

Promises of Tomorrow

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Promises of Tomorrow

by [rocketttt](#)

Summary

Back at the table, after another round, Shane started talking with his hands, his fingers grazing Ilya's side whenever he spoke. He laughed too loud at something Hayden said and sank fully into Ilya, cheek nuzzling his shoulder.

Jackie raised her glass. "Ah," she said. "There it is."

-or-

Shane and Ilya join Jackie and Hayden for a night out. Shane is drunk, bold, and ridiculously charming. Ilya is patient, teasing, and totally in control. For tonight.

Notes

Does any one have any tips for how to cope with life right now other than by writing Heated Rivalry fan fiction? Asking on behalf of my family and friends who are becoming a bit concerned.

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

Shane probably should've noticed he was in trouble when Jackie went up to the bar and ordered the first round without asking anyone what they wanted.

When she came back, she set four glasses on the table—wine for herself, something clear for Ilya, probably vodka, and two draft beers: one for Hayden and one for Shane.

“Hydration is important,” Jackie said, nudging the glass toward him.

Hayden laughed. “She means the opposite.”

Shane grinned and drank it anyway. He felt great. Loose already, warm and buzzing in a way that made the bar lights seem softer and Ilya's shoulder at his side feel like the most natural thing in the world.

They were all squeezed into a high-top booth near the back, music loud enough that conversation had to lean in close to be heard. Shane didn't mind that part at all. Ilya's knee was nestled against his, solid and deliberate, like he'd decided early on he wasn't moving.

“You are smiling,” Ilya said, eyes raking over him.

“I'm allowed,” Shane said. “It's a social outing.”

Hayden snorted. “You're smiling because you're already drunk.”

Shane ignored him and reached for another fry off Ilya's plate. Ilya watched him do it, expression unreadable, then slid the plate towards Shane like he was conceding a point.

Jackie watched all of this with interest. Shane could feel it, the way she could clock a dynamic from across a room and file it away for later use.

“So,” she said, resting her chin in her hand. “How long do you think it'll take before Shane starts flirting aggressively?”

“I'm not aggressive,” Shane said automatically.

“Ten minutes,” Hayden said.

Ilya hummed. “Optimistic.”

Shane opened his mouth to argue and immediately lost his train of thought because Ilya had shifted, his arm now skimming against him as he reached for his drink. It felt intentional. Everything Ilya did always felt intentional. Shane could feel his cheeks getting pink and warm the way they always did after a few drinks.

“See?” Jackie said. “We're already there.”

Shane felt invincible. He was surrounded by people who loved him, a good beer in his hand, and Ilya looking unfairly attractive in dark jeans and a black collared shirt—top buttons

undone, revealing the cross that dangled from his neck. The night felt like it had been built specifically to reward him.

He ordered another drink. Then another. Someone—probably Hayden—ordered shots. Shane stopped keeping tabs.

At some point, he realized his arm was around Ilya's shoulders.

He had no memory of putting it there, but it felt right. Natural. Ilya's warmth was grounding in a way that always made Shane want to inch closer, press in further, like a gravitational pull.

Ilya glanced at the arm, then at Shane. One eyebrow lifted.

"What?" Shane said. "You're comfortable."

"Ok," Ilya said gently. He didn't move away.

Then the music changed.

Shane noticed it immediately—the bass dropping lower, the beat settling into something that crawled under his skin and made his foot start tapping against the leg of the table and his shoulders start to sway.

"Oh no," Hayden said.

Shane ignored him. He slid off the bench and turned, his arm still half-slung over Ilya's shoulders. "Dance with me."

Ilya shook his head.

"Why not?"

"You go. I like to watch," Ilya said, clearly amused.

"Come on," Shane said, already tugging at Ilya's sleeve. "Just one song."

"You don't have to move," Shane quickly offered. "You can just stand there."

Jackie tipped back, delighted. "Oh, I think this is happening."

Ilya studied him for a long moment, eyes scanning Shane's flushed face, his lopsided grin. Then he sighed, the sound long-suffering and fond.

"Fine," he said. "But I am not moving."

"Perfect," Shane said, and pulled him out anyway.

The music was loud, the floor sticky, and Shane felt unstoppable. He let go of Ilya's hands and immediately started moving, loose and uncoordinated and having the time of his life.

Ilya stood exactly where Shane had left him, arms crossed, expression somewhere between resigned and entertained.

Shane danced around him like this was intentional choreography.

Ilya didn't move. He just tracked Shane with his eyes, lips twitching like he was desperately fighting back a smile.

"Come on," Shane said, breathless, circling him. "You're ruining the vibe."

"I am the vibe," Ilya said plainly.

Jackie whooped from the table. "This is better than cable!"

Shane grabbed Ilya's shirt collar and pulled him in, their foreheads bumping. "Dance with me," he pleaded, softer this time.

Ilya looked down at him, his expression gentler now. "I am dancing."

Shane rolled his eyes. "You're standing."

"Yes," Ilya said. "With you."

That felt... nice. Shane let that settle for exactly half a second before he ruined it by attempting a spin that involved zero planning and full confidence.

Ilya caught him without effort, one hand firm at Shane's waist.

"Careful," Ilya said, close enough now that Shane could smell his cologne *and the cigarette he claimed he hadn't smoked before they left*.

Shane laughed, tipping his head back. "See? Dancing."

Ilya huffed a quiet laugh and shook his head, but he didn't let go. He let Shane sway against him, steadying him, grounding him, while Shane danced enough for both of them.

Shane decided—right then—that this was the best night he'd had in a long time.

Back at the table, after another round, Shane started talking with his hands, his fingers grazing Ilya's side whenever he spoke. He laughed too loud at something Hayden said and sank fully into Ilya, cheek nuzzling his shoulder.

Jackie raised her glass. "Ah," she said. "There it is."

Shane waved her off. "I'm being charming."

"You're being obvious," she said. "There's a difference."

Ilya smiled into his drink.

That might've been the moment Shane crossed from pleasantly buzzed into something a little more unsteady. He didn't care. Everything felt good. Easy. Like the night would just keep opening up for him.

He tilted his head closer to Ilya's ear. "You're being very quiet," he whispered.

"I'm observing," Ilya replied.

"Observing what?"

"You," Ilya said, without hesitation.

Shane laughed, breathless. "You like what you see?"

Ilya's eyes flicked over his face, slow and deliberate. "Always."

That was it. That was all it took.

Shane closed the remaining space between them, emboldened, fingers hooking into a belt loop at Ilya's hip as if they belonged there, nipping soft kisses and bites along the sharp lines of his neck. He was dimly aware of Hayden's groan of protest and Jackie's sharp elbow in his side, but it all felt far away, unimportant compared to the way Ilya didn't pull back.

Didn't pull back—but also didn't lean in.

Ilya caught Shane's wrist gently, thumb pressing into his pulse.

"Easy," he said, fond, almost laughing.

Shane frowned, processing that. "I am easy."

"I know," Ilya said. "That's the problem."

Jackie laughed outright this time. "Okay," she said, standing. "I think we've hit the point in the evening where someone needs water and a ride home."

"I don't need—" Shane started, and then stopped because Ilya was already on his feet, hand steady at Shane's back.

"I've got him," Ilya said.

Jackie met his eyes and nodded once, something unspoken passing between them.

Shane barely noticed. He was too busy riding the heat of Ilya's touch, the slow certainty that the night was still very much going his way. He didn't see Ilya hail a cab, didn't hear Hayden's low laughter as he put his hands around Jackie's hips and guided her down the street.

One second they were all leaving the bar and by the next, their cab door had shut with a soft thud and Shane and Ilya were sliding into the backseat together.

Shane could feel the warmth radiating from him, the steady weight of his presence. He leaned just enough to touch his shoulder against Ilya's, letting the motion linger, letting the moment stretch.

"You know," Shane murmured, voice low and deliberate, "this could be... very good. Right here. Right now."

Ilya didn't flinch. He didn't even shift. Just glanced at Shane, one eyebrow lifted. "You are so drunk."

"I'm not drunk," Shane said, letting a hand rest lightly on Ilya's thigh. "Just being direct."

Ilya's lips twitched. "Direct is one word for it."

Shane tilted further, knee grazing Ilya's. "You could... indulge me, you know. For a minute. Just a little."

"No," Ilya said, calm, his thumb rubbing Shane's side in that teasing, deliberate way he always did. "Not until you are sober."

Shane exhaled, half frustration, half amusement. "I'm not..." he stopped himself. He was drunk and there was no point in denying it anymore.

"But I want you," he pouted, sticking out his bottom lip for emphasis.

"I am aware," Ilya laughed. "But it is not happening tonight."

Shane melted into him, letting Ilya's warmth seep into him, his fingertips toying with the zipper of Ilya's pants. "You're mean," he said softly. "And a little smug."

"I am patient," Ilya said. "You should try sometime."

Shane groaned, tilting his head back against the seat, staring at the ceiling, letting the heat of the cab, the motion of the city, the nearness of Ilya wash over him. "I know you want me."

"I always do," Ilya said, voice quiet, amused, controlled.

The cab rocked as it hit a bump, and Shane sank fully against Ilya, nosing into the crook of his neck. "Ilya..." Shane's voice was low, seductive in a way that made him feel like he'd just crossed a line — but the line hadn't moved.

"Shane..."

Ilya's hand shifted slightly, resting lightly around Shane's waist, keeping him steady. He was quiet for a moment and then he sighed. "You are... very sexy tonight," he said. "And very drunk. That combination is trouble."

Shane tilted his head up, resting his chin on Ilya's shoulder. "You like trouble."

"I do," Ilya echoed. "But not tonight."

Shane let out a soft moan, leaning back again, letting the anticipation coil tight inside him. Every deliberate touch, every refusal, every measured pause sent heat coursing through him. The cab felt like a small, private world, one that existed only for them and the tension they shared.

He shifted again, just a little, testing the space, letting his hand trace Ilya's leg in the smallest, most innocent way he could manage. "You're enjoying this," he said. "Don't lie."

"I am having a nice time," Ilya said, lips twitching, thumb brushing Shane's side one last time before settling on his thigh. "You are... entertaining."

Shane's lips curved into a slow, satisfied smile. "Entertaining," he repeated softly. "You know... I could be more entertaining."

A smirk tugged at Ilya's lips. He shifted just enough, closing the gap, and Shane felt the heat of him through his shirt. Shane tilted his head, and before he fully realized, Ilya's lips met his — slow, firm, teasing. Shane's breath hitched, hands finding the back of Ilya's neck as he pulled him in further, deepening the kiss with reckless confidence.

Ilya's hands stayed measured, one on Shane's side, one on his hip, steadying, guiding, letting Shane take the lead without letting him completely run wild. Shane could feel the restraint and the indulgence all at once — the perfect friction.

Shane's head tipped slightly, hands tangled in Ilya's wild curls, lips and tongue exploring, memorizing the way Ilya responded—the hold, the soft gasp that came when Shane pressed harder. Ilya's lips moved in precise counterpoint, teasing and challenging without ever crossing that invisible line.

When they finally pulled back, Shane's forehead rested against Ilya's, chest against chest, both breathing a little heavier. His grin was wicked, satisfied. "See? I told you. Entertaining."

Ilya's fingers brushed Shane's jaw lightly. "Yes. Very entertaining."

"And charming," Shane said, smirking. "Don't forget that."

Ilya's eyes flicked down at him, amusedly indulgent. "Yes, Shane. Very charming."

Shane's legs felt like jelly the second they stepped out of the cab. He wobbled a moment before slumping against Ilya, whose hand rested firmly at the small of his back. "I... can't walk," he whined. "You... have to carry me."

The corners of Ilya's mouth went straight. "You are not serious."

Shane frowned and gave him his best puppy-dog eyes. "Please?"

Ilya laughed, crouched, and without another word, Shane swung himself onto his back. Ilya caught him easily, adjusting his hold. "You are heavy," he said, steadying him.

"And sexy," Shane said, resting his cheek against Ilya's neck and breathing him in. "Very sexy."

Ilya let out a quiet laugh and started inside. “You are also very loud.”

“And in need of attention,” he breathed into Ilya’s neck, peppering him with kisses before licking a stripe down to his collarbone.

Ilya laughed, loud and unrestrained, hands squeezing Shane’s thighs in response as they clenched around his waist.

He carried him through the apartment and up the stairs before lowering Shane onto the bed and settling in next to him.

Ilya brushed away his hair, lightly dampened with sweat, and kissed his forehead. “There. Now go to sleep,” he said softly, tracing Shane’s jaw. “You will need your energy for all the attention you will get tomorrow.”

Shane let out a small, satisfied sigh, curling into Ilya. “Promise?” He murmured, eyelids suddenly too heavy to keep open.

“Promise.”

Ilya pressed another quick kiss to Shane’s temple. Shane snuggled in closer, grin pulling at the corners of his mouth even as his eyes fluttered shut. *Tomorrow*, he thought, already buzzing with ideas. *Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow.*

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I love you for it.

If you're curious, I wrote an explicit [follow-up](#).

(Please remember to tip your fic writers by leaving comments/kudos!)

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