**somewhere in your eyes, a better life**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76470191.

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|---|---|
| Rating: | Mature |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandoms: | Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid |
| Relationship: | Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov |
| Characters: | Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander |
| Additional Tags: | Canon Universe, Christmas Fluff, Established Relationship, Sickfic, Bathtub Sex, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, So Sweet You Should Check Your Dentist Afterwards, Snowball Fight, Loverboys to Loverboys, POV Ilya Rozanov, Sleepy Cuddles, Grief/Mourning, Mild Hurt/Comfort, Sexual Content, Intimacy, They're So In Love I'm going To Walk Myself Into Traffic actually, Happy Ending, No Beta We Die Like Dallas Kent Should |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 5,100 Chapters: 1/1 |

# somewhere in your eyes, a better life

by galaxo

Summary

> “C’mon, it’s Christmas.”
>
> “I did not know Christmas was for doing stupid things.”
>
> “Christmas,” Shane starts, crawling on all fours to get up and tower over Ilya, a new set of determination over his sleepy eyes, “is about being more indulgent.” His face dips down until their noses greet one another as softly as butterfly wings, breaths in sync, and chests brushing. The urge to kiss him is stronger than last night’s storm.

Or, Ilya and Shane spend Christmas together.

Notes

title is from the song somewhere in your eyes by paper swans bc I watched revenged love not that long ago and this song rlly stuck with me, so it's my winter love song now <3 (and it fits hollanov really well)

anyway, these gays have managed to fist fight my winter depression into the ground like fucking rhea ripley so I had to cave and do a lil christmas fluffy feel good fic. this is totally unbeated and edited thru an insomnia so fair warning it might be messy!

if you’re hudson williams pls look away, this is not freaky enough for you

See the end of the work for more notes

Before Shane, Ilya didn’t care much for touch. Kissing, holding hands, letting bodies entangled in the sheets after the waves of pleasure had receded was for movies. Ilya was practical. Physical touch felt good, but nothing more. Nothing *electric*. Nothing that opened the wide pits of a hunger and made it stronger, *wilder*, pulsing to the beat of an insatiable music he got intoxicated with.

Shane makes everything feel more explosive.

Before Shane, Ilya had become so intimately tied to loneliness he couldn’t even recall who he was without it. It had started eating away at him after his mother’s death, the acidic taste of solitude eroding the walls of his stomach until he’d felt he *became* hollow. Now, as he drives on his way to his boyfriend’s cottage for Christmas with a hand over his thigh, knuckles intertwined, and a smile on his lips mirroring Shane’s, he thinks he hasn’t felt this full in a long time.

Before Shane, there was frost building in the cracks of his chest. Now, there’s liquid sunshine thawing every lodged ice splinter.

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Shane’s parents welcome them with ugly matching Christmas sweaters and warm smiles.

“How was the trip?”

“Good,” Shane replies.

“Good for *him*. He slept, I drove. How do they call that?"

"Passenger princess," Shane replies while flushing and rolling his eyes. Ilya smiles fondly. Princess. That fits him.

"I definitely know where he got that from," his mom mutters with a pointed glare that has David raising both hands in defeat. "Come in, you guys can tell us more about yourselves around dinner."

They eat food until they get sick, drink hot wine that’s way too sugary, exchange presents, and Ilya ignores the pang of longing his chest in favor of taking in the open contentment lingering in the dimple above Shane’s smile, the way happiness crinkles in his eyes every time he seeks Ilya’s gaze, a silent check-in that Ilya returns with a kiss to Shane’s knuckles, grateful, always. His belly flutters with bees, and it’s so sweet Ilya fears he’ll get cavities. It's too much, and it's perfect—perfect in a way he never got to experience. But he can, now. He makes the most of it.

There’s lots of chocolate, and stupid pop Christmas songs playing, there’s mistletoe as an excuse for Ilya to steal extra kisses with a hand tugging Shane by the collar, and there’s

Shane putting on a Santa Claus hat to make his parents happy even as he grumbles his way throughout, pouting in a way that makes him look irresistibly cute. Ilya snaps a picture and immediately sets it as his second wallpaper, fondness swelling in his lungs.

There's life and so much love, it's sickening. Ilya is scared any second, he'll wake up, but as he gets drunker, and happier, he finally allows himself to melt into the ease of it.

"Merry Christmas," Shane whispers against his ear when his parents start snoring on the sofa, falling asleep amidst the scattered pile of opened gifts.

"Merry Christmas, *любовь моя*," Ilya whispers back, settling into Shane's chest, who holds him tighter in response, thighs locking around his hips to keep him close.

"What does it mean?"

Ilya hesitates, but with his tongue loose from the expensive Russian vodka David bought—apparently specifically for Ilya which makes him feel oddly seen and appreciated, and his belly full of endorphins, he finds it easy to answer. "My love."

Shane's breathing hitches, those strong knuckles tightening around Ilya's forearms, and Ilya smiles into the press of lips against his temple. "I like it. Ilya, *любовь моя,*" Shane poorly attempts to reciprocate, pulling an amused laugh out of Ilya.

"Terrible accent," he says. Shane sighs, head falling atop Ilya's. "Is okay, I still love you."

*My love*, he thinks with awed disbelief, lacing their fingers together, *all mine*.

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A snow tempest ravages the mountains around the cottage that night, whipping the walls, and drowning out the whimpers Ilya licks from Shane's teeth as he fucks him into the matress with his hands tied to the bed, the wood groaning along their orgasm when it rips through them as quickly as a lightning bolt.

"Ilya," Shane gasps. "Oh, *fuck*, I love you."

"*Shane*," Ilya groans back. "*Я тебя люблю*."

They kiss, and the storm roars.

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Morning tickles their skin through the blinds, the sun casting light over the meters of snow piling up outside. Everything is crystal white, the naked trees bundled up in creamy

snowflakes. Ilya's chest pounds loudly with another type of cold he misses, the home he hasn't come back to in a while. The smell of daffodils from her mom's perfume, the warmth of a *sbiten* down his throat shared with his father and the occasional, but cherished, half smile on his brother's face.

No matter how comfortable he's gotten here, he can't help but feel like he's living with a missing limb. His culture, his mother tongue, the food, the stupid jokes, the city he's grown up in, the friends he's lost, the family he's been mourning for decades—he doesn't know what to do with this part of his identity that he can't let go of without the fear of becoming no one. Sometimes his accent is the only tether to his roots.

Well. There's Svetlana too. She's the best friend he could have asked for, the most beautiful and sensitive soul he knows who's always looked out for him, and god knows why. He wouldn't have made it without her. He wouldn't have survived it all.

Yet when the body settles against his chest moves, a warm breath tickling his nipple, Ilya breathes again. For the first time, he isn't just surviving, he's *living*.

His lungs expand against the rush of air that fills his blood, the relief and bone deep feeling of *home* settling in. Of the man that unwinds the tension at the base of his spine and liquefies with his big brown eyes, and his plump bottom lip so very often turned into a pout that makes Ilya want to kiss it into a smile.

Fuck, Ilya loves this man. He loves him so much, it hurts, with that infuriating earnestness of his and the easy way in which he looks at Ilya like he hung the stars, like he wants both to slap him and kiss him. Shane fucking Hollander. The bane of his existence, and the only thing in the world he'd give up everything for, even himself.

"Morning," he murmurs softly, stroking a strand of hair out of Shane's eyes, fingertips softly brushing those faded freckles.

"G'morning," Shane mumbles back, offering a small peck to the mole above Ilya's nipple. "How'd you sleep?"

"Okay. You—what is word again?—snore, I think."

"Oh." A strawberry flush spreads to Shane's cheeks. He looks pretty. Like a prince. "I'm sorry."

"S'okay. Cute."

"'M not cute." Shane rolls his eyes and yawns dramatically before settling his chin in the dip between Ilya's pecs, like a kitten not ready to be woken from its nap, entirely disputing his statement. Adorable.

The snow is still falling outside, though the pace is gentler than last night's turmoil. Ilya's hands automatically sink into the mess that is Shane's morning hair, scratching at his scalp to hear those purring blissful sounds as Shane melts into him, while they both stare at the blinding glow of the white snow covered pines.

“Let’s go for a walk,” Shane croaks, voice still rough in a way that pumps blood through Ilya’s veins. His eyelashes flutter, thick with sleep, tongue slipping over chapped lips, leaving them shiny with a gloss of spit. “It looks beautiful.”

“It is minus 800 degrees outside.”

A slow sirupy smile twists Shane’s mouth. Ilya wants so desperately to trap it and never let it go. “So?”

“You will get sick.”

“I won’t.”

“You have immune system as weak as your backhand.”

“Hey.” Shane swats his hand, though his movements are weak and still sluggish enough that Ilya can just easily catch his wrist and use the opportunity to press a tender kiss there. Shane’s breath hitches. Ilya’s lips linger on the fluttering pulse before he lets go.

“Is true.” His thumb absent-mindedly rubs on the fading imprint of his kiss.

“C’mon, it’s Christmas.”

“I did not know Christmas was for doing stupid things.”

“Christmas,” Shane starts, crawling on all fours to get up and tower over Ilya, a new set of determination over his sleepy eyes, “is about being more indulgent.” His face dips down until their noses greet one another as softly as butterfly wings, breaths in sync, and chests brushing. The urge to kiss him is stronger than last night’s storm.

“Indulgent?” Ilya asks, hand catching Shane’s waist. He lets his fingers roam over all that skin he’s offered, worshipping it at every chance he gets, drumming against those ribs and the extra flesh covering his abdominals before drifting at his back to thumb at twin dimples to hear him moan softly.

“Means you have to spoil me.”

“Oh, making you come three times last night was not enough for you, hm?” As if to prove his point, Ilya’s hand lifts in the air and lands in a loud *slap* over Shane’s cheeks. It punches a startled gasp out of Shane, eyes rolling to the back of his head for a second before they drift back to glare at Ilya, pupils blown out. *Cute*.

“Behave.”

Ilya pretends to consider it, pursuing his lips before shaking his head. “No. You like me this way.”

Shane’s attempt at maintaining a scolding gaze on Ilya fails terribly, his mouth cracking into a smile that he hides in between Ilya’s lips. “Maybe I do.”

They end up walking near the lake that's completely frozen to ice, reflecting the shadows of the mountains and their intertwined silhouettes.

The landscapes *are* pretty, Ilya will admit, and it's not like the cold isn't something he's used to—but it is always a nuisance when they could be in bed warming each other up by ruining every inch of those expensive silky sheets. Still the view is not so bad, the tip of Shane's nose grows pink, and his eyelashes, wet with the humid breath puffing out in clouds of smoke, are white with frost, enhancing the brown of his eyes. He's even more breathtaking than usual.

"Do winters get cold like this in Russia too?" Shane asks, burying his gloved hands in his pockets. He's under a thousand different layers, bundled up under sweaters, a beanie, a scarf, and a thick coat, his puffed face the only thing coming through. It's giving Ilya cuteness aggression.

"Mhm. But vodka helps."

"It doesn't, though," Shane replies after a beat, very seriously. "Not really. It makes your blood vessels dilate which temporarily creates warmth in all your limbs, but it actually means your vital organs get less blood, and your core temperature drops. It's pretty dangerous. Leads to hypothermia and death."

Ilya bites the smile threatening to overcome his lip and raises an eyebrow at him. "Hollander. It was joke."

Shane's cheeks flush even deeper, and he stops for a second, before stuttering, "Oh. Yeah. Of course."

"Is fine. I have better ways to keep me *actually* warm now." He sends a wink for good measure, then waits a second for the innuendo to hit and tries not to be too pleased when Shane very predictably rolls his eyes and shoves his shoulder playfully.

"Is winter your favorite season?"

Ilya refrains from teasing him about Shane shooting off boring question like this is a job interview because he knows deep down this is just Shane's way of connecting with him, so painfully honest and curious in his own awkward way. "No." Winter made his mom more depressed, more closed off, and even Ilya couldn't get through to her. "I prefer summer." *Because it makes your freckles stand out*, is a new development he refrains from saying out loud.

Shane just hums and replies, "Me too."

Ilya isn't surprised. Someone as big and warm as the sun doesn't belong in the cold. He doesn't belong with someone carrying as much darkness as Ilya does either, yet here he is,

miraculously still not sick of him. Ilya counts his lucky stars it'll last as long as possible.

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The afternoon slips by quickly when the sun dips so early, the moon already high up in the sky and promising the melancholic return of the night bearing all the hidden weight Ilya has been trying to ignore since he's been here. He used to be good at that before. Ignoring things until they went away. His biggest problem ended up sticking to him stronger than glue and he finds he can't regret it as he walks hand in hand with it now, so he accepts the wave of pain that washes over him when silence and the distant sounds of owls chirping echoes in the wound that's never quite healed right over his heart. The carved absence that will never be filled.

He misses his mom.

Nothing will ever change that, and sometimes he likes that ache. It feels like a steady reminder of how much he loved her, and still does, even if he's lived longer without her than with her now, unfair as it is. But these days, it just hurts. He misses his dad. He still resents him, and he hates that he does, he hates that he can be so awful as to be angry at the dead. He misses his brother yet can't stand the mere thought of even texting him. He misses his family and hates them, he hates that sometimes he wishes he could have run away with his mom, got them both out of there before it was too late. He hates that he wasn't enough for her to stay, and he hates that he understands why she did it. He misses his country and loathes the fact that he never once felt like he completely fit in there. He misses and misses, and he doesn't know what to do with all this *missing* that makes him feel so incomplete.

"Hey." A soft warmth settles at his back, two arms winding around his middle that he instantly latches on to, exhaling shakily as he focuses on the touch. Shane's comfort never fails to bring fresh tears to his eyes, but he can't bring himself to hate that when it anchors him too, hooks him to the emotions he's always outrunning. "Do you want to talk about it?"

Not trusting his voice, Ilya just shakes his head, but lets it rest against Shane's temple, eyes screwing shut gratefully for the option. He feels too raw, right now. Sensitive like an open nerve about to snap. It's always like this for him around Christmas. Like his skin has been burned through the third degree and every emotion grates on him so much it's painful, impossible to ignore. He just needs to avoid looking at the ditch of his dark thoughts too much, at the risk of falling through its void and not getting up again. He doesn't have that many days left with Shane until life pulls them away again, and he's keen on making the most of them.

So he does what he can to get back to Shane, and thinks back to the tricks that ground him. Breathing in deeply, and breathing out. Focusing on the biting cold, and the distant sounds of loons that don't even make him flinch anymore. (Progress.) The warm exhale puffing against his ears. The gloved fingers squeezing his waist that he squeezes back.

"We should build a snowman," Shane says out of the blue.

Ilya snorts and blinks back to the present slowly, leaning against the chin over his shoulder. He's alright. He's not alone. "What are we, eight?"

"Shut up. It's tradition."

"You still do snowmen every year like a good little boy, Hollander?" he teases.

Shane groans in the crook of his neck and Ilya can picture the blush creeping up his cheeks perfectly without seeing it. It makes him impossibly fond. "I don't."

"Liar."

"I *don't*," he replies, petulant. "I just want to, right now." Then, more quietly, "With you."

Ilya is not immune to the way those words shoot through his veins, heating him up more than any shot of vodka could, right now.

"Fine. Let's build boring snowman, then," he replies fondly, turning back and pressing a kiss between Shane's brows. It makes him scrunch up his nose without fail every time, which Ilya finds more endearing than he'd ever care to admit.

And, listen, at first Ilya *does* take it seriously. It's nice to be distracted from his downward spiral, and to be able to use his body in creating something fun and stupid like a snowman, the type of carefreeness he never had growing up but that he compensates with all the time spent with Shane. Shane who miraculously opens up to him, lets go, feels safe enough with Ilya to ask for anything he wants, even the most childlike and innocent of wishes. Shane, who is so meticulous about things, he can't help but be a perfectionist even at something as useless as building a *snowman*.

He spends more time rounding up the shape of it and making sure it's proportionate and perfectly square, than *playing* with the snow and giving it a face, or a proper body. His face gets intense when he's deep in it, brows furrowed, cheeks sunken in from the habit of biting into them, and eyes unblinking, and Ilya loves this ridiculous man so much he could burst from it, could yank out one his ribs and feed it to him as godly offering.

He does the next best thing. Taking up another handful of snow, he smirks and whistles playfully as he slaps the snowball in his hand before his arm shoots out and he's throwing it right at Shane's back. It lands in a loud *spat!* right between his shoulder blades, splitting at the middle and sending cracks of snowflakes in his hair and probably down his neck.

Shane yelps indignantly, and swivels around, mouth dropping open. "You *asshole*."

So cute. Like angry kitten. Ilya grins wildly, opening his arms provocatively. "C'mon is that all you got, Hollander?"

This time, the outraged look in Shane's eyes darkens to that playful competitiveness Ilya feels boiling up in his guts. "You're dead, Rozanov."

"So? Could still beat you dead." Without warning, Ilya sends another snowball he'd been making with his other hand behind his back. It hits Shane's beanie this time, and nearly

makes Ilya wince at the impact of the hard snow colliding with Shane's skull, the gasp it punches out of him for a second, but the guilt doesn't have time to settle in before Ilya's immediately hit with a mouthful of snow followed by a satisfied chuckle.

He chokes on it, an incredulous laughter bubbling up as he takes in Shane's impossibly giddy flushed face and splutters out snowflakes.

"You're going to pay for this," he croaks out, before setting off towards Shane with a wild smirk, making him yelp and bolt in the opposite direction.

It's exhilarating. There's something about *chasing* Shane down while he laughs and yells, throwing snowball after snowball back at him to slow him down, screeching *let me go, you freak!* trying desperately to outrun him, until Ilya finally catches up to him and sends them toppling to the ground with an arm snaked around Shane's waist and a hand at the back of his head to protect him from the impact, that has his blood pumping. It lights up some primal, *carnal* desire.

"Got you."

"Yeah," Shane replies, breathless, not looking particularly defeated with the smile splitting his face in two. Ilya could eat him up. "You always do."

It's much softer than their playful run and catch game, the pure unfiltered truth as precious as a polished diamond, and it melts Ilya's hard edges like snow in the sun. There's no resisting the pull of gravity as their gazes lock, Ilya's witty remark dying on his tongue faced with those warm brown eyes. It's somewhere in those that he finds the strength to push through. Somewhere in those eyes, he sees a better life, a loving hand, a blissful dream he doesn't want to wake up from, a future he can trust, and maybe, something worth in himself too. The world's most beautiful place lies there, he thinks, nestled in almond-shaped doe eyes kinder than Ilya deserves. It makes him lose his footing, like he's in a cliché romantic movie, and there are fireworks sparking in the air, flowers in his belly, and pink hearts in his pupils. He feels *love* drunk, stupidly, madly in love he could cry.

It's only natural when their lips meet. It's only natural when they kiss and everything fits into place, as do the snowflakes atop Shane's freckles, melting into tears that Ilya licks in the crook of his neck, pulling out a soft chuckle out of him. Shane is very sensitive. Which is very good in bed. Good also to tease him, because Ilya barely has to brush his skin and he gets all ticklish. It's a power Ilya likes to take advantage of.

They pull away when they get breathless, and Shane can't resist but dive back in to peck Ilya's nose. The cold is just a distant hum now. Their fingers might be numb, but their lips are warm and flushed, and their bellies are full with heat. Ilya blows him a wink and a kiss that Shane pretends to receive dramatically and fold in his pocket. Ridiculous. Ilya smiles and brushes the strands of hair that managed to slip through from Shane's beanie and tugs them away from his eyes, fingers lingering over those freckles he fell in love with the very day they met.

Shane finally turns his head and breathes out, looking at their work of art. Ilya does too, letting his head rest over Shane's chest for a second, sinking into the warmth of the solid

body underneath him and the fingers petting his hair. It's silent. There's no one around but the animals making distant noises, and the cold wind whistling.

Their peace is interrupted pretty quickly when Shane's hand stops moving in Ilya's hair.

"Ilya, the carrot isn't supposed to be—" His voice cuts off, mouth still open and then a soft chuckle tumbles through a groan. "Pervert."

Ilya beams, prouder than he should be. "I think is exactly where it is supposed to be."

"So Frosty suddenly grew a nine inch dick and lost his nose?"

"Is called puberty, Shane."

"It's a snowman?"

"This? Is art. Don't insult it."

Shane's mouth curls into a smile as he nods. "Wow, *art*. What's it supposed to represent, then, oh, great artist?"

"Well. Me of course."

That gets him an eye roll. "I see that stick is as big as your ego."

"Oh, a lot of me is big." Ilya gets up on his elbows, settling on either side of Shane to frame his head and lean down until their noses kiss, a smirk playing over his mouth. "Never too big for you, though."

"No," Shane replies earnestly, licking his bottom lip. His eyes burn with that fire that makes Ilya feel on top of the world. "You're never too big for me. Never too much. Perfect."

Fuck. Ilya's heart flips like he's eighteen years old all over again. He pours it into the kiss he offers Shane, passionately, aggressively, before drumming his fingers up in his armpits and making him shriek with laughter. Yes, a very good weapon, indeed.

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The sun has almost dipped from the horizon when they finally get up again, patting the snow off of their bodies.

"Should we keep going?" Ilya asks, taking Shane's hand in his when he finds his boyfriend's gaze unfocused.

Ilya may struggle with English still, but he is fluent in the language of Shane. The ticks in his jaw, the slight pause before speaking, the moment in which discomfort seems to overwhelm him and freeze his muscles in place, the slow blinking as he dissociates temporarily, all the

unsaid things that burst at the corner of his eyelids, and the effort in keeping up a front all day long that weighs on his shoulders and in the furrow between his brows. Right now, Shane's cracking his knuckles, and barely responding, and Ilya can see him shivering, can imagine how the melted cold snow dripping down his neck and the feeling of wetness clinging to his clothes must be uncomfortable for him.

"Let's go home," Ilya states, giving Shane's hand a squeeze.

Shane stills, and his mouth melts into a surprised smile as he blinks, turning back to look at Ilya with so much sweetness in the crinkles around his eyes, it's impossible not to love him. "Yeah. Okay. Home."

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As soon as they shut the door to the cottage, breathing a sigh of relief at the scorching inside heat of the home, Shane's body freezes up. His eyes flutter shut, nose scrunching, and then he's gasping, a loud sneeze rocking his entire body. (How he manages to make sneezing so cute, Ilya doesn't know.) When he's done, he exhales loudly, opening up his eyes with difficulty and sniffling dejectedly as he finishes taking off his scarf and his beanie. Ilya doesn't resist the urge to card his hair back into place until it looks less like he's been electrocuted and more like a kitten that's been petted.

"Told you, you'd get sick."

"Shut up." Another sneezing follows up his unimpressive puppy glare making Ilya's eyebrow raise playfully. He does love being right, especially when it riles Shane up.

"You need hot water to warm you up. Bathroom, let's go."

Shane grumbles on the way there but doesn't resist, the comedown of a whole afternoon outside and days socializing with friends before coming here, and his family all evening long crashing into him. He's boneless, almost driftless. And Ilya cherishes those moments with care—the moments in which Shane is particularly vulnerable and malleable, turning to putty when Ilya gives him direction, those long lashes fluttering blissfully as he obeys like he was born to be at Ilya's service. It's a show of trust so big, it's hard to stop his heart from trembling.

Ilya focuses on the rest, running the water for the bath, pouring soap, and carefully undressing Shane who's turned syrupy slow, folding the clothes on the toilets the way Shane likes it, and checking the temperature of the bath before giving Shane a hand to step in. All those glorious muscles flex with the motions—a sight Ilya can't help but appreciate, that fuzzy dark body hair rising at the contrast of heat on cold skin, before Shane finally sits down, water swallowing his body up, with his legs pulled to his chest, chin resting on top.

He isn't human, Ilya has decided. More like puppy, or angel. Impossible to resist. Finally, when he's comfortable, Ilya steps back, and starts undressing too.

“If you get in, you’ll get sick too,” Shane mumbles slowly, frowning.

“Not true. I do not get sick.”

“Ilya.”

But any protest in Shane disintegrates when Ilya steps in, settling in behind Shane in the bathtub, and pulling that body against his chest with a hand over Shane's stomach, one of them with a mind of its own, drifting up to cupping his pec, both thighs locking him in. It feels good, natural to do this. To cradle Shane around him. Ilya would fight the world for him. “Hush. Let me take care of you, *любовь моя*.”

“M’kay.”

And take care of him, he does. It's what he's best at. He worships Shane’s body, pressing at the knots lodged in his shoulders, and kneading at all that tense flesh until it turns gooey and liquidy with moans.

It's bliss. Kisses pressed here and there between relieved sighs, and Shane’s fingers grasping at Ilya’s thighs, his head lolling over his shoulder. It’s a work of art, tending to Shane. And Ilya couldn’t be more grateful and honored to be the only one to do it, the one who gets to see him like this. Loose and pliant except for the stirring between his legs that Ilya takes care of too, stroking him until he’s shaking and writhing, begging for one thing only, *Ilya* like a prayer from his lips, coming with Ilya's tongue around his earlobe, and senseless praise driving him over.

*Good boy, Shane, so good*. And, *so pretty for me, just for me, hm*. Shane’s lips tremble, mindlessly seeking Ilya’s own until Ilya grants him a proper kiss that grounds him back to earth. *Just for you*, he replies, half blissed, and Ilya’s heart clenches.

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They fall asleep, bellies full with Christmas leftovers, the smell of the fireplace clinging to their hair, and limbs intertwined until their skin feels like one whole blanket meant to bundle them together.

Shane is more relaxed than he's been in the past two weeks, what with the bath, the massage, and then the hour he spent with his mouth buried between Ilya's ass cheeks, eating him out like his life depended on it, getting drunk on the praise, and the awkwardly bent arm Ilya was using to hold him by the hair and press him deeper into it. Ilya came like this, then had Shane ride and hump his thigh until Shane spilled into his boxers, whimpering around the fingers in his mouth.

Something warm has bloomed inside Ilya’s chest all day long around the gaping hole that he never knew how to fill before—that he couldn’t accept as it was, a thick cottony feeling that

turns his brain to mush and heats up the frost built around his mom's grief like a trap. The type of unconditional love he'd thought he lost forever.

*I'm okay, mama*, he thinks with a pang to his chest, pressing the wetness in his eyes in the crook of Shane's neck. *I wish you could see him, I wish you could see how much he loves me.*

Shane shifts in his sleep, mumbling something unintelligible as he burrows his head in Ilya's curls, arms tightening around him instinctively. Ilya breathes in, and breathes out, kissing Shane's skin to feel the humid heat of life tingling his lips.

*Merry Christmas, mama. You can rest, now.*

End Notes

shoutout to the person who made an edit of ilya before shane confessed his love vs afterwards, and how CLEAR it is that he looks way more relaxed and happy. I wanna throw up. now I can't stop thinking abt the relief he must've felt, and how he hasn't been loved this hard since his mom died. I love them both an equal amount it makes me very normal.

merry christmas to those who celebrate, and merry hollanov season for all!! if you liked it, comments are even better than gifts and will be forever cherished <3

come say hi on tumblr if you wanna be crazy abt these two w me xx

-iris

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!