

i don't know where the switches are (or where you keep the cutlery)

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by [morganalegay](#)

Summary

Shane knows, logically, that Ilya doesn't really think he's boring. Not in a mean way, not in a way that's meant to gnaw at him. He is boring. He wears the clothes his stylist picks out for him, he does ad campaigns, and he tries to look sexy instead of uncomfortable. He puts a thousand accent pillows on his bed because his interior designer tells him to. He wears the Rolex watch and makes sure he wears it well. He knows Ilya is just poking fun at him. Ilya doesn't really mean he's boring; he means Shane is comfortable- that he's safe, and that he hasn't had very many safe things in his life. Shane is happy to be that, if that's what Ilya wants (if that's what he likes).

Notes

I have no clue if this is compliant with the books because I haven't read them yet! This is veryyy out of my comfort zone because I don't know everything there is to know about Shane and Ilya, but here I am anyway :) Let me know what you guys think

Title is from nice to each other by olivia dean, and the fic was inspired by me watching the show and looking at all of their houses and thinking wow it looks like no one actually lives there for real

Shane knows, logically, that Ilya doesn't *really* think he's boring. Not in a mean way, not in a way that's meant to gnaw at him. He *is* boring. He wears the clothes his stylist picks out for him, he does ad campaigns, and he tries to look sexy instead of uncomfortable. He puts a thousand accent pillows on his bed because his interior designer tells him to. He wears the Rolex watch and makes sure he wears it well. He knows Ilya is just poking fun at him. Ilya doesn't really mean he's boring; he means Shane is comfortable- that he's safe, and that he hasn't had very many safe things in his life. Shane is happy to be that, if that's what Ilya wants (if that's what he likes).

Every morning, when they've dragged themselves out of bed, Shane picks up the accent pillows and chops them down the middle, so they crease, just like his interior designer told him to do.

"Are you the bellboy, or are you the housekeeper too?" Ilya's toothbrush is hanging out of his mouth. It's (almost) frighteningly domestic. Shane chops the last of his accent pillows down the middle.

"Do housekeepers get tips too?" Shane says. He knows what he's doing.

Ilya ducks back into the bathroom and spits. He doesn't rinse out his mouth; he never does. He smiles and crosses the room to Shane. His feet are bare- they're always bare. He pushes Shane onto the edge of the bed. Shane goes willingly. Ilya grabs his chin and tilts it up to meet him. Shane reminds him of a sunflower turning to face the sun. Shane reminds him of a lot of good things.

"This is a nice hotel, Hollander. Very expensive. I have good taste."

"You do."

"Lie down. I'll show you tips."

"I just made the bed." Shane wants to whine more, but he will give in to Ilya if he pushes. It's the game they play.

"You run a tight ship." Ilya kisses him; it's minty. There's no hint of tongue, there's no hint of the burning desire that Shane knows is there. "Do you like your hotel, Hollander?"

"What do you mean?" Shane is worried that he already knows what Ilya means.

"It's just." Ilya looks around. His mouth is twisted up, like there's something he wants to say, but he isn't sure that he has the words yet. "Not yours, I don't think."

"It is." Defensive. It's embarrassing.

"Hm," Ilya says. "When I met you, you wear shoes when we watch TV. This is yours, but not really. More, maybe, now that I'm here. But still not you." Ilya is what makes his apartment feel like home; he's the only thing that makes it feel like home. Shane is guilty, like he was caught doing something wrong, like not feeling at home in your own apartment is a crime. He

looks around at his nightstand with a lamp, at his walls with artwork that you'd see in a high-end gallery or a hotel lobby, one that's much too nice for the Metros.

The clothes in his closet are his because he bought them, not because he likes them. His fridge is empty most days, and his suitcase is still at the foot of his bed. His apartment could belong to anyone. He could *be* anyone.

"Is there something wrong with that?" He wants up, he wants Ilya off of him, he doesn't want to be looked at anymore.

"You're not comfortable." There's a hint of a question in Ilya's voice, enough that Shane knows he expects an answer, but he won't force him to talk if he doesn't want to.

"I'm fine. You don't like my apartment?" Shane asks, and Ilya groans like he does when Shane is being particularly frustrating.

"I like you, Hollander. I love you. The apartment is not you."

"I know it's not me. Lots of things aren't me, and you still like them." He's only partially being obtuse now.

"Yes, you are not an apartment. But this is not yours." Ilya kisses under his eye. "You should be comfortable here. Without twenty pillows."

Shane thinks about it. He keeps thinking about it all day, and he thinks about it again when he moves the pillows from the bed to the chair in the corner of his room, when he crawls into bed and on top of Ilya, and kisses him. He thinks about it when he rolls over onto his hands and knees and looks at the canvas over his headboard while Ilya fucks him and realises that it's ugly- god, it's fucking ugly. How has he not noticed it before?

Shane isn't sure that he's ever thought about his apartment so much before, not even when he was signing the deed, or when he called up his interior designer and asked her to make it look nice. Nice was the only word he could think of to describe what he was looking for. There weren't any other descriptive words that came to mind. Nice could mean a lot of things, and in this case, in *his* case, it meant 'give me an apartment that looks like it came out of a magazine, give me an apartment that looks like it could belong to any rich, single (straight) man'. It makes his stomach twist, the fact that Ilya has noticed that he's not comfortable here. Outside of his apartment, with anyone but Ilya, he's who they expect him to be. He's a star hockey player, he's a role model, he's a good boy. He asked them to make his apartment look nice because he doesn't know what he is outside of other people's expectations of him. He doesn't know what he likes.

That bothers him. He feels stupid for getting this far into life and having to be told by his boyfriend that he doesn't even like his own apartment, and then he feels bad, because Ilya has told him this fact about himself, and he still doesn't know how he would decorate his apartment if he could. What does he mean, if he could? He stares at the painting with contempt while Ilya showers, steam is starting to curl out from the bathroom and into his room. What does he mean, if he could? What is he afraid of?

He knows what he's afraid of. He's afraid that someone will look at the paintings on his walls and discern something about him that he had been too scared to face for most of his life. He's afraid that it will be like rolling over and showing the world his soft underbelly. That they'll see something that makes him different, and it will ruin everything he's worked for, everything Yuna has fought for.

Ilya would say- 'Who cares what they see? You think everyone deserves a piece of Shane except for Shane.' The Ilya in Shane's head is almost as smart as the real one.

Who's going to see his apartment anyway? When he hangs out with Hayden, they always go to his house. His parents already know he's gay. He's almost tempted to text Rose and to beg her to tell him what to do, but he thinks that might be counter-productive. He doesn't want Rose-As-Shane to pick out the next piece of art that he'll hate to hang above his bed; he wants to hate it on his own.

The next morning, he puts four pillows on his bed instead of six. The other two stay on the chair in the corner. He still chops the little dent in the top of the pillows, but that's because he likes it.

"The housekeeper is lazy today?" Ilya's fingers are warm on his waist; they almost burn.

"Maybe the housekeeper has a few days off."

Shane leaves a book out on his nightstand. He puts his suitcase in his closet.

Should he buy new clothes? He just steals Ilya's instead and thinks that might be just as good.

He develops a picture of the sunset over the lake at the cottage and puts it on the dresser. Ilya looks proud of him when he notices it.

He donates the painting to a charity shop, and they ask him if he's sure twice before he leaves. Shane doesn't care how valuable it is, he just wants it gone.

"Thank god. I was tired of seeing that when I fuck you." Ilya says when he notices it's gone.

"You were looking at something other than me?" Shane teases.

"It is... eyesore. I'm glad it's gone. Now I can focus on you again." They both laugh and fall into bed together, and Shane thinks he would donate a thousand paintings for Ilya to make him come that hard again.

One of Hayden's girls gives him a mug that she painted, and Ilya breaks two plates while he's cleaning up after dinner. Shane orders a set of green dishes, and he doesn't ask himself if he should pick a more manly color.

"No more white sheets? I can eat in bed now?" If anyone comes over, Shane will close the bedroom door; no one needs to see what his sheets look like. He picked them out from a mix-and-match set online. The bedspread is green and checkered, and the sheets are gold.

“Absolutely not, Rozanov.”

“You’re no fun,” Ilya says, but he doesn’t mean it. Shane kisses him, slow and deep. There’s another framed photo of them on Ilya’s nightstand. He wants to paint the walls. He wants to buy a rug, a couch that they can both fit on, and a few throw blankets. He wants to make this place his.

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