

Treasure

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Treasure

by [nomsy](#)

Summary

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“Shane?”

“I – I,” Shane stammers. “I don’t want to go there.” He doesn’t sound happy any more, at all. He sounds scared and confused.

Ilya’s mind has started to race but he forces his voice to stay calm. He has only heard Shane mention Mexico twice, once to say his parents were going there on holiday.

Once when Ilya asked about other men Shane’s been with.

Ilya and Shane talk about Shane's encounter with another guy that time in Mexico. Shane doesn't have good memories. Ilya takes care of him.

Notes

this fandom has me in an absolute CHOKEHOLD, I am writing every minute outside of work. this fic was inspired by the prompt at the end of Kelethin's wonderful fic "You Call and I Come (Running)". the prompt is unrelated to that fic but I definitely recommend reading Kelethin's story because it's really good!

prompt: Can someone write a fic where when Ilya asks Shane about other guys he’s had sex with and he gets all weird because he doesn’t want Ilya to know what a simp he is, instead Shane gets all quiet when Ilya asks if one of them hurt him because one of them did? Or maybe Shane freaks out a bit during sex and wants to face each other because he had a scary experience and it’s so different and safe with Ilya.

I didn't follow this exactly because I wanted to set it a bit later in the timeline rather than the scene where they initially talk about it in the book, but hope people still enjoy it! I do however want to shout out a warning that the fic contains a (non-graphic) discussion of a negative sexual experience (though no non-con).

Shane looks otherworldly, sitting on the kitchen counter in a pool of sunlight, his legs wrapped around Ilya's waist, his head thrown back.

"Fucking beautiful," Ilya says, grazing his teeth across Shane's throat. "You look so fucking gorgeous here. In the sun."

"Mhm," Shane makes, tilting his head back further to give Ilya better access to his throat. Ilya immediately takes advantage, sucking kisses along the sensitive skin. He has to enjoy leaving marks on Shane's skin while he can, while they're safe from the rest of the world in the cottage.

"Should take you on holiday," Ilya says, sliding his palm down Shane's abs and into the waistband of his sweats. "To a beach. Brazil, maybe. Is nice. Fun. Maybe too exciting for you."

Shane's dick twitches under Ilya's touch, precome already leaking out against Ilya's fingertips.

"Or Italy," Ilya says, pressing a few light, quick kisses underneath Shane's jaw. "We could buy island for just us. Boring island with nothing except sand, so you will be happy." Shane fucking *giggles* and rubs his cheek against Ilya's hair and Ilya feels dizzy with happiness.

"Or Mexico," Ilya says. "So you can be so boring and not drink tequila." He expects Shane to maybe laugh, or get bossy and tell Ilya to get on with it. He does not expect him to go stock-still in his arms and fall completely silent.

"Shane?"

"I – I," Shane stammers. "I don't want to go there." He doesn't sound happy any more, at all. He sounds scared and confused.

Ilya feels like the whole world just tilted in a second, maybe flipped entirely. He doesn't know what's happening, but he knows it's nothing good. He also knows whatever is going to happen next, he probably should no longer have his hand on Shane's dick. He carefully puts his hands on Shane's shoulders instead.

"Okay," he says. "Then we don't go there. We only go to places you want, okay?"

Shane nods a bit, then shakes his head. He still looks confused, and his eyes don't seem to quite focus on Ilya.

"Shane? Are you here with me?"

Something plummets in Ilya's chest when Shane makes a low sound, a whine, but not the good kind like when Ilya is fucking him into the mattress and he's begging for more. This is a completely different sound. Then Shane pushes his nose against Ilya's shoulder, rubbing against the cotton of Ilya's shirt, like he is trying to push his thoughts away with the motion. Even more terrifyingly, he's gone tense like a bowstring, and he's shaking very slightly. Ilya

runs his hands up and down Shane's arms as if to warm him, even though the cottage isn't cold, and Shane is still sitting in the sunlight that's streaming in through the window.

"I don't want to," Shane repeats, muffled against Ilya's shoulder.

"Is okay. We will not go there. I am very sorry, sweetheart. I was not thinking. Was only talking. We are not going anywhere." Ilya's mind has started to race but he forces his voice to stay calm. He has only heard Shane mention Mexico twice, once to say his parents were going there on holiday. Once when Ilya asked about other men Shane's been with.

Shane tries to lift his head and makes a pained noise. No wonder, with how cramped his muscles must be from how tense he's gone. Ilya carefully runs a hand up to the back of Shane's neck. "It hurts here?"

"Yes," Shane breathes.

Ilya nods and starts rubbing soothing circles into Shane's skin. "Helping?"

He can feel Shane swallow hard. "Yeah," he says quietly, so Ilya keeps going. After a couple of minutes, he feels Shane start to relax slightly, and the trembling subsides bit by bit.

Eventually, he lifts his head a little, his shoulders still slumped. "Ilya," he says. "Ilya, I'm sorry."

"Why are you saying sorry?"

"We were having fun, and I ruined it."

"You did not ruin anything," Ilya says. He hesitates. He's not great at talking, and he doesn't want to make anything worse. "Do you want to talk about something?"

Shane shrugs. "It's nothing, I just – freaked out for a second."

"Okay," Ilya says. "But you are very upset."

"No," Shane says quickly. "It's not that bad, I overreacted. I was just remembering something stupid, from when I went to Mexico with the guys."

"When you had sex with a guy there?"

Shane winces, and Ilya immediately regrets pushing. But then Shane nods. "I – yeah. I remembered that."

"You said he didn't hurt you," Ilya says. He feels desperate, wrecked. Had he misunderstood when Shane told him about this? He should have made sure to listen properly, should have realised that Shane was only pretending to be okay.

"Well, at the time – you know, when we were talking about that. That call wasn't about me," Shane says. "You didn't need to deal with that. I just – in that moment, in our call, I wasn't even thinking about it like I was now. I was just focused on you, I was fine. Remember?"

Is that true? Ilya isn't sure. "Shane," he says. "I am sorry. I should have understood." He takes a deep breath. He can't go back and fix things, he can only do better now. "Do you want to talk more about it? Will that help?"

"I don't know," Shane says. "I just – it was nothing, really. Back then, on that trip, I was so scared that someone would realise, or that that guy would talk to someone about it and everyone would know. I couldn't relax, so it was, um. Uncomfortable. But that was my fault for, for not, I don't know. For being so tense."

Uncomfortable. Knowing Shane, that's probably an understatement of how bad it really was. Even if not, it's bad enough. And Shane thinks it was *his fault*.

"Hollander," Ilya says firmly, taking Shane's face into his hands. He runs a thumb over Shane's freckles. "It could never be your fault. If you were tense, he should have noticed. Helped you relax, if that is what you wanted. If he could not do that, he should not have fucked you."

Shane blinks rapidly. He's not meeting Ilya's eyes. "I – you know, I used to always feel, um. Vulnerable, I guess, during – you know, the – the prep bit."

Ilya nods. He knows this, has known this since the first time. It's not usually like that now, but in the beginning, Shane had taken a long time to open up for Ilya. Ilya never minded that. He liked taking the time to make Shane feel relaxed and ready and eager for him. On the occasions Shane needs it slow nowadays, Ilya likes it just as much as he liked it back then. Probably more, now that Shane is comfortable letting go more.

"So, yeah," Shane continues. "It makes sense that he couldn't be bothered. He was probably used to better." And then Shane's face crumples. "I didn't understand at the time – I kept thinking if I wasn't even good enough for *him*, how I could possibly be good enough for – how you could possibly keep wanting me, and -"

"Shane, stop, please," Ilya says. He takes a moment to choose his words. He has to make all this very clear, to leave no doubt in Shane's mind about what Ilya needs him to understand. "Is not nothing. You are so good," Ilya says. "Shane. I cannot even tell you how good. Not in English, not in Russian. Are no words for it, okay? That is how good you are." Shane shudders and presses closer against Ilya's chest. Ilya moves one hand from Shane's cheek so he can wrap his arm tight around Shane's lower back, holding him as close as he can while Shane nuzzles into the palm of Ilya's other hand.

"I love you. You should be, ah, what is word? Like a treasure. Should be treated like that."

"Ilya," Shane whispers.

"Perfect," Ilya says. "You are always perfect for me. And I always wanted you, from first time I saw you. You understand?"

Shane presses his face against Ilya's neck and nods. "Love you," he says. "So much." He pulls away to lean their foreheads together.

“See,” Ilya says. “That is why you are so good. You always understand.”

Shane presses a soft, quick kiss to his lips. “Come with me,” he says, hopping off the kitchen counter and taking Ilya’s hand.

Ilya goes willingly, until he realises Shane is leading him into the bedroom. He shakes his head. “We don’t have to,” he says. “Don’t want to remind you again.”

Shane reaches out and brushes a curl from Ilya’s forehead. “Remind me?” he muses softly. “Being with you could never remind me of that time. It’s like – it’s like comparing winning a video game with winning the Stanley cup, or, or -” The corner of Shane’s mouth pulls up, his eyes brighten. “Comparing the Bears to the Voyageurs.”

Ilya knows exactly what Shane is doing, and he loves him so fucking much. “You are trying to be sassy,” he says, quickly kissing Shane. “You have to enjoy talking shit about Bears while you can. In one year, I will be in Ottawa.”

He hears Shane’s breath catch. “*Oh*,” Shane says. He’s beaming now. “That’s right. You will be.”

Ilya brushes his lips across Shane’s, and then kisses his forehead, his cheekbones, his jaw, his chin, carefully holding his face. He’s in no hurry, and he can tell that Shane isn’t either. They make out against the bedroom door until Ilya loses all feeling for time, and he can feel Shane start to get impatient. He grins into their kiss as Shane pulls at the hem of Ilya’s shirt and ruts a little against Ilya’s thigh. Ilya grabs Shane’s hips and pulls him close, giving him friction that draws a little whine from Shane – the good kind, the intoxicating, needy, head-spinningly lovely kind.

Ilya lets Shane undress them both, lets Shane lead him to the bed, and doesn’t crawl on top of him until Shane grabs his shoulders and pulls him close.

“Ilya,” Shane says.

“Hm?” Ilya makes, pressing soft kisses along Shane’s collarbone.

“I know what you’re doing.”

“Do you like it?”

“Yeah,” Shane says. “But. Um. Not as much as when you tell me what to do. I promise it’s okay.”

Ilya searches his face for a moment. Shane is looking at him like he normally looks at him through his visor, across the ice. Like Shane fucking Hollander, who knows what he wants.

Ilya kisses Shane’s shoulder. “Okay,” he says. “You tell me – anything hurts you – anything wrong -”

“I promise,” Shane says again.

Ilya reaches out, opens the drawer of the night stand, and finds the lube. When he presses a slick finger against Shane's entrance, Shane's eyes flutter closed. "Yes," he whispers. "Need you."

"Is okay?"

Shane nods and sighs against Ilya's skin as Ilya braces himself over him and carefully starts to open him up. "Always good with you," Shane mumbles. "Safe. And so fucking good."

"You are safe with me," Ilya confirms. He presses his lips against the shell of Shane's ear. "And you are right. I will make you feel fucking good."

Shane hums contentedly and draws his legs up a little further. His cock is leaking all over his stomach already, and Ilya pulls back a little to slide further down the mattress. He presses kisses along the length of Shane's cock, mouths at the tip, enjoying the salty taste, and finally takes Shane in his mouth while continuing to work him open. Shane goes from his contented little hums to cursing and pulling Ilya's hair in about five seconds, and Ilya grins around him. Beautiful, gorgeous, demanding Shane.

He lets Shane's cock slip out of his mouth while adding a third finger, and moves back to hover over Shane. "So good, Hollander," he whispers. "I told you. Fucking perfect for me. Every time."

Shane bucks up his hips. "Ilya," he groans. "Fuck. You feel so good. Don't stop, just – more."

"You'll have more," Ilya promises. "Be patient."

"No," Shane says. "Now."

Ilya laughs. "What did you say earlier? Was something about wanting me to be in charge, right? I remember this."

"I did not say I want you in charge," Shane says. He rolls his hips into Ilya's touch. "I said I want you to tell me what to do."

"Is same thing," Ilya points out.

"No, it's fucking not," Shane says, and it's so *Shane* that Ilya has to lean down and kiss him immediately.

"You also said I am better at hockey," Ilya says.

"Fuck you, Rozanov," Shane says.

"Is that what you want? I think you like it the other way."

"Fuck you," Shane says again, slightly incoherent. "Fuck me."

"Which one?"

“I fucking swear -”

Ilya laughs, and reaches for the condoms. “You are good? You are ready, yes?”

Shane’s eyes go soft. He pushes himself up and holds out his hands for the condom. Ilya hands it over, and Shane tears open the packet. “I’m so good,” Shane says, his eyes never leaving Ilya’s. “I told you. Always good with you.”

Ilya kisses him, and then lies down next to him. “Now I will tell you what to do, like you want. Get on top.”

Shane moans softly at Ilya’s words, even though they’re hardly touching at the moment. He straddles Ilya’s waist, rolls the condom onto Ilya’s cock, and sinks down on him.

Ilya can’t do anything except run his hands over Shane’s thighs, his hipbones, his abs as they move together. He’s talking but he’s not sure if it’s in English or Russian. *Fuck, Shane, faster, so good for me, sweetheart.*

Shane doesn’t shout or swear when he comes all over Ilya’s chest. He just gasps and groans and tries to brace himself on Ilya’s shoulder, but collapses on top of him instead. It’s more than enough to send Ilya over the edge, and for a few long minutes, they just lie there wrapped up in each other, messy and gasping for air.

Ilya throws the condom away and gets cloths to clean them up and changes the sheets because he knows Shane won’t be able to really relax until then. The sight of Shane’s smile as he contentedly snuggles into Ilya’s arms under clean sheets is a better reward than Ilya could ever ask for.

Once he is half-asleep, his head pillowed on Ilya’s chest, Shane says, “You can use it as a verb,” without opening his eyes.

“Huh?”

“Earlier. Treasure,” Shane says. “You can say that you treasure someone.”

Ilya looks down at Shane, at his lashes fanning out over his freckled cheekbones, his skin glowing in the soft afternoon light, his hair dark under Ilya’s fingers. “Fucking English,” Ilya says.

Shane laughs and burrows closer.

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