

Happy Place

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Happy Place

by [Xinia](#)

Summary

Set during the Sochi Olympics.

A misunderstanding fuels jealousy, walls come down, and something unspoken finally surfaces.

Notes

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

Feb 2014

Sochi, Russia.

“Yes. I did not respond to your boring texts. Now leave.”

Ilya’s voice had been flat. Dismissive. Like Shane was a nuisance instead of—Fuck. What the fuck did he think he was doing? Ignoring Shane’s texts for six months and then telling him off to his face like that.

Shane lay flat on his back in his bed, staring at the ceiling of his room in the Olympic Village. The skating event was over. The lights were off. His body was exhausted but his mind wouldn’t shut up. He was angry. Sharp, restless anger that had nowhere to go.

What did Ilya think—that Shane couldn’t find anyone else to hook up with?

“He thinks he’s so hot,” Shane muttered to the empty room. “Yeah, right. With those stupid curls. And those cheekbones. And those shoulders—fuck.”

Somewhere between one thought and the next, his hand slipped under the covers.

He didn’t register it at first. Too busy spiraling. Too busy proving—very seriously—to himself how unimpressive Ilya Rozanov was.

Except.

Who was he kidding?

Ilya was the sexiest person Shane had ever laid eyes on. Ever touched. Ever—

He groaned and let his head fall back as memory took over. Ilya’s hands—big, confident—holding him down. The solid weight of him. Muffled Russian swearing against Shane’s skin. Ilya’s mouth. Then more than his mouth.

Shane came hard, fast, the release ripping through him in less than three minutes. He barely had time to register it before his hands were slick, his stomach and chest messily painted.

It was intense. It was satisfying.

It did nothing to cool the anger.

Breathing hard, heart still racing, Shane grabbed his phone. He didn't think. He didn't pause. He snapped a picture and sent it.

Here's a non-boring text for you, asshole.

A second later:

You think you're the only one who can do this to me?

There.

That felt better. Like he'd taken something back.

He dropped the phone, shoved the sheets aside, and very deliberately did not think about how explicit the message was—or what it might do.

Ilya had been drinking alone on his couch when the text came through. The apartment was quiet. Too quiet. He'd rented it outside the Olympic venue, far enough from the Village that no one would stumble across him, far enough that the silence felt deliberate.

Jane's name lit up his phone. Ilya scowled. Shane, who couldn't take a hint. Shane, who kept texting even after months of nothing. Shane, who'd smiled at him earlier that day like Ilya hadn't cut him off without explanation.

He scoffed as the image loaded—

And then sudden heat slammed through him. Shane's body filled the screen. His abs. The familiar lines of muscle. The mess of cum smeared across him. Shane's face wasn't visible, but Ilya knew those abs better than his own hands. He could trace them from memory.

A slow, dangerous grin spread across his face. He pictured Shane alone in his Village room, pissed off and horny, jerking himself off with Ilya's name probably half-formed on his mouth. Not boring.

Then Ilya read the second message.

The grin vanished. Something inside him dropped—fast and hard. The heat twisted into something sharp, feral. His jaw locked. His fingers curled tight around the phone. Someone else. The thought detonated. He was on his feet before he realized it, pacing the length of the room. His chest felt too tight. His vision tunneled. He didn't think about the loss. Or his father. Or the way Russia's hopes had died on home ice. All he could think about was Shane. Someone else's hands on him. Someone else's mouth.

Without stopping to question it, Ilya dialed Jane's number. Shane answered on the third ring, voice rough.

"Where are you?" Ilya demanded.

A pause. Then, lightly, "Why do you care?"

Ilya exhaled through his teeth. "I'm sending you an address. Get in a cab. Come here. Now."

Shane stared at his phone. Lily calling him—barely two minutes after that text—had not been what he expected. For half a second, he thought—stupidly—that maybe he'd pushed the right button.

Then Ilya spoke. The anger was unmistakable. Tight. Barely leashed.

Shane's pulse kicked up. "What's your problem?" he asked, annoyed more than intimidated. But the way Ilya said come here—like it wasn't a request—sent a jolt straight through him. His cock stirred, traitorous and immediate.

Possessive.

Shane told himself not to go. He had a game tomorrow. Vaughn had literally warned them that morning about being gay in Russia.

None of it mattered.

He was dressed and out the door in minutes. The address wasn't in the Village. It was farther—twenty minutes, at least. Somewhere outside the secured zone. Shane didn't hesitate.

Seeing Ilya earlier that day had been almost worse than this. Stolen glances. The way Ilya had looked—withdrawn, guarded. Mean, but not convincingly so. It hadn't hurt like Shane thought it would.

It felt... pointed. Like Ilya was daring him to react.

The apartment door opened. Shane barely had time to register the space before Ilya hauled him inside, slammed the door shut, and kissed him.

Hard. No warning. No restraint.

Shane melted instantly, hands coming up, mouth opening. He tasted vodka and anger and something raw underneath it.

Ilya broke the kiss just long enough to bite at his ear. “Who was it?”

“What?” Shane breathed.

“Who did you fuck?” Ilya’s hand was already at his throat—not tight, but deliberate. “Old man Hunter?”

It hit him all at once.

Oh.

Oh.

Ilya thought Shane had been with someone else. Jealousy. Full-blown, unfiltered jealousy. A surprised laugh slipped out of Shane’s mouth. Bad idea.

Ilya’s grip tightened.

“Why do you care?” Shane asked lightly. “You told me we were nothing.”

“If we’re nothing,” Ilya snarled, “then why are you here?”

“I can leave.”

Ilya slammed him against the wall instead.

“Don’t,” he said lowly. “Play with me.”

Shane’s body reacted instantly—heat flooding, head spinning. He should’ve been scared.

He wasn’t.

“Scott isn’t that old,” Shane said.

The look on Ilya's face was pure violence.

Every encounter with Ilya was intense, but this was something else entirely. Shane felt so turned on that he thought no Olympic medal or Stanley Cup came close to making him feel this powerful. Like he owned the fucking world.

"I will fucking kill him—how dare he touch what's mine," Ilya shouted as he dragged Shane toward what was presumably the bedroom. He started stripping Shane's clothes away, hands everywhere, claiming every inch of bare skin he could reach.

Shane let him. Didn't help. Just let Ilya do whatever he needed to do.

"I'll replace every touch. Every mark he put on you," Ilya growled. "I'll give you so many marks today that everyone knows you're taken."

The words sent a dizzying rush through Shane. "Do you want me to wash him off me?" he muttered. "I didn't shower after."

Ilya's eyes burned with a feral hunger, his jealousy twisting into something primal and unbreakable. He stared down at Shane, the man who was his, no matter what lies his mind had spun about some faceless intruder. That final shred of control shattered like glass under his boot. With a guttural snarl that echoed off the walls, Ilya lunged forward, fingers clawing at the hem of Shane's T-shirt. He yanked it upward in one violent rip, the fabric tearing slightly at the seams as it exposed Shane's toned chest, still glistening with a faint sheen of sweat from their earlier tussle.

"You're mine," Ilya growled, voice low and ragged, like gravel scraping against skin. His hands didn't stop—diving straight for the waistband of Shane's sweatpants, shoving them down past his hips with brutal efficiency. Shane's cock sprang free, already thickening from the raw energy crackling between them, the tip beading with a drop of pre-cum that caught the dim light.

Ilya wrapped his fist around Shane's shaft, squeezing hard enough to draw a sharp hiss from Shane's lips. He jerked him with punishing strokes, rough and unrelenting, the friction bordering on pain that blurred into desperate pleasure. Shane's hips bucked involuntarily, his breath coming in ragged pants, but Ilya didn't relent. Leaning in, he engulfed Shane's cock in

his hot mouth, sucking with a voracious intensity—as if devouring him could erase any trace of betrayal, real or imagined.

His tongue swirled around the swollen head, lapping up the salty leak before sliding down to take him deeper, throat relaxing to swallow every inch. Ilya bobbed his head furiously, hollowing his cheeks, the wet slurps filling the room like an obscene symphony. Shane's hands fisted in Ilya's hair, not guiding but clinging, his body arching off the bed as the pressure built too fast, too fierce. Within seconds, Shane shattered—his cock pulsing wildly as thick ropes of cum erupted into Ilya's mouth.

Ilya pulled back just in time, letting the last spurts arc through the air and splatter across Shane's heaving chest and abs. Hot, sticky strands painted white streaks over his skin, dripping down the ridges of muscle. Shane's moan turned into a whine as Ilya kept stroking him through the aftershocks, the oversensitivity making his thighs tremble. Only then did Ilya release him, his own chest rising and falling with heavy breaths, lips swollen and glistening with saliva and remnants of Shane's release.

One hand dove into his own sweatpants, shoving them down to free his aching cock—rock-hard and throbbing from the sight alone. He pumped himself in time with the other hand, which smeared Shane's fresh cum across his abs in slow, deliberate circles. The warmth seeped into Shane's skin, mixing with his sweat, turning the firm planes into a slick, filthy canvas. It was depraved, possessive—Ilya marking him inside and out, claiming every inch as his territory. Shane's spent cock twitched feebly at the erotic display, a weak pulse of arousal stirring despite the exhaustion from his second brutal orgasm in less than an hour.

"Fuck, Ilya..." Shane rasped, his voice hoarse, but the words ignited something in him. Gathering the last of his strength, he surged up, flipping their positions in a blur of motion. Ilya hit the mattress with a surprised grunt, his back arching as Shane loomed over him, eyes dark with a newfound dominance. For the first time since they'd started this heated fling, Shane pinned Ilya's wrists above his head, his grip ironclad, bodies pressing close enough to feel the rapid thump of hearts.

"My turn," Shane murmured, a wicked edge to his tone, reveling in the shift of power. He trailed his free hand down Ilya's body, nails scraping lightly over his chest before wrapping around Ilya's leaking cock. Ilya bucked up, a protest dying on his lips as Shane lowered his mouth, taking him in with a slow, teasing suck that made Ilya's toes curl.

Shane worked him expertly, lips sealed tight around the base as his tongue flicked against the underside, tracing the thick vein. He hollowed his cheeks, drawing out deep, throaty groans from Ilya, who writhed beneath him, hips snapping upward in desperate thrusts. Saliva dripped down Ilya's shaft, pooling at the root, the obscene sounds of sucking and slurping mingling with their labored breaths. Shane's hand joined in, twisting at the head on each upstroke, pushing Ilya closer to the edge with relentless precision.

Ilya's body tensed, his release coiling tight in his gut. "Shane—fuck, I'm—" But as the orgasm crested, he wrenched one hand free and shoved at Shane's shoulder, pulling his cock from that talented mouth. Cum shot out in powerful jets, splattering across Ilya's own chest and stomach, hot and viscous, mingling with the sweat already there.

Panting, wild-eyed, Ilya didn't waste a second. He scooped up his release with trembling fingers, reaching across to Shane's body. With deliberate strokes, he rubbed his cum into Shane's abs, blending it with the drying remnants of Shane's own load. The mixture slicked over the taut muscles, warm and slippery, like some ritualistic balm sealing their bond. It was messy, grotesque in its intimacy—the scent of sex heavy in the air, their skin marked and united in this raw act of reclamation.

Shane watched, transfixed, his pinned hand finally released as he let Ilya continue. A low rumble built in his throat, not disgust but pure, unfiltered heat. He leaned down, capturing Ilya's lips in a bruising kiss, tasting himself on that tongue. "All yours," Shane whispered against his mouth, the words a surrender and a promise, as their bodies tangled closer, the jealousy fading into sated exhaustion.

After cleaning up the best he could with his torn T-shirt—wiping away the sticky remnants of their releases from his skin, the fabric already stiffening with drying cum—Shane tossed it aside like discarded evidence. The room hung heavy, still thick with the musk of sweat and sex, the sheets tangled and damp beneath them. Their breaths synced in the dim glow filtering through the curtains, the city outside a distant hum that felt worlds away from this hidden corner of Ilya's apartment.

Shane finally broke the silence, his voice a low rasp, throat raw from earlier moans. "I wasn't with anyone."

Ilya froze beside him, his broad chest rising and falling in sharp hitches, the heat of his body radiating like a live wire.

Shane turned his head on the pillow, locking eyes with him—those dark, stormy depths that could unravel him in seconds. "Tonight. Before. There was no one else. I jerked off thinking of you." The confession slipped out soft but sure, his hand twitching with the urge to reach out, to bridge the gap.

For a heartbeat, Ilya's face twisted in confusion, as if his mind had armored itself against hurt and couldn't process the absence of it. His jaw clenched, brows furrowing, the possessive fire from moments ago flickering uncertainly.

"You're not lying," Ilya said, the words flat, not quite a question but laced with a desperate edge, like he was testing the ground beneath him.

Shane shook his head, holding that gaze steady. "I wouldn't lie about that."

Something in Ilya's expression fractured then—not with a bang, but a quiet crumble, like ice thawing under pressure. He rolled onto his back, the mattress dipping under his weight, and flung one muscled arm over his eyes, blocking out the vulnerability. His other hand fisted the sheet, knuckles whitening.

"Fuck," he muttered, the curse thick with his accent, echoing the turmoil churning inside.

Shane waited, his own pulse steady as he lay there, naked and exposed in every sense. He didn't push. Minutes stretched, the only sounds their slowing breaths and the faint creak of

the bed as Ilya shifted restlessly.

Finally, Ilya spoke again, voice rougher now, laced with the weight of reality. “We could get in serious trouble,” he said quietly. “You don’t know how it is in Russia. This—” He gestured vaguely between them, to the bed, to the moment they’d almost let themselves believe in. “This isn’t something they forgive.” His free hand dragged down his face, then dropped to his side, fingers brushing Shane’s thigh in an unconscious graze that sent a spark through him.

Shane felt a sharp twist in his chest—disappointment, yeah, but not surprise. What had he hoped for? Some grand declaration to match the ‘you’re mine’ growled in the heat of their frenzy? Still, the words stung, a reminder of the razor’s edge they danced on. He stayed silent, watching the play of shadows across Ilya’s torso, the faint sheen of sweat still clinging to his skin.

Then Ilya moved, his arm dropping as he turned toward Shane. With a gentleness that contrasted the earlier roughness, he pulled him in close—chest to chest, legs tangling, the warmth of their bodies melding like they were piecing themselves back together. Ilya’s breath ghosted over Shane’s neck, his hand splaying possessively across the small of his back, fingers tracing lazy circles that dipped lower, teasing the curve of his ass.

“Go to sleep, Hollander,” Ilya murmured, lips brushing Shane’s ear, the words a gravelly command wrapped in affection. “I want to fuck your ass first thing in the morning. Deep and hard, so when you’re out there playing against that old hag, every step reminds you who you belong to.”

Shane chuckled. The promise hung between them, raw and unfiltered, stirring a fresh ache low in Shane’s gut. He melted into the embrace, nuzzling against Ilya’s shoulder, inhaling the familiar scent of him—salt, smoke, and something uniquely possessive. Happiness bloomed warm and fierce in his chest, threatening to spill over. This was more than he’d dared expect from the guarded Russian who’d claimed him so fiercely tonight. There was so much left unsaid, but for now, Shane felt content with the roundabout confession.

He didn’t dwell on the threats lurking beyond these walls—the watchful eyes, the brutal consequences of their hidden nights. Right now, wrapped in Ilya’s arms, bodies pressed flush and hearts beating in tandem, this was his happy place. Shane cuddled closer, letting the exhaustion pull him under, dreams already laced with the anticipation of morning’s rough claiming.

End Notes

I had a lot of feelings about this one. If you feel like sharing yours, I'd love to hear them.
Thanks for reading!

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