

Be Sweet (I Want to Believe In You)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76705541) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76705541>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	so much dialogue , Communication , Non-Sexual Submission , Non-Sexual Intimacy , trust there is smut though , Dom/sub , Dom/sub Play , Autistic Shane Hollander , Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , Subspace , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink , shane hollander holds a catholic amount of shame , nonverbal shane hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Emotionally Repressed , Spanking , Orgasm Edging , Praise Kink , light degradation , Non-Sexual Kink , and sexual ones too , the point is Shane's submission but i promise they'll fuck , Cum Eating , Observant Ilya Rozanov , Hurt/Comfort , Fluff and Hurt/Comfort
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Today I Fell, and Felt Better
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Completed: 2026-01-09 Words: 10,461 Chapters: 5/5

Be Sweet (I Want to Believe In You)

by [peehtree](#)

Summary

He thinks of Ilya's commanding tone: "*Hollander, here*", "*take it for me*", or Shane's personal favorite, "*kneel*." Shane, through all these years, has been amazed that to Ilya these little commands are so casual, just a part of fucking for him. To Shane, these words are all consuming. They shut off the hyperactive part of his brain and he can just... enjoy. Ilya takes over, makes Shane feel good, *uses* Shane to feel good, and Shane goes gooey for it every time. He's never known peace like getting railed by Ilya Rozanov.

Shane *knows* you can't eat your cake and have it, too. He *knows* that asking too much of Ilya would be plain selfish. *Knows* that asking to be told exactly what to do so he can shut his brain off isn't normal. And Ilya... well he doesn't think Shane *knows* shit.

Notes

no beta i'm going out like a real warrior

Chapter 1: Arrival

Shane Hollander is aware. He is aware of everything, all the time. His mother calls it ‘diligence’, Shane might call it a curse.

He is conscious of his team, the energy in the locker room before a game, conscious of who is avoiding who when inevitable ego clashes reach a boiling point. He is conscious of the entire league. All the top player’s stats, who’s injured, who is getting traded and to where. He is diligent. He is a good captain. Shane is also, *cursedly*, aware of how the collars of his shirts sit on his neck. The seams on the toes of his socks. His mouthguard. The texture of his jersey. The smell of a post-game locker room. It’s a constant overwhelm.

But skill doesn’t come without a cost, a sacrifice. Shane accepts feeling *everything*, because feeling everything makes him a damn good player. A damn good captain. He has people counting on him. This is his mantra, on the nights he puts himself to bed, exhaustion filling his head with cotton.

On this night, his nerves are frayed past the baseline he has learned to live with. Tomorrow, he’ll pick up Ilya from the airport. Some part of Shane still doubts he’ll show. But he can’t dwell on that now.

“What the fuck. What the fuck,” he worries in the bathroom mirror, before lowering his head to the sink and splashing some cold water onto his face. “Two weeks. I can do two weeks. *He* can do two weeks.”

Shane pushes through his full skincare routine. Floss. Brush teeth. Wash hands one final time before bed. Slippers off and left at the same spot in front of his nightstand, every night. He uses his routine as a balm for his nerves. All he wants to do is roll himself so, *so* tightly into his comforter and stay there for, oh, maybe 14 hours? He knows he’ll feel better once Ilya is here in the cottage. Ilya will walk through Shane’s front door, marvel at the decor, the view of the lake, and, if Shane is very lucky, put Shane on his knees right in the living room.

That would quiet his mind more than any of his little routines ever have. He thinks of Ilya’s commanding tone, “*Hollander, here*”, “*take it for me*”, or Shane’s personal favorite, “*kneel*.” Shane, through all these years, has been amazed that to Ilya these little commands are so casual, just a part of fucking for him. To Shane, these words are all consuming. They shut off the hyperactive part of his brain and he can just... enjoy. Ilya takes over, makes Shane feel good, *uses* Shane to feel good, and Shane goes gooey for it every time. He’s never known peace like getting railed by Ilya Rozanov.

“I could give you a tour, if you’d like- or I could make us some lunch? There’s plenty of food,” Shane says, gesturing to the kitchen and awkwardly making his way towards the marble island. “Also, I bought you Cokes, though the water here is really good. I have my own well... you can see it,” he carries on, gesturing out the window to the well cap visible in

the backyard off the porch. He is definitely *aware* that he is babbling, but he can't make his mouth stop. "If you're... thirsty."

Ilya smiled at him, amused, patient, through his rambling. Shane would have started babbling again, made nervous by the other boy's lack of response, if Ilya hadn't closed the gap between the two as quickly as the silence had started. Ilya looked at Shane intently, (*maybe searching for something?* Shane thinks, in a less present part of his mind), before putting both hands on Shane's face and kissing him deeply. Like he missed him.

They melt into each other. Like normal people, who date, who miss each other, people who don't hide.

"You are nervous," Ilya accuses when he pulls back.

"Am not!" Shane defends himself. Perhaps unconvincingly.

"You are. Thinking too much, yes?" Ilya pulls him backwards, back back back, until they crash onto the couch facing the back patio. Shane lands on top of Ilya with a soft laugh. "Always in that head. We are in private, million dollar cottage, and Shane Hollander still finds time to worry. Ah, you need more time on your back."

Face flushed, Shane finds himself swiftly flipped around, spread across the couch with Ilya on top of him. Shane feels Ilya's knee come up to press against his groin. "Much better. You always relax after being manhandled."

"That's-" Shane huffs, composing himself, "you do not *manhandle* me. And don't tell me where you learned that word."

"You love it. You love to be bossed."

An unreasonable wave of shame washes over Shane. It is one thing to bottom, to take Ilya's cock and beg and suck and comply. That is an activity confined to bedsheets, almost always to hotel rooms, a clear stopping and starting point for where Shane is allowed to love being controlled. That heat-of-the-moment dynamic is one thing... How bad he craves it is another. The unmanageable desire Shane has to be directed by Ilya, to be taken out of his overactive brain and told exactly what to do, fills him with guilt and shame. He is a grown man. It isn't anyone's, especially not Ilya's, responsibility to manage Shane.

"Don't say that," Shane says, a bit of an edge taking up in his voice.

"What? What is so wrong? I have been bossing you for years. You have become top-only while I was away, Shane?" Ilya squints at him, noticing. Ilya always notices. Shane can tell he is trying to keep the mood light with his little joke, trying to give Shane room to walk back the slight outburst.

Hollander is becoming more and more aware by the second. More aware of Ilya's knee against his dick, more aware of his blood turning cold, his socks being pulled up to different heights. His hoodie is scrunched up under his back from Ilya maneuvering them on the couch. Everything is a little bit wrong, in that moment. Usually being under Ilya like this is

so soothing. It is not now. He feels exposed. Like Ilya took a seeing glass to the most vulnerable part of his brain and is laying out all the puzzle pieces he found there.

There is no way to explain that Shane, despite how hard he tries to wish the desire away, wants Ilya to put him on his knees while Ilya sits on the couch, watching a game or a movie, even scrolling on his phone. He wants Ilya to take over so Shane doesn't have to *think*, all he does is *think* and *notice*, and he is so exhausted. He wants to submit. He wants to submit in a way Ilya would get no pleasure from. He feels selfish, and silly.

Shane loses his words.

"Hollander? Hello there," Ilya nudges him. He definitely senses the shift happening behind Shane's eyes, moving his knee away from Shane's crotch before pressing a kiss to his lips. "You are definitely thinking too much. Tell me where you are at."

Shane swallows, hard. He reaches for words, needing to reassure Ilya, who flew all this way to be here with Shane. He takes a deep breath, managing to get out a simple, "I am so happy you're here."

Ilya continues squinting at him, "Am happy to be here, too. It upsets you to talk about being led by me?"

Ah. Smart, smart Ilya. "No- it's just- you-" Shane huffs again. His frustration at his own lack of words was growing further out of hand by the second. He composes himself with a couple *very* deep breaths. "I can be more assertive in the uh- when we... fuck."

Ilya's face grows confused. Maybe fraught? He sits up, quickly pulling Shane up by his arms so they sit face to face on the couch. "I did not ask for that. I like how you take it for me. Why is this bad?"

"It's not- bad. Just... if that changes, you'd tell me? Right? I need you to be honest about that. I really, *really* need you to stay honest about it, Ilya."

"Of course. I will make you deal, yes? I am here for two weeks. For two weeks, in your million dollar cottage with it's very own well, we will be honest. Very honest. No lying. Like they say, cards on table. So you can worry less."

Shane marvels at Ilya. He isn't used to Ilya being so emotionally assertive and willing, just in spare moments that seem more like a breaking point for Ilya.

"I will go first," Ilya continues, putting a hand up to cradle Shane's face sweetly. "Your eagerness to please, and obey, is very sexy. I do not have sex in ways or with people I do not enjoy."

Shane chooses to ignore the plural moniker for Ilya's sex partners. One hurdle at a time. He takes a deep breath. "Okay. Thank you."

Ilya raises his eyebrows, nodding slightly to egg Shane on further.

“Um. I... was caught off guard when you brought *it* up like that,” Shane volunteers in an attempt to match Ilya’s vulnerability.

“It?”

“The way I like getting-” he breathes, finishing in a whisper, “you know. Led. Manhandled. Whatever.”

“Ah, *it*.” Ilya laughs lightly, “Canadian culture has raised you to be prude. Is just sex, how we like. No one’s business, nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Right. Just sex,” Shane nods, happy to tie off the conversation. He takes a deep breath, regains his balance a bit. Ilya kisses him, deep and sweet and slow, before pulling him off the couch.

“Give me the tour now. Let’s start with bedroom, please.” Ilya requests, his usual smug smile back where it belongs.

Shane is happy to oblige. He takes Ilya’s hand and pulls them back towards well-charted territory.

Chapter 2: At Your Feet

Chapter Notes

long ass chapter i got carried away :3
i am so obsessed w their dynamic i cant help it
chapter content warnings:
- smut
- oral
- VERY light, very brief degradation
- cum eating
- mentions of spanking

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

Shane anticipates some snarky comment about his room from Ilya. Something about his giant wooden headboard, the excess of pillows, maybe something about his bed being made so precisely it would pass an army inspection.

Ilya doesn't give a damn about any of that right now. He simply hums a sound of approval. "King size bed. Very nice," Ilya compliments as he sits on the edge of the bed, leaving Shane standing in front of him.

"All the beds are king sized," Shane explains.

"I do not care about other beds. Just this one." Ilya reaches up to cradle Shane's face in his hands, pulling him down into a warm kiss. Shane missed this so much. Ilya kisses like he's hungry. Like he *needs* Shane.

He tugs Shane's hair and licks his teeth, pulling Shane closer when he melts into Ilya. The two stay entangled for what might be years, for all Shane cares. He's not counting. Shane doesn't care, he is right where he should be. Ilya is kissing him, holding him tight, moving Shane's head exactly where he wants him. Everything feels so, overwhelmingly, right. Like gears slipping into place exactly where they belong.

"Mm, pretty boy," Ilya says when he pulls back, running a thumb over Shane's lips. "On your knees, please."

Shane drops like a horny bag of potatoes. In that moment, he can't fathom being anywhere else but at Ilya's feet. Ilya stares at him with intent in his hooded eyes, before gently sliding a thumb into Shane's mouth. Shane took it sweetly. He took it *gratefully*, sighing deeply as he rests his head against the inside of Ilya's thigh. Shane Hollander was on his knees, with Ilya Rozanov's fingers in his mouth. His brain begins to go quiet and fuzzy. He's floaty and

cathartic and face to face with Ilya's cock. Peace at last. Rozanov rubs circles on his scalp with his left hand. Shane feels like a puddle on the floor of his own bedroom.

Ilya is not blind. And he is not foreign to emotions, or to noticing them. People think of 'Russia' and think of cold, hard, emotionless European robots. But that has never been Ilya. His mother was an observant woman with a big heart, and Ilya learned from her for as long as he could. She could always tell when he was bottling something up. When his father would try his damndest to condition Ilya to be a *man*, to toughen up and put on a soldier's face instead of crying, Irina would bring Ilya a mug of warm tea with lots of milk to Ilya's room. She'd sit with him until he had the words to tell her what was upsetting him. Irina taught Ilya to feel. All the years he had to spend without her after she passed perhaps hardened him, made him reluctant to open up, but he is no *dummy*.

All Shane does is *think, think, think*, and Ilya can see it clear as day. There are cogs turning in Shane's head every moment, a cycle of anxiety that Ilya has a hard time mapping, sometimes. He sees Shane get thrown off kilter by a hoodie a size smaller than his favorite one, tugging at the collar and the ends of his sleeves relentlessly. Ilya can spot the moment Shane decides the food he's actively eating isn't comfortable in his mouth anymore, even if he keeps pushing through until the meal is finished. He doesn't have to understand these things to notice them.

He notices how relaxed Shane is, in that moment, kneeling for him. Ilya gently works his thumb in and out of Shane's mouth, savoring his warm mouth in a slow rhythm. Even with his cock positively aching at the sight, Ilya doesn't find himself in a hurry. He rather enjoys how sweet, how soft and relaxed Shane looks right now. He is the picture of contentment. Ilya feels warm all over, when Shane cracks his eyes open softly.

Shane looks drunk. He's staring up at Ilya like Ilya hung the moon, like he has done some marvelous inhuman task, when all Ilya has done is put him on his knees and stick a finger in his mouth. Shane's nose and cheeks have a faint blush dusted across them. His cheek is warm against Ilya's thigh. A variety of emotions are running through Ilya and giving him a head high like no drug he's had before. He is painfully turned on, for one. But the fucked-out look on Shane's face, the *trust* there, is bringing up such protectiveness, maybe possessiveness, in Ilya that he's not even thinking about his cock.

Ilya wonders how long Shane can stay content on his knees like this. He glances at the alarm clock (*of course Shane has a real life alarm clock*) on the nightstand. 5:42, it reads on its big red segmented display. Ilya is in no hurry.

"You feel good, yes?" Shane hears through the peaceful haze he's been drifting through. He cracks open his eyes, making eye contact with the man above him, only now becoming aware that Ilya's thumb isn't in his mouth, though his left hand is still rubbing circles in Shane's hair. Devastating. Shane nods gently to the question.

“It is 6:04. You have been on your knees since maybe 5:40. They do not hurt?” Ilya asks, speaking so softly to Shane he could just cry.

It's past 6? Shane realizes in a panic. His face flushes immediately. How stupid of him to let his resolve go so easily, to indulge in something so silly for more than *twenty damn minutes*, making Ilya just sit there. Shane shakes his head in an attempt to reorient himself.

“Yeah, yes, I’m sorry. I must have— dozed off, or something,” Shane says, avoiding eye contact. He goes to stand up, lifting one knee to slide a foot under himself and get the fuck off the floor.

“Ah, I did not ask you to move,” Ilya tuts, putting a hand on Shane’s shoulder and gently pushing him back down. “I only asked if you feel good, if your knees hurt. Answer, please,” he requests with an expectant look.

“My knees are fine,” Shane says dismissively, looking at Ilya’s knee, the bed frame, the nightstand. Anywhere but Ilya’s eyes.

Ilya grabs his face, not unkindly, but much sterner than before. He forces Shane to make eye contact. He doesn’t seem mad, or disappointed, or even weirded out. But Shane knows that Ilya is a master in appearing unaffected. Who knows what he’s thinking about Shane.

“I asked you another question, you are not answering. Fix it.”

Shane’s face is *hot*, borderline feverish. “Y-yes. I feel good...” he whispers. Shane thinks once again of the bathroom at the Vegas MLH awards. Of how warm Ilya’s small show of humiliation made him feel. Just like that incident, Shane now feels his eyes welling a bit. He does feel so, so good, but now with an edge of anxiety, of being burdensome and strange. The mix of emotions is wreaking havoc on his brain.

“Very good. Good boy,” Ilya praises softly. “Would you like to stay there like this? Or would you like to suck my cock now?”

Shane short circuits. He is somehow, through the inner maelstrom, still more than half hard. The offer to stay on his knees, submitting quietly, with Ilya’s thumb in his mouth, is straight out of a dream. But he knows better. He knows that he’s taken up quite a bit of their time being useless on the floor. And, he really *really* does want to suck Ilya off. He moves his head closer to Ilya, holds his thighs and looks up at him with his best *please-blow-my-back-out* eyes.

Ilya smirks at him knowingly, carefully shuffling to pull his shorts and boxers down without rustling Shane too much. “Start slow. Just your mouth, leave your hands there,” he demands.

Shane is happy to oblige. He licks Ilya from the base to the tip, dragging his tongue slowly before taking the tip into his mouth. He starts slowly, revelling in his own obedience. He hears Ilya take a deep, shuddering breath as he puts a hand on the back of Shane’s head. That sound is all the soothing Shane needs after all the emotional up and down since last night. Shane doubles down on his efforts to perform well, taking it slow but working his way further down Ilya’s cock each time he bobs his head.

“Such a good boy for me,” Ilya pants. He has, perhaps subconsciously, started pushing Shane’s head down further and further with the hand still buried in his hair. Shane’s chest could just explode at the sound of Ilya’s breathy praise. He swallows down his gag reflex and speeds up. He flushes his tongue, wide, against the underside of Ilya’s cock the way Shane *knows* he loves. This is familiar territory. He knows exactly how to act, what to do, takes comfort in knowing Ilya is receiving pleasure. He loves having something in his mouth, even outside of sex. The ‘something’ in his mouth being Ilya Rozanov’s cock is just like, a bonus, or something. Shane follows Ilya’s lead, speeding up with the rhythm of his hand.

“Fuck- *fuck*, Shane. So good. So good for me. Ah- I’m close,” Ilya takes a deep breath, panting like he’s run a marathon. He softens his hold on Shane’s head, “am going to finish-fuck. Pull off if you don’t want to swallow,” he warns, accent thick.

God, Shane is going to come without Ilya putting a finger on him. He speeds up, sucks harder, working for it. He doesn’t want to pull off. Shane wants to swallow Ilya down, taste him, show him how good Shane can be.

“Oh, *Fuck!*” Ilya cries, abdomen tensing as he spills into Shane’s mouth.

Shane is going *insane*. An animalistic level of pure need is coursing through him. He feels high. He wants to keep showing Ilya that he can please him, he can *listen* and *behave*. Well past the point of shame, of thinking himself into a spiral, Shane opens his mouth, showing Ilya the cum he spilled into his mouth.

Ilya sees stars. Shane looks utterly debauched. His face is red, he has tears in his eyes, and he’s a puddle at Ilya’s feet. He’s *showing off Ilya’s cum on his tongue*. It is rare to see Shane so shameless, even when their sexual escapades are far more frequent during the hockey season. It is Ilya’s turn to fumble for words. He might be getting hard again already.

“Shane-” he chokes out. He presses his pointer and middle finger onto Shane’s tongue, slowly bobbing them in and out, fucking the mess back into Shane’s mouth. “So pretty. You listen so good, hm? You like behaving for me?”

Shane preens at the words. He sucks the fingers into his mouth and swallows the mess, leans his head back onto Ilya’s thigh, and closes his eyes. A picture of pure serenity. Ilya would *kill* anyone who interrupted this moment right here. He’d do it in cold blood and wouldn’t feel an ounce of guilt.

He takes Shane’s hand from his thigh, gently pulling him up as Ilya stands. “Come, lay down.”

Shane goes pliantly, boneless. He pushes Shane to sit on the edge of the bed where Ilya had just been. He pulls his own shirt off, then Shane’s, before guiding Shane gently to lay down on his back, head on the pillows. Ilya lays his own body over Shane.

“I’m going to touch you, and I am going to ask you questions,” Ilya says, leaving hot wet kisses on Shane’s neck. “We both know you listen so good for me, yes? You will be a good

slut?”

Shane gasps in a shaky breath and nods vehemently. Ilya has never said anything like that to him before. Ilya has been demanding, bossy even, but never has he called Shane a name like that. The praise sandwiched with that word goes straight to his cock.

Ilya taps Shane on the hip, encouraging Shane to lift his hips so Ilya could pull his sweatpants and boxers down. He runs a hand across Shane’s abdomen, his thighs, teasing gently.

“You’ll need to use some words for me now, pretty boy. Spit,” he demands, holding his hand up to Shane’s mouth. Shane, of course, follows the order. “Not a lot of words. I will not be cruel,” he wraps the spit-wet hand gently around Shane’s aching cock, starting a slow pace up and down.

Shane pants. He feels, and absently thinks he may even sound, like an animal in heat. He is so far beyond the usual happy/warm/lust combination he gets from their hookups. Ilya’s hand on his cock, slow, *so slow*, is driving him up the wall.

“Let’s start easy. You like me touching you?” Ilya asks

What a silly question. Shane nods fervently.

Ilya freezes his hand, mid stroke. Shane, honest to god, *whines*.

“I asked you to use words for me, and I know you heard me. Be good, and try again.”

God *damn*. “Yes! yes, I like you touching me,” Shane pants.

“Good. Much better,” Ilya smiles, rewarding Shane with a kiss and the restarting of his hand, picking the slow steady pace back up. “And you liked sucking my cock? Swallowing my cum?”

“Y-yes. Loved it,” he forces out. *What part of this isn’t cruel?* Shane thinks to himself. Assembling a sentence right now feels like a nearly impossible feat.

Ilya gives him another kiss, speeding up his hand.

“And before you sucked my dick? You liked kneeling for me? You like me above you, keeping you in your place?”

Shane can’t bring himself to answer. Ilya is trying to open a can of worms that he would rather keep shut. And he really, *really*, just wants to cum. He stays quiet, savoring the hand on his cock and Ilya’s mouth on his neck.

Ilya pulls back and abruptly stops his hand again. Shane gasps, trying to rut his hips and fuck back up into Ilya’s hand. Ilya swats his hip, lightly, just enough for Shane to *moan*, much to Shane’s horror, but Shane takes the hint. He stops moving.

“I do not mind stopping. I think you do. If you do not want to answer, we can go make dinner now. You choose, Hollander.”

Shane sucks in a deep breath. “I like it.”

“Like what?” Ilya’s hand resumes, aching slow. Certainly slower than before.

“I like kneeling for you,” Shane whispers, “I like you- keeping me in my place.”

Ilya sped up the rhythm of his hand. Significantly. A moan ripped out of Shane before he could even process the idea of stifling it. Thank god this wasn’t one of their sneaky hook ups in a hotel room with paper-thin walls.

“Mm, good. You are doing so good for me now,” Ilya praises before licking into Shane’s mouth. He pulls back, sliding his head down to lick at his ear. “I will tell you secret now. Don’t finish until I tell you. Let me talk first,” he purrs right into Shane’s ear. “I *love* you on your knees. Love how good you take it for me, how bad you need to be good for me. It is so obvious, Shane, how badly you *need* it. Hmm, is that why you suck my dick so nicely? You want to show me you listen well?”

Shane is panting. Shane needs an oxygen tank and a drink. He doesn’t think Ilya is looking for a response anymore, but he *does* want to be so good, so he nods, hoping that it’s an appropriate medium between silence and words.

Ilya is stroking him so steadily, running his thumb over his tip, using the precum Shane is dripping to lube his way. “I *want* to tell you what you need to do. So pretty and obedient for me, taking my cum so sweetly,” he rasps, still in Shane’s ear. Shane can’t believe the filth Ilya is whispering in his ear.

“I’m gonna-” Shane starts to warn. His sentence is cut short when Ilya freezes his hand. A sob rips it’s way out of Shane without pretense. He is so fucking turned on he is going to die. Ilya is giving Shane exactly what he needs, without Shane having to choose what that is.

“Not yet,” Ilya states, matter of factly. He kisses Shane, sloppy, paying no mind to the desperate tears in Shane’s eyes.

It feels like years before Ilya starts moving his hand again.

“Almost there, sweet boy. First, needed to tell you that I cannot wait to bend you over and spank you. Not because you are bad, no no, just to remind you who is in charge. Something to keep you on good behavior, hmm? Would you like that, pretty? Words,” Ilya demands.

Shane gasps, “yes, yes, yes, yesyesyes!”

Ilya pulls away from his ear, kisses his lips, and wipes a tear from his cheek. “Very good. That was so easy, wasn’t it? Telling me what you want?” Ilya rubs his thumb over Shane’s slit. “*Very* good boy. Cum for me now, Shane, let me see.”

Shane’s vision goes white.

Chapter End Notes

is anyone else sweating

Chapter 3: Pizza Party

Chapter Notes

i am out of control
emotional aftercare chapter
shane cries and goes nonverbal. of course ilya notices.

we do see the beginning of a nonsexual scene here.

obviously i am lacking a beta reader. if you spot a grammatical or narrative error pls
leave a comment so i can fix it and stay sexy

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

Shane has passed out very few times in his life. The most recent incident, he thinks, would be when Marlow absolutely rocked his shit on the ice, however unintentional it may have been. Shane remembers how it felt to float in and out of consciousness, concussed on the stretcher. He had been woozy, disoriented in a way that made him feel vulnerable in a terrible way. He would babble deliriously, black out for a moment, and come to looking at a different ceiling. The rink, the hallway, then the ambulance. He hated it.

The way he is floating right now is different. ‘Different’ might be too light of a word to use. The way he is floating right now is galaxies away from that terrible concussed in-and-out. He’s there one moment, appreciating Ilya’s hand in his hair, the kisses on his forehead, and then he drifts again, coming back to the same sensations. Secure. In Shane’s post-fuck haze, Ilya had wrapped him so tightly in a throw blanket that Shane suspected him of being a mind reader. Some days, when Shane is overwhelmed and everything is *loud loud loud*, Shane rolls himself up tight like this.

At some point Ilya must have spotted the TV remote on the nightstand, because a movie is playing quietly on the flatscreen. It might be *Lord of The Rings*. Shane doesn’t give much of a damn right now.

Ilya peppers tender kisses all over Shane’s forehead, his eyes, his nose, his freckles, until he floats back and cracks his eyes open to look Ilya in the eye.

“You are very sweet,” Ilya whispers with a smile.

Shane has the gall to look bashful, after the show he put on.

“You have a *foul mouth*,” Shane teases, pulling himself back to (nearly) full lucidity.

“Mm, you did not like what I had to say?” Ilya teases right back.

That sobered Shane up a bit more. He liked everything Ilya said, he could listen to Ilya talk like that until the end of time. He just wishes he didn't. He wishes he could reach into the part of his brain that craves surrendering so badly and scrub it clean.

"You are thinking again. Too much, already," Ilya interrupts.

Shane's stomach ties itself into a knot. He needs to smooth this over, he needs to pretend that his brain won't be replaying this evening over and over, soothing itself with the memory of Shane blissfully submitting at Ilya's feet. His face is a deep red.

"Right. Too much thinking. Wouldn't want to hurt myself, right?" Shane jokes with a nervous laugh. "Look, I'm sorry for the way that whole thing started. I must have- dozed off..." he explains.

Ilya's face makes Shane think he is still a terrible liar, after all these years. Ilya lets Shane get away with the fib for the moment.

"Do not apologize. You look very pretty on your knees for me," Ilya smirks.

Shane wiggles a hand out of his blanket cocoon to shove Ilya's shoulder with a laugh. Ilya doesn't let the shove separate them, still holding a wrapped-up Shane snugly. "You're a dog!" Shane laughs.

"Mmm, no. You were still pretty before you put your mouth on my dick. You should kneel for me more."

Shane closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. Ilya is forcing Shane to fly too close to the sun. He doesn't want to imagine what he can't have. It hurts. "Don't talk like that," Shane warns, keeping his eyes closed.

Ilya huffs. He grabs Shane's face, *again*, plants a kiss on him, and says "Open your eyes. Just listen."

"I—"

"*Just listen*," Ilya scolds, bringing a finger to Shane's lips and shushing him. "You have problems with what you like, I do not. You are not listening to me. I told you I like *'it'*. Like you being good for me. Now you are acting like did not happen. You are being *silly*, and thinking *too fucking much*."

Shane mumbled a response. Ilya takes note of his wet eyes, his red face, notices Shane chewing on his lip far too hard. He does not want to upset Shane. But Ilya can tell this is eating Shane up inside. After so many years, Ilya can't fathom why Shane is so reluctant to speak up on what he likes. Ilya has never struggled with that. When he meets someone he wants to fuck, he tells them exactly what he wants. How he wants it. It is so easy this way. If they are not compatible, there are a million other beautiful fish in the sea to try with. Well, that was before. Before he stopped sleeping with people that weren't the tense ball of anxiety in his arms right now. Now, Ilya can't imagine there being any kind of incompatibility between himself and Shane. They have always fit together so intimately. Perfectly.

“I cannot hear you when you mumble, Shane.”

Shane huffs and buries his nose in Ilya’s neck, taking a deep breath, inhaling his scent.

“It’s not a sex thing. Not always. Not— exclusively,” Shane whispers into Ilya’s neck. Ilya can feel a wet spot on his neck, and he knows it’s from Shane’s eyes. Ilya knows he has pushed eye contact a lot this past hour or so, so he lets Shane continue hiding in his neck, his nose tucked to the junction where his neck and his shoulder meet. He lets Shane take comfort in their skin-to-skin contact as he shudders, crying softly.

“Shane, baby, I know—” Ilya attempts to soothe.

“I tried to turn it off, you have to believe me,” Shane babbles wetly into Ilya’s shoulder. He’s writhed his upper body free from the blanket, wrapping his arms around Ilya like someone might come and rip Shane away. “I tried so *hard*. I know it isn’t- it isn’t *normal*. We never have to talk about it again. I’ll fix it, Ilya, I can—”

“*Shane!*” Ilya interrupts. He has to put his foot down somewhere, has to stop this silly spiral before Shane stops breathing. “I know. I have *known*.”

“...What are you talking about?” Shane whispers.

Ilya holds him impossibly closer, kissing the side of his head. “It is not a problem. You are overthinking. I have known for years.” Ilya thinks for a moment, “even before MLH awards. You have always liked to be good. I have eyes. It’s not just sex, right? Okay. We try something new. I don’t need to fuck you to tell you what to do, to tell you how good you are for me.”

Shane doesn’t know what to say, because he doesn’t even know how to begin *computing* all that. Ilya is making it seem so simple. Shane doesn’t feel simple right now. He feels like a bundle of stripped live wires. He doesn’t know how to tell Ilya that he doesn’t want Ilya doing something like that for his sake. He imagines Ilya letting Shane kneel at his feet. He imagines it *vividly*.

In his mind’s eye, he sees Ilya on the couch in the living room, a game on the TV, he sees himself kneeling contently while Ilya watches it. He sees himself opening his eyes to sneak a peek at the man he loves (and isn’t that its own can of worms?) and seeing disgust, or annoyance, on Ilya’s face. Shane might throw up all over his stupid king sized bed.

Ilya shushes him gently, cradling him.

“I will not make you talk more if you do not want. Let’s pin it,” Ilya murmurs into his ear. Part of Shane wants to correct Ilya (it’s *put a pin* in it, Ilya) but he doesn’t have it in him right now. “I am going to pick out pajamas and run the shower for you. I will put dinner in oven, and put on movie in your ridiculous living room. Okay?”

Shane sits himself up, wiping his sloppy face, nodding. He knows his words are slipping away from him again. He is grateful for the simple yes-or-no question. Ilya kisses him on the forehead before getting up to rifle through Shane’s drawers. He pulls out one of Shane’s

favorite pairs of sweatpants, nods his approval, tosses it onto the bed, and hunts down an equally soft shirt in the next drawer. The clothes are swept off to the en suite bathroom, and Shane hears the water start running. A moment later Ilya walks out, sitting on the edge of the bed with a soft hand on Shane's cheek.

“Would you like company while washing up?”

Shane thinks for a moment before shaking his head softly. Some time to compose himself would do him good. He can come out for dinner feeling a little closer to calm.

Ilya drops another kiss on his forehead. “Okay. I will be right in living room. Come find me when you are done?”

Shane nods.

The bathroom is filled with steam and the scent of eucalyptus, from the leafy bundle his mom had left hanging from the showerhead. She had claimed it helps with muscle tension. Aromatherapy or something. Shane does think that it helped a bit. Scrubbing himself clean under hell-hot water helped too. He pulls on the clothes Ilya folded on the counter for him. These are his favorite lounging pants, and one of his favorite sleep shirts. Shane doesn't know how Ilya picked them out without asking, but he is grateful nonetheless.

He opens the bathroom door, letting some steam escape while he does his skincare and brushes his teeth. The smell of pizza wafts in from the kitchen, and Shane smiles. It isn't often that he plays fast and loose with his diet. But it's the off season, and he has Ilya Rozanov in his fucking cottage, so Shane is gonna indulge in some freezer pizza.

He walks out to the TV already on, The Sound of Music playing quietly. Not the movie he would have expected Ilya to choose, he thinks with an amused smile. Shane rounds the couch to see Ilya seated comfortably, one of Shane's thicker throw pillows wedged behind him to keep Ilya more upright as he lounges. Ilya must have dropped one of the pillows while he got comfortable, Shane realizes, spotting one of the skinnier pillows on the ground at Ilya's feet.

There is only one plate of pizza on the living room table, though it is quite the plate. At least four slices of pizza are plopped onto it. Two of the slices look to be cut up into bite sized squares, like fancy hors d'oeuvres. Maybe a weird Russian thing.

Shane approaches Ilya with a shy smile, ready to plop down next to him and steal a slice off his plate.

Ilya holds his right hand up, pointer finger up in a 'wait' motion.

“You are welcome to sit next to me. Always,” he says, patting the couch next to him with his left hand. “Or,” he continues, moving his left hand to point to the pillow he had dropped between his feet, “you kneel here. I will feed you. Pet your hair. Talk sweet to you.”

Shane's heart seizes for a beat or two. Even if he did have his words right now, he's not sure he would know what to say.

"No wrong answer. Pick where you would like to be. Simple. I am so kind I will not even make you say it out loud," he teases lightheartedly.

Shane doesn't understand how this could possibly be 'simple'.

But Ilya keeps throwing that word around.

He feels the last of his resolve crumble.

He takes a step. Pauses.

Shane drops to his knees on the pillow, closing his eyes and leaning onto the inside of Ilya's thigh in a perfect rendition of his pose from earlier.

Ilya hums, sounding pleased. "Sweet boy. See, not so hard. So perfect right there," he praises before reaching for the plate on the table. He settles the plate on the thigh Shane isn't currently propped up against. Ilya pokes around the plate, checking the temperature, before bringing one of the small cut up pieces to Shane's mouth.

Oh.

"Ahh..." Ilya encourages when Shane fails to open his mouth.

Shane never fathomed this as a possibility. He's not mad at it. He opens his mouth.

Ilya smiles. "Pretty boy. So, so, good for me," he delicately places the pizza square on Shane's tongue.

Shane has never, *ever*, been so happy eating pizza.

He opens his eyes, anticipating the look of disgust or annoyance he imagined earlier. But Ilya looks deeply pleased. Satisfied.

He runs his thumb over Shane's cheek, speaks with a content smile on his face. "Sitting so pretty for me. Tap my ankle when you are done eating."

Shane allows himself to be fed a few more bites. He enjoys the greasy morsels, the caresses Ilya trails across his face and his hair. He takes the most peaceful, measured, breath he's managed all day, taps Ilya's ankle, and lets himself sink without a second thought.

Chapter End Notes

maybe spanking next chapter idk

Chapter 4: The Kitchen

Chapter Notes

i cant stand this chapter. i started over twice and i'm not doing it again tho.

content warnings:

- spanking
- oral
- the desecration of shane's kitchen

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

Shane drifts for nearly the entirety of *The Sound of Music*. His awareness begins creeping back in just minutes before the credits roll.

His body feels looser than it has in years. Shane takes a deep breath, mentally checking in with every part of his body. No tension. No pain, even in his knees after the stretch of time he had spent on the floor, thanks to Ilya's forethought to put the pillow down.

Oh, *Ilya*. Despite what reputation he may have garnered within their league, among hockey fans, reporters... Shane knows Ilya is the most perceptive person he has ever met. He is *sweet*. Even at his snarkiest, Ilya is not unkind. Maybe in those early years, when the two of them kept spinning around in a stupid, dense, *blind* little dance. Nothing Shane could even begin to hold resentment for. *This* Ilya has ruined him for anyone else. *This* Ilya is not put off by Shane's idiosyncrasies.

This Ilya put Shane right where he wanted to be.

Shane places a soft kiss on the inside of Ilya's knee, prying his heavy eyes open to look up at the man above him. Ilya smiles back at him just as softly, patting Shane's cheek.

"Hi, dope."

"Hi, Ilya," Shane says sweetly.

Ilya *giggles*. Shane thinks it's the most beautiful sound he's ever heard.

"You are still in a different place, probably."

"Mm, no. I'm back," Shane sighs contentedly.

"Would you like to come up here, by me?"

Shane nods immediately. Despite the blissful body high he's getting down on his knees, he would love to kiss Ilya, to breathe deep the scent of his skin.

Ilya puts his hand out, waits for Shane to grasp, and pulls him up next to him on the couch. He throws an arm around Shane, hugs him tight. Shane leans into it, taking the opportunity to take Ilya's scent in. He smells faintly like sex still, like deodorant and skin and clean sweat.

Since childhood, hockey has been Shane's life. And he has always been content with that. More than content; Shane *loves* hockey. Loves the rush, the strategy, and he's just plain good at it. The sport has been at the forefront of his brain for all of his adult life now.

Right here, in this cottage now, the entire league could be dissolved and Shane wouldn't give a *damn*. A new love is wrapping itself around the obsessive part of Shane's brain.

Maybe not a 'new' love. Maybe a love that has been brewing for years now. Maybe Shane is not as aware as he's always thought himself to be. Something to unpack later. Shane pins his brain to the moment, keeping himself present, tunes into the comfort he's feeling in every thread of his body.

"Do you feel good, too?" He asks Ilya quietly.

Ilya hums his approval, "very good."

"...good," Shane acknowledges. Ilya snorts.

"Words are good for you right now?"

"You don't think my words are always good?" Shane teases, dismissive.

"Ah, sometimes you do not like using them."

Shane huffs, kisses Ilya's jawline. "I'm a grown man, Ilya, I can talk."

Ilya frowns before he pushes Shane's shoulder back, letting them face each other. He bumps their foreheads together, looking Shane in the eye. Shane laughs at the angle.

"It is okay to not have words, sometimes. It is, like everything else, not big deal."

Nothing about Shane's odd habits seem to be a big deal to Ilya.

Shane wants to suck him off until the world ends.

He keeps things simple. He tries to take Ilya at his word, to *trust* him, so Shane just nods for a moment.

"I appreciate you," Shane says. There is so much more he wants to say with it. Appreciation will do for now.

"I appreciate you, too," Ilya says. Follows it with a soft kiss, then rubs their noses together in a bunny kiss.

As the sun peaks on Ilya's second day at the cottage, he walks out the backdoor off the kitchen, standing on the patio in his sleep-rumpled boxers. They had dozed off right on the couch the night before, and Ilya stretches out the stiffness that came with it in the warm morning sun. Shane admires the sun in his blond hair, absently thinking of a cat plopping down in a ray of sun. He averts his gaze to the dishes he's scrubbing in the sink, not wanting to get caught laughing.

They had spent the morning kissing softly in the kitchen. Ilya made breakfast while Shane sat at the island, sipping his tea and ogling.

Totally worth the frankly ridiculous pile of dishes Ilya had left in his wake.

Ilya leaves the door open behind him when he comes in. He cozies up behind Shane, giving Shane's ass a quick squeeze before wrapping his arms around Shane's waist.

"Leave dishes for later," Ilya murmurs in the other boy's ear.

"You want me to let this mess sit?"

"I do," he says, pulling Shane's hips back against him. He can feel Ilya's cock, definitely half hard, rubbing against his ass. Shane grips the edge of the sink with his wet hands. Ilya tucks his hands into the sweatpants he picked out for Shane the night before. All muscle. He hums appreciatively

Ilya thinks Shane is too sexy for his own good. He rubs his hips, his ass, rocks against him slowly. He wants every morning to be this easy. Wake up, eat, stand in the sun, fuck Shane Hollander. Go for a swim, fuck Shane Hollander. Eat lunch, get head from a needy Shane Hollander. So on and so forth.

Shane nearly whimpers, and Ilya can see how tight he's gripping the countertop with his left hand, a wet dish sponge in the other. A thrum of satisfaction beats in his chest.

Ilya bites the shell of Shane's ear, just enough to pinch.

"Dishes, later," Ilya reiterates.

"I'm almost done, let me just—"

Ilya huffs. He pulls back from Shane just enough to swat his ass.

"*Later*," Ilya reminds, growing sterner. He needs Shane *now*, he's itching to move Shane back to that space, where Ilya can see the desperation in Shane's eyes, the tears, that space where Shane is so eager to be good for him.

Shane nods quickly as he drops the dish sponge into soapy water.

Ilya smiles, smug. *Fuck* the dishes. He sidesteps a bit, giving himself some room to bring his hand back, and delivers another swat, letting his hand land a bit harder. The thick cotton of Shane's sweatpants cushion the sting from the blow.

Shane gasps. He is white knuckling the counter so hard Ilya imagines him snapping the ledge clean off.

"See? Very easy, when you listen," Ilya says, rubbing his hand tenderly over the area he struck.

"Ilya..." Shane warns in a whisper.

"Turn around, Shane."

Shane slowly turns, leaning in when Ilya crowds him against the counter. Ilya gives him a kiss, deep and hot and wet.

"Ask me for more," Ilya rumbles.

He can hear Shane swallow. He can see the cogs turning in his head, and sees the blush rising on his face. Trailing his hand from Shane's hips to his cock, he palms the other boy firmly, gauges how quick this is getting to Shane. Shane is rock hard, already. Ilya smirks at him knowingly.

"Ask me."

Shane whispers like he's afraid of being caught. "Can I... *please*... have more?"

"Hmm. More what?"

Shane brings his forehead down with a deep breath, resting on Ilya's shoulder. "You are *such an asshole*," he breathes.

"More *what*, Shane?"

"...Will you, *please*..." he whimpers out, "...spank me more, Ilya...? Please."

"Mm, good boy. Very good," Ilya hums, rewarding the admission with a kiss to his neck. "Strip, everything, bend over here," he orders, pushing Shane gently towards the island.

He watches, keeping an eye out for any sign that this isn't the right tone for Shane. But Shane is already folding his clothes and setting them on the edge of the counter without hesitance. Nerves perhaps, Ilya can tell he is pushing Shane towards nervous territory, though Shane does not look uncomfortable. Ilya knows he can help manage the nerves, if this is where Shane wants to be. Shane looks at him, waiting.

"Sweet boy," he praises, "go on."

Shane, slowly, quietly, faces the island and bends over. He props himself up on his elbows.

“Ah, no. All the way,” Ilya chides, pushing Shane’s back until he flattens himself to the granite countertop. Shane hisses at the cold, a shiver running down his frame. “Better. We will keep it easy, yes? Ten strikes. Not because you have been bad, no, no,” Ilya coos, dropping a kiss to Shane’s spine, “Just to remind you who is in charge. Keep you good.”

Shane nods his understanding. Beautiful as ever.

Ilya brings his hand back and lands the first hit, starting easy.

“Thank you,” Shane whimpers out.

Ilya is going to *explode*. Shane already takes everything Ilya gives him with such ease, submitting so beautifully, like he walked right out of one of Ilya’s wet dreams. But to *thank him*? Ilya takes a deep breath, composes himself, and lines up his hand for the next one. A little harder this time. Then another.

Shane thanks him, so sweetly, for both.

“That’s three. You still want to finish, hm? A reward for such good manners?” Ilya kisses up Shane’s spine, giving him a moment to think on if Shane wants to take the out.

“Yes, please. Seven more,” he says.

Ilya snorts. “Yes, I did the math.”

“Asshole,” Shane squeezes out, without any real heat behind it.

Ilya gasps dramatically, putting his left hand on the back of Shane’s neck. He pushes down lightly, and brings his right hand down in a much harder swat. “Why is my good boy talking like that? Hm? You are not exactly where you want to be?”

“Ah-! Ilya-” Shane gasps.

The sound of palm meeting skin rings through the kitchen.

“Th-thank you,” Shane cries out.

“How many left now? Tell me, since you are counting,” Ilya snarks.

“Five,” Shane says into the counter. He is resting his forehead on the cool counter, his arms crossed above him. Ilya takes a moment to admire the red that is growing across both sides of Shane’s ass. He smugly notes his own handiwork, proud of how balanced the distribution of his strikes have been.

“Very good. Last five will be the same, okay? Not much harder,” Ilya soothes. Though he does not think Shane would be opposed to a little more pain. Best not to push, with this so new to them.

Ilya brings his hand down, waits for Shane’s gratitude, and lands another two in quick succession.

“*Fuck!* Thank you, thank you,” Shane says, voice wet.

“Two more, pretty.”

Another. Shane is definitely crying.

“Thank you, sir,” Shane weeps.

Ilya’s heart is going to explode. He is going to explode so hard he levels the whole cottage. His heart skips a beat and starts thrumming, an unanticipated shot of adrenaline running right through him.

“*Say it again,*” Ilya growls. He brings his hand down for the final strike, harder than the last.

“Thank you, sir!” Shane cries out.

“Fuck, Shane. *Fuck,*” he rasps, pulling Shane off the island by his shoulder and spinning him around. He looks positively *wrecked*. His eyes are glossy with tears, his pupils nearly eclipsing the entirety of his iris. His face is red, wet from crying and physical exertion.

“You... you are going to *kill me.*”

Shane smiles, shy and hungry all at once. Smooth as silk, he drops to his knees before Ilya, looking up at him with those *fuck-me* eyes that Ilya has never been able to refuse. He hooks a finger on the band of Ilya’s boxers.

“Please, *sir?* Can I put my mouth on you?”

There is some god, or celestial being, that has arranged for Ilya to be at this damn cottage. This is some blessing gone ridiculously right. He hopes his blessing extends to helping him last more than fifteen seconds with Shane’s mouth on his cock. He nods fervently, helping Shane push his boxers down.

Neither of the two boys could begin to count how many times they’ve gone down on each other. The action as a whole is not novel for either one of them, not after so long.

But Ilya can count on one hand how many times Shane has been this *hungry* for it. He takes Ilya in his mouth without pretense, swallows him down as far as he can. His mouth is so hot and wet, only intensified by how strongly Shane hollows his cheeks, sucking.

“Fuck, fuck, *fuck,*” Ilya gasps. He flails his hand until it hits the counter’s edge, grabbing on as soon as he finds it. He holds himself stable, bracing through Shane’s hunger.

“So good. So good for me, Shane. *Fuck-* the mouth on you...”

Shane locks eyes with Ilya, inching forward on his cock, slowly, until Ilya feels his cock hitting the back of Shane’s throat. He watches his eyes fill with tears, feels Shane swallowing down his gag reflex.

“I—” a sharp inhale, “Shane, I’m going to- *fuck, fuck!*”

Shane doesn't pull off. He doubles down on his efforts, bobs his head a few more times, and lets Ilya spill down his throat.

Ilya sees stars, his vision white as he gasps. He shudders through the longest orgasm he's ever had. Shane is taking it all, lightly sucking Ilya through his aftershocks.

Ilya pushes his head away when the contact starts toeing overstimulation.

"Fuck," he emphasises. "Too good. Stand up, pretty, let me get you now."

Shane, once again, has the absolute *gall* to look bashful.

"I, um..."

"What? Now you do not like when I suck your dick?" Ilya asks in disbelief. He can't imagine what Shane could have left to be shy about. Shane mumbles something incoherent to Ilya, in his post-orgasm haze.

"You are mumbling. You sucked my brain out through my dick. Louder, please," Ilya sighs.

Shane huffs, standing up. He grabs a napkin from the holder and begins wiping his right hand off, looking anywhere but at Ilya's eyes. The volume in his voice is only slightly louder this time around, but Ilya can catch the words.

"I finished while I, uh, sucked you off."

Ilya grabs Shane's jaw, forcing the eye contact Shane had been dodging.

"Shane Hollander. We need to stay in this ridiculous cottage forever."

Chapter End Notes

as always comment if the grammar is fucked up i am soooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo over this chapter and i refuse to proof read it again. if this chapter was a person i would electrocute them to death.

Chapter 5: Sunlight

Chapter Notes

a tender close to a few chapters of jizz and saliva

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

The sun is hot today, but there is a gentle breeze, so as the heat of the day peaks around 3:00, the boys get their swim trunks on and head out the backdoor. Shane throws some chicken kebabs on the grill, after deciding they had spent enough time messing up the kitchen in every conceivable way that morning, and they hit the water.

“Holy *fuck* that’s cold!” Shane yelps as soon as his foot touches the water.

“Mm... weak Canadian resolve. Water is perfect for strong, beautiful Russians,” Ilya says, casually wading further and further into the water. Shane huffs. Whatever. Cold is cold, and Shane has never been a fan of icebaths. He backtracks off the shore and onto the dock Ilya is wading water near. Shane sits himself on the end, wincing as his sore ass meets the hard surface.

Ilya notices, naturally. He smirks, *naturally*, swimming up to hang off the end of the dock, right in front of Shane.

“Something hurts, baby?” He coos.

“You know what you did, asshole,” Shane laughs.

“How could I resist? You ask so sweet.”

“Yeah, well...” Shane trails off, red in the face. “Do you think, maybe, we should like... talk about it?”

“Talk about what? Your ass? Spanking?”

“You know what. *That*, and the uh... kneeling stuff,” Shane says quietly, biting his thumb nail absently. For a moment, Shane sees Ilya turn this notion over in his head, and thinks that Ilya will shut down the prospect of an emotional conversation as he’s done in the past.

“Yes, that stuff. Mm, let us get lunch ready first,” Ilya says as he pulls himself up onto the dock, making sure to stand right over Shane as he shakes himself off like a dog. Shane laughs, and chides himself for doubting Ilya’s growth over their time together. After all, it was Ilya who pitched the ‘all cards on the table’ rule for their stay here.

Compared to the emotionally guarded man Ilya was years ago, Shane thinks Ilya has opened up vastly, with no small effort, he's sure. Shane, of all people, knows that being honest with yourself about your own emotions can be painful, let alone with others. Vulnerability makes him nervous, makes his blood too hot, too cold, makes his hands sweat and his head buzz. But Ilya has come to be so casual and brazen about how he feels, and Shane won't be left behind or show any less spirit for it than Ilya.

Shane brings out plates, silverware, and water while Ilya pulls the kebabs off the grill. The patio furniture is warm to the touch, baked by the sun, perfect for a summer lunch. The boys smile at each other as they take their first bites.

"Much better than your pasta," Ilya praises through a mouthful of food.

Shane guffaws. "*Rude!*"

"It is honesty. All cards on table? Remember, Shane? Now, your turn. You had something to say?" Ilya says casually. Shane doesn't know how *casual* comes so easily to Ilya. Nothing ever feels casual to Shane.

"Well... I just thought maybe we should say something," Shane said, tone bordering on defensive.

"Oookay..." Ilya agrees with a raise of his eyebrows, waving a hand in a 'go on' motion. Shane knows there is an alternate universe in which they stay arch enemies and Shane gets to knock his teeth out on the ice.

"It's just—" Shane huffs, looking at his plate, "we kind of dove in and I didn't ask if you're into that kind of, uh, stuff. Or maybe you want to be the one kneeling. And this seems like the type of stuff we should have a safeword for, right? I saw 'Fifty Shades of Grey' on a flight once and—"

"Shane—" Ilya laughs.

"—they had that kind of thing, but if you never want to do it again—"

"*Shane!*" Ilya laughed, again, a little harder but not unkind. Shane looks up at him, at a loss as to what could possibly be funny right now. "Do you ever want me to ignore you saying 'no'?"

Shane thought about it for a second and grimaced. Definitely not for him. "No, I don't think so."

"Then 'no' is our safeword, yes? No need to complicate."

Right. Well that does make perfect sense, Shane supposes. Sure. Ilya continued on.

"I do not like to kneel like you do. I am, ah, opposite. Sucking your dick is fine, I do not want you in charge. Different activities."

“Right...” Shane nodded, absently chewing his chicken. He found he didn’t know where to go from there. Surely he had more to volunteer. He scanned his memories from the past couple of days. “But you *do* like being in charge, then? It’s not for my sake?”

Ilya looked at him with pure confusion written in the crease between his eyebrows. “I told you what to do since 2008. Why would I do something I do not like for so long?”

“That was different! That was always... a little more tame? Stuff like, me kneeling or the, uh —” Shane coughed and felt his face redden, “—the kitchen this morning is a little more, right? All of that was... good?”

Ilya bit a slice of bell pepper off his kebab and watched Shane intently, thinking, as he chewed for entirely too long.

“I like fucking you. I like you on your knees, without my dick in your mouth, or with. Both are nice. I liked spanking you. It is all sexy. I would like to fuck you again, hard enough you get all dopey, start saying ‘sir’ again. I would like to teach you ‘yes, sir’ in Russian and spank you when you forget. I would like to wrap you up, pet your hair when we are done. We have two weeks, yes? That is lot of time, I could get you soft for me and keep you like that all day. If we try something we do not like, we just say. Simple.”

Shane cleared his throat. His ears are hot, so are his cheeks. *Simple*. Ilya is the most ridiculous man he has ever met.

He couldn’t love him more.

He nods vigorously. “Okay. Right, well, thank you. For keeping it simple... And I like you in charge, too. I don’t want to switch. This seems so easy for you and I’m still kind of wrapping my head around it. I used to think about *it* a lot, but I didn’t want to seem, I don’t know, weird? So it was easier to ignore. Getting it now is kind of a lot, y’know. Which is just to say —” Shane cuts his rambling and takes a deep breath. He steadies himself and looks at Ilya with a soft smile. He finds Ilya already smiling just as softly, looking at him patiently. “You’re always patient with me. So, thank you. And, cards on the table?”

Ilya nods, still looking just as patient.

“Cards on the table: Ilya, I love you.”

Ilya scoots his chair back so fast it nearly falls over as Ilya moves around the table towards Shane. Shane pushes his own chair back as Ilya crouches in front of him, laying a tender hand on Shane’s face. There are tears in Ilya’s eyes, Shane notes with surprise.

“*Ya lyublyu tyebya,*” Ilya whispers, pulling Shane’s forehead down to rest against his own. “*I love you,*” he whispers in English, into Shane’s mouth.

“Does it fucking kill you, too?” Shane asks quietly in the Summer sun.

“Not anymore,” Ilya tells him.

They kiss. They get to kiss in the light of day, and Shane knows that no matter what, this moment cannot be taken by anyone. Cannot be tainted by anything.

They both know that there is a future for them.

Chapter End Notes

i have enjoyed writing this lil fic so much. i have some insane medical shit going on in my personal life and being able to lock in and get some words in a doc has helped to take my mind off everything, and the amount of support i have received for this fic has been insane!!!! I am a little behind on replying to comments but pls know that i see every one and they all mean the world to me!! !!! !!! !!

this ending is very tame because this WILL be a FILTHY series!!! I am hoping to either get on twitter or tumblr so yall can make requests, and i'd love to interact w everyone.

i hope a loving tender ending isnt letting anyone down.

the dialogue is borrowed and different from ep. 6 bc this is MY COTTAGE

thank u guys so much x1,000,000

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