

Somewhere in my chest

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Somewhere in my chest

by [persimmonly](#)

Summary

An extended scene from The Cottage™ set in between when Ilya and Shane sit by the lake and THAT scene.

Notes

This is a little experimental for me, and I didn't spend a ton of time editing, but I'm kinda happy with it? I've been trying to get my head into Ilya's POV for a different fic, and this came to me on a rewatch of episode six.

I've also been thinking of Olivia Dean's "I've Seen It" as Ilya's song, specifically in the sense that love has always been something Ilya saw from afar, and the cottage is this moment of him actually experiencing it for the first time. The final lines are, "Brings out the worst, brings out the best / I know it's somewhere in my chest / I guess it's been inside me all along" so that's where I got the title from!

Anyway, hope you enjoy!

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

They came in from the lake when the air turned humid and the tea was cold. Shane cooked them egg white omelets with peppers and onions.

They showered afterward, using the fancy feature to fill the air with clouds of steam.

Ilya leaned against the sink, watching Shane strip out of his pajamas and fold them. He had thought, maybe, Shane wouldn't be so precious about his sleep clothes, but no.

It was sexier than any strip tease Ilya had seen before. The slow unveiling of skin, the precise, practiced folds he made to avoid wrinkles. All Ilya could think during this little ritual was that he couldn't wait for the next thing to come off.

When Shane was down to nothing but his socks, leaning into the shower to test the water temperature, Ilya shucked his shirt and pants quickly. He wasn't wearing boxers or socks, so he entered the stall first.

The water was only almost warm, but Ilya had never minded a cold shower. Shane hated them, never getting in the shower until the water was warm enough to pink his skin.

Ilya started on his hair, wetting and soaping up the strands. Shane joined him once the water was hot, rubbing himself down with a soapy rag while Ilya rinsed his head. Once he'd washed the shampoo out, Shane stepped up close, then guided Ilya down onto the bench. The marble was cold beneath him, the color a pale green blue like the pillows at Shane's Montreal home.

They didn't speak, continuing the silence and stillness of their morning together.

They'd done a lot of talking and laughing and then more talking the day before. Ilya had always dreamed about just *being* with Shane. In his fantasies, the hour they spent on the couch in his Boston penthouse stretched into days. He wondered if they would ever get that.

Ilya reached for Shane then, hoping to pull him into his lap, but Shane stepped out of reach. Ilya wasn't sure what he was going to do until Shane squatted in front of him, dragging the soapy cloth over the tops of his feet. He picked up each one, scrubbing gently underneath and between each toe to get at any lingering dirt, using enough pressure that it didn't tickle.

He moved to Ilya's ankles, circling them gently before letting the water wash away the suds. Then he dragged the cloth up the back of his left calf, circling around at the knee and following the same path down his shin. He did the same on the right.

Ilya was entranced, unable to look away. Shane focused intently on what he was doing, but his lips pursed like when he handled a puck. He used the same patient, gentle care to wash the rest of Ilya's body, notably skipping his cock, which was hard and twitching by then.

When Shane stood to wring out the cloth, Ilya whined out, "Shane."

He needed him, needed him, needed him. But Shane shook his head. The kiss he left on Ilya's forehead almost made up for it.

“Shh, stay there. Don’t move,” Shane breathed into his skin. Their eyes met, and Shane looked determined. Ilya wasn’t sure what was happening. This was...different.

Shane plucked a bottle from the shelf, and Ilya recognized it immediately. His dick flexed.

“Don’t move,” Shane reminded him. His voice shook. Ilya couldn’t help but obey when he realized what Shane was about to do.

Pouring a generous amount of lube into his hand, Shane stepped to the other side of the water stream, where there was more room away from the spray. Turning his back to Ilya, he brought his fingers to his hole, circling slowly clockwise, then counterclockwise in a rhythm that entranced Ilya.

His other arm was slung above his head, pressed against the glass wall. Frosted windows surrounded them, and Ilya was so grateful to be there, to for once see Shane in the light.

Ilya watched him through the water still streaming from overhead. Shane let out a slow breath as the first finger breached his hole, stilling for a moment. He moaned out loud when he added another finger, and Ilya’s hand twitched toward his dick. But Shane had told him not to move.

It took everything in Ilya not to beg, not to slide down onto the floor and crawl to him.

Three fingers now, pumping in and out at a lazy pace. Shane rarely did this, and Ilya always wondered if it was because of Vegas. He might always regret that.

Shane had been open—especially *that* Shane, who still had yet to admit to himself who he really was—and Ilya only created distance. Watching Shane from the chair, letting him blow him, then turning him around and fucking him from behind. Ilya had thought he was only denying himself, but that hadn’t been true at all.

So it was all the more special when Shane gave himself to Ilya like this.

“You can fuck me,” Shane said in the mumble he used when he was almost out of his mind with pleasure. “Fuck me—*ah*—like this.”

Ilya swallowed around the saliva that had pooled in his mouth. “Like what?”

“Bare,” Shane said, looking back for the first time to meet Ilya’s eyes. Ilya didn’t understand, at first. “I, uh, know you got tested,” he continued while Ilya was still trying to catch up. “And we—neither of us—have been with anyone else.”

Ilya got distracted then, as Shane pulled his fingers away.

“I mean,” there was that shiver to Shane’s voice, the one he got when trying to talk through his discomfort, “we don’t—”

“Yes.” Ilya knew what he was asking now, and had to grip the bench hard to keep himself still.

Shane's eyes met his, and they just stared at each other.

"So I'll, um," Shane tilted his head toward the door to the bedroom, and Ilya nodded. He stayed sitting as Shane shut off the water and dried himself with a towel. He glanced back once at Ilya, before walking into the room.

Ilya had never fucked anyone without protection. Not even Svetlana, though she would have probably punched him in the head if he had asked. No, for as many people as Ilya had fucked—and thinking about that number sometimes made him feel dirty, used up—he had always, always worn a condom.

He remembered when he was 16, and his brother had gotten a girl pregnant. They had been together for a few months, and perhaps she thought they would get married. Ilya remembered her announcing it to them at dinner, smiling as she caressed a spot on her lower stomach. But at 19, Alexei was still his father's boy. And their mother was gone.

The girl was sent away and Ilya never heard anything else about it.

So when a girl had approached him at a party the next summer, saying she'd let him fuck her *golyy*, he'd walked away.

"Ilya?" Shane called for him from the room. And like a magnet, Ilya was pulled toward him.

Shane lay on the bed, covers pushed down to the bottom. Ilya's breath rushed out of him at the sight, at the sheen between Shane's legs when he spread them as Ilya approached. His cock was so hard, but Ilya could tell he hadn't touched himself. Felt a sense of gratitude and pride at that, though he wasn't entirely sure why.

Ilya folded, blanketing Shane's body with his own. There was no reason to deny himself any further. Their mouths met in a rush, teeth pressing against lips and tongues.

"Ty mne nuzhen," he spoke into Shane's neck, kissing that spot Shane loved behind his ear. "Ty mne nuzhen, ty mne nuzhen." *I need you, I need you, I need you.* "Pozhaluysta, Shane."

Ilya knew Shane could translate that one on his own.

"Yes, yes," Shane moaned. His fingers wove into the curls, a strong hold that made Ilya almost dizzy. He started to turn around.

"No," Ilya all but whined, trying to keep Shane there, right there.

"Shh, it's okay." Shane stopped when he was on his side, torso twisted to keep his grip on Ilya's hair. "Like this, just like this." He petted Ilya's face, pulling him forward for a kiss that was so soft and gentle it made Ilya want to cry.

The moment Ilya's cock rubbed against the slickness between Shane's cheeks, his toes curled and he groaned. "Fuck, Shane. I will not last."

"You can, you will," Shane encouraged. He looked drunk, face flushed and eyes glassy. "Just put it in. Don't move but put it in."

Ilya obeyed, using one hand to grip the meat of Shane's ass and line himself up. Shane tilted his hips, aligning Ilya's cockhead with his hole and pushing back so he slipped inside.

It was—Ilya couldn't think. His thoughts melted into an overarching softness.

It was all tight warmth around his cock. A body pressed against his front. A hand in his hair, pulling just right.

"I feel you," Shane breathed out, like it was a revelation. "Fuck, Ilya. Stay like this, just for a minute. Please."

Ilya clenched his body, refusing to move. They were silent, and Ilya could feel Shane's deep breaths all over his body. He trailed kisses along Shane's shoulder while they reveled in the closeness. Ilya was glad that, if nothing else, he'd saved this for Shane.

"How did we let this happen?"

Ilya looked at him, pressing a kiss into his skin. "We are both very stupid and irresponsible."

"This is real though, right?" Shane looked at him like he thought maybe this really was a dream. But it couldn't be. Because Ilya could never dream of this. His mind wasn't capable of such beauty.

"Yeah," he said. He wanted to tell Shane that it was the world out there that wasn't real.

"Please, fuck me."

Ilya's hips flexed forward. Shane gripped his hair with one hand, and cradled his face with the other, letting out a breathless moan. Ilya started slow, getting used to the feeling of Shane without any barriers between them.

Shane caressed a hand down Ilya's face, then placed his thumb over his lips. Ilya opened for him at the barest pressure. His head returned to that soft space, the one that made him feel brand new.

He wasn't Ilya with the fucked up family, or Ilya the hockey star, or Ilya the foreigner, or Ilya the slut.

He was Shane's Ilya. Only Shane's.

End Notes

Sorry, I actually don't know why I did this to myself 😞

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