

Boy I Adore You

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Boy I Adore You

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane are enjoying their honeymoon in Ibiza

Notes

I just wanted to write Ilya and Shane on their honeymoon and how Ilya doesn't have tan lines lmao (also Shane's freckles!)

Hope you enjoy this sweet little fic! 💖💖💖💖

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

Shane had never seen anything so beautiful in his entire life.

Ilya sat across from him at a tiny little table under the awning of an adorable cafe in Ibiza. He was wearing a dark blue v-neck t-shirt, one arm over the back of his chair, his sunglasses hooked into his collar, pulling the v-neck down further, revealing his chain and collarbones and more of his chest, his skin all gold from the sun. He had his head turned so Shane was looking at him in profile, his hazel eyes looking out at the water, watching the beach. His golden-brown curls were rakish and wild, tucked behind one ear, the sea breeze teasing them.

He looked like something out of a movie; sun-kissed and handsome, lost in quiet contemplation. Shane had been right, Ilya really did look effortlessly spectacular here. Just looking at him made Shane's heart flip in his chest and his stomach swoop pleasantly, heat pooling. Ilya was just so gorgeous, it was almost unfair.

It was their honeymoon.

They'd been married a little over a month and Shane had woken up every day wondering if he was dreaming. Even this morning, waking up and being completely gobsmacked by his reality. He'd laid himself out on top of Ilya, feeling every warm, firm inch of him, kissing him awake, and then convincing him to go on a run on the beach with him. It had been perfect.

He couldn't stop staring at his wedding band or staring at Ilya's whenever his left hand was in view. He couldn't believe that this gorgeous, golden-hearted man was *his* . *Forever* .

Shane knew he was staring, but he couldn't help it. He didn't want to look at anyone or anything else but Ilya. Ilya must have felt Shane's eyes on him because he looked at Shane, smiling and warm, and he reached for Shane's hand.

"What?" he asked, his long fingers wrapping around Shane's. Shane shook his head and laughed sheepishly.

"Nothing," Shane replied. "I was just... looking at you."

"I am very nice to look at," Ilya chuckled, sounding so fond, his thumb rubbing against Shane's knuckles.

Shane laughed softly. "You are."

Ilya beamed, his smile wide, his eyes all crinkled, watching Shane with adoration written all over his face. "I know that I am, um, *captivating* ."

Shane laughed. That had been a new word Ilya had learned recently and Shane had to admit, it was very accurate.

"You are," Shane replied.

Ilya chuckled, squeezing Shane's hand, and brought it to his lips to kiss, making Shane blush and smile.

"I love you," he said as he set their hands back down on the table.

"I love you, too," Shane hummed, squeezing Ilya's hand back.

"You are also." Ilya's thumb back against Shane's knuckles, looking at Shane intently, a small smile on his lips. "Beautiful."

Shane smiled and huffed a soft laugh, looking away, his cheeks warming.

Their plans for today were loose. They'd only had a few excursions planned, wanting to give themselves time to just relax and not necessarily keep to a timetable. Shane hadn't been sure about that at first but he found that he rather liked having an open schedule.

It meant getting to linger in bed with his newly minted husband, exploring new places to get brunch, wandering around the island, going to the beach, or lounging by the pool.

Shane loved how perfectly summery Ilya was, wearing tank tops and t-shirts and shorts. Shane had always loved seeing Ilya wet and there had been more than one occasion of Shane dragging Ilya back to the hotel room after he'd come back from a swim in the ocean or the pool, water dripping down his torso, his swim trunks pulled low on his hips, clinging to him, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination.

They were going on a hike to a well-hidden gem of a beach that was removed from tourism and traffic. There would probably be other people there, but not many, and Shane was looking forward to just lounging in the sun and swimming, away from the crowds.

And he just wanted to keep indulging in watching his husband. Whenever Ilya retired, Shane had no doubt that modeling agencies of all kinds would want to gobble him up.

He watched Ilya sip his cappuccino and carefully extracted his hand from his husband's to reach for his phone. Shane had never taken so many pictures of Ilya in his life. He could probably single-handedly create Ilya's modeling portfolio. He'd made a whole album that he'd called *Honeymoon* and it was full of pictures of Ilya.

Various images of Ilya sleeping in different positions and different locations; in their bed at the hotel, in a hammock, on a beach chair next to the pool, on a towel on the beach. Photos of Ilya sitting in a pool float shaped like a doughnut with a cocktail in his hand, grinning widely, Ilya walking up the beach soaking wet, Ilya parasailing, a series of pictures Shane took in quick succession of Ilya drinking a cocktail, winking, and then laughing. Shane had taken some candid one's, too; of Ilya dancing, of him leaning over the rail of the terrace attached to their hotel suite, of his face in profile as he stared out at the water on the beach, various photos of him as they'd hiked up a cliff.

Shane loved Ilya. He had loved him for years and he was pretty sure that he loved him more now than he had then. It felt so good to love Ilya in the open, for people to witness it; not in a

gross, in your face kind of way, but the casual, innocuous ways in which couples were couples out in the world. Holding hands, laughing together, sharing food, teasing each other.

Shane had never wanted anyone's opinion about his relationship with Ilya to enter the picture... but he did hope that, whenever people saw them, they knew that they were in love.

"Can I?" Shane asked, holding up his phone.

Ilya laughed, licking foam from his top lip.

"Why are you so obsessed with me?" he teased and Shane made a face at him. Ilya laughed some more, the sound warm and unguarded. Shane loved seeing him so happy. He loved seeing that playful sparkle in his hazel eyes and his own heart danced.

It had been a rough year and Shane was glad they'd come out the other side stronger for it. Happier. But it eased his soul to see Ilya feeling better and to be in the know. They had had several long, somewhat difficult, but productive conversations before their wedding about what was going on with Ilya.

They'd talked more about his past, his depression, how it had worsened with being isolated and lonely. Shane had made it clear how important it was to him to be able to be there for Ilya. He wanted to be a good listener and a good support for him. He hadn't liked being shut out. And Ilya had understood that and acknowledged that he had hid things from Shane in a vain attempt to not burden him. But not expressing how he felt had ultimately hurt them both.

They'd figured out a good routine, better habits that they were building together now that they were with each other all the time. That had presented its own set of interesting concerns that they'd smoothed over pretty quickly. They spent time apart, with their own friends, doing their own things. Time apart in small doses was actually... nice.

It seemed to Shane that all was well in paradise. He was trying to be realistic about the whole thing. There would be ebbs and flows, just like with everything in life, but they had a solid relationship and better skills. They would be okay.

"Come here," Ilya said, motioning at Shane. Shane stood up and came around the table. Ilya pushed back his chair and patted his thighs. Shane laughed and shook his head but he sat in Ilya's lap, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. Ilya wrapped an arm around Shane's waist, and took his phone, holding it up and out. Shane leaned in and kissed his cheek as Ilya snapped the selfie.

"Another?" Ilya asked.

Shane chuckled. "Okay."

He pressed his cheek to Ilya's, smiling, and Ilya took another picture.

They looked at the pictures together and Shane smoothed his hand down Ilya's back, smiling softly.

“I like them,” he said, meaning it. They looked happy in the pictures, like they were really enjoying themselves, which they were. It was authentic and real and while Shane still wasn’t super active on social media, he posted a lot more than he used to.

His plan so far was to post a series of photos at the end of each week that they were away. Either of the two pictures they’d taken would be good contenders for this week’s post.

Shane gave Ilya a parting kiss and went back to his seat, finishing his own coffee, before they went back to the hotel to prepare for their hike. According to the travel agent they’d used and Ilya’s research, the beach they were headed to was at the end of a forty-five minute hike. It was recommended for the ‘adventurous types’ and was apparently well-worth the excursion.

“It’s a nude beach, too,” Ilya told him when he had been reading Shane the information about the beach, wagging his eyebrows at Shane. Shane didn’t particularly care if that was the case. Other people could enjoy that aspect of the beach if they wanted, he would not.

He’d stepped out of his comfort zone quite a bit during this trip. They’d gone to a few clubs and bars and Shane had been pretty nervous. As much as Ilya gave Shane shit about how bad he was at being gay, he was pretty in tune with what Shane needed, particularly when it came to doing new things. He’d been letting Shane set the pace, which Shane appreciated.

And it had been... fun. Shane had preferred just sitting at the bar, drinking and talking with Ilya, exchanging the occasional PDA, but clubbing hadn’t been awful. He’d liked dancing with Ilya, laughing with him, making out while they grinded on the dancefloor, and Ilya did a good job of keeping Shane’s attention on him. Shane didn’t have to worry about what other people were doing, it was just them.

He’d been properly and thoroughly rewarded for his bravery afterward. He still had the remnants of the hickeys Ilya had left on his neck.

But this slower pace was nice. Just the two of them. Shane liked sitting on the beach, reading, swimming, enjoying the sun. His shoulders were all freckled now, which Ilya was obsessed with, and Shane found that kind of adorable.

“Don’t forget sunscreen,” Shane said, looking up as he packed his rolled up beach towel into his backpack.

“Yes,” Ilya replied. “Can you help?”

Shane looked up. Ilya was already out on the little balcony attached to their suite, the bottle of sunscreen in his hand.

“Sure,” Shane chuckled, making his way to the French doors that opened up onto the balcony. He helped Ilya get his back and then took off his own shirt so Ilya could return the favor.

“Oh here,” Shane said, motioning Ilya closer. “You missed some.”

Ilya closed his eyes and held his face out. Shane smiled, rubbing in the sunscreen he'd missed on his temple and jawline.

"There. Perfect."

Ilya opened his eyes and smiled at Shane. "Thank you, sweetheart."

Shane's heart flipped and his insides turned to jelly as Ilya looked at him. The pet name was soft and sweet and Ilya's gaze was heated and warm.

"You're welcome," Shane murmured back, already leaning in for a kiss.

He sighed, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck as Ilya pulled him close, kissing him in that infuriatingly slow, thorough way of his that left Shane's knees weak. When they finally parted, Shane felt a little drunk and dreamy.

He hummed.

Ilya chuckled. "Come on. We have a beach to get to."

Shane opened his eyes, two seconds away from saying fuck the beach, and just tearing the rest of Ilya's clothes off. It was their honeymoon, wasn't it supposed to be a sex fest anyway?

But Ilya was walking back into their suite and Shane supposed there could be something said about delaying gratification. He shook his head at his husband, smiling, and followed him into the suite.

The hike was more intense than Shane would have expected but not unmanageable for them. They had basically walked up a trail to get to the top of a cliff and were now walking along at the top.

It was a beautiful vantage point, the ocean looking vast and blue and gorgeous.

They paused halfway, just looking out over the water and the beaches, taking some pictures.

"It's so pretty here," Shane said.

"Yes," Ilya agreed, kissing the top of Shane's head, but Shane suspected Ilya wasn't talking about the scenery, which made him all squirmy inside.

They kept walking, finally finding the path that would lead them down to the beach.

"Careful," Ilya said. The path was sort of steep and rocky. Ilya went ahead of Shane, mindful with his steps as he went, sometimes parts gave under his footing, and he'd slide.

"Are you okay?" Shane asked, heart in his throat.

“Fine,” Ilya replied. “Don’t worry.”

“I’ll be so pissed if you fuck up your ankle on our honeymoon and miss our first opener in October.”

Ilya laughed. “Shane. Is fine.”

Shane huffed. “Man, this is really fucking steep...”

“We’re almost there,” Ilya said.

They reached the bottom and Ilya held his hand out for Shane. “Watch your step.”

Shane accepted the gesture, because it was sweet, and because he wouldn’t put it past himself to fall on his face and end up the one with the fucked up ankle. But they’d made it safe and sound and the beach was deserted and gorgeous.

“Wow.”

“This is very nice,” Ilya agreed.

They walked further out onto the beach. The cliff was behind them, gorgeous turquoise water in front, and what seemed like miles of perfect white sand stretching out on either side. There were a few signs around and Shane pulled out his phone to translate them.

“Uh, it’s basically, swim at your own peril, and yeah, nude beach.”

Ilya laughed.

They found a spot they both liked and set up camp; placing down towels, putting together the cool, packable umbrella that Shane had found, giving them some much needed shade. They had plenty of water and snacks and all of the sunscreen.

Shane watched Ilya take off his boots and socks, setting them aside before he took off his hat and sunglasses, then his shirt.

“Sunscreen,” Shane said, though he was admittedly distracted by the way Ilya looked in the sun. His skin was a darker gold than usual thanks to him spending so much more time in the sun, though he did have a few noticeable tan lines. His curls were a chaotic mix of gold and bronze.

“I know,” Ilya chuckled and held out his hand for one of the bottles. Shane handed it to him. Ilya took it and then stripped out of his swim trunks. Shane’s mouth fell open.

“What?” Ilya laughed. “You see me naked all the time.”

Shane whipped around, looking for any signs of other people. They were definitely alone but this felt like *a lot*. He had certainly never been naked in public before. Locker rooms and shit for hockey, fine, but in a wide open space? In front of God and complete strangers? Big fat nope.

Ilya probably had though. Shane would not be surprised if Ilya had been to a nude beach before and Shane knew for a fact that Ilya did sunbathe naked because he'd seen him do it at the cottage, which was a little different because there was plenty of property and privacy.

Ilya started casually applying sunscreen and Shane turned to look at the ocean, trying to calm his racing heart. Okay. This was not a big deal. This was Europe. Nude beaches were a totally normal thing here and people did this kind of stuff all the time and it wasn't weird.

Ilya finished applying sunscreen everywhere he needed to and settled down beside Shane, reaching out to brush his thumb against his arm.

"Are you okay?" Ilya asked.

Shane closed his eyes for a moment. Okay. This was fine. It was SUPER NORMAL. Europeans did this all the time. He could do this. There was no one here. Someone could totally show up but like, no one would be looking at them. He just had to *be cool*.

Shane opened his eyes and looked at Ilya, cool and calm. He was looking back at Shane with concerned fondness.

"You do not have to take off your clothes," he assured.

"I know," Shane replied, a little testily. Ilya's eyebrow twitched up a bit, as did his lips, but he didn't say anything. He just leaned in and pressed a kiss to Shane's tricep, before he turned away, moving his towel out of the shade, and lay down on his stomach.

Shane just looked at him, a little jealous of how relaxed Ilya was, and how unfairly beautiful he looked. Shane had no doubt that he would have no tan lines by the time they headed back to their hotel.

Shane just sat there for a few minutes, listening to the ocean crash against the shore, the call of gulls in the distance. He looked out at the water.

He had been ready to step outside his comfort zone for their honeymoon. He had been ready for gay bars and clubs and he'd allowed himself to be out and open. He was with his husband for fuck's sake, on a deserted beach. He could do this.

"Fuck it," he said and proceeded to wiggle out of his swim trunks.

Ilya was leaning up on his arms, looking at Shane, one eye closed against the bright sun. Shane looked at him, his face red, but determined. Ilya grinned at him.

"Do you need help?" he asked as Shane picked up the sunscreen.

"I got it," Shane replied.

"Okay," Ilya hummed, settling back down, and closing his eyes.

He hadn't made a big deal out of it, which relieved Shane. They could just... be. And it was fine. Normal.

Sunscreen applied in all the appropriate places, Shane closed the umbrella, and settled down on his back, facing Ilya. He was still sort of uncomfortable, his heart pounding, so he took a few deep breaths.

Ilya reached out, brushing his index finger against Shane's arm, comforting. Shane closed his eyes, settling, and actually managed to doze off.

Ilya nudged him awake an indeterminate amount of time later and Shane looked up at him blearily, Ilya's body mostly blocking out the sun, which was a relief on Shane's eyes, and made Ilya look haloed. Ethereal.

"Flip over," Ilya said to him gently. "Like a pancake."

Shane laughed. "I have to cook on both sides?"

"Yes! Exactly," Ilya chuckled.

Shane flipped onto his back, which was weird, but he didn't think about it too hard. The beach was still empty, just him and Ilya, and Shane had to admit that it was nice. It felt a little transgressive, even though it really wasn't.

Ilya was smiling at him, still looking, blocking out the sun.

"What?" Shane asked, feeling his cheeks heat.

"I'm proud of you," he replied.

"Oh." Shane ducked his head, his heart flip-flopping in his chest at Ilya's words. Ilya's finger curved under Shane's chin, lifting his gaze. They looked at each other for a moment before Ilya leaned in and kissed him gently.

It was a sweet kiss, not escalating anything, just a small expression of love, before Ilya pulled away and went back to his towel. He'd put his sunglasses on so they pushed his curls back and Shane had tied his own hair up into a messy bun.

They lay side by side and Shane reached out, hooking his thumb around Ilya's, and smiled.

Ilya turned his head, one eye closed against the bright sun, watching Shane. His eyes were closed, face turned up toward the sun, looking more relaxed than Ilya would have expected. He smiled to himself, just looking at his husband, who was so beautiful, and so brave.

Shane had really pushed himself outside his comfort zone on this trip and while normally Ilya would tease him, he knew that it wasn't easy for him. It was their honeymoon after all and Ilya didn't want Shane to be so stressed that he didn't have fun.

So he let Shane set the pace and it was working well.

Ilya had loved being with Shane at the club they'd gone to, being able to live the fantasy he'd had of being with Shane at a club, on a dancefloor. He'd loved that Shane had *danced* with him, that he'd let Ilya push up his shirt to run his hands over his abs, that he'd tilted his head back and moaned softly as Ilya kissed his neck.

He'd loved being able to take Shane back to their hotel and ravage him, rewarding him for being so good and so brave and so fucking sexy.

They'd gone to a few bars, too, just sitting and talking, enjoying some cocktails and food. He loved being able to rest his hand proprietarily on Shane's thigh, or lower back, just to touch him. Telling people 'oh yes, my husband and I...'

Ilya loved getting to have this time with Shane, for the two of them to be sappy and silly and romantic. He would be sad to leave warm, sunny Spain, but he was glad that they'd decided to do this.

It was good downtime before their first season playing together.

Ilya squeezed his thumb against Shane's and smiled when Shane squeezed back. They lay in the sun for a while before Ilya unhooked their thumbs and leaned over Shane to kiss one gorgeously freckled shoulder. He loved that Shane got more freckled in the sun.

"Your freckles," Ilya hummed.

Shane chuckled. "You really like them, huh?"

"Yes. And I will tell you all the time. They are stunning."

Shane giggled and blushed and Ilya's heart wobbled. God, he couldn't believe he'd gotten this fucking lucky and managed to bag this man.

"Are we all baked?" Shane asked, turning his head to face Ilya, smiling brighter than the sun.

"Yes," Ilya hummed and leaned down to kiss him. He couldn't help himself. Shane was just so kissable and perfect and Ilya got to have him forever.

His *husband*.

Shane sighed, one hand sliding into Ilya's beachy curls, knocking Ilya's sunglasses askew. Ilya pulled away, humming deeply. Shane made a dreamy sound and Ilya nuzzled his cheek.

"I am going in the water," Ilya said. "Do you want to come?"

Shane opened his eyes, blinking up at Ilya. He smiled, sweet and shy, and Ilya pressed a long kiss to his cheek.

"Okay."

They were both a little groggy from the sun and napping, so they walked down to the water, hand in hand. The water was temperate but felt cool on sun-warmed skin and they waded in

together before diving under a wave.

They went out a bit further and Ilya reached for Shane. He'd taken his hair tie out, his hair pushed back, looking so soft and pretty. He turned, reaching back out for Ilya, and letting Ilya pull him close.

They wrapped their arms around each other, bobbing gently up and down in the water. Shane rested his head on Ilya's shoulder, and they stayed like that for a bit, quiet and relaxed.

"Are you having fun?" Shane asked, looking up at Ilya.

Ilya looked back. "Yes. A lot. Are you?"

Shane nodded and smiled. "Yeah. I am."

Ilya hummed, pleased to hear it, and leaned down to press tender, gentle kisses to Shane's forehead. He looked a tiny bit red from the sun but Ilya wasn't too concerned. It was cute.

Shane sighed and rested his head back against Ilya's shoulder. Ilya wondered if he might be able to get Shane off. There was no one on the beach. Ilya knew that Shane wouldn't have sex on the actual beach, at least not in broad daylight. He'd also probably have something to say about the sand.

Ilya chuckled and pressed his smile into Shane's wet hair.

"What?" Shane murmured.

"Nothing," Ilya replied. "Thinking about having sex with you on the beach."

"Fuck no," Shane replied and Ilya laughed.

"Come on. You would. Maybe not now... but at night... would be very romantic, Hollander. Under the moon and stars."

Shane snorted. "Sure. And then I'd have sand up my ass. No thanks."

Ilya laughed. "We wouldn't roll around in it."

"We wouldn't have to. Sand gets everywhere."

Ilya kept laughing, kissing the top of Shane's head. He loved how fussy he was, even if sometimes it was annoying.

"What about now?" Ilya asked.

Shane shifted his head. "What do you mean?"

"We could have sex now," Ilya replied suggestively, sliding one hand over Shane's ass cheek and squeezing. "We could get off..."

Shane made a noise of uncertainty, but his half-hard dick said otherwise. He lifted his head, looking toward the beach, which was still deserted. Ilya was surprised they'd gotten that lucky. Shane looked up at him, biting his bottom lip, his cheeks pink.

"Okay," he said. "But... fast."

"No problem," Ilya hummed, ducking his head to kiss the corner of Shane's mouth, his chin, his neck, his shoulder. "You come in two seconds anyway..."

Shane nipped Ilya's shoulder in reply. "Asshole."

Ilya smiled, tilting Shane's face up with a finger under his chin. Shane looked up, eyes meeting Ilya's, before falling to his mouth. He licked his lips and Ilya leaned in to kiss him. He took his time, kissing Shane deeply, thoroughly.

He wrapped his hands around Shane's hips, pulling him as close as he could get, both hands sliding down to his ass, holding him there. Shane moaned softly into the kiss, his hands running over Ilya's chest, his shoulders, wrapping around his neck.

They made out for a bit and Ilya snuck his hand between them, stroking his fingers along the length of Shane's rigid cock, sliding his thumb over the head, before releasing him to tug at and roll his balls in his palm.

Shane whimpered, arms tightening around Ilya.

"I got you, sweetheart," Ilya murmured in Russian, kissing Shane's ear. Shane turned his head and kissed Ilya, making soft, needy noises as Ilya teased him. He loved doing this, touching Shane, working him up.

He liked it even more like *this*. Teasing the line, right at the edge of exhibitionism. Like being at a club, making out and touching on the dancefloor, but not actually having sex. This was a little more dangerous. There was the risk of someone finding the beach but they were still alone.

Ilya released Shane for a moment, wrapping his hand around both of their cocks, stroking together.

"Oh fuck," Shane breathed. " *Yes.* "

Ilya smiled, wrapping his free arm around Shane, dipping his head to kiss Shane's neck, his jaw, nipping his earlobe.

"So perfect, Shane," Ilya murmured to him. "So brave."

"I'm trying," Shane sighed.

Ilya smiled, pressing their foreheads together, noses brushing. "Yes. You're so good. Beautiful. I love it."

Shane's cheeks pinked and Ilya kissed one, before pressing his cheek against Shane's, increasing his pace.

"God. Ilya. So good."

Ilya would find a way to have sex with Shane on the beach, but for now, this was good. Anything that he did with Shane was good, no matter how simple or complex. He just loved the way Shane let go, his eyes going hazy with lust, his lips parted, cheeks flushed.

Shane's grip tightened and Ilya could tell he was close, pushing his hips up into Ilya's fist. He wasn't far behind. He loved the risk of this, of being this close to Shane, of touching him, getting him off, knowing that anyone could happen upon them at any point.

"Fuck. I'm close."

"Me, too. Come on."

Shane made soft, helpless noises against Ilya's neck, his breath puffing against Ilya's skin, as he stroked them to completion. They both came, Shane's face pressed into Ilya's neck, breathing hard against each other. Shane was holding on tight enough to Ilya that he could tell he had left marks. He relished it.

"Okay?" Ilya murmured, nuzzling his nose against Shane's cheek.

"Yeah," Shane breathed. "That was... whew."

Ilya laughed softly, pressing gentle kisses to Shane's face, over his freckles. Shane giggled softly and Ilya's heart flip-flopped in his chest. Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya, his face tucked against his neck, one hand lifted to rest against the back of Ilya's head.

"I love you so much," Shane murmured, kissing Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya hummed, closing his eyes, enjoying the soothing comfort of Shane in his arms, of the way the water lapped around them, surprisingly calm. He wanted to keep them suspended in this moment, enjoying the peace and the quiet, alone in their own world.

"I love you, too," Ilya replied. "So much."

"Should we head back?" Shane asked after a few minutes.

"Are you getting wrinkles?" Ilya asked.

Shane leaned back to look at him, face scrunched in confusion. Ilya laughed, lifting Shane's hand, looking at his fingers, which had started to prune.

"Oh," Shane chuckled and Ilya kissed his palm.

They let one another go and swam back to shore and their towels. It didn't take long for them to get mostly dry by being in the sun. Shane set up the umbrella again and pulled out water and food they'd brought.

They rested and relaxed under the umbrella, together, before changing back into their clothes, and making the trip back to their hotel. By the time they arrived, they were both exhausted, taking a quick shower, and collapsing into bed together for a nap.

They woke a short while later, starving, and decided to see if they could find a dinner spot last minute. They ended up back at one of the gay bars they'd found. A relatively quiet, relaxed spot that looked out on the water. The bartender and host remembered them, which was kind of nice.

They had tapas and cocktails and Ilya wanted to take Shane back to their room and kiss all over his freckles. But first, he wanted to take Shane on a moonlit walk on the beach and sit with him on the shore and listen to the waves. He wanted Shane to put his head on Ilya's shoulder and Ilya would press kisses into his scalp and they would just be together.

And that's exactly what they did.

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

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