

snowmelt

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by [lemonlimelea](#)

Summary

PyeongChang 2018. The official motto for this Olympics? *Passion. Connected.*

Shane and Ilya take the words to heart, though probably not in the way the organisers had in mind.

Notes

A couple notes up top—

I know they're far too cautious to take this kind of risk in canon, but that's what fanfic is for, right? ;)

I have not read the books, so this is purely based in show canon!

Also, yeah, that was the real PyeongChang motto lmao

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

It had been strangely easy, in the end, for Ilya to convince Shane that they could and should meet up in the Olympic village. All it had taken was for Ilya to make a few whining, long-suffering sighs over the phone, and then Shane was laughing and calling him an asshole and telling him to "make it quick. Hayden's out playing tourist."

The accommodations for the athletes are pretty simple, set up for two to a room with the essentials and not much else. The bedsheets are the one giveaway that they're not just in a hotel; patterned with little symbols of all the sporting events, and finished off with the official PyeongChang logo at the foot of each bed.

Ilya doesn't even have to knock before Shane's opening door 1251 and pulling him into the room by the cuff of his jacket. Ilya's barely inside before Shane slams the door shut behind him, a little harder than he needs to, Ilya thinks.

"Are you trying to close my arm in the door? To injure me before the big game?" Ilya says instead of any greeting, speaking the words right against the warm skin at Shane's temple.

Shane nudges him in the stomach with a clenched fist, then drops his hand to Ilya's hip. "This is such a bad idea. Why do I listen to all of your bad ideas?"

"Hmm...I think because you love me," Ilya says, kissing over Shane's freckled cheek. He still thrills at the words even now, months after the cottage, when they've settled into something like a new kind of normal. It's still secretive, of course, but there's a new feeling alongside it now, when they can find the time to be together. Like there's more air in the room. Even if that room is in a makeshift apartment building absolutely full of other athletes.

It's not like they're the only ones making the most of the opportunity, though. Especially if the stories Ilya's heard about the Swedish curling team are true. Those guys get wild.

Shane shakes his head, but there's no hiding the lightness in his face, the smile about his mouth, even as he leans in and rests his head against the spot where Ilya's neck meets his shoulder. It's the perfect little curve for him, like it was made to be Shane-shaped. Ilya wonders if it was built into him especially, just for that reason.

"I love you," Shane says, following the words with a drag of teeth over Ilya's neck.

"And you love my bad ideas, yes?" Ilya says, tilting his head back. Exposing more skin.

"No," Shane says, like a liar. "I tolerate them."

"No, you love them," Ilya insists. "And you think I'm so smart and sexy, and the best hockey player alive—"

"Definitely not." Shane laughs, and the noise rumbles into Ilya's throat like thunder.

"—and you can't wait to see me win gold."

"Fuck you, Ilya." Shane pulls back. There's more colour in his cheeks already. A pretty pink flush.

"Oops. Sorry. Too soon?" Ilya grins. The only medal Canada has a chance at now is bronze.

Shane gets a hand in Ilya's hair, then, making a noise of frustration, and in the next moment they're kissing. Ilya takes a hold of Shane's jaw, angling his head so that he can better trace over Shane's bottom lip with his tongue, and Shane goes pliant in his arms. Ilya repeats the movement again and again, humming at the taste of him, until Shane's pressing his whole body up against him, desperately seeking out more contact. Shane sneaks his hands down between them, fingers suddenly clumsy as he tries to work the zipper on Ilya's jacket, huffing through his nose with impatience after a few seconds with no success.

Ilya takes pity on him, steadying Shane's hand in his and working to undo the jacket together. He gets it off quickly, shirt falling to the floor after it, then grabs Shane back to him, pulling him in by the strings at the waistband of his sweats.

"How will you congratulate me, when I am Olympic champion?" Ilya asks, but he doesn't even need an answer, so he doesn't give Shane the time to give him one. Instead, he kisses him again, slow in a way that they've only started to kiss since the cottage, since Shane woke Ilya in the night and laid their future out ahead of them. A kiss with an intensity that makes something in Ilya's chest ache. A kiss with the certainty of the times to come.

Their hands fit together, fingers interlacing as they shuffle mindlessly across the room, not breaking their kiss for a second. Ilya angles Shane towards the bed, but as soon as the backs of his legs touch the mattress Shane uses their joined hands to urge Ilya in the other direction. Ilya lets himself be guided away, but breaks away from the allure of Shane's mouth just long enough to make a questioning sound.

"We're not using the bed," Shane declares, pushing Ilya down into the room's single, lonely armchair instead. Ilya can't take his eyes off of Shane's lips, all shiny and dark.

"You are demanding today," Ilya says, pleased. Shane just climbs onto Ilya's lap. The armchair isn't very big, so it's a tight fit. Shane's knees aren't able to spread wide enough to rest on the seat to either side of Ilya's thighs. Instead, they nudge up by his hips.

Ilya rubs his face against Shane's chest, now right at the perfect height, sighing as he breathes in the familiar smell of him; the fresh scent of his laundry detergent, the one that leaves all of his clothes so soft. Ilya watches with fascination as Shane's nipples harden, instantly visible through his shirt, just from that brief attention. Ilya licks the line between Shane's pecs, once and then once more, wetting the fabric enough to watch it cling. He makes a pleased noise, satisfied, as Shane tries to shift in closer on his lap.

"You're being too loud already," Shane says, voice low, pushing his thumb against Ilya's mouth. Ilya smiles against the pressure. After a moment Shane adds, speaking half to himself it seems, "The bed would've been too squeaky."

"How do you know?" Ilya rubs a hand over the bottom of Shane's spine, letting his fingertips trace the skin beneath the hem of his shirt. He nips at the pad of Shane's thumb gently, kisses

it. "Have you tested it out? With Hayden?"

"God, shut up," Shane says, but he's started to move his hips, little mindless rocks that have his hardening cock rutting up against Ilya's. Ilya encourages him, resting the whole span of his hand at the small of Shane's back.

"What?" Ilya teases. "I know how much you love him."

"Shut up." Shane presses his thumb against Ilya's mouth again, harder, until Ilya lets his lips part. Ilya sucks it inside with a bob of his head, relaxing his jaw. Lets Shane brush it over his tongue. Ilya licks at the joint like it's the underside of Shane's cock, with hot, broad swipes. Swirls his tongue over the tip. Lets himself be wet, messy, as he kisses over the rest of Shane's hand, lips tracing the lines on his palm.

Scrunching the material of Shane's shirt into his hand, Ilya eases it up Shane's body. Shane pulls his hand away from Ilya's mouth to get it off. He drapes it over the arm of the chair distractedly. Ilya smiles into the newly revealed skin of Shane's shoulder.

Shane kisses the top of Ilya's head, then down over Ilya's face. Their mouths meet again in an open-mouthed slide that has them breathing in each other's air, panting with want as they rock against one another.

The angle isn't exactly right. Ilya gets a hold of Shane's sweats. Shane rises up a little, giving Ilya the room to pull them and Shane's underwear down. His cock is freed, hard and straining. Shane reaches for Ilya, and with a few hurried motions his cock is bared too. Heavy with arousal, Ilya's cock lists forward, brushing up against Shane's. Ilya curses.

"Ah...Ilya," Shane says. He tilts his hips forwards, bringing them even closer together. Using his wet hand, slicked up by Ilya's mouth, Shane takes a hold of them both. Ilya grabs onto Shane's thigh, steadying himself. Shane's hand tightens, just the right amount, and he starts to stroke them both with agonising, perfect movements.

It feels incredible; Shane's hand, Shane's cock, the weight of Shane in his lap. Ilya presses down on Shane's thigh, imagines what it would be like to leave marks there, something in the design of his fingertips, a token and a declaration. Ilya lets his head drop to see the steady pump of Shane's hand, to watch the velvet heat of their cocks peek out from between his fingers, held together and pushing into that easy friction.

Ilya nuzzles into Shane's chest again as the room fills with the sounds of their breathing, with the smack of skin on skin. He tugs Shane's nipple into his mouth, caresses it with his tongue. Bites.

Shane cries out, a sharp and vivid shout, then immediately tries to silence himself with a mouthful of Ilya's bicep, hands fisting at his sides.

"Now who is being loud?" Ilya says. "I think you need something to keep you quiet, hmm?"

Shane makes to move, always so eager to slide from Ilya's lap and onto his knees. Ilya's tempted, of course, by the memories of the gorgeous heat that is Shane's mouth wrapped

around his cock, but no, he has another idea.

"No no," Ilya says, keeping a grip on Shane's thigh and shaking his head. He takes a hold of Shane's chin with his other hand. "Open your mouth."

Shane does as he's told. Instantly, beautifully. His eyes are fixed on Ilya, and his mouth is wide open. He's breathing's unevenly, and Ilya glances down to see his stomach muscles trembling, to see his hard cock slotted right up against Ilya's. Shane's is so slick, and dripping from the head. Ilya watches as it coats them both. His own cock twitches in response.

Licking his lips, Ilya leans in close to Shane's face. He tugs on Shane's chin, just to see if he can open his mouth any wider. He can, of course. He does. Ilya kisses the very corner of Shane's lip, the part that wrinkles when Ilya makes him laugh. Then he spits right into Shane's waiting mouth.

The stunned moan that bursts from Shane is immediate, and Ilya feels a new bright heat roll through his stomach. Shane makes another urgent noise, and Ilya pushes on his chin, closing his mouth.

"Uh-uh," Ilya says. It comes out a touch breathy, a touch wondrous. "This is to keep you quiet. So keep what I gave you right there, okay? Don't swallow."

Shane looks at him, both soft and heated.

"Okay?" Ilya asks again.

It's almost too much—the keen look of total obedience on Shane's face as he nods, the cast of hazy, shining wetness in his eyes, the throb of his cock as Ilya takes over, takes them both in hand once more.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya hisses, gritting the words out between his teeth. Quiet. They really do need to be quiet.

Stifling their sounds, Ilya watches a tremble start at Shane's throat. Knows as he witnesses it that Shane will take whatever he gives him. Ilya has to squeeze his eyes shut at the knowledge, at being handed that.

Ilya works his hand over their cocks faster, feeling the sweat slip down the back of his neck. Shane leans into his touch, his hips working to chase after each and every stroke. Ilya wraps his other arm around Shane, and his hand travels the length of Shane's spine. He traces a finger over Shane's ass, lets himself pet, gently, over Shane's hole. Shane whimpers.

"That's so good," Ilya whispers, hand moving even faster. "So beautiful, Shane."

With that Shane spills over Ilya's fist, thighs trembling, his face shoved up against Ilya's neck. That extra slide of heat, of Shane's come, is all Ilya needs, and then he's following right after him, choking off a curse as he does.

Shane's hips are still moving, lazy, by the time that Ilya's heart has settled enough for him to open his eyes.

Shane looks at Ilya, silent. Mouth still full.

"You can swallow now," Ilya says, awed. His spent cock gives a single twitch.

Ilya watches the work of Shane's throat. The bob of his Adam's apple, behind the start of his evening stubble. He kisses him, cannot think of how else to say everything the gesture makes him feel. Hopes Shane understands.

Shane drops forwards into Ilya's arms, sweaty and half-laughing.

"Wow," he says.

Ilya gathers him up tight, breathes him in. Feels Shane's heart, its quick and easy rhythm.

"Yes," Ilya says. "Wow."

End Notes

Thanks for reading! <3

I am toying with the idea of writing a companion piece to this about Ilya's complicated feelings re: Russia and this Olympics, because I think there's a lot there, especially considering the limited way they had to compete at PyeongChang after the Sochi doping scandal. Please let me know if that sounds at all interesting to you!!

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