

If you love, I buy

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If you love, I buy

by [Claburakp](#)

Summary

Shane opened the fridge one day, discovering ginger ale. A whole set of ginger ale, taking so much place in it.

Although, Shane would never have to feel that he was taking too much place in this world he was trying to survive in.

Notes

Hiii 🥰 ✨ 💕

And here I am coming again with another short story 🥹 it's been a lot but passion is passion ☺

I wrote a lot about Ilya's struggles and I wanted to also write about Shane's ones 🥹

I hope that I did well 🥹

Wishing you hopefully a good reading ✨

Take care 💕

Love you 💕

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

“Ilya!” Shane called his boyfriend, staring at the fridge with a concerned expression. He couldn’t believe what he was witnessing right now. He closed the fridge when he heard his footsteps and turned around with his grumpy soft expression. “Why would you buy so many ginger ale?”

“I did grocery. I chose.” He simply explained, sitting on the counter.

“Ilya...this is so much I-”

“No worries. Dates are going far, long, you have a lot of time to drink.”

Shane pouted, putting his hand on Ilya’s tights and his scrunch highlighted his freckles so much that Ilya couldn’t stop himself from stealing one cheek kiss. “Why would you buy so many?” He giggled.

“You like it.”

“I do...but like...”

“So you can always have one. You can even take one where there isn’t.”

“I am managing where there isn’t.”

“You do not have any management to do.” Ilya cupped his cheek, caressing it tenderly. “If you need it, you need it. Point made. Goal. Nothing else to say, you win.”

Shane stared at Ilya with tears in his eyes. He tried to stop them but it felt emotionally too huge to be hidden. Ilya immediately jumped from the counter, taking Shane in his embrace and caressing his hair softly. “Why you cry?”

“I feel...seen.” Shane whispered, pushing Ilya against the counter again and bathing into his warmth.

“I am not sure to understand...” Ilya had to say. He knew one thing with his boyfriend. If he said something clearly, if he voiced something with so much emotion, it meant that it had much more impact than he would ever imagine. And Ilya was noisy, he would always be noisy about Shane, and if he needed he would always open the door for Shane to walk him on this bridge of words. The bridge Shane had to create through sentences for everyone to understand clearly.

“Just...you know.” Shane began, hiding more in his arms. “I...always feel like, sometimes, somehow, that I need to be like them...the general...and it doesn't come as naturally as apparently it should...so I need...to think sometimes about how to naturally react like any other social human would do...”

“Is this why you ran to suck my dick when I barely kissed you ten years ago?”

“I- Ilya: Don’t bring this!” He still laughed.

“But...Shane, you were so damn eager for it, even when it was your first time with a man... and what a man you got.” He smirked.

“You might not be wrong.” Shane said, defeated, leaving his arms and leaning against the fridge. “I mean...I just...my brain sometimes...it just doesn’t work...good.”

“Tututu, Hollander, pause. This is not true.”

“Listen...you never had known but...if we talk about our first makeout I was...was ready to go meet you...in a suit.”

Ilya couldn’t stop a laugh from escaping his lips, but it wasn’t his fault, Shane was way too adorable. The same expression appeared, the same one he had when he saw him folding his clothes. It wasn’t conventional but Ilya couldn’t care less about this. Shane was Shane with all that he was. With the way he looked like tripping at a social event, with the way he needed to say everything clearly, with the way he was not separable from his ginger ale. He simply loved it all. “Sorry, sorry, but that’s too cute.”

“Some people would better say weird...strange...abnormal...” Shane still smiled after his reaction.

“And we fuck them! Not for real...though...”

“We do.” Shane slowly nodded. “I don’t know but... the fact that you see it all from me, much more than any other people, and no don’t make an ass joke Ilya, I know that you see it all from it too.” He laughed. “And you don’t...run or anything...you try to get it...and this ginger ale...just I am happy.”

“What about Pike?”

“Hayden...has ginger ale for me too...he gets it, I think better than I hoped he would but I don’t think that he ever saw me struggle much...I am hiding sometimes, also from my friends...but he definitely knows that something is wron- don’t furrow your eyebrows like this! Something is different...”

“Different is not bad.”

“For those who want to see...”

“Your parents? They are good right?”

“They are...the best but they also...I don’t know sometimes I wonder if they realise that I am like...I don’t want some changes because it makes me feel good, ginger ale makes me feel safe so I always ask for it...but I also never really said it...my parents think that I don’t lie but look I had been lying to them about you for so long...I think that I also felt the pressure. The pressure of hockey, the pressure of being a kind of representation because I am Asian and we aren’t a lot in this sport, the pressure of needing to assure doing whatever sponsor things I have to...but I know they give their best so I do too...”

“Stop hide. You should also talk to them...”

“I should...” Shane nodded.

“I’ll have ginger ale everywhere, in my hands, in my bag, in my underwear, so you won’t ever feel unsafe.” Ilya said, walking closer to Shane.

“Your underwear? This is a choice, sure.” He giggled loudly, welcoming Ilya’s kiss.

“Tell me, whenever, what you feel. Not sure to get it all but I try.”

“You can do this for me. I still don’t know what you said to me in Russian that day...” Shane innocently said, with such yearning eyes for an answer that Ilya couldn’t resist.

“I told that you were boring.”

“You can’t have told me this when you were on the edge! Nearly crying.” Shane laughed, playing with Ilya’s hands.

“Okay okay. I said something like...I love you so much...I don’t know what to do about it... blah blah.”

Shane pulled Ilya by the collar and kissed him with passion. He was sure that he said more, and he was sure that Ilya might talk about it one day. But he would let him the time to choose to do it.

And it might be this which made their love one of the most comfortable they never thought about finding. It was all about understanding, listening, and trying their best.

And buying ginger ale. A lot of ginger ale.

Shane would never have to be worried about taking the space he needed to feel better around Ilya.

End Notes

No one would ever be able to find any ginger ale anymore in any shops because of Ilya 😂

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