

call me what you want when you want (if you want)

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by [biohazardousbisexual](#)

Summary

college AU inspired by THAT tweet of hudson and the pool table.....

#fratboyshane

Notes

saw this [tweet](#) and was in desperate need for the fic but couldn't find one so i did end up opening a google doc.....

i wrote this in one sitting so pls ignore mistakes but it's a short fluffy college AU one-shot that can hopefully be a fix for you addicts (lovingly).

#fratboyshane

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

The pool hall is technically off-campus, which is why Shane likes it. It feels like a loophole. The Kingfisher is *his spot*. Dim lights, a vintage photobooth, craft ginger ale on tap...plus they play music that's not just Doses and Mimosas on repeat. But tonight, Shane's there with his brothers, already regretting the decision because it's crowded and loud and his hoodie is too warm.

Fucking Hayden. He knew he probably should have gatekept this place, and of course, Hayden threw it out as a place to celebrate surviving the semester's finals. Sig Ep was on probation again (noise violations from an anonymous neighbor), and apparently, nothing says "party responsibly" like sneaking the whole frat into an off-campus bar.

As frat president, Shane is supposed to be in control, but most days it feels like he's babysitting a circus. Somehow, Shane's life has become schlepping kegs for darts, corralling clueless pledges, and memorizing the names of sorority girls he'll forget by next week. He's nursing a beer he doesn't want, pretending he's invested in the pool game while his brain hums like it always does at parties like this.

Then Ilya walks in.

Shane notices him the way he notices everything—too fast, too much. The way the room seems to tilt a degree toward him. Dark shirt, sleeves rolled up showing off his strong arms, messy blonde curls, devastatingly handsome. He looks relaxed in a way Shane never quite manages, all loose confidence and sharp eyes.

He slides up to the bar, greeting the pretty bartender with an easy grin. "Svetlana!"

She looks up from polishing a glass, raising an eyebrow with a smile. "Ah, Ilya. Vodka?"

"Da. But make it... interesting," he says, accent soft and deliberate, tossing bills on the counter. Svetlana chuckles and shakes her head, already accustomed to Ilya's effortless charm.

Shane shifts in his spot, gripping his cue a little harder, forcing himself to focus back on the 8-ball. *Of course he's flirting with the fucking bartender.* Every laugh, every tilt of his head—it's magnetic. Shane feels a strange twist in his chest, a flicker of jealousy, and he snaps at the cue. A complete scratch. He watches the ball ricochet into the side rail, bouncing pathetically, while he glances up... and freezes.

Ilya's eyes are on him.

Shane's mouth opens, closes, and he somehow manages a weak, half-smile, cue dangling awkwardly in one hand. He's trying to play it cool but imagines he's failing spectacularly.

Across the crowded bar, that same slow, dangerous curve of a smile tugs at the corners of Ilya's mouth.

Shane's stomach flips.

“Who’s that?” Hayden asks, nodding toward Ilya.

“No one,” Shane says too quickly.

Ilya walks over to the table anyway, somehow holding out a ginger ale for Shane. He absolutely melts at the gesture, instinctively reaching for it, and their fingers brush against the cool glass.

“Hello, frat boy,” he murmurs, leaning close enough that Shane can smell the smoke and winter air on him.

Shane flushes. “Hey.”

Ilya glances at the cluster of guys behind him, then back at Shane. His smile sharpens. “You playing?”

“Uh. Kind of,” Shane manages, fingers tightening on his cue.

Hayden steps in between them, eyes narrowing like a hawk. “You wanna join?” he asks, voice rough and accusatory.

“Rules are simple: if you ain’t a brother... or fucking a brother... *get the hell out.*”

Laughter erupts from the guys. Shane’s heart stops. He opens his mouth, but his head can’t keep up.

Ilya doesn’t miss a beat. He straightens, setting his glass of vodka down with a clink, eyes flicking lazily over the group.

“Then I suppose,” he says mildly, “I am allowed.”

The table goes quiet.

Shane’s brain short-circuits. “Ilya—”

Ilya looks at him, eyebrow raised, and the way he’s claiming Shane in front of everyone makes Shane’s chest ache.

“Is problem?” Ilya asks, his eyes searching Shane with intensity.

Shane swallows. “No. I mean. Yes. I mean—”

Ilya breaks out into a grin, wicked and soft all at once. “Relax. I am joking,” he adds, voice casual. Under the table and against the sticky floors, he softly nudges the heel of his foot against Shane’s. Shane exhales too hard, a hesitant smile spreading across his face. Hayden shrugs, muttering something under his breath, and the other guys lose interest, going back to grab another round of beers.

They play anyway. Ilya stands close—too close—murmuring instructions against Shane’s neck, low and private, every time he leans against him to line up a shot. Every time he shifts, Ilya shifts too, and Shane feels the press of him against his side.

“Like this,” he teases, adjusting Shane’s grip, thumb lingering against his knuckles just a moment too long. “You are thinking too much.”

“I always think too much,” Shane mutters.

“I know,” Ilya says, fondly.

Shane sinks the shot. He beams before he can stop himself, and Ilya watches him like he’s just won something.

The bar quiets as the night winds down, and Shane realizes his frat brothers are nowhere in sight—they’ve probably wandered off to the next bar. He and Ilya slip out into the cool night air. Pressed against a brick wall, cold seeps through Shane’s hoodie, but Ilya’s proximity offsets it, warmth radiating from him like a halo Shane wants to sink into.

“That was mean,” Shane whines, not looking at him.

Ilya tilts his head. “You did not tell me to stop.”

“I was panicking.”

“I noticed,” Ilya says, eyes glinting. “Your ears go red.”

Shane groans. “God. Do you keep track of everything?”

“Only the fun stuff,” Ilya says, stepping closer. Shane’s breath hitches. “Like this,” he murmurs, smirk tugging at his lips, “You are very cute when you’re flustered.”

“I’m not cute,” Shane shoots back.

Ilya’s gaze softens. “You are.”

There’s a pause. The kind that stretches, heavy with things neither of them are saying.

“I don’t like lying,” Shane manages finally. “But I like... this. You.”

Ilya’s expression changes—unreadable, but some sort of tenderness threatens to spill out. “I like you too,” he whispers. “Even when you are disaster.”

Shane laughs, breathless. “You’re not scared?”

“Of you?” Ilya rasps, voice low. “Never.”

Shane’s chest hammers as Ilya steps closer, closing the space between them. He tilts his head just slightly, letting their foreheads brush for a moment, letting Shane catch his steady, teasing gaze. Shane’s hands twitch, unsure where to rest them, while Ilya’s thumb brushes

lightly over Shane's jaw, sending a shiver down his spine. Then Ilya leans in, lips brushing Shane's tentatively at first—light, testing, teasing. Shane freezes, heart pounding, before melting into the kiss. It deepens, warm and certain, a rush of relief and longing that leaves them breathless. Suddenly, nothing else matters—just Ilya, the way he needs him, the way he wants this. Shane's fingers tangle in Ilya's curls, tugging gently, and a low groan escapes Ilya's lips.

Ilya tilts his head slightly, savoring the way Shane's lips move against his, the small gasps and moans that slip out when he drags his mouth against Shane's neck, leaving behind soft kisses. When they part, it's only slightly, foreheads still touching, breaths mingling. Shane's eyes are wide, cheeks flushed, lips tingling, and he can't help the laugh that escapes. Ilya smiles, that same wicked-but-tender look in his eyes, and brushes a thumb along Shane's bottom lip as if to reassure him: he was always his.

Inside, someone yells. Music thumps.

Outside, Shane smiles to himself.

Some things are worth breaking the rules for.

End Notes

thanks to anyone who read :)

title is a lyric from 3 strikes by dominic fike which i feel like is a pretty fratty song.

ok byeeee will be consuming fics until the hudcon late-night appearances AHHHHHHHHHHH

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