I hope you're with someone who isn't scared to ask

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by Riverside7724

Summary

After Vegas, Shane is convinced Ilya is done with him, and finds another man to sleep with in a desperate hope to fix whatever is wrong with him. Except Shane drops hard after his one night stand, and accidently picks up a call from Ilya while he's sobbing on the floor of his hotel room.

Notes

Is this like another fic of mine? Yes. Am I, as a reader, beyond giddy to read the exact same tropes written a million times? Also yes.
There could be a thousand subdrop fics for this boy, and there wouldn't be enough.

Title from Noah's new song ;)

See the end of the work for more notes

The door of his hotel room clicked closed and Shane sunk forward, his forehead hitting the wood.

Fuck, *fuck*, what was he thinking?

His thighs pulsed, sore from earlier, a bruise already blooming on his hips where the man had grabbed him. They hadn't been Ilya's calloused hands, careful and firm. They hadn't been– fuck Ilya was going to be so mad and he fucked up and now everything *hurt* and he didn't know why.

The sex had been fine, good even. Efficient. He'd left shortly after, no shower no cuddles no–

He swore again.

Shane heaved in a breath, ribs aching. He clenched his eyes shut, head pounding in rhythm with his heart.

Did he have a heart? He was almost certain that his chest was a gaping hole, hollow and scraped clean.

A sob pushed out of his throat, between swollen lips. He felt disgusting, dirty, rotten–

He slammed his head into the door, the pain sharp and clean. His thoughts rearranged, the mindless havoc slowing. Without thinking, he did it again, teeth rattling.

A breath of relief washed over him, shoulders dropping from his ears. The jagged edges of his body softened with each hit until he wasn't even sure he had one.

Another sob, wet and garbled. Fingers pressed against exposed thigh, nails into skin. He sunk to his knees, vision blurry with tears,

Why couldn't he be good? Why was everything so hard? Why couldn't he be like Ilya and fuck whoever he wanted without feeling like he was dying.

Maybe he was. Was this what death felt like? A spiral into oblivion, fingers grasping at nothing?

He wanted to scream, wanted to pound his fists against the ground and feel something.

Carpet against his cheek. How did he get on the floor? He pressed his temple down, the harsh synthetic carpet rough against his skin.

His arms wrapped around his knees, pulling them to his chest. He still took up too much space, he needed to disappear, to float into the void and–

Something vibrated in his pocket, harsh and surprising. Shane's eyes flew open, breaths short in his chest.

Who the fuck was calling him right now? His mind couldn't spit out what time it was, but he knew it was late. Too late for his parents and probably Hayden. Their game against Boston wasn't for another two days, so–

Numb finger fumbled in his shorts until his phone dropped, the sound dull through the fog of his mind. Screen bright, eyes squinted, Shane pieced together who was calling.

Ilya.

Why was Ilya calling him? He hated him he thought he was gross and Shane couldn't even–

He'd pushed him away in Vegas, cigarette smoke wafting from the bedroom, a clipped goodbye before the door shut behind him. Ilya wanted nothing to do with him.

He'd tried, he'd tried to get himself back together, let another man's hands touch him, but it hadn't worked. Why didn't it *work*!

Tear tracks down his cheeks, a sob growing behind his lips. The phone must have slipped out of his hand because it thudded on the ground, screen up.

Shane's hands came up, tugging at the roots of his hair. He was so tired why wouldn't this feeling stop he felt nothing yet everything and he just wanted silence but–

"*Hollan–"*

Shane's jaw throbbed. He just wanted to–

"*Shane."*

A voice again, tinny and laced with worry. Shane raised his head slightly off of the ground, confusion filtering through the storm.

"Shane, moya lyubov, answer me, *please."*

Understanding crashed through him, nerves buzzing. He'd picked up. He'd accidentally accepted the call.

Curses streamlined through his head. Ilya was going to be so mad because he was bad and he couldn't even–

"Shane, please. Are you hurt, what has happened?"

Shane bit back a sob. Ilya's voice low and accented threaded through his ears, easing some of the panic. But he didn't deserve to be comforted by Ilya right now. He'd gone out and fucked another man and Ilya was going to be–

"I'm coming over, Shane. Stay on phone with me, yes? Ten minutes."

The slightly aware part of Shane's brain recognized that Ilya's hotel was far more than ten minutes away, but he didn't care. The warring parts of him wanted to drown in Ilya's touch

and simultaneously curl up into the smallest ball and scream himself hoarse that Ilya couldn't see him like this, pathetic and sobbing on the floor. He couldn't will his legs to get up, his shoulders drawn close.

"'Almost there, Hollander. Stay with me."

A knock at the door, firm but cautious. Shane's lip found its way between his teeth. He didn't want to let him in he wanted to let him in he wanted–

He didn't deserve to want, he scolded himself. Ilya would leave the moment he saw him. He didn't sign up for this, this crying and incapable Shane. Skin clammy and pale, he rolled to his back, heels of his hands pressing harshly against his eye sockets.

"Hollander, *Shane,* open door please. You can do it, solnyshko. I can help. Let me help, Shane."

Gods, he sounded so good, like a blanket on a cold night, like everything Shane ever wanted, and yet the door remained closed, his fingers unwilling to leave the planes of his face.

He heard Ilya curse, muffled by the thick wood.

"Shane, you can hear me, yes? I will leave for five minutes, okay? I will be right back. Please–" his voice stuttered. Ilya's voice never stuttered. "Breathe for me, Shane. Deep breathes. Count, tell me how many you got to when I come back yes?"

Shane's throat felt dry and scratchy, each sucked in breath painful. Ilya was leaving , Ilya didn't want him, but–

He said he was coming back. He told him to breathe. Shane could be good for Ilya, he could try. Another breath of stale hotel air. Fuck, his head hurt. The carpet was definitely leaving red marks on his cheek, but he was beyond caring.

A click at his door and suddenly there was light.

"*Oh, dorogoy*."

Hands under him, lifting him on top of strong thighs, muscled arms around his back. He was enveloped in warmth, in the musky smell of Ilya's cologne and shampoo, nose tucked into his neck. He huffed in a breath, tears catching in the sides of his eyes. Ilya murmured something and shifted his hands underneath Shane's thighs.

He must have whined or whimpered into Ilya's skin because he shushed him gently, running a hand along his back.

"Just to couch, yes? More comfortable than floor."

Redness seeped into Shane's cheeks. Ilya had gotten onto the floor with him. He'd picked up Shane's gross body and held it close like he wasn't–

“Hollander.” Ilya’s voice snapped Shane back to the present. They had made it to the couch, Ilya’s legs underneath him again. A hand combed through his hair and Shane shuddered.

“Too much thinking. Is okay, just breathe. In and out. Slow, like this.”

Ilya exaggerated his breath, his chest lifting Shane up slightly before compressing back. Shane let a breath sneak between clenched teeth, slithering into his lungs. His jaw trembled, and he pressed further into Ilya’s neck.

“You are not hurt, Shane, yes?” he asked quietly, hands moving slowly over his sweatshirt.

Shane shook his head. He wasn’t hurt, not physically at least.

“Okay,” Ilya whispered. “Good. Good boy for telling me.”

Shane whined low, mouth wet against Ilya’s neck. Suddenly, everything started screaming again, discordant in his chest. Stuck by panic, Shane scrambled back, Ilya’s touch lost. He pressed his back into the far arm of the couch, eyes clenched shut as breaths whistled through his teeth.

“Hollander,” Ilya murmured. Shane only tipped his head back, fingers tight around his shins. Fuck, what was he doing? Ilya had tried to help and he’d pushed him away and why was everything so damn loud and the AC unit was screaming at him and why didn’t he–

“*Shane*.” Ilya’s voice cut through the spiraling panic like butter. Shane’s eyes shot open, finding Ilya’s own, wide with concern. They flitted down to Shane’s hands where his nails pressed harsh divots into his skin.

“Let go, Shane. It’s alright. We are okay, yes?”

Shane felt numb. Feeling had started to return to his chest, but now that he’d shoved himself away from Ilya, it was creeping back in. A shiver raced up his spine.

“Shane, look at me,” Ilya stated quietly, and Shane could only obey, gaze sliding back to match blue eyes. “Good boy,” he praised softly. “Now let go of your leg.”

Shane’s fingers retracted, and blood raced back to the white crescents. Pain sparked under his skin, but it was only a small signal in Shane’s mind.

Ilya kept his hands on his lap, but Shane could see them trembling slightly. Shane cocked his head slightly and Ilya’s eyes dropped to his lap.

A tight smile. “My hands want to touch you, malysh, but I can’t right now, yes?”

Shane’s stomach clenched. The thought of Ilya’s touch felt like a bullet and blanket wrapped in one.

Ilya’s hand ran through his golden curls, dim in the low lighting. Shane’s breath had calmed, the tightness of his lungs easing slightly as he watched Ilya intently. It felt good for his brain to focus on something else, the panic slowing.

“You make the rules, Shane. You don’t want touch, is okay, but don’t hurt yourself when I can’t stop you, yes?”

Shane took his bottom lip between his teeth. Ilya’s gaze softened. “I’m sorry,” he whispered. Gods, he felt exhausted. Tears had dried uncomfortably on his face, stretching and cracking.

“No sorries. Is okay. Promise.”

Shane swallowed, throat tight. “It’s not okay, Ilya,” he stuttered, jaw starting to tremble again. “I… I fucked up and made everything wrong and…” Shane pressed the heels of his hands against his eyes again, forcing the tears to stay put.

“Shane, solnyshko, you did nothing wrong. I know everything feels big right now, but–”

“No, Ilya, I–” Shane chest split in two as he protested. “I slept with someone else and it wasn’t you and now you…” a staggered breath, a hitched sob, “you *hate* me and I messed everything up and I just wanted to be *normal* but I can’t be and everything–”

“Shane, look at me,” Ilya spoke, and Shane stopped, a broken sob emerging from his mouth. Ilya looked at him like he was the most precious thing in the world and he was waiting, he was waiting for Shane to look at him and he *couldn’t*, he couldn’t face him like this, not when he–

“*Kotenok*.”

Another hiccuped breath before he forced his eyes to meet Ilya’s again.

Ilya waited for a moment before a hand left his lap and laid palm up on the couch between them. Ilya watched Shane as he looked at it, tongue darting out to lick his lips. Slowly, Shane uncurled and freed a hand from between his thighs and chest, and placed it tentatively in Ilya’s. Ilya’s larger one closed over his and Shane shuddered.

Keeping his eyes on Shane, Ilya spoke softly. “Come here, malysh.”

And with a broken sob, Shane tipped forward, and Ilya caught him.

“Come here, Shane. Is okay, mind is loud. Mind is loud and making up lies, okay? You are not wrong, you did not mess anything up.” Shane shivered, face pressed against Ilya’s stomach. Ilya leaned back so Shane could lay down, his hands dipping under the fabric of Shane’s shirt to smooth along his back.

Shane pressed deeper into the muscle and softness there and Ilya sighed. “Good boy,” he praised. “Take what you need, is okay. I’m here. I don’t hate you, malysh, could never.”

“Even though…” Shane started, “even though someone else…” He felt the man’s hands everywhere, touching his chest, his neck, his inner thighs.

Ilya’s hands continued their gentle pattern.

“Even then. What I do hate is that they didn’t take care of you after. That’s why–” he sighed again, deeper this time. “Is his fault, yes? Not yours. Never yours.”

“I feel so, so weird,” Shane confessed and Ilya let a small huff of laughter out.

“Really, Hollander? This isn’t normal for you?” he teased gently and Shane’s fingers tightened around Ilya’s shirt. Ilya rubbed at his back again and he shivered in pleasure.

“Good?”

He hummed. Ilya’s hand came around and pressed against his sternum.

“Still feel cold here?”

He shook his head. “Better.”

“Good.” Ilya shifted down, pulling Shane higher up on his chest. A kiss was pressed into his hair. “He did not take care of you like he should have. You like snacks. And kisses.”

Shane whined softly.

“You are sure you are not hurt? He didn’t–”

“No,” Shane whispered. “But…” He suddenly was hyperaware of the sweat dried on his skin. He squirmed in Ilya’s arms and Ilya propped him up, a thumb on his jaw.

“Shower?” he asked and Shane nodded, letting loose a shaky breath.

“Okay, I will go turn it on so it’s warm for you, yes?”

Shane let out a weak protest, the sound muffled by Ilya’s shirt.

Ilya chuckled softly. “You want me to bring you?”

Shane only pressed further into Ilya’s chest, and he felt it rumble pleasantly. “Okay, up we go.”

Ilya sat up and effortlessly hoisted Shane, supporting the backs of his thighs. Shane curled into Ilya, mind a quiet haze.

“Okay, I’m going to put you on counter, okay? It will be a little cold at first.”

Shane’s muscles tensed in anticipation before cold granite contacted his flushed skin.

“Good boy, Shane. Now, I need to go turn the shower on, yes? Will be gone for ten seconds.”

A garbled whine snuck out of his mouth, hands clenched in Ilya’s shirt. He felt pathetic but his mind was too hazy for embarrassment to creep in.

“I know it’s scary, but I will be back, I promise. Count to ten with me, yes? Ten seconds and I’ll be back.”

Shane forced his finger to unclasp and Ilya slowly pushed himself away from Shane.

“One,” Ilya prompted as cold washed over Shane’s exposed skin. His heart clutched painfully, shivers racing over his arms.

“One,” he whispered, mouth dry.”

“Good, Shane,” Ilya praised. He sounded further away as he flipped on the showerhead. A sound of rushing water grew in the bathroom.

“Two,” Shane said, licking his lips. His body trembled. “Three.”

He heard Ilya shuffling around, but he couldn’t get his eyes to open. Was he leaving? Was he–

“What comes after three, Shane?”

“Four,” he stuttered out. “Five, six, seven–”

Warmth again, radiating into his bones. Ilya murmured something in Russian against his temple.

“I was fast,” he said, kissing Shane’s forehead. “You okay?”

Shane didn’t trust his words again, so he just nodded.

Ilya smoothed his hair. “How do you want to shower, malysh? You want me to come with you?” Shane nodded shakily. He was pretty sure he would drift away if Ilya left.

“You want me to hold you or stay close?”

“Hold, please,” Shane whispered. “But… I think I can stand.”

Ilya helped him to wobbly legs, hands cupping Shane’s elbows. Slowly, they ducked under the shower head, warm water cascading down Shane’s back. He shivered, tipping his head back.

“Good?”

“Yeah. Much better.”

Ilya’s thumbs rubbed over his hips. “These are new,” he commented, and Shane remembered the sharp press of hands on him earlier that night. “They still hurt?”

“No,” he replied. “It’s okay.”

“He wasn’t too harsh, yes?”

“No, I–” Shane’s voice faltered. “I wanted it.”

Ilya let out a rush of a breath.

“Didn’t feel like you, though. When you do it, it feels like a brand. Like your part of me. This just feels, I don’t know. Numb, I guess.”

It was the most he’d spoken in hours, and his tongue felt foreign in his mouth.

“Shane?” Ilya inquired quietly. “Did you go to him because you wanted sex or because I did something wrong?”

Shane shuddered, the truth spilling out. “After Vegas, I… I felt like you didn’t want me anymore. I felt like I’d done something wrong and we were done. You were so distant, and so…”

A thumb rubbed against his clavicle. “I was not good in my head. Does not excuse how I treated you though. I’m sorry I pushed you away.”

Shane licked his lips. “I just wanted to feel something again, and this guy was fine, but it wasn’t–”

“Wasn’t me,” Ilya agreed. “Didn’t treat you the way he should have. But, it’s my fault you felt like this. I didn’t treat you right either, but I promise it won’t happen again. Okay?”

Shane’s head fell onto Ilya’s shoulder as water pounded his back.

“I don’t like feeling like this,” he whispered. “Feel gross. Pathetic.”

Ilya hummed. “I know, malysh. It will pass. We will eat something and then sleep and you will feel better. And if we don’t we will lay in bed all day until the ache goes away, okay?”

“You have practice tomorrow,” Shane protested weakly.

“Mhm.”

“Ilya,” he reprimanded.

“Yes, malysh?”

Shane’s brows dipped. “What’s that mean?”

“Nothing, is Russian.”

Shane huffed, a slight smile. “I know that, asshole.”

“Come on, Hollander. Off to bed with you.”

Ilya dried him off quickly and efficiently, helping his legs through new underwear and sweatpants. Shane hummed as soft cotton touched his skin.

Ilya rubbed his hands over Shane’s thighs.

“Warm enough?”

Shane nodded and followed Ilya back to the bedroom, fingers interlaced with Ilya's. Ilya turned and wrapped his arms around Shane before twisting and pulling him down into the bed with a soft thud. Shane giggled and Ilya's face lit up.

Ilya pulled the comforter over their shoulders, Shane's body laying over his own. Another kiss pressed into Shane's temple before Ilya reached over and clicked off the lights.

"Comfortable?"

"How did you get in my room?" Shane asked, the order of events dawning on him now that his mind was somewhat functioning again.

"You ask this now, Hollander?" Ilya chuckled.

"I didn't really think about it. My head was a little…"

"Yes, I know." Ilya tipped Shane's chin up and pressed his lips to Shane's, warm and soft. "I got the front desk to give me spare key. Said I lost it."

"You look nothing like me," Shane argued. "How did you–?"

"Okay, fine, I gave them lots of money."

"Ilya!"

Ilya smiled into the darkness. "Okay, okay, not actually. I told them you were sick and were being very stubborn and wouldn't let me in."

"Some security this place has," Shane mumbled.

"It worked, yes?"

Shane hummed. Ilya's heart thudded quietly against his ear. "Thank you."

"Always, Shane. You call, I come."

End Notes

Russian Translation
solnyshko -> sunshine, or little sun
Kotenok- > kitten
Malysh -> baby
Dorogoy -> darling or sweetheart
moya lyubov -> my love

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