

Life Now

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by [ayellowcurtain](#)

Summary

A late-night moment after EP 6. Shane is drunk and happy, and Ilya is madly in love.

Notes

If you are new here, I love to be out here, writing random little slices of life and nothing more. Welcome. :D

If you feel like it, you can buy me a coffee at: <https://ko-fi.com/ayellowcurtain>

Ilya watches his brand-new favorite show. Shane wavers on his feet, holding his glass of water like his life depends on it. His cheeks are red; his freckles glow in the night light, with the yellow hue from the cottage. He is loose and happy, with hazy eyes that spark, too.

“Why...lovers is not a good word?” Ilya asks because he is curious, but mostly because he liked the face Shane did when Ilya said it earlier.

He does it again, and Ilya smiles, cataloging the new expression in his best memories.

Shane comes back to the living room, with his blue shirt mostly open, his bare feet dragging against the floor. He is thinking about what Ilya asked as he lets himself fall on the couch. He pinches his brow between his index finger and thumb, then does the same with his top lip before answering. “I think lovers sounds too...sexual...and casual in that context.”

Ilya nods his head. He assumed that was sort of the problem.

Shane’s parents had come to dinner like they said they would. It was slightly easier. Ilya struggled at first, overthinking every word, every movement he made, but everything went smoother. Yuna even brought a huge container with the pasta they had eaten earlier. She didn’t say a word, just gave it to Ilya and gave him an honest but formal smile. Ilya never had to work too hard to win strangers over, but this was going to be different.

David helped Shane with more burgers, and they all sat around the fireplace and ate and drank until late. Yuna tried talking about PR plans, but David, followed by Shane, changed the subject. David said this was a family dinner, so no work was allowed. Ilya struggled to keep his smile to himself, and nobody corrected the use of the family word.

Yuna and David left half an hour ago. Shane is still enjoying feeling free, with no more lying to his parents (and being drunk).

A smile appeared at the corner of Shane’s lips, and his eyes found Ilya’s. “When did you fall in love?”

Ilya leaned his head back against the armrest, looking up and sighing. *God, it was a long time ago.*

“Hm, I know Svetlana since we were kids. We were virgins and had sex.” Shane was so, *so mad* that he threw his glass of water back like it was Russian vodka. “I knew how it felt, but it was your first time with a man. You were cuddling me, and it felt different than when I had Svetlana.”

Shane didn’t notice that his grumble had been loud enough for Ilya to hear. He smiled, pressing his feet against Shane’s. “But we had lots of time apart, so it faded and came back when we met, every time stronger. Until I asked you to stay home with me and you showed up with Rose Landry right after.”

Shane grumbled, dropping his head back, rolling his eyes when he looked at Ilya again. “I wanted to stay.”

“We could have had so much fun, *Shane*.”

They have known each other for most of their lives at this point. So even from across the couch, Ilya can see the changes in Shane’s body, a clear tell that he is growing aroused. “The way you say my name...”

Ilya frowns, pushing himself up a little. “Is it wrong?”

Shane shook his head to ease Ilya's worry quickly. “No. No. It’s too perfect. Makes me hot.”

Ilya purrs. He can’t help but look down at Shane’s shorts. His legs are slightly open, and the fabric is growing tighter. “You like my accent.”

Shane nods his head lazily, pinching his top lip again. “Yes. I do.”

Ilya sits with the anxious feeling for a second. “I told you I loved you when I was in Russia.”

Shane frowns, sitting up straighter, too. “When?”

Ilya looks down at their feet. They have both gotten some color into their skin after days out in the sun. “When I was in Moscow the last time.”

Ilya watches as Shane sobers up a little with the memory. “That call...”

Ilya nods his head, wishing he had said it some other time. It was a nightmare of a day. Shane is good at effortlessly making every moment feel a million times better.

Shane smiles at him, and Ilya forgets about what he was thinking. “What else did you say?”

“I’m not going to tell you.”

“*Yes, you are,*” Shane growls like the angry kitten that he is.

Ilya smiles, crawling until he is lying on top of Shane, who so willingly pushed himself to lie down, dropping the empty glass cup on the rug, watching Ilya’s every move. “I said that Svetlana could love me, give me the best passport, let me fuck her any way I wanted, and still, I would choose you every time.”

Shane keeps looking at him like Ilya hung the moon. Tears are pooling in his beautiful eyes. He finally starts unbuttoning the rest of his shirt.

“Let’s go to bed,” Shane whispers. When he is like this, this lost in whatever turmoil of feelings that is taking over, his body moves like Shane can’t control it. He lifts his back from the couch, trying to reach Ilya, to get any parts off their bodies touching, and he whines when he fails. Such a sore loser.

Ilya hums and shakes his head. “No. You said we were going to use every inch of the cottage.”

Shane looks around like they are somewhere new, and not in his cottage. “We had sex here already.”

Ilya smiles, shaking his head and brushing their noses together. “No, we had sex here in the morning. Now it’s late at night.”

Shane looks back, and Ilya nibbles on his exposed jaw, following his sight. He looks back at Ilya. “The kitchen island.”

“Hm?” Ilya asks, squeezing his waist, distracted by Shane's smooth and his too-warm skin from being sunburned.

“We hadn’t had sex on the kitchen island.” Shane’s sneaky hands doing quick work of the drawstring on his shorts.

Ilya looks at him, still wondering how someone so soft, so strict, and worried can be this sexy without even meaning to. Shane will ruin him someday, and Ilya will always be thankful for it.

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