

Starry Starry Night

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/80861461) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/80861461>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Gen , M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Rose Landry
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Rose Landry , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Hayden Pike , Svetlana Vetrova , Anya Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Sugar Daddy , Sugar Daddy Ilya Rozanov , Sugar Baby Shane Hollander , Age Difference , Ilya Rozanov is Obsessed With Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov is Whipped For Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Is Not A Hockey Player , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , migraines , Shane Hollander Gets Migraines , Shane Hollander Whump , Ilya Rozanov Takes Care of Shane Hollander , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , Light Angst , Dry Humping , Phone Sex , Sweet Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Whump , Happy Ending
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-03-08 Completed: 2026-04-08 Words: 18,644 Chapters: 11/11

Starry Starry Night

by [Caraphernellic](#)

Summary

Shane and Rose get accepted to an exclusive establishment known for sugar daddies. A rich, handsome man at the bar named Ilya takes an immediate liking to Shane.

Chapter 1: Prologue

Rose has been desperate to try the place out. It was by invitation only, but she had gotten one, and then she had submitted *Shane* without him knowing and he had gotten one too.

This place is so exclusive that it requires submission of photos and identification with your application, *and* they perform background checks on you before accepting. The patrons here were rich, powerful men like politicians, actors, CEOs, and more, and the establishment wanted to make sure they weren't letting in a criminal or psycho-stalker and tarnishing their reputation.

Shane doesn't know if that makes him feel better or worse about the situation.

Rose is an aspiring actress- read: struggling- and Shane is working toward a doctorate. Rose is beautiful and charming and sure to catch the eye of everyone there. Shane is awkward and quiet and barely out of the closet.

However, Rose is one of his best friends, and he promised he would do this with her. They're planning on going for the first time tonight.

"What should I wear?" He asks Rose. She lounges on his bed, eagerly awaiting his clothing choices.

"Well, show me your options." She looks at him expectantly.

Shane holds up a navy polo shirt on a hanger.

"No." Rose says immediately, without even considering it. Shane hangs it back up. He pulls out the next option, a white button down.

“Hm.” Rose considers, tilting her head. “Maybe. If we come up with the right accessories.” She stands up and practically pushes him aside. She rifles through his closet and pulls out several items; a pair of black chinos, pristine white sneakers, a rolled up pair of no-show socks.

“This could work.” She says. She shoves the items into Shane’s hands. “Go change. Leave the top two buttons on the shirt undone and cuff the sleeves.”

Shane nods and heads into his bathroom to change. He checks himself out a little in the full-length mirror on the back of the door. Rose was right, this looks pretty good. He looks put together without looking like he’s trying too hard.

He doesn’t know if he’ll be appealing enough for a rich man who could have anyone he wants, but he doesn’t look half bad.

Rose has changed as well by the time he comes out. She looks stunning in a cherry red dress and matching lipstick.

“You look amazing.” He tells her honestly.

“You don’t clean up so bad yourself.” She smirks. “This will be fun, Shane! I’m so glad you’re doing this with me.”

Despite his nerves, Shane is glad too.

He spritzes some cologne and lets Rose mess with his hair before they finally call an Uber. Shane was going to drive, but Rose insisted that they’re going to have so many drinks bought for them that they should take a car service instead. Shane secretly thought she was being optimistic about his chances of hitting it off with anyone, but he agreed.

The building is downtown, beautiful and imposing. The light brick exterior looks sophisticated and clean even from the outside. The windows are tinted for privacy, but a tinge

of golden light slips out anyway. It looks like a portal to another universe.

“Ready?” Rose asks him.

“Yeah.” Shane lies.

Chapter 2: Chapter One

Chapter Notes

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

The place screams luxury as soon as they step inside. There are people milling all about, but the voices are low, as if speaking in anything more than a decibel above a whisper would be improper.

A man in a suit greets them just inside the door and checks their identification as well as their individual acceptance letters before they're allowed past literal velvet ropes. They're each given a thin gold bracelet- a stamp or a wristband would be way too tacky for this place, Shane supposes.

The inside is just as beautiful as the exterior. It hardly looks like a bar at all. Rather than dim lighting in a dank atmosphere with loud music, everything is light and airy and the barest hint of instrumental music can be heard.

The stone structure should've felt cold and impersonal, but instead it felt like the promise of something. An entirely new, incandescent world.

"What should we do?" Shane asks Rose. They can't just stand here inside the entrance all evening. She takes his hand and confidently pulls him toward the bar. They sit on leather stools.

"I'll take a water with lemon and he'll have a ginger ale if you have it." Rose tells the bartender.

"Right away, Miss."

"I can't believe we're here." Shane says to her.

“Do a quick sweep with your eyes and tell me if anyone is looking at me, then I’ll do the same for you.” Rose tells him.

Shane half-turns, trying to be nonchalant. His gaze quickly scans the room. There are definitely no less than five men currently ogling his friend. He tells her as much.

“Are any of them good looking?” She asks without turning around.

Shane shrugs.

“Are they old?” She asks.

Shane shrugs again. “I mean, if they can’t get it up, you won’t have to-” Rose balks and slaps his arm and they both dissolve into laughter.

The bartender returns with their drinks and a polite nod. A man appears beside Rose in the next breath. He might be in his late 30s, maybe early 40s. A little plain looking, but certainly not bad.

“Hello.” He greets. “I hope I’m not interrupting.”

Shane feels awkward, like he should move or something, but maybe that’s even more awkward. He freezes in place and looks away.

“Not at all.” Rose says. “I was just grabbing a drink with my friend here.”

“Would you like something stronger?” The man asks her. Rose agrees and the man orders them each a glass of wine. Rose lets herself be led away to a private table, flashing Shane their signal behind her. A thumbs up tucked up against the small of her back. She’s fine, she’s feeling good about the interaction. Shane will keep an eye on them though.

He knew this would happen, but now that he's in the moment, he feels even more out of place. He stares down at the bar top and sips his ginger ale. He's so lost in his own thoughts that he almost doesn't register another body beside him.

He looks up.

A man stands there. An extremely handsome man, at that. He smells incredible, spicy and woodsy. The kind of scent that even Shane's nostrils can recognize as expensive.

"Hello." He greets. He has an accent. Shane almost wants to do something stupid like turn around to double check that this man is talking to *him*.

"Hi." He replies, fighting to maintain eye contact. He can already feel his cheeks heating up.

"I was afraid I'd missed my chance." The man continues. "But then the other man took your friend, not you."

Shane doesn't know what to say. The man saw him from across the room and wanted to talk to him?

"I am Ilya." He holds a hand out for Shane to shake.

"I'm Shane." He finds his voice and extends his own hand.

"Shane, can I buy you a drink?" Ilya asks.

"Yes." Shane agrees.

“Do you like wine?”

It’s okay, but Shane doesn’t want to seem juvenile, so he agrees. Ilya orders with the bartender.

“Would you like to join me?” Ilya holds a hand out to Shane to help him off the stool.

Shane nods, not trusting his voice this time. He slips his hand into that big, warm palm for the second time and lets Ilya assist him in getting down from the barstool. Ilya leads him to a round table surrounded by a half-circle booth. Shane flashes the thumbs up behind his back in case Rose is watching.

The waiter appears with two wine glasses and an entire wine bottle in an ice bucket. He expertly uncorks the wine and pours two glasses. “Can I get you gentlemen anything else?” He asks.

“No, we are good. Thank you.” Ilya tells him. He slips him a bill, the kind of discreet exchange that comes with practice.

Shane watches all of this in awed silence. This place is the real deal.

“You are very beautiful, Shane.” Ilya says.

“Oh, um, thank you.” Shane stumbles out. He’s equal parts surprised, embarrassed, and flattered by the compliment.

“You are nervous.” Ilya says then. It’s not a question.

“Yeah. Yes.” Shane says, correcting himself. He should really speak more eloquently in front of this rich, handsome stranger.

“Will you tell me why?” Ilya is confident, but it doesn’t come off as arrogant. He sounds intrigued, like Shane is a puzzle and he wants to figure him out.

“I’ve never done this before.” Shane says simply.

Ilya nods. His gaze is so intense. Shane feels like prey in a predator’s sight.

Ilya sips his wine and Shane follows, taking a small sip from his own glass. He’s surprised to find he likes it- it’s crisp and light, not too overbearing or tangy.

“Do you like the wine?”

“Yes.” Shane says honestly. “Thank you.” He takes a deep breath. “This place is really nice.” He’s never been very good at small talk, but he’s been actively trying to improve.

“Yes. I enjoy my time here.” Ilya says. He’s sitting close enough to Shane in the booth that he can feel his body heat. It’s making him a little dizzy. The combination of the cologne, his warm thigh, and the wine is heady.

“My friend wanted to come here tonight, so I came with her.” Shane says.

“And you?” Ilya asks. “Did you *want* to come?”

Shane sips his wine again. “I was...intrigued.” He admits.

Ilya smiles. He has a beautiful smile, with white teeth that aren’t fake veneers, surrounded by full lips.

“I am glad you were.” He comments.

Shane bites his lip, feeling bashful. He’s not used to being anyone’s sole attention like this. Ilya’s gaze is like a weight on him. It’s not a bad thing, not at all, but Shane doesn’t know quite what to do with it. He looks over to Rose, who is still at the table with the man from before.

“Do you know that guy?” He asks Ilya, nodding toward him. “Is he a good guy?”

“I see him here.” Ilya answers. “I have never seen anything unsavory.”

Well, that’s good news.

The conversation between himself and Ilya flows surprisingly easily, as does the wine. Shane doesn’t drink very often, so by the time his second glass is almost gone, he’s already feeling a little buzzed. He’s talking to a handsome man, drinking expensive wine, and he’s having a good time.

Maybe this place really is an alternate reality.

Ilya is a CEO, but he doesn’t elaborate further. Shane tells him that he’s in college for a PhD in Sports Medicine. He also doesn’t provide any details. It’s too early in whatever kind of relationship this may or may not end up being for Shane to expound upon how this ended up being his goal.

“Can I ask you something?” Shane says. Ilya nods.

Maybe this is a bit too forward, but he’s quite curious. “Why are you in a place like this?” There’s no way Ilya *needs* help to find a romantic partner. So what is he doing in a bar that has a reputation for patrons to visit to find a sugar daddy?

“You’re so...” He trails off. There’s no way he can describe the other man without giving away just how starry eyed he is already.

“Why are *you* in a place like this?” Ilya counters. It’s not really the same. Ilya is unfairly handsome, rich, and charming. He’s the total package. Besides, Shane already explained that he came here with Rose.

“I came with my friend.” He says again.

“Yes, you have said this. But is that the only reason?” Ilya asks, raising an eyebrow. It’s a little scary how easily he seems to be able to read Shane. It’s like he can see a few layers deeper.

Shane’s fingers play with the stem of his wine glass absently. “Probably not.” He admits. Ilya’s eyes never stray from his. The eye contact is intense, yet Shane can’t look away. Doesn’t even want to. “I’m newly out of the closet.” He says after a long moment.

Ilya nods in understanding.

“I guess this is my way of...testing the waters.” Shane grits out. Is that mortifying to admit? Should he have even said that? Maybe he sounds completely pathetic to Ilya.

“It is not about the money, then.” Ilya states casually. An observation.

Shane cracks a half-smile. “Well, I *do* have a lot of student loans to pay back.” He quips. That’s completely true, but he is extremely lucky to have a decent apartment that he pays for with his decent job and two wonderful, loving parents who would absolutely help him if he ever needed it. He’s not the starving artist archetype like Rose.

“I do not pay for sex.” Ilya says, apropos of nothing. Shane almost spits out his mouthful of wine out of surprise.

“Um, okay.” He says.

Ilya’s fingertips draw lazy, absent circles on the tabletop. His gaze is still trained on Shane. “I like to take care of people. I have more money than I could ever possibly spend on myself. But my partners never, ever give me their body for money. If we want to have sex, we fuck.” He says with a shrug. “Is never forced.” He says adamantly. “That is not a transaction.”

Shane imagines some of the other men in this room don’t feel the same way.

“So, what do you give away money for then? Just to take care of someone?” He questions.

“Yes.”

“And that satisfies you?” Ilya broached the subject, and now Shane has questions. He’s going to ask them until Ilya tells him to stop.

“Yes.” Ilya says again. “It makes me feel powerful. Good.” He shrugs. “Maybe that is selfish. I am no savior. Definitely no saint.”

He gives away his money with no strings attached, willingly helps others, and he thinks that’s selfish. Shane almost wants to laugh. He looks at this man before him, so elegant and beautiful, and wonders who wouldn’t want him. He can’t speak for everyone, of course, but he can’t imagine *not* being attracted to him. He can’t imagine not feeling carnal desire.

“You are thinking very loudly.” Ilya says.

“You’re very intriguing to me.” Shane admits.

“That is funny. *You* are very intriguing to *me*, Shane.”

Shane huffs a laugh. “I’m just me. Just plain Shane.”

“No.” Ilya says automatically. “You are so beautiful. And sweet.”

“Sweet?” Shane echoes. He’s never thought of himself as sweet.

“Yes.” Ilya seems so sure of everything that he says.

“I’m going to use the restroom.” Shane announces. He really does have to pee after all of that wine, but he also needs a few minutes away from Ilya’s intense gaze. He feels a little like he’s going to melt.

“I would like it if you came back.” Ilya says plainly. Calmly, not demanding. As if Shane was using the bathroom as an excuse and he was going to skip out.

“I will.” Shane promises. He crosses the room to the bathrooms. Out of the corner of his eye he sees Rose coming up to meet him. She probably wants to check in.

“Hey!” She says when they reach the secluded hallway that houses the restrooms. “How’s it going? You seem like you’re really hitting it off with that guy!” She says excitedly.

“I am.” Shane admits. “He’s Russian. He seems...” He doesn’t even know how to accurately describe Ilya. “Intense, but in a good way.”

“He’s totally hot.” Rose says. “And he’s totally into you. I don’t think he’s looked away from you all night.”

Shane flushes. That’s true. “How’s your guy?” He deflects.

Rose waves a hand in dismissal. “He’s alright. I excused myself from the first guy, but he’s already talking to someone else too, so I don’t think he’s too broken up about it.” Rose is talking to someone different now? Shane didn’t even notice. He’s a bad friend, he should be looking out for her.

“I’m sorry.” He apologizes.

“For what? I’m fine, Shane, I’m happy for you!” She says, squeezing his arm.

They separate to use the facilities. Shane splashes some cold water on his face in an attempt to calm his overheated cheeks. He hardly recognizes himself in the mirror. He looks bright and animated.

He goes back to the table where Ilya is waiting. There is a sealed bottle of water at his place.

“I also ordered some charcuterie.” The word is said carefully in Ilya’s accent. It’s endearing. “I figured you might be hungry after all of the wine.”

Now that he mentions it, Shane could definitely go for a snack. “Thank you.” He says honestly. He takes a long sip of the water. The food is delivered just a few minutes later, a small platter with an impressive spread of meats, cheese, jams, and fruit.

He nibbles on all of it and suppresses a yawn. Ilya notices, because of course he does.

“It is getting late.” He comments.

“Yes.” Shane agrees, with a soft, shy smile. He wasn’t going to mention it, because he doesn’t want this night to end.

“I would like to see you again.”

Shane’s hope surges. “I would like to see you again too.”

“Are you available next weekend? We could meet back here.”

Shane agrees, and they make a plan to meet here again in one week. “I had a nice time tonight. Thank you.”

“Thank you for giving me a chance.” Ilya says, and he seems sincere. It blows Shane’s mind. “Goodnight, Shane.”

“Goodnight, Ilya.” Shane gives a small wave and reunites with Rose while they exit the establishment and get into their Uber.

“So, tell me everything.” Rose says.

Chapter End Notes

See you Tuesday for the next chapter!

Chapter 3: Chapter Two

Chapter Notes

TW: Very brief mention of disordered eating

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

“Shane. You’re freaking out.” Rose says calmly.

“I know I am!” Shane retorts.

“You already know he likes you. There’s no reason to be nervous, okay?” She says.

“What if he spends more time with me and decides he doesn’t like me anymore?”

“That is not going to happen.” Rose says adamantly.

“Please, just help me pick out an outfit again.” Rose is going to drive this time and accompany him for moral support.

“These pants.” She throws them at him from his own closet. “Aaaand...” She rifles around for a moment. “This shirt.” She throws it at Shane too and it lands on his head.

“Thanks.” He says sarcastically.

“Now, chop chop!” Rose says, clapping her hands. They’re planning on going a little earlier than Shane’s planned meeting time with Ilya to have a drink together first before they will split off again. If Shane doesn’t hurry, they won’t have time.

Shane hastily dresses and then he and Rose head downtown. This time, they feel a little more comfortable checking in and heading to the bar.

Shane gets a bottled light beer and Rose opts for wine this time.

“I need to find my own Ilya tonight.” She says. “Does he have a brother?” She jokes.

“I’ll ask.” Shane says.

“How old do you think he is?” Rose wonders. Shane had secretly wondered the same thing, but it hadn’t come up last week. Shane was pretty sure he was younger than Ilya, but he thought it impolite to ask.

“Older than me.” Shane says noncommittally.

Rose shrugs. They enjoy their drinks, and then Shane sees Ilya arrive out of the corner of his eye. He checks his watch and sees that the other man is right on time.

Shane is surprised that Ilya comes right up to him and Rose.

“Good evening, Shane.” He greets. Then, he turns to Rose. “Hello, I am Ilya.”

Rose flicks her gaze to Shane for half a second- universal best friend code for *we will talk about this later*- and holds her hand out to shake. “I’m Rose, it’s nice to meet you.”

“Do you mind if I steal Shane this evening?”

Rose smiles. "You can steal him as long as you promise to return him."

"Of course." Ilya agrees. "Shane?" He helps Shane off the stool much like the last time.

"See you later Rose. If you need me, come get me. Or give me the signal." Shane tells her on the way by.

"Have fun." She tells him.

"How was your week?" Ilya asks him after they've sat down.

"It was good. Busy, but good." Shane says honestly. He works full-time as an exercise physiologist in addition to taking courses for his doctorate. "How was yours?"

"Also busy." Ilya says with a small smile playing on his lips. "The week felt long, but I was happy to have this to look forward to at the end of it."

"Me too." Shane says softly.

"Would you like wine again?" Ilya asks him.

"Just a ginger ale would be great."

Ilya orders a Coke and a ginger ale from a bartender who is making the rounds.

"What do you do for fun?" Ilya asks, once they've both popped the tabs on their cans and the soft crackle of carbonation can be heard. "When you are not working or in school."

Shane actually hates this question, because he's been poked fun at in the past for what he considers to be entertaining. "I like to read. I also watch a lot of hockey. I work out a lot too. Running, weight lifting, yoga."

"I love hockey." Ilya says, lighting up. He laughs a little. "I am Russian, after all."

Hockey is simultaneously Shane's favorite and least favorite subject. He could say more right now, it would be a perfect opportunity to talk about his past, but he just...can't. He doesn't want to bring down the mood. He's having such a nice time with Ilya, and he doesn't want to taint it.

"I am Canadian, after all." He echoes with a forced smile. "Hockey is in my blood."

Maybe Ilya senses the change in Shane's demeanor, but he lets the subject drop, even though he had clearly been ready to say more a moment earlier.

Shane sips his drink, the crisp bubbles sliding past the bitter words in his throat and washing them away.

Ilya hand lands on top of his on the table. Gently, so gently, like a butterfly wing.

"Are you alright?" He asks softly.

"I'm okay." Shane says, and it's mostly true. The bitter tang of what his life was supposed to be may never fully dissolve, but he's come to terms with it, and he can find happiness in his new path. These days it's less of a razor blade in his chest and more of a dull knife carving at an old wound. "What about you?" He asks. "What do you do for fun?"

"I also watch hockey." Ilya says. "I have a dog. I spend a lot of time with her. Go to park, go on hike."

“Really? Do you have a photo?”

Ilya smiles, and it’s a new smile that Shane hasn’t seen yet. Soft and tender in the way that someone’s face gets when they speak about someone they deeply love. He pulls out his phone and turns it to face Shane. A small-medium sized, slightly scruffy dog with a smile of her own looks back at Shane.

“Anya. She’s a rescue.” Ilya says proudly.

“She’s really cute.” Shane says, and he means it. Ilya shows him a few more photos. It seems she and Ilya really do everything together.

“She is the best girl.” Ilya says seriously.

“Maybe I could meet her sometime.” Shane suggests shyly, hoping he isn’t being too forward.

“I would love that.” Ilya tells him. “Are you hungry?” He asks suddenly.

“I could eat.” Shane agrees.

“Would you join me at a restaurant? I will take you out to dinner.”

A real date. Shane’s heart starts beating faster. “Yes.” He’s not going to let his nerves let him miss out on this.

“Do not feel pressure if you are not ready. Or do not want to.” Ilya hastens to add, looking slightly worried.

“I want to.” Shane assures him. That’s an understatement. “What did you have in mind?”

“Hmm.” Ilya makes a big show about thinking. “Pizza?”

They agree on a brick-oven pizza place down the street, and Shane excuses himself to let Rose know and say goodbye.

“Let me know if you need a ride home.” She says. Then she wiggles her eyebrows. “I hope you don’t.”

“It’s not like that.” Shane protests weakly. “It’s just pizza.”

“If that’s what you kids are calling it these days.” She sniffs. “Really though, have fun, and text me okay?”

“I will.” Shane promises.

“Shane.” She grabs his forearm at the last second. “You have your pepper spray, right? Just in case?”

“Yes.” Shane admits. However, he’d rather not think about his date going horribly wrong and having to use it.

“Bye, love you.” She finally says.

“The place is close, we can walk.” Ilya tells him. Shane follows him out of the bar, that same delicious scent wafting off of Ilya and enticing him. That cologne will quickly become a beacon for Shane if he’s not careful.

Ilya lays a light hand on Shane's lower back as they enter the restaurant, gently guiding him.

The atmosphere is perfect for a date- dim lighting, exposed brick, the rich smell of red sauce in the air. The establishment is classy without being too overstated.

They order a pizza to share. They eat in companionable silence, but Shane feels very self-conscious. Firstly, he has struggled with disordered eating in the past and it still causes him issues. This pizza is really good, but there's still a voice in Shane's brain scolding him for how greasy it is and how many calories per slice.

Second, he is hyper-aware of himself since he's been called boring on dates in the past. He tries desperately to think of what to say. His palms start to sweat.

"Shane?"

"Yes?" Shane looks up to find Ilya looking at him with mild concern. God, he's fucking this up. He's being weird.

"Are you sure you are alright?"

Shane sighs. "I am. I'm sorry. I'm just in my head a little bit. I've had some not so great dates in the past and I just don't want to mess this up."

"You are not messing anything up." Ilya's eyes are clear and honest. "I am sorry about your bad dates, but it seems they worked out in my favor." He smiles a little.

"Yeah, I guess so." Shane says back with a small smile of his own. From there, Ilya gently leads the conversation and Shane is happy to follow. The conversation flows as easily as it did last weekend, much to Shane's relief.

His phone buzzes on the table. “Hey, it’s Rose, I’m going to answer her text.” Shane announces, not wanting to seem rude for using his phone on a date.

Ilya makes a ‘go ahead’ gesture.

“How is it going?” Rose’s text reads. Shane realizes that they’ve been at the restaurant for two hours already. Time flies when you’re enjoying yourself.

“Good.” He texts back. *“Still on the date. Everything okay?”*

Rose 🌹 : *All good! Just checking in on you.*

“It’s good that you and Rose look out for each other.” Ilya says.

“She’s my best friend.” Shane says. “And her family doesn’t live around here. We spend a lot of time together.”

“I have a friend like that.” Ilya says. “Svetlana.”

“Is she from Russia too?”

“Yes. We were childhood friends.”

“That’s nice.” Shane says sincerely. Suddenly, a loud bang resounds, and Shane flinches. It isn’t until this moment that he realizes just how close he and Ilya have been leaning into each other, like magnets drawn together.

A drunken man is being loud and disruptive on the other side of the restaurant.

“Should we get out of here?” Ilya asks him. Shane nods. Ilya had paid the bill a little while ago, so they’re free to get up and go.

The evening air is chilly when they step out into it. The smell of cheese and garlic still lingers outside of the pizza place, dissipating as they walk down the block.

“I would like to see you again.” Ilya says as they walk. “I like you, Shane.”

Shane’s cheeks heat up. “I like you too.”

“Can we exchange phone numbers?”

“Yes, yeah, of course.” They stop briefly to do so. Shane smiles when he sees Ilya’s name and a dog emoji typed into his contacts.

“I will drive you home now.” Ilya takes Shane to his apartment. He drives a sleek Mercedes with an interior that smells like a mixture of his cologne and cigarette smoke. Shane finds that strangely, he doesn’t hate the combination. Shane can see some dog hair and a doggie seatbelt in the backseat, and it makes him smile to himself.

“Can I walk you to your door? For safety. No funny business.” Ilya teases.

“Yes.” Shane agrees. Ilya comes around to the passenger side and opens Shane’s car door for him, then follows him inside the building. “Well. This is me.” Shane says awkwardly, standing outside of his door.

“Goodnight, Shane.” Ilya says warmly. Shane loves how he says his name, how his mouth wraps around the sound. He says it like it’s an endearment, something careful and precious. The way Ilya reacts to Shane makes him feel like he’s worth something. He’s not plain Shane, he’s something else entirely when he’s with Ilya.

“Wait!” Shane says too loudly. Ilya freezes in place. “Um. I. Um.” Shane stretches up and quickly, before he can change his mind, darts closer and presses a kiss to Ilya’s cheek. “Goodnight.” He says breathlessly.

His cheeks and ears are hot.

Ilya looks at him as if he’s just given him the keys to paradise.

“*Malysh.*” He murmurs under his breath. He pulls Shane into a soft embrace and presses a kiss of his own to Shane’s temple.

Shortly after Shane goes inside, his phone buzzes.

Ilya 🥰: *Sweet dreams, Shane.*

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Next chapter will be up on Friday.

(The sugar daddy-ing is coming, I promise)

Chapter 4: Chapter Three

Chapter Notes

TW: Another brief mention of disordered eating

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

Shane wakes up the next morning to a large bouquet of flowers at his door. It's a beautiful arrangement of lilies.

He texts Ilya to thank him first, and then sends a photo of it to Rose.

Rose 🌹 : !!!!!

Rose 🌹 : *SHANE*

Rose 🌹 : *Oh my god oh my god*

Shane smiles down at Rose's barrage of texts.

Today is Sunday, but he still has a full schedule. He has a workout planned, scheduled reading time, and lunch with his mom and dad. Yuna and David Hollander are the best parents anyone could hope for, and Shane is very close with them. They always have lunch once a week, at the very least.

By the time he has completed some basic cleaning tasks around the apartment, Ilya has still not responded. Shane tries not to feel too disappointed by that. He completes his workout and subsequent shower, then his parents swing by to pick him up for lunch.

They eat and end up doing some shopping afterward.

“We’ll help you bring your bags up, honey.” His mom says when they arrive back at his apartment. Shane had bought a new shirt- to wear for Ilya- a few new books, and some new socks and underwear.

Shane doesn’t think too much about it, so he accepts her offer. He immediately realizes his mistake when his mom zeroes in on the vase of flowers as soon as they step inside.

“These are nice.” She comments. Her eyes flick to David, and Shane knows this is going to be *a thing*. “I didn’t know you were into flowers.” She adds.

Shane clears his throat. He was going to give it a little more time before saying something to them, but now he might as well. “They were sent to me, actually.”

His parents both pause. He had come out to them only a few months prior. Hell, he had barely come out to himself a few months prior. Shane’s being gay was still a relatively new concept for all of them. Shane can tell they’re trying to decide whether to push for more information or let it go. He decides to put them out of their misery.

“I’ve gone on two dates with someone.” He says. Two is a little generous, but Shane is clearly not going to tell his parents that he met someone at a sugar daddy bar. The finer details can be kept private.

“That’s wonderful!” His mom says enthusiastically, and his dad nods in agreement.

“It’s still new.” Shane says needlessly. Her eyes linger on the shopping bags with the new shirt and underwear. She’s probably making the correlation in her mind. Shane’s cheeks heat up. This is mortifying. Now his mother knows he bought new boxers for someone to see him in them. He clears his throat nervously and looks at the floor.

“Well if he’s already gotten you flowers, I think that’s a good indication.” Yuna says.

“Thanks for lunch.” Shane says, changing the subject. His parents get the hint and they hug him goodbye.

Shane was so wrapped up the last few hours that he missed Ilya’s text.

Ilya 🍷: *You are very welcome.*

Shane: *No one has ever gotten me flowers before.*

He decides to respond and hits send. His phone buzzes with a call a minute later.

“Hello?”

“Hello, Shane.” Ilya greets.

“Hi.” Shane says again, stupidly. He’s not used to any of this. Rich, attractive men don’t take him out for pizza, or buy him flowers, or call him on the phone.

“I wanted to hear your voice.” Ilya says. Shane smiles to himself. They talk for a while, and Shane finds himself getting lost in the conversation. Ilya is one of the easiest people to talk to that Shane has ever met, and that’s not something that he says lightly. The other man is magnetic, and Shane finds himself pulled into his orbit.

They’re going out for dinner again on Friday night. For the third weekend in a row, Shane is going on a date. He wears the new linen shirt he bought, and the brand new boxer briefs. Just in case.

He’s really looking forward to tonight, and even though he’s been feeling a little off all day, he pushes through. Shane wants to spend more time with Ilya, he’s been excited about it all week.

Ilya picks him up from his apartment. “You are not afraid of heights?” He checks.

Shane’s eyebrows knit together. “No, why?”

“You will see.”

Shane understands immediately when they pull up to their destination. It’s a swanky rooftop restaurant. They climb the staircase to the top and Ilya gives the name of the reservation to the hostess.

“Rozanov, for two.” Shane hasn’t even known Ilya’s last name until now.

“Right this way.” The hostess says. She leads them to a prime table near the fencing on the roof. It boasts a beautiful view of the sky and the city.

“This place is amazing.” Shane comments.

“I am glad you think so. The food is very good here.” Ilya responds.

Shane feels like he’s in a movie. The sun sets behind Ilya in a stunning display of pink and gold. The clouds drip with color, sending their final farewell before they fade into the evening sky.

It’s a testament to how Shane’s life has seemingly changed from black and white to technicolor since Ilya has become a part of it.

Twinkle lights begin to glow as the natural light fades. They share an appetizer and talk about their weeks, even though they’ve texted or talked on the phone every single day.

Shane is grateful for the cool breeze, because he's starting to feel a little warm. His temperature has been up and down all day, and he's had a dull ache in his skull since he woke up that morning. He's steadfastly ignoring it. He doesn't want anything to ruin the date. He sips his water and continues to pretend that he's fine.

Twenty minutes later and they're halfway through their entrees when Shane takes a turn for the worst. The ache in his head ratchets up a notch. *No, not here*. Shane begs himself mentally.

He hasn't had a migraine attack in so long, and now when he's in the middle of the most perfect date, he feels it coming on. Maybe he should've cancelled preemptively instead of ignoring the warning signs all day.

"I'm going to use the restroom." He says, standing up quickly. He flashes Ilya a fake smile and excuses himself.

And to add insult to injury, he's experiencing migraine aura symptoms as well. Shimmery spots dance in his field of vision, and his hands start to tingle. He barges into the bathroom-thankfully, a single bathroom- and locks the door behind him. He splashes cold water on his face from the sink, but it hardly helps.

He closes his eyes and grips the cool porcelain of the sink with both hands, silently willing this to all pass, even though he knows it won't. He feels dizzy and shaky, his head throbbing in time with his heartbeat. He feels like his skull is compressing his brain. Shane has no idea how he's going to go back out there and be able to finish dinner.

He bites his lip, suddenly wanting to cry. This is so unfair. Hasn't he paid his penance? 28 years of feeling alone and like he would never make a real, true connection with someone. He loves his parents and he loves his friends, but he has always felt like there was a distinction between himself and them. He was Shane, and he was Other.

He's never clicked with someone the way he has with Ilya, and now it's all about to come crashing down. No one is going to want someone who can't even hold it together during the honeymoon phase of a relationship.

A knock sounds at the door. “Shane?” It’s Ilya.

“Just- just a minute!” He calls back, wincing at the volume of his own voice.

“Is everything okay?”

Shane looks down into the sink basin like it might hold some answers. Should he lie? Or should he tell the truth?

“I’m sick.” He finally says. The shortest summarization he can come up with.

“Is it the food?” Ilya worries. Shane can’t continue to make the poor man yell through the door. He twists the lock, the sound reverberating through his skull, and pulls the other man inside. Closes the door and locks it again.

Shane wonders how he looks to Ilya right now. Trembling, pathetic.

The base of his skull feels like it’s being squeezed, a vice tight around his spine. The shiny dots are still occluding his vision. He’s simultaneously hot but clammy. He feels miserable and he’s sure he looks the part.

“You are shaking.”

“Sorry.” Shane whispers, shrinking in on himself.

“Why are you sorry?” Ilya asks, confused.

“I’m ruining our date.”

“You are sick.” Ilya states the obvious. “It is not your fault.”

That’s probably true, but somehow it feels like it is. Shane is so upset right now, and that’s certainly not helping matters.

“Oh, Shane.” Ilya says softly. “Do you need a doctor?”

“No. I get migraines sometimes. Sometimes they’re like this, like an attack.” Disordered eating and migraine attacks, Shane is just a barrel of laughs. A real catch.

“I will go pay bill. I come back and we will leave.” Ilya’s words are more clipped, his accent more pronounced with his worry.

“Okay.” Shane agrees softly. He can barely hold himself together until Ilya gets back. He stays locked in the bathroom.

Another gentle knock a few minutes later. “Shane? Ready to go?”

Shane opens the door, squinting at the assault on his eyes from the overhead lights inside the restaurant. “Yes.”

Ilya hands him a water bottle that he’s procured from somewhere. He leads Shane out with a gentle hand on his back, which he’s grateful for during his current state. When they get to the car, Shane stops. “I’m sorry, can I just- I need some air.” Maybe the stuffy bathroom was a bad idea.

“Okay.” Ilya says simply. Shane sits on a curb near the parked car, and Ilya joins him. Ilya, handsome and older and *rich* Ilya, in his nice date clothes, sits on the dirty concrete next to Shane.

Shane focuses on his breathing and taking small sips of the water. "I'm sorry." He says again. "I had such a good time. The restaurant was great."

"We will come back." Ilya states.

Shane knows it's a lie. Ilya will drop him off at his apartment and they will never speak again. He takes a few more minutes to sit here and soak up the other man's presence, then he reluctantly stands.

He gets into the passenger seat and closes his eyes. After a few minutes, he opens them again, realizing that he doesn't recognize the scenery out of the window. "Where are we going?" He blurts out.

"To my place." Ilya says simply. "I am not dropping you off alone in this state."

Shane's stomach flutters despite himself. It feels like a butterfly wing of hope. "I don't want to make you take care of me." He mumbles, closing his eyes again.

"You are not *making* me do anything."

They're silent the rest of the ride, the only noise the hum of the tires on the road. When they stop, Shane opens bleary eyes. A massive house sits in front of them. It's modern, with lots of windows and a modular style.

Ilya gets out of the car and comes around to Shane's side, opening the door. Shane unclicks his seatbelt and steps out, then promptly wobbles on his feet and grips the open door for support. Ilya looks at him as if assessing. He holds a hand out and Shane takes it, the action familiar by now. Ilya shuts the car door firmly but takes care not to slam it.

Then, he's scooping Shane into his arms. He lets out a small noise of surprise but does not protest and leans his head against Ilya's collarbone. Shane makes the decision to stop being mean to himself and let himself be taken care of for once. To stop pretending that he's always fine and is a robot who never needs anything.

His brain is quite critical of himself a lot of the time, but right now, that same brain is hurting, and he's lost the energy to be self-analytical. He wants to just *be*.

Shane feels safe in Ilya's strong arms as they walk the short distance to the house. He has half a mind to bury his face and live there forever. Ilya walks them through the house, but Shane is not feeling well enough to look around.

Ilya doesn't turn on more than a few lamps as they walk, keeping the light dim. He deposits Shane *on his bed*. He sits next to him and cups his cheek. "What can I get to help? I will order items." He shakes his phone.

Shane wants to protest, but he knows it'll be futile. "Excedrin. Ginger ale. Pedialyte. Has to be strawberry. The sugar free kind."

Ilya dutifully types it all into his phone. "Anything else?"

"No. Thank you." Shane says softly. All of it should take the edge off, at the very least. That's the best he could hope for, to feel the tiniest bit better and be able to fall asleep, and hopefully wake up with the migraine gone. Usually, Shane does this routine all alone in his apartment.

"Of course." Ilya responds. "Do you need more water?"

"Please. And maybe a cool cloth?" Shane asks hopefully. Ilya leaves the room and he curls up on his side. God, he wishes the first time he was in Ilya's bed wasn't like this.

A minute later, he feels the cool cloth being laid over his forehead. It feels amazing. He reaches a hand out blindly, feeling for Ilya's hand.

Their hands stay intertwined and Ilya gently strokes his hair as they wait for the delivery.

"I am sorry you are sick and in pain." Ilya tells him, his voice quiet. "Is there anything I could have done? Was the restaurant too loud?"

"No." Shane says honestly. "It just happens sometimes. Bad timing."

"Okay."

"Do you want to change?"

Shane's eyes fly open, horrified. He's been laying on Ilya's bed in his outside clothes. "Yes." He agrees.

He narrowly manages not to fall over as he changes into the t-shirt Ilya gave him. He opts for just the shirt and his boxers, grateful that he wore the nice new ones. Normally he would shower too, but the thought of being upright and pelted with water right now makes him want to hurl.

Ilya returns to the room with the delivery of items. Shane feels marginally better after downing some Excedrin and Pedialyte. He lays down on the cool sheets of Ilya's bed, the only light the blue glow of the clock and the moonlight streaming in behind the curtains.

"Can you stay with me?" He asks, feeling greedy.

"Of course." Ilya agrees immediately. He's far too good to Shane. He changes quickly and gets into bed beside Shane. Shane lays on his chest, and they talk quietly in the dark as Shane becomes increasingly drowsy.

“I’m sorry.” He mumbles. His mantra of the evening, it seems. “This must be such a boring date for you.”

“No.” Ilya disagrees, sweeping his hand through Shane’s hair again. “I have a pretty boy in my bed. Not boring at all.”

Shane smiles into Ilya’s shirt. “I’ll probably fall asleep soon.” He mumbles.

“Goodnight, Shane.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

See you Tuesday for the next chapter :)

Chapter 5: Chapter Four

Chapter Notes

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

The next morning, it is less of a process of waking up and more of a coming into consciousness. Shane had absolutely knocked out last night, exhausted from being in pain and feeling ill. He blinks. The room is bright with sunlight shining in. The migraine is gone, thank god.

He's alone, in Ilya's large and comfortable bed. The room is nice, but sparsely decorated. He hadn't paid much attention the night before for obvious reasons. He spends a few minutes luxuriating in the feeling of the expensive sheets that smell like Ilya.

He could get used to this.

However, Shane can smell the scent of food wafting down the hall, so he gets up, feeling slightly self-conscious about his state of undress. He finds Ilya in the kitchen, shirtless and absolutely divine as he scrambles eggs in a pan.

"Good morning, sleepyhead."

"Good morning." Shane echoes back, sitting on a barstool at the island.

"How is your head?"

"Much better." Shane breathes out. He's still staring at Ilya's incredibly defined abs. Ilya notices, if the smirk he gives is anything to go by.

"Breakfast will be done soon."

“It smells good.” Then, “Shit, I should probably text Rose, she’s probably so worried about me.”

Ilya looks sheepish. Shane has never seen his face make this expression before. “I texted her last night, from your phone. I hope is okay. I know you are close, did not want her to worry. I said it was me!”

“That’s fine.” Shane says, biting back a laugh at how nervous Ilya seems. As if Shane would be mad. “That’s probably better, that she wasn’t worrying all night.”

Ilya nods, still looking apprehensive.

“You’re sweet, do you know that?” Shane blurts out.

Ilya looks surprised now, but pleased. He hesitates for a moment, plating the eggs. “Sometimes I worry I am too much.”

“What?” Shane asks softly.

“I come on too strong.” Ironic, considering Shane’s biggest problem is that he’s constantly told he doesn’t come on strong enough. That he’s boring and unenthusiastic.

“I don’t think so. It’s...refreshing, to have someone say and do what they mean.” Shane says honestly. “I like how you are.” He adds after, his voice softer.

They eat breakfast together, elbows brushing at the island.

“I can take you home.” Ilya offers. “Or-” He seems to hesitate again. “If you are not busy today, we can hang out.”

It's Saturday, so Shane does not have class and it is not one of the Saturdays that he's scheduled to work. Sure, he has a personal routine for every day of the week, but he can push that aside for today.

"You wanna spend more time with me?" He asks shyly. He kind of figured Ilya would be a little sick of him by now. After all, he hadn't accounted for having to take care of Shane last night and then have him over all night into the morning.

"Yes." Ilya says simply. He bumps their legs together.

Shane offers to clean up, but Ilya vehemently denies him. "Go take shower. Borrow whatever you want from my closet."

Ilya's shower is amazing. It's a huge, walk-in tile and glass shower with dual shower heads and a built-in bench. He does have a fully stocked guest room and adjoining bathroom, but he'd offered his own for Shane's maximum comfort.

Secretly, Shane didn't want to pass up the opportunity to smell like Ilya's body wash and shampoo.

He blushes when he puts on a pair of Ilya's fresh boxers. He then dresses in a crewneck sweater and athletic pants from Ilya's closet. He isn't sure any other types of pants will fit that well. Luckily, his shoes from last night pair well enough with the outfit. He shifts nervously when he emerges from the bedroom and faces Ilya for the first time while dressed in his clothing.

"I like you dressed in my clothes." Ilya says, his gaze scanning over Shane.

"I look okay?" Shane checks.

"You look beautiful, as always." Ilya promises. "Ready to go?" They plan to go spend the day out of the house.

In the car, Shane finally checks his phone. He opens his messages with Rose to tell her that he will call her later, and he sees a photo of himself sleeping in the text thread. He squawks before he remembers- oh right, Ilya had texted Rose last night from his phone.

“She asked for proof of life.” Ilya says with a shrug.

“That’s fair, I guess.” Shane mutters, embarrassed.

“You looked cute. Like...sleeping kitten.”

“I did *not*.” Shane insists.

The ride is quiet aside from the low hum of the radio. When Shane realizes that they’re pulling up to the mall with luxury stores, he tries to protest.

“We are already here.” Ilya reminds him. Shane feels slightly uncomfortable at the idea of Ilya taking him shopping. Yes, he’s well aware of the irony.

Shane never comes to this particular mall, because it’s full of high-end shops like Gucci, Armani, Fendi, and the like. Places he cannot afford. He feels out of place even though he’s wearing Ilya’s considerably nicer clothing rather than his own. Ilya however, looks perfectly at ease.

He browses, picking up ridiculously priced items that Shane would never even dream of *thinking* about. Ilya holds up items to Shane, but Shane vehemently denies all of it. “I really don’t need anything, Ilya.” He begs. “What would I do with an Armani suit? I usually just wear athletic clothes to work and class.”

“Okay.” Ilya says. He gave in way too easily. Shane narrows his eyes. Shane quickly understands when Ilya tugs him to an athleisure wear store instead. The kind that rich Pilates

moms and the wives of CEOs shop at. “Pick some things out.”

Shane picks out one shirt and Ilya gives him a flat look.

“Shane. I want to do this. It makes me happy, remember? Please pick out some nice clothes.”

Shane reluctantly picks out several more items. He really *could* use some new clothes to wear to work. When they’ve finished checking out- Shane felt a little ill again once he saw the final price of their cart- they continue walking through the mall. Ilya holds his hand, and it feels really nice. It feels right.

Someone calls out in Russian. Ilya turns around. He lets go of Shane’s hand and does a quick handshake and embrace with the man who had called out to him.

The man gestures to Shane and says something. Ilya nods and responds. They have a brief conversation, and then Ilya steps back to speak with Shane.

“This is a business associate. He has asked to have lunch with us.”

“Us?”

“Da. Yes. If you are uncomfortable, we will not go.”

It’s probably important for Ilya to network. It would be rude of him to decline this offer, Shane is aware of that, no matter how nervous he is about going to a business lunch with one of Ilya’s acquaintances. He takes a deep breath. “We should go.”

“You are sure?”

“Yes.”

They go to a restaurant attached to the mall. When they walk in, it already *feels* expensive, with a dim atmosphere and slow music playing even though it's the middle of the day. They sit at a table in a smaller, slightly secluded section. They are soon joined by two more men.

Shane is comforted by Ilya squeezing his thigh under the table. The men are all polite but obviously disinterested in Shane, which is fine by him. He eats quietly while they converse in a mix of English and Russian. Shane suspects the English is for his benefit, in an effort to not be completely rude and disbar him of the conversation entirely.

After their meal, Ilya and the other men are drinking vodka from rocks glasses. Shane excuses himself to use the restroom and Ilya gives him a questioning look, to which he responds with a subtle nod. He's fine, he really does just need to use the restroom. When he comes back to their table, Ilya holds his hand out for Shane. Mildly confused, Shane takes it. Ilya tugs him onto his lap, wrapping a secure arm around his waist. With the other hand, he picks up his drink and takes a casual sip.

“Is this okay?” He murmurs in Shane's ear. Shane nods. He feels warm all over at the display of affection in front of Ilya's colleagues. Ilya's thighs are solid underneath him. It has Shane thinking all kinds of things that he should *not* be thinking about in public. He's so focused on the delicious feeling of being held by Ilya that he barely recognizes that the lunch is wrapping up until the men stand up.

Ilya shakes all of their hands and they bid goodbye.

“That was okay?” Ilya checks again when they are back in the car.

“More than.” Shane says honestly.

“They thought you were very beautiful, you know.”

Shane isn't quite sure he believes Ilya.

"I guess I wanted to...stake my claim." Ilya admits. "Something about you makes me want to keep you all to myself."

"That's..." Shane scoffs. "Crazy." He looks down at his hands.

"Why do you say this?" Ilya asks. He tilts Shane's chin up.

"I." Shane stops, sighs. He's having a hard time looking Ilya in the eye, which is not unusual for him. "I have nothing to offer you." He admits. "You just took care of me all night and then blew a grand on clothing for me. I don't have anything to offer in return." Maybe he shouldn't point out his lack of assets, but it only seems fair. "I've hardly even had a romantic relationship before, let alone with a man."

"It is not about you *giving* me anything. Except your time and company." Ilya insists. "You know this." He reminds Shane, which is true. This had come up the first night they met.

Shane isn't sure he's conveying his meaning the right way. He doesn't mean that he has nothing to offer Ilya in the material sense, it's more like he doesn't have anything extraordinary to offer in any other capacity. At least, not like Ilya does. Shane is not trying to be self-deprecating, this is simply his internal truth.

"I'm sorry for this." He says after a long moment. "I just want to be good for you."

"You are the best." Ilya says insistently.

"Agree to disagree." Shane says lightly, effectively ending the topic for now. Ilya takes him home, to his apartment, and walks him to this door.

They embrace for a moment. "Thank you for yesterday and today. I really enjoyed spending time with you." Shane says honestly. He's sad to be parting ways, even though they'd spent so much time together already.

"We will do it again soon."

"Bye, Ilya. I have to go call Rose before she combusts." Shane unlocks his door, but then quickly turns around and calls after Ilya, who is on the stairs. "Wait!"

Ilya turns around expectantly.

"When you introduced me to your colleagues, who did you say I was?" Shane asks. He's been wondering and forgot to ask earlier.

"My boyfriend." Ilya says.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be up on Friday!

Chapter 6: Chapter Five

Chapter Notes

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

“Ah. Boyfriend and girlfriend?” The Uber driver asks with a knowing smile as they climb in.

Shane hates chatty Uber drivers.

Rose is drunk but Shane is not. They had gone out to a different place this evening. Shane had planned on drinking a little, and Rose had planned to drink a lot, so they didn’t drive.

Rose had wanted to go out, as she so often did- they were the definition of ‘opposites attract’ for best friends. Ilya was working late and Shane was at home wallowing, so he agreed to come out. They’re leaving a newer LGBTQ+ friendly bar on the other side of town from the sugar daddy bar. The place was cool, and he and Rose had stayed for a while and danced before they decided to call it a night.

Shane hasn’t seen Ilya in almost two weeks due to a lack of their schedules lining up. However, he has woken up to a new surprise at his door every morning, plus Ilya had paid for Shane and Rose’s entire night out this evening.

He still wasn’t sure how comfortable he felt with having a *sugar daddy*, but it seemed to make Ilya happy to spend money on him.

“Nope, just friends.” Rose slurs back to the driver. Oh, right, Shane hasn’t responded to his comment. He’s gotten distracted with thoughts of Ilya, as usual.

“You are a very pretty girl.” The man leers. It sets Shane on edge. Rose doesn’t respond, just sneaks a glance at Shane.

“What, you don’t say thank you to compliments?” The man asks. Oh, no. That’s *never* a good phrase to hear from a man, even Shane knows that.

“Thanks.” Rose says stiffly.

“You think you’re too good for me because I’m a driver?”

Rose scoots closer to Shane. Shane squeezes her hand reassuringly. “No.” She says simply.

The driver sneers at them in the rearview mirror and starts driving faster. There’s traffic, so the car begins jerky movements of stopping and starting with how hard the driver is pressing on the gas pedal. He’s obviously trying to scare them, and it’s working.

He starts weaving through traffic. Horns are honking. The driver is muttering obscenities to himself. They aren’t even going in the direction of their destination anymore, they missed their turn. Shane is glad they were going back to his apartment instead of Rose’s, so at least the man doesn’t have Rose’s address.

Shane doesn’t know what to do. His hands shake as he tries to sneakily pull out his phone. Thankfully his brightness is low and it doesn’t draw any attention from the driver.

For some reason, the first thing he thinks to do is to text Ilya.

Shane: Are you awake?

It’s kind of late, so there’s a possibility that Ilya is asleep.

Ilya 🧑🏻: Yes. How was your night out?

Shane: We are stuck in an Uber. The driver is being crazy. I'm really scared

Ilya 🐶: Send me your location

Shane shares their location.

Ilya 🐶: I am coming

Shane isn't sure how Ilya could possibly help in this situation, but it makes him feel better. Luckily, or unluckily, depending on how you look at it, they're stuck in traffic again.

The driver is swearing and pounding angrily at the wheel. Shane thinks that maybe he's on something, some sort of drugs. He looks at Rose and then flicks his gaze at the door handle, but when he reaches for it, it's locked. The child locks are on.

"What are you doing?" The man screams, whipping his head toward them. He pulls off the main road and onto a side street.

"Look out!" Rose yells. There's a car coming right for them. The headlights are bright and blinding. The Uber driver slams on his brakes and they all jolt forward. He shoves open his car door and starts yelling at the other driver.

Suddenly, the Uber driver is grabbed by the front of his shirt and slammed up against the car. The other guy starts whaling on him, hitting him over and over. Shane shoves his own door open now and steps out.

"Ilya stop!" He cries. He grabs for Rose and pulls her out of the car. He helps her into Ilya's backseat a few feet away, wanting her to be safe before anything else. Shane is still shaking as he grabs Ilya's bicep. "Please stop. Please. I just want to go home." He begs. The Uber driver already has a bloody nose and a budding black eye. Ilya has done enough.

“If you ever do this shit again, I will come back and break all of your fingers and shove them down your throat.” Ilya seethes, finally shoving the man away. He falls onto the ground in a pathetic heap.

Shane tugs on Ilya again.

“Shane. Are you okay?” He cups Shane’s face, his knuckles split.

“Yes. Let’s just go.” He repeats. They get in the car and Shane gets in the backseat with Rose. She’s crying softly.

The ride back to Ilya’s house is silent aside from Rose’s sniffing. All of them are trying to process what just occurred. When Ilya pulls into his driveway, he finally speaks. “You will both stay here tonight.”

Ilya shows Rose to the guest room and bathroom and gives her some of his clothing to change into. Shane appears in the doorway. “Give us a minute?” He tells Ilya. “Then I’m coming to deal with you.”

Ilya nods and disappears down the hall.

“Are you okay?” He asks Rose softly. Yes, they were both involved in the same situation, but technically, it was aimed specifically at her.

“Yeah.” She says, then barks a sarcastic laugh. “Sober now.”

Shane grimaces and nods.

“I’m sorry.” She says then. “This whole night was my fault.”

“No, it wasn’t. That guy was an asshole.”

“Ilya really clocked him good.” She says, biting her lip. She looks like she’s even fighting back a smile.

“Yeah, he did.” Shane snorts. Despite themselves, they both start giggling. It’s been a long night, and they’re both a little delirious at this point. “Do you want me to sleep with you tonight?”

“No. Go sleep in your hot, older, sugar daddy’s bed. I would never deny you that.”

Shane smiles.

“But *please* keep it down, I do not want to hear-”

“Rose!” Shane cuts her off, groaning.

“Now go!” She says, shoving him lightly.

“Okay, okay.” Shane finds Ilya waiting for him in the living room. He stands in front of him, looking slightly down at where he sits. “Thank you for coming to get us.”

“I will always come get you.” Ilya says automatically.

“Now, up.” Shane says, grabbing his wrist to be mindful of his injured hand. He tugs him into the master bathroom. “Do you have a first aid kit?” Ilya points it out, and Shane cleans his busted knuckles carefully.

“Did I scare you?” Ilya asks quietly as Shane works.

“No.” Shane says honestly. “I didn’t want you to get in trouble if the cops came, though. And Rose and I just wanted to go home, get out of there.”

Ilya nods.

“Do you mind if I shower before I head to bed?” Shane asks. He needs to shower off this whole night.

“I will get you clothes.” Ilya says, standing. Shane turns on the shower to heat while he waits. When Ilya gives him the stack of clothing, Shane gets a sudden, overwhelming urge to kiss him. This man, who has only been in Shane’s life for a matter of weeks, has done so much for him already. And no, Shane isn’t thinking about the shopping spree or the nice dinners. He’s thinking of being taken care of when he was so sick he couldn’t even see straight. He’s thinking of the late night phone calls just to say goodnight. And of course he’s thinking about tonight, when Ilya came to his rescue with no hesitation.

He’s never for one second felt like a burden, or less than in any way.

Ultimately, he chickens out. Shane takes his shower and then takes a moment to enjoy the view of Ilya in bed waiting for him. This will not be the first time they’re sharing a bed, but this will be the first time Shane will fully remember it, so it might as well be.

He crawls under the covers next to Ilya. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight, *kotenok*.”

“I’m not a kitten.” He says petulantly. Secretly, he likes the nickname. Something about the way he says the word. He smiles into his pillow. Ilya presses a kiss to Shane’s shoulder, then rolls onto his back. Shane follows, resting his head on Ilya’s chest, fitted up against his side. “Is this okay?” His heart is pounding.

It would probably be laughable to anyone else, but they've been taking it slow for Shane's benefit. Everything feels so monumental to him.

"Yes." Ilya's arm wraps around Shane's back and his hand ends up in his hair. It feels nice, but Shane still feels so keyed up. He's wired with the adrenaline of tonight's events. Coupled with being so close to Ilya and wanting him so much, he feels like a confetti cannon about to pop.

"You are overwhelmed." Ilya states.

Shane breathes out. "Yeah. Not in a bad way, though." Ilya hums contemplatively. Shane presses a kiss to his chest over his t-shirt. Then, before he can overthink it, he swings his leg over Ilya's hips, and suddenly he's sitting in his lap. Ilya's hands settle on Shane's hips immediately. Shane leans down to kiss him properly. Their mouths meet, and it's everything Shane could have wanted.

Until Ilya pulls away.

Chapter End Notes

The vibes are Edward zooming up in his Volvo to save Bella. Are you picking up what I'm putting down?

In trouble? Call the police ❌ Call your sugar daddy ✅

Next chapter will be up Tuesday, as usual! Hope you all have a great weekend!

Chapter 7: Chapter Six

Chapter Notes

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

“Oh, I...” Shane pulls back too, intensely embarrassed. “I’m sorry, I thought-”

However, Ilya doesn’t let him go far. “It has been an emotional night.” He says gently. “I do not want you to...regret.”

Shane softens a little. “I wouldn’t. I feel like I need you right now.” He confesses.

Ilya’s gaze turns intense and a little hungry. Shane is mesmerized by it. “Such pretty boy in my bed, on top of me, *smells* like me.” He groans.

Shane grips onto the bottom of Ilya’s t-shirt tightly.

“I must be dreaming.” Ilya says.

“I want to kiss you again.” Shane says breathlessly. Ilya pulls him back down in lieu of an answer. Their mouths meet again, deeper than before. Shane moans shamelessly into Ilya’s mouth, then flushes when he remembers Rose’s warning that she didn’t want to hear them.

Ilya pulls away from his mouth and instead attaches his lips to Shane’s neck. Shane is already getting hard in his boxers.

“Can I...” Shane trails off.

“Hm?” Ilya asks gently, prompting. He places another open-mouthed kiss to Shane’s neck and he almost loses his train of thought.

Instead of voicing his desire, Shane rolls his hips down. "Please, I need you." He repeats. He might be embarrassed later about how desperate he sounds, but in the moment, he feels like he might not survive if he doesn't come.

"Okay, *dorogoy, sweetheart*, take what you need." Ilya soothes. He bites down on Shane's collarbone. Shane feels his erection underneath him now, and it feels huge, hot and hard and perfect for him to grind against.

Shane captures Ilya's mouth again, and it becomes more of a gasping into each other's mouths than it is kissing. Ilya's hands slide down to his ass and cup both of his cheeks in his hands, encouraging his rutting. Shane moans high in his throat at the feeling and buries his face into Ilya's neck.

This feels better than anything he could have imagined. Shane has never been so turned on in his life, he feels dizzy with it. The few fumbling times with his high school girlfriend were absolutely nothing like this. Being with a man definitely feels right.

"So good. Good boy." Ilya murmurs. The sound Shane lets out is pitiful and is ripped from somewhere deep inside him. "Oh, yes, you like that, hm?" Ilya coos.

"I'm gonna-" Shane heaves out a breath and clenches his hands harder on Ilya's shoulders. "I'm gonna come."

"I want to see you." Ilya tells him. Shane looks up at him, but the pleasure and the intensity of Ilya's gaze are too much for him, and he closes his eyes involuntarily as he finishes. The wave of pleasure rolls through him, seizing up his muscles. He soaks the boxers he borrowed from Ilya.

"So beautiful." Ilya murmurs, stroking Shane's cheek.

"What about you?" Shane asks, a little shyly. "Did you um, finish?"

“It is not about me right now.” Ilya says, not unkindly.

“Was it not good for you?” Shane worries.

Ilya smiles, but again, it’s not unkind or mocking. “It very much was, but I have more ah, experience. Um, stamina?”

“Oh, right.” Shane says, still feeling slightly embarrassed now even though Ilya is being sweet, as always. Ilya senses the shift in Shane’s demeanor, because he hastens to clarify.

“I mean my age.” Ilya says. “I am older, yes? More time to practice.” He says with a playful smile.

“How old *are* you?” Shane blurts out. They’ve talked about a lot over the past few weeks, but their age gap actually hasn’t come up.

“Thirty-nine.” So he’s eleven years older than Shane.

“I’m twenty-eight.” Shane says back.

“Does this bother you?” Ilya asks.

“No!” Shane says quickly and too loudly. “No, it doesn’t.” That’s the truth. They’re both consenting adults and Shane is *well* above being a legal adult. He looks down at himself and grimaces. “I’m going to have to shower again.”

Ilya presses a peck to his lips. “I will wait up for you.”

Shane showers off again, more just a perfunctory rinse to get clean after what just transpired, and finally climbs back into bed next to Ilya. It's very late by this point, or very early, depending on how you look at it. He's exhausted and he falls asleep quickly after getting back into the bed.

When he wakes in the morning, he's hit with a sense of Déjà vu. Ilya is missing from the bed again, and he can smell the scent of food wafting into the room. It's eerily similar to the last time he'd woken up here. He checks his phone and sends a quick text to Rose down the hall to see if she's awake. If she isn't, he doesn't want to bother her.

He pads down the hall to find Ilya, cooking again, but unfortunately, wearing a shirt this time.

“Good morning.”

“Good morning, *dorogoy*.” *Sweetheart*.

Shane doesn't know what that means, but it sounds nice, so he smiles. He remembers Ilya saying the same word last night, and he can't help but think of what happened between them as he looks at Ilya. It might not have even been much, but it was the hottest experience of Shane's life.

His phone buzzes on the table, breaking his train of thought.

Rose 🌹 : Is it safe to come out?

Shane smiles and rolls his eyes.

Shane: Yes. We are in the kitchen.

Rose walks in, and Shane almost snorts when he realizes they're both wearing the same thing- a big t-shirt and boxers of Ilya's.

"Coffee?" Ilya offers them, and they both accept. It smells rich and inviting, and Shane wraps his hands around the mug, savoring the comfort of the warmth.

"What a crazy night." Rose sighs, sipping from her mug. "Thanks again for everything, Ilya."

"You are welcome." Ilya says. "Food is almost ready." He uses a spatula to add eggs onto a serving plate.

They all eat together and Rose embarrasses him by giving Ilya a "What are your intentions with Shane?" speech. Afterward, Ilya takes them both back to Shane's apartment. Rose goes inside immediately to give them some privacy, while he and Ilya linger outside the door for a moment.

Ilya kisses him goodbye, then hesitates, like he is going to say something. "I am going out of the country tomorrow. Business trip." He says, his tone tinged with regret.

Shane's heart drops. "For how long?"

"Three weeks." Ilya grimaces. Three weeks?! How will Shane ever survive? Two months ago, Shane didn't even know Ilya existed, and now the idea of not seeing him for three weeks sounds nearly impossible.

"Oh." He says in a small voice.

"We will do something special when I come back, da?" Ilya reassures him. He grabs Shane's shoulders and pulls him in to kiss his forehead.

"Okay." Shane says glumly.

“Do not pout.” Ilya says, brushing his thumb over Shane’s lower lip. A second longer and Shane might never let him leave.

“Goodbye. Have a good time on your trip, I guess.” Shane cringes as soon as he says it, because it’s not like it’s a vacation. That was a dumb thing to say.

“I will call you tomorrow.” Ilya promises. Shane nods and they finally part ways.

When Shane opens the door, Rose is standing suspiciously close to it, smiling cheekily.

“You got laid.”

Shane lets out an undignified squawk. “No I didn’t.” He insists. *Technically*, he didn’t.

Rose shrugs. “That’s too bad.” Okay, so maybe she didn’t hear anything and she was just fishing for information. That’s a relief.

They rehash the night before and then Rose goes home. Shane jumps back into his normal Sunday routine. He has work, school, dinner with his friend Hayden, and a dinner scheduled with his parents, so this week will be busy. Maybe he will barely have time to miss Ilya.

Shane quickly realizes that sentiment is incorrect. Ilya calls when he can and they text sporadically, but it’s noticeably less than their normal communications. It’s obvious that Ilya is busy with his business commitments, and the lack of contact makes Shane miss him that much more.

When he’s checking his phone for the third time at dinner, Hayden finally calls him out on it.

“Are you waiting on a phone call or something?”

“No.” Shane lies. He knows he’s being rude. He hasn’t seen Hayden in a while, and here he is constantly checking his phone. Hayden is arguably his best friend besides Rose. They met at Shane’s job, and they’ve been close for years now.

“Did you meet someone?” Hayden guesses. Shane doesn’t want to lie, so he says that yes, he has. “Is it serious?”

“It’s getting there, I think.” Shane says, blowing out a long breath.

“I’m happy for you, man. I hope I can meet him soon.”

Shane gives a small, tight smile. It’s not that he doesn’t want Ilya to meet Hayden, or anyone else in his life, but he’s being cautious. He doesn’t want to get everyone’s hopes up if he and Ilya don’t last. Maybe what includes his own, too.

The dinner with his parents later in the week involves a similar conversation.

“How is your friend?” His dad asks. Shane knows that he means Ilya, just like he knows that his mom put him up to asking. They are trying to be casual while getting information from Shane.

“My *friend* is good.” Shane says. “He’s on a business trip for a few weeks, in Russia.”

“Wow, that sounds important.”

“Yep.” Shane says blandly.

“What does he do for work?” David asks.

“He’s a CEO.” Shane doesn’t actually know a lot more details than that.

“Wow, that’s impressive! He must have worked very hard to climb the ladder at such a young age.” Yuna comments. Shane freezes. He hadn’t thought this through- obviously they would assume that Ilya is Shane’s age, or around there.

His mom catalogues his movement, because of course she does.

“He’s a little older than me.” Shane says, trying to save face before even more questions come barreling his way.

“How much older?” His mom narrows her eyes.

“A few years.” Shane says noncommittally. He pokes at his food with his fork, spearing a piece of broccoli.

“Shane.”

“Hm?”

“He’s not our age, is he? Or *older*?”

“*No*.” Shane reassures.

“Okay.” His parents exchange a glance, and Shane wonders what they’re thinking.

“We’re both adults.” Shane reminds them. “And we both care for each other. Please don’t condemn this before it even really starts?” He pleads.

“Okay. You’re right, honey.” Yuna concedes.

“We support your decision making.” David adds. “If you think he’s a nice man, I’m sure he is.”

“Thank you.” Shane says, breathing a small sigh of relief. The rest of their time together is blessedly uneventful, now that the awkward conversation was over.

Later, he’s comforted by the fact that he’s finally home and can talk to Ilya soon. It’s been a long day of socialization, but not with the one person whom he really wants to speak to. Not that he doesn’t love his parents, but he was exhausted by their interaction. He was waiting on pins and needles for them to finally address the elephant in the room, as they hadn’t brought up Ilya in a few weeks. Then, there was the strain of the conversation itself.

He does his full night routine and lays in bed waiting for Ilya to call, only to be woken by dawn’s light early the next morning.

Ilya never called.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to all reading along and leaving comments and kudos. See you Friday!

Chapter 8: Chapter Seven

Chapter Notes

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

Shane feels crushing disappointment. He stares at his phone in disbelief. No, there's definitely no texts or calls from Ilya.

Maybe he realized that he doesn't like Shane very much after all. After some time apart, maybe he's had some clarity. Shane recalls their sexual encounter just a few days prior and feels even more miserable.

However, he trudges through. He has class today, and he needs to be focused. Shane packs his normal lunch of a piece of grilled chicken, quinoa, and steamed broccoli. He also has a container of crisp sliced cucumbers and two peeled Cuties. He has his routines, and this is what he packs to eat in between classes. If he's feeling wild, he will have green grapes instead of Cuties, or carrot sticks instead of cucumbers.

He fills his water bottle with cold water and ice and sticks that and his notebook into his backpack. He has no time to mope around about Ilya, even if the situation is in the back of his mind without him even trying.

His classes are interesting- he's always liked school- but they feel long. Two lectures and one hands-on lab. In between, he eats the lunch he packed, as planned, in the dining hall on campus.

Shane tells himself that he's not disappointed when he checks his phone periodically throughout the day and finds nothing.

He goes on a run after his classes, then a walk as a cool down. The fresh air always helps make him feel better. It's been a long day, and by the time he's reading in bed that evening, he's working his way to radical acceptance. He had a brief fling with Ilya, and now it's over. It was nice while it lasted, right?

Shane's phone rings and he jumps for it and answers so embarrassingly fast that he doesn't even realize at first that it's a Facetime call.

"You have glasses!" Ilya says, delighted. Shane hurriedly takes them off.

"They're for reading." He mutters.

"I am sorry I did not call last night." Ilya says. "Russia is..." He trails off and sighs. "Russia is not so good."

"Is everything okay?" Shane is immediately worried.

Ilya taps underneath his own eye. "I will be better once you put your glasses back on."

Shane huffs but complies.

Ilya smiles cheekily. "Ah, I forget how bad it is here." He says. "With my family." He hasn't talked much about his family, so Shane doesn't know much about them, other than the fact that Ilya's mom passed away when he was young.

"You don't get along with them?" He asks.

"No. My brother hates me. My father...it is complicated." Ilya looks tired and defeated.

"That is why I did not call last night. I was at my father's house, then my brother showed up. Lots of screaming and arguing." He gives Shane a strained smile, clearly trying to play it off.

"I'm sorry." Shane says softly. He wishes he were there to comfort Ilya. Now he feels terrible for thinking the worst immediately, that Ilya was blowing him off.

Ilya shrugs on screen.

“Where are you now?” Shane wonders aloud.

“My apartment in Moscow.”

“Oh. You have an apartment there?”

“Da. I kept it when I moved to Montreal full-time.”

Shane nods, biting his lip. That means it would be so easy for Ilya to go live back in Russia.

“You look sad, kotenok.”

“No. I just miss you.” Shane says without thinking. Maybe he should be trying to play it more cool.

“I miss you too. Especially with the glasses. I love them.”

“You’re the only one.” Shane smiles wryly.

“That is okay. You wear them only for me.” Ilya states.

“And for reading.” Shane reminds him.

Ilya waves him away and Shane cracks a smile.

“You look comfy. You are in bed?”

“Yes. I was reading.” Shane holds up his book.

“I wish I was there. It feels so cold here. Temperature, and everything else.” Ilya tells him.

“I wish you were here too.” Shane says softly.

“Read to me.” Ilya says suddenly.

“What?” Shane flushes.

“Please?”

“I don’t think you’ll like this book, you will probably think it’s boring, and-”

“Please, Shane.”

“Okay.” Shane agrees. He swallows a lump of embarrassment. He reads from his book of hockey history until his eyes are too heavy to keep going.

“Thank you.” Ilya tells him. “Sweet dreams.”

“Goodnight.”

Ilya doesn't miss a night after that. Sometimes the calls are really late, and they only last a few minutes, but he never misses one again.

"You're smitten." Rose says.

Shane looks up from his sushi. "What?"

"You. Are. Smitten. With. Ilya." She says obnoxiously.

Shane can't really deny that. He's never felt like this. He takes a bite of his sushi roll to avoid answering.

"I don't blame you." She continues. "I should get some credit at the wedding though. Can I be your best man?"

"What wedding?"

"Yours and Ilya's. Keep up!"

"We aren't getting married, Rose." He huffs.

"You say that now." She sniffs. Then, "You never would have gone to that bar if it weren't for me. So I should get credit, is all I'm saying."

"That's true." Shane concedes.

"How long until he gets back, again?"

“Eight days.” Shane says automatically. It feels like so long.

Rose nods. “How’s the phone sex?” She says casually, popping an entire piece of California roll into her mouth.

Shane almost chokes on his drink. “We aren’t-” He shakes his head. “We aren’t doing *that*.”

Rose looks surprised. “Wow.”

Shane’s face burns. “Can we talk about something else? Let’s talk about *your* sex life.” He was deflecting, but Rose actually delves into it, so Shane is left finishing his meal while she laments on the mediocre man she went out with last weekend.

However, her comment sticks with him.

Phone sex.

He isn’t even sure he would know how- scratch that, he knows he wouldn’t even know how to begin or how to be sexy over the phone, but he realizes he wants to. He’s pent up and he thinks it would be really hot. Another step in their relationship.

Shane agonizes over how to bring it up. When Ilya is due to be back home in three days, he full sends his idea. He wears his glasses on their FaceTime even though he wasn’t reading.

He clears his throat. “How was your day?”

“Was okay.” Ilya shrugs.

This is it. Shane pinches his own thigh. “Would you like me to make it better?” He asks. His voice is a little high with his nerves and the words are breathy. For a long second, Ilya stares at him through the phone. Shane’s chest tingles and feels hot.

“Yes.” Ilya says.

“I want you to tell me what to do.” Shane says quietly. “I need you to.”

Ilya groans, low and husky. “Touch yourself. Slowly. However you would start off if you were alone.” Shane closed his eyes and nods. He props the phone in front of him on a pillow so that Ilya has a better view. He’s currently just in a t-shirt and boxers. Shane trails a hand from his collarbone to his nipples, touching them over his shirt.

“You like this?” Ilya asks. “You are sensitive there?”

“Yes.” Shane affirms.

“Open your eyes. Look at me.” Oh, Shane hasn’t even realized he kept them closed. He opens them and looks at Ilya onscreen. It sends a thrill through him. His hand trails from his nipples down to his thigh. He teases, lightly running his fingertips over his inner thigh. He watches Ilya track the movement and he squirms a little.

“Doing so good.” Ilya murmurs.

“I wish you were here.” Shane confesses.

“Would you do this for me in person?”

“Yes.” Shane says without hesitation. His cock is already half-hard in his boxers.

“So pretty. I don’t know if I would be able to keep my hands off you.”

Shane trails his hand over the bulge in his boxers now, still teasingly light. He palms himself. “Are you touching yourself too?” He asks Ilya, holding his breath as he waits for the answer.

“Yes.” Ilya says. “Do you want to see?”

“Yes.” Shane licks his lips. “Please?”

“Shirt off and I will take mine off too.” Ilya commands.

Shane strips his shirt off and folds it quickly. Ilya watches with a fond smile. He yanks his own off and tosses it to the side. Fuck, Ilya is so ripped. Shane is in great shape as well, but he’s a little shorter and bulkier than Ilya, who is leaner and a little more defined. He watches, transfixed, as Ilya’s huge hand strokes himself over his pants. The bulge there is huge as well.

“I want to see.” He says. “Please?”

“Shane, if you keep saying please I will get on a plane home right now.” Ilya grits out, squeezing himself.

Shane grins. “In that case...please can I see your cock?”

This is *fun*. He does feel sexy, and incredibly turned on.

“Let me see yours too. You are showing me, remember? My day was not so good, you are making it better.”

“Yeah.” Shane nods. “Yeah.” He reaches inside his boxers and groans as he gets a hand properly around himself and strokes. “I’m leaking.” He admits.

“You are wet?”

“Yes.”

“Show me.”

Shane ungracefully kicks his boxers off. He looks at himself in the frame of their FaceTime call. He’s fully naked except for his glasses (and his socks, but they are out of the frame- his feet get cold, okay?), and he is flushed from his cheeks to his chest. His cock is red and glistening in his fist.

“*Fuck*, Shane.” Ilya’s voice is husky. “You are so beautiful.”

“I need.” Shane starts.

“What? What do you need?”

“You, I need you.” Shane says, and it feels absolute. He goes from stroking his cock to playing with his hole with the lube from his bedside drawer. He can’t believe he’s doing this, but Ilya makes him feel brave.

When he gets his own glimpse of Ilya’s cock, he gets that much closer to his orgasm. It’s big, as he anticipated, and it’s...*pretty*. Shane wants it. One day soon, it will be inside him. The thought makes him hot all over.

“Look so good. So pretty, so beautiful, so good for me.”

“For you.” Shane agrees. He’s so fucking close that his toes are curling. “Tell me I can cum. Please?”

Ilya’s face is screwing up now and his hand is moving faster. Shane can hear the slick sounds through the phone. He must be close too. “Fuck. Yes. You can cum, dorogoy.” Sweetheart.

Shane comes shortly after, his hole contracting around his fingers almost painfully tight, and his chest now covered in his own release. Unfortunately, he had unintentionally closed his eyes, so he missed seeing Ilya finish. However, he did get the pleasure of hearing his moans and is now rewarded with the sight of the other man also covered in cum.

“Fuck.” He laughs a little. “I can’t believe we did that. I can’t believe *I* did that.”

“You are okay?” Ilya worries.

“I’m great.” Shane assures. He breathes out, suddenly painfully aware of the state he’s in. Still, really, he is great. He does really wish Ilya were here in person, though.

“I am much better now.” Ilya announces. “Go clean up and call me after.” He knows how much Shane hates to be messy.

“Okay.” Shane agrees. “Wait- was it okay? For you?”

“Shane.” Ilya says seriously. “It was perfect.”

Shane grimaces as he starts to move to get up. “I’ll call you back soon, okay?” He promises.

Smut two chapters in a row, who am I?

Also, you know Shane was keeping those socks ON!

See you Tuesday (:

Chapter 9: Chapter Eight

Chapter Notes

Long note at the end incoming.

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

Shane takes a shower, still riding a high from what just transpired. He calls Ilya back as soon as he's done, and they fall asleep on FaceTime together. It's cheesy and domestic and hopelessly romantic.

When Shane wakes up the next morning, there is breakfast and a teddy bear waiting for him outside his door. The bear is cute, and he puts it on his bed and puts his glasses on it before he sends a photo off to Ilya.

Just two days left.

The two days feel long and arduous, as if they were stretched just for Shane's agony. Ilya's flight doesn't land until late Friday, but Shane is picking him up from the airport. He feels like he can't wait a minute longer to see him. He barely manages to stay in the car instead of going into the airport, but he doesn't want to embarrass Ilya.

However, he can't hold himself back from getting out when he pops the trunk to help Ilya with his bags. Ilya abandons his bags on the concrete in favor of pulling Shane into a hug.

"Hi." Shane mumbles into his chest.

"I missed you." Ilya says, kissing the top of his head.

"I missed you too." That's a severe understatement. Ilya tilts his chin up and kisses him on the lips. Shane smiles into it.

They go back to Ilya's so he can finally sleep in his own bed again, and Shane is spending the night. The following afternoon is their big surprise date that Ilya promised him.

They get ready for bed and enjoy basking in each other's company after three weeks away. Shane is so happy just to smell Ilya's cologne and hear his breathing next to him. The next morning, they have a slow morning with a makeout session in bed and brunch outside on Ilya's patio.

He nibbles on a piece of toast and sips his coffee. The weather is nice today, and the breeze feels good.

"You are thinking loudly." Ilya comments.

Shane quirks a smile. "Am I? I'm just enjoying the moment."

Ilya ashes his cigarette and nods contemplatively.

In reality, Shane is thinking about how happy he is. There were many times where he thought he may never have the kind of connection that he has with Ilya with anyone. The way he feels about the other man is a little scary, but also amazing in its own way. Shane can only hope that Ilya feels the same. He seems to, but you never really know what someone is thinking.

"Gimme kiss." Ilya says. He has cigarette breath and Shane has coffee breath, but he happily obliges. Their slow morning trickles into late afternoon. Ilya instructs Shane to dress comfortably for their date.

"It's still a surprise?" Shane checks.

"Da."

They hold hands as Ilya drives them to the mystery location. As they get closer, the surprise crumbles because of their surroundings- long stretches of concrete and light poles.

An air field.

A helicopter sits a few yards away, presumably waiting for them.

“Is that...?” Shane trails off, unable to articulate a proper sentence. Did Ilya rent a helicopter for them?

“We are going on a tour.” Ilya confirms. “You are not afraid of heights, I remember.” He smiles cheekily.

Shane is filled with excitement, he’s never been in a helicopter. He throws his arms around Ilya and kisses his jaw. Ilya hums, pleased, and returns the embrace.

“It is taking us to dinner and it will take us back here.”

A man, the pilot, steps out and shakes their hands. Ilya helps Shane get ready, placing the noise-cancelling headphones over his ears and then kissing his nose.

The tour is amazing. Everything looks so small, but beautiful from up here. He and Ilya share the same window so they can see everything together.

The restaurant is about a twenty minute fly away. They land on a nearby helipad and take a car service to the restaurant. It’s a nice place, but not so upscale that they’re underdressed.

“This is amazing, thank you, Ilya.” Shane tells him.

“Of course. Only the best for my Shane.” *My Shane*. The words echo in Shane’s brain.

Suddenly, Ilya straightens up. “Ilyusha!” A voice says from behind Shane.

“Sveta!” Ilya greets back enthusiastically. He stands up and hugs a tall, beautiful woman. They exchange a few sentences in Russian. Sveta gestures to Shane, and Ilya nods.

She really is quite stunning, and Shane feels a weird, sudden pang of jealousy as he watches them.

“I am sorry. I am being rude. I am Svetlana, Ilya’s oldest friend, from back in Russia.” She extends a hand out for Shane to shake. Oh yes- Shane recalls Ilya mentioning her before.

“I’m Shane.” Shane says needlessly, even though he has already heard Ilya say his name mixed in with Russian a minute ago.

“Ilya has told me so much about you.” She smiles. “You have him wrapped around your finger.”

Shane blushes and looks down, suddenly feeling shy.

“Sveta, don’t torture him.” Ilya admonishes, but it’s not harsh.

“You should join us.” Shane tells her.

“Oh, I could not crash your date.”

“Please?” Shane finds himself asking. He wants to spend time with Ilya’s friend. He knows of her, and he knows she is like family to Ilya. This is a piece of Ilya he wants to get to know

as well.

Svetlana does join them, and she tells Shane many funny stories from her and Ilya's childhood. He also gets to see a few grainy photos from her phone- clearly scanned copies of old Polaroids. Shane can hardly imagine the young curly haired boy as Ilya.

When Ilya goes to the restroom, Svetlana looks at Shane seriously. "You are not planning to break his heart, are you?"

"No." Shane says immediately. "Absolutely not." *I kind of want this forever.* Shane thinks, but does not say. "All of the money, fancy dates, and extra things are nice. I can't lie about that. But I care for *Ilya*."

"I am glad to hear you say that. Now I do not have to kill you." She smiles serenely.

"You remind me of my best friend, Rose. I think you two would get along."

"Perhaps we will all hang out together one day."

"Who is hanging out?" Ilya asks as he rejoins them.

"Me and Shane. We have fallen in love. You are not invited." Svetlana says without missing a beat.

"Shane is gay." Ilya states.

"Ah, it was worth a shot." They all laugh.

Over the next several weeks, Shane begins thinking of taking the next step. He has now met Ilya's best friend, and Ilya obviously knows Rose- maybe it's time for him to meet Shane's parents. It's been months now since they first began their relationship. Shane is reasonably sure that they're both in it for the long haul, however that may pan out.

He plans to broach the subject to Ilya at dinner this evening. He's actually quite nervous to do so- they may spend nearly all of their free time together as well as see each other naked on a regular basis, but this will be a whole new level of intimacy.

David and Yuna have asked about Ilya periodically, but have not pushed further, and Shane is grateful. However, he's starting to think that it's time. He wants them to know Ilya, and he wants Ilya to know the two most important people in his life.

Their appetizer is already finished by the time Shane works up the nerve. He clears his throat, then takes a sip of his water. His fists clench under the table. "So, I kind of wanted to talk to you about something." He says.

Ilya nods. He coughs a little, then nods again. Shane really looks at him for a moment. He looks...strained. A little off.

"Ilya?"

Ilya coughs again.

"Are you choking?" Shane worries.

Ilya shakes his head no, but his face is turning red and blotchy. He rubs his chest. Shane stands up abruptly, his silverware falling to the ground. "Somebody call an ambulance!" He yells.

Hi- yes, I know I'm one day late on this. To be honest, there was a part of me that almost didn't get this done or posted at all. If you are not aware, there has been a huge uproar in criticism of fics of all kinds over the past few months. It really escalated (in my opinion) over the past week or two. This is primarily on X (this is where I am in fandom spaces and see it the most) but I'm sure it is occurring on other social media platforms as well. There has been rampant criticism of fics on every way you can imagine, as well as a witch hunt of 'fic writers using AI', many of which were false allegations.

While I have been lucky enough to personally escape most of that, to my knowledge at least, it is very disheartening and discouraging to see this kind of content and lack of support for fic writers, to be frank. You all have been so sweet and kind here and I thank you all very much for that. I am not speaking about anyone here.

All of that, seeing other great writers literally REMOVE their work, etc, took a toll on me and I briefly considered abandoning writing for a bit to take a cooling off period. However, I truly really do not want to do that. That being said, I do think this particular piece is wrapping up within two more chapters or so. I do plan to keep writing Hollanov though, so stick around.

If you're still reading this long note, thank you, and thank you for supporting my fic(s). Please consider supporting writers today by leaving a kudos and/or/comment(s), even if it's not me and this fic.

Chapter 10: Chapter Nine

Chapter Notes

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

“It’s okay, help is coming.” Shane hopes he sounds reassuring to Ilya.

The waiter as well as what must be the manager come over.

“Were there walnuts in his food? He asked for no cross-contamination, he’s allergic!” Shane snaps. The waiter turns pale.

“I will go check with the kitchen.” He says, and scurries away.

Shane’s heart is pounding out of his chest and his hands are shaking, but he hopes he’s doing a good job of faking like he’s calm for Ilya’s sake. Luckily, the paramedics get there quickly and are able to give him epinephrine and oxygen. Still, they recommend the hospital just to check him out properly and monitor him.

Shane has never ridden in an ambulance before. It feels surreal. He holds Ilya’s hand and tries to stay out of the paramedics’ way. “Do you want me to call Svetlana?”

Ilya removes his oxygen mask. “No, please do not. She will fuss. I am fine.”

Shane would argue that he’s most definitely *not* fine at the moment, but he doesn’t want to kick a guy when he’s down. Ilya does look a lot better, but his skin is still blotchy and Shane would bet he doesn’t feel very great.

When they arrive at the hospital, they take Ilya back and Shane stays in the waiting room until they’re ready for him to join. He sits in an uncomfortable plastic chair, clenching his shaking hands together. Fuck. That was so scary. He lets out a long breath and stares at the floor for a few minutes.

Then he pulls out his phone and dials the person he always calls when he needs support.

“Mom?”

David and Yuna arrive just as Shane is being called back to join Ilya. He hugs them both. “Thank you for coming.” This is not the way he wanted them to meet Ilya, but life rarely goes according to plan. His boyfriend just had a serious medical event and there was no way he wasn’t going to call his parents. When they offered to come for emotional support, he accepted. Shane hopes Ilya won’t be upset by their presence.

“Of course.” Yuna says. David rests a hand on Shane’s shoulder.

Shane blows out a breath. “I was going to ask him tonight at dinner if he wanted to meet you guys soon.” His voice breaks. “And then-” He stops and looks away to avoid crying.

“That’s okay.” His mom soothes. “It’s alright. Unfortunately things happen, but you got him help immediately, you did great.”

“I’m going to go see him. And if he feels up to it, I’ll come grab you guys?”

“Sounds like a plan.” His dad agrees. He squeezes Shane’s shoulder.

Shane goes back into the maze of curtained off rooms in the E.R. Ilya is in room number five. His eyes are closed when Shane first slips inside, so he doesn’t say anything, just watches him for a moment.

“You are being creepy.” Ilya teases.

Shane almost jumps. “I thought you were asleep!”

Ilya opens his eyes. “No, just resting my eyes.” He reaches a hand out for Shane. “How are you?”

“How am I? How are *you*?” Shane retorts.

“I told you, I am fine. Big, strong Russian man.”

Shane gives him an unimpressed look. However, looking at Ilya, he inexplicably feels his eyes start welling up with tears again. “Strong but a walnut almost took you out.” He counters, trying to hold it together.

“Ah. Is...genetics.” Ilya waves his hand in the air as he thinks of the word.

“Wow, genetic.” Shane echoes. Ilya must see the look on his face because he softens, and they both abandon any pretense of joking.

“I promise I am okay.”

“I was so scared.” Shane murmurs.

“Yes, it is scary, but you are brave.”

“Shuddup.”

Ilya smiles at him and Shane is hit with yet another wave of pure relief that he’s alright.

“Um...I called my parents. They’re here.” Shane admits.

Ilya sits up a little straighter. “Oh.” He says, surprised.

“I wanted to ask you tonight if you wanted to meet them. Then everything happened, and now they’re here anyway. No pressure! If you aren’t feeling up to it, I can tell them some other time. Whatever you want!” Shane starts rambling.

“Shane.”

“Yes?”

“I would love to meet them.”

“Really?”

“Of course.”

“Okay. Yeah. Okay.” Shane’s brain feels a little broken. He had mentally prepared his speech for weeks now and then everything got thrown to the wayside. Now the moment of them meeting is going to happen *right now*. “I’ll go get them?” It comes out like a question.

“Okay, dorogoy.”

Shane finds his parents in the waiting room where he had left them. They both stand up when they see him.

“How is he?” David asks.

“He’s feeling a little better.” Shane nods. “You guys can come back and meet him.” He feels a little faint. Why does this feel so monumental?

“Is he sure?” Yuna asks.

“Yes.” Shane peeks his head around the curtain. “Ready?” He asks Ilya.

“Da.” He is sitting up straight in the bed, and his hair looks a little neater than when Shane walked away a few minutes ago. The Hollanders walk into the small room.

“Hello, I am Ilya Rozanov.” Ilya says immediately. He holds a hand out and David shakes it first, then Yuna. They both introduce themselves.

“Sorry it is under these circumstances, but it’s so nice to finally meet you.” Yuna gushes.

“Nice to meet you both as well.” The whole thing is less awkward than Shane expected, probably because Ilya is so charming. They chat lightly for a few minutes before his parents gracefully bow out to let Ilya get some rest. The hospital is keeping him for a few more hours for monitoring and observation.

Shane walks his parents out to the parking lot. “Thank you for...that.” He says. “We can all have dinner soon.”

“No walnuts.” David states, and Yuna smacks him on the arm, but Shane cracks a smile.

“He seems very nice, honey.” His mom says. “I can tell how much he cares about you.”

Shane smiles shyly. “The feeling is mutual.”

“Text us later to let us know how he’s doing. And let us know if you need anything else.”

Ilya falls asleep for about an hour. Shane sits quietly next to him, watching him. *Not* creepily, thank you very much. When he’s discharged in the wee hours of the morning, they take a car service back to Ilya’s house. They will have to retrieve his car from the restaurant another time, they’re both exhausted.

They take a shower together, but it’s not a sexy one. They’re both dead on their feet and need to shower off the smell and the germs of the hospital. They collapse into bed and don’t wake until the golden light of afternoon is streaming in through the windows.

Shane is surprised to see that Ilya is already awake. “Hey.” He rasps.

“Hello.” Ilya says with a soft smile. He pets through Shane’s hair.

“How are you feeling?”

“Much better. You have cured me.” Ilya says seriously.

“Tell me if you start feeling bad again?” Shane says.

“Da.” Ilya says. His face looks impossibly fond, like he’s looking at a puppy or a cute baby.

“Why are you smiling like that?” Shane asks nervously.

“Ya tebya lyublyu.”

“Okay.” Shane says with a smile of his own. He doesn’t know what that means, but it sounds nice. He kisses Ilya softly on the lips.

“I love you, Shane.”

“Holy shit.” Shane breathes. Ilya tenses, and Shane rushes to reassure him. “I love you too!” He rolls on top of Ilya. “I do. I promise, I do. I love you.”

Ilya kisses the tip of his nose.

“I’m sorry, that just caught me really off guard.” Shane says, now feeling bad about his initial reaction.

“It is okay.” Ilya says. “You love me.”

“I love you.” Shane confirms. They both grin at each other like idiots. They’ve just said ‘I love you’ for the very first time, Ilya has only met his parents briefly, and they just met a few months prior, but somehow, Shane realizes that Ilya is his forever. His future.

This is who he’s been waiting for.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who showed support on my last chapter and left a comment in reference to my author's note. You're all so lovely <3

One chapter left! In advance, I will say I'm not entirely sure how long the final chapter will be. It all depends on how everything comes out of my brain. Regardless, thank you to everyone who has stuck around to read this story as it has been in progress. Have a great weekend!

Chapter 11: Chapter Ten

Chapter Notes

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

~One Year Later~

“This is the last one, I think.” Shane says, plopping a box down in the living room.

Ilya pulls him into his side for an embrace and a kiss on the top of his head. They watch as Anya sticks her head into the box to sniff around.

“She is so excited that her dad will be here full time.” Ilya announces.

Shane smiles. He loves how much of a dog dad- sorry, dog papa- Ilya is. Now that he’s officially moving in, he is *officially* Anya’s other parent.

He was practically spending all his time here anyway, but now the entirety of his stuff is here as well. Ilya tackles him onto the couch for a heated and celebratory makeout session. Then he cooks for them and they eat out on the patio with Anya at their sides. It’s the perfect introduction to their new domesticity.

Unfortunately, they don’t get to bask in their bliss for too long. After a only few weeks of living together, the busiest part of the quarter for Ilya’s company hits, and Shane is focused on his coursework for his final year of school. They barely get any time together aside from sleeping next to one another other than the occasional dinner or a kiss goodbye in the morning.

They barely even have time to have sex, which is really saying something. They’re both exhausted and just trying to push through. It’s on one of these particular nights that they’re laying in bed together, cuddling and half-asleep, too tired to initiate more. Shane had a morning class and a full day of work, and Ilya was in back to back meetings practically all day.

Shane blinks sleepily where his head rests on Ilya's chest. Anya comes happily trotting into the room.

"Hey, I think she has something in her mouth." Shane says, sitting up. The room is dim, but it doesn't look like one of her toys or bones to Shane.

Ilya moves too, then says something in Russian. He scrubs a hand over his face.

"What?" Shane frowns. Ilya seems slightly upset.

"I was going to wait." Ilya says back. Shane is entirely confused. Ilya grabs the object out of Anya's mouth after some gentle coaxing, and then slides out of bed.

Directly down onto one knee.

Shane gasps loudly.

"Shane Hollander." Ilya starts. He's in rumpled pajamas and his hair is flat on one side and curly on the other, and Anya is dangerously close to drooling on his socked foot, but this is the most perfect moment of Shane's life. "Ever since the night we met, I knew you would be in my life for a long time. I am asking if you will be in it forever. Shane, will you marry me?" Ilya gets a little choked up, and Shane is a shaking wreck.

"Yes!" He throws himself off the bed and into Ilya's arms, and they embrace before they both remember that Ilya was supposed to put the ring on Shane's finger. Ilya carefully takes it out of the slightly slobbery velvet box and slips it onto Shane's finger. It's a perfect fit.

It's a simple band with a diamond embedded in the center, something not too gaudy or flashy but unique. It's beautiful, and Shane is sure it also cost a fortune. He feels a little faint, like this is a dream and any moment he's going to wake up.

“I can’t believe you want to marry me. You bought a ring!” Shane says in awe.

Ilya kisses his hand. “Remember the first time I had dinner with your parents?”

“Yes, of course.” Shane says.

“And I asked for a moment alone with them?”

Realization dawns on Shane. “That was a year ago! Shortly after you got out of the hospital.” He and Ilya had only been together for a few months at that point.

“I told them of my intentions and when they approved, I bought the ring a few weeks later.”

Ilya has had this ring for a year.

“I was waiting for the right time, but I guess Anya was done waiting.” Ilya smiles. They both reach over to pet her. Shane swears she looks pleased with herself. “I had to move it from the hiding spot since you moved in and I guess she found it.”

“I love you.” Shane says, throwing his arms around Ilya again.

“I love you, my Shane.”

“We have to call my parents!” Shane exclaims, pulling Ilya to his feet. Suddenly, he’s not tired at all anymore.

They plan the date to be after Shane's graduation the following spring. A few times they almost break down and elope, but they manage to hold out. Shane never realized how much he wanted a fairytale wedding until now. It also turns out that Shane is a bridezilla. He wants every single detail to be perfect.

Yuna has been coming over nearly every weekend to help them plan. "What were you thinking for the flowers?" His mom asks.

"Lilies." Shane says automatically. His mind automatically goes back to the beautiful bouquet of white lilies that Ilya sent him after one of their first few dates. "Definitely lilies."

Ilya smiles and kisses the top of his head. "Lilies will be perfect." He agrees.

Chapter End Notes

Any girl I'm sorry I low key haven't mentioned you since chapter two.

That's all, folks! Thanks so much for reading!

Shameless self promo- if you liked this, please check out my other Hollanov works, I have plenty to choose from. Additionally, I have another WIP that will be finished soon (matchmaker Ilya AU called Diamond in the Rough).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!