

It's Simple

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/80811176) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/80811176>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , Canon Compliant , Light Angst , Anal Sex , Blow Jobs , POV Ilya Rozanov , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Vegas Penthouse Scene (discussed) , Confessions , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Explicit Sexual Content , Angst with a Happy Ending , Communication , Porn with Feelings , Smut
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-03-09 Words: 5,014 Chapters: 1/1

It's Simple

by [SuspiciousCharacter1895](#)

Summary

“I felt...bad. It felt bad. I had missed you so much and then I finally saw you again and you -” Shane cut himself off. “I know you didn’t mean to,” he started again. “I know you weren’t trying to be... I don’t know. You didn’t mean to.”

“I didn’t mean to what?” Ilya’s pulse quickened. Shane wouldn’t meet his eye.

Shane took a deep breath. “You didn’t mean to hurt me.”

Ilya felt the words like a sucker punch to the stomach. He swallowed hard, fighting to keep his voice level. “I hurt you?”

An offhand comment from Yuna triggers a conversation between Shane and Ilya about that night in Ilya's Vegas penthouse after the MLH awards. Ilya knew he had fucked up, but maybe not how much. Maybe now he can make up for it.

Notes

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

Dinner with the Hollanders was...normal. Weirdly normal. Ilya was not used to normal when it came to family gatherings, so normality was weird for him. David and Yuna chatted about normal things, like the weather and the upcoming season and where they were traveling and work they were going to have done on their house. Even though the situation was very clearly not normal (learning your son is gay, in love with his professional rival, and planning to continue their secret love affair under the guise of philanthropy is certainly a lot for one afternoon), the Hollanders seemed determined to make Ilya feel at home. It didn't feel like any home he had ever known, which was a very good thing.

As the evening went on, and Yuna helped herself to several more glasses of Chardonnay, the conversation turned back to Shane and Ilya's relationship. She had finally dropped the planning of brand deals and post-retirement publicity, but she seemed to have endless questions about when they had met, how often they got to see each other off the ice, when they were texting, et cetera. Ilya didn't really mind, he wasn't embarrassed about any of it, but he could tell Shane would rather not get into the minutia of their hookups with his mother.

"So," Yuna asked, spearing a piece of romaine on her plate, "when Scott Hunter won the cup and kissed his boyfriend, you went to take a call. That was Ilya?"

"Yes," Shane admitted, glancing over to Ilya, who was placidly sipping his beer.

"Huh! And during the Olympics, in Sochi, did you meet any of Ilya's family or friends?"

Ilya avoided looking at any of the Hollanders. He had no objection to discussing their past in general, but he didn't like to dwell on the Sochi Olympics for a number of reasons.

"No," Shane said, shifting in his seat. "We didn't really see each other there. Not a lot of free time."

"It's such a shame. I'm so sorry for you both, that you have to be like this. Not letting anyone know you're even friends must be hard." Yuna took David's hand and looked at him affectionately. "When your father and I got together I couldn't stop showing him off."

"Yeah," Shane replied, looking down at the table. "We won't get to do that for a while, I guess."

The happiness blooming in Ilya's chest faltered slightly. He did wish he could show Shane off. He wanted paparazzi pictures of them online to generate the kind of fan fervor that had exploded around Shane and Rose Landry. He wanted people to know Shane had chosen him; that they had chosen each other. He reached over and put his hand on Shane's knee.

"I'm so happy you told us Shane, really." Yuna said sincerely. David, Ilya noticed, looked away with a chagrined expression on his face. It all turned out for the best but Ilya is sure he wishes he had learned about Shane and Ilya some other way.

“Oh!” Yuna said suddenly, leaning forward, “the MLH awards! That year they made the two of you present together. When Ilya won MVP.”

Ilya glanced over to Shane. He remembered that night only too well and by Shane’s strained expression and the way his leg had just tensed under Ilya’s hand, he was remembering it now too.

“You two were up there pretending to be enemies pretending to be friends! They scripted that stupid selfie joke for you. You know, I said at the time I didn’t like it. It felt forced.” Yuna took another sip of wine, oblivious to the discomfort of the young men across the table. Anyway it must have been funny for you two, little inside joke.” She giggled.

“Mom we don’t have to do a play-by-play of every time you saw us together,” Shane said tightly. “It doesn’t really matter.”

“It’s been nine years Shane! Of course it matters. Ilya is clearly very important to you and I want to know about your relationship!”

“Maybe we can dissect their lives another time dear,” David said, “I want to get Ilya’s opinion on some Russian recipes I’ve been wanting to try.”

Ilya gratefully seized on the change of subject, giving Shane’s knee a squeeze before releasing him. Shane seemed to relax as the conversation moved on, but there was still a certain tightness around his eyes that Ilya saw every time he looked over.

The night ended with hugs and promises to stop by before Ilya left the following week. As the two of them stood at the door waving goodbye, it seemed surreal that just a few hours ago Shane had watched his dad drive away from the same spot, convinced that life as he knew it was ending. When his parents’ car finally disappeared from the end of the long driveway, Shane all but collapsed against Ilya’s chest. Ilya smiled as he wrapped his arms around him. “Want to go sit and look at fire?” he asked.

“I should clean up the dishes.” Shane mumbled into his chest.

“Dishes are not going anywhere. Come sit and look at boring fire and listen to wolf birds with me.”

Shane huffed a laugh. “Fine.”

“Good.” Ilya gave Shane a quick kiss and took his hand, leading him through the house to the fire pit.

They sat in silence for a while, each lost in his own thoughts. Shane curled against Ilya’s side and Ilya ran his fingers through Shane’s hair. Now that he could finally do it, stroking Shane’s hair was rapidly becoming a favorite pastime of his.

“Would you ever grow it longer?” he asked.

“Hmm?” Ilya couldn’t tell for sure but he was pretty sure Shane’s eyes were closed.

“Your hair. Would you ever grow it longer?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never thought about it.”

“I bet your stylist would like it longer.”

“Shut up.”

“No, really. It would look sexy.”

“My hair isn’t sexy enough for you?”

Ilya reached up and squeezed Shane’s pec. “You are sexy, and your hair is part of you, so it’s sexy. But, could be sexier.”

“I’ll think about it.”

“And it would be easier to pull during sex.”

Shane laughed and gave him a playful slap on the stomach. “You’re ridiculous.”

“I am practical.”

Ilya felt like he could sit here forever. He never ever wanted to leave this perfect little snowglobe of a place, where he and Shane could do nothing and talk all day and hold each other and fuck all night. Okay - maybe also sometimes fuck during the day. Leaving would be like ripping off an arm. He tried to push the thought to the back of his mind. He wasn’t leaving yet. Shane was still here with him.

“I’m sorry about my mom,” Shane said abruptly.

“What for?” Ilya asked, surprised.

“All the questions, going through the timeline, or whatever. I know that was kind of annoying.”

Ilya shrugged. “Is fine. She is interested. It’s kind of nice.”

“Maybe,” Shane grumbled. “But I’m not walking her through every time we had sex when she was two floors down in another hotel room.”

Ilya snorted. “No. I think she likes me, mostly, so don’t do that.”

“Of course she likes you.” Shane sat up to look at Ilya, taking his hand. “I mean, she’ll still want me to beat you, but they both like you.”

Ilya squeezed his hand. “I like them too.”

Shane nodded, smiling at Ilya before turning to look at the fire. Ilya watched the light from the flames play against his skin.

“Do you ever think about that night?”

“What night?” Ilya asked, his stomach sinking. He was pretty sure he knew the answer.

“When you won MVP. When we presented that award together.”

“Sometimes,” Ilya answered. Shane had asked him to be honest, so he would try. “Why, do you?”

Shane nodded. “Sometimes. Less than I used to.”

Ilya stayed silent, sensing that Shane had more to say and not wanting to rush him.

“It wasn’t...” he started, then paused. “It wasn’t what I thought it would be.”

“What did you think it would be?”

“I don’t know. Not that. I left and I felt...” He bit his lip and looked down at the ground. Ilya could only see him in profile.

“It’s okay. Whatever you want to say, you can say it.” Ilya kept his eyes on Shane’s face. Their legs were still pressed together, fingers still intertwined, but he suddenly felt that Shane was slipping away from him.

“I felt...bad. It felt bad. I had missed you so much and then I finally saw you again and you -” he cut himself off. “I know you didn’t mean to,” he started again. “I know you weren’t trying to be... I don’t know. You didn’t mean to.”

“I didn’t mean to what?” Ilya’s pulse quickened. Shane wouldn’t meet his eye.

Shane took a deep breath. “You didn’t mean to hurt me.”

Ilya felt the words like a sucker punch to the stomach. He swallowed hard, fighting to keep his voice level. “I hurt you?”

Shane glanced up to him, and whatever he saw on Ilya’s face made his eyes widen. “Not physically. You’ve never hurt me like that. Sorry, that was a stupid way to say it.”

“A stupid way to say *what*, Shane? I hurt you how?”

Shane blew air out of his mouth like he was smoking a cigarette and looked up to the sky. “It was only the second time we’d actually fucked,” Shane continued, “I thought it would be - I don’t know. Different than it was. More like the first time.”

Ilya felt panic rising in his chest, crawling its way up his throat. “I thought you liked it. I would never have - I didn’t know.”

Shane closed his eyes and gave a tiny shake of his head. “I did like it. It was sexy, you sitting there, watching me. And I like it when we fuck like that too. You know that.”

Ilya did know that. Shane liked being fucked into the mattress. He liked it when Ilya held his wrists, or pressed down hard on his shoulderblades. Ilya prided himself on being attentive to Shane's wants, and never, ever pushing him into anything he didn't want to do. Well - he *had* taken pride in it anyway. But if he had taken it too far too soon that night...He ran his mind back, trying to remember everything he had said to Shane.

"It wasn't about that," Shane continued, eyes still shut. "The sex would have been fine." Ilya winced. 'Fine' was never his goal with sex. Especially sex with Shane. "It was... we hadn't spoken in 6 months. The last thing you told me was to go away, at the Olympics. You said we weren't anything. You hadn't responded to me. From my perspective, you text me non-stop for two years, and then we fuck, and it's amazing. Like, so amazing it was all I could think about. But then all of a sudden you don't want anything to do with me anymore. That sucked. I didn't even feel like I could text you when you won the cup."

Ilya could feel his throat starting to constrict. He blinked hard against the tears prickling at the back of his eyes, but he stayed silent. He wanted to let Shane finish. He tightened his fingers around Shane's. Shane opened his eyes but directed his gaze to their joined hands. He ran his thumb back and forth over Ilya's.

"So I was coming from all that, thinking you might just be done with me, and hating that, and hating myself for giving a shit. Then you kissed me."

Ilya remembered. He remembered following Shane to the bathroom. He remembered Shane looking devastated, knowing it was his fault. Trying very hard to pretend that he wasn't devastated too. Devastated, but also relieved. Relieved that Shane still seemed to care. He remembered Shane's eyes, liquid brown and dark and pleading. He remembered how Shane chased his touch and melted into him, nuzzled against his forehead and his shoulder just seconds after telling Ilya to suck his dick. He remembered kissing him, and Shane exhaling as he did, like he had been holding his breath.

"It was - confusing. You invited me to your room and I thought, okay, we can get back to how we were. But it was different." Shane finally looked up and met Ilya's eye. "I needed you. I needed you so much it hurt. I needed you however you were willing to give yourself to me. But it felt like - " Shane paused, biting his lip.

"It's okay," Ilya said softly, though he felt sick with guilt and fear of what Shane would say next. "Tell me."

Shane nodded, forcing out the next words like he was trying not to cry. "It felt like you didn't need me at all. Like I could have been anyone. Like you wanted to fuck whoever was in front of you, and it just happened to be me."

"*Shane.*" Ilya's voice shook.

"We didn't even kiss, Ilya. The whole time. And after, we just sat there, you wouldn't touch me, or talk to me. I was trying, and you just fucking sat there smoking. You didn't even look at me. Like all you wanted was for me to go. Like you had gotten what you wanted, and you were done with me, again."

Ilya couldn't take anymore. He surged forward and kissed Shane, cradling his face with his free hand. Shane kissed back, and Ilya felt his tears as they fell on both of their cheeks. "I'm sorry," he said, pulling away but keeping their foreheads pressed together. "I'm sorry, Shane. It was awful of me. All of it was awful. That night wasn't - what I said to you at the Olympics, they were - Jesus, they were terrible."

"I know," Shane said. "I know they were."

Ilya shook his head. "I was a fucking coward. That whole six months, I wanted to text you. I wanted to see you in Sochi. And that was what was so scary. I was sad, and all I wanted was you."

"So why didn't you talk to me?" Shane asked, tears still pooling in his eyes.

It was Ilya's turn to look away. He stared into the fire and tried to organize his thoughts into something coherent. He owed Shane an explanation, he knew that. But it was all scrambled in his head. He was still working on clearing it up for himself, nevermind trying to articulate his feelings to anyone else. He took a deep breath. "After Montreal, I was confused too. I thought I knew what I was doing, what we were doing, but it didn't feel like how it was supposed to feel. It felt - more." Ilya shook his head. He wasn't explaining this well. He cursed his own limited English vocabulary.

"You kissed me, after the first time, and it was a lot. In Sochi, we lost so badly and I was with my father and brother and it was a lot. All of it was a lot. There is word for this, when everything is too much."

"Overwhelming?" Shane offered.

"Yes. Overwhelming. I was overwhelmed with everything. Then Boston won the cup and everything felt better for a little while. I still wanted to talk to you, but I told myself that wasn't what we did. I told myself that even though it felt different, felt more, it wasn't. I told myself I was wrong." Ilya drew a shaking breath and plunged on before he could stop himself.

"That night, I thought winning MVP would change something. That I would feel like I had when we won the cup. I thought I would feel different. I didn't. It didn't matter. It changed nothing about how I felt. All I could think about was you. I came backstage 30 seconds before we had to go on because I was terrified to see you. I thought maybe I had ruined everything and you didn't want anything to do with me, and whether or not you did I was fucked. Either you didn't want me anymore, or you still did, and I had hurt you. I knew that if you did still want me I was going to fall right back into you, and that was a bad, dangerous idea. I think I knew on some level, even back then, that I would fall in love with you if we kept going. That something was - when you can't stop it?"

"Inevitable?"

"Yes - inevitable. You and I were inevitable. I was trying to - evit it?"

Shane snorted a weak laugh. "You were trying to avoid it."

“I was. I didn’t kiss you when you came to my room because I thought, maybe if all we did was fuck; if we kept it simple, it would be safe. I was trying to make it something it wasn’t. I was trying to make it less. Because the less it was, the less it would hurt when it ended.” Ilya blinked hard against his tears, gulping around the lump in his throat. He couldn’t look at Shane. “I knew it would end. I knew there was no other possibility. You would realize that you didn’t need me, or want me, that I wasn’t -” He lost the battle with his tears, swiped impatiently at his eyes. This wasn’t about him, it was about Shane.

“Ilya, hey.” Shane brought a hand to Ilya’s cheek, turning his face toward him.

Ilya shook his head, needing to say what he was going to say. He needed Shane to hear it and know it was true. “It couldn’t have been anyone, Shane. I wanted you. I wanted you for as long as I’ve known you. That hasn’t changed. It’s only become more true.” He waited, watching Shane’s face, unreadable in the dark.

Shane watched him too for a beat, then the corner of his mouth twitched ever so slightly upward. He leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to his lips. Ilya leaned into him, feeling the constriction around his chest release.

“Okay,” Shane said. “It’s okay. I understand.”

“Yeah?” Ilya asked.

“Yeah. I mean, I ran away too didn’t I? When I got overwhelmed, when it all started to feel inevitable. I ran away. That’s what you were doing too, really. You just got there faster than I did.”

Ilya sniffed. “I get everywhere faster than you, Hollander. You are slow.”

Shane laughed. They were both crying but they were both smiling too, so it was alright.

“I love you,” Ilya whispered. “I’m sorry.”

“I love you too,” Shane said. “We’re past it Ilya. Both of us fucked up, but it doesn’t matter anymore. We got through it.”

“You forgive me?” Ilya asked.

“Of course I do. Do you forgive me?”

“For what?”

“For running away.”

“Don’t be stupid.”

“Just - ” Shane pulled away. His brown eyes seemed to shimmer in the firelight. “Can you just say it? I know we’re good now. I know everything is good, but can you say it anyway?”

Ilya brushed the last of the tears from under Shane's eyes with his thumbs. He pressed a long kiss to Shane's forehead and felt him give a deep exhale. "I forgive you, moya lyubov."

Ilya drew Shane close and cradled his head against his chest. A loon called somewhere from across the lake, but the sound didn't scare Ilya this time. He knew he was safe.

They sat in silence for a while, clutching each other close. "Do you want to go inside?" Shane finally asked, running his hands up and down Ilya's back.

"Yes," Ilya answered.

Ilya stood first, taking Shane's hand and leading him into the house. He turned to Shane, who was watching him with an expression Ilya recognized well. "You want to do the dishes now?" He asked, trying for a joking tone and, even to his own ears, failing.

Shane shook his head and leaned forward. Ilya loved this about Shane. He would fall into Ilya, as if drawn to him by gravity, or magnetism. Like some external force bound them together. Like in the bathroom at that awards show, but better now. Everything was so much better now.

Ilya kissed him, deep and lingering, resting his hands on Shane's hips as Shane's hands reached up to thread into Ilya's hair. Ilya hummed into Shane's mouth as he stroked Ilya's curls. Shane pulled away to kiss down Ilya's neck and Ilya tilted his head to give him better access.

He pushed at Shane's waist, trying to direct him toward the bedroom, but Shane seemed fully engaged by laying messy kisses down Ilya's neck, tugging at the collar of his t-shirt. Ilya took the hint and yanked the shirt over his head. Shane immediately started kissing down his chest, palming his pecs and dragging his teeth over Ilya's collarbone.

Ilya closed his eyes and moved his hand to the back of Shane's head. "Fuck, Shane."

Shane dropped to his knees and pulled down Ilya's shorts and boxer briefs. Ilya kicked them away and Shane had his mouth on him less than a second later. He bobbed his head and moaned around Ilya's cock like it was Ilya pleasuring him instead of the other way around.

"Jesus," Ilya sighed. When would this stop feeling so urgent? When would sex with Shane stop feeling like something he needed to do more than breathe?

"Come here," he choked out, pulling Shane to his feet. Shane started kissing him immediately, his lips wet and pliant. "Bedroom," Ilya managed between licking into Shane's perfect mouth.

"Just fuck me here," Shane murmured.

This man was going to be the death of him.

"No, come on," he insisted. "Bed this time."

Shane groaned in complaint but nodded, and let Ilya lead him to the bedroom.

In the dim light of the nightlamps, Ilya quickly undressed Shane and ran his hands greedily over his shoulders, chest, stomach. He took his cock in hand and stroked it lazily a few times. Shane looked up at him with half lidded eyes.

“Are you going to fuck me?” He asked.

“You want me to?”

Shane nodded. “You know I do.”

“I do,” Ilya agreed, and pulled him forward for another kiss, rougher and more insistent. Shane moaned into his mouth and pressed his hips forward into Ilya’s. He was hard and already leaking. Ilya couldn’t help it, he dropped to his knees and took Shane’s cock into his mouth.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane whispered, hands in Ilya’s hair. He leaned backward, his head making a soft thump against the giant windows. Ilya had come to like the windows. No one could see them, but he almost wished they could. Wished that someone else could see that Shane had chosen him, loved him.

Ilya ran his hands over Shane’s hips, down his thighs, back up to grab his pec. He sucked Shane deep and slow, just the way he liked. His hips twitched forward and Ilya pressed them back against the glass. Shane resisted, just enough that Ilya had to force him back harder to hold him still. He felt a shiver run through Shane as he did so. Ilya almost wanted to make him come like this, in his mouth. He almost didn’t care if he himself got to come at all.

Almost.

He pulled off of Shane’s cock with a final lick over the head and stood. Shane was trembling and grabbed weakly onto Ilya, pulling him close and kissing him sloppily. Ilya loved Shane always, but he had a special love for Shane like this. Totally blissed out. Shane could be wound so tight, and when he let go, gave himself over to Ilya, trusted him completely with his body and now his heart, it made Ilya feel ten feet tall. He had violated Shane’s trust years ago, in that Vegas penthouse. He would never, ever, do so again.

“Come here,” Ilya murmured, guiding Shane to the bed. Shane lay back against the pillows and spread his legs immediately, looking up at Ilya through unfocused eyes.

“Ilya,” Shane said softly, reaching toward him as he stood at the end of the bed. Ilya realized that he was staring. He climbed on the bed between Shane’s legs, maintaining eye contact while he kissed the inside of Shane’s knee, up his thighs, skirting his cock to lick over his hip bones. He kissed Shane’s stomach, up his sternum, pausing to nip lightly at both nipples. He continued up his neck, sucking his earlobes into his mouth. Finally, as Shane arched up below him, making soft, high, needy noises, he kissed him properly. Shane kissed him back as best he could, taking shaking breaths and clinging to Ilya’s forearms as if he needed the tether to Earth.

Ilya pulled away to grab the lube and a condom from the nightstand.

“No,” Shane said faintly. “No condom.”

“You sure?” Ilya asked. They had had sex without a condom for the first time that very morning, but Ilya would not have made the assumption that the change was permanent.

But Shane nodded, so Ilya obediently replaced the condom and settled himself between Shane’s legs. He dragged his fingertips lightly up Shane’s inner thighs. “You are so beautiful,” he said, because he finally could say it out loud.

“Tell me in Russian?” Shane asked breathlessly.

Ilya wondered at the machinations of the universe. He wasn’t a good enough person to deserve this.

“Ty takoy krasivyy.” He said it like a prayer, hushed and reverent.

Shane sighed contentedly and bent his legs, spreading further. Ilya knew an invitation when he saw one and quickly slicked up a finger, bringing it to Shane’s entrance.

“Lyubov’ moya,” Ilya whispered as he pressed in. He went slow, slower than was necessary. He found Shane’s sweet spot easily. Shane arched off the bed and cried out, just like always. “There you go baby.”

“R-Russian, please,” Shane choked out, eyes squeezed shut.

Fuck. He kept working Shane open, adding a second finger, then a third as he murmured slews of endearments in Russian between kisses to whatever part of Shane he could reach. Shane seemed utterly lost, floating on a sea of sensation and the sound of Ilya’s voice. His reactions were intoxicating. Ilya was going to die if he didn’t get inside him now.

He gently drew his hand away and slicked up his own neglected cock. Despite the lack of attention, he was as hard as he had ever been in his life. Shane opened his eyes as Ilya braced himself over him. “Ty idealen,” Ilya whispered, as he pressed into him.

Shane gasped and reached up to hold the back of Ilya’s neck as he bottomed out. He leaned down to kiss Shane, who arched up to meet him. “Ilya,” he panted.

“Shane,” Ilya replied before pulling his hips back and thrusting forward gently. Shane wrapped his legs around Ilya’s waist and met the movement as best he could. Ilya closed his eyes against the onslaught of sensation. He and Shane had fucked many times, but they had only recently starting making love. The experience was overwhelming for an entirely different set of reasons. Shane was everywhere around him. His labored breath in his ear, his tight, slick heat surrounding his cock, his arms and legs wrapped around him, his chest heaving beneath him. Ilya wanted to stay right here forever, subsumed by Shane.

Ilya quickened his pace, changing the angle so he was hitting Shane’s sweet spot every time. Shane was getting louder, gasping out obscenities, Ilya’s name, and incoherent sounds. Ilya was enraptured, watching his face, eyes flickering down to where they were joined.

“More, Ilya,” Shane finally whimpered.

“Okay, okay baby.”

Ilya leaned back, guiding Shane’s hands away from his neck. He felt Shane’s legs drop as he took hold of his hips and pulled him forward. He looked down at Shane, those soft brown eyes, the crease between his eyebrows as he furrowed his brow, his flushed chest rising and falling.

Ilya snapped his hips forward. He could go faster and deeper at this angle which he took advantage of, fucking into Shane with an enthusiasm bordering on frenzy. Shane arched off the bed, mouth open as he clutched at the sheets. Ilya could feel himself getting close, the hot tension in his stomach building to a peak, but he would make absolutely sure Shane came first.

“Show me, lyubov' moya. Seychas.”

Shane’s whole body jerked as he spasmed around Ilya with a sound almost like a sob.

The sensation pushed Ilya over the edge too, his orgasm hitting him like a freight train, shocking in its intensity. “Shane, fuck!” He buried himself deep in Shane as the waves of his orgasm washed over him.

Ilya used the last of his strength to gently pull out. Shane immediately reached for him. Ilya all but collapsed on top of him, breathing hard. They lay in silence for what could have been a couple of minutes or a day and a half, Ilya couldn’t say.

Shane spoke first. “It did kill me for a long time, you know.”

“Hmm?”

“Loving you.”

Ilya kissed Shane’s chest. “I’m sorry.”

“I’m not,” Shane said, rubbing gentle circles into the nape of Ilya’s neck. “My mom says anything worth having is worth a little pain.”

“Are you really bringing up your mom right now?”

Shane snorted. “Sorry. I just mean - it was all worth it, for me.”

“Yeah, I know Shane. Me too.”

Shane kissed the top of his head and Ilya tucked his head under Shane’s chin. He felt his necklace digging into his chest, and knew it must be digging into Shane’s too. Plus, he was heavy. He should get off. But Shane’s arms were around him, holding him close. His fingers were stroking through his hair. It didn’t seem like Shane wanted Ilya to move.

So, he stayed.

End Notes

If the Russian is bad, blame Google Translate. If the fic is bad, blame me.

Thanks for reading :)

I'm on [Tumblr](#). Come say hi.

Edit 3/17: Would someone please tell me why this fic has fucking exploded today? Did it get posted somewhere? I would love to send flowers to whoever did if so. PS Thank you all so much this is crazy! I've never even had a fic pass 10k before!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!