

me and you and awkward silence

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me and you and awkward silence

by [aphantasias \(ilmostro\)](#)

Summary

shane's mood drops after ilya brings up marrying svetlana for convenience. he fixes it

Notes

hiiiiii ♡ first hollanov fic ever, kinda nervous, hope everyone's cool. i just wanted to say that i have never and will never use AI to write, conceptualize, or rephrase a goddamn word of my writing, and i think anyone who does contribute to the mutilation of our planet and art itself should be stoned to death ♡

that being said, please enjoy my fic where ilya realizes he talks in riddles like a bridge troll instead of just saying what he wants like a normal person! i'm posting this super late and with minimal editing, i'm sure i'll be finding and correcting mistakes for days so forgive me. love you! catch me on tumblr (aphantasias) and tiktok (aphantasiaedits)! ♡

Ilya knew he shouldn't have said it, but he needed the answer to a question he couldn't bring himself to ask directly, so he got it the only way he knew how.

I could marry Svetlana.

What he had been trying to say was: *I could take away the pressure to get married and make this easier on both of us.*

He hadn't expected Shane to love the idea. He had barely expected Shane to even take it seriously. Ilya could never bring himself to do it if he tried.

He had *not* expected it to fuck Shane's mood so horribly that it made Ilya's fucking stomach hurt.

"Shane."

"Mm?" His beautiful, Canadian boy did everything he could to tuck the pout away, to hide his wet eyes, but Ilya had always been able to read him. He spoke Shane's language without ever learning it.

"You are upset."

"I'm not."

Ilya rolled his eyes. "Shane. I was born yesterday, ah?"

"I'm not upset."

He was curled up on his side of the couch, staring out of the window. It would have been a beautiful memory for Ilya if he didn't look so terribly sad.

He sighed. This was his fault. He would fix it.

Shane could only be handled one way when he was like this, so Ilya cleared his throat, sat up, and removed the blanket from his lap.

"Come."

Shane glanced at him without really seeing him, his mind elsewhere. "I'm okay here."

Ilya straightened his shoulders and flexed his hands on his lap.

"Hollander. Come."

The use of his last name snapped Shane out of his daze, his eyebrows furrowing with confusion before realization dawned on his face as Ilya patted his lap. A flush bloomed across his freckled cheeks immediately.

"Ilya—"

Ilya patted his lap again, wordlessly.

Shane obediently crawled across the couch, his eyelashes low as the flush on his face darkened. Ilya guided him into position with gentle, firm hands until Shane was comfortably settled on his stomach across his lap.

Shane's breathing was irregular, excited. Ilya smiled to himself as he ran a firm hand down Shane's back through his sweater, breathing slowly to control himself as his hand brushed the waistband of Shane's shorts.

"That is not my name," Ilya reminded him calmly. "Not right now."

"Oh," Shane breathed. Ilya felt Shane's cock harden against his leg and swallowed the urge to flip him over and forget the whole thing. "Sorry, sir."

"Yes," Ilya said proudly. He tugged on Shane's waistband. "Good. I'm taking these off. Yes?"

"Yes, sir." Shane mumbled into the blanket he buried his face into. Ilya took a fistful of his shorts and slowly pulled them down until they came to rest around Shane's upper thighs, revealing Shane's bare skin, inch by gorgeously tan inch.

Shane's breath hitched as Ilya's hand gently met his bare ass.

"I have ways of making stubborn boys talk," Ilya purred, rubbing slow circles into Shane's skin with the palm of his hand.

"Talk about what?" Shane huffed. His voice was muffled, but entirely unconvincing. "Sir."

"Tsk. Your manners are terrible," Ilya scolded him. He reached over and grabbed a fistful of Shane's hair, tightening his grip before cracking an open hand down on the soft skin of Shane's ass. "Say thank you. *Nicely*."

"Ah!" Shane cried out, jolting with the sharp sting of it. His cock twitched at the same time, Ilya's assurance that he was enjoying it. "T-thank you, sir."

"*Good*," Ilya purred with a proud smile. He leaned close to Shane's ear and whispered, "Count."

He brought his hand down again, the resounding clap sending a rush of warmth to his belly as it echoed through the cottage. Shane cried beautifully, pushing his head into Ilya's grip and rutting down into his lap simultaneously.

"O-one," he gasped, turning his head to look at Ilya. He was so gorgeous like this. Frustrated, pliant, entirely at Ilya's mercy.

"How many?"

"One, *sir*," Shane corrected himself, looking for Ilya's eyes to find approval. When Ilya slipped a finger between his cheeks and applied pressure to Shane's hole, he gasped and threw his head back into Ilya's grip.

Ilya grinned and withdrew his finger, waiting just long enough for Shane to squirm before bringing his hand down again, heavier this time. Shane's sweet, broken whimper was better than music.

So he did it again, and again, and again, waiting for Shane to count each one as his cock twitched and leaked between his belly and Ilya's thigh. He was a panting, flustered mess by the count of fifteen, both cheeks bright red and *hot*, adorned by faint white lines highlighting the shape of Ilya's hands.

"Tell me."

"Nng?" Shane shudders, his hands fisted in the blankets.

"Tell me what is wrong, Shane," Ilya repeated, running a soothing hand along his stinging skin.

"Oh," his breaths came quickly. "Y-you... you said you-wanted to marry..."

Ilya snorted, shaking his head in amazement. "You have serious hearing problem, Hollander."

"Well you *thought* about it enough to bring it up," Shane frowned, tugging his head from Ilya's grip and burying his face in the nearest throw pillow. "Whatever. Forget it. Sir."

Ilya sighed as he looked down at the ridiculous man sprawled across his lap.

He knew what his choice to spend the summer with Shane meant. He knew that this had been his final choice between a life with Shane and a life without, and that he had chosen Shane.

But *Shane* didn't know any of that, did he? All he really knew was that Ilya didn't want to go back to Russia for the summer, and that he accepted Shane's invitation to spend the summer together. Somewhere between then and their conversation earlier, Ilya had failed to reassure Shane that he wasn't going anywhere this time around.

Ilya sighed and slapped Shane's ass again, lightly. He'd managed to get Shane talking. Now he needed to listen. "Up."

Shane rolled over and shuffled to sit up, hissing as his sensitive ass touched the blankets. Ilya didn't say a word, just went to work removing Shane's shorts and then his sweater, his shirt, until he was completely naked in the soft orange light.

When he pulled Shane to him, Shane went willingly, settling into Ilya's lap as he had so many times before.

Ilya touched a finger to the underside of Shane's chin to tilt it up and look into his eyes. He ran a hand down Shane's soft back and pushed the small of his back to grind their hips together, relishing in the flutter of Shane's pretty eyelashes, the soft, pleased hum in his chest.

"I am going to tell you some things," Ilya said, his voice calm even as he greedily memorized the way the light caught Shane's lips, "and after each one, you will say, '*Yes, sir*'. Yes?"

“Yes, sir,” Shane whispered, ever obedient. Ilya ran a fond hand down the side of his neck. It was so easy to talk to him when he was like this.

“Good. We will start with something easy. When we are done talking, I’m going to make you come on my lap, just like this. Yes?”

Shane shivered minutely and smiled, a sweet, private tilt of his lips that compelled Ilya to steal a kiss before letting him answer. “Yes, sir.”

“Good boy,” Ilya praised him with a smile. He was excited for that part himself. But Shane needed to understand one simple thing before Ilya took them there.

“I don’t want to marry Svetlana. Yes?”

“...Yes, sir,” Shane answered, but his smile was swallowed up by his hurt. He looked away. Ilya sought his eyes and held them, touching his thumb to Shane’s chin to keep him still.

“I don’t want to marry anybody,” Ilya said carefully, fighting through Shane’s crumbling expression, “unless that person is *you*, Shane Hollander. Yes?”

Shane’s eyes flooded with tears.

His hands scrambled along Ilya’s shirt, searching for somewhere to ground himself as his bottom lip wobbled preciously.

Ilya took his hands in his own. “Yes?”

“Yes, sir,” he whispered, tears spilling from the corners of his eyes, unsuccessfully held back.

Ilya pressed their mouths together and wiped the tears away with his thumbs as they fell, swiping his tongue along Shane’s with a soft moan. He pulled away as quickly as he could—it was fucking hard to stop kissing Shane once he started—but Ilya wasn’t done talking.

“You are the most beautiful person I have ever seen,” he continued once he had Shane’s teary eyes again. “There is no one I want more than you.”

Shane chin wobbled. “Yes, sir.”

Ilya took hold of Shane’s cock that had flagged slightly with his emotions and pressed his thumb into the slit the way he knew Shane liked, relishing in the gasp Shane takes, how quickly his body responds. “I could touch you for hours. You’re so pretty.”

Shane leaned in for another kiss. He felt around for the opening in the front of Ilya’s shorts, breath hitching as he found Ilya’s hard cock underneath the soft material.

Ilya inhaled sharply through his nose the moment Shane’s fingers wrapped around him. He released Shane’s cock to grab his wrist. “This isn’t about me. Listen, ah? Hands above the shoulders. And you can talk. I miss your boring talking, I want to hear you.”

Shane let go of him immediately, placing his hands on Ilya's shoulders and digging his fingertips into the muscle. Ilya can *hear* the eyeroll in his voice. "You had to call me boring, sir?"

Ilya nudged his nose against Shane's and kissed the corner of his mouth. "Yes. My perfectly boring boy."

"Only you could find a way to make that sound like a compliment. Sir."

Shane turned his head to catch Ilya's mouth fully, licking into it with a boldness that always made Ilya's cock throb whenever it made an appearance.

He loved kissing Shane. He loved it even more when he could tell Shane loved it just as much.

Ilya separated them briefly to look for the lube out of the corner of his eye and reached for it, flicking it open to squeeze a dollop onto the fingers that had been teasing Shane's ass a few moments ago.

He looked up to find Shane's heavy-lidded gaze watching intently as he warmed the gel between his fingers.

Shane shivered as Ilya reached between them and pressed his fingers to his hole. They had been fucking all day, so he wouldn't need much, but Ilya was always careful with Shane no matter how hard or how many times they went at it. The last thing he ever wanted to do was hurt him. Unintentionally.

He smiled up at Shane, drinking in the sweet blush on his face, the erratic smatter of freckles Ilya adored.

"Say that you're pretty."

"Huh?" Shane blinked slowly, his mouth dropping open as Ilya's finger suddenly *pushed* and nearly slipped inside, backing off just as the muscle was about to give.

"Say you are my pretty boy," Ilya purred possessively, kissing up Shane's jaw, "And I will give you what you want."

Shane's chest rose and fell unsteadily, his thighs flexing against Ilya's. Ilya glanced down at Shane's cock, his eyes nearly rolling back into his head when he saw how wet Shane had gotten. The head of his cock was flushed dark and shining with precum that was *fuck*-dripping against Ilya's own cock.

Ilya had never been so fucking turned on in his life.

Then Shane looked up at him through those long, pretty eyelashes, pupils so dilated his eyes were fucking black, and he had to revise that statement.

This was the most turned on he'd ever been.

“Don’t fucking look at me like that, Hollander. Fuck,” he moaned, thrusting up to get some kind of friction on his aching cock. He tossed the lube to the side and wrapped his hand around both of them, just squeezing, just enough to keep his head on straight. “Say it. I want to fuck you already.”

“I’m your… pretty… boy…” Shane muttered, pink and deliciously mortified even as he rocks his hips into Ilya’s fist and back again into his fingers. “Sir.”

“Again.”

“I’m your pretty boy, sir,” Shane repeated, acting as if he hated it when his hard, twitching cock was inches from Ilya’s face and never told a lie before.

Ilya rewarded Shane’s obedience by sinking both fingers into him at once, to the very last knuckle. “Good.”

Shane arched beautifully in his arms, gasping as he tightened around Ilya’s fingers. “Please.”

“Please what, pretty?” Ilya hummed, fucking his fingers in and out of Shane at an infuriatingly steady pace. He added a third before long, unnecessarily. Shane was more than ready to take him.

“Please, sir, fuck me,” Shane begged breathlessly, pushing himself into Ilya’s hand. “I need you.”

“I like when you beg,” Ilya cooed as he withdrew his fingers and reached into his pocket for a condom, the last he had stashed on him. They’d already gone through the other three.

He tore it open with his teeth and rolled the condom over himself, squeezing the base of his cock to calm his heart rate when Shane instinctively rose to his knees. He stroked more lube along his length before he rubbed the head against Shane’s hole, pressing and teasing until Shane huffed and gripped Ilya’s shoulders to push himself down onto Ilya’s thick cock.

A guttural moan dragged itself from Shane’s throat as he took Ilya for the fourth time that day, Ilya’s mouth dropping open as the hot, tight squeeze set every nerve in his body on fire.

Slowly, Shane began to move, muscles flexing hypnotically in the glow as he fucked himself with Ilya’s cock. Ilya admired at him with nothing short of reverence, desperate hands gripping the meat of Shane’s hips, thighs burning as he planted his feet on the ground and fucked up into Shane the moment Ilya noticed him slowing down.

“Oh,” Shane moaned as their hips slammed together,. “Fuck, fuck, *fuck*. Harder, sir. *Yeah*. Fuck me harder.”

Ilya felt his stomach clench violently with need.

He took Shane in his arms and flipped them, hooking one hand under Shane’s knee to pull it up to his chest and spitting into the other before wrapping it around Shane’s flushed, sticky cock and stroking as he buried himself to the hilt again, setting a brutal pace.

Shane gasped and threw his head back into the pillows, a beautiful and tempting stretch of skin that Ilya can't resist marking. He groaned and fucked into Shane deeper as he leaned in close to suck small bruises along his flawless neck.

"Fucking perfect," Ilya growled against his skin, licking the sweat gathering along Shane's collarbones. "Fucking *mine*."

Shane nodded, dazed and pink and perfect. "Yours," he said, painfully sweet, voice cracking as Ilya's cock grazed a particularly nice spot inside of him. "All yours, sir."

Ilya stroked Shane's cock faster, registering the quickening of Shane's breath, his waning ability to hold eye contact, the growing tremble in his legs. He was going to come.

"Ilya," Ilya breathed as he pulled back to drink in the sight of him. "Call me Ilya."

Shane buried his hands in Ilya's hair and pulled himself up to slot their mouths together, a whine high in his throat as Ilya hungrily kissed him back.

"Ilya," Shane cried desperately against his lips as he came all over their stomachs, holding Ilya's utterly devoted eyes even as his grew heavier. "I'm yours, Ilya."

Ilya's heart stuttered as he buried his face in Shane's neck and fucked him until he couldn't hold back any longer, a groan ripping from deep within his chest as he pressed deeper and deeper into Shane, drunk on the perfect, pathetic sounds he made when Ilya spread his legs, buried his cock as deep he could and *rocked* as he finished.

When the strength bled from his legs and he had to stop, he pinched the end of the condom and kissed Shane deeply as he pulled out. Shane moaned softly, equal parts pleasure and displeasure. He was watching Ilya move around with a small smile on his lips.

"What?"

Shane shrugged, but he couldn't wipe the smile from his face no matter how hard he visibly tried. "Nothin'."

"You're a terrible liar," Ilya shook his head, dampening a towel in the sink and bringing it over to clean Shane off. He wiped carefully, gently, aware of Shane's eyes following him.

When they were sufficiently clean, Shane put his clothes back on and Ilya changed into fresh ones, since the ones he was wearing before were now smeared with Shane.

Ilya resettled on the couch and opened his arms, an invitation Shane happily took.

He crawled up to Ilya's chest and kissed him deeply, just once, before laying between his body and the couch cushions. Shane nuzzled into his neck, tucking his nose up under Ilya's jaw and sighing contently.

Ilya swallowed thickly and dragged the big blanket over them as he held Shane to his chest, turning his head to look out the window.

Then he waited; and he didn't have to wait long.

Shane's breathing slowed gradually, his hand slipping from its place in Ilya's hair. Warmth bloomed in Ilya's stomach. He wanted to stop time, to hold them here forever, in this perfect moment when Ilya had everything he ever wanted.

"Even if you don't want me," Ilya whispered into Shane's soft hair as he looked up at the stars, "I am yours."

But he said it in Russian, just to be safe.

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