Stay Until the Morning

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Stay Until the Morning

by IlyaRizzanov

Summary

Ilya wakes up in the morning next to Shane for the first time.

Notes

Scraping off years of m/m rust with this one, because these two have captured my heart and mind in a way I have yet to experience in my million years on this earth.

This takes place after episode five, before the cottage (because at this time we have yet to see that episode and I have yet to read the book <3)

He’s soft in the morning.

It’s not something he necessarily ever thought he’d like in a man, but there’s a lot he didn’t expect he’d like until Shane entered his world.

All Ilya can think about, waking up with this stunning man curled in his embrace, is how *soft* he is for such a sturdy man. That despite how soft he looks, he’s so solid. His muscles feel thick beneath his fingers, and his teeth ache to bite down. He’s been so accustomed to femininity, a different kind of softness, that pleases him well enough. But it’s the strength of him beneath his skin that he can touch with his hands, the bulk of years of hard training rippling just under the surface of him, blanketed by that same silkiness of every partner he’s had in bed or in the back of a club.

The more he considers it, the more it makes perfect sense that someone like him would fall for a boy like Shane — sensitive, kind, practical. A series of attributes that Ilya has broadly lacked, particularly with all he’s taken on in adulthood. He supposes his own opposing attributes could be considered “flaws” by some — flippant, scrappy, mercurial. A few others that his father has drilled into his head that, while they play on a loop in his brain, he struggles to bring to the forefront of his mind without spiraling into a place he desperately does not want to be.

Especially now, with Shane’s body curved back against his, one socked foot tucked between Ilya’s calves. Ilya’s hand glides down the warm skin of his side, over his hip, and back again. He’s far from saying it aloud in anything but Russian, but he is helplessly enamored with Shane’s softened hardness.

All the anxiety reflected in his muscles while awake is absent when Shane is asleep and rested. No tension, no clenching. Just soft lips, soft jaw, soft stomach, soft cock. He’s knocked out enough that the drifting of Ilya’s fingers along his side doesn’t wake him. His breath is easy, deep from his minutely parted plush lips, and he’d be lying if Ilya claimed it didn’t make him the slightest bit ravenous to taste them again after so many hours.

His fingers must trace a little too close to one particular softness under the sheets, because Ilya sees the cotton fabric start to rise. A more deliberate breath follows, and Ilya’s lips fall into an uncomplicated smile as the beautiful boy’s lashes flutter open slowly.

“Good morning,” Ilya greets, a small kiss beneath Shane’s ear.

Shane takes a deep, sleepy breath, an airy moan intertwining with it as he shakes off the fatigue. “This isn’t my bed,” he replies thickly, a grin playing at the corners of his mouth.

“Is not your bed, very good Shane,” he teases, pressing a longer kiss against his shoulder. “Brain seems to still work okay after getting knocked in yesterday’s game.”

“Fuck off,” Shane laughs, his voice creaky with sleep. “Besides, I don't think the game was the biggest threat to my brain function yesterday.”

“No?” He asks with a knowing smile, dotting his skin with kisses. “And what was that, Hollander?”

“You know,” he says bashfully, burying his face in his pillow.

Ilya does know. It was him lifting the other boy onto the counter in his kitchen, naked as day, and eating his ass until he came into Ilya’s mouth before bending him over and fucking him with his blissed out face smashed against the cool granite.

“Dessert,” Ilya had called it. “One you can actually enjoy for once.”

And from how Shane passed out afterward, he’d bet that he did enjoy it, disgust at doing such things where Ilya prepares food aside. Shane wasn’t making much noise of protest once Ilya had his knees pressed up to his chest.

There wasn’t much of a request or thought process that led to Shane spending the night for the first time. Ilya knows it was spawned by fatigue, having come twice in a short span of time after a high-pressure match on the ice between their teams. Boston had won (of course), which is why Shane found himself on top of Ilya’s kitchen counter, letting him do precisely everything he wanted to do as a pompous sore winner. Although, Ilya is sure neither of them ever feels like much of a loser when they’re intertwined with each other like that.

“You like when I eat my meals on the counter?” Ilya baits, trailing increasingly wetter kisses over his shoulder, up his neck.

“Maybe,” he mutters into the pillow, but Ilya still can hear the arousal in his muffled tone.

Ilya knows that *Shane* knows exactly what he means by that, but he wants to give him an opportunity to verify just what the man likes — although it’s mostly just to hear how desperate he is for him. Ilya’s already hard, but he could stand to be harder.

“Mmm,” Ilya hums in his ear, taking his earlobe between his teeth and scraping down tortuously, easily evoking the moan he was aiming for. “You like when I fuck you with the taste of your come in my mouth?”

“Fuck,” he hears him breathe into the pillow.

Ilya smiles at his expected reaction. He grips Shane’s hip and grinds his cock against his ass under the covers. “Answer me, Shane,” he orders in a whisper.

It’s been a thrill for Ilya to learn Shane’s sexual quirks, his kinks. Like how much he loves it when Ilya starts to give him directives that leave little room for interpretation. Shane responds well to direct orders, seems to thrive on them, so Ilya takes pleasure in peppering them in occasionally, as to not spoil him too much.

On cue, a shiver runs over Shane’s skin, and Ilya can feel the corresponding bumps sprout beneath his fingers. “Yes,” the man admits, still obscured by the cushion.

“You know my English isn’t so good, Shane. I can understand better with your face out of the pillow,” he coaxes, both of them knowing full well that he has no issue understanding what

he said.

Shane breathes audibly into the pillow one last time before lifting it out and repeating for him with embarrassment in his tone, “Yes. I like it.”

“Now, was that so hard?” He taunts, his fingers walking themselves closer to where he’s definitely no longer as soft as he was. The only place Ilya doesn’t prefer him to be so.

“I fucking hate you,” he responds, no fire in his words. The only emotion Ilya can parse from them is lust, but he’s going to make him rethink them anyway.

“Do you?” He asks, offering it as rhetorical as he wraps his fingers around his length. The words travel directly into his ear as his lips caress the shell of it. “You hate me? You hate so much how my hand feels around your dick? You hate so much how I fuck you until you spill all over the sheets with my cock in your ass?”

“Jesus Christ, Ilya,” he moans, rocking his ass back onto Ilya’s length in perfect rhythm to fuck it back in the circle of Ilya’s fingers on the downstroke.

“You’re not answering me again,” he scolds gently, the movement of his hand increasing on his shaft, pulling louder moans from the man. “Answer me and I’ll make you come.”

“Fuck, I don’t! I don’t fucking hate you!” Shane responds desperately, following his well-paced cycling of his hips against Ilya and back into his hold.

“Tell me what you like,” he commands, his hand jerking quickly around his dripping cock. “Use the words. I want you to say it.”

Shane groans with half of his face still pressed into the pillow and the other half contorted in pleasure. “I like when you make me come.”

“Yeah?” He taunts, dragging his nose along his temple as he feels Shane’s telltale signs that he’s getting close. “You want to come now? Want to come all over my fingers?”

“Yes,” he pants out, his moans growing more precarious by the second as he thrusts into Ilya’s hand. “Please, Ilya.”

“Do it,” he dictates, biting his neck. “Fucking come for me, Shane.”

The man swears loudly, and Ilya feels hot wetness across his knuckles as he continues to jerk him off.

“Fuck, that’s so good. So fucking good, Shane,” Ilya moans. When the man is fully spent, Ilya shoves him onto his back and takes his own cock into his hand, pulling it frantically with the other man’s release easing the slide. He follows in seconds, spilling onto Shane’s undulating stomach with his own resolving moan.

“Fuck,” Shane breathes out, his arms splayed against the bed and eyelids clenching and fluttering as his brain catches up with his body.

Ilya hums, sucking the substance from his own fingers before dipping down to Shane's abdomen, cleaning the mess made there by their combined efforts. He moves back up his chest, gripping his jaw firmly and coaxing his mouth open.

He sees the man's eyes widen, unsure, but Ilya is sure enough for the both of them. He seals his lips over Shane's and allows his tongue to sink into the other man's mouth. The taste of them both together slides into the more hesitant of the two, but the moment he processes the reality, Shane is moaning along with him. He seems to savor the experience, tasting thoroughly and skimming his tongue along Ilya's before letting it slide down his throat, as Ilya hoped it would.

"Jesus, that was…" Shane finishes with a laugh.

Ilya chuckles, nuzzling his nose along his jaw. "Fucking hot. I know. That's why I did it."

"Asshole," he teases back, but his admiring gaze up at him seems to say differently.

At least, Ilya hopes it does.

"You want breakfast?"

"Breakfast?"

"Yes. Is meal people usually eat in the morning."

Shane rolls his eyes with a good-natured grin, and Ilya reflexively smiles back.

"I don't know," Shane says, self-conscious in his expression. "You know my diet is a little…"

"I know. Is okay. We find you something. You will not starve," he reassures, pressing a kiss to his lips. "And if you're lucky, I'll clean the counter from last night."

"Gross," he sends back, wrinkling his nose. "You are definitely cleaning the counter."

Ilya gives him an upside-down smile and shrugs. "My kitchen, my rules."

Shane shakes his head, fighting a smile.

Ilya hovers his lips over Shane's and whispers, "I think I just like tasting you when I eat."

Shane closes the distance, burying his hands in Ilya's curls and smashing their lips back together in a real, proper good morning. Ilya sinks into it happily, framing his jaw with both hands until Shane pulls away and rests his forehead against his.

"Please clean the counter?" Shane asks softly, with those slick, beautiful lips, and Ilya is mesmerized by the sight of his saliva on this perfect boy, even after all the times they've kissed over the years.

As spellbound as Ilya is, he has the partially terrifying, partially euphoric notion that there isn't a single thing in this world that Ilya wouldn't do for Shane Hollander. The patience, the

years beneath both their belts, the cat and mouse game that seemed to last decades — it all culminated into this. Shane Hollander, in his sheets as the sun breaks the night, giving Ilya the opportunity to make him feel comfortable and safe in his home.

His answer is as simple and easy as breathing.

“Okay.”

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