

I'll Believe in Anything

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I'll Believe in Anything

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Summary

"My dad definitely liked you. You share his taste in vodka."

Ilya hums, running a hand up and down Shane's arm. "See? You are worried about nothing."

"I know, I just... I've had this hanging over me for years, and now that it's over with..."

"You look lighter," Ilya tells him, brushing his fingers against Shane's cheek. "More peaceful."

"I feel lighter, but I'm scared," he admits, fingers drifting down to Ilya's abdomen, tracing the lines and ridges he finds there. "We've never done this before—the actually being together part. I'm scared I'll mess it up."

Shane and Ilya return to the cottage after the confrontation with Shane's parents.

Notes

THIS IS MY 100th work!!!! I can't believe I'm here posting for the 100th time that's so exciting.

Throughout the drive, Ilya worries about Shane. He keeps looking at him like he's worried Shane will break down, but he doesn't. His rival remains strong, holding his hand admittedly a little tight.

As they pull up to the cottage again, Ilya gives him one more little squeeze, then gets out of the car to help Shane. Not that Shane needs help, but Ilya can tell he's still stressed out, even if the talk with his parents had gone as well as it could have.

"You okay?" Ilya asks softly, running his fingers gently through Shane's hair. "Hmm?"

"I will be," Shane replies, wrapping his arms around Ilya's waist. "Can you just hold me for a minute?"

"Of course." Ilya runs his fingers through Shane's hair again, shushing him as the other man begins to shake against him. There are tears soaking into his shirt, but he doesn't care. He is so proud of Shane, so, so fucking proud. It had taken bravery to admit what he did to his parents, even if his hand had been forced a little.

It was also bittersweet, watching Shane get something Ilya would simply never have. His mother would have accepted him, of that much he's certain, but his father or brother? Both police. He can forget that idea. That's just a dream, and unlike what he'd told Shane earlier, it's one he could never wake up from.

Pulling back slightly, Ilya rests his forehead against Shane's, listening to the sound of a bird calling in the distance. "Hey, I love you."

"I love you, too. So much."

"Come on, let's light a fire." Ilya shrugs. "Was fun the other night."

Shane grins, shoulders already seeming a bit lighter as he places a hand against the curve of Ilya's jaw. "See? I told you it wasn't boring."

Eyes rolling back, Ilya lets Shane guide him back into the cottage, teasing him relentlessly all the while as they make their way back out toward the fire pit. They'll be okay, Ilya knows they will. He waited long enough for Shane, they've more than earned this time together, more than earned a lifetime together.

There may be obstacles ahead, but Ilya feels like they leapt over a big one today, like they've accomplished their first big hurdle as a couple. God knows how many they have left from there, but he's glad he'll have Shane to face them with.

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"Ilya?" Shane asks later when they've just had sex, his head resting atop Ilya's sweaty chest. "Can I ask you something?"

"Give me a minute, my head needs rebooting."

Shane laughs, swiping away a bead of sweat from his brow, then he crawls up to kiss him. All Ilya can taste is sweat and salt and maybe a hint of his own come, but it's worth it. He loves the taste of Shane on his tongue, loves being close to him—loves that now he can kiss him just because he wants to, and not because they're fucking. "You're an idiot."

"Okay, I think that rebooted me. What is question?"

"I... Do you—do you think I handled everything okay back there?"

Ilya presses a kiss to his forehead, Shane's eyes closing as he relaxes into the touch, and he feels that warm, fuzzy feeling of peace settle further into his bones. "I think you did beautifully."

"Yeah?"

"I know you were nervous, but they love you," Ilya assures him, placing another kiss to Shane's nose. "I love you."

Shane's eyes flutter open as he hovers over Ilya, a hand tracing the outline of one of his pecs. "I thought they'd hate me for keeping it secret for so long. Or worse, I thought they'd hate you."

At this, Ilya chuckles, shaking Shane where he's still half draped across his chest. "Shane, they never stopped loving you. They just want to know you're okay." He pauses. "And yes, I was a surprise, but I think they like me, too."

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Oh, Shane, Ilya thinks, pulling his boyfriend in for a kiss of love and reassurance, promising him without words that he'll be there for him no matter what. He rolls on top of Shane then, kissing him gently into the pillows, and smiles into the kiss as Shane wraps his arms around his shoulders.

They kiss like that for a while, Ilya's lips moving in time with Shane's until he pulls back, running a thumb over his lover's cheek. "You might mess it up. So could I." He kisses his forehead. "But I don't care about that now, just you. Can you do that? Can you be with me?"

Nodding, Shane kisses Ilya again, holding him tight. "I'm not good with my feelings, I'm sorry."

“Neither am I, but for you, I will try.”

“For you, I’d do anything.”

Ilya smirks, kissing the edge of Shane’s jaw. “Anything, huh?”

Shane pauses. “Maybe not anything right now, my collarbone’s still kinda messed up so that might limit the positions we can—“

Another kiss, because Ilya can’t help himself. Sometimes when Shane is talking, he’s so fucking cute it almost makes Ilya’s heart explode in his chest. It’s a hazard, really, a risk to his life he probably shouldn’t have taken, but god does he love it. “I would do anything for you, too.”

“I know I only asked you for two weeks, but could you stay longer?” Shane asks, twining his fingers in Ilya’s hair. “Don’t go anywhere else, just stay with me. We could have the whole summer if you want.”

And oh, how Ilya loves this ridiculous, wonderful man. “I’ll have to check on my place in Boston.”

“But not yet, just stay, and even when you leave… come back.” Shane beams at him. “I want more time with you.”

Who is Ilya to deny him what he wants? “Yeah, I’ll stay,” he promises, then he kisses Shane, the two of them descending into the sheets as Ilya’s cock wakes up for a second round. He’ll stay. As long as Shane wants him here, he’ll stay, he just hopes his boyfriend also plans to have him here forever. If he can help it, Ilya’s not leaving, not now or in this lifetime.

Not ever.

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