wrong shirt right shirt

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by Tizniz

Summary

Except the moment Shane's fingers make contact with the shirt that Ilya is wearing, Shane is jerking his fingers away.

Thankfully Ilya is too distracted by the rapidly deepening kiss between the two. He doesn't know that Shane's entire mind has screamed a hard ***NO*** at the texture of Ilya's shirt. The fabric has Shane's fingers curling into his palms as he tries to not completely physically recoil from Ilya.

But god, he needs to touch a different fabric in the next ten seconds or his mind will explode.

Notes

I was wandering the store yesterday and casually reached out to touch a shirt only to jerk my hand away so fucking quick. I then had to touch multiple other shirts until I found a fabric that calmed me.

Naturally I thought of our boy Shane. Except make it worse because Ilya is wearing it!

Hehe

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane has known from the beginning of their interesting relationship turn proper relationship that Ilya has had the more eccentric fashion taste between them.

And honestly, Shane didn't mind. He loved anything and everything Ilya wore. Liked him in nothing too. He just loved Ilya. Plain and simple.

Which is why Shane doesn't think about it as he reaches for his boyfriend the moment Ilya opens the door for Shane.

"Hi." Ilya murmurs, pressing the word against Shane's mouth.

"Hi." Shane sighs, hands moving to glide up Ilya's stomach towards his chest, itching to just touch the love of his life.

Except the moment Shane's fingers make contact with the shirt that Ilya is wearing, Shane is jerking his fingers away.

Thankfully Ilya is too distracted by the rapidly deepening kiss between the two. He doesn't know that Shane's entire mind has screamed a hard ***NO*** at the texture of Ilya's shirt. The fabric has Shane's fingers curling into his palms as he tries to not completely physically recoil from Ilya.

But god, he needs to touch a different fabric in the next ten seconds or his mind will explode.

"Game is about to start." Ilya murmurs as he pulls away, lips curled up into a smile, eyes soft, "Drink?"

"Yeah. Sure. Thanks." Shane swallows and nods, watches as Ilya turns away to head towards the kitchen. Shane immediately rubs his fingers along the denim of his jeans, moving his fingertips along his thighs until he can get rid of the uncomfortable sensation remaining on his skin.

He sighs in relief when it dissipates, fingers absently rubbing at the denim as he removes his shoes, straightening them with his toes, and then he wanders towards the living room.

Ilya smiles as he joins him, a can of ginger ale in one hand, a can of coke already sitting on the table and open. "Nice and cold."

"Thanks." Shane takes a seat on the couch, watching carefully as Ilya flops much more casually down next to him, arm draped along the back of the couch, silently inviting Shane to cuddle up against him.

And Shane wants to. He does. God, does he. He's missing Ilya so much. But the shirt...the fabric...

Shane rubs his fingers against his thighs again, the phantom sensation of that fabric lingering.

He sits there, back straight, hands resting on his thighs, eyes on the TV but not taking anything in.

"*Malysh*," Ilya says a few minutes later, and there's a tug on the back of Shane's shirt, between his shoulder blades, "What is wrong?"

"Nothing." Shane replies, fingers still rubbing back and forth in little movements on his thigh. "M'fine."

"Then come here." Ilya gives another tug and Shane falls backwards, going willingly, resting against Ilya's side. "Better."

"Mhm." Shane can feel the shirt against his arm, where his sleeve is rolled up and exposing the skin of his forearm. It rubs against his skin and has his breath hitching. It feels so wrong. He wants to crawl away and rub at his skin until the feeling goes away. He needs to move but he can't because Ilya and him are cuddling.

"Shane. What is wrong?" Ilya asks again when another few minutes pass. It's then Shane realizes he's sitting there tensely, at an awkward angle, arm unmoving against where it's pressed to Ilya's shirt.

"N-nothing."

"You are still bad liar." Ilya huffs and he shifts, the fabric dragging along Shane's arm, and he can't help it this time, he physically flinches, retracting his arm and rubbing at it with his hand. "Shane..."

"I'm fine. Really. Good game." He won't meet Ilya's eyes. Not that that is all that odd. Ilya had clocked Shane's struggle with eye contact pretty early on. He doesn't demand it. Only coaxes it when absolutely needed. It's been nice, not having to struggle to look when it makes Shane's skin tingle.

Although the fabric of that shirt? That has him wanting to recoil and curl up on the opposite end of the couch. Rub along his skin until he can't ever remember what it feels like again.

Ilya is staring at him, Shane can feel it on his profile, but he keeps rubbing his fingers along the denim of his jeans, occasionally turns and rubs his arm where it had been pressed up against the shirt to try and get rid of the sensation.

And then Ilya is standing and walking away. Out of the room. Shane bites his lip, feeling tears well up in his eyes.

God. He pissed off Ilya. Great. They only have this afternoon and night together before Shane has to be back in Montreal. Why couldn't he have just managed?

He's ready to apologize to Ilya when his boyfriend reenters the room but the words disappear as Shane stares at Ilya. Who has changed into a different shirt. One that Shane actually loves because the cotton is so soft and worn in. He loves to rub it between his fingers as he and Ilya lay together, limbs tangled up.

"You changed." Shane blurts out as Ilya takes his seat again, arm held open with that silent invitation once more.

Ilya glances at his shirt and then back up at Shane. "Yes. It was bothering you. Come cuddle."

"I...it...what?" Shane asks even as he's crawling into the space Ilya has left open for him. His body relaxes against Ilya's, fingers reaching for the cotton fabric, all memories of the other shirt gone as Shane rubs at it. "The shirt was fine."

"No. It was not." Ilya's fingers move into Shane's hair, blunt nails scratching as his scalp. "It was bad. You did not like. It made you do..." He trails off, fingers making little clawing motions over his thigh. "That thing you do."

"Stim." Shane whispers softly. He's already much more relaxed and calm than he was before. His fingers and body have stilled. "It's called stimming."

"Yes. That. Because shirt was bad. Fabric bothered you. But this one? This one make you purr like *kotenok*."

"M'not a cat." Shane mutters, even as he nuzzles into the collar of the shirt. It really is soft and cozy.

"Mm, yes. You are. My kitten." Ilya presses a kiss to the top of Shane's head. "Tell me, next time. If fabric bothers you. I will not wear clothing if it means you will not touch me."

"I...okay." Shane sighs, "Thank you."

"Of course, *kotenok*."

"Still not a kitten."

"Okay."

End Notes

Tumblr: Tizniz.

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