

## Harder

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# Harder

by [paperstorm](#)

## Summary

“Sub thing is your thing, Hollander,” Ilya reminds him.

Slowly, Shane argues, “Actually, I don’t think it is. I mean, yeah, that part is my thing. But I think you like it, too.”

“Always like sex with you.”

“Not the sex. Or – yeah, of course it’s the sex too. But I think it’s for reasons other than just the sex.”

A chuckle bubbles up out of Ilya, and it dislodges the lump in his throat just a little.

“Always so many words and you make no sense.”

Laughing too, Shane explains, “What I mean is, the whole being a dom, thing. I think it’s good for you, too, and not just because the sex is fun. I think it settles you, in the same way it settles me.”

On the anniversary of his father's death Ilya is feeling unsteady; Shane has an idea.

## Notes

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

Looking back, it probably begins the night they lose to Winnipeg. The scrappy little team Shane once said he was happy exists again, in the coldest city Ilya's ever been to in his life in March despite the guaranteed frigidity of winters in Moscow. It's a miserable night, not a blow-out but every single member of Ilya's team should play better than they do and then the bus breaks down so they're stuck standing around for a half hour before they can be transported to the airport to get the hell out of there.

He shakes it off, it's part of his job to do so, and they win their next game in Minnesota. But then they lose the next two, a dismal road-trip record to return to Ottawa with. Ilya's half expecting a crowd of booing fans to greet them at the airport, which doesn't happen but it almost feels like it does anyway because of how easily he can conjure it in his imagination. He spares a thought as he waves a muted goodbye to a few teammates that a few short years ago he would have landed to irritated voicemails from his father, critiquing in detail everything Ilya'd done wrong in every game.

He's in a marginally better mood by the time he gets home, because Shane had texted *Good night, I love you* while they were in the air and that made Ilya smile in the back of a town car. Shane doesn't say anything about the road-trip, and Ilya isn't expecting him to. It's a tricky, complicated thing. They don't want *each other* to lose, but they're not entirely rooting for each other's teams to win, and neither of them have figured out exactly how to square that in their minds. Probably because they can't, it's too directly contradictory, so they just do their best to put it out of their minds.

His house is so empty. The lights are all off other than the few lamps he has on timers for security, the thermostat has been set down low in his absence so it's cold when he brings his suitcase into the dark, vacant space. It settles heavily on Ilya's shoulders. Other guys on his team get to come home to their families. They have wives or girlfriends to greet them at the door with a kiss and a sympathetic embrace, they have children who'll wake up in the morning and be excited to see their dads. There are three younger guys on Ilya's team who don't have romantic partners yet but they live in a house together, so they're not coming home to an empty, cold house, either.

Ilya wheels his suitcase to his bedroom and sighs as he notices the water glass on his nightstand that he'd forgotten to put away before he left. If there was someone here they would have done that for him, but there wasn't, so stale water has been sitting in the glass for five days. He doesn't do anything about it. He just flops onto the bed and stares up at the ceiling, wishing he could call Shane. It's late, he's almost certainly already asleep, so Ilya doesn't call him.

20 minutes later when he still can't sleep, he grabs his phone from the nightstand again opens Instagram just for something to distract him from his racing thoughts. It doesn't help, because the third post he sees comprises of happy, squishy-cheeked selfies of his boyfriend and Rose Landry.

Ilya scowls as he scrolls through them. Two have been taken at some kind of club or restaurant and the final one is clearly on the couch in Shane's living room, and Rose is pressed in close with Shane's arm draped around her. Her cheeks are flushed and Shane's

smile is wide and real. Ilya knows what it looks like when Shane's politely faking a smile because he thinks it's what's expected of him, and it's such a world of difference from how his face looks when he's actually happy.

The caption is a cheeky *Look who I ran into* 🙄 and Ilya wants to throw his phone across the room. It was posted this morning, which means they probably spent last night together, having the time of their lives while Ilya's team was on the ice losing to Detroit.

He *knows* there's no reason to be jealous, Shane told him all about how pitifully he tried to be sexually attracted to Rose and how Rose figured the truth out fairly quickly due in no small part to how epically Shane failed in that attempt. He knows it, but he misses his boyfriend, and he's already in a foul mood, so seeing their smiling faces makes Ilya want to throw his phone across the room and hope it shatters into a million tiny shards against the far wall.

He'd made a mental note in the car to return Shane's text once he got home, but now he doesn't want to.

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In the morning, he feels badly. His anger has cooled and embarrassment has set in, and Ilya stares up at the ceiling and takes a few deep breaths before searching the bed for his phone. He hadn't put it back onto its charging port on the nightstand before falling asleep so he pats his hands over the blankets and finds it slipped down between the mattress and the headboard.

The first thing he notices is a text from Shane – it says *Good morning, hope you slept okay* and Ilya's mouth curves into a smile. He checks the time and takes a chance, half expecting Shane isn't going to be able to pick up but calling him anyway just in case.

“Hey!” Shane answers after the first ring, as if he'd also been staring at his phone hoping Ilya was going to call.

“Good morning,” Ilya says, in Russian. He knows Shane knows those words, Ilya's murmured them into a forehead kiss enough times by now.

“How are you?” Shane asks, after a pause that sounds to Ilya like he isn't sure how to bring up the slump Ilya's team is in.

Ilya would rather not talk about it, anyway. “It's so cold, I hate winter.”

“You should be used to it.”

“I *am* used to it. Like you'd be used to cast on broken leg. It still sucks.”

“I don't mind it so much.”

“Annoying,” Ilya tells him, and smiles at Shane's corresponding laugh. “You have practice today?”

“Yeah, I need to get going in a few minutes,” Shane confirms.

“You’re still coming tomorrow?” It was one of the few things Ilya was holding onto all week, the thought that finally, *finally* their days off lined up and Shane would make the drive first thing in the morning and spend the night. It feels like it’s been so long this time since Ilya has kissed him, held him, buried himself in the body that fuels him, wrapped his heart around the love that sustains him.

“Yes,” Shane says, the lilt of a tantalizing promise in his voice. “I can’t wait.”

“Me too. I will be useless today. Thinking of nothing else.”

“Same. I love you.”

“Love you,” Ilya returns. “Go kick some ass.”

He’s all smiles as Shane promises he will and laughs before they hang up. Ilya looks back up at the ceiling, now grinning at the same spot he’d been scowling at.

Everything feels better for the rest of the day. He makes a big breakfast, meal-preps a bit for the week, goes for a slow jog on the treadmill in his basement. It isn’t until he comes back up to the main floor that he notices it’s started to snow. It is pretty, he begrudgingly admits to himself, looking out the wall of windows into the laden trees. He gets distracted with other tasks, and it keeps snowing.

And snowing, and snowing.

By the time night has fallen, Ilya’s sitting with the local news on, drumming his fingers agitatedly on the arm of the sofa as a red-headed anchor says things like *winter storm warning* and *cold front* and, worst of all, *highways closed*.

He knows it’s coming well before it does, when his phone buzzes near midnight with a text from Shane that just says *Sorry*.

*Yeah*, Ilya texts back.

*I’ll see what it looks like in the morning*, Shane sends.

*Okay*, Ilya answers, without a scrap of optimism in his mind. The forecast calls for blowing snow all night, Ilya can’t imagine the highways will be clear only a few hours from now. He goes to sleep with frustrated, disappointed tears on his pillow and a pit in his stomach.

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He doesn’t bother even checking the weather when he wakes up in the morning after a fitful sleep. He knows without even knowing that Shane won’t be able to make it. His phone lights up with texts confirming it that Ilya only scans, but as he glances at his phone, the date sitting in small lettering above the time on his phone smacks him in the face. Of course Ilya had known, it’s not something he’ll ever truly forget, but he hadn’t quite put all the pieces together in his mind to be cognizant of the fact that the anniversary of his father’s death was in just a few days.

He gets up to pee and then collapses back into bed, keeping the shades drawn because he isn't interested in seeing the snow outside since it's what's keeping Shane from him. He's unaware of exactly how much time passes and how many texts go unanswered before his phone lights up with a call from Shane, and Ilya's heart feels squeezed in his chest when he realizes how much he doesn't want to answer the call and then feels even worse about having that thought.

"Hey," he mutters, trying and failing to keep the dejection from his voice as he answers.

"This sucks," Shane says.

"Yep," Ilya answers.

"Maybe it'll clear up in a bit?"

There's a tiny glimmer of hope in his voice, and Ilya swallows and squashes it. "No it won't."

"Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Ilya lies. "Stay inside, I don't want you dead in ditch."

"I ..." Shane trails off, whatever he was about to say dying before he voices it aloud. "Yeah. You too."

"Okay," Ilya agrees. He hangs up without saying goodbye, and then feels even worse about doing that, and pulls the covers right up over his head, hiding from the world in a bed that should have Shane in it and doesn't.

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Shane doesn't text him all day, and Ilya doesn't text either. He just mopes, and misses his boyfriend, and feels terribly about not being very nice to him when none of this is Shane's fault, and resents him for not being able to be here as if the weather *is* Shane's fault.

By Tuesday, the calendar date upon which Ilya officially became an orphan three months before his 26<sup>th</sup> birthday, Ilya's in such a funk that it feels like the sun might never shine again. There's been messages from his boyfriend since the Saturday they were supposed to spend together, and Ilya's been answering them, but it's clear from Shane's voice first thing Tuesday morning that Ilya has been doing a laughably terrible job of pretending everything's okay.

"Ilya, what's going on?" Shane asks, delving immediately into it after Ilya answers the call as he's sipping his morning coffee.

"You went out with Rose Landry last week," Ilya accuses. "I saw on Instagram."

"So what?" Shane asks. "We're friends, we hang out when she's in town."

"So you didn't tell me."

Sounding offended, Shane says, “I don’t need to ask your permission to hang out with a friend.”

Ilya clenches his jaw. He knows that’s true, but he feels like a storm cloud inside right now and just wants to make that everyone else’s fault. With an arrow in his quiver and intent to strike, he turns his voice conversational as if he doesn’t care as he asks, “Did you fuck her?”

“What?” Shane sputters immediately. “No!”

“Hm,” Ilya answers noncommittally.

“Dude, beyond the fact that I am completely committed to you? I can’t even explain to you how bad that sex was. One time I literally couldn’t even get it up, it was so fucking embarrassing.” Shane moans as if he’s being tortured by the memory of it. “She was a fucking gorgeous movie star and the entire world was saying I was the luckiest man alive to be with her and I couldn’t even get my dick to work.”

Clenching his jaw, Ilya finds himself smiling reluctantly.

“Because I didn’t *want* her.”

“And because you are super gay,” Ilya adds.

Huffing, Shane agrees, even though Ilya isn’t being very nice. “And because I’m super gay. *And* because I was fucking madly in love with your dumb ass, and had been for years already, even though I was way too scared to admit it to myself.”

That does it. Ilya feels himself softening like hot water poured over a block of ice, steam releasing and all the remaining frost just melting away. In a small, hopeful voice, he asks, “Years?”

“Years,” Shane confirms. “You know that already.”

Ilya does know it, but it always astounds him anyway. He’d confessed his love to Shane in Russian months before he ever confessed it in a way Shane could understand, but looking back, he knows he loved Shane a lot longer than that, even. Maybe from the first moment their eyes met.

“Ilya, what’s going on?” Shane asks again, this time in a gentler voice.

Slumping down, Ilya tips his head back and blinks rapidly up at the ceiling. Shane sniffed him out. Knew he was lashing out because of something he wasn’t admitting. Even over the phone, Shane knows him, and somehow that makes everything worse as much as it makes anything better.

“I miss him,” Ilya admits, swallowing thickly around all sorts of other things that want to claw their way out of his throat. “Stupid.”

“You miss ... oh.” Shane sighs, and Ilya is glad he doesn’t have to say it. He’s glad Shane put it together faster than he did, himself. “Right, today is ... right.”

Nodding, Ilya presses his lips together and blinks again as his eyes sting. "I miss both of them."

"Of course you do."

Ilya continues, "But right now, mostly person I miss is you."

"I know." Shane exhales again, it's staticky on the line. "I'm sorry about the other day."

"Is not your fault," Ilya says, to remind himself of it just as much as Shane. He's mad at the weather, he's mad at the distance. He's not mad at Shane. Some days Shane is the only bright spot in Ilya's life, and today is definitely one of those days.

"No, it's not, but I was really looking forward to seeing you. It took me a really long time to fall asleep that night, it's like my body knew you were supposed to be there." His voice is soft, and a tear slips down Ilya's cheek as Shane's low voice settles like a weighted blanket over his chest.

"Holding you," he says, sniffing.

"Holding me. I hate sleeping without you. Even though we do it most of the time."

Ilya sighs. "Me too. I ... I'm sorry. What I said about you and Rose."

There's soft noises on the other end of the call, as if Shane is shuffling down and getting comfortable wherever he's sitting. Ilya wants to ask, so that he can picture it exactly and imagine he was there too with Shane's head on his chest.

Quietly, Shane admits, "This is ... harder than I thought. We did it for years, before, and that was hard too but ... I didn't know this would be worse. It was easier when I was pretending I didn't love you."

"Da," Ilya agrees. Shane is good at that sometimes – putting into English the things Ilya's struggling to translate in his head. "Now is worse."

"Please talk to me?" Shane requests.

Ilya rubs his spare hand over his face, wiping in frustration at the wetness on his cheeks. He switches the call to the speaker so he can leave the phone next to him on the couch and gather up a pillow in his arms. He can't pretend it's Shane, but his arms need something to squeeze.

"Is all ..."

"Bad?"

Huffing, Ilya replies, "No, Hollander, I did not forget word for *bad*."

"Sorry."

“I’m trying to think of expression I’ve heard. Ah, is like house of cards. All piled up high, wobbly, and then bit of wind and ...” Ilya spreads one hand open and mimics the sound of an explosion with his mouth.

“*What* is piled up high?”

“Everything. We lost few in a row and I was thinking, lucky my father isn’t here or he’d be calling me to talk about how disappointing I am. And then I remember it was anniversary of his death soon and I feel terrible for being happy he couldn’t call me. Then all I want is to hear his voice again even if it was yelling at me.”

There are tears on his face again and this time Ilya doesn’t brush them away. There’s no one here to see them anyway, and only Shane is on the other end of the phone call. Ilya hates crying even when he’s alone, let alone in front of another person, but Shane is the only person in the world in front of whom it feels mostly okay.

“Yeah,” Shane whispers, empathy in his voice that cracks Ilya open even more. Shane’s always been able to do that to him, since long before Ilya was even reluctantly alright with it.

“And I miss my mother, and ...”

“What?”

“She’ll never meet you. And she would have loved you.” Ilya sniffs again.

“You’ve said that before.”

“Because is true,” he mumbles, pushing his wet face into the pillow. If Shane were here, Ilya would look away from him, trying in vain to hide his tears. Shane would reach for him, pulling him in close and kissing him tenderly, and Ilya would cling to him and none of his problems would disappear like magic but they’d all in an instant seem just a little bit smaller than before.

“What if next time you’re here we have dinner with my parents?” Shane suggests. “They miss you, too.”

Nodding, Ilya agrees. “Okay.” It’s a nice idea. It just doesn’t make anything better today.

“And I really wish I could be there with you right now.”

“Not your fault.”

“How can I help?”

Shaking his head and pressing his lips together, Ilya admits, “I don’t know. I will be okay.”

There’s a brief pause on the other end, and then Shane’s voice is cautious as he says, “I might have an idea. But you can tell me if it’s stupid.”

Frowning curiously, Ilya says, “Okay.”

“What if we stayed on the phone for a while? Like for the rest of the morning, I don’t have to head to the rink until this afternoon.” He pauses again, and when Ilya doesn’t respond because he’s waiting for more of an explanation, Shane elaborates. “You could ... I don’t know. Tell me what to do.”

“What to do?”

“Yeah, like, everything. Tell me what clothes I should put on and what I should make for breakfast and where I should sit.”

Ilya opens his mouth, closes it, and then opens it again. “You are feeling like being told where to sit?”

“I mean for *you*. I don’t know. Maybe it would make you feel better, give you something to think about that feels better than all the stuff you’re trying not to think about.”

“Sub thing is *your* thing, Hollander,” Ilya reminds him. It’s also not something they’ve ever done over the phone, and Ilya isn’t convinced it would even work. Shane needs touch to get into his dreamy headspace, where he floats away to another planet for a while and Ilya keeps dutiful watch over him until he comes back.

Slowly, Shane argues, “Actually, I don’t think it is. I mean, yeah, that part is my thing. But I think you like it, too.”

“Always like sex with you.”

“Not the sex. Or – yeah, of course it’s the sex too. But I think it’s for reasons other than just the sex.”

A chuckle bubbles up out of Ilya, and it dislodges the lump in his throat just a little. “Always so many words and you make no sense.”

Laughing too, Shane explains, “What I mean is, the whole being a dom, thing. I think it’s good for you, too, and not just because the sex is fun. I think it settles you, in the same way it settles me.”

Ilya bites back the urge to instantly deny it on principle alone. Instead he thinks about it, reaches back into his mind for the way it feels for him while Shane is floating and blurry-eyed and Ilya is the one directing him gently and keeping him safe and feeling taller than a skyscraper at the trust Shane has in him.

“Maybe,” he admits.

“Did you read that pamphlet thing you gave me, that time?” Shane asks.

“Some.”

“There’s a whole page on this.”

“I read the parts about you.” That had been the purpose of it – something was happening with Shane that Ilya didn’t understand and he wanted to. It hadn’t been about learning everything there was to learn.

“I’ll bring it with me, next time. You should read the parts about you.”

Ilya nods slowly. Again, he says, “Maybe.”

“Give it a try,” Shane urges. “If it doesn’t feel good we don’t have to do it all morning.”

Ilya exhales and gives himself just another moment to mull it over in his brain, before deciding they have nothing to lose. “Eggs. Scrambled. Do you have mushrooms?”

“Yes.”

“With them.”

“Okay,” Shane answers.

Ilya listens to the sound of him getting up. He blinks, seeing it all in his mind’s eye as he’s met with the sounds of Shane moving to the kitchen. They don’t talk. Ilya just breathes and listens, hearing the clatter of a frying pan and the fridge opening and closing. He can’t picture exactly what Shane’s doing at every moment but he’s soothed, to his own surprise, by the feeling of calm that washes over him knowing Shane is obediently following the orders Ilya gave him.

“Where should I eat?” Shane asks, minutes later.

“Table,” Ilya instructs. He listens as Shane sets a plate down and takes the phone with him.

The sight materializes behind his eyes – Shane seated straight and proper at the head of his kitchen table with a placemat and a water glass with no ice because Shane likes it better that way. Ilya can see it so clearly, the way Shane’s feet would be crossed at the ankles, the way a napkin would be unfolded on his lap, all his best manners on display as the fork scrapes over the plate. It’s all so endearing, and Ilya is truly not expecting the way it makes him feel – as Shane had said – *settled*.

“What now?” Shane asks.

“Dishes in washer,” Ilya instructs, and listens as Shane does as he’s asked. “Then shower.”

He gets up as the sounds coming from his phone indicate Shane’s loading a plate and cup into the dishwasher. Ilya puts the phone in the breast pocket of his t-shirt so he can carry Shane around with him as he goes to his own kitchen to leave his empty coffee mug in the sink. He looks around his own house, surprised to find he’d almost forgotten where he was while so intent on listening to Shane. It’s as if he’d been momentarily transported across the provincial line to Shane’s kitchen.

As he hears the sounds of Shane sliding the glass door of his shower open and the water starting, Ilya wanders to his bedroom. He flops onto his bed, making himself comfortable

against a stack of cushions to the soundtrack of water running. The splatter sound of it changes from moment to moment, because Shane's moving around underneath the spray, and Ilya closes his eyes.

His breathing slows, the world around him disappearing. Blood feels as if it's moving slowly in his veins, his body responding to the picture in his mind's eye of Shane's beautiful bare body under the cascade of warm water. Ilya almost feels like his own hands are wet, he can almost taste Shane's clean skin on his tongue when he swallows.

He lets his hand travel down his chest, fingers pushing under the elastic waistband of his sweats to cup around his half-hard cock. He doesn't stroke he just holds, just the comfort of his hand and the warmth of his body radiating into his palm.

He doesn't need to wait for Shane to ask for another instruction because he can tell from a lack of other noise and a tiny hitch in Shane's breath when Shane is out of the shower and toweled off. "Go to bed," Ilya tells him. His own voice comes out soft and raspy.

"Naked?" Shane checks, and Ilya confirms it.

"Yes. Beautiful and naked. And send me picture."

"Okay," Shane agrees.

A moment later a text comes through; Ilya opens it and his heart skips a beat to see the point-of-view image looking down Shane's body. He's stretched out on his bed, legs splayed with his skin dewy and flushed from the shower. His cock rests against the crease of his thigh, not quite hard but not quite soft either, and Ilya delights in the thought that Shane grew hard in the shower just on the knowledge that Ilya was listening to him. He knows without asking that Shane wasn't touching himself with sexual intent in there, because Ilya didn't tell him to do that, and that knowledge makes Ilya feel even more sparkly inside.

"So stunning, Hollander. Sometimes I look at you and ..." Ilya has to swallow over an unexpected lump of emotion that gathers at the back of his throat. "I can't get a breath."

He listens as Shane draws air slowly into his own lungs and then lets it out. "Now what?"

"Touch your chest."

There's another soft breath and it's music to Ilya's ears. "I love when you kiss my neck," Shane says.

"Mm," Ilya agrees. He loves that, too. The space between neck and shoulder on Shane's body is such a warm place for Ilya to tuck his face in, mouthing at the skin and inhaling his familiar scent that always smells so much like home. "Your cock, now. But slow. Tease it."

A tiny moan lets him know Shane is following those orders, and Ilya feels like he's glowing. Like there's a halo of light surrounding him, every tense muscle relaxed and every nerve ending ignited. He'd thought a minute ago about asking to switch to a video call so he could

watch Shane follow all his instructions, but he thinks this is better. Ilya can *feel* Shane doing as he's asked, and everything is heightened that way.

"Tell me how you feel."

"Good," Shane answers. "Wish you were here with me, but I can imagine. Your hands on my body, your lips on my chest."

"No marks."

"Sometimes you leave marks even when you say you're not going to," Shane tells him, and Ilya smiles.

"Oops," he says, but he isn't remotely apologetic about that and he isn't going to pretend it's always an accident. Sometimes he absolutely wants to send Shane back into his team's locker room with the physical evidence scattered over his chest that someone loves him, that someone hungers for his skin the way Ilya does.

"Ilya," Shane whispers.

"Harder," Ilya says. The corresponding slap of skin puts a throb of arousal into his pelvis and Ilya's own hips twitch. "Are you all wet? Just from listening to my voice?"

"Yes."

"Smear it all around, make yourself a mess for me."

"Mm." Shane's moan is soft and needy and Ilya's skin prickles everywhere. He squeezes his own cock but still doesn't stroke, he just holds it and squeezes gently.

"Feel good?"

"So good."

"Put a finger inside." Ilya swipes his thumb over the head of his cock where it's slippery. "It's me touching you there, making you mine."

"Sometimes ..." The thought dies momentarily on a whimper as Shane does as he's asked, and Ilya waits with slow fireworks in his stomach for Shane to continue. "Sometimes I think about the first time you ever touched me here."

"The day you told me about secret dildo," Ilya remembers, thinking fondly back. He remembers so many moments in their history with such startling clarity compared to other moments of his life, despite how many years ago that night was. Shane has always been imprinted on his memory like a photo negative.

"Yeah," Shane agrees, a little breathless. "I was so fucking turned on, I wanted to let you fuck me right there."

"But Scott Hunter in next room," Ilya chuckles.

“And I was nervous,” Shane adds, “but I wanted it. Ilya, I wanted it so fucking bad. Wanted you so fucking bad.”

“Now you have it. And me.”

While not quite being true, because Ilya can't fuck him this morning no matter how much they both wish he could, Shane has it in a grander sense. They both do, and Ilya wasn't lying earlier – this all is a lot harder than he would have imagined, and in some ways does feel harder than it was back when they were both running from their feelings. But he has Shane gasping wantonly in his ear, pressing a finger into his body because Ilya told him to, and that feels so good.

“Rub yourself inside.”

“Shit,” Shane gasps.

“That's it,” Ilya whispers. “Press against it. Imagine it's my cock driving into you. Tell me how it feels.”

“You fuck me so good – ah – I think my soul leaves my body sometimes,” Shane stutters, intermittent moans breaking up the sentence.

“I think you should come for me,” Ilya says, squeezing and moving his hand languidly along his own shaft. It's secondary, though, to his task of talking Shane over that edge. He's locked in on it, nothing matters to him more in this moment than that does.

“Ilya,” Shane breathes.

“All over that perfect stomach,” Ilya continues with his own head swimming. “Big mess on your clean skin. Let me hear.”

“Fuck, Ilya.” Shane moans, low and broken.

“Shane,” he returns, just to taste Shane's name on his tongue like he wishes he could taste the sweet of Shane's skin and the salt of his impending release.

“Oh, oh.” Shane gasps again and then laughs softly, panting and humming in pleasure.

Tears spring to Ilya's eyes but they aren't ones of sadness anymore. Shane's pleased moans flood him, filling up his brain and his lungs and his heart until all he can feel is Shane's presence, wrapping around him tight and squeezing until every bad feeling is long gone. He's left feeling lighter than air; calm and at peace.

“Did you come?” Shane asks him, after he catches his breath.

“No,” Ilya answers. He takes his hand off his own cock and stretches, arching his back and pointing his toes before relaxing.

“Do you want to?”

Ilya thinks about it for a moment, and then answers, “Not yet. I’ll tell you when.” He might not, in the end, he hasn’t decided yet. He’s never one to turn down an orgasm but it doesn’t feel like it’s about that, this time. It feels like Shane was right that all these other things were what Ilya needed instead. The thought of spending the next few hours telling Shane what to drink and what to put on the TV is a more enticing prospect than it was when Shane had suggested it. It’s very annoying, when Shane is right, but Ilya might have to give him this one.

“Okay.” Shane exhales. Comfortable silence descends onto them for a moment, before he asks, “What now?”

“In a minute, you can go and clean yourself up,” Ilya tells him. He closes his eyes, reclining back against the pillows and wrapping his arms across his own chest. “Then after, you can get dressed in sweatpants and hoodie I left in the closet.”

“The old Boston one?” Shane asks, teasingly scandalized.

“Mhm,” Ilya answers, grinning to himself when Shane doesn’t argue. He likes putting Shane in his clothes. Likes claiming him in every way that he can.

“And until then?”

“Quiet for a moment. Let me listen to you breathing.”

Ilya can tell just from the sound of it that there’s a smile on Shane’s face as he says, “Okay.” He feels glittery and rejuvenated and he lets himself float in it, with Shane’s breath in his ear.

## End Notes

Comments are so appreciated 

Come talk to me [on tumblr](#) if you want! I am a multi-fandom blog but would love to say hello

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