

tell me again.

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tell me again.

by [Skamtrash](#)

Summary

hayden calls shane again while he's at the cottage. ilya is fed up that their romantic getaway is getting interrupted again so he answers the call.

Notes

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

It had been a couple of days since that hot but otherwise humiliating phone call when Ilya made him come while on the phone with Hayden. It's been a couple of days since they've come out to Shane's parents. It went so well that it gave Shane the courage to tell Hayden that he was gay who simply said *okay cool, did you get that photo I sent ?* When he told him he was seeing Rozanov, that shocked him into silence but he was still mostly unphased. So to say the past couple of days have been bliss would be an understatement.

It's nightfall, they have the fire on in the den at the cottage and Shane is sitting in Ilya's lap, facing him as they talk about hopes for their future. Ilya has been running his hand up and down Shane's thigh and Shane didn't realize how much he loved non sexual touch. He never really had it. But this felt so good, made him feel safe and held. A reminder that Ilya 's right here with him.

"But my interior decorator is good and affordable. She'll build us something nice" Shane argues.

"No, no. She choose a thousand pillows for your bed. Can't trust her taste. We need to make sure we have sturdy bed for when I fuck you so hard you cry"

Shane blushes and fondly rolls his eyes, "You haven't though. Made me cry during." He specifies.

Ilya's head jerks back as he raises his eyebrows, "You challenge me?"

"No" Shane chuckles. "I'm just saying, you haven't done that so maybe not even possible."

Ilya nods at him, "I take that as a challenge. We still have a week here, I will make you."

Shane chuckles and kisses his lips, "Focus. If we get a new house, what are we doing ? Ignore the pillows thing, I told her to make my apartment cozy, that doesn't mean she isn't good. You like this place, don't you?"

"Hmm" Ilya shrugs, looking around. "But...not enough windows" He teases. Shane snickers and leans in to kiss him, God he's so in love with him. As they're kissing, Shane's phone rings across the couch.

Ilya dramatically drops his head back, "Who is it now?"

Shane chuckles and slaps Ilya's chest, "Don't be like that" He reaches over and grabs his phone to see it's another call from Hayden. It's FaceTime this time. He shows it to Ilya who grabs the phone from him. There's no more hiding now since Hayden knows about them. Before Shane can argue about Ilya not answering, he answers the call, "What do you want? You want to fuck Shane too?" He spits out.

"Hello to you too, Rozanov"

"Hello. What do you want? He told you he's at cottage, no? With me." Shane runs his hands up and down Ilya's chest as he lets him have his way with Hayden.

"Yeah, he-"

"Then why you call him again? We on romantic vacation and you call too much."

Hayden snickers, "I don't remember having your number or wanting to talk to you. Where's Shane?"

"On my dick." He spits out, his accent coming through heavy.

"Oh my God Ilya." Shane groans and peaks into the frame, "Hi. I'm here."

Hayden nearly gags, "Are you two fucking again while I'm on the phone with you? Why me? What--"

"We're not. We're not. We were just talking" Shane defends and slaps Ilya's chest.

"Yes and you call and now I have headache. What do I need to do? I need to suck his dick again to get you to stop calling?"

Shane grimaces and tries to ignore his embarrassment, "Ilya, fuck. Stop saying stuff like that." He hisses as he tries to grab his phone but Ilya pulls it away.

"He sound pretty when he get his dick suck, yes?" He winks obnoxiously at Hayden who is ignoring the asshole who is holding his best friend hostage. Hayden hears Shane quietly say behind the camera, "Ilya. Please stop "

"Wait I can be nice." He smiles at Shane before looking back at Hayden, "Mister Hayden, Shane and me only have two weeks alone. Please, we don't want to talk to you for 13 of 14 days, okay? I want to fuck him when I want, kiss him when I want and not burst bubble because you want to call his phone, yes?"

"Fucking hell." Hayden sighs, why was Ilya still chirping. "Can I tell my best friend my daughter walked for the first time?"

"Holy shit." Shane gasps, grabbing his phone from Ilya and looking down at his best friend's proud face on FaceTime, "Really?"

"This is like tenth daughter. Not that exciting." Ilya mutters. Shane flips him off before getting off his boyfriend's lap and walks out of the room, gushing over the news as Ilya wishes he could slam his head through many of these glass windows.

Ilya is naturally a nuisance. He blows up Shane's phone with photos so he hurries up and hangs up. After about ten minutes, Shane trails back in, "Did I need 12 photos of your dick just now? You're not even hard"

"You want me to be hard?" He smirks touching himself through his shorts.

"I didn't say that" Shane says softly, placing his arms on Ilya's shoulders and climbing back in his lap. "We're not done planning"

"I did plan while you talk on the phone. I made elaborate plan on how to fuck you so good you cry"

"Stop" Shane laughs. "Be serious."

"Okay okay. We get new place, bigger place in Montreal. We use your boring house designer, swap that boring ugly car. Good plan?"

"Mhmm." Shane nods as he holds Ilya's face in between his palms. "And after that?" He asks softly, caressing his cheeks.

"What do you mean after that?"

Shane shrugs, looking down in between them. "You know, a lot of people we know have kids. Is that...would you want to have one?"

"Yes, of course." Ilya shrugs casually like it was a simple answer but it makes Shane smile, he thought his curiosity might be shut down. But Ilya answered with swiftness. He was *that* sure of his future with Shane.

"Yeah?" He softens.

"Yes. Not for years but yes. You have my babies. Maybe three" Shane blushes and leans in to hug Ilya, nuzzling into his cheek. "I can't wait for that."

"No rush please. Me and you only just start. This is what I want for now. Just you." He turns his head to Shane and gives him a number of chaste kisses on his lips, "Tell me again." Shane pleads under his breath.

Their noses are pressed together, Ilya's gaze shifts up to meet his boyfriend's eyes as he gives him another soft and affirming kiss, "I love you" Ilya says. No hesitation this time. Confident.

"I love you." Shane smiles.

"You tell Hayden stop calling?" He asks raising his eyebrows.

"Ilya---"

"Next time he calls, Im fucking you so he stops."

Shane ignores Ilya's antics and nuzzles into his arms, "Whatever you say"

End Notes

Nuisance Ilya is my favorite genre
vearthling.tumblr.com

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