Is okay

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by enbypanic

Summary

The thing is, Shane's gone non-verbal a few times now to not be scared by it and just ignore it until he feels good again. It usually happened when he was stressed, overwhelmed or overthinking, sometimes all three at the same time when he played a bad game and analyzed it a million times until he figured out exactly what he needed to practice on for the next few days. This time though, Shane was absolutely not stressed, everything was perfect so it made no sense for him to suddenly feel this. He's been at the cottage with Ilya for almost two weeks now, all they've done is talk, swim, fuck and eat, it's been so good, he's had no stress so why was he feeling this enormous pang of discomfort?

Notes

warning ⚠️ i didnt proof read this and english isnt my first language, there may be typos and mistakes.

also i may be projecting a little onto shane oopsie sorry not sorry

They've already gone out to the lake, after shower, pancakes and brushi their teeth. Now they were cuddling on the couch, comfortably watching a movie about possession and demons that was more funny than scary, when Shane felt it. That pang that let him know it was happening again.

The thing is, Shane's gone non-verbal a few times now to not be scared by it and just ignore it until he feels good again. It usually happened when he was stressed, overwhelmed or overthinking, sometimes all three at the same time when he played a bad game and analyzed it a million times until he figured out exactly what he needed to practice on for the next few days. This time though, Shane was absolutely not stressed, everything was perfect so it made no sense for him to suddenly feel this. He's been at the cottage with Ilya for almost two weeks now, all they've done is talk, swim, fuck and eat, it's been so good, he's had no stress so why was he feeling this enormous pang of discomfort?

Shane moves from where he was laying on top of Ilya, removing his head from Ilya's chest and goes up. He huffs a bit when Ilya doesn't remove his eyes from the TV, wanting the man to look at him. Ilya does look at him, smiling when Shane moves closer for a kiss. And the kiss is so good, Ilya's hands immediately moving from Shane's back to hold onto his hips and pull their bodies even closer, Ilya hums when Shane gets his tongue past his lips a little desperately and they both sigh with it.

"What do you want now, love?" Ilya murmurs slowly against his lips and Shane panic a bit over not being able to speak. Ilya's never caught him like this. Ilya doesn't know he gets like this sometimes and Shane thought the kiss would make him snap out of it but it doesn't and it definitely shows on his face by now. "What is it?" One of Ilya's hands touches softly his cheek and Shane flinches a little, involuntarily, making Ilya's worried frown deepen and his hand move back down to hold softly Shane's hips. Shane makes a sound, because words won't come to him, it sound a kind of like a whine and it makes tears come to his eyes. "No speaking?" Ilya tries again, speaking softly like Shane's a scared kitten and rubbing soothingly all over his back and hips. Shane shakes his head to answer Ilya's question. "Okay. Can we sit?" Shane feels more tears well up in his eyes at Ilya's question, he wanted to lay down like this, but he trusts Ilya so all he does is nod and move up to let the two of them sit side by side on the couch.

"This no speaking thing happened to you before, yes?" Shane nods. "What you do to make it better?" Shane shrugs. "What you want to do to make it better?" Shane can't signal this answer so he moves to get his phone from the other end of the couch, opens his notes app and types out while Ilya looks at the screen with him: What we were doing. "Lay down and watch movie?" Shane sighs and shakes his head, he types: You know what we were gonna do after I kissed you. "Hollander, I'm not going to fuck you while you are like this." And the first tear falls from Shane's eyes when he huffs and sits back against the couch's back and crosses his arms across his chest.

He doesn't know why it feels like this, suffocating, like the only answer right now is to have Ilya touch him. And he just called him by his last name!

Shane turns his head, emptily staring at the kitchen. "Hey, Shane..." Ilya moves closer, this time very slowly touching Shane's cheek to try and not make him flinch. "This thing sure does not feel good in your head. If we do this, might make worse, you know?" Shane sighs one more time, no tears falling, and nods. "So we have to find better way of making you good, yes?" Ilya moves his arms when Shane looks at him, circling his entire middle section and moving Shane to sit across his lap.

They stay like that for a while, Shane like a small child with his head laying on Ilya's shoulder and his eyes closed and Ilya holding him and massaging his muscles; first his back and after a few minutes his thighs. Shane doesn't know how long passes, he only finds out when he opens his eyes and sees the sun through the window, which he knows means that's definitely past noon now. He doesn't feel the pang and the pain, he's exhausted for some reason.

"Hi." Shane speaks lowly, a bit embarrassed, thinking about how Ilya was already looking at him and how he probably couldn't feel his legs after having Shane on top of him for this long. "Hello, pretty." Ilya replies. "You feel better?" Shane nods, mostly because he still feels a bit too much and is really tired, maybe his brain got drained and he didn't even realize he was thinking so much. Ilya kisses his lips softly, quickly moving away to speak again. "Want to sleep and I make food? Talk when you are hundred percent better." Ilya's smiling big, seeing Shane nod and then yawn and strech before Shane remembers to actually reply. "Yeah, I need a but of sleep." And with that, Ilya helps him move from his lap and stands up. Shane giggles at his groans while Ilya stretches his legs and walks away.

When Shane opens his eyes again, he feels much better. There's a nice smell in the air and he can definitely speak now. Ilya comes back to the couch, holding a big tray with two plates of carbonara and two glasses of orange juice, they sit together with the tray on their laps and start eating.

"Sorry about that." Shane speaks after eating in silence for a few minutes.

"Is okay." Ilya shrugs in answer.

"It's not okay. It's weird and I wanted to use you for sex to see if my brain went back to normal." It hits him as soon as he says it, how fucked up his brain was.

Ilya frowns and moves the tray, placing it on the little center table in front of the couch. He turn to Shane when he goes to speak. "Shane, it is okay. You did not use me and we fixed it, yes?"

Shane sighs, frustrated with himself and with the fact that Ilya just doesn't get it. No one ever gets it. "Look, my brain does this shut off thing when I'm stressed and it usually goes away in a day. I'm not stressed but it shut off anyway and I thought kissing you would make it better." He sighs again, this time moving his hands to his face and hiding his eyes and tears from Ilya. "Then I asked you to touch me because I thought that would make me normal again."

There's a beat of silence that stretches too long and Shane feels the need to move his hands away and look at Ilya again. "Is okay. I know you don't mean to hurt me. You have issue with this thing so you were not thinking right." Ilya says firmly once their eyes meet.

"I– Yeah. I think that's it." Shane looks down, resting against the couch's back, embarrassed.

"Or I make you nervous and you stress?" Shane can see Ilya's smirk through his peripheral and soon Ilya's crowding against him, face closing in on his neck. "You think I am so hot." Ilya drags the words, mock whining, and kisses Shane's neck softly. Shane shivers, sigh, pointedly looks at the opposite side from where Ilya is. "Is okay." Ilya says for the millionth time now, voice too sincere now. "My brain also does funny things sometimes." Ilya's hand moves, forcing Shane to look at him — not really forcing since Shane goes so easily. "And it is fine." He continues speaking, both of them looking at each other's lips now. "We can always make it good again. I help you, you help me. And all is okay." Ilya gives him a chaste kiss that makes Shane move a little after his lips when he moves away to speak one more time. "Want to learn everything about you, even complicated–" He can't really finish it, suddenly Shane is on him and kissing him desperately.

Ilya laughs a little at first, before Shane moves to lay down on the couch and pulls Ilya on top of him. Soon enough Ilya is between Shane's spread legs, palming at his exposed thighs and under his shorts, both of them panting slightly at each other's mouths.

"Please." Shane says. "Now it's fine. Don't have brain fog anymore. Need you." He pants it all in a huff, in a hurried whisper, forcing Ilya's shirt up and off of him. Ilya groans, nodding before removing Shane's shirt and immediately going down to kiss and suck at his chest while they stuggle to move their hips against each other.

Shane moans loudly when Ilya decides to suck on his nipple, a distraction from having to move away so he's able to remove the shorts and underwear they're wearing from both of their bodies. When Ilya moves back and lays on top of Shane again, mouth roaming his chest again, they're both so hard and rubbing against each other it makes the two of them shiver and sigh.

Ilya feels a hand and then a strong pull on his hair and goes willingly, groaning while Shane forces him up again and into a hungry kiss. This kiss goes on for a while, gentle and lustful, while the two of them move against each other, for once not hurrying. Ilya slowly moves a hand down, the other going to Shane's bent knee and pushing his leg against his chest while moving away from the kiss, he spits on the hand not holding Shane, getting his fingers as wet as possible before following along the curve of Shane's balls with wet fingers and down until they reach his hole.

Shane nods frantically, getting too needy for words, needing Ilya inside him as soon as possible. Ilya just won't have that today.

"Is okay?" Ilya asks. Shane just nods again. "Speak, please, my love." And that does it.

"Yes– I'm fine. I want–" He's interrupted by his own whine, one of Ilya's fingers slowly pushing inside his hole. He blushes profusely, still too embarrassed about the sounds he makes, and of course Ilya notices.

"Hmm..." Ilya hums, moves his finger in and out of Shane slowly, leans down to kiss all over his face. "So pretty like this." Then he adds a second finger and Shane almost chokes on his own spit.

Shane needs to calm down. The pang is coming back. He holds both of Ilya's biceps strongly, maybe it hurts a little because Ilya stops moving his fingers. "Love you so much." Shane blurts out, overwhelmed and feeling so good he can't stop it. The pang goes away.

Ilya kisses him again, moves both his fingers in and out of Shane slowly and smiles when Shane can't keep kissing him because he needs to throw his head back against the couch and moan, back arching and hand blindly searching for the lube he knows they left on the floor last night. Ilya sees his hand and understands immediately, moving away for as little time as possible to get the abandoned lube, letting Shane's leg fall on the couch softly.

"We are so convenient." Ilya jokes and Shane giggles, even if his cock hurts by now and Ilya's fingers are still inside him. He watches as Ilya opens the cap and lets the liquid fall on his palm. He watches as Ilya strokes himself and groans. He huffs as Ilya smirks down at him and simply keeps stroking himself. He knows Ilya is trying to get something out of him so he smirks back.

Shanes sits up a little and steals the lube from Ilya's hand, watching as he raises both eyebrows and licks his lips. Shane uncaps the lube and spills a little on his fingers, tosses the bottle on the floor again and lays back down. With one hand he hold a leg against his own chest, folding himself right in front of Ilya and smiling when he hears his breathing get more and more irregular, the other hand goes down and Shane shudders as he gets his own hole wet and immediately gets two fingers inside himself.

Shane only has time to thrust inside himself twice before he hears Ilya curse in russian. Ilya stops stroking himself and holds Shane's wrist, forcing his fingers out, and before Shane can complain Ilya is entering him and holding both his legs against his chest, now completely folded in half. "Ilya–" Shane tried to start but can only whine, hands going to hold onto Ilya's forearms and head knocking back against the couch cushions. "I need–" He tries again and almost chokes one more time as Ilya bottoms out, feeling the kisses he places on his neck. "Need what?" Ilya asks against his colarbone, biting gently as his hips start slowly rocking, barely pulling out of Shane. "Your hand– Touch me."

Even if it was still a little hard for Shane to say directly what he wanted sometimes, it was fine for Ilya as long as he could speak. So Ilya put his entire body weight on Shane, letting go of his legs and placing a hand on the couch by Shane's head while the other moved down to stroke him. Shane cried out at the touch, he was so close, both of them knew it. Ilya moved faster now, the thrusts getting desperate as they all but huffed against each other's mouths. Ilya was now babbling, an incessant string of "I love you" against Shane's mouth he couldn't seem to stop. Shane felt tears falls from his eyes, shouting his release and trembling all over, body shaking against Ilya. Ilya kissed his cheeks, getting rid of the tears, and after two or three more thrusts he pulled out and came all over Shane's stomach. They sighed, bodies heaving and limbs feeling like jelly.

"Is okay?" Ilya aked, smiling.

"Yeah." Shane nodded.

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