Beaver Fever

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Beaver Fever

by Lilbaebloo

Summary

Ilya shows Shane why beavers are, in fact, nature's most romantic animal.

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Bad beaver jokes, fluff and smut at the cottage -- True Canadiana

Notes

HEATED RIVALRY SPOILER ALERT

Set during Heated Rivalry, shortly after Shane and Ilya tell Shane's parents about their relationship.

Paradise.

This cottage, this lake, was paradise.

Or maybe *he* was paradise and it was only here, now, at the cottage, that Ilya could finally embrace him, bask in him. Just enjoy him and what they have.

This past week at Shane's cottage, Ilya was young and wild and free in ways he'd never been before. He hadn't been this free drunk in a club, models on each arm, bottles of vodka in each hand. Or in the driver's seat of the newest model Ferrari, hitting one hundred-and-eighty clicks with the top down. Or even scoring the winning goal of the Stanley cup, ripping off his helmet, screaming, while a crowd of thousands roared back, chanting his name.

This– clutching his career rival against his chest, his competition, his equal, the guy the entire world measured him against, the only person that each fuck got better with, the one he couldn't get out of his mind, off his skin, his first love, his last romance– was a completely different type of freedom.

And it was terrifying.

Ilya knew the moment he stepped across the cottage's threshold there would be no going back. The charade would be over. Ilya Rozanov finally admitted to himself that Shane Hollander had fully, completely, utterly fucked him up for anyone else, forever. He'd be chasing this high for the rest of his life. Nothing else could ever compare. And, worst of all, Ilya was happy about it.

They were curled up together on the sectional in the sitting room, wrapped in a striped wool Hudson's Bay blanket, Shane's back on Ilya's chest, stretched out between his legs. A David Attenborough documentary about the Canadian wilderness Ilya had already seen ten times played on the television.

While Shane dozed, Ilya took the rare opportunity to admire him. The slight sunburn that fell across the bridge of his nose, overtop of his sprinkling of freckles, like the little stars that dotted the sky above the lake every night. His thick black lashes. His pink lips, slightly parted. The warm weight lying heavy on Ilya's chest and in his arms. The shallow breathes pressing back against him oh so slightly.

Lord Attenborough droned on. A family of elk loped across the screen.

Ilya was sore and tired in the most satisfying way possible, in the way that only happens after a long day of swimming and sun. The skin of his shoulder and upper back was hot and tender, and the burn would be a reminder of this place and this time. Of paradise.

The thought of the burn fading, and his memories with it, made Ilya's stomach drop. For the first time since his mother died, Ilya had found a place he wasn't itching to leave. Where his eyes didn't wander. Where that thing in him that growled and scratched and clawed had stilled and settled, paced three times in a circle, then laid down to rest.

Peace. This is what peace was.

Shane made a little snorting sound and shifted. Warmth flooded through Ilya and his eyes prickled but he wasn't sure why. He hadn't cried in years.

"Sleepy?" Squeezing Shane tightly, Ilya nuzzled his temple.

“No- just…resting my eyes.”

Ilya chuckled. Even half passed out, he was so damn stubborn. “You’re snoring, *malysh-”*

“No-”

“Mhm-”

“I don’t snore-”

“You do-”

“I do not-”

“Then what these noises, hm? You sound like moose in heat. Don’t tell me-” Ilya grinned, “Is your mating call?”

Shane grumbled and flipped over, pressing their chests together, and nestled his face in the crook of Ilya’s neck. “Shut up. It must be the T.V.” He said through a yawn, but Ilya could feel him smiling against his shoulder. “You and your stupid nature shows.”

Shane’s chest rose and fell with steady, swallow breathes against Ilya’s. He smelled like barbeque propane and the industrial-sized bottle of generic-brand minty body wash he kept in the shower.

Ilya smiled, too.

The scene on the television changed. A great river. Rushing water. Fish jumping.

A little beaver paddling to its dam, a whittled branch held between its teeth and paws, his little black nose twitching as he swam determinedly against the current.

Ilya looked down at Shane in his arms to see he was already snoozing again.

“If you were animal, you know which one you would be?” he asked softly, pushing back Shane’s hair from his face so he could see his freckles again.

One of Shane’s eyes opened a sliver. “You better not say a moose in heat. Or anything in heat.”

“No, that is not what I am going to say.”

“What then?”

Ilya brushed the back of his fingers over Shane’s cheek. “You would be a beaver.”

“A beaver?” Shane opened both his eyes now.

“Yes. Beaver. *Bobrik.”*

“My parents did not spend ten-grand on braces for you to call me a beaver.”

“Your perfect teeth is not why you are like beaver.”

Sitting up slightly, Shane perched his chin on Ilya’s chest. “Why am I a beaver then?” He asked, eyes narrowing, looking straight up at Ilya the same way he had since they’d first met; suspicious, intrigued, challenging him, ready to lock horns.

“You are both so cute. And Canadian.”

“That's it?”

“Shh- no, that is not ‘it.’ You are both brunette-” Ilya’s thick finger stroked through the hair on the back of Shane’s neck. “Most beautiful hair- highly coveted-”

“I do not need you to explain the fur trade to me, Ilya. I was in the Canadian public school system for thirteen years.”

“Hush *rodnoy*- no scary men are hunting you here, except me-” Ilya teased, letting his hand run over Shane’s shoulder blades down his spine, to the dip in his lower back, “As I was saying, you are both good swimmers- with nice, thick tail-” He grabbed and kneaded Shane’s ass, “Famous for your tails, yes?”

Shane groaned and hid his face again. “Fuck- I’ve never been so glad you don’t know Canadian slang. I couldn’t handle you knowing what most guys mean when they say ‘beaver.’”

“Hm?” Ilya had gotten distracted rolling Shane’s firm glutes in his palms. “What? What it mean?”

But Shane ignored him. “You know, you don’t need to make up dumb excuses to touch my ass. You can just ask like a normal person.”

“I’m not finished-” Ilya replied. “They are hardworking. Very industrious.”

“Right.”

“Did I already say how cute?”

“Yes-” Shane shook his head, but Ilya saw the pink rise in his cheeks.

“They build cottages, too-”

“*Lodge*- they’re called lodges-”

“Hmm, look like cottage to me-”

“You better not be implying my cottage looks like a pile of sticks.”

“Okay, okay- fine- the beavers live in the lodge…” An unfamiliar nervousness shot through Ilya as he nosed at Shane’s cheek, “-with their lovers.”

“Mates.” Shane interrupted, looking down at Ilya’s chest, toying with his gold cross. “With their mates. Beavers don’t have ‘lovers’.”

Ilya's heart sank. “‘Mates’ does not sound very romantic, Hollander.” He tried to joke, but still Shane wouldn’t look at him.

“They’re rodents, Ilya. They aren’t romantic. There’s nothing about them that’s romantic.”

A pause.

“That is not true.” Ilya murmured. “Beavers are very romantic.”

“Right. Sure.”

“Yes- most romantic animal. You are Canadian, how you not know this?”

“Then I’m definitely *not* a beaver.”

“What is your problem, Hollander? Why you not want to be beaver?”

Shane sat up straight and looked Ilya in the eye.

Another pause.

They blinked back and forth.

Shane frowned and stiffened.

Something in the room shifted.

Ilya held his breath.

“It’s late.” Sighing, Shane looked away first. “I’m going to-”

“You know,” Ilya caught Shane around the waist before he could stand, “they are monogamous.”

“What?!”

“Beavers.” Ilya said, his hands shaking as he pulled Shane into his lap. “They are monogamous.”

“Oh really?” Shane raised his eyebrows, but let Ilya arrange him so he was straddling his hips. “I never heard that before.”

“Mhm, is true. British man on TV say so. And not just for one season.” Swallowing, Ilya tipped his chin down and looked up into Shane’s eyes. “They mate for life.”

“Well. Good for them.” Shane murmured, holding Ilya’s gaze.

Ilya inhaled deeply and set his jaw. Shane had been the one who invited him here. He’d done the hard thing, the brave thing, broken the ice. And Ilya was almost too much of a coward to even come. If it hadn’t been for Scott, how he had the guts to tell the whole world how he feels about Kip, Ilya wouldn’t be here. Scott’s bravery was changing the world for everyone, making it better. Shane’s bravery got them here, to this place. It was Ilya’s turn to do the hard thing, to be brave. He could do this. He had to do this.

“It makes me sad you don’t want to be a beaver with me.” He said softly, fake-pouting, intertwining his fingers with Shane’s.

“You’re saying *you’re* a beaver?” Shane bit back with his trademark sarcasm, but there was a spark in his eyes.

“Yes.”

Shane snorted. “You don’t seem like the ‘mate for life’ type.”

The blow was like a puck to the crotch without a cup, but Ilya knew he deserved it.

All the times Ilya made casual jokes about his other conquests, men and women, and the flicker of hurt that had passed over Shane’s face ran through his mind. How he used to rub Shane’s nose in the fact he was fucking other people. How he used to think that would make it easier.

“Maybe I hadn’t met right other beaver.” Ilya’s jaw trembled as he spoke, rubbing Shane’s sides up and down. “Or maybe I have known the right beaver for years and maybe I was- maybe I tried to not be a beaver-” he wrestled English words in his mind, trying to put together what he really meant, “Maybe this beaver has been fighting his nature too long.”

Breath hitching, Shane held Ilya’s face, caressing his stubble with his thumb. “Ilya- don’t fuck with me. Don’t say things you don’t mean.”

“I’m not.” Ilya put his hand over Shane’s and brought his palm to his mouth and kissed it. “Is time for this beaver to act like a beaver, I think.”

A small, strange noise came from the back of Shane’s throat and he crashed his mouth into Ilya’s.

Even after all these years, he was still such an enthusiastic kisser. Ilya smiled between kisses, steadying Shane and slowing him down, opening his mouth to let him inside, running his tongue along Shane’s lip before finding his own.

“Okay-” Shane panted into Ilya’s mouth.

“Hm?”

“I’ll be a beaver.” He grabbed Ilya’s curls and kissed him again. “But you have to be one, too.”

“You cannot help what you are, Shane.” Ilya laughed, kissing him back. “And you are cute, little brown beaver.”

“And so are you.” Giggling, Shane rubbed his nose back and forth against Ilya’s.

“Yes, *tvoy bober-”*

“What’s that?”

“It means, ‘your beaver.’”

“Mm-” Shane smiled and rested his forehead against Ilya’s. “That’s cute. Te-vooy bob-er.”

Not wanting to ruin the mood, Ilya hid his chuckle by kissing up Shane’s neck.

It was close enough. They’d have plenty of time to work on Shane’s Russian. Ilya was already full of ideas for lessons.

“To bed?” Ilya asked, picking Shane up by the ass as he stood.

Nodding, Shane wrapped his legs tighter around Ilya and held on to his shoulders as they kissed again.

Fuck, this was the best. He was the best.

Heavy and solid in Ilya’s arms, clinging to him. That weight holding him down, making everything happening here, now, real.

“Ahh- you know, there are beavers in Russia.” Ilya murmured into Shane’s mouth as he walked them to the bedroom.

“No, I didn’t know that-” Smiling, Shane swirled his tongue against Ilya’s, running them together, smooth and hot.

“Mhm, bigger and stronger than Canadian beaver,” Ilya made his point by hiking Shane higher up his waist and squeezing him, “but still beaver.”

“Sure-”

“Is true!” Ilya kicked open the bedroom door and dropped Shane on the bed, then tugged his loose tank top over his head.

Humming approvingly, Shane sat up and reached for Ilya. “Look at that pelt-” He said, grabbing and tugging lightly on Ilya’s chest hair, “Now I get why the Europeans went so crazy for it.”

“I have more-” Ilya took Shane’s hand and guided it downward, over his firm ridged stomach to the top of his sweatpants.

Shuddering, Shane took the lead now, tucking his hand into Ilya’s sweats and grasping his hard cock. “Oh- Ilya- fuck-” he whispered, dragging his fingers over his shaft, squeezing at the base.

All that beaver-talk had given Ilya a raging hard-on and it seemed to be having the same effect on Shane, whose pink-flush was steadily turning to scarlet as he pulled Ilya’s dick out.

“You really went commando?” Shane asked as Ilya kicked off his sweats.

“Mhm. Why bother when you are just going to take them right off?” Grinning, Ilya knelt down between Shane’s knees and started pushing up his hoodie and pawing at his defined

abs. “Besides, I think you like it.”

Ilya peeled Shane’s hoodie over his head and kissed him roughly, nipping and gently tugging his bottom lip. Whimpering, Shane wound his fingers in Ilya’s curls and pushed hard back into him, trying to get as close as possible, searching for new ways to fit them together.

Ilya was so hard it was painful, so horned up he was getting dizzy and sloppy. Those little noises Shane made, the way desperately grabbed at every part of Ilya and smashed their mouths and bodies so hard, like he was trying to crack their hard shells open so what was inside them would spill out and pool together, becoming inseparable – it made Ilya go wild, humming like an over-heated motor in a suped-up sportscar, so hot he was shaking.

Throwing his head back, Shane gasped like a Southern belle when Ilya trailed his kisses down Shane’s neck to his chest and pinched one of his nipples between his teeth.

“Ilya- Ilya-”

It took everything in Ilya not to grab his own dick- watching Shane Hollander be undone, being the one to do it, ripping open that hockey jersey he hid in and finding the soft tender flesh inside, flushed and burning for him, was enough to push Ilya right to the edge.

“Now that-” Ilya huffed, kissing and licking down, stopping to rub his cheek against Shane’s abs, “-is a mating call-”

“Oh- Ilya- fuck-”

Hands skimming lower, past Shane’s navel, lower still, Ilya found his cock full mast.

“Is that some wood for me to chew on, *bobrik?*” He asked, squeezing Shane over his sweats and leaning forward to lick at his hipbones.

“Absolutely not- we are not doing a beaver rolelay-” Shane laughed, running his hands through Ilya’s curls, urging him downward. “At least, not like that-”

“Mm- maybe you have point. Buck teeth, not so good for blow job.” Winking, Ilya pulled Shane’s dick out of his briefs and licked up his shaft.

Shane yipped and bucked at the first contact, and Ilya grabbed his ass and held him in place as he flicked his tongue into his slit.

“Ilya- you- God- please-”

“How we should do it then, hm?” Ilya took Shane in his mouth, deep, then pulled back slowly before letting off with a pop. “Play dress-up, maybe?”

“Huh?” Red and glistening, Shane looked down at Ilya, his eyes hazy.

“For beaver-play. You would look so cute with little fuzzy ears.”

Shane laughed, a real, full laugh that made his whole body shake and Ilya grinned. He loved to make Shane laugh like that.

“And a tail?” Ilya squeezed Shane’s ass, dragging him a little closer. “Cannot be beaver without tail.”

Shaking his head, smiling, Shane leaned back on his elbows. “Quit yapping, and get that mouth on my dick.”

“Bossy- not good team-player-” Ilya tutted before sliding his mouth over Shane’s cock again.

God, Ilya loved sucking dick. Loved knowing he was good at it. Loved feeling and hearing Shane’s responses to every change in pressure or rhythm. And he loved Shane like this- when Ilya’s mouth broke the dam holding back his softness, how he’d fall apart underneath Ilya, heaving, begging crying out- no need to be a ‘guy’, a ‘bro’, okay to sigh and moan and scream and give up his warm, gooey centre for Ilya.

“Ilya- please-”

Groaning, Ilya pulled off Shane’s sweats then snaked his hand up the leg of his boxerbriefs and pinched his ass. “This is what you are wanting?”

“Please- pl-ease-”

Ilya ran two fingers up the cleft of Shane’s ass, finding his hole, and massaged the outside gently.

“This?”

“Ah- I want- want you to fuck me-”

Withdrawing his hand, Ilya stood up and hunted for a bottle of lube while Shane protested.

“No bitching- get naked and be quiet-” Ilya scolded, finding a bottle under the bed.

“Ilya- I don’t-”

“Shut up and spread your legs.” Dribbling lube on his fingers, Ilya watched as Shane wiggled out of his boxers then laid back alluringly and gazed at him, smirking. Just like he did after he scored a goal on Boston.

They’d been at it so much Shane was already relaxed and pliable, but Ilya still made sure to prep him right, adding each finger slowly, waiting to feel the muscle release before adding another.

When he was finally satisfied that Shane was ready, Ilya settled between his thighs, arranging his legs around his hips, and pressed in.

Shane mewled when Ilya first entered, holding Ilya’s face in his hands and bringing their foreheads together.

“How is?”

“Great- so good-” Shane said, pulled Ilya in deeper, digging his heels into the backs of his thighs, “I want all of you-”

“So hungry for wood, *moy milyy bobronok*-” Grunting, Ilya bottomed out, the suck and squeeze of Shane’s ass making him fuzzy and tingling all over.

“Fuck- fuck yeah, give it to me-”

Ilya rocked forward, plunging firm and deep, dragging the head of his dick on that secret spot he knew would get Shane keening.

“Yes- that- Ilya- that, that- there-”

“You love it, *malysh?*-”

“Yeah- fuck- I do-”

Shane was simpering and snorting and heaving now, rough noises mixing with soft, rugged then delicate in a way that only Shane Hollander could be, that perfect contradiction that set Ilya’s stomach on fire.

“Close- Shane, I- you-” Ilya rasped, his own voice catching in his throat now and English words blurring and sliding off his tongue in every direction, “I- I will-”

Clenching down hard on Ilya, Shane cried out, twitching and flicking as he spurted between them-

Love- this was love and peace and paradise and beavers and lodges and maybe those were all the same thing-

Ilya came with his head buried in Shane's clavicle, his heart beating against his cheek and his fingers tangling in his damp hair, English words whispered that Ilya couldn't grasp but that made him feel warm and tight and then like he was melting-

"*Bobrik, moy bobrik-"* Ilya raised his head then kissed along Shane's sweaty forehead before pulling out slowly and rolling on to his side, panting.

"*Bow-breek-"* Shane said slowly, smiling at Ilya.

"Hm?"

"Mo-ye bow-breek-"

Giggling, Ilya reached a thick, clumsy finger up and tapped along Shane's freckles. "So cute when you speak Russian with your silly accent. *Bow-breek!"*

"Don't laugh at me!" Shane wrinkled his nose and stuck out his tongue. "I'm trying!"

"Mm, no need to fret, *bobronok,"* Ilya sighed, "We have whole lifetime to practice."

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