Someplace to crawl to

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Someplace to crawl to

by paperstorm

Summary

> Shane's eyes meet his, and there's a particular gloss to them that Ilya has come to recognize. He squeezes Shane's hand before letting it go, keeping his voice quiet so Shane has to really listen as he instructs, "I want you to get on your knees. With your head on my leg. And then you are going to sit there until I tell you to move. And if you can do that, maybe tonight leads to happy endings."
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>
> Ilya moves his head from side to side, pretending to mull it over, before answering, "I think you can."

Shane plays terribly, contributing to a 6-1 loss for Montreal. Ilya employs his new skills as the best soft dom in the universe to make him feel better about it.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Have good game,” Ilya had said, pulling Shane into a messy kiss at the door. He doesn’t play until Tuesday so he’s at Shane’s for two whole days and nights, and Ilya has so many plans. Probably too many to actually execute, considering the amount of time they’ll actually have together, but he can always save some for next time. He’d arrived only an hour ago so all they had time for was a quick trading of open mouth kisses and hands stripping each other’s cocks in the shower before Shane had to dress in a nice suit to leave for the arena.

Ilya’s hair was still a little damp at the back, as he shoved his tongue into Shane’s mouth before letting him go.

“Thanks,” Shane had answered with a pink-cheeked smile. He always looks at Ilya in a way Ilya has no words for in any language, like he thinks Ilya is a miracle. It’s a thing Ilya never could have predicted needing but now that he has it, it feels impossible to ever live without it.

“Kick some fucking ass. Fuck Chicago.” Ilya’d smacked him lightly on the hip and smiled at him before Shane left him alone.

Ilya had made himself some dinner in Shane’s kitchen and then settled on his couch to put the game on. Despite having the same job, and despite the fact that Ilya’s been in the league long enough to no longer be starstruck by most of it, he does find himself just a little bit starstruck when he sees Shane on the TV. Especially now, when he’s no longer yearning and longing and suffering about it. *There he is*, Ilya’s heart seems to say as the broadcast camera closes in on Shane’s face as the anthems are sung. *That’s my man*.

“Have good game,” Ilya had said, and he’d meant it.

He’s competitive, too, but it’s different when they aren’t playing against each other. Ilya wants to win, that’s been bred into him since he was very small, but when Shane’s team is playing literally any other, who Ilya’s rooting for isn’t a difficult choice. There are few things more beautiful in his life than seeing Shane flushed and sweaty and deliriously happy. Ilya would always prefer he was the one who got Shane that way, but he’ll take the sight any way he can get it.

“Have good game,” Ilya had said.

But Shane doesn’t.

Ilya cringes when halfway through the first, Shane sends a blind back-pass clearly thinking a teammate is behind him but instead the puck lands right on the stick of a guy in a white jersey.

“Get him!” Ilya yells at the TV, falling back against the cushions in relief when a defenceman on Shane’s team checks the guy before the mistake turns into a breakaway.

Ilya’s eyes stay glued to Shane, in the far background of the wide shot as the play stops and the camera pans. He’s too small on the screen for Ilya to make out his face, but he knows that dejected posture. Shane’s annoyed at himself for the mistake.

“Shake it off,” Ilya says. He claps his hands and shimmies his shoulders, both to send positive vibes to Shane across town but also release the nervous energy pent up in his chest. “Taylor fuckin’ Swift. Shake, shake, shake.”

His vibes don’t help. Early in the second Shane goes left when he should have gone right, and a white jersey picks his pocket and gets the breakaway they avoided in the first. Ilya grabs a pillow and clutches it to his chest, chanting *no, no, no* under his breath but it’s no use. He groans along with the crowd as the goal light glows red, pushing his face into the pillow.

It only gets worse, and the pit forming in Ilya stomach is as big as the Batagaika crater by the time the final buzzer sounds. Montreal lost 6-1, and two of those goals were the end result of a play that began when Shane made a mistake. Ilya is fully on the floor, ass numb against the area rug and pillow still clutched so tight in his arms he’s surprised it hasn’t popped and rained goose down around him like tragic snowflakes.

Shane’s face is so stormy when the camera zooms in on him, and Ilya wants to scream at the operator to leave him alone. He throws the pillow at the TV screen instead. It lands on the floor with a dejected *thwap*. Ilya runs his fingers agitatedly through his hair, watching the rest of the broadcast with nerves prickling his spine because he’s worried Shane is going to be sent out for post-game interviews. Ilya knows too well how bothersome those can be at the best of times, but after a hard loss the last thing anyone wants to do is stand there red-faced and drenched in sweat, answering stupid questions while struggling to stay polite. Ilya doesn’t always manage to stay polite. His well-mannered Canadian boyfriend does, but sometimes only through gritted teeth, and Ilya doesn’t want him to have to go through that tonight.

The evening’s only saving grace is that not happening. The team sends out others to answer for their abysmal performance, and Ilya finally reaches behind himself for the remote when it moves back to the *Hockey Night in Canada* analysis desk.

“There you have it, folks,” Ron MacLean says.

“I don’t even know what to say. A rare bad night for Shane Hollander,” Kevin Bieksa comments with a disappointed look on his face.

“Fuck you Kevin!” Ilya yells at him before jamming his finger into the power button so the screen goes to black. Then he throws the remote, too. He winces the second it’s out of his hand, but his subconscious must have stepped in and stopped him from throwing it as hard as the pillow; it arcs up over the coffee table and crashes to the floor, back popping off and batteries skidding across the wood.

He blows out a breath. He scratches through his hair again, grunting in dull pain as he pushes himself up to his feet and finds his legs stiff and both feet asleep. Limping around until they stop tingling, Ilya looks around Shane’s place and doesn’t know what he’s supposed to do, now. Losing is one thing. They can’t take it to heart every time they lose a game; they play 80 or more in a season, shaking off a loss is as vital a skill as anything else they do in their jobs. But this was different. Shane had been all smiles when he left hours ago, and now Ilya feels like he’s sitting in a cell waiting for the executioner to come collect him and lead him to the gallows as he waits for Shane to arrive back home.

Or, maybe something slightly less dramatic. He rolls his eyes at himself and flops back down onto the couch. Ilya wants to check the fridge for ginger ale, but then decides against it – if there isn't any, Ilya wouldn't have time to go out and buy some before Shane gets home, and it would be far worse if he weren't here when Shane arrives. He could make hot chocolate. Or popcorn, Shane might indulge in popcorn.

Instead he just lies there feeling useless and sympathetic and hoping a tight hug is going to be enough to stop Shane from beating himself black and blue about this, because Ilya doesn't know what else he has to offer.

His heart leaps into his throat 45 minutes later at the sound of the door. Ilya jumps up and then freezes, not sure if he should rush to meet Shane or if that will just make Shane feel pitied. He hovers where he is instead, and his stomach drops when Shane comes into the living room, back in his suit but disheveled. Their eyes meet, but only for a moment before Shane looks away.

"Is there, like … *any* chance you weren't watching?" Shane asks, shame dripping off every syllable and refusing to meet Ilya's eye.

He could lie. If Shane wants to believe Ilya wasn't watching, Ilya could give him that. It might even be the right thing to do. He finds he can't. "I watched. Sorry."

"You don't have to be sorry."

"I … do you want …" Ilya begins, but then trails off when he can't find where the sentence was headed.

Shane steps further into the room. He drops heavily down onto his couch, blowing out a breath that sounds exhausted. "I played like absolute ass, you don't have to pretend that isn't true."

Ilya swallows. Carefully, he says, "Okay."

Shane's eyes move, darting minutely back and forth as he stares into space, as if he's replaying the game in his mind.

"Is there … something wrong?"

Shane huffs.

"Not *now*," Ilya explains hastily, "*now* I know what is wrong. I meant before the game."

"I don't know," Shane mumbles. "I don't think so."

"Just bad night, then. Everyone has bad night." Ilya shrugs, trying to be casual about it. Grinning, he adds, "Not me, but everyone else."

He's expecting Shane to react as he always does to Ilya's loving ribbing. He expects the roll of eyes, a huff and a *shut up* or *fuck you* muttered from a mouth that is a least half smiling, maybe for Shane to pick up something soft like a cushion or a balled up pair of socks and

throw it at him so they can both laugh when it comes far short of actually hitting Ilya across the room and flops onto the floor instead.

But Shane doesn't do any of that. He stays just where he is, hands folded in his lap and forehead folded into a frown as he stares down at his knees like he's hoping they'll provide him with answers of some sort.

"Hey," Ilya says, despising the look on Shane's face. He waits for Shane to look up at him, but Shane doesn't, so he continues, "Joking. Of course I have bad night too."

He had one just a few weeks ago, in Pittsburgh. He doesn't think he made any errors quite as clear as the ones Shane made tonight, but he ended the evening with no points and when he watched the game back the next day in the video room in Ottawa, he saw himself just floating about on the ice as if he were a linesman; hardly involved at all with the play happening right in front of him. Ilya doesn't have any idea why he was so off that night, he just was, because it's a thing that happens to everyone. It doesn't need to be a big deal. Shane doesn't need to decide it means all sorts of terrible things about himself.

"They were pissed in the locker room," Shane mumbles.

Ilya's blood boils. He wants to leap up and demand names and then track them all down and show up on their doorsteps one by one. He doesn't need any more enemies, but he also doesn't give a shit about *not* being enemies with people who put that dejected look on Shane's face.

"What did they say?" he asks.

Shane sighs. "Nothing specific. Just the general mood."

"Every one of them has fucked up during a game. And me," he says again. "It happens."

Shane's chin drops further toward his chest, and his voice is so quiet that Ilya almost doesn't hear it when he mutters, "Not to me, it doesn't."

"You put on too much pressure."

Shane slowly hinges forward, elbows resting on his knees and face going into his hand. He lets out a soft moan before his voice, muffled against his palm, says, "It's not the same, when other guys fuck up. Or when you do."

"Why not the same?"

"Because they're not *me*. And because you're … you."

Ilya frowns. "What does that mean?"

"You just do your thing, and live your life, and tell everyone who has a problem with it to go fuck themselves. Nothing bothers you."

Ilya nods slowly. He doesn't say a word but a moment later, Shane is finally looking up at him, the first time their gazes have connected since he first stepped into the living room, and his expression crumples into one of regret.

"I didn't mean that. Of course I know things bother you."

Ilya walks over and sits next to him. "Tonight … you played like ass," he says, repeating Shane's phrase and taking Shane at his word that he doesn't want Ilya to pretend otherwise.

"Yeah," Shane barely whispers, looking away again. He sniffs.

"99 percent of time, you are second best player in whole league."

Like Ilya was hoping – praying – it would, that gets him a tiny smile. It's just the quirk of the side of Shane's mouth, but it feels like clouds parting after a storm. "Because you're number one?"

"Obviously." Ilya nods. Satisfied that he's loosened just a bit of the tension from the moment, he turns back to serious and says, "People might be annoyed, but everyone has bad night, and by next game they will forget and you will be hero again."

Shane mumbles, "Yeah," again.

"And for tonight," Ilya continues, cautiously vocalizing the idea that materializes in his mind, "you can't go back and replay game. But you could be number one best at something else. If you want."

He doesn't get an answer, but the temperature of the air in the room seems to shift.

Still looking straight ahead and feeling Shane's motionless heat beside him, in a gentle, instructive voice Ilya tells him, "You should go to bedroom. Change out of fancy suit, put on something comfortable. Then come back to me."

The noise of Shane inhaling reaches Ilya's ears and then he's standing, shoulders back as he walks slowly to the bedroom without a backward glance like Ilya's instruction had flipped a switch inside him. Ilya smiles. He brings his hands up to rub over his face, exhaling himself in relief as little earthquakes of anticipation dance in his gut.

It's still new for them, this whole thing. They're both still figuring it out, talking it through, trying to work out how they both feel about it and find the places where it fits and where it doesn't. But when Ilya thinks back into their storied history, he's always managing to come up with further examples of times when he would have put some pieces together if he'd known what to look for at the time. He has such a distinct memory of the very first time they ever kissed, against the wall of a hotel room in Toronto, when Shane went all quiet and shiny-eyed after Ilya put a thumb in his mouth.

He's so sweet, Ilya had thought at the time. And Shane is sweet. But it was more than that.

Ilya hadn't really know when the idea formed in his brain if offering this would be helpful. He worked up the courage to suggest it on the off chance, and he reclines back against the

couch cushions with another heavy breath as he listens to the sound of bedroom drawers opening and closing. He smiles to himself, thinking that if it were him, he'd be ripping his suit off and leaving it in a crumpled heap on the floor. Shane is definitely in there hanging it up and folding the shirt neatly and putting his socks into the hamper.

He's so exceedingly boring. And so perfectly shaped like the love of Ilya's whole life.

He sits up a little straighter, not bothering to hide the way he's already not entirely soft in his own sweatpants, as Shane pads slowly back into the room in sweats and a loose t-shirt and bare feet. He always looks smaller when he's dressed like that, like he's something Ilya needs to protect. The desire to individually scream at every one of Shane's teammates resurfaces briefly, but Ilya puts it away. It might make *him* feel better to do that, but it wouldn't make Shane feel better, and that's Ilya's mission tonight.

Shane stops a few feet away, hesitating before he comes too close. It makes Ilya smile before he holds his hand out. "Here."

His hand is taken quickly, Shane standing in front of him and looking down at him with a flush already high on his cheeks, surrounding his freckles in pink. Ilya wants to pull Shane into his lap, stroke his hair, kiss his face, promise that he's perfect. For a second or two, he has half a mind to do just that, abandoning the plan that's half-formed in another compartment in his brain. Maybe that's what Shane needs; arms to fall into, a shoulder to cry on, willing ears to listen while he bemoans his embarrassment. He's done that for Ilya more than enough times, and Ilya always resists it but always does feel better in the end.

But then Shane's eyes meet his, and there's a particular gloss to them that Ilya has come to recognize, and he changes his mind back. He squeezes Shane's hand before letting it go, keeping his voice quiet so Shane has to really listen as he instructs, "I want you to get on your knees. With your head on my leg. And then you are going to sit there until I tell you to move. And *if* you can do that, maybe tonight leads to happy endings."

Shane licks his lips. "What if I can't?" he asks, but they both already know he's going to.

Ilya moves his head from side to side, pretending to mull it over, before answering, "I think you can."

With a shaky exhale, Shane sinks slowly down. His legs fold underneath him, backside resting on his heels. Ilya widens the spread of his legs to make way for broad shoulders, beckoning Shane closer. Shane walks forward on his knees, settling between Ilya's legs. His hands are folded in his lap, and Ilya didn't tell him to do that but it makes something primal roar to life in his gut anyway. It's power that makes him feel taller than a skyscraper and responsibility that makes him feel more important than the president.

"Good," he says softly, dragging his fingers through Shane's soft, freshly-showered hair. He scratches Shane's scalp, watching in satisfaction as Shane's eyes flutter closed, and then guides his head down. Shane's right temple rests against the middle of Ilya's thigh, and Ilya watches with his own breath bated as Shane slowly exhales.

There's so much in it, more than just a release of breath. It's like he can *see* all the tension dissipate, dissolve into the air and then float away, leaving Shane malleable and relaxed at his feet. The tightness in his shoulders goes too, and Shane turns his nose against the seam of Ilya's pants. His breaths are slow and even, deep but soft like he's meditating.

Ilya wonders if he's glowing, if there's a halo of light emanating from his own body, put there by how happy it makes his heart to have Shane trust him like this. They've talked a lot, in the last little while, about what Shane needs. About why this makes him feel so good, about how they can make sure it's always safe, about the different ways Shane can tap out if he needs to with a hundred promises that Ilya will never be angry or disappointed. What they haven't talked about much, and maybe should, is the way Ilya has come to understand how much he needs this, too. He'd come to it at first for Shane – because he loves him, because he wants him to be happy, because he'd give this man anything – but after they settled a little more into a groove with it, Ilya started noticing how good it makes him feel, too.

"Doing okay?" he asks, after a few minutes have sluggishly ticked by. He hasn't stopped petting Shane's hair, and Shane's eyes are open but heavy-lidded and focused on nothing. It's a stark contrast to before, when he'd been staring into space but Ilya could tell there was a cinema of shame playing out behind his eyes.

"Mhm," Shane hums.

Ilya found some texts in Russian a few weeks ago so they'd be easier for him to digest. They were all annoyingly heterosexual but the principles remained the same. He read about what it takes sometimes to get someone into subspace, how much time and touching and whispered reassurances, and then was smug for the rest of the day thinking about how he seems to be able to launch Shane into orbit just by touching his hair or giving him a gentle command. It happens so quickly, like Shane spends a good portion of his day teetering already on that edge and just waiting for Ilya to gently push him over it.

"See?" Ilya says softly. He cups Shane's cheek, thumbprint brushing over his freckles, and warming inside when Shane's eyes flutter closed. "See how good you are?"

A soft whimper escapes through Shane's nose and he nuzzles into Ilya's hand, very nearly purring like a happy cat. Ilya's mind wanders back to so many other times he's done that. Even in retrospect they all seem so much more meaningful now that Ilya has a better idea of what was going on in Shane's mind and body.

His face is so close to Ilya's crotch, it would be too easy to just guide his head an inch or two forward and get Shane's hot mouth on his cock through the fabric. Ilya wants that, his groin throbs with how much he wants it, but he holds back. There's something so tantalizing in delaying the pleasure, senses all heightened by the temporary wait. Ilya hopes Shane feels that, too, he hopes Shane is buzzing inside with the anticipation of it all somewhere underneath his meditative haze.

"We're going to sit here just a bit longer," Ilya informs him. "If your legs begin to cramp, you will tell me. Yes?"

All he gets in response is another exhale, so Ilya gently tugs at Shane's hair.

“Tap my foot so I know you heard me.”

A fingertip touches the top of his foot, three times.

“Good,” Ilya praises. He releases his tighter grip on Shane’s hair, smoothing his palm over it. “So good.”

There’s a hitch in Shane’s breath, almost imperceptible, but Ilya hears it and it makes him feel as if there is a sunrise in his chest. His own mind seems to gloss over as they exist in comfortable silence, fluffy clouds and warm breezes materializing inside him. *He* feels good, too. Capable, strong, like there’s nothing he couldn’t handle. Shane isn’t the only one who sometimes feels as if the weight of the whole world is stacked up on his shoulders and they aren’t strong enough to carry it all. Ilya feels it, too. And when he can take care of Shane like this, all that pressure seems to float away.

It will come back. It won’t be forever, for either of them. But it feels like forever for now, and that thought settles warm and peaceful into Ilya’s chest and has his own eyes slipping closed. His fingers keep carding gently through Shane’s hair, automatic like his brain has stopped sending the instruction and his body just knows what it’s supposed to do.

Something brings Ilya back to the present, and he blinks his eyes open, realizing he’s lost track of time. He frowns, confused for only a moment before he feels it again – a finger tapping lightly on the top of his foot.

He sits up straighter, reality clearing back into his vision. “You need to get up?”

Shane nods.

Ilya has to press his lips together and take a moment to temper the swell of pride in his chest. Sometimes he worries just a little about this – that Shane’s anxious mind might just turn all this into yet another reason to believe he isn’t good enough. That he’ll ignore his own body and his own needs if it means giving Ilya what he thinks Ilya wants, that he’ll never forgive himself if he ever thinks Ilya is even one percent disappointed. Ilya’s so proud of him for asking to get up he could burst into human fireworks.

Leaning over, Ilya pushes his hand into the neck hole of Shane’s t-shirt and slides his palm down Shane’s bare back. “You were so good.”

“Thank you,” Shane whispers back.

Moving his head to one side, Ilya tells him, “I can’t see, are you hard down there?”

“Yes.”

He smiles. “Do you think you’ve been so good that I should take you to bedroom and make you come?”

A soft exhale is all he gets in return this time.

Grinning wider, Ilya leans further over. He rubs down Shane's back again and presses a kiss to the top of his head. "Uh uh," he chastises gently. "Answer. You have to say out loud. You have to believe, too, not just me."

"Yes," Shane barely breathes.

"Mm, yes what, sweetheart?"

Shane swallows, Ilya watches his throat working before Shane blinks slowly and looks up at him, his eyes just a little bit less glassy than before and more present in the moment. In a steadier voice, he says, "Yes, I think I've been good enough that you should take me to the bedroom and make me come."

"I think so, also," Ilya murmurs. Their faces are close; Shane's breath tickles his cheek and it would be so easy for Ilya to tip forward and slide their lips together. He doesn't; instead he asks, "Good enough for a kiss?"

Nodding, Shane says, "Please kiss me."

Ilya does, because he wants to and because it might feel like being set on fire to refuse. Their lips slide together, tongues tangling. The taste of him is like home, always, and Ilya loses time again as they kiss and kiss. Then he remembers Shane had asked to get up. He swallows down an apology before he can say it out loud, because Shane doesn't need that. He just needs Ilya to take care of him, and that, Ilya can do.

He urges Shane to rise up to his knees and then helps him up all the way, helps him straighten his likely cramping legs. Shane blinks at him and Ilya kisses him again, hands cupping his face. Once Shane is steady on his feet, Ilya backs him up toward the bedroom.

He strips them both, and they fall onto the bed and tangle naked limbs together as they kiss until Ilya's lips are numb. Then he slides down Shane's body, kissing as he goes and settling between his legs and delighting in the sight of Shane's gorgeous cock before him, hard and glistening. Ilya wonders how it happened, at what point Shane's blood started to move southward as he sat there on his knees being still and obedient and perfectly submissive.

"Remember first time?" he asks, smiling up at Shane.

He gets a soft smile in return, and a hand reaching out to stroke over his curls. "Always."

"I made you come so fast."

Shane chuckles, rolling his eyes, but it's all so fond. "Shut up."

"Not usually so fast, now."

"I'm not a teenager anymore."

"Maybe I'm not so good at dick sucking anymore."

Shane raises an eyebrow and Ilya grins triumphantly.

“No, you’re right. That’s not it.”

Cracking up, Shane touches his hair again, and Ilya smiles at him only for another moment before he lowers his head, taking Shane’s cock into his mouth. Shane moans, fingers tightening in Ilya’s hair as Ilya swirls his tongue around the head before sucking hard.

“Oh, shit,” Shane groans.

Ilya bobs his head, letting Shane slip into his throat as he reaches up to grasp for a bulging pectoral as he often does. The ache in his jaw is as exquisite as the salt on his tongue. It’s carnal, the way he wants to devour Shane sometimes. The way he goes out of his mind with it, unable to think of anything else until he gets his mouth on Shane. His own personal form of meditation, deliverance at the altar of Shane’s body.

Shane’s hips buck, cockhead hitting the back of Ilya’s throat and pulling tears from his eyes but he doesn’t let up. He sucks and slurps until Shane is panting and writhing on the mattress.

“Ilya. I’m gonna fucking come.” Shane frantically pats his head in warning. Ilya’s never heeded that warning and he doesn’t intend to start tonight, he just props up onto his elbow so he can fondle Shane’s balls and swallow around him as Shane comes with a strangled gasp down his throat.

Ilya hums, the salt familiar and filthy on his tongue, lapping it all up. Shane twitches and his fingers go lax in Ilya’s hair, hand flopping onto the mattress. Ilya licks him until Shane makes a soft noise and then lifts his head, pleased to see Shane still breathing heavy with an arm thrown over his eyes.

“Still very good at sucking dick, it seems,” Ilya muses, not bothering to pretend he isn’t smug about it.

Shane laughs breathlessly. “Do you think if you’re not an asshole for 15 minutes you’ll, like, break out in hives or something?”

“Is possible.” Ilya presses kisses to Shane’s chest as he crawls back up the bed.

Shane lifts his arm, giving him a smile that’s meltingly affectionate. He glances down at Ilya’s still throbbing erection. Ilya’s about to ask if Shane’s too tired to get fucked, when Shane brings a hand up to his mouth and taps his own bottom lip.

Ilya’s stomach swoops. He moves further up, sitting carefully on Shane’s chest and holding his cock in his hand so he can slide it between Shane’s parted lips as Shane’s arms wrap around his hips.

“Fuck,” he moans low in his throat, pleasure ricocheting through him as Shane’s tongue slides around his sensitive flesh. The sight is obscene, his erection darkened and straining and Shane’s lips stretched around it. Shane tongues at the slit and Ilya hums, trying to avoid pushing forward until Shane presses a hand against the small of his back, urging him to do just that.

Ilya grins. His brain growls *mine* as he goes up on his knees, gripping the headboard and rocking his hips. Shane's jaw relaxes, blinking with watering eyes up at him and moving his tongue so it flutters along the underside of Ilya's cock. Ilya moans again, head dropping forward as his body chases release. Shane holds onto him, letting Ilya employ his mouth for the thrill that overtakes him.

"Fucking perfect," he grunts, the pressure building and building inside him. "Fuck everyone who ever made you think – ah – you weren't fucking perfect."

He swears again as he comes, hips stuttering, throbbing deep in his pelvis and spreading out to his fingers and toes. Shane hums around him, the vibrations only heightening the sensation, and Ilya feels like he's coming forever before it finally mellows and he collapses onto the bed next to Shane.

When Ilya can breathe properly again, he rotates his head on the pillow. Shane has rolled over onto his side, propped up with his head resting on his closed fist. He's all smiles and glittery eyes again. Ilya opens his arms and Shane settles into him. Ilya wants to ask if he's feeling better, but he doesn't really need to. He can tell. Shane's head on Ilya's chest and a fingertip playing in the hair between Ilya's pectorals is all the information Ilya needs. Shane is quiet but it's the good kind of quiet, the kind that means the cruel voices in his head have finally shut up and he's floating on the bliss of giving himself over to Ilya, letting Ilya take care of him.

He almost feels silly, thinking back to earlier in the evening when he'd been waiting for Shane to come home and worried about whether he'd be able to help him get through a difficult night. Ilya is good, too. They're good together.

End Notes

Comments are so appreciated 💛

Come talk to me on tumblr if you want! I am a multi-fandom blog but would love to say hello

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