ilya’s hip bone, trailing up to his stomach, then chest. Ilya was so beautiful. Shane could spend hours just kissing his beautiful warm skin.

As Shane reached Ilya’s neck, Ilya moved to try to sit up, hands reaching for Shane’s erection pressed between them.

“Don’t fucking move,” Shane growled, then softened. “You promised.”

Ilya looked torn; he was clearly exhausted, still trying to catch his breath, but he obviously didn’t like leaving Shane untouched.

Shane reached his hand down to wrap around his own cock. “Let me come on your stomach?” Shane asked, slightly embarrassed at the request but wildly turned on by the idea. Ilya’s eyes flashed and he nodded, lying back as ordered.

Shane held himself up over Ilya with one hand beside Ilya’s shoulder, the other pumping his cock. With Ilya watching him it didn’t take him long to reach the edge, and he shook with his orgasm, coming all over Ilya’s abs and chest.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya murmured, his eyes brimming with lust and adoration.

Shane laughed, flushed and grinning. The whole thing was so absurdly hot. He pushed himself up and went to the bathroom for a towel to clean himself and Ilya up with. He was only gone for a minute, but when he returned Ilya was half-asleep, eyes partially closed in blissed out exhaustion. Shane cleaned the mess from his stomach and tossed the towel at the door, snuggling down next to Ilya.

Ilya rolled sleepily to him, heavy limbs draping over Shane's chest and leg.

"Sorry," Ilya whispered. "So tired."

"Don't be," Shane responded, as Ilya's head rested against his shoulder. "This is perfect."

Minutes passed, and Ilya's breaths evened out and became slow and sleepy. Shane twisted his fingers idly in Ilya's hair. He thought Ilya was asleep, but then Ilya murmured something in Russian, something thick and heavy that Shane wouldn't have understood even if it was in English.

"Hmm?" Shane asked softly.

"Thanks. For staying," Ilya said, so quietly.

Shane laid his head on Ilya's, ghosting a gentle kiss into Ilya's hair.

Always, he thought.

Chapter End Notes

Leave me a comment if you enjoyed! (Seriously. I live for comments. More attention for mint = more Hollanov hurt/comfort. It's a known fact)

In the meantime you can find me writing m/m ships in the fourth wing fandom 🍷

Thanks so much for reading!

💛 mint

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!