

you could never lose me

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by [virtual_typewriter](#)

Summary

Shane is aware that he is an absolute mess, with hands trembling and shoulders shaking. His breaths are coming in short bursts, quicker than he is able to control them.

The confession sits like an elephant between them, and yet, Ilya hasn't moved, tracing soothing circles between Shane's shoulder blades.

"Sweetheart." His husband's voice is steady, soothing. "You need to breathe for me, okay? This isn't good for you."

OR, after a night out with J.J. and Hayden, Shane wakes up, certain that he has cheated on Ilya. (Spoiler alert: he hasn't)

Notes

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

On the day that Shane Hollander vows never to drink again, he wakes up with a blinding headache. Dizzying and disorienting, it feels almost unsurmountable in its intensity, and for the first few minutes this is all that Shane is able to focus on. Drifting in and out of consciousness, he tries to think back to the previous day, tries to trace the steps that led him to this. Lying in the dark, however, his mind keeps coming up blank.

He's almost certain that he is not in the hospital. There's an arm draped across his waist, his husband's breaths coming in quiet puffs on the pillow next to his. The sheets tangled around his torso are of a better quality than those normally found in hospitals, and apart from the pounding in his head, the room is mercifully free of those sounds so often reminiscent of nights spent in recovery rooms.

Not a hockey injury, his mind supplies, and Shane quelches the urge to furrow his brow, a futile attempt to stave off any further dizziness.

Later, his husband will tease him that he alone could wake up with the world's worst hangover and not recognize it for what it was. As it is, Ilya is asleep, and Shane is left to battle his confusion alone. This, perhaps, is to blame for the following and unfortunate chain of events which end up transpiring between the bed and the toilet bowl. At least, this is what Shane tells himself as he shoots upright, a gasp caught in his throat. It's also what Ilya will tell him, later, firmly but gently admonishing him for not waking him sooner.

At the moment, however, Shane has not the slightest wish to wake his husband. The memories from last night are returning, unbidden and unwanted, and Shane can do little except wait as his life falls apart before his mind's eye. As the last memory fades away, Shane stays frozen, not moving for almost thirty seconds. Then, he bolts from the bed, just barely managing to cross the threshold to the ensuite and lift the lid off the toilet before he's emptying his stomach into the bowl.

Shane wraps his hands around the porcelain, hoping that the cool surface might calm his racing thoughts. He's out of luck, however, and he vomits twice more, before he's able to put the memories in order. Memories which he would do just about anything to erase.

Memories of the Centaurs beating the Voyageurs on home ice. Memories of Ilya, smiling and smirking, flirting with Shane in the locker room. Memories of Ilya, waving goodbye, as Shane heads out for drinks with J.J. and Hayden. Memories of a bar. Memories of music. Memories of Shane kissing a man.

Memories of Shane kissing a man while his husband is at home.

Memories of Shane kissing a man while his husband is at home, keeping their bed warm for him.

Shane heaves for a fourth time. And a fifth time. And a sixth time. Nothing but bile comes up at this point, a fact that does little to soothe his aching stomach. Shane leans forward a seventh time but is interrupted by the sound of the door opening.

Ilya's eyes are half asleep as he looks around the bathroom. His curls are sticking up in all directions and there's a bit of drool clinging to the corner of his mouth. He is the most beautiful sight that Shane has ever beheld, and as their eyes lock across the room, Shane bursts into tears.

Ilya makes a confused noise but spares no time before he's kneeling next to Shane, a comforting hand coming to rest between his shoulder blades. "*Sweetheart*," he says, "What's wrong? Is it your head? Too many drinks last night?" He gives Shane a sympathetic look.

Shane, for his part, doesn't answer but lets out a gut-wrenching sob instead, the care in Ilya's voice doing nothing to dissipate the tears.

Ilya's eyes widen. "Did you get hurt last night?" he asks. He lets his gaze wander, taking him in, hands moving across his arms, his torso, his legs, checking for injuries along the way. "Did you get hurt on the ice?"

Shane aches to stop him, to assure him that, physically, he is fine, but he finds that he is unable to do so. Once he speaks, he's going to have to hurt his husband in a way that he has never done before. In a way that he thought he'd never do. And so, he cries, wondering what compelled his inebriated mind to commit such a betrayal. He realizes, however, that he has to say something, as Ilya's voice rises, becoming sharper with every sob that Shane elicits.

"*Sweetheart*." Ilya is running his hands up and down Shane's back. "You are scaring me. Are you hurt? Where does it hurt?"

Shane shakes his head, but Ilya doesn't stop.

"Is it your head?" he asks, "Let me help you. Does your head hurt? I can get you medicine." Ilya makes a move, as if to rise, but Shane reaches out to stop him.

"I don't – " Shane tries and fails to get the words out of his mouth, but Ilya stays where he is, and Shane takes that as a small victory. He realizes that that will not be a given, once he has said what needs to be said. *He won't have the right*, Shane realizes, to ask him to stay.

"I don't deserve this," he says at last, "You should leave me." Shane's words are accompanied by a guttural sob, and Ilya scrunches his brow together.

"Don't deserve this?" Ilya repeats the words, translating them in his mind to make sure he knows their true meaning. "You're hurt," he says, words filled with such confusion that Shane's tears double in frequency. He wonders, absently, how long he might keep crying if he isn't able to stop. Whether there is a limit to how many tears a person may spill before simply running out.

Ilya, however, looks so concerned, so worried, that Shane forces himself to pull it together, willing his mouth to form the words that burn his lips like acid.

"I kissed someone".

I kissed someone and it wasn't you.

Shane doesn't say the last part out loud but it's obvious that that is what he means. It's obvious to Ilya, too, and Shane sees the exact moments that the words register, his husband's hands freezing on his back.

For a fleeting moment, Ilya's face is unreadable. His eyes, trained on Shane, betray nothing of what he's thinking, reveal nothing of what he's feeling.

Then, as if nothing has happened, he resumes the patterns across Shane's back, calming and caring, never slowing, never breaking.

And *this*, it turns out, is the thing that unravels Shane.

His mind is racing at a hundred miles an hour. He thinks back to a fight they'd had, years ago, when Ilya had suggested that Shane could be with other men, when they were apart, if he wanted to.

To say that Shane hadn't taken the offer well was an understatement. He'd asked Ilya if it was his backhanded way of saying he'd cheated on him, and, rather than wait for an answer, Shane had stormed off, ignoring Ilya's texts for three days.

He certainly hadn't stayed to *comfort* Ilya. Ilya, who, of course, had not cheated on him. Ilya, who loved Shane with his entire being. Ilya, who was a better husband than Shane could ever hope to be.

Shane is distantly aware that he is an absolute mess, with hands trembling and shoulders shaking. His breaths are coming in short bursts, quicker than he is able to control them.

The confession sits like an elephant between them, and yet, Ilya hasn't moved, tracing soothing circles between Shane's shoulder blades.

"Sweetheart." His husband's voice is steady, soothing. "You need to breathe for me, okay? This isn't good for you."

Ilya, of course, has noticed it before Shane does.

Intense nausea. Uncontrollable shaking. Sweaty hands. Shortness of breath.

Shane is having a panic attack.

He can feel his chest tightening, black spots beginning to darken his vision. He's not getting enough air into his lungs. Shane makes a pathetic grabbing motion with his hands, words escaping him.

He is distantly aware that Ilya is talking to him, fingers carding through his hair, across his cheeks, wiping tears from the corners of his eyes. They're grounding him even as Shane feels himself spinning completely and utterly out of control.

It takes a while before Shane is able to focus on the voice. Gradually, however, it cuts through the noise, repeating the same words over and over again.

“Breathe,” Ilya says, “Look at me. Breathe for me.”

Ilya’s voice sounds odd to Shane’s ears, carrying an urgency that he does not usually associate with his husband. It takes him a moment to realize that it is because Ilya sounds scared.

And Shane wants to help. Wants to take a breath and wipe the fear from Ilya’s eyes. But how is he supposed to do this when he has ruined everything? How is he supposed to reassure Ilya when he has cheated on him? When he has broken that most sacred bond of their marriage?

Shane tries to convey this but all that escapes him is a whimper as he gasps for air.

Ilya’s voice begins to rise, becoming more insistent. He takes Shane’s hand and presses it against his chest. “Feel my heartbeat?” he says, “Feel my breathing? Try to breathe with me. Can you do this for me? Moya lyubov, *please*.”

Shane tries to listen, but there’s a voice in his head competing with Ilya’s words, making the instructions almost impossible to follow.

You do not deserve this.

You do not deserve him.

Don’t deserve this.

Don’t deserve him.

Don’t deserve him don’t deserve him don’t deserve him don’t deserve him don’t deserve him.

“Shane.” Ilya’s voice, sharper than before, cuts through his haze. “Look at me. *Look* at me. Follow my breathing.”

Ilya’s hands come to rest on both his cheeks, forcing Shane’s gaze upwards so that he has no choice but to meet his eyes. Ilya’s eyes which are filled with such concern and such love that it’s nearly enough to floor him. Shane doesn’t see how he’s supposed to rise again. How he’s supposed to function with the knowledge that he got to have *this*, have Ilya, and he threw it all away.

don’tdeservehimdon’tdeservehimdon’tdeservehimdon’tdeservehim.

Shane is no longer aware of his actions. The thoughts in his head have overtaken everything.

He doesn’t know what he sounds like, doesn’t know what he looks like, but Ilya lets out a distressed sound, tightening the hands around him.

In the next moment, the hands are gone. “I’m calling an ambulance,” he declares. He pulls out his phone, never stopping his string of words. He soothes Shane with sweet nothings, presses kisses to his hair. “I’m getting you help, sweetheart, don’t you worry. I’m not letting anything happen to you.” His voice breaks on the last words, and he takes in a shaking breath as he begins to type.

There's a desperate edge to Ilya's voice, and it's this, these words, that somehow, finally, seem to break the spell. Because Shane doesn't want help. Doesn't need help. He needs Ilya. Only Ilya. Always Ilya.

Ilya Ilya Ilya

Shane's chest feels like it is filled with lead, yet he uses every ounce of his strength to pull in a single, hulking gulp of air, forcing it down his lungs, forcing his breathing to slow.

The shock of it is enough for Ilya to drop his phone. He scrambles forward in his efforts to catch Shane, murmuring encouragements with every breath that Shane manages.

"That's it," he whispers, "That's it, you're doing so good. Follow my breathing, *perfect*, my love, always so perfect for me."

There are a hundred feelings coursing through his veins and Shane knows with certainty that perfection isn't one of them. He shakes his head to tell Ilya this, but Ilya is having none of it. He leans forward, pressing their foreheads together, begging him to listen.

"Talk to me, my love. I'm not leaving you. I'm not letting you sit here all alone. For better, for worse, remember? *Breathe* for me."

And Shane does. One agonizing breath at a time. He's still crying, but it's more manageable than before. It's manageable enough for Ilya to snake his arms around him, resuming the patterns on his back. He presses his lips to Shane's neck, right above his pulse point, reveling in the feel of it beneath his lips, as it resumes its normal rhythm. Slowly, his words peter out, replaced by soft kisses pressed like promises against his skin.

And Shane – Shane has lost all concept of time by this point. He has no idea how much time passes as he slowly returns to himself. He still feels awful, horrible, disgusted with himself. He has no idea how he ended up *here*, how he could possibly do what he is certain that he has done.

Eventually, Ilya pulls away. He doesn't go far, doesn't remove his arms from around Shane, but he pulls back until he is able to catch Shane's eyes.

Shane lets him, shameful eyes meeting Ilya's bright ones. He doesn't see the anger that he expected. No disappointment. No disgust. Instead, Ilya looks worried. Like he is afraid to distress Shane even further.

Again, Shane becomes conscious of the fact that he is an absolute mess. He's covered in bile and snot, and somehow, Ilya seems totally unfazed. Shane, who hates messes, tries to pull away, causing a small frown to appear between Ilya's brows.

"Please don't," he whispers, hands comforting around Shane's, "Don't pull away. Talk to me."

Shane shakes his head, terrified of what will happen when he does. "I don't –" He takes a shaky breath before continuing, "I don't know why I did it. I don't – I don't even remember

his face.” His voice breaks, unable to account for his actions, unable to understand them himself.

Ilya, for his part, doesn’t react.

He sits, silently, waiting for Shane to gather himself. His gaze never wavers, his hands never shake. He is, as always, everything that Shane needs. Everything that he doesn’t deserve.

And then, just as Shane begins to lose it again, Ilya grounds him, asks him what he *does* remember.

Shane gives a helpless shrug. “There was a song playing,” he whispers, “An old one. I don’t know what it’s called. I think –” Shane stops to steady his voice, “I think I – *oh god* – I kissed him while it was playing.”

Shane is still looking at Ilya in a desperate attempt to gauge his reaction and that is the only reason that he sees it. A short shift in his gaze. A change that appears before it disappears again. Gone as quickly as it came. Shane is unable to define it.

Ilya bites his lip, and Shane resists the temptation to lower his gaze.

His husband seems to consider his words carefully before he speaks again. “Do you remember the lyrics?” he asks at last.

Shane would like to do literally anything else than give Ilya a play-by-play, but Ilya is asking and who is Shane to deny him?

His voice is small as he tries to recount the lyrics, but no matter how much he tries, they stay jumbled inside his head, nothing but nonsense leaving his mouth. Eventually, he tells him that he doesn’t remember. “There was a command,” he whispers, “Something – something to do with... you know.” He lowers his gaze. Then he stops talking altogether.

For a long while, Ilya doesn’t say anything.

When he finally does react, it’s to gather up his phone which has stayed unforgotten on the floor between them.

“Please don’t call an ambulance,” Shane says, a desperate edge to his voice, “I don’t want to leave. Please don’t – please don’t make me leave.”

Ilya makes a soothing noise but doesn’t answer. He squeezes his hand with one of his, the other occupied with the phone, searching for something that Shane can’t see.

Shane’s about to ask another question, when, suddenly, music starts blaring from the speakers. It takes Shane a moment to recognize the song. Once he does, he crumbles in on himself, every part of him screaming to get as far away as possible.

Ilya seems to realize this and lowers the volume a bit, although he doesn’t turn it off. “This is it?” he asks, looking imploringly at Shane, “This is the song that was playing last night?”

At first, Shane doesn't answer, panic fraying at the edges of his mind.

And then – “How do you know that?”

He looks at Ilya with large, tear-filled eyes.

“Because,” Ilya whispers, eyes going impossibly soft as he looks at Shane, “That’s the song that was playing when I entered the bar last night.”

Everything seems to come to a standstill. Shane looks at Ilya, not comprehending any of the words.

“What –“ he gapes, “What are you talking about?”

“The song,” Ilya says, raising the phone between them, “This song. *Kiss Me*. It was playing when I entered the bar last night.”

“I don’t understand.” Shane sounds absolutely wrecked. He shakes his head. “You weren’t at the bar last night. I was – I went out with J.J. and Hayden. You stayed at home.” The last bit comes out sounding more like a sob, and, once again, Ilya gives his hand a squeeze, anchoring him before he has time to spiral.

“Sweetheart.” Ilya says the endearment with such tenderness that Shane barely knows where to look. “How do you think you got home last night?”

Shane opens his mouth but finds that he has no answer to give. His mind came to a standstill the moment he remembered the kiss. The kiss with the faceless man whom Shane presumed was a stranger because his husband wasn’t meant to be at the bar. No memories resurfaced of what transpired after the kiss.

“I was meant to take an Uber,” Shane says instead, because he won’t allow himself to hope, to believe that this is true, “I told you I’d take an Uber home from the bar.”

“You did.” Ilya nods. He raises his hand to wipe a stray tear from Shane’s cheek. “Hayden wrote me. Asked me if I’d come get you.”

Shane opens his mouth and closes it again. Looks at Ilya. Considers if his husband would lie to make him feel better, to save him from another panic attack. Save him from the guilt.

Ilya, who seems to realize this, turns to his phone for the third time. And then, before Shane has time to protest, Ilya hands it to him, his message thread with Hayden opened on the screen.

Shane takes a steadying breath before lowering his gaze and is immediately met with a picture of himself looking absolutely wasted. There are two empty beer glasses sitting on the table in front of him, a shot of vodka nestled in between. Beneath it, he finds an accompanying message thread between Ilya and Hayden:

Pike: Come and get him, will you?

Ilya: Is he okay?

Pike: Your husband is a lightweight

Pike: He won't stop talking about you

Pike: I want no further details of what the two of you do in bed, you freaks

Ilya: You jealous Pike?

And then, another message:

Ilya: I'm on my way, take care of him

A relief greater than anything Shane has ever experienced washes over him. So much so that he doesn't even stop to consider what he might have told Hayden and J.J. last night.

He lets out a surprised laugh which is only partly ruined by the tears that are still streaming down his face. "You kissed me last night?" He looks up at his husband.

"Well," Ilya says, trademark smirk slotting into place, "Technically you kissed me. Very enthusiastically I might add."

"Enthusiastically," Shane whispers, "Big word."

Ilya gives Shane a short peck on the cheek. "I have very enthusiastic husband," he whispers, "Must keep up."

Shane hiccups, but he still feels so emotional, so whiplashed by every feeling that he's had for the last fifteen minutes that he barely knows what to do with himself. When he speaks again, he tells Ilya that he doesn't deserve him.

Ilya makes a disapproving noise, shaking his head. "That word again," he says, "I think you must look it up in the dictionary. You have done nothing wrong."

Shane's voice wobbles. "I told you I *cheated* on you," he says, "I should have been comforting *you*, I should have been – begging your forgiveness – and instead you have to talk me down from a panic attack."

"Shane." Ilya's voice is firm but caring. "None of that," he says, looking at him until Shane meets his gaze, "I always want you to come to me when you're sad. No matter what you've done, da?"

Shane wants to agree but he can still feel the remnants of fear coursing through his body.

"Seriously." Ilya gives him a kiss. "You could tell me you'd slept with a bar full of men and I'd be happy as long as you'd let me be one of them."

Shane scoffs. "You're not serious." He gives him a small push and Ilya grabs the opportunity to tangle their fingers together.

“Well,” he says and pretends to think long and hard about it, “*Happy* may be the wrong word, but I’d certainly put in the work to prove why I should be one of them.”

Ilya wiggles his brows and Shane blushes which should be literally impossible considering the amounts of fluids he’s lost.

“To be serious.” Ilya whispers and lets a hand brush across his cheek, waiting until he has Shane’s full attention. “I really do not think there is anything that you could do that would ever make me stop loving you. However – “ Ilya smirks, letting his fingers brush across Shane’s lips, “Considering the fact that the thought of kissing another man has made you literally sick to your stomach, I think I’ll take my chances.”

Shane lets out an embarrassed groan, and Ilya decides that he has teased his husband enough.

“Come on,” he whispers, holding out his hands, “Let me help you up.”

Shane takes the proffered hand, letting Ilya stabilize him as he wobbles to his feet. For a short moment, the room darkens around him. Then, the light returns, and Ilya is still there, still with a hand on his back, fingers gently rubbing back and forth.

The tears have nearly run out by this point, and Ilya, once again, helps dry his cheeks, this time with small kisses that he peppers up and down, from the corners of his eyes and across his freckles.

Shane hums before turning his neck, catching Ilya’s lips in a searing kiss. His husband indulges him for a few seconds, before leaning back, an inscrutable expression across his face.

“What?” Shane looks at him, worried that he’s done something wrong.

Ilya shakes his head but, for the first time since he’s entered the bathroom, refuses to meet his eyes. Shane lifts his brow and Ilya clears his throat, lips twitching before he answers him. “I think I must insist on a toothbrush just this once.” Then he snorts, and Shane feels his cheeks heat with embarrassment that Ilya is quick to soothe.

“Is all right,” he whispers, and before Shane has time to spiral, Ilya takes his toothbrush, adds some toothpaste and hands it to Shane. “Brush and then you can kiss me all you want.” His eyes twinkle and Shane fights the urge to hide his face.

In the meantime, Ilya discreetly gets to work, cleaning up around the toilet, and Shane lets out an embarrassed groan. “I’m never drinking again,” he declares.

“Don’t say that.” Ilya turns around. “Take me with you next time. Kiss me whenever you want.”

Shane lets out a small huff. “Can’t believe you’d want to relive this,” he says. He makes a frustrated gesture with the hand that’s not holding the toothbrush.

“Are you kidding me?” Ilya looks at him. “Is adorable. Drunk Shane is very handsy.”

“Oh my god, shut up.”

“Absolutely no inhibitions when it comes to me. And who can blame you?” Ilya winks. “You have a very handsome husband.”

“I’m begging you.” Shane hides his face against Ilya’s chest, and Ilya lets him, letting his hands run through his hair.

“Sweetheart, *my love*,” he lets the words out, lets them settle in the air around them, “You have no idea how much I love you.”

Shane hums against Ilya’s skin. “I do,” he whispers, “Nearly as much as I love you.”

“Impossible,” Ilya says.

“Not after this morning, it’s not.”

Ilya’s lips quirk. “Is a tie,” he whispers. Shane gives him a wobbly smile, and then, Ilya ruins the moment by declaring that he is partly to blame as well.

Shane furrows his brow. “How could you possibly be to blame for this?” he asks.

“Is my husbandly duty to kiss you,” Ilya says like it’s the most natural thing in the world, “Obviously I didn’t do it well enough if you’ve forgotten it.”

Shane lets out a surprised laugh, and Ilya’s heart flutters as it always does when he manages to make Shane smile.

“Come on,” he says, once Shane has rinsed his mouth, “Let’s get you back to bed. Sun is barely up and someone had a late night.”

“It can’t have been that late,” Shane mumbles.

“Was talking about me,” Ilya says, “Took a very long time to convince you to go to sleep with me lying next to you.”

Just as Shane thinks he’s reached his daily limit of embarrassment, Ilya somehow manages to raise it once again.

“No sorries,” Ilya says, shutting down Shane before he has time to apologize, “Am always happy to argue with you.” He presses a kiss to his brow. “My little feisty kitten.”

Shane is currently too happy to pretend to be insulted and instead lets Ilya maneuver him back to bed.

“I’ll be back in a moment,” he says, no doubt returning to the bathroom to finish cleaning, so that Shane doesn’t have to be reminded of it when he wakes again.

In the meantime, Shane looks around for his own phone and finds it on the nightstand. Ilya must have plugged it into the charger before going to sleep last night. He feels tears well in

his eyes for the umpteenth time and decides that, yes, sleep is definitely a good idea if it helps him get some of these emotions in check.

Shane takes the phone out of the charger and looks at it briefly, noticing a short message from Hayden sent sometime during the night.

Hayden: Tell your lesser half I say thank you

There's a video file attached beneath it. Shane only hesitates for a second before pressing play.

It takes him a few seconds to make out what he's looking at. Once he does, he recognizes the shaken image of a bar, chosen because it doesn't attract as many hockey fans as some of the other bars the Centaurs typically frequents.

In the video, he sees himself talking to someone, J.J. presumably, before his eyes light up like Christmas lights, catching sight of something across the bar. A few moments pass, and video-Shane begins making a grabbing motion with his arms before, suddenly, the most glorious, wonderful man that Shane has ever laid eyes on enters the frame. Ilya just about has time to open his mouth, words lost in the noise of the bar, before Shane throws his arms around him.

Video-Ilya lets out a smile that's visible even in the low light of the bar while simultaneously trying to keep him from falling off his chair. His efforts are nearly thwarted as video-Shane leans forward smashing his lips against Ilya's. It's obviously not a particularly refined kiss, but video-Ilya grabs his face all the same, returning the kiss as if he'd returned from war.

All the while, the notes of *Kiss Me* blare out from the tiny speakers.

"Is cute really." The bed dips as Ilya cuddles up behind him. "You spent 7 years trying to fall for anyone who isn't me and you think that 2 beers and a shot of vodka will do the trick."

"Shut up," Shane says although there's no real heat behind it. He leans back, soaking up the warmth of his husband's embrace.

Ilya hums before he takes the phone from him, closes it and lays it on the nightstand. "In all honesty," he says, making sure to enunciate his words so that there's no room for misinterpretation, "I really don't think there's anything you could do that would ever make me stop loving you."

Once again, Shane feels his face screw up, completely and utterly overwhelmed by his love for this man. Afraid that words will fail him, Shane turns around so that he's straddling him.

Ilya, in turn, gives him a small smile, hands tightening around his hips. "I mean it," he whispers, before leaning forward, pressing a kiss against his lips.

Shane returns the kiss, a quiet desperation humming beneath his skin. The thought of losing this, losing *him*, making him almost dizzy with want. He opens his mouth, searching, silently begging for Ilya to let him inside.

Ilya surrenders almost immediately, letting soft hands cradle his face as their tongues meet. Shane moans in relief, getting lost in the feel of Ilya's curls beneath his fingers.

They stay like that for a few minutes before Ilya pulls away.

Shane lets out a confused whine which Ilya is quick to soothe.

"Later," he breathes, lightly scraping his teeth across his neck, "Sleep first and then I'll make you forget there were other men in the bar last night."

Shane's cheeks redden as he meets Ilya's gaze. "Promise?" he whispers.

"Hollander." There's a teasing lilt to Ilya's words. "Think I'm lying, do you?"

Just before Shane has time to shake his head, Ilya rolls them around so that Shane is lying flat on his back, Ilya looming above him. The fun, however, is short-lived as Ilya takes the opportunity to drag the covers over him, tugging Shane in until he's snuggled against his chest.

"Better?" he asks, looking at Shane with such an earnest expression that it's all Shane can do to keep the tears at bay.

"You're staying?" he says, voice small in the space between them.

Ilya leans forward, pressing a soft kiss to Shane's temple. "I'll stay forever my love."

End Notes

For some reason, this silly little idea wouldn't leave me alone. Hope you enjoyed it, and let me know what you think!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!