

Yours

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Yours

by [freckledloon](#)

Summary

Of course he wanted Shane to be able to explore himself. He didn't want Shane to wake up in ten years and suddenly regret the life they built together. Not when Ilya was so far deep into this already. Not when the thought of living a Shane-less life feels like an agonizing death.

So he wanted Shane to be sure. Needed him to be. He never had the opportunity to explore his sexuality with anyone other than Ilya. And maybe it was the sad part of Ilya that was always quietly nagging at the back of his mind that he wasn't good enough.

That one day Shane would see. He'd find someone better. Someone it could be easier with. Someone he didn't have to hide.

He snatches the phone back in his hand, shaking the thoughts away because he knows Shane would be upset with him for even thinking them.

Call me please moya lyubov

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Or the time Ilya suggested Shane sleep with other men while they were away from each other and Shane stopped talking to him for four days.

Notes

Because I miss Hollanov and I've been thinking about when Ilya mentioned this to his therapist in The Long Game. I also have a problem with adding to Rachel's book lmao anyways, enjoy! <3

Ilya stares up at the white ceiling, his phone fiddling in his hand. It's been radio silent for days now. His chest feels hollow and his mind won't shut up about what an idiot he is.

Although his reasoning was valid and rational, at least to him anyway, he was starting to regret ever muttering the words.

He didn't mean to pick a fight with Shane. In fact, he didn't even realize it *would* start a fight. That Shane would be storming out of his house and ignoring his messages for days. That he'd feel so sick to his stomach at the thought of another man touching Shane.

Well, maybe that last part wasn't such a surprise. But it was never a topic of conversation in the past and truthfully, Shane came so undone with Ilya it was kind of hard to ever imagine him with anyone else. *Not since Rose Landry.*

There was of course the other one Shane had mentioned once - before they were exclusive. Before they claimed each other wholeheartedly.

It was easier then to write off Shane's past experience as meaningless because it *was* and Shane had told him so. He had also told him it wasn't very enjoyable when all Shane wanted was Ilya. The thought makes Ilya's head spin and he takes a deep breath, hitting call on his phone once again.

It goes straight to voicemail and he groans, cursing the damn thing while tossing it away.

Of course he wanted Shane to be able to explore himself. He didn't want Shane to wake up in ten years and suddenly regret the life they built together. Not when Ilya was so far deep into this already. Not when the thought of living a Shane-less life feels like an agonizing death.

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Shane is a mix of emotions. Angry, hurt, sad, a little overstimulated. The music is blaring loud and if he thinks about it too long there might be one too many bodies in here. He downs the cool alcohol he ordered in an attempt to calm his nerves.

He rarely goes out which probably shouldn't be the case since he's team captain and all but the team seems to get it. There's usually only minor discord and half attempts to get him to

join them but for the most part they don't really push it.

So it was a shock to all of them, Shane included, when he asked where they'd be going out tonight.

Truthfully, he couldn't think of a worse place to be. Especially when all he can think about is Ilya. His stupid boyfriend and his stupid suggestion. His stomach dips with the memory.

How could he, after all these years together, suggest something so...so...*wrong*. The only word Shane can think to describe it right now. Wrong. Everything about it felt wrong. Cheapening everything they've built together.

Everything that took years to protect and perfect.

For what? So they could have some meaningless sex in-between seeing each other? *So Ilya could sleep with other people?* Because Shane knew - and knows Ilya knew - that he would never. He could never. It's just not in his nature.

He could never fully trust another random person to take him apart. Not the way Ilya does.

So most of his worries stem from that. From the idea that maybe Ilya was looking for a way to tell Shane that's what *he* wanted. Because Shane was so completely and utterly his the idea really didn't even make sense for him.

Some guy keeps checking him out from across the room. He's been watching Shane all night and he's sure if he went over there right now he could leave with this man. He probably wouldn't even have to put in much work too, from the way the guy's dark eyes are set on him.

He frowns to himself missing Ilya's bright playful orbs. With a sigh, he gulps the rest of his beer and sets the empty cup down on the wooden table.

"I'm gonna head out." He leans over to tell J.J. "Already?" His friend's brows pulling together. "Sorry. I'm uh, not feeling too good. We leave early tomorrow, don't stay out too late." Shane makes an excuse and his friend doesn't question it. Just sends him a nod of understanding.

On his way out, Shane passes the flirty guy by the exit and he smells sweet and unfamiliar. Part of him wants to go up to him just to spite Ilya but his heart immediately sinks with the thought.

He sends the good looking stranger a polite nod and walks out into the cold night, the chilly weather feeling amazing against his warm skin. He takes a beat to inhale deeply and steady himself before walking back across the street to the hotel.

Thoughts of Ilya once again swirl busily in his mind.

What was he doing? Was there someone with him now? Had he already slept with someone?

Maybe all this was Ilya's way of saying he was bored of Shane and their sex life. Maybe he was missing his exciting sex with random people in random cities.

Shane fumbles with the keycard in his hand, far too consumed with his own worrying thoughts. Shaky hands pull his phone from his pocket as soon as the door clicks shut behind him.

There's only one ring before a tired, urgent, Russian accent is cutting through the line.

"*Moya lyubov*. I have been calling for days." Ilya sputters out. Shane tries to ignore the way his heart flutters at his voice. "You really wouldn't mind if I had sex with someone else?" Shane asks instead.

There's a long quiet pause. One that feels like hours but probably only lasted a few seconds before Ilya answers. "Of course not. If that is what you want." The words hit Shane like a ton of bricks and he's angry all over again. "I *don't* want, you fucking moron."

He's so angry he doesn't catch the breath of relief that comes from his boyfriend.

"And I could have, you know!?" Shane huffs. "We went out and there was this guy...really handsome and he smelled nice too." He goes on and Ilya grunts. "He watched me all night. Waiting for me to go up to him."

"Did you..." Ilya trails off tightly. "No. Idiot. Listen." Shane spits out. "It doesn't matter that he wanted me. Because I want you. And maybe you don't want me anymore but-" "Shane." Ilya cuts him off with hurt laced in his voice.

"All I can think about is you. When we're apart, I feel like I'm being ripped in two. Does it not feel like that for you? I-I mean, am I just a void you can fill with meaningless sex?" Shane tries to swallow down his frustrated tears.

"Of course not." Ilya replies quickly. "Then why would you even suggest that? Am I...not exciting enough anymore?" Shane blames the small bit of alcohol in him for that last part. His insecurity peeking through.

"Sweetheart," Ilya breaks. His heart is in shambles at the weakness in Shane's tone. "No. No. Of course that is not it. I am idiot." Ilya quickly shakes his head, getting up from the couch to pace around.

"You are *more* than exciting. You are everything. No one better." Ilya swears. "I only wanted to make sure you are sure. Of me." He clarifies.

"What?" Confusion overtaking anything Shane was feeling before.

Ilya sighs into the line and collapses back onto the couch. "We have been like this for almost ten years, yes?" "Yes?" Shane answers unsure of where this was going. "Well you have only been with one other guy." Ilya answers.

"Two." Shane nods although he's not really sure why he feels the need to clarify. Both men were terrible and technically it just involved blow jobs so maybe neither even counted really.

"Hollander." Ilya breathes a little snippy. Shane smiles to himself. "Sorry. Continue."

"You did not have much time to..." Ilya tries to find the right words. "Shop around?" He thinks that's the right expression. "Ilya." Shane chuckles. "I don't need to 'shop around.' I have what I want. It's you."

Ilya feels his breathing finally start to even out and he closes his eyes for a second. Letting Shane's words settle deep within him so he can remember them when his head starts to get a little too loud again.

"Do you remember the first day at the cottage?" Shane prompts, leaning back against the hotel headboard. Ilya smiles to himself, recalling that day like his favorite movie and hums.

The first time they ever really got to be together. Out in the open. With the sun shining down on them and everything.

Shane's cheeks warm with his next words. "Yours." He breathes into the phone. All the air in Ilya's lungs disappears instantly, his eyes snapping open like the word was some mating call. Flashes of Shane sprawled out in his bed needy and begging for Ilya to mark him.

"Do you get why I was angry now?" Shane asks, pulling at a loose string on his shirt.

When they had their fight about this, before Shane stormed off, Ilya had told him he didn't mind. That he didn't believe in cheating because he didn't own Shane. He sees now he fucked up way more than he thought.

"It isn't about owning each other. Of course." Shane explains. "I am my own person and so are you. But..." Shane tries to push past the shyness threatening his vulnerability. "I am yours. My heart, my everything. Yours. Only you. And if you can't understand that then that makes me think you-"

"Mine." Ilya shushes him. "You are mine and I don't want anyone else touching you. Only me." The words hit Shane just where he needed them and he squirms a little in his place.

"And you?" Shane hums. "There is no one else for me." Ilya says firmly. "Good. Now don't ever suggest something so stupid ever again. I'm so mad we wasted days over this!" Shane scolds in his adorable way. Ilya smiles to himself.

He'd rather be scolded by Shane for years than ever go another day without getting to speak to him.

"I miss you." He says quietly into the phone wishing more than anything that they could be wrapped up together on the couch right now. "And I'll make you miss me even more if you try to pull that shit again." Shane warns.

"Yes. I am sorry, sweetheart. Never again." Ilya promises. Shane hums contently. "I miss you too. FaceTime?" He suggests. "Fuck, yes. Please." Ilya groans, pulling the phone away to switch to FaceTime.

He hasn't seen his favorite litter of freckles in days, and Shane hasn't seen his favorite bush of curls.

They don't do anything sexual; just catch up on the four days they missed. Each boy relieved to see the other's face and soak each other in, as much as they can through a screen, Ilya having learned his lesson.

"Next time I see you, will give you new mark." Ilya says lazily, after the late night starts to settle in between them. Shane's beautiful brown eyes twinkle with something primal and a grin spreads across his lips. "Yeah?"

He sounds so eager Ilya lets out a swear in Russian.

"Mm." He nods, his voice coming deeper with his sleepiness. "Will be there for days for you to see." Shane gulps down his excitement and tries to ignore how his dick just got half hard. He knows the mere mention will have Ilya alert and ready for phone sex but now he wants to wait.

It's been four days since the last time they've spoken which means four days since they've done anything sexual.

Which doesn't seem long when they go weeks without physical contact but they at least have some release throughout. He wonders briefly if Ilya has touched himself at all.

As if he can somehow read Shane's mind, Ilya smirks and shakes his head. "I have been too busy trying to reach you to think about that."

Shane blushes. Of course Ilya knew what he was thinking. He could read Shane like a book. Or maybe Shane just wasn't as good at hiding his emotions as he thought.

"Sadly, my dick will not work when you are mad at me." Ilya sighs dramatically. Shane bites back a laugh. "Sounds rough. Mine works just fine. Better even I think. How many today..." He starts counting on his fingers making a show of it.

"Hollander." Ilya deadpans. "And that was only for today." Shane teases. "You are not funny." Ilya pouts.

"Three more days till we can see each other again." The words float in the space between them sad but also laced with a challenge. "Yes. Lucky you are not mad anymore. I would probably die from no release." Ilya continues his dramatics.

"And what if I said we wait those three days out?" Shane raises a brow at his boyfriend. "Shane." Ilya's tired eyes suddenly wider. "Please. Do not make me do this." "Your punishment for causing this whole thing." Shane narrows his eyes at the screen.

"I think four days is enough, yes?" Ilya's not above pleading if he has to. "But think about how hot it will be to come once you've left your mark on me after waiting so long." The thought pools something warm and dizzying inside both men.

"I cannot make any promises." Ilya shakes his head because now he's half hard at the thought and the way Shane's looking at him like he's *aching* for him. "Fine. Do whatever you want. *I* want to wait to come with you." Shane shrugs with faux innocence.

"Not until there's a beautiful red spot I can press into knowing you were there." Shane buzzes drunkenly. Ilya squeezes his eyes shut to try and focus his thoughts. "*Trakhni menya.*"

"I know that one." Shane grins proud of the effect he has on his boyfriend. "You are trying to kill me, Hollander." Ilya huffs. "*Podozhdi menya.*" Shane breathes. Ilya's pupils are so blown out there's hardly any color visible anymore.

"Fuck. Fine. Talk about something else. Boring. How is Hayden?" Ilya pinches the bridge of his nose and counts his breaths. Shane laughs a little too sweetly for the menace he's being.

In the end, it's worth the wait to get to hit a climax so powerful he swears it almost makes him pass out three days later. When Shane is completely naked sprawled out in his bed needy and begging for Ilya just like the first day at the cottage.

"Yours." Shane purrs blissfully. "Mine." Ilya grunts. The next word wasn't there the first time but Shane had wanted to say it then. He allows himself to say it this time, completely fucked out and grateful to be back in Ilya's arms.

"Forever."

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