

time with you

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time with you

by [spelling__bee](#)

Summary

Ten minutes into the drive back to his cottage, Shane carefully signals and pulls over onto the shoulder of the empty road, then slumps over with his forehead on the wheel.

Notes

the first of a few little cottage moments that have been rattling around my brain demanding to be heard! written pretty quick and unbetaed. cw for one brief use of a slur (mind the tags).

Ten minutes into the drive back to his cottage, Shane carefully signals and pulls over onto the shoulder of the empty road, then slumps over with his forehead on the wheel.

"I'm just freaking out again. I'm fine. Just gimme a minute," he says, the words broken up by his long, uneven, almost gasping inhales. Ilya puts a gentle, gentle hand on his back and Shane jolts, shaking it off.

"Fuck. Sorry. Can you just."

He's trembling. Ilya has seen him panic, but before today it's been entirely internal, only showing up in the set of his jaw and his wet eyes.

"What do you need?"

Shane pulls in another effortful inhale, and silently puts a hand to the back of his neck.

Ilya can do that. He brushes Shane's fingers out of the way and fits his hand around the nape of Shane's neck, squeezing firmly.

They sit there for a few minutes. Ilya pushes his thumb into a tense spot at the base of Shane's skull. Shane sighs, and he doesn't say anything, but he relaxes as Ilya watches. He stops shaking.

It should maybe feel weirder than it does for him to do this, both now and earlier in front of Shane's parents. This is the way he holds Shane still and close when he fucks Shane's mouth, one hand on the back of his neck and the other gripping his hair. It always makes him go soft and pliable, the way Ilya likes. The way Shane likes, too. He hadn't thought about it when he did it earlier; he'd only thought about soothing Shane, giving him an anchor that he knows.

Shane sits up and clears his throat, looking away from Ilya out the window as he tries to hide wiping his eyes. Ridiculous man. Ilya leans over, takes his chin and turns him back so Ilya can kiss him.

"Are you okay?" Ilya doesn't let go, not till Shane looks at him and nods. "Want me to drive?"

Shane's chin wobbles again and he clenches his jaw, sniffing.

Ilya takes his hand. "Hey. Hey, look at me. What is happening?"

"Fuck, I don't know," Shane says, his voice unsteady. "This is so stupid."

"What is?"

Shane finally meets his eyes. He looks overwhelmed, and young.

"I just - this day has been a lot. I'm fucking tired and everything's just, like - " He makes an incomprehensible hand gesture that sort of looks like jerking off, except it's over his chest. Ilya gives him a look.

"Everything feels, like, shaken up," he explains. "Kind of a mess."

Ilya shrugs, rubbing his thumb over the back of Shane's hand. "Is okay to be mess. But am I such bad driver the idea of it makes you cry?"

Shane laughs and shakes his head. "No, no, it's just that...fuck. I don't know if you're a bad driver or not. I'm sure you're fine, but it's like, I don't *know*." The smile falls quickly from his face and he looks like a wounded animal again. Ilya can't take it.

"I *don't know* so much about you. All these stupid little things, all the details, I don't - none of it *matters* but that's not the point, the point is I want to *know* it. I've known you for years but I have no fucking idea what happened in your life in those years. And I just feel like -" He cuts himself off, biting his lip, fingers clenching. He swallows. "I wasted so much fucking time," his voice breaks, "trying not to want you and pretending I didn't give a shit, you know?"

Ilya's vision is swimming a little. He looks up and blinks, taking a breath. The sun is starting to set behind Shane's head and it's almost too bright to look.

"I know. I know. And now you are not trying to avoid this anymore and it is overwhelming."

Shane nods, relief tilting the corners of his mouth. "Yeah."

Ilya cups his jaw, petting Shane's cheekbone with his thumb. "We have time, now. Yes? We have time for everything."

Shane takes a deep breath in and out, turning his cheek into Ilya's palm.

"Okay. Fuck, I love you." He meets Ilya's eyes. "I really, really love you and it's kind of overwhelming and I really just want you inside me the moment we get home, okay?"

Ilya would walk over hot coals with Shane on his back to give him that.

"Okay," he says, and keeps his hand on Shane's thigh the rest of the way.

The moment they get home actually means about twenty minutes after they get home, enough time for Shane to take a shower and get comfortable on the bed and for Ilya to decide where to start. Sometimes it's a challenge, trying to choose when he wants to do everything to Shane all at the same time. He knows the idea of a threesome doesn't immediately appeal to Shane, but it would be a way for him to get everything he deserves, all at once. Ilya can be possessive, he knows, but he also wants Shane to have anything he could ever want.

They end up with Shane on his back, knees hooked over his arms to spread himself open for Ilya's mouth on his hole. He's restless, closing his eyes on a loud moan and collapsing back on the pillows, then writhing, lifting his head up to stare down at Ilya's face between his thighs, looking shocked and drunk with it.

"Oh, fuck, Ilya," he moans, grabbing a fistful of Ilya's hair and holding him right where he needs. If Ilya is fated to die young, suffocated by eating Shane Hollander's perfect ass is infinitely preferable to some stupid accident on the ice or in a sports car. He pushes the tip of his tongue inside, endlessly thrilled by how hot and tight it is, how Shane opens for him, how he begs for it.

"Please, please," Shane says, right on cue. "I need you - fuck, come on, I don't wanna come like this."

Ilya stays where he is another few seconds, savouring it, then turns his head to bite Shane's inner thigh where a matching bruise is already dark and mottled on the opposite side.

"Oh, *ow*, fuck," Shane moans, and his cock twitches.

By the time Ilya rolls on a condom and pushes in where Shane wants him, his hands are shaking. He leans his weight on Shane, pushing his thighs impossibly a little wider, looming over him and casting his face in shadow.

Shane's eyes are wide and soft and begging, and he tilts his face up for a kiss. It used to take such a long time to get him here.

"Perfect," Ilya whispers, and Shane nods, like he's said something profound.

Ilya goes to work. There is nothing, *nothing* he would rather do than this: fuck Shane so good he leaves marks on his own skin from holding himself open and ready for Ilya, so good he shouts when he comes, loud and unselfconscious in his serene home. Ilya follows quickly after, coming inside his lover with a gasp as it feels like Shane's body pulls the orgasm out of him. Ilya doesn't quite understand Shane's objection to the term *lover* - he loves Shane, he loves to fuck Shane, he is quite literally a *lover of Shane*, how is this gross? - so he won't say it aloud, but he still thinks it. Often.

As always, Shane lasts about forty-five seconds post-orgasm before he starts to feel sticky and needs to clean up.

"Nice ass," Ilya tells him as he walks out of the room. When he comes back, it's with a smile.

They've never really done any of this before. Talking. Hanging out. Making meals. Playing Mario Kart when it's raining and too windy to make a swim enjoyable. Cuddling.

Ilya will never, ever get enough, now that he is allowed to have it.

"We might need to get out of bed at some point," Shane says unconvincingly, his fingers in Ilya's hair. They're pressed together head to toe, one of Shane's legs draped over Ilya's hip.

Ilya can hear his heartbeat. He's never been quite this cozy in his life, he thinks.

"*Nyet.*"

"*Da,*" Shane counters, and the syllable in his mouth forces Ilya to move, just enough to kiss him.

"Sorry my dad was kind of an asshole about you."

Ilya reviews his memory of the afternoon in his head. Yuna and David had been perfectly pleasant and civil to him from start to finish, despite Shane's fears. They had not yelled or cursed or told Shane to get the fuck out of their sight and come back only when he decided not to be an ungrateful faggot. Overwhelming success, as far as Ilya could tell.

"What are you talking about?"

"When he was like, oh, there weren't any nice men in Montreal?"

"Is valid question. I am not nice guy."

"I mean, not exactly, but you're better than that. Anyway, it was just - it seemed kind of rude to say hey, what about all the other people you could have chosen? In front of you."

Ilya tilts his head to look up at Shane, closing one eye so he's less blurry this close.

"What is this, better than nice?"

"Oh, um. Nice is fine. Nice is kind of surface level, and polite. You care about people but you don't try to be nice about it. You can be kind of a dick, but you actually give a shit. That's better, I think."

Shane rubs his fingertips against Ilya's scalp, and Ilya lets his eyes close again, settling into the feeling.

"Yes, I am asshole who loves you."

He feels Shane tense a little against him, drawing in a sharp breath.

"Um, it might take me a while to get used to that."

When Ilya looks again, Shane is blushing, his eyes damp.

"Fuck, I haven't cried this much in one day since the first time we won the Cup," he says, swiping at his eyes. "Jesus. What the fuck."

Ilya pounces. Holds him down by the wrists.

"You cannot escape, Hollander. I love you." He draws out the words, mocking. "I loooooove you."

The flush deepens. Spreads down Shane's neck to where it gets blotchy on his chest. It's delicious. Ilya will taste it everywhere before he lets them leave this bed.

"Oh no, is too much?" He leans in, nips at Shane's earlobe and says lowly, "I love you so much. I am fucking obsessed with you. Too bad."

Shane lets out this soft, ridiculous noise, almost identical to the choked moan he makes when Ilya sucks on his balls.

"You are so easy. I cannot get enough."

It feels shocking and strange to just let himself fill in the words he'd always worked to hold back. It feels like flying.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane murmurs, "come here," and kisses him, and kisses him, and kisses him.

Night falls.

They eventually leave bed. (Not for long.)

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