

sicken me

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sicken me

by [ghosttotheparty](#)

Summary

“You lie to yourself, Hollander. Not to me.”

“What, because you know me so well?”

“Yes. I do. Don’t I?”

Notes

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

Ilya hates it when Hollander pushes him away.

He doesn't do it often— his hands are usually pulling, tugging at Ilya's clothes and his arms and his hair— and when he does, it's usually with a resigned sigh, a lazy, tired smile and a soft *I really have to go now*. Even when Ilya is trying to pull him back in, hands clutching half-heartedly at the end of his shirt.

But that's always a lazy push, something weak like he has to make himself do it. There's always a sort of hesitation, something in between a push and a pull.

It always scares Ilya at the beginning— like Hollander is going to shove him, like he's going to call Ilya a fag and look at him in disgust, like he's going to laugh at him. Like he's going to see right through the apathetic facade he holds up every time he looks at Hollander and he's going to ask Ilya if he really thought he could have him like this. And then he sees the shine in Hollander's eyes, and Hollander is really bad at hiding what he feels, at pretending to be unmoved. He wears his emotions on his face, every smile glistening even with a straight mouth, his cheeks rosy under the scatter of his freckles.

It's so easy to get lost in it, to just gaze at him like he's some kind of natural wonder, like aurora borealis or bioluminescence. Ilya has to tear his eyes away.

But right now, it's different. Ilya feels the difference the moment he kisses him, the hesitation in his mouth that isn't usually there, the slight stiffness of his shoulders that only fades for a brief moment before it's back.

“Sorry, I’m—“

Ilya looks at him. Holds his waist, tries to meet his eyes.

He won't look at him, his hands still pressing into Ilya's shoulders where he's pushed him away weakly, eyes tracing the wall behind Ilya.

“What is it?” Ilya asks. “Something wrong?”

”No,”Hollander says.

“Yes,” Ilya corrects him, raising his eyebrows. Hollander glances at him, scoffing a little. It does nothing to lighten his expression. “Tell me, Hollander, what is it?”

“Uhm...”

Hollander looks away, hesitating again, and then he's pushing Ilya away, pushing his hands down off his waist, stepping back to get away. Ilya's hands fall, and he's just standing there, arms hanging by his sides, watching Hollander turn like he's trying to get away from Ilya's line of vision.

“Hollander,” Ilya says, fighting the urge to reach for him, to tug him just so they're breathing the same air.

“I don’t— I don’t think we should do this anymore,” Hollander says finally. Resolutely. Firmly.

Ilya blinks.

He leans back, falling against the wall that Hollander had pushed him against, pushing his hands into the pockets of his sweatpants just to put them somewhere.

Hollander is easy to read. He’s terrible at lying.

Ilya exhales sharply.

“Why?” he says flatly.

Hollander looks at him. His jaw is set, his eyes wide.

“I just...” He pauses, eyes looking over Ilya’s body. “It’s a bad idea.”

”Yes,” Ilya says dryly, nodding. “Was bad idea the first time. You still opened door for me, no? You still came back.”

Hollander stares, his mouth moving like he’s going to say something, like he’s *trying* to say something, but nothing comes out.

Ilya raises his eyebrows.

“It’s a *worse* idea,” Shane says, gesturing vaguely, like Ilya’s house is at fault, like he didn’t come here of his own volition. “We can’t...”

”What, you think I will tell someone?” Ilya says, tossing a hand. “You think I *have* someone to tell?”

“No, I— I know you won’t, but we— we shouldn’t be doing this—“

Ilya makes a face, tossing his hand again.

“No, we should not,” he says. “That is why it’s fun, no?”

Hollander looks away, lifting a hand to rub his face roughly. He still looks tousled from Ilya’s hands, his hair messy, his shirt untucked and wrinkled. Ilya likes it when he looks like this, messy and roughed up.

“We shouldn’t *anymore*,” Shane says.

“Why?”

”Rozanov—“

”I will not make you do anything,” Ilya says firmly, looking at him intently, shoving his hand back in his pocket. “You know this. But I would like reason.”

Hollander lets out a shaky exhale, rubbing his face again.

“I’m not...”

“You are not what?” Ilya says when he trails off. “Gay?”

Hollander looks at him. Exhales. His lip quivers a little bit, and Ilya hates himself for even noticing.

“I’m not,” Hollander says softly, just under his breath, almost whispering.

Ilya scoffs.

And he knows it’s shitty, laughing at something like this, when Hollander looks moments away from crying, when his own throat feels tight, but he can’t help it. He’s always had a tendency to laugh when he’s pissed. And when he’s hurt.

“You lie to yourself, Hollander,” he says, his voice thick. “Not to me.”

Hollander lets out a laugh that sounds delirious, hysterical.

“What, because you know me so well?”

“Yes,” Ilya says. “I do.”

Hollander stares at him, his eyes flickering back and forth between Ilya’s. He’s still close enough for Ilya to see his freckles, to see the way his eyes glisten pitifully, and Ilya’s chest aches. He wants to hold him, to kiss him until he doesn’t even remember feeling like this.

“Don’t I?” Ilya says quietly. He can hear Hollander’s shaky breaths. He wants to swallow them. “Better than anybody else?”

He’s met with silence, but Hollander doesn’t look away.

It’s quiet enough out here, surrounded by the thick walls of Ilya’s house out in the isolated outskirts of Boston, that he can hear the way Hollander is breathing, trembling ins and outs like he’s going to burst into tears or start hyperventilating. Ilya watches him closely, and it’s harder to keep the facade up, to ignore the sting of his own eyes as he waits for Hollander to answer him.

And then Hollander nods.

It’s a tiny nod, barely there, but it’s a nod. A yes. Confirmation.

“So tell me truth then,” Ilya says.

Silence.

“Hollander,” Ilya says impatiently, leaning forward. “Tell me.”

“I’m scared,” Hollander says finally. His voice breaks a little.

“I will not tell anybody—“

”I’m not scared of you *telling anyone*—“

”What, then?” Ilya bursts, throwing his hands in exasperation. “What is problem? What are you scared of?”

”*This!*”

Hollander looks startled himself, eyes wide, fluttering and making tears finally escape down his cheeks. He wipes them away roughly. It leaves his cheeks reddened from his sleeve.

Ilya blinks blankly at him, glancing away and shaking his head in confusion.

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Jesus, fuck...”

Hollander covers his face, turning away, and Ilya lets his head fall back against the wall, watching him as he faces the opposite wall, muttering something into his hands. It’s muffled.

“Hollander.”

“I *like* this,” Hollander says loudly into his hands before he turns back around and looks at Ilya like he’s desperate. He gestures to the space between them. “This. I like *this*.”

Ilya blinks again.

“Why are you scared?” he says. “Of liking this? It is...”

“I like it *too much*,” Shane snaps. His face is red, and he looks angry, and Ilya feels like he’s falling into a void. “I like *you* too much.”

The air turns to static. Their eyes meet, and Ilya’s breath stills in his chest. Another tear falls over Hollander’s cheek, and something settles over Ilya, a vague confirmation, reassurance, that aches.

“Jesus,” Hollander mutters, turning away again. He looks like he’s searching for something, taking a stuttered breath, wiping his face again. “I’m just...”

“Hollander,” Ilya says softly.

“I’m gonna go,” Hollander chokes, grabbing at his jacket like he’s checking that he’s still wearing it, glancing around the doorway before he seems to remember that he hasn’t even taken off his shoes yet, and everything in Ilya hurts.

“Shane.”

He stops.

It takes a moment for him to turn around, to look at Ilya, and when he does, there's a hand covering his mouth like he's sobbing, and he's shaking, and Ilya wants to cry.

"Come here," he says, his voice somehow steady, nodding toward the ground in front of himself.

"Rozanov..."

"Come here," Ilya repeats, softening to a whisper. "Please."

Shane looks at him. Stares.

And he comes here.

It's slow, the way he meanders over to where Ilya is standing, looking away like he's trying to pretend Ilya isn't even there. He shoves his hands in the pockets of his jacket, his shoulders stiff, and Ilya tilts his head, gazing at him, at the flutter of his eyelashes.

And Ilya doesn't really know what the fuck to say, what the fuck to do, or even if he should say or do anything at all. Part of him is content to just stand here, just looking at him, gazing at him, listening to him breathe. He's looking down, his face hidden, but Ilya can hear him sniffing, hiccuping on his breath a little like he's trying to not cry.

Ilya reaches for him slowly.

Like he's approaching a cornered rabbit, like he's scared of getting bitten, or of scaring him off. Shane doesn't flinch when Ilya's hand lands on his arm, staring at the ground, unmoving. Ilya watches him carefully, his hand tightening a little, rubbing Shane's upper arm gently.

"Come closer," he whispers.

Shane steps closer silently, nudging his feet between Ilya's so their legs are interlocked. Ilya squeezes his arm again, rubbing it, pulling at it gently so Shane comes even closer, leaning forward so their faces are close. Ilya nudges his nose against Shane's, brushing it back and forth, closing his eyes.

"Don't do this," Shane breathes. Ilya knows without looking that his eyes are closed too.

"You can tell me to stop," he says softly.

"...I don't want you to."

Ilya nudges their noses together again, exhaling slowly, and he slides his hand up over Shane's arm, his shoulder, his neck, until he's cradling the side of his face.

"Don't fuck with me, Rozanov," Shane says quietly, his voice breaking. Ilya shakes his head, lifting his other hand to hold his face between his palms. "Please, don't fuck with me—"

"I am not fucking with you," he says softly. "This is real."

“I—“

Shane cuts off sharply, his eyes opening before they squeeze shut, and he reaches up for Ilya’s hands, holding them tightly and pressing them against his face harshly, like he’s trying to absorb them.

“I need you to *say* something,” he says weakly, tilting his head down to bury his face between Ilya’s palms. It squishes him a little bit, and he’s so cute Ilya kind of wants to eat him.

“What do you want me to say?”

“I don’t fucking *know*.”

“Shane,” Ilya whispers.

“Don’t call me that,” Shane chokes.

Ilya runs his thumbs over Shane’s cheeks, tilting his head as he watches him.

“Shane.”

Shane’s eyes squeeze shut. His hands tighten on Ilya’s, and his lip quivers. It makes Ilya’s chest ache. Shane nods.

“I really like you,” Ilya says quietly. “You should know this.”

“Don’t do this,” Shane says again, shaking his head. “You don’t have to do this.”

“I know,” Ilya says quietly. “I want to.”

Shane exhales shakily, falling forward until their foreheads press, and Ilya lets him, standing still. He can feel Shane’s breath on his face.

“Do not lie to me,” Ilya murmurs. Shane nods. His nose rubs across Ilya’s. “Tell me truth.”

“I want you,” Shane whispers. “I want you, and I— I wanna keep you, Ilya, I don’t— I’m scared that you’re gonna realise that you can have more than me, and you can have someone that— that you can have in public, and you don’t have to hide with, and you can take home with you—“

”You want me to take you home?” Ilya says, pulling away to look at him, wiping his tears away tenderly. Shane doesn’t look at him, his eyes still closed.

“I...” He exhales heavily, shaking his head. “I—I wanna *be* someone you can take home.”

Ilya’s throat tightens, and he stares at him, his eyebrows furrowing, frowning. He holds Shane’s jaw possessively, shifting his hand to press his fingers into it firmly as he pulls, forcing Shane to look at him. He resists it for a moment, turning his head until Ilya pushes his thumb under his chin and lifts it. His eyes are glassy, bloodshot, and he looks fucking pitiful.

Ilya pulls him into a clumsy kiss, taking a slow breath as Shane melts against him, hands falling to rest on Ilya's chest like he's fallen weak, like he's going to collapse. Ilya pulls him closer, tilting his head and humming when Shane's mouth opens.

Shane whimpers softly as Ilya's hand finds his neck, fingers wrapping around his throat, and Ilya hums, licking into his mouth as he turns, pushing and pulling and manhandling Shane against the wall. He goes easily, without a stumble, breathing hard into Ilya's mouth, legs parting for Ilya to step between. Ilya's entire body hurts, and he grabs at him, squeezes his throat gently enough to not hurt, reaches down to grab his hip, his ass, his thigh. Shane lifts his leg up, hitching his knee on Ilya's leg just so Ilya can hold onto him.

They're panting when they part, lips still touching, noses pressed, and it's only when Shane's hands slide over Ilya's neck and face that Ilya realises he's fucking *crying*, tears falling down his face. Shane doesn't shy away from it, doesn't pull away just to look at him in confusion or disgust, doesn't tell him to grow the fuck up or be a man.

"I cannot take you home," Ilya says roughly, "because of *Russia*. Not because of you."

Shane is quiet for a moment, taking a shaky breath.

"...But if you were seeing a girl, you—"

"I don't want any *fucking girl*," Ilya snaps, pushing Shane into the wall in a way that's rougher than he means for it to be. Shane lets out a weak sound, closing his eyes. "I want *you*, Shane."

It takes a moment for Shane's eyes to open, and he looks at Ilya like he's looking for something in his eyes, like he's trying to find if he's lying. Ilya's hand softens on Shane's neck, and his thumb brushes over Shane's skin where his pulse is pounding.

Shane looks back and forth between his eyes, his lip quivering, his eyebrows furrowing, and Ilya nods, caressing his throat. Shane falls against him. He has to let go of him to let him closer, squeezing his eyes shut as Shane's arms wrap around his neck tightly, as Shane buries his face in Ilya's neck, as his leg lifts more like he's trying to climb up Ilya's body.

Ilya lets him, pulling him close and pausing to let him toe his shoes off before he's picking him up, turning his head to press his face into Shane's hair. Shane lets him carry him into the living room, lets him collapse onto the sofa with Shane in his lap, lets him hold him. Ilya's eyes close, and he tucks his nose into Shane's hair, arms wrapping around his waist.

Ilya runs his hands over Shane's back, pushing the fabric up until Shane leans back, head ducked shyly, pulling his jacket off and dropping it to the ground before he reaches down for the hem of his shirt. Ilya helps him pull it off, running his hand over Shane's bare chest the moment he has the opportunity. Shane's head falls back, groaning softly, his shoulders pushing back like he's trying to push his chest toward Ilya for him to touch, to grab and rub and squeeze. He sets aside the shirt lazily—he doesn't even fold it like he usually does.

Ilya touches him. He palms Shane's pecs, squeezes gently and watches Shane's face as he relaxes, exhaling evenly, eyes closing. He thumbs over his nipples, watches the way Shane's

face shifts into some vague discomfort that Ilya recognises as pleasure, the way Shane's cheeks flush with colour.

"Tell me something true," Ilya says quietly. His voice is rough. Shane's eyes open slowly, and he looks at Ilya, his hands finding Ilya's wrists and holding on weakly.

"I..." Shane hesitates, taking a breath. "I like it when you touch me like this."

"Yes?"

"Yeah." Shane nods pitifully, his hands tightening when Ilya pinches his nipples lightly, holding on gently just to see how Shane reacts— It's beautiful, the way his eyebrows furrow and his lips part, still shining from their kiss earlier, the way his head falls back a little.

"Tell me something else."

"You make me..."

Ilya tilts his head curiously, rubbing his thumbs over Shane's nipples and watching him pout, watching his lip quiver as he lets out a soft moan.

"Tell me."

"You make me feel small," Shane says after a moment, his voice breathless and quiet.

"Small," Ilya repeats. "Is good?"

"Yeah," Shane breathes, nodding. "It feels good."

Ilya gazes up at him, admiring him. He could die happy here, pressed into the sofa under the weight of Shane's body, fingertips warm from his skin, lips still tingling from his mouth. He looks at Shane's freckles— there are some lingering ones on his shoulders from the summer, fading as the autumn chill sets in, and Ilya fucking adores them. He touches them absently, running his fingertips over his skin lightly, tracing his collarbone and the swell of his shoulder.

There are stretch marks shining on his chest, spreading like rays of light across his skin from his underarms, reaching over his pecs and shoulders and inner biceps. They're silvery, glistening like the scales of a fish, almost iridescent.

"You are so fucking beautiful," Ilya mutters, running his hands over Shane's arms. "I cannot stand it."

Shane laughs softly, breathlessly.

"Can I tell you something?"

"Yes," Ilya says. "Of course. Please."

"I always want you to touch me."

It comes out soft, shaky like Shane's voice is brittle, like it's going to snap. Ilya presses his hands firmly into Shane's waist.

"Yeah?"

"*Always*," Shane reiterates. "All the fucking time, Ilya, I, like— I fucking *crave* you—"

"Kiss me."

Shane kisses him. He doesn't seem to hesitate, falling forward so their mouths crash together. It's messy, rushed like Shane is desperate, and Ilya reaches to hold his face, to slow him down, to calm him. He holds Shane's jaw, lingers to suck on his lip in a way that makes Shane let out a weak sound from the back of his throat.

"Me too," Ilya says when they part to breathe. "I always want you, all the time."

"Fuck."

"What do you want?" Ilya whispers after kissing him softly, caressing his face. He can feel Shane's dick hard in his lap, can feel him shifting absently, searching. But Shane feels so relaxed here, so heavy against Ilya's body. "Hm?"

"I don't... I don't know."

"Whatever you want, sweetheart."

Shane groans, making a face like a grimace, and he drops his head again, letting himself fall against Ilya's chest for a moment before he moves, sliding off of Ilya's lap onto the floor between his legs. Ilya lets him, his breath catching in his throat, his hands hovering in the air as he watches.

Shane pulls at the drawstring of Ilya's sweatpants clumsily, loosens them and then pulls at the waistband until Ilya lifts his hips for him, letting him pull the sweatpants down and off his legs. It's cute, the way Shane has to lean back to pull the fabric from Ilya's legs, tugging it away and then tossing it aside. He's moving like he's drunk or something, like he's taken something, and he always gets like this when Ilya is nice to him. Shane tosses the sweatpants away, looking up to watch Ilya pull his shirt off, moving closer until he's leaning against the sofa between Ilya's legs, reaching to touch his dick over his sweatpants.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya breathes. "That's it."

Shane hums softly, leaning forward to press his face into Ilya's underwear, sighing as he relaxes against him like he's blissful. He lets go of him, reaching up to wrap his arm around Ilya's hip, tucking his hand into the small of his back, between his skin and the sofa.

"Comfortable?"

"Mhmm."

His breath is warm, seeping through the fabric of Ilya's underwear as he mouths absently at him, and Ilya reaches down for him, smoothing his hair out of his face.

"Tell me something true," Ilya says softly. Shane looks up at him. His eyes are glazed.

"...I'm gay," he says quietly.

Ilya smiles, tugging Shane's hair lightly. It makes Shane smile.

"Say it again."

"I'm gay," Shane says again, more firmly. "I'm gay."

"That is beautiful," Ilya says lightly, almost cooing, and Shane's smile grows until he's beaming, almost glowing from where he's kneeling on the floor. And really, Ilya's never considered what it would be like to hold a ray of sunlight, but he leans down and kisses Shane, and he knows what it feels like.

To cradle warmth, to hold *pure light* in the fucking palms of his hands.

It's a slow kiss, lingering like neither of them wants to pull away, and Ilya savours it. He caresses Shane's face, brushes his thumbs over his freckles and nudges his nose into Shane's. Shane hums softly, breathily, and Ilya grins when Shane's tongue flicks over his mouth teasingly.

Shane sighs when they part, falling forward and nuzzling against Ilya's cock with a contented hum, rocking his face back and forth. Ilya plays with his hair, watching. Admiring.

"Comfortable?" Ilya asks. Shane hums.

"Smell good."

Ilya's stomach does a flip. He pulls Shane's hair lightly, listening to the soft sounds of Shane breathing, inhaling deeply, slowly. And it's like he's fallen asleep after a minute or two, his face relaxed, almost smiling, resting in the crease of Ilya's hip. Ilya admires him, tracing his freckles.

"You're so beautiful," Ilya murmurs. Shane smiles sleepily, nuzzling against him. Ilya rests his hand on Shane's cheek— his palm presses gently, and his fingers extend into his hair, like he's trying to hide Shane's face. Shane moans softly. "Okay?"

"Mm. Feels good."

"Yeah?"

"Mhmm. I fucking love your hands."

Ilya smiles, brushing the backs of his fingers over Shane's cheek lightly before he traces the line of his smile with his thumb. It makes Shane's smile grow, his lips part.

Ilya presses his thumb into Shane's mouth. Shane exhales slowly, closing his lips around it and sucking.

"Good boy," Ilya breathes. "That's it."

Shane's breath catches, and he shifts somehow closer, his hips moving like they're looking for something. The inside of his mouth is warm, and wet, *so* wet, like he can't even make himself swallow around Ilya's thumb.

"You like that," Ilya says lightly. "Don't you? Having something in your mouth?"

Shane hums affirmatively, nodding a little bit without letting Ilya's thumb slip out.

"I like it," he mumbles weakly. Ilya feels his tongue move with the words, sliding along his thumb. "Feels so good."

Ilya hums, watching him curiously, letting his hands brush along Shane's cheek as he presses his thumb in deeper. Shane's cheeks are pink, flushed under his freckles.

"Let me see," Ilya says. "Open your mouth."

Shane's eyes flutter open. He lifts his head, his mouth falling open so Ilya can see, his tongue outstretched with Ilya's thumb resting on it. Ilya's eyes fall to look at it, pink and shining and dripping now. Neither of them moves to catch the spit that falls from his tongue, landing on the fabric of Ilya's underwear, or to wipe away the drool on Shane's chest.

"Such a good boy," Ilya whispers. Shane makes a soft sound, his eyes closing again, and Ilya loves him like this, soft and pliant and weak. He pulls his thumb away and returns with two fingers, sliding them over Shane's tongue. "Good?"

"Mhmm."

"Use words for me."

Shane makes a soft, guttural sound that barely sounds human before he says, "It's good, I like it," with Ilya's fingers still pressing his jaw open. His voice is muffled and slurred,

"Fuck," Ilya breathes. "You listen so good. Always do what I tell you."

Shane hums again, nodding before he pulls away, sucking his spit from Ilya's fingers.

"Within reason," he says roughly. Ilya grins, gazing at the shine in Shane's eyes.

"Open your mouth," he says, lifting his chin at Shane, who grins back, mouth opening, tongue falling. Ilya moans softly, staring.

He reaches for him, cradling the side of his face with one hand as he traces his fingers around Shane's lips with the other. They're still wet with Shane's spit, and it makes Shane's mouth shine prettily, like he's wearing lip gloss or something.

Ilya hums softly, staring at Shane's open mouth.

"Pretty boy," he says fondly.

It's louder when Shane moans, mouth open and unabashed, and Ilya is so fucking in love with him it hurts. He presses his fingers into Shane's mouth, glancing up at his eyes, which are almost shut, watching Ilya through his eyelashes.

It's quiet. Ilya can hear Shane breathing, slow ins and outs, steady and calm as Ilya's fingers explore his mouth, running over his tongue, rubbing his teeth, lingering to press his fingertips into the sharper points of his canines like Sleeping Beauty and her spinning wheel. Ilya meets his eyes, watching carefully as he presses his fingers in farther, sliding them over Shane's tongue until they reach the back of it.

Shane's body jerks, his back arching, and his eyes roll back. A quiet sound escapes his throat, something choked out, and his hands find Ilya's legs, slipping under the fabric of his underwear to grip his thighs tightly.

"Fuck," Ilya hisses. His other hand releases Shane's head and he grabs at himself, squeezing his dick tightly. Shane watches, eyes glazed over. "Good boy, baby."

Shane moans softly, eyes closing. He looks content, relaxed and pliant as Ilya pushes his fingers in, as he pulls them out, as he moves his hand until he's fucking Shane's mouth with them, nudging into his throat. Shane takes it perfectly, tongue still hanging out, hands still holding Ilya's legs. Ilya's eyebrows furrow as he gazes at him, lips parted as he breathes, and he can't help himself—he shoves his hand under his underwear, stroking himself slowly, gritting his teeth.

"You are so *fucking* beautiful."

Shane whines. He tilts his head forward, takes Ilya's fingers deeper.

He gags a little, and he pulls back, gasping for breath. He finally closes his mouth, but a stream of spit escapes, falling over his chin, his neck. He's glistening, red-cheeked.

Ilya swears under his breath, leaning down and grabbing Shane's face possessively, pulling him up. It smears the spit across his face, and Ilya groans.

He's always been impulsive.

The first time he was with another boy, he didn't even know he *liked* boys. They were talking, standing too close to each other, leaning against a wall, tucked away and hidden from the rest of the world, and then. And then they were kissing. Ilya leaned in first.

It was clumsy, of course it was, messy and kind of stupid. There was too much tongue, but Ilya had liked it. It made him hard.

He likes it now too. He likes it even *more* now that it's *Shane*.

Shane's spit, Shane's tongue, Shane's teeth and throat and lips.

And Shane fucks with his impulse control even more. He can't help himself.

Ilya leans down and slides his tongue over Shane's cheek, licking his drool. Shane lets him, tilting his head like he's trying to give Ilya easier access, sighing.

Shane moans when Ilya licks his ear, sucking his earlobe between his teeth and biting gently.

"Fuck," Shane says weakly, his voice high in his throat and breathy. "Ilya."

"Mm."

"Can I..."

Ilya hums again, sucking on his ear for another moment before he pulls away to look at Shane's face, holding his jaw firmly. He squeezes his dick with his other hand.

"Ask me," he says. "What do you want?"

Shane lets out a whimper, his eyes falling to Ilya's mouth.

"Can I touch myself?"

Ilya hums again. He lets go of his dick and reaches for Shane, smoothing his hair back tenderly, and Shane sways with the movement, his eyes fluttering.

"What is magic word?"

Shane's face crumbles, and his hands slide over Ilya's thighs.

"Please," he chokes pitifully. "Can I touch myself, please?"

He's never asked Ilya for *permission*. He's warned him, tried to pull or push him off his dick when he gets close to coming, He's uttered things like *Fuck, wait* or *Stop, stop, stop* when he doesn't want to come yet. But *permission*.

Ilya feels fucking high on it, on the bizarre power that Shane's left to him, that he's trusted him with. The power to decide if he gets to feel good, to decide how wide he holds his mouth open, how full his throat is. He wants to cradle him, to somehow open his own rib cage up so he can tuck Shane away in it, where he can keep him safe, where he can keep him small.

"Yes," Ilya breathes. "Touch yourself for me."

He expects Shane to shove a hand down his pants, or to tuck his hand between his thighs so he can grind against it—he does that sometimes, and Ilya fucking loves to watch it, the way he loses himself in it, humping against his own hand and wrist like he's too desperate to even take his pants off.

He *doesn't* expect him to grab his chest, to grope himself the way Ilya does every time he gets the chance, to pinch and pull at his nipples as his face screws up into something pained and needy.

“Бля.”

Shane’s eyes open at the sound of Ilya’s hushed voice, and he’s crying, eyes glassy, cheeks flushed. Ilya wants to take a picture of him— which would be a terrible idea, and they both know it. Ilya doesn’t even know how many times he’s wanted to snap a photo of Shane, not even just on his phone, but with a real camera. Digital, film, even a Polaroid or something. Pictures of Shane laying in bed half asleep, just drifting off, of him looking down at Ilya as he’s tugging his boxers off, of him laying on the bed with his face buried in the pillows. Of his lazy, post-orgasm smile. It’s a little crooked.

But this...

He’s a wreck. Red-faced and crying, his hair tousled, the soft skin of his chest marked by their fingertips pressing too harshly. He looks ravaged, and Ilya hasn’t even fucked him.

Shane moans, shifting, his head dropping for a moment before he lifts it again to look at Ilya. Ilya wants to fucking eat him.

He leans down and grabs Shane’s jaw again, forcing him to lift his chin. Their noses brush, and Shane is moaning breathlessly, his eyes closing like he’s waiting for Ilya to kiss him.

“What do you say?” Ilya asks in a low voice.

Shane whines, breathing hard.

“Thank you,” he chokes. “Thank you, thank you, th—“

Ilya kisses him roughly, squeezing his face so it squishes his cheeks and lips, and Shane moans, high in his throat.

“Good fucking boy,” Ilya murmurs when they part.

“Fuck, *Ilya*. ”

“This is okay?”

“Yeah,” Shane gasps, nodding desperately. “It’s okay, it’s so fucking okay.”

Ilya makes a weak noise, clenching his jaw, watching Shane’s eyes flutter shut like he’s blissful.

“Open your mouth,” Ilya says. Shane complies without hesitation even though Ilya is still holding his face like this, even though his cheeks are still squished. It’s silly. Ilya grins at him, squeezing harder so Shane’s lips squish. “Fishie.”

Shane giggles brightly, his eyes shining, and Ilya’s heart aches. He leans down and kisses him, sucking on his bottom lip and biting it. Shane moans, shifting up on his knees like he’s trying to make it easier for Ilya.

When Ilya pulls away again, he tugs at Shane's lip, letting it pop back into place. Shane moans softly, and his head falls back when Ilya finally lets go of him. He looks like he's fucking high, head lolling back as he mindlessly rubs his fingers over his nipples. Ilya rubs himself over his underwear again, watching hungrily.

"Open."

Shane's jaw drops, and he holds his tongue out without Ilya even having to tell him to. Ilya feels a weird sense of pride about it, about Shane being so good for him, doing exactly what Ilya wants him to without him even having to say it out loud. He feels possessive, in a way he doesn't think he's ever felt before, not for anything or anyone.

It makes his eyes burn, and his stomach ache, and his dick throb. His eyebrows furrow, and he pushes two fingers into Shane's mouth, deep enough that his other fingers press against Shane's cheek. Shane groans, his eyes fluttering, rolling back.

"Fuck," Ilya breathes. "I love how you take it."

Shane nods, moaning around Ilya's fingers, and he finally drops a hand to his crotch, rubbing himself over his sweatpants roughly.

"That's it," Ilya murmurs, nodding even though Shane's eyes are closed. "Good boy, baby."

Shane looks at him, eyes watering, and he looks almost reverent, like Ilya is something holy, even with his fingers nudging into Shane's throat, even with his hand on his cock. He mumbles something around Ilya's fingers, and Ilya can barely understand him, watching his lips move as he says it again.

"More?" Ilya says. Shane nods, choking on a soft hum. Ilya smiles, tilting his head fondly. He fits another finger into Shane's mouth, forcing his jaw down, making Shane's lip stretch, and then another. And he's just holding Shane's jaw now, four fingers pressing down on his tongue, his thumb hooked under Shane's chin. He can't reach as far now, but Shane doesn't seem to mind, moaning absently, eyes closed.

"You are not thinking, are you?" Ilya says softly, brushing his thumb back and forth softly in a gesture that's oddly tender. Shane looks up at him, and he can't possibly be able to see clearly, can't possibly be able to actually see Ilya's face. When he blinks, tears fall down his cheeks, and Ilya lets go of himself just to wipe them away as softly as he can, brushing his fingertips across Shane's freckles. "Is okay, you don't have to."

Shane hums breathily, exhaling, and he somehow falls even more lax, his hand tightening on his dick and his other hand reaching for Ilya's leg. He holds him weakly, like he can't even make his hand tighten.

"I think for you, yes?" Ilya says, thrusting his fingers in and out of Shane's mouth. "My perfect boy, you don't have to think so much right now."

Shane falls a little, slumping against Ilya's leg, and his head falls to Ilya's knee. Ilya reaches down, leaning over with his elbow resting on his knee as he buries his hand in Shane's hair

and pulls at it, forcing him to lift his head. Shane lets him, pliant and helpless.

“Is okay,” Ilya murmurs, nodding, holding Shane’s head in place as he fucks his mouth. “Just take it like good boy.”

Shane moans, his hand tightening on Ilya’s leg before he lets go to reach for Ilya’s forearm, gripping it tightly. Ilya hesitates, looking back and forth between Shane’s eyes, but they’re so glassy that he can’t really decipher the soft blankness in them.

“Okay?” he murmurs, but Shane just hums weakly. Ilya starts to pull his hand away, to withdraw his fingers, but Shane leans forward, catches them between his teeth to stop him. It hurts, and Ilya hisses, but his dick twitches. “Fuck.”

“Ngh.”

“Can you...” Ilya pauses, swallowing, watching his eyes flutter again. “Can you squeeze my arm... twice? If you want me to stop?”

Shane nods, pushing forward again, sliding his tongue out over Ilya’s fingers, leaning in a way that makes Ilya pull at his hair.

“Use your words,” Ilya says stupidly, gazing at him. Shane gurgles something inaudible, unintelligible, something that makes Ilya smile proudly, tugging his hair teasingly. He leans down, presses a lazy, wet kiss to Shane’s cheek. “Good boy.”

Shane makes the soft sound he always makes when he gets close, low in his throat like a little whimper, and Ilya swears under his breath, moving his leg to nudge his foot between Shane’s knees. Shane’s eyes widen, and he nods, shifting to make room, to let Ilya in. He lets go of Ilya’s arm to grab his leg, hugging it closer so Ilya’s shin is pressed to his chest, fingers digging into his calf. He moves, grinding against Ilya’s ankle.

“That’s it,” Ilya breathes, nodding, and he shifts his foot to give him more stimulation, watching Shane’s eyes roll back. Ilya pulls his fingers out for a brief moment before he presses back in with two, pushing them as far as he can. Spit falls from Shane’s mouth, streaming like tears down his chin and jaw. Shane groans, tilting his head down to take them farther.

Ilya’s dick aches. He wants to touch it, to stroke it quick and rough until he comes across Shane’s pretty freckles.

He doesn’t. He’s busy right now, gripping Shane’s hair in tight fists, fucking his throat with his fingers. He presses them deep, rubs them back and forth, strokes like he does when he’s knuckle-deep in Shane’s ass, searching for that spot that makes Shane’s legs kick out, that makes him say things like *Oh, fu-u-uck!* and *Right there, right there—*

Shane’s breathing goes shaky, sharp ins and outs. Ilya nods, releasing his hair to rub the back of his neck, to cradle the back of his head.

“You can come,” he says lightly. “Is okay, Shane, come for me.”

Shane looks up at him, eyes glistening, and Ilya watches him, nodding. His expression tightens, eyebrows drawing together, and tears fall down his cheeks. One of his hands lets go of Ilya's leg to grab at his chest again, pinching his nipple tightly.

He squeezes his eyes shut when he comes, letting out a choked-off noise that vibrates against Ilya's fingertips. His hips jump, twitching, and he moans softly.

It takes a little while for him to come down, for his hand to fall from his chest, for him to slump against Ilya's leg. Ilya lets go of his hair and caresses the back of his head, easing his fingers out of Shane's mouth. He lets him, mouth falling open—he doesn't even try to suck on them as they come away, and there's spit dripping from them.

Shane looks at them, eyes glassy. He smiles tiredly, tilting his head like he's curious, like he's fascinated by it.

"Pretty," he says.

His voice is rough, gravelly, and Ilya swears softly. *He* did that.

"You are okay?" he asks softly, hand still hovering.

Shane nods, eyes lingering on Ilya's fingers for another moment before they meet Ilya's. He's still smiling.

His face is glistening with tears and spit, his hair sticking up, his cheeks and eyes red. He looks like a fucking disaster, and Ilya wants to gaze at him until the planet fucking implodes.

"It was not too much?" Ilya asks softly, his dry hand smoothing Shane's hair back.

"Mm-mm." Shane's eyes close for a moment. "Was fuckin' perfect."

"Yeah?"

"Mm." He reaches for Ilya's hand that's lingering in the air, pulling it down to his face, making Ilya rub his fingers across his cheek and chin, smearing his spit across his skin. "Love how you touch me. And how you talk to me."

Ilya smiles, cradling his cheek in spite of how messy his hand is, how gross it all is, sticky and slimy and filthy.

"Can I see?" he asks softly, gesturing with a tilt of his chin toward Shane's dick. Shane's smile grows into something mischievous.

"Do you want to?" he asks innocently. Ilya shakes Shane's head teasingly, fighting back a grin.

"Show me."

Shane moans softly, and he pulls away to reach down, tugging the waistband of his pants and underwear out of the way. Ilya leans over, peeking down with a silly expression that makes

Shane giggle happily. He fucking loves it when Shane is like this, giggly and happy and tired.

“*Fuck*,” Ilya says quietly, looking down at the come sticking to Shane’s underwear and his softening cock. “You’re fucking...”

”What?” Shane whispers.

Ilya shakes his head, shrugging absently.

“I don’t know how to say.”

“Is it good?”

”*Mm*, fuck. Yes. I want to eat you.”

Shane giggles again, letting go of his waistband, but Ilya reaches down and stops him, pushing a hand inside to swipe some come onto his fingertips. Shane stares as Ilya lifts them to his lips, sucking the come off and humming softly.

“You’re so fucking hot,” Shane says. Ilya smiles. “Can I suck your dick?”

“Mm. Magic word?”

“Jesus, fuck— Please,” Shane says, melting all over again, already reaching for Ilya’s underwear. “Please, Ilya.”

Ilya would give him fucking anything if he asked like that. He’s probably hand over his life’s savings— not that he generally *saves*, not like Shane, at least— and probably every trophy or medal he’s ever won. He’d hand Shane his jersey.

He doesn’t even say anything. He lifts his hips and lets Shane tug at his underwear, lets him pull it off, moving to lean back to pull the underwear from Ilya’s legs. He groans, reaching down to wrap his fingers around himself and squeeze tightly as he watches Shane gets situated, settling on his knees and drawing Ilya’s underwear to his face, burying his nose in the fabric as he meets Ilya’s gaze.

In the silence, Ilya can hear him inhale slowly, deeply.

Ilya throws his head back, looking up at the ceiling, and he slumps on the sofa a little, sliding against the back. Shane’s mouth is covered, but Ilya can see his eyes crinkle under his smile. He can’t fight his own smile, shaking his head.

“You are freak.”

“You like it.”

“I fucking love it.”

Shane beams at him, setting aside the underwear, and he leans in, licking a stripe up Ilya’s dick before he takes it into his mouth.

“*Fuck, Shane,*” Ilya hisses. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck, I’m—“

He loves Shane’s mouth. Of course he loves Shane’s mouth. He loves his lips, and his tongue, and he loves his teeth. He loves his throat and the way it tightens and the sounds it makes.

“I’m— Shane, I’m already close, I can’t...”

Shane pulls away and leans back, watching Ilya’s dick jump, smiling like he’s amused, like he’s playing a game.

“Where do you wanna come?” he asks softly, eyes unmoving.

“Your face,” Ilya chokes, hips shifting desperately. “Your freckles, please.”

Shane looks up at him, smiling.

And then he leans back down, resolute and confident, like he’s getting fucking paid for it. Ilya groans, head pushing into the sofa and hands grappling with the sofa as he watches Shane’s head bob.

“You’ve been— training,” Ilya says breathlessly, face screwing up, tense. Shane exhales sharply in a laugh, moving faster.

Ilya knows he has. They’ve talked about it, albeit briefly, the way Shane sometimes sucks his dildo while he’s getting off just because he likes how it feels. Ilya remembers learning this, the way Shane’s face flushed bright red and the way he avoided Ilya’s eyes, looking at the ceiling like it was fascinating.

And the way a sudden rush of confidence seemed to wash over him as he met Ilya’s eyes steadily, like a challenge, as he said, “You taste better.”

And the way Shane cackled when Ilya let out a surprised sound, a guttural *Ough* that rattled through his whole body.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya groans, whining. “*Baby.*”

He grabs Shane’s head, grips his hair, and he vaguely remembers how gross his hands are, how he’s pushing that through Shane’s hair right now, but he doesn’t really care. And also he kind of likes it, how filthy they are, how irrelevant everything outside of Shane’s mouth on him is right now.

Shane hums, falling lax against Ilya’s leg, and he lets Ilya move his head up and down, relaxing his throat.

“Like that,” Ilya says breathlessly, nodding even though Shane can’t see him. “That’s perfect, Shane, I’m so...”

His breath catches in his chest, and he holds it, squirming against the sofa, back arching, and it’s so fucking *quiet*, save for the wet clicks of Shane’s throat around Ilya’s cock.

Ilya lets out a rough groan as he rips Shane off of him, reaching for himself to strip his cock quickly as Shane watches like he's enraptured, eyes glassy and almost crossed to gaze at Ilya's dick. They close when Ilya comes, and he twitches a little like he's flinching when it hits his skin, landing in stripes across his freckles and the bridge of his nose.

"F-u-u-uck," Ilya moans, gasping for breath.

When he looks at Shane, he almost fucking comes again— He's so fucking hot it makes Ilya have a fucking physical reaction, his muscles tightening, his dick twitching.

"I can't stand you."

Shane laughs loudly, his eyes squeezing shut, and Ilya shakes his head, falling back against the sofa as he catches his breath.

"Come here," he says softly, patting his leg to beckon Shane up, and Shane comes easily, standing shakily (his legs can't possibly have much sensation after kneeling for so long) and climbing up to straddle Ilya's hips. Ilya groans weakly, nodding, reaching for his face to draw him down. Shane's mouth opens for a kiss, but Ilya skirts past it, sliding his tongue over Shane's cheek, licking the come off his skin.

"Fuck, Ilya."

"Mm."

Shane lets him, eyes closed, body pliant, breathing steady as Ilya gathers as much of the come as he can, and then Ilya kisses him, licking the come into his mouth. Shane takes it, moaning softly, tongue sliding against Ilya's.

"Shit," Shane breathes when they part. His lips and chin are glistening.

"Mm."

"I'm, uhm."

Shane's head drops, and he shifts like he's restless.

"What?" Ilya whispers. "You are okay?"

"Yes," Shane gasps, nodding. "I'm okay, I'm just... I'm gonna come again."

"Do you want to?"

Shane nods again.

"Ask me nicely," Ilya murmurs, running a hand over Shane's chest firmly before he slides it over to the small of his back. He's tacky with sweat, and Ilya wants to lick him clean of that too.

"Can I come again?" Shane asks breathlessly, hugging Ilya's neck. "Please, can I— can I come again?"

"Fuck," Ilya exhales. "Yes, baby. Of course."

He reaches down, pushing a hand into Shane's pants. It occurs to him that he's still dressed, that Ilya is butt fucking naked and Shane is only shirtless, and he could demand that he undresses completely, could tell him to stand up and strip for him, and Shane *would do it* without fucking question, without hesitation.

But he likes this, actually. He likes glancing down to see his hand hidden under the fabric of Shane's pants, jerking him off quickly.

"Like that?" he asks shakily. Shane nods, holding Ilya's shoulders tightly.

"Fuck, yeah," Shane chokes. "Feels so— Feels so fucking good, Ily— *Fuck—*"

"My boy," Ilya murmurs, ignoring the swoop in his stomach at the shortened version of his name, because he knows it wasn't intentional, wasn't a *nickname*.

"Fuck, I'm— I'm close," Shane gasps.

Ilya swears, and he reaches up to grab Shane's hair again, jerking his head back as he leans in to kiss him, mouthing and licking his neck and collarbones and his chest. Shane grabs him too, fingers burying in his curls, pulling so tightly it hurts. Ilya likes it when Shane hurts him.

He lingers at Shane's chest, probably leaving marks in his path that they'll regret when Shane's teammates interrogate him about it, and he stops at Shane's nipple, sucking it into his mouth and reaching with his free hand to squeeze his pec tightly.

"Oh my *fucking—*" Shane groans loudly, hand squeezing in Ilya's hair before it flattens, pressing against his head like he's trying to hold him in place. "Fuck, that feels— that feels so good—"

Ilya hums, sucking harder, closing his eyes and savouring the salt on his tongue, the taste of Shane's skin.

"Fuck, can you— can you bite it?" Shane asks. His voice is weak, still rough from Ilya's fingers and cock, and he sounds pitiful, like he might cry if Ilya denies him.

He would never do that.

He bites down gently, just teasing his teeth against it for a moment before Shane is groaning something that sounds *More*. Ilya bites down harder, scraping his teeth against it, tightening his hands.

"*Fuck—*"

Shane gasps, gripping Ilya's hair like he'll float away if he lets go, hips jerking into Ilya's hand. Ilya feels it, the warm pulse of Shane's orgasm, the slide of his come. Shane pants,

gasping for breath and letting out soft moans with every other exhale, and Ilya stays, his hand slowing to a stop until he's just holding him, gripping his softening dick. He hums against Shane's chest, licking at his nipple to soothe the ache.

"Oh my god," Shane breathes.

"Okay?"

Shane moans, sighing heavily. He drops his head to Ilya's shoulder before he wraps his arms around his neck and Ilya's eyes close as Shane tucks his face into him. He wraps his arm around Shane's middle, hugging him. Shane's breath is warm.

Shane's breathing slows. The embrace turns slowly from a tight, grounding hold to keep Shane steady to something simple. They hold each other. Shane rests his head on his own arm, strewn atop Ilya's shoulder.

They should shower. They're disgusting, stained and sticky with sweat and spit and spend, but Ilya doesn't want to move, doesn't want this moment to end. He tucks his face against Shane, inhaling.

When Shane finally sits up, he sits up slowly. He winces, arching his back, and Ilya hears it pop quietly. He can hear everything. He thinks of that stupid English idiom about a pin.

Ilya's hand is still buried in Shane's pants. They both seem to have forgotten about it until Shane glances down at it and they both laugh. Ilya's face flushes with warmth, because he kind of wants to keep it there, kind of wants to fall asleep tonight cradling Shane's soft cock.

But Shane reaches for his wrist, pulling Ilya's hand out and looking at it. There's come on it, and Shane looks like he's admiring it, head tilted, lips parted.

He pulls at Ilya's wrist again, draws it up, and Ilya knows that he takes control of it, that he apparently now makes Shane ask for permission, makes him beg for it, but really. Honestly. If he's got one hand on a Bible and the other in the air.

He would let Shane Hollander pull him by a leash.

He lets his hand be lifted to Shane's mouth, lets him lick his palm and suck his fingers. He glances at Shane's neck, expects to see a bob of his throat, a swallow, but then Shane is leaning forward and taking Ilya's jaw in his hand, tilting his head up. Ilya opens his mouth obediently.

It's slow, the way Shane lets his own come fall to Ilya's open mouth, the way it drips and slides over Ilya's tongue, warm. Ilya's eyes flutter shut. He reaches for Shane, slides his hands around his hip to push under his pants, grabbing at his ass gently in a way that makes Shane's back arch.

When Shane pulls away, he touches Ilya's jaw again, pushing it shut. Ilya looks up at him. Swallows. Shane pulls at his chin and Ilya opens up again, shows Shane his tongue. Shane

smiles, caressing his face, gazing at him, and he leans down to kiss him. It's soft, lingering and tender, and Ilya's chest tightens.

"God," Shane breathes when they part. He lets his forehead press to Ilya's, taking a slow breath, and Ilya pulls his hands from Shane's ass to hug his waist. "I..."

"You?" Ilya says when he doesn't continue. Shane just brushes his nose against Ilya's.

"Shower?" he whispers.

Ilya hums.

He leads Shane to the bathroom even though he doesn't really have to—Shane knows his way around. They leave their clothes in the living room, strewn about carelessly.

Shane grabs Ilya's ass as they're entering the bathroom. It's not often that Ilya blushes—*not ever* if anybody asks—but this works, and Shane is gleeful about it, giggling and squeezing as he leans up to kiss Ilya's cheek clumsily. Ilya pushes him away with a stifled laugh so he can turn on the shower.

After he has an orgasm, especially one as intense at these *two*, Shane gets loose and soft. Pliant. Noodley.

Ilya kneels to take his pants and underwear and socks off, and Shane leans against the counter, groaning so softly Ilya doesn't think Shane even notices himself doing it. Ilya looks up at him, gazes at him. He lingers for a moment to press a kiss to his hip, biting a little at the thin skin.

He holds Shane's hand as they step into the shower, holding it up like he's leading him to a dance, and Shane exhales when he steps under the water. Ilya holds him.

Shane tucks himself into Ilya's chest, hands curled over his heart, head resting on his collarbone, and Ilya wraps his arms around him. He rubs his back, pushes a hand into his hair and plays with it, scratching at his scalp and listening to the soft whimpers that escape Shane.

His shower has Shane's soap in it.

It has taken him a while to realise it, the way he's made space for Shane in his home—his soaps in the shower, ginger ale in the fridge, a vacant space by the door for his shoes—and when he *had* realised it, it had almost killed him. The word was ending because of some ginger ale. Because of soap. He'd fallen in love.

It doesn't feel as heavy now. *Intense*, yes—nothing would change that, the way Ilya's chest feels tight every time he even thinks about Shane, every time he sees his name on a screen, every time he sees the number 24 anywhere. But it doesn't hurt like it used to. It doesn't feel like agony anymore.

Shane lets him clean him. He takes his time, lingering while scrubbing his hair. He manoeuvres him, manhandles him to lift his arms, to tilt his head back. He kisses him, sucks

on his skin and tongues at his ears, mouths at his collarbones and that spot over his pulse that makes him press closer.

He presses his fingers everywhere he can reach. He lets Shane hold onto him, arms wrapped around his neck, face tucked under his jaw. He holds Shane's ass, slides a finger over his hole and then does it again when Shane exhales shakily. He lingers there, rubbing and pressing, just because Shane likes it.

Shane kisses his neck. He licks away water droplets. He mumbles Ilya's name, his *first* name, against his skin.

Ilya kisses him. He *makes out* with him, and it feels stupid, feels juvenile, to be making out in the shower like they used to. They never talked about it, the way they would end up here after fucking, acting like it was fine. Sometimes they would fuck again— Ilya would blow him or eat him out, Shane would kneel on the tile to get Ilya's dick down his throat, they would jerk each other off while they breathed into each other's mouths— and sometimes it was just this: kissing, holding, feeling. Making out.

Like they were a couple or something, like this was something real.

Ilya cradles the back of Shane's head. He holds Shane's throat, his fingers tightening, and Shane hugs his waist. His fingertips dig into his skin and Ilya wants him to break it, to make him bleed, to watch the blood wash down the drain with red-tinged water just to know that *Shane* did that to him. He wants him to leave a mark.

Shane is smiling when they finally part, laughing under his breath like he's also thinking about it, about how they don't have to pretend anymore. How they don't have to walk out of the bathroom acting like it ever happened.

Ilya dries him. He dresses him. He puts him in a Bears hoodie, and Shane doesn't complain. He climbs onto the bed while Ilya dresses, lounging back and watching him lazily, like Ilya is stripping for him. Ilya laughs.

When he climbs into bed, Shane is already reaching for him, grabbing him by the front of his shirt, tugging him down like he isn't already going. Ilya presses a light kiss to his mouth, and then his forehead, as he lays down. They face each other. Shane lifts his head for Ilya's arm to stretch under it, and he presses closer. The collar of Ilya's shirt falls, and Shane touches his skin so lightly it tickles a little, tracing his collarbone, tugging the collar down a little farther like he's just trying to see his skin.

Ilya tucks his other hand under the fabric of the hoodie Shane is wearing. He would let him keep it if he wanted. Their legs tangle.

Ilya gazes at him. He's looking at his neck, watching his own fingertips move on Ilya's skin.

"You," Ilya says softly like he's scared of breaking the air between them. "Hm?"

Shane suppresses a smile, like he'd been expecting Ilya to remember it.

“This is nice,” Shane murmurs. Ilya hums again. He waits. Shane looks like he’s thinking, like he’s hesitating, his expression tensing. Ilya wants to kiss him better, but he waits instead.

Shane chews the inside of his cheek and then his bottom lip, tracing Ilya’s collarbone. His foot moves restlessly, tapping anxiously, and Ilya just looks at him.

And then finally,

finally,

Shane speaks.

It’s hesitant, slow and clumsy, the words just barely fitting in his mouth.

“Я люблю тебя.”

Ilya blinks. He lifts his head a little, staring wide-eyed at Shane, whose lips are curving into a hesitant smile, eyes shining in amusement. He’s never caught Ilya off guard like this, and Ilya thinks he has to be at least a little pleased with himself.

He takes too long to respond. Shane starts to laugh, actually *laugh*, and Ilya can’t help but laugh too, even as he falls into his back and blinks the sting in his eyes away unsuccessfully.

“Shut up,” Ilya says shakily. Shane laughs. Ilya can feel him shaking, can hear his soft breaths, and then he can feel him kissing his arm where his sleeve has ridden up, soft and gentle on his skin.

Shane is sweet. He wipes Ilya’s tears from his temples tenderly, reaches to blindly wipe the other side, caressing his face. He leans in to kiss Ilya’s cheek softly, and Ilya cries.

Shane lets him. He doesn’t say anything, just cradles his face and kisses his cheek and his arm, and waits. When Ilya finally turns to look at him, he’s blurry. Ilya blinks tears out of his eyes, doesn’t care where they land, and he looks at Shane.

Shane pouts a little, frowning as he wipes Ilya’s tears. His legs tighten around Ilya’s.

“I like this,” he murmurs. Ilya nods, pushing his hand up the hoodie again. “I wanna keep it,” he adds, his voice small and pitiful, and his eyes are glistening too now.

Ilya nods, moving closer.

“Is yours,” he says quietly. “You can keep this forever.”

Shane’s eyes close.

“I love you,” Ilya says roughly, moving his face closer to Shane’s. Shane holds his cheek. “So much, Shane, so fucking much.”

He pulls his hand from Shane’s waist to touch his face, wiping his cheek as softly as he can.

“God, you are...” He hesitates, shaking his head weakly. “You are— You are...”

He trails off, brain whirring in untranslated Russian, Shane laughs like he gets it, kissing Ilya softly.

“Я не могу без тебя жить,” Ilya murmurs, letting their foreheads press. “You are— everything.”

“God, Ilya.”

“We can have this,” Ilya chokes, looking at him desperately. “No? We can have this?”

Shane nods like he’s desperate.

“Yeah,” he says breathlessly. “It’s ours, Ilya, we can— we can have this—“

Ilya kisses him. He pulls Shane closer, pulls him on top of himself, hugging him tightly, and Shane’s face slides over his, wet with tears. He buries his face in Ilya’s neck. He’s sobbing.

Ilya’s entire body hurts. He’s burning up, like he’s feverish, like he’s sick, and maybe this is where that word comes from— lovesick.

He rolls over, holding Shane against him as tightly as he can without it hurting. He can hear Shane mumbling something absently, his voice muffled and it takes a moment for it to register as words.

I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you I love you

Ilya lets his weight press Shane into the bed the way Shane likes. He pushes a hand into his hair and holds it. He lifts his head just to press their faces tighter.

He holds it until he falls quiet, breath steady in Ilya’s neck, and Ilya doesn’t know where they go from here, how loud they can be about it, if Shane ever wants to be loud about it, but he finds that he doesn’t particularly care. They have time.

End Notes

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