Concussion Protocol

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Concussion Protocol

by Anonymous

Summary

Shane's concussion recovery is pretty clear: nothing too strenuous, nothing that will up his blood pressure, and nothing that will make him too excited. This leaves certain... gaps... in his normal routine.

(In which Shane is horny and Ilya is trying his best.)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Shane gets cleared for light practice on a Tuesday.

Not full practice—his doctor is very specific about this. Non-contact drills, skating, stick work. Technical skills at moderate intensity. But nothing that involves, quote, *"significant cardiovascular exertion, contact play, or activities that might elevate blood pressure beyond recovery norms."*

Shane knows exactly what Dr. Kassir means. He's not an idiot.

"So no sex," Shane says flatly.

Dr. Kassir doesn't even blink. "No sex. Not for another week, *minimum.* Your brain is still healing. We need to be cautious about anything that might—"

"Elevate my blood pressure. I got it."

"I know it's frustrating—"

"It's fine," Shane interrupts, because he doesn't want to have this conversation with his doctor. "I understand. One more week."

Dr. Kassir nods, satisfied. "One more week for sexual activity. Two weeks minimum before we even consider contact practice. Then we'll reassess. But Shane—I mean it. Nothing strenuous. Your brain needs time."

Shane leaves the appointment with medical clearance to skate in circles and work on his wrist shot, but not to have sex with his—with Ilya.

The irony isn't lost on him.

He texts Ilya from the parking lot:

Shane
    Cleared for practice. Not cleared for... other things. One more week.

The response comes immediately:

Lily
    This is good news. I am coming to see you.

Shane
    You don't have to—

Lily
    I am already in car.

Shane stares at his phone.

Shane

You're already??
Ilya, you have a game tomorrow

Lily
Is afternoon game. I drive tonight, I see you, I drive back in morning. Is fine.

Shane
That's like nine hours of driving.

Lily
Four and half hours. Each way. Is fine.

Shane's chest does something complicated.

Shane
Okay. I'll leave the door unlocked.

Lily
Do not leave door unlocked, Shane. Is not safe. I have key. 🔑

Right. Because sometime in the last few weeks, Shane gave Ilya Rozanov a key to his cottage. Because they're—because this is what they are now.

Whatever this is.

Ilya arrives just after ten, and Shane's been uselessly pacing the cottage for the last hour. He's showered. Changed his shirt twice. Put on the flannel Ilya once said he liked, then took it off because that felt too obvious, then put it back on because fuck it.

He hears the car in the driveway—the low rumble of Ilya's Aston Martin, which is a completely impractical car for November in Canada but very Ilya. The engine cuts. A car door slams.

Shane opens the door before Ilya can use his key.

Ilya's standing on the porch in jeans and a leather jacket, hair windblown, eyes soft in the yellow porch light. He's holding a paper bag that smells like Chinese food.

"Hi," Shane says.

"Hi," Ilya says back. "I brought dinner. You probably did not eat."

"I ate." Shane didn't eat. "Come in."

Ilya steps inside, and Shane closes the door behind him. For a moment they just stand there in the entryway, looking at each other. It's been two weeks since they've seen each other in person—the longest stretch since Shane got injured. They've texted constantly, called every night, but it's not the same.

"You look… good," Ilya says finally. "Healthy."

"I feel good." Shane shoves his hands in his pockets. "Tired of being careful, but good."

"One more week of careful." Ilya sets the food down on the hall table. "We can do one more week."

"Yeah." Shane's still standing three feet away, like he's forgotten how to move. "We can."

Ilya's mouth quirks. "Are you going to stand there all night, or are you going to kiss me?"

Shane closes the distance between them.

The kiss is careful. Shane feels Ilya holding back, feels the tension in his shoulders where Shane's hands settle. Ilya's lips are soft against his, gentle in a way that makes Shane's chest ache. He parts his lips and Ilya deepens the kiss but barely, tongue sliding against Shane's in a way that's sweet and chaste and not enough.

Shane makes a frustrated noise and tries to press closer. Ilya's hands come up to his face, cradling his jaw, keeping some distance between their bodies.

When they break apart, Shane's breathing harder than he should be from just kissing.

"Careful," Ilya murmurs, thumb stroking Shane's cheekbone.

"I know." Shane closes his eyes. "I know. *Sorry."*

"Do not apologize." Ilya presses a kiss to his forehead, his temple, the corner of his mouth. "I miss you too."

They eat the Chinese food at Shane's kitchen table. Ilya tells him about Boston's game last night—a win against the Rangers, Cliff got in a fight, Carmichael's skating has been shit lately. Shane tells him about practice, how good it felt to be back on the ice properly, how his new teammates are starting to feel less new.

"Wiebe is good coach," Ilya says, stabbing at his lo mein. "Better than yours in Montreal."

"Theriault wasn't—" Shane stops. "Yeah, okay. Wiebe's better."

"Much better." Ilya grins. "You are in good place now. Is good team for you."

"It's the Centaurs," Shane says dryly. "We're not exactly contenders."

"Not yet." Ilya's eyes are warm on him. "But you will make them better. You already are."

Shane looks down at his food, feeling his cheeks heat. "Thanks."

"Is true." Ilya reaches across the table, covers Shane's hand with his. "You make everything better."

For a while they just sit like that, hands linked across the table, eating with their free hands. It's domestic in a way that still catches Shane off-guard sometimes. This thing between them has always been desperate and stolen—hotel rooms and quick fucks and never enough time. But lately it's been this too: quiet dinners and comfortable silence and Ilya's thumb tracing patterns on the back of his hand.

Shane's not sure which version terrifies him more.

After dinner, they migrate to the couch. Ilya sprawls out with his feet up, and Shane settles next to him—not quite touching, leaving a careful six inches between them. He can feel Ilya's eyes on him.

"You can sit closer," Ilya says. "I will not attack you."

"I know." But Shane stays where he is. "It's just—if I get too close, I'm going to want—"

"I know." Ilya's quiet for a moment. "Come here anyway."

Shane shifts over. Ilya pulls him in until Shane's tucked against his side, head on Ilya's shoulder. Ilya's arm comes around him, solid and warm, and Shane lets himself relax into it.

"This is okay?" Ilya asks.

"Yeah." Shane slides his hand under Ilya's shirt, palm flat against his stomach. "This is good."

They stay like that for a while, half-watching whatever's on TV. Ilya's fingers card through Shane's hair, careful around the place where his head hit the boards. The touch is soothing, almost hypnotic. Shane feels himself starting to drift.

Then Ilya's hand slides lower, fingertips tracing the line of Shane's jaw, and Shane's eyes flutter open.

"We should probably—" Shane starts.

"Probably," Ilya agrees, but he's tilting Shane's face up, and then they're kissing again.

This time it's less careful. Ilya's mouth is hot and insistent against his, tongue sliding deep, and Shane opens for him with a soft sound. He shifts to get a better angle and ends up half in Ilya's lap, hands fisted in his shirt.

Ilya makes a low noise and pulls Shane closer. Shane goes willingly, straddling Ilya's thighs, never breaking the kiss. Ilya's hands slide under his flannel, warm against his skin, and Shane arches into the touch.

"Fuck," Shane breathes against Ilya's mouth. "I've missed this."

"Me too." Ilya's hands map the muscles of Shane's back, fingers pressing into the divots of his spine. "Very much."

They kiss until Shane's lips feel bruised and swollen, until he's grinding down against Ilya without thinking about it. Ilya's hard beneath him—Shane can feel him through his jeans—and Shane's not much better. His dick is pressing insistently against his zipper, and every time Ilya's hands slip lower on his back, Shane's hips buck forward.

"Wait," Ilya says, pulling back. His pupils are blown wide, lips red. *"Wait,* we need to—"

"I know." Shane doesn't move from Ilya's lap. "I know we need to stop."

"Your blood pressure—"

"I know."

Ilya's hands are still under Shane's shirt. His thumbs stroke Shane's sides, just above his hip bones. "One more week."

"One more week," Shane echoes. He rocks his hips forward experimentally. "We're just kissing though. That's fine."

"Shane—"

"Kissing doesn't elevate blood pressure that much." Shane kises the corner of Ilya's mouth, his jaw, the spot below his ear that always makes Ilya shiver. "This is fine."

"Is not fine if you are hard." Ilya's voice is strained. "Is not fine if I am thinking about all the things I want to do to you."

"What things?" Shane asks, even though he knows he shouldn't.

Ilya's grip on Shane's hips tightens. "I want to put you on your back," he says, voice dropping low. "I want to take you apart slowly. I want to make you come so hard you forget your *name."*

Shane's breath catches. "That's.. that's a lot of things."

"Is only beginning of things." Ilya pulls Shane down into another kiss, this one filthy and deep. When he breaks away, his eyes are dark. "But we cannot. Not yet."

"We could—" Shane's brain is offline, all his blood elsewhere. "There are things we could do. That aren't *technically—"*

"No."

"I could just—if I got you off, that wouldn't affect my blood pressure—"

"No, Shane."

"You could do it yourself and I could watch—"

"Absolutely not." But Ilya sounds strangled, and his hands are still on Shane's hips. "We are not finding loopholes in your medical restrictions."

"Why not?" Shane's being petulant and he knows it. "I had a concussion, not a broken dick."

Ilya makes a sound that's half-laugh, half-groan. "You are killing me."

"Good." Shane grinds down again, deliberate this time. "You drove four and a half hours. You should suffer."

"I am suffering." Ilya's hips jerk up to meet Shane's. "I am dying."

They stare at each other, both breathing hard. Shane's pretty sure he's never wanted anything as much as he wants Ilya right now. And from the look on Ilya's face, the feeling's mutual.

"We should stop," Shane says.

"Yes."

Neither of them moves.

"I'm going to kiss you again," Shane says.

"Okay."

Shane leans in. Ilya meets him halfway. The kiss is immediately too much—all teeth and tongue and desperation. Shane's rocking against Ilya steadily now, chasing the friction, and Ilya's hands have slid down to grip Shane's ass, pulling him closer.

"Fuck," Ilya gasps against Shane's mouth. "We have to stop."

"I know." Shane doesn't stop.

"Your doctor said—"

"I know what she said." Shane bites at Ilya's bottom lip. "One more week."

"One more week." Ilya pulls Shane down harder against him. "We can wait one more week."

"Absolutely."

They kiss for another five minutes before Ilya physically lifts Shane off his lap and sets him on the other end of the couch.

"No," he says firmly, when Shane starts to protest. "We are being responsible."

"I don't want to be responsible." Shane slumps back against the cushions. He's still hard, painfully so, and from the way Ilya's shifting, he's not much better. "I want you to fuck me into this couch."

Ilya closes his eyes. "You cannot say these things."

"Why not?"

"Because I am trying *very hard* to be good person who cares about your health, and you are making it *extremely* difficult."

Shane softens slightly. "You are a good person. The best person."

"I am really not." Ilya opens his eyes. "If I was good person, I would not have stayed tonight. I would not have kissed you. I would not be thinking about all the ways I want to touch you."

"I'm glad you're not a good person then."

Ilya's mouth quirks. "One more week, and I will show you exactly how not-good I am."

"Promise?"

"I promise." Ilya holds out his hand across the couch. "Come here. We can—we can just hold each other. Yes?"

Shane takes his hand and lets Ilya pull him back in. They rearrange themselves so Shane's lying with his back to Ilya's chest, Ilya's arm around his waist. It's still intimate, still makes Shane's heart do complicated things, but it's less immediately dangerous than kissing.

"This is nice," Shane says after a while.

"Very nice." Ilya's nose is pressed to the back of Shane's neck. "I could fall asleep like this."

"You should. You have to drive back in the morning."

"I know." But Ilya doesn't sound like he's planning to move anytime soon.

They lie there in the semi-darkness, lit only by the TV neither of them is watching. Ilya's thumb draws circles on Shane's stomach through his shirt. Shane laces their fingers together.

"Thank you," Shane says quietly. "For coming. For. For caring enough to drive all this way just to see me."

"Shane." Ilya's arm tightens around him. "I would drive much farther than this. You know this."

"I know." Shane does know. That's part of what scares him. "Still. Thank you."

"You do not need to thank me for wanting to be near you." Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's shoulder. "Is not hardship. Is the opposite."

Shane's throat feels tight. He doesn't trust himself to speak, so he just squeezes Ilya's hand tighter.

They fall asleep like that on the couch, tangled together. Shane wakes up a few hours later with a crick in his neck and Ilya drooling slightly on his shoulder. He should wake Ilya up, send him to the actual bed. Instead, he closes his eyes and drifts back off.

The next six days are torture.

Shane goes to practice. He does his drills. He's careful with contact, hyperaware of every hit, every possibility of re-injury. His teammates are good about it—they check on him constantly, maybe too constantly. Wiebe pulls him aside after practice to ask how he's feeling. The team doctor wants to see him every other day.

Everyone's being so careful with him, and Shane appreciates it. He *does.* But it's also suffocating.

At night, he calls Ilya. They talk about everything and nothing. Sometimes the conversations turn heated—Ilya's voice dropping low, saying things that make Shane's breath catch. But they can't do anything about it, so mostly they just... talk. About hockey, about their days, about the future in vague, careful terms that neither of them is quite ready to make concrete.

"Six more days," Ilya says on Wednesday night.

"Five after midnight," Shane corrects.

"You are counting."

"Of course I'm counting." Shane's lying in bed, phone pressed to his ear. "Aren't you?"

"Yes," Ilya admits. "I am counting too."

On Friday, Ilya sends him a text in the middle of Shane's afternoon:

Lily
    Four more days

Shane's in a team meeting. He types back one-handed under the table:>

Shane
    Stop it. I'm trying to focus.

Lily
    On what?

Shane
    Game strategy.

Lily
Boring. Think about me instead.

Shane
I'm always thinking about you. That's the problem.

There's a pause, then:

Lily
Is not problem. Is good thing.

Shane stares at his phone, heart doing something complicated in his chest. He types and deletes three different responses before settling on:

Shane
Yeah.
It is

On Saturday, Shane has a game. Ottawa loses to Tampa 4-2, and Shane plays fine but not great. He's distracted, can feel it in the way his timing's slightly off, the way he's half a second late to everything.

After the game, Hayden texts him:

Hayden
You okay? You seemed off tonight.

Shane
I'm fine. Just tired.

Hayden
You sure? Because you kept spacing out during face-offs.

Shane considers lying, then decides against it.

Shane
Okay. I'm distracted. But I'm fine.

Hayden
Distracted by anything in particular? 👀

Shane
Hayden.

Hayden
Just checking! Making sure you're taking care of yourself.

Shane
I am. Promise.

He doesn't mention that "taking care of himself" currently involves a lot of cold showers and counting down the days until he's medically cleared to fuck his—boyfriend? Partner? Whatever Ilya is to him.

On Sunday, his mom calls.

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?" Yuna asks. "Really."

"Good, Mom. Really good."

"You're being careful?"

"Very careful." Too careful, Shane doesn't say. "I'm following all the doctor's orders."

"Good." There's a pause. "Have you... talked to Ilya recently?"

Shane's heart skips. "Yeah. We talk pretty regularly."

"That's good." Another pause. "He's good for you, you know. Your father and I think so."

Shane's throat goes tight. *"Mom…"*

"I'm just saying. It's nice to see you happy, Shane. Even with everything that's happened, you seem... lighter. That's because of him, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Shane admits quietly. "It is."

"Then I'm glad you have him." Yuna's voice is soft. "You deserve to be happy."

After they hang up, Shane sits on his couch for a long time, phone in his hand.

Three more days.

On Monday, Shane has an afternoon practice that goes long. By the time he gets home, showers, and checks his phone, he has seventeen texts from Ilya.

Most of them are innocuous—updates about Boston's game, complaints about traffic, a photo of a dog Ilya saw on the street.

Lily

Two more days

Lily

I cannot stop thinking about you

Lily

About what I am going to do to you when you are cleared

Lily
I am going to take my time. Going to make you fall apart.

Lily
You will be so good for me. I know you will.

Shane's sitting on his bed when he reads them, and he has to close his eyes and breathe through it. He's already half-hard just from Ilya's texts.

He types back:

Shane
You can't say things like that. I'm trying to be responsible.

Lily
Sorry. Cannot help it.

Lily
Two more days, Shane

Shane
I know.

Lily
Will be worth the wait

Shane
It better be.

Lily
It will be. I promise. 💙

Shane believes him.

Tuesday morning, Shane wakes up with nervous energy thrumming under his skin. He has his follow-up appointment with Dr. Kassir at two. If everything looks good—and it should, Shane's been so fucking careful—he'll be cleared for all activities.

All activities.

The appointment feels like it takes forever. Dr. Kassir runs through all the same questions, checks his reflexes, looks in his eyes. Shane tries not to fidget.

"Everything looks good," she says finally. "Really good, actually. You've been taking this seriously."

"I have," Shane says. "So I'm cleared?"

"You're cleared." Dr. Kassir smiles. "Full contact, full activity. But Shane—I want you to keep being smart about this. If you feel off at all, dizzy, nauseous, *anything—"*

"I'll call you immediately," Shane promises. "I will. I'm not risking this."

"Good." She makes a note in his chart. "You're healing well. I'm really pleased with your progress."

Shane thanks her and leaves the office in a daze. In his car, he pulls out his phone.

Shane
Cleared for everything.

Ilya's response is immediate:

Lily
Everything?

Shane
Everything.

Lily
I am getting in car now

Shane
You have practice tonight.

Lily
I will miss practice

Shane
Ilya—

Lily
I am already in car, Shane. I will be there in four and half hours. 🚗

Shane stares at his phone. Then he types:

Shane
Okay. I'll be waiting.

He drives home faster than he probably should. Once he's at the cottage, he showers again even though he showered this morning. Changes his sheets. Tries to decide if cleaning his entire house is necessary or insane, settles on just tidying the bedroom and living room.

By the time Ilya's car pulls into the driveway, Shane's vibrating with anticipation.

He opens the door before Ilya can knock.

Ilya's standing there in practice clothes—joggers and a hoodie, hair messy like he couldn't be bothered to fix it before leaving. His eyes rake over Shane, hungry and intense.

"Hi," Shane says.

"Hi." Ilya steps inside, kicks the door shut behind him. "You are cleared?"

"I'm cleared."

"For everything?"

"Everything."

Ilya crowds Shane against the wall, hands framing his face. "Then I am going to kiss you now."

"Okay," Shane breathes.

The kiss is immediately different than the careful ones from last week. Ilya kisses him like he's been starving, like he's been holding back for weeks—which he has. His tongue slides deep into Shane's mouth, claiming, demanding. Shane opens for him with a moan, hands fisting in Ilya's hoodie.

Ilya's hands are everywhere—sliding into Shane's hair, down his back, gripping his hips. He presses Shane harder against the wall, slots their bodies together from chest to thigh. Shane can feel Ilya's cock hard against his hip, and he rocks into it, chasing friction.

"Bedroom," Ilya growls against his mouth.

"Yeah." Shane's already pulling Ilya down the hall. *"Yeah,* okay."

They stumble toward the bedroom, shedding clothes as they go. Ilya's hoodie hits the floor in the hallway. Shane's shirt follows. By the time they reach the bed, they're both down to their underwear, and Shane's so hard it's almost painful.

Ilya pushes Shane down onto the mattress and follows him, covering Shane's body with his own. The weight of him is perfect—solid and real and finally, finally here. Shane wraps his legs around Ilya's waist, pulling him closer.

"Fuck," Ilya breathes, rocking down against him. "I have thought about nothing but this for weeks."

"Me too." Shane's hands slide down Ilya's back, fingernails scraping lightly. "Wanted you so badly."

"You have me." Ilya kisses down Shane's jaw, his neck, biting gently at his collarbone. "You always have me."

He works his way down Shane's body, mapping every inch with his mouth. Shane's arching up into it, hands fisted in the sheets. When Ilya mouths over Shane's cock through his boxer-briefs, Shane nearly comes just from that.

"Wait," Shane gasps. "Wait, if you—I'm not going to last."

"Is okay." Ilya hooks his fingers in Shane's waistband. "We have all night. We have time now."

He pulls Shane's underwear off and takes him in hand—just his hand, stroking slow and deliberate. Shane's hips buck up into the touch. It's too much and not enough all at once.

"Please," Shane says, not even sure what he's asking for.

"Tell me what you want." Ilya's thumb swipes over the head of Shane's cock, spreading precome. "Tell me."

"Your mouth," Shane manages. "Want your mouth on me."

Ilya grins and leans down.

The first touch of his lips is electric. Shane's whole body jerks with it, hands flying to Ilya's hair. Ilya takes him deep, practiced and perfect, and Shane has to fight not to come immediately.

"Fuck," he gasps. "Fuck, *Ilya—"*

Ilya hums around him and the vibration nearly finishes Shane right there. He tugs at Ilya's hair, trying to warn him, but Ilya just takes him deeper, throat working around the head of Shane's cock.

Shane comes with a broken sound, spilling into Ilya's mouth. Ilya swallows it all, works him through it until Shane's oversensitive and twitching.

When Ilya pulls off, his lips are red and swollen. "Good?" he asks, voice rough.

"So good." Shane tugs him up for a kiss. He can taste himself on Ilya's tongue. "Your turn."

"You do not have to—"

"I want to." Shane pushes Ilya onto his back and straddles his thighs. "I've been wanting to for weeks."

He gets Ilya's underwear off and just looks for a moment. Ilya's beautiful like this—spread out on Shane's bed, cock hard against his stomach, eyes dark with want. Shane wants to memorize this, wants to burn it into his brain.

"Shane," Ilya says, and it sounds like a plea.

Shane takes him in hand, stroking slow. Ilya's hips lift into the touch, chasing more. Shane leans down and licks a stripe up the underside, base to tip. Ilya groans, hands fisting in the sheets.

"Yes," Ilya breathes. "Please."

Shane takes him in his mouth, remembering everything he's learned over the years about what Ilya likes. Deep and fast, using his hand for what he can't take. Ilya's falling apart beneath him, Russian spilling from his lips in between curse words.

When Ilya comes, it's with Shane's name on his lips. Shane swallows and pulls off slowly, wiping his mouth.

Ilya pulls him up for a kiss—messy and grateful. They lie there for a while, catching their breath, bodies pressed together.

"Worth the wait?" Shane asks eventually.

"So worth it." Ilya's fingers trace patterns on Shane's back. "But I am not done with you yet."

"No?"

"No." Ilya rolls them so Shane's on his back again. "I told you. I am going to take my time. I am going to make you fall apart."

"I already fell apart."

"Then I will do it again." Ilya's hand slides between Shane's legs. "And again."

Shane's already getting hard again, which shouldn't be possible but somehow is. "Yeah?"

"Yes." Ilya kisses him, slow and deep. "We have been careful for so long. Tonight, we do not have to be."

And they're not.

Ilya takes him apart slowly, methodically. He fucks Shane with his fingers until Shane's begging for more, then finally—finally—pushes inside. Shane takes him easily, body opening up like it remembers this, like it's been waiting for this.

"God," Shane gasps, nails digging into Ilya's shoulders. "Missed this. Missed you."

"I know." Ilya sets a steady rhythm, deep and perfect. "I missed you too. Missed being inside you."

They move together like they've been doing this forever—which, in a way, they have. Seven years of stolen moments and hotel rooms. But this is *different.* This is Shane's bed, Shane's home. This is theirs.

Shane comes again with Ilya deep inside him, with Ilya's hand on his cock and Ilya's mouth on his neck. Ilya follows soon after, spilling inside Shane with a low groan.

After, they lie tangled together, sweaty and satisfied. Ilya's still inside him, softening slowly. Shane doesn't want him to move. Doesn't want this moment to to end.

"You are okay?" Ilya asks softly. "Your head?"

"I'm perfect." Shane kisses his shoulder. "Better than perfect."

"Good." Ilya carefully pulls out, and Shane makes a soft noise of loss. "Stay there."

He comes back with a warm washcloth and cleans Shane up gently. The intimacy of it makes Shane's throat tight. After, Ilya climbs back into bed and pulls Shane against his chest.

"Did you really skip practice for this?" Shane asks.

"Yes." Ilya doesn't sound remotely sorry. "Worth it."

"You're going to get in trouble."

"I do not care." Ilya's fingers card through Shane's hair. "You are more important than practice."

Shane's quiet for a long moment. Then: "I love you."

The words slip out before he can stop them. He feels Ilya go still beneath him.

"Shane—"

"You don't have to say it back," Shane says quickly. "I just—I wanted you to know. I've been wanting to tell you for a while."

Ilya's hand tilts Shane's face up until they're eye to eye. His expression is soft, open in a way Shane rarely sees.

"Ya lyublyu tebya," Ilya says. "I love you. I have loved you for very long time."

Shane's eyes are burning. "Yeah?"

"Yes." Ilya kisses him gently. "Since always, I think."

"Since always," Shane echoes.

They lie there in the darkness, holding each other. Outside, it's started to snow—fat flakes drifting past the bedroom window. Inside, Shane's warm and sated and happier than he can remember being in years.

"You have to drive back tomorrow," he says eventually.

"I know." Ilya's arms tighten around him. "But tonight, I stay here. With you."

"Yeah." Shane closes his eyes. "Tonight you're mine."

"Not just tonight," Ilya murmurs. "Always, I am yours."

Shane falls asleep like that—Ilya's heartbeat steady beneath his ear, Ilya's arms solid around him, Ilya's words echoing in his head.

Always, I am yours.

One more week of waiting had been worth it for this.

For everything.

End Notes

thank you for reading !! author is so very ace so please do let me know if you enjoyed the smut + if i should keep on writing for them...

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!