

soothe

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Summary

A sudden ugly thrill runs through his body at the thought. He can give this to him. No one fucking else can. Not his lovely girlfriend. She can't give this to him. Ilya can. Ilya can be whatever he needs. Whenever he needs it.

Shane and Ilya find comfort in each other.

Chapter 1: Ilya

Ilya shouldn't feel this way. He should be so fucking *angry* at Hollander. And he is. But not as angry as he is at himself. It's not Hollander's fault. *Ilya* fucked up. He's the one who made a fucking mistake and spooked him. He'd made so many fucking mistakes that day. And when he thinks about it, it's worse than an unexpected slap. It hurts more. Because the sting doesn't go away after a few minutes. It lingers in his mind. Festering.

He's being shitty. It's not Hollander's fault his perfect, kind, normal girlfriend chose this club. It's not his fault Ilya needs to stick his cock in someone so he stops fucking thinking. But maybe it is a little. Except not. Ilya's a piece of *shit*. So he's being fucking shitty. Grinding against the beautiful woman in his arms, kissing her neck. Not letting Hollander miss a single second. A single grope.

Because Ilya is a whore who needs to fuck. Hollander's always known this about him. It shouldn't be a fucking surprise. He shouldn't be looking at him like— like that. He should be angry too. Hollander *should* look like he wants to punch him. Ilya should be able to see the accusation and disgust and anger in his face. Because Ilya is a fucking greedy slut who can't keep it in his pants. He's fucking *disgusting*. And Shane should just fucking hit him—

Hollander looks lost. Standing stupidly in the middle of the dance floor, shoulders hunched, beer - which he fucking hates - clutched like a life line in his hands. He's wearing a dumb white t-shirt like he's about to go to the gym or take a nap. Because his mom probably hasn't bought him any clothes to go clubbing in. Because Shane fucking hates this shit.

There are tears welling in his eyes. Ilya *swears* he can see them. His expression is as transparent as it always is. He looks so fucking sad. *Fuck him*. He shouldn't look like that. Ilya grinds against the girl's ass, grazing her ear with his teeth. In front of him, Hollander drops his gaze, chest rising and falling rapidly. Ilya freezes, watching as Shane takes a step forward, flinching when he bumps into someone.

Ilya moves away from the protesting girl, immediately starting to follow when Hollander stumbles off the dance floor. Where the fuck is his girlfriend?

It's cold outside. Because it's fucking Montreal. Ilya ignores it, walking quickly after Shane, following him into the dark alley next to the club, watching his shoulders heave as he breathes. His fingers rise to his eyes in a familiar gesture, like he's trying to hold the tears back. Not let them fall. Ilya's heart squeezes.

He's taking another step forward before he can convince himself not to. They're close now. Close enough he could pull him into his arms, could kiss his temple, could grip his jaw and brush his thumb over his soft freckled cheeks. But he waits. Because this isn't like it was before. This isn't the usual formula.

Except Shane doesn't seem to get that.

He falls to his knees slowly, no frantic energy to the movement. Ilya's breath hitches, horribly aware of the gaping mouth of the alley at his back. But somehow he knows that's not what this is. Knows immediately what Shane is begging for. His hand finds his beautiful soft hair, fingers running through it soothingly in a way he thought was lost to him. *Sweetheart*. He almost lets the words slip out of his traitorous mouth as Shane exhales shakily, head dropping against Ilya's crotch.

He doesn't open his mouth, doesn't reach for Ilya's button and zipper. Just nuzzles against him, breathing. And Ilya doesn't stop touching his hair, stroking his head over and over, trying to get his fucking dick to understand the program. To be what Shane needs at this moment. Because that's what he wants to give him. Forever. Whatever he fucking needs.

A sudden ugly thrill runs through his body at the thought. He can give this to him. No one fucking else can. Not his lovely girlfriend. She can't give this to him. *Ilya* can. Ilya can be whatever he needs. Whenever he needs it.

This is how it can work, his mind screams at him. *This is how I can keep him*.

He needs this from Ilya. *God*. And Ilya will do it.

If Shane asks, Ilya will be his mistress. He'll be his whore. He wants to be his whore. If that's how he can keep Shane. He'll do it. He'll fucking do anything.

Because that's all Ilya is good for anyway.

There's the faint sound of buzzing and Shane jerks against him. Ilya lets his hand still, watching as Shane pushes to his feet, reaching into his pocket for his phone. He doesn't meet his eyes as he answers, but Shane doesn't shove him away when Ilya hooks their pinkies together.

Ask me. I'll say yes.

"Hi. Yes. Rose."

Ilya studies his face: his damp eyes, his slightly pink cheeks, the moisture on his long straight lashes, his fucking freckles. He's *so* beautiful. And she gets to have him. She gets to wear his jersey, showing it to the fucking cameras while she cheers him on at his fucking game. She gets to hold his hand and kiss his cheek and go to fucking dinner with him and meet his fucking parents. But she can't do *this*. At least she can't do this for him. The pain in Ilya's chest doesn't seem to be soothed by that.

"I'm okay. I just needed air. I wasn't feeling very well."

Ilya strokes his thumb against Shane's palm, watching him lean towards Ilya like he can't fucking help it. All the while still talking to his fucking girlfriend.

"Yeah. I'll see you in a minute."

He doesn't look at Ilya when he hangs up the phone. But he lingers, letting their fingers still touch.

Ask me now. Please.

"Thank you," Shane whispers and then leaves Ilya alone in the alley.

He's not surprised by how vicious the pain is. But it's a fresh wound now, bleeding profusely.

It's okay. He'll let Shane open the wound over and over again. If that's what he wants, that's how it has to be.

Chapter 2: Shane

Chapter Notes

In the epilogue of the book, Ilya recounts a moment where he spills wine when Shane's parents are over and how it's no big deal and Shane hands him a towel to wipe it up.

And that one little line really stuck with me. There was just enough negative space there for me to wonder how many times Ilya did something when his family was present and it was not okay and something bad happened to him.

The light outside the cottage is waning and Shane can take a breath now, settling into the couch cushions and turning on the TV. His parents coming over for dinner had gone surprisingly well. And it feels so nice to have them know. To have someone know about Ilya. About how much he loves him. It's almost too good to be true.

The glass door opens and Shane smiles, holding out his arms. Ilya hesitates, like he thinks Shane doesn't know why he was outside. He'd thought everything had gone really well. But sometimes he misses things. And of course the quick changes in their relationship have been pretty overwhelming. He knows Ilya needs it sometimes. It helps. And Shane wants to help too. Wants him to feel comfortable.

"I will go brush my teeth," he says.

"In a little bit," Shane mumbles. "Come here, please."

And Ilya does, slumping down next to Shane, head landing on his chest. The smell of cigarette smoke is strong, but Shane ignores it, hand coming up to touch his soft curls, kissing his head lightly. He smells like himself too. And like the night air. Shane closes his eyes, letting the low hum of the television calm him.

"Sorry," Ilya says softly.

"You don't have to apologize." Shane knows he smokes. He knows he's mostly quit. And even if he hasn't, Shane loves him just the same.

"Okay," Ilya replies. There's a short pause and then he continues. "I will replace the wine too."

Shane's brain stumbles, flashing back to earlier in the night. Ilya accidentally knocking over the wine his mom brought to pair with the chicken. The frozen look on Ilya's face when it had happened. Shane had told him not to move until he'd cleared everything up. Thankfully

the bottle had broken in only a few big chunks. Shane had cleaned it all up, and Ilya hadn't gotten cut or anything. His parents hadn't minded. Mom assured Ilya it was fine, hand on his arm. And Dad likes beer better anyway and he'd brought some from town. Shane will scrub the floor thoroughly tomorrow. Wine is sticky.

But that had led to the first smoke break. Ilya had smiled apologetically at his parents and ducked outside for a little bit. Shane gets it. It sucks when everything is going okay and shit happens. He broke a glass at Hayden's once and had felt really bad about it.

"You don't need to do that," Shane assures him. "My mom has like so many of those bottles. She likes that brand. It's not a big deal."

Something is wrong. Shane isn't sure what, but Ilya is... uncomfortable. Maybe that's it? He's a little tense. But dinner had gone well. The conversation had flowed naturally and Ilya had seemed totally okay talking to his parents. He doesn't need to worry about some stupid wine bottle. It's *really* not a big deal. Maybe he's worried about something else. Or maybe he's tired. It had been a little stressful having his parents over for the first time and seeing them as a 'couple' couple.

"You okay, baby?" Shane asks softly, stroking through his hair.

Ilya nods, one hand snaking up Shane's torso. His hand rests lightly over one pec, not exactly squeezing. He likes touching Shane there. During sex, yeah. But also not. He grabs him there all the time, teasingly. Like he can't help it. Ilya turns his head a little, face buried in Shane's chest, breath warm and damp against the material of his shirt. He seems like he's waiting for something.

You can have what you want, baby. I want you to feel good.

He digs his fingers into Ilya's curls, pressing him more firmly against his chest. Hearing and feeling the slight gasp, his fingers spasming around his pec. Ilya rolls a little, settling between Shane's spread legs, hand firm and squeezing, mouth opening tentatively. Shane is getting kind of hard and he can feel Ilya is having a similar reaction. But something is telling him not to escalate. That's not what this is. He starts sucking softly at Shane's nipple through his shirt, body slumped against him.

"You're okay," Shane whispers, both arms coming up to cradle him, fingers still carding through his hair. "You're good."

He reaches down between them, awkwardly unbuttoning his shirt and pushing it away so Ilya can have better access, if that's what he needs. Ilya makes a noise that's close to a moan, snuffling under Shane's shirt and drawing his nipple into his mouth eagerly. He tries to ignore the jolt that goes through him, just stroking his boyfriend's hair, letting him suck rhythmically at his nipple, one hand holding his pec, snuggled against his chest.

This is so perfect, Shane thinks. I wish it could always be this way. I wish he didn't have to leave to go back to Boston. I want him here with me. Safe.

Ilya must feel it too. The time slipping away from them. He feels so greedy recently. Doesn't know how they survived all these years. Going weeks and then months without each other. He doesn't want this to end.

There isn't much leverage or space on the couch, but he does his best, rocking Ilya softly back and forth, just like he did in Tampa. Ilya had liked that. *Shane* had liked that.

"I like this," Shane says softly. Because he does. And he wants Ilya to know. Know that this is okay. That anything he wants is okay. He can feel Ilya's lashes brush against his skin as he continues to suckle. He likes holding Ilya, comforting him. He likes it when Ilya lets go in his arms, lets himself be petted and kissed and loved.

Darkness descends outside the windows, and Shane keeps holding him. Ilya is safe. Shane will keep him safe.

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