

At Rest

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At Rest

by [flowerfan](#)

Summary

Shane tries to put into words how he feels when he's lying with his head on Ilya's chest. Ilya listens.

"We can do this whenever you want, you know," Ilya says. "Whenever you need. We're making lunch, you stop, say 'Ilya, time to snuggle,' and we do it. Anytime. No problem."

Notes

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

They've been at the cottage for about ten days. Shane hopes that Ilya's planned two weeks here will turn into three, or maybe more. It's been the best ten days of his life.

This morning they stayed in bed for hours, finally getting up, showering, eating breakfast, and lazily exchanging ideas about what to do next. But it's drizzly outside, so they wound up on the couch, some kind of home improvement show playing softly on the television. Ilya claims these shows help with his English, but Shane thinks he just likes to laugh at all the carpentry terms he can pretend sound like sex words. Shane doesn't mind a bit.

They're arranged in what has become a familiar position, Ilya reclined, Shane resting his head on Ilya's bare chest. Neither of them are wearing anything but boxer briefs (matching... because Shane took a pair of Ilya's out of the dryer just to make him grin). They've got a fleece blanket pulled up over their legs to keep out the chill.

Shane is resting his cheek just over Ilya's left pec, curled into Ilya's side. Ilya is playing with Shane's hair, running his fingers through it like it's all he ever wants to do for the rest of his life, which Shane could definitely get on board with. Maybe with a few short breaks to play hockey now and then.

He zones out for a little bit, focusing on the rhythm of Ilya's fingers against his scalp, the swell of Ilya's pec when he sees when he opens his eyes.

"I don't understand why this feels so good," Shane says, without thinking about it.

Ilya takes a moment to respond, during which Shane kind of wants to run away. He didn't mean to sound so earnest.

"You mean, this?" Ilya asks, waving his free arm at the two of them, tucked up together on the couch.

"Yeah."

"It is love," Ilya says confidently. Shane loves when Ilya speaks this way, especially when it's about the two of them. It's how he was during that whole insanely awkward conversation with Shane's parents, the words coming out of Ilya's mouth as if there was no other way it could have happened.

But love isn't the explanation now, at least, not the whole explanation.

Shane twists to gaze up at Ilya, the view of Ilya's pointy chin and the underside of his nostrils not taking anything away from the beauty of his shy smile. "It is love. But that's not what I meant."

Ilya frowns. He's worried he lost the meaning, somehow, of Shane's English words. "Tell me, then, what you mean."

Shane ponders for a minute, and then stands up, ignoring the adorable little pout on Ilya's face as he extricates himself from his arms. He sits down on a nearby chair, leaning forward

with his hands on his knees.

“I still love you from here. It’s not just love that makes it feel so good.”

“Touching is different,” Ilya says, as if it is obvious. “It adds... more.” He bites his lip, clearly unsatisfied with this too. “Come back,” he holds his arms open. “Better to explain from here.”

Shane happily complies, and they shift until they are comfortable again, Shane’s cheek pressed against Ilya’s warm skin. He can feel the hard muscle underneath, and the ripple of movement when Ilya curls his arm around to pet his hair again.

“I like how it feels, to have my head here,” Shane says, bracing for a quip from Ilya. But it doesn’t come. He’s listening. “I like how your skin feels against mine, how it smells. Sometimes...” he shifts a little bit, moving his ear against Ilya’s chest, “I can hear your heartbeat.”

“Mmm,” says Ilya. “Nice.”

“But... it’s not just how it physically feels,” Shane goes on, trying not to censor himself. “When I’m here, I relax. In my brain.” He feels like an idiot now, but Ilya makes a little noise of encouragement so he presses on. “My brain slows down. It’s really... peaceful.”

Ilya takes this in, and then leans to press a kiss on Shane’s forehead. “That’s good.”

“Yeah.”

Shane just breathes for a while, and he can tell that Ilya is breathing with him.

“We can do this whenever you want, you know,” Ilya says. “Whenever you need. We’re making lunch, you stop, say ‘Ilya, time to snuggle your chest,’ and we do it. Anytime. No problem.” There’s the softest hint of humor in his voice, but underneath, it’s all the same, unbelievable care that Ilya has been showing him for ages now.

“Okay,” Shane says. “Thanks.”

“Is no problem.”

Ilya tugs Shane closer, presses another kiss to his head, then dips down to kiss his lips. Shane sits up and they kiss properly, but gently, still in that cozy space the two of them have created this morning.

“I want to try now,” Ilya says, pushing at Shane until their positions are reversed, Ilya’s head resting heavily on Shane’s chest. “See if same magic works on me.”

Shane grins, playing with Ilya’s curls. “To be clear, I like it this way too.”

“We are flexible,” Ilya says, his breath warm against Shane’s chest. “In many things. This is good, no?”

“Sure.”

Ilya manages to stay still for a minute or two, but quickly gets restless.

“I do like this view,” he says. “You have good chest. Nice tits.”

“Ilya,” Shane says, flushing.

“It’s true. Not as big as mine, but, that’s okay.” Ilya tilts his head, starts kissing Shane over his pec, and then tugs at his nipple with his teeth, quickly soothing it with his tongue. “This part is nice too. Very responsive.”

Ilya’s hand is now working its way up from Shane’s knee to his hip, and Ilya sits up to fix Shane with a mischievous look.

“I think I have experienced the magic now. Is maybe time for something else, yes?” Ilya’s hand presses against Shane’s dick, which has become rather interested in the proceedings.

“You’re ridiculous,” Shane says, squirming with pleasure as Ilya begins to stroke him through his briefs.

“But you love me.”

“I really do.”

End Notes

That scene with Shane's head on Ilya's lovely chest (and the still/picture of it) that keeps coming up over and over on Tumblr and everywhere else just won't leave my mind. So this is what happened.

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