

such a loveable lamb

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such a loveable lamb

by [eridanus00](#)

Summary

Shane presses his forehead deeper into Ilya's body, breathes through his nose when he feels the stretch in the corners of his mouth and his throat closes up from the intrusion. The patch of coarse hair there scratches his nose and chin. He tries to swallow some of his spit, but all that failed attempt does is make him drool even more when he gags, his tongue involuntary pushing up and outwards to clear up his passageway but he would not take Ilya out of his mouth.

Instead, he closes his eyes and takes another deep breath through his nose, recalling all the breathing techniques he learned in therapy, in training, in his experiences being intimate with Ilya. It should be easier now than when he's fully hard, but that sinking feeling of failing stings Shane's eyes all the same. It's one thing to fail at something — at being like the other guys, at winning a game, at getting a joke — but it's another thing to feel like he has failed someone.

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Shane wants to help Ilya takes his mind off something. Even though he doesn't want to tell him what it is.

Notes

first hollanov fic. who cheered??

title is from 'my moon, my man' by feist

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

Ilya has been out for over an hour. He'd taken his jacket, which is honestly not thick enough as it's approaching winter here in Montreal, and Shane's been driving himself crazy from the endless questions that have been running through his head.

What did he do wrong?

They had dinner together. Different meals, though. Ilya ordered himself some takeout because even by his own strict diet standard, Shane's food choices are still a little diabolical for him. He ought to teach Shane how to stock up his fridge better. 'Bird food', Shane said Hayden calls it. And Ilya hates that he agrees with that.

But still, it *was* a nice dinner. Shane talked about another brand deal his mum is getting him into, and Ilya made a joke about how ridiculous the last few ones had been.

"What? Are they gonna have you naked next?"

Shane tried to kick his shin for that but it was hard to aim right when they were sat side-by-side. He only managed to hit it with his heel on the swing back instead. "Hey, I am more than just my body."

To that half-convincing tone of his argument, Ilya shrugged and carelessly gestured with his free hand. "It's a good body, though."

"Asshole."

"Hmm, no. That's you." There's a small pause as Ilya's smirk widened, showing off his sharp canine. Shane braced for impact. "But I'm sure your mother would not let you show your asshole on camera. You're her sweet, precious boy. You can show it to me, though. She gave her permission."

Shane shoved him with his whole body weight for that, and they both laughed when it almost sent them toppling down the chairs.

So, dinner was nice. More than nice, in fact. Then why did Ilya suddenly choose to take a 'cigarette break' outside when he had blown smokes right into his face to annoy him before? When Shane had admitted that he didn't mind the smell as much now?

All he got as an excuse was a lousy, "I don't want the smell to stick to your furniture. Be good and wait for me to be back, okay?" and a quick peck on the lips to pacify his protest before Ilya stuck a cigarette in his mouth and closed the door behind him.

He didn't bring anything with him besides a pack and a lighter. Not even his phone. Which Shane knows is intentional, purposefully left behind to vibrate on the dining table whenever Shane impulsively sent him a text to ask when he would be back.

Sure, they have an evening game tomorrow, but their time together is already so limited, and Shane's been crawling all around in his head trying to make the night enjoyable for the both of them. To spend as much time as possible together. But Ilya just left? To smoke?

His own home has never felt so lacking.

He feels so incompetent.

So when Ilya finally returns, slightly shaking from the cold and with red eyes, Shane jumps into action, wanting nothing more but to compensate for it.

He kisses Ilya hard against the door; the first wash of relief flooding his system when Ilya doesn't hesitate to return the heat with same fervour. Like he, too, misses Shane.

Ilya tastes like cigarette smoke but Shane doesn't care about that — hasn't given a fuck about it for a long time, to be honest — because all he cares about right now is tethering Ilya back here. With him.

Without breaking the kiss, he starts tugging at Ilya's jacket, getting rid of the evidence that Ilya had left the house without him. His hoodie is next in line, forcing them to separate briefly for Ilya to help Shane take it off him.

Shane's hands are warm, calloused, but still gentle in his touches even as he gropes whatever part of Ilya that he can; his shoulders, his arms, his waist. If he has longer nails, he would've left marks behind.

He imagines it would be the topic of their locker room talk tomorrow and he can't decide if he's mortified or turned on by the idea of it.

To match Shane's eagerness, Ilya sneaks his hands under Shane's t-shirt just to feel closer as if he's not still tongue-deep in Shane's throat.

They still have their whole song and dance when it comes to their intimacy, the push and pull of it all, clumsy footing like it's their first day of ice skating. So Shane already half-expects the deflection that would come when he asks, "Where did you go?"

Why did you leave me alone?

It's disappointing to be right. To predict something bad and have it happen.

"Around the neighbourhood. I got a little lost so it took me awhile to get back."

"What were you doing?"

"Smoking. You can smell it on me."

Shane can smell the bullshit better than the smoke. And with their faces this close, he can also see the crystalline tears in Ilya's eyes. The ones he couldn't shed because he knew he already left Shane alone for too long and needed to head back.

Shane looks away to the side, unable to take in the faux nonchalant act Ilya is putting on. He knows he can't meet his eyes right now. "Did I upset you?"

"What? No, Shane. No. It's not that." Ilya grabs his face to make him look at him again, cold hand pressed firmly against his chin, fingers digging into his cheeks.

His eyes are still cast to the ground, voice mumbled with how little he can open his mouth to sulk about it. "But it *is* something."

Ilya smiles in that apologetic way, but Shane can't see it. "I don't want to talk about it."

He knew it was coming — Ilya wouldn't have left the house if he had wanted to talk about it in the first place — but Shane still feels hurt by it. He watches the way Ilya swallows thickly when he registers his reaction, or the lack of it; then his eyes simply follow down that path. Lower and lower.

Shane's not good at talking either. But he's been told he has a good body and a good mouth.

So he kneels.

What he doesn't expect is for Ilya to look surprised about the sight of him on his knees, already working on unbuttoning Ilya's pants and fishing his cock out.

"Shane, not right now," Ilya says, sounding like he's tired, but making no effort to push him away.

When stroking it with his hand doesn't work to get the blood pumping — maybe it was too cold outside? — Shane changes tactic and decides to skip the pleasantries. Holding the limp cock firmly in his hand, he leans in closer, his other hand keeping him balanced with a grip on the back of Ilya's thigh, and starts sucking.

Shane hears the thud on the door when Ilya slams his head back to it, and for a second, he thinks it's a good sign until Ilya curses at himself. "Shit, I can't—"

He's not getting hard.

Maybe it's the discomfort of standing after an hour long walk in the cold, or having his pants and boxers bunched up around his knees. Some problem or another that's not getting him in the zone. Whatever it is, Shane wants to help. Wants to be helpful.

Wordlessly, he lets Ilya's cock out of his mouth only to help him out of his clothes and bring him to the bedroom.

Ilya leans against the headboard with his legs sprawled out, looking more comfortable now that he's back in Shane's bed where it smells the most like him.

"Come here," he calls, hoping to hold Shane in his arms again.

He almost does.

Shane climbs into bed, arms framing Ilya's thighs and one leg bent at the knee with the other slightly hanging off the edge for both of them to fit like this. His head's bowed down, aiming for Ilya's dick again.

The weight settles nicely in his mouth, familiar, and Shane finds comfort in thinking that he knows his place.

He slowly inches forward; Ilya's hand on the back of his head works like words of encouragement even as silence falls between them. It's easier to manage now, and for the first time, Shane fits his whole length in his mouth without having Ilya fuck his face for it.

It reminds Shane of an old habit he had as a kid; of letting his head fall flat on the table, shoulders curled inwards until whatever little meat he had on his bones press against the edge of the wood. Not quite hitting it on the hard surface until he could feel his skull crack open, but close enough. He'd repeat it over and over — raising his head several inches off the table only to unceremoniously drop it again — until the dull thud turned sharp because he made sure to land his forehead at the same angle every time. His mother had to teach him that he didn't have to do that, that he could simply lay his head there and cry if he needed to. If he wanted to. The table couldn't channel away his anxieties anyway. All he got was a red bump on the centre of his forehead.

That same spot is now pressed against something much softer; Ilya's navel, right in the folds of his stomach as he's slumped against the headboard. His skin is warm, which is probably from his body overcompensating for being in the cold for too long. Or maybe the heat is coming from somewhere in his core.

But alas, he remains soft in Shane's mouth.

Shane presses his forehead deeper into Ilya's body, breathes through his nose when he feels the stretch in the corners of his mouth and his throat closes up from the intrusion. The patch of coarse hair there scratches his nose and chin. He tries to swallow some of his spit, but all that failed attempt does is make him drool even more when he gags, his tongue involuntary pushing up and outwards to clear up his passageway but he would not take Ilya out of his mouth.

Instead, he closes his eyes and takes another deep breath through his nose, recalling all the breathing techniques he learned in therapy, in training, in his experiences being intimate with Ilya. It should be easier now than when he's fully hard, but that sinking feeling of failing stings Shane's eyes all the same. It's one thing to fail at something — at being like the other guys, at winning a game, at getting a joke — but it's another thing to feel like he has failed *someone*.

In his next inhale, he must've sniffled, because Ilya's suddenly massaging the back of his neck, then bringing his flat palm down the length of Shane's spine, tracing his tense back. And repeat.

Shane wants so badly to tell him that *he's* not the one in need of comfort, that he's here to help Ilya get his mind off whatever it is that's bothering him, what bile Ilya got stuck in his throat that he can't be bothered to spell out the words for him. But Shane's frozen in place. Overwhelmed and catatonic. He just wants to—

"Hollander."

No.

The protest comes out of him despite the tight reigns Shane tries to have on all of his movements. It's involuntarily; the tightening of his throat, the garbled sound that crawls out of it, and most damningly, the little shakes of his head. He's just thankful Ilya's warm, tender belly softens the sound and completely hides his face. He can't afford to let Ilya see the crease between his brows or, god forbid, his red-rimmed eyes.

But that small jerk of his head and even smaller sound are enough to make Ilya bite his word.

"Shane," he tries again. Maybe it's the name itself — the phonetics of it all, the singular syllable, the euphonic individual phonemes that Ilya never struggled saying since the beginning of *them* — or maybe it's something else entirely, like the fact that Ilya loves the sound of it coming out of his mouth and loves even more how Shane always reacts to it, but they both feel like they can breathe again once it's spoken. Shane relaxes his jaw and scoots back just enough so his throat isn't fighting for air, though still not meeting Ilya's sad eyes.

Ilya's hand finds his nape again, massaging it with his thumb and forefinger pinching at his hairline. "Shane, baby, you don't have to do this."

But he wants to. Feels like he needs to. Like knocking his head on the wooden table. He wants to do *something*. He wants to be good.

"Listen to me and move back, yes? I don't want you to choke."

Listen, yes. Shane can listen. Can take orders.

Whatever Ilya wants.

He shuffles back, swallowing the spit that's been pooling under his tongue and letting it graze the underside of Ilya's cock until only another inch past the head is all that's left inside. Still soft and spongy and, for all intents and purposes, sensitive to the warm, wet cavern of Shane's smart mouth.

It's harder to hide his face when he still wants to be touching Ilya as much as possible from this faux distance — Shane wants to bury himself inside of Ilya's bone marrow until it reshapes him entirely, but that's neither here nor there right now. So he shifts, angles his head until his left cheek is resting on Ilya's thighs. The fine hair tickles his face and Shane has half the mind to not scrunch his nose at that. He swallows again, suckling on the tip.

Ilya's hand moves from his nape to his ear, tracing the shell before it buries itself in Shane's thick hair. It feels nice when he slowly clenches his fist, the tension building and growing in Shane's scalp before he releases. Then he does it again. And again. Until Shane's eyes turn hazy and he's slow-blinking his way to finally look at Ilya in the face again.

The smile on his face is kind. Beautiful. Ilya is especially beautiful when he's being nice to Shane, but Shane likes it just as much when he's being mean. Tonight, though, it seems like he doesn't have the capacity to be mean when Shane has readily surrendered himself like this. To be used. To be useful. To serve.

Shane would've smiled back if his mouth isn't full. But he tries, still, the corner of his lips curling up ever so slightly and Ilya only catches it because he's never taken his eyes off them.

"Better?"

His answer comes in a shapeless hum, low in his throat, and it send a delicious tremor right to Ilya's head.

"Good," Ilya says, earning him another hum. It's hard to tell from the low tangerine lighting but he'd bet good money that Shane turns a shade redder from that alone. "Just want you close tonight. Too tired for anything else."

If Shane doesn't have his mouth full, he would've asked *why*, but he also knows that another dismissal of the question would truly bruise his heart, so he simply opts to not test it. Keep it in the Schrödinger's box so he'll never know if they're already at a phase of their young, budding relationship where they can be open with each other or not. Another 'I don't want to talk about this' will only be the final nail on the coffin that would pierce straight into the cat's heart.

Seeing the faraway look in Shane's eyes, Ilya pivots a little. Touching his back and arms, squeezing the muscles, and digging his thumb into the tendons of Shane's strained neck before gently caressing his cheek with his cold knuckles.

In his mouth, Shane moves his tongue to the same side and pushes against his cheek as if he can taste Ilya's fingers through all those layers of muscles and blood vessels and skin. He *wishes* he could. As if Ilya's cock in his mouth, that he's still absentmindedly sucking on, isn't enough to placate the nervous energy that's bubbling inside of him.

"You look really pretty like this, baby. With my cock in your mouth. Very good for me."

Shane melts further into his thigh, jaw ever-so-slightly slacking until there's enough room for drool to seep out. The reassurance that he's *good*, that he hasn't failed anyone — least of all Ilya — falls upon him like an easy weight. Like a blanket. He feels warm and gooey and *safe*.

And he wants Ilya to feel the same.

His hands wander every part of Ilya's body that he can reach after having left them useless by his side for too long that the muscles feel like static. His thighs, his waist, his stomach where he buried his face before. Shane thinks of the time he cried into his arms instead of hitting his head on the table, how it had helped him through feelings of overwhelm.

Being with Ilya gets overwhelming sometimes, yes. Overstimulating too. In more ways than one. But here, like this — Shane with his cheek on Ilya's thigh, his mouth full, his brain *quiet*; and Ilya finding the monotonous rhythm of Shane's timed swallowing more soothing than the cigarettes could ever be — they can find their own peace.

"I love you," Ilya whispers, tapping his fingers on Shane's cheek and feeling him lick under the same spot again.

It feels too important to not say it back, to reduce the sound to humming when it had taken both of them this long to learn how to say it. So Shane finally pulls off, uncaring of the drool that spills over Ilya's thigh or his wet dick. He tests the ache in his jaw, opening and closing his mouth before he dares to push the words out without messing up.

"I love you too."

"Now come here so I can kiss you properly."

The crawl up Ilya's torso is even slower, like time has trapped him in thick molasses and is congealing into something more solid. But Shane fights through the stiffness of his own body, the little tinkling of doubt still dripping inside of him like drool out of an open mouth, and follows the line in the centre of his Ilya's abs to his chest, then the column of his throat, offshooting to his eyes before dropping down to his lips.

Ilya's smiling at him, and Shane smiles back even though he barely feels it underneath the subtle buzz of his tired mouth.

The kiss is tender, tasting like reunion and apologies and kindness all in the same breath, in the flick of Ilya's tongue on Shane's mouth so he can deepen the kiss and lick his teeth, in Shane's hums of gratitude when Ilya holds him by his jaw — thumb and middle finger massaging the tender spots under the hinges as Ilya tastes himself on Shane's tongue.

His other hand goes to the back of Shane's thigh, pulling and coaxing him into properly straddling him instead of hovering like he's afraid that Ilya would run away (again) if he gets too close. It's only then Shane relaxes his body by a fraction, holding onto Ilya with a hand in his hair and another gripping his arm, tightening it when Ilya pepper wet kisses down his throat, mouthing in Russian words that Shane hasn't begun to learn yet.

But for Shane's sake, he repeats them again in English because he wants him to know. Needs him to know beyond just verbalizing it to the air for his own sanity. "I feel so much better with you. Even just *being* with you. Just this. Okay?"

Shane kisses the top of his head, breathing in the scent of his sweat and cigarettes that he will help wash out in the shower after this. "Okay. I'm—I'm happy you feel that way."

"Hm? You feel happy that I love you?"

Ilya feels the rumble in his chest before he hears Shane chuckle from the lilt in his voice. A little teasing about how badly they're in love with each other. Shane's body relaxes some more when Ilya presses his lips to his sternum, tasting the rapid heartbeat and chasing after the skin when Shane releases a deep sigh.

"Yeah. And I hope I make you happy too."

There's a little sadness to the way he says it, behind all that layer of hopefulness and almost flat tone. Ilya kisses his way up until he's back to his lips again, breathing out the words into his mouth so Shane can truly digest them. "I've never been happier."

Shane nods like he understands — denotatively, at least, he knows what those words mean — steals a look to the side for a brief second as his breath hitches, and then nods again when he *truly* understands it.

A smile blooms on his face, so wide that Ilya's kissing his teeth rather than his lips. One more peck and then, "Me too."

End Notes

im sorry if i project too much of my 'i feel like i keep making mistakes' energy onto shane

also idk if anyone's curious but the reason why ilya left for a bit is because talking about how much yuna is involved in shanes life makes him miss his mother a little too much and he doesnt know if he can keep it together if they start talking about it then

anyway, hope you enjoyed :))

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