

swing me up, hold me down

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by [yustassy](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander, sporting a black eye, trudges through the door favouring his right leg and kindly asks Ilya if they have any ice in the freezer.

Ilya raises an eyebrow. "What is this job? 7/11 bouncer?"

Hollander smiles dopily. "Something like that."

Notes

yolo

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

“What did you say you work as?” Ilya asks.

“Uh, sports journalist.” Ilya’s new roommate says. “Ice Hockey. I mostly cover the Admirals, but, Voyageurs are, obviously, the best team.”

“My god.” Ilya whispers under his breath. He slowly lowers his Bears jersey back into the moving box.

—

Shane Hollander is six foot something and has a smattering of freckles on his face. Shane Hollander is obsessed with Ice Hockey. Shane Hollander forgets that it is his turn to take out the trash but forces Ilya to follow a strict recycling regime. These are some of the observations Ilya has made within the first two weeks of moving in.

Also, Shane Hollander does not seem to sleep. Besides his day job he works night shifts at a convenience store down the street four times a week and works on stumbling into the apartment past 5AM seven times a week. Not very open about sharing what he does those other three times a week either. The math is not tabulating but Ilya graciously considers a language barrier.

Being a sports journalist is apparently a cushy job since he can work from home and not adhere to time limits, because Shane Hollander never seems to have a fuckass deadline hovering over his head, unlike Ilya. Who is deeply troubled by the fact that just maybe banking was the wrong career path for him. (As they say in New York, *no fucking shit.*)

But even when working from home Ilya cannot find a viable pocket of time where Hollander actually sleeps. And more often than not, on the rare (nearly daily) occasion that Ilya is awake at those hours, Hollander will arrive home looking half concussed and dazed. Sometimes, like he has just taken a beating.

On one occasion, Shane Hollander, sporting a black eye, trudges through the door favouring his right leg and kindly asks Ilya if they have any ice in the freezer.

Ilya raises an eyebrow. "What is this job? 7/11 bouncer?"

Hollander smiles dopily. "Something like that."

—

"Maybe he is in a fight club," Svetlana suggests.

"No. You watch too many movies."

"It's just an idea. Consider this: the alternative is that he's an axe murderer, and you are his latest victim."

God, he hopes not. Hollander is probably the cutest man Ilya has met so far in New York City and it would be extremely upsetting if he ends up gutting Ilya in his sleep.

"Still. Too many movies."

"Whatever. Why do you call me for advice when you refuse to listen to me?"

"I don't know! I thought you would exercise common sense. I forgot you don't have any."

Svetlana makes a *tsk* sound through the phone. “Always so rude. Did you not read about this? I read in an article that a man in Chicago kidnapped his roommates and cut them up, because they didn’t do laundry on time.”

Ilya imagines Hollander wielding a butcher’s knife and pushing him down on the ground, pressing his hands to his chest, his *cock against*—

“I don’t think that’s the case here.”

“How would you know that? You’re obviously not thinking straight because last time you said you wanted to fuck—“ Ilya hangs up the phone.

—

Then because Ilya is the luckiest man in New York City his bank gets robbed. Third incident in two months. The security company is really fucking up. And because Ilya is not only the luckiest bastard in all of New York but also the luckiest bastard alive, he is, of course, taken as collateral for the ensuing standoff. Meaning: hostage situation. Meaning: obviously he is saved just in time by every twelve year old girl’s wet dream in red spandex.

Yes, yes! Fuck the politicians and fuck the police, but kiss Spider-Man’s ass! Amazing how he manages to humiliate Ilya at the most public and embarrassing moments, five times since moving to New York, not that anybody but Ilya is counting.

See: Exhibit A, a simple mugging at night. Spider-man knocks out Ilya’s attacker. Exhibit B, Ilya, caught in the crossfire of a gang fight because fuck him right. Spider-man swings him out of danger. Exhibit C, D, E, robbery, robbery, robbery.

Logically, he can acknowledge that Spider-man is only doing his job. Ilya-logically, Spider-man is being a fucking asshole.

“Maybe try staying away from banks for a while,” Spider-man says when he lowers Ilya to the ground.

“I can’t. I work here.” Ilya says flatly.

“I know, but—I mean, I know because, I’ve seen you there, many times, so I gathered, that, yeah. Okay.” Spider-man says. He sounds somewhat like he is choking on his own spit.

“What?”

“What?” Spider-man echoes.

That is enough of this conversation. “Goodbye,” Ilya says, and walks away. Not anywhere specific, just to make it look like he has somewhere to be, you know. As one does after a bank robbery. Somehow he wants Spider-man to know that his life does not revolve around being a damsel in distress, thank you.

After walking two blocks he realises he is walking for no reason and heads back to his apartment. He assumed Hollander would be there but instead the place is silent.

Maybe Ilya is a little disappointed. Hollander would’ve loved to hear what had happened. He’s a Spider-man fanboy freak, even runs a blog.

And, just as quick as he can pull out his phone to message Svetlana, Hollander barrels through the front door, face flushed and breaking heavily like he’s ran a marathon.

“Oh, wow, you just got back? You’re a fast walker,” he says absently.

“Er, yes, there was a—robbery. Did you…run here?”

“Kind of,” Hollander waves his hand in the air awkwardly, seemingly for no particular reason. “Anyways, how was it?”

“How was what?”

“The robbery.”

Ilya stares. “You want to know. How the robbery. Was?”

“Yeah.” Hollander blinks owlshly. Then he realises something and hastily says, “I mean, for the blog. I saw somewhere that Spider-man was there.”

This is what he means. Only fanboy freak number one would sprint from fuckall to hear how a robbery went. “Spider-man was fine. Nice guy. Like always.”

Hollander is busying himself with organising his coats hanging on the wall. “Didn’t he save you a few times before? You’re not injured or anything, right?” he asks, suddenly concerned.

“He didn’t save me on some of those times,” Ilya snaps. “I could handle it. But he made it a bit easier.”

“You could handle an active shooter?” Hollander says doubtfully.

“Well Spider-man swings me away before anything, yes? So we will never know if I can handle it or not.”

Hollander has some kind of pained, constipated expression on his face. Ilya feels inexplicably frustrated. “OK, I will be taking a shower now.”

Hollander continues to look constipated.

“Bye.” Ilya says. For nobody’s benefit except his own apparently. Then he goes into his room and shuts the door.

—

“I wanted to apologise, if I offended you.”

“Excuse me?” They are currently mid building collapse. There is dust on Ilya’s best work suit.

“See, I’m not picking the places I, like, swing from, it just sort of *happens*,” Spider-man says, lingering on the last word.

“I don’t understand what you are trying to say.”

“I get the sense — from last time — you might be feeling, just — a little — emasculated.” Spider-man says. A piece of debris falls to their right.

Ilya balks. “I’m sorry?”

“*Emasculated.*” Spider-man repeats meaningfully.

Hollander has a cut on his cheek that's forming a lazy stream of blood down his face. Because of course he does. Why the fuck not.

"I have bandages in my room," Ilya says.

"Nah, it's fine." Hollander says. "It'll heal soon."

"Are you crazy? You're bleeding."

He touches his cheek and has the nerve to look slightly surprised when his hands come away red. "Oh."

Ilya is genuinely flabbergasted. "OK, stay there. I will go get the bandage."

Hollander gives him a thumbs up. Sociopathic behaviour if you ask Ilya.

When he returns with the first aid kit Hollander has relocated to the couch and Ilya squats on the ground in front of him. Starts to open an alcohol wipe and moves to dab the cut.

Hollander hisses and jerks away. "Hold still, Hollander. Unless we want to get blood on the couch," Ilya says dryly.

"You can call me Shane, you know." Hollander says.

"Yes, but—" Ilya stops.

“But what?”

“Don’t know. OK Shane.”

The cut has nearly stopped bleeding now. It’s not so bad now that he’s taking a good look at it. Ilya fixes a pressure pad over and starts to fix the bandage on.

“Where did you learn how to do this?”

Ilya thinks back to Russia, his father, screaming profanities at him, half out of his mind, Alexei, smashing glass bottles on the table when he throws a temper.

“Where did you get this cut from?”

And they both don’t have anything to say. Shane starts to pick at a scab on his arm. From this view, Ilya is face to face with his long, swooping lashes, like a girl's, almost, and his pouty lips. They look a bit like his mother’s.

—

“So you always get the same thing?”

“Not always.” Ilya diversifies. Sometimes he orders the chicken parm with pesto.

“Basically the same thing. How is that good for you, man? Don’t you know about food pyramids?” Spider-man scoffs.

“What the fuck is a food pyramid?”

Spider-man shakes his head.

—

“If you keep patching him up after each murder, you’re basically asking for it.”

“Shut up. What am I supposed to do, let him bleed out?”

“New York has changed you, Ilya. You softie.”

“Shut up. I’m sure he’s not an axe murderer. We might have to revisit the fight club theory.”

“I know. I’m always right.”

—

Friday night, and the front door blows open; the ceramic pot near the shoe rack rattles once, twice, then falls over, smashing into a million pieces. Shane’s eyes track the mess, then move

to Ilya, then back to the pot.

“Sorry,” Shane, who is sopping wet from the storm, says. Vaguely apologetically.

Ilya sucks in a deep breath. Then, because he is trying to be polite, he says, “Is fine.” Not like that was his favourite pot that Svetlana shipped from Russia or anything.

Then, because *he* is an asshole, Shane shuffles away from the door, leaving a trail of water behind and making *no move* to clean up. He sits down in front of Ilya and puts a soggy takeout bag on the table.

“What’re you eating?” Shane asks.

Stupid question. Ilya has sauce on his mouth, oh wait, there is also a *plate of chicken parm* in front of him.

“It is Friday.” Ilya says in lieu of a response. He will not dignify Shane’s inane questions with real replies. And he is maybe a little mad about the pot.

“So?”

“I thought you work night shift. On Friday.”

“Oh. I do, but I skipped work today.” Shane scratches the back of his head. “I bought takeout if you’re still hungry. Thought I’d share since you always get the same thing.” He gestures at the disgusting takeout bag that is dripping rainwater onto the floor.

Offensive. Ilya does not always get the same thing. He buys all kinds of chicken parm from different stores all the time. He is on a quest to find the best chicken parm place in the city.

“OK,” Ilya says, because, remember, he is trying to be polite.

Shane brightens. “You’re gonna love this, when I first moved here all I could eat were these soup dumplings. Full of nutrients, too, probably the best balance of those food pyramids,” What is with people in New York and fucking food pyramids? He continues talking about the benefits of a macrobiotic food diet which Ilya purposefully ignores.

He picks one soup dumpling up. Puts it in his mouth.

“Wow.” Ilya says.

“Wow.” Shane says.

Ilya keeps eating. Shane only watches. He’s watching him with something careful. Distantly, Ilya thinks he enjoys looking at Shane’s nice face. The dim kitchen light makes his freckles look like flecks of gold. And he is not actually a dick or an asshole or a shitbag. Ilya only says it because it’s funny.

The pot is not such a big deal, he can probably get a new one online. Probably.

—

“I said I was handling it.” Ilya growls.

“No offense, but you’re like, a magnet for crime. I don’t even need to do patrol anymore. I’ll just follow you around and I’ll run into something.”

The masked assailant picks himself off the ground and runs away screaming. “OK. Time to go Spider-man. Thanks again,” Ilya says sardonically.

“Hey. Why’re you being a dick? I’m only doing my job,” Spider-man says.

“I’m *not*.” He is. But he doesn’t care. Today, there is a dark cloud hanging over Ilya, moral obligation or not, he cannot be bothered to entertain anybody, not even vigilantes that save him from muggings.

“Are you injured?” Spider-man asks. “There’s a hospital—“

“Across the street. I know.”

Ilya presses his palms to his eyes. And then, embarrassingly, mortifyingly, his throat closes up, and—

Spider-man tilts his head. Like a fucking cat or something. “Are you *crying*?”

“Fuck you. No.”

“You are,” Spider-man sounds like he’s in disbelief. “You’re *crying*.”

Ilya hiccups against his best efforts. Once, twice. He starts to sob.

Spider-man puts a gentle hand on his back. This is the worst moment of his entire life.

After five minutes of dry heaving, he collects himself enough to swat Spider-man’s hand away. Spider-man relents, but continues to hover.

“Sorry.” Ilya says. His mouth tastes like sandpaper. “Sorry.”

Spider-man does that cat-like head tilt again. It makes Ilya want to punch something. “You’re not okay.”

“I’m supposed to do everything on my own,” Ilya croaks. “I am supposed to handle it.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know.” Ilya pinches his forehead. “That is the way it is.”

“What kind of excuse is that? Who’s fucking way is this?” Spider-man says.

Ilya looks at Spider-man; looks at his skinny legs and his awkward stance, thinks of his earnest words. And Ilya is feeling light headed from the crying, but Spider-man looks just about the strongest fucking man on the planet.

“Nobody has ever looked out for me before,” Ilya says miserably.

“We all have to start somewhere,” Spider-man replies easily.

—

Ilya’s shifts changed and now he works mostly late afternoon, so for a few hours in the early morning Shane and Ilya are actually awake enough and around to see each other.

Shane brings home new foods almost every day. Apparently chicken parm is not an adequate source of nutrition and so Ilya is trying strange and occasionally disgusting ‘macrobiotic’ meals several times a week. He takes pride in spitting them out before he can taste them to make Shane angry.

Shane is an opinionated dickhead that thinks his hockey commentary is always right. Shane is genuinely neurotic about the state of Ilya’s laundry. Shane drinks all his instant coffee and does not buy more when it runs out.

Shane also brings Ilya glasses of water when he’s too tired to get up. Shane never makes fun of Ilya when he forgets a word in English.

And even though Ilya is an extrovert, has so much to say and so much to give, he can’t bring himself to stand up, walk to the next person and say hi, how are you, afraid of what: sounding stupid in english, that it doesn’t matter what he says, that *you’ve only come here to work, send money home. This is not a time to have fun, Ilya.*

Shane is the only semi-aquaintance-almost-friend Ilya has made since moving to New York. That must count for something.

Ilya sees Spider-man daily now. It doesn’t just happen when he’s in mortal danger anymore, but walking down the street; on the way home from work, getting a sandwich from the bodega (see: Shane’s recommendation). If he didn’t know better, he’d think Spider-man was actively seeking him out.

He won’t admit it, but it’s nice to know there’s someone in his corner. Of course, it’s nice to know that there’s *anyone* there to save him when held at gunpoint, but he feels better with

Spider-man's dorky, nervous arms around him, swinging him to safety. His very own personal bodyguard, Svetlana says.

At night Ilya hears Shane's snores from the next room. Possibly the second time Ilya has ever heard him sleep. From the balcony, he holds his cross necklace close to his chest and prays for Spider-man's safety. Ilya lets himself imagine, wherever he is, Spider-man is thinking of him too.

End Notes

working on expanding this universe with a longer fic so lmk and stay tuned if you want to see what more bs i can spin for this au B)

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