

in your arms i'd start a war

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by [stammiviktor](#)

Summary

After an eventful day, Ilya, Shane, Yuna and David enjoy dinner together at the cottage.
(Then Ilya and Shane enjoy dessert.)

An episode 6 continuation.

Chapter 1

New conversation:

Mom, Dad, Lily

> **Mom (4:51pm):** Leaving now. Can you preheat the oven to 175?

> **Mom (4:57pm):** Be there in 10. Ok to come in?

> **Mom (5:02pm):** This is your 5 minute warning, you two. Please confirm receipt.

> **Lily (5:03pm):** See you soon!

Shane, who had just finished getting dressed after taking a shower, stared unblinking at his phone. “Oh my god.”

“Shane? Are you having another panic attack?” Ilya asked from the other room.

“Eat shit. Oh my god.”

Ilya entered the bedroom brandishing a bottle of lube. “Found this on the couch. Say ‘thank you, Ilya.’”

“Oh my *god*. ”

“Relax, is fine. I’m pretty sure that was the last one.” Shane groaned helplessly. He had gone a little overboard shopping for Ilya’s visit. Cokes, beers, ten pounds of ground beef, two dozen hotdogs, four travel-sized bottles of lube... “Perhaps there is such thing as being *too* prepared,” Ilya said. Shane smacked him on the shoulder.

“Shut up. My parents are in a group chat with *Lily*. ”

Ilya hooked his chin over Shane’s shoulder to look down at his phone. “That is cute. In my phone they are texting Jane.”

Shane fumbled for the *edit contact* button. “I need to change it.”

“You know they can’t see it.”

“I *know*, asshole. But I can. And *Lily* is...” Lily is seven years of sexting, hookup scheduling and dick pics. Shane’s jerked off to their message history before, to the little dots that mean

Lily is typing. Just getting a notification from that name is enough to make him blush, and sometimes worse.

Shane managed to type *Ilya Rozanov* into the contact page just before Ilya snatched the phone from his hand.

“Hey, stop—”

“Wait. Wait. Okay. Here.”

The contact page now read *Ilya* ❤️ *Rozanov*. Shane’s face grew hot. “Oh.” The name looked right like that, though. It was how he felt looking at it. It should appear like that everywhere, on the MLH leaderboards and in the sportsbooks next to betting odds and engraved on the goddamn Cup. Could you engrave an emoji? “We’ll have to change it back. Before the season starts.”

“Yes. But we can enjoy it for now.” Ilya kissed his neck. “In my phone it will say Shane with *two* hearts.”

“You’re so fucking competitive.” Shane tried to put some heat behind the words but inside he was melting, so it came out sounding horrifically sappy.

The doorbell rang, followed by a tentative knock. Shane quickly finished buttoning his shirt. “Okay. Alright. We’ve got this.”

“We’ve got this,” Ilya agreed. He placed his hand loosely on the small of Shane’s back and kept it there as they walked to the door. Shane appreciated it too much to be embarrassed.

His parents stood on the stoop, looking just as unsure as Shane felt. His mom held a casserole dish covered in aluminum foil and his dad had a large salad bowl covered in plastic wrap.

“Hey, uh.” Shane’s brain froze. His parents never had to *knock* before. What was he supposed to say? “Uh, come in? I’ll take that.”

“It’s okay, I’ve got it,” Yuna said. “Did you preheat the oven?”

“Uh...”

“I did,” Ilya volunteered.

“Oh, thank you.”

Ilya sent Shane a wink that probably meant *your mom likes me more than you now*. Shane rolled his eyes, meaning, *yeah, I’ve resigned myself to that, thanks*.

Yuna sat the casserole pan down on the kitchen island and Shane had a sudden, vivid flashback to yesterday, when Ilya bent him over this counter and fucked him.

“Jesus Christ,” he murmured.

“What? Shane, are you okay?” His mom looked genuinely worried.

“Yeah, uh, we got beer. It’s in the fridge. Do you want any?”

“I will take one,” Ilya said.

“Me too,” his mom said.

“Me three,” his dad said.

It was actually stupid how much relief Shane felt at having a task. He pulled four pint glasses out of the cabinet and retrieved the beers from the fridge. “Ilya, have you seen the, uh...” He made a gesture with his hand like a lever.

Ilya’s face scrunched up in thought. “Yes, the thing, for...” He mimicked Shane’s gesture. “The beer. Maybe we left it on the grill. I will look.”

“Bottle opener,” Shane’s brain finally supplied when Ilya returned from the back patio with the tool in hand. “Thanks.”

“Bottle opener,” Ilya scoffed. “Simple.”

“What is it in Russian?”

Their fingers brushed as he passed the bottle opener to Shane; Ilya had done that on purpose. “Открывашка. ‘Opener.’”

“Ah. Simple.”

“Shane, are you learning Russian?” asked his dad.

“Huh? Oh, I mean.” *I mean, I recently learned how to say ‘I love you.’* “I’d like to.”

Ilya’s back straightened. “You would?”

“I mean, yeah. I told you that.” Shane tried very hard not to think about that conversation, when Ilya suggested exactly the kinds of useful phrases Shane ought to learn. Was he blushing again? Come on.

Actually, *Ilya* was blushing. Wow. He kept turning his head to try to hide it but he was surrounded on all sides by Hollanders. “Well. If anyone can do it, it is you.”

He’d said something like that last time, too, but this was far more earnest. God help Shane if Ilya kept this up.

“Shane here speaks French,” Yuna supplied helpfully.

“Ah, I know. Perfect French, I have heard it in interviews.”

“*Not* perfect French,” Shane grumbled. He poured the four beers into the glasses then handed them out dutifully. “Can I help with the salad?”

“That would be great,” David said. “Oh, do you have parmesan? I forgot ours at home.”

It was possible that Ilya had eaten all of their parmesan at lunch, actually, and David was just too polite to say so. “Uh, sure,” Shane said, and dug around in the fridge for the plastic container.

“That’s pecorino romano,” David said. “And it’s *pre-grated*? Shane...”

“What! It’s parmesan!”

“It’s pecorino. And they fleece you when you buy pre-grated, and the anti-caking agents—”

“Dad. It’s fine. I like it.”

David held up his hands in surrender. “Fine, fine.”

A half hour later, they all sat down to dinner, which was baked chicken and broccoli with a caesar salad. His dad made the best caesar dressing Shane had ever had. No restaurant did it like him—it was something about the anchovies, maybe. Shane was still too anxious to really feel hungry, but he knew he must be after barely eating at lunch. Ilya, on the other hand, had put away a metric ton of pasta and it was a miracle that he was already ready to eat again.

Maybe the frantic, love-drunk sex they had before his parents arrived had worked up his appetite. Shane hid his face in his glass of beer.

“So, Ilya,” Yuna said, “how are your ribs?”

Ilya froze halfway through a giant bite of chicken. “Much better, thank you. Shane told you about my ribs? He is always worrying.”

“Uh, no, she figured that one out herself,” Shane said.

Yuna shrugged. “It was obvious you were playing injured. You were playing more defensively than normal, favoring your left side. Bruised, right?”

It was actually delightful, witnessing Ilya speechless. “Yes. But none of the commentators noticed.”

“Who, those hacks on Sportsnet? Please.”

“Yuna’s a witch,” David supplied.

Ilya choked out a laugh. “I also heard you predicted the Admirals’ win. Did you put money on it?”

“Sports betting is illegal in Canada,” Yuna said.

“Of course. So what else did you notice? Any advice for next season?”

“You’re out of your mind if you think I’m giving the Captain of the Boston Raiders any tips.”

Ilya held his hands up. “Fine. It was worth the try.”

“Wait, I’ve got one. Tell Marleau to watch himself.”

“Mom, it was a clean hit, it was my fault.”

“Trust me,” Ilya said, and his voice had gone low and serious. “Marleau heard exactly what I thought of that.”

“I have to say, it makes a lot more sense now,” David admitted. “You visiting Shane in the hospital. And what happened. You know. After.”

Shane’s stomach squirmed. “After he visited?”

“After the hit.” His dad looked a little sick talking about it, too. They needed to change the subject, but first Shane needed to know what the fuck they were talking about. He hadn’t watched the footage back. For a while he hadn’t been allowed to look at screens, but the replay probably would have made him nauseous even without the concussion. He’d gotten an earful from his coach about it, though, looking behind him while skating *with the puck* through the goddamn *neutral zone*. Not even a rookie makes a mistake like that. He couldn’t remember why he’d done that for the life of him—either because of the concussion, or because he’d actually been out of his mind—so he couldn’t even defend himself.

He sure as hell didn’t know what happened after he went down.

“What happened after the hit?” he asked, slowly. His mom and dad were both looking to Ilya. Neither of them seemed ready to recap that night, either. It was one of the things he felt worst about, imagining the two of them watching the game and seeing him drop like that. Not knowing. Fuck.

Ilya was looking down at his plate. He had a fork in one hand and a knife in the other. His knuckles were white. *He’s gonna worry*, Shane remembered thinking. *Ilya’s gonna be so fucking worried*.

“I was probably not as. Subtle. As I should have been. There was a fight, obviously.” And yeah, Shane had heard all about the fight from Hayden, who’d started it, and JJ, who’d hopped the boards. “I didn’t notice. You weren’t moving... The ref had to force me back to the bench.”

Shane looked at his mom and dad. “And you didn’t think...? Did anyone...?” He probably would have heard about it by now if they had.

David sniffed. “Everyone thought that maybe it was. Well. Because.”

“Because my father had just died,” Ilya supplied when David was too polite to say it out loud. “Perhaps I was emotionally...” He waved his hand, his gesture for *I forget the word*.

“Compromised?”

“Compromised,” Ilya repeated, his accent heavy.

“Well.” Yuna cleared the frog in her throat. “We’re all obviously extremely grateful that Shane’s okay. And we are so sorry about your father, Ilya.”

Ilya nodded stoically. “Thank you.”

“My grandmother, she had Alzheimer’s,” David said. “She passed away before Shane was born, but Yuna and I helped take care of her. It was brutal. And protracted. I’m sorry you went through that.”

Ilya probably didn’t know what protracted meant, but Shane knew better than to supply the meaning if he didn’t ask. “Dad, let’s not talk about this anymore.”

“It’s okay. Thank you, Mr. Hollander.”

“Oh, gosh, no, call me David.”

For some reason, that made Ilya laugh. “Alright.”

The perpetual knots in Shane’s stomach seemed to be loosening. He felt the first pang of hunger he’d experienced all day and started stuffing his face with chicken while his mom and Ilya moved on to recapping the final game of the playoffs.

“And that slapshot from Vaughn at the end of the second period, oh my *god*, I can’t believe the goalie—what’s his name?”

“Trevors,” Ilya supplied.

“Trevors, the guy’s a sieve!”

Ilya barked a laugh. “I would drop gloves if you said that about my goaltender.”

“Which is why you will notice that I’ve kept my mouth shut about Carmichael.”

“Oh my god, mom.”

“You agree about that slapshot though, right, Shane?”

“Uh, I missed it.”

“Oh, right. You were buried in your phone the whole time, texting *Hayden*, as if you don’t see enough of him during the... Wait.”

Shane groaned into his broccoli. Was this going to be his life now? His mom reanalyzing everything he’d ever done in the past seven years? It had been bad enough that she’d even *suggested* that he’d throw a game, but this was going to be neverending.

“You were texting Ilya,” she said, her voice uncharacteristically soft. “Right?”

“Right,” Ilya said. “About how Hunter is very old and should retire.”

“And when he did it, when he kissed his boy on the ice—” (Shane’s heart hiccuped at that)
“—you were the one who called him?”

“Like I said,” Ilya said, then cleared his throat. “It changed things.”

Shane’s mom’s face had gone painfully soft. It kind of hurt to look at her.

“I remember the slapshot now,” he said. “I saw the replay. Vaughn feinted to the right, Trevors really shouldn’t have fallen for it.”

“Carmie wouldn’t have,” Ilya said smugly.

“Carmichael let in *three goals in one period* in game two against the Admirals—”

“Mom. Don’t rub Ilya’s team’s defeats in his face, please.”

“No, is okay. Let her talk. What should we do next year to win the cup, Mrs. Hollander?”

“Try scoring some fucking goals, maybe.”

“Mom!”

“And it’s Yuna, for god’s sake. Mrs. Hollander is my mother-in-law.”

After dinner, Ilya helped clear the table and tried to do the dishes, but Yuna wouldn’t hear of it. Instead, he was shooed over to the couch, where David had put on a rebroadcast of a Wimbledon match that happened earlier that day.

“What’s funny?”

Shane blinked. “Huh?”

“You’re smiling to yourself,” Yuna said, and passed Shane another clean dish to dry.

“Remember when you tried to set me up with a Swedish Princess?”

“In my defense, it would have been good networking.”

“For what? The next time I’m invited to the U.N.?”

Yuna rolled her eyes. “By the way, Reebok reached out about doing an ad campaign ahead of Pyeongchang.”

“Assuming I make the team.”

“Assuming Team Canada wants to *win*, yeah.”

“What kind of ad?”

“Probably you narrating an inspirational story about overcoming barriers while they intercut footage of you training in their shoes.”

“Inspiring,” Shane sighed.

“You know it is. For some kid out there.” Before he could say anything his mom continued. “They’ll still look up to you, you know. When—*if* this comes out.”

“Yeah, sure. It’ll be a huge win for Asian kids that get called gay everywhere.”

She took his wrist in her hand. Her fingers were wet with dishwater, and he had to keep himself from trying to pull away, because it was a little gross. “I’m sorry, Shane.”

“For what?”

She sighed. “I don’t know. I’m just sorry.”

“Yeah, well. It’s a good thing we didn’t do Wimbledon. This is better.”

She nodded slowly. “Spending your time with people you love *is* better. So, the asshole thing is an act, then?”

“Huh?”

“Your boyfriend,” she said, and Shane’s stomach flipped, “is very polite.”

“Oh my god. You like him.”

“Like I said, he is very polite.”

“You *like* Ilya Rozanov.”

“He’s grown on me.”

“It’s been—” Shane checked his watch. “Six hours!”

“And he hasn’t been an asshole once.”

It was a good thing his mom had grown up around hockey and didn’t consider Ilya’s minor chirping rude. “Well, he’s on his best behavior around you.”

“Oh, so he’s an asshole to you in private?”

Shane straightened the pile of plates meticulously before setting them back in the cupboard. “No. I mean, he teases. But it’s part of what... I don’t know. I don’t know.”

When Shane turned back to accept the clean salad bowl to dry, his mother was grinning. “Stop it,” he said.

“Oh, look at you.”

“Stop.”

“I’m sorry, I’ve just never seen you like this.” Oh god, were those tears in her eyes? Was she going to cry? He hadn’t even said anything sappy. He’d been *thinking* something sappy, maybe, about how Ilya’s relentless chirping and earnest professions of love made Shane feel comfortable in his skin for the first time in his life. But he hadn’t said it.

“Mom, don’t cry.”

She nodded, blinked, and took a deep breath. Halfway through washing the salad tongs she said, “You’re being careful, right?”

“Careful?” Shane thought of *Lily* in his phone and Ilya coming in through the back door and the way he always locked down his face for the TV cameras when he played against him.

“Just, there are certain risks, and I think maybe I didn’t tell you about them when I gave you the talk.”

Oh my god. Oh my *fucking* god. “Mom,” he squeaked, “We are not having this conversation.”

“Well sorry for caring about your safety—”

“We’ve been doing this for seven years!” he said, and regretted it at light speed. “Oh my god forget I said that. Please. We’re careful, okay, we’re careful.”

“That’s all I wanted to know, sheesh,” she said, and Shane started loudly digging in the utensil drawer next to the sink as he put back the salad tongs.

“We’re exclusive now anyway, I think,” he said, for some ill-advised reason. It was in his head and the silence was maddening, and it felt important to say it.

“You think?”

God, this was awful. “I mean, I’m pretty sure. We haven’t exactly said it yet, but. We had a talk a few days ago.”

“I’m sorry, a few *days* ago?”

“Yeah. Uh, please don’t... think about that too hard.”

“...Okay.”

“This trip. It’s a big deal. We’ve never done this before. It’s always been just... when we can? And it was never enough. But I asked, and he came.” The last words were soft and sweet. He wanted to say them again to savor them. He looked over at the couch where Ilya and his father were watching the slow-mo replay and debating whether a serve had gone in.

“This is because of Hunter? Right?” Yuna asks.

“Yeah. God, I should, I don’t know, email him or something. Say thanks.”

“I’m sure he’d appreciate it.”

Her voice was faint, though, behind the rushing in his ears. “He loves me, Mom.”

“Oh, Shane...”

“I didn’t think— This doesn’t feel—”

“Oh, baby, here,” she said, and took the glass he was drying from his hands before wrapping him in a hug.

“I’m sorry.” For crying, he meant, but for some reason the words tasted heavier than that.

“You’ve had a long day. You need to rest. Why don’t you go lie down, hm? We’ll just relax out here until the match is over, then get out of your hair.”

“I can’t just leave you guys alone.”

“Why not?”

“I... I don’t know. I have guests.”

“You have *family*, sweetie. We know our way around.”

He nodded, took a deep breath to collect himself and pinched away the tears that had gathered heavy on his eyelashes. He rounded the kitchen counter and said, “Ilya, I’m going to...” then stopped, because he didn’t know what excuse to even give. *Ilya, I feel like I’m on the verge of a breakdown and my mom told me I could go to my room if I want to?* He gestured to the bedroom helplessly.

“We’ll just finish this match, then get out of your hair,” Shane’s dad said.

Ilya stood up. “Do you need anything?”

Who would have thought, in a million years, that Ilya Rozanov was the kind of guy you bring home to your parents?

“No, I’m fine. I’m just gonna rest.” Then, impulsively, he said, “Love you.”

“I love you too,” Ilya said, tenderly. Shane was so delirious that he couldn’t even find it in himself to feel embarrassed.

In bed, with the door closed, he let the quiet and stillness envelop him like a hot bath after a tough game. The relief was orgasmic. He let his eyes flutter closed. Through the door he could hear the muffled sounds of the TV and talking. He couldn’t hear what they were saying, but he knew the cadence of those voices, all three of them. He knew Ilya’s deep laugh and his dad’s thoughtful commentary and his mom’s sharp protests when the line judge made

a call she disagreed with. They were just there, beyond the door, if he wanted to join them. They were just there.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Shane woke at sunset with fingers in his hair. They were Ilya's—sweet, gentle, insistent.

"Mmm," he hummed, though it sounded embarrassingly like a moan. He tilted his head upward until Ilya's face came into view upside down. He was propped up against the headboard, the fondest smile on his face.

Just beyond him, the wall of windows revealed the treeline bathed in orange light. Summer sunsets were long and late. It was sometime between 8 and 9 o'clock at night.

Ilya was still playing with his hair. "Sorry to wake you. It's late. You should change."

Shane was laying on top of the comforter, still wearing his shorts, button-down and belt. "Mm. Yeah. Parents gone?"

"Yes. An hour ago."

"Who won?"

"Do you care?"

"Not really."

"Mm. Nadal. Khachanov choked."

The Russian name rolled off Ilya's tongue, and it was ridiculous how much Shane wanted to ask him to repeat it—not exactly the sexiest pillow talk, but Ilya could say anything in his native tongue and Shane would feel like this. A mix of horniness and gratefulness and guilt.

Honestly, this whole day had left Shane feeling horny and grateful and guilty. Now that the buzzing panic of the afternoon had finally faded, he was experiencing some strange sort of hangover. It made him want to take all of Ilya in his mouth and hold him—not just his dick but *all* of him, where he'd be warm and surrounded by Shane's ocean of gratitude.

Instead, he rolled and threw his leg over Ilya's hips, settling down right at the base of Ilya's stomach. He took Ilya's face in both hands and let his fingers dig into the hair behind his ears; let his thumbs wander his cheeks, over his stubble and his mole. Shane studied the sharp angle of his cupid's bow and how breath stuttered unevenly through his lips.

"They really liked you," Shane said. Ilya didn't even fight his smile.

"I am very charming."

"Sure, when you want to be."

“I liked them, too.”

Shane’s chest tightened, a feeling adjacent to pain. “Yeah?”

“They are very much like you. It is sweet.”

Shane took a breath to steady himself against a wave of embarrassment. He’d broken down twice in front of Ilya today, which was two times more than he had ever wanted to. He considered apologizing for it, but then remembered Ilya shaking apart in his arms after gutting himself with a single, brave *I love you*, and decided not to.

“God. Thank you for... just. Thank you. Today was definitely more than you signed up for.”

Ilya ran his hands over Shane’s thighs. “No. It was not.”

“No?”

“No,” Ilya confirmed, but did not elaborate. His hands slid beneath the hem of Shane’s shorts and he craned his head up to chase a kiss.

Shane’s mouth was tacky from dehydration and probably smelled like beer and garlic and morning breath. He pulled back. “I need to brush my teeth. And I’m thirsty.”

Ilya wiggled his hips beneath him. “Tease.”

Shane just patted Ilya hard on the cheek and climbed off of him. When he returned from the bathroom, he angled his head out toward the kitchen. Ilya followed him dutifully.

The living area was quiet, shadowed and clean. His mom had finished putting away the dishes once he’d gone to his room, and someone had wiped down the dining table. Technically, the space looked the same as it had last night around sunset, when he and Ilya had lounged the evening away on the couch, kissing and fucking and scrolling on their phones. And yet it was changed; it was like the room had both expanded and contracted at the same time, made bigger yet cozier. The new-build sterility that had plagued the house since the contractors left had finally faded. Maybe that was because Shane had had sex with Ilya on every available surface at this point. Or maybe because today the two halves of his heart had sat together at the dining table, laughing like they belonged together.

Ilya’s bare feet slapped loudly against the tile floor. At home in Boston Ilya always wore socks and slides, so Shane was glad he’d splurged on the heated tile. It had seemed unnecessary since he rarely came here in the winter, but even summer nights got chilly and it couldn’t hurt the resale value. Not that he was planning to sell the place. After everything that had happened in the last week, he found that he couldn’t imagine it.

He pulled out two glasses from the cabinet and filled them with tap water. He passed one across the island to Ilya, who was leaning with his elbows on the countertop.

“Thank you,” Ilya said, his consonants crisp and flirtatious. God, his voice was like candy. Everything he said deserved to be savored, his sweet intonations and guttural vowels and sharp, unusual turns of phrase. Even something as simple as *thank you*. Shane was used to

spending months hearing Ilya's voice only in his head as they texted. He was going to get spoiled. Two weeks of Ilya, two weeks of ease. A lifetime stretching before him.

God, he needed to email Scott Hunter. What would he even say?

And then it hit him like a puck to the mouth.

"Ilya."

"Yes?"

"What *exactly* did you say to Scott Hunter?"

Ilya swallowed a sip of water. "At MLH Awards?"

"Yeah," Shane said, voice shaking. Ilya studied him carefully.

"Not much."

"What's *not much*?"

"That I was grateful for what he did. That I did not think someone would ever be brave enough to be first."

Shane let out a low, even breath, and tried to keep his cool. "So he knows you're...?"

Ilya smirked. "Probably. I did not say it. But... probably."

"Oh, god."

"Shane. You look pale."

"Uh-huh."

"I did not say anything about us."

"Yeah," Shane said, strangled, "but I think he knows."

Ilya scoffed. "He could not know."

"He's gay."

"Ah, you are still trying for a threesome?"

"No, I mean, he's probably got that, what's it called, that *gaydar*, right? That's how. That's why he... Fuck."

Ilya stood up and rounded the island. His hands snaked beneath the hem of Shane's shirt and pressed warmly on either side of Shane's waist. "Shane. You are panicking."

"We fought once. Remember?"

“You and Hunter? Yes, it was quite memorable. I rewatched it many times.”

“It was embarrassing. So stupid.”

“A little.” Ilya laughed as he said it, which made Shane punch him lightly in the chest.

“Asshole.”

“So why did you fight Hunter?” Ilya’s brows arched. “Was he being homophobic?”

“I thought so, I don’t know! I chirped him a little after the game ended, like, ‘Maybe next time we play each other you’ll actually show up,’ or something. Because he played like shit and it was actually almost disrespectful. And out of *nowhere* he said,” Shane took a deep breath, “‘You’re starting to sound like him.’”

“Him,” Ilya said. “*Me?*” His grin was splitting his face in two.

“Yeah,” Shane gritted out.

“Oh my god. I am going to send him a fruit basket.”

Shane shoved Ilya away from him. “Ilya!”

“Old people like fruit, right?”

“This isn’t funny!”

“It is hilarious!”

“Scott Hunter *knows!*”

“Mm, maybe.”

“At the *time* I thought maybe, then after the fight I felt so stupid that I was sure I was wrong, because how would he know? But turns out he’s gay, so maybe he just. Knew!”

“Oh, gay people are magic now?”

“Shut up.”

“Am I magic, too, or are bisexuals only half?”

Shane leaned forward against the countertop, his palms pressed against the cool granite.

“Fuck. If he knows about you, that probably just confirms it.”

“Shane.” Ilya’s arms snaked around his waist and he pressed a kiss between Shane’s shoulder blades. It was more calming than it had any right to be. Shane shivered and pressed back against him. “This is not a problem.”

Shane took a deep, grounding breath. “Right.”

“It could even be an opportunity.”

“For what?”

“For fucking with Scott Hunter. I think next All-Star Game we should be louder.”

The laughter bent him right in half, catching him entirely by surprise. Doubled-over and delirious, he felt Ilya’s hands pressing on his chest and pulling him back upright. His thumbs circled Shane’s nipples and Shane exhaled shakily.

“That’s rude,” he said. “Old men need their sleep.”

Ilya’s laugh was hot on Shane’s neck. “You *are* starting to sound like me.”

“Shut up,” said Shane, but he meant *keep going*.

“I can’t believe you never told me this.”

“It’s not like we really talked much back then. I’m sure there were things you didn’t tell me.”

“Mm.” Ilya nipped at his ear. “Probably.”

That made Shane bristle. “Well now it’s your turn.”

“Oh, we are trading?”

“It’s only fair.”

“All right. Do you know the first time I ever spoke to your mother?”

Shane blinked. “Uh, today.”

Ilya kissed behind his ear. “Guess again.”

Shane spun himself around in Ilya’s arms. “It was *today*,” he insisted, but it was futile, because Ilya was grinning like he’d just scored an empty net goal.

“Nope,” he said, popping the *p* in that way that would haunt Shane’s dreams.

There were a finite number of times that Yuna Hollander and Ilya Rozanov would have been in the same building before today. Metros home games against the Raiders. A handful of All-Star games. The MLH Awards.

“An awards reception?”

“Nope.”

“An All-Star Game?” Shane’s parents had gone to most of them before this year.

“Nope.”

“This isn’t funny. Tell me.”

“How about,” Ilya said, leaning in so their cheeks brushed and his lips were near Shane’s ear, “the night we first had sex?”

Shane shoved him back, hard.

“Shut up.”

“Don’t believe me?”

Ilya Rozanov was going to be the end of him. Shane was actually going to keel over one day from a heart attack and the last thing he’d see was that stupid, gleeful grin.

“We ran into each other on the elevator when I was on my way up to meet you. She was going down, I was going up, she tried to shake my hand. Was very awkward.”

“This is the worst and *least sexiest* thing I have ever heard!” Shane gestured wildly at Ilya’s crotch. “To think I was about to give you a fucking blowjob!”

“Oh?” Ilya’s hands found Shane’s hair again. His open hand threaded through the strands before closing into a fist around them; Shane, like a puppet, felt his mouth fall open. “Were you going to go to your knees right here? On the kitchen floor?”

“It’s heated,” Shane managed to say.

“I know. And I know you like to be on your knees. Remember that night?”

Shane remembered everything. It was the sharpest memory he had, the night he let his deepest needs spring out from him. Everything came back to it. This moment here, in the refuge of his cottage and Ilya’s arms, went right back to that night in a hotel in Toronto, Room 1410.

The man in front of Shane now looked everything and nothing like his memory. Ilya had been a *teenager*. They both had been teenagers. Ilya had been cocky and experienced and so self-assured that Shane had trusted him to take the lead, even if he didn’t trust why he’d be interested in *Shane* of all people, when he could have anyone.

Now, he knew Ilya well enough to know it would have been an act. Some of it, at least. Nineteen years old, not even a rookie yet, his mother dead only a handful of years, living for the first time away from his cruel, bigoted father... He seemed young, suddenly, in Shane’s memory. Maybe even as young as Shane had felt that night, his first, fumbling time.

“You went to your knees as soon as I arrived,” Ilya crooned, pulling Shane’s head to the side because he could, because Shane let him. “I put one finger in your mouth and you dropped. In the fucking *doorway*.”

“I needed you,” Shane said, and Ilya shivered right on cue. It was a cheap trick, maybe, but it always worked.

Ilya tilted Shane's head backward and pushed his thumb into his open mouth. Shane sucked greedily. "Is this enough?"

"Nn-nn," Shane hummed. Ilya ran his thumb over Shane's bottom teeth and settled in the space beneath his tongue. It was so invasive. Between one heartbeat and the next, Shane dropped to his knees.

"Ah, ah," Ilya said, and Shane dragged his heavy eyelids open in confusion. Without moving his right thumb from Shane's mouth or his left hand from Shane's hair, Ilya had shuffled over a step with the lower half of his body. He reached out with his foot toward the cushioned mat that sat on the floor in front of the sink, then dragged it over with his toes. "There. Come on, there," Ilya coached. Shane moved obediently to the mat, which was an expensive ergonomic brand his designer had recommended. It felt much better on his knees.

"Thank you," he gargled around Ilya's finger.

"You're welcome. Would you like to suck my cock?"

"Yeah," Shane sighed. "Would you like to last more than thirty seconds?"

"Ha." Ilya removed his hand from Shane's mouth and tapped him hard on the cheek. Then he removed his shirt as Shane got to work unbuckling his pants. Ilya was so hard already and Shane felt, in the haze of the moment, like it was his first time seeing it.

"I've never done this before," he breathed against the tip.

Ilya groaned. "Fuck, Shane."

"But I wanted to. So bad. Every time I saw you."

"In the showers?"

"Yeah." Shane kissed the head, licked salty-sweet precome from his lips. "And in the gym."

"You can. Please, пожалуйста—"

Shane had what he wanted. He had what he needed. Ilya was heavy on his tongue and it narrowed the world to just that, the fullness. The first time he had done this he had been so worried about his teeth, so close to Ilya's most fragile and sensitive skin. He'd been awestruck, actually, that Ilya would trust him with this. He was *always* awestruck when Ilya trusted Shane to hold him. It was those vulnerable parts of him that Shane cherished most because he knew how it gutted Ilya to let him see them. He cherished them with his mouth, his tongue, his throat, his heart, and he did not try to make it elegant. He chased the memory of inexperience and his own raw need and lavished Ilya without finesse. Ilya's hips bucked but Shane held them in place, and when he tried to pull back Shane didn't let him. He took every last drop of him down his throat.

It was longer than thirty seconds, but not by much.

Ilya's knees buckled. "Hollander," he managed to say as he steadied himself with the hand still in Shane's hair. Shane pulled off of him then immediately fell forward again, kissing a curved line from Ilya's root to his hipbone.

"Rozanov," Shane sighed. He panted and swallowed again, still processing the taste—it was a rare thrill.

Ilya tapped his cheek. Shane looked up and found him offering the glass of water.

"Oh. Thanks." Shane accepted the glass and stood. "Good call," he said with a nod to the mat.

Ilya looked down at the mat and Shane's tented shorts and winked. "Can I?"

Shane gulped down the rest of the water. He took his time, making sure Ilya could see the way his throat bobbed. "Take me to bed," he said, "and I will let you suck my dick."

Ilya fought and lost a battle with his smile. "Let me."

"Mmhm."

And it was probably what Shane deserved for teasing him: being swept off of his feet carried over Ilya's shoulder back into the bedroom. "What? I am taking you to bed, like you asked."

"You shit," Shane protested between laughs.

When he was on his back on the bed, shorts pulled down to his knees, Shane found he couldn't stop himself. "I know we said two weeks. But I'll be here for longer. At least until August."

Ilya quirked an eyebrow and popped his mouth off of Shane's cock. "And?"

"And," Shane huffed. "You could stay, too. If you wanted."

"I do not have many clothes."

"Does it look like you'll need them?"

"Maybe for next time your parents visit."

Shane grinned. "I have a washing machine."

Ilya crawled up the bed, abandoning Shane's dick (which was pretty frustrated with Shane about his timing). Then Ilya fell upon Shane's mouth, hot and sweet, and he breathed, "Yes," and everything was right again.

thank you for reading - I would love to know what you thought!!

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