Pure.

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Pure.

by horang_shii1

Summary

Shane and Ilya are back at the cottage this summer. At Shane's parents house, there happen to be some of Shane's cousins who made fun of him for his autism.

Back at the cottage, while cuddling, Shane started venting. That small vent started a whole conversation that definitely made them... closer.

Notes

Hi yes this is horangshii who used to do fics abt svt

See the end of the work for more notes

Summer break.

Shane convinced Ilya to go back to the cottage they went to last year. Somehow convinced him.

Shane was currently making breakfast.

Ilya walked downstairs, immediately getting the smell of the food. He was shirtless, wearing pants that hang low and show off his V shape and his happy trail.

He inhaled, walking behind Shane. He wrapped his arms around his waist, pressing a kiss to his neck and making him smile. "Morning."

Shane turned his head, kissing Ilya's cheek, "Morning."

Ilya nuzzled into Shane's neck, inhaling his scent. He could feel Shane's muscles relaxing under his touch, the tension from their earlier argument melting away. Ilya's hands slid down Shane's sides possessively before resting on his hips. "You're making pancakes?" he asked softly.

Shane nodded, flipping the pan carefully, "Mm."

Ilya hummed happily, his stomach growling at the smell of pancakes. He pressed a kiss to Shane's shoulder before releasing him and moving to sit at the kitchen island.

As he waited for breakfast, he pulled out his phone and started scrolling through social media. "Hey, Shane?" he called out after a moment. "Come here for a sec?"

Shane looked up from the pan, "Hm?" He hummed in question as he walked over.

"Can you bend over real quick?" Ilya asked, not looking up from his phone. His sweatpants were tented slightly, and he adjusted himself subtly. He had a sudden urge to see Shane's ass in those short sleep shorts he was wearing. "Just wanna check something real quick. I swear."

Shane tsked "Fuck off." He said grumpy-ly, going back to cooking.

Ilya chuckled, watching Shane cook from his seat. He loved seeing him like this - relaxed, happy, cooking breakfast in his cute little sleep shorts. He put his phone down and stood up, walking over to Shane and wrapping his arms around his waist again.

Shane chuckled, "Stop being a perv, Russian."

"I can't help it." Ilya murmured, pressing his face into Shane's back and inhaling deeply. "You look cute in those shorts, Mr. Canada-Japan." He slipped his hands under the hem of Shane's shirt, tracing the contours of his stomach. "And I wanna fuck you on this countertop."

Shane pulled away, well, tried to since Ilya kept him where he was, "Yeah, no. I just took a shower."

Ilya laughed softly, nipping at Shane's ear before releasing him. "Fine, fine." He teased, sitting back down and watching Shane cook with a playful smirk. The air was filled with the scent of pancakes and the sound of Shane's gentle humming - a stark contrast to their earlier fight last night about some ice hockey stuff.

Ilya spoke, "Your parents tonight?" Making Shane nod

At night, Shane's parents house.

For some reason, his fucking *cousins*, (*a specific one*) were there. He was already super nervous, because one of them made of his autism for years. For *years*.

"Sooooo.." Shane's older cousin, Kai, spoke, "How's the whole.. Autism thing going?"

Everyone fell silent.

Shane's jaw clenched, "Fuck off." He mumbled.

Ilya's hand immediately moved to Shane's thigh possessively under the table, giving it a gentle squeeze - a square show of support. He knew Shane hated when people brought up his autism like it was a joke or something to make fun of. Kai's question was insensitive at best, annoying as hell at worst.

"Kai," Yuna warned, her voice stern. "Don't start." She knew how much Shane hated when people made fun of his autism or acted like it was something to joke about. She turned to Shane with a soft smile. "You okay?" she asked gently. David nodded in agreement beside her.

Before Shane could respond, his other cousin, Justin, spoke, "Kai, shut the fuck up." Justin snapped, his voice cold. He was protective of Shane's autism diagnosis almost as much as Ilya was - maybe even more so because he had seen firsthand how people treated Shane differently because of it.

Shane smiled slightly. He was more close with Justin now, after his coming out.

Ilya squeezed Shane's thigh again reassuringly as Justin spoke up for him. He loved how protective Justin was of Shane - it showed how much he cared about his little cousin. Ilya looked over at Kai with a scowl, not liking how dismissive he was being about Shane's feelings.

Back at the cottage, few hours later.

They were cuddling, silent.

Shane spoke then, "You know.."

Ilya hummed softly, pressing a kiss to Shane's temple. "Mhm?" He replied, his arms tightening around Shane's waist possessively. He loved when Shane was quiet like this - all cuddly and sweet. It was different from his usually snappy, sarcastic self.

Shane didn't stare at something specific, unblinking as he said, "Sometimes I wonder what makes me so.. different."

Ilya froze slightly, his arms tightening around Shane protectively. He knew what Shane meant - not just his autism diagnosis, but also his personality. He was quiet, sensitive, overthinker. He had a hard time making friends, he was picky about noises and textures. He was different.

"I forget about it." Shane continued, "I remember the life I have. *We have*. But when I have to see Kai or just.. Someone who thinks it's funny, it just.. all comes back. How differently I was treated."

"Baby," Ilya murmured softly, his voice gentle. He hated seeing Shane like this - reminded of all the times people treated him badly because of his autism or his sensitive personality. He pressed a kiss to Shane's forehead, his hands rubbing soothing circles on his back.

"I'm so tired, ya know?" Shane whispered. "Having people online talk about my ice hockey skills but never fail to mention.. *it*." He sighed, his eyes filling with tears he refused to let fall. Fuck. He wishes he never talked about his autism online.

Ilya felt a pang of anger and sadness in his chest. He knew Shane was an incredible hockey player - one of the best. But people always had to bring up his autism, like it was some sort of obstacle or flaw instead of just a part of who he was. Ilya held Shane closer, not speaking.

After some silence, Shane spoke. His voice soft, trembly.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize," Ilya said immediately, cutting Shane off. "You have nothing to apologize for anything. Ok? You're amazing - on and off the ice. People are just idiots for focusing on your autism instead of your skills." He pressed another kiss to Shane's forehead, his arms wrapping around him tightly.

Shane laughed a little, "No like.. for whatever just happened now."

Ilya's heart ached at Shane's words. He knew what he meant - the momentary vulnerability, the reminder of past pain. "Hey," he whispered, tilting Shane's chin up to meet his gaze. "This is okay. You're allowed to feel like this sometimes."

Shane sighed, "I'm sorry it's just.. my problems are so.. small compared to yours, I feel shit when I talk about mine but you never talk about yours."

Ilya's breath caught slightly at Shane's words. He was used to being the strong one, the supportive partner who listened to Shane's struggles. The idea of reversing their roles made his chest feel tight and uncomfortable. "You're so..

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Shane laughed, snuggling closer, "I didn't do anything."

"Exactly," Ilya said softly, his voice barely above a whisper. "You didn't do anything. But you're always so considerate of my feelings, of my struggles... And yet you downplay your own, Prince." He cupped Shane's face gently, his thumb brushing over his cheek.

Shane closed his eyes, nuzzling Ilya's thumb, "Because mine aren't important when it comes to you."

Ilya's heart felt like it was being squeezed. He hated that Shane thought his problems were less important than his own. "Baby." He said firmly but gently, "Your problems are important to me because they're important to you." He pressed their foreheads together. "I want to listen."

"But.." Shane sighed, "I want to listen to yours too."

Ilya felt a lump form in his throat at Shane's words. He was so used to being the strong one, the one who listened and supported without ever opening up himself. But Shane was asking him to share, to let him in completely. "I... I'm scared," Ilya admitted quietly, his voice trembling slightly. He never talks about his feelings. Especially not in english. Fuck. He's going to mess this up. He's going to make Shane think he is a-

"Of what?" Shane's voice cut the thoughts off.

Ilya stared at him.

"Because you're always so focused on me." He replied quietly, his heart pounding in his chest. "You always prioritize my feelings over your own. I'm scared that if I tell you my problems, you'll just focus on trying to fix them instead of dealing with your own. I don't want that."

"Mine can't be fixed, you know that."

"Exactly." Ilya said gently, his eyes darkening. "And that's why I don't want to add to your plate. You already deal with so much.. Your autism, your anxiety, your past traumas. I don't want to be another thing you have to worry about."

Shane looked genuinely offended now.

"Don't look at me like that." Ilya said quickly, his brows furrowing. "I'm serious. You have enough on your plate without having to deal with my shit too." He sighed heavily, running a hand through his hair frustratedly. "I'm trying to protect you."

Shane looked down, not wanting to meet Ilya's eyes as he said this. "Don't.. Put me down because of what I have." He gulped.

Ilya's heart ached at Shane's words. He knew he was doing the exact opposite of what he intended. instead of making Shane feel better, he was making him feel worse. "Baby, no." He backtracked quickly, his voice softening. "That's not what I'm doing."

"That's what it *feels* like."

Ilya felt like an asshole. He was making things worse, not better. He was causing Shane to feel downplayed and disrespected - the exact opposite of what he wanted. "Shane." He murmured softly, pulling back slightly to look at him. "I'm fucking this up."

Shane nodded, "You are. Idiot."

"Yeah, I am." Ilya agreed with a heavy sigh. He ran a hand through his hair again, frustrated with himself. "I'm treating you like you're fragile and can't handle anything, when in reality you *are* the strongest person I know."

"Hm." Shane hummed, still looking away.

Ilya took a deep breath, steeling himself to finally open up. He had to stop protecting Shane from everything and start being honest with him. "You want to know my problems?" He asked quietly, his eyes searching Shane's downcast face for any sign of annoyance or overload. "Here's one." He paused.

Shane paused, looking up at his boyfriend.

"I'm scared." Ilya admitted quietly, his voice cracking slightly. "I'm scared of being a burden to you. Of being too much, too needy, too broken. I'm scared that one day you'll look at me and realize I'm not worth all the trouble."

Shane looked into his eyes, "You think after 10 years I'll randomly realize, as you said, something that's just.. Not true?"

"No, I think that after 10 years of putting up with my shit, you'll finally realize how much I actually am a burden." Ilya replied, his voice tinged with self-deprecation.

"How do I reassure you you're not?"

Ilya's eyes welled up slightly at the question. He hadn't expected Shane to ask that directly. "By telling me I'm not," he whispered hoarsely. "By showing me that even when I'm at my worst, you still choose me." He took a shaky breath. "By... I don't know."

Shane gasped teasingly, "First time you didn't ask for a blow job or sex." He joked. He didn't wanna see Ilya sad, or make him feel like he *has* to talk, when he doesn't really want to do so.

Ilya laughed despite himself, the tension from earlier completely disappearing. "Hey, asshole." He teased back, swatting Shane's shoulder playfully. "I can have emotional needs without them always being about sex, you know." He grinned. "Although, a blow job right now would be nice too."

Shane rolled his eyes, "Of course it would be."

"What? A guy can't have both emotional and physical needs?" Ilya asked teasingly, pulling Shane into a hug. "I mean, you're the one who always says I'm like a puppy - needing attention and affection all the time." He nuzzled into Shane's neck.

Shane snorted, "Nighty, Ilya."

Ilya chuckled softly, pressing a gentle kiss to Shane's neck before releasing him. "Night, baby," he murmured, watching as Shane settled down under the covers. He knew their conversation wasn't perfectly resolved - his insecurities weren't magically gone.

But for now, they were both comfortable enough to sleep. Ilya turned off the light and settled down beside Shane, pulling him close. He knew they'd need to keep communicating, keep being honest with each other. But for now...they were okay.

"I love you."

End Notes

How I feel after coming back after a year with a heated rivalry fic ✌✌

Kudos and comments appreciated!!

Also I lost my writing skills I fear

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