

good bones

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by [batman](#)

Summary

I figured it'd be two birds, one stone, Shane had said. I can give you the full tour of the new place and everything, there's some new stuff in the kitchen. And it can be this— sexy thing, for you.

Darling, hearing you talk about dishwashers is pretty sexy. No need to go further.

Shane and Ilya try some roleplay.

Notes

[holds ilya up] i like him a normal amount

thank you to lin for enabling this.

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

His suit is cut perfectly. Ilya doesn't know much about cuts or suits but he knows a thing or two about perfection, has had the time to become very familiar with it in his years with Shane Hollander. Perfection, perfectionism. Like the gods who carved his pretty face and the line of his throat as he swallows, looking Ilya up and down, at the door.

'Good evening,' Shane says. The dim gold lamps of the hallway light his waterlines up, rivers of gold already so ready. Already so ready for Ilya.

'Good evening,' Ilya says. It comes out too soft. He clears his throat, but it's too late to walk it back.

Good thing Shane is a perfectionist. Doesn't blink or soften, only looks at Ilya with that steadiness of his.

'Please, come in,' he says. 'I'll give you the tour and take your questions, and then I thought we could have tea.'

'Will it be spiked? To push my decision?'

At that, Shane's eyes do sparkle. It's always been so easy for Ilya to make him laugh. Not tonight, though— he purses his lips and opens the door fully, nods Ilya in, and answers only then.

'I wouldn't dream of it, Mr. Rozanov.'

The place, of course, is beautiful. Had already been when Ilya saw the bare bones of it, because they'd walked in on a bright summer day and the sun had fucking attacked all the amber shards in Shane's eyes, bringing them out like hidden gems that shone differently every time he smiled, every time he laughed. It was all white paint on bare walls then, so empty that their voices echoed, but Shane had been so animated that day. More than he usually is; no crossed arms, no slight nods. No, that day with the buttery sun in the warm empty apartment, he'd thrown his hands around, drawing squares on the wall where the TV and speakers would go, circles on the floor for tables and chairs. Ilya had followed the improbable, rare movement of his body with hungry eyes, trying to memorise every arc through the warm air, the graceful, confident stride of his feet. Almost like he was on the rink.

But, Shane had said, almost breathlessly. You don't get to see it until I'm done. Is that okay?

Oh, God, am I going to come here in October and find out you've covered every surface in fur? Leopard print?

Just promise, Ilya.

He'd promised, because Shane could ask him to promise away his life and Ilya would probably be calling up notaries within the hour, to figure out what the paperwork of that would look like. Letting him decorate their new apartment was a small ask.

Letting him— do this, though. Because Shane, see, is a perfectionist, and though sometimes Ilya would love nothing more than to wear down his perfection like stroking away gossamer from a mirror, most of the time, he likes to chase Shane in his quest for perfection. It takes him places, oh, delightful places.

On cue Shane clears his throat. ‘So here, we have the living room. The pellet stove is new, and you’ll be happy to know it heats the entire place evenly. Pretty cost-effective. And—’

‘I don’t wear a lot of clothes around apartment. Will it keep me warm all the way in the kitchen?’

Delightful places. Shane’s flush drowns out his freckles, eyes dropping to the floor. It isn’t as if Ilya hadn’t warned him. *I’m going to be terrible about it, you know. I will make your life living hell.*

Bring it on, Shane had grinned, and even now his lips are quirked as if holding another one in.

‘I’m going to say yes,’ he answers. ‘But I’ll let you test it out at your leisure.’

The living room is huge, for no reason. They don’t like to receive at home; Shane fiercely possessive of their space and Ilya fiercely protective of Shane. Besides, there’s nothing better than catching each other’s eye at a crowded bar, surrounded by friends, and deciding wordlessly that they want to go home right the fuck now. To be fair, they *do* make use of the living room couch on those nights. Shane sometimes backs Ilya into it and curls up on his lap, his need for touch too urgent to wait for the bedroom. Five minutes, ten sometimes, the flat of his palms stroking down Shane’s curved back, before Ilya picks him up and carries him further inside.

They haven’t christened these couches yet. Dark brown leather, so soft it looks like they’d just sink into them. The sex— but they’re not there yet, and Shane is a perfectionist.

He must see it in Ilya’s eye, though, because his blush darkens, and he clears his throat. Before he can say whatever it is he was planning to, Ilya picks an armchair and settles into it. It’s every bit as soft as it looks, his form sinking right into the cushions.

‘Mr. Realtor, could you help me test something?’ he asks.

Shane’s eyes flicker, but that’s all.

‘Could you get on your knees in front of this chair? Please.’

Ten seconds tick by. Shane’s standing on the other side of the coffee table, hands behind his back, that dark suit of his darker still in the low orange lights of the living room. So dark that it feels like a dream when Shane moves towards him, shadows in magic motion as he slowly, slowly gets on the floor.

His chin comes right up to Ilya’s knee.

‘Perfect,’ Ilya whispers. ‘Good couch choice. We need carpet here, though.’

But Shane is too busy eyeing the line of Ilya's cock starting to strain in his slacks. It's spinal for him. Ilya's greatest achievement. The slackness that comes over Shane whenever Ilya asks him to kneel, the bliss of routine in his eyes. The bliss of not thinking about motion and degrees and intent for the next little while, because Ilya will think it all for him.

‘Noted,’ Shane says, then. His voice sounds a little faint, but then he looks up. ‘Now, if you'll follow me to the window, the view is something else.’

It is. They're on the fortieth floor, the city at night like spilled sequins on a black carpet, winking in every which colour. It'd make him feel weightless, suspended, if not for their reflections in the glass. His white shirt, black slacks; Shane's perfectly cut suit. Shane's short hair, sharp eyes. Waiting eyes.

‘Good view,’ Ilya says, meeting his gaze in the reflection. ‘How strong is the glass?’

‘Strong enough,’ Shane lies; Ilya knows it isn't and they'll never. ‘We're facing west, so you'll get some beautiful sunsets, especially this time of the year. I love autumn, personally.’

So does Ilya, though mama always used to say that he was a boy made for summer. Bicycles and football and swimming pools, so blue. Later, parties on the beach, bars. But autumn— for years, autumn meant getting to see Shane again after long months apart. For so long that even once they were together, Ilya would get a swoop of pleasure in his stomach every October, just remembering how it used to be. It's one of the most unbelievable parts of getting to have what he's wanted for so long: the memory, permanent, of not having it once. That comes to sublime the having of it.

No, Ilya loves the autumn. Shane gets excited about hot drinks and scarves, and loves to sit on too-cold benches to watch ducks play in ponds. When the sun starts to go down, he likes to drag Ilya into the nearest organic supermarket and bring him to stand before the vegetables, and choose.

Isn't it a nightmare for you? Ilya had asked the second or third time he did it. *You have to look up recipe using some dumb vegetable I pick. Unpredictable.*

It's kind of stressful, Shane had replied, frowning down at a head of wild garlic. *But I like cooking for you.*

The kitchen's smaller, island counter doubling as a breakfast bar, huge silver hood over induction stovetops. Ilya settles on a barstool and spins it around lazily while Shane talks specifics. Dishwasher, big old sink for the pots and pans, fridge already loaded with their protein shakes and meat and cheese. Their magnets and polaroids, Ilya notices, aren't on the doors yet. It makes him have to bite back a smile, imagining whichever cabinet contains the ziplock bag full of them, Shane probably waiting for Ilya to put them up.

‘Sorry to interrupt,’ Ilya says, then. He isn't sorry. ‘Could you come over here for a second?’

Shane pauses a beat, then steps slowly from the main counter to the island. He's two chairs away from Ilya.

‘Closer, please.’

One chair away.

‘Closer.’

Finally he can smell the uncanny ice of Shane's perfume, see the smattering of freckles across his cheeks and nosebridge, the way they are slowly disappearing under not the first and not the last flush that Ilya is going to provoke under his skin tonight. 'Is this close enough, sir?'

Ilya comes slowly off his chair, backs Shane into the counter. ‘May I touch you, Mr. Realtor?’

‘I'm not sure that's a good idea, sir.’

Ilya raises an eyebrow, but Shane doesn't show one hint on his face. Only stares him down with a face that would be terrifyingly neutral if Ilya couldn't see how his pants are filling out. And if Shane had been warned that Ilya would be a menace, Ilya should've realised, when they were sketching this out, how immovable Shane would be, too. Immune to Ilya at the worst of moments, handcrafted to piss Ilya off, make him want to bite every inch of Shane.

‘Well, then, you'll have to run some tests for me,’ he says, stepping back. ‘Turn around.’

Shane takes a deep breath. Turns around.

‘Bend over the counter.’

Oh, Jesus, the curve of his ass in those stupid pants. It's too bad Ilya's such a fucking gentleman. Every inch of him is screaming to claim his right, but he grits his teeth against it and clears his throat.

‘Now, could you sit on the counter please?’

He hears the laugh Shane tries to cover; just a huff, but enough to make Ilya smile. He's still smiling when Shane straightens up and places his hands on the edge of the counter, hoists himself up. Leans back and blinks, all innocent, at Ilya.

It's low enough. Ilya's hands twitch with the need to push Shane's thighs apart, to get between them, push him back on the unforgiving linoleum that Shane will have cleared carefully. Cups in the sink first, then the pitcher of water, then the flowers, because there'll be flowers, Ilya will get him flowers. Every fucking day.

‘All right,’ he says. Has to clear his throat again. Doesn't miss the flicker of pride in Shane's eyes. ‘What's left?’

It's a fluid single-shot sequence: Shane slides off the counter in one graceful move, and almost makes to reach for Ilya's hand, remembering himself at the last second and taking it away, even as Ilya's fingers ache. Gorgeous, surreal path of trailing Shane through the kitchen, past the bare windows, past the warm living room, and through the door that keeps their most secret hideaway, and oh.

Ilya had joked about it once, about candles, and Shane had taken it too seriously. Fire hazards.

What control he has shown, then, staying calm though there were a dozen candles burning in the bedroom all this while, stationed carefully on the nightstands, the top of the dresser, by the big mirror that Ilya cannot *possibly* be expected to not fuck Shane before. Only— as Ilya steps in further, he realises that they're all electric.

He can't help the laugh that bubbles out of his throat.

Shane turns around, raises an eyebrow. 'Is there a problem, sir?'

'No,' Ilya grins. *I love you.* 'Nothing.'

Shane narrows his eyes for just a second, then spreads his arms, gestures. 'Voilà; the master bedroom. King-sized bed, private balcony, ensuite, of course. There's also a walk-in closet.'

'For suits?'

'For your partner's suits, yes. I've heard he has quite a few now.'

'Yeah, he hired stylist couple of years ago and never looked back. Flashy bastard.'

'How mean of you, sir.'

'I'm mean.' Ilya exhales, sits on the bed. The room is huge, all of it shimmering in the play between the candles and the city lights, a hundred pinpricks of gold in the lovely deep dark, and Shane in the middle of it all, looking— finally— openly at him, silhouetted against the spotless window. 'And I'm cheap. This is very expensive apartment, you know. I'm not so sure about it.'

Shane's eyes, always so telling, sparkle. Because here it is, after all, the heart of it. Of last week, in the old apartment, Ilya three fingers deep inside Shane with his hungry mouth on Shane's collarbone, when Shane had decided that it was the best time to talk about this. Ilya'd been insulted, almost, that he was still in a state to string words together, but a Shane with a plan is a Shane unstoppable.

It's ready, he'd gasped, as Ilya twisted his fingers. *I can't wait to show you. But— I thought we could— do something fun.*

More fun than what we're doing right now?

More fun, I think.

More fun, yes. The sparkle in Shane's eyes as he steps forward, closer to the bed. As he raises his hands, places his fingers on the button of his jacket without opening it.

'I would say it's worth the price, sir,' he says. 'Or is something not up to your standards?'

‘I don't know.’ Ilya pretends to consider, brings a hand down on the mattress. Presses in. ‘Not sure about this bed.’

Shane takes one more step. He's in the incomplete triangle of Ilya's legs now, knees touching the mattress. Oh, his perfume, his proximity. It can't even have been half an hour of this; Ilya's so, so bad at it. So bad at not grabbing what he wants with clawed hands.

‘Would you like to test it?’ Shane asks.

‘Depends,’ Ilya replies. ‘May I touch you now, Mr. Realtor?’

‘...if you'd like to.’

Ilya leans in, face level with Shane's stomach. Looks up at him, drops to a whisper. ‘I would really, really like to. Will your suit survive the floor?’

‘I think it will.’ With that final check, Ilya wastes no time in undoing the button of Shane's jacket, pushing it off him, even as Shane starts to work on his shirt. Oh, lord, skin on skin, the glorious stretch of Shane's taut stomach, the fine trail of hair leading to his cock. Ilya frees it in one impatient move, gets his mouth on it before Shane's shirt is off his shoulders. Shane whines high and free, hands coming to Ilya's hair immediately, fingers curling tight.

‘Oh,’ he says, as Ilya licks around his head, tightens his lips. ‘I— wasn't expecting— the tour to—’

Too many words. Ilya's clearly not doing a good enough job. He pulls off and gets his arms around Shane's waist, twists him onto the bed, and oh, yeah, it's bigger than anything they've had so far. And— even as he pushes Shane up into the pillows and crawls up behind him— it's not the bed itself, or Shane, but the thought of him picking it out that drives Ilya mad. Thinking of him in some fuck-fancy store, sitting on the mattress, considering, imagining, because he knows Shane must've imagined it. Must've thought about the first time they'd sleep in this bed, the first time Ilya would fuck him in it. Must've counted out the candles in his exquisite head already, fuck, oh, Ilya needs him yesterday. And tomorrow.

‘Mr. Rozanov, the thing is,’ Shane is saying, but enough words now. Ilya hooks two fingers into his teeth and groans deep in his throat as Shane licks around his joints. All his clothes are still on and it doesn't fucking matter, all that matters is getting his cock out of his slacks and into Shane, who, he knows, is ready. Already, already, for Ilya. How he must've looked at the bare walls of this apartment and imagined them into a home. All alone, holy labour, working and working for Ilya. For Ilya, for Ilya.

For Ilya. His moans, his wet, his eyes. For Ilya his desperate fingers, so frantic on Ilya's back when minutes ago they were opening cabinets and trailing over glass like the professional he was so perfectly pretending to be, Ilya's studious little thing. For Ilya the slide of his feet on the brand new sheets that they're going to wet so, so irresponsibly tonight. The rise and fall of his chest, its sudden broken arc as Ilya slides home into him.

‘Oh, God,’ Shane whimpers. Ilya pulls back, almost out, and the next one is a thrust. It knocks the air out of Shane. The pillow isn't quite under his head; Ilya rights it with one hand,

the other already carving one of the many lines the foam of this mattress will come to learn. All of Ilya's weight concentrated into one elbow; Shane's, splayed even and open and waiting. 'Oh, fuck me, fuck me, please.'

'Ordering your clients around?'

'I—' Shane cuts off to moan. 'I— did say please.'

'That you did.' Ilya takes pity on him; reaches down to circle his cock, lies halfway on him, knows it's grounding Shane loves. Doesn't give them enough leverage, but it's more than worth it for the way Shane's arms come around him, so tight, so young. 'Fine, Mr. Realtor. I'll let you talk. Sell me this apartment.'

They'd spoken about it properly, later, last week, in the bath. The first one of the season, the autumn chill finally tempting them into the tub, their last time in it. Ilya had been working lavender bubbles into Shane's dark hair as he spoke, smiling every now and then.

I figured it'd be two birds, one stone, Shane had said. I can give you the full tour of the new place and everything, there's some new stuff in the kitchen. And it can be this— sexy thing, for you.

Darling, hearing you talk about dishwashers is pretty sexy. No need to go further.

Shut up, you jerk.

But he did speak about dishwashers and composting and the washing unit, his meticulous Shane, even as Ilya was sizing up counters and couches to fuck him senseless. Both so bad at this in their own ways, so brilliantly, thrillingly mediocre as they are at everything, and so, making it their own.

It takes a moment, a few hitched breaths, a sigh or two. Then Shane speaks.

'I really,' he starts, 'I really do want to sell this unit to you. I've dreamt of it for ages.' His grip tightens on Ilya's shoulder, trimmed nails pressing into skin. 'I see you kissing your partner in the doorway. I see you slow-dancing in the kitchen with him. I see you curled up on the couch with your laptop on your chest, even though it's terrible posture—'

Memories, Ilya realises, the real currency of Shane's sale, and Ilya's dream. They want to make memories here, so much so that they've almost already made them. Transported the ones from every house they've made love in, every room they've made theirs with one single look, onto this new canvas, so that it's one vessel in a beautiful set, or rather, the museum that houses the vessels. That shelters this, and them.

'And I see you touching him— touching me, every night, in this bed,' Shane whispers. 'I think that would be nice. Don't you?'

Ilya wants to say *I think it would*. Wants to say *I will follow you in all of your beautiful, silly games*. Wants to say *I will fuck you here and on the couch and in the kitchen and in the*

shower, wants to say *no one will ever cross our threshold, I will keep you to myself*. But all of it— all of language— comes down to yes yes yes. The only word.

So Ilya kisses him and kisses him, saying yes in the every way he knows how. The artificial warmth of the candles cascading over them, the warm air of the room, that stupid pellet stove really does work. Their functional home, every inch of it covered in Shane's deliberate, purposeful love. And Ilya is deliberate too. Is purposeful too. Oh, he's such a handy thing, and Shane loves to put him to use. Pulling on Ilya's hair now to speed him up, heels digging into the small of his back, urging him on. Gasping now, mouth falling open, so that Ilya can barely kiss him between two moans, as he works Shane's needy cock.

‘How,’ Ilya breathes into his mouth, ‘could I possibly refuse you anything?’

It's all Shane needs. Arches up into Ilya's grip and freezes in perfect agony before spilling warm between them, tightening so— perfectly, yes— around Ilya that he can't stave off his own orgasm. Comes with Shane's name in his mouth and Shane's hand on his jaw, Shane, Shane. Ilya's perfect thing.

He collapses on Shane, too wired still to pull out. Takes in a deep shuddering inhale as Shane strokes fingertips down his spine.

‘Question,’ he says breathlessly.

‘Hmm?’

‘Did you hide dark chocolate in bookshelf here too?’

Shane laughs low and sweet and amused, basking in being known. ‘I did. Are you going to hide emergency cigarettes with the knives too?’

‘You make me sound so Russian—’

‘You *are* Russian—’

‘Not the point, Mr. Realtor—’

*

Being, he realises, actually. The currency of the dream. A home for them to be Shane and Ilya in.

*

‘Electric candles, by the way?’ Ilya says after a while. Waits for Shane's answering swat, or a fond *you asshole*, or a new lecture on fire hazards.

But when no reply comes, he raises himself up, and realises that Shane is asleep. Mouth still open, wrist twisted weirdly, breaths coming so slow.

Ilya smiles. Presses a kiss to Shane's sternum, rolls over to blink at the ceiling, then steels himself for the uniquely marvellous chore of making dinner.

End Notes

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