

Labour Day Weekend

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Labour Day Weekend

by [itsme_hi_imtheproblem](#)

Summary

When Rose comes to visit Shane and Ilya for Labour Day weekend, Shane imposes a no sex rule. The walls are thin and he's just not comfortable with the idea, okay? Ilya thinks this is the stupidest thing he's ever heard and is intent on getting Shane to crack. So what if he's maybe acting a tiny bit possessive? He's not jealous. Russians do not do this.

Notes

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

Shane ran his hands over the bedspread, smoothing out the last few creases, then took a step back and sent his gaze around the room. A carafe with fresh water from the tap sat on one nightstand, a glass next to it, and a vase with a small, hand-picked bouquet of wildflowers on the other nightstand. This should do.

“Looks inviting,” Ilya said, stepping up behind him. His palms slid around Shane’s waist, across his stomach, and his warm, soft lips pressed against the side of Shane’s neck, sending a shiver down his spine. Shane let his head drop to the side, allowing Ilya to drag a trail of kisses down to the edge of his collar. He closed his eyes and basked in the sensation of his body lighting up, crackling electricity spreading through his veins, warmth erupting in his chest. There was a nudge against the back of his thighs and he almost stumbled when he was forced to take a step forward.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“What do you think?” Ilya said and shoved his hands under Shane’s shirt.

Shane inhaled sharply when Ilya’s fingers immediately found his nipples, pinching just hard enough to send a tingle down to his groin. “No!” he said, his slightly unsteady voice making him sound a lot less firm than intended.

“And why is that?” Ilya murmured, his hot breath ghosting over Shane’s ear as he circled the tip of his fingers around Shane’s hardening nipples.

“Because,” Shane said and determinedly placed his hands on top of Ilya’s, trapping them against his chest, “this is the guest room for Rose and she’ll be here in, like, ten minutes.”

“Oh but we haven’t fucked in here yet,” Ilya replied, trying to free his hands. When he didn’t succeed, he pressed himself against Shane’s ass instead. “Remember how I said I wanted to fuck you in every room of the cottage?”

“I remember,” Shane said, embarrassingly weak.

“And we both know you do not need ten minutes,” Ilya murmured, then sucked Shane’s earlobe between his teeth.

With effort, Shane took a step forward, out of Ilya’s reach and turned around. He took a deep breath and shook his head. “No,” he repeated. “I need those ten minutes to prepare the lemonade.”

Ilya rolled his eyes. “You can make that when you she’s here, no?”

“I want it to be ready when she arrives.”

Ilya pursed his lips. “What if I agree to your stupid no sex rule if you let me blow you right now?”

Shane shook his head again. “You don’t have to agree with it. But I’m not having sex with you while we’re hosting my friend under the same roof. The walls in this place are not soundproof!”

Ilya’s pout almost made Shane smile. Almost. He was more than a little nervous. When Rose had asked if she was still invited for Labor Day weekend, he’d considered making up an excuse. But he really wanted to see her. She would be starting her next big project soon and they probably wouldn’t get another chance to meet in person until Christmas. So he’d said yes, then spent an entire day panic-drafting a message and had finally called her and blurted, “Just so you know, my boyfriend will also be there. I hope that’s not a problem, I’d really like for you to meet him. Oh, and it’s Ilya. Rozanov. My boyfriend. My boyfriend is Ilya Rozanov.”

Of course, all of his worries had been unfounded. She’d been delighted that she was going to meet his boyfriend and she’d promised not to tell a soul. If she’d been surprised about who exactly his boyfriend was, she hadn’t let it on. And once the nausea had worn off, Shane had felt better about having told someone about Ilya, on his own terms this time. They were opening their little bubble of bliss another crack this weekend, to let in the first person after Shane’s parents had more or less forced their way in. While the idea filled Shane with a great sense of relief and excitement, he was also vaguely worried that things would go terribly wrong.

“You behave yourself,” he said sternly when he saw the expression on Ilya’s face. “I’m serious. I want you two to get along. She’s my best friend.”

Ilya raised his hands. “I am always well-behaved.”

“The fuck you are.”

Ilya cocked an eyebrow. “Must be you. Bringing it out in me.”

Shane snorted and stepped past him. “Be. Nice,” he said, shooting another warning glance over his shoulder, then headed for the kitchen. He took the giant pitcher of homemade lemonade out of the fridge and began adding the stems of fresh mint before filling it up with ice cubes.

It wasn’t that Shane didn’t regret the no sex rule he’d come up with. That honestly was the one damper on this weekend. Rose would stay for two nights and then they’d only have one more night at the cottage by themselves before they’d have to leave their little paradise and go back to reality. Shane’s heart sank at the thought and he forcefully pushed it away. They’d had so much time here, more than he could have ever hoped for, and it had been more wonderful than he’d dared to imagine in his wildest dreams.

The two days of self-imposed abstinence shouldn’t really bother him as much as they did, considering they’d probably had more sex in these few weeks than Shane had had in his entire life leading up to this. Which made it even more absurd that he of all people was suddenly finding himself under one roof with two people he’d slept with. And that idea was just... weird. Plus, the walls actually were pretty thin. Every time Hayden had stayed over

with his kids, Shane had been forced to wear earplugs to not be woken in the middle of the night by a wailing infant.

“Ugh, it’s too hot,” Ilya said and leaned against the kitchen counter next to Shane, crossing his bare arms in front of his chest. He was wearing a tank top and unnecessarily short athletic shorts.

It was in fact one of the warmest days they’d had this summer and the sun was blazing from a clear blue sky. Shane was glad that Rose was getting such a nice cottage experience after they’d had a couple of rainy days at the beginning of the week.

Shane threw a few wilted mint leaves into the trash and turned around to find Ilya with his hand in the lemonade pitcher.

“What are you doing?” he hissed.

“Just getting some ice,” Ilya said, retrieving his hand and holding up an ice cube. He stuck out his tongue to catch the lemonade dripping off it, then proceeded to lick the cube in the most obscene way Shane could imagine. And it fucking worked. Shane swallowed drily. These were going to be very long 48 hours. He couldn’t stop staring, not even when Ilya caught his eye and pulled up a brow. Slowly, with one of his infuriating smirks, Ilya took the ice cube and dragged it down his throat, tilting back his head.

“Ah,” he sighed, no, fucking *moaned*.

“Stop it,” Shane said through gritted teeth. Rose would be here in minutes.

“But I need to cool off,” Ilya said, looking at Shane through hooded eyes.

Shane’s gaze followed a water droplet as it ran over Ilya’s skin, then settled in the hollow at the base of his throat. He desperately wanted to lap it up with his tongue.

“It’s just... so—” Ilya moved the ice cube to his shoulder and slowly slid it down over his biceps—“...hot.”

He’d been working out earlier and his veins were protruding all the way down to his hands. Shane fought the overwhelming urge to dig his teeth into Ilya’s arm. It was ridiculous. He should have been immune to this by now. Built up a tolerance at least. But no. Being this close to Ilya, to his *boyfriend*, for an extended period of time somehow made Shane want him more. Maybe he was turning into a sex addict.

Ilya closed his eyes, sighed, and ran the ice up his arm again, around his nape, then down the other arm. Heat pooled behind Shane’s navel. He reached out, trying to snatch the ice cube from Ilya’s hand to make him stop this evil game he was playing. But Ilya was too quick, pulling his hand out of reach with a laugh, fending Shane off with his other arm.

With a cheeky grin, he dangled the shrunk ice cube over his face. Water dripped onto his cheek bone, trickled down his wrist. Shane watched, transfixed, as Ilya extended his tongue and slowly, never breaking eye contact, placed the ice cube onto his tongue. He closed his

lips and began sucking on the ice in such a filthy way that Shane felt heat rising into his cheeks and blood rushing south. He watched the spectacle for another second or so before he snapped.

“I hate you,” he growled. He lunged forward and crashed their mouths together. Ilya’s tongue was cold and it was an interesting feeling having it slide along Shane’s own. Shane trapped Ilya against the kitchen counter and buried his fingers in his hair, pulling to tilt his head back slightly. As soon as he felt the ice cube in his own mouth, he drew back. With a triumphant look, he crushed the ice between his teeth.

Ilya huffed out a short laugh. He lifted a hand and dragged a finger along his bottom lip, eyes glinting. This time, Shane anticipated his move and caught his hand before it could plunge back into the pitcher. He pinned both of Ilya’s wrists against Ilya’s chest.

Ilya looked down with a cocked eyebrow. “Kinky.”

Shane ignored him. “Leave your filthy fingers out of my lemonade.”

“Or what?”

Shane glared at him. “If you want ice, there’s more in the freezer.”

Ilya hummed and struggled against Shane’s grip. When Shane did not let go, Ilya grinned, then leaned forward and caught Shane’s mouth in a sloppy kiss. Shane decided that he might as well make the best of the precious few minutes they still had, released Ilya and instead skimmed his palms over Ilya’s biceps. *Fuck*, he just loved touching his boyfriend. Surely, this wasn’t normal. How was he supposed to function without him again? A soft moan escaped Shane when Ilya used his newly found freedom to grab Shane’s ass and grind against him. Maybe they did have time for—

The sound of an approaching car made them reluctantly break apart. Ilya muttered something under his breath in Russian while Shane hastily flattened his hair and straightened his linen shirt. *Fuck*, Ilya looked fucking *wrecked*.

“Your hair,” Shane said, then quickly attempted to salvage the mess he’d caused while Ilya stood still with an amused expression.

“You done?” Ilya asked when Shane finally stepped back.

Shane didn’t reply. From the corner of his eye he saw Rose’s car pulling up. Ilya still looked like he’d been heavily making out five seconds ago, with darkened lips and mussed-up hair, but Shane figured there was nothing he could do about it now. He took a deep breath and tried to ignore the flutter of nerves in his stomach. A hand landed on his shoulder. Ilya’s expression was soft, only a hint of playfulness left. “It’s going to be fine,” he said. “I’ll be a good boy. Promise.” He smiled and Shane, against his better judgement, chose to believe him for now.

The sound of Shane's electric toothbrush stopped, then the tap ran. A few moments later, the door opened and Shane came into the bedroom. He sighed, the mattress dipped and then he curled himself around Ilya who had been lying on his side, staring into the dark for ten minutes or so while Shane had explained to Rose how a bathroom worked or something. Or maybe he'd talked about the tap water again and she'd pretended to be interested like she had earlier. Ilya didn't believe for a second that she actually found that interesting.

Shane snuggled closer, his arm snaking around Ilya's waist, wrapping around his chest, and nuzzled Ilya's neck.

"Is everything okay?" Shane asked softly.

"Sure," Ilya said. It wasn't not true. Technically, everything was okay. He wanted things to be okay. It should be okay. But it also wasn't.

"You were... quiet," Shane said because of course he wouldn't let it go.

"You told me to be nice. I was nice, no?"

There was a pause. "Yes, yes you were. But I just..."

"What?"

"Nothing."

Shane was annoyed with him, Ilya could tell. But he was also too proud to admit the truth, which was that he, to his own embarrassment and annoyance, had been jealous as hell. Rose was lovely. Perfect. She was probably one of the nicest, kindest people Ilya had ever met. And she clearly adored Shane, which made all of it worse. So much worse. The way she was able to effortlessly joke with Shane, compliment him, the way in which she was able to make Shane fucking light up, had been hard to watch. Ilya had mostly stayed out of the conversation, had taken care of the food and the dishes so Shane and Rose could catch up. And he didn't have to sit by with a knot in his stomach and a bitter taste in his mouth.

Add to that the fact that this had been the first time that somebody besides Yuna and David was seeing them as an actual couple and they both still didn't really know how to handle that. They hadn't talked about how much PDA they were comfortable with. Neither of them had any experience with having a partner while with friends. Would it have been too much for Ilya to pull Shane against his chest as they'd sat around the fire? They'd exchanged a few quick pecks, there had been hands brushed across backs, knees touching under the table. But all of a sudden, Ilya had been worried that he would take things too far and Shane would— He couldn't even really grasp what it was he was afraid of. But something about all of this still felt fragile and with Rose's visit this feeling had become overpowering.

"Thank you," Shane murmured and pressed his lips to Ilya's neck. "Rose really likes you."

"She does?"

"Yes, she told me. And she said she could tell that you love me very much."

“Oh could she. She’s what, psychic?”

Shane’s huffed laugh tickled Ilya’s nape. He was quiet for a while, his hand lazily stroking Ilya’s chest. Ilya closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths, allowing the comfort and warmth of Shane’s embrace to silence his mind.

“I know it’s stupid, but I also missed you today,” Shane murmured and pressed himself closer against Ilya’s backside while touching his warm, soft lips to a spot behind Ilya’s ear.

Sweet, syrupy warmth spread through Ilya’s chest. He smiled into the dark. Clearly, he was a simple man who needed stupid words of affirmation. He ducked his chin and pressed a kiss to Shane’s hand. “I really did not like sharing you,” he admitted.

Shane hummed and pressed another kiss to Ilya’s neck. With delight, Ilya could feel him growing hard against his ass. He grinned and wiggled backwards. This would definitely help with his silly jealousy. He was a simple man.

Shane sucked in a sharp breath. “Ilya...” he said.

“What?” Ilya replied and rolled his hips with a bit more emphasis. Shane was rock hard already.

“I said no...” Shane broke off with a gasp when Ilya reached around and dug his fingers into his ass cheek.

“We just have to be quiet,” Ilya said and squeezed. “Can you be quiet?” He leaned down and sucked Shane’s thumb into his mouth.

“Fuck,” Shane groaned softly and buried his face in the crook of Ilya’s neck.

“That is not quiet,” Ilya said, releasing Shane’s thumb. This was going to be fun. With a swift motion, he turned around to face Shane. He kissed him messily, hungrily, then drew back. “Now *you* have to be a good boy and stay quiet. Can you do that?” While talking, he dragged his hand down Shane’s bare stomach, and rubbed it, slowly, over Shane’s cock that was straining against his boxers.

Shane exhaled sharply and his fingernails dug into Ilya’s skin where they were curled around his upper arm. “I... I think so, yes,” he breathed.

Before Ilya could reply, Shane was cupping him through his underwear, squeezing carefully. “The question is, can *you* stay quiet?” he asked, then leaned forward and trapped Ilya’s bottom lip between his teeth.

Ilya moaned breathily. *Fuck*. Playful Shane was his weakness. Or, well, one of them. “Yes,” he whispered.

Shane released Ilya’s lip and licked deep into his mouth while dragging his hand over Ilya’s cock. This was going to be a hell of a lot more difficult than Ilya had anticipated. Although—maybe he didn’t care if Rose heard them. Maybe a part of him wanted her to hear them. So she would know that this part of Shane was his alone. That whatever she’d gotten was

nothing compared to this. It was possessive and a little pathetic, but honestly, Ilya didn't care all that much.

They kissed passionately for a while, quickly getting rid of their boxers in the process. It was late, they were both tired and it was clear that this wasn't going to be slow and indulgent. It was a good thing they knew how to get each other off quickly and effectively. Which they hadn't needed to do since they'd gotten to the cottage, but that familiar air of urgency and desperation was still hot as fuck to Ilya. He decided that he would try to get at least one solidly loud moan out of Shane.

While Shane twisted to grab the lube from the nightstand, Ilya rolled on top of him and started sucking on his nipple, teasing it with his teeth. Shane squirmed and let out a stuttering breath, but he stayed quiet. He got his revenge on Ilya when he poured a generous amount of lube into his hand and unceremoniously pushed his tight fist down on Ilya's erection. Luckily, Ilya was able to stifle his groan against Shane's pec.

"Now... who's... having trouble... *fuck*... staying... *Jesus Christ*... silent," Shane gasped as Ilya rubbed Shane's precum all over the head of his cock.

Then Shane twisted his wrist in a way that made Ilya momentarily see stars and he bit down on his own tongue to keep the noise in. "I didn't know you played dirty, Hollander," he growled and reached for the lube. He needed to level the playing field asap.

"What, me?" Shane asked innocently and moved his free hand over the curve of Ilya's ass, sliding towards the middle.

"I'm warning you, Hollander." Hastily, Ilya squeezed some lube onto his fingers, then curled them tightly around Shane's cock.

Shane's fingers dipped deeper and Ilya knew he needed to focus if he didn't want to lose this game. He found Shane's mouth again, kissed him deeply, dirty, and started jerking him off with determination. Soon, Shane was writhing beneath him and Ilya was sweating from trying to draw his own orgasm out at least a little bit. When Shane's movements became erratic, Ilya pushed his hand away, repositioned himself and took both of them in his hand.

"*Fuck*," he ground out and buried his face in the pillow next to Shane's neck. The last thing he consciously registered was Shane's mouth attaching to his clavicle, before he was swept away by a wave of white-hot bliss. There were definitely a stifled moan or two escaping into the room, but Ilya couldn't even tell whose they were as Shane trembled beneath him, coating Ilya's hand in hot spurts as he came. It only took a second until Ilya followed him over the edge, biting into the pillow to contain the cry that was trying to force its way out.

He stayed still for a while, breathing heavily, boneless. Shane's heart was hammering against his chest, their softening cocks twitching in his hand. Finally, he lifted his face out of the damp, hot pillow. The room air felt cool on his face. "I love you," he said softly, looking down at Shane, at his beautiful eyes shining in the dark.

"I won," Shane replied.

Ilya laughed.

“Shh,” Shane said. “You were loud enough already.”

“I was not. *You* were the one making noises.”

“Not true,” Shane said, shaking his head.

“Yes, true,” Ilya murmured and pressed a kiss to the tip of his nose.

“I love you,” Shane said, sliding his hands up Ilya’s back until he was cupping his face. He kissed Ilya, softly, then gently nudged him backwards. “Now we have to clean up this mess.”

Ilya grinned happily. “Fine,” he sighed, pushed himself upright and got up to get a washcloth from the bathroom.

“Oh shit, is that—” Shane’s eyes in the mirror went wide, then he grabbed Ilya’s shoulders and turned him around. “Fuck, I’m sorry,” he said and ran a gentle finger over the dark purple bruise on Ilya’s collarbone.

Ilya shook his head, spit the toothpaste into the sink and grinned. “Impressive, isn’t it?” He bent down to rinse his mouth. When he straightened up, water was dripping down his chin. “Didn’t think you had it in you,” he teased, then reached for the towel.

“Fuck, this is your fault for making me break my rule,” Shane said.

“My fault? You started it!” Ilya protested.

“Will a t-shirt cover it?” Shane asked.

Ilya shrugged. “Who cares.”

“I do! Rose... She can’t see that!”

“Why?” Ilya said and rubbed the towel across his mouth. “Does she not know we have sex?”

“Fuck you. Of course she knows. I mean I think she assumes... I haven’t...” He broke off with an angry shake of his head. “Can you please just cover it up? And no sex tonight. For real.”

Ilya rolled his eyes and stepped away from the sink. He actually thought the mark was pretty hot, seeing as it was a testament to how violently Shane had been fighting to keep it down last night because of the things Ilya had been doing to him. And Ilya for his part didn’t care if Rose saw it. It honestly pissed him off that Shane cared. He didn’t get it. He put it down to the fact that Shane was probably stressed about Rose meeting his parents later, so he pushed his annoyance down and got dressed, choosing a tank top that partly covered the bruise.

When he entered the kitchen, Rose was just coming out of her room, wearing light blue, skin-tight leggings and a crop top of the same color, a yoga mat under her arm.

“Good morning,” she said with her bright, movie star smile.

“Good morning,” Ilya replied politely, smiling back. As he opened the fridge to decide what he would make for breakfast, Shane came bounding down the stairs. Ilya half listened to the two of them exchanging a few words that somehow ended with Shane agreeing to follow Rose outside for a yoga session on the deck.

“Would you like to join us?” Shane asked. His eyes darted to Ilya’s collarbone and a hint of anger flickered over his face.

Ilya ignored the tiny prick he felt at the ‘us’, cocked an eyebrow and tugged on the shoulder strap, just a little. “No.”

Shane’s jaw tightened and he averted his gaze. “Okay,” he said to Rose. “I’ll just go get changed and grab my mat.”

With that he vanished and left Ilya to do some awkward small talk with his ex. That didn’t end up being awkward at all because Rose was, of course, amazing at small talk. When Shane returned, Ilya froze, a carton of eggs in his hand. Surely, Shane was not going outside doing yoga looking like that? Why had Ilya never gotten to see these tight, black short shorts and that slutty gray tank top?

Talking easily, Shane and Rose disappeared outside, leaving Ilya to his devices and his little crisis, watching them through the window. He wondered if this was Shane getting back at him for teasing him about the hickey. Determinedly, Ilya tried to focus on making breakfast. It proved to be almost impossible. As if seeing Shane stretch and move in an elegant, fluid way that was unfamiliar and hypnotizing to watch wasn’t enough, Ilya could hear them talking through the open door.

“Wow, you’re really flexible,” Shane said at one point.

Ilya looked up from the scrambled eggs to see Rose folded into a pose that should have been impossible. Of course Shane was impressed. A while later, Ilya had to witness Rose putting her hands on Shane’s waist, helping him to adjust his position, which resulted in a pan full of burned eggs that Ilya then had to angrily scrape into the trash.

It was torture. A special kind of hell specifically designed for Ilya. And maybe it was. Maybe Shane was indeed punishing Ilya for being a dick earlier by taunting him with his bulging thigh muscles and pushing his scantily clad ass in the air towards the window where he knew Ilya was watching with no way to do anything about the *feelings* he was having about all of this because they had a) company and b) Shane’s stupid sex ban.

Just in case it was a punishment, Ilya decided to not let it go unanswered. If Shane was playing games, so could Ilya. In one fell swoop, he pulled the tank top off and dropped to the kitchen floor to do a few quick push-ups. He stood back up, panting slightly, then started over on the scrambled eggs.

With satisfaction, he noticed Rose's gaze definitely catching on the bruise as she took her seat at the table across from Ilya twenty minutes later. But of course she didn't say anything. Shane definitely noticed. He blushed furiously and glared at Ilya like an angry kitten before he pretended that he didn't care anymore and wasn't sneaking glances at his boyfriend's exposed chest all through breakfast.

"If you don't cover up the hickey before my parents are here," Shane hissed as they cleared the table while Rose took a shower, "I'm extending the no sex ban to tomorrow."

Ilya scoffed. "And who would suffer from that more?" Ilya would. Definitely. But Shane didn't need to know that.

"Put. On. A. Fucking. Shirt," Shane growled.

"Only if you take off those slutty shorts." Ilya couldn't be sure, but Shane definitely seemed pleased. "I'd be happy to help you with that," he murmured, stepping closer.

"That's okay," Shane said, voice wavering slightly. "I can do it—"

Ilya shut him up with a slow, thorough kiss. Shane's body softened and he melted into Ilya. It would never stop being Ilya's favorite thing in the world. When their breaths began to speed up and before they allowed their hands to start wandering, Ilya drew back. "I'll go get changed," he said softly.

"Thank you," Shane murmured and pressed his lips to the tip of Ilya's nose. "I'll, uh, wait till you're done."

Ilya feigned offense. "What, you don't trust me not to jump you?"

Shane shook his head. "I don't trust myself."

Ilya bit back a curse as heat flooded him. "You can't just say that."

"Sorry." Shane released him and took a step back.

Ilya allowed himself one moment to play out the scenario in his head while letting his gaze roam over Shane. Shane's cheeks flushed a pretty shade of pink as Ilya pictured dragging those tiny shorts off Shane's ass with his teeth. Ilya leaned forward for another kiss, short but heated, then trailed his fingers down Shane's chest for good measure, before he left the kitchen.

He was the picture of a well-behaved boyfriend for the rest of the day. Or he tried to be. He took care of the food and the drinks, so Shane was free to entertain Rose and later Yuna and David as well. Shane had been nervous about his parents meeting his ex for reasons that weren't obvious to Ilya. But then again Shane was nervous about most things.

It wasn't easy to see how quickly Yuna and David warmed to Rose. Barely ten minutes after they'd arrived, Yuna, Shane and Rose were involved in a passionate discussion about hockey and Ilya felt something dark and cold twist in his chest. He tried to ignore it and mostly succeeded, thanks to years of practice. It made him feel a little better when David joined him

at the grill and eventually made him laugh by telling him about an article he'd read in the New Yorker.

After their barbecue, as they sat around the fire and Yuna and David had declared about five times that they really needed to leave, Ilya finally managed to take part in the conversation a little more. As pathetic as it was, but the fact that Shane had taken Ilya's hand at some point and had been holding on to it, stroking it, tangling their fingers together, was the most effective way to shut up the stupid voices in his head telling him that he didn't belong here. And when they said goodnight to Rose very late that night, arm in arm, Ilya was finally ready to admit that he genuinely liked her.

Contrary to his earlier plans, Ilya didn't push it and accepted Shane's stupid no sex rule. Shane curled up against his chest and Ilya wrapped him up in his arms, holding him tightly, breathing him in, soaking up every bit of closeness he could, desperately hoping that there was some kind of storage he could fill.

Rose left after breakfast and while Shane said goodbye to her outside, Ilya quickly cleared the table. He didn't want anything standing between him and Shane doing nothing but fuck, kiss and cuddle all day. Their last day. He had just plunged his hands into the soapy water of the sink to clean the fancy glasses that weren't allowed in the dishwasher when Shane returned.

With a big smile on his face, Shane walked over and slid his arms around Ilya's waist, hugging him tightly from behind. He hummed contentedly, the sound vibrating against Ilya's upper back. "So that went pretty well, I think," he said, then gently kissed Ilya's nape.

Ilya suppressed a shiver and placed a dripping glass onto the drying rack. "I'm glad," he said.

"Rose really liked you," Shane said.

Ilya hummed in acknowledgement and twisted the brush inside the glass.

"Did you... like her?" Shane asked, sounding uncertain.

"Yes," Ilya said. "I did. I... She is... good for you." He felt Shane nod against his back.

"She is."

Ilya pulled the second glass from the water, let the water drip off and turned to the last one.

"Hey," Shane said as if something in Ilya's voice had betrayed him.

"Hm?"

Shane's fingers wrapped around Ilya's wrists and gently lifted them out of the dishwater, before he pulled him around so they were facing each other. "You're good for me too. Better actually." He smiled. The sun danced on his face, over his freckles, and he was so beautiful, it took Ilya's breath away. "The best."

Ilya smiled, he couldn't help it, even if he didn't quite believe Shane yet. But he wanted to be. Good for Shane. And he would do everything in his power to try. "I love you," he said and leaned forward to kiss Shane.

Shane pulled him close, completely ignoring Ilya's filthy dishwater hands, and kissed him fiercely. "Now," he said, drawing back, "I need you to fuck me right here in this kitchen."

Ilya grinned. "I thought you'd never ask."

End Notes

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