

give my heart a listen

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Summary

Ilya kisses him, soft, chaste. He pulls back just a little, his smile all teeth. “I was thinking about how much I want to knock you out.”

Shane leans back, eyebrows pulling together as he laughs, a soft breath. “What?”

“Knock you out,” Ilya repeats, bumping their noses together while he grinds down, filthy. “Put a baby in you.”

Notes

well!

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

Shane's brain isn't exactly working.

That's why, as he's trying to catch his breath, he says: "Ah. Sorry, man, I just—I have to run. Someone's at the door."

It's a flimsy excuse—he could've come up with something better, if he wasn't trembling, orgasm having turned his head into mush. His surroundings feel like they're muted and muffled, like he's underwater.

Ilya laughs beside him while Hayden starts questioning him, and *God*, Shane can't concentrate, lets out a curse that's half laugh and half shaky air.

"Oh," Hayden's saying, his voice lilting up into a tease. "Let me guess. Is it—"

"No," Shane interrupts, and it has to be obvious, now, the way his words are more breath than voice. "It's—it's just—just Amazon," he lies, keeping his eyes locked on the paused screen of the forgotten game. The animated characters idly move, like they're stuck in molasses. "But, um, I'll call you next week, and...yeah. Yeah, so."

"Next week," Hayden agrees slowly, and there's a cry in the background, a soft little distraction that Shane is very thankful for, because, well—if Hayden wasn't half out of his mind with a brand new infant baby, he would for *sure* be questioning why Shane sounds like —*this*. "Just text before you do."

Ilya's hand trails soft shapes over Shane's knee, and he sighs, holds back the name threatening to escape his mouth.

"Totally. And, um—all right, yes, love you, man. And give my best to Jackie and the kids," he hurries through a goodbye, and he doesn't even wait until Hayden speaks, just—hangs the phone up and tosses it aside carelessly.

Ilya's already smiling when Shane finally looks over at him, and Shane *laughs*, breathes out a "Fuck you," and moves to settle onto his lap, sprawling over him heavily. When he repeats himself, the matching smile on his face turns the curse into something that sounds more like a pet name.

"Why was that so *hot*?" He asks, their noses bumping together, their breaths meeting in the middle.

"Because you like to be *bad*," Ilya tells him, pushing a finger right into his chest, his teeth bared in a shit eating grin.

Shane's laughter dies down as he looks over Ilya's face. He's so fucking *beautiful*.

The sun is streaming in through the windows, and it seems to hold him in its arms, lighting him up like Shane doesn't think he's ever seen before. He runs a finger down Ilya's cheek, honesty bubbling up into his chest, into his throat. Out of his mouth.

“Hey,” he says, soft. He’s cradling the side of Ilya’s face, now, eyes wandering over his features. He nearly pulls a face at the word—*bad*. There’s nothing bad about him. About the two of them. “That’s not what this is. You and me. Maybe it was at first, but... not now. And—not for a long time.”

Ilya’s looking up at him, blinking slowly, eyes so soft. There’s a small pause where Shane thinks he might agree with him, but when his mouth opens, he says: “So. You love Hayden?”

“All right,” Shane says, huffing out another soft laugh. He rolls off of Ilya’s lap and settles back into his spot on the couch, grabbing the controller from the table. “Come on.”

Ilya sits up, smile bright as he smacks his hands over the meat of Shane’s thigh over and over. “Back to game?”

“Yes,” Shane agrees, rolling his eyes halfheartedly. “Back to game.”

The game’s been unpaused for maybe a minute, if that, when Ilya speaks from beside him. His voice is measured—calm. “You know, I cannot believe he has so many kids.”

Shane’s eyes are focused on the screen, where he, in a black jersey, is plowing along the ice. His controller vibrates with the motion. He hums. “Hayden?”

“Yes, Hayden,” Ilya confirms, huffing out a laugh. He mashes the buttons on his controller.

“Yeah,” Shane says. He’s not really paying attention—too busy trying to win this fucking game. His fingers press into the buttons to gain some speed, and his tongue sticks out as he concentrates. “Yeah, it’s a lot.”

Ilya’s character onscreen slows down, and Shane grins, biting into his bottom lip as he lays out his character.

“*Ha*,” he says, eyes wide on the screen. “I told you I’d kill you.”

The game pauses again—the main menu popping up.

Shane blinks away, towards Ilya, scoffing. “Come on,” he complains, throwing down his controller so he can toss a pillow at his chest. “That’s not fair. What the hell?”

Ilya’s laughing at him, a deep rumble in his chest as he grabs the pillow midair and holds it against himself. “I want to look at you. Is crime to look at you?”

“You can look at me after I beat your ass,” Shane tells him, words laced with his soft laughter. “You’re just mad I was winning. You’re already on the cover of the game, what more could you want?”

“I do not care about this stupid game,” Ilya tells him, eyes bright.

Shane can only *watch* as he shifts on the couch, pillow dropping beside the coffee table, and then he’s being pressed into the cushions, Ilya between his legs.

His heart picks up speed.

“You make me feel like...” Ilya says, eyes searching over Shane’s face, like he just can’t pick one feature to focus on. But then he pauses, his fingertips moving to trace over the freckles scattered high on his cheekbones. “*Crazy. Crazy person.*”

Shane breathes out a laugh and closes his eyes gently, eyelashes fanning out over delicate skin. He hums as Ilya touches his face, reverently, and hums *again* when he feels the way Ilya’s cock is thickening between the two of them.

He lets his eyes open, breath catching when he sees the *look* on Ilya’s face. “You just blew me. Was that not enough?” he asks, amusement barely contained in the soft smile pulling at his lips.

“Never enough,” Ilya tells him, leaning down to nudge their noses together. “And while you were on the phone, talking about *babies*, I started to think.”

“You? Thinking?” Shane tries to joke, but his breathing is starting to speed up, trying to match the hummingbird rate of his heart. He shifts underneath the weight of Ilya, sighing as their hips catch.

Ilya kisses him, soft, chaste. He pulls back just a little, his smile all teeth. “I was thinking about how much I want to knock you out.”

Shane leans back, eyebrows pulling together as he laughs, a soft breath. “What?”

“Knock you out,” Ilya repeats, bumping their noses together while he grinds down, filthy. “Put a baby in you.”

Shane’s laughter is drowned out by the moan that’s punched out of him. He twitches, oversensitive, and arches off the couch. “Fuck. It’s—that’s not what the saying is,” he says, shoulders shaking as he tries to get himself together.

Ilya hums, tilting his head. “Then what is saying?”

And it—shouldn’t be making him this *giddy*, but Shane’s voice is light and airy when he speaks, and his stomach flips *hard*, somersaulting. “Knock you *up*. You—you want to knock me up.”

He shivers, like the words have an effect similar to Ilya’s physical touch.

“Ah,” Ilya says, breathing out an amused huff of air. “Not out. *Up*.”

“Yeah,” Shane agrees, and the *look* on Ilya’s face—it makes his legs fall open a bit wider. “Knock you *out* means like—on the ice, when I hit my head. I was knocked out for a second. When you get hit.”

Ilya seems to consider this. His eyes flash with something dark for a moment, before they brighten up again, so beautiful in the light of the room. “Seems like you might like that, too,”

he says, his hand moving to rest on Shane's cheek. He pulls it away and smacks, so light it doesn't even make a sound, a replay of what he did during the phone call.

Shane lets out a noise. It's supposed to be a scoff, but it's—decidedly not. "Fuck off."

He stares up at Ilya, brown eyes wide. He can see the exact moment he decides to be an asshole.

"No, no. It is fuck *me*, remember?" He asks, leaning in to mouth at Shane's neck.

Shane shivers, his curse dying in his throat, and lets his head loll back against the cushions. "Just—not on the couch again."

"Yes, fine," Ilya says, and then Shane's being carried off, his laughter muffled as he presses his mouth to the top of Ilya's head, his curls tickling his lips.

End Notes

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