

Come and Get it

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Come and Get it

by [rocketttt](#)

Summary

Ilya steals Shane's shirt and they are both obviously super casual and chill about it.

Notes

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

Shane notices the shirt immediately.

It's navy blue, soft from too many washes, and stretched just enough at the collar to sit all wrong on Ilya's broad shoulders. Shane knows that shirt. He'd seen it in a hotel gift shop and reluctantly bought it after Yuna had *not-so-casually* suggested he try wearing more color. He sometimes wears it when he's tired or when he's missing home. But Ilya is wearing it like it belongs to him.

"You know that's mine," Shane says, leaning in the doorframe of Ilya's bedroom.

Ilya looks down at himself, slow and deliberate, like he's inspecting the evidence. "Is it?"

"Yes."

"Hm." Ilya tugs lightly at the hem. "Does seem small." He shrugs his shoulders, completely unbothered. "Is ok."

It's not a question. He doesn't move to change. Doesn't ask for permission to wear it or apologize for taking it out of Shane's bag. Just squeezes past Shane through the doorframe and pads toward the kitchen.

Shane turns to watch him go and immediately hates himself for it.

In the kitchen, Ilya reaches up into the cabinet, the already-too-short shirt riding further up his back. Shane's eyes catch his skin. He looks away too late.

"You are staring," Ilya says.

"I'm not."

Ilya smirks, completely unconvinced, and pours himself a cup of coffee. He leans back against the counter, one hip cocked, casual in a way that still feels calculated. "You are."

He steps closer, invading Shane's space like only he can. The shirt smells like Ilya—clean and soapy with a hint of cigarettes and *something else*. And it shouldn't matter but it definitely does.

"You want it back?" Ilya asks, his eyes fixed on Shane's and his long fingers hooking into the hem of the shirt.

Shane's throat goes dry.

Ilya takes another step closer, completely closing the gap between them. He sets his coffee cup down and pins Shane to the counter. "Well," he exhales. "Come and get it."

Shane doesn't move. Ilya is close enough now that he can feel the heat of him, the weight of his body boxing him in against the counter. The navy blue shirt is bunched slightly where Ilya's fingers hook into the hem. Shane's chest feels tight in response.

"This is stupid," Shane says, weakly.

Ilya's smile is slow. Knowing. He leans in closer and Shane's breath catches. Close enough that the phrase 'come and get it' feels not only like a challenge but an invitation Shane can't ignore.

Shane exhales through his nose, then lifts one hand. His fingers brush Ilya's wrist first, light and tentative, like he's testing a live wire. Ilya doesn't pull away. His grip on the shirt tightens instead, knuckles whitening just a little.

Shane swallows and slides his hand lower, palm flattening against Ilya's stomach through the fabric. The heat there is immediate. Real. Ilya's breath hitches, it's barely noticeable, but to Shane it feels like a victory.

"Hollander," Ilya murmurs. It's not a warning, not a tease. *Something else.*

Shane tugs. Not hard. Just enough to make the shirt stretch between them. "Rozanov," Shane says, his voice rough.

For a second, they're stuck like that. Shane pinned between Ilya and the counter, hand pushing into Ilya's stomach. Ilya's hand fisted in the hem of the shirt, pressing his torso into Shane's. The air between them feels thick, heavy with all of the things they refuse to say.

Then Ilya lets go.

The sudden release throws Shane forward a half step, their bodies colliding. Shane's free hand comes up automatically, bracing against Ilya's side, fingers digging in. Ilya's hands land on the counter on either side of Shane's hips, caging him in again, closer now, too close. They're breathing hard. Shane can feel it everywhere. His pulse is loud in his ears. But he doesn't back down. Instead, he lifts his chin just enough, his own eyes locked in on Ilya's despite everything else.

Shane's fingers linger on the hem of the shirt, the warmth radiating off him through the thin fabric. Ilya tilts his head back slightly, allowing Shane to feel the pulse at his neck, slow and steady. Shane's chest presses closer before he even realizes it.

"You're impossible," Shane breathes, voice low.

Ilya smirks, leaning in until his lips are just shy of Shane's ear. The closeness makes Shane shiver. "Am I?" Ilya murmurs, and the sound alone makes Shane's hands tighten, curling lightly in the soft navy shirt.

Shane swallows, heart hammering.

Ilya says, eyes half-lidded, voice almost a whisper. "I think you like it."

Shane can't deny it. Instead, he leans forward, closing the last fraction of distance between them. His forehead presses to Ilya's, breath mingling. Ilya tilts his head, eyes fluttering closed, inviting, and Shane moves his hand slightly higher, brushing across the line of Ilya's side.

Then Shane's lips meet Ilya's. Gentle at first. Testing, hesitant. But the heat under his fingers and the press of Ilya's body against his quickly deepens the kiss. Ilya responds immediately,

lips parting wide, soft sighs vibrating against Shane's mouth as their tongues argue for dominance.

Shane's hands slide under the hem of the shirt, fingertips grazing skin, and Ilya's hands find Shane's waist, tugging him closer. Every brush, every press, is electric.

The kiss breaks for just a second, their eyes locking. Shane's breath is uneven. Ilya's lips are curved in a dangerous, teasing smile.

"Thank you for letting me have your shirt," Ilya whispers, his lips brushing against Shane's ear.

Shane fights a smile, "I didn't let you. And you can't have it."

He leans in again, capturing Ilya's lips with more confidence this time. It's slower now, deliberate, lingering. Every inch of space between them feels charged. They press together in a rhythm dictated by desire and denial, hearts pounding, breaths mingling.

When they pull apart, just slightly, Shane rests his forehead against Ilya's shoulder. "It smells like you," he finally says.

Ilya laughs, voice low and warm. "Is lucky for you."

They stay like that for a long moment, holding onto each other, letting the tension settle into something softer, something intimate.

Shane tells himself it's just a shirt.

He knows that it's not.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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