

Sleep, My Joy, Sleep

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Sleep, My Joy, Sleep

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Summary

It was two rings and then his thick accent and smooth voice washed over Shane like a slow molasses. “Hollander,” Rozanov sighed. “It is late. I thought you had date, no?”

“I fucked up,” Shane whispered biting back a sob.

Shane drops after he sleeps with someone that's not Ilya, so naturally he calls Ilya to take care of him.

Notes

HEY GUYS

omg i am obsessed with them! Idk what they put into this show but holy shit. Anyways...Shane was RIDING that thang. Good for him.

RIP rose im sorry for your lack of orgasms your boyfriend is very gay and a bottom. He's not used to that kind of work.

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

*Hollow. Ashamed. Disgusted. Dirty. Sick. **Empty...***

The words bounced around his skull like a degrading echo of self worth. He had just wanted to celebrate his win against Boston. It was almost routine the way he had skated off the ice, checked his phone for a message from Lily, and it was there the minute he picked up his phone.

LILY

Yours?

Shane wanted to accept, he wanted to stop pretending about how he felt for Rozanov, and maybe whisper his name against his lips in a pleading confession. Damn it all to the wind about being gay, and hooking up with someone who was supposed to be a rival. Maybe a few years he was just that, but now not so much. Looking back he wasn't sure why he didn't just go to him like he truly wanted.

Maybe he was being stubborn. Maybe he was just still using the thin and weak wall of denial. Maybe he wanted to prove to himself it wasn't Rozanov he craved, it was the dynamic, and the sex. He should have just swallowed his pride, and he should have just ditched his date and invited his rival over.

He sat in his apartment, alone in the dark on his couch staring out the window as snow began to fall steadily, and an ice seeped into his bones as if he'd buried himself in an avalanche. Images of the last few hours playing his head, but it wasn't like when he pictured his time with Rozanov. When he pictured the nights of hooking up with Rozanov it had heat curling in his belly, it had his dick kicking in his pants, and a flush seizing his entire body while his head began to fill with cotton.

The images now fill him with cold water. It was okay, he had liked it during the actual fucking, but after they finished he laid there and an ache seemed into his bones. Not the good kind. Not the boneless, I've just been fucked within in a inch of my life ache, but one that felt like he had just cut a piece of himself off and handed it to a stranger. The man left the room,

gave Shane nothing more than a wet rag to wipe himself off, and then offered to call him a cab.

Truthfully it was a miracle he made it home. All his energy felt zapped out of him, he felt cold, hollow, and the images of what had just happened played over and over in his brain like a movie of his biggest mistake. The man's words echoed in his brain, rattled around and morphed into Shane's own thoughts that were every day within his head.

*Not good enough. Useless. Stupid. Nieve. **Alone...***

He had just wrapped himself in a blanket when he realized what was going on. Why he was cold all over, why he felt sick to his stomach, and he was shaking like a goddamn leaf on a windy day. He could handle it, it would pass, and then he'd be okay again.

Bad...

He wanted Rozanov. The thought made him ache and whimper against the cushion of the couch he was laying on. If he could just hear his voice, coax him into calling Shane a good boy- then maybe he'd feel better. Maybe it'd lift him enough out of a drop.

It was with trembling hands that he pulled his phone out. Heart aching inside his chest, and brain pounding against his skull with a headache. Ilya's contact was the first in his messages list, he sniffled, pressed the contact, and he pressed the call button and said a silent plea that Ilya hadn't found a replacement for him. It was two rings and then his thick accent and smooth voice washed over Shane like a slow molasses. "Hollander," Rozanov sighed. "It is late. I thought you had date, no?"

"I fucked up," Shane whispered biting back a sob. Hearing Rozanov's voice had made him feel ten times worse. It was a pit on his stomach weighing harshly in his abdomen, and suddenly he felt so fucking guilty. He didn't know why Rozanov would even want to hear from him now. He was ruined. Filthy, destroyed.

"What happened?" Rozanov asked, and if Shane didn't know better he would have thought the Russian he'd betrayed was worried about him. There was something in his voice, a strain,

and his accent just the slightest bit thicker.

“Ilya..” he whimpered and this time he did sob. He hadn’t meant to use Ilya’s first name, but it slipped out in his depressed and dazed space. He wanted the man with him, he wanted to be held, to be told what to do, and to be told he was good.

On the other end Ilya sucked in a breath, and he said something in Russian, muttered, quiet, and almost angry. “Ten minutes,” He said, sternly, surely. “I will be there in ten minutes.”

“Okay,” Shane whispered. He didn’t want to hang up, but he also didn’t want Ilya to hear him cry. So he just hung up. He curled in on himself on his couch, staring out the window, and watching the snow fall.

*He’s angry at you. You’re taking him away from someone else. He doesn’t want you. You’re too boring...boring...**boring**...*

Eight minutes later there was a knock on the door, and Shane couldn’t even lift his head from where he was curled up on the couch. He felt like he weighed a million pounds. It was like he was filled with lead rather than blood and he was sinking into the too loud world around him.

There was another knock on the door, and Shane knew he needed to get up to let Ilya in. Then he thought about seeing the disappointment, the anger scratch across his beautiful face and he was filled with more lead. “Hollander?” His voice was worried, strained, and he knocked a little harder. Then the handle jingled. “Hollander!” Shane winced and shrank further into the couch. “Shane?” His voice was softer now, gentler, and he wasn’t used to his voice lacking his sardonic tone. “Sweetheart? I need you to listen,” Shane whimpered and rubbed his own eyes. “Get up, золотце. Come to door, let me in.”

Shane just wanted to be good. He pushed himself up despite the way his body protested, and he slowly made his way to the door and unlocked it. Then he stood back, blanket still wrapped around him, nose red from being wiped too much, and eyes puffy and glimmering with unshed tears. Ilya opened the door and closed his eyes before he took in Shane’s

appearance, and Shane suddenly wanted to go back to the couch and burrow under his blanket. “Sweetheart,” Ilya sighed.

Ilya looked good- of course he did -Shane wondered briefly in his hazy brain what it was like to be able to just wake up and look good. They stood there, taking each other in, and Shane looked down toward the ground as he was unable to hold Ilya’s eye contact. Ilya stood there in loose gray sweatpants, and a navy blue hoodie with a thick puffer jacket and a beanie with a few curls peaking out. “Oh, Дорогой.” Ilya slowly began to take off his outerwear starting with his beanie, shaking his hair a little, and then he started shedding his puffer making sure to hang it up just like Shane likes.

His hair looked soft, his eyes softer, and something lurched inside of Shane. He should have just gone to Ilya’s hotel room, or he should have invited him over. Shame washed over Shane mixed with a suffocating guilt. It was then that he noticed Ilya was holding three bags in his hands, and Shane glanced at them and then back at Ilya.

He felt like Ilya shouldn’t even be looking at him. Ilya set the bags down, and Shane watched as he toed off his shoes. He was staring at the way his shoes were not lined together and pushed to the side next to Shane’s. He wanted to ask Ilya to make it right, to just put the shoes the right way, but his tongue felt swollen and his throat too dry to make words. Ilya looked at him, saw him staring, said something quietly under his breath in Russian, and bent down to fix his shoes.

Ilya had set the bags down on the little bench next to the door, and in one bag he caught a glimpse of a six pack of ginger ale. It kind of made Shane want to cry, he felt so heavy, and everything felt so loud and not loud enough. He wanted Ilya to hug him. He wanted- he *wanted* so much.

As soon as everything was adjusted; Ilya moved into Shane’s space and cupped his cheek gently. “Come,” Ilya whispered and he gathered Shane up into his arms and hugged him close. He wasn’t deserving of such gentleness, he was bad, and he knew Ilya knew that. He didn’t understand why he’d want to touch him after he betrayed him in such a way. He’d been touched by someone else, another man, and he was dirty.

His skin was dirty. Under his shirt cum was drying on his belly- even if he had wiped himself with a wet rag he felt it was still there. Dried sweat clung to him like a sheen, and shame even thicker covered him head to toe. He was Marked, *claimed* by another man that wasn’t Ilya.

He knew bruises and other marks littered his body too, none of them from hockey, none of them from Ilya. “You are dropped, you know this, yes?” Ilya was stroking his cheek with his thumb, and he was gently grabbing his jaw to force Shane to look at him. “So good for opening door.”

Shane sniffled, and Ilya tilted his head to the side and pulled his body close to his again. He pressed a kiss to the side of his head, caught his ear instead, and he whispered to him while still holding him tight. “I know it was hard.”

They stood there for a few minutes, Shane burying his nose into Ilya’s shoulder, and Ilya holding him tightly gently rocking them back and forth and whispering tiny praises into his ear. Then Ilya was pulling back, his hand resting on Shane’s chin to keep his eye contact. “Okay,” he whispered. “Bath is good, yes?”

Shane frowned, and Ilya’s thumbs swiped over his cheeks like he was collecting his freckles. He wanted to ask questions, he wanted to talk, but his voice was gone. It felt like it was too much to talk- to speak. He nodded instead.

Ilya easily led him to the bathroom, carefully sat him down on the closed toilet seat lid, and moved around the bathroom like he owned it. It made Shane’s heart flutter in his chest. He turned on the tub, grabbed a bottle of bubble bath that Shane had hidden under his sink, and then looked down at it as it began to fill with his hands on his hips. “Stay here,” He ordered. Shane nodded and chewed on his lip. He disappeared, and then he returned with two piles of clothes. “I borrowed shorts,” he said. “Hope that is okay.” Shane just chewed the inside of his cheek, and Ilya sighed softly and carded his fingers through his hair. “Is okay now. You’re doing so good.”

Once the tub was sufficiently filled. “I’m going to undress you now.” Shane nodded sort of meekly. Ilya was careful, gently helping Shane out of his shirt, and then helping him stand to help him out of his pants and boxers. He had taken the blanket and neatly folded it and took it back to the couch. Then he dumped the dirty clothes into the hamper, and had it been a different time Shane would have laughed. He would have felt warm and fuzzy and the small little mannerism that Ilya did for him because he knew him.

“блять,” He hissed, he touched Shane’s back gently and his hips. “You want this?” He asked. “You ask for this? Nod yes if yes.”

Shane looked down at what Ilya was staring at, and it was the marks the other man had left—bruises, hickies, and tiny welts. They looked nastier than they felt. Ilya's hands were careful as they traveled to his ass where there was more bruising from where he was spanked. Shane bit his lip, and he nodded his head slowly. He had wanted it. He asked for it, harder, deeper, more, more, more, and he was given it. He left feeling hollow after.

“Okay,” Ilya whispered with his voice a little rougher than usual. “Bath.”

He helped Shane into the water, and he carefully sat down allowing the warm water to melt away the ache in his bones. He glanced at Ilya and hoped he would get in with him. He wanted him in the bath with him. “Do you want me to join you?” Ilya asked as he reached down to card his hand through Shane's hair. Shane nodded again. Ilya smiled and stepped back to undress. Shane watched him as he undressed and tossed his own clothes into the hamper, and then carefully slid into the bath behind Shane. He pulled him to lay flat against his chest, and his fingers gently rubbed up and down his arms. He kissed behind his ear and on his bare shoulder. “Is okay now,” Ilya whispered. “I got you now. Relax. You are doing so good.”

Shane shuttered. He closed his eyes, he allowed Ilya to touch him, and to kiss wherever he could reach. “After bath we will settle on couch,” Ilya murmured softly. “I brought food, and we can watch something you want.”

He didn't deserve it, he didn't deserve Ilya being so good to him, but he couldn't even protest it. He wanted it too much. He and Ilya hadn't ever done soft things, they usually fucked quick and hard, and maybe after they'd lay in bed and talk quietly about anything that came to mind. Ilya would stroke his hair, his arms, his legs, and he would make sure he sipped water, and then he would make sure Shane ate something before he left. He never felt cold after Ilya left, he felt warm, and satiated. His body always thrummed on a high with Ilya's praise ringing through his brain.

Now, Ilya gently massaged his arms and shoulders. He was humming, something low, and something he didn't recognize. His fingers trailed over Shane's chest, and he half expected him to tweak a nipple but he didn't. It was just gentle touches, soft humming, and a kiss here and there. “You are so good,” Ilya whispered. “So pretty, a very good boy.”

“No,” Shane rasped, he shook his head gently, and his eyes welled up. Ilya wrapped his arms more firmly around him and kissed the back of his neck and then over his shoulder.

“Yes,” Ilya whispered. “Such a good boy for me.” Shane shuttered, sniffled, and he opened his mouth to disagree but no words were able to come out. “Shh,” Ilya whispered and kissed a spot right under Shane’s ear. “мой хороший мальчик.” Ilya started humming again, pressing kisses to his freckles on his shoulders, and occasionally whispering a soft praise.

Shane felt lighter, his eyes heavy, his body sagging against Ilya’s chest, and he didn’t even notice he was beginning to drift until the world had already melted away.

“Сонный мальчик.”

Shane blinked awake, Ilya was kissing his shoulder, and rubbing up and down his arms. “There you are,” He cooed, and a wet finger traced down his cheek. “Let’s shower.”

Shane went willingly, sleep still clinging to him as Ilya got them out of the tub and into the shower, and then he was gone while Shane stood under the spray. “How are you feeling?” He asked as he leaned over the tub to drain it, and then he was getting into the shower in front of Shane. His tongue felt too thick for his mouth, and his throat felt a little dry.

“Okay,” He whispered as his eyes fluttered as Ilya began to wash his hair. Shane was struck with just how *different* it was. They didn’t do this. They didn’t shower together without one dropping to their knees, and then suddenly with a harsh realization Shane understood. Ilya must be expecting him to do just that. Obviously he was being nice because he wanted- Shane swallowed thickly. It was all he was good for. A warm mouth. A tight hole. That’s all he was. Why else would Ilya be taking such good care of him? He began moving, starting to sink to the floor, but Ilya caught him before he could.

“Нет, нет, детка,” Ilya said softly. “No, not necessary, Sweetheart.”

Something cracked inside of him, and he sniffled hard as he nodded. Thoughts swirled around in his brain, and he shivered hard even under the warm spray of water.

*He doesn't want you. Why would he want you anymore? Disgusting, dirty, **used**...*

"Why tears?" Ilya asked softly, he was brushing his thumbs over Shane's cheeks, he hadn't even realized he was crying, but he was. He wasn't sobbing, but tears still fell over his cheeks and his bottom lip wobbled. "What, come on, tell me."

Shane shivered again. "I- you don't want me anymore."

It was silly. Stupid even. They weren't anything- Ilya didn't *have* to want him. Yet, he still felt a pit in his stomach as Ilya refused to let him sink to his knees. He was only that for Ilya, they were nothing more than fuck buddies, a body to warm a bed for a few hours, something to celebrate a win, and something to take out frustrations on. If he wasn't that then what was he? They were barely friends.

"Not true," Ilya said softly as he took Shane's chin between his thumb and index finger and tilted his head to force him to look at him. "I want you- very much I want you." He pressed a soft kiss to Shane's lips, and pulled away when Shane tried to lick into his mouth- to deepen the kiss. "You're not-" Ilya searched for the words as he began to rinse the shampoo from Shane's hair; careful to not let it get into his eyes. "You cannot agree."

Shane frowned. "I do agree though." Shane sucked in a harsh breath, and he pawed at Ilya's chest- massaging the muscle of his pecs. "Let me be good for you," Shane begged. "I can be so *good*." Ilya sighed. Shane looked down at Ilya's semi-hard cock, and he reached for it. "You're hard."

"Well, yes, obviously, I have very beautiful, naked man in shower with me," Ilya huffed with a small laugh. "Body reacts against my wishes." Ilya took Shane's hands to intertwine their fingers instead. "You *think* you want to touch me, to have sex. You want to make me happy- please me yes?" Shane blushed but nodded. "Do you *really* want to have sex?"

Shane furrowed his eyebrows. He always wanted sex with Ilya, after so many years he knew exactly what Shane needed, and it was so easy to just *be* with him. He really thought about it, and he didn't want to have sex. Not at the moment. "No," He whispered.

"Your brain is confused," Ilya said, and he tapped Shane's head gently. "You just want to be good boy?" Shane shivered and nodded meekly. "Then just be pretty and let me wash you."

Shane shivered again, and he nodded slowly as a blush crept up his chest to his neck and then the very tips of his ears. Ilya smiled sweetly down at him, and then he began to condition his hair and started humming that song again.

"What is that?" Shane asked, voice small, hands still smoothing up and down Ilya's chest with no reason except to touch Ilya. To be close to him. "The humming?"

"It is song," Ilya murmured softly. "What is- like small song- for babies to sing them to sleep."

"A Lullaby?"

"Yes, that, колыбельная." Ilya was rinsing Shane off, and he smiled softly as if he was remembering something. "It's called Спи, моя радость, усни. Uhm..Sleep, My Joy, Sleep. My mother used to sing to me when I was little."

Shane bit his lip. "It's nice."

Ilya just nodded and offered a small smile.

After Shane was clean, Ilya quickly washed himself, and then he stepped out of the shower and wrapped Shane in a big towel. They stood there for a few minutes, Shane wrapped in a big towel, and Ilya holding him close to his chest with a towel wrapped around his waist. He was methodical as he dried Shane, and then he helped him into his boxer briefs. Then he slipped on a pair of sweatpants and an old faded Metros crewneck. "Is okay?" Ilya asked, his hands rubbing up and down Shane's biceps, and Shane smiled and nodded. "Socks?" Shane nodded again.

Ilya crouched down, adjusting his towel around his waist, and then he gently took each of his feet and slipped on socks. Then he ducked down and kissed each of his knees. "Okay," Ilya sighed as he stood up. He pressed a quick kiss to Shane's cheek. "My turn."

Shane leaned against the sink, and he watched as Ilya tugged on a pair of shorts. Once they were both dressed, Ilya led them to the living room where he sat Shane down on the couch. "Do you want blanket?" Ilya asked, his eyes already on the blanket he had folded earlier. His living room blanket. Soft, fluffy, and something he bought and not his designer. Shane shivered again, and Ilya grabbed the blanket draping it over him.

Shane sighed, he pulled the blanket up to his chin and sank into the couch, and he half expected Ilya to leave now that he was clean and on the couch again. Only, Ilya went to the kitchen and began rummaging around seemingly for something to eat. All Shane really had were his meal preps, and those were only servings big enough for himself. Most of them were Salmon and Chicken which he knew Ilya wouldn't be satisfied with. He watched from the couch, as Ilya kept looking around, eyebrows furrowed, and frown etched where a smile should be.

Disappointed.

Shane cleared his throat. "I'm sorry," he whispered and he wasn't even sure Ilya would hear him, but as soon as the words left his mouth the Russian was looking at him. Shane anxiously picked at the skin around his nails and looked away from Ilya. "I only have my prepped meals, and you don't like those. I'm sorry, I should have-" Ilya was in front of him crouching in front of him, and his hands came to cup Shane's cheeks.

"It is okay," Ilya said softly. "Just looking..for uhm plates.." Shane sucked in a deep breath. "I have food, remember?" Shane sniffled. Ilya's thumbs rubbed over his cheeks as he collected more tears, and Shane felt frustration bubble up and boil in his chest. He hated crying. He hated that he was crying in front of Ilya. "Stay, I will bring you food."

"Center cupboard above the sink," Shane mumbled. Ilya kissed his cheek.

Ilya was back in the kitchen with the bags he had brought, and he rummaged through them. He returned to the living room with two plates, a can of ginger ale, a can of coke, and a water bottle tucked under his arms. He plopped next to Shane and offered him a plate. It was a deli sandwich- tuna melts, some grapes and strawberries, and a small bag of potato chips. Ilya's plate had a little bit more on it. "Is not fanciest meal," Ilya chuckled. "Good enough for us."

It was a few minutes of Shane staring at his plate before Ilya offered him a slice of apple, and Shane took it from his fingers with his lips. He would have panicked about the way he took the food had Ilya made a comment, but Ilya just grabbed the remote with his non-sticky-apple hand. He flicked through different channels before he landed on trash reality T.V.

They sat like that, shoulder to shoulder, Ilya occasionally feeding him bites off his own plate, and then making sure he sipped water. Then he was able to pick at his own plate, and slowly he started to feel a little bit better. Less like the weight of the world was on him.

He wasn't sure how he got here. He was melted into Ilya's side, the T.V. was playing one of the Fast and Furious movies. Shane was enveloped in warmth and comfort within Ilya's arms. His mind stopped trying to rationalize it, and he was surprised that panic never tried to rise up in his chest. They had obviously laid next to each other before, but they never cuddled. They had laid next to each other, naked, out of breath, sweaty, and satiated. They had leaned on one another with hands still roaming and touching, and lazy kisses being shared until one of them inevitably got up to shower. Then one of them left.

This was different, Shane was tucked into Ilya's side with his arm wrapped tightly around him and his fingers gently brushing against his shoulder. It should have been awkward. It should have been uncomfortable. Yet he laid there in Ilya's arms feeling like he belonged there. Melting into his side, one arm tucked close to his chest, and the other hand resting on his Ilya's belly with his fingers gently toying with the soft hairs there.

"I could do that," Ilya whispered suddenly. Shane scoffed as he watched one of the characters do an entirely risky and entirely fake jump. "You do not believe me?"

"No," Shane whispered. "It's too dangerous."

“I like danger,” Ilya said matter-of-factly. “Would be cool, no?”

Shane sighed and rubbed his face against Ilya’s chest. “Don’t go risking your life for a stupid stunt in your stupid car.”

Ilya huffed. “Is not stupid.”

“Very stupid,” Shane argued. “Too expensive, you rarely get to drive it because of the weather being too bad, or you’re at an away game.”

“It is cool!” Ilya defended his car. Shane scoffed again. “Sexy!”

“Guys who buy expensive cars are always over compensating,” Shane said, smirk tugging at his lips as Ilya loudly gasped in an offended sound, and suddenly Shane was on his back with Ilya settling on top of him.

“For what?” Ilya asked. Shane giggled and maybe he would have been embarrassed if it weren’t for the way Ilya was looking at him. “What am I ‘over compensating’ for?”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Having a small dick obviously.”

Ilya gasped, offended, slightly appalled. “Remind me, Hollander,” He rasped as he ducked down to nip at Shane’s ear. “What was it you said- excuse me -*whined* last time my *small* dick was in you?”

Shane grinned up at Ilya. “Is it in?”

Ilya shook his head. “You are brat.”

Shane shook his head in disagreement, and Ilya nodded and then he was nuzzling his neck and biting the soft skin making Shane laugh and squeal. He only pulled back to lick the side of Shane's face making his face screw up in mock disgust. "Ew! That is *so* gross!"

"You like my tongue and when it licks you," Ilya countered. Then he settled more firmly on top of Shane, and stared down at him with soft eyes and a small smile. "You are lucky I take pity because you are not well." Shane huffed but didn't argue. "Will you tell me what happened?"

Shane gently fiddled with Ilya's crucifix and chewed on his cheek. "I met up with another guy," he murmured. "I mentioned that I liked it...*you know*...rough." He was staring at Ilya's neck where a little mole laid, and he continued to toying gently with the gold chain. "He- uhm- so he was rough and it was *good*. Really good- like amaz-"

"Move on," Ilya rasped, his face pinching into a small frown, so Shane gently combed his hand through Ilya's curls to soothe him.

"He fucked my mouth, but uhm he made me swallow- it's not that I don't- he just said if I was a good..*you know*..boy.. then I'd you know..swallow," Shane frowned, and Ilya pressed a kiss to his eyebrow.

"You don't like that?" Ilya asked, concern washing over his face, and Shane hated that it was there. He leaned up and kissed the mole on his cheek.

"You're different," Shane said. "You never forced me to, and I wanted to."

Ilya nodded and sighed in relief urging Shane to continue. "He said I was too bratty," Shane scoffed. "That I should shut up and take it, but it wasn't like when you say that. He fucked me," Shane frowns, his bottom lip wobbles, and he hated the way he felt like he was admitting that he was cheating on Ilya. "It was okay during, good, wanted it. He didn't-" Shane sighed.

“No aftercare?” Ilya asked. Shane shook his head.

“I didn’t realize I dropped until you showed up,” Shane admitted. He felt like he was cracking his ribcage open, baring his heart for Ilya to see in all of its scarred glory, and it scared him. Terrified him. He was so goddamn tired of filtering himself. “He wasn’t you.”

“What does that mean?”

“You are soft,” Shane said with fierce certainty, his fingers trailing up

to brush across Ilya’s cheeks, and reach into his own chest to remove his heart and hand it over to Ilya. “You call me a brat,” He whispered. “You don’t *really* mean it. You tell me when I’m good, when I do what you say, and you don’t- you check in. Every step of the way, and read my body like a book you’ve memorized.” Ilya’s lips twitched, and his eyes fluttered shut for a few seconds. “After we fuck, you clean me up, make sure I’ve got water and snacks in arms reach, and you stay until the fog clears.”

“It is good...uhm...manner.” Ilya mumbled. “I don’t want to be reason you drop.”

“Me either,” Shane whispered.

“You pet my hair,” Ilya whispered. “After...and share snacks.”

Shane nodded. “I shouldn’t have gone. I should’ve come to you.”

Ilya hummed. “Is okay you didn’t.”

Shane frowned. “We’d be fucked out and cuddling right now if I had.”

Ilya ducked his head and kissed Shane’s jaw. “Maybe,” he whispered. “I like this too. I like taking care of you.”

Shane bit his cheek but even that couldn't stop his smile from pulling at his lips. He pushed at Ilya's chest, and the other man moved off him so they could sit up. "I don't want to sleep with anyone else," He said with a certain edge of finality to his tone. "I think you have ruined me for anyone else; because nobody else is like you."

Ilya shivered, a full body shiver, and a breath stuttered out of him. "I want that," Ilya said softly. "Just us. No others."

Shane nodded in agreement. It was a few minutes of them staring at each other, and then Shane was pushing Ilya back onto the couch and crawling on top of him. Ilya wrapped his arms around him, and Shane nuzzled against him and settled in his arms. Nothing had ever felt quite as right as this, in Ilya's arms, outside world muted and not mattering. The snow still fell steadily, but Shane wasn't suffocated. Ilya gently pet Shane's hair as he tilted his head up to continue watching the movie.

In their own little bubble, at least for the moment they shared, they were alone with just themselves to worry about, and for now Shane let himself have. He let himself dream of a world where he got to have Ilya Rozanov more than for just fucking and hockey. A world where they ended their nights watching movies and cuddling, a world where they willingly spent their days together in their own little world. A world where they are together in every sense of the word.

For now the outside world was dark in blankets of snow, and the T.V. illuminated Ilya's face in a soft blushish glow making his eyes seem even softer. He was blinking slowly like he was getting sleepy, and Shane allowed himself to think he was kind of adorable. He looked soft. Then as his hands dragged up and down Shane's back slipping under his shirt. Then softly, in a syrupy thick voice, and a little mumbled; "Спи, моя радость, усни! В доме погасли огни. The little bees are quiet in the garden, The little fish have fallen asleep in the pond."

End Notes

HRTWT LET ME IN LET ME IN LET ME IN

TRANSLATION VIA DEEPL TRANSLATE...(idk if that site is more accurate than google pls let me know if its like AI or something)

золотце: gold/golden boy/treasure

Дорогой: (Masculine) Sweetheart/darling

блять: fuck

мой хороший мальчик: My good boy

Сонный мальчик: Sleepy boy

Нет, нет, детка: no, no, baby

колыбельная: Lullaby

Спи, моя радость, усни: Sleep, my joy, Sleep

Спи, моя радость, усни! В доме погасли огни.:Sleep, My joy, Sleep. The lights have gone out in the house.

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