Snowy kisses

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Snowy kisses

by m00nflowr1

Summary

He laid down on the ground next to the snow angles they had made earlier and looked up at the sky. The sunset was barely visible behind the thick gray clouds piling up. Ilya laid down right next to him, sighing loudly.

“Was very fun!” Ilya muttered into the silence, after some minutes of them just laying there watching their puffs of breaths.
“As a child, I never really had this..., like silly snow fights, building snowmen. So, thank you,” Ilya admitted barely audible. But Shane had heard him.
"I love you,” he simply whispered back, his heart throbbing slightly. The I love you was not able to convey all the love Shane had for Ilya; no word would ever be enough to express what he felt for the man.

“I love you more.”

OR domestic Hollanov on a snowy day at their cottage: having a snowball fight, buidling each other as a snowman and afterwards some warm-up activitiy ;)

Notes

Just a little fun fic about those two enjoying the snow. The last weeks it snowed a lot in my town, so I imagined what it would be like if Shane and Ilya just had some fun in the snow. Nothing to grand, just some domestic fluff (+ sexual banter because you can't write Hollanoc without it), but I love it nonetheless.

I hope you enjoy and I'm sorry for any errors! <3

Snow was common in Canada. Shane had years of experience fighting through the high snow piles on his way to hockey practice. He actually liked the cold, stepping out after a heated hockey game and feeling the soft snow flakes melting in tiny wet spots on his face. He really enjoyed it.

“A big snow storm is approaching Toronto. Temperatures range from -15°C to -5°C and over 50 centimeters of fresh snow is expected to fall over the night. Officials warn about electricity and heat outages…”

Shane turned down the volume as the weather forecast finished up. He was curled up in a brown fleece blanket and snuggled into the oversized Christmas sweater, which read in a fancy writing “I’m on the naughty list”. When Ilya had seen the sweater in the mall, he found it so funny he had to buy one for Shane ("It fits, you're naughty!" He had exlaimed way too loudly, making the woman in the cash register look up and making Shane want to divorce him right there in the mall). But he wouldn’t admit that now wearing it, it was actually quite comfortable.

He looked over his shoulder into the open kitchen to see Ilya making them both a coffee. Still after years of being public, spending most of their times by each other's side, a warm feeling always filled hiss stomach when he saw Ilya casually moving around in his house. In *their* house. Shane had never imagined that them being together could become something normal, something not shocking but rather something casual and constant.

“Did you hear the reporter, Ilya? This is like one of the worst snow storms in years. I’m actually not sure if we have emergency energy…,” he noticed going up to Ilya to give him a kiss, the blanket over his shoulder trailing behind him like a gown.

Ilya looked up with both steamy coffee cups in his hands, returned the kiss and responded: “It will be fine, love. Together we will create enough heat to survive.” He wiggled his eye-brows, quickly glanced down at Shane’s crotch before going back to the coach, leaving a blushy Shane alone in the kitchen.

“You can’t… just say something like this,” Shane slightly protested, still not accustomed to Ilya’s inappropriate comments, which always made his stomach feel giddy. He followed him back to the couch, where Ilya had already made himself comfortable with a cocky grin on his face, legs spread out as an invitation for Shane to sit down on his lap. He gladly accepted and planted himself between his legs, leaning back against his chest, his breath next to his ear, immediately feeling better.

“Don’t worry, Shane. Is only snow,” Ilya mumbled into his hair.

“But…- “ The soft kisses Ilya was now leaving on his neck, clearly with the intention to shut him up, made Shane sigh.

He really knew how to make him stop worrying.

They had a couple weeks off over Christmas and New Year and this time Shane decided that they wouldn't go back to his hometown to stay at his parents house. They decided to fly to Japan to meet family and friends, so he took the opportunity to grab Ilya and drive to the cottage, which over the years quickly turned out to be their sex retreat. Forgetting time and space and simply existing next to each other (and oftentimes also inside of each other), like they were the only people existing on this earth.

“I’m really happy to have you here.”

Ilya’s soft lips lingered on his skin and send a shiver down Shane's spine.

“I’m even *happier* to be here,” he whispered into his ear, making Shane giggle.

“I’m *the happiest* that we are here together!”

“I'm happier than the happiest that-…”

“Okay, stop Ilya…,” Shane interjected while laughing, turning his head to look straight into his husband's face with a playful sulkiness: ”Do you always have to top me?”

He realized the sexual connotation of the question, which immediately made Ilya smirk, his mouth corners almost rising up to his ears.

“Oh, don’t you dare,” Shane tried to warn him lazily with a smile, but of course Ilya fired off his answer right away.

“Yes, Shane, I'm always on top of you. You look so beautiful under me baby,” he purred, giving him a deep kiss.

“Asshole,” Shane mumbled weakly against Ilya’s lips as opened his mouth to invite his tongue inside, sighing deeply.

They rested a bit on the couch, but soon moved up the bedroom, the snowy gray night arriving.

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Shane was awoken by a harsh wind knocking at the windows and making the blinds shatter loudly. The weather was as nasty as the news anchor had presented. He stayed in bed until Ilya opened his eyes, wishing him a beautiful good morning.

He immediately demanded a good-morning kiss but Shane, needing to decide between his disgust about a kiss with neither of them having brushed their teeth, and the always accompanying urge to kiss Ilya, settled for a quick peck on his cheek, which immediately prompted a sulking Ilya. He looked so adorable that Shane made sure to repay him after breakfast *with* brushed teeth.

Once, they slowly descended the stairs to the living room, they were able to see the extent of the extreme snow storm.

“Wow!” Shane exclaimed, face right in front of the huge windows that surrounded the cottage. Snow was common, however it instilled a childish excitement in him anyway. The weather report really hadn’t exaggerated: snow was piling up and up without stopping and it seemed like the landscape was covered by thick layers of icing.

Just out of curiosity, Shane opened the window only to close it in an instant as the cold wind punched in his face, blowing away the morning warmth.

“Ugghh, It’s so cooold.”

Ilya looked up from the breakfast he was preparing , with an unsurprised expression.

“Yes, Shane, is cold. It’s snowing like crazy”.

Shane rolled his eyes and scurried over to hug him and get his warmth back.

“You’re mean,” he mumbled.

“And you’re in the way. Baby, I’m making breakfast,” Ilya said trying to shake Shane off of his arm he was clinging to. Like a baby Koala, he thought to himself, smiling.

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They spend the beginning of the day relaxing on the coach next to each other -their arms ever so slightly touching- playing some games, which Shane won and of course leaving behind a frustrated Ilya; in turn Shane had to clean their breakfast dishes.

Still laying there, mindlessly scrolling down their insta feeds and talking to the other one every now and then when they saw something interesting, Shane looked up his screen after a while of researching healthy protein-rich breakfast ideas. He noticed that the storm raging just until earlier seemed to have calmed down. The sun was peeking under the low-hanging snow clouds, making the snowy landscape sparkle and the wind seemed to have died down as well. Shane got an idea.

“Do you wanna go outside with me?” He asked, nudging Ilya on the shoulder, which made him look up from his mobile screen not appearing convinced.

“Outside?” he asked back with a questioning expression.

“What do we do outside?”

Shane rolled his eyes.

“Well, we could go outside and walk around a bit, we’ve been laying here for hours. I need to get up.”

“But is so cold,” he whined, seemingly not wanting to leave his place right next to Shane.

Oh, of course now you are the cold one Shane thought, suppressing the urge to roll his eyes again.

“You’re Russian,” he simply answered back, which made Ilya look at him again with furrowed eye-brows.

“Yes, I’m Russian. But sometimes Russians also get cold.”

Shane didn’t let that count and he got up to his feet instantly triggering another whine from Ilya.

“Noooo, don’t leeeave.” He tried to grab his arm and pull him back to the couch, but failed.

“Well, then you should just come with me.” Shane shrugged, knowing Ilya would oblige.

And he did. He got up muttering something in Russian and followed Shane to their closet to dress up weather appropriately.

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Thirty minutes later, they both stood in front of the door leading to their large garden space, with three layers of clothes, big puffy jackets and both a knit cap on their heads.

Ilya looked scrumptious, wrapped up like a snack waiting to be eaten.

“You’re so cute,” Shane said and gave him a peck on his cheek.

“Russians aren’t cute.” Ilya tried to look serious but wasn’t able to hide his big smile over the compliment

“Then you’re the exception,” Shane responded, grabbing his arm and intertwining their fingers.

"Let's go.”

The snow went over their ankles and Ilya made a shocked sound as his foot sank deeper than he expected, as he took his first step outside.

“Look! The sea is completely frozen!” Shane exclaimed, making his way through the snow at a faster pace, leaving a reluctant Ilya behind.

The cold air was cutting into his skin and made his eyes teary but it felt nice inhaling the fresh winter air. Ilya slowly made his way trudging through the snow and stopping a couple meters behind him.

“Yes, beautiful. What now?” He asked, not looking impressed at all.

"Well...,” Shane started, quickly bending down to scoop up some snow, forming it into a ball and finally turning around to throw it at Ilya.

Oops.

Maybe his aim was a little too good, because it landed right into his face, leaving his eye-brows and three days' beard covered in snow.

For a few seconds Ilya didn't move, which made Shane worry he had hurt him.

"Shit, sorry Ilya, I didn't-..." But he was cut off short, when he felt a cold something smashed at his face, suddenly only seeing white.

"You…," Shane laughed with a raised index finger, after wiping away the snow in his eyes.

"That means war!!"

"You started." Ilya just shrugged his shoulders, also a big smile on his face; so bright it could probably melt away all the snow in an instant.

Shane ducked to evade the next snow ball thrown at him, quickly preparing another one.

"I will win."

"No, Shane. You will lose," Ilya grinned back, preparing his snow balls like ammunition for a serious battle.

And it was a serious battle. It left both of them out of breath, hands freezing and snow in their hairs. Ilya proclaimed he had won, and Shane complied just this one time.

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"Look, Shane, that's you." Ilya said to get his attention. Shane turned around, nose crinkled as he glanced at the pitiful sight of Ilya's recreation of him as a snowman.

"Well, it's… something." Shane said carefully, trying to appreciate his attempt, as he was beaming at him with a smile like a five year old showing his parents the ugly drawing they've made.

"Here, these are your uhm.. freckles," Ilya said proudly, gesturing to the small stones he had placed all around the snowman's face. Shane had to admit, his heart melted a bit.

"You're so cute, have I already told you?"

"Yes, but you can tell me again," Ilya answered, blowing him a kiss.

"But where are you? Snowman-Shane will be lonely without you,"Shane stated returning the kiss and taking a step closer to put his arms around Ilya's waist.

"Yes, you're right, you become so whiny when I leave your side for just five minutes," Ilya teased.

Shane looked at him with playful outrage.

“That’s not true! Don’t act like you don't tear up every time I leave the bed before you wake up.”

“Yes, but when I see your face first thing in the morning, I know, day will be a good day,” Ilya answered, compeletly embracing the accusation thrown at him. There was no denying that he was completely and utterly in love with his husband.

“You want to help build my snow-cock?”

Shane covered his eyes with his palms, sighing.

“Ilya, baby…”

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It took them longer than expected to build Ilya’s snowman, mainly because he had insisted that they would need to make his snowman taller and bigger than Shane's snowman for realism purposes. Shane had protested, but was ultimately convinced when he saw his husband’s pleading puppy eyes.

They were finally finished and Ilya looked proudly at his snowman: “I look so good Shane, here see.” He pointed at the lines in the middle of the snowman he had scratched in with a wooden stick; they were supposed to resemble his six-pack.

“Yes, you look amazing, Ilya.” Shane sighed, exhaustion taking over. They’ve been outside for hours; running and jumping around.

He laid down on the ground next to the snow angles they had made earlier and looked up at the sky. The sunset was barely visible behind the thick gray clouds piling up.

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“As a child, I never really had *this...,* like silly snow fights, building snowmen. So, thank you,” Ilya admitted only barely audible. But Shane had heard him.

"I love you,” he simply whispered back, his heart throbbing slightly. The *I love you* was not able to convey all the love Shane had for Ilya; no word would ever be enough to express what he felt for the man.

“I love you *more*.”

“I love you *the most*… and don’t you dare, Ilya.”

Ilya laughed and obeyed this time.

They remained in the snow for a few minutes, but when the cold finally became too unbearable Shane suggested: “Let’s go inside, I will warm you up.”

“Yes, you will? How?"

Ugh.

Shane knew Ilya had that dirty smirk on his face without even looking at him. But he decided to play along, it wasn’t like he didn’t enjoy this as well.

“Well, firstly I would help taking off your jacket and sweater and of course I would also undress.”

“Yes, will take some time to go through all the layers.” Ilya reasoned and Shane hummed in agreement.

“Then, I would admire your big muscles and take your cold hands between mine to warm them up.”

“Oh, yes. You might even want to take them between your legs to warm them.”

“After taking your t-shirt off, I would trace the tattoo on your chest and slowly trail my fingers down your hot six-pack stopping right above the waistline of your boxers.” With every additional word Shane’s voice lowered in volume.

Ilya turned silent; no provocative comment. His breath accelerated.

“Then…,” Shane had to take a small pause to prevent stumbling on his words, with sexual arousal clouding his mind.

“I would unbutton your jeans, and start to kiss your erect dick through your underwear.” Shane shivered at his graphic choice of words.

“Oh, Shane, such dirty words,” Ilya whispered in a low and rough voice, which made Shane gulp but he continued confidently with a sudden urge to challenge Ilya.

“I would take your cock into my mouth and softly suck its tip. Then I would start to move my mouth taking in your whole length until it would hit the back of my throat.”

After a few seconds of painful silence of deep sexual desire, the man next to him jumped up to his feet, now hovering over Shane’s body which was still on the snowy ground. He wore a dark unreadable expression on his face and his jaw was tense like he was holding himself back.

“Inside now Shane,” he demanded with a raspy voice, eyes staring at his face, that made an electrifying buzz travel through Shane's body. He complied without a word as Ilya took him by his wrist and pulled him to the door.

As soon as they stepped into the warmth, they were at each other’s mouth with a passionate kiss. Shane’s fingers wandered hungrily into Ilya’s hair pulling his head lower to deepen the

kiss even more.

“I’m so hot… Ilya. Please, take my clothes off,” Shane begged with a flushed face, after they finally separated to catch their breaths. Ilya just stared at his body like he wanted to devour him, with black lustful eyes as his hands automatically unzipped his jacket and helped Shane take off his clothes in a rush; their mouths crashing together in raw desire.

The sun finally set on the cottage. The outside was silent, only small muffled moans could be heard coming from the living room. Two snowmen were standing in the garden, their wooden hand-sticks touching like they were holding hands. A loud high-pitched moan cut through the silence and some Starlings, resting on a nearby tree, were startled and flew away.

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Mid-thrust, the light suddenly turned off. “Wait,... uh Ilya. The lights …,” Shane said out of breath, Ilya’s dick inside of him hitting his deepest parts. Ilya just laughed lightly, small sweat drops on his forehead reflecting the soft moonlight that crept through the shutters. “Well, you are so hot, electricity just overloaded.” he uttered under his breath and started thrusting again, turning Shane’s mind into jello; all his worries forgotten.

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