

Drop

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Drop

by [NotEvenCloseToStraight](#)

Summary

June 2014, Las Vegas

Post the Las Vegas Scene, sub!Shane drops hard and Dom!Ilya races to save him.

From Jane: We didn't even kiss

Shane didn't mean to send the text. He was so dizzy and cold and unsteady after leaving Ilya's room, he didn't even remember if he HAD sent the text. His fingers were too numb to undo his shirt buttons, he felt like the floor was dropping out from beneath him, he was nauseous and exhausted and didn't know why he couldn't stop shaking, why couldn't he stop shaking...?

From Jane: ww dnt v ks

The text came through as gibberish, and “Fuck.” Ilya threw his clothes back on and ran to get to Shane's hotel room. He'd been too far in his head to pay attention to Shane being quiet and shivering after they were done. Shane had stumbled getting out of bed, bumped into furniture, struggled with the door and Ilya had heard it but he'd been too much of a coward to get out of bed and check and now his submissive was sending gibberish texts and that wasn't good.

“Sorry sorry sorry.” Ilya muttered as he ran. “I’m coming. I’m coming, hold on.”

Notes

Absolutely obsessed with soft Dom!Ilya and Shane who maybe hasn't fully realized he's submissive.

June 2014, Las Vegas

From Jane: *We didn't even kiss*

Shane didn't mean to send the message. He typed it out then deleted it. He *thought* he deleted it. He typed it again because he couldn't get that simple stupid useless fact out of his head.

It didn't even matter. They'd fucked and shared maybe three sentences and Shane had left like he always left after they were done and it was Ilya's room, the same way *Ilya* always left after they were done when it was Shane's room.

Easy peasy. Normal. He didn't need to send the text.

From Jane: *We didn't even kiss*

The words were blurry, tiny text letters smudging across the brightly lit screen. Shane swiped with his hand to clear it, why were the words blurry, why was the screen unfocused, his phone was fucked up and he was shaking too hard to properly clean it, *fuck*.

From Jane: *We didn't even kiss.*

They hadn't kissed. It didn't matter. Shouldn't have mattered.

Ilya was intense *always* but he'd been *extra* intense earlier. Focused and locked in and Shane had felt locked *out*. He'd been off kilter, off balance, off centered even with Ilya buried inside him. Shane had felt locked out, turned away from, shoved back from the usual light in Ilya's eyes, the usual gentleness in Ilya's hands, something had been *off*. Ilya was intense always but something had been *off* and now—

—*oh shit*, Shane tripped over his feet trying to leave the elevator. Walking was hard when his hands were shaking and the phone screen was blurry and there was a weird rushing noise in his ears, maybe it was the air conditioning, maybe it was the wind? Was it the wind?

From Jane: *We didn't even kiss.*

They hadn't kissed. It *mattered*.

Ilya had been single minded taking Shane apart first with his words and then with his touch. Nonchalant enough to be bruising against the too tender six months of *missing* Shane had done. Rough enough to be bruising when he held Shane down, pinned Shane down, face down on the bed and on the pillows and fucked him intense like something was *off* and Ilya had been trying to find it, figure it out, fix it via some place deep inside Shane's body.

...there'd been a moment in the hotel room as Ilya was sitting watching and Shane was on the bed *touching*, and Shane thought he hadn't quite been there.

Not Ilya. No *Ilya* was there staring dialed in unblinking shut down and shut off and *nonchalant*.

But Shane thought there'd been a moment when he *himself* wasn't quite there. There but *not* there. Yes, on the bed and yes, present following Ilya's orders but not *there* there.

He'd been spacey and floaty and warm, the air had been thick and the bed sinking in soft, he'd felt every fiber of the high thread count sheets against his bare skin, shivered when the blankets rasped over his knees as he crawled— God, he'd wanted to *crawl* to Ilya, he'd wanted to be on his knees for Ilya but Shane had settled for pushing his face into Ilya's crotch and breathing in deep, he'd pulled Ilya's cock from the tight pants and wanted to suffocate, he could have lain there on the soft sinking bed in that floaty easy headspace with Ilya's cock heavy on his tongue and thick pushing at his throat and it would have been fine.

It would have been *fine*.

From Jane: *We didn't even kiss.*

He didn't mean to send the text. Shane didn't think he actually sent the text. Maybe he sent it?

The screen was blurry and tiny text smudged and he dropped his phone once, twice, a third time as he tried to get his room key right side up to open the door. He wasn't floaty any more, he was untethered, stumbling and cut loose. He couldn't keep his feet under him and his hands were too shaky, too sweaty to turn the handle and get inside to the lonely safety of his room. He wasn't warm anymore, he was cold and the goosebumps prickling on his too suddenly sensitive skin felt like glass slivers, cut the way Ilya's nails had cut digging into his waist pinning him down, face down on the bed.

Not spacey but spiraling. Not warm but shivering. Suffocating didn't sound fun anymore, Shane tugged at his collar, at his tie, put a hand to his throat trying to *breathe*, he couldn't *breathe*. It was dark and he was falling, the carpet and floor was dropping out from beneath his feet and Shane thought there wouldn't be anything to catch him if he fell, if he fell and dropped into nothing, no one was there...

What the hell was happening? Why did he feel so sick, so empty, so untethered- cut loose- locked out- bruised up - *empty*?

From Jane: *We didn't even kiss.*

It mattered, it mattered, it mattered.

From Jane: *We didn't even kiss.*

Ilya didn't pick up his phone when it chimed with a text notification. It was almost definitely from Shane, something generic and pointedly casual about seeing each other next season. Nothing personal. Nothing too specific. Fake names, fake smiles, fake indifference. It didn't fucking matter.

Ilya didn't pick up his phone. He hadn't even found the strength to leave the bed yet. Shane had been gone almost ten minutes but Ilya was still there laying against the pillows, still staring at the blank wall, still smoking until the cigarette burned out then lighting another to keep right on going because it didn't fucking *matter*.

"Ilya Rozanov." he said to the empty room, to the no one there to listen to him, to the nobody who gave a shit about the dark places his worst thoughts took him. "You are a coward."

He ashed out the cigarette in the tacky, kitschy, hotel branded coffee mug on the bedside table then dug the heels of his hands into his eyes, pressing in until it hurt.

Coward.

From Jane: *We didn't even kiss*

Ilya forced himself off the bed and into the expansive bathroom, cranked the shower towards scalding and braced his hands on the sink. He hung his head and didn't look in the mirror until steam billowed out from the shower and fogged it all hazy, and then only *then* did he dare to check his own reflection, to look himself in the eye when he hadn't been brave enough to look Shane in the eye when they'd finished.

Fuck.

From Jane: *We didn't even kis*

Didn't matter. Didn't matter. Ilya grimaced away from the bags under his eyes, from the way he couldn't seem to stop frowning and told himself it didn't matter.

So what if he'd been blunt and brusque and demanding? One time Shane had fucked his mouth so hard Ilya's throat had been sore for days, it didn't matter.

So what if he'd only managed to talk in Russian cos English was too hard when his head was messed up loud and his heart was messed up hurting? Sometimes Shane called him an asshole mid *thrust*, it didn't matter.

...so what if the few words they'd shared after had been stilted and stiff cos *before* the Olympics things had been beautiful enough to be scary but six months *after* the Olympics things had only been terrifyingly silent, and Ilya didn't know where to begin, how to begin, if he was *allowed* to begin to share everything turbulent with Shane, he didn't know if he was *allowed* to admit he was scared to share everything turbulent with Shane.

From Jane: *ww didn't eve kiss*

Shane was beautiful. *Bozhe moy* he was *perfect*. Ilya had tried and tried and tried to stay detached, to shut off his mind and just focus on the gorgeous body beneath him. He'd stayed nonchalant, stayed quiet, maybe he'd been rough-- okay *yes* he'd been rough but Shane had been loud *encouraging* and loud *eager* and Ilya had been too busy trying to bury himself, all of himself, every inch of himself and every dark anxious thought deep into everything Shane

offered up that he hadn't noticed he was leaving bruises, hadn't noticed his fingernails digging crescents, he hadn't noticed something was *off* until it was over.

And there'd been a moment. Right then when Ilya had forced himself to stay sitting, watching, drinking as if he didn't care and Shane was spread out on the bed, spread open on the blankets following every barked order and blunt instruction, right *then* there'd been a moment where Ilya thought maybe Shane had been... gone.

Not *gone* gone but *floaty* gone. *Spacey* gone. The Vegas lights had lit up the room only enough to cast shadows, to darken Shane's eyes and highlight the part of his lips, to shade the vee of his hips but illuminate the glisten of lube on his fingers and Ilya had thought maybe Shane was *gone*. Thought maybe he was hazy spacey warm *floating* cos he'd admitted to needing Ilya and wanting Ilya then he'd crawled, Shane had *crawled* across the big bed to nuzzle and mouth and breathe on him like he was starving, like he was empty, like he'd be content to lay there pliant and giving and let Ilya *have him*.

From Jane: *We ddn eekis*

Ilya hadn't been able to look at him. Shane had been hazy spacey floating *gone*, trusting and obedient and submissive, *fuck* he'd smiled loopy and soft saying he needed Ilya and the trust had shaken Ilya to his core and he hadn't been able to *look*.

Face down and Ilya had been rough so he wouldn't turn Shane over and crush him in over his heart. They hadn't cuddled after, they'd barely talked, Shane had cringed from the awkwardness and Ilya hadn't given him *anything*. He hadn't been brave enough to give Shane *anything*, not after Shane had gone soft and sweet so easily openly wanting him.

Ilya didn't deserve it. Not the trust, not the obedience, not the smile. When Shane stopped snapping and snarking and rolling his eyes, when he let go and let Ilya *in* he was submissive and trusting and Ilya hadn't expected it. Didn't deserve it.

There was a *responsibility* that went along with the submission, Ilya knew that. There was and expectation of care before and during and after, and the weight of that responsibility, the *reward* of that responsibility was terrifying and exhilarating and *maybe* if they were real, if they were in love, if Ilya could have what he wanted the way Shane made it easy to *dream* about what he wanted, then maybe— *maybe*.

No. It was a pipe dream. Empty, useless, dangerous. What Shane offered when he slow blinked trusting up at Ilya was too much, too dangerous. If Ilya dared give in a little, he'd never stop. If he opened up a little, he'd never stop, *no no no*.

From Jane: *we dx klsla*

Ilya gave up on the shower and picked up his phone. He wanted a drink and wanted a smoke and he wanted to— *needed to*— talk about his father. About Russia. About how much it had hurt to turn Shane away at the Olympics, how long summer had been and how the distance between them and the words they never said felt insurmountable and Ilya *hated* it, he was losing his mind, it was eating him up inside and he was choking on it and he was a fucking *coward*.

He picked up the phone so it would stop chiming, so he could stop thinking about Shane for the night and pretend he wasn't going to think about the night and the regrets and all the choking things he hadn't said all goddamn summer.

From Jane: ...

Gibberish. The last text message was *gibberish*. Ilya thought Shane was drunk except Shane hardly drank and it had only been fifteen minutes and *oh no*. Ilya's heart sank and stomach twisted when he scrolled up and saw the previous texts derail towards incomprehensible. Shane had texted mostly normal but then the texts *weren't* normal and all at once Ilya *knew*.

"Fuck." Ilya had been too busy trying to be nonchalant, trying to stay detached, trying not to fall apart and he'd *missed it*. Shane had gone spacey floaty gorgeous and Ilya had been too far in his head to *clock it*. Shane had been quiet and shivering after, he'd stumbled getting out of bed while Ilya stayed in bed like a fucking asshole but he'd heard Shane bump into the furniture, heard him struggle to get the door open, he'd heard the waver and tremble in Shane's voice but ignored the aching clawing need in his chest to go check because he was a goddamn *coward*.

And now, "*Fuck*." Ilya threw his clothes back on and ran. Swallowed back the nausea of failure and sprinted. Yanked the door open and took the stairs because it was faster than the elevator and he jumped the steps three at a time, four at a time, pounded down the landings and raced to get to Shane's room, to Shane's side, to Shane because it wasn't *good*.

"Sorry sorry sorry." Ilya muttered as he ran, the words spilling out behind choppy breaths. "Sorry sorry sorry, I'm coming. I'm coming, hold on."

There was a responsibility, weight and expectation and duty when someone like Shane offered submission and trust to someone like Ilya and he'd missed it, failed at it, *ignored* it and now Shane was typing gibberish without even noticing because he was hurting and *dropping* and it was all Ilya's fault.

His fault.

Inside the hotel room, Shane undid the buttons of his shirt. Tried to undo the buttons of his shirt. Tried and failed to force his numb fingers to work enough to poke the tiny buttons through the tiny holes.

He didn't remember it being this difficult to get dressed. He didn't even remember getting dressed. It had been a long day, a long night, he was shaking cold and spinning dizzy and there were so many goddamn buttons. The floor was too close and too far away at the same time, his head hurt but he only recognized it distantly through a sick feeling fog gathering at the edge of vision and he thought—

He *thought*—

"Hollander." *Bang bang bang*. "Hollander. Let me in."

Shane thought someone was knocking at his door. Thought Ilya was calling his name. Thought it took far too long to walk the relatively short distance to the door, it *was* a relatively short distance, right? It shouldn't have taken so long, right? Why hadn't he reached the door yet and had it always been so heavy and—

“Hollander.” The very second the door opened, Ilya shoved his way through. He kicked it shut with his foot then spun around and locked locked *locked* it and through the ruckus of the deadbolts sliding shut **cha-chunk**, Shane tilted his head and squinted, “Roz— Roz— Um. What? What are you—?”

“Fuck.” Ilya took two big steps forward and snatched Shane into his arms, smothering him into a hug and raining kisses down onto his hair, his forehead, his cheek. “Fuck. I am sorry. Sorry sorry. Here, come here and let me see. Let me see.”

He grabbed Shane's chin and tilted his head up, cursed *furios* at himself when he saw the disconcerting, disassociating blank in Shane's gorgeous eyes. “Shit. Shit, you are hurting bad, hm? Where are you? With me? Be here with me, Hollander. Come on.”

Shane's slack lips parted like he might try to speak, but no words came and Ilya shook his head, reached to frame Shane's face between both his palms and held him carefully, held him close, pushed their foreheads together and clicked his tongue frustrated at how cold Shane's skin was.

“I should have known better.” Ilya muttered with his hands buried into Shane's hair. “I should have been better for you. I am idiot. So sorry. Come here.”

Shane wasn't a small guy but Ilya was *strong* and he scooped Shane up like he didn't weigh anything, hefted him right into his arms bridal style and carried him to the king sized bed. Shane dropped alarmingly limp onto the mattress and Ilya hurried to get him settled, hovered fretting and anxious trying to fix the blankets, trying to fix the pillows, trying to *fix it*. Caretaking didn't come easy to him, being gentle wasn't *allowed* to be easy for him but Shane was trembling, shivering, shaking and Ilya stammered, “Let me— Can I— Please—” then stuttered it all over again in Russian as he got Shane undressed.

“So many buttons, you wear too many clothes.” Ilya talked because he'd been too quiet and now Shane was *hurt* for it.

He talked while undoing the dozens of little buttons on Shane's shirt and laying it carefully over the nearest chair the way Shane always did. He talked, “Pants too loose, your stylist needs to tailor tighter, show off your butt.” as he worked the expertly fitted slacks off Shane's long legs, and “You keep socks on always, so stupid, free your fucking toes Hollander.” and tried to laugh, swallowed the need to *scream* once Shane was naked and the shaking only got worse.

“Is okay now.” He tucked Shane in, sheets, blankets, quilt. “You're okay now. I'm here. I'm sorry. But it's—”

“H-hey.” Shane croaked the single syllable past dry lips and Ilya came close immediately, checking Shane's eyes, putting his hand on Shane's forehead to check his temperature.

“Rozy– Roz– mmcold. Why th’fuck m’I so cold?”

“That is my fault.” The pit of self loathing in Ilya’s chest roiled painful. “My fault. But I can keep you warm now. Can I come in? Let me into the bed?”

“Y-yeah. Fuck. Fffuck.” Shane closed his eyes when the room seemed to tilt. Pried them back open when the darkness made something *panicky* clamp at his throat. “Roz–?”

“Here. I’m here.” Ilya stripped down and climbed into the bed with Shane, twisting and turning until he could spoon Shane into his chest and press against him from shoulders to feet. “Here. Better?”

“Shit. That’s–” Shane melted back into the heat pouring off of Ilya’s bare skin. He still wasn’t sure where Ilya had come from or when he’d arrived, Shane still wasn’t sure just what happened between saying goodbye in Ilya’s room and suddenly laying naked together in his room but *oh*.

Oh, Ilya was warm and heavy at his back, one arm wrapped steady at Shane’s waist and the other arm tucked under the pillow and around to hold Shane at his chest and it was good. *Safe*. The room stopped tilting, the floor quit falling away, the bone deep chill started to ease and the fog in his head, the fuzz in his senses stopped feeling so smothering and started feeling more insulated... it was *nice*.

“Rozanov?”

“I’m here, Hollander.” Ilya pushed his face into the curve of Shane’s throat, mouthing the words right into his skin. “Here. Got you.”

Shane closed his eyes again, and that time the dark didn’t make him panic. He closed his eyes and sank into Ilya’s arms, quit worrying about goosebumps like glass and how hard it was to text and focused on the *thump-thump* of Ilya’s heartbeat behind him, the weight of Ilya’s hand on his chest, the rumble of Ilya’s voice speaking Russian at him, soft and soothing.

Shane didn’t know what Ilya was saying. He didn’t know if the word Ilya kept pausing to whisper and punctuate with a small kiss meant anything special. Shane didn’t know, but he closed his eyes and focused on *Ilya* instead of everything panicky cold of the last few minutes and eventually–

Eventually.

Ilya said the word again, the one he kept saying in a soft voice like it meant something *precious*, and Shane mustered the energy to roll onto his back and purse his lips for a kiss. A *real* kiss. A kiss like the one that had seemed all consuming important earlier in the evening.

“*Spasiba*, thank you.” Ilya groaned into the short kiss. Exhaled, “Thank you, there you are sweetheart.” and sat up enough to kiss Shane again, lingering over his lips and combing thick fingers through Shane’s hair for a long moment. “There you are, you are back now.”

“What um,” Shane’s throat clicked dry when he tried to swallow. “What–”

“Here. Drink.” Ilya reached for the water bottle on the side table, shifted so he could prop Shane’s head up a little and held it to his lips. “Slow. Only sip.”

“Bossy.” Shane shuddered through a sigh when the cool liquid helped clear more of the fog from his head. “*Fuck*. What—”

“Sip.” Ilya cut in, holding the water bottle to his lips again. “Slow.”

“You just like bossing me around.” Shane smiled the tiniest bit.

Ilya thought the tiny little smile felt like forgiveness, “You like being told what to do.”

“The fuck I do.” Shane slumped back onto the pillows and Ilya lay down right next to him again, tucking in close to keep him warm. “What happened? What was that?”

“You are...down.” Ilya hesitated. “Um. Dropping, yes?” He made a downwards motion with his hand. “You know what it is to drop.”

“N-no.” Shane’s brow wrinkled in confusion. “No, I— what?”

“When you are submissive.” Ilya tried again, grimacing over the clunky explanation. “And spacey. Floating? Then after. It’s— you *drop*.” he flattened his palm on the bed. “Like shutting down.”

“I’m not submissive.” Shane denied, but the denial carried no weight, no heat, no irritation. “But. Okay. Drop. Why—?”

“Is my fault.” The guilt was *nauseating*. “I didn’t realize you were lost until it was too late.”

“I knew where I was, it’s not like I got lost between your room and mine—” Shane started to shake his head, but stopped. “I mean...?”

No, Ilya was right. *Lost* was exactly right. Cold and confused and frozen. Shaky and unsettled and spiraling. Cut loose, cut out, cut down.

Drop.

“Sometimes.” *Confession*. It was easier to be honest when somehow someday Ilya had found him lost and brought him back to safe. “Sometimes after we uh— after we’re done.” he cleared his throat. Ilya pressed at his waist lightly. “I’m unsteady. Cold. Or whatever. But not like that. Not like *this*, I dunno what the hell happened this time.”

“It won’t happen again.” Ilya promised hoarsely. “Not from now on. You cannot take care of yourself, so I will take care of you.”

“Bossy.” Shane tried to snark over the choke of relief clogging at his throat. Ilya let himself smile, “You like it.”

“I’m naked?” he questioned and Ilya nodded, “You were very cold.”

“Cold.” Shane repeated. “And being naked fixed that?”

“Are you cold now?” Ilya challenged. “Shared bodily warmth, Hollander. They teach the same in Russia and Canada, shared bodily warmth to keep the hypothermia away. Is real science and it worked. So.”

“That’s the shittiest excuse I’ve ever heard to get a peek at my dick.” Ilya’s plainly delivered rationale contrasted so sharply with the *care* evident in how meticulously he’d folded Shane’s clothes, that Shane could have sobbed for it. “What--whatever. I need another drink. Get me another drink.”

“And immediately you are spoiled brat.” Ilya got him another drink. He ordered, “Sip.” and “Slow.” and Shane rolled his eyes but obeyed and Ilya busied himself fixing the blankets so the freely given trust wouldn’t shatter him to pieces.

“So.” Shane took a sip. A slow sip. “So are you going to,” he shrugged it off like it wasn’t a big deal, like it didn’t matter the way the missed kiss hadn’t mattered. “Leave now? It’s almost morning and you know. No one can see you leaving my room in the morning. So.”

“So.” Ilya should have left. But, “You are sore.” he stated rather than asked, eyebrows raised. “Uncomfortable.”

“Gimme a break.” the attempt at sarcasm was a little thready. Ilya had said *drop* and yeah, it sorta felt like he was climbing his way out of a deep dark cave, so sure. Drop. Shane could be forgiven if the sarcasm didn’t quite land right away. “You aren’t big enough to make me sore.”

“Ah no. You are wrong, I *am* big enough to make you sore.” Ilya countered blandly. “But is not what I meant.”

Ilya rearranged on the bed so Shane was laying facing him and he could push his hand into Shane’s lower back. “Here. You are sore.”

“Y-yeah. Okay.” Shane *was* sore. Ilya had been rough but the come down, the *drop* had been awful and belatedly, he realized he was sore from his legs up through his chest, his thighs aching like he’d ran a marathon and lungs tight from the effort of breathing through the panic. “Fuck. Yeah. I’m sore.”

“Okay then.” was all Ilya said. “Okay then.” and he pulled Shane in further so he could rub his back. Shane tucked his face into the curve of Ilya’s shoulder and Ilya started kneading his strong fingers into the tight muscle at Shane’s neck, soothing the strain and loosening the knots before easing his way down once those gave way. He worked slowly and thoroughly, focusing on the tougher spots and gentling every time Shane twitched in discomfort, lower along Shane’s spine and lower again, checking in occasionally, “Still okay?” and rewarding Shane’s mumbled agreement with a dotted kiss to his forehead

The room was quiet, the lights low and curtains drawn and settled there between the soft bed and Ilya’s solid strength, Shane let out a slow breath and felt himself get *floaty* again. Ilya was warm and steady, his heartbeat a grounding rhythm in Shane’s ear. He breathed evenly,

broad chest rising and falling with each breath and Shane unconsciously matched it until they were breathing in sync, feet tangled and knees knocking.

Ilya checked in every few breaths, “Still okay?” and every time Shane mumbled something *yes*, mumbled something *don’t stop*, mumbled something *feels good* until he cared less and less about someone finding out about them. Less and less about the impending sunrise and how hard it would be to sneak out. Less and less about the upset and uncertainty of earlier in the evening. Less and less about... *anything*.

He wasn’t dropping but drifting. Not lost, just a little bit loopy. Not spiraling, just spacey. Different than upstairs when Ilya had been harsh and demanding and he’d gone fuzzy at the edges, *better* than earlier when he’d been prickly and cold and foggy.

Inhale, exhale, not lost just loopy.

Breathe in, breathe out, not spiraling just spacey.

Not dropping, just drifting warm and languid and easy, until at some point the gentle massage and soothing synced breathing and comforting check ins settled low in Shane’s core and started to twist *hot*.

“Still okay?” Ilya’s hands faltered for a split second when he felt Shane twitch against his thigh, his cock thickening plump even though Shane’s eyes were still closed, his breathing still slow and even.

“Mstillgood.” Shane hummed into Ilya’s throat and tucked closer, hitched his leg up and rocked his hips lazily forward cos the skitter of heat beneath his skin melded into the syrupy sway of *drifting* and right then, everything felt incredible. “Don’t stop.”

“No, I won’t stop.” Ilya faltered again when Shane arched into the next press of fingers and a hungry noise garbled into the sweep of tongue along his neck when Shane open mouth *moaned* against him. “I can keep doing this. Make sure you aren’t sore.”

“Need more.” Shane hadn’t meant to say that out loud, but he was too settled floating to be embarrassed by the confession when Ilya sucked in a sharp breath and grasped him tighter like the muffled words were *gorgeous*. “Need you again.”

“Hollander—”

“Just don’t leave me this time.” Shane hooked his fingers into the necklace Ilya always wore, twisting the delicate chain at his knuckles, “Don’t– don’t let me drop. Or get too far gone or whatever. Don’t do that this time.”

“No, I– I won’t.” Ilya bit his tongue praying for control when Shane rocked into him again. “I can take care of you. Make up for last time. Do you,” *please*. “Do you trust me?”

And slower, checking in, “You know what you are saying? Where you are? You were pretty far gone, are you with me again?”

“M’here.” Shane didn’t lift his head, didn’t let go of the necklace, didn’t speak too loud and burst the fragile, quiet moment. “Here. And yeah. I trust you.”

“Holy shit.” The weight of *responsibility* loomed large at Ilya’s shoulders all over again, but this time he didn’t shy from it. “Holy— okay. Here. Like this. I will make you feel good, I’ll be very gentle, promise.”

He started to roll Shane over so they were spooned again, but Shane went suddenly tense in his arms and Ilya froze, “Still— still okay?”

“I want.” Shane looked away, screwed his eyes shut and frowned. “Um. I need—”

“Me.” Ilya finished for him and Shane nodded jerkily, “Yeah. *Fuck*. But—”

“Here.” Ilya took a chance and turned Shane further into the pillows to press up behind him, slipped his forearm under the pillow and under Shane’s head so he could *first* brush his fingers along Shane’s cheek and the line of his nose, and *then* he could hook his thumb at the corner of Shane’s mouth and coax him open. “Like this?”

“Jesus Christ.” *Perfect*. Shane opened immediately, opened obediently, tongue out and lips warm sealed around Ilya’s thumb. He shuddered through a whole body sigh, sighed *louder* when Ilya shifted on the bed so Shane could suck at his index and middle finger instead of his thumb.

“Look at you. Wow.” Ilya’s eyes lit hot as he watched Shane’s cheek hollow in a sucking motion, when the flick of Shane’s tongue against his fingers and the blunt pressure of Shane’s teeth at his knuckle left him stunned. “Better?”

Shane hummed tuneless and content and *full* and Ilya nodded, “Good job. You stay like that and I will make you feel good. You are sore here too,” he brushed his fingers along the cleft of Shane’s ass, watching closely for any sign of discomfort. “I’ll make it better.”

There was lotion on the bedside table, generic and unscented but *useful* and Ilya reached his free hand to grab it and press a few pumps onto his fingers. Then he nudged his knee under Shane’s thigh and promised, “Will be gentle.” before reaching low to circle slick fingers at Shane’s entrance.

“Fuckkkk...” Shane moaned around Ilya’s fingers in his mouth and tried to push back into the pressure at his hole, but Ilya hushed him, “I will do it. Breathe. You just breathe.”

Shane breathed and Ilya massaged the lotion into the puffy rim, gentle and but purposeful and clicking his tongue soothing when Shane winced uncomfortable from too tender a spot. The sex had been good, but Ilya had been *rough* so now he was careful with the pad of his thumb circling the puckered entrance, careful with the cool cream over friction raw skin, careful to lean up enough to watch Shane closely maybe obsessively clocking every tiny change in Shane’s expression to make sure it was all okay.

Shane breathed and Ilya set two fingers firmly at the sensitive spot behind his balls to rub short in short motions from there to his hole and back again, not hard enough to Shane wince

but not too light to tickle. Ilya wedged his wrist in between Shane's thighs to open him up more and used the motion to cradle Shane's balls, rolling them in his palm and tugging lightly before moving back to press those same firm strokes down to Shane's entrance.

He mirrored the motion in Shane's mouth, pushing his fingers over Shane's tongue and towards the back of his throat until Shane's mouth went slack, throat convulsing as he instinctively tried to swallow. He flushed red from the overstimulation and Ilya angled his head to drag his tongue up Shane's neck following the rush of red until it settled into Shane's face and highlighted the very tips of his ears, then ordered with his voice gone raspy and his heart pounding, "*Breathe.*"

Shane breathed and Ilya ignored the ache of his own cock to get more lotion and shift up behind Shane to close his hand around him. Shane was rock hard and leaking, spilling precome from the tip of his cock and Ilya murmured awestruck and approving and *hungry* as he dug his fingers into the short curls at the thick base, slid his hand up to the flared head, then back down again, pulling over Shane in slow, steady movements.

"Don't—!" Shane pulled off of Ilya's fingers with a harsh gasp and Ilya went stock still again.

"Don't," Shane shook his head, panting. "Don't leave me this time? Promise?"

"Fuck." Ilya pressed closer immediately, "No. I am here. Here." he tapped at Shane's bottom lip and slid his fingers back inside, fucking across Shane's tongue until Shane moaned and swallowed sucking around him again. "Good job. I am here, not leaving you. Promise."

"Prmmis..." Shane drooled a little mumbling dazed around the stretch of Ilya's fingers in his mouth. "Please..."

"I'm here. Got you." Ilya jerked him faster, tightening his grip and twisting his wrist over the tip, using the spill of pre come to slick his way until Shane was panting and squirming and arching back against him.

"There you are." Ilya crooned into his ear. "One more, you can cum for me come on, please sweetheart."

"Roz..." Shane's eyes rolled back when he came, lashes fluttering at his cheek and body snapped tense for a few stunning seconds before the collapsed with a noise like a sob, tears in his eyes as his cock throbbed striping white up his stomach and dripping onto Ilya's hand. "R-Rozy—"

"Good job." Ilya rutted forward into the swell of Shane's ass a few times before he got himself under control and forced himself still, grit his teeth against the need to cum and focused on Shane instead, "Good job, you did so good. You are— are beautiful," the compliment felt clunky in English so he switched to Russian, nosing at Shane's cheek and mumbling every sweet thing that came to mind, all the things he'd wanted to say earlier but hadn't, all the things he didn't have the right English words for.

"Fuck—" Shane's chest was heaving, his eyes went and Ilya moved to cover him right away, fixed his previous mistakes and settled his own guilt by making it *better*. He wiped his hand

on the blankets then slid his arm around Shane's waist and bodily hauled him towards the other side of the bed, hushing Shane's muddled, confused noise with a quick kiss and then coaxing Shane face down into the pillow and stretching out half on top of him, using the weight and heat of his body as a blanket down Shane's entire frame.

"Ohhhh shit." Shane melted into the pillows, went pliant and loose and grateful beneath Ilya's bulk. "This is good, this is— fuck."

"Okay?" Ilya kissed the back of Shane's neck, a freckle on Shane's shoulder. "Better?"

"Yeah. Fuck." Shane stretched his fingers out clumsily and Ilya clasped his hand tight, gratified when Shane squeezed his fingers in response. "That's— you're—"

"Breathe." Ilya didn't trust his voice not to crack if he said much more than that, so he lay himself a little heavier into Shane and just nodded, "Breathe. I got the rest."

They wouldn't talk about it later. After. Over the summer or next season or next time one of them sent a text with a room number and a time.

They wouldn't talk about it. They never did. It was easier, smarter, safer not not talk about. Ilya knew that and Shane knew that, and things were just what they were, it was *fine*.

But when the slowly rising sun finally reached the high level windows with yellow and gold lighting up their room, Shane stirred out from his hazy, spacey daze enough to press at Ilya's fingers and mumble something sleepy like, "Bossy asshole." and after Ilya stopped smiling about it, after he finished laying half a dozen kisses onto Shane's face and forehead, he thought to himself—

This time is worth talking about.

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