

A Minor Interruption

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A Minor Interruption

by [Well0_0shizzz](#)

Summary

"Sorry I ruined your date," he said. His tone once again did not sound sorry at all.

Shane huffed out a short laugh before he could stop himself. "No, you're not."

The man's smile shifted at that, turning a little more genuine for a moment before the smirk returned. This time it looked less mocking and more teasing, the corner of his mouth curling upward as his eyes flicked over Shane's face.

"No, I'm not," he admitted easily. "I could not watch someone so beautiful suffer through such terrible date. I had to rescue you."

—

After months of bugging, Shane finally gave in and let Jackie set him up on a blind date. He's very quickly reminded why he always says no. It's going to take him a while to trust Jackie again after this.

Fortunately, or maybe unfortunately, Shane and his date happen to be sitting close to a certain blond Russian who can't stand to see such a pretty boy suffer through such a terrible date.

Notes

This is based off this tweet by merikiii <https://x.com/i/status/2028880832404787553>
I was rewatching the Vegas scene while writing this and even though I've seen it a million times I'm still always blown away by just how huge Ilya looks sitting on the bed smoking afterwards and that may be a little obvious here but god damn Connor in that scene was insane and deserves to be raved about. Ik a lot of people compare that one photoshoot of him to Achillies which is fair but that scene was actually the first time I thought he looked like Achillies. He was just sitting there looking so gorgeous and huge and absolutely tragic. I hope you enjoy!! :)

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

Shane doesn't go out often. He's not big on dating, and he doesn't have much free time anyway. Meeting new people is exhausting, and he doesn't want to waste his limited free time on the awkward, uncomfortable stage of trying to get to know someone new.

So he doesn't date much, and most of the time he's perfectly happy keeping it that way.

Unfortunately, all of his friends have been on him about it lately, and it's starting to get awkward always being the single friend surrounded by couples. He's getting pretty sick of being the third, fifth, or even seventh wheel.

So when Jackie cornered him in the kitchen the last time he was hanging out at the Pike house and started telling him about how one of her friends has a super hot brother who just got out of a relationship and was looking to get back into dating, Shane finally agreed to let her set him up.

Which is how he ends up here a week later, sitting in a very pretentious, very overpriced French restaurant across from possibly the most self obsessed person he has ever met.

Shane really was trying to be a good date, but after about the twentieth time Jake launched into another story about himself, he found his attention drifting. At some point he gave up trying to follow the conversation and started humming in agreement whenever it seemed appropriate, nodding occasionally when Jake paused long enough for a breath.

At the moment Jake was explaining, in great detail, how difficult it was to manage the responsibilities that came with owning a Rolex. Apparently it required a very specific kind of person to appreciate the craftsmanship. Shane was getting a pretty good idea about what kind of person Jake thought that was.

Not that his lack of response mattered much. Jake was too busy talking to realize Shane had stopped listening entirely, his voice continuing without interruption while he gestured toward the watch on his wrist. He had spent the last three minutes talking about the watch alone.

Shane glanced around the restaurant, trying to hide his boredom while he counted down the minutes until it would be an appropriate amount of time to leave. The low hum of conversation and clinking glasses blended together around him while Jake kept talking, his voice fading into background noise. As Shane scanned the room, he noticed a couple had just been seated a few tables away. The woman was beautiful, with dark curly hair that fell down her back and caught the soft light from the overhead fixtures.

Shane barely noticed her.

The man sitting across from her might have been the most gorgeous person Shane had ever seen in his life.

He had dark blond curls and incredibly sharp cheekbones, and he was huge. His shoulders were so broad they stretched the seams of his shirt, and his arms filled the sleeves almost

obscenely. Shane had the sudden, very distracting thought that the guy could probably pick him up or hold him down without even trying.

Jesus Christ.

What was wrong with him?

Shane was sitting here across from his date and fantasizing about some guy who looked to be on a date of his own in the middle of a fucking restaurant.

Shane hurriedly turned back around and tried to focus on Jake again, who didn't seem to notice that Shane had been too busy ogling a random guy a table over to hear a single thing he had been saying.

Shane tried to pay attention to him. He really did. Unfortunately Jake had now moved on to explaining something about his investment portfolio, and Shane could feel his brain slowly melting out of his ears.

After a few more agonizing minutes of Jake talking, someone suddenly bumped into his chair hard enough to jostle the table. Jake's elbow knocked into his wine glass and red wine sloshed violently over the rim, spilling all over his arm and straight down the front of his shirt. Jake jumped up from his seat with a strangled noise, staring down at himself in horror.

Shane blinked in surprise before looking up to see who had caused the collision.

Holy fuck.

It was the same gorgeous blond man from the other table.

Jake turned to the man and yelled "What the fuck, man?! This is Rolex." He held up his wrist showing off the watch that was now dripping with spilled wine.

The infuriatingly attractive man held up his hands in a placating gesture, though the lazy curve of his mouth suggested he was not concerned in the slightest. "Sorry," he said in a tone that did not sound sorry at all. He tilted his head slightly and added, "You probably should go dry that."

He was Russian. That was all Shane could really think about in that moment. The man's deep accent curled around his words, thick and smooth and completely unfair. Somehow it made the already ridiculously attractive stranger standing in front of him even hotter.

Jake looked like he wanted to argue more, his mouth opening like he was about to say something else. Then he seemed to hesitate as he actually looked at the guy who had made him spill his drink for the first time. His eyes traveled over the man's broad shoulders, the huge arms, and the almost mocking smirk on his face.

Apparently Jake decided this was not a fight he wanted to pick.

He grabbed his jacket off the back of his chair and stormed off, muttering angrily the entire way without even glancing back at Shane.

Shane watched him go, feeling a little stunned. The whole thing had happened so fast he was still trying to process it. Jake kind of reminded him of an angry toddler throwing a tantrum. The way he stomped off looked exactly like Jade and Ruby did when they were told they couldn't have ice cream before dinner.

Shane's attention was drawn back to the broad man as he slid into the seat across from him, taking the place Shane's date had just abandoned. The chair scraped softly against the floor as he pulled it closer to the table. He looked completely at ease, one arm draped loosely over the back of the chair as he met Shane's eyes.

Shane suddenly felt very aware of how small the table between them actually was.

"Sorry I ruined your date," he said. His tone once again did not sound sorry at all.

Shane huffed out a short laugh before he could stop himself. "No, you're not."

The man's smile shifted at that, turning a little more genuine for a moment before the smirk returned. This time it looked less mocking and more teasing, the corner of his mouth curling upward as his eyes flicked over Shane's face.

"No, I'm not," he admitted easily. "I could not watch someone so beautiful suffer through such terrible date. I had to rescue you."

"Oh fuck off. I did not need to be rescued" Shane replied automatically. He was not some damsel in distress that needed saving. Then the rest of what he said sunk in. The most gorgeous man he had ever seen had just called him beautiful. Not only that, he apparently thought Shane was beautiful enough to cause a scene in the middle of a restaurant just to rescue him from a bad date.

The man seemed amused by Shane's response and leaned forward to reach across the table. The movement pulled his already ridiculously low buttoned shirt open even further, revealing more of his toned chest, and Shane's brain immediately short circuited.

Jesus Christ.

He held his hand out expectantly. Shane took it more on autopilot than anything else, because this man apparently had the horrible ability to turn his brain into complete mush.

"Ilya," the man said.

And because he had apparently also disintegrated what admittedly little social skill Shane possessed, Shane just stared at him and said, "What?"

The man laughed and repeated, "My name is Ilya."

"Oh." Shane said, still feeling completely off kilter. When the man, Ilya, his brain helpfully supplied, raised an eyebrow at him, clearly amused, Shane hurried to recover. "My name's Shane," he blurted, then rushed to add, "Hollander." Like that somehow made it better.

Shane felt his whole face heat up. Ilya looked absolutely delighted by that response, which was deeply unhelpful given that Shane was already humiliating himself quite effectively on his own.

God, what was wrong with him?

Shane briefly considered smashing his head against the table. Maybe if he did it hard enough he could forget how much of a complete fool he was making of himself.

Ilya, who was still looking far too delighted about Shane's mortifying awkwardness, said, "Is nice to meet you, Shane Hollander."

Only then did he finally pull his hand away. He did it slowly, his fingers seeming to drag lightly along Shane's in an almost agonizing way before letting go completely.

Shane's skin felt like it was on fire where they had been touching, the warmth of Ilya's hand lingering long after it was gone. A ridiculous part of him almost wished he hadn't let go at all.

God, he needed to get himself together. He didn't even know this man.

Shane smiled politely as he could manage and simply said "You too."

There. That was a normal response. Shane felt a small, ridiculous burst of pride at managing it. For a moment he had been genuinely concerned he was not going to say a single normal thing during this entire conversation.

Then Ilya let out a quiet, amused huff.

Shane immediately went back to wondering if he had somehow managed to fuck up even that tiny exchange.

Shane glanced around the restaurant again, avoiding Ilya's eyes as he suddenly remembered that Ilya had not come here alone. The realization left a strange, unpleasant twist in his chest, which was completely ridiculous considering he had known the man for all of five minutes.

Still, he forced himself to look back at him. The reminder that Ilya had come here with someone else was sitting unpleasantly in the back of his mind now. "Shouldn't you be getting back to your own date?" Shane asked.

Ilya blinked at him, looking briefly confused, so Shane nodded toward the other table and clarified, "The woman you were sitting with?"

"Sveta?" Ilya said "Do not worry about her. She took my card to the bar. She is not missing me."

"Oh," Shane said, feeling a little confused now.

Ilya leaned back slightly in his chair before adding, "And she is not date. Just a friend." His tone sounded a little pointed like he was trying to convey something, though

Shane wasn't sure what.

“This seems like an awfully fancy place to take a friend,” Shane said. He was not entirely sure why he was pushing it, but the idea of this gorgeous man being on a date with someone else made something in his chest burn unpleasantly, and he suddenly needed to know for sure.

Ilya's mouth curved into a knowing smirk. “Yes, well. Is new place she wanted to try. On my card, of course.”

Shane opened his mouth, half ready to push a little further, but before he could say anything Ilya continued talking.

“But enough about Sveta,” he said. “I sit here across from such pretty boy. I do not wish to talk more about spoiled friend.” His eyes settled on Shane again, warm with intent and Shane suddenly had the uncomfortable feeling of being the sole focus of a very confident predator. “I would much rather talk about you, Shane.”

Shane huffed out a quiet laugh. “Pretty boy? You're laying it on a little thick.”

Ilya hummed thoughtfully, his eyes still fixed on Shane. “I rescue you from terrible date and this is thanks I get?”

“I didn't ask for your help, I was handling it” Shane said. Ilya just raised his eyebrows at him, looking unimpressed. Shane let out a sigh and continued. “I don't know what you want me to say.”

The corner of Ilya's mouth curled slightly as his eyes moved down Shane's body and back up to his face. “I am sure there is much to say about you. How about you start with how you end up on date with such bland man?”

“It's a boring story, really. My friends have been trying to set me up with someone for a while, and I finally agreed. And then I was quickly reminded why I always say no to them.” A little bit of disgust bled into his voice at the end. He was never agreeing to be set up on a date ever again.

Ilya laughed at that and said “yes your friends have horrible taste”

Shane has to agree with that. He's going to need to have a serious talk with Jackie later about why she thought that man was a good idea.

“What about you, Ilya?” Shane asked, hoping to shift the conversation off himself, though he realized he was genuinely curious about the man sitting across from him.

Ilya tilted his head slightly, blue eyes glinting with amusement. There was a teasing lilt in his voice when he said, “What about me?”

Shane smiled despite himself. He had the distinct impression that Ilya knew exactly what he was doing.

“Well,” Shane said, gesturing vaguely between them, “what do you like to do? Besides rescuing people from terrible dates.”

Ilya laughed as he responded, and the conversation flowed easily from there. They drifted from terrible dates to Shane’s horrible friends. It was going to take him a while to trust Jackie again after this.

Somehow that turned into a long argument about the best food in the city. No matter how much Ilya argued it, Shane stood by the fact that McGriddles were a crime against your body. They were about as nutritional as a greasy piece of cardboard.

“I meal prep on Sundays,” Shane admitted after Ilya asked what he did on days he didn’t want to cook or go out if he refused to eat fast food.

Ilya tilted his head. “You plan your food a week in advance?”

“It saves time.”

“And fun.”

It was, Shane realized, one of the easiest conversations he’d ever had. At some point he completely lost track of time. It wasn’t until his phone buzzed against the table that he blinked and glanced down at the screen.

Jackie: *So??? How’d the date go??*

Shane checked the time and did a double take. He’d been sitting here talking to Ilya for over two hours. Shane didn’t think he’d ever held a good conversation with anyone for two hours in his life.

When Shane looked back up at Ilya, he found him still staring, eyes locked on his in a way that made Shane’s chest tighten. Before he could even form a response, Ilya asked, “Do you want to leave with me?”

Shane froze. His brain stuttered. Ilya was unreasonably hot, and Shane hadn’t been able to stop thinking about the way his hands had felt on him since their handshake.

Ilya must have misread his silence because he says “I did not mean like that.” then smirks and adds with that same teasing lift in his tone “I am a gentleman”

Shane has a very distinct feeling in that particular regard that Ilya very much is not a gentleman. In fact Shane is quite confident Ilya has no problem at all inviting someone he had just met that day into his bed.

His disbelief must have shown on his face, because Ilya laughed, low and amused. “Maybe not so much,” he admitted, “but I would like to take you on a proper date before I take you to bed.”

And all of a sudden Shane felt like he couldn’t breathe “you want to take me on a date?”

Ilya looked at him with a far too enduring expression, like Shane was being just a little ridiculous.

“Yes, Shane,” he said patiently. “I want to take you on a date. Somewhere you would actually like. Not stuffy restaurant with bad drinks.”

Shane stared at him for another second, his brain struggling to process the fact that this was apparently happening.

This ridiculously attractive man had interrupted Shane’s terrible date, insulted the restaurant, openly admitted he planned to sleep with him eventually, and was now asking him out like that was a completely normal sequence of events.

Shane was starting to suspect he might be having some kind of stress induced hallucination.

Unfortunately the hallucination was still sitting there looking at him expectantly.

“Okay,” Shane said.

Ilya blinked.

“Okay?”

Shane nodded, trying very hard not to think too hard about this apparent fever dream.

“Okay,” he repeated. “So what’d you have in mind?”

Ilya’s smile broadened, genuinely delighted, and it made Shane’s chest tighten all over again.

Shane had absolutely no idea what he had just agreed to.

End Notes

I've never written shane/ilya before and it's been a long time since I've read the books so I hope this doesn't feel too out of character. I might write a second chapter that's either Ilya's pov of this or maybe i'll write their date or maybe both! lmk in the comments if anyone wants those chapters!! comments and kudos are always greatly appreciated!! comments feed my soul! I hope you enjoyed this!! <3<3<3

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