

ангел (Montreal Angel)

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ангел (Montreal Angel)

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Summary

Ilya first saw his ангел, his angel, in Montreal.

His angel first tried to kill him in Ottawa.

They finally stop running in Vancouver.

Ilya has been in love the whole time.

Chapter 1

Ilya first saw him in Montreal.

The clock was ticking down, 3:3 with two minutes left to go. He'd just slammed a metros player into the boards with enough force to rattle his bones, stealing the puck as the man recovered. He shot it away to his teammate, dashing up the ice to take it back and firing it past the metros goalie like the world was standing still.

The spectators erupted, screams of joy mostly drowned out by the anger and disappointment of the home crowds.

He raised his arms over his head in euphoria, smirking around his mouth guard with vindictive pleasure.

"Fucking yes!" He yelled. He tipped his head back, feeling the sweat drip down his neck, the thumps of his teammates as they smacked his shoulders and jostled him in their shared joy.

A gleam caught his eye. A purple-green-black, like an oil slick on water, a rustle of many fluttering points moving in the cold air.

His eyes sharpened, pupils expanding to cover the colored iris as they fixed on the movement.

His breath caught.

Far above the crowds, in the metal bars crisscrossing the ceiling, crouched an angel. An angel like he'd never seen and would probably never see again. Even as he looked, he felt the moment imprint into him, burning into the backs of his eyes.

Huge, ink black wings half extended behind him, moving lightly as they kept him balanced. Dark eyes, dark hair, golden skin. A face that even at a distance Ilya could tell had been crafted in the image of perfection.

Beautiful.

Ilya couldn't look away. At least until a huge, padded body crashed into his side.

"Rozyyyyy!"

Ilya's attention snapped like a wire under tension, lashing back at him as his eyes returned to normal.

He forced a smile, slapping back at his goalie as the man joined the crush, keeping it up until his teammates dispersed to celebrate in smaller groups.

He looked up again, finding the right spot, but he was too late. He scanned over the rafters rapidly, checking corners and shadows. Nothing. The angel was already gone.

It occurred to him the next morning as they boarded their plane, that this was the first game in months that hadn't involved a brawl. Not even a mid-game tussle where the gloves stayed on. Hell, the home crowd hadn't even started screaming insults and slurs when Ilya decimated their defense.

He doubted the presence of the angel was a coincidence, they tended to inspire calm in humans. Pretty he might have been, but Ilya huffed at the interference.

Boring.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Ilya hated the cold almost as much as he hated heat. The two extremes that had defined his life. The frigid climate of Russia, softened only by the warm embrace of his mother, coupled with the burning inferno of hell from which there was no respite. Was it any wonder that he guarded his apartment thermostat like Cerberus? That being said, it was way too fucking cold. He was probably going to have to fire his maid.

He rolled out of bed shivering as he reached for his ringing phone, discarded on the floor by his jeans.

He answered without looking, which was his first mistake.

Angry Russian poured out like tar. "Ilya, where the fuck have you been? Father is furious."

Ilya's father was always furious, he supposed it came with being a literal demon. Ilya had long since stopped caring.

"You know where I am, Alexei. Why fucking ask?"

Ilya held the phone away from his ear as his brother cursed him out, switching between Russian and Aramaic as it pleased him.

Eventually the screeching calmed down, Alexei clearly forcing himself into an approximation of calm that was all simmering rage and resentment.

"Father sent for you." Alexei grit out between pointed teeth.

Ilya ran a tongue over his own pointed canines as he pictured his brother's sneer. "You were expected." Alexei continued, as though Ilya should give a shit.

Ilya rolled his eyes, shuffling back under the covers and up to the warm, soft, body sleeping inside.

"Well, maybe use your words to tell him to go fuck himself too."

Ilya ended the call and ran an appreciative hand over the woman he'd picked up last night, enjoying the way his hand moved along her side and dipped at the waist. She stirred, turning over to face him with a sleepy smile. Her makeup was smeared, her hair a mess, and somewhere on his floor were a pair of panties he'd torn off with his teeth.

Ilya felt pretty damn proud of himself, but there was room for improvement.

He liked it when they left looking like sin.

It was six months later when he saw the angel again. This time, at least, the game hadn't started yet.

Ilya was in the stands watching the Zamboni whir noisily over the Ottawa ice, preparing it for the match to come.

It was late, past curfew, but nobody would be looking for him. He'd snuck out around 1am, calling the shadows around him to muffle his movements and conceal him from cameras. A neat trick he'd perfected as a wild teenager looking to score something strong enough to override his demonic metabolism.

Not much did, but vodka mixed with angel tears tended to get him buzzed.

Looking up at the dark-haired angel swinging his legs from the rafters, he wondered what it would take to make him cry.

The angel was clueless, he thought to himself, to not have noticed him. Ilya was hardly being subtle in his staring.

His pupils swallowed up his eyes again, catching each miniscule movement of feathers and soft black hair. His enhanced hearing caught the sound of fabric; the angel's white shirt and black trousers tensing against well-developed muscles. He looked like an impressively athletic Mormon, Ilya decided. He also looked young, maybe twenties, though with angels it was impossible to tell. He could just as easily be two hundred, two thousand, although somehow Ilya doubted it.

He'd seen angels before, at a distance of course. They swooped and sang and radiated righteousness, generally acting like pompous preening canaries. All of them so self-assured and ageless.

Not this one. This one was humming a song Ilya recognized from the charts. Some insipid power ballad about love and reconciliation that made him nauseous.

He had a nice voice though.

Ilya's alarm pipped, his phone lighting up with the warning that it was time to go. He checked it before turning it off, glancing back up a final time.

The angel was looking back.

Deep brown eyes watched him curiously, widening into shocked surprise as Ilya locked onto him without hesitation. Ilya smirked.

Black wings flared behind him as the angel wobbled precariously on his perch like a clumsy crow. Ilya barked a laugh that carried over the rink.

"Who's there?" A voice called to his left, accompanied by the flash of a torchlight.

Ilya pulled at shadows and disappeared down the tunnel out of sight.

Ilya shouldered his way past drunks and junkies to the back of the club, bass pounding in his skull alongside the not-quite a concussion he'd been given by Ottawa's biggest D-man.

Fucking asshole.

A part-naked couple were trying their best to fuck against what he knew must be a backdoor. Ilya yanked them out of the way, ignoring their indignant squawking. Stupid fucks, there was a club down the road where people would pay to watch, and here they were putting on a show for free.

He pushed open the door and stepped out into the alley, letting the door clunk shut behind him and cut off the majority of the noise.

Reaching into his pants pocket he pulled out a packet of cigarettes and a lighter, struggling to get a flame with the chill breeze. He cupped a hand around the cigarette until it finally lit.

He took a long breath, finally feeling his muscles relax and his headache subside. Maybe it was time to call it a night.

A flash of metal caught his attention a second before the sword hit.

"Ебать!" He dropped, dodging as it took a chunk out of the brick where his head had just been.

He looked up in time to roll out of the way of another swing, coming back up on his feet with his arms out placatingly, backing up rapidly.

"Hey, fucking- shit, wait a second-"

"Shut up, demon." The beautiful, pissed off angel hissed, cutting him off.

Ilya backed up again as the guy advanced. "Not demon!" He protested.

"Liar."

"Shit!" Ilya ducked another wide swing.

"Stop moving!"

The angel looked outraged, his pretty eyes burning, his full mouth pouting. Ilya had to be pretty fucked in the head to be noticing how hot he looked right now.

Well, at least he'd die how he lived, horny and hard.

Or maybe he wouldn't.

After a few more futile swings that didn't connect, Ilya began to realize that Mr Angel didn't actually seem to be that invested in gutting him.

On the next try, Ilya ducked under an arm and shouldered Mr Angel back into the alley wall like a player into the boards, slamming his sword arm hard enough to loosen his grip.

Mr Angel was quick to recover, but Ilya was quick too and he was pretty incentivized to live. Ilya lunged for the sword only to recoil with a hiss as the metal burned his skin. "Fucking-"

With a crack Mr Angel's left fist collided with Ilya's face.

Ilya stumbled back.

"Motherfucker." He spat, coughing up a glob of blood, hand to his jaw.

Mr Angel seemed frozen, which was good for Ilya, who took the opportunity to check his teeth with his tongue. He'd managed to keep them all this season, if he lost one to some pretty angelic fucker he'd be pissed.

All there, small mercies.

"You're bleeding."

Ilya looked up incredulously.

Mr Angel was still standing there by the wall, shirt and ridiculous formal suit trousers wrinkled, sword held lax by his side like an afterthought. He looked mystified.

"Yes, this happens when you hit someone." Ilya replied sarcastically, still holding his face.

Mr Angel's eyebrows were furrowed so severely Ilya thought they might meet in the middle.

"But...you're bleeding red."

Ah, yes, that.

"Because I am not fucking demon!"

Mr Angel slowly started turning white. "Oh, oh shit."

"Yes. Next time fucking listen."

Ilya washed his mouth out for the second time, spitting red into the sink before checking out his face in the mirror. He sighed. He'd have a nice new bruise tomorrow, thankfully he healed fast.

Behind him a pretty, less homicidal, Angel was pacing back and forth across the tiny hotel bathroom.

"Will you stop that?" Ilya asked, attracting the man's attention.

"Right. Sorry." Mr Angel stopped, glancing at Ilya then down at the bloody sink.

"I'm just going to..." abruptly he turned and left.

Ilya sighed again harder before following. He was the one bleeding, why was he the one feeling guilty?

Mr Angel was sat on one of the twin beds, staring at his hands.

Ilya was glad he'd last seen his roommate tongue deep in an Ottawa girl. He'd probably have had a hard time explaining why he'd invited a jacked missionary to beat his ass in their room. Or maybe he wouldn't. Everyone knew Ilya liked it kinky. Still, this would have been a bit much, even for him.

Ilya leaned against the desk across from the bed.

"So...you're not a demon." Mr Angel said, not looking up.

"We have covered that, yes?" Ilya responded dryly. "Not human either, if you are worried."

Mr Angel looked up in clear and immediate relief that quickly changed to annoyance. It was an improvement, Ilya liked him fired up. Which...should he be worried about that?

"Then what are you?" Mr Angel demanded, moving to stand.

He was tall, nearly as tall as Ilya, and now that he wasn't trying to kill him, Ilya could properly look.

'Beautiful' Ilya had thought, the first time he'd seen him. Now the word seemed too little to describe him. Strong and delicate, fierce and innocent, like someone had taken time making him as enticingly contradictory as possible.

The wings were gone, hidden away in that way angels did when they pretended to be human. Disappointing. But on the other hand, up close Ilya could see his freckles.

"What is your name?" Ilya asked.

"You first." Mr Angel demanded, "Explain."

Rude for an angel. Ilya thought. Not that he knew any others...or this one.

Ilya bent down to the minibar, pulling out a coke and holding the cold can to his face. The angel watched him suspiciously.

"Half and half." He said, pulling the tab. "Human and demon."

Mr Angel's eyebrows rose. "That's not- fraternization is prohibited." He objected.

Ilya rolled his eyes. "Sure, send complaints to my father. We don't talk."

He smirked a little at the thought, imagining this pretty little angel marching down to hell with his pissy attitude and pouty face.

"...right." Mr Angel seemed to deflate. At a loss where to go from here if Ilya had to guess. "I guess, I'll go."

Well, that wasn't the outcome Ilya wanted.

Ilya stood, placing down the can with a sharp click. "Already?"

Already? What the fuck did he mean by 'already?'.

"I mean," he tried to lean back, casual, "you punch me in my face, try to kill me, and you just what...go?"

Mr Angel seemed confused by the question.

"I'm not- What do you want?" He asked, blinking his doe eyes.

Good question, what did Ilya want?

Ilya covered his own temporary confusion with his go-to smirk and the look that either irritated people or got them hot.

To his delight and complete surprise a faint flush spread over Mr Angel's cheeks.

"How about your name."

Shane was a stupid name for an angel. Honestly, who thought that was a good idea? Ilya was actually a little mad about it.

Leaving Ottawa the next day felt strange, like leaving a game unfinished. Ilya's teammates had taken one look at his bruised face and decided Ilya must have messed with some guy's girlfriend and struck out. To their intense amusement. Not that they were wrong about the struck out part, he supposed, though he *had* taken someone back to the hotel. Someone pretty fucking hot, even if Ilya would never be getting in those pants. Shane probably had an angelic chastity belt on under there.

Didn't mean he wasn't interested.

Ilya pictured Shane's flushed face again, that brief spill of pink across cheekbones.

He must be crazy.

Ебать! - Fuck!

Chapter 3

So, Ilya had no idea how angelic assignments worked, but he was beginning to think Shane might be Canadian.

He'd seen him twice since Shane had tried to decapitate him, once in Vancouver and again in Calgary. Both times they had acknowledged each other with looks but said nothing. Not for lack of trying on Ilya's part, but it was hard to start a conversation when the other person was perched up in the ceiling and didn't respond to either coaxing or bird seed.

The bird seed attempt had; however, inspired such rage that Shane's sword had briefly materialized in his hand. He counted it as a win.

This time though, he had a plan.

He was going to be bad.

His Canadian games were so boring these days, fighting minimal, crowds docile. So fucking dull, and Ilya knew why.

He was also pretty sure that Shane's angelic mojo didn't work on him. By halfway through the Boston-Montreal game, he knew it didn't.

Ilya threw off his gloves to meet an irate defender, taking the body hit to get close enough to throw a fist into the guys face. He smiled around his mouth guard. So much for angelic peace, all it took was Ilya doing what he did best. Being an asshole.

Black and white striped referees whistled shrilly in his ears, pulling them apart with bravery that Ilya didn't know he'd have when confronted with 200lb hockey players with sticks.

As he took his spot in the penalty box, he chanced a glance upwards.

Shane was seething.

His pretty angel glared down at him with so much heat that Ilya was surprised he wasn't on fire. His midnight wings trembled with anger and his jaw was clenched tight in a way that made him look like carved marble.

Ilya smiled wide and winked.

To his immense disappointment his display had not yielded the desired results. Shane had fluttered off the moment the game had ended and hadn't reappeared; not even to try and kill him.

Ilya wasn't sulking, he was a grown man.

He was; however, pent up. He usually was after a game. If they won, he was filled with victorious energy, ready to throw someone against the nearest wall and fuck his elation into them. If he lost, he wanted to find the hottest body in the club, push them face down into a mattress and fuck them until they begged.

Tonight he'd lost.

The girl he'd found was tall, dark-haired, and fierce, if the way she bit his neck was any indication. He liked it rough, especially on nights like tonight, it would taste all the sweeter when he broke her.

They had barely made it out of the club before she dragged him down into the depths of an alley to makeout violently against a piss stained wall.

"Dirty girl." Ilya smirked as she started dropping to her knees. He leaned over a little to watch as she undid his fly.

Only to have her damn near headbutt him as she suddenly jolted back to her feet.

"What-?" Ilya steadied her with a hand, confused.

"I'm sorry, I have to..." she trailed off as though searching for the words, her eyes seemed dazed, far away. He started getting worried, fuck, had someone given her something?

"You are okay?"

"I need to...go?" She looked slack jawed. She stumbled back from him and towards the street, Ilya followed hesitantly.

"You need me to call you cab?"

She didn't appear to hear him.

"She'll be fine."

"Jesus fucking-!" Ilya span around, heart lurching in his chest.

Shane leaned back against a wall watching him, a hard set to his jaw, irritation in his eyes.

Ilya forgot his surprise instantly, instead raking his eyes over Shane like he'd never seen him before.

Shane had his arms crossed across his chest, shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, biceps straining against the fabric. It looked like he'd been running his hands through his hair, maybe gripping it in frustration for how bad it was messed up.

Ilya's mouth inexplicably filled with saliva.

"Didn't take you for a...what is word...to like watching?"

Shane huffed shaking his head, not moving from his spot as Ilya drew closer.

"You're depraved." He replied, looking somewhere over Ilya's shoulder, refusing to meet his eye. Ilya didn't care, he was too busy looking at the pretty flush that covered his Angel's cheeks. He was embarrassed, it was ridiculous that Ilya found it endearing.

"Demon, remember." Ilya parried back.

That drew a look, annoyed eyes met his before Shane looked away again.

"Half." Shane retorted, then seemed to think better of it. "Although maybe not, with the way you act."

Ilya rolled his eyes, "Oh, there is problem?"

"Is there a- Yes!" Shane looked up at the sky as though to a higher power.

Ilya hoped he wasn't literally calling reinforcements.

Shane dropped his eyes again, glaring, "What the hell was that?"

"Is that blasphemy?" Ilya wondered out loud.

"No." Shane replied, muttering under his breath "*Knows 'blasphemy' but not 'voyeur'.*" Then louder, "And don't avoid the question."

Ilya mentally memorized the new word.

"Not avoiding." Ilya said, leaning up against the opposite wall, "Just need you to be more specific. You mean game, or girl?"

"How about both." Shane hissed through gritted teeth.

Ilya self-interestedly decided that Shane meant the later. "Well, when man and woman love each other very much-

"Love?" Shane snorted in disbelief.

Ilya rolled his eyes, "Okay fine, when my dick gets hard-

"Jesus!"

"Now that was blasphemy."

"Fuck you!"

Ilya's grin was threatening to split his face in half. He couldn't remember the last time he'd had so much fun playing with someone.

"Can you?" He asked, raising his eyebrows suggestively, "Did they even give you one of your own?"

It took Shane a second to figure that one out. When he did, he flushed bright red.

"Fuck- Yes! I have a- shut up!"

"But not allowed to use? Seems cruel." Ilya pouted in feigned sympathy.

Shane looked like he wanted to murder him but was undecided on whether or not that would be a sin. He jerked away from the wall, turning away and walking back towards the neon lit street.

Ilya's smile faded as he realized the fun was coming to an end.

"Hey! At least give me your number." He called after Shane. "I warn you next time I'm here, so you can run away."

"Fuck off asshole."

Such a mouth on him. It made Ilya hard.

Shane paused in the mouth of the alley, shaking his shoulders as his magnificent wings emerged and curved up high. Ilya's breath caught in his chest.

Shane gave him one last smokey eyed look.

"And Angel's don't have phones, moron."

With that final remark Shane's wings flexed and drove down violently, sending him spinning away into the night and leaving Ilya staring after him.

Faint movement caught his eye, a small thing drifting down chaotically through the air. Ilya caught it in his hand.

A single black feather.

Chapter 4

Ilya stared at the schedule with barely disguised glee.

The summer had been unbearably long but finally it was over, and next week they were headed back to Canada. Normally the thought of a Canadian winter game gave him pre-emptive shivers, but this time he couldn't fucking wait.

Shane was in his usual spot in the rafters, looming over the game. Ilya could feel his eyes on him like a brand as he skated circles around the other team. Hot and a little threatening.

Ilya sank another puck into the net, skating with his arms in the air. He tilted his head back to give his watcher a wink only to be met with a scowl and a dismissive rustle of wings.

Ilya was reminded of those angry Australian birds from the videos, the ones that went for people's eyes. He failed to reign in his smile or his semi-hysterical laugh at the thought. From the looks he was getting from his opponents and teammates alike he was sure he looked insane.

This time Ilya didn't need to bait or to go looking for his little blackbird. This time he had a fool proof plan.

Ilya sank another vodka, turning the glass over and setting it back on the bar. He yanked out his phone from his pocket, checking the time. Almost midnight, that would work, he was tired of waiting anyway.

Shaking off the standard group of admirers he'd amassed he headed for the backdoor, snagging his jacket on the way. Fucking Canadian winters, they ruined the lines of his shirt, hid his shoulders and pecs.

He ran a hand through his hair, smoothing back a stray curl as he emerged into the alley. Ilya looked around, checking he was alone, before he got started.

He rubbed his palms and clapped his hands together, assuming a posture of contrition.

"Dear God, is Ilya. Please send pretty angel with freckles and weak sword swing to suck my-"

"What the fuck is *wrong* with you?" Shane appeared out of nowhere, shoving at him with clear outrage.

Ilya laughed in delight, dropping his hands. "Hello Shane."

Shane screwed his eyes closed in exasperation and put his heated face in his hands. "You're a degenerate."

"Awww, you missed me." Ilya crooned at him.

"I fucking didn't!" Shane replied hotly. "You're the worst."

"Ah, no, I am okay I think. Very good actually, or so the girls tell me. Sometimes boys."

Shane made a strangled noise and sank into a crouch, face still covered. The snow around him started to melt.

"What do you want?" He asked, voice muffled.

Ilya smirked, pulling the gift out of his pocket.

"Here."

He tapped the slim box to the top of Shane's head.

Shane looked up cautiously, taking the proffered object.

"What's this?"

Ilya didn't reply right away, momentarily distracted by the picture Shane made. On his knees in front of him, face tilted up. He had the delirious, and most certainly incorrect, thought that God had sent him what he asked for after all. He was kind of light headed.

Shane rose steadily to his feet, looking over the box with dawning realization.

"Is this a phone?"

Ilya blinked rapidly, trying to clear the fog.

"Ding ding. Correct." He managed to force out.

Shane looked confused. "You're giving me a phone?"

"You said angels don't have phone." Ilya replied, as though it should have been obvious.

"Because we don't need phones." Shane said, perplexed.

"Ah, but how will you text me without phone?" Ilya sighed, as though Shane was a particularly dumb child.

Shane scowled back at him, "And why would I text you?"

"Because you miss me."

"I don't! Why would I- What is wrong with you, really..."

Ilya dug around for a cigarette, lighting up as Shane's protests dwindled into a low-level grumble. Despite his complaints he seemed interested in the device he was now extracting from the box, touching a finger cautiously to the glass as it lit up.

"You know how to use?" Ilya asked, blowing smoke to the side.

"Yes, of course." Shane replied, then wrinkled his nose. "Stop smoking."

"No." Ilya retorted.

Shane tutted at him like a Russian grandmother and Ilya nearly inhaled his cigarette as he laughed.

"My number is saved." He managed, after he'd stopped coughing.

"I don't need it." Shane replied.

"Okay," Ilya held out his hand, "give back then."

Shane pulled the phone back out of reach without seeming to think about it, then got quite obviously flustered.

"It was a gift."

"No, it is deal." Ilya corrected. "Phone for text."

Shane pouted, Ilya liked it when he did that...his lips all puffed up and pretty.

He was getting light headed again.

Shane cleared his throat, looking away. "Fine. I might text." He muttered sullen. "But only to tell you when you're being an asshole."

Ilya smiled, feeling it all the way to his eyes.

"Then I will make sure to be very bad."

Chapter 5

Ilya: Shane

Shane: What?

Ilya: I will be in Vancouver next week, you will be there, yes?

Shane: No. Fuck off.

Ilya: No? You want hockey brawl? Not very good of you.

Shane: Fuck you.

Ilya: Bad boy, such language. What would your daddy say?

Shane: Shut up.

Ilya: Is okay. I don't mind your mouth.

The little reply dots appeared and disappeared for several minutes before Shane clearly decided not to dignify him with a reply.

Ilya didn't blame him, he was a lot to handle. Even when he wasn't flirting like he wanted a prize.

And he did want a prize.

Ilya's dreams had been vivid lately, filled with golden skin and hard muscles flexing under his hands. He'd fucked two men in the past month, neither had helped satisfy him.

Despite Shane's clear determination not to respond, they'd been talking back and forth for the better part of three months. Their conversation was mostly initiated by Ilya, sure, and he carried most of it too, but he was slowly drawing Shane out.

Personal details were beginning to emerge, small things. Shane was, in fact, a Canadian angel. Perhaps the most boring thing Ilya had ever heard. He travelled around but had an apartment in Montreal; and wasn't that a strange thing to know. Ilya didn't know where he'd thought angels lived. Maybe they commuted in from clouds, or perched on telephone wires.

Shane did not find the later suggestion funny.

Ilya had found it hilarious.

Shane had sent a blurry, unfocussed, picture of a tastefully decorated apartment with a soft double bed covered in too many pillows. His middle finger in front of the camera, flipping

Ilya off.

Too bad for him, Ilya had saved the photo as a favorite and spent several feverish hours imagining pushing Shane down in that bed.

Fucking an angel was an objectively bad idea, Ilya knew that, he wasn't stupid.

He was fairly sure there were laws against that sort of thing, heavenly retribution and hellish punishments, blah blah blah. Still, it was never going to happen, so who the fuck cared if he got off on the idea.

Vancouver played like shit. Honestly, they were barely worth Ilya's time, it was embarrassing for them.

"They weren't that bad." Shane replied mildly, leaning beside him in yet another dark alleyway.

Was Ilya going to have to buy an apartment in every Canadian city so they could be comfortable? His agent *was* always telling him to invest in real estate...

"They were."

"Okay, fine, they were."

Ilya took a drag of his cigarette, ignoring the side eye Shane gave him and the tiny shuffle away. Ilya shifted as though stretching, closing the gap.

"Why do you play, if you don't like it?" Shane asked him, nose still wrinkled.

"I do like it." Ilya corrected him. "I just like challenge. They make it too easy for me."

Shane rolled his eyes but said nothing.

"Why do you like to watch?" Ilya asked him, genuinely curious. At first he'd thought it was, like, Shane's job or something. Calming down the rowdy fans, maintaining good Canadian manners. Not that that usually extended to hockey.

But he'd quickly realized that couldn't be true. After all, Shane was the only angel he'd seen at a game, and he'd been playing since he was eight.

Shane shrugged, "I don't know. It's...fun I guess."

"Fun'." Ilya parroted back, smirking. "You're sure it's not the hot sweaty men you like?"

A predictable flush rose on Shane's cheeks, accompanied by a glare.

"If I wanted to watch sweaty men I'd go to the sauna." Shane said primly, sniffing.

"Oh, you go to sauna? We should go together."

"Fuck off."

Ilya chuckled.

He felt light. Always and every time he was with Shane he felt light as a feather. Like a weight had been lifted in his soul.

Angel mojo, had to be.

His cigarette burned down, he dropped it, crushing it under his shoe.

Shane tsked at him. "You shouldn't litter. Or smoke." He nagged.

Ilya smirked, pushing off the wall to face him. "You are worried about me? So sweet."

"I'm worried about clean streets." Shane replied dryly. "Pick it up."

"Um, no."

"Ilya."

A shiver passed through him as Shane said his name.

He played it off.

"Will you make me ангел?" He asked, a dare in his voice.

Shane scowled at him, "I could you know."

"No. I think not."

"I could!"

Ilya span around in a circle, exposing his back carelessly, "You have tried and failed, I say no. I think you like me."

Shane spluttered, "I do not!"

Ilya laughed.

Despite his self-assurance it was only thanks to quick reflexes, and the half-hearted nature of the swing, that he caught Shane's punch on his arm.

"Angel!" Ilya chastised mockingly "You are fighting? How naughty."

He caught another, pushing Shane back and shuffling away, light on his feet.

"You're so annoying." Shane muttered, following.

"Ah, you likeeee it. You like me." Ilya sang, deflecting the careless blows. "I think it is because I am handsome, I think you like to look."

The next punch was harder, hitting him square in the stomach.

"Uff." Ilya breathed out, surprised, focusing in on Shane's expression.

The blush was back and he was avoiding Ilya's eye. When he glanced up Ilya felt the change in the air, like a storm forming.

Ilya caught the next punch with a hand, twisting them in place.

Shane's chest thumped against the wall with a satisfying thud.

"Caught you ангел." Ilya said sweetly, pushing up against Shane's back and pinning him.

"Let go." Shane replied annoyed, though he wasn't trying that hard to escape.

Ilya smiled, moving in closer, his mouth by Shane's ear.

"Ask nicely."

A shiver ran over Shane's shoulders and down his spine. Ilya could feel it. As it settled Shane found his voice. "Please Ilya, let me go."

Ilya's dick twitched in his pants, straining hard against the zipper as it had been since they'd started this dance.

He licked his lips, breathing light over Shane's ear again. "You will have to ask nicer than that."

Shane stiffened.

Between one breath and the next an eruption of silken feathers exploded into Ilya's chest, sending him crashing back against the opposite wall.

Ilya wheezed as his vision was filled with ink black wings that blotted out the low light. His pupils expanded, sucking in what little was left as Shane turned, soft feathers tickling his face.

God. Ilya couldn't breathe.

"Told you." Shane said smugly, "Told you I could make you...Ilya?" His pretty eyes were watching him, filling with concern.

"I can't breathe." Ilya said in a whisper, barely meaning to.

Shane was on him immediately, fingertips skating over his ribs, a hand on his neck, finding his pulse.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you." Shane's panicked eyes darted up and down his body alongside his hands, looking for the damage.

Ilya just stared at his face.

The next time Shane's hand crept over Ilya's chest, Ilya held it there.

"Ilya?"

Ilya watched Shane's mouth form his name before dragging his eyes up.

"Stop me." Ilya told him, voice low, "If you don't want."

"Stop you? What-"

Ilya leaned in and kissed him.

Chapter 6

"What is wrong with you?"

Ilya groaned, burrowing deeper into his nest of covers.

"How the fuck did you get in?" He complained, voice muffled by the duvet.

Svetlana scoffed, he could hear her waiting outside his warm hiding spot.

"I am demon you idiot. How do you think? Now come out."

"No."

"Ilya."

Hands began tugging at his covers, pulling them away with brutal efficiency. He wasn't proud of the whining complaints he made as he half-heartedly tried to fend her off.

"I hate you." He sulked, sitting up, scrubbing at his face.

"Good. I hate you too." Sveta waited him out, hands on hips. Ilya watched slyly, then pounced, dragging her into the bed as she giggled.

They tousled for a bit, Ilya moving hands suggestively over her waist that she slapped away without heat. A familiarity that they hadn't shared since...well, since Ilya had started dreaming about angels. Or rather, one angel.

Damn, for one solid minute he'd managed not to think about him. Ilya mentally scrubbed the score board back to 0.

Sveta noticed him retreating back into his own head. Not surprising, she probably knew him better than anyone else alive. She sighed, shuffling up to sit against the headboard.

"So. What is it?"

Ilya stayed where he was, only slumping over to put his head in her lap. "Is nothing."

She stroked her hand through his hair, raking his scalp gently with long pointed nails.

"Is not nothing, Ilya. You've been playing like shit."

"I scored twice last game!" He protested.

"Should have been three. Their defense was shit."

She wasn't wrong. She rarely was.

Ilya sulked a little. It would feel good to talk to someone about it. He considered just how much he could tell her.

"I met someone."

"You're sulking over a girl?"

"A guy."

The hand in his hair paused then continued.

"So, what is problem?"

"He's not- I-"

"Is he married?"

Ilya's head snapped around to stare at her. "No!"

Well, maybe to the Lord.

"Ilya." She stared him down.

Okay fine, yes, he could not be offended. She was right to ask.

"He is not...allowed." Ilya hedged, settling back down.

"A priest? Impressive work."

Ilya hesitated a beat too long.

"A priest!?"

"Not a priest!"

Too late, she was already hitting him with a pillow.

Honestly, it would have been easier if Shane *was* a priest. Ilya was a demon after all, temptation was in his nature, and humans were fair game. Unfortunately, Angels seemed to be out of his league. At least if the way Shane had reacted was any indication.

Ilya hadn't expected anything out of the ordinary when he'd kissed him. Ilya had kissed hundreds of people and, sure, he enjoyed it, but it wasn't some big fireworks display like in the movies. Kissing Shane though...it was like kissing for the first time and realizing what all the fuss was about.

Ilya's breath still caught in his chest when he thought about it.

The little intake of breath as Ilya had pressed their lips together, the way Shane's soft mouth yielded to him, opening on a gasp.

He tasted like winter sunshine.

And then he was gone, and Ilya was left in the cold.

Chapter 7

Shane had ignored him for six straight weeks and Ilya didn't have a game in Canada for another four.

If six weeks had been bad, and they had been, ten were unacceptable. So, he did what any sane person would do. He paid several hundred dollars for a return plane ticket to Montreal, a city of 2 million people and, presumably, at least one angel.

His coach was pretty fucking mad about it, but Ilya made the very persuasive argument that if he wasn't allowed to go, he was going to put someone's head through a wall.

Ilya threw clothes into a carry-on with little care as to what he was packing, only that it happened fast. He'd moved on from moping and straight into irritated around three days ago.

It was just one little, heart stopping, kiss, and Shane was ghosting him? *Him*? What were they, fucking teenagers?

He ignored his phone as it buzzed on his bedside table, it wasn't Shane, and Svetlana didn't get cell service in the underworld, so who fucking cared. He threw it in his bag on top of his crushed-up clothes and grabbed his passport.

Did he have a plan for when he got there? No. Well, maybe. It would probably involve him finding the tallest building and yelling blasphemy at the sky until he either got Shane's attention or was struck by lightning.

He figured his odds were about even.

He was so wrapped up in his own head that he stomped right out the front door and into the person waiting outside.

"Fuck, sorry...Shane?"

Shane had staggered back to avoid Ilya barreling him over, and was looking very much like a deer in the headlights.

Deer in headlights.

Doe eyes.

Shane with his doe eyes outside his house.

Ilya locked in.

He dropped his bag without a second thought and reached out, formulating an excuse in record time.

"Get in before someone sees you."

He dragged a still startled Shane over the threshold and slammed the door behind them. He resisted the urge to lock it.

"Who would see me?" Shane was asking.

Ilya didn't fucking know or, in fact, care. After all, he'd been a few hours away from causing a scene in downtown Montreal.

"I don't know, angels, demons, some shit." He retorted, not letting go. A fact that Shane hadn't missed, looking pointedly down at where Ilya still held onto his arm.

Ilya willed each reluctant finger to let go, having to back up several steps just to make sure it would stick.

Distance didn't make it better.

Shane looked artfully windswept. Like he'd been posing for some commercial selling makeup or hair product. His top shirt buttons were half undone, slipping out of place, exposing defined collarbones that made Ilya's teeth click together.

"...Ilya?"

Ilya re-focused on Shane's face, clearly having missed whatever Shane had been saying.

"What?"

"I said, can we talk?"

Ilya's reeling mind snapped back to functional. Memory came next and with it irritation. Although that was quickly evaporating into the thin air his brain was breathing.

He had to pull himself together.

He motioned Shane through into his home.

After a minute of anxious hovering, Shane sat awkwardly on the edge of Ilya's couch, looking around more to avoid Ilya's staring than in interest.

"You have a nice house." He said politely.

"Yes."

Ilya stood across from him. He couldn't sit, too much energy in his legs to stay still. He didn't add anything else, content to let Shane sweat it out.

"So, um, I-" Shane started.

"You have been ignoring me."

Okay, no he wasn't.

"I haven't!" Shane protested automatically, always so contradictory, before checking himself. "Okay...okay maybe yes I have."

"So...why?"

Shane looked away, uncomfortable. "You know why."

"No. I don't."

Ilya needed him to say it. He needed him to reject him out loud, to say that he wasn't interested, never would be. If he didn't, Ilya would never stop thinking 'what if'.

Shane got to his feet and started pacing.

"Because you-" he looked over to Ilya, frustrated. "Because I-" he cut himself off again with a strangled sound.

He walked back and forth in front of Ilya before finally spinning. "Fuck it."

Reaching forward he grabbed Ilya by the shoulders and kissed him.

Ilya's brain went quiet. For a long few seconds paralysis set in, like Shane had drugged him with some kind of angelic poison.

After a beat Shane noticed, sweet chaste kisses stopping as he hesitated, drawing back, and no. *No, no, no.*

Move. He ordered his body, and it surged into action. Ilya grabbed Shane's neck and dragged him back in, kissing him hard.

Shane gasped into his mouth, surprised by the ferocity of it. From the way his lips were moving it felt like he was trying form words, but when Ilya licked his tongue inside all that came out were moans.

Such pretty moans, like Ilya was fucking him, not just sucking on his tongue.

The thought made his head spin even as it gave him direction.

They stumbled backwards, Shane tripping and falling down on the sofa, Ilya following without hesitation. An inch of space between them was too far. He felt rabid, ravenous, lost in some kind of wildfire that was burning out his insides.

Shane was gasping, hands holding onto Ilya's arms as though afraid of drifting away. If he felt half of what Ilya did, then he must be close to falling apart. Ilya needed Shane's cock in his hand when he did. No, his mouth. He wanted to see his angel break for him, to feel it in his throat.

Ilya kissed down Shane's throat, sharp teeth skating over his pulse and those tempting collar bones, biting the fabric that stretched over hard nipples. Stopping to suck a wet patch, turning

the shirt transparent, putting his teeth to the dark tanned point below. Shane's hands trembled where they held onto his shoulders.

When Ilya looked up his cock jerked so hard it almost hurt.

Shane looked like every wild fantasy and fever dream he'd been curating over the past half a year.

Ilya dropped his hands to Shane's pants, suddenly desperate to touch him where he's been wanting to for so long. He managed to get the zipper down before a hand closed on his wrist like a vice.

Shane had managed to prop himself up on an elbow, the other arm outstretched, stopping him.

Ilya watched him, taking in the conflicted expression, the way it warred with Shane's obvious desire. Slowly, softly, he pressed a kiss to the sliver of skin he'd managed to expose above Shane's waistband, the tip of his tongue flicking out to trace a line as far as he could go.

"Let me." He whispered into Shane's hip, hoping he sounded more seductive than desperate. "I'll make you feel so good."

Shane shivered and closed his eyes. After a second, he nodded.

When Ilya got his hand on Shane's cock his angel jerked hard, each successive stroke of Ilya's hand drawing increasingly maddening sounds from Shane's throat.

When Ilya finally stopped resisting the need and swallowed him down, he keened.

"Ah! Ilya!"

Ilya wasn't one for mercy. He'd have liked to be kind and gentle for Shane, but he felt like a man possessed. He sucked the tip of Shane's dick like worship before plunging deep, then pulling back to repeat himself all over again. Messy and wet. Shane's hands were in his hair, pulling harder than he usually liked, but he loved it. Loved the way his angel writhed and held on with desperation. The way Ilya could feel him throb and pulse.

When Shane came Ilya managed to hold himself back long enough to watch his back bend like a bow, a silent scream on his lips.

With the image burned into his mind like a brand, he drank down Shane's release and finally slipped a hand into his own jeans to jerk himself to aching completion.

Breathing hard, he rested his head on Shane's stomach.

Shane was still breathless above him, hands stroking now gently through Ilya's hair.

Ilya began to consider the possibility that he was well and truly fucked.

Chapter 8

Ilya's teammates were assholes. Usually he appreciated that about them, they complemented his own assholery so well they were basically his chosen family. Now though, he wanted to give in to that dark part of him that craved gratuitous violence.

"Aw, come on Roz." Marlow was saying, nudging him with a meaty elbow, "Show us a picture! She can't be that ugly."

"She's not- fuck off Marly." He hissed back.

"So defensive, maybe she is." Carmichael said, snide.

They'd been at this for damn near a month. Ever since Ilya had walked back into training with a smile on his face and a new set of sexy memories to last him until Montreal.

They were dumb assholes, but not so dumb that they hadn't figured him out in five fucking seconds.

"I will kill you all." Ilya replied, even and certain.

That gets him less raised eyebrows than he probably deserved, maybe he should cut back on the death threats.

"Look, man, we'll be perfect gentlemen, we swear." Marlow promised, hand on heart, shrugging into his post-game outfit.

"Yeah Roz, we want to give her a fucking medal. She must be a fucking good lay to fix your-"

Ilya threw his shin pad.

"You're not meeting him." He said through gritted teeth, immediately regretting it.

A chorus of "ooooos" and sounds of understanding echoed through the locker room.

"A guy, eh, you fucking dog." Carmichael said with delight.

All in all, Ilya had to appreciate the mostly positive reaction. He'd never been quiet about his prolific and indiscriminate sex life, and the guys had never given him shit for it. Which was more than he could say for half the inbred cousin fuckers the league seemed to attract. As soon as he'd made it clear that he found each and every one of them physically repulsive, his teammates had taken it as the gift it was.

The gift of additional ammunition to roast him with.

"Hey, we don't care dude. Introduce us to your twink!" Carmichael crowed.

"What the fuck is a twink?" Marlow replied

"Dude, fucking Google it, I'm not explaining it to you." Carmichael rolled his eyes.

The conversation thankfully devolved into their rookie being bullied into reading definitions from the urban dictionary, to the howling amusement of his idiot team.

Whatever, Ilya had an address in his phone and a cab waiting outside.

If Ilya wasn't completely convinced that Shane was past his urge to kill him, he would think this was a set-up. With a look around the suspicious and poorly lit parking lot, he texted, *'Here'*.

A second later an access door opened, Shane appearing in the low light.

"You will murder me." Ilya muttered as Shane drew him inside.

"Maybe." Shane replied, already heading up the stairs.

Reassuring.

Shane's apartment was small and neat, all low light and soft furniture, but it looked barely lived in.

"Nice place." Ilya noted, throwing his coat carelessly over the back of the sofa.

Shane thanked him, muttering something about property and neighbors that Ilya barely caught. He was too busy re-memorizing every look and expression. Shane was nervous, obviously. His hands clenched and unclenched at his sides.

"Shane." Ilya interrupted gently.

Shane looked up, flushed, trailing off. Ilya held his gaze then stepped in, kissing him light but certain. Shane exhaled shakily against him before pushing in to meet him, soft lips parting, hands running over Ilya's chest.

Ilya ran a tongue over his lower lip, dipping inside before withdrawing.

"Where do you want me?" He asked, voice a low rumble.

Shane drew back, running his fingers down Ilya's arm to joining their hands before pulling him into the bedroom.

Ilya's attention was briefly drawn away by the bed and the mountain of pillows he'd most certainly be teasing Shane about if he wasn't so focused on the man before him.

Now that they were here it didn't seem as though Shane knew what to do, so Ilya took charge. He placed a hand on Shane's chest and backed him up until his knees hit the bed, then

a hand on his shoulder to push him down to sitting.

Shane tilted his head up to watch him.

“Shirt off.” Ilya told him, a thrill running through him as Shane obeyed instantly, then another as careful hands reached for Ilya’s fly, pulling down. Ilya quickly took off his shirt as Shane worked Ilya’s pants down over his ass, then helped take them off entirely.

“You too.” Ilya said. He wanted Shane as naked as he was.

Shane didn’t seem to hear him immediately, eyes locked instead on Ilya’s tented briefs.

“Hm, you want?” Ilya teased, reaching out a hand to cup Shane’s face.

Shane dragged his eyes up Ilya’s body, swallowing.

“Yes.” He whispered back.

“Back on the bed.”

“No. I mean,” Shane’s hands crept forward, fingers trailing over Ilya’s abdominal muscles, “I want to do what you did.”

“What I did?”

“With your mouth.” Shane blushed, “I want to do it. To you.”

Ilya’s cock throbbed, the little remaining blood in his head making him slow and stupid.

“You are sure?”

Shane nodded, tongue darting out to wet his lips.

Ilya pressed the tip of his thumb between those lips, watching Shane take it in and suck lightly.

“Okay, on your knees.”

Ilya took Shane’s place on the bed, opening his legs as Shane kneeled between them. The speed with which he followed Ilya’s instructions was doing bad things to Ilya’s mind.

Shane reached forward, running his palms up over Ilya’s thighs before light fingers traced over his clothed cock. He heard Shane swallow before he dipped a hand inside Ilya’s briefs, pulling him out. Shane stared, glancing up at Ilya then down again.

“You don’t have to-”

Ilya’s, frankly selfless, offer for them to stop was cut off by Shane dropping forwards to suck his tip into his mouth, tongue licking over his slit, tasting him.

“Fuck.” Ilya groaned.

Shane dipped lower, tongue licking the underside of Ilya's cock, mouth wet and greedy, before rising again to suck hard. Each time he went lower, taking more of Ilya inside, breathless moans pressed against Ilya's sensitive skin, vibrating up Shane's throat.

"Shane..." Ilya said, strained. He set a hand in Shane's hair to ground them both, trying to calm himself down.

Where the fuck has his angel learned how to do this?

A spike of jealousy had him gripping tighter, only for it to be washed away as Shane pushed further, catching Ilya in his throat before drawing back with a cough, gagging.

"Careful." Ilya stroked Shane's hair with poorly feigned composure, "I am big."

Shane looked up, wanton and dazed, pouty lips puffed up red, a hint of challenge in his eyes that set Ilya's blood on fire. He leaned back in and went back to work.

Fuck, Ilya wasn't going to last. Everything Shane did, every touch of his tongue, every sound he made, the way he took everything until he almost choked, it was too much.

Ilya puled Shane off, dragging him up off the floor and into his lap.

"Was it bad?" His foolish angel asked.

"No," Ilya was quick to reassure him, "was too much."

And as much as he'd have liked to come down that pretty throat, or over those gorgeous freckles, he would also like to see Shane again after this.

Shoving down Shane's underwear, he wrapped his hand around his cock and started stroking.

"Touch me." He kissed against Shane's lips, smiling as Shane joined him.

They breathed heavily into each other's mouths, Ilya kissing and nipping at Shane's bruised lips, swallowing down the whimpers.

With a final brutal kiss Ilya tipped over the edge, groaning as Shane followed, hot and sticky into his hand.

Ilya was no gentleman, but he did know how treat his lovers. Shane sat back against the headboard, part covered by a sheet, looking like a Greek sculpture come to life. Ilya handed him a glass of water and settled back next to him.

He desperately wanted a cigarette, but figured Shane wouldn't want him smoking in his house.

The man in question was quiet in a way that was starting to make Ilya nervous. Reflecting probably.

“Was that first time you have done that?” Ilya asked.

“Could you tell?” Came the dry response, completely ruined by the cock sucking roughness of Shane’s voice that Ilya would be replaying in his head all week.

“Was it...” Ilya cleared his throat and tried to sound casual, “was it too much? We can slow down.”

He didn’t want to slow down. He wanted to do everything, maybe all at once. He wanted to kiss every part of Shane’s body, to mark him inside and out with an intensity that scared him. But a more powerful need fought off the lust enough to realize that he needed to tread carefully. The impulse had no single name that he could identify, but felt a little too close to reverence.

“No.”

“No?”

“I...” Shane turned his head so Ilya couldn’t see his face before continuing. “I liked it.”

Ilya leaned forward, tilting his head so he could see.

Shane was blushing pink, freckles interspersed among the color like constellations. He met Ilya’s gaze, drawing him in with a heat of burning embers in his eyes.

“I think...I liked it maybe a little too much.”

Ilya physically felt the moment the last of his sanity packed up and checked out.

Chapter 9

Shane: Why did he punch you?

Ilya: Aw, you were watching?

Shane: Ilya.

Ilya: Was just tap angel, little bruise.

Shane: That's not what I asked you. What did you say to him?

Ilya had called Florida's shit center a pretty little princess and asked him whether he'd like a kiss to wake him the fuck up.

In Ilya's defense, the guy was playing shit, and the fight had been brief. Still, Shane would probably not approve. But, then again, his disapproval of Ilya was half the fun.

Ilya: I asked him if he wanted a little kiss. Are you jealous angel?

Shane: In your dreams asshole.

Ilya laughed, constructing a very witty response about his dreams and Shane's asshole when he stopped.

He'd just pulled up outside his condo after a long, boring flight, following a long, exhausting game in the Florida heat. He was really looking forward to face planting into his bed, maybe showering, maybe sending Shane a picture of his dick.

Unfortunately for him, the faint smell of sulfur and cigars was a warning that none of those things were likely to happen.

His front door was locked, as he'd left it, but that didn't matter to demonic guests, and unlike Svetlana, this one was unwelcome.

He let himself in, already losing the easy exhaustion and relief of being home.

His father was waiting for him in the main room, standing by the artificial fire like some deeply unfunny stereotype.

"Welcome, Ilya." He said in Russian accented Aramaic.

"What are you doing here, father?" Ilya replied in Russian.

As always, his father ignored his question completely.

"So, you do remember I am your father?" Grigori scoffed, turning around to fix him with a cold stare, his focus shifting briefly to the bruise forming on Ilya's cheekbone. *"From a*

human. Embarrassing.” He added the jab as an afterthought.

“What do you want?”

Grigori eyed him before turning back to the fire, holding something up to turn it over in the light.

Ilya’s blood ran cold.

Grigori twisted Shane’s feather between two fingers at the quill, watching the colors shift from black to deep purple and green.

Survival instinct warred with the deep need to cross the room and snatch the feather from his father’s hand. How had he found it? Ilya had hidden it well.

“Where did you get this pretty thing, Ilya?” Grigori asked, voice like a snake.

Ilya could lie. He should lie, the need to protect was overwhelming. But Grigori knew lies like he knew how to hurt, intimately.

“An angel tried to kill me.” Ilya told him.

Grigori turned with a surprised huff, *“And you are still alive? Try again Ilya.”*

“He was not good at fighting.” Ilya shrugged.

Grigori assessed him before barking a sharp laugh. *“Must have been young. Shame. The body?”*

Ilya’s stomach turned at the implication, he tried not to let it show.

“I don’t have it.”

“A waste.” Grigori chided. He approached Ilya slowly, considering the feather before he handed it over. Ilya took it with such overwhelming relief Grigori would be sure to notice. Thankfully he appeared to attribute it to some possessiveness over what he thought to be a trophy.

“You let a human hit you.” Grigori motioned to Ilya’s face, changing subject.

“Is hockey.”

Grigori seemed amused by the answer, *“So bloodthirsty, you get that from me.”* He almost sounded proud.

Ilya bit his tongue. Of course Ilya got it from him, and the reminder of his mother from his father’s mouth always made that bloodthirst rise.

“You will come home this summer.”

“No.”

“That wasn’t a question, Ilya.” Grigori’s voice was ice.

Ilya clenched his jaw but didn’t respond. No, it wasn’t a question, or a request, and Grigori wasn’t talking about Russia. For the past three years he’d not stepped foot back in the hells, he’d hoped he never would again.

Ilya’s phone buzzed in his pocket, he knew without looking that it was Shane. He schooled his expression into a perfect emotionless blank.

His father would not accept refusal, Ilya knew that. For a long time he’d seemed content to let Ilya live, satisfied with dutiful Alexei at his side, but that could change in an instant. He would send people to watch his every move.

Ilya tightened his grip on Shane’s feather, still careful not to crush it.

“Yes father.”

Chapter 10

Ilya sank another puck into the empty net.

Another.

Again.

The ice-cold air seeped through his street clothes, a sweet relief that was slowly smothering the burn of hellish heat. Not enough, more.

“You stink.”

Ilya straightened, closing his eyes to savor the sound.

“Rude, angel.”

He turned to see Shane leaning against the penalty box gate, arms crossed over his chest. He drank him in like he was dying of thirst.

Without conscious thought he was already skating over, dropping his stick.

“When did you get back- Ilya!” Shane squawked as Ilya gathered him in a crushing hug. “Get off, you stink like hell.” He struggled halfheartedly.

Ilya buried his head in Shane’s neck, smelling the honey and spice sweetness he’d been missing like air, before he reluctantly let go.

“Two hours ago.” Ilya replied, “How did you know?”

Shane brushed himself off, hiding his cute blush. “Someone told me a portal opened in an ice rink in Boston. Figured it was you.”

“Ah,” Ilya nodded solemnly, “Angel grape plant.”

“*Grapevine.*” Shane corrected him. “Have you even showered?”

Ilya finally felt the vice around his chest loosening.

He smiled, reaching out innocently to take Shane’s hand before tightening his grip.

“No.” He said, fluttering his eyelashes, “Help me?”

Shane sighed heavily into his hands as Ilya finished toweling off, muttering something about degeneracy being infectious.

Ilya hoped so, he was looking forward to more degeneracy when he took Shane home and got him into his bed.

Ilya threw him his shirt with a little reluctance, but they'd need to be clothed to get to said bed. Shane took it and shrugged it on, covering the pretty marks Ilya had sucked onto his pecs that were already fading.

Never mind, he'd make more later.

Shane stood, prim and proper in his missionary outfit, aside from the obvious sex hair still wet from the showers and the puffy blow job mouth. Ilya wanted to eat him.

"I have to go." He said.

"What? Noooo." Ilya complained, crowding him back into the lockers. He buried his head in Shane's neck again, "I am just back, you are leaving?"

"I have to. I shouldn't be here anyway." Shane pressed gently back against Ilya's chest.

Ilya pressed light kisses against Shane's neck, feeling him squirm beneath him.

"Ilya."

"Shane."

With what seemed like extreme effort Shane pushed him back enough to look him in the eye. "You'll be in Montreal in a month--"

"A month!"

"Yes, I've seen the schedule." Shane continued.

Ilya didn't ask how, he hadn't seen it yet. More angel grapevine nonsense.

"You expect me to wait month to touch you?" Ilya tried to catch Shane's mouth against his own, Shane holding him back just enough to stop him.

"If you can wait, we can..." Shane flushed, trailing off.

Ilya backed up a little, taking in his expression, confused. Then realization dawned on him.

"We can?" Ilya replied, "You would let me?" He tried to control his reaction.

Shane's flush deepened, he shoved Ilya a little harder, making him back up. He looked away, pretending at indifference particularly poorly.

"Yes. If you want."

He yelped as Ilya pushed him until his back hit the metal, pressing a biting kiss to Shane's lips. "I want." He growled low in his throat.

He could feel Shane's smile against his mouth, then the softly formed words.

"Then be good and wait."

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

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

“Roz, can you calm the fuck down? It’s just Montreal.” Carmichael said beside him, irritated.

Ilya ignored him, drinking his shitty lukewarm airplane coffee, not even trying to stop his bouncing leg.

“Give him a break Car, you know Roz likes his Canada games.” Marlow said from across the aisle, wagging his eyebrows like an idiot.

Carmichael made a sound of annoyed understanding.

“Have you seen the schedule by the way?” Marlow continued, “Canada every six weeks. You have something to do with that Rozy?”

Ilya had been surprised too when he’d seen it. It was almost suspiciously regular, suspicious enough that he’d asked Shane about it only to get a deliberate non-answer. Shane was such a shitty liar, he kind of loved it.

“No.” He replied shortly, bringing up his text thread with Shane.

Ilya: Landing in 15, meet tonight?

Shane: Sorry, busy. Tomorrow, after the game.

Busy doing what, Ilya pouted to himself.

Ilya: :’(

Shane: Drama queen.

Drama queen? Was Shane not dying too? Ilya had been counting the days, imaging all the ways he wanted to touch him. His right hand was sore. Ilya smirked to himself.

Ilya: I will show you drama when you are screaming my name.

The three little reply dots appeared and disappeared repeatedly. Just as the air stewardess started making her rounds for landing Shane finally replied.

Shane: Make me.

Ilya wasn't the type of guy that felt the need to pick fights or provoke other men to show his dominance. That type of behavior was for losers and men with small dicks. No, he did it for

the love of the game. To watch a 200lb man lose his shit and another go purple with rage while Ilya took his victory lap.

He'd played hard tonight, hard and dirty, so sure, maybe he was showing off a little. Or a lot.

He couldn't spend his time staring at the ceiling, but he was sure his angel was watching. Probably getting pissed at him too, with the increasingly off-color chirps he was making and the second brawl that even angel mojo couldn't stop.

Whatever, Ilya would make it up to him. Would turn all the fiery energy into lust and fuck it out of him.

Fuck, Ilya had been semi hard for the whole fucking game.

When the buzzer went, and after he'd given his team their love affirmations, he showered and dressed in record time.

The team didn't even try inviting him out, Marlow rolling his eyes and making some quip about Ilya's Montreal guy that Ilya didn't bother disagreeing with.

Too bad he got caught.

"Not so fast Rozanov." The coach and media manager ambushed him as he made a break for it.

Fuck.

By the time he'd escaped it was dark outside and he was so impatient he thought he might die. He was sure Shane would be long gone, so it was to his infinite surprise that he found him waiting outside casually scrolling through his phone. Glancing up he saw Ilya, a sweet smile crossing his face.

Ilya crossed over to stand by him.

"Hey."

"Hey."

"You all done?"

"Yeah, you ready to go?"

"Hm." Shane smiled again, reaching out a hand to touch Ilya's chest.

Ilya fought the urge to lean in and kiss him. Aside from the obvious reasons why, he was fairly sure nobody else could actually see Shane.

"People will think I am crazy." Ilya said under his breath, leaning in anyway.

"Are you not?" Shane asked innocently.

Ilya felt his eyes heat up. "Take me home, you will see."

Shane was perfect, every angelic inch of him, and as Ilya crawled between his legs to kiss his neck, he couldn't help thinking he was passing the point of no return. What's worse is that he wasn't sure he cared.

Shane sighed as Ilya kissed him, opening up to let their tongues touch, hands skating over Ilya's shoulder blades and down his spine.

"You still want?" Ilya murmured against his lips.

"I still want." Shane breathed out.

Okay then.

Ilya kissed him harder, hand under his jaw, tilting his head back as he ground his hips down. Shane's breath stuttered, hand sliding lower to hold Ilya in place.

Ilya smiled against his lips, rutting his cock into the groove where Shane's abdominals and hips met.

Slowly, he started his descent, each new kiss lower. Lips, cheek, jaw, neck, on and on. Pausing to lick and suck at Shane's pert nipples only long enough to make him moan and whimper.

Down until he could take Shane in his mouth, deep and wet.

Shane's fingers closed in Ilya's hair, thrusting up gently in time with Ilya's rise and fall.

"Ilya..."

Ilya pulled off, picking up the lube he had already prepared, uncapping the bottle and pouring some on his fingers.

He timed his first touch to Shane's hole to when he took him in his mouth again, a gasp sounding above him as the tip of Ilya's finger pushed inside.

Ilya felt Shane tremble and kept going, pushing deeper, deeper, until his knuckles brushed against Shane's ass.

"Ilya." Shane gasped his name, chest rising and falling, hands tight on his shoulders.

Ilya pulled off Shane's cock.

"Okay?"

Shane bit his lip, "Yes. Don't...don't stop."

Ilya shivered, then pulled out. Shane barely had time to complain before he pushed back in with two fingers this time. Shane's breath hiccupped in his chest.

"Calm ангел." Ilya kissed the inside of Shane's thigh until he relaxed.

Ilya moved slowly, opening him up, stroking, searching for a reaction.

When Shane tensed with a moan he knew he'd found what he'd been looking for. He took Shane in his mouth again, moving his hand faster, pressing the tip of a third finger just inside.

"Ah, ah, Ilya wait!" Shane, pushed him off, bending forward to hold Ilya's wrist still. "Wait."

Ilya stopped, moving up, propping himself on an elbow.

"Is okay?"

Shane looked tense, but as Ilya watched he came to realize that Shane was teetering on the edge. Heavy lidded eyes screwed shut, teeth biting into his lower lip, hard enough to leave a mark. His hips twitched back and forth like he was hold back from fucking himself down onto Ilya's fingers with great difficulty.

Ilya leaned in close, mouth by Shane's ear. "Close, ангел?"

"Mhm."

Ilya smirked, "Why hold back?"

Shane opened his heavy-lidded eyes. "I want you...inside when I..."

Ilya's cock leaked against Shane's thigh. He clenched his teeth together.

"Fuck, Shane." He ground out.

He pulled his fingers free, eliciting a whimper, and cast about for the condom, finding it and ripping it open with his teeth.

He leaned back on his knees, Shane watching as he slid it on before positioning himself. With one hand he hooked under Shane's leg, pushing his knee to his chest, one then the other, before leaning over him again.

"You are ready?" He asked.

Shane nodded.

Ilya reached down to guide himself in.

Shane stopped breathing as Ilya entered him, then took a sharp shuddering breath that ended on a moan.

"Fuck you're tight." Ilya whispered, pushing further.

"Keep- keep going." Shane gasped out between breaths, the heels of his feet digging into Ilya's back, urging him on. "Don't stop."

Each inch was blissful torture and by the time Ilya's hips touched Shane's ass they were both shaking.

Ilya finally let the noise in his chest out, a desperate low growl that had Shane raising his mouth to kiss him. Ilya felt the touch of Shane's soft lips and forced himself back under control.

"Okay?"

"Yes."

Ilya waited a moment, until he could see the truth of it in Shane's eyes. Then he held Shane's hip, pulling back and driving back in.

"Ah!"

Shane's back bowed.

Again.

Ilya thrust in, again, and again. Struggling to keep himself gentle, to not fuck Shane hard and fast, to fulfil his wildfire of need that was spiraling out of control.

Shane's moans became one long stream of noises that he poured in Ilya's ear, feeding the inferno.

"Shane. Fuck."

"More." Shane breathed back, eyes wild, mouth slack.

"Fuck..."

Ilya pulled out, encouraging Shane onto his hands and knees before pushing back in, plastering himself against Shane's back.

"Still okay?"

"Oh my God, shut up." Shane replied hoarsely, pushing back to meet Ilya's thrusts with strangled gasps that became shouts.

"Ah!" Slowly Shane was crumbling down, onto his elbows, then his chest, eyes screwing shut as he clenched tight.

He came clawing at a pillow, Ilya's name on his lips, pulling Ilya with him into bliss.

ангел - angel

Chapter 12

Ilya: Did you watch game?

Shane: Yeah, why?

Ilya: You see my goal?

Shane: Yeah.

Ilya: I did for you. Can I get reward?

Shane: Bullshit. You get paid something obscene for that.

Ilya: I like this word. Obscene. Yes, let's do this.

Shane: Degenerate.

Ilya: You like it. Come here.

Shane: No.

Ilya: Pretty please?

Ilya stared down at his phone, waiting. When no response came, he started to smile.

Ilya had successfully tempted Shane down to Boston twice in the past year, he was hoping to make it a hat trick before the season was over. He had tried and true methods by this point. First, wait until they hadn't seen each other in weeks, next get as hot and sweaty as possible on live TV, and finally, wink straight at the camera when he got his goal. So far he had seen good results.

His team's social media manager loved it at first, but Ilya could tell that the quantity of increasingly deranged fan mail was beginning to break her. Ilya was sympathetic, but whenever he heard that swoosh of wings and a tap on his door, that sympathy took a hard left into 'didn't give a shit'.

Ilya got up from his bed in his sleep pants and ran a hand through his hair, ambling towards the door.

He made it just before Shane rang the bell.

"Come on ангел, you can do it."

Ilya gripped Shane's waist, holding him up as he sank shakily down on Ilya's cock.

"Ah, ah, Ilya." His breath came in shallow gasps, his hands flexing uncontrollably on Ilya's stomach.

"You're doing so good." Ilya praised, fighting the urge to push up, to join them together faster. Slowly, tortuously, Shane took him deeper, the final inch beautiful agony played out on his lover's face.

Shane whimpered as his ass hit Ilya's thighs, leaning forward to avoid the pressure, eyes glazed over as he tried to breathe.

Ilya kept his cool, barely. It was good Shane wasn't moving yet or Ilya would be embarrassing himself.

Shane looked up, biting his lip, overwhelmed but determined. Slowly he began to lean back, choking off a whimper that made its way up his beautiful throat.

By the time he adjusted, fully seated on Ilya's cock a faint sheen of sweat coated his chest. He looked every inch divine.

Then, when he started to move, Ilya reconsidered. Surely only a demon could be this good at torture.

"So good ангел. So good." Ilya praised, words slurred like he was drunk as Shane rode him. "Keep going."

Shane pressed his hands against Ilya's abdomen, pushing back, riding harder, head tipped back as a stream of gasps and moans poured out of him.

"Fuck." Ilya was getting close to his breaking point, releasing a hip to let his hand wander up that perfect chiseled chest, cupping around a firm pec.

"Ilya!" Shane sobbed out, tightening around him as Ilya pinched and kneaded.

Ilya snapped like a dry twig.

He yanked back his hand to seize Shane's hips again, holding him in place as he thrust up hard and fast.

Shane's hands scrabbled to close around his wrists, holding on as he lost control, every other breath a cry, a moan.

He looked down at Ilya, slack jawed and wanting, too desperate to form words, when his spine tensed.

An explosion of black erupted behind him, a curtain of midnight feathers unfurling with beautiful violence, breaking lights and smashing furniture as they stretched out wide.

Shane cried out, clenching around Ilya's cock and sent him straight to heaven.

Ilya was dead. He had died.

"You killed me." He had said to Shane, completely serious, too cock drunk to understand why he laughed.

"That was incredible." Shane replied, kissing Ilya's head sweetly as he smiled.

Incredible? Sure. Every time was incredible. But that...well, Ilya was probably going to have to buy a ring.

Or die for real. Because there was no coming back from that.

"I'm sorry, I think I broke your lamp." Shane was looking around the room guiltily, as though his spontaneous wing appearance hadn't given Ilya a new kink.

"Feel free to break more." He replied, aiming for light but missing by a mile and hitting intense.

Shane didn't seem to notice, flushing lightly and slowly starting to untangle himself from Ilya.

"Nooooo, where you are going?" Ilya complained, circling Shane's waist and burying his head in his neck.

"I have to go, I'll be missed." Shane replied, stroking through Ilya's hair indulgently.

"I will miss you." Ilya replied grumpily, muffled.

"I'll see you soon, two weeks."

"Forever."

Shane sighed long sufferingly.

"You're impossible."

Ilya wasn't paying attention anymore, busy nosing down Shane's chest to tongue roughly at an already bitten and swollen nipple, encouraged when Shane's breath hitched in his chest.

"Ilya." Shane pushed him off and rolled, escaping from Ilya's grabby hands.

Ilya pouted from the bed as Shane started looking for his clothes.

"So mean, angel."

"Yeah, well, most angels wouldn't fuck you either." Shane retorted, zipping up his pants.

"Most?" Ilya smirked.

Shane glared up at him as he started buttoning his shirt. "None, if you don't shut up."

Ah there he was, his sweet spicy Shane. Ilya was so disgustingly obsessed.

He must look ridiculously happy if the softening of Shane's expression was anything to go by. Shane leaned back down, still careful not to give Ilya an angle to grab him, and kissed him light on the lips.

"I'll see you in Vancouver." He whispered.

Ilya pushed forward for another kiss, but Shane was already leaning back.

"Text me when you land." He called after him as he left.

Which should be in about 5 minutes, if prior experience was anything to go by. Ilya wondered, not for the first time, whether he could convince Shane to stay the night one day. Surely his angelic squad or whatever wouldn't miss him that quickly.

Ilya was considering whether he had the energy to get a shower when he heard the first crash, followed shortly by the sound of breaking glass.

"Shane?" Ilya scrambled out of bed in his briefs, near sprinting towards the sound. Fear clawed at him as he began to smell the sulfur.

As he rounded the corner to the lounge his fears were realized, but dulled by relief.

Svetlana and Shane stood mere meters apart facing each other down. Shane with sword in hand, Svetlana preparing to throw another fireball, the first having smashed one of Ilya's windows behind Shane's head. Her expression was one of bared teeth and fury, Shane's of cold detachment.

"Woah, woah, stop!" Ilya got to Shane first, putting himself in front of him, hands up. "Sveta! Stop!"

"Ilya?" She looked at him in betrayal.

"Shane, sword down, please." Ilya turned his head to watch, Shane didn't appear to be listening, eyes stuck on Sveta's part formed fireball.

"*'Shane'?*" She hissed at him.

Ilya could see the moment she started piecing it together, she always had been freakishly smart, or maybe he was just predictable.

"Ilya," Shane said behind him, colder than he'd ever heard him, "who is she?"

"Introductions later, okay?" Ilya said to both of them, "Calm, please."

Reluctantly, Sveta lowered her hand, the fire she held going out, though her eyes never left Shane, tracking him like a predator.

Shane's sword still glimmered in Ilya's periphery.

"Shane." Ilya asked, pleading.

The sword melted away.

The three of them stood in silence. Outside, even the birds had stopped singing. Though maybe that was because of the explosion of glass that peppered the floor.

"Okay." Ilya said, untensing a bit. "Can we sit?"

"Sit, Ilya? Sit?" Sveta said incredulously, switching to Russian. *"Are you out of your mind?"*

"Sveta." He switched too.

"No." Svetlana edge backwards and to the side a little, getting a better view of Shane who bristled. *"Are you serious? Are you- you can't be... are fucking him?"*

Shane had been watching their back and forth from just behind Ilya's shoulder and was clearly not enjoying what he was hearing, what little he might understand of it anyway.

Ilya heard the crunch of glass beneath feet as Shane backed up.

"I'm leaving."

Ilya turned, "Wait, Shane-"

"No." Shane backed up through the shattered floor to ceiling window, keeping his eyes on them as he did. "I'm intruding."

"You're not."

Svetlana snorted across the room and Shane's face hardened.

"Goodbye Ilya."

Ilya didn't like the way that sounded.

"Shane-"

His words were cut off as Shane's wings unfurled. A second later he was gone.

Svetlana stood by the smashed window, staring at the broken glass catching the late afternoon light. Ilya watched her, deciding.

He knew better than to try and engage her gently. He could feel her anger from here, rolling off her like waves. No. When she was like this, he needed to pull the pin.

Ilya sighed. "Sveta. Did you need to smash my house?"

She turned to him.

"Is rude you know. You do not know how to knock?" Ilya continued.

3, 2, 1...

"You are so fucking stupid." She told him.

"Ah, now-"

"Ilya!" She stalked into arms reach and slapped him on the side of his head.

"You're fucking an angel? Are you insane?" She made a little scream behind her teeth whirling around, "Of course you are! It is miracle you are still alive!"

"Shane will not hurt me." Ilya protested.

"*'Shane'*. Fuck. What angel is called 'Shane'." Sveta muttered. "No, he will not? Are you so sure? Or are you thinking with dick? Men, all so fucking stupid."

"Not so stupid." Ilya said mildly, nudging a glass shard with a bare toe.

"No? Okay, forget your bad idea angel." Svetlana waved a hand in the air then drew an imaginary line. "What if your father had found him?"

Ilya had felt that fear, the taste of terror before he'd realized it was Svetlana in his house not Grigori. What would he have done? That wasn't a question really. He wouldn't let have him hurt Shane.

"...Ilya." Sveta was watching his face in dawning shock.

He'd thought it when he'd seen Grigori holding Shane's feather by the fire. What he would do for Shane.

Anything.

Things he wouldn't have even considered before. Sometimes he thought he was more like his father than he cared to admit.

Svetlana was staring at him like she'd never seen him.

"What are you doing, Ilya?" She asked him.

Ilya avoided her eye, "What do you mean?"

"How long has this been going on?"

Ilya hesitated before he spoke, "Few years." Four years if you counted back to when Ilya had first seen him, which he did.

"Holy shit." She dropped down to sit on the sofa. "He is your priest."

Ilya sat down beside her. "Told you, not priest."

Sveta hit him in the arm, "Priest would be better!"

She dropped her arm, sighing. "Will you listen if I tell you to stop?"

"No."

Sveta looked at him, really looked, a resigned understanding taking over her eyes.

"You are in love with him."

Ilya didn't deny it. Didn't want to, not anymore. What was the point?

"Yes."

She sighed beside him before he felt her soften, leaning gently into his side. "You never did chose easy path."

And wasn't that an understatement.

"At least he is good to look at." She said, defeated.

Ilya laughed quietly, "You have no idea."

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

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

Shane had ignored his texts and calls for the better part of a week before Ilya had managed to get him on the phone. The conversation had been...tense, more silence than talking on Shane's part. Ilya wanted to be on a plane to Canada yesterday so they could do this face to face, he needed to see Shane's expressions, to understand what to do.

"Svetlana is a friend", he'd said "she will not tell anybody."

"Just a friend?" There was an odd lilt to Shane's voice Ilya couldn't place.

"Yes, and demon, obviously. So, she will not tell anyone."

"...okay."

"We are good?"

"Good?"

It had been so frustrating, not being able to understand what Shane was thinking, feeling. Ilya needed to touch him, it was always easier when they were touching.

"Yes, we are okay?" He'd clarified.

"Sure."

There hadn't been much to say from there and Shane had ended the call with that reassurance. There was nothing left to do.

So why did Ilya feel like his heart was beating wrong?

The Vancouver team hadn't shown any sign of improvement since the last time Boston had crushed them, but the easy win did nothing to settle him.

Not when every stolen glance upwards had shown empty rafters.

Where was he?

When the final buzzer sounded, 3:0 to Boston, it felt like he'd lost.

Ilya: Where are you?

Three hours ago, still not response. He threw his phone down on the bed.

Ilya paced the length of his hotel room, bare feet on rough hotel carpet. On nights like these Shane always came to him. Always. It's why he always requested a room with a balcony, so Shane could swoop in and out like a sexy shadow.

Ilya glanced through the glass again, for the hundredth time, seeing nothing but cheap outdoor furniture and one sad empty ashtray. He picked up his phone again, scrolling back through Shane's messages when a movement caught his eye.

Shane.

The balcony door slid open, the gauzy curtain pushed aside by a familiar figure.

Shane shut the door behind him, keeping his eyes down before slowly dragging them up to meet Ilya's. He looked... Ilya struggled to place the expression for a moment as he held himself still, stopping himself from crossing the room and melding their bodies together until he could feel Shane's heart like it was his own. That look, the way he held himself, it was caution. It was like all those years ago, before they knew each other.

"Shane?"

Shane wet his lips with his tongue, before clearing his throat, "I- I'm sorry I-"

This was wrong, something was off, and Ilya very much didn't like it.

Hell with this.

He let go of his self-restraint and crossed the room, gathering Shane into his arms and holding him tight before pulling back. He raised a hand to cup Shane's face, "Are you okay, ангел?"

He stared into Shane's dark eyes as though he could find the answers there, thumb stroking softly over his cheekbone.

Shane's wide eyes stared back, caution thankfully fading, but being replaced by something sad and confused.

"Did something happen?" Ilya asked.

Shane's eyes welled up at the question, pretty sparking tears gathered but not falling. He tried to step back, away, but Ilya wouldn't let him go.

"ангел." Ilya waited for him to stop then pressed their foreheads together.

"Ilya." Shane's voice waved, his hands coming up to rest gently against his sides.

"Mm." Ilya replied, kissing lightly at a faint tear.

"Can we just..." Shane's head turned towards the bed.

Ilya moved as little as humanly possible to shuffle them both over to the bed, pulling Shane down with him and immediately curving his body around him.

Shane wasn't a small man, they were similar in height and build, but right now he felt small, silently letting Ilya hold him.

Ilya closed his eyes, listening to him breathe. His questions still went unanswered, and he burned to know what had happened to his angel. Ached to know how he could help, who he needed to hurt to make it better.

It occurred to him that they didn't do this. They touched, snuggled, sure, usually when they were hot and sweaty, coming down from mind-blowing sex, but not like this. A small, anxious, part of him feared he was showing too much, being too obvious, but Shane didn't seem to notice and he couldn't imagine what else he should be doing right now.

In fact, Shane seemed to be actively trying to merge into him, head under Ilya's chin, hands curled into his T-shirt.

Ilya listened for sounds of distress but heard none, just deep, even breathing that tickled his neck.

“Что случилось, моя любовь?” He murmured in Russian, running a hand down Shane's back.

Shane stirred a little, nudging a nose against Ilya's jaw.

"What did you say?"

Ilya smiled, "Nothing, ангел. Is not important."

Shane quietly accepted his non answer, leaning back in to rest his head.

Slowly his breathing got quieter, slower, until Ilya felt him drift off to sleep.

Carefully he rolled Shane off and onto his side, yanking the blanket from the end of the bed before settling in behind him and draping it over them.

He reached out, arm around Shane's waist, hand on his chest where he could feel his heartbeat, and let himself drift too.

Ilya woke to feel Shane shifting carefully, easing away, and immediately put a stop to it.

Ilya's restraining arm tightened, pulling Shane back against him and holding tight. Shane huffed a surprised sound then sighed.

"Ilya, let go please." He said quietly.

Ilya nuzzled in closer, running the tip of his nose against the back of Shane's neck before pressing a kiss there too.

"Good morning." He murmured back.

Shane sighed again, an oddly sad, resigned, thing that made Ilya frown. Ilya secured his grip just in time to prevent another escape attempt.

"Ilya."

"Shane."

The body in his arms flexed, "You remember how well this worked out for you last time?" Shane said, tone at least more irritated than sad now.

"Hm," Ilya pressed more kisses against Shane's neck, "I remember. I make you come like this. Twice."

The skin of the back of Shane's neck flushed red.

"No! I meant before, when we fought-"

"Kinky foreplay, yes. I like it."

Shane made a frustrated, strangled sound deep in his throat and started wriggling harder, at least until he seemed to realize what it was doing to Ilya.

Ilya didn't know why Shane seemed surprised, stilling quickly at the hardness pressed against his ass, he was just a man and Shane was a literal angel.

"Ilya." This time it was a warning.

Ilya loved all the ways Shane said his name.

"What? There is problem?" He shifted his hips, lining up his cock, feeling the dip between Shane's ass cheeks through the fabric of his trousers.

Ilya wondered if Shane would shove him away. He could, Ilya knew it. Shane was stronger than he let on. He felt it sometimes when Shane lost control in bed, the supernatural strength of those muscles that could, maybe, overpower him if he didn't pay attention. And if Shane didn't like being held down so much.

"You are the problem." Shane replied.

"Hm, you likeee it." Ilya purred back in his ear, enjoying the way Shane squirmed.

When he got no response he decided that he should, probably, give Shane a break, at least until they had time to talk about whatever had been bothering him. Reluctantly he began to pull back, his hand skimming over Shane's hips...and nudging against the hot line of Shane's erection.

Okay, maybe not.

Shane drew in a shaky breath at the contact, which became a sharp inhale as Ilya's hand slipped down, over the tented fabric, stroking.

"You want to stop?"

Say no. Ilya prayed, feverishly desperate to touch and kiss and bite until Shane would bear the marks forever. An urge from the darker part of him that Shane always seemed to inspire and entice.

"...no."

Ilya smiled, pointed teeth catching on his lip as he set them against Shane's neck lightly before licking his tongue against the faint divots they left.

"Good boy."

There was nothing and nobody as beautiful as Shane, Ilya had never been so sure about anything in his life.

Now, spread out on the bed naked and flushed, eyes staring up hazy with desire, Ilya felt like he could never want anything more.

"Ilya."

Shane raised an arm, hand outstretched to Ilya where he stood by the foot of the bed, transfixed by his lust and greed.

Placing one knee, then the other he crawled up the bed, between Shane's legs, bending to kiss the thrumming pulse at his neck.

"You are ready?" He murmured, against the soft, thin skin.

"Yes, please..."

Ilya shivered, he loved it when Shane begged.

Reaching down he lined himself up with Shane's wet, perfect hole and slowly pushed in.

Shane's breath caught, tensing, gorgeous neck tilting back as he took him.

"Beautiful, so beautiful моя любовь." Ilya murmured. "You feel so good."

Shane's legs gripped him, curling around his waist where they fit so naturally.

"Ilya, move, please."

Ilya lingered for a moment, ghosting a kiss against Shane's lips, before he complied.

The first thrust back inside had Shane gasping, as it always did, but Ilya wouldn't be satisfied until he had his angel calling his name.

They were both pent up from light touches and emotions that neither were ready to voice, and it seemed to make everything more intense. Ilya bit down on Shane's neck, hard enough to bruise, as their pace intensified, reaching back to pull a leg from around his waist and push it over his shoulder, then taking the other too when Shane moaned like sin personified.

Their bodies slapped together, hard and fast, a light sheen of sweat building, making Shane's skin glow in a perfect match to the overwhelmed wetness gathering in his eyes.

"Touch yourself, ангел." He said, voice strained as he held back the rising pressure.

Shane snaked a shaking hand awkwardly between their bodies, thighs pressed nearly against his own chest, and barely managed to take hold of his cock before he was cuming.

Shane's eyes closed in ecstasy, tears squeezed out and rolling down his flushed cheeks as he called Ilya's name.

"Yes, yes...Shane. Mine, forever." Ilya panted, barely conscious of what he was saying. He leaned in, licking up the salt water.

For a second he floated on the edge, then he crashed over.

"Yours." He heard through the rushing in his ears. "Forever."

Chapter End Notes

ангел - angel

Что случилось, моя любовь? - What happened, my love?

моя любовь - my love

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

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

Shane was quiet after, and not in the soft, satisfied way he usually was after Ilya had made love to him. Not even the boneless lethargy he would sometimes drift into when their love making turned into something more animal.

Which admittedly, was most of the time.

Ilya loved it when he was like that. Sprawled over his chest, head tucked under his chin, fingers softly playing with Ilya's necklace.

This was not that.

This felt like if Ilya moved too fast, Shane would pop wings and take a nose dive out of the window.

So, he didn't move.

He just waited.

Sometimes he felt like he'd waited his whole life for Shane, so what were a few more minutes?

Eventually, Shane moved to sit on the edge of the bed, back to him, curled forward. Ilya raised a hand to touch his back, but before he could touch, Shane's voice stopped him.

"This was supposed to be the last time."

Ilya's hand froze, fingertips millimeters from skin. So close he could feel the heat.

"It should be the last time." Shane continued, voice wavering. "I can't..." he took a shaky breath, "Why can't I do it?"

He curled further forward, head in his hands.

Ilya still couldn't move, but inside his chest his heart was speeding up, a gradual, rising urgency flooding him like adrenaline.

Say something. He told himself.

Say the right thing. Make him stay.

He didn't know the right thing.

"I think... I can't keep doing this." Shane sounded like he was trying to convince himself.

Ilya couldn't let him do that.

"Svetlana won't tell anyone." He blurted out.

Instantly he knew it was the wrong thing to say.

Shane flinched, and then he rose jerkily to stand, looking around for his clothes. He reached for his shirt, thrown carelessly over the lampshade, but Ilya finally won the battle against his body.

Reaching out he caught Shane's wrist.

Shane jerked his arm to shake him off, but Ilya didn't let go. Instead he pulled, Shane staggering closer, and grabbed the other wrist too. Twisting he pulled him down, back onto the bed, moving on top of him.

Shane struggled for a moment before he stopped, lying back, eyes closed.

"Ilya, let go." He said, voice even despite the faint redness of his eyes, the tears gathering on his eye lashes.

"No."

Ilya wasn't about to let Shane go. Never.

A faint warning bell was sounding in his head as he thought that word. Never. At first he ignored it, then he felt the cross around his neck, swinging lightly, touching gently to Shane's chest.

No. He wasn't his father.

He breathed deep and let go, rolling off to lie back beside Shane instead.

Neither of them moved.

"Tell me what is wrong." He said finally, hearing the plea in his voice.

Shane didn't answer, but he didn't leave.

Ilya swallowed. "Is it something I did?"

Or didn't do?

Ilya's thoughts took a wild turn, pitching violently to the small chest hidden in his closet in Boston. Seven midnight feathers and one soft velvet box, the product of a similarly wild impulse that had taken hold of him just days before.

"No. It's- it's not your fault."

Shane sounded sad again, hurt.

"Then what?"

He stared at the ceiling as he waited for Shane to respond, controlling the impulse to hold him again.

Shane was quiet again before he broke, a disjointed series of words falling haltingly from his mouth.

"I can't- I won't be the 'other woman', Ilya. I... I don't want to. I can't share you."

It took Ilya a long, mystified, moment to understand what Shane was saying. When he did, his head jerked to the side to stare at Shane's face.

"What?"

Shane was crying, silent, beautiful tears rolling tragically down his perfect face as he refused to meet Ilya's gaze. He swallowed, throat bobbing, forcing himself to continue.

"I know it's not the same...for you. But I- I don't..." Shane took a breath. "I don't think I can pretend this is enough anymore."

Ilya's heart hit the inside of his ribs like he'd swallowed a speeding puck.

"I'm...I'm sorry, I should-"

Ilya intercepted him as Shane made to escape, forgetting his previous control and smothering Shane with his body, pressing down with his full weight and nuzzling in.

"Ilya!" Shane sniffled, distraught, pushing at him. "Please, don't make this worse for me." He pleaded.

Ilya knew he should explain, should make this better, but he knew the right words now, and they wouldn't stop pouring out of him.

“Я тебя люблю.” *I love you.* He kissed into Shane's collarbones.

“Я тебя люблю.” *I love you.* He kissed behind Shane's ear, making his breath catch.

“Я тебя люблю.” *I love you.* He managed kiss Shane's cheek, even as the man squirmed away, tasting the salt of his tears.

Shane stared up at him with those big, endless, heart-filled eyes, reproachful and confused. Ilya smiled and cupped his cheek, heart hammering.

"There is only you, ангел." He promised, sounding more like a vow. "I..."

He stuttered a little before he said it, but the words couldn't help but fall from his tongue. "I love you."

At first Shane just stared in disbelief, brow furrowing as he tried to see the joke, the lie. Ilya let him look, he'd find none.

"You...you love me?" He asked, wonderingly, eyes glittering like stars.

"Da."

"There's only me?"

"Da. Obviously." Ilya couldn't help but roll his eyes. "I am, what you say...whipped?"

Shane choked on a strangled laugh that seemed to surprise even him, but then the frown was back.

"But Svetlana..."

"Sveta thinks I am stupid to be so in love with you. But is okay, she has always thought I am stupid. She is good friend anyway. Only friend. For long time."

Shane processed Ilya's rambling, with each syllable his frown began to disappear, to be replaced by a beautiful, hopeful, smile.

Ilya watched him with fond eyes, and knew he'd never recover.

Not from Shane.

Not from how Shane made him feel.

Ilya dipped down, brushing his lips feather light against Shane's, sharing breath.

"And you, ангел?" He whispered, needing to hear him say it more than he needed to breathe.

Shane's hands reached up to trace along Ilya's back, up, into his hair.

"I love you, Ilya." His lips traced the words, "So fucking much."

Ilya kissed him soft and sweet as he felt himself tear up too. No shame in it, only relief, and bone deep joy that made him shake.

They kissed like they would never need anything else. Like the world had stopped and they were the only ones left alive.

When finally they parted, Shane looked at him so tenderly that Ilya thought he might die. Maybe he would, if Shane ever stopped.

He huffed a soft laugh, feeling foolish.

He should have brought the ring.

"The *what*?" Shane blinked up at him in shock.

Илья blinked rapidly then smirked.

“Oops?”

Chapter End Notes

Я тебя люблю - I love you
ангел - angel

//

So I had a whole saga planned out, angels vs demons, angst for days. Turns out I don't want to hurt them, even temporarily, so I'm going to leave it at that for now. Maybe I'll get masochistic later.

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