

a love so golden

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a love so golden

by [sparksontheice \(saltnhalo\)](#)

Summary

The afternoon sunlight beats golden through the windshield as they drive home, and Shane's heart could grow wings and take flight.

He can feel Ilya watching him, blue eyes caressing the side of his jaw, the spray of his freckles. It's impossible to pinpoint exactly when Ilya started looking at him like this. Not like he wanted to eat Shane, but like he wanted to inhale him. Capture a moment in amber and store it away forever.

Shane knows the feeling.

Notes

i have come out of writing hibernation for heated rivalry. i love these two and the show is so beautifully created, how could i not write something for it??

the evening after shane comes out to his parents. enjoy x

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

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Shane knows the feeling.

"You're staring at me," he says. He keeps his eyes on the road but can't help the corner of his mouth ticking up into a smile.

"Yes." Ilya's reply is simple. Unabashed. "I could look at road as well, but is more boring than looking at you."

Shane feels himself blush – certainly not for the first time today and probably not the last. What a fucking day. He feels like he's been wrung out, squeezed dry by the horror of his dad's discovery and then reborn over pasta and Russian vodka.

He lets himself look over at Ilya. It's only meant to be for a moment – he's a responsible driver – but finds himself caught in the depth of that gaze. He remembers how Ilya used to look at him, all those years ago. Closed off, giving away nothing but cool humour.

Now his eyes lay bare the depth of his soul.

Shane reaches out, laying his hand on the back of Ilya's neck and squeezing gently as he makes himself look back at the road. He can't gaze at Ilya for the whole drive, but the point of physical contact will be almost as good.

"Thank you for today," he says, and feels Ilya's hand, warm and solid on his thigh.

"Is nothing. I wanted to be there for you." Ilya pauses for a moment, then squeezes Shane's thigh. "I am proud of you, Shane."

Shane swallows, blinks a few times against the glare of the sun. "Thank you," he says again, more quietly this time. "I'm glad you didn't let me make you stay in the car," he adds, and Ilya snorts.

"Yes. That was stupid idea. And I would have missed out on Russian vodka."

"And mom's pasta," Shane points out. "I think you ate more than the three of us combined."

Ilya makes an appreciative sound in the back of his throat – one that Shane is familiar with but usually only hears when they're wearing fewer clothes. "I have no shame for that. Your mother's pasta is delicious. Almost as good as the one million burgers you made us."

Shane blurts out a laugh and slaps Ilya gently on the top of his head, digging his fingers playfully into Ilya's hair. "Shut up. I've learned my lesson, okay? I'm going to halve the chili recipe I found for tonight."

He feels Ilya look at him sidelong and shake his head, golden curls sliding through Shane's fingers. "I will believe when I see it."

Shane laughs again, stealing another glance at Ilya and feeling his heart catch in his chest at the sight of that grin. "You're an asshole," he says.

Ilya's grin only widens.

The inside of the cottage glows warm as the last of the sun sets through the windows. Ilya turns on his bedside lamp and towels his hair dry as he watches the sunlight disappear between the trees.

What a fucking day.

His heart clenches as memories flick through his mind, unbidden.

Shane's eyes wide with panic at the sight of his father's car driving away.

Shane on his knees in front of Ilya, clutching desperately for security.

Shane's knuckles turning white around the steering wheel.

Shane standing in the entryway of his parents' cottage, rigid and unsure.

Shane with his head on his forearms.

Shane had been terrified every step of the way, but he had faced it. He was brave.

Ilya has imagined countless times what it would be like to come out to his family.

But he is not brave.

Shane's confession had been raw and open, his final secret laid out in honesty for his parents to see. Ilya knows that if he had ever come out to his family, it would have been sharp and guarded. Lacerating words used to shock, stun, shun – followed by a ticket for the next flight of out Russia.

He is not open like Shane. But he is trying.

He shakes his head to clear his thoughts, damp curls sticking to his forehead. "Is not about you today," he mutters to himself as he pulls on the nearest pair of sweatpants.

The smell of cooking food curls through the air and Ilya feels his mouth water. All thoughts of possibilities long gone evaporate as he follows his nose towards the kitchen.

Shane is standing in front of the stove, peering into one of the largest pots Ilya has ever seen. He takes a moment to admire Shane's profile, the small furrow in his brow as he concentrates, the muscles in his forearm as he gives the pot of chili a stir. Then he makes his way over, standing behind Shane and sliding his hands up underneath his shirt.

"Smells good," he murmurs, resting his chin on Shane's shoulder and looking down into the pot. "Are there ten more people coming for dinner?"

Ilya can't see Shane's face clearly from here, but he feels the eyeroll. "Shut up," Shane says with a shake of his head.

Ilya turns his head to kiss Shane on the cheek, and grins at the smile that Shane is clearly trying (and failing) to suppress. "If this is half recipe, I am scared to see how much full recipe would make."

"First you ravage the bellboy, now you're bullying the chef."

"Is the chef feeling left out? I can ravage him as well if he wants."

Ilya feels the catch in Shane's breath, the way he leans into Ilya, and smirks. He turns his head and presses a slow, open-mouthed kiss to the side of Shane's neck.

Shane groans softly. He isn't stirring the chili anymore – instead caught up in Ilya. He will never get tired of unravelling Shane like this. It is so easy and beautiful.

"You might get banned from this hotel if you keep trying to fuck the staff," Shane says. One hand reaches up to slide into Ilya's hair as Ilya presses another kiss to his jaw. The other finds Ilya's hand, grips it over the fabric of his t-shirt.

Ilya chuckles against his throat. He can't remember the exact point when Shane became confident enough to trade jokes with him, but it's one of his favourite things now.

"I don't think that will happen."

Ilya kisses along Shane's neck a few more times, enjoying the clench of Shane's fingers in his hair, then pulls him away from the stove and turns him around. Shane's eyes are glassy, his cheeks flushed. "You're a menace," he tells Ilya, even as he slides his hand to the back of Ilya's neck and pulls him in for a kiss.

Kissing Shane makes Ilya feel drunk, spins his head and speeds his heart. He presses Shane back against the countertop and slides his hands down beneath the waistband of his sweats. Suddenly he wants nothing more than to take Shane apart, to help him release the stress of the day and reward his courage.

Shane must feel it too, this need to let go, because his hips stutter forward as Ilya takes hold of him and he gasps softly into Ilya's mouth.

“I’m so proud of you,” he says quietly, pressing the words against Shane’s lips. Shane’s fingers curl harder into his hair, and he makes a sound that Ilya thinks is only partly due to the feeling of Ilya’s hand on his cock.

“I love you,” he adds, and this time the noise Shane makes is definitely closer to a sob.

Ilya pulls back for a moment, just enough to see Shane’s face, and the single tear that spills from his lashes. He smiles and cups Shane’s face with his other hand, gently wiping away the tear with his thumb. “No need to cry,” he murmurs. “Handjob is not *that* good.”

Shane gives him a strangled laugh and leans in to steal a quick kiss. “It’s not bad,” he says, then: “I love you too.”

And that’s all Ilya needs to want to take Shane apart completely. He kisses him again, long and hungry, then sinks to his knees on the wooden floor of the kitchen.

He will never tire of running his hands over Shane’s body, feeling him tremble as Ilya tugs down the waistband of his pants, hearing him gasp at the first press of Ilya’s mouth to his cock.

Shane’s hands tangle in his hair as Ilya wraps his lips around him and sinks down. The slight tug of pain rumbles a moan from Ilya’s chest, and Shane’s hips jerk in answer.

Shit, Ilya thinks, realising how achingly hard he is, *I am in trouble*.

He grips Shane’s thigh with one hand and wraps his fingers around himself with the other, stroking himself in time as he sucks Shane’s dick. Shane is touching Ilya like a drowning man, holding him wherever he can find purchase. His breath hitches as Ilya’s mouth slides down to the base of his cock, one hand moving from Ilya’s hair to the back of his neck, then sliding down between Ilya’s shoulder blades as he curls forward.

“I’m not gonna-” Shane breathes, then cuts himself off with a moan as Ilya slides his tongue filthily up Shane’s cock. “*Fuck*, Ilya. I’m not gonna last much longer.”

He’s not the only one.

Ilya pulls off Shane’s cock and is reaching for Shane’s face even before he’s gotten up off his knees, pulling him in for a hungry kiss. He drops one hand to Shane’s cock, groaning as Shane shoves at his waistband and touches him in return.

Their foreheads press together, noses bumping, stealing kisses when they have enough breath in their lungs to do so. Shane’s free hand holds Ilya close and he’s *desperate* but he needs to get Shane there first.

“Are you going to come for me, love?”

He’s not allowed to say *lover*, Shane made that very clear, but *love* feels different. Soft.

It rolls off his tongue and makes his own breath catch, and it clearly has the same effect on Shane because –

“Fuck, Ilya!”

Shane cries out as he comes, spilling hot between them. His hand falters on Ilya’s cock but it’s still enough because Ilya was already following him over the edge.

They stand, breathless and clutching at each other, Shane still leaning back against the counter and holding Ilya with a hand curled around the back of his neck.

Ilya’s heart might burst, and not just from how hard it’s beating.

“Oh my god,” Shane breathes – and then – “Oh my god!”

They both smell the burning chili at the same time, and Ilya can’t help but laugh as Shane scrambles around the kitchen, reaching for the pot before he realises one hand is still a sticky mess and rediverting to the sink. Ilya uses his free hand to turn off the stove and looks into the pot, then over at Shane.

“Maybe you have burned half, and we have right amount for dinner now?”

Shane watches Ilya in the amber lamplight – notes the shadow of his lashes against his cheekbones, the messy curls of his hair, the gentle parting of his lips as he dozes beside Shane.

There’s no way he would have survived this day without Ilya. No way he would have been brave enough without his help. It feels silly to be so freaked out by a simple conversation with his parents, compared to Ilya growning up as a bisexual man in Russia, but, well. Here he is.

Ilya’s hands on him, keeping him steady as he sinks to his knees and tries to breathe.

Ilya standing beside him in his parents’ cottage, doing his best to look polite and unassuming despite Shane’s parents seeing him as anything but.

Ilya’s voice soothing him as he spirals, pressing a quick kiss to his lips.

“Your family is here, your boyfriend is here. You’re good here.”

How did he get this fucking lucky? With Ilya Rozanov, of all people?

“You are staring at me,” Ilya says. His eyes are still closed, voice soft.

Shane snorts quietly and shakes his head. Fucking mind-reader.

“Maybe,” he retorts, and Ilya slits one eye open, making eye contact with Shane.

“Called it,” he says, and closes his eyes again. “You should sleep. Has been a big day. You will have lots of time to admire my beauty tomorrow as well. And for many days after.”

Shane’s heart flips in his chest – because it’s true. Even though their two weeks at the cottage will end, they know now what their future can hold. And he wants it – *god*, he wants it so badly.

He pulls Ilya closer and kisses him, slow and deep, relishing the feeling of Ilya’s bare skin against his. “Goodnight, Ilya,” he murmurs against Ilya’s lips, and Ilya kisses him again in response.

“Goodnight, Shane.”

Shane rolls over to turn off the lamp, then reaches back towards Ilya. Even in the dark, he knows that tomorrow morning, the sun will rise on the first day of the rest of their lives.

End Notes

thank you for reading! kudos and comments light my fire and the muse is musing again x

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