

hold me without hurting me (you'll be the first who ever did)

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by [mightydolphin](#)

Summary

Jane (21:23): Come over?

Ilya stared at the message. Rage swirled in his stomach - that Shane would run out on him like that, spend the next two months shoving his fucking girlfriend in Ilya's face, and then text him like none of that had happened. Like none of it mattered.

Mixed in with the anger, though, and threatening to overwhelm it, was the hot burn of shame. Because Ilya was already texting back okay and putting on his shoes. Because he was fucking pathetic, and couldn't resist.

~

instead of going to the club during episode 4, shane goes back to his apartment. then he texts ilya.

Notes

title from cinnamon girl by lana del rey, because i wrote this with norman fucking rockwell playing on repeat

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

Everyone fucking loved them, and Ilya hated it.

They made sense. Picture-perfect, scandal-free movie star. “America’s sweetheart”, they said. And Canada’s golden boy.

Shane was Canada’s golden boy. The nice boy, who didn’t get into fights on the ice, was polite and humble in the press afterwards. Ilya remembered what the pundits said about Shane when he was drafted, they said the same things now. He was competitive, but still a sportsman. He was ambitious, but still modest. He was the Captain, but he still followed the rules. A role model. An example for young fans. He was admired.

Ilya wasn’t admired - at least, not for anything other than his goals. He was watched like entertainment, not a documentary. He didn’t fit next to Shane, he was Shane’s foil. Everything Shane wasn’t.

Some part of Ilya had always known he was rotten. He wasn’t unrealistic about it, he knew he had good attributes too. He was good at hockey, he was charming, he did well in a crowd. He could make people like him easily, at least for a while.

But he was an itch - something that felt good to scratch at first, and then became a nuisance, and then a curse. He was egotistical and demanding and hot-headed. No one said he was a sportsman, or modest, or a role model, because he wasn’t. He was entertaining, yes - but he was something you wanted to watch like you watched porn, or a car crash. A guilty pleasure, or a sick fascination.

He did not fit with Canada’s golden boy.

That had been a big part of the original appeal. That he got to take that straight-laced, unflappable statue of a man and break him apart, have Shane writhing and moaning underneath him. It had been so hot. Had made Ilya feel powerful.

Then one day, it wasn’t just hot anymore. Ilya had managed to grow *fond* of Shane’s eccentricities. He’d started to *want* Shane to chide him, when he tasted smoke in Ilya’s mouth, and no one else had ever cared that Ilya smoked. He *needed* Shane to tell him when he was frustrated, because people needed Ilya, but only for money, and Shane didn’t need Ilya’s money. He would just talk, and then he would listen to Ilya’s snarky comments and look soothed, and no one ever looked soothed by Ilya. They looked intrigued and titillated and amused but never soothed. Ilya hadn’t even known he’d wanted that, until Shane had given it to him, unknowingly.

And Ilya had- well, Ilya had been stupid. Had bought into the fantasy of what they were a little too much. Shane should have known, should have known that like Ilya got angry quickly when they were on the ice, how easy it was for him to drop his gloves, he got enamoured just as quickly. He should have stopped it earlier and been responsible, because God knows Ilya had never been responsible in his life. And Ilya tried to deny it for so long, but then he thought he saw signs.

The way they used to shower separately, after hooking up, and now they did it together. In hindsight, that was probably just Shane wanting another orgasm, and trying to be efficient. At the time, Ilya had taken it as a signal that his company was wanted, even after sex.

Or the way Shane nagged him endlessly about smoking. Ilya had let himself believe that Shane cared, even though all Shane had ever said was that it made Ilya taste bad.

It wasn't fair to blame Shane, Ilya knew that. He'd gotten carried away, and then he'd fucked it, taking things too far. Making it all too real. Shane was better, with *her*. Ilya hated her, but he knew they worked. They just fit, in a way he and Shane never could.

America's sweetheart, and Canada's golden boy.

He just wished it wasn't shoved in his face every single day.

~~

The game against Montreal was a disaster. Predictably so. Ilya was off his game, he didn't even manage a single goal. He couldn't even bring himself to care, he was so focused on not looking at Shane.

The team were all in a bad mood as they trudged back to the hotel. That was nice, at least. Ilya had been in a bad mood for two months now, it was good to be miserable with other people for once.

He and Marleau got to their room and Ilya got changed in silence. He scrolled twitter and instagram half-heartedly, watched all the fans and hockey journalists eviscerate his performance.

His phone buzzed. A text.

Jane (21:23): Come over?

Ilya stared at the message. Rage swirled in his stomach - that Shane would run out on him like that, spend the next two months shoving his fucking girlfriend in Ilya's face, and then text him like none of that had happened. Like none of it mattered.

Mixed in with the anger, though, and threatening to overwhelm it, was the hot burn of shame. Because Ilya was already texting back *okay* and putting on his shoes. Because he was fucking pathetic, and couldn't resist.

Marleau watched him from his side of the hotel room. "Going out?" he asked.

Ilya barely spared him a glance. “Yes,” he said shortly. “Will be back soon.”

Marleau huffed a laugh. “I knew you wouldn’t last a night in Montreal without going to see your girl.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Ilya snapped, angry and degraded and not in the mood for shit-talking, not like he had been before, when it came to ‘Jane’. When it had been fun, and the closest he was able to come to boasting. Now it felt like a humiliation ritual. “You don’t know shit.”

“Whatever, man. Go get your dick wet, maybe it’ll fix your pissy attitude.”

Ilya couldn’t come up with a retort; he just let the door slam shut behind him.

He drove his shitty rental car to Shane’s building, frustration and jealousy and self-loathing bubbling up inside of him, his hands gripping the steering wheel so tight that his knuckles went white. He shouldn’t be doing this. He should turn around and go back to the hotel. Maintain some semblance of pride. Not let Shane piss all over him and then beckon him back with one low-effort text.

He parked a street away from Shane’s anyway, like he always did, and kept his head down as he walked round to the back entrance. He sent another message, letting Shane know he’d arrived.

He despised himself, but he was desperate for it. For anything.

The door opened, and Ilya glanced around furtively before slipping inside. *Rose* didn’t have to act like this, a voice in his head whispered. She got to be plastered with Shane all over magazines and social media. The hot coil of shame in his stomach burned even brighter.

Shane was standing in the stairwell, his hands shoved awkwardly into the pockets of his hoodie. Ilya’s breath still caught in his throat when he laid eyes on him, even though he’d seen the man just a few hours ago.

“Hey,” Shane said, shifting his weight from one foot to the other like he was nervous.

Ilya stared at him. He’d never really hated Shane, not even when they were eighteen and Ilya was full of hormones and competitiveness and Shane had embodied everything Ilya wanted. He kind of hated Shane right now, though, and hated himself even more for still wanting him.

“Where is Rose?” he asked snidely.

Shane instantly looked guilty. His gaze drifted to look at the wall behind Ilya. “She, uh, she’s gone out tonight.”

“You were not invited?”

“No, I was. Uh-” Shane rubbed his nose. He still wouldn’t meet Ilya’s eyes. “I didn’t want to go, I said I was too tired after the game.”

Ilya nodded slowly. It was what he had guessed, then - Shane might not want everything Ilya had to offer, but there was one thing he wanted that Ilya could provide.

"And then you summon me," he finished. "Because you want to get fucked."

Shane finally looked at him, glaring. "You're an asshole."

"I am not the one cheating."

"God, fuck you!" Shane actually shoved him - Ilya took it, stumbling back a step. It was nice to have Shane's hands on him again. "You didn't have to come, you dick!"

Ilya shrugged. "I don't care if you want to cheat on Rose Landry." The name twisted in his mouth like a slur.

"I'm not-"

"Yes you are."

Shane had never been good at hiding his emotions. Ilya watched as his face screwed up in guilt and distress. For a few seconds, Ilya thought he was going to change his mind and throw Ilya out.

No, please, don't, he thought hysterically. Be a bad person, ignore your morals for once in your fucking life and let me have you again. I need it, so bad. I need you. Any of you.

"...Can we not talk about her, please?" Shane asked instead, his voice small and timid.

"Fine."

Shane nodded once, abruptly, and then turned around, walking up the stairs. Ilya trailed after him, and he felt broken, because this wasn't who he was. He didn't trail after people, he didn't settle for scraps. Each step was another violent stab to his pride, but he didn't stop.

Shane let them into his apartment, and Ilya steeled himself.

"On the bed," he instructed, keeping his tone distant and cold. "Clothes off."

Shane looked thrown, for a second, but then began to move. Ilya followed him into the bedroom, watching patiently as Shane went through his little routine of folding his clothes before getting onto the bed and lying back against the pillows, naked and already half-hard.

Ilya's eyes tracked over every inch of bare skin, taking it all in. It was a sight he had felt starved of, these past two months.

"You text me because you needed to get fucked, yes?" he asked brusquely.

Shane let out a quiet moan, his cock twitching. "...Yes," he mumbled, his cheeks flushing red.

"Say it."

“I-... I need you to fuck me.”

Ilya swallowed. It wasn't exactly what he'd told Shane to say - it was better. He needed *Ilya* to fuck him.

He didn't need Ilya's fucking tuna melts, he didn't need to fall asleep next to Ilya and wake up together the next morning, but he needed this. And Ilya's mind was a mess of self-hatred for being so eager to settle for that, and a rush of relief that Shane needed him for anything at all after two months of nothing.

He walked to the bedside table, taking out the condoms and lube. He pointed to the end of the bed. “Hands and knees.”

Shane hesitated, eyeing him in confusion, but crawled over and got into the position, presenting his ass to Ilya.

Ilya knew he was being difficult - detached and robotic and a little bit mean. It was all he could manage, though. He had offered something more to Shane, last time, and Shane had thrown it back in his face when he ran away, ran to her.

If all Shane needed was a fuck, then that's all Ilya would give. It was all he could bear to give.

He poured some lube on his fingers, and started working a first digit into Shane's hole, still standing over him, fully clothed.

It wasn't how they usually did it. If they had time, Ilya usually liked to drag it out, teasing Shane, kissing and licking and biting his ass and thighs as he prepped him, leaning over to whisper dirty thoughts in Shane's ear and feel him clench around Ilya's knuckles.

He didn't do any of that this time. He worked Shane open quickly and mechanically, and the only sounds in the room were Shane's soft pants and the messy squelch as Ilya's fingers moved in and out.

He stopped after three fingers, pulling his sweats and boxers down to his thighs and rolling on the condom. Shane looked at him over his shoulder, his eyebrows pulled together in a perturbed crease.

“Aren't you going to-”

“Relax, Hollander,” Ilya said. “You wanted to get fucked, I'm going to fuck you.”

Shane stared at him, and Ilya held his gaze, unflinching. Daring him to say something, anything. *Say you want more, you coward. Say you want me for more than my cock in your asshole. Tell me this isn't the only thing I can do for you that Rose can't.*

“...Okay,” Shane said instead, looking back down at the mattress.

Ilya felt sick. He had to stroke himself a few times because he wasn't even fully hard. But he got himself there, and then pushed in slowly until he bottomed out.

He gave Shane a few seconds to adjust. "Is okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," Shane said quietly, still looking down. "Fuck me, please."

Ilya did as he was told. He started to thrust, holding Shane's hips for leverage.

Shane breathed in deeply. "Harder."

Ilya pushed at the space between Shane's shoulder blades, pushing the man down to his elbows. It let him get a better angle, deeper, and he started fucking Shane like he wanted, hard and quick. Putting all he had into it. Wanting to ruin him for anyone else. If Rose got everything else, Ilya had to at least own this.

Shane was letting out these stifled little moans, his hands curling around the sheets. The sound of skin slapping together helped quiet the buzz in Ilya's brain, at least a little. His palm left Shane's back and reached around to grab Shane's dick instead, gripping it tightly and jerking him off.

"Come on my cock, Hollander," he hissed. Angry. Harsh.

Shane groaned, coming all over Ilya's hand and the bed. It only took a few more thrusts and then Ilya was coming too, burying himself in Shane's ass. It was the most unsatisfying orgasm he'd ever had in Shane's presence.

He was pulling out before he was even finished. Shane winced.

"You are okay?" Ilya checked. It had been rough, but he didn't want to actually hurt him.

"Yeah, yeah," Shane sighed, rolling over onto his back.

Ilya removed and tied the condom, walking over to toss it into the bin in the corner of the room. He pulled his trousers back up. He was aware of Shane's eyes on him the whole time.

"I will go now," he announced.

"...Right."

Ilya couldn't look at him. "See you at next game," he said, already making his way to the door. "Will fuck you after that one too, if that's what you want."

"Ma-maybe." Shane's voice broke.

Ilya froze. Then he whipped his head around.

Shane's eyes were glassy; his bottom lip was wobbling. "I'm fine," he said, before Ilya could get a word out. "You can go."

Ilya stared. He didn't know what to do. He knew Shane was crying, and it was his fault. He hated himself even more than he had already.

“I thought you wanted me to fuck you,” he said.

“I- I did.” A tear actually fell onto Shane’s cheek. Fuck.

“So what is problem?”

“...Do you hate me now?” Shane asked, and he sounded so sincere that it hit Ilya like a punch to the gut.

He forgot all his English for a few seconds, so he just shook his head.

Shane’s face crumpled. “I’m sorry,” he gasped. “Ilya, I’m sorry, I can’t-”

Ilya was moving before he was even aware of it, rushing to the bed and practically collapsing on top of Shane, wrapping his arms around him.

“Stop crying,” he pleaded. “Please, I do not hate you, I promise. Do not cry.”

“I’ve fucked it all up.”

“No, no,” Ilya said, holding him impossibly tighter. “Was my fault, I’m sorry, I pushed too much. You are okay, we are okay. Don’t cry, please. We can do whatever you want, just tell me what you want.”

Shane pushed himself away enough to look up at Ilya. “What about what *you* want?”

“I will take whatever you want to give me,” Ilya replied honestly.

It was the wrong thing to say. Shane’s eyes welled up again. “That’s not fair!” he exclaimed. “I don’t- I don’t want to treat you like that.”

Ilya felt his own throat constrict. “Does not matter,” he said, voice tight. “Just tell me what you want, Hollander, that’s what I’ll do.”

“Call me Shane again.”

But last time I did that you rejected me. You let me spoon you as you slept, and you let me make food for you, and you let me call you Shane. And then you ended things and abandoned me and got a girlfriend. I can’t let you do that to me again, I can’t.

But he could. Shane had ruined him in a million ways, and Ilya would let Shane ruin him in a million more, if it meant Shane was going to keep him around. He’d split himself open again and again and again and let Shane trample over everything that was left.

“Shane,” he whispered.

Shane nodded vigorously. “Ilya.”

“You stop crying now, please?”

“I- sorry.”

“No, no,” Ilya hushed. “I am sorry. I was mean, my fault.”

“I deserve it,” Shane said miserably.

“No, you don’t.”

“I do.” He twisted himself around, throwing a knee over Ilya’s legs and straddling him, pressing their foreheads together. “I shouldn’t have left, last time. It was so lovely, *you* were so lovely.”

Ilya clenched his jaw. “Was nothing,” he muttered.

“Not to me.”

“I-” Ilya shut his eyes. He couldn’t start crying too, that would be no good. He took a few seconds to compose himself. “I need to know what you want, Shane. I’m, ah...” He searched for the right word. “Confused? We can do whatever you want, but you need to tell me. I will do, whatever it is, but I need to know. Use words.”

Shane let out a shaky breath. “I... I want you.”

“How?”

There was no response. Ilya was struck by the absurdity of it all - he was fully clothed still, with a naked Shane Hollander on top of him, drying come on his belly and tears leaking out of his eyes.

“You want just sex, it can be just sex,” Ilya said, hoping to reassure. “I will do it better next time, be nicer. However you like. You can still date Rose.”

“But I don’t *want* Rose,” Shane whispered. He looked scared.

“Is okay,” Ilya said quickly. “You find someone else, no matter. You can still use me.”

Shane’s hands curled around Ilya’s t-shirt, his knuckles brushing against Ilya’s stomach. “No, you’re not- you’re not listening,” he growled, sounding frustrated and burying his head in Ilya’s shoulder. “I’ve been trying so hard, to do the right thing. Make it work. But I fucking can’t. It’s not-... I think I’m probably gay.”

Ilya considered this. It wasn’t the biggest surprise, but it still felt good to hear. That Shane hadn’t actually been able to throw him away and move on so easily. He didn’t want to get too hopeful, though. “So... you want me, not any women?” he checked.

Shane nodded against his neck.

“How?” he asked again. “For sex?”

“Everything.” Shane breathed it out like a confession. “All of you.”

Ilya felt like he had been stuck underwater for the last two months, and he was finally allowed to breathe again. "...But you run away, last-"

"I got scared. I'm sorry, I-" Shane drew back to look at him again. His eyes were still glassy, but he had finally stopped crying. "Ilya, I'm *sorry*, I'd convinced myself I didn't want that, and then I got it, and it was so nice, and I-"

Shane broke off, but Ilya didn't need him to finish. He understood. "But you liked?"

"Yes," Shane sighed. "So much."

"Okay." Ilya held him for a few seconds, thinking. "You will break up with Rose Landry," he said. "And we will try again. Try... more."

"...Really?" Shane looked down at him, face still wavering, unsure. "I, um, I want..."

"Yes?" Ilya asked, urgent. It felt urgent, to know what Shane wanted, so he could give it to him.

"I don't want you to sleep with other people anymore."

"Done," Ilya said easily.

"Wha- just like that?"

"Yes. There is no else I want anyway."

Shane physically shuddered above him, and then he leant down, kissing Ilya, and God, it was like Ilya was an addict. He felt it in his bones, in his fingertips, in every single nerve. He prised Shane's jaw open with a thumb and licked into his mouth, letting their tongues slide together. Ilya licked Shane's lips, his teeth, the roof of his mouth. It was probably too much, but everything Ilya felt was too much.

"Fuck," Shane mumbled against Ilya's mouth. "It's- you too? You want this?"

"Desperately," Ilya admitted. "Have been going crazy, last two months."

"Tell me. What you want, I mean."

"I want to fuck you. Hard, yes, but also... slow, sometimes. I want you to be mine. I want to fall asleep next to you after we fuck so I can kiss you in morning... Or just see you when you're sleepy. When we're apart, I want to text you, constantly. And I want to call you in the evenings just so I can tell you about my day, and listen to you tell me about yours. I- I want to be boring with you."

Ilya let it all pour out, and then he was too scared to look at Shane. *It's too much, I know it's too much. I'm sorry. Please don't get scared again, please don't leave again.*

"That sounds nice," Shane said, like it was that simple.

Ilya laughed wetly, and then his lips found Shane's once more. He kissed him messily, smearing spit and saliva over their mouths, sloppy in the best way.

"I fuck you properly now, yes?" he asked. Begged, even. "Please? You let me fuck you good, fuck you nicely? Make up for last time? I make good for you, I promise." Ilya was vaguely aware of his English starting to slip, but for once, he didn't have it in himself to care.

"Oh, God," Shane groaned. "Yes, yeah, Ilya."

Ilya flipped them again, so Shane was on his back against the mattress. He started laying kisses down Shane's neck, along his collarbone, taking a nipple into his mouth and *sucking*.

Shane's chest rose up, pressing himself harder against Ilya's face, and he started tugging at Ilya's clothes. "Off, off," he panted. "Get them off, now."

"Okay, yes." Ilya separated just enough that he could rid himself of every item of clothing, flinging each one over his shoulder in a haze of desperation. As soon as his boxers were gone, he was on top of Shane again, grinding down into him, letting their cocks drag together deliciously.

"Fu-*fuck*." Shane's hands were gripping Ilya's ass tightly, rocking them together.

"You are so wet, sweetheart," Ilya whispered into Shane's ear. He bit at his earlobe, unable to resist. "Leaking all over both of us."

Shane made a high-pitched noise. "Ilya, don't- don't make fun."

"Am not. Is so hot, how wet you get for me." Ilya reached between them, swiping his thumb over the head of Shane's cock and collecting some of the precum that was gathered there, and brought it to his mouth.

Shane watched, looking entranced, that delicious mix of embarrassment and arousal that Ilya loved to get to see.

"I don't- 'm not gonna last," Shane said. "You need- you need to fuck me, now."

"Yes, let me fuck you, let me take care of you." Ilya grabbed another condom hurriedly and rolled it on. He snatched up the lube as well, as Shane shifted restlessly beneath him. "Is okay, Shane, you will get," Ilya promised him. "Going to make you feel so good, I promise. Be patient for me, da?"

"Nngh."

It wasn't really an answer, but Ilya thought he knew what Shane meant anyway. He slicked up his cock, and drizzled some lube on his hand as well, slipping two fingers inside Shane's hole, just to check. "Still loose for me," he praised, crooking his fingers.

"Fuck, Ilya." Shane started to press his hips down on Ilya's hand, chasing more.

Ilya kissed those hipbones, laving over them with his tongue, but avoided Shane's poor cock, untouched and an angry red. "You need me to fuck you now?" he asked. Teasing, a little, but Shane liked a little teasing actually.

"Yes, God, please, now, now-"

Ilya laughed; something animal inside him was proud and sated, because this felt right, this was everything. He lined himself up and entered in one smooth glide. "Fuck," he hissed. "So good, you feel so good." He wasn't composed enough to kiss, not really, so he just kind of dragged his open mouth along Shane's pec, tasting the salty, damp skin. "You are okay? I can move?"

"Yeah, go on. Please."

Ilya fucked him slow, at first. He'd wanted to fuck Shane slow for years. Slow and long and deep, watching his face go slack every time Ilya hit his prostate. "Fuck, Shane," he babbled, his voice hoarse, "is so good. Lyubimy. You look so beautiful. So pretty for me."

Shane fucking keened, tugging at Ilya's hair, and Ilya drove in even harder.

"Kiss," Shane requested, breathless, and Ilya was unable to deny him, capturing his mouth with his own.

He kept his thrusts slow until the very end, savouring it, whispering every soft, sweet, dirty thought that came into his head. Finally, when he knew he couldn't last much longer, he touched Shane's neglected cock. Two strokes was all it took, and Shane was coming all over himself.

Ilya's own thrusts became erratic, and he burst into the condom a minute later, falling down on top of Shane and smothering him. He inhaled the smell of sweat and sex that was sticking to Shane's body - he wanted to breathe it in, wanted to fucking bathe in it.

"...Ilya," Shane said after a few seconds, "you need to pull out."

Ilya sighed. He didn't want to, he wanted to stay inside Shane forever. But it was getting uncomfortable, his cock was oversensitive and it certainly wasn't any better for Shane, so he heaved himself up, ridding himself of the condom quickly and falling right back into the bed.

He bodily dragged Shane back into his arms, so they were facing each other, noses almost touching. "Still good?" he murmured, a traitorous part of him terrified that Shane was about to fold back into himself and kick Ilya out, like last time.

Shane laid a hand over Ilya's cheek. "Still good."

"I can stay, tonight?"

"Yeah."

"Will have to set early alarm, get back to hotel before team leaves."

“That’s okay.”

Ilya smiled, and pressed his face into Shane’s chest. The torrent that had been battering him for the past two months felt calm, finally. His insides were peaceful. “You want to shower and change sheets, I know,” he said, because he did know. “Few minutes first, please.”

“...Okay,” Shane said softly.

~

When the alarm went off, Ilya didn’t waste a second before rolling on top of Shane and taking him in his mouth. Ilya sucked him hard, bobbing his head ferociously. He laved his tongue over Shane’s foreskin, swallowed when he took him deepest.

Ilya generally prided himself on being a good lover, and that included being good at giving oral sex, to a man or a woman. He’d never felt like he was in competition when it came to Shane though, until recently. He didn’t know what Rose had got to do, but he knew that he had to be better. So good that Shane couldn’t even remember anyone else. Ilya massaged Shane’s balls, pushed Shane’s cock ever-deeper into his throat, raised his other hand and shoved his fingers into Shane’s mouth.

It didn’t take long for Shane to come. Ilya rose back up grinning and wiping his mouth. He felt triumphant for about three seconds, then he got scared again. That *this* was when it would happen, now was when Shane would change his mind and discard Ilya all over again.

“Good?” he asked tentatively.

Shane huffed a laugh out of his nose. “What do you fucking think?”

Ilya smiled, but he still felt unsettled, in the cold, unforgiving morning light. “You... you still are...?”

Shane met his eyes, turning serious. “Yeah.”

“You get rid of her, today? Yes?” Ilya hoped he didn’t sound as desperate as he felt.

“Don’t say it like that, it’s not her fault.”

“I hate her.”

“She hasn’t done anything wrong.”

“I don’t care.”

“Ilya.” Shane’s hands found his back, steadying him. “She’s nice, actually. I feel bad. But yes, I’ll break up with her today.”

That last bit of leftover fear floated away. Ilya grinned. “Because you want me?”

“Yes, you asshole, because I want you.” Shane smiled back at him.

Ilya kissed him, possessive but sated.

End Notes

much more angsty than i usually write, sorry if you came for laughs
hopefully y'all enjoyed anyway :)

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