Morning on a snowy lake

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Morning on a snowy lake

by PerduDansLespace

Summary

"The lake’s frozen solid," Shane says without turning around from the pan. "We can go skate, after."

Or

Shane and Ilya have a little break during the holidays so they go to the cottage.

Notes

Prompt for the 100 ships challenge: snow.

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane only wears a boxer when Ilya wakes up. The light pours from every direction, bathing his sculpted body with silvery winter light. The cottage's well heated.

Ilya leans on the kitchen wall and takes his time watching him cook eggs, it seems. He knew all of the firmness of these back muscles under Shane's warm, soft skin, and while Ilya recalls the sensation of it under his hands, he also takes time to appreciate the soft feeling spreading in his chest.

"The lake's frozen solid," Shane says without turning around from the pan. "We can go skate, after."

"Hmmm, you want me to beat you again," Ilya says, moving behind Shane so he can speak in the crook of his neck. Outside, the world is of cold snow and grey clouds, but here in the cottage, Shane stands warm against him, like a brasero. Ilya wants to take him back to bed and fucks him all morning. His growling stomach disagrees.

Shane huffs as he does, with a smirk and a shrug. Ilya loves him so much it overflows and he can't help but kiss his shoulder.

"Or we can just skate around, you know? Visiting the lake banks… Enjoying the view."

They've been lucky to have a couple of days free during the holidays, enough that they can spend some time here, but hockey isn't far in the corner.

"I am enjoying the view," Ilya says, looking down at Shane's legs and boxer and belly—

This time it is Shane who turns around and kisses him, aiming for the mouth but only managing the cheek. Ilya corrects the angle, and they kiss properly.

"Let's go back to bed," Ilya says.

"The eggs are ready."

The eggs are delicious; well, they're eggs, but Shane cooks them for the two of us so they have a particular taste. Ilya's being sappy.

"They're good," Ilya says.

Shane smiles, and when he looks up, he says, "Cooked with love." He chuckles and then adds, "Wow, that was sappy."

"Yeah, whatever that means," Ilya chuckles as well. He can't stop looking at Shane's smile and his absolutely cute face. It makes him so happy to see him.

"You look good today," he says.

"Why, are you saying I don't look good on the other days?"

A cloud lifts, and the winter sunlight hits Shane right in the face, enlightening his freckles and soft brown eyes. Ilya leans over the table and kisses him, as delicious as the eggs—well, well, no, more, and wasn't that such a weird thought?

Ilya devours him, his face, his neck; the table between them becomes a nuisance, so he moves around it and finds himself kneeling at Shane's feet, who looks a little dumbfounded by the recent developments. How many times can Ilya kiss this smile before being sated? Can he ever be?

He tugs at Shane's waistband. "Remove that."

It's been years, but the way Shane obeys him never fails to redirect all the blood of his body to his cock.

The boxer discarded, Ilya's greeted by Shane's half-erected cock. He wets his lips.

"Here's the view I want to admire," he says in Russian. In English he says, "Ask me."

"Suck my cock, please," Shane obeys, a little breathless, dumbfounded still, but with desire this time. Ilya knows him well. He barely has to make him hard before sucking him.

Ilya lost no time. He takes him whole and Shane reacts the way he always reacts, the way Ilya loves him for. Hands grabbing his hair, tugging, pressing his head further. He feeds off Shane's moans and involuntary movements as much as Shane's cock. When the tip hits the back of his palate, Ilya rolls it up along his tongue before pushing it in again, at a ravenous pace. Sometimes he pushes it into his cheek or loops and twirls his tongue around the shaft and the tip, and every time it earns him a moan, a swear or his own name breathed out of Shane's mouth like a prayer. Often it's all at the same time.

Ilya has to touch himself because, fuck, that's hot. He squeezes Shane's pec, and Shane grabs his head harder, pushes him to take him deeper so Ilya swallows his cock.

"Oo-ooh fuck, Ilya—" and so Shane comes inside his throat. And Ilya comes on his own hand.

"You're good at breakfast," Ilya says after he stands back up, patting Shane's shoulder.

*

The lake's solid. Ilya skates around, enjoying the slide and the winter breeze on his face. The air's dry and the cold's pleasant as he wears enough clothes.

Shane joins him a minute later after he's done tying his skate. They both hold a stick and wear their hockey protection, but Shane points to a reed bush, and Ilya follows.

The snow on the bank is of pure white, untouched except near the cottage where they have walked down and geared up. Ilya does enjoy a good view, and bet that someone like Shane would give him a tour of the frozen lake.

"Don't worry, your enemies are gone," Shane says.

"My enemies?" Sometimes Shane confuses him, and not always because of the language barrier.

"The loons migrate during winter," he explains. Ah, loons. The fucking wolf birds. Ilya rolls his eyes.

They skate in silence for a while, comfortable, enjoying the sight of the frozen white tree branches and the sounds of the other's skates on the lake.

Ilya slaps Shane's ass with his stick. Shane pretends to not have felt it for a beat, then slaps Ilya's side of the thigh in the same manner. Ilya puts more force into it when he hits Shane behind the thigh, and Shane shoves him sideways, his gaze still lost forward but playfulness seeping out of him like a child.

Ilya grabs the puck he's hidden in his pocket and throws it on the ice. They battle, the puck stuck between their sticks for a moment. Shane's a fool if he thought Ilya would let him win. He won their last game against each other, and he'll win this one as well.

Shane does unstick the puck and skate away with it, always so fast, but not so fast Ilya can't catch up. When he tries to snatch the puck, Shane brusquely makes a 180. Their gazes meet, Shane has a glimmer of mischief in his eyes, and this competitive smile that comes before a good time. Ilya takes the taunt, his heart leaping, and speeds after him.

They race each other, the wind freezing their faces and the exaltation of the competition burning in their veins. Halfway back, Ilya catches up to Shane and tangles his stick with his. Shane tugs but Ilya tugs back; he won't let him go so easily, even if he makes his frustrated face at him, no, Captain, the puck is his.

Ilya taps it, and the puck flies away. They run after it, defying each other with glances and—

Ilya reaches the puck first! He shoots it hard, sending it flying in a beautiful, almost slowed-down parabola before sinking in the snow on the bank of the cottage.

Shane looks defeated.

"I win," Ilya grins.

"Yeah, yeah," Shane says, bitter.

"We said you have to let me fuck you if I win."

"No? We didn't!"

"Yes we did, your memory's bad!"

*

Shane does, indeed, let Ilya fuck him after they remove their gear. Ilya wants to go straight to bed, but Shane insists they undress at the door, unwilling to dirty his little house. Therefore,

they conveniently walk into the room already in underwear, which quickly follows the same fate as their gear.

Ilya wonders if he should tell Shane to go down on all fours or if he should lie down on his back so he can count his freckles—in his head, he's not that sappy—or maybe on his knees…

Ilya's been horny since breakfast, so he just pushes Shane on the bed face first, and Shane pliantly spreads his legs.

"I thought you were horny?" Shane says when Ilya takes too long to set into action.

"You're the one who proposed to enjoy the view."

Shane breathes out. Slowly. His body tenses minutely when Ilya sinks his knees on the mattress on each side of him. Building anticipation. If he can contain himself long enough.

The meat of Shane's body is scalding, or maybe it's due to the contrast with the cold outside. Whatever. Ilya kisses the line of his spine, squeezing his pecs and belly. Shane's skin answers him. Ilya feels his own hot breath landing on Shane's goosebump in between kisses. His hands stroke down along his waist and— and Shane arches under his mouth, his hips nesting against his.

"Oh fuck." Ilya's cock pulses against Shane's ass, stinging hard with arousal. Fuck building anticipation. Ilya needed Shane *now.*

Of course Shane has to rub against him. Of course.

"You're in heat," Ilya says. He grabs his own cock.

"Gross!" Shane says. Ilya presses his tip against Shane's hole, and his protestations turn into moans. Good.

"Good."

"Yes, fuck me." And if these breathy words couldn't fuck up Ilya's mind—

Shane is even hotter inside. Ilya rests a hand on the cushion next to his head as he thrusts in, and Shane takes it, and kisses it, so, of course, Ilya bottoms out brutally, which, naturally, tears a cry out of Shane. Oh, fuck. He needs to see his face.

He grabs Shane's chin and turns his face around, "Look at me, look at me."

Shane looks at him. Brown, soft eyes. Tender. Loving. Expectant. Shane kisses his palm again.

"Can you…"

"What?"

"Stop enjoying the view?"

Ilya swallows. Puts a hand on Shane's shoulder. He'd need leverage. And then he thrusts. Shane's hips follow his movement, fucking himself on Ilya's cock, oh yes, fuck yes. Damn Shane's everything Ilya ever needed.

"Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh—"

"Fuck, Hollander—"

His face is crushed in the pillow, his eyes unfocused. Ilya grabs both his shoulders, leans down to kiss him, it's messy, unfocused, crushed, whatever—Ilya's no poet, damn he pushes Shane's body on his cock the tightness and the heat and Shane's clenching, like he doesn't want Ilya's cock to go away, Ilya doesn't want to ever go away, damn—

"' love you, Shane," he says in Russian, Shane knows what those words mean by know, he reaches for Ilya's head, pushes him near him by the scalp, damn fuck yes, Shane kisses him sideways. Damn.

"I love you too," Shane says. He's too articulate for the position he's in. Fuck. Yeah. Ilya comes.

*

Ilya rests on Shane's shoulder, a hand strokes his scalp, and the house is warm.

Outside, snow falls among the trees and the lake bears the traces of their games.

His body lazes under the covers, against Shane's body and its comfortable warmth.

Midday hasn't arrived yet. He kisses Shane's skin because he loves having his lovers under his mouth, warm, comfortable, watching the empty outside world becoming monochrome.

End Notes

Hello hello! First fic for this fanbase. (I’m not into shows, I can’t sit straight for more than twenty minute and yet, and yet! I’ve binge watch this yesterday, truly an exploit!)

If you like this piece don’t hesitate to leave a comment, even if it’s just a few words or a string of emojis, I love love love comments ❤️❤️❤️

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