

It's like i'm standing still

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Another one shot. Pairing RusAme, Super short.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/ShadowPrincess/59856/Its-like-im-standing-still>

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1 - Move right though me

—This wasn't the first time he was here...and he supposed that this wasn't going to be the last time either. This club was horrible, crowded and just shooty as usual and it made him feel awkward every time he came. Why did he put himself through this torture? Ivan knew the answer before he even asked the damn question. He knew it was **that** man. The one walking onto the stage. Every Sunday night. Like a sin you can't help to repeat and ooh damn how he wanted to just ripped the man off the stage every time but he was too captivated in the performance to be possessive. Stuck and paralyzed. His hands held onto his drink. **Be calm Ivan.** He'd tell himself before Nervously sipping the alcohol. He sat there burning up, heated to the core and He didn't know what to blame...the music...the vodka...or those damn scorching eyes. He could ignore the shooty club. The dumb crowd. For the world stopped around him with that tanned beauty walked to the center. Music changing to fit the theme. He watched as a blonde twisted his curves and stomach. As his hands used those feathered fans just perfectly enough to tease. Those thighs begging to be wrapped around Ivan's waist. He wanted desperately to just.....but he couldn't for the dancer, always moved right through him. But that didn't stop his mind from doing it for him. He could picture it. See those hands grabbing his back pulling him closer while those blue eyes and perfect lips fell in agreement as they pleaded for more. Ivan could feel his teeth leaving ownership over that skin in his fantasy. A dark alley, his house, the restroom. He couldn't care less where. Somewhere he wanted to take the man and watch as he melts in his arms. Before he knew it the show was over and the next dancer was walking on stage. Ivan quickly payed his for his drink and walked the back as always. Just like every week. To catch one last look as the dancer he's always memorized by, sits by the door. Dressed in normal everyday clothes and smiles at his friend who takes him home. and Ivan hates it. The same routine week after week. Every Sunday.....A day Ivan hated and loved. And the sin he repeated like clockwork.