

Stay a little longer, the world can wait outside.

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Stay a little longer, the world can wait outside.

by [khakii](#)

Summary

That's why it wasn't right. They had been very clear when this started: no feelings, just fun. That was why they always left before the other woke up, and never mentioned it afterwards.

But that day, Shane didn't want to leave.

He wanted to be selfish for once, to stay without running away. To curl up beside the other one and fall back asleep, to fool himself, even if only for a moment, into thinking that the fantasy he was living was real.

So, thinking no one would ever find out, he did it.

Notes

Recycling a story from my other favorite ship because I feel like the dynamic is very similar hehe. Short and pure fluff, but I hope you like it.

This isn't right.

He stared at the arm wrapped securely around his waist, silently searching for a way to slip out without waking the other. The steady breathing against his neck told him he was still asleep, and he didn't want to risk waking him and facing an awkward scene.

But no matter how hard he tried to think of an escape, his mind drifted. It clung to the comforting weight of that arm around his waist, the warmth of the bare chest pressed against his back, the way their legs fit so perfectly together.

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But that day, Shane didn't want to leave.

He wanted to be selfish for once, to stay without running away. To curl up beside the other one and fall back asleep, to fool himself, even if only for a moment, into thinking that the fantasy he was living was real. So, thinking no one would ever find out, he did it. He nestled further into the russian's arms and closed his eyes, ready to drift off again, completely content, his heart glowing warm as he let himself be lulled by that instant comfort.

What he didn't expect was that his movement would wake Ilya. His heart tightened with fear when the grip around his waist tightened and he stirred, yawning softly. Shane froze, mind racing — should he pretend to be asleep or get up before the other did and shattered him even more?

"Morning" Ilya spoke before he could decide. His voice was husky, slightly broken, as he snuggled closer into the hollow of Shane's neck.

"Morning" he whispered back, barely audible. He closed his eyes when Rozanov hummed and pressed a soft kiss against the bare skin of his neck.

Silence returned, though it wasn't the same. Ilya still had his arm around his waist, but now his thumb was tracing gentle strokes across the canadian's abdomen. Shane bit his lip, trying to calm the storm in his chest before Ilya noticed. That wasn't part of the rules. They didn't cuddle. They weren't boyfriends.

So why did it feel so good?

A lazy hum against his ear brought him back to reality. Rozanov pulled him even closer, his hand sliding up to rest over his racing heart. Shane prayed silently that he wouldn't say anything.

"What time's your flight?" Ilya asked sleepily.

"Twelve" he answered in the same quiet tone, his voice trembling slightly.

Ilya exhaled through his nose, relaxing, as if that answer alone was enough to soothe him. The warm breath against his skin sent a shiver down Shane's spine, who shut his eyes tightly in one last attempt not to give in to the illusion.

"Wanna have breakfast?" he asked again, unable to stand the silence.

"And risk you burning the kitchen?" Shane joked, a genuine smile slipping through his lips.

Ilya laughed softly before sitting up and turning the canadian beneath him, their eyes meeting for the first time that morning. Shane swallowed. He took in Ilya's still-sleepy eyes, his hair longer and messier than usual, and that small smile that seemed impossible to erase.

"Hey" he murmured, unable to stay silent either.

"Hey" the russian replied, his smile widening as if aware of how beautiful it was and how much it made Shane feel. "You look really good just waking up."

Shane's heart twisted. It was the first time in years they had shared a sunrise. They always ran before the other opened their eyes. But not this time — and Ilya seemed delighted by it.

He didn't have time to think further before the other one leaned down and kissed him, making him melt and immediately kiss back. His hands went to Ilya's cheeks, cupping his face gently but firmly enough to show he didn't want him to pull away.

At that, Rozanov sighed into the kiss, deepening it. As cliché as it sounded, this kiss felt different from most they'd shared. Because even though they were both still naked, separated only by a thin white sheet, there was nothing sexual about it. It was pure affection. Love, even.

Shane was the first to pull away, though barely. Their lips still brushed, as if he didn't dare let go completely. He needed air, he needed space, he needed to remember this wasn't part of the rules. And yet, every part of him begged to stay right there, trapped in that warmth.

Ilya stroked his cheek with his thumb, softly, as if he too hesitated to break the spell.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" he asked, voice low, almost amused, but carrying something Shane didn't want to identify.

"I don't know" Shane replied too quickly, eyes darting toward a random spot in the room.

But Ilya wasn't satisfied. He leaned in again, searching for his gaze.

"Yes, you do."

Shane pressed his lips together. He couldn't admit it — not when what they had was hanging by such a fragile thread. If he said it out loud, it might all shatter. And yet, he could feel it in his chest: that warmth that wasn't desire, that tenderness that pulled him in helplessly.

"We shouldn't..." he managed to murmur.

“Maybe not” Ilya agreed without hesitation, but instead of pulling away, he traced the line of Shane’s jaw delicately. “And still, look at us.”

That 'look at us' hit PShane like something sweet and painful at once. Because he did look. And what he saw wasn't just the boy he sometimes shared a bed with. He saw the man smiling at him like he was the only person in the world — the man giving him a sunrise they'd never shared before.

The knot in his throat tightened.

“Don’t make this harder” he whispered, almost pleading.

Ilya squinted slightly but didn’t lose his smile. He leaned down again, brushing their lips together — a promise he wasn’t brave enough to break.

“What if I tell you I don’t want you to leave today?” he finally said, voice low and rough, so sincere it cut right through him.

Shane’s heart skipped a beat. The clock, the flight, the rules — all faded. There was only Ilya, waiting.

The air thickened between them. Shane wanted to answer; to throw out a I can’t that would serve as a shield, but the strength slipped from him every time Ilya looked at him like that. As if seeing him for the first time. As if he were more than a distraction, more than a warm body in the middle of the night.

“Rozanov...” he began, but his voice cracked.

The russian slid his hand along his side, stopping at the curve of his waist, squeezing gently as if urging him on. Shane closed his eyes for a moment, gathering courage, but when he opened them again, he found that smile — small, clumsy, genuine — and it broke him.

And then he admitted what, deep down, he already knew. He didn’t want to leave. Not this time.

He let out a defeated sigh, and before he could overthink it, he buried his face in Ilya’s neck, hugging him tightly — as if that gesture alone were his way of accepting what they’d both been avoiding. Rozanov smiled against his hair and wrapped his arms around him, settling him on his chest.

“Then you’re staying” he murmured — more a certainty than a question.

Shane nodded, speechless. His heart pounded wildly, and yet, for the first time in a long while, there was no fear in that rush. Only longing. The desire to stay, to surrender to what he’d been trying so hard to bury.

Carefully, Ilya reached for the phone on the nightstand and unlocked it. He held it out to him.

“Cancel the flight.”

“Are you insane?” asked, laughing nervously.

“Maybe. But if you leave, I will regret not asking you this.”

Silence settled again, though it felt different now. Shane looked at him, lips parted, breath unsteady. But he didn't hesitate for long. They were already too far gone to turn back.

He took the phone, fingers trembling as he typed out the cancellation message. When he sent it, he let out a long breath — like someone jumping without a parachute.

Ilya watched him, eyes shining with relief and something that, even if neither dared to name, was far too obvious.

He pulled Shane in again, kissing him this time without restraint. The kiss was long, soft, slow. No rush, no bodies seeking release. Just two people finally allowing themselves to feel.

Shane smiled into the kiss, with a tenderness that even surprised himself. And Ilya, still kissing him, thought that if this was what breaking the rules felt like, he never wanted to follow them again.

“Now” Ilya said, pulling back just enough to speak, his smile returning automatically. “What do you want for breakfast?”

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