

I'll chase you on the dancefloor

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I'll chase you on the dancefloor

by [Shutupandance](#)

Summary

This time, Shane is not going to freak out on him, he's not going to leave, he's not going to throw away the only thing he has wanted for years, just for the chance of living a lie, just for the chance of having a normal life that is only full of pretence.

So, as soon as Ilya moves away from the girl, Shane follows.

Or, the club scene goes differently.

Notes

Hii! This is my first time writing for this fandom (and for a fandom that isn't rpf lol) so I hope I did these characters justice and did not write either of them too much ooc. The brainrot has been real so I *had* to write a fic about the ending scene of episode four

This fic is technically a song fic, the song in question is Like an Animal by Piqued Jacks and I made an edit about the club scene to this song that you can find [here](#)

Hope you enjoy! 💜

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

*You have, you have snake eyes
And I get, I get butterflies*

The moment Shane's eyes lock with Ilya, he feels his knees give in.

Rose's body, pressed into him, dancing against him, suddenly forgotten in favour of staring at the man who has been eating at his brain since that day in Boston—since that day in Saskatchewan, if Shane is honest with himself, like he so often isn't.

Ilya's body is preoccupied elsewhere, hands on the hips of this beautiful stranger he's dancing with, roaming everywhere, touching every inch of her body, but his eyes, those are for Shane only, boring into him like they want to take him apart.

And Shane is frozen under that gaze.

*You have, you have snake eyes
With your hips, with your sexy look, you paralyse*

Shane is pinned down by those eyes, unable to move, to reciprocate the kiss that he's only now noticing. Rose's lips are on his, pressing, pushing, but Shane can't do anything besides staring at Ilya, wanting, needing, looking at the stranger he's holding with a jealousy and envy he hasn't felt often in his life.

He imagines what that would feel like, having all of Ilya's attention on him, in public, not a care in the world about who's looking, just hands frantically searching for the other's body, squeezing, caressing, holding like there's no reason to let go. Like they have all the time in the world.

His entire body is hit by a sudden surge of *need*.

*And I get, I get butterflies
In my ears, in my stomach, all the time*

Shane's eyes haven't moved from Ilya's gaze for even a second.

He's begging, pleading, for what he isn't even sure himself. He's asking Ilya to leave the stranger in his arms, to not go home with her, to come across the room and drag him away from Rose, from this lie he is trying to live in, from having to pretend.

He's asking Ilya to do something he doesn't have the courage to do himself.

*Come on, baby, come and find me
I can smell you like an animal*

But Ilya knows him. He knows how to read him and he knows what he wants.

And, like in Boston, he makes the first move, he puts himself in a precarious situation, opening up his side, making himself vulnerable, leaving Shane with the opportunity to stab him right between his ribs—*again*.

But this time, this time Shane is not going to freak out on him, he's not going to leave, he's not going to throw away the only thing he has wanted for years, just for the chance of living a lie, just for the chance of having a normal life that is only full of pretence.

So, as soon as Ilya moves away from the girl, Shane follows.

*Bring the party, Aphrodite
And I'll chase you on the dancefloor*

They gravitate towards each other, orbiting around the dancefloor at a distance, away from each other but with their eyes locked together in a silent conversation that Shane doesn't want to ever interrupt.

They settle on opposite sides of the room, staring intensely while trying to predict each other's next move, calculating in this dangerous game of chess they have been playing for years, moves and countermoves, pawn for pawn, until there's nothing left on the board besides them.

*Come on, baby, come and find me
I can smell you like an animal*

Now, it's Shane the one to make the first move, launching himself over a cliff, hoping to land safely in the arms of the man standing in front of him, distant but closer than he has been in months, and Shane will not waste the opportunity he has been given.

He takes out his phone, looking at Ilya until he catches on and mirrors his movement.

And then he waits, certain that Ilya will have something snarky to say, something that will make him want to drop to his knees right then and there, in the middle of the dancefloor surrounded by strangers, with the music so loud he would even be able to hear Ilya's words of encouragement.

Did you enjoy show? Saw you look.

The text, as he predicted, is snarky, mean, like Shane deserves, but it doesn't stop desire from pooling in his stomach, it doesn't stop Shane from wanting to close the distance.

*You have, you have a biting tongue
And it gets, it gets me so unstrung*

Shane's first instinct is to deny. Deny that he was looking, deny that he was imagining himself in the stranger's place, deny that he forgot all about Rose's existence the moment he saw Ilya standing on the other side of the room.

But a voice in his head, one that sounds suspiciously like his mother's, reminds him that he shouldn't lie and, for the first time in a very long time, Shane listens to the voice and tells Ilya the truth.

I would have liked it better if the show was for me.

Just the two of us.

Alone.

*You have, you have a biting tongue
To tie me up and deviate my inner thoughts*

Even from across the room, Shane can see the surprised expression on Ilya's face. It lasts for a second and then something that looks like relief spreads through his features, but Shane is distant and the pink strobe lights illuminating the place do not help properly catch Ilya's expression.

Whether it's relief or not, it doesn't matter because Ilya's next expression Shane recognises easily.

There is *want* on his face.

Ilya *wants* him, after Boston, after Rose, after everything.

You want alone show? Like Magic Mike?

I can give.

Ilya still *wants* him and Shane suddenly can go back to breathing.

*And it gets highly dangerous
Like a drug in my veins, you are poison*

Shane is sending one last text before he can think better of it, before he can realise how dangerous it all is. Rose is here, her friends are here, Ilya's *teammates* are here.

But Shane doesn't care; he's addicted to Ilya, to the way he makes him feel, to having him around, next to him, and this night of complete radio silence while being in the same city cemented it for Shane. He's addicted and he can no longer deny himself.

Everything else is not enough anymore. He needs Ilya.

See you at my place in 20.

Please hurry.

Shane doesn't check that Ilya is following him before he leaves. He just hopes he is.

*Come on, baby, come and find me
And I'll chase you on the dancefloor*

.

Shane opens the back door of his apartment only to find an unamused Ilya looking at him.

He doesn't know exactly what he expected but the cold expression on Ilya's face is definitely not it; his features look gelid, like they used to in the beginning, and Shane can't help but think back to Russia, to the way Ilya's words had cut into him, cold expression and even colder voice.

He fucked up. He knows he fucked up.

That's why, as soon as the door of Shane's apartment closes behind them, finally leaving them alone in the safety of the privacy Shane fought so hard to maintain, he can't help himself from giving in, telling Ilya what he had been meaning to say since Boston.

"I'm sorry. I'm so fucking sorry, Ilya."

Ilya's face crumbles immediately, the coldness melting away completely, replaced by something a lot more complicated, something that Shane isn't sure he really understands. Or maybe he's just not ready to understand it yet.

What he does understand is the weight of Ilya's on him after the other man collapses against him, hugging him tightly, as if only the thought of having to let go hurts terribly. They have never done this, hugged outside of sex, completely clothed, in the middle of Shane's living room, but tonight is a night of firsts for Shane and he doesn't move away, hugging Ilya back.

"Rose? What about Rose?"

Ilya's question gets asked right into Shane's neck, no louder than a whisper, almost as if Ilya didn't really want Shane to answer, almost as if Ilya didn't really want Shane to hear the question at all.

He thinks back to Rose, looking at him confused as Shane stopped kissing her, mumbling a series of *I'm sorry* and *I can't do this anymore* leaving her on the dancefloor, alone and disoriented, in a mirror of what he did to Ilya in Boston. Only, this time, leaving felt right, leaving felt like the only right option, the only way to stop lying and pretending to be something he's not.

He'll have to call her. He knows. He'll have to explain everything to her. And apologise. He'll have to apologise a lot. But, for now, Rose is out of the equation, and Shane can go back to focusing on the man in front of him, the one who had been occupying his thoughts the entire time either way.

"I don't like her. I don't like women at all, actually."

The admission leaves Shane breathless. He can't believe he actually said it, that it's actually out in the world, a secret that is now shared between them and not only just in his mind, a secret shared with the only person he could have possibly shared it with.

Ilya looks at him in the eyes, intensely, relief visible on his face, before kissing him senseless, holding Shane's chin and guiding him where he wants him, tugging until Shane opens his mouth before devouring him like a starving man.

And Shane lets him, willingly, opening up to him and letting Ilya take what he wants.

Ilya walks him up to the couch until the back of his knees hit the cushions before pushing him back lightly, watching as Shane collapses on the sofa. His hands, greedy as always, try to hold back onto Ilya, not wanting to separate from him, hoping to drag the other man onto the couch as well, on top of Shane, body weight crushing him.

But Ilya doesn't let himself be pulled down.

*Come on, baby, come and find me
I can smell you like an animal*

Shane watches as Ilya takes his phone out of his pocket and taps around for a few seconds before music comes out of the speakers, soft and sensual, so faint that Shane can barely hear

it.

There's a part of him that wants to help, maybe connect Ilya's phone to his sound system, maybe turn on a lamp to make the living room more aesthetically pleasing, but all these thoughts and good intentions die inside his head as soon as Shane realises exactly what's going on.

Ilya is about to make good on his promise. Ilya is about to put on a *show*.

Shane stares transfixed as Ilya's hands move to the buttons of his shirt, unbuttoning them one by one while swaying his hips to the rhythm of the music.

Shane's brain is completely fried.

He can't believe this is happening, that after everything, he has Ilya Rozanov in his living room, undressing for him, putting on a show for him and his eyes only. After convincing himself that he couldn't have this anymore, that he could be happy with Rose, and live a normal life, one without his rival in it in any capacity besides professional.

Just when he was ready to give it all up, the realisation hit him.

He *doesn't* have to.

He can have this.

He can *let* himself have this.

*Bring the party, Aphrodite
And I'll chase you on the dancefloor*

As soon as Ilya's shirt is open, revealing his pecs and abs, and that trail of hair that Shane is so obsessed with, his hands travel lower, unbuttoning his pants and opening his zipper, slowly, terribly slowly, looking Shane in the eyes and daring him to do something. To get up, to get on his knees in front of him and get his pants off himself.

But Shane doesn't move, letting Ilya continue with his teasing.

He *is* enjoying the show after all.

Ilya's hands travel all over his own body, twisting a nipple, caressing his thighs, dipping into his pants and squeezing, reliving himself of the pressure, all while staring Shane in the eyes, pinning him down to the couch, trapped under Ilya's gaze.

But, for once, Shane doesn't want to run away. He wants to stay put. To surrender.

Come on, baby

As soon as Shane's hand drops onto his crotch, squeezing lightly, unable to resist any longer, Ilya's gaze follows his movement, predatory, eyes dark and hungry, the eyes of a man who has been deprived for a very long time, the eyes of a man who had to watch what he wanted be dangled in front of him without being able to get it for himself.

And, if Ilya's eyes are hungry, his voice is a thousand times worse. It's famished.

"Do not touch. You are mine to touch. Only."

Shane's hand flies away from his dick, burned by Ilya's words, words that make a pool of heat settle low into his stomach, heat that only intensifies when Ilya suddenly discards every item of clothes he was wearing before dropping down to his knees between Shane's parted legs.

The sound that comes out of Shane's mouth is involuntary, almost as if it were forced out of him.

If Shane thought the way Ilya had opened his zipper earlier was slow, this is excruciating. Ilya's mouth settles above Shane's crotch, hovering but not touching, breathing on him, until he slowly unbuttons his pants, taking the zipper in between his teeth and dragging it down, inch by inch, slower than Shane ever thought possible.

He's dying with anticipation. He's hard, has been since Ilya started unbuttoning his shirt, and his cock is pulsating inside his underwear, begging, to be released, to be touched, begging for something, *anything*. But Ilya goes slow, giving Shane nothing but what he wants.

And Shane will take it without complaint.

Come on, baby

With the calm of only a man who knows they aren't going anywhere else tonight, Ilya starts mouthing at Shane's underwear, licking a strip against the fabric before moving down, where Shane's precum had started wetting his underwear a little, and he starts sucking. Hard.

It's so much stimulation even through the fabric, especially after Ilya ignored his dick for so long, that Shane can't help but moan and tilt his head back, closing his eyes and giving in to the pleasure.

Until, suddenly, everything stops.

Shane opens his eyes again, confused and uncertain, only to find Ilya already looking at him, disapproving, like Shane just disobeyed an order from his coach or something. He is pinned under that look, wanting to apologise—without even knowing what he did wrong. He wants to say sorry, that he didn't mean it, that he'll behave. That he'll be *good*.

Ilya, as always, understands exactly what he needs. An instruction. Loud and clear.

And Ilya gives it to him.

“Watch me. You stop, I stop. Okay?”

Shane nods, not trusting his voice, and anchors his eyes to Ilya, to the way his tongue moves on his underwear, to the way his mouth kisses him through the fabric, to the way his lips move, eager and skilful, like Shane is a prey to be devoured.

Now that Shane has a task, something to do for Ilya, he has every intention not to disappoint him, boring his gaze into him, keeping his eyes open when Ilya takes Shane’s dick out of his underwear, when he starts licking it from the base to the tip, with reverence. He forces himself to look as Ilya takes him into his mouth, sucking at the tip before going lower, and lower, and lower.

Shane is overwhelmed, like he often is when he has sex with Ilya. Everything with Ilya is always *so* much, *so* good, and Shane is not used to embracing things that feel good, especially things that feel *this* good. Closing his eyes has always been a little defence mechanism he implemented from the very first time, to shield himself, to distance himself.

Tonight, Shane doesn’t let his gaze drop, not even once, not when Ilya asked.

*The way
He knows the way*

Ilya’s eyes are easy to read, like they always are. Usually, Shane can see a veil of restraint in them, a veil of sadness even at times, not right now—right now, Shane can only see want, a want that he hopes is as clear in his eyes as it is in Ilya’s features.

Their eyes are a mirror of each other, finally at the same level, finally able to open up, Ilya is not running anymore, he hasn’t been running in quite a while if Shane has to be honest with himself, and Shane is ready to meet him there, is ready to give into this as well, ready to let himself have it, finally.

No more running.

No more looking away.

Ilya’s tongue passes on his slit, making Shane’s entire body tremble with the movement. His hand automatically flies to Ilya’s head, burying into his curls and making a grunt come out of Ilya’s mouth, a grunt that only makes Shane tremble even more, suddenly so close to his orgasm.

Ilya doubles down, taking Shane deeper, sucking harder around him, all while still looking at Shane, and it’s that, in the end, that makes Shane come: the intensity of Ilya’s gaze, the

reverence in his eyes, that fierce desire, that fierce need, a need that is no longer hidden behind a veil of restraint.

A need that is there for Shane to see.

As clear as day.

And that's all that it takes for Shane to stumble over the edge and come, spilling into Ilya's mouth with only a few moans as a warning, his hand still buried in Ilya's hair, caressing him lightly while the other man sucks him dry, drinking every single drop Shane gives him.

The way to turn me on

After making him come, Ilya is on him in seconds, straddling his lap and kissing him breathlessly, until Shane can't think of anything but Ilya's tongue in his mouth.

It suddenly hits him how much this resembles what happened in Boston. Them on the couch, making out, only this is a mirror of back then, they're in Shane's living room, and Ilya is on top, completely naked, vulnerable, kissing Shane like he would never do anything else if he could.

Ilya has the power this time.

The power to get up and walk away.

The power to break Shane's heart.

But Ilya doesn't do any of that, he just kisses Shane harder, pressing closer until Shane gets the hint and wraps a hand around Ilya's dick, making the other man shudder on top of him.

"Ilya."

Ilya looks at him with uncertainty in his eyes, for the first time tonight, probably. Shane sees when it hits him as well, how similar it all is to Boston, how dangerous it is, how bad things could get in just a single moment. Shane sees it all.

He also sees the exact moment Ilya decides it doesn't matter.

"Shane."

It comes out as a whisper, broken, but Shane hears it anyway and kisses Ilya again, harder, while jerking him off faster, a litany of the other man's name coming out of his mouth between kisses, like a prayer, like a promise.

Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, Ilya.

Until Ilya comes between them, spilling all over their chests, in a mess of sweat and come, mirroring his words and whispering Shane's name back, right onto his lips.

The way (He knows the way)

He knows the way (He knows the way)

The way to turn me on

.

That night, falling asleep with Ilya's arms wrapped around him, Shane can't help but be happy he decided to chase Ilya on the dancefloor.

And he'll gladly chase him again.

Over and over.

Hoping to catch him every single time.

.

End Notes

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