

i'm grateful to you for letting me lose

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by [bluerosebouquet](#)

Summary

He wanted to bury his face in the juncture between his neck and shoulder, to breathe in the smell of him, to touch his skin and give him everything that he could. He wanted to give to him until there was nothing left, until Shane had disappeared into him forever.

“Look at me,” Ilya’s voice was quiet, but Shane obeyed immediately, his eyes fuzzy at the corners, “How are you feeling?”

Shane intended to lie. There was no reason to complicate things with hard truths that not even he understood. Instead, his lip wobbled, and he found that he couldn’t say anything at all.

“Ah,” Ilya made a noise that sounded nearly as devastated as Shane felt, and put a hand on the back of his neck, pulling him forward. Shane went easily, his forehead pressing into Ilya’s shoulder, and breathing deeply through his nose, trying not to cry.

Or, Shane drops after leaving Ilya's house.

Notes

For Alex - who is making us photocards of Shane and Ilya that I can keep in my pocket. I love you even more than I love Shane, which is saying a lot. <3

Title comes from [this song](#)

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

Shane walked out of Ilya's house.

Yes, walked.

He didn't run, even as much as he would like to.

He took his time, gathering his clothes from the bedroom, putting them on meticulously, and folding the sweatpants and t shirt that Ilya had thrown at him earlier, a smile on his face as he looked at Shane with the fondness that Shane had almost come to expect from him.

He called an Uber back to the hotel, slipping out the front door without another word.

He thought that, if he saw Rozanov- Ilya sitting where he had left him, he would drop down to his knees and ask for forgiveness. And he couldn't do that. *This* was his choice. They had taken it too far, and he had to rein things back in.

It's not like it could continue. Or that Shane even wanted it to.

It didn't matter what his heart said. He had to think about it logically.

He walked the two blocks over to the pickup spot, away from Ilya's house, and climbed into the vehicle without a word to the driver. He was being rude; his mother would have told him off for it.

When had it gotten so cold? It hadn't been that bad outside when he left the hotel a few hours ago. He pulled his jacket tighter around him, slumping to the side in the backseat of the car, watching as the trees flashed by, away from the suburbs and back into downtown Boston.

His chest felt hollow, empty, like his beating heart had been taken out of him without him even noticing, and now dark tendrils of blackness were curling their way through his veins, pumping through instead of blood.

He tried to get ahold of himself, but the car was already pulling smoothly into the valet area of the team hotel, and the driver was looking at Shane anxiously in the rearview, like he was afraid he was going to vomit in his car.

Shane didn't feel nauseous, but he did feel...wrong.

With an awkward wave, he clambered out of the car, and stumbled up to his shared room. He fumbled with his keycard, dropping it on the carpet. He stared down at it, trying to remember what to do next, before bending over slowly to pick it up, feeling like he was going to keel over.

Before he could do more than struggle upright again, Hayden opened the door for him.

"I thought you were just going to be an hour?" Hayden's bright, happy face was like looking directly into a bright light, and Shane wanted to look away from him.

“Lost track of time,” he said shortly, trying to shoulder by him. Instantly, he could tell that he had given the game away.

“What’s wrong?” Hayden asked, following just a step behind him, trying to see his face, but Shane moved to the bathroom, shutting the door behind him and sinking down to the floor, wrapping his arms around his knees.

Dimly, he heard Hayden knocking on the door at his back. He needed to get up, pull himself together, try and figure whether he needed to see the team doctor. But he couldn’t manage to stand. He was sinking, feeling like a collapsing star, caving in on himself.

“Shane!” Hayden was banging on the door now, and Shane lifted his head with difficulty.

“I’m fine,” he managed, and his voice sounded high and thin, “Just- Ate something that didn’t agree with me.”

“Oh,” he could hear the palpable relief in Hayden’s voice, “Ew. I’ll uh- Leave you to it. I was just going down to get a drink with JJ anyway.”

“Right,” his voice still sounded wrong, just like everything felt, “I’ll- Okay.”

“Call me if you need me, bro,” Shane heard a heavy thud on the bathroom door, like Hayden had given it a slap for luck, and then the sound of the hotel room door slamming shut.

Shane was alone.

And so cold.

Time seemed to move strangely. Shane couldn’t decide if it had slowed to an infinitesimal crawl or was passing in great dollops. It didn’t matter really, he remained on the floor of the hotel bathroom, trapped in an endless spin of empty static.

His brain started spinning, drawing up the worst thoughts and bringing them to the forefront, so that Shane couldn’t escape, only fall deeper. Disjointed words spun up, like the flash cards his mother had used with him in grade school, presenting him with things that he had only ever thought about himself when things were darkest.

Worthless.

Unlovable.

Tolerated.

Failure.

They swirled in his mind, so loud it was like they were being yelled in his ear, and he screwed up his face, burying himself further into his knees, trying to get away from everything.

At some point, he started shivering, his teeth clacking together as he tried to force himself to get up again, even to get in the shower.

He wanted Ilya, and he hated that he wanted Ilya.

He had no right to want Ilya, after what he did.

This was all his fault. If he had just been better, not been so anxious, not freaked out after all that Ilya had done for him.

This was all his fault.

This was why no one would ever really care about him in the way he wanted them to. It was him, he was the thing that was fundamentally broken.

Suddenly, there was a loud knock on the door, breaking Shane momentarily out of his thoughts. Something in his dizzy brain told him that Hayden must have left his key in the room, and managed to get to his feet, leaning heavily on the sink. His limbs felt heavy, so cold that he was almost numb.

He dragged himself to the door, pulling it open, only to be met with-

“How did you find me?” Shane felt like he was about a foot tall, like Ilya was looking down on him from a great distance, “How di- Did you even know-”

Ilya had stepped around him, closing the door behind him. He crowded Shane against the wall, searching his face. But he was careful not to touch him, and all Shane could do was look at him, his eyes wide open.

He wanted to bury his face in the juncture between his neck and shoulder, to breathe in the smell of him, to touch his skin and give him everything that he could. He wanted to give to him until there was nothing left, until Shane had disappeared into him forever.

“Look at me,” Ilya’s voice was quiet, but Shane obeyed immediately, his eyes fuzzy at the corners, “How are you feeling?”

Shane intended to lie. There was no reason to complicate things with hard truths that not even he understood. Instead, his lip wobbled, and he found that he couldn’t say anything at all.

“Ah,” Ilya made a noise that sounded nearly as devastated as Shane felt, and put a hand on the back of his neck, pulling him forward. Shane went easily, his forehead pressing into Ilya’s shoulder, and breathing deeply through his nose, trying not to cry.

They stayed that way, swaying slightly on the spot, until Ilya pulled away from him, and Shane blinked in the low light of the hotel room as though everything in it were blinding. He still felt unsteady on his feet, like the whole world was a little off kilter.

“Come home with me,” if Shane didn’t know better, he would have thought Ilya was begging, “I can’t- Help you like this. Not here.”

Shane's head was listing slowly to the side, feeling unmoored from himself. The only real connecting point tethering him to earth was Ilya's strong, warm hand on his shoulder.

"Okay," he said, his voice brittle, like it was about to snap in half, "I'll get a car-"

"No," Ilya's voice was calm, but commanding and authoritative, "You will go down to the fire alley, and I will pick you up there."

"Okay," he didn't try to argue, or fight, he just wanted this feeling to be over. This, more than anything, seemed to put Ilya on edge.

Shane was fucking up again.

"Hey," Ilya took his face in his hands, and forced their eyes to meet, "Can you be good for me? Go downstairs and wait?"

Shane felt unspooled, stretched to the very thinnest possible point, but in spite of it all, he wanted to be good for Ilya.

He nodded tremulously.

"Good," Ilya kissed the side of his face gently and Shane fell into it, desperate for one more touch, something to make him feel...anything, "I see you downstairs. Take second elevator."

Shane nodded dimly, missing his touch the moment that he had closed the door quietly behind him. He waited obediently until he was sure the elevator would have come and gone, then made his way out of the room on spindly legs, leaning against the cool metal until he reached the lobby. He went around the side of the building, and fell back against the alley wall.

Waiting.

It was less than five minutes before a sleek black sports car was pulling up next to him, its engine purring quietly, seemingly out of place in the dirty alleyway.

Shane pulled the handle and collapsed next to Ilya, closing the door carefully and buckling his seatbelt before tipping to the side, his head resting on the glass of the window.

He said nothing, and neither did Ilya, who watched him out of the corner of his eye, even as he pulled away, back towards his house.

Shane was cold again. Ilya's proximity wasn't enough for him, and he felt like he was falling again, as fast as the trees zipping by. He didn't even have it in him to tell Ilya off for speeding.

It seemed like very little time before Ilya was pulling into his driveway, not even bothering to park in the garage. He pulled as close to the front door as he could, and walked around the car to get Shane.

He practically had to carry him over the threshold. It was humiliating, embarrassing. He couldn't go four hours without needing to crawl back to him, desperate for something that Ilya could not give him.

The thing that he was so afraid of, he had ruined everything just because he heard his own first name.

"M sorry," he mumbled as Ilya set him gently on the kitchen counter, a mirror to this morning that made Shane's chest hurt, "I'm sorry I'm like this."

"You didn't do anything wrong, Hollander," his voice was quiet, but the use of his last name was like pushing on a bruise.

"This is my fault," he felt the traitorous sting of tears at the corners of his eyes, and wanted to turn his face and look away, but he couldn't quite manage it. Everything felt so heavy. "I don't know why- Why I'm such a fuckup. I can't- I can't do anything right."

"Hollander-"

"No one is ever going to want me, least of all you," the words were spilling out of him, just as hot tears spilled out of his eyes, "I don't know why- Anyone bothers with me- I'm- I'm useless- I'm so- I can't I can't I can't-"

He wanted to claw at his chest, rip it open until there was nothing left but an empty cavity and his own bloody hands.

"Hollander," Ilya had taken his chin in his hand, caught between his forefinger and thumb. He forced his eyes upward, and Shane could barely see, his eyes stinging, "Look at me."

He still wanted to be good for him. He tried to catch his eyes, focus, but it was like trying to stop a moving target. He was dizzy and cold and felt so alone and worthless, like a glass shattered on concrete, scattered everywhere. No hope for repair.

"You didn't do anything wrong," Ilya's voice came from very far away, "I pushed too hard for something that you were not ready for-"

"No," Shane tried to sound forceful, but he just ended up sounding shakier than ever, "It's me. It's me, I can't have anything good-"

"Shh," Ilya's other hand ran through Shane's hair, and he went boneless nearly immediately, sinking into the contact, so that his head felt heavy, only held up by Ilya's fingers, "You need to listen to me. Can you listen?"

Sniffing, Shane nodded, blinking so that another couple of hot tears trickled down the side of his face.

"I should not have let you leave like that," Ilya continued before Shane had the chance to interrupt, "You shouldn't be feeling like this."

Shane wanted to argue, but he stayed quiet, and he thought he saw the slightest lift in the corner of Ilya's mouth.

"Will you let me take care of you?" he asked quietly, his hand drawing slowly over Shane's cheek, wiping away the tear tracks there, "Hm? Show you how good you are?"

Shane nodded, not even sure what exactly he was agreeing to.

Ilya leaned in, pressing their mouths together, and Shane drew a ragged breath, feeling like he had been hit with a bolt of lightning; all his senses suddenly razor sharp. Ilya was in complete control, holding Shane's chin in one hand, the back of his head with the other, and Shane's arms were still too heavy to react.

After several moments, Shane's brain seemed to click back into place, and he was kissing Ilya back, not caring about the noises that he was making, not caring if they were pathetic and desperate, only wanting to feel this, the sensations of Ilya's lips on his, his tongue in his mouth, his teeth grazing against his lip.

"Come on," Ilya broke them apart, and Shane instantly felt that cold creeping back into his chest, "Bedroom."

Shane made to slide off the counter, but Ilya just scooped him into his arms and carried him, bridal style, into the bedroom. He set him on the bed gently before moving away, out of his line of sight. Shane searched for him at once, shivering against the cool sheets.

Ilya loomed over him a moment later, one hand coming to rest on Shane's stomach,

"Can I-" he plucked at the fabric of Shane's shirt, and he nodded, wanting Ilya to touch him as much as possible.

Slowly, Ilya pulled off Shane's shoes and his socks, rubbing the soles of his feet with his hands for a moment, and Shane sighed, turning his head to bury it in Ilya's mattress.

He felt flayed open, more vulnerable than ever, even though he was still fully clothed.

Ilya worked off his pants, murmuring words that Shane had a hard time understanding as he arched up, allowing Ilya to pull them off fully. He expected him to toss them into a corner, but instead, Ilya slowly and carefully folded them, placing them carefully next to his shoes on a chair near his oak dresser.

Something tender and aching was growing inside Shane's chest, and he sat up when Ilya tapped his stomach lightly, eager to help him.

Ilya pulled his t shirt over his head, leaving him in only his dark briefs. Shane was hard now, panting from the lightest touch.

"You're doing so well," Ilya said, his voice purring like the engine of his car, "Arch up for me, that's right."

Shane did as he was told, a noise caught in the back of his throat as he watched Ilya fold the last of his clothes, placing them with the others, before he turned back to Shane, now naked on his bed.

Slowly, achingly slowly, Ilya bent over him, pressing a kiss to Shane's trembling lips.

"I'm going to take care of you," he said, his breath ghosting across Shane's face, and his heart fluttered at the heady feeling of having him this close, "Make you feel so good. You want that?"

Shane nodded eagerly, trying to bring his arms up to wrap around Ilya's neck, but he held them against the soft mattress, holding back enough so Shane couldn't reach him.

"Use your words" he said quietly, "Tell me what you want."

"You," Shane felt floaty, outside of himself, leaving the heaviness and cold of his body behind, "I want you."

"You're going to let me take care of you?"

"Yes."

"So good," Ilya's voice was rich and warm, filling Shane up. His fingers and toes were still cold, but his chest felt better, a little less hollow and a little more like there was a beating heart there.

He kissed him, still pinning Shane's hands above his head, and Shane felt like he was sinking into the soft mattress, surrounded by warmth and Ilya's wet mouth.

"Always make such pretty noises," Ilya said, his lips brushing across the bridge of Shane's nose, "Such soft little sounds, just for me, huh?"

"Yes," Shane sighed, arching his neck up to try and kiss him again, "All for you."

"Do you want me to fuck you?" Ilya's voice was smooth as silk, and Shane moaned in an embarrassingly loud way.

"Yes please, please fuck me please."

"So sweet when you beg for it, Hollander. Think you can take it, be good?"

"Yes," he felt stretched taut, like a rubber band pulled back and about to snap, "Yes I can."

"Okay," Ilya's fingers were trailing down his stomach, so light that Shane might not be able to feel them at all, if it weren't for the fact that every one of Ilya's touches felt like gasoline to a lit match, and that Shane was ready to burn, "Good."

He licked a slow, wide stripe up the underside of Shane's hard cock, resting on his lower stomach. He moaned, so loudly that the noise felt like it was vibrating in his own head.

“Mmm,” Ilya slid a hand up his stomach, soft and soothing in equal measure, “I don’t want you to come yet.”

“I won’t,” Shane said, an edge of desperation back in his voice, “I swear I-”

“Is okay,” Ilya kissed the inside of his thigh, his eyes watching Shane carefully, “You okay?”

Shane swallowed, nodding slowly, his eyes wandering down to Ilya’s own cock, tucked behind his sweatpants.

He wanted-

He seemed to read Shane’s mind, and straightened up, so that he was standing at the end of the bed, all broad power and defined muscle, a sight to behold.

It was an open invitation, but Shane was still feeling too fragile to take it. He stared at Ilya, beseeching him silently to tell him what to do, how to do it. He didn’t want to think, he just wanted to feel.

“You can, Hollander,” he said simply, “I know you want to.”

At once, Shane crawled to the end of the bed, pressing his face to the hot bulge pressing against Ilya’s sweatpants. Ilya’s hand stroked through his hair, heavy and warm against his scalp.

“Take them off,” he said quietly, and Shane obeyed at once, pushing the fabric to the floor with his hands, until both the sweatpants and briefs had pooled at Ilya’s feet on the light wood floor.

Shane knew that Ilya knew he had a pretty cock. There was no denying it. It was thick and heavy and curved slightly to the left, precum already glistening at the tip.

Shane’s mouth was watering just looking at it.

“Can I?” he asked, looking up at Ilya with heavily lidded eyes, nearly dizzy again, but this time with the all-consuming pleasure of Ilya taking control like this.

“So good for asking,” Ilya smiled slightly at him, and Shane felt like a dog, willing to follow him anywhere, “Of course you can.”

Shane took him eagerly, full of enthusiasm and the overwhelming desire to please him. There was genuinely nothing he liked better than having Ilya’s cock in his mouth. His jaw was aching already as he opened his mouth wide to accommodate him, but he sighed happily at the feeling, his eyes fluttering closed as he took as much of him as he could, relaxing his throat like Ilya had shown him.

“Fuck,” Ilya’s hand tightened in his hair, “Like that.”

Shane preened at the praise, at the idea that he could take Ilya apart as easily as he could Shane.

Ilya rocked his hips forward, fucking Shane's mouth shallowly, and Shane went nearly limp on the bed below him, released from himself in a blissful sort of way, unable to feel anything but the burning in the muscles of his jaw and the feeling of fullness down his throat.

He wanted this moment to last forever, but it was all too soon that Ilya was sliding out of his mouth gently, and lifting him up to kiss him.

"Lay back for me," Ilya's voice was low, almost delicate, and Shane scrambled to obey, propping himself up on the pillows like a young god on a throne.

Ilya smiled at his eagerness. He had produced a bottle of lube from somewhere, and Shane's stomach tensed, anticipation filling him up, bubbling under his skin.

"You still okay?" Ilya asked, kneeling before him on the bed, and Shane looked at him with the open trust that was reserved for him and him alone.

He nodded, moaning softly as Ilya slipped a finger inside him.

"Make all the noise you want," Ilya's teeth grazed his other thigh, not enough to leave the mark that part of Shane desperately wanted him to leave, "Whole house is yours."

He did it slowly, one finger at a time, and it was equal parts agonizing and exhilarating to Shane, who felt like he was nothing more than a writhing mess by the time Ilya finally slid inside him. He touched their foreheads together as he moved slightly, but his eyes were open, watching Shane's face.

Shane threw his head back, extending his neck, smiling to himself as he felt Ilya's lips at the hollow of his throat. He loved it when Ilya kissed him like that.

He wanted him to do it all the time, every second, forever.

"I go harder now, okay?" Ilya's voice seemed to be like a badly tuned radio, fading in and out of focus, but Shane knew that he wouldn't move another inch unless he answered.

"Okay," he sighed, his head listing to the side against the pillows, "*Please.*"

With a tortured groan, Ilya picked up the pace until it was almost punishing, just on the edge between pleasure and pain. It was all Shane could ever ask for, and he clutched Ilya as tightly as he could, wanting more, as much as he could give him.

He was close, he could feel it, that particular heat at the base of his spine that curled inward, twisting around his insides until it was all too much, until Shane was reduced to ashes.

"That's right," Ilya praised him, kissing him messily, all spit and tongue, "That's right. So good, always take it so well, making all this noise for me."

Shane couldn't form a coherent thought. Everything that he had been feeling earlier was gone, replaced by Ilya and his filthy words and his perfect voice and his hands and his cock and his eyes.

“Say it,” Ilya didn’t slow down, didn’t let up, and Shane felt like his heart was going to give out, like he was going to die with Ilya Rozanov inside him.

It wouldn’t be the worst way to go.

Shane couldn’t remember what he was supposed to be saying.

“What-” his voice was high pitched, and his hands scrabbled for purchase across Ilya’s back, blunt nails raking down his skin.

“Tell me how good you are,” Ilya’s eyes were steady even as he panted for breath, and Shane could get lost in them if he let him, “Tell me that you know how good you are for me.”

Shane’s breath caught, but his brain was too pleasure sodden to try and catch up, to make him second guess or worry about doing it wrong.

“I’m so good for you,” he babbled immediately, his voice catching with every thrust, “I know that I’m good for you.”

“So good,” Ilya echoed, leaning down to kiss Shane on the mouth, and he arched up, desperate for it, “Always so perfect for me, Hollander.”

Shane whined, but he wanted more, he wanted to go back in time and do this afternoon over again.

“Ilya,” his voice was shaky as he said it, but Ilya’s eyes widened, and he could tell that he took it as the invitation Shane had wanted it to be, “Come in me, please. Please come in me.”

Ilya moaned, a guttural noise ripped from deep in his chest, and he ground his hips against Shane, right in that perfect spot and oh- Shane was there, right there, just one more second-

“Shane,” Ilya whispered in his ear, and Shane thought that his name sounded perfect when it was wrapped around Ilya’s tongue, “Be so good, come for me as hard as you can.”

And that was it, Shane was coming, arching back so far that he thought he might snap in half, and feeling his release coating his stomach, immediately smeared against Ilya’s own.

Seconds later, Ilya was following suit, groaning into Shane’s shoulder, one hand still wrapped in his hair. Shane felt boneless and dreamy, his brain hazy as he felt Ilya’s lips all over his skin. He hummed, not taking in a word of whatever Ilya was murmuring to him.

“Shane,” he blinked at the sound of his first name, looking around with a supreme effort to meet Ilya’s eyes, “I have to clean you up.”

“Okay,” Shane sighed. He was sleepy, he wanted to doze off right here, right now.

“I pull out now,” Ilya patted his cheek, so that Shane’s eyes slid back to him again, “You won’t like it, but I will be back.”

“Promise?” his voice shook, and he probably would have been embarrassed if he wasn’t so wrecked. Ilya kissed him, sliding his thumb across his cheekbone.

“Promise,” he said something else in Russian that Shane didn’t understand.

The loss of him was immediate, like stepping into a freezer. He let out a soft, devastated sound, curling up into a ball, trying to get warm again. He couldn’t tell how much time had passed before Ilya was back, whispering against his skin,

“Turn over for me, sweetheart.”

Shane rolled onto his back immediately, still desperate to prove to Ilya that he could and would be good, that he wouldn’t mess up again.

“Good, you’re doing so well,” he heard him murmur, and he couldn’t help the dopey smile that spread across his face, even as he felt warm wetness along his stomach. He tried to raise his head, but it felt like it had been filled with lead, and contented himself to watching Ilya, who was cleaning him up with such tender care in his eyes it made Shane’s heart pump faster in his chest.

“All done,” he said, tossing the washcloth to the floor carelessly, and Shane, even in his current state, shook his head blearily, pointing to the discarded washcloth, “What?”

“You can’t leave that there,” he slurred, “It’s bad for your floors.”

Ilya stared at him for several seconds, evidently trying to decide if he was actually serious, before snorting a laugh and moving to retrieve it. He moved out of Shane’s direct line of vision then, and Shane stared up at the ceiling. Everything felt dim and indistinct, and his eyes were heavy even as they still burned from his earlier tears.

Before he could try to take stock of anything else, he felt the bed dipping next to him, and then Ilya’s warm body flush against him. He pulled Shane back into his chest, slotting their legs together, and his arm came around Shane’s stomach as he pressed an open-mouthed kiss to his shoulder.

“You okay?” he asked him quietly, his voice muffled against Shane’s skin.

And Shane thought that he might be. The cold had ebbed away, and he just felt sleepy now.

“Mhmm,” he mumbled, turning himself slowly so that his face was pressed against Ilya’s chest, “Thank you.”

Ilya’s laugh vibrated through his chest, and Shane wanted to crawl inside him and live where that laugh did.

“Thank you,” he said into his hair, one hand coming up to scratch his scalp, “So good for me. Every time Hollander, perfect.”

Shane made soft little noises as the praise and the feeling of Ilya’s hands in his hair filled him up.

“Always melting at this,” he could tell he was smiling, “Takes nothing to get you to sink into this, baby.”

Shane moaned a little at the new pet name. It should feel foreign and strange to be called something like that, but everything just seemed to feel right when it was coming from Ilya’s mouth.

“You like that?” Ilya pulled his head back so their eyes met, and Shane couldn’t look away even if he wanted to.

“Yeah,” Shane’s voice was small, almost childlike, but Ilya just smiled, kissing him gently and huffing a laugh against his lips as Shane dived for more.

“You can sleep now, baby,” he pressed a delicate kiss to his forehead.

“Don’t leave?” Shane asked, his hand curling around Ilya’s bicep reflexively.

“No,” his voice was soft, “I won’t leave you.”

He hummed happily, snuggling closer to Ilya, breathing in the smell of his skin and the sweat that lingered there.

“Can you call me one other thing?” Shane asked, tucking his head against his chest again.

“What is it?”

“Can you- Can you call me Shane again?” he mumbled against his skin, hoping that he hadn’t just made things worse.

There was a long pause, so long that Shane was starting to come up with ways to back track, before Ilya was kissing his hair again,

“Sleep, Shane, I’ll be here when you wake up.”

Shane melted, feeling like a cord had been cut, and he was finally at peace.

“Okay,” he kissed his chest, “Ilya.”

He was already drifting off, but he felt Ilya’s arms tightening around him; something between possessive and protective.

It was a feeling Shane wanted over and over again.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Thank you for reading! <3

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