

Belonging

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Belonging

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya navigate their new relationship now that they're officially a couple

Notes

Happiest of Birthdays friend!!! Thank you for being the loveliest! I hope you enjoy this lil fic! It was a pleasure to write! 🥰🥰

Huge shout out to bubbleomatic for the beta read!! You're the best!! 💖💖

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

July 2017 - The Cottage

Shane couldn't sleep.

He was wide awake, the same feeling in his chest that he used to have as a kid on Christmas Eve, or when he'd been a rookie, right before his first home opener.

Excitement and joy. A buzzing kind of delight.

Something familiar, but also kind of different.

He looked at Ilya's sleeping face in the dark of the bedroom, his eyes having adjusted to the lack of light, able to make out some of the features of Ilya's face.

Shane had been cataloguing Ilya since he'd arrived; taking in and noticing all the little details about him, like the way his brows furrowed when he was considering something, or the way his lips ticked up in the corner when he was warmly amused, or how his curls fell in his face, or how soft he looked as he slept.

He was so, so beautiful.

Shane still couldn't believe that they were together.

Boyfriends.

For real.

They were *in love*.

Shane smiled to himself, biting his lip. He was so happy but he suppressed it because he didn't want to make some weird, embarrassing noise and wake Ilya up.

His heart felt so full. He'd never experienced this before. Loving Ilya had felt so painful, if only because of how uncertain things were for them. Not knowing how Ilya felt, the state of the League as a whole. It had all felt *impossible*.

If Shane were braver, he would have sent Scott Hunter a gift basket instead of an email, thanking him for kissing his boyfriend on the ice during the Stanley Cup finals, and giving Shane and Ilya the push to actually try.

If not for Scott, then he and Ilya wouldn't be here, and Shane was truly grateful they'd seen that kiss, that it had given them a chance.

Ilya was his *boyfriend*. He'd met Shane's parents. They were making plans about Ilya moving to Ottawa...

Shane sighed softly, so happy and hopeful about the future, and getting to share it with the man that he loved. He knew he looked ridiculous, all dreamy and soft, but he couldn't help it.

He was startled out of his good mood when Ilya made a soft, distressed noise in his sleep. Shane's brows furrowed as he watched Ilya. He felt Ilya twitch and then he whimpered.

The sound was so foreign coming from Ilya. So... vulnerable. It wasn't any kind of noise that Shane had heard him make before.

There was so much to learn. They'd never had this before, never having slept in the same bed before, going to bed and waking up together. They'd never had this much *time*.

What was Ilya dreaming about?

Ilya rolled over, curling up a bit, and Shane shifted closer, moving carefully. He spooned up against Ilya's back, nuzzling against his curls, kissing his neck, hoping his presence might be comforting.

He felt Ilya's body relax a fraction, heard him sigh.

"I love you," Shane whispered against Ilya's skin, meaning it with every fiber of his being.

He closed his eyes, snuggled up against Ilya, relaxing his own breathing. They could sleep in tomorrow. They had no agenda and were in no rush. Ilya was here for an extra two weeks and Shane was so glad that they could have that time together.

And if Ilya was true to his word, they might end up spending more time in bed than out of it. Shane probably needed to get as much rest as he could for that.

He smiled, pressing one more kiss to the back of Ilya's neck, and hunkered down to sleep.



Shane woke up the next morning to kisses being pressed to the back of his shoulder and the ticklish brush of Ilya's stubble. He smiled, humming happily, and felt his heart skip as Ilya chuckled, the sound a low rumble that Shane could feel.

"Good morning," Ilya murmured, his voice husky, deep, and Shane's skin goosebumped as Ilya's breath ghosted over his skin.

"Morning..."

He turned his head to look at Ilya, arms shoved under his pillow. Ilya looked back at him, shifting closer to rub his nose against Shane's, making him smile, his cheeks going warm. This was still so new and thrilling and he loved that he got to have this, that *they* got to have this.

"Are we brushing our teeth?" Ilya asked, eyelids lowering over his eyes as he kissed Shane's shoulder some more. His messy head of curls was even messier and he was warm, pressed against Shane.

"Mm," Shane replied. "But then you can definitely kiss me as much as you want."

Ilya chuckled, lifting his eyes to meet Shane's. "Perfect."

Ilya slid out of bed and Shane sat up, watching him as he walked to the bathroom. Shane bit his lip, heat sliding through him as he took in Ilya's broad shoulders, muscular back, tapered waist, and that perfect, perfect ass.

For someone so large, Ilya was very graceful, moving with an elegant swagger, like a big cat.

They hadn't even bothered with clothes since they'd arrived at the cottage and Shane loved it. They'd already explored every nook and cranny of each other's bodies at this point but Shane wouldn't mind going back for a second look or a third...

"Are you coming or not?" Ilya asked, standing in the doorway to the bathroom. He had one hand resting on the doorframe, body turned to look at Shane expectantly.

"Yes. Right. Coming," Shane replied, hopping out of bed, and nearly eating shit as his foot got tangled in the sheets.

Ilya snorted.

"Fuck off."

They brushed their teeth in the bathroom together, something that Shane also never thought would be possible. The double sinks were finally getting equal use, which made him weirdly happy.

Ilya had his eyes closed as he brushed his teeth, one hand resting absently on his abs. No one had the right to look that fucking good while they brushed their teeth.

Ilya finished his brushing and Shane snapped his head forward, finishing up himself.

Once his mouth was clear of toothpaste and his toothbrush was put away, he turned toward Ilya. Ilya was leaning against the counter, one foot crossed over the other, arms crossed over his chest, making his arm and chest muscles bulge.

Shane let out a dreamy sigh, unable to help it. Ilya practically preened, laughing.

"Come here," he said, unfolding himself and reaching for Shane. Shane went, pressing his body against Ilya's, wrapping his arms around his neck. He loved having Ilya's skin pressed to his, loved his warmth, the firm realness of him under Shane's hands.

Ilya's big hands brushed through Shane's hair, cupping his cheeks. They just looked at each other for a moment, before Ilya pressed their mouths together.

Shane loved kissing Ilya. He loved the slide of Ilya's tongue in his mouth, the scratch of his stubble, the softness of his lips. He loved this new way that Ilya had been kissing him; filthy but tender all at once.

They both were clearly on the same page because Ilya slid his leg between Shane's and Shane rubbed shamelessly against his thigh.

Ilya growled, the kiss turning more dirty, as he turned Shane toward the counter, and hoisted him onto it.

Shane gasped, pulling Ilya closer, hands roaming, palms sliding down over Ilya's pecs, feeling the catch of his chest hair against his skin, the warmth of the chain that hung around his neck.

"Ilya," Shane breathed as Ilya kissed his chin, down his neck, nipping his skin. "Fuck..."

"Yes," Ilya purred.

Shane huffed a laugh and hummed as Ilya sucked a mark into his skin.

"Here?" Ilya lifted his head, looking at Shane, and Shane shook his head.

"No. Want you inside me."

Ilya made a pleased noise and kissed Shane, getting his hands under him as Shane wrapped around him. Ilya carried him to the bedroom and they kissed the whole way until Ilya simply fell forward onto the bed.

Shane wheezed a laugh as Ilya landed on top of him, laughing along with Shane, and Shane kissed him again, smiling into it because he was incandescently happy.

He ran his hands into Ilya's curls and held him as they kissed, rubbing against each other, rolling in the sheets.

So much of the sex they'd had over the years had been hard and fast, twinged with desperation and competition and *need*. But with all this time that being at the cottage had afforded them, sex had become something more.

They could slow down and take their time. There was no rush. They could laugh and smile and be silly, which Shane honestly hadn't thought was a possibility. It felt like a whole new level of intimacy, another layer peeled away.

Shane straddled Ilya, running his hands back down his pecs again, squeezing them appreciatively in his hands. Ilya's strong hands curled around Shane's hips and Shane splayed his fingers out.

Ilya's face was a little flushed, plush lips kiss swollen and pink and smiling, his eyes half-lidded, his curls a perfect mess.

"You're so handsome," Shane breathed, leaning over to kiss Ilya.

"Oh yes?" Ilya replied as Shane kissed his cheek, his chin, over the cleft there, to the long column of Ilya's neck.

"Yeah. I love looking at you. Finding new details..."

Ilya sighed, one hand settling into Shane's hair as Shane kissed down Ilya's sternum.

"Like what?"

Shane smiled, lifting his eyes to glance at Ilya, veering off to catch a nipple between his teeth and gently tug, making Ilya hiss.

"Like seeing the bronze highlights in your hair. I love your curls in general," Shane murmured, his thumb brushing over Ilya's other nipple. "And your stubble. The way your mouth tilts up to the right when you're amused and your brows furrow when you're thinking."

Shane sighed and continued on his journey down to Ilya's abs. "I think I could just stare at your ass all day."

Ilya laughed as Shane pressed a kiss to the dip in his hip, smiling.

"Is a nice ass."

"It's perfect." Shane kissed a line down Ilya's groin, the inside of his thigh.

"Wow. Big compliment."

Shane shook his head, turning his attention to Ilya's dick, and licked it from base to tip in greeting. Ilya let out a breath and Shane smiled a little. He loved shutting Ilya up, switching out his chatting and chirping for Russian swears and breathy moans.

And Shane loved doing this. He loved sucking dick, specifically Ilya's, and knowing what it did for him.

This wasn't the end goal but he was definitely going to enjoy himself.

"Your mouth, Hollander. Fuck."

Shane chuckled. "Haven't even gotten started, Rozanov. Jeez."

Ilya knocked his knee against the side of Shane's head and Shane swatted at him.

"Stop!"

Ilya laughed and Shane couldn't help but laugh, too.

"Let me work."

"Yes, yes, fine."

Shane shook his head again and went back to the task at hand. He pressed soft, careful kisses to Ilya's cock, adding little kitten licks, sucking just under the head a bit because he knew Ilya liked that.

Ilya's body went lax and Shane lifted his gaze to see his boyfriend sprawled out, one hand in Shane's hair, the other resting on the pillow, near his head, his hazel eyes dark, watching Shane.

Shane maintained eye contact as he wrapped his lips around the head of Ilya's dick and sucked lightly. He let his eyes slide closed after a moment, just enjoying this. He really did fucking love doing this.

Ilya murmured in soft Russian and Shane soaked it up, tonguing at Ilya's slit, teasing, before taking him deeper.

Shane loved the way Ilya felt on his tongue; warm and weighty, his skin silky. Shane focused on that feeling, of Ilya's strong thighs under his palms, the soft pants and swears from above him.

"So beautiful, Shane," Ilya murmured. "Perfect."

Shane hummed around Ilya at the praise. He was already hard but the words went right to his cock. He took Ilya down even further, using his tongue and a little teeth, bobbing his head, giving Ilya just enough until he tugged at Shane's hair.

"Stop, stop."

Shane stopped, pulling off of Ilya slowly. He gave his dick a parting lick and a kiss, looking up at his boyfriend.

"Still want me to fuck you?" Ilya asked.

"Yeah," Shane breathed.

"Turn around."

Shane did as he was told, getting on his hands and knees, before just going down to his chest, resting it on the mattress.

"My eager little slut," Ilya purred, giving Shane's ass a little slap, making him moan.

Shane wasn't expecting to be called a slut but, *holy fuck*.

"You like that?" Ilya asked, a smile in his voice, one hand smoothing over the abused cheek. Shane could feel him close, his body weight, the familiarity of his presence, before Ilya leaned over Shane's back.

"Do you like when I call you a little slut?"

"Yes," Shane breathed.

"Good to know."

Ilya leaned away, kissing down Shane's spine as he went, before his strong hands landed on Shane's ass, pulling his cheeks apart, and he dove in.

"Oh fuck yes," Shane gasped.

Ilya was so fucking good with his tongue and Shane had no doubt he could come just from this. Ilya was so sure and confident, using soft flutters and then firm strokes, eating Shane out like it was his fucking job.

Shane melted, his whole body thrumming with pleasure, and happiness, and *love*.

He loved this and he loved Ilya and he loved that they got to do this together... potentially forever.

Shane lost himself in it, completely at Ilya's mercy, making ridiculous noises and begging for more, until Ilya started fucking him with his tongue and this time Shane managed to not bash him in the face with his ass.

Ilya stopped after a few moments, his hands caressing Shane's ass appreciatively, before he leaned away, and Shane heard the pop of the lube cap.

A moment later, one of Ilya's fingers rubbed up against Shane's hole, and Shane pushed his ass back. Ilya hummed in approval, sliding his finger into Shane.

Ilya took his time, like he almost always did, fingers stroking and curling and gently stretching apart.

Shane whined and panted, riding the wave of sensation every time Ilya rubbed up against his prostate, and just when Shane wasn't sure he could take much more, Ilya pulled back, removing his fingers.

"Fuck, Ilya. Come *on*," Shane groaned.

"Patience," was Ilya's calm reply.

Shane rolled onto his back, wanting to look at Ilya while they fucked, wanting to kiss him. Ilya had rolled on a condom, lifting his eyes to look at Shane. He reached back, grabbing a pillow, and handed it to Shane.

The gesture was unexpected and sweet and Shane took the pillow, placing it behind his head, as Ilya leaned over him, adjusting Shane's legs.

He leaned over Shane for a moment to kiss him and Shane fisted his hands in Ilya's hair, holding him as they kissed.

When Ilya slid into Shane, they both groaned because *fuck*, it was always so *fucking incredible*.

Shane loved being filled up. He loved the way it felt to have Ilya inside him, sharing the same space, leaving nothing empty.

"Come here," he said, hands wrapped around Ilya's triceps, pulling him closer. Ilya shifted over Shane, one of Shane's legs over his shoulder. The angle was deep and Shane groaned, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck.

"Okay?" Ilya asked.

"Yeah. More than okay. So fucking good."

Ilya smiled and gave a tentative thrust, adjusted his hips slightly, and then thrust again, hitting just the right spot, making Shane swear.

"God, yes. Right there. Fuck."

Ilya adjusted his arm around Shane's leg and fucked Shane in earnest. Shane kept his eyes open as best he could, watching Ilya's face; flushed cheeks, parted lips, slightly furrowed brow, curls falling around his face.

Shane didn't think he'd ever get tired of this. He hadn't over the last seven seasons and now that they were a couple, knowing that this was *his*? It was amazing. It always had been. But now...? Was it possible for things to feel even better than before?

"So good, Ilya. Fuck. Love having you inside me, filling me up."

"I love being inside you. I love giving this to you, whatever you want."

Shane wanted everything. He wanted Ilya, always.

He held to him tighter, brushing his mouth against Ilya's, though they just panted against one another's mouths as Ilya sped up, pushing Shane's leg further forward.

"Don't stop. Shit. So good. So fucking good. Want you to come in me."

Shane reached between them to wrap a hand around himself as Ilya fucked him in earnest, both of them hurtling toward the edge together.

Shane cried out as he came, making a mess all over his hand and stomach, his body spasming around Ilya, aftershocks rippling through him as Ilya fucked him through it.

"Shane. Fuck. Going to come," Ilya panted and Shane nodded.

"Give it to me. Come on."

Shane watched as Ilya came, giving two more thrusts before his body stilled, head tilted back slightly, eyes closed, mouth open in a perfect 'o.' He was so gorgeous like that, lost in the moment.

Once he'd come down, letting Shane's leg fall from his shoulder, Shane pulled him close. Ilya rested his head on Shane's shoulder, his face tucked against Shane's neck. Shane stroked his curls, basking.

Ilya's weight was comfortable and Shane buzzed with happiness and contentment. This was absolute paradise. Being with the man he loved, in the place he loved, fucking whenever they wanted.

They stayed all wrapped up in each other for an indulgent amount of time until Ilya's softened cock slipped out of Shane. They cleaned up together in the bathroom, kissing some more, before returning to the bedroom and changing.

"I want to make you breakfast," Ilya said as they went downstairs, holding hands. He kissed Shane's knuckles and Shane's cheeks warmed a bit.

"You don't have to."

Ilya smiled at him. "I want to."

Shane smiled back, feeling shy. "Okay."

Ilya's expression was full of adoration and Shane made a soft noise, unable to help himself, leaning in to kiss Ilya. They both laughed softly, Ilya's eyes all crinkled and happy.

In the kitchen, Ilya went to the fridge, looking for ingredients, and Shane started up a pot of coffee.

He sat at the counter as he watched his boyfriend bustle about. It was sweet, seeing Ilya move around the kitchen as if he lived here, too, familiar and at ease.

Shane poured coffee into two mugs when it had finished percolating, adding milk and sugar to Ilya's, since Shane had learned that that was how he liked his coffee. He left the mug within reach for Ilya as he cooked, before Shane retreated back to the counter.

Apparently Ilya was making French toast and the kitchen smelled like cinnamon and bread.

He plated their breakfast with some fresh fruit and syrup with a sprinkle of cinnamon on top and Shane was impressed.

He'd never had anyone make him breakfast like this before and he wasn't sure how much more his heart could take.

He was learning so much about Ilya, about being in a relationship with someone, and he was loving every moment.

They went out to the deck and ate their breakfast looking out at the placid lake, birds chirping, sun shining.

"This is delicious," Shane sighed.

"Thank you. I'm glad you like it."

"Do you like to cook?"

"Sometimes. When I have time."

Shane nodded. "I think I want to cook more... seems like a good skill to improve upon."

"We could do it together. If you want."

Shane looked at his boyfriend and smiled.

"I'd like that."

Ilya nodded and smiled back. "Me, too."

They finished eating their breakfast and Ilya put his legs in Shane's lap as they looked out at the lake. Shane ran his hands over Ilya's shins, his ankles, rubbing his feet.

They settled into a companionable silence, neither feeling that they had to speak, and Shane's mind wandered back to that whimper. The sound so soft and sad. Remembering it made his heart hurt.

He glanced at Ilya, his eyes closed, face relaxed. He looked peaceful but Shane couldn't help his curiosity. He wanted to make sure that Ilya was okay.

"Were you having a nightmare last night?" Shane asked into the quiet between them.

Ilya looked at him. "A nightmare?"

Shane nodded. "Yeah. You, um, I heard you whimper. In your sleep. You sounded... sad."

Ilya looked at Shane for a moment, then shook his head, smiling a little. "Was nothing. Maybe it was a loon."

Shane's face scrunched. "It wasn't a loon."

Ilya chuckled and Shane poked at him. "Scaredy cat."

"I am not scared!"

"Yeah, okay."

Shane shook his head and Ilya laughed, finishing the coffee in his mug. Shane suspected that Ilya was deflecting. Shane knew what he had heard. He was a little hurt that Ilya wasn't honest with him... but he supposed that this was all new for them both.

Despite Ilya's long and colorful history with women (and some other men), Shane knew he had never been in a committed relationship.

They were both learning how to navigate this thing, building trust. They'd spent so much time keeping a wall between them and as much as Shane wanted to break that wall down, he knew it wasn't that easy.

He was just as protective of his own heart. But he could see Ilya being more tentative. Sometimes he reminded Shane of a stray cat.

You needed to keep showing up, letting the cat come to you, building trust and reassurance, showing them that you meant no harm, until they were eating out of your palm and letting you pet them.

So Shane needed to be patient, which could sometimes be a struggle, but he could do it for Ilya.

When Ilya was ready, he'd tell Shane, and Shane would be there.

"Do you want more coffee?" Ilya asked.

"Sure," Shane replied.

Ilya swung his legs from Shane's lap, picking up their mugs, and came around the table. He paused, leaning down to kiss Shane's forehead.

He lingered there, lips pressed to Shane's skin, and Shane closed his eyes, basking in the sweetness of the gesture.

"I love you," Ilya murmured and Shane's heart soared. He opened his eyes and smiled up at Ilya, his golden-brown curls practically glowing in the sun.

"I love you, too."



A day and a half passed and Ilya hadn't said anything about whimpering in his sleep.

It hadn't happened again but Shane couldn't help the disappointment at Ilya not trusting him. He had to remind himself that trust between them would take time. He couldn't expect Ilya to just spill his guts, especially if Shane wasn't willing to do the same.

They'd talked about Ilya's mom, which Shane knew was difficult for Ilya, and he was sure there was more there. It was just something that couldn't be rushed.

So Shane left it alone, making a concerted effort to just focus on these next two weeks together.

They'd gone kayaking, Shane telling Ilya about his summers at his parents' cottage when he had been a kid, how he'd always preferred his own company, and the occasional difficulties of being Japanese and white and not feeling like he belonged in either space.

He'd never really been bullied but he had always felt a bit like an outsider.

Shane didn't normally talk about his identity. It was hard to, when there really weren't many people around who shared the same background as he did. He was somewhat disconnected from his Japanese heritage but also didn't feel that he fit in completely with other white people.

He talked about going to Japan, visiting the place where his grandparents were from, and taking his parents. He knew how much it would mean to his mom.

And Ilya listened, which Shane appreciated, and it was kind of nice to know that he could understand where Shane was coming from, that Shane's feelings made sense.

After kayaking, they'd gone back to the house, ate lunch, and had sex on the couch.

They'd fallen asleep there and Shane had woken up an indeterminate amount of time later, alone.

He'd been cleaned up and covered with a throw blanket, and the fact that Ilya had put in that kind of effort made Shane all wiggly and warm inside.

He tossed the throw blanket aside, swinging his legs off the couch, and ran a hand through his hair. He checked his phone, no text from Ilya, and Shane felt anxiety pit in his stomach.

Relax, Hollander. He's probably just outside or upstairs. He didn't leave...

Shane stood up from the couch, searching the first floor. No sign of Ilya. He swallowed, taking some calming breaths, and went outside. He looked around the deck, spotting a bit of smoke dissipating on the wind.

He narrowed his eyes and walked across the deck, spotting Ilya a little ways away from the house, smoking.

Shane hadn't realized that Ilya still smoked. Probably less than he had in the past but still... Shane didn't love it. He worried about Ilya's health because smoking was horrible for you. But also he looked really sexy doing it.

Shane shook his head and turned around, going to the deck stairs to get to the lawn. He walked toward Ilya and Ilya glanced up, blowing smoke out of the corner of his mouth.

"Hey," Shane said.

"Hi."

"Everything okay?"

Shane came to a stop a few feet from Ilya and Ilya shrugged. Shane watched him for a moment, a little sad that Ilya seemed... sad.

"You can talk to me," Shane said, soft and gentle and meaning it.

Ilya glanced away, brows pinched in consideration. He nodded his head slowly and Shane watched him swallow.

He took another drag from the cigarette, as if steeling himself.

"Sometimes I dream about my father," Ilya said slowly. "Nightmares. He was... not a good man."

Shane nodded. Ilya had talked a little about his father to Shane before but Shane had never gotten the details.

"He was an asshole, yes, but... I was afraid of him for a long time, when I was young."

Shane shifted closer, wanting to reach out and touch Ilya, offer him some kind of comfort or support, but afraid that any sudden movements would spook him.

"I have dreams sometimes... of what he did to me."

"Oh Ilya..."

Ilya shrugged again, lips pressed together.

"Did he... hurt you?" Shane asked tentatively.

Ilya nodded. "Sometimes."

He took another drag and Shane just waited, not pushing. His heart hurt for that younger Ilya, who'd had to deal with so much all by himself.

Shane wanted him to know that he wasn't alone any more.

"Mostly he was... threatening. He expected a lot from all of us. Too much."

"I'm sorry."

Ilya finally looked up at him, his lips quirking up in the corner, brows still pinched.

"Do not be."

Shane looked at him as if what he was asking was impossible and Ilya huffed softly.

Shane shifted closer, moving into Ilya's space, resting a hand on his ribs.

"I like your parents," Ilya said softly, meeting Shane's eyes. "They are very nice people."

Shane nodded, smiling a little, his eyes stinging a bit despite himself. It had mattered so much to him for his parents to meet Ilya, to love him because Shane loved him. And they did, which was amazing, but also not surprising.

Who didn't love Ilya?

Shane wanted Ilya to feel like they were his family, too. It was important to him for Ilya to feel that he belonged. To know that he was loved.

"My family is your family," Shane murmured softly, reaching up to touch Ilya's cheek. Ilya's eyes glistened as they met Shane's. He blinked and a single tear escaped down his cheek.

Shane made a soft noise, brushing it away with his thumb.

"I love you," Shane said, throat tight. "And so do my parents. You belong, okay?"

Ilya swallowed and nodded once. Shane sniffled, wrapping his arms around his boyfriend, and held him, not even caring about the cigarette smoke.

"I never felt at home anywhere," Ilya said so softly that Shane almost missed it. His voice was tight and Shane's eyes stung. "But... I feel at home... with you..."

Shane squeezed Ilya tighter, a few tears escaping down his cheeks at the words, how meaningful it was to hear, how vulnerable it was for Ilya to say.

"I'm glad. You're home to me, too," Shane whispered and Ilya clung to him like a lifeline.

They hugged for a long time, quiet and grounding. Shane wanted so much for Ilya to know and believe that. He did belong. He was home. He belonged with Shane, with Shane's family. He rested a hand on the back of Ilya's neck, keeping him close, gently stroking his skin with his thumb.

Eventually, they let go of each other, clearing their throats and wiping their eyes. Shane kept a hand on Ilya's side, wanting to keep touching him.

"You know," Shane murmured. "Smoking is bad for you."

He reached up, tucking some of Ilya's curls behind his ear and Ilya smiled ruefully at him.

"Yes, I know," he replied, shifting away to put the cigarette out. "You worry too much, moy lyubimyy."

Shane smiled small. "What does that one mean?"

He'd been asking Ilya more about Russian words. He wanted to learn, for Ilya to teach him. He wanted them to communicate more openly with each other, giving Ilya the chance to express himself fully. That was important to Shane.

Ilya's lips twitched and Shane expected him to say something sarcastic, teasing Shane about his worrying, but he paused for a moment, his expression softening.

He looked at Shane, brushing the back of a gentle finger over Shane's cheek.

"My beloved," he said, in English.

Shane felt his whole face and neck go hot at the words. He hadn't expected that. The words so tender. Adoring.

Shane had never been *beloved* to anyone and knowing it, especially coming from Ilya, made him feel like he might explode from love.

He whined and hid his face against Ilya's chest, too overwhelmed in the best way.

Ilya laughed, wrapping his arms tight around Shane, holding him close. He rocked them back and forth, kissing the top of Shane's head, and resting his cheek there.

"I love you so much," Shane murmured, wrapping his arms around Ilya's waist.

"I love you, too. Very much, Shane."

Shane closed his eyes, squeezing Ilya, marveling at how he had this, and how grateful he was for it.

Eventually, Shane leaned away so he and Ilya could look at each other. He cupped Ilya's cheek in his palm, smiling softly as Ilya leaned into Shane's hand, turning his head to kiss Shane's skin.

Shane let his eyes wander, taking in Ilya's handsome features, brushing his thumb over a sharp cheekbone, before leaning in to kiss Ilya's generous mouth.

"Come inside," he murmured against Ilya's lips and Ilya hummed.

Shane took his hand and they went back inside.

They paused in the living room to kiss, hands sliding along waists and over shoulders, before they parted again, Shane leading Ilya to the stairs. They stopped on the landing, kissing some more, Shane backing Ilya against the wall, sneaking his hands up under Ilya's t-shirt to touch his stomach, before continuing their journey to their bedroom.

Shane paused them by the edge of the bed. He bit his bottom lip, looking up at Ilya through his lashes. Ilya arched a brow at him.

"Let me..." Shane murmured and Ilya tilted his head to the side, curious.

"Okay."

Shane smiled at him, a little shy, and reached out to pull Ilya's shirt up. Ilya huffed a laugh, raising his arms so Shane could pull the shirt off, both of them laughing as Shane stood on his toes, Ilya helping him by sliding it the rest of the way off, dumping the garment on the floor.

Shane moved closer, running careful fingertips over Ilya's shoulders, his clavicle, over his pecs, to his abs, following that perfect trail of hair under his belly button to the waistband of his shorts.

Shane snuck an index finger inside the waistband, tugging a little. He looked up at Ilya and kissed him, sliding his hands fully inside Ilya's shorts, pushing them down, before Ilya kicked them the rest of the way off.

Apparently underwear didn't exist in this house, which made sense. It just got in the way anyway.

Shane sighed softly, running his hands up Ilya's quads, to his hips, up his ribs, wrapping his hands around them as they kissed, feeling Ilya breathe.

Shane carefully maneuvered Ilya toward the bed, making him chuckle as he pushed Ilya back so that he sat on the edge.

He looked up at Shane, smiling lazily, and Shane ran his hands into Ilya's curls. Ilya sighed, letting his head tilt back, eyes closed, as Shane scratched his scalp. Shane just looked at him, longing for him even while he was right there in front of him.

"What is the plan?" Ilya asked after a moment.

"You'll see."

Shane tipped Ilya's head forward, kissing his forehead, before removing his fingers, and taking off his own clothes. He went to his knees, hands on Ilya's thighs as he leaned up to kiss him a few more times on the mouth, trailing kisses down his chest, before turning his attention to Ilya's dick.

He was hard, which pleased Shane, and he took his time to thoroughly worship Ilya's cock. He went slowly, licking and kissing, reaching up to cup and roll Ilya's balls in his hand. Shane couldn't believe there had been a time when he had been nervous and unsure about this.

He was a lot more skilled now than he used to be, certainly more confident, especially when Ilya praised him. He loved the positive feedback and just generally knowing that Ilya felt good and was enjoying himself.

Shane loved making him feel good, being able to give Ilya what he needed. And right now, Shane wanted Ilya to feel loved and special... because he was.

Ilya swore, leaning back on the bed on his forearms, watching Shane.

Shane sighed and hummed, sucking on the head of Ilya's dick, listening to Ilya moan softly, before taking him down as far as he could, blowing him in earnest.

Ilya's thumb slid over Shane's cheek, fingers lightly touching Shane's face as he sucked him.

"So beautiful. Look at you. So good for me."

Shane hummed around Ilya, making him gasp. It was true. Shane wanted to be good for Ilya and he wanted to make *this* good for him.

Ilya's hand slid into Shane's hair, just holding him gently, wanting to touch. Shane wrapped a hand around himself as he pulled off of Ilya a little, using a little teeth, some tongue.

"Fuck, Shane. Are you...?"

Shane hummed again in acknowledgement and Ilya swore again, moaning, fingers tightening in Shane's hair, hips bucking up slightly.

Shane relaxed his mouth, letting Ilya fuck his face a bit while he jerked himself.

"Shit. Shane. Gonna come," Ilya warned and Shane took him deeper again, eyes watering, wanting Ilya to come in his mouth.

Ilya cried out as he came, emptying himself into Shane's mouth, and Shane took it, making a helpless, muffled moaning sound as he came, too.

He pulled off of Ilya, swallowing, and sat back on his legs. He felt debauched and messy and incredible.

Ilya was laying back on the bed, breathing hard for a moment, before he sat up enough to see Shane.

"Come here," he said. Shane nodded, grabbing his shirt to clean off his hand, before he climbed unsteadily to his feet, onto the bed, Ilya pulling him close. "Fuck. That was incredible."

"Yeah?"

"Mm..."

Ilya pressed soft, tender kisses to Shane's face, his hands stroking over Shane's arms and back in soothing caresses.

They shifted up onto the bed, to the pillows, and curled up together. Shane slid his fingers into Ilya's chest hair, nuzzling against his neck, before leaning away so he could shift closer and rub his face against Ilya's, making his boyfriend chuckle.

"Turn over," Shane murmured to him and Ilya gave him a curious look, before he rolled onto his stomach.

Shane kissed the round of his shoulder, stroking his hand through Ilya's curls until Ilya's eyes slid closed, lips parted. If he'd been a cat, he would have been purring, and the thought made Shane smile, his heart fluttering.

He kept doing that, petting Ilya's hair, scratching his scalp, before tracing careful fingers over the breadth of Ilya's shoulders, trailing his fingertips down his spine. Shane rested his palm at the small of Ilya's back, tracing the dimples there, before smoothing his palm in an appreciative caress over one perfect ass cheek.

Ilya smiled.

Shane kept up the tender ministrations until Ilya was relaxed and sleepy.

"Mine," Shane murmured tenderly, peppering soft kisses to Ilya's face; over his cheeks, the bridge of his nose, his eyelids.

"Yours," Ilya breathed.

Whatever happened, Shane would do whatever he had to to protect this.

He loved Ilya. He wanted to be with him. Forever. And he would do absolutely anything to make that happen.

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

You can follow me on [Tumblr](#), [Bluesky](#), or [Instagram](#) to get updates on what I'm working on!

Every kudo and comment is so greatly appreciated and treasured! Thank you for your support! 💖

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