

Where Ilya is, Shane is Home

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Where Ilya is, Shane is Home

by [StuffandStuff18](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are still figuring out what it means to be together. No one knows about their relationship except Shane's parents and his friend Rose. Shane is under heavy pressure after his team loses a string of hockey games, on top of a recent autism diagnosis and the fear of how people might react if his relationship with Ilya ever became public. After yet another loss, Shane comes home to find Ilya waiting for him, determined to give him one night where nothing else matters.

Notes

Sooooo, Heated Rivalry is awesome, great, and so many other amazing things. Of course I had to write something about it, so here you go. Hope you enjoy. Also, please no spoilers for The Long Game, because I haven't read it and am waiting for the physical copy of it to be delivered. With that being said, if anything in this story contradicts or goes against what happens in The Long Game, it was obviously not done on purpose.

Also, sorry if the Russian doesn't translate super well. I used google translate, and we all know how unreliable that can be sometimes. :D

The click of the apartment door lock was the loudest sound Shane had heard all day. Louder than the final buzzer. Louder than the coach's tirade in the locker room. It echoed in the hollow, quiet space behind his eyes, a space that had been screaming since the second period.

He toed off his shoes, the ritualistic neatness of lining them up by the wall a tiny, desperate attempt to impose order. The familiar scent of home—clean linen, the faint, expensive cologne Ilya liked, the underlying trace of coffee—usually unwound him. Tonight, it just highlighted the churning mess inside his skull. The public loss. The private diagnosis, still so new it felt like a fresh bruise everyone could see. The crushing, secret weight of the life they were hiding.

He shrugged his jacket off, the movement stiff, and let it fall over the back of the couch. He just stood there in the darkening living room, staring at the city lights blurred by the slight fog on the floor-to-ceiling windows. His skin felt too tight, prickling with a static that had nothing to do with the dry arena air and everything to do with the circuit overload behind his ribs.

A soft footfall on the plush carpet. He didn't turn. He knew the rhythm of Ilya's walk, the particular shift in the air when he was near.

Warmth pressed against his back. Strong arms slid around his waist from behind, pulling him back into a solid chest. Ilya's chin came to rest on his shoulder.

"You are thinking so loud I heard you from the bedroom," Ilya murmured, his voice a low, soothing rumble against Shane's spine.

Shane let out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding. It shuddered out of him. He leaned back, letting his full weight be supported. "Just... stuff."

"Da. 'Stuff.'" Ilya's lips brushed the side of his neck, just below his ear. A shiver, the good kind, chased down Shane's arm. "The 'stuff' of another loss. The 'stuff' of the world being too much. The 'stuff' in your beautiful head that will not shut up." His hands splayed across Shane's stomach, holding him firm. "I know the 'stuff', sladkiy."

The tension in Shane's shoulders cracked, just a little. Ilya always knew. He didn't need the long, stumbling explanations Shane sometimes had to force out. He could read the set of his jaw, the stillness of his body, the way his eyes wouldn't quite focus. He saw the 'stuff'.

Ilya turned him gently, hands moving to cradle his face. In the dim light, Ilya's eyes were dark, intense pools of understanding. "Look at me."

Shane's gaze flickered up, then away, then back, finally settling. The concern there, the absolute lack of judgment, was a balm.

"It is okay," Ilya said, the words simple and firm. "Everything is okay. Here. With me. It is just us."

He pulled Shane into a deep, encompassing hug, one hand coming up to cradle the back of his head, fingers threading through his sweat-damp hair. Shane's face found the hollow of Ilya's neck, and he inhaled deeply. Ilya. Soap, sweat, him. The unique, anchoring scent that meant safe. He mumbled an "Okay" into the warm skin, the word dissolving into a shaky sigh as his body finally, finally, began to surrender its rigid guard.

Ilya's hand petted his hair, slow and rhythmic. "My good boy," he whispered, the praise curling warmly in Shane's belly. "Carrying the world. You do not have to carry it right now. Let me."

The words, the touch, the scent—it was a deliberate, gentle dismantling. The screaming quiet in his head began to soften, replaced by the steady beat of Ilya's heart under his ear, the cadence of his breathing. The prickling on his skin smoothed into a yearning sensitivity, a need for more of this contact, this specific, grounding pressure.

Ilya seemed to sense the shift. His petting grew slower, more deliberate. His other hand, which had been resting on Shane's lower back, slid down, cupping the firm curve of his ass through his suit pants, squeezing possessively. Shane gasped, a small, sharp sound, and pushed his hips forward instinctively, seeking friction.

"There you are," Ilya murmured, a hint of a smile in his voice. He rocked his own hips forward, the hard line of his erection pressing unmistakably against Shane's thigh. The purely comforting embrace was rapidly transforming, the energy shifting from solace to hunger. "You need to stop thinking, Shane. Let me make you feel instead."

Shane's face, still tucked into the curve of Ilya's neck, moved just enough to mumble against his skin. "What about dinner? I should make dinner."

Ilya's chest vibrated with a soft, dismissive sound. He shushed him gently, the fingers in his hair never pausing their rhythmic petting. "Don't worry about that. Food can wait. Right now, taking care of you is all that matters."

He leaned back just enough to guide Shane's face up with a gentle pressure under his chin. Shane's eyes were glassy, overwhelmed, but they found Ilya's. Ilya's dark gaze held his, steady and warm, before he closed the small distance between them. The kiss was gentle. A soft press of lips, a silent promise. It wasn't hungry or demanding; it was an anchor. Shane's lips were slightly chapped, tasting of cold arena air and stress, but they softened under Ilya's, parting on a quiet sigh.

Ilya pulled back a fraction, his thumb stroking Shane's cheekbone. "Do you want help? To calm the noise in your head?"

Shane's nod was immediate, a small, desperate motion. His eyes, which had held Ilya's for those precious seconds, flickered away, landing on his shoulder, then the floor. Holding a gaze was like trying to catch a hummingbird sometimes—possible, but exhausting.

"Da. Good." Ilya's voice was all firm tenderness. "Go. Change into something comfortable. Come back to me when you are done."

The instruction was simple. Clear. Shane latched onto it. He disentangled himself from Ilya's arms, the loss of contact a physical chill, but the purpose was a warmer substitute. He walked to their bedroom, his steps quieter now on the plush carpet.

In the familiar sanctuary of their room, the ritual began. He switched on the soft lamp by the dresser. His suit, once armor for the public world, now felt like a shell he needed to shed. He took his time. Jacket folded neatly over the chair. Tie unknotted with methodical precision, coiled into a loop. Shirt unbuttoned from the top down, each button a release of tension. He folded it, aligning the seams. The trousers followed, hung precisely on the hook inside the closet.

He stood before the full-length mirror in just his black briefs. The reflection showed the tall, athletic frame, the strong muscles of his shoulders and thighs, the faint silvery lines of old hockey scars. His body was a tool, a weapon on the ice. Here, now, it just felt... tired. The quiet intensity that usually radiated from him was banked, replaced by a vulnerable stillness. His eyes traced his own form, a detached cataloging. He wondered, for a fleeting second, if he should put on different underwear. Something less... revealing? But the thought was slippery and dissolved almost as soon as it formed. The briefs were comfortable. They were his. Changing would require another decision, and his capacity for those was spent.

He pulled on soft, worn gray sweatpants and a plain black t-shirt. The fabrics were familiar, soothing weights against his skin. He ran a hand through his hair, leaving it slightly mussed, and took a deep, centering breath.

The living room had transformed. The city lights still glittered beyond the windows, but now the primary illumination came from the warm, dancing glow of a fire in the fireplace. Ilya had lit it. The citrus-and-spice scent of his cologne mingled with the clean smell of burning wood. He was sitting on the large, deep couch, one arm stretched along the back, waiting. Ilya was wearing similar soft pants and a tight henley that stretched across his chest.

Shane walked over and sank onto the cushions beside him, immediately leaning his weight against Ilya's side, resting his head on the solid shoulder. He stared into the flames, watching the logs crackle and shift, the patterns a mesmerizing, wordless show. Ilya's arm came down, his hand resting on Shane's far shoulder, holding him close.

A soft kiss pressed to the top of his head. "Better?" Ilya asked, his voice a low rumble Shane felt more than heard.

"A little," Shane whispered. The fire was helping. The solidity of Ilya was helping. The chaotic storm in his mind hadn't passed, but it had been pushed back to the horizon, a distant rumble instead of an overhead deluge.

Ilya was quiet for a long moment, his fingers tracing idle circles on Shane's arm. The silence between them was never empty; it was filled with the crackle of the fire, the rhythm of their breathing, the profound understanding that needed no words.

Finally, Ilya spoke, his tone measured and calm. "Do you want to give up control tonight, Shane? Let me hold it for you?"

The question hung in the warm air. It wasn't about sex. Not yet. It was about the dynamic. The structured space they had been carefully, mutually exploring. A space where Shane's relentless need to manage everything—his performance, his image, his hidden life, the racing thoughts in his diagnosed, brilliant mind—could be voluntarily set down. Where Ilya's natural, confident dominance could become a container, a safe harbor.

Shane had been skeptical at first. The idea of surrendering any control felt counter to everything that had made him a successful athlete. But Ilya had been patient. They had talked for hours, establishing rules, limits, signals. And the first time Ilya had guided him through a simple breathing exercise, his voice a calm command, and Shane had actually felt the tangled knots in his stomach loosen... he'd been shocked by the profound relief of it.

He didn't have to think. He just had to listen. And obey.

It was the ultimate silence for the chaos.

"Yes," Shane said, the word quiet but clear. He felt Ilya's chest expand with a slow, deep breath beneath his cheek.

"Good boy."

The praise, delivered in that low, certain tone, shot through Shane like a bolt of warm lightning. It settled in his core, a glowing ember of rightness. His eyes fluttered shut for a second.

"The rules are the same," Ilya continued, his hand still moving in those calming circles. "You use your word if you need to stop. You look at me when I tell you to. You answer me clearly. Do you remember your word?"

"Red," Shane murmured. Simple. Unmistakable.

"Da. Good." Ilya shifted slightly, turning his body so he could better face Shane, though he kept him tucked close. "First, I want you to take three deep breaths with me. Match mine." He placed Shane's hand on his own sternum, over the soft cotton of his henley. "Feel it. In... and out."

Shane obeyed. He focused on the rise and fall under his palm, the strong, steady heartbeat beneath. He inhaled slowly through his nose, held it as Ilya counted silently, then exhaled through his mouth. Three times. The world narrowed to the sensation under his hand, the sound of Ilya's voice, the counting in his head. The distant rumble of the storm faded further.

"Very good," Ilya approved. His free hand came up to cup Shane's jaw, his thumb stroking over his bottom lip. The touch was electrifying in its tenderness. "Now. I want you to kneel on the floor here. In front of the fire."

A shiver that had nothing to do with cold raced down Shane's spine. His gaze flicked from Ilya's eyes to the lush rug before the fireplace. It was a submissive position. A vulnerable one. His heart hammered once, a hard thump against his ribs, but it was laced with anticipation, not fear. This was the space. This was safe.

Without a word, he slid off the couch, his movements a little clumsy with nervous energy. He arranged himself on his knees on the thick rug, the heat from the fire washing over the front of his body. He placed his hands palms-down on his thighs, back straight, and looked up at Ilya.

The view from here was... potent. Ilya looked larger, more imposing, silhouetted by the firelight. The planes of his face were carved in shadow and gold, his dark eyes watching Shane with an intensity that made Shane's breath catch. This was a different Ilya. Not his boyfriend, not in this moment. This was Sir. The one who held the control Shane had willingly given.

Ilya studied him for a long, silent moment, a faint, approving smile touching his lips. "Perfect," he said, and the word felt like a reward. He leaned forward, bracing his elbows on his knees, bringing his face closer to Shane's. "You look beautiful like this. All that strength, quiet and waiting for me."

The fire painted Ilya's face in shifting gold and shadow, his dark eyes holding Shane with an intensity that felt like a physical touch. He watched Shane kneel there, hands on his thighs, back straight, the picture of obedient stillness. The only movement was the subtle flare of Shane's nostrils as he breathed, the faint tremor in his clasped fingers.

Ilya leaned back against the couch cushions, the picture of relaxed dominion. "Your mind is quieter now, da?" he asked, his voice a low, rich timbre that blended with the crackle of the fire.

Shane nodded, his throat working. "Yes."

"Good." Ilya's gaze traveled over him, a slow, assessing sweep that made Shane's skin prickle with heat. "But I think it could be quieter still. I want you to exist only in your body for a while. To feel, not to think." He paused, letting the words sink into the warm air. "Would you like to keep my cock warm for me? Just hold it. Let your mind settle on that one simple task."

The request, so bluntly stated, sent a jagged bolt of electricity straight to Shane's groin. His sweatpants felt suddenly constricting. A flush crept up his neck, burning his cheeks. His mouth went dry. The chaos, the noise—it all shrank to a single, sharp point of focus. Ilya's cock. The weight of it. The taste. The scent. It was a crude, perfect anchor.

His answer was a broken whisper, torn from a place of deep, aching need. "Please."

A slow, satisfied smile spread across Ilya's lips. "Sladkiy. So polite." He shifted forward on the couch, his own soft pants tightening across his thighs. "Help me with these."

He gestured to the waistband of his sweatpants. Shane's hands lifted, his fingers trembling slightly as they hooked into the soft fabric. He leaned forward, his face now close to Ilya's lap. He could feel the heat radiating from him, could smell the clean, musky scent of his skin beneath the laundry detergent. He tugged the pants down, working them over Ilya's hips, down his powerful thighs. Ilya lifted his hips to help, and Shane pulled the garment free, letting it fall to the side.

Ilya was left in a pair of dark maroon boxer briefs. The fabric was thin, worn soft, and it clung to him like a second skin. It accentuated the heavy, sculpted muscle of his thighs, the pronounced bulge at the front. Shane's breath hitched. His eyes fixed on that shape, his mind already filling in the details it knew by heart—the thick vein, the heavy weight, the way the head would be a darker, flushed pink.

“Look at me,” Ilya commanded softly.

Shane's gaze snapped upward, meeting Ilya's. The dark eyes held his, unwavering. “Now these,” Ilya said, his thumbs hooking into the waistband of his briefs. He didn't move to push them down himself. He waited.

Shane understood. His fingers, steadier now, found the elastic. He peeled the soft fabric down, revealing the trail of dark hair leading from Ilya's navel. He worked the briefs over Ilya's hips, and then, as the fabric cleared the crown, Ilya's cock sprang free.

It was exactly as Shane remembered, yet the sight never failed to steal his breath. Long, thick, and beautifully shaped, it lay heavy against Ilya's thigh, still mostly soft but already hinting at its full, formidable size. A tracery of prominent veins ran along the shaft. Shane felt a familiar, hot rush of blood to his own face, a reflexive urge to look away, to hide the overwhelming intimacy of the moment.

But before he could, Ilya's hand shot out. His fingers curled firmly around the side of Shane's head, not hurting, but holding him with absolute certainty. He guided Shane's face back, forcing his gaze to remain on his exposed flesh. “Look,” Ilya murmured, his voice dropping to a husky register. “See what is yours to care for.”

Shane's eyes widened, his pupils swallowing the blue. He stared, mesmerized, as Ilya used his other hand to bring the discarded maroon briefs up to Shane's face. He pressed the soft, warm cotton to Shane's nose and mouth. “Breathe,” Ilya instructed. “Take it in. That is me. That is home.”

Shane's lips parted against the fabric. He inhaled, deep and shuddering. The scent was intensely, uniquely Ilya—clean male sweat, the faint, expensive detergent they used, and underneath it all, the musky, primal scent of him. It was the scent from the hollow of his neck, but concentrated, intimate, sexual. It flooded Shane's senses, short-circuiting higher thought. His eyes, already glossed with submission, became utterly unfocused, hazy. The last shreds of the chaotic day dissolved in that smell. There was only this. This warmth. This scent. This man.

Ilya watched the transformation, his own breath coming a little faster. He saw the tension finally, completely, leave Shane's shoulders. He saw his lips remain slightly parted, his tongue darting out to taste the fabric almost unconsciously. Perfect. He dropped the briefs to the floor.

“Khorosho,” Ilya praised, his hand gentling in Shane's hair, stroking now. “Very good.” He settled back against the couch cushions, his legs parting slightly. His cock, responding to the visual and the charged atmosphere, began to swell, thickening, lifting slightly from his thigh.

The silent invitation was clear. Shane didn't need words. He moved closer on his knees, the thick rug soft beneath him. He leaned in, pressing his lips to Ilya's inner thigh, just above the knee. The skin was warm, slightly coarse with hair. He kissed it. Then another kiss, an inch higher. And another. A slow, worshipful pilgrimage up the powerful quad. Each kiss was a soft press, a silent communication. He felt the muscle tense and relax under his lips, felt the heat building.

He reached the crease of Ilya's hip, his nose brushing the coarse thatch of dark hair. He nuzzled there for a moment, breathing him in again, before continuing his upward path along the tendon of his groin. He was so close now. The heavy, velvety weight of Ilya's cock brushed against his cheek. Shane turned his head, pressing a final, reverent kiss to the very base of the shaft.

A low groan rumbled in Ilya's chest. His hand fisted in Shane's hair, not guiding, just holding. "Beautiful," he breathed.

Shane's lips traveled up the thick shaft, light as a feather. He kissed the prominent vein. He nuzzled the hot, smooth skin of the underside. He was savoring it, the texture, the heat, the sheer reality of it. His own desire was a hard, aching press against his sweatpants, but it felt secondary, distant. This was about Ilya. About service. About the silence that came from perfect focus.

Finally, his lips reached the broad, flared head. It was fuller now, beading with a single, clear drop of moisture at the slit. Shane's tongue darted out, a quick, instinctive taste—salty, clean, profoundly Ilya. He heard the sharp intake of breath above him.

"Now," Ilya said, his voice strained with the effort to remain controlled. "Just hold it. Keep it warm. No sucking. Just let it rest in that pretty mouth. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes," Shane whispered against the hot skin. He opened his mouth wider, his lips stretching into an 'O'. He leaned forward, letting the broad head push past his lips. The stretch was immediate, a familiar, burning sensation at the corners of his mouth. He took more, his tongue flattening to make room as the thick shaft filled his mouth. He took him deep, until his nose was buried in the dark curls at the base, until he felt the head nudge the back of his throat. He relaxed his jaw, letting the heavy, semi-hard weight settle fully on his tongue. The taste was overwhelming. Skin. Salt. Him.

He let his eyes drift shut. He held perfectly still. The world condensed to this: the solid, living weight on his tongue, the heat flooding his mouth, the smell filling his nose, the faint, salty pre-come coating his taste buds. The stretch of his lips was a grounding, persistent ache. The weight was a tangible anchor, pulling all his scattered fragments into one single point of sensation.

He rested his head on Ilya's thigh, his cheek pillowed on the firm muscle. He was a vessel, a holder of warmth. His mind, so frantic hours before, was now a blank, white static. No thoughts of games, of diagnoses, of hidden lives. Only the physical feedback loop: the weight in his mouth, the hand in his hair, the crackle of the fire on his skin.

Ilya let out a long, shuddering sigh of pure contentment. His fingers speared through Shane's sweat-damp hair, petting, stroking, scratching gently at his scalp. The other hand came to rest on Shane's shoulder, a warm, heavy weight. He looked down at the sight—his strong, beautiful boyfriend, a powerhouse on the ice, kneeling so pliantly, his mouth stretched wide around his cock, eyes closed in a trance of service. It was the most erotic thing Ilya had ever seen.

"Moy prekrasnyy mal'chik," he whispered, his Russian syllables liquid and warm. "My beautiful boy. You take me so well. Just like that. So perfect for me." His thumb stroked the shell of Shane's ear. "Your mouth is so hot. So soft. You have no idea how good you feel."

Shane made a small, humming sound in the back of his throat, a vibration that traveled straight up Ilya's shaft. Ilya's hips jerked minutely, a tiny, involuntary thrust. Shane held firm, taking it, his own body humming with a deep, submissive pleasure. The praise washed over him, as warming as the firelight. Good boy. Perfect. Yours.

Ilya could feel himself hardening completely within that delicious, wet heat. Shane's obedience, his total surrender, was the most potent aphrodisiac. He let himself grow fully erect, felt Shane's mouth adjust minutely, accepting the increased fullness. He watched a strand of saliva escape the seal of Shane's lips and glisten down his shaft.

"You are my peace, Shane," Ilya murmured, his voice thick with emotion. "You silence all my chaos, too." He gently cupped Shane's jaw, feeling the muscles working to hold him. "You can use your tongue a little now. Just to feel. Just to taste me. But slowly. No hurry."

The permission was a key turning in a lock. Shane's tongue, which had been lying still, now came to life. It began a slow, sinuous exploration. He laved the sensitive frenulum, tracing the little ridge. He swirled around the crown, collecting the now steady seep of pre-come. He flattened and pressed up along the thick vein on the underside. Each movement was deliberate, worshipful, focused entirely on sensation—the silken skin, the iron-hard core, the subtle jumps and twitches as Ilya reacted.

Ilya's breathing grew ragged. His hand tightened in Shane's hair. "Bozhe moi... yes. Just like that. Your tongue... fuck." He was fighting for control, his abdominal muscles clenching. He wanted to thrust. He wanted to lose himself in that perfect, hot mouth. But this was Shane's calm. This was his surrender. To ruin it with his own greed would be a betrayal.

So he let himself be serviced. He let the waves of pleasure build, crest, and recede. He fed Shane more whispered praise, a mix of English and Russian, a litany of devotion and possession. "Moy. Vsy moy. All mine. This brilliant mind, this perfect body... you give it all to me. I will take such good care of it. I will take such good care of you."

Shane listened to the words, felt them sink into his bones. He worked his mouth and tongue, the actions becoming meditative. The ache in his jaw, the stretch of his lips, the heavy fullness—it all fused into a single point of profound peace. He was needed here. He was good here. The proof was in Ilya's trembling thighs, in the choked-off gasps, in the salty-bitter taste flooding his mouth.

After a long, timeless interval, Ilya gently tugged his hair. "Enough, sladkiy. Let me go now."

Shane whined softly, a protest from deep in his throat, but he obeyed, allowing Ilya's slick cock to slip from his lips with a soft, wet pop. A string of saliva connected his lower lip to the glistening head for a second before breaking. Shane's lips were red, swollen, beautifully used. He panted softly, his eyes dazed as he looked up at Ilya.

Ilya's cock stood fully erect, thick and flushed and gleaming with Shane's saliva. He was magnificent, a picture of raw, barely-leashed desire. He reached down, his own hand wrapping around his shaft, giving himself a slow, tight stroke as he gazed at the man on his knees.

"Look at what you did," Ilya said, his voice hoarse. "Look how hard you make me. How much I need you." He pumped his fist slowly, his eyes locked on Shane's. "Stand up. Take off your clothes. I want to see you. All of you. Now."

Shane's hands went to the hem of his t-shirt. His movements were deliberate, almost ritualistic. He pulled the soft cotton up and over his head, his muscles bunching and flexing with the simple motion. He didn't drop it. He smoothed the fabric against his thigh, folded it into a neat square, and placed it on the low coffee table beside him.

Ilya watched, his cock still in his hand, a slow stroke paused mid-motion. His dark eyes drank in the sight—the play of firelight over Shane's carved torso, the dusting of blond hair across his pecs, the deep lines of his abdomen. The silence stretched, filled only by the crackle of the fire and Shane's quiet, measured breaths.

Shane's fingers went to the drawstring of his gray sweatpants. He untied the knot with focused precision. He pushed the soft fabric down over his hips, revealing the taut, muscular curve of his ass, the powerful lines of his thighs. He stepped out of them, one foot, then the other. He picked up the discarded pants, shook them out once, folded them along their seams, and placed the neat bundle atop his shirt.

He was left in only his black briefs. The dark fabric clung to him, highlighting the heavy swell of his cock, the full curve of his ass. He hooked his thumbs into the waistband.

"Such a slow tease," Ilya murmured, his voice a low, rough scrape. He gave his own cock a deliberate, slow pull, his eyes fixed on Shane's hands. "Do you do it just to drive me crazy, sladkiy? Or is this your careful mind needing order, even now?"

A blush, hot and vivid, swept up Shane's neck and across his cheekbones. He didn't look up, but a small, shy smile touched his lips. He pushed the briefs down, letting them fall to his ankles. He stepped out, bent to retrieve them—the movement making the muscles in his back and ass clench beautifully—and folded them with the same methodical care. The small black square was placed atop the pile, completing the neat stack.

He was naked. Utterly exposed in the fire's golden glow. Every scar, every muscle, every tension was visible. He stood there, hands at his sides, waiting. His own cock was half-hard, a thick, curving weight against his thigh, already beading with moisture at the tip.

Ilya made a sound deep in his throat, a growl of pure, possessive hunger. He released himself and stood in one fluid, powerful motion. In two strides, he closed the distance between them.

His hands came up, one cupping the back of Shane's head, the other splaying across the small of his back. He pulled him in and captured his mouth in a searing, devouring kiss.

It wasn't gentle. It was claiming. Ilya's tongue pushed past Shane's lips, tasting himself on Shane's mouth, mingling with the unique flavor of Shane. Shane melted into it, a soft moan vibrating in his chest as his hands came up to clutch at Ilya's shoulders. The kiss was deep, wet, and desperate, a clash of heat and need that left them both breathless.

When Ilya broke it, they were both panting. "On the couch," Ilya ordered, his voice guttural. He turned Shane around with a gentle but firm pressure on his shoulders. "Knees on the cushions. Head down."

Shane's heart hammered against his ribs. He moved to the large, deep couch. He climbed onto it, his knees sinking into the soft cushions. He bent forward, folding his torso down until his forehead pressed against the cool leather of the couch back. The position arched his spine, thrusting his ass up and out into the open air. He felt incredibly vulnerable, incredibly offered. The fire's heat licked at the backs of his thighs.

Ilya's breath hitched behind him. "Bozhe moi," he whispered, reverent and raw. "Look at you."

Shane heard the soft rustle of Ilya's remaining clothes being shed. Then, warmth. Ilya's hands landed on the swell of his ass, palming the firm globes, squeezing with a possessiveness that made Shane whimper. His thumbs brushed down the cleft, spreading him open just a fraction. The cooler air of the room touched his most private place, making him shiver.

"So perfect," Ilya murmured. "This... all of this... is for me."

Shane could only nod, his forehead rubbing against the leather. A tremor ran through him, part anticipation, part acute vulnerability.

Then he felt it. Not a finger, not a toy. The hot, wet slide of Ilya's tongue.

It was a broad, flat lick from the very base of his balls, up through his cleft, over his tight, furled hole. Shane cried out, his back bowing, his fingers digging into the couch cushions. The sensation was electric, intimate beyond anything. It was wet, and warm, and so direct.

"Ilya—!"

"Shhh," Ilya soothed, his breath hot against Shane's sensitized skin. "Just feel." And he did it again.

This time, his tongue was more focused. He lapped at Shane's entrance like it was something to be savored, circling the tight ring of muscle with firm, deliberate strokes. The roughness of his tongue contrasted with the incredible softness of the act. Shane's moans were continuous now, low and broken. His cock, trapped between his belly and the couch, hardened to a full, aching throb, leaking steadily onto his own skin.

Ilya feasted. He used his hands to keep Shane spread open, his thumbs holding him apart as his mouth worked. He licked and probed, tracing every fold, learning the texture. He pressed the flat of his tongue against him, then pointed it, nudging insistently. The muscle resisted, then, with a shuddering gasp from Shane, it began to relax, to give way to the persistent, wet pressure.

“Takoy khoroshiy mal'chik,” Ilya rasped against his skin, the vibration making Shane jolt. “Such a good boy. Opening up for me. Tasting so clean, so good.”

He pushed his tongue inside.

Shane shouted, his body seizing. It was a shallow penetration, but the intimacy was staggering. The wet, hot invasion, the utter intimacy of it, the knowledge that Ilya was there, tasting him, claiming him in this most primal way... it short-circuited his brain. Pleasure, sharp and bright, lanced through him, completely separate from the ache in his cock. This was a deeper, more submissive thrill. He was being known.

Ilya worked his tongue in and out, a shallow, fucking motion. He added a finger, just the pad, circling alongside his tongue, spreading the wetness. The sounds were obscene, wet, sloppy, and utterly rapturous. Shane was babbling, a stream of “please” and “yes” and “Ilya” into the leather.

“You like this,” Ilya stated, pulling back for a moment to speak, his lips glistening. “You love when I taste you here. When I make you ready for me.”

“Yes,” Shane sobbed, pushing his hips back, seeking more.

Ilya gave a low, dark chuckle. He dove back in, his tongue more aggressive now, spearing deeper, fucking him with it. He added a finger properly then, just the tip, pressing against the loosened muscle. It slid in with shocking ease, welcomed by the body that trusted its owner completely.

Shane clenched around it, a ripple of intense sensation. Ilya crooned his praise, his words muffled against Shane’s skin. “Moy. Vsy moy. This tight heat... it is mine. I will take such good care of it.”

He began to work the finger in earnest, in and out, in time with the licks and kisses he placed around the stretched rim. He scissored it gently, stretching him. Shane was a writhing, moaning mess beneath him, his body alight with sensation. The dual feeling—the rough-slick invasion of the finger, the soft-wet devotion of the tongue—was overwhelming. His mind was white noise, blissful static.

Ilya added a second finger, slick with saliva and the natural lubricant of Shane’s body. The stretch burned, a delicious, filling ache. Shane gasped, his body tensing for a second before forcibly relaxing, forcing himself to open, to accept. Ilya’s other hand rubbed soothing circles on the small of his back.

“Breathe, lyubimyy. Just breathe through it. You can take it. You are so strong for me. So open.”

The fingers curled, searching. They brushed a spot deep inside that made Shane see stars. He arched off the couch with a sharp cry, his cock twitching violently against his stomach.

“There,” Ilya purred, his voice thick with triumph. He rubbed that spot again, a firm, unrelenting pressure. “That is it, yes? That is what makes my good boy scream.”

He didn’t let up. He fucked him with his fingers, aiming for that bundle of nerves with every deep stroke, while his mouth continued to lavish attention on his rim, his perineum, the heavy sac beneath. Shane was dissolving, piece by piece, into pure sensation. His thighs trembled. Sweat beaded on his spine. Pleasure coiled tight and hot in his gut, a spring wound to its breaking point.

“Ilya... I’m... I can’t...”

“You will not come,” Ilya commanded, his voice leaving no room for argument. He withdrew his fingers and his mouth completely.

The sudden emptiness was a shock. Shane whimpered, his body straining backward, desperately seeking the contact again.

The emptiness was an ache, a physical protest that wrenched a broken sound from Shane’s throat. He pushed his hips back, a silent plea into the leather couch.

Ilya’s hand, broad and warm, landed on the small of his back, pinning him gently but firmly in place. “Patience, sladkiy. The night is not over.”

Shane’s breath came in ragged gasps. The fire’s heat was nothing compared to the inferno Ilya had stoked inside him. His cock was a hard, leaking ache against his stomach, his whole body thrumming with unspent need. He could feel the ghost of Ilya’s tongue on his skin, the phantom stretch of his fingers. He felt opened, claimed, and painfully, wonderfully empty.

Ilya’s touch moved, his fingers tracing the curve of Shane’s hip. “Turn over.”

The command was soft, but absolute. Shane obeyed, his limbs feeling heavy and boneless as he rolled onto his back. The supple leather was cool against his heated skin. He looked up, his vision swimming for a moment before focusing on Ilya, who stood beside the couch, a towering figure of carved muscle and dark intent. The firelight gilded the sweat on his chest, the powerful line of his shoulders. His cock stood thick and flushed against his stomach, a stark, beautiful demand.

“You are a vision,” Ilya murmured, his dark eyes drinking in the sight of Shane spread before him. “Utterly wrecked and entirely mine.” He leaned down, bracing one hand on the couch back above Shane’s head, and captured his mouth in a slow, deep kiss. It was a kiss of possession, of reassurance. Shane melted into it, his hands coming up to tangle in Ilya’s hair, pulling him closer, needing the anchor of his weight, his taste.

When Ilya finally pulled back, he was breathing hard. He brushed a thumb over Shane’s kiss-swollen lips. “I want you here. Now.” He moved, lowering himself to sit in the center of the couch cushions. He leaned back, his body a landscape of power and invitation. His gaze,

heavy-lidded and hot, locked onto Shane's. "Come here. Ride me. Ride my cock like the good boy you are."

The words, so blunt and raw, sent a fresh jolt of desire straight through Shane's core. He pushed himself up, his body moving on autopilot, driven by a need that was both physical and deeply psychological. To be filled. To be connected. To have the chaos finally, completely silenced by the one person who held the key.

His mind, always ticking, always planning, supplied the next logical step. The end table drawer. Lube. Condoms. The routine of safety, of preparation. He shifted, beginning to turn towards it.

A hand closed around his wrist, stopping him. The grip wasn't harsh, but it was unyielding.

"No," Ilya said, his voice a low rumble.

Shane froze, looking back at him, confusion knitting his brows.

Ilya's gaze was unwavering, intense. "We do not need them. Not tonight." He gave Shane's wrist a gentle squeeze. "We are clean. We have been tested. We have been only each other's for over a year." He paused, letting the significance of the words hang in the firelit air. "I want to feel you. All of you. With nothing between us. Do you understand?"

The implication stole Shane's breath. It was a threshold, a new layer of intimacy beyond anything they'd done before. It was trust made physical, absolute. A blush, hot and fierce, bloomed across his chest and flooded his face. He could only nod, his throat too tight for words.

Ilya's expression softened. He brought Shane's captured wrist to his lips and pressed a kiss to the frantic pulse point there. "Da. Good. Come to me."

The permission, the trust, was a heady thing. Shane moved, climbing over Ilya's powerful thighs, his knees sinking into the soft cushions on either side of Ilya's hips. He loomed above him for a moment, taking in the sight—Ilya, relaxed against the couch, utterly comfortable in his dominance, his desire laid bare. Shane's own cock, hard and eager, brushed against Ilya's stomach, leaving a damp streak.

He reached between them, his fingers wrapping around Ilya's length. It was hot and heavy in his hand, a solid weight of silken skin over iron. He guided himself into position, the broad, blunt head nudging at his entrance—still slick and loose from Ilya's thorough attentions.

He looked down, meeting Ilya's eyes. They were pools of dark, patient fire. A silent question passed between them.

Shane took a breath, held it, and let his weight sink down.

The initial stretch was immense, a burning fullness that stole the air from his lungs. He moved slowly, inch by excruciating inch, his body stretching to accommodate the thick

intrusion. His eyes fell shut, his entire world narrowing to this single, overwhelming point of connection. The stretch, the burn, the incredible, impossible fullness.

Ilya's hands came up to grip his hips, not to force him, but to steady him. His own breath was a sharp hiss between clenched teeth. "Bozhe... Shane... easy... just breathe."

Shane's hips stuttered, then sank the final inch, seating himself fully until his ass rested against the solid muscle of Ilya's thighs. He was full. Impossibly, completely full. Ilya was buried to the hilt inside him, a part of him. The burn began to subside, replaced by a deep, throbbing pressure that resonated in his very bones.

He shuddered, a full-body tremor that made Ilya groan beneath him.

"Open your eyes," Ilya whispered, his voice strained. "Look at me."

Shane forced his eyes open. The world was blurry, but Ilya's face was clear. His expression was a raw mixture of awe, hunger, and tender concern. He released one of Shane's hips and brought his hand up, his knuckles brushing Shane's heated cheek.

"Vsyo khorosho?" Ilya asked, the Russian tender. "Is everything good?"

Shane tried to speak, but his voice failed. He could only nod, a sharp, jerky motion. Good was an absurd understatement. It was everything. It was too much. It was perfect.

A slow, beautiful smile spread across Ilya's face. He leaned up, capturing Shane's lips in a soft, reassuring kiss. Then another, at the corner of his mouth. Then another, on the hinge of his jaw. His lips traveled, leaving a trail of fire along Shane's throat, his collarbone. "My beautiful boy," he murmured against his skin, his breath hot. "Taking me so completely. You feel... nesravnennyy. Beyond compare."

The praise, the intimate touch, began to melt the last of Shane's tension. He let out a shaky breath, his body gradually relaxing around the incredible intrusion, accepting it, welcoming it. He shifted minutely, a tiny experimental rock of his hips.

The sensation was electric. A sharp, bright spark of pleasure shot up his spine. A choked sound escaped him.

Ilya's grip on his hip tightened. "Yes. Just like that. Move for me. Take what you need."

Shane braced his hands on Ilya's broad shoulders. He lifted himself up, the drag of Ilya's cock inside him a slow, delicious torment. He paused at the apex, trembling, then sank back down, a soft, punched-out moan tearing from his throat.

Oh.

Oh, god.

This was different. This was everything. The slick, hot glide with no barrier, the intimate rub of skin on skin, the feeling of being joined in the most fundamental way. The world outside—the losses, the fear, the diagnosis—it all crumbled to dust. There was only this. The fire's heat

on his back. The solid reality of Ilya beneath him. The glorious, consuming friction inside him.

He began to move in earnest, finding a rhythm. Up, a gasp. Down, a groan. His thighs burned with the effort, but it was a sweet pain, a grounding one. Each descent was a surrender. Each rise was a gathering of courage.

Ilya watched him, his eyes dark with a reverent hunger. His hands roamed Shane's body—the clenched muscles of his abdomen, the heaving chest, the tight nipples. He thumbed one, rolling the hard peak, and Shane cried out, his rhythm faltering.

“So sensitive,” Ilya breathed, doing it again. “Every part of you sings for me.” His other hand slid around to cradle the small of Shane's back, supporting him, guiding the pace to something deeper, more languid. “That's it. Just like that. Use me. Let me give you what you need.”

Shane's movements became less controlled, more desperate. He leaned forward, changing the angle, and the next downward stroke brushed that spot, the one Ilya's fingers had found earlier.

He saw stars. A ragged shout tore from his throat, his back arching violently. “There!”

Ilya's grin was feral, triumphant. He hooked his hands under Shane's thighs, lifting him, adjusting him until the angle was perfect. “Here?” he grunted, thrusting up to meet Shane's next downward plunge.

“Yes!” It was a sob. Pure, unfiltered pleasure, bright and sharp, radiated from his core with every stroke. His mind blanked. Words were impossible. There were only sensations: the slap of skin, the ragged harmony of their breathing, the creak of the couch, the slick, wet sounds of their joining.

Ilya began to meet his movements, thrusting up in time with Shane's descents. The force of it drove the air from Shane's lungs. He collapsed forward, his hands sliding from Ilya's shoulders to brace against his chest. Their faces were inches apart. Ilya's eyes were locked on his, holding him as surely as his body did.

The rhythm became punishing, perfect. Deep, rolling thrusts that buried Ilya to the root, that punched ragged, pleased sounds from Shane with every impact. Ilya's control was slipping, his own breath coming in sharp grunts. He captured Shane's mouth in a fierce, messy kiss, swallowing his cries.

Between frantic, biting kisses, Ilya spoke, the words a hot, broken whisper against Shane's lips. “I love you. Do you hear me? Ya lyublyu tebya. No diagnosis... no stupid game... no world... changes that.” He thrust up, hard, driving the words home. “I will always be here. When we tell them... when they know... I will be right here. S toboy. With you. Always.”

The words shattered the last of Shane's walls. They weren't just words of passion; they were a vow, an anchor thrown into the storm of his fears. A tear, hot and sudden, escaped the corner of his eye, tracing a path through the sweat on his temple.

“Thank you,” he gasped, the only words he could muster, so inadequate for the tsunami of emotion crashing through him. He buried his face in the crook of Ilya’s neck, inhaling the scent of sweat and skin and home, as the pace became frantic, animalistic.

Ilya’s arms wrapped around him, crushing him close, holding him impossibly tight as he pistoned up into him. The friction was everywhere, overwhelming. Shane’s own cock, trapped and rubbing between their sweat-slicked stomachs, was a screaming point of need, but his hands were fisted in the couch cushions behind Ilya, useless. He was being fucked, thoroughly and completely, and the pleasure was coiling so tight, so deep inside him he thought he might break.

“Ilya... I’m... I can’t hold—”

“Let go,” Ilya commanded, his voice a guttural rasp in Shane’s ear. “Come for me. Show me. Now.”

It was the final permission. The spring snapped.

Pleasure detonated inside Shane, a silent, white-hot supernova that tore through every nerve ending. His body seized, back bowing in a rigid arc as a raw, wordless cry was ripped from his throat. His cock jerked violently between them, hot stripes of release painting their stomachs in pulses that seemed to go on forever. His inner muscles clamped down on Ilya’s cock in rhythmic, viselike spasms, milking him, pulling him deeper into the abyss.

The feeling of Shane clenching around him, the hot spill between them, the shattered cry—it was too much. Ilya’s own control shattered. With a deep, guttural roar that was half Russian curse, half prayer, he buried himself to the hilt and came. Shane felt the hot, liquid pulse deep inside him, a searing, intimate claim that seemed to go on and on, syncing with the last tremors of his own climax.

For a long, suspended moment, they were frozen. A tangled, sweat-soaked sculpture of ecstasy. The only sounds were the crackle of the dying fire and their ragged, gasping breaths.

Slowly, gravity reasserted itself. Shane’s muscles gave out, and he collapsed bonelessly onto Ilya’s chest, a dead weight. Ilya’s arms, still wrapped around him, held him close, his own body shuddering with aftershocks.

They stayed like that, joined, for what felt like an eternity. Shane felt Ilya’s heartbeat, a frantic drum against his own slowing one. He felt the wet mess between them, the profound, heavy fullness inside him. His mind was a blissful, empty void. The chaos was not just silenced; it had been annihilated.

Ilya’s hand came up, his fingers threading through Shane’s damp hair, stroking with a tenderness that belied the ferocity of their joining. He pressed a kiss to the top of Shane’s head. “Moy,” he breathed, the single word encompassing everything.

Slowly, carefully, Ilya shifted. He helped Shane’s limp form off of him, guiding him to lie down on the soft cushions of the couch. Shane went without protest, his limbs heavy and

useless. Ilya stood on slightly unsteady legs, looking down at the exquisite ruin he'd made of his lover—flushed, spent, covered in the evidence of their union.

A soft, almost disbelieving smile touched Ilya's lips. He leaned down, brushing a stray strand of hair from Shane's forehead. "Rest here," he murmured, his voice hoarse but warm. "I will get dinner warmed for us."

Shane's bleary eyes blinked open. "You... cooked?" The words were a slurred whisper.

Ilya's smile widened. "Da. Someone has to take care of my good boy." He pressed one last, lingering kiss to Shane's slack mouth. "I will be right back."

He turned and walked towards the kitchen, leaving Shane alone in the flickering firelight. Shane stared at the ceiling, the reality of the last hour—the intensity, the intimacy, the raw, barrier-free truth of it—washing over him in a slow, warm wave. The scent of Ilya and sex and sweat clung to his skin. The feeling of him, deep inside, lingered in his body like a ghostly, cherished echo.

He heard the faint clatter of dishes from the kitchen, the hum of the microwave. A simple, domestic sound.

A profound, quiet wonder settled in his chest, pushing out the last vestiges of the day's despair. The thought formed, clear and bright amidst the pleasant exhaustion:

"How did I get so lucky?"

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