

until you're red in the face

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until you're red in the face

by [vamptious](#)

Summary

Ilya allows the conversation to pivot and brings the iPad up again, waving it like it's the key to all their problems. "I was curious about this and I read about it many times. Do you know about kinks?"

And there go all of Shane's plans for the night.

Or: Ilya and Shane take an agonisingly long time to negotiate their kinks. Then, finally, they act on some of them.

Notes

this is a two-parter, chapter 2 is really what this whole fic is about so i hope you stick around. the idea came to me in a dream about Josh O'Connor of all things, and I had to write it for hollanov. enjoy!

ps: title comes from 'cinnamon bread' by ryan beatty.

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

Chapter 1

July

“I have always wanted to do this.”

Ilya’s presence pulls Shane’s attention away from his phone; he was watching clips of other teams’ plays last season – his coach had sent an entire folder of them earlier in the day. When he looks up, Ilya’s jumping over the arm of the couch and plopping himself beside Shane with a ginormous grin on his face. Also, he’s holding an iPad.

“But I never had a boyfriend or girlfriend so it wasn’t possible,” Ilya continues, completely oblivious to Shane’s bemused expression. He smacks his hand down onto Shane’s thigh where his legs are stretched out and resting on an ottoman. “Now I have you.”

Whatever’s got Ilya so excited will have to wait for a moment because *what?*

“What do you mean you’ve never had a girlfriend?” Because surely that can’t be true. “Even *I’ve* had girlfriends.”

“Yes, and I have heard you made them all *very* happy.”

“Fuck you. Seriously.”

“Yes, I am being serious,” Ilya meets Shane’s gaze and raises his brows. “I have never. It was difficult. And I told you just the other day, right here, that I did not *want* a girlfriend. Because I wanted...” He leads Shane towards the end of the sentence, waving his hand in the air in a way that is both patronising and endearing.

“Me.”

“Very good, so you are not stupid all of a sudden.”

Blowing past that comment, and the way that Ilya’s reminder immediately makes him flush with instinctive pleasure (because it’s *nice* to be reminded that Ilya’s wanted him for so long, sue him), Shane concedes. He switches off his phone, crosses his arms, and turns his torso toward Ilya.

“You’ve never had a girlfriend. Not even in high school?”

Ilya scoffs and shakes his head. “No, of course not. My father would not allow this. I had *secrets*, this you also know already. Not girlfriends.” He pats Shane’s thigh again, lingering this time to give him a light squeeze. “Only you.”

The words take his breath away for a second. It dawns on him, all at once, that Ilya is just as new to this as Shane. He’s 26 and he’s never been in a *relationship*? He confessed at Shane’s

parents' place that he's only ever *loved* one person, just like Shane, so it's not like it's the most revelatory thing that's come out of his mouth this week. But still.

It knocks the wind out of him. It makes Shane feel so fucking full, he could choke on it if he thinks about it too hard.

"Um..." he starts, trying to quickly shuffle past this until he can lay in bed later and really give himself some alone time to agonise over it all. "What were you saying before? You wanted to do something?"

"Yes." Ilya allows the conversation to pivot and brings the iPad up again, waving it like it's the key to all their problems. "I was curious about this and I read about it many times. Do you know about kinks?"

And there go all of Shane's plans for the night.

"Yes. Of course I know about— I'm not— why?"

"Calm down, I am just asking. You are very..." Shane watches with pursed lips as Ilya tries to find the right word. "Secured? What is the word for not knowing very much about bad things?"

"Sheltered?"

"Thank you. Yes, sheltered."

If it were any other conversation, Shane would get up off the couch and pretend to throw a fit. But he can kind of see where this might be going and, god help him, he's invested now.

"First of all, just because I wasn't having sex at 14 doesn't mean I'm 'sheltered'. I know... you know, *enough*." Ilya just smirks and nods his head condescendingly, but Shane doesn't take the bait. "But why are you asking? What's on the iPad?"

"A list." At that, Ilya unlocks the screen and lifts it to show Shane what looks to be a document with a bunch of columns and rows, one full of words he can't read without his glasses, and the rest all blank. "We go through it one by one, decide together if we want to try it. It's long, so it will take some time. But we can do it, I think."

A list. A list of kinks. That Ilya wants them to talk through one at a time.

Shane opens and closes his mouth a couple of times, trying to find a way to convey, without embarrassing the fuck out of himself, that it will definitely take them more than 'some time' to go through that whole list, now that he's seen Ilya scroll through it to show him its length.

The thing is, Shane's just not very good at talking about stuff like this. Things he likes and doesn't like in bed. When they're intimate, he acts under the assumption that Ilya can just read his mind and *know*, without verbal communication, exactly what Shane wants from him and wants to give him in return.

Most of the time, it's like he really can. They're very in tune with each other's habits and desires in bed. And he knows Ilya's already pretty kinky; he's good at... dominating things. Rooms, atmospheres, hockey games, crowds. *Shane*. Just to name a few. But Shane's never really thought about what *he* likes. He knows the basics, obviously; he likes bottoming, he likes giving head, he likes being told what to do, he likes being held down, he likes being praised. Beyond that, though? It hasn't even occurred to him to open up that can of worms.

But if Ilya wants something, Shane has a *really* tough time denying him of it.

He kind of wishes he could get up and go do a quick workout or something, though. Just the idea of them doing this together is sending signals to his brain that he needs to *get the fuck up and run*, even though it's truly the last thing he wants to do. What he *really* wishes is that he were the type of person who could just sit here, maybe even lay back against Ilya's chest, and go through this thing at whatever pace his boyfriend is most comfortable with.

Instead, Shane takes a deep breath, nods his head, and immediately shifts to the other end of the couch. He doesn't know what this conversation is going to bring out in him and so he'd much rather be as far away from any potential risk of physical contact. Just for now, while he's in this weird anticipatory limbo.

Ilya seems to get the hint and follows Shane's lead so that they're sitting facing each other, mirroring their positions from a few nights ago. This time, Shane keeps his knees drawn up enough so that their feet can't touch in the middle of the couch.

"Shane," Ilya says quietly, his teasing tone from earlier completely swept away and replaced with careful attention. "We don't have to if it is making you nervous."

"I'm not *nervous*," Shane says. "I just... know myself. And it'll be easier for me to talk about that stuff if I sit back here. Okay?"

"Okay."

Ilya's already very good at meeting Shane where he's at and understanding that he's just not great at handling certain things. Almost 10 years of being in each other's lives even in the smallest of ways has helped them learn a lot about all the particular and most carefully concealed parts of their personality.

This; talking about his preferences and what he might be interested in doing during sex is absolutely one of those things. Shane can barely think about the things they've done to each other in the *past* without getting overwhelmed and, mortifyingly, aroused. And while he's sure Ilya wouldn't *mind* if this conversation led them down that road later on tonight, Shane needs this to be clinical and unemotional. Just for right now.

He's already embarrassed and Ilya hasn't even started yet.

"So," Ilya says, apparently jumping straight into it. "We go alphabetically and we tell each other three things. One; if we want to do this thing, yes or no. Very easy. Two; on scale of one to five, how much do you not want or want to do it. Maybe difficult but it's okay, we can go

back if you are unsure. And three; if we want to change... idea? Or word. Example, if I say 'thumb sucking' and you say 'finger sucking' is better."

"*Jesus christ*," Shane brings his hands to his face and groans, leaning back so his head is turned up toward the ceiling. "Okay," he says, his voice muffled. "Sure. Got it."

"You want if I should put on the TV?"

It couldn't *hurt*.

"Yes please."

Ilya finds the remote and turns on the television across the room, switching it over to a music video channel playing through the Hot 100 or whatever. He turns the volume down low enough that Shane can still hear it, but it won't cause them any interruptions.

"Is okay to start?"

"Yep." *May as well get it the fuck over with*, Shane thinks.

"First one is very easy. Anal sex."

"Right." Shane lowers his head and hands, crossing his arms again and immediately uncrossing them in favour of grabbing a cushion from the back of the couch and hugging it to his chest. "Um... yes? Five?"

"Good. Me too. Of course." Ilya swipes his finger across the screen a couple times.

"Easy."

"Exactly. Next; ass worshipping."

This is going to take them all fucking night.

—

"Can we stop?" Shane asks after twenty agonising minutes that felt like twenty *hours* of going through a very pathetic amount of kinks. Each new option took longer and longer for him to answer, either because he was too busy trying to stop himself from imagining each scenario, or because it made him feel so gross and depraved for *wanting* it so bad, he had to take a few beats to breathe and talk himself out of shutting this entire thing down altogether.

They were only at the letter D.

"Okay, we can, but please can we just do one more? This one is important, I think."

More important than blindfolds, cockrings, and cuckolding?

Only one of which he said no to, by the way. If Shane were any less tense than he was right now, he might have found this whole thing a little amusing, honestly. Ilya has said yes and given fours and fives to basically everything so far, and Shane's only really said no to the things that would involve other people. Everything else... intrigues him. He's pretty inexperienced with the majority of this stuff, but he's interested. And if it's with Ilya, he thinks he might try just about anything.

"Okay. One more. Then we put on a fucking... Pixar movie or something."

"I have other ideas but we can get to those later," Ilya suggests with a smirk, entirely too amused with himself. "This one is dominant-slash-submissive."

"Ah." *That old chestnut.* Shane's looked into this one already. They already kind of explore this together, without having had a real conversation about it. In a few instances, back when they were still almost nothing to each other – at least outwardly – the experience of submitting to Ilya had felt less than pleasant, by the end of it all. Shane didn't know everything about it, but he knew he hated being alone after they did anything close to it. He hated feeling used. Empty. "Yes, but..."

"Me too. Is a five for me. But yes, we should talk more about it."

"Yeah," Shane agrees. He tightens his hold on his cushion and leans his head down to press his bottom lip and chin to the jersey fabric. "We should set some, like... ground rules."

"Yes. You prefer being submissive?"

"Yeah."

"All the time? I mean, whenever we do this. You always want to submit?"

"I mean..." Shane takes a second to mull it over. They brought up brattiness as an option, too (which Ilya took a great deal of enjoyment out of teasing him over), and that's really about the full extent of control Shane wants in those scenarios. "Yes? I think so. I don't think I'd... like it very much, if it were the opposite. If you gave up control to me."

He's pretty proud of himself for getting all of that out of his mouth so succinctly.

"I agree. I do not like giving control up unless it is... ah." Ilya presses two fingers to the space between his brows in thought, trying to find the word in English. Shane's very familiar with this look by now. "Organic? Outside of planning. Just instinct. Even then, we have been doing this for a long time without any planning, so."

Shane nods his head and hums in agreement. "But, you know. If we took it further..."

"Yes, that is whole point of the list, Shane."

"I know, I just mean—" he sighs. "I mean I'd want... certain things to be done. Every time."

"Good. Tell me what things."

“Like... kissing, for one. Even if it’s only after. And... touching me. Holding me, when we’re done.”

Ilya looks up and meets Shane’s gaze, his brows drawing together and his eyes rounding out into something so soft and tender. “Aftercare. I know. The most important part.”

“Surely consent is the most important.”

“That too, yes. But I feel... bad, about how I treated you in the past. Aftercare will be included every time we do this from now on. Holding you, kissing you, keeping you safe. Okay?”

Shane swallows around the lump that quickly formed in his throat. Neither of them have ever acknowledged the very small amount of times when things had gone perhaps a little too far, in hindsight, and they had then left each other far too quickly once it was over. He understood completely, now, why Ilya had made sure they talked about this one before they took a break.

“Don’t feel bad. We were both just... trying to make it work. We both thought we were doing the right thing.”

“Shane.” Ilya drops the iPad for a second and reaches a hand out across the couch toward him. “Every time we left each other, I felt bad. And I am sorry it was so hard for me for so long.”

Tears spring to Shane’s eyes, so suddenly that he doesn’t realise it until vision is blurred by the pools that threaten to overflow. He blinks them away as quickly as he can.

“It’s really okay.” He finally lets Ilya touch him as he shuffles forward enough to cradle his hand in both of his own. “It was tough on me, too. It’ll... still be tough, when we have to leave each other from now on.”

“Probably it will be worse, now. But I will make sure that we will always end our time together with me taking care of you.”

And Shane can’t deny himself of him anymore. He takes the iPad out of Ilya’s lap, tosses it onto the ottoman, and crawls into his arms. Ilya wraps him up as he leans back and they stay like that, quiet and soaking up each other’s body heat, letting everything else they’ve talked about fall to the wayside for the time being.

They’ll have more time to finish this thing later. But Ilya’s right; they won’t have many opportunities to do this, just *this*, together again. Not for a while.

-

Three weeks later

Ilya's been slowly setting up his routine in preparation for pre-season training in September; going for runs most mornings and to the gym every day, waking up at a semi-decent and respectable hour, eating a little less junk food than usual. Still, being more or less alone in Boston makes it difficult for him to care all that much. He tries to go out whenever his small group of friends ask but he doesn't find himself feeling very eager to party all night anymore.

His friends and teammates expect him to be the same man he was a year ago. No one in the world besides one man in Montreal has any idea that *everything* has changed for Ilya.

Except that one man's parents, of course.

Yuna and David Hollander have his number, now. When they came over for dinner at Shane's cottage toward the end of their vacation, they'd all gotten a bit merry on some expensive red wine and it had given them enough liquid courage to indulge in some very sweet, emotional conversations. Emotional for Ilya, anyway, because he was welcomed into their lives so quickly and without very much reluctance at all. When they'd left for the night, Yuna gave him their phone numbers and said, very seriously; '*You need anything, you let me know. Don't even hesitate, okay, hon? We've got your back in this, too. Not just Shane.*'

So far he hasn't contacted them, but some days he's tempted. Just to say thank you. He can't remember if he told them when they were all together.

Beyond all of that, Ilya has just been trying to keep himself occupied instead of laying around his empty apartment, waiting for Shane to text him or call him. They haven't been able to see each other again since Ilya left Canada, but they've been consistent with their communication. Texting every day. Calling each other almost every night. It's almost like they're in a real relationship or something.

Today, Ilya's in a bit of a mood. It's hot and humid in Boston and even though he could enjoy a nice swim at the pool in the training centre, and as much as he might appreciate getting a fresh tan, all he wants is to spend the day with Shane. When he woke up to the sun's rays poking through his half-opened curtains this morning, he thought, just for a second, that he was still at the cottage. When he came to and realised he was alone, as usual, with no one to talk to or touch, it had left him feeling out of sorts for the rest of his morning.

Earlier, after a quick run, he'd texted Shane.

10:32

Ilya: Morning. What are you doing today?

10:40

Shane: Morning. ☺

Shane: Going to Hayden's place. It's Jackie's birthday.

10:42

Ilya: 😞

10:45

Shane: *Don't be mean.*

Shane: *Can I call you tonight?*

10:47

Ilya: *Of course. Please do.*

10:50

Shane: ❤️

Now, it's only about three hours later and Ilya is so goddamn *bored*. He'd made himself a nice, balanced meal; he'd watched some shitty reality TV (it had been really helpful in teaching him English and now he's developed a mild obsession); he'd even done some laundry. He doesn't ever need to do laundry because he has a housekeeper. That's just how bored he is.

When it hits midday and he's still just moping around, doing next to nothing, he sighs loudly to himself and goes and grabs his iPad from his bedroom. He may as well use his time somewhat wisely and do some more research.

Since the first time he and Shane talked through the kink list, they've tried to continue a handful of times over phone calls and FaceTime. The problem is, when he and Ilya talk on the phone, it takes no less than five minutes for one of them to get horny. Usually Shane. So when they start going through the *list*... even when Shane gets all cute and embarrassed, it still turns Ilya on like nothing else in the world. They've managed to go over maybe five or six new kinks, which is nowhere near enough if they want to be done with it by the time they see each other next.

And Ilya *really* wants to be done with it. It's addicting, getting to know all of the things Shane thinks he might like and sharing what *he* likes with Shane, in turn. All this time, and there's still so much they don't know about each other.

With a small smile to himself, Ilya takes his phone out of his shorts pocket, takes a picture of the list on the iPad, then sends off a new message to Shane.

13:14

Ilya: [image]

Ilya: *Fisting?*

It goes unread for several minutes and then, because he's watching his phone like a hawk, he sees the 'delivered' change to 'read'. He can't wipe the fucking smile off his face when he watches the little typing bubbles appear, disappear, and then reappear again over five separate times.

Maybe it was a little evil. But Ilya *loves* making Shane sweat.

13:25

Shane: I AM AT HAYDEN'S PLACE

13:26

Ilya: So leave.

Ilya: I am bored. I want to keep going.

More typing bubbles. Ilya wishes he could teleport over there right now, just to see the look on his boyfriend's face; just to watch as it turns bright fucking red.

13:28

Shane: Give me 30 minutes.

You could power an entire city with the strength of Ilya's shit-eating grin.

13:29

Ilya: Make it 15.

22 minutes later, Ilya gets a new text. He's grabbed himself a Coke and a bag of chips and he's nice and comfy on his huge couch, stretched out with his shirt off and one hand down his pants. He's been very patient; he didn't even send any warning texts once 15 minutes had already passed.

13:53

Shane: I'm leaving now.

13:54

Ilya: Good. What did you say was your excuse?

13:54

Shane: That I got a last minute meeting request from my publicist.

13:55

Ilya: Perfect, it is just boring enough for Hayden to believe you.

13:56

Shane: Fuck you. I'm in the car. I'll text you when I'm home.

Shane: 10 mins.

13:58

Ilya: Drive safely.

—

The call comes in at around 14:15 and Ilya lets it go to voicemail. Then, he picks up his phone and sends another text.

14:16

Ilya: Today we just text. We can call after.

14:17

Shane: Why?

14:17

Ilya: Easier for you.

14:19

Shane: What do you mean? Easier how?

14:20

Ilya: Because every time we talk about this you become a tomato.

Ilya: or you get hard and want to fuck.

Ilya: We have many more kinks to go through.

14:24

Shane:

Shane: Fine.

Shane: I don't get hard every time, but fine.

14:25

Ilya: Yes you do.

Ilya: So?

14:26

Shane: I already said okay!

14:27

Ilya: Yes and I already sent you next kink.

14:35

Shane:

Shane: Maybe.

Shane: 3.

14:37

Ilya: Very good. 4 for me. Yes. But will take a lot of preparing to do.

14:39

Shane: I don't even know how that one would work.

14:40

Ilya: Did you google?

14:42

Shane: Yes. It seems pretty difficult.

14:43

Ilya: But you think it is hot?

14:44

Shane: Maybe. I don't know. I'd need to think about it.

14:45

Ilya: Okay, then maybe. We discuss another time. Next?

14:46

Shane: Yep.

14:47

Ilya: This is better, yes? I was not wrong?

14:48

Shane: Yes, you were right. It's easier to talk about it this way. Happy?

14:48

Ilya: Very happy. 😊

Ilya: Next is flogging. When you hit with a whip. Or other things.

14:53

Shane: Right. Yes, but only a 3. I don't know if I'd like it but I don't mind trying.

14:55

Ilya: Is okay, me too. Only 3.

14:56

Shane: Wow. I'm surprised.

Shane: You usually always say 4 or 5.

14:58

Ilya: Yes but if I hit you maybe I prefer it with my hands. More control.

Ilya: I don't want you to be in serious pain.

15:05

Shane: That's very considerate of you.

15:06

Ilya: I am a considerate man.

15:07

Shane: Sometimes. Next?

They should've just done it this way from the beginning; with them in separate rooms at the cottage, texting each other back and forth. They could've had the whole thing finished in one night.

When they finally reach their limit hours later, getting closer and closer to the end of the list, Shane pauses the conversation to go and make himself some dinner. Once he texts that he's back, Ilya immediately hits 'call'.

"Hi," Shane answers, and it's the sound Ilya's been craving all fucking day.

"Hi. How was Hayden's birthday party?"

"It was *Jackie's* birthday and it wasn't much of a party, just their friends and family and some guys from the team. It was good. Fun, until you ruined it for me."

Ilya can tell he's only teasing, being purposefully put off because it helps to mask all of the things he's not saying.

"I am *so* sorry I ruined your wonderful day with the Pikes."

"You should be. I missed the cake and everything."

"Oh," Ilya mock-gasps, "The cake? That you will certainly not eat? Or was it made out of kale and chicken?"

It makes Shane break and he laughs down the line, bringing Ilya right there with him.

"Gross," Shane says. "I'll have to make it up to them, I guess."

"You see them more than me. I think you should make it up to *me* because you were keeping me waiting so long."

At that, Shane hums, and Ilya thinks he has a pretty good idea of what's about to happen now. He hopes he does, anyway. He's been alternating between sporting a semi and being so hard it *hurts* ever since Shane said yes and gave a 5 to 'gagging'.

"How..." Shane starts, his voice dropping almost an entire octave and coming out breathy, and if Ilya closes his eyes, it's as if he's sitting right beside him on the couch, whispering into

his ear. “How should I make it up to you?”

They might not be done with the kink list yet. It’ll probably take them a couple more goes, but he can already tell; the real fun has only just begun.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

thanks for being patient eeee i'm really happy with this. i hope it was [ilya voice] worth the wait?

January

Shane's been dreading this game since it was added to their calendar.

Scott Hunter won MVP after coming out *very* publicly last year, and since then he seems to have been riding that high into the new season. He's been on the cover of magazines, he's had tons of positive press, interviews on networks that rarely ever cover hockey stars. He's a spectacle. He's a huge, history-making name that everyone and their grandmas want a piece of now that he's reached households all over the world.

And after all of it, he gets to go home to his boyfriend. His partner who the world also knows about and, so far, have mostly left alone.

He'd never admit to anyone but Ilya, but Shane's extremely jealous.

There's nothing like that in the cards for them. If Ilya and Shane went out and simply *held hands* and got a picture taken by some bystander, it would become front page news for all the wrong reasons. Shane isn't allowed to show the world who he is. Ilya isn't allowed to love Shane in public. They both have to keep up the narrative that *they've* painstakingly put together so that, maybe, in a decade from now, they can have that happy, public life together. The same life Scott Hunter gets to have right *now*.

Playing against the Admirals on their home turf is always a challenge; their fans are just as rabid as Montreal's, if not *worse* because New York games always lure in tourists who want to see their first ever hockey match. Today, Shane just wants it to be over already. He can't shake this horrible weight pressing down on his chest and his shoulders, making him want to lower himself to the ground and just *stay there* for as long as it takes for him to get over this feeling.

He doesn't want to face Scott Hunter. He doesn't want to have to look that man in the eye when he gets to have everything Shane wants. The Cup, the title, the notoriety, the freedom. Shane would give his left lung to be able to love Ilya publicly and without shame, and still get to play hockey.

When he starts getting ready for the day, planning on spending his whole morning pushing his body at practice so he'll be too sore to think about anything else later, he gets a text from Ilya.

07:44

Ilya: Morning. Excited for the game tonight?

07:46

Shane: Morning. Not really.

Shane: Feeling weird about it.

Shane: Idk.

07:48

Ilya: Why?

07:50

Shane: I just feel off today. I'll be okay.

Shane: Will you be watching?

07:53

Ilya: Of course. Day off today and tomorrow. I will not miss it.

As Shane ties up his shoes, he looks around the empty hotel room. He got lucky and has it all to himself tonight. Maybe he can call Ilya after the game, let off some steam...

He really fucking wishes he were here.

-

Being on the ice and spending some time at the gym for a while helps, but only to get some energy out of Shane's system. He still feels heavy. It's an odd sensation; he knows he's fine, he's aware of what the problem is, he just can't... do anything about it. He doesn't know *what* to do to help himself get out of this headspace.

He feels like Ilya would know exactly what to do.

Whenever Shane's panicked or shut down in front of him, Ilya has talked him through it or held him or fucked him to distract him for a time, and he always comes out of it with a clearer head. Even just *talking* with him would help, because he sure as shit can't talk to anyone *else* about this.

He can imagine pulling Hayden for a chat, sitting him down and saying something along the lines of '*Hey, so, the idea of having a face-off with Scott Hunter tonight is making me feel so shitty I might end up crying or slamming his face into the ice. What do you think I should do about that, bud?*'. It's almost laughable.

Once he's had some food with the team, they're given the all-clear to take an hour to rest before they head over to the arena. Back in his hotel room, Shane lays down in the middle of his bed and thinks. More like agonises, but no one's here to tell him to suck it up and get over it, so he can do whatever he damn well wants.

If he could have Ilya here, what would he want him to do to help? What would he ask for?

A blowjob, for starters. Then maybe something that would take him out of this mindset completely. Something that'd make him focus on nothing *but* Ilya for a while; maybe even for a few hours.

They haven't tried much off of their list yet. Some small things here and there; Ilya's pretty enthusiastic about everything they introduce and so it's always fun when they do, but they just don't have the preparation time for anything all that out-there. They've tried using a cockring; that was... a lot. Shane liked it. He'd do it again in a heartbeat. Buttplugs, also. Ilya used Shane's dildo on him, once, and that was a real full-circle moment. Incredibly hot, too.

They've tried leaning into the Dom/sub scenes a bit more. Nothing too crazy, but it felt *really* good. Especially after, when Shane was practically nothing more than a ragdoll once Ilya was done with him; body completely spent, head miles and miles away from the room they were in, so much so that he had to let Ilya do everything for him until he was out of that blissed out, almost *high* headspace.

If he could get to that place again maybe he'd feel better. Even if it was only after the game.

12:26

Shane: How quickly can you get to New York?

Shane sends the text before he can think better of it and it's only when Ilya's call lights up the screen that he realises maybe he could've added a *crumb* of context.

Fuck, he probably just scared the shit out of him.

"Hey," Shane answers, his tone tentative.

“What is wrong? Do you need something?”

“Yeah, um...” He squeezes his eyes shut and lets out a long breath. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have— it’s nothing bad. I promise. But yeah, I think I need you. I’m in this... weird fucking mood today. I can’t... I have to play out here, against Scott fucking Hunter, and it’s all just—”

“It’s too much, yes?”

“Yes.” Shane lets out in a breath, so reassured to have Ilya’s understanding. “I just want you to be here. Even if it has to be later tonight, I want to see you. I want you to—” he whispers the next words as he lifts his hand up to cover his eyes, hiding from his own needs. “I want you to fuck me. So bad. I just don’t wanna *think*. Help me stop thinking. Please.”

It’s quiet for a while but he can hear Ilya’s breaths over the line and he can hear it when he inhales sharply before he speaks. “Okay. Wait.”

It’s quiet again for about a minute or two, and Shane can tell he’s pulled the phone away from his face to do something else on the screen. He can hear the taps of his thumbs as he types something out. Then, he comes back.

“There is a flight at 7. I will get there at 8:30 and find us apartment for the night.”

Thank fucking god. Shane could cry, he’s so relieved.

“Okay,” he says, sighing and feeling some of the weight dissipate now that he knows he’ll be able to see his boyfriend later. “Thank you. Really, Ilya, *thank you*.”

“Of course. If you need me, I will be there.”

“I love you.”

“*Ya tozhe*. You better beat him tonight.”

He laughs as he sits up on the bed, and there’s an obvious difference in his posture. He feels lighter, although there’s still a million thoughts running around in his head that could pull him back under again just as quickly as Ilya helped him up.

“I’ll try.” He thinks about what they might need, trying to paint a picture of how he wants the night to go now that he knows he can have it. “Can you... bring some stuff with you?”

—

The game goes well. They win, obviously. 3-2 for Montreal. Shane pushed himself, locked himself into the atmosphere, and let Ilya’s words over the phone spur them toward a victory. He didn’t listen to any of the chirps thrown his way, and he did his very best to avoid Scott Hunter as much as he could.

It wasn't a runaway win and the Admirals were *beasts* on the ice, but Shane wanted it more. The rest of his team followed his lead with gnashing teeth and pinpoint focus.

Once it's over and the reporters have all packed up, Shane grabs his shit and gets the hell out of there.

It's almost 11pm when he makes it to the private exit, pulls out his phone, and checks the messages Ilya sent during the final period.

21:36

Ilya: Come to this address.

Ilya: I will get everything ready for you.

Then, one more after the game.

22:35

Ilya: You were so sexy tonight.

And *god dammit*, Shane doesn't want to wait any longer. He checks the address on Google Maps, finds it's only a few blocks away from the arena, and books it out the doors without a second thought. He doesn't wait for a private car or the team bus; he just sends a quick text to Hayden about staying at a friend's place and leaves, pulling the hood of his coat over his head.

It's raining when he makes it out onto the street, pelting onto his shoulders and his suit trouser legs. He doesn't have an umbrella and doesn't care enough to stop somewhere to buy one; he just walks as fast as he can, glancing at his phone every couple of minutes to make sure he's going the right way.

Twenty minutes later, he's soaked from the waist down, shivering from the biting mid-January cold, but he's here. He texts Ilya to say that he's arrived and gets a door code and apartment number in response. When he's made it up to the top floor, Shane lets himself in.

“*Shane*,” Ilya exclaims the second he sees the state of his boyfriend; sopping wet from the rain and so cold he’s trembling. He meets him in the entryway of the trendy apartment he found on AirBnb for a decent and respectable price of \$1,500 per night, and immediately starts taking off his coat for him. “You couldn’t get a fucking cab?”

“Sorry...” Shane slowly helps Ilya with his outerwear, slipping off his shoes and his suit jacket once his coat’s been put away. “I just wanted to get here.”

“Is okay.” Ilya can see it now. What Shane meant over the phone. He won’t meet Ilya’s gaze and his mouth is drawn into a hard line, his body rigid with more than just the cold; it’s like it’s *inside* of him. “Come with me.”

He takes Shane’s hand and pulls him further into the apartment, leading them straight to the bathroom. They should probably talk about this some more before they start but Ilya doesn’t know if Shane has it in him right now, so he leads with action first, conversation later.

“Take a hot shower. I will wait out there, and when you are done, you will get on your knees and wait for me to tell you what to do next. Yes?”

Shane inhales a deep breath and slowly nods before finally, *finally* lifting his head to meet Ilya’s gaze. They don’t say anything for a second and then Shane’s crowding into Ilya’s space, immediately pressing his chilly face into Ilya’s warm neck, arms coming up to grip at his t-shirt.

“Thank you. *Fuck*.” He sounds like he might start crying and so Ilya holds him close, giving him a minute to breathe through whatever’s happening, letting them both take this in-between moment to just be with each other again. They haven’t seen each other, *touched* each other in weeks. “Thank you.”

“You do not need to thank me. Ever. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Good. Go and get warm. Oh—” He pauses as he’s about to close the door and leave Shane to his own devices. “And do not touch yourself. I will know.”

With that, he closes the door and goes into the bedroom. He has a job to do, now.

—

Shane comes out in only his underwear and a towel over his shoulders to catch the droplets of water that fall from his hair. He’s been letting it grow out and it makes him look so beautiful, even when it’s sticking to his forehead and the sides of his face. *Especially* then.

Ilya’s been sitting on a chair in the corner of the room, dicking around on his phone as he waits. Everything they need is laid out on the foot of the bed, and he notices Shane’s eyes

shift to see what he brought.

With a short breath and without a word, he moves further towards the centre of the room, stopping when he's standing on a plush rug. He slowly drops down to his knees, pushing the towel off of his shoulders until it falls beside him, and so Ilya puts his phone on the windowsill to give him his full attention.

"You feel better?"

"A little."

Shane meets his eyes briefly before they drop to Ilya's mouth. Ilya simply ignores his silent request.

"We won't start yet. I want you to tell me what you want. Details."

He knows it's difficult for Shane to talk through his wants and needs, with sex in particular, but Ilya *has* to know where his head's at if they're going to do this. After a few beats of silence, Shane nods and begins talking.

"I want you... to tell me what to do. I don't wanna see. I don't... wanna feel. I just want you to take over. So I can't think about—" his voice cracks and his chest rises and falls so heavily with the weight of what just *saying* these things is doing to him. "So I can't think about anything but you. Inside me. All over me."

"Okay," Ilya agrees, his voice soft and warm. "You can have it. We'll use the colours again, yes?"

"Yes."

"Tell me them."

"Green. I'm okay, keep going. Yellow. I need a break. Red. I want to stop."

"Good. And the safeword?"

With a small smile, Shane looks into Ilya's eyes again as he says the word they brought up a few months ago while they were joking around with different hockey slang, and decided this one would be perfect.

"Lettuce."

"Very good. You are ready? We can wait, if you need more time."

"No, I—" Shane immediately shakes his head and grips onto his knees. "I want you now. I've been waiting all day."

"Yes, you have. You have been very patient for me. Okay." Ilya stands and moves over to the things he brought from Boston. He picks up some black, silk restraints and looks back over at Shane to decide whether he should put his hands in front or behind him. Shane's just

following him, greedy with his gaze. He's already hard, too; his dick's straining against the material of his briefs.

Behind, then.

Once he's secured Shane's wrists around his back, taking the time to press his hands across the breadth of his shoulders and down his arms, Ilya squeezes his biceps and whispers into his ear. "It feels okay? Colour?"

"Green."

He gets up again and grabs the next thing they need.

"You're sure?"

"Yes. Please—" Ilya watches him squeeze his eyes shut and bite the inside of his cheek before he says his next words. "Please don't ask if I'm sure. Just do it."

"I have to ask sometimes, sweetheart."

"I know, but... I told you. What I want."

Ilya gets it; he doesn't want to have to think about responding anymore. He wants to be taken out of himself completely. And while he's fine with giving that to him, he needs to check in now and then, just to be sure he isn't going too far.

"Okay. I will only ask when it's important."

When Shane nods his head, Ilya takes the silk blindfold and lowers to a crouch in front of him to put it on, tying it into a firm knot behind his head. He rakes his fingers through Shane's still-damp hair when he's done, pushing his head back with force and gripping the strands just below the knot until his face is turned up toward the ceiling.

With his eyes covered, every other detail of Shane's face comes into sharp focus. His pink, wet lips; his straight nose; his freckles that Ilya could probably paint from memory at this point. He resists the urge to dip down and take his mouth into his own in favour of gripping his cheeks with one hand, keeping hold of the back of his head with the other.

"First thing you are going to do is open your mouth." Ilya speaks right into Shane's ear. "You're going to take my cock down your throat until you are choking on it. Then you're going to hold me there until I get bored and pull out. You're not going to be able to say a word. Nod your head if you understand."

When Shane nods, he gets up and opens the fly of his pants and pushes down his briefs enough to free his thickening cock. Shane's already got his mouth open for him and it's *filthy*. Ilya could just stare at him like this and that would be enough. But he promised to help him and Shane really has been waiting *far* too long for this.

He brings the head of his cock to Shane's lips and lets him lower his mouth all the way down, the wet heat enveloping Ilya until he reaches the back of Shane's throat and stops. In careful,

incremental movements, Ilya keeps going until the whole of his length is inside and Shane's nose is pressed into his pubic hair.

"Good. So good, Shane. Hold it there for me, yes?"

He watches as Shane tries to inhale through his nose but Ilya's length is blocking all of his airways and so there's nothing he can do but hold his breath. His shoulders tense up, his hands curl into fists behind his back, but he doesn't pull away. After another five seconds, Ilya slowly pushes him back off and waits for him to gasp and catch his breath. Spit falls from his bottom lip as he coughs and it's the *sexiest thing* Ilya's ever fucking seen.

"Very good," he says, near breathless himself. "Can you do it again?"

Shane nods and so they do it again. This time, Ilya doesn't pull away completely when he's decided Shane's had enough. He stays inside his mouth, watching him breathe raggedly through his nose while simultaneously sucking and licking at Ilya's cock now that he's been given the room. He doesn't bob his head at all; just tastes, like he's savouring every inch that Ilya will offer him.

They stay like that until Ilya's close to the edge.

"Sit back," he orders once he's pulled out again, the tip of his cock and Shane's mouth connected by a string of his own pre-cum and Shane's spit. He grips the base of his cock to give himself more time and moves until he's sitting on the edge of the bed. He says nothing for a few moments, just watching his boyfriend. He watches his chest rise and fall, his head slowly dip lower and lower, the gorgeous flush that's bloomed up from his neck to his cheeks. He makes him wait a little longer, then he grabs the lube from the bed.

"Sit up again and come here. Follow my voice."

Shane shuffles forward until Ilya places a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

"I'm going to give you what you want. You're going to lay on your stomach and I'm going to fuck you until you can't breathe again. You're not going to speak; you're not going to say my name. You lay there and you take what I give you. If you say one word, I will stop. Yes?"

Shane opens his mouth and immediately closes it again, swallowing as he sucks his bottom lip into his mouth, like he's hesitating over something. Ilya taps his finger below his chin.

"You can tell me," he says.

"Do you..." Shane's voice is fucking *ruined* when he speaks and Ilya can barely contain a soft groan when it reaches his ears. "Did you bring a gag?"

"No. You will just have to control yourself."

Shane takes a second and slowly nods his head.

"Colour?"

“Green.”

With that out of the way, Ilya takes hold of Shane by the elbow and lifts him up off of his knees so he can push him onto the bed. He’s careful not to have him situated in a way that will make him uncomfortable with his hands behind his back, and he double checks that the blindfold is still secure when he’s in position. Then, in one swift movement, he pulls Shane’s underwear clean off and tosses them away.

When he starts to press his fingers into Shane’s hole after teasing him mercilessly for a handful of minutes, Ilya pauses. He inches one finger inside and finds that he opens up to him a little too easily.

“Did you finger yourself in the shower?” he asks gruffly.

Shane doesn’t respond verbally, but he shakes his head.

“Are you lying to me? You are loose.”

“I—” Shane struggles between obeying Ilya’s order of staying silent, and answering his question. Ilya can’t see his eyes but he’s practically squirming with the conflict of not knowing what will get him into more trouble; speaking when Ilya told him not to, or ignoring him.

“Tell me. I will not punish you for talking this time.”

With a sigh of relief, Shane speaks. “I cleaned myself in the shower. I didn’t come, I swear.”

Ilya hums and moves up to press a quick kiss behind Shane’s ear; the first kiss he’s given him all night. “Good. And you will still not come until I say it is okay.”

It takes Ilya no time at all to work Shane open, getting up to three fingers that he uses to scissor and press deep within his walls, until there’s no sound but the squelch of the lube and the short whimpers that leave Shane’s mouth whenever he rubs against his prostate. Once he feels like he’s ready to move on, Ilya pulls his hand away and situates himself in between Shane’s legs. He pulls his hips up so his ass is in the air, his back arching like a perfect bow, face pressed hard into the soft quilt beneath him.

Ilya’s going to give him *everything* he wants and more.

He lines himself up after adding the lube leftover on his hand, not using too much; he wants Shane to feel all of it. He foregoes a condom, too – they only ever use them now when Shane’s in a rush and doesn’t want to get too messy. When he starts to press in, Shane groans softly into the mattress, but he doesn’t articulate any words, just breathes and grunts each time Ilya gives him more and more, until he’s bottomed out.

The pace he sets is slow, at first, but punctuated with the strength of each thrust of his cock that Ilya pushes into him deeper and deeper each time, leaning forward so the angle’s just sweet enough to hit Shane’s prostate when he reenters.

He starts picking up speed when he can't hold himself back any longer and sets a rhythm that's overwhelmingly fast for the both of them. Their moans overlap in the open space of the large bedroom, and Shane's so far gone already he has to bite down on the sheet beneath him.

"Yeah, just like that, Shane. Take it..." Ilya lets the words spill out of his mouth, moving his body so he's completely covering Shane's back. He grabs onto his wrists with one big hand and uses the other to push him further down into the mattress by his neck, allowing the weight of his body to keep him down even though he knows Shane's not about to go *anywhere*. "You feel good like this, huh, slut? Is this what you wanted?"

Shane lets out a sound that's closer to a sob than a moan, and Ilya has to slow down when he hears it; it's *way* too hot and he's going to come if he doesn't back off a little.

He has more that he wants to do to Shane, first.

He lets them both take a second as he draws out slowly, rising back up from his position to get a better look at Shane's ass once he's completely out again. Ilya licks his lips, builds up a wad of spit, and lowers himself to drip it from his mouth and into Shane's hole. Shane's body shivers at the sensation and he *squirms* when Ilya presses his thumb inside, pushing the spit in deep.

"I think you can take some more of me."

Shane says nothing, just as he was instructed. He nods against the sheets, damp with his own sweat and drool.

Ilya rises once again and keeps his thumb hooked in Shane's entrance, leaves it there as he's lining back up with his cock and pushing it inside, using his thumb to stretch him further apart.

And Shane just about loses himself in it. Ilya's seen him get to this point before but never without the space to *speak*. Once Shane's this far away, usually, he doesn't think about the words that come out of his mouth; he just lets them go, along with his own inhibitions and becomes entirely focused only on whatever Ilya provides for him. Without any words, Shane just *cries*.

Ilya fucks him like that, stretching him and pushing in deep but slow, letting him feel each new sensation. If he had a toy, he might've tried doing more, but that'll have to wait for another day when they have more time. For now, he reaches around Shane's hips with his free hand and grips onto his leaking, neglected cock, and strokes him in time with his thrusts.

"Are you close? You want to come with my cock deep inside you like this, while I'm pulling you apart?"

Shane nods again and makes a sound that he cuts off almost immediately, like he's scared he'll accidentally speak. Ilya decides that he's waited long enough. He's been so good for him; he deserves a reward.

“You can speak now, sweetheart. Tell me how good it feels. Tell me how fucking desperate you are.”

“*Ilya*—” Shane whimpers through a sob that wracks its way through his body, finally, *finally* letting himself go now that he can talk. “I’m gonna come, please, Ilya, *please*, don’t stop—”

“*Yes*,” Ilya grunts. He’s so close, now; he can feel the tug of his release pulling him forward, and so he lets Shane loose. “You can come; come on, sweetheart, show me how perfect you are, just for me.”

It only takes less than a minute for Shane to obey his orders. He comes all over the sheets and Ilya’s fist that he keeps using to pump him through his orgasm, keeping in time with his own movements. He has to take his thumb away when he feels it creeping up on him, and it takes all of his concentration not to just pull out entirely and come all over Shane’s beautiful, sweat-soaked back. He said he’d give Shane everything he asked for, and he’ll keep his promise.

When he comes, he grips onto one of Shane’s hands, holding it tight as he fills him up from deep within him, pausing all movement entirely and making barely any sound at all.

“*God*,” he exclaims when the aftershocks rattle through him and he has to slowly pull out. “Do not move. Stay there. *Fuck*, Shane...”

With the last remnants of his energy, Ilya pulls Shane’s cheeks apart and watches as his come slowly drips out of him, slipping down to his balls. It’s a sight he’s seen only a few times and *every time*, it makes Ilya’s already-spent cock twitch with leftover interest.

If it were any other night, Ilya would lie down beside Shane now and spend the next couple of hours sleeping off his exertion. But Shane still needs him, even more so now than he did at any other point tonight.

“You were so good for me, Shane,” he whispers as he manoeuvres himself to Shane’s right side where he settles on his knees and rubs his hand across his back. “I’m going to take off the blindfold first, yes?”

He gets only a brief hum in response; Shane’s hardly moved at all since Ilya came inside him. He’s reached that point where, Ilya can tell, it’s going to be *very* difficult for him to do much at all for a while.

Good. That’s exactly what he wanted.

With a gentle hand so as not to pull on any strands of his hair, Ilya unties the blindfold and carefully lifts Shane’s head to pull it out from under him. It’s wet when he touches it. Shane must’ve been crying near enough the whole time.

He moves onto the restraints next, and they’re not the kind that leave any marks unless the wearer is purposefully tugging at them, so the only thing he has to worry about is bringing his arms back down from behind him without hurting him.

“It’s probably going to ache in your shoulders when I take these off. Don’t just drop them down, okay? Let me do this for you.”

“Mhm.”

Ilya releases one hand at a time and gently, *gently* helps Shane lower his arms on either side of him, massaging his shoulders and triceps as he goes. It’s kind of gross; his hands are still dirty, but once Shane’s made it back to him enough to form a sentence, they can take another shower together later.

He tosses the blindfold and the restraints over in the general direction of his suitcase and then immediately, with complete and total ease, he falls down beside his boyfriend. He scoops Shane up into his arms with all the strength he can just about muster and holds him close.

“You were so good. Do you know that? You did everything I asked. I am so proud of you, sweetheart.” Ilya keeps the words low, quiet, and soft, just intelligible enough for Shane to understand but not enough to disturb him or pull him down too quickly.

“Thank you,” Shane mumbles, his eyes opening just barely. They’re still glassy with his tears, but his pupils are so wide and the *shape* of them, the lax and open expression on his face... It’s the most content Ilya has seen him in a while. “Can you kiss me?”

“Of course I can.”

Ilya presses close, drawing Shane’s face up to meet his own, and gives him what he wants, as always.

For the rest of the night; for the rest of their *lives*, Ilya will delight in taking care of Shane as if he was made for it. A million different things could be going on in between – the league, their plan, the distance, the pressure, the stakes – but it won’t matter. Not to him. Not when he gets to have this, *be this*, for the one person in the world who deserves it most.

“We ticked a lot off the list tonight, didn’t we?” he asks later on, when Shane’s still a little out of it but they’ve managed to clean up and get comfortable again.

Shane just shakes his head, smiles up at him from where he’s laying back against Ilya’s chest, and says; “Not nearly enough.”

End Notes

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