a million little apologies

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by AdaElise

Summary

After the first two episodes, I couldn’t get over how soft Ilya was, specifically the way he kissed Shane’s back when things got intimate. It stuck in my brain, so I wrote this on a whim about what might’ve happened if Shane really sent that text.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Goodbye, Hollander,” said Ilya in a dry tone.

Shane held his breath, willing himself to complete silence in the chance that Ilya might dare to change his mind and say *come back*. But that wasn’t how it worked. It wasn’t how *they* worked.

The silence in the room remained and it felt like an eternity passed before Shane allowed himself to breathe again. He led himself out the door, trying to raise his shoulders and keep a straight face as he drifted towards the elevator.

It was late enough that he didn’t have to worry about anyone finding him on his way out once he reached the ground floor, but he still felt on edge. This night had been different. Shane couldn’t shake the feeling that he did something wrong. Did he overstep? Ask too many questions?

Ilya would barely look at him after they had sex. His eyes were distant, finding interest in the abyss and the cigarette in his hand. Talking about things wasn’t normally something him and Ilya did. It seemed like most of their feelings were maybe better left unsaid, or at the very least, drowned out in the moans they created together.

Shane stood for a moment, fingers to his lips, realizing that he hadn’t felt Ilya’s on his that night. He took his phone out as the elevator dinged open and wrote out, almost angrily, “*We didn’t even kiss.”*

He sent it quickly, giving himself no time to over think it. He was always thinking, always with his mind racing, and for once he wanted to be impulsive. He wanted to be brave.

Shane stepped into the elevator, spamming the ground floor button. He could feel the tears pooling in his eyes, chest rising and falling hard, as he made his way down. He held his head down, eyes closed, counting to any number. *Anything* to distract him from the pang in his chest.

The elevator doors opened and suddenly he heard panting. His eyes shot open, lifting his head to find Ilya standing there staring at him.

“Roz?” Shane’s voice broke, eyebrows furrowed in confusion. Ilya stepped forward, arm stretched out, hand suddenly on Shane’s chest, pushing him further back into the elevator.

“What the hell Rozanov, let me out!”

“No.” Ilya shook his head, still breathing heavy, except now he was so close that Shane could feel his breath on him.

Ilya turned to press the button leading back to the penthouse. The doors closed, and his hand found his way gently to Shane’s cheek. He could feel that it was damp and he closed his eyes in part shame, part remorse.

He took a deep breath, bringing himself to look Shane in his eyes. He rubbed his thumb over the freckles that lingered and thought to himself that he would kiss every single one if he could. Each freckle serving as a marker for the amount of apologies he owed to Shane over all of the years. God knows it might not even be enough to make up for any of it.

He could make it so simple for himself if he knew how to say he was sorry. A few simple words. But he knew that if he started apologizing, he might never stop. And although one day he hoped he could, if not for himself but for Shane, he just couldn’t open those floodgates right then. So he decided he’d say it the only way he knew how.

He brought his mouth to where his thumb had been tracing, placing gentle kisses on each freckle he could find, making sure to get every single one on each side. When he pulled back for a moment, he noticed Shane’s eyes fluttering and his breathing slowing. The elevator doors opened and he grabbed Shane’s hand, pulling him back towards the door he left slightly open.

“You just left your door open like this?” Shane asked in confusion.

“Yes. I ran. Down the stairs.”

“You *ran down the stairs?* Why?*”*

“More romantic, yes?” Ilya questioned, almost proud of himself.

“You could have texted me, you know.”

“Not fast enough.” Ilya replied, closing the door behind them, leading Shane towards the bedroom. He began unbuttoning Shane’s shirt when Shane grabbed his hands and said, “I didn’t follow you back here for this.”

“I know. I-“ Ilya stopped, trying to find a way to explain that he didn’t want him naked for those reasons. He settled with “I just want to see you.”

“You didn’t seem to want that before I left.” Shane quickly responded, remembering the way his eyes were constantly searching for Ilya’s. For connection.

“Yes. My mind is…” Ilya searched for the words but he could only think of one. “Lost.”

Shane’s eyes wandered over the way Ilya was holding himself up. Like if he had to go one more minute without his hands on Shane, he might fall apart. He started taking his clothes off himself, holding eye contact with Ilya.

Ilya spoke with a sense of gratitude when he said “I promise it is not sex I want, Hollander.”

“I know. I trust you.” Shane lent him a soft and reassuring smile, getting the last of his clothes off and folding them on the nightstand. He was taken by surprise when Ilya grabbed them and put them away in a drawer.

Ilya nodded towards the bed, gesturing for Shane to lay down. “On your stomach.”

Shane listened, folding his arms underneath the pillow and resting his head. He didn't understand what Ilya wanted from him and he was about to ask when he felt the weight of the bed shift. Ilya climbed into bed beside him, laying on his side, and tracing the freckles along Shane's shoulders.

After a minute or so, he propped himself up over Shane, planting kisses on the same freckles he was tracing. He could see goosebumps rising on Shane's skin as he started making his way down his back, his legs, ending up at his feet.

Shane's head lifted slightly as he asked, "What are you doing?"

Ilya made sure to keep eye contact as he continued planting kisses, only pausing to respond, "Worshipping you." He lightly tapped Shane's foot, leading him to turn over on his back this time. Shane didn't know what to do with his hands or his arms or anything really since this wasn't supposed to be sex.

Ilya started from Shane's feet again, light pecks as he found his way up towards the birthmarks on Shane's thighs. "Beautiful." He said in awe. His heart was racing as he continued up his chest, his neck, breathing in the smell of him. He inched closer towards his face and their lips found each other.

It was slow and knowing. They rest into each other, their breaths syncing as their lips seemed to find that same rhythm. He paused to kiss Shane's eyelids before making his way back to his lips, and again further down, stopping right on the inner crease of his thigh.

Ilya did not always know the right words or how to communicate what he was feeling the way that Shane probably wanted him to. He was in anguish everyday because of it. But all he could hope for in this moment is that Shane would understand what each kiss spoke of.

I am sorry.

Forgive me.

I love you.

Stay.

Please.

He took a deep breath in and stayed laying there, head on Shane's thigh. He turned his head when Shane reached his hand down to play with his hair, their eyes meeting. He thought Shane looked so beautiful this way. At ease with no worries. He wished he would stop causing the opposite.

He let his hand find it's way to Shane's wrist, gently holding it when he suddenly felt brave enough and asked, "Will you stay?"

It felt as if the whole word got quiet just then. So much so that Ilya began to feel embarrassed. He started to question if he was even still breathing.

Shane's answer came out in a hushed, "*Yes."* Ilya kissed his wrist twice then. Whispering the words "Thank you." and "I'm sorry." between them, just under his breath. He closed his eyes, letting himself feel safe for once in his life.

He was drifting as he swore he heard a whispered *I love you.*

He didn't question it. He just figured he might already be asleep and dreaming.

End Notes

My first piece of work <3

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