

Summertime

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Summertime

by [fanbandoms](#)

Summary

Summertime, and the living's easy ...

Shane's last evening with Ilya before they part ways for the summer.

The storm outside of the cabin rolled in with lazy claps of thunder, each cloud more swollen with dark and threatening to spill its guts. Summer felt like it would last forever — each day unyielding yellow sun, each night heavy with the sound of cicadas and two boys immersed with each other's bodies in the thick, warm air. Shane really thought it might last forever, too, with this incredible man lying supine and lazy at the end of his bed, green eyes trained on the grayish black sky, and an incredible pout on. But the terrible thing with time, is that it often comes to an end, and theirs was fast approaching.

“I relaxed,” Shane said, smile a little too crooked, heart a little bit jagged. How could it be, that summer was almost over? Thunder gave a fast clap, and the sky finally broke blue water. “I finally got to relax with you, Ilya.”

Chapter 1: Doin' Time

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

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“Feels good, yes?” Ilya didn't really need to ask, but Shane could only widen his smile and nod in reply.

Relaxing felt so good. Breaking into loud whoops after lips broke the surface of choppy lake water, grins out and unwieldy, racing to take off wet clothes and shower together after too long and too hot days. It was so simple, so easy, and made way too much sense. Leftovers for dinner, wet mouths on soft drinks and hard parts, sand in toes, and cool kisses on warm temples in the evenings.

There were, of course, plans made and talks talked when the moments of clarity came in waves between long sex sessions and dishes being done, but no conversations that hurt their brains or weren't fun to contemplate. Except for one night, Ilya made a passing mention of marrying Svetlana for a green card, which gave Shane the worst kind of stomach turn. He looked at Ilya that night with abject horror, his throat tightening as he imagined watching Ilya walk down the aisle with her.

And really, it could bring Shane to tears and a real torturous grief to think of Ilya with anyone but him, man or woman. In the beginning, when Shane was more tripping into rather than falling in love, he would hear of Ilya with girls through teammates, and would go home and frantically jerk off while thinking of Ilya fucking someone else. But those nights in the beginning were a little more tortured and tended to end in frustrated, confused, but terribly turned-on tears. Still, at this point, the thought of Ilya becoming someone else's was enough to make this fragile new reality of together seem altogether impossible, and maybe even ridiculous once again.

It embarrassed Shane to be needy and possessive, but he couldn't help it. And during the sex that came after the Svetlana conversation, with Shane pinned down and mouth open, begging, Shane could swear that Ilya liked him needy. Ilya had him folded like a pretzel and was asking for just a little more each time, and with the way Shane was asking, Ilya always obliged. When Shane came, he begged Ilya to call him his, and Ilya didn't hesitate. After that

session, Shane even wondered if Ilya had mentioned Svetlana on purpose, but put the thought out of his mind.

Shane wondered how he would be able to comfortably survive a fall without Ilya, with him training elsewhere, with him not close. Now that he had drunk his fill of Ilya, and been so filled by Ilya, there was no way he'd be able to sit with himself empty. Not at the cottage, and not in his apartment. Now that he had this closeness, he could not imagine the apart. His chest tightened as he felt a brand new fear — losing Ilya, and the precious love he had gained.

“What are you worrying about, Hollander?” Ilya asked, ever the mind reader, reaching out to touch Shane's foot with his. The rain had picked up with force, beating down and stealing Shane's train of thought.

“You. How I don't want you to be with anyone else,” Shane replied simply, too far gone to really be ashamed of himself. “I don't want to share with anyone else, and I don't want you to leave tomorrow.”

“Stupid,” Ilya murmured lovingly, crawling up to Shane on the bed. He cuddled close and kissed Shane slowly and languidly on the mouth, taking time to taste him, mouths slickening up enough to make Shane moan. Kissing him really was that dirty, better than anything he had before, which made him all the more anxious to part. “We are boyfriends. I'm not with anyone else. I call you when I get home.”

“But I'll still be sleeping alone,” Shane said, but it came out more like a whine than he meant for it to. He winced, because he seriously could not believe he was that hung up. Whining for Ilya to stay a little longer wasn't going to get him anywhere, nor would it make it easier for either one of them. He had been a little bit more vocal about his upset all day, and he knew it wasn't making it any easier on Ilya. It was still hard to snap out of, when a body like Ilya's had been Shane's all summer long.

“You're not alone tonight,” Ilya countered, tone light and optimistic. “You can make it count.”

Shane felt his heart twist a little and he smiled. He never wanted to leave this bed, never wanted this particular storm to pass, never wanted to go to sleep, never wanted to part ways with this man. He wanted to lock himself in this moment forever. Ilya's gaze was hopeful, hopeful that Shane wouldn't turn this evening to tears; wanting him to make it a memory they'd be loath to forget.

Shane could feel Ilya's desire blazing from underneath his skin, excitement starting to buzz in the air as he waited for Shane to accept his challenge. Ilya's eyes were raking over Shane's bare flesh and Shane knew that the yearning would have to wait. Ilya was here, and he was going to take advantage of every way imaginable. He felt Ilya's hand brushing against his waistband and his stomach flipped, but this time in a dive of excitement, like the moments before a rollercoaster. Like every moment before Ilya was deep inside of him.

“Why don't we make it count, da?” Ilya pressed on, waiting for his green light, waiting for Shane to give him that reedy, needy, enthusiastic consent that Shane knew Ilya fucking lived

for. The hairs on the back of Shane's neck stood up as Ilya took a long lick down his SCM and into his clavicle, kissing daringly at his collarbone, humming patiently against his skin.

Ilya was giving him a fair option — instead of giving into his grief of being apart, to fall into that desire that had kept them together for so many years. That mind-numbing lust that made Shane's eyes go low and heavy with want, and that unwavering loyalty that made Ilya's ability to be with anyone else completely and utterly useless. The trust, the ritual, and the sacredness of their encounters could border on religious if they looked too deeply into it. But in that moment, with hands in waistbands, it wasn't the time.

Shane felt Ilya's mouth move to his right deltoid, and down to his bicep, then felt Ilya lifting his arm to place kisses on his hands. When Ilya's mouth slipped over his thumb and started sucking, Shane choked a bit and said, "Fuck."

"Fucking would definitely make it count," Ilya said brightly, pulling off his thumb and kissing his palm.

"Let's make it count, then," Shane relented, grinning as he gave in, still falling even unbelievably harder for Ilya than he could have ever imagined. The winds roared outside and Ilya's winning smile was all that mattered. It was the smile he loved to see on the hockey rink, but worshipped in the bedroom. Shane could put his sadness aside if Ilya could help him burn that smile into his brain, and take this piece of time and craft it into something sweet they'd keep in their moments apart.

Chapter End Notes

I'm chopped and I haven't written in years, sorry to take it out on Heated Rivalry. Next chapter is just porn. Yikes!

Chapter 2: Fever

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“That’s my boy,” Ilya said playfully, moving his hands up over Shane’s pecs and around his neck. Those strong, athletic hands were gentle on thin, vulnerable skin, but still rough enough to do Shane in with the lightest touch. He hovered over Shane’s lips before sealing them with his own.

Shane let him in immediately, deepening the kiss with tongue, letting Ilya explore with hot, hungry hands. A thin, threadbare T-shirt fell off, then shorts, and then both of them were naked. Ilya took a brief pause to look down at Shane and smirked at the mess he had created. Ilya traced his freckles with an achey softness that seemed almost too gentle to be appropriate for the moment. The thunder rolled onwards, claps encouraging them, and the wind whispered with urgency. Shane and Ilya sat for a beat, memorizing each other’s every line and curve.

“Pretty,” Ilya commented, giving Shane something like a nip as he settled his hands on Shane’s broad pecs. Shane’s mouth was spit-soaked and red, and the skin on his throat and chest was flushed with desire. His freckles had gotten so pronounced over the summer, and Ilya wished he could see them progress even further — he adored them. Ilya hovered over him, hands ghosting his lover’s inner thighs.

“Come on,” Shane urged, thrusting slightly upwards, brushing his neglected cock on the sides of Ilya’s hands. Shane looked desperate to get down to business, to feel Ilya inside of him, and it made Ilya groan in approval.

“Come on, what?” Ilya teased, drumming fingers on Shane’s pubic bone, making circles around his hips. He seemed to have a grip everywhere except for where it mattered, and Shane was falling apart.

“Fucking,” Shane started, then made a fruitless gesture. “Come the fuck on.”

“Nice,” Ilya said, ever eloquent. He hovered over his boyfriend, lying on his back in bed. Shane made a meek gesture to his cock, before Ilya relented. He jerked him off slowly and steadily, watching as Shane greedily took his pleasure. Shane, keeping eye contact, wrapped one arm around Ilya’s neck, spat in one hand, and started working on Ilya’s cock.

Ilya stiffened and reached one of his hands down to Shane’s hole. They had fucked quite a bit on this trip, and Ilya was a little wary of tiring him out. Luckily, Shane’s face was an open book, and he looked anything but tired out. He looked up at Ilya with heated desire and rutted his hips in want. Ilya huffed out a laugh between Shane’s eager movements and teased, “Tell me what you want, Hollander.”

“There’s lube over there,” Shane offered up, eyes cast downwards. Heat flushed up to his cheeks, and Shane looked shy for a moment. Ilya took a mental picture at the Kodak moment,

because fuck, he was going to miss that.

“You’re so helpful,” Ilya quipped, grabbing the lube on the nightstand and coating his fingers generously. He slid his hands between the cleft of Shane’s ass and asked with a feigned innocence and paused, asking, “What do you think I should do with it?”

“Get me ready,” Shane said, ready to meet Ilya’s gaze again. His eyes shone with desire, and he took his spit-soaked hand off Ilya’s and lay back, naked and bare with his legs spread. Ilya could not believe his luck with this view.

“For what?” Ilya pressed, fingers hovering at his entrance, shallowly dipping the pads of his fingers around the edge of Shane’s entrance.

“For you.” Shane’s frankness still caught Ilya off-guard every once in a while, as blood shot straight to his cock at the earnestness in Shane’s tone.

“Christ, Shane.” Ilya’s dick was hard enough to cut glass, and he made quick, skilled work at entering Shane. He watched with careful eyes and thrust inward, earning something between a moan and a groan from his boyfriend. The atmosphere was thick with lust, enough to be cut. Shane looked concentrated, like he was taking the hardest test and absolutely needed to pass, and Ilya was lucky enough to be there and help him through it. “How is that?”

“Um,” Shane responded, looking as if he was fighting nonsense words from coming out. Ilya slipped a second finger inside of him and used his other hand to pump Shane’s semi-limp cock back to life in unhurried strokes. An insane little laugh escaped Shane’s pouted mouth as he took some liberty and lowered himself down onto thick, calloused fingers. “I’m skewered.”

“Skewered?” Ilya questioned, eyebrows drawn together. His lip was flicked out, concentrating on his task. Shane was tight and warm, and all he needed was Shane ready to take him. He fingered him while thinking back to kebabs on the grill, and it wasn’t exactly the hottest image. But glancing down at Shane’s concentrating face, Ilya seemed to decide he didn’t mind the boring grill comparisons in the middle of one of the hottest scenes in Ilya’s life. The rain poured down in the background of a wet kiss planted by Ilya on Shane’s thigh.

“Pinned? Like a bug, I don’t know,” Shane said, voice strained, making a noise somewhere between a whine and a high-pitched giggle as Ilya scissored his fingers deep inside. Shane looked overwhelmed by sensation and nerves.

Ilya, gracious as ever, read body language better than he understood Shane’s words, and focused solely on getting him loosened up. He took his hand off Shane’s dick for the moment and put his efforts elsewhere, searching for that spot.

“Relax, Hollander, you’re losing me,” Ilya angled his fingers slightly up, and Shane’s face twisted obscenely. He moaned, hot and obscene, and Ilya could only think — jackpot. Ilya gave a grin with sunless joy, celebrating his triumph over Shane’s wrecked body. In return, Shane gave heady, reedy moans. Ilya suddenly remembered Shane’s cock, hard and patient, and started to stroke him. “But pinned down by me, I think, is good.”

“Good,” echoed Shane, eyes rolled into the back of his head. “Please fuck me,” he pleaded, tightening up around Ilya’s fingers, looking desperate. Ilya reached for condoms, but was blocked by Shane’s fingers around his wrist. “I ah - I don’t need that.” And just like that, Ilya’s face started boiling in the air-conditioned bedroom.

Ilya cocked his head like ‘really?’ Knowing his boyfriend to be the ever careful germaphobe, the one who showered after every fuck, and was pretty with it when it came to all of the hallmarks of safe sex. But fuck if he wasn’t listening to that request. “Your wish is my command,” he breathed, fingers leaving his boyfriend, letting him feel his absence. “Have you ever been fucked raw by another man?” Ilya asked with forced casualty. He already knew the answer, but it sent a little thrill down his spine to hear Shane’s reply.

“N-no,” he stuttered out, dick hard and pinprick tears in his eyes. Ilya thought the world might stop turning if he didn’t fuck Shane immediately. Then Shane, completely innocent but totally wretched, breathed, “Be my first.”

Ilya’s stomach dropped out to his knees, and it took a moment to compose himself. The world dropped out of his peripherals, and suddenly all he could see was naked and hard Shane Hollander wanting an ass full of cum. “I already am,” Ilya said, tone cocky but still shaken. And he really took some pride in that; being Shane’s first for everything was something he really had earned. Every sensation was new to him, and Ilya was determined to make it addictive. He bent Shane’s knees back and grabbed a pillow at the head of the bed, shoving it under Shane’s ass.

“You ready?” Ilya asked, slicking himself up with a quarter-filled bottle of lube. Shane’s pupils were blown out, and he nodded drunkenly, gripping onto Ilya’s shoulders. Ilya took a deep breath and pushed himself into tight, wet heat, and tried not to cum right then and there.

The look on Shane’s face was something spiritual, meditative, and lusting. There was a sound like “oh,” as Ilya made him fuller than he had ever been, and closer than they had ever been together. Ilya played with his thick black hair, pulling at his scalp as Ilya filled him to the hilt. Something like a whine and half-strangled escaped Shane’s lips. Ilya’s hips thrust gently, searching.

“It’s okay?” Ilya asked, kissing closed eyelids.

“I’m okay,” Shane reassured him, eyebrows furrowed. He snapped his eyes open and met Ilya’s icy blues as he bottomed out and said, “God, you’re *so* big.”

“Fuck.” The sentiment was ridiculous and porny, but it did the job. Ilya could have sworn that comment was calculated. There was no way Shane just said shit like that, with his pretty little jaw hung open fucked out, and in bliss. Ilya kept up a brutal tempo with angled hips and watched Shane come apart at the seams.

“There,” he groaned out, biting his lip, pulling Ilya closer with his legs wrapped needly around Ilya’s waist. With each thrust he pulled Ilya closer, practically forcing Ilya to fuck him deep, when Ilya was originally going for something a bit more tender. But it took no extra encouragement for Ilya to brutalize Shane’s prostate, hitting him deep and head on every

time, making Shane make noises that were both holy and unholy. It was hotter than sin and made Ilya's throat dry, hearing little whimpers and the occasional, "Oh, Ilya, please."

"You're so good." Ilya encouraged, keeping himself steady on the mattress while he fucked him through it. He wrapped one hand around Shane's cock and jerked him off with vigor, eyes drinking in the view.

"I want to kiss," Shane demanded, pulling Ilya down to his mouth by his sandy curls.

"Brat, of course, whatever you want," he gushed between tongue-heavy kisses and heavy petting. Shane was tightening around him, and Ilya knew the end was near. "You can be loud," Ilya groaned in his ear, sliding his tongue around Shane's lobe. "I want you to be loud. Tell me how good it feels."

"Ah! Ilya," Shane caught his mouth and sucked on his bottom lip, then gave a loud, whorish moan. "I'm gonna —"

"Do it," Ilya finished him off, thrusting hard, making sparks fly in Shane's eyes. He jerked him off almost too fast, letting the sensation hit Shane hard as he came violently on his own stomach. Ilya was more than obsessed with watching his lover shoot ropes; was infatuated with the way his abdomen tightened, and the tight squeak that came from his throat. There was something about watching this uptight little hockey player fall apart in Ilya's arms that was incredibly satisfying. The look he gave with his jaw jutted out, and the moans were becoming too obscene for Ilya to hold on much longer, either.

"Are you gonna cum in me?" Shane questioned, but more like encouraged, whining as the aftershocks of orgasm ripped through him. What the hell was Ilya going to do, not take up that insane offer, and such a perfect reward?

Ilya gritted his teeth and hissed out, "fuck, yes, Shane, I'm gonna fill you up." He sent his hips thrusting to abandon, recklessly fucking Shane's lithe body, practically folding him in two. Shane only openly encouraged him with post-orgasmic and far too pleased moans. "I'm going to cream pie you, Shane Hollander." And with that, his hips stalled at their deepest point inside of Shane's body, and he spilled his seed as thickly and deeply as he could inside of his boyfriend's tight asshole. "Holy fuck," Ilya swore blankly. "Holy fuck."

The rain had subsided somewhat, beating gently against the windows. Ilya made a note that he'd like to fuck him pinned to those windows next, should they have time, then cringed at the thought of time at all. He stayed still inside of Shane for a moment, running his thumb over his lips and teeth, before looking down at Shane.

"You're so pretty," Ilya commented softly, tracing the corners of Shane's mouth with his pointer finger. He pulled out of him with a groan and rolled off of him, taking gulps of air. "So pretty."

"I'm going to miss this so fucking much," Shane said, voice calm and clear, putting his head on Ilya's chest as the rain became a drizzle.

“Me too,” Ilya replied, taking Shane’s hand and holding it to his lips, grazing kisses on his knuckles. He kissed the tip of Shane’s thumb and retorted, “But it’s not forever.”

“Swear to me,” Shane looked up at him with angst, chin balanced on one of Ilya’s wide pecs.

“Shane, I swear,” Ilya swore solemnly. He looked down at his boyfriend, the knowledge that Shane was filled with his seed rattling pleasantly in his head. He replied honestly, “I could never give this up.”

He kissed Shane’s cheek and stuck his tongue in Shane’s ear. “Gross,” Shane whined, cringing as he tried to pull away. Ilya kissed him sloppily on the cheek, and his heart constricted as he heard Shane say, “I love you, Ilya.”

“I love you, too.”

As the storm passed through, Ilya steadied himself with the knowledge that this, too, shall pass. That time could be pretty generous, so long as his time was shared with Shane. As they lay together in comfortable silence, Ilya felt less torn by cheering Shane up about their time apart and more compelled to encourage him to think about the future, together. Life seemed clearer and brighter, now that Shane would be a permanent part of Ilya’s life.

Shane, basking in the afterglow, felt a little proud of himself, too. He recalled a night years ago, when they didn’t even kiss. A whole night spent and orgasms had, and both men were too guarded even to let things happen. Shane remembered staring at the text on his phone, reading, “We didn’t even kiss.”

As Ilya peppered kisses on his hairline, Shane’s eyes drifted closed, and he thought, maybe time wasn’t such an enemy. Time had shaped their love and made it what it was today, after all, and he felt proud of how far he and Ilya had come on this journey together. As he settled into something akin to sleep, and showering crossed his mind, he thought, maybe he could start looking forward to summers spent together, instead of agonizing over time spent apart.

Chapter End Notes

I meant for this to be depressing and angst-filled, but then I just wrote pwp. Sorry :/ I was gonna do some rimming too, and then I forgot. I am considering adding a third part with a menty b and some rimming, but why ruin a good thing with more good things? Hope you liked it, twas a bit of a rush job because I wanted to get my foot in the door so I could go goon on Quinn.

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