Name Me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76909341.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Autistic Shane Hollander, Undiagnosed Autistic Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Bottom Shane Hollander, Top Ilya Rozanov, Light Dom/sub, Multiple Orgasms, Vibrators, Aftercare, POV Shane Hollander, Sexual Overstimulation, Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 5,182 Chapters: 1/1

Name Me

by ALittleSideProject

Summary

Shane has always known he didn't navigate the world like other people, but he'd always told himself it didn't matter. He got by, so it was fine. But the night after his parents came to the cottage for dinner with him and Ilya, Ilya took Shane apart in a way that shifts everything. He can't stop thinking about it, especially the petname Ilya started using that night.

--

Or: Shane Hollander is undiagnosed autistic, and he and Ilya are figuring out how to navigate that even without knowing what it is.

Notes

A friend of mine mentioned how they found it a little annoying how often Shane and Ilya use one another's last names during sex. I don't agree, personally, but it got me thinking about my relationship to my own name as an autistic queer person who accidentally had my name become my brand as an author and illustrator for a long time. And, well, who needs therapy when you can foist your problems off onto fictional queer men?

So yeah, that's what that is. Shane being deeply autistic but 100% unaware of it, Ilya being sweet and perceptive, and then they fuck about it. As you do.

(Nobody let me write anymore fanfiction until I get some serious work done on my original projects because I am SO BEHIND. But this idea came to me and I couldn't not write it. But I'm not allowed to do that again. Must behave. Must torment the original blorbos for awhile.)

Edit: Updated the Russian nickname based on feedback from a Russian speaker. Thank you to them! They commented as a guest so I can't credit their name, but it is much appreciated!

Shane loved his mother, immensely, even when she was being intense. He wouldn't be where he was without her, and he'd be forever grateful for all the opportunities she had helped him chase. But sometimes…sometimes he did wonder what his life would be like if he'd *just* had hockey. Not brand deals and sponsorships and commercials and so, so many other obligations. If he got to just slide onto the ice, play the game, and go home.

Mostly, and he'd never admitted this to anyone, only recently started to figure it out for himself, he wondered how he'd feel about his name. Because "Shane Hollander" didn't feel like a name, it felt like a brand. He didn't hate it, exactly, or feel like it didn't belong to him. The problem was just that it also belonged to millions of other people. Teammates and coaches and sponsors and fans and the press and and and. It had been molded into an image, slapped on magazine covers, plastered on billboards. Both halves always went together, even his parents introduced him as "Shane Hollander."

For awhile, in High School, he'd tried going by his middle name at least with his friends, but it just felt stilted and the experiment didn't last long. Back then he hadn't realized why he'd done it. Now, looking back, he could tell that was right around the time he'd really started to become "Shane Hollander" the brand.

The thing that had made him finally notice the issue, though, was Ilya. Specifically, it was the night after Shane's dad had caught them at the cottage. While things had ended well, his parents coming over for a cozy, comfortable dinner, Shane had still ended the evening feeling wrung out and exhausted in a way that made his skin feel to tight. Ilya had noticed, played at being tired from swimming all morning so Shane's parents would leave without Shane having to ask. As soon as the lights of their car vanished down the drive, Ilya had corralled Shane back inside. For a solid minute Shane had expected to get pushed down on the bed and fucked, which he hadn't been against in the slightest. Or he thought he hadn't. But then Ilya had done something else.

First, he'd closed the blinds and dimmed the lights, turned up the heater a little. Then, motions slow and fluid, practiced, he'd pulled Shane out of his clothes, folding them and setting them aside as he went. Done, he'd stepped behind Shane, not touching him at first, until his fingertips started to lightly brush up and down Shane's forearms.

"Close your eyes, Воробейчик," Ilya whispered. "Just breathe. Everything is alright now."

The words sent a shudder through Shane's whole body, eyes dropping closed without him making the decision to do it. In half a second he went from still being kind of ready to go at it on the bed, to feeling like he was about to shake apart.

"Nothing is touching you but me," Ilya continued, voice still soft. "It is quiet. We are safe here."

"Fuck," Shane muttered.

He'd never…what was this? It was working, whatever it was, his body untying knots he hadn't even realized were there until they loosened. Ilya had kept going until Shane started to

sway, feeling like he was about to pass out from exhaustion. Ilya immediately scooped him up, carrying him to the bed and lying him on it. He'd crawled on top of Shane, letting his whole weight settle there, which felt like the last piece of something Shane didn't understand clicking into place.

"There you go, Воробейчик," Ilya said, kissing his cheek.

Shane—limbs feeling even more liquid than they did after good sex—managed to wind his arms around Ilya, nuzzling into the warm hollow of his throat. He wanted to ask Ilya what had just happened, what he'd done and why and how, but his brain was about as mushy as his body at that point.

"'Воробейчик', what's that mean?" Shane asked, slurring like he was drunk.

Ilya chuckled, kissing his cheek. "Little Sparrow. Go to sleep, Shane."

Shane had fallen to that command as quickly as the one to close his eyes. The next morning (which, for him, hadn't been until ten), Ilya hadn't brought it up and Shane hadn't known how to, so they'd just moved on. But Ilya had kept calling him Воробейчик. It felt like *something*. Not just a nickname, or term of endearment, or however Ilya was using it, but something else. The more Shane poked and prodded and dug at the feeling, the more he realized that every way Ilya addressed him felt different. "Shane" felt different from him. "Hollander" felt different from him. And the two were generally only combined if Ilya was teasing him, which made the combination feel different too.

Something tapped against his forehead, making him jerk in surprise, looking up to find a confused—and maybe a little concerned—Ilya standing in front of his couch. The tap had been Ilya's fingers, Shane realized extremely belatedly.

"Воробейчик? Are you alright?" Ilya asked.

There it was again. Little Sparrow.

Truth be told, Shane hadn't even heard Ilya come in with the key Shane had given him after they'd left the cottage. They had a game against one another in two days. Ilya had come early for several interviews, a good excuse to sneak time with one another. Shane had been looking forward to it for weeks. Yet he'd been so lost in his own head, he hadn't even noticed Ilya arrive.

"I'm— Sorry— I just—" Shane shook his head, reaching out to pull Ilya down onto the couch next to him, blurting out the next part without meaning to. He just couldn't stop thinking about it. "Why do you call me that? Воробейчик?"

"Do you not like it?" Ilya asked. "I can stop."

"No!" Shane said, louder than he'd meant to. He really was having a hard time getting his brain and mouth to work together here. "No. Don't stop. Please. I like it. I just…I'm trying to figure something out. For myself. About…myself."

Ilya tilted his head, settling back into the couch as he searched Shane's eyes. "That first day at the cottage, you remind me of a sparrow. Darting all over, back and forth, trying to show me everything at once. So happy. So excited. Was sweet."

Shane hummed, gaze going unfocused on his fireplace again. "And that night, after dinner with my parents…what was that?"

Ilya reached out, resting a hand on Shane's thigh, rubbing innocent circles there with his thumb. A gesture meant to sooth, not arouse like usual when Ilya started caressing his thighs. "You were still anxious. I could tell."

"Yeah, but why did you fix it like *that*?" Shane asked. Pleaded, a little.

A worried frown started to form between Ilya's eyebrows. He sat up, spinning so he was sitting backwards on the couch, leaned into Shane's space, one arm over his legs, other hand coming up to caress Shane's face. "You are anxious now too?"

"Ilya." The pleading wasn't subtle this time.

"I don't know," Ilya said with a little shake of his head that didn't break his focus on Shane. "I have known you long time. I can see that…sometimes the world is very…loud for you, yes? After press events, you always fidget with your clothes. Avoid bright lights. Talk less. Find empty spots. Like there are too many things, and you need some of them to go away. You looked the same that night. So I thought, if I could take some things away, you would feel better."

Shane didn't quite know what to do with that answer, with how close to home it hit. But he did know he wanted Ilya closer, so he reached out and tugged Ilya all the way onto his lap, burying his face in Ilya's chest and wrapping his arms tight around his waist. Ilya came willingly, wrapping his own arms around Shane's head and kissing his hair. The weight pressing him into the corner of the sectional was as grounding as Shane had hoped. As grounding as it had been that night at the cottage.

"I did feel better," Shane whispered eventually.

Ilya pulled back just enough to kiss Shane's forehead. "Good." He traced one thumb along Shane's cheek, just under his eye. "Feeling better now too?"

Shane managed a small smile. "A little."

"Tell me why you were upset?"

"Not…upset, exactly." Shane stumbled through an explanation about the path his mind had gone down, hoping it made sense. How something about that night had shifted the way he looked at himself, made him think about things that had always floated on the edges of his mind but he'd never focused on. How what Ilya had done helped so much. "So…yeah. I'm not sure what started me thinking about all of it today. I've just been here. Maybe it was knowing you were coming over." Shane shrugged. "What you said, though, about the world

being too loud for me sometimes, I've never thought about it like that, but that's..that's exactly what it is."

Ilya hummed, looking contemplative. "And 'Воробейчик', it also helps, somehow?"

Shane nodded. "I can't figure that part out yet, though."

"Maybe…it is reminder of that moment, since that is first time I call you that?" Ilya suggested. "Reminder of feeling safe. Of the world going quiet."

"Maybe." Shane shrugged.

"Or—" A dangerous little spark formed in Ilya's eyes, and he adjusted himself so he was straddling Shane's lap instead, arms braced on the back of the couch, trapping Shane's head between them as he loomed over Shane with a devious grin that had heat pooling in Shane's stomach. "Maybe, you like that I named you."

The words were low, rich, made Shane's eyes flutter closed.

Ilya started to kiss down his neck, speaking a few words at a time in between the firm presses of his lips, but never pulling away entirely so that Shane felt his lips move with every syllable. "Maybe, you like that I named you. Maybe, you like that I gave you name with no ties. No expectations."

"Fuck." Shane's head fell back, breathing speeding up both because Ilya was now working his way across his throat, but also because he was *right*. Shane liked having a name like that, something that Ilya called him that was just theirs. Just his. No one had ever shouted it across a rink. No one had put it on an ad campaign. It hadn't been hurled at him by a dozen reporters at once. Ilya had given him that. A name that made his skin flush with warmth, belonging, instead of making it go tight like donning a costume.

Ilya bit lightly at the corner of Shane's jaw. "Мой Воробейчик."

Shane freed his hands from where they'd been gripping tightly onto Ilya's hips, grabbing Ilya's face and pulling him into a deep, claiming kiss, not letting him go far when they parted to catch their breath. "Whatever happens with us, the charity, coming out, visiting my parents, whatever, only call me that when we're alone. Please. I need it— I need it to be just when we're alone."

Ilya, forehead resting against Shane's, searched his eyes for a moment before nodding without pulling away. "When the world is quiet?"

"When I need it to *be* quiet," Shane clarified.

"Whatever you need, Воробейчик," Ilya assured, closing the gap between their lips once more.

There it was again, that sensation of his whole body going loose. This time, though, he didn't feel tired. He felt like he wanted to teleport upstairs to the bedroom and have Ilya fuck him until he couldn't see straight. But that was a lot of words and Shane did not want to stop

kissing Ilya long enough to say any of them. Instead, he swung his legs off the couch, keeping Ilya on his lap and then standing with him, hands firmly under Ilya's ass.

"Fuck, Воробей," Ilya hissed, hips jerking forward against Shane's.

Had Shane ever picked him up like this before? He couldn't remember right now. He knew Ilya had done it to him on plenty of occasions, knew he loved it every time, especially if Ilya basically chucked him on the bed once they reached it.

"Up, now," Shane demanded, depositing Ilya on the first step of the stairs. As focused as he was on getting Ilya up there, there was still a distant, tiny part of his brain that said not to risk breaking an ankle by carrying Ilya all the way up. Who knew how many games that would cost him?

Ilya leaned down to give him a bruising kiss before grabbing Shane's hand and tugging him up the steps at a run. The second they reached the landing Ilya returned the favor, diving in to grab Shane's thighs and scoop him up off the floor, slamming Shane against the wall hard enough to make him gasp. His fingers tangled in Ilya's curls—less styled than usual, which Shane appreciated. As much as Shane loved Ilya, sometimes the way his hair products stuck to Shane's skin was unpleasant, to say the least.

"You better not have plans tomorrow," Ilya demanded, voice low as he nipped at the curve of where Shane's neck sloped down to his shoulder.

Shane managed to shake his head, somehow. "No—no plans—*fuck*, do that again."

Ilya did, biting down harder, far enough towards Shane's shoulder that a shirt would easily hide any evidence. Shane groaned, head thunking against the wall.

Ilya smirked up at him, eyes dark in the low light from the windows. "Good. First interview isn't until three. We are not leaving bedroom until two."

Shane's whole body shuddered, arms that had been draped over Ilya's shoulders going tight. "Promise?"

Ilya growled low and quiet, gave one single nod. "Did you charge what I asked?"

It took a second for Shane's brain to catch up, to remember the text he'd gotten from Ilya that morning, a series of emojis that had taken him a solid minute to decipher: 🔌💙🍆.

"Yeah, yeah," Shane panted. "In my bathroom."

"Good boy." Ilya adjusted his grip, lifting Shane away from the wall and taking him through the doorway of Shane's room, tossing him on the bed. "Clothes off. Slow. Stay on bed."

Shane obeyed, shimmying out of his t-shirt first, making sure to arch his back as he did. Instinct told him to throw it, that it was just a t-shirt and it would be fine, but his fingers itched to fold it and set it on the nightstand. Ilya, though, was holding his hand out expectantly, still standing at the edge of the bed between Shane's legs. Shane wasn't sure

where this was going, but he handed the shirt over. Ilya took it, folded it the way Shane liked, set it on the nightstand, then nodded towards Shane's pants with a pointed eyebrow raise.

Shane needed a fucking second though, closing his eyes as his heart raced. "Did you just—just make folding clothes hot?"

Ilya chuckled. "As I said at the cottage, I know what you like." He smacked Shane's knee. "Are you planning to leave rest on, or what?"

"Fuck." Shane fumbled with the button of his pants, lifting his hips and shimmying them down slow until Ilya grabbed fistfuls of the fabric and yanked them the rest of the way off, pausing to fold them as well. Shane's boxers got the same treatment, as did his socks, though all of those were chucked in the hamper over by the door.

"Beautiful," Ilya murmured, eyes roving up and down Shane's body.

"Not gonna join me?" Shane demanded through panting he couldn't seem to stop. He wanted to see Ilya, all of him, find his bruises from training and trace every single one with his tongue.

Ilya shrugged. "Eventually." He twirled a finger at Shane.

Shane pouted, not moving. Ilya twirled his finger again, slower this time, more pointed. As much as Shane wanted to keep pushing against the demand, wanted to just sit up and start pulling Ilya's clothes off himself, he was as helpless as always when it came to doing what Ilya asked. He rolled over, legs still dangling half off the bed.

"You are cute when you listen," Ilya teased.

"Fuck off."

"No." Ilya grabbed his hips, yanking him up so he was kneeling on the edge of the bed now, body still bent double. Ilya reached forward and settled a firm hand between his shoulder blades, sliding it up to the back of his neck, pressing Shane's face firmly into the duvet cover. "Stay."

With that Ilya's hands were gone. Shane listened as he walked to the bathroom, finding what he was looking for exactly where Shane had left it. A drawer opened and closed as well, Shane could tell from the sound it was the one where he kept lube. Several kinds of lube.

Before they'd met, Shane had just had the one dildo. A slim, simple black one. Flared base and straight column of stiff silicone. No ridges, no realistic details, no vibrator tucked inside. It had, at the time, gotten the job done. But then he'd tried to use it again after the first time Ilya fucked him, and it hadn't done shit. It was too slim, too smooth, too still. So he'd bought another, more realistic one. Then a vibrator, for the first time. Then a bottle of warming lube. And all of that was before he'd ever had Ilya inside him for a second time.

The collection had grown after that, but Shane kept it to himself the first time Ilya came to his apartment. By the second time, though, something had reminded Ilya of that conversation

so long ago and he'd demanded to see his dildo. To watch Shane use it on himself. Shane had tried to hide that he had a whole box of things hidden in his closet at that point, but Ilya had noticed anyway, then spent the next several hours gleefully working through each one as Shane squirmed and begged.

Shane got the impression that Ilya couldn't care one way or the other about using toys, but he very much cared about bringing Shane to the brink and pushing him over as many times as possible. Toys were just a tool he would happily use to do that.

The blue one though…

Shane twisted his head to watch Ilya saunter up to him, long, thick vibrator clasped between his fingers by the base. He'd at least had the decency to unbutton his shirt, giving Shane a line of skin from his neck to the waistband of his pants to appreciate.

Ilya tossed the toy onto the bed, but kept the bottle of lube in his other hand, fiddling with the lid. Shane realized it was actually two bottles. A regular one, and one that tingled.

Ilya smirked when he saw Shane notice, dropping the tingling lube next to the toy. "How many times will you come for me tonight, Воробейчик?"

Shane shoved his face into the blanket, clutching it tight as his whole body tensed around the sensation of being empty. "Fuck, Ilya, do something, please."

There was a chuckle, the sound of a lid popping open, then two slick fingers were pressed against Shane's hole, Ilya's other hand settling on his hip. "Can't even think without my fingers in you, hmm?"

Shane groaned, pressing back into the slow pressure of Ilya's fingers, desperate for them to sink all the way inside, even if it would sting to go so fast. He liked the sting, honestly. And Ilya knew he liked it, which was why he'd started with two. So why the hell was he going so slow?

"Because it makes you squirm," Ilya answered.

Shane groaned, long and loud, realizing he must have said something out loud but completely unsure what it was. Ilya's hand left his hip, coming back a second later to smack Shane's ass, just enough to bite, sliding his fingers all the way in at the same time. Shane yelped, tried to say something, but then Ilya's fingers immediately sent a relentless pace that rendered any attempts at speech pointless. All he could do was rock into the sensations, ride the tone of Ilya's voice because words weren't making their way into his brain anymore than they were making their way out. A third finger was added as soon as Shane started to crest the wave and reorient himself enough to participate, sending him plunging back down into a mess of nothing but sensation.

Even when the fingers were gone, he couldn't orient himself enough to do more than crack his eyes open, watching over his shoulder as Ilya drizzled a generous amount of tingling lube over the head of the toy.

“I wonder—” Ilya dropped the head of the toy against Shane’s hole, tracing it in lazy circles there—“just how long battery will last? How many times it can make you come before it runs out?”

Forget making him come hands free, one of these days, Ilya was going to fucking making him come touch free. Just talk him into a damn orgasm.

Ilya pressed the toy in just the tiniest bit, forcing a whimper to spill from Shane’s lips. “I wonder, if you can take it all the way from one to the next?” The toy dipped in a little father, barely enough for Shane to feel the stretch, and immediately retreated. “Want to try, Воробейчик?”

All Shane could do was nod, face rasping against the blanket, hands still fisted tight in it. Immediately, the pressure of the toy was back, stretching him and sliding all the way home in one smooth push that had Shane seeing stars. It was realistically shaped, but the details were exaggerated, each one catching on Shane’s rim as it went by, sending jolts of pleasure up his spine.

“So pretty,” Ilya breathed, both hands kneading Shane’s ass as the toy slid back out on its own, pulling one hand away to press it back in, then doing the same a few more times, working the lube in as it started to light Shane up from the inside out. “Spread open just for me.”

“Ilya, please, please,” Shane begged. He didn’t even know what he was after at this point, just that he needed it.

“Your begging is pretty as the rest of you.” Ilya pressed the toy in as deep as it would go, leaning down to kiss the base of Shane’s spine, keeping his lips on Shane’s skin as he turned the toy on.

Whatever crumbs of awareness Shane had been hanging onto until that point crumbled, everything in him focusing down onto the vibrations deep inside him. Ilya clicked them up to the highest level one by one, pausing for a few seconds between each. When he reached the maximum, he began to thrust the toy, shallow at first, then deeper and deeper with each pull-push. It was so much. Too much. Not enough.

He was done for before he knew it, though he couldn’t have even guessed at how long he lasted before he was spilling onto the bedding with a moan, Ilya’s praises barely making it through the haze. Ilya had slowed the movement of the toy, but not stopped, nor turned it off. Shane whimpered, about to ask what Ilya was doing when he remembered. Taking him from one to the next without stopping. Remembering sent a shudder through his body as he tried to figure out if he still wanted to try this, because right now it felt like far too much, like his body was going to shake to pieces, like he was burning up from the inside out.

“Alright, Shane?” Ilya asked, hand that wasn’t busy with the toy rubbing circles between Shane’s shoulder blades.

Was he? He tried to take stock, to push past the sensations enough to dig around in his own head, something he’d always managed before no matter how lost he got in what they were

doing, but this time he just couldn't. It was all haze and warmth and fire and too much not enough yes yes yes.

"Don't—stop," he managed, starting to rock back against the toy again.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya panted.

Shane was distantly aware of the sound of Ilya's own clothes coming off, of the fact that he must be doing it one handed because his other hand was very, very busy, and then Ilya was pushing him away from the edge of the bed, letting him collapse down onto the blanket in a dry spot. As soon as he wasn't on his knees any more, Shane had no idea how his legs had been holding him up at all. But his dick being pressed into the fabric of the blanket, just the slight roughness of the texture on his duvet cover, added a whole new layer to the fire eating him alive. He almost gave in, almost called it off, but then Ilya's weight draped over his back, pressing him down into the mattress as his teeth nipped at the back of Shane's neck. He couldn't work the toy as deep or as quick in this position, but that didn't stop him from tormenting Shane by doing as much as he could.

"So good for me." The whisper was right in Shane's ear, breath dancing across his skin. The charm on Ilya's necklace had settled at the nape of Shane's neck, a tiny cool spot in the inferno. "Taking it so well. Does it hurt?"

Shane nodded. "Good. 'S good."

Ilya didn't let up, continuing to pepper Shane with praises and encouragements until the last bits of Shane's awareness went up in a puff of smoke, leaving behind nothing but sensations carving even deeper into his body than before. It could've been seconds or hours that he floated there, body trapped between Ilya and the bed, toy vibrating him to pieces as Ilya continued to thrust it in and out. When he started to get hard again Ilya shifted just enough to give Shane room to rut against the mattress, enough room for Ilya to snake his free hand under Shane's body and wrap his lube slick hand around Shane's dick and, oh, oh fuck. He'd used the tingling lube again. Shane was going to pass the fuck out he couldn't fuck fuck fuck so much too much how was he this hard the tug in his navel felt like it was going to rip him open fuck don't stop don't—

Ilya's hand twisted just right, gripped just a little bit harder, and Shane plunged over the edge for a second time, vision going black as he screamed and shook. The toy was gone in a flash, replaced immediately by the familiar sensation of Ilya's cock thrusting once, twice, before Ilya's body shook with his own release. He slipped back out, collapsing on top of Shane as they both caught their breath. It took a couple tries, his limbs not really cooperating, but Shane managed to reach back and shove his fingers into Ilya's hair, holding him close.

"Okay?" Ilya asked after a minute.

"So okay," Shane assured, shocked at how raspy his voice was.

Ilya chuckled, the sound vibrating through Shane's own chest from how tightly they were pressed together. "Good thing I am one with interviews tomorrow."

Shane wanted to smack him but had no way to reach. “Your fault.”

“Entirely,” Ilya agreed. “Happy to take credit. Will get you a cough drop.”

“Asshole,” Shane muttered, squirming a little just to annoy Ilya who was still draped over him.

“You love it.” Ilya pressed a kiss to the back of his neck, then got up.

“Hey!” Shane pouted, twisting around to glare at him. “Fuck cough drops, get back here.”

Ilya rolled his eyes. “I am starting shower, Shane.”

“Oh.” Shane wiggled a little, aware now that plenty of sensations were starting to trickle back into his brain. Sweat drying everywhere, especially in his hair. A load of cum drying on his stomach. Neither bothered him yet, but he knew they’d start to soon once he came down all the way, that he’d need two showers to actually feel clean if he left the mess until morning.

“‘Oh’,” Ilya mocked from the bathroom as the shower turned on. “As if I don’t know how to take care of you.”

Shane couldn’t help the little grin that spread across his face at that. Ilya did know how to take care of him. In so many ways.

Ilya came back. “Did you know you used French a few times?”

Shane blushed. “Ah…no. No I did not.”

Ilya grinned. “Was sexy.”

Shane coughed, feeling the blush spread. “Noted.”

Ilya held something out pinched between his fingers. When Shane reached to take it, Ilya shook his head, pulling it back just slightly. Shane lowered his hand, then let his mouth fall open. Ilya smiled, placing the cough drop on Shane’s tongue, chuckling as Shane sucked on his fingers when he tried to pull them out. Obligingly, Ilya let Shane suck for a moment, then pulled them free with a kiss to Shane’s forehead.

Ilya helped Shane up, wrapping a protective arm around Shane’s waist when his legs wobbled, leading the way to the bathroom and herding Shane into the shower. Shane had meant to redo this bathroom when he first bought the place, thought the built in bench in the shower was a waste of space, but being with Ilya had proven exactly how valuable that bench was. It was never going away, and he was adding one in the main bathroom of the cottage. Without it, he would frequently be a puddle on the floor after their more intense escapades. As it was, Ilya just lowered him gently onto the bench—and a folded towel he’d put there that was already soaked through with warm water—and started cleaning him off.

Shane leaned back against the glass wall, lifting his hands to trace lazy patterns on Ilya’s thighs among the water drops. “We should do that again.”

Ilya slid a hand behind Shane's neck, pulling him forward slightly before running the shower wand back and forth over his hair. "That good?"

Shane rested his head against Ilya's stomach, eyes slipping closed. "Mmmhm. Couldn't even think."

Ilya didn't say anything for a moment, fingers massaging Shane's scalp while the water continued to pour over it. "So it…was quiet?"

Shane blinked, pulling back to look up at Ilya, at that piercing, understanding gaze that dug deeper into Shane's head than he had ever managed to get on his own. "Yeah. Yeah, it was quiet."

Ilya smiled, finger curling under Shane's chin as he leaned down to kiss him softly. "Good to know, Воробейчик."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!