

no one's ever had me, not like you

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no one's ever had me, not like you

by [hollidayparty](#)

Summary

“Look, I know I’m boring. And lame and... weird. I just... can you not say it? Every time? Or at least not every ten seconds.”

And suddenly Ilya saw the way Shane was trying to fold in on himself. Like he wanted to hide the parts of his life he had just let Ilya see. Now it looked like he regretted letting Ilya in. Or he expected him to laugh. Or leave.

He crossed the room.

“Shane.”

Shane shook his head once.

“I’m sorry. Forget it.”

“No,” Ilya said gently, crouching in front of him. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it like that. I was teasing. I didn’t realize.” He paused, then said more firmly, “you’re not boring.”

Shane scoffed under his breath.

“I mean it,” Ilya said, ducking his head to try to catch his eye. “You’re the most specific person I’ve ever met. It’s fascinating. I love the way your brain works. And the way this house feels like you.”

A fluffy/smutty one shot set some time between Tampa and Boston in 2017 where Shane invites Ilya to spend the weekend with him in Montreal.

Notes

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

Shane opened the door before Ilya had even finished lowering his hand from the knock.

“Hey, you,” Shane said, stepping back to let him in.

He was barefoot with his hoodie sleeves shoved up to his elbows and his cheeks faintly pink. There was that familiar, slight shyness about him. Like all the sharp edges of his thoughts were still humming under his skin.

Ilya knew that look. Knew how it would soften. Knew the exact moment Shane’s shoulders would drop, the guardedness slipping away as his body gave in before his mind did. The way he’d grow pliant and responsive beneath Ilya’s touch, like he was relieved to finally let that meticulous composure dissolve completely.

Ilya smiled and crossed the threshold, the door clicking softly shut behind him. He paused just inside, drawing in a slow breath as a warm wave of sandalwood and vanilla washed over him. It was cozy and domestic and unexpectedly intimate.

“Smells good.”

Shane grinned and ducked his head, slightly bashful.

“Thanks. Jackie - um, Hayden’s wife - gave me some candles for Christmas. So, I -”

Ilya’s smile curved into a teasing smirk immediately.

“Aww, so you lit them just for me? *So* romantic.”

(He was taking the piss but there was a warm fondness dancing in his eyes. He did, in fact, think it was disgustingly cute.)

Still, though. Shane shot him a flat look.

“Don’t make me blow them out.”

Ilya snickered but lifted both hands in surrender.

“Okay, okay. I will respect the carefully crafted ambiance.”

Shane rolled his eyes but turned toward the kitchen.

“Want a drink?”

“Sure.”

“Jack and Coke?”

“Perfect.”

“Okay. You can look around if you want.”

Shane turned toward the fridge while Ilya drifted in the opposite direction, letting his gaze travel slowly over the space. He'd spent years going to the *other* building. The investment property full of furnished, identical apartments where they'd met in secret, where everything had been immaculate and anonymous. Perfectly staged spreads in real estate and home design magazines made real.

Those places had never felt like *Shane*.

This was different. The condo was not a showroom. It was much cozier than he'd expected.

Neat? Yes. Meticulous, even. But not sparse or spartan. And definitely not cold and impersonal.

The furniture was neutral but softened by warm pools of lamplight instead of harsh overhead fixtures. The L-shaped couch looked impossibly comfy, even with a blanket folded with almost obsessive precision over the armrest. A low stack of books rested on the side table. A couple of video game cases were tucked neatly under the TV next to a few different consoles. Not hidden, just placed where they belonged.

It felt... intentional and thought through. Like Shane had built this room carefully, piece by piece, into somewhere he retreated to when he didn't have to be sharp or charming or competitive.

Ilya found himself entirely charmed by it.

He made his way toward the window, where a small table sat in a corner that likely got more sunlight than the rest of the place. On top of it was a half-finished canvas. It looked like a paint-by-number but with rows and rows of tiny squares with a nearly indecipherable mix of numbers and symbols. They shaped a wolf, maybe? Definitely part of a mountain. It was hard to tell yet. Hundreds of tiny resin pieces, shimmering where they'd already been placed.

He looked up just as Shane padded to his side, handing over his drink.

"You did this?" Ilya asked, gesturing toward the painting.

Shane nodded. "Yeah."

"It's... a lot of dots."

Shane huffed a laugh. "Technically, little plastic diamonds. But yeah."

"You do this for fun?"

"I like it," Shane said as he took a small sip of his own cocktail. "It's... satisfying. And methodical. Shuts my brain up."

Ilya tilted his head. "Most guys play video games."

Shane rolled his eyes. "I have those, too. Over there."

Ilya followed his nod to the small shelf under the TV. He crouched down, peering at the titles.

“Hmmm... Minecraft. Left 4 Dead one and two. House Flipper 2. Stardew Valley. Assassin’s Creed: Odyssey.”

He nodded slowly, as if conducting a very serious evaluation. Then he froze. A low, theatrical gasp slipped out of him as he picked up the last case and turned, peering over his shoulder at Shane with a wicked, delighted grin.

“What the fuck is *PowerWash Simulator*?”

Shane groaned immediately. “Don’t.”

“No, no.” Ilya rose to his feet, holding the case up between two fingers like it was evidence in a trial. “Explain to me. You... what? Clean pretend driveways for fun?”

Shane dragged a hand over his face.

“It’s not just driveways. It’s like, different kinds of buildings. And playgrounds. And cars. And there’s actually this really weird and funny subplot with time travel and spaceships and volcanoes.”

Ilya balked at him. Then his grin widened further, like Christmas had come early and *someone* had just handed him unlimited chirping ammunition for life.

Shane saw it happening in real time.

“It’s... nice,” Shane said defensively, even as his ears went pink. “It scratches my brain just right.”

Ilya lifted both eyebrows. “It *scratches* your *brain*?”

Shane laughed under his breath and rubbed the back of his neck.

“I don’t know how to explain it. It’s just... satisfying. Watching everything get clean. Checking off all the little tasks. It helps me relax.”

Ilya wandered closer, taking a slow, generous sip of his drink as he studied him.

“You know, most people have hobbies that are *fun*, ” he said mildly.

“This *is* fun. For me.”

“Exactly.” Ilya grinned. “Because you are boring.”

Shane shot him a flat look. “You came here.”

“I did,” Ilya agreed easily, his eyes softening as they drifted around the room again. “And now I get to learn all your secrets.”

Shane huffed a quiet breath. “Don’t get too excited.”

Ilya glanced back toward the shelf of games, then around the condo once more: the folded blankets, the careful lighting, the quiet, peaceful order of it all.

“Too late,” he said, a smile tugging at his mouth. “I already am. This whole place is very *you*.”

Shane narrowed his eyes slightly.

“...Is that a compliment?”

“Obviously.”

Shane made a noise somewhere between a sigh and a scoff and a laugh, then walked over and sank onto the couch, cheeks and neck still faintly pink, though not from the alcohol. He took a deep pull of his drink too fast and winced at the burn, staring down into the glass like it might offer an answer.

Then, quietly and flatly, he said, “Look, I *know* I’m boring. And lame and... weird. I just... can you not say it? Every time? Or at least not every ten seconds.”

Ilya blinked a few times. This wasn’t Shane’s usual dry sarcasm or their playful sniping. He was still staring into his drink, the corner of his mouth twitching like he was trying not to frown. One hand rubbed over his thigh, fidgeting.

And suddenly Ilya saw the way Shane was trying to fold in on himself. Like he wanted to hide the parts of his life he had just let Ilya see. The meticulous little hobbies and cozy, tidy spaces. The way he had made this place into something safe and comforting. Now it looked like he regretted letting Ilya in. Or he expected him to laugh. Or leave.

Ilya set the game case down and crossed the room.

“Shane.”

Shane shook his head once, still looking at his glass.

“I’m sorry. Forget it.”

“No,” Ilya said gently, crouching in front of him. “*I’m* sorry. I didn’t mean it like that. I was teasing. I didn’t realize.” He paused, then said more firmly, “you’re not boring.”

Shane scoffed under his breath.

“I mean it,” Ilya said, ducking his head to try to catch his eye. “You’re the most specific person I’ve ever met. It’s fascinating. I *love* the way your brain works. And the way this house feels like you.” He glanced around. “It’s not what I expected. It’s better. I like it. I like *you*.”

Shane looked up briefly at that, still cautious and flushed.

“And if I made you feel like I didn’t, I’m sorry,” Ilya added.

Shane studied him for a long moment, then gave a small nod. His fingers were still wrapped too tightly around the glass.

Ilya reached out and rested his hand over Shane's wrist.

"Is it okay if I stay?"

Shane looked at him properly then, startled, like the idea had not even been in question. But he nodded again, more certain.

"Yeah. Please."

Ilya smiled faintly.

"Okay," he said. Then added, lighter, "but I'm still going to make you show me how you do that diamond thing later."

Shane's lips twitched. "You'll get bored."

"Try me."

Shane grinned properly and nodded down at their hands.

Ilya jutted his chin toward the couch.

"Can I sit?"

Shane shifted to make space and Ilya dropped into the corner of the sectional and draped his legs over Shane's lap. Shane let out a soft breath of laughter and automatically set his hands on Ilya's shin, thumb brushing absently over the fabric of his jeans.

Ilya reached over, his fingers wandering through Shane's hair at his temple, then trailing down the line of his neck. Shane's eyes fluttered shut for a moment as he leaned into the touch exactly the way Ilya knew he would. His eyes opened again when Ilya's hand stilled, as if he could feel the weight of his gaze sharpen.

Ilya studied Shane's profile and frowned.

"Who told you you're lame and weird?" he asked, his voice low and serious. "I will gut them like a fish."

Shane snorted despite himself.

"I will," Ilya insisted. "I've never called you that. I call you boring, yes. But that is different. So, tell me."

Shane took another long pull from his glass, then leaned forward over Ilya's legs to set it carefully on the coffee table. He didn't look up.

"I don't know," he muttered. "Everybody?"

“Everybody?” Ilya echoed, incredulous.

“Reporters. Bloggers. My team. Except Hayden, most of the time.”

Ilya’s jaw tightened. Shane kept his eyes averted instead of meeting Ilya’s.

“They just think it’s weird I don’t like bars. Or getting hammered. Or...” He shrugged faintly. “A lot of stuff normal people like.”

His voice cracked slightly on the word normal. His throat bobbed as he swallowed.

Ilya reached for him again, cupping his face in one hand, thumb brushing gently over his cheek.

“You *are* normal,” Ilya said firmly. “You just like the quiet. And calming things.” His thumb stroked once more. “Aside from hockey, which is very loud and very violent.”

That coaxed a small puff of laughter from Shane. His mouth curved, but it faded quickly. His gaze dropped again, and his finger traced a slow line along the inseam of Ilya’s jeans over his calf, following the stitches like they were something solid to hold on to.

Then, barely audible, he began to speak.

“Sometimes I feel like I’m on this tiny little planet,” Shane said. “Just... floating by myself. And everyone else is on this big, bright one. Loud and crowded and full of stuff happening all the time.”

He swallowed.

“And any time I try to, I don’t know. Launch myself over there? It’s like I either miss completely and end up drifting off into space. Or I actually land, and it’s just... too loud. Too much gravity. I can’t breathe. So, I end up back on mine.”

His shoulders lifted in a small, helpless shrug.

“And it’s quiet. And calm. But it’s also empty. And lonely, sometimes.”

The rest trailed off. He couldn’t quite finish it.

Ilya didn’t answer right away. He just set his drink down beside Shane’s and tugged him closer until Shane tipped sideways against him. One hand slid into his hair, guiding his face forward, pressing him gently against the side of his throat, exactly where Shane liked to hide occasionally.

Shane went without protest, exhaling deeply and nosing under the line of Ilya’s jaw. Ilya’s hand cradled the back of his skull. His other arm wrapped around his ribs, firm and protective. They stayed like that for a long moment. Shane’s breath warmed the hollow of Ilya’s throat. Ilya pressed a kiss into his hair, then stroked slowly down his arm.

“That sounds a lot like when I first moved to America,” Ilya murmured.

Shane shifted slightly, just enough to hear him better.

“New country. Language I wasn’t fluent in. No family. No friends. Just shit weather and empty apartments and people who thought I was stupid because I didn’t speak English smoothly enough.”

He shrugged, the movement brushing Shane’s cheek.

“I felt like I was... floating around something I couldn’t land on. Close enough to see it. Not close enough to belong.”

Shane tightened his grip on him.

“Sometimes I would try,” Ilya went on quietly. “Try to be funny or charming. But I would miss something. Cultural stuff or... tone. I always felt like I was slightly off.”

He curled his fingers into the fabric of Shane’s hoodie.

“I felt like I was on my own lonely planet, too,” he said. “Sometimes I still do.”

He paused and pressed another kiss to Shane’s head.

“Except when you’re there, too.”

Shane inhaled sharply at that. Then squeezed him again, pressing his face even deeper against his neck.

Ilya smiled against his hair.

“Maybe we don’t have to leave our planets,” he said lightly. “Maybe we just... pull them closer. Let them circle each other.”

Shane let out a watery little laugh.

“Or we can build some kind of space bridge,” Ilya added. “Very advanced technology. Very Russian. Better than NASA’s tech.”

Shane giggled against his neck. He pulled back just enough to look at Ilya, his eyes still glassy but brighter.

“You’re such an idiot.”

“I’m *your* idiot,” Ilya said smugly, and kissed his forehead.

Shane rolled his eyes but didn’t move away.

“That’s debatable.”

“Nope,” Ilya replied, grinning. “I’m in your orbit now. You can’t shake me.”

Shane let his head fall back to Ilya’s shoulder, arms still looped tight around him.

“...Good,” he whispered.

Eventually, Ilya reached for his Jack and Coke, careful not to jostle Shane where he was tucked against him. He grabbed Shane’s cocktail too and handed it over.

“What’s in yours?” Ilya asked, eyeing the colorless, slightly cloudy drink.

“Ginger ale, vodka, and lime juice.”

“The vodka I sent you?”

Shane nodded against his shoulder.

“Yeah. It’s really good. Thank you again.”

Ilya hummed, pleased.

“Of course it is. It’s Ukranian. Very smooth and sweet. Like you.”

Shane chuckled softly.

They sat in companionable silence for a while, sipping their drinks. The candles flickered softly near the kitchen. After a bit, Ilya tilted his chin toward the half-finished canvas by the window.

“Why do you like that one?” he asked. “The diamond thing.”

Shane flicked him a quick glance first, fast and cautious. Just checking. Making sure it wasn’t another setup for teasing.

Ilya saw it. Without comment, he reached up and stroked the hair at Shane’s temple once, slow and reassuring.

“It looks... complicated,” he went on. “Do you do each little... thingy one at a time?”

Shane huffed the tiniest laugh.

“No. I mean, sometimes, yes. But there’s this little tool where you can do a whole row at once. Or like, a block.” He gestured vaguely. “The canvas is sticky. You peel back a little section at a time so you can press the pieces down.”

Ilya hummed thoughtfully, fingers still drifting lazily through Shane’s hair.

“I watch videos of people doing them,” Shane went on, slightly sheepish. “When I can’t sleep. Mostly on away games. I don’t know. The noises and stuff make my brain kind of... turn off.” He shrugged. “So, my dad got me one to see if I like actually *doing* them myself.”

Ilya glanced back at the canvas. A small, sharp flash of jealousy flared in his chest, gone as quickly as it came. He didn’t let it show.

“That was nice of him,” he said instead, steady and sincere.

Shane glanced at him again, searching for a smirk that wasn't there. He just found softness. He nodded.

"Sorry," Shane muttered. "That's probably weird. The video thing."

Ilya frowned faintly.

"It's not weird. It's the... what is it called? A-M-S... something?"

"ASMR," Shane said, a little smile tugging at his mouth.

"Yes. That." Ilya nodded, satisfied. "I watch things like that, too. When I also cannot sleep. Especially in hotels, when I am not playing Montreal." He hesitated, then shrugged. "Not diamond painting. But head massage videos. Or people cleaning knives. Very precise."

He mimed a slicing motion on Shane's shoulder.

Shane lifted his head to fully look at him.

"Really?"

Ilya nodded. "They make me sleepy."

Shane's whole face softened. Something bright and delighted flickered there, like he was thrilled to uncover this little shared secret.

"Oh."

Ilya leaned down and kissed his forehead, pleased with himself for earning that expression.

"Hayden said it was weird," Shane added after a moment. "That most people just watch sitcoms or something to fall asleep."

"Well," Ilya drawled, then took a sip of his drink, swallowed, and said flatly, "Pike is an idiot."

Shane snorted before he could stop himself.

Ilya felt it vibrate through him where Shane was tucked against his side and tightened his arm just slightly.

"Seriously," Ilya continued. "Those videos have millions of views. They would not if it were as weird as he says."

"That's true."

"Mmh. Svetlana has a friend back home who does these sexy whisper videos. Tapping her fake nails on the microphone and all that." He lightly drummed his fingertips near Shane's temple for emphasis. "She makes *a lot* of money on YouTube. Lots and lots of people watch. You are not the only one with particular sound preferences."

They were quiet for a moment after that.

“Your brain likes what it likes,” Ilya said finally. “That’s not weird. It’s just... specific.”

Shane smiled into the fabric of Ilya’s sweater at that and let out a tiny hum.

“I mean it, though,” Ilya insisted. “Marlow listens to Icelandic disco music.”

Shane blinked. “What?”

“Yes.” Ilya nodded solemnly. “Very dramatic. Lots of echo. Sounds like ghosts falling in love on a glacier.”

Shane choked on a laugh. “You’re lying.”

“I am not.” Ilya took another sip of his drink, completely straight-faced. “He made a playlist for the weight room once. We are all trying to deadlift and it is just -” he waved a hand vaguely, “ - haunting fairy noises.”

Shane dissolved into giggles against his chest.

“I had to ban him,” Ilya went on gravely. “No more Marly DJ privileges. Entire team almost quit hockey on the spot.”

Shane laughed harder, the sound warm and unguarded now, that earlier self-conscious edge fading away entirely.

Ilya looked down at him with a wide smile on his mouth.

“See?” he said quietly. “Everyone is weird. You just think yours is worse because it is yours.”

Shane’s laughter softened into something more thoughtful. He traced a slow line down Ilya’s sternum over the fabric of his sweater.

“I don’t think yours is weird,” he murmured.

Ilya snorted. “That is because you are biased.”

“Probably,” Shane said, glancing up at him. “I guess I just like you.”

Ilya’s fingers stilled briefly in Shane’s hair before resuming their slow rhythm.

“Good,” he said lightly, though his voice had softened like butter. “Because I like you, too. Even with your army of sparkly fake diamonds.”

Shane rolled his eyes, but his smile was open and steady now, not bracing for the joke to turn sharp.

“They’re not an army,” he muttered. “They’re... organized.”

“Ah.” Ilya nodded thoughtfully. “Very disciplined. Tiny, glittering soldiers.”

Shane laughed under his breath and gave Ilya's chest a small, half-hearted shove. "Shut up."

Ilya caught his hand before he could pull it away, laced their fingers together, and brought Shane's knuckles to his lips instead. Just a brief press. Casual enough to pretend it didn't mean anything.

But he didn't miss the way Shane went still for a heartbeat. Shane watched him carefully. Searching.

They looked at each other for a long, quiet moment. Then Ilya leaned in and kissed him.

It started gentle, just lips brushing lips, but it didn't stay that way. Shane made a soft noise in the back of his throat, and Ilya deepened it instantly, mouth moving with more hunger, more purpose. Shane opened for him, let him in. Let him take.

Ilya crowded closer, hands sliding beneath Shane's hoodie, splaying over warm skin. Shane clutched at him in return, dragging him even nearer, thighs parting just slightly to let Ilya shift between them.

They kissed like they were starving for it. Rough and desperate and claiming.

Ilya finally broke away, panting a little. He pressed his forehead to Shane's.

"Do you want me to fuck you on your nice couch or -"

Shane laughed breathlessly.

"Bedroom. Please."

Ilya grinned, cocky and delighted.

"Let's limit the destruction to one room, yes?"

Shane flushed but nodded, climbing lithely over him and tugging him to his feet by the front of his shirt.

"Come on, then."

Ilya let himself be led, still grinning. His palms never left Shane's skin.

They barely made it through the doorway before Ilya had Shane pressed up against the wall, kissing him like he couldn't bear to stop. His hands gripped at Shane's waist, then his thighs, hoisting him effortlessly until Shane's legs wrapped around his hips.

Shane groaned into his mouth, fingers scrambling at the nape of Ilya's neck.

"Bed," he managed, half-laughing, half-begging.

Ilya chuckled low in his throat and carried him the last few feet, dropping him onto the mattress with a bounce. Shane reached and pulled Ilya down with him, their bodies colliding

in a tangle of limbs and heat and mouths.

Clothes came off in pieces. Pulled and tugged and tossed. Ilya's breath hitched when he finally had Shane bare beneath him, flushed and eager, eyes already dark with want.

"Do you have any idea," Ilya rasped, voice low and wrecked, "what you do to me?"

Shane shook his head slightly as he pulled him down into another kiss, biting at his lower lip until Ilya moaned.

The next kiss was rougher, teeth and tongue and a little desperate. Ilya's hands mapped the terrain of Shane's body like it was his only safe harbor, fingers digging into his hips, his thighs, holding him down just enough to make him gasp.

Shane arched under him, nails raking down his back.

"Ilya," he hissed, wrecked already. "Please."

"I'm right here," Ilya murmured, rolling his hips hard against his. "You're so good. Always so fucking good for me."

Shane whimpered, scrabbling at his shoulders, tilting his hips up in offering.

Ilya slicked his fingers quickly, impatient but careful, whispering soft curses in Russian as he stretched Shane open. Shane bit his own wrist, back arched, hair sticking to his forehead with sweat.

When Ilya finally slid inside, Shane moaned, low and long and wanton. His hands clutched at Ilya and his legs tightened around his waist.

"Fuck," Ilya breathed, forehead falling against Shane's. "You feel fucking perfect. Every time."

Shane barely heard him. He was too full, nearly too overwhelmed.

"Move," he gasped. "Please, just..."

Ilya did. He rolled his hips with hard, deep thrusts, the rhythm fast but controlled. He braced one hand beside Shane's head and used the other to hold Shane's hip steady, guiding him into each drive.

Shane groaned into his shoulder, all tension and need and heat.

"Don't stop. Fuck, Ilya..."

"I won't," Ilya growled, barely holding on. "I *can't*. So fucking good, *malysh*."

He ducked down, kissed him fiercely.

They lost themselves in the rhythm, fast and hot and desperate and perfect. Ilya couldn't look away from Shane's face. He was entranced by the way he took it. The way he *wanted* it. Wanted *him*.

And when Shane came, spilling between them with a long, broken cry, Ilya wasn't far behind. The look on Shane's face undid him. He thrust once, twice more and then buried himself deep one last time and came hard, groaning Shane's name against the shell of his ear.

After, they lay there for a long moment, catching their breath in the aftermath. Shane was still sprawled beneath Ilya, warm and flushed and spent. Ilya stroked a hand down his side, then leaned in to kiss his temple before resting his chin on the crown of his head.

"We should shower," Shane murmured, lips brushing Ilya's damp collarbone.

Ilya groaned and collapsed theatrically over Shane, going completely limp.

"Too tired to move."

"I'll carry you."

Ilya snorted, but let himself be coaxed up. They stumbled to the bathroom, both sore and smiling. Ilya stepped in behind him, arms winding around Shane's waist under the warm spray. They stood that way for a while, just holding, just swaying, water sluicing between them as Ilya pressed a line of kisses down the slope of one shoulder and then the other.

Ilya helped Shane shampoo his hair. Shane washed Ilya's chest and back with slow, methodical hands.

Afterward, they toweled off, pulled on soft clothes, boxers and old t-shirts, and padded barefoot into the living room.

Shane flopped onto the couch. Ilya followed immediately, collapsing sideways and draping himself across Shane's lap like a blanket. Shane laughed, fond and a little shy again.

Ilya pressed a loud, exaggerated kiss to the top of Shane's bare thigh, then poked the inside of his knee.

"Show me the thing."

Shane blinked down at him. "The thing?"

"Your brain-scratching game. I want to see."

Shane arched a brow. "Seriously?"

"I want my brain scratched, too. You made me curious."

Shane huffed a laugh and reached for the controller, booting up the console. He pulled up his save file for *PowerWash Simulator*.

“You’re lucky,” he said. “I saved this playground DLC for a co-op. It’s huge.”

Ilya raised both eyebrows. “Thrilling.”

They settled in, controllers in hand. Ilya’s head rested on Shane’s lap, the rest of him stretched long across the couch like a cat. Shane walked him through the controls; how to switch nozzles, how to apply different soaps, and how to check completed surfaces.

Within five minutes, Ilya was fully invested.

“Wait. Look at that curb. I got the corner, ugh, did I miss a spot? Dammit.”

“Hit the right arrow,” Shane said, smiling. “It’ll highlight any dirt you missed.”

Ilya gasped dramatically. “What the fuck? How did I miss all that?”

Shane’s grin widened. “You having fun?”

“So much,” Ilya admitted. “You were right. It’s *soooo* satisfying. And I am a god with this red nozzle.”

Shane snorted. “Figures. That’s the most aggressive one.”

“It is efficient, if brutal,” Ilya replied solemnly, elbowing him lightly.

They played like that for nearly an hour, the quiet hum of the virtual water jet filling the room. Every so often one of them would make a small, pleased sound when a section clicked clean.

Eventually, Ilya shifted and looked up at Shane, his expression soft and a little sappy.

“This is nice,” he murmured.

Shane smiled down at him. “It is.”

Ilya twisted and pressed a gentle kiss to Shane’s hip bone.

“Thank you for letting me on your little planet. I like it here.”

Shane flushed pink but didn’t look away.

“I like you being here,” he said softly.

Ilya hummed contentedly. “Good. Now, move your little dude over. I want to clean the slide.”

End Notes

hi hello darlings <3 i hope you enjoyed this little self-indulgent fluff

also yes, powerwash simulator came out in 2022, but shhhhhhhhh. let's pretend it existed in 2017 in the GCU. ditto i think for diamond paintings? idk when those got popular.

also, my husband and i really used to play powerwash together after our kids went to bed. it is fun as fuck lol. also, AC Odyssesey is like, literally my favorite game of all time. it hits all my interests at once, i don't even care if it's technically not an AC game or whatever the fuck. (also, kassandra can step on me <3) but i feel like shane would love the enormous sandbox and history stuff and play it over and over and over just like i have lmao

just for fun, alternate TS titles included: i'd like to hang out with you for my whole liii-iii-iiife; because he really knows me, which is more than they can say; you must like me for me.

but SHS reigns supreme

i am scheduled to have this baby in 16 days, unless she decides otherwise lol. i should be relaxing, but instead i sketched an outline for an angsty, passively suicidal!shane TLG break-up/make-up AU thats looking like at least 8 chapters. WHOOPS.

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