

I want it all

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by [snort_garlicpowder](#)

Summary

Ilya was still learning about Shane. What made him tick. What made him go quiet, what made him think. What made Shane's eyebrows scrunch, and what made him smile. After so many years, Ilya should have known all of this. But now he had the luxury of just watching Shane exist. He could study him in the morning, when Shane was waking up. He could watch Shane as he cooked, and as he relaxed into bed with some boring hockey book. Ilya was still learning Shane. And he never really wanted to stop.

Notes

I cannot physically write a full angst scene with these two, I hate making them fight even a little. But, I hope you like the fluff, this is set summer after the cottage, Ilya's last season with Boston. No book spoilers.

Also, I wrote Shane based on my own experience, so he isn't strictly autistic, just coded that way.

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

“Shane, I do not understand what is happening right now.” Ilya’s voice was tight; he was trying to stay calm. But Shane was pacing, completely silent, head in his hands and breathing heavily and slowly. Ilya felt his own breath turning quick because he didn’t know what was wrong. And he couldn’t fix it. Couldn’t fix Shane.

Shane shook his head and let out a quiet whimper, grabbing his own hair. Ilya watched as he continued to pace, first into the kitchen, around the island, then back into the living room

Shane had come to Boston last night; he had some type of photoshoot he had needed to do earlier today. When he left Ilya’s house earlier, Shane had seemed to be in a good mood. Ilya had gotten up early, made his boyfriend’s ridiculous protein shake, and had woken him up with soft kisses and maybe a morning blowjob. They had been laughing together and Shane got ready, and Ilya had kissed him good luck.

It was a good morning.

But Shane had come back almost an hour ago, and Ilya had immediately noticed how quiet he was being. After a clipped hello, Shane had basically run into the bedroom to change clothes. Out of the tight jeans and loose dress shirt that Ilya had wolf-whistled over when he left. Into a pair of sweatpants and one of Ilya’s hoodies, an old one. One of the first things he had bought himself here in America. After that, Shane had sat on the couch and stared out the window, smiling slightly at Ilya before fading into... well, this.

Ilya was slightly embarrassed to say that he hadn’t thought much about it at first. Shane was probably just tired from the shoot. He had slowly prepared lunch for them both, something healthy and boring for Shane, and left Shane to his own devices in the living room. He probably just needed some time to chill out. Relax.

“Ok, lunch is ready-” Ilya’s voice had died in his throat as he walked into the living room to see Shane, now standing in the center of his living room, staring at the throw pillows on Ilya’s couch as if they had personally offended him. “Do I need to beat the pillows up?”

“They weren’t-” Shane stopped himself and let out a shaky breath. “You wouldn’t understand.”

Shane wasn’t looking at Ilya, and his tone was short and controlled. Ilya tried to fight down the annoyance that crept up at Shane, brushing him off so easily. *Right. I wouldn’t understand. I’m just the only person you actually talk to.*

“Well, if you want to explain-” Ilya started, and he immediately knew it was the wrong thing to say. Shane jerked his head up, expression tightening, and breathing very hard through his nose.

“I can’t always fucking explain shit, Ilya.” Shane looked away for a brief moment, and Ilya saw the steady glint of anger in his eyes. But not directed at Ilya. “I just need you to... Fuck I don’t even know.”

Whatever fight that possessed Shane left in an instant, and Ilya watched as his head hung forward. Ilya heard small sniffles start to come from the sad, slumped frame of his boyfriend. Ilya felt unmoored. This was uncharted territory. They had only been dating, like official boyfriends, for about five months. Ilya knew how to comfort Shane after a loss. He knew how to take Shane apart, knew every inch of that beautiful body as if it were his own. He knew how to comfort Shane in the safety of hotel rooms and stolen midnight moments.

But Ilya didn't know how to do this. He didn't know what was going on with Shane. Shane had anxiety before; Ilya had seen it, felt it under his own fingertips. But Shane looked like he was on another planet right now, his eyes glazed over. Darting everywhere and nowhere.

When Ilya moved forward to grab Shane, hug him, do anything to try and help, Shane had taken three quick steps back and had held his hands up to push him away. They both froze, staring at each other.

Shane's eyes were filled with those familiar unshed tears, and his cheeks were wet from tears that had escaped. Ilya's heart clenched, and he felt useless and helpless. He hated that feeling. He had waited so long, an eternity it felt like, for the chance to hold Shane. To comfort him, be there for him, be in a relationship with him. Sometimes it was easy to forget that even after all these years, he was still learning about Shane. He loved him so much it felt like he knew Shane inside and out. But he didn't.

The truth was, Ilya had no idea how to help Shane. Had no idea what the look in Shane's eyes meant right now. He felt like he was looking at a stranger. His face must have been growing more concerned, because Shane was shaking his head like he was forcing himself to move.

"Ilya, stop, I'm sorry I didn't mean..." And then Shane was pacing, while Ilya stood silent and frozen in the middle of the living room. He let Shane walk, unsure of how to help. So, he just stood there, hopefully as a grounding presence for Shane.

"Shane, I need to know what's going on," Ilya spoke again, gentle and low. He didn't want to scare Shane off. Didn't want to control him right now. But he needed Shane to start talking soon, so that the hamster in his chest could stop fucking running. The world felt like it was ending. Ilya's world felt like it was crumbling around him.

Shane nodded as he walked back from the kitchen and let out a small, shaky breath, leaning with his hands on the back of the couch. He breathed heavily for a few more moments and then asked, "Can we just... I don't know. Can we go outside, maybe?"

Ilya nodded, but when he opened the back door for them to go outside, Shane froze in the doorway. Ilya watched carefully as Shane assessed the bright sunlight, one of the last warm days in Boston, most likely.

Shane shook his head. "Never mind. Not outside. Umm, maybe..." He looked lost. His shoulders were hunched slightly, making him look small. He had buried his hands into the pocket of the hoodie, but Ilya could see him rubbing them together nervously under the fabric. His eyes were downcast, searching the floor, and Ilya realized he had never seen Shane look scared like this. He had seen Shane nervous, worried, upset, and annoyed. But he had never seen this type of deep-seated terror in Shane's eyes. Shane looked lost in his own

head, more lost than Ilya ever realized he could be. Shane needed comfort right now, not just from Ilya. He needed a safe spot, somewhere comfortable, maybe a little less bright.

“How about the bedroom? I’ll close the curtains.” Ilya was already walking away, but he paused long enough to ensure that Shane was following him. Shane was staring at Ilya as if he had just been given a gift.

Ilya didn’t grab Shane’s hand, ignoring the urge as best he could. Ilya felt confident that it would be too much for Shane right now. The bedroom door was open, but Shane hung back, waiting for Ilya to close the curtains before slowly approaching the bed. The room was still bright enough to see in, but it was filled with a warm, soft light now. Shane sat on the edge of the bed while Ilya stood, still near the window.

With a sigh, Shane let himself fall back, collapsing on the bed and staring at the ceiling. Ilya just watched him. Shane’s eyes had dried of tears while he was pacing, and now he just looked exhausted. His hair was a mess from where he had been grabbing it, and his eyes were puffy. His lips were bitten raw and red, but his eyes were bright and alert, searching above him.

“МИЛЫЙ, what’s wrong? What happened at the photoshoot?” Ilya walked closer but stayed a few steps from the bed. He wanted Shane to know that he would be right here for him, whenever he was ready. Ilya would always be there for Shane. He could break Ilya’s heart and leave him in the dust, ignore him for sixty years, and Ilya would still pick up his call. If Shane reached out, Ilya would always be there, grasping at whatever Shane was willing to give him.

Shane groaned and closed his eyes, then spread his arms as if asking for a hug. Ilya didn’t hesitate to move forward, but he moved slowly, giving Shane every chance to stop him if needed. But Shane just let out another sigh as Ilya settled his weight over Shane’s body. Ilya loved lying like this, secretly. He loved having Shane under him, soft and sweet and content. Shane didn’t speak for a long time; he just threaded his fingers into Ilya’s hair and continued staring at the ceiling.

Ilya sank his head into Shane’s shoulder and pressed soft kisses everywhere he could reach. Not asking for anything, just, well. Ilya couldn’t explain what he was trying to make Shane understand. He was here. Shane was here. They were ok, they were lying in their own bed, in Ilya’s house. They were alone. And he was safe.

Ilya tried to press that into Shane’s soul with his lips. He could just reach a bare patch of Shane’s neck, and as he pressed his mouth to it, he mouthed words in Russian.

My beautiful. My love. My heart. I’m here. I’m here.

Over and over. Shane let out a long breath and the feeling, his hands tightening in Ilya’s hair for a moment.

“The pillows weren’t in the right place. They were messing me up.”

Shane's voice was soft, but it was steady. Ilya moved his head slightly, but Shane kept his hands in his hair. "Don't look at me. Not yet."

Ilya paused, then moved his head back down to Shane's shoulder. He could stay here. Whatever Shane wanted. He could live here, lying on Shane, feeling his pulse under his lips. Knowing that he was alive and safe right under Ilya.

"I can't explain it really. The photoshoot was bad. It was out, in public, they had me in some jeans and a fur coat that felt like a nightmare. It was hot, the coat kept making me itch and scratch and-" Shane shuddered underneath Ilya and took a deep breath. "It just felt like too much. And then, I came home, and you were acting so... normal. I felt like a freak. And then none of my clothes felt right, so I had to steal one of yours."

Shane took a pause again. Ilya let silence sit. It was lighter than before. Shane wasn't crying, as far as Ilya could hear. Progress. This was progress. Shane had been feeling too much, too many things wrong in his day. Ilya understood that about Shane. He was all rules and habits. Shane hid it well in front of people, but Ilya knew that sometimes, when they would meet up, before the cottage, before the summer. Sometimes, Shane would come into his room, shedding his clothes as if they were burning him. He had a specific temperature he would shower in, and when he did, Ilya knew he had a strict routine. Shampoo, conditioner, left leg, right leg, then his right arm and left arm. Everything else, then Shane would wash his face and rinse off.

Shane was predictable, easy to learn if you paid attention. He took his coffee black; he liked his socks thick. Ilya could see it now so clearly; he felt like an idiot. Shane had been, fuck English words. Overwhelmed. Everything had been too much. That's why he had backed away from touching Ilya. He was scared of how it would feel.

But now, he had Ilya on top of him, breathing warm and alive. Ilya felt warmth blooming in his chest. He was helpful. Useful. Shane had wanted his presence right now. And it made Ilya feel like he was on top of the world. Ilya wasn't too much for Shane. He was making him feel better. Probably. *No, I am. He wants me here right now.*

When Shane spoke again, it was a little louder this time. "The pillows were just the last straw somehow. I don't know. It's hard to explain. Sometimes it just feels like... Like I can't exist in the world right." Shane's hands left Ilya's hair, and if Ilya had to guess, he was rubbing his own eyes.

Ilya pressed down on him harder, pressing more kisses to his neck. He wasn't sure if he should talk yet, or even what he would say. So instead, he just stayed silent.

"I wish I didn't feel like that." Shane sounded so tired. So sad. Ilya finally had to look up. Shane's face was calm, emotionless. But his eyes were downcast. He looked defeated. Ilya slowly moved on of his hands, cupping Shane's face gently. Shane deserved to feel like a king all the time. But this was ok too. Ilya could see how hard Shane was fighting with himself. Over what, Ilya wasn't sure. It could be a million things. But that was ok too. Even if Shane couldn't quite explain what was happening in his head. Shane would always have Ilya here with him. Ilya wanted to be here with him, for every mood swing, every breakdown,

every smile and tear. He would bottle it all up and keep it safe for Shane until Shane was ready to talk.

“I wish you didn’t feel like that either *moya lyubov*’. How do you feel now?” Ilya was tracing Shane’s face, and Shane’s eyes relaxed. He closed them and nuzzled into Ilya’s palm.

“Better. You lying on me... helps. The pressure. It feels good.” Shane opened his eyes to look at Ilya, and the fear was gone. He looked cozy, sweet, and pliable. So vulnerable it made Ilya’s chest ache with love. Adoration. A million things that Ilya could say, two languages at his disposal, and none of them would be enough to describe how big his love for Shane Hollander was. And it felt like it was pressing into his chest now, suffocating Ilya. It was a good way to die.

“Good. I will stay here forever.” Ilya said it matter-of-factly, no nonsense. Shane smiled at him in response. “Does the weight feel good?”

“I don’t think I’ll need that long. But yeah, it does. Makes me feel, I don’t know, contained. Like I’m not about to fly off the planet.” Shane gulped before adding, “But I’m sorry about how I was acting before. I wasn’t trying to be mean or bitchy or-”

Ilya stopped him with a soft finger to his lips. “You don’t need to apologize. I just didn’t know what you needed. And now I do.”

Shane’s smile grew wider. “What did I do to deserve you, huh?”

Ilya just shook his head. “Nothing. You don’t have to do anything to deserve feeling safe, Shane.”

Shane’s eyes, which had begun glistening, now had full tears forming. Ilya couldn’t help but smile fondly down at him. Shane was a quick crier. Or at least, he got tears in his eyes often, even if they didn’t fall.

“I love you, Ilya.”

Ilya melted, the way he always did when Shane said his first name. Ilya knew from just that word that Shane would have an impeccable accent in Russian. He would speak it perfectly. Because Ilya’s name sounded natural falling from his lips. Like he had been saying the name his entire life.

“I love you too Shane. So, when this happens... Should I stay away?” Ilya lay back down on Shane’s chest, snuggling down a bit to get cozy. Shane curled up a touch, tightening his grip on Ilya’s biceps.

“No, well maybe. Sometimes I need to be alone. But then, after I want this.” Shane was gripping Ilya’s arms hard now, like he was scared of losing it. “I need you. You ground me. Keep me here.”

Shane shrugged. “Sometimes, though, I think I just need you near me. I’ll try to be better about telling you. What I need when I’m like that. Words just get hard.”

Ilya just nodded against his chest. “Sounds like a plan. You can always just grab me and drag me around; I don’t mind being dragged by you.” Ilya looked up, found Shane already staring at him, and Ilya shot him a wink. It made Shane roll his eyes lightly.

“And Shane,” Ilya took a breath before continuing, “You don’t have to... I don’t want you to feel bad about this.”

Shane stiffened slightly, but Ilya gently rubbed his shoulder. “You said you feel like freak. You are not.”

Shane didn’t relax yet. “I am though. I mean, I know that this isn’t normal. I don’t know why things bother me like that sometimes.”

Ilya sat up slightly again. Shane’s eyebrows were scrunched together slightly, and his eyes were gazing at the ceiling again. “Hey. Don’t talk about my boyfriend like that.”

Shane glanced down, met Ilya’s gaze, and his eyes softened a little. “It’s ok, Ilya. I’ve gotten used to this. I just hate it.”

Ilya was at a loss for a moment. He wasn’t comfortable with the thought of Shane hating any part of himself. Shane was amazing. Perfect. Annoying and boring and particular and perfect. “You may hate it. But I don’t.”

It was the easiest thing he could say. The simplest way that he could explain to Shane was that there wasn’t anything that Ilya didn’t love about him.

Shane melted under him slowly, relaxing in the bed. “That makes me glad. Thank you, Ilya. I love you so much.”

Ilya leaned down and kissed Shane’s cheek, then his nose, then his eyebrows, and his chin. Everywhere on his face until Shane was giggling underneath him. “Bet the photos will still be hot. I will keep an eye out for them.”

Shane rolled his eyes, loudly this time, which made Ilya smile. “They were horrible. I don’t think I smiled in a single one.”

Ilya shrugged, then pressed a kiss to Shane’s lips. Shane sighed happily into the kiss. It was warm and Ilya slowly deepened the kiss. It was lazy and slow. “Is ok. I have your smile right here.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

I hope you enjoyed, let me know in the comments what you liked and what you didn't, I love hearing feedback on my work. Also if you have any requests let me know, I love writing these two boys and I need some ideas lol.

See you!

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