

As Much As You Want

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As Much As You Want

by [ThePause](#)

Summary

Set at The Cottage, the morning after their first night there.

Shane's making omelets in the kitchen while Ilya sits at the bar. He offered to help, but Shane wants to do this, wants to show Ilya how glad he is to have him in his home. Ilya teases him, but it warms his heart the way Shane dotes on him, carrying his bag and buying him Cokes and making too many burgers when Ilya is fairly certain Shane doesn't even eat burgers. Shane keeps showing him, in a million tiny little ways, how much he cares. Ilya can't think about that too much or he'll crumble into a sobbing mess.

When Ilya made the decision to come to the cottage, to let himself have this, he didn't fully understand how overwhelming it would feel. He didn't understand the full impact on his heart, the two of them, being naked together in the daylight, dinner on the patio, talking by the fire, falling asleep intertwined with no worry about tomorrow.

He'd almost cracked last night as they went to sleep, no one rushing off, no scared eyes or hushes goodbyes, no worry about being discovered or what someone else might think. They'd just held each other and drifted off like it was the easiest thing in the world.

Ilya watches Shane, chin in hand, as he moves around the kitchen just so, making everything perfect. It hasn't even been twenty-four hours but Ilya already feels settled here. Like this home could be their home. Maybe. Maybe.

Shane sets a steaming plate in front of him, a mug of coffee, a kiss on the cheek, then gets his own. Ilya takes a bite and hums in contentment. "So good. You should quit hockey and open restaurant. Burgers and omelets."

Shane laughs. "In your dreams."

"But you are so much better at cooking than being hockey player."

Ilya winks at him and Shane grins. They eat in companionable silence, unable to take their eyes off each other longer than a few seconds. Ilya thinks about Shane's request from yesterday, how earnest he was about it. He makes a quick decision to say something before he can talk himself out of it.

"So, Hollander. You said we should be honest with each other while we're here."

Shane turns to face him, a nervous question in his eyes like, okay, yes, I'm ready.

"I really liked sleeping next to you." Ilya's expression is resolute, like he's trying so hard to get the words out. "I liked waking up with you." He shrugs, deflecting his deeper emotion. "It was nice."

Shane smiles at his plate. "It *was* nice." He watches as Ilya takes a bite of his omelet, watches his jaw as he chews, his lips. Ilya loves the way Shane looks at him, the way he holds himself so still and licks his bottom lip when he's overthinking something. Shane is always overthinking something.

"And...I like," Shane says, then takes a bite of his omelet, chews, takes a deep breath, "I like being able to look at you as much as I want."

Ilya's eyebrows shoot up, teasing. "You like looking at me, Hollander?"

Shane picks up his mug and smiles into his coffee. "Sometimes."

"Tell me. In detail."

He knows Shane could make a joke in this moment, will probably say something like *Fuck you* or *You're an asshole*. Or he'll talk about which one of them is currently ranked as the hottest hockey player in the MLH. (It's Shane. It should always be Shane.) Instead, Shane goes for honesty.

"I like," Shane gestures over Ilya with an outstretched hand, "everything, obviously. Your body is fucking incredible. But you know that already."

"Oh, do I?"

Shane ignores that. "But some of my favorite parts," he reaches over and gently pushes the collar of Ilya's t-shirt to the side, caresses his collarbone with his thumb, touches his gold chain, "like right here. I really, really like this part. I also like," he traces a single finger down the length of Ilya's thigh, "here. This is high on my list of favorite spots. And here," he says, tracing Ilya's jaw. "I like this too. And here," he grabs a handful of Ilya's curls, "here is really good."

Ilya physically tenses, forcing himself to stay in the moment even though he has a sudden urge to throw Shane over his shoulder and carry him to bed. What did he ever do to deserve such unmasked adoration? Such sweetness? How did he end up in this place, with this man, lovingly touching him in a way he's never been touched before?

Shane gently thumbs underneath Ilya's eye. "And your eyes are so, so beautiful. The shape of your mouth, fuck, it kills me. In fact," he pulls his hand away and reaches for his phone in his pocket. "I have a favorite photo of your mouth."

He watches as Shane clicks around on his phone to open a folder filled with photos of Ilya. There are team photos from the past nine years, publicity photos, magazine shoots, photos Shane must have taken when Ilya wasn't looking. He watches as Shane scrolls, looking for the one he wants. "This one," he says, holding out his phone, "is my favorite. You look...you just look so sexy here. I mean, you always look good. But especially here. It reminds me of how you look when we're together." Shane's voice slightly cracks as he confesses his secret. "How you look at me."

The photo is from a Sports Illustrated shoot a few years ago. Ilya's shirtless, lying on his side on the floor. He's looking up at the camera with his thumb pulling at his bottom lip, an "I will fuck you into oblivion" expression on his face. It's one of his more talked about photos, spawned thousands of excitable posts on social media, but he never imagined Shane had it saved in his phone.

He looks at Shane and sees his expression is wide open, like he knows Ilya will make fun of him for this but doesn't care.

“You have folder of me. On your phone.”

Shane’s freckled cheeks burn red, but he doesn’t turn away. “Yes.”

“And you look at it. You look at these photos of me.”

Shane nods and swallows thickly. “All the time. Probably every day.”

Ilya sets Shane’s phone down and pulls his own phone out. He taps the screen a couple of times and pushes the phone across the counter to Shane. Shane picks it up and taps the folder, but it asks for a password.

“1410,” Ilya says.

Shane does a double take, eyes wide. Ilya just nods.

Shane punches in the password and the folder opens. It’s dozens and dozens of photos of Shane, mirroring the folder Shane has of Ilya. Every press photo, every campaign shoot. There are at least twenty different photos from Rolex. Shane in suits and Shane in his underwear, Shane shirtless, Shane in his hockey uniform. Shane scrolls all the way to the bottom to see the first photos added. Three selfies of the two of them, from the award show in Vegas when they presented together. Shane probably assumed Ilya would delete them. But he didn’t. He’s kept them all these years.

Shane looks at him with wet eyes and a shared understanding, a shared truth, passes between them. They’re both in this, have been. They’ve both had these feelings locked away so tight and for so long, bringing them into the light feels like standing underneath a rushing waterfall. Ilya wants to let it flow, wants to say every single thing he’s been thinking and feeling since that very first day in Saskatchewan, unleash every moment of longing that’s been pent up inside him like a trapped bird. The English words are on the tip of his tongue, *I love you, I love you, I love you*. But he can’t say it. Not yet.

Instead, he says, “There is something else I like about being here with you.” He hooks his ankle around the leg of the stool Shane is sitting on and pulls it flush against his. Shane’s breath picks up. “What’s that?”

Ilya lifts his hand to cup Shane’s neck. “I like being able to kiss you as much as I want.”

They crash together, mouths open, hearts cracking wide. Ilya slows the kiss, puts his hands on Shane’s face and changes the pace. Over the years their kisses have mostly been frantic, hurried, a desperate need, a secret. But Ilya has longed for slow, gentle kisses that have no end. Kisses with nowhere to go but another kiss. The freedom to feel everything he’s feeling, to show this man just how undone he’s become. He slides his tongue against Shane’s and moans into his mouth. Shane reaches down and runs the back of his hand against Ilya’s growing hardness, but Ilya stops him.

“I just want to kiss you, Shane.” He captures Shane’s lower lip between his own lips, nuzzles their noses together. “Let me kiss you.”

The morning sun streams through the windows, bathing them in a warm glow. Shane whimpers, melts into Ilya, and lets himself be kissed. Because they have time. They have this, now. They can look and touch and kiss and love as much as they want. Because, and Ilya knows this, it's been love for a long time. And now he wants to soak in it, roll around in it, let himself be consumed.

After a hundred kisses, more, Shane looks at him with a dreamy, love drunk expression, his lips swollen and red and so unbearably beautiful. "We let our omelets get cold."

"I'll make you another one," Ilya says, and pulls Shane back in for more.

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