Camaraderie

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by Mel_1999

Summary

Ilya wants so many mornings with Shane that he takes waking up to those freckles for granted. He wants to know how Shane takes his coffee, how he picks out his clothes, what he puts in those stupid healthy smoothies he's always drinking. He wants to know everything about Shane, all the little things that he's never seen before. He wants to know him. Better than he knows himself.

And it's terrifying.

So Ilya deals with his feelings the only way he knows how - (kitchen) sex

Ilya has known Shane for his entire NHL career. Almost 10 years, off and on, in hotel rooms and apartments, through loss and trauma and stolen moments. Ilya knows what Shane looks like when he's thinking too deeply, when he needs help to shut off his brain. When he's desperate, needy and right on the edge. Ilya knows what he looks like when he cums, hands free, moaning out Ilya's name into the air like a prayer. And he knows that look Shane has, impossibly fond, the one that always turns Ilya's guts inside out. He knows he loves him, and he knows - terrifyingly - that Shane might just love him back.

But he doesn't know Shane.

It's never more apparent to him than now, standing in Shane's cottage, waiting for the coffee to finish percolating. It's the first time that he's been alone in Shane's home and he's fascinated. It's even more Shane than the apartment he's only seen in the background of Facetime calls. Shane once admitted that most things in his apartment were picked out by a designer he hired when he first moved to Montreal. This place though? It has the little touches that just scream Shane's practical taste - in the furniture, the art, and cheesy throw pillows his mom must have bought him. Ilya sees him in the family photos on the wall, moments in Shane's life that he's never even heard about before.

Ilya wants to belong here. He wants to be in the photos on the wall, to have a say on the new rug that Shane talked about getting under the dining room table. He wants to wake up next to Shane beyond just these two weeks. Ilya wants so many mornings with Shane that he takes waking up to those freckles for granted. He wants to know how Shane takes his coffee, how he picks out his clothes, what he puts in those stupid healthy smoothies he's always drinking. He wants to know everything about Shane, all the little things that he's never seen before. He wants to know him. Better than he knows himself.

And it's terrifying.

"You know," Shane says, brushing past Ilya in the kitchen. "It doesn't actually drip faster if you stare at it like that."

"No? Thought that was the saying - a watched pot always boils."

Shane laughs as he pours himself a cup, so at home here, in his loose t-shirt that's wet at the collar from his shower. "A watched pot never boils. Coffee?"

"Da. Your English idioms are stupid."

"Agree with you there. How do you take it?"

"Black is fine."

Shane hands him the cup he just poured, in some cheesy tourist mug from some attraction in Ottowa. He pours another mug, and Ilya watches intently at the amount of milk that Shane pours into his mug.

Shane's oblivious to Ilya's observation, he sips his coffee, looking at the lake out of the window. "Looks like it might rain today. I was hoping we could take out the kayaks."

"You have kayaks?" He's distracted, not quite sure what a kayak is beyond some kind of boat. Ilya's attention has moved to the way that Shane's throat moves when he swallows his coffee, and the way that the water from his hair slides across it, soaking into the collar of his shirt. God, he wants Shane in so many ways but this is the most familiar. The heavy swooping in his gut, the way that he knows, instinctively, how Shane will react when he touches him. It's familiar. He wants it now. Doesn't think he'll ever stop wanting it.

"Yeah, it's a good workout, going across the bay and back." He crosses to the fridge, opens it to stare inside. "What do you want for breakfast?" He's close enough now that Ilya can reach out, tug at his elbow until he's closer. "What?" Shane asks, standing in front of him.

"Hungry for something else," Ilya says, taking the coffee mug out of his hands, setting them both behind him on the counter. "Want you."

"I just showered," Shane sighs as Ilya's lips land on the mark he left the night before, tongue sliding to taste every inch of him. "Ilya…" And god, Ilya's addicted to the way that his first

name sounds, sliding out of Shane's mouth in a sigh.

"Shower again," Ilya murmurs, boxing him in against the island, following another bead of water that drips out of Shane's hair with his tongue, across the tendon of his neck. "You taste good."

"It's the shower-" Shane mutters, ending in a gasp as Ilya's teeth sink into the curve of his collarbone, where he's pulled his shirt aside. "Fuck…" Ilya hums into his skin, and gets his hands around Shane's thighs, lifting him effortlessly onto the counter, grinning when Shane groans: "God that's hot."

"Want you right here."

"In the kitchen?" Shane asks, pushing at Ilya's shoulders, using the space he makes to pull off Ilay's shirt and toss it behind them. "So unsanitary."

"Want you in every room of this house," Ilya murmurs, falling to his knees, pressing kisses on the inside of Shane's thighs. "All I can think about." He slides his hand under the hem of Shane's shorts, thrilled when his hand only finds skin. "No underwear? So naughty, Hollander." He squeezes lightly, not able to move as much as he wants, trapped in Shane's tight shorts. "Get these off."

Shane nods, eager, leaning back to move the waistband past his hips, letting the shorts drop onto the floor at his feet. "Want you so bad, fuck, Ilya."

Ilya hums into the skin of Shane's thigh. "That's the plan." He tosses Shane's shorts and shirt in the same direction that his own shirt had gone. Ilya pushes himself to his feet, stepping back to pull off his shorts, eyes raking over Shane's body. He's beautiful, in the sunlight from the windows dappling across his skin. He's hard, his cock rigid against his abs, leaving smears of precum as he shifts under Ilya's scrutiny.

"What?" he asks, laughing.

“Just, can’t believe I get to have you,” Ilya murmurs, stepping between Shane’s knees and leaning in. He takes his mouth, tangling their tongues together as he plunder’s Shane’s mouth, chasing the taste of coffee, toothpaste and Shane. Ilya sets both of his hands on Shane’s shoulders and pushes until Shane is leaning back against the countertop on his elbows, every inch of him on display. Ilya feasts on him as he steps back, his hands sliding from Shane’s shoulders to the top of his thighs. “How do you want me?”

Shane’s panting, breathing hard as he looks up at Ilya, petulant. “Just touch me.”

“I am touching you.”

“You’re an asshole.”

Ilya grins. It’s his favorite exchange between the two of them. “You say that, but I don’t think you mean it.” He loves rialing Shane up, amost as much as Shane loves to be riled up. Ilya has his hands on his hips, holding him down to the counter and forcing Shane to stay leaned back on his elbows, glaring up at him. Ilya watches that light in his eyes, the way that the frustration and anger turns into a petulant whine as Ilya’s hand slides further up his thigh, until it wraps around the base of his cock. “Like this?”

Shane’s lost in it now, his pupils blow and lower lip pulled into his mouth. His only words are “God, Ilya, faster” as Ilya slowly strokes him, taking time to thumb at the head of his cock, squeeze around the base. “Please,” Shane moans. “I need it.”

“I’ll give you what you need,” Ilya mutters, his other hand sliding down, a finger sliding into Shane’s hole - still slightly loose from this morning, but not loose enough. “Fuck,” he mutters, dropping his head to Shane’s shoulder, still sliding his finger in and out. “Do you keep lube in the kitchen?”

Shane shakes his head. “Not a,” he gasps. “Not a perv like you, Rozanov.”

Ilya bites his collarbone in retribution. “Getting in the way of plan to fuck you in every room.”

“Should’ve thought ahead.”

“I can… how you say… improvise.” He slides his finger back into Shane, crooking it until he finds the spot that makes Shane whimper. “I think you can cum, just like this,” he whispers into his ear. “Just my finger on your prostate.” He crooks his finger, grinning into Shane’s shoulder as he moans again. “What do you think, Shane?”

From where his head is resting on Shane’s shoulder, he has a perfect view down his chest, at the way that Shane’s dick twitches every time he crooks his finger, slides it across the spot in him. Shane’s cum before, hands free, but that usually is when Ilya is inside him, hard, fast. He moves his finger across his prostate, mimicking the rhythm he always uses when Shane is close.

“Ilya,” Shane gasps, his fists clenching on the counter. “Need more, God, please. Not enough.”

His cock is hard, red, leaking all over his chest, he’s so close, so quickly. Ilya needs to taste him, sucks his nipple into his mouth, moves his other hand up, thumb pressing into his nipple, tourturing it, rolling it between his fingers. Ilya coordinates his hands, his mouth, so he’s sucking and rubbing and squeezing all in time. It’s just enough, Shane shouts as he cums, his gasp and yelled “Fuck!” echoing around the high celings of the cabin.

Ilya slides his finger out, stepping back, grinning. “See, knew you could do it.”

“You’re an asshole,” Shane mutters, half out of it. He pushes himself until he’s standing, gripping the edge of the counter for balance. “God, Ilya, where do you come up with that stuff?”

Ilya shrugs, grins. “What can I say, you inspire me.”

Shane smiles at him, half irritated, half fond as he uses a paper-towel to wipe away the mess on his chest. Dryly he says: “Glad I get to reap the benefits.”

Ilya bats at his hand. “No, I like to see you messy.”

“Oh, I know.” Shane wraps his fingers around Ilya’s wrist, pushing until Ilya’s back is against the counter. “My turn to return the favor.”

“Oh really?” is all he can say before Shane is on his knees in front of him, the head of Ilya’s cock in his mouth before he can blink. He bites back a moan, his fingers automatically sliding into Shane’s hair. “God, Shane,” he gasps. “Fuck.”

Shane hums, his fingers wrapping around the base of Ilya’s cock, stroking as his tounge laves at the head, runs across the vein, hard and prominent along the length of him. Ilya can’t do anything but gasp as Shane slides lower, the head of his cock sliding into the back of his throat. Ilya knows that he’s not going to last long, not after watching Shane cum untouched all over himself. He gasps, trying to warn him, squeezing and pushing at his shoulders.

“Ilya,” Shane sighs, leaning back, grinning up at him. “Are you close?”

He’s forgotten English, only able to nod, “Da, Так близко, так близко, Shane.”

Shane’s hand slides along his length, hard and fast, just more proof that they know each other. Nobody else is able to take Ilya apart like this, until he’s unable to mutter anything coherent in either of the languages he speaks. He feels like he’s transcended reality as the wave inside him crets, his dick twitching in Shane’s grip as he finally loses the last bit of control and comes, staring at the ceiling because emotion swamps him as his orgasam recedes, and he has to bite his lip, refusing to say the words that are heavy on the tip of his tongue.

Shane gets his attention, his hand still lightly stroking Ilya. “Oh no,” he says. “Now I’m extra messy.”

Ilya looks down and groans. If he hadn’t just come, he would be stiffening up again. Hell, he might still be, looking down at Shane’s chest covered in the both of them. Messy, nearly

dripping onto the hardwood floors at his feet. He knows Shane hates it, can tell in the slight curve at the corner of his mouth as he looks down. But he'd done it because Ilya had told him he liked it.

"Guess you need shower," Ilya says, gruff.

Shane leans in to bite at his hipbone before he stands. "You caused the problem," he says, grabbing his boxers off the floor and grimicang as he wipes at the mess. "You can help with the solution."

"Oh no, shower with Shane Hollander? How terrible."

Shane tosses Ilya's clothes at him. "Shower? Nah, Ilya. I mean you're gonna have to start doing my laundry if you keep getting me all gross like this."

Ilya gets a flash of it as he follows Shane into the ensuite bathroom, his heart thudding in his chest. He's had the sex, the intamacy for the last ten years but all he wants now is the two of them on some rainy summer afternoon, seperating clothes together. Teasing Shane for the way he defiently sorts his socks. (First by size, then by color.) Watching TV together, bickering about who has to go and switch the laundry to the dryer.

"Be happy too," Ilya mutters, kissing Shane's shoulder.

I love you, Ilya thinks, watching Shane step into the spray of the shower.I want to do everything with you, Shane. He wants to say it. But he can't. He's close, though. One more fond smile, one more shower together where he can't stop sniffing his hair after, addicted to the fact that he smells like Shane. One more morning like this one, waking up to sunshine through the blinds and freckles that he wants to count, laughing together as they make breakfast and Shane hands him a bottle of spray cleaner for the counter.

This could be forever. If only he could find the courage to say the words.

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