

to hold in loving attention

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by [yolkinthejump](#)

Summary

Their time at Shane's cottage allows for Shane to consider, explore, and accept, his comfort needs. Unsurprisingly, Ilya is willing to let Shane put his mouth wherever he wants, and sometimes Ilya anticipates and reads Shane so well that it just about breaks Shane in half. Oh, the mortifying ordeal of being Shane Hollander! Luckily, Ilya is there to put him back together.

Shane's oral fixation as a sort of character study.

Notes

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

Shane likes putting stuff in his mouth, and he always has. His own thumb, toys at bath time, a few close calls with LEGO; hilariously in retrospect, a toy puck. The only thing that calmed him down sometimes, his mom would say. Her little hockey star.

Not as cute: so many of his childhood photos of him with rolled up sleeves to hide the wet ends. Always embarrassing when he would realize he'd ruined another hoodie, ends chewed to the thread. Like coming to consciousness, dazed and disappointed in himself and his lack of control. His inability to deal with his anxieties in a normal way like everyone else seemed to be able to do.

As he got older he got better at resisting it. Vinegar to keep from biting his nails. Medicated chapstick. Gum, straw, pen, mouthguard.

It is *not* a sex thing. Sensory, not sex. Playing a lozenge around in his mouth doesn't get him hard. It's a fidget—a way to relax, to get his body to calm itself down in the face of all the pressures of the world. Like yoga or meditation. Hey, some people use drugs! Shane chews on his jacket string. Take your Freud stuff elsewhere.

When Shane first got his mouth around a cock it was fucking transcendent, though.

So not *not* a sex thing. Not *just* a sex thing.

Kind of a sex thing a little bit.

Room 1410. There was something electrifying about the smooth, confident way Ilya slid his thumb between Shane's lips, the slow, deep fucking into his mouth after they'd only just kissed for the first time. Like a switchboard being reset, and Shane lit the fuck up. Brought to life by guiding, steady hands. The soothing of frayed nerves by the glide of the rough pad against his tongue and the pressure pulling at the soft inside of his cheek. Spit flooding his mouth in a heady rush and all he could think, all he wanted, was *more*. All he wanted was to chase that feeling to the finish line. His appetite was whet. What could he do *but* drop to his knees?

From that first night, it had always been so easy, so simple, to give in. Give himself to Ilya. Quiet his mind and let his body take over in a way he has only ever felt on skates. As a kid coming off the ice always felt like it was his first day on solid ground and he had to get it right or everyone would know, and that feeling has never totally gone away. So usually Shane analyzes, and plans. He likes to be prepared. He thinks so hard about what he should do in any given situation that he largely doesn't—well, put himself in situations.

That day at the WJHC, if he had waited just one more second rehearsing his conversation with Ilya Rozanov he never would've approached him.

He'll catch himself thinking about that, sometimes. How different his life would've been. It chills him like no ice ever has.

Because one touch from Ilya and Shane's body *knew*. Before his mind, before his heart. Even while the rest of him was fighting, his body knew what it wanted, what it needed. All his doubts, his anxieties, and, yeah, self-disgust, could melt away and leave nothing but the automatic, the instinctual drive. The excitement of finding something that fit, finally; the calm as the spiral of his mind came to rest. The feeling of *alignment* the moment he first got his lips around Ilya's cock.

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The thing is, too, that Ilya is surprisingly perceptive. Yes, he was the first man Shane had ever been with, and then the only one he came back to—and even when they were telling each other it was just fucking it was still for a fact one of the longest relationships of any kind in his life, ever—so it's not that surprising that Ilya would know his body. With Shane's lack of experience, they both were discovering what he liked at the same time, after all, and that's a thought that makes Shane feel *molten*, holy shit. He kisses, in part, how Ilya taught him. He sucks cock how Ilya taught him. He fucks how Ilya taught him. It's fucking hot.

And it's mutual, in a way. Shane knows that he's had Ilya more times than anyone, with maybe one exception, and now he's the *only*, going forward. Their hookups a solid line through both of almost their entire sexual histories.

So Shane is very aware that Ilya knows that he really, really likes sucking his dick.

Of course Ilya knows the sex stuff. Most disarming is when it's not about sex, or when it's the secondary, underlying effects certain aspects of sex have on Shane. It made it really difficult to keep denying that they were *more* when Ilya clearly has been, well. Paying attention to him.

Like when Shane was going down on him after a particularly trying game, all tension and nervous energy and frustrated prickling at his eyes. Ilya waited until his nose met wiry curls at the base of his cock before he gripped the back of Shane's head, holding him in place, saying "Ah, ah, not yet," and scratching fingers through his hair in a way that sent shivers up and down Shane's spine like a current. "Breathe, Hollander. Feel. Everything is okay, you are okay. Just me and you. Feel only *me*," and Shane had *purred* as his brain had shuttered closed like a garage door blocking out a busy street.

Or when all Shane had needed was something decent to put on so he could make it back to his hotel after his own shirt was compromised (by Ilya making him come all over himself like, 50 seconds after they got through the door). Anything would have been fine. But Ilya took the time, rifling through his own shirts and discarding three of them back into the drawer before tossing a fourth at Shane with a casual "Here, no tag," that hit Shane like a crosscheck to the chest.

All the times they're talking and Shane drifts, starts to fall into himself, and suddenly Ilya's hand is on his cheek, turning his face so that Shane is looking at him, and only him.

Knowing when to push—when Shane likes to be pushed—and knowing when to pause.

When Shane is so fucking out-of-his-head blissed from orgasm and the feeling of Ilya still thick and pulsing inside of him that he can't help but reach for his hand, shove Ilya's fingers in his mouth. Desperate to be completely surrounded by him. Just taken over by the need to taste his skin. To be so full of Ilya there's no room for anything else. He holds him in his mouth, eyes closed, until Ilya's fingers are probably prune and there's spit on his chin and the whole thing has to be freaking him out but Ilya moves inside him slow and tender, uses his free hand to lift Shane's chin and asks, "Good? You okay?" and when Shane nods shakily he knows to leave it at that. Shane can't bear to look at him but he hears—hopes—that Ilya's sigh is fond.

Also? The consistent stock of chilled ginger ale still drives Shane fucking crazy.

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At the cottage, the laughter is the biggest surprise; being together is *fun* in a way they've never exactly let it be. Smiling and laughing and playing and clinging to each other in the sunshine.

Shane goes to his knees easy, genuinely and gladly eager as he has ever been to get his mouth around Ilya's dick, but now there's a glee in him that keeps bubbling up, almost hysterical in how he can't keep it contained. Ilya, too: loose in his movements, relaxed and fluid and flowing with him. As if the second the two of them crossed the property line of his cottage ice that had held them rigid and restrained for almost a decade began to thaw and crack and *shatter* and now they float unbound to an almost frightening degree.

Above him Ilya says, "Shane, Shane, come on," and tugs him up, "Kiss me—" licking into his mouth, peppering kisses on his cheek, chin, nose, mouths meeting again with teeth clacking, they're smiling so much.

With Ilya's hands holding his face Shane pushes him by the waist, herds Ilya backwards to the bed. He looks a mess, flushed face to his chest and hair wild from the abuse of Shane's fingers. Cock bobbing shiny from Shane's mouth as he bounces up the mattress, ridiculous fucking sound that could only be called a giggle broken out of him as Shane crawls atop him. They both laugh and laugh, fighting over who can undress who faster.

Ilya has his hand inside Shane's shorts, fingers rolling his balls and they wrestle, for a moment, Ilya spitting into his palm and tugging slick at his cock. Shane bites back a moan and a thrust forward as he feels the hard thick line of Ilya smear against his thigh.

With a quick tug at his hips Shane lays him flat—Ilya's responding laugh deep and joyous, musical—and shoves his head between his legs, licking the vein along his half-hard cock, wide and wet, panting against him unrestrained. The first taste of him, the heat of his skin, the pulse of blood underneath he can feel against his tongue is always, still, the most affecting and bone deep satisfied Shane has maybe ever felt. One hand on the inside of Ilya's thigh, spreading him wider, one on his stomach holding him down, Shane trails fingers through the hair on his abdomen as he catches the flushed tip of Ilya's cock between his lips and takes him so deep so fast Ilya loses his grip on him and moves to grab his shoulders, his neck, his hair instead.

"You little shhh—fuck, Shane—"

And it feels real fucking good to be the reason Ilya Rozanov makes the noise he makes when, just to mess with him, Shane stills.

A hand fists in his hair but Shane pulls him away, laces their fingers flat on the bed. He swallows around the stretch of him with an indulgent moan, loving the way his throat spasms at just the hint of *too much* and he has to force himself not to pull off. He can do this. He can do this *well*. Any interest he's had in his life, once piqued he went at it with an almost—*almost*—obsessive fervor. To the point of fixation. To be good. To be the best. Sucking dick is no exception.

He's really really good at this.

Giving Ilya his mouth but denying him movement is something Shane has the confidence to think of as tortuous, really. Poor thing. He would smirk about it if his lips weren't stretched so wide.

"Your fucking mouth." Ilya squeezes Shane's fingers tight. His hips quiver with the strain of holding himself back. "You take me so, *ah*, so perfect. Fuck."

Moments like these there is nowhere Shane would rather be. Nothing Shane loves more than holding Ilya inside and breathing him in, savoring the heady musk, indisputably animal and *male* and the reality of this being something he can *have* is a kick that jumpstarts his pulse like a puck to the ice, every time. The paradox of soft, tender skin pulled taut. The trust of it. The gift. The way his mouth floods, devastating in his gluttony for more as he feels Ilya swell fully against his tongue. He can't help but moan at the satisfaction of the corresponding tightness in his jaw.

Ilya says his name like it's dragged from the center of his chest, punched out with a desperate, "Move, oh, *you*," and there's a hint of wondering that's not quite a question. Not enough of an order that Shane feels the familiar pull to acquiesce.

Instead, he pauses as if to think just to hear Ilya pant pitifully above him for one beat, then two, before he licks at his twitching cock and hums a wet no, *Uh, uh*, stretching the denial long and wanton.

"Krasivyy," murmurs Ilya. *Beautiful*. Shane preens inwardly, the sound of Ilya's praise washing over him like a warm bath.

He looks up through his lashes at the long line of him, the tender indent rise and fall of his abdomen as he pants out little moans. The way one arm flexes above his head, all broad shining shoulders with muscles on full display. Straining as he grips a fist in his own hair. Face flushed, neck veins stark as he leans back, glint of his cross shining in the honey-touched light through the windows.

"Why do you not—" Ilya licks at his lips, cutting himself off with a groan.

The desperate roughness in Ilya's voice is always the hottest fucking thing.

Shane moans deep in his throat, and Ilya switches to Russian. A burst of precome hits Shane's tongue. He swallows it up, releasing his hold on Ilya's hand to wrap fingers around the base of his dick, give a squeeze. Feeling how wet he is and realizing how much is probably Shane's own drool has him humping the fucking mattress like a teenager once, twice, before distracting himself by feeding Ilya's cock further down his throat, sliding until he can remove his hand and his nose buries in pubic hair. Until every sense is Ilya, Ilya, Ilya. Until Ilya hits the back of his throat and Shane's whole body lights up like a winning goal, feeling electric, ascendant.

And he still. Does not. Move.

"Shane," Ilya breathes out with a moan. He pulls the short hairs at the base of Shane's neck, grips him with a fist just a hint painful before he moves trembling fingers to press at his face, trail down his jaw. He swears a long line in Russian when he presses, light, and feels the bulge of himself through Shane's cheek.

Yeah, Shane is playing, fucking with him, but there's a tender fragility to it too when the longer he holds Ilya like this the more he can feel the gnarled tangle of his thoughts start to unspool, the constant knotted anxiety—so constant he sometimes doesn't even realize what he was feeling *was* anxiety until Ilya chases it away—of his thoughts slowing, backsliding into a hazy calm. He is surrounded from all sides, enveloped; aware of every point of contact, every sensation heightened and heady, from the soothe of soft sheets against his bare skin to the pleasant pull of Ilya's hand in his hair, to the throbbing weighted comfort of Ilya's cock in his mouth. He breathes careful and slow through his nose and thinks that if he just closed his eyes this could be the best nap he's ever had.

The thought has him shivering with the alarming *want* that throbs through him. The idea seems bizarre. Not to mention ill-advised. What the fuck is wrong with him? He doesn't need to suck on a cock like a pacifier during nap time. Anyway, wouldn't he choke? Who would want that? That can't be appealing to Ilya. Would Ilya—

"Shane. Shane. Ah, move your mouth—"

Ilya's voice has taken on that pouty, whiny quality that always makes Shane feel a kind of fondness he doesn't have words for. Also it's a fantastic power trip. Especially when Ilya adds, trembling and pathetic, "*Please.*"

With effort, Shane blinks rapidly and inhales, exhales, moves off to hold just the tip of Ilya's dick between his lips. Ilya makes a sound like he's in pain, dragged out from deep in his throat as Shane delicately licks up a fresh pulse of precome. Plays his tongue over the tender red swell of the head, suckles where the velvety skin has stretched, pulled back to expose his slit. Doesn't think about the wetness gathering at in his eyes, or the panicked tightness winding in his chest.

Ilya thrusts once and he shudders out an apology as Shane grinds his thumbs into the sharp bones of Ilya's hips and pushes him down.

Heat pricks at the corners of his eyes.

No, he thinks. Yes.

Not right now.

They have two weeks. Plenty of time to explore whatever this cloying thing is that's taken root in Shane. Plenty of time to bury it, too, if that's what he wants to do. It's ridiculous, is what it is; Shane pictures the thoughts shaking loose, forces the potential of any melancholic rumination to scatter.

With a derisive snort at himself and his ever-spiraling mess of a brain, Shane pulls off Ilya, and laughs. Genuinely, if wetly, *laughs*.

He pushes himself to crouching over Ilya, palms flat to the bed, watches Ilya's cock twitch and bob under his gaze. Shiny damp and flushed against his stomach.

Rough pads of Ilya's fingers trail over his cheeks. Maybe he has cried. Shit.

"Shane. . .?"

With a duck of his head, Shane catches Ilya's fingers in his mouth and suckles on a fingertip, releasing it with a slurping *pop*. His voice is rough from his throat being so used and it thrills him to hear it when he says, "You want my mouth, Rozanov?" Cocky and challenging. Captain.

"Mmhh," is all Ilya manages. He nods. His mouth a beautiful pout. Hair tousled, tangled where he's been grabbing it; sweat-matted to his forehead, his temples. Eyes wild and hooded.

Shane licks at his own lips, wipes the back of a hand at the spit on his chin. His face feels swollen and sensitive. How lucky he is. They have time.

"Mm. I could stay here all day. Just keep you like this, your dick in my mouth." Fuck. That sounds incredible. He sees something in Ilya's eyes, a flash of knowing that makes Shane feel like his chest is loose, cracked open and exposed. Would that be something— "Keep you warm inside me until you—oh, fucking—Ilya—" He whimpers as Ilya pulls him up by his chin to kiss him hungrily, his whole hand gripping his face as he licks filthy into him.

Ilya holds him steady. Won't let his head droop when Shane won't—can't—meet his eyes, forcing him up. Ilya's gaze feels like burning. Pupils blown with awe, face glowing, intense with desire. Searching. Patient and waiting for him to lead, like he would follow him anywhere. Give him anything. It's beautiful. It's too much. Shane feels his own eyes unfocus. There's a chip in the paint on the wall behind Ilya's left shoulder.

"I won't move. You want me to suck your dick, you work for it," Shane says. Vaguely he's aware of his lips curving into a smile. Then, with a kick of heat: "Make me."

"You know what you are asking?"

Shane bobs his head in a nod. Pretty sure. Yes.

"Ah, no. With words, thank you."

"Yes."

"You want me to do the work?" Ilya rubs the rough pad of his thumb over Shane's slick, slack lips. His accent thickens, his voice low, so low. "So *lazy*, Hollander. You want me to move your mouth to fuck? Is that what you want?"

A deliberately gentle tease, Ilya's tongue is sliding against his, melting them together. "Yeah," Shane whispers into his mouth. "Fuck, yes, Ilya. I want."

With one last kiss, Shane flows down again. Winces as his cock, only half way to hard but twitching, sensitive, settles against the bed, but he dismisses his own physical desire in favor of whatever box is so close to getting checked in his brain. It's not for his physical pleasure. Just having Ilya in his mouth is enough. Making him *work* for it, making him take what Shane offers. Guiding him in pleasure like he's been doing almost as long as he's known him.

Shane opens his mouth. Holds his tongue loose and inviting.

Their eyes meet. Ilya starts slow, takes his dick in hand and slowly rubs it against Shane's lips, smearing precome and spit before pushing in. The swollen tip of him rests on the soft bed of Shane's tongue, tasting of familiar heat and the particular skin-salt of Ilya he knows so well. Self-discipline Shane has honed his entire life strains to not suck him in and follow the pulsing length of him down.

Ilya exhales relief and then moves one of Shane's hands to the inside of his thigh. "Poke," he says. Then, a crease forms between his eyebrows. "No. Pinch. You pinch, I let go."

In answer Shane can only blink up at him, squeezing a handful of him in his palm so firm it has Ilya's breath hitching. Get on with it.

He swallows, adjusts, takes more of him in as Ilya feeds him his cock. Waits. Inhales the musk of him. Breathes deep as Ilya scoots up a bit, widens his hips, pulls his knees to bracket Shane, close him in. The scent of him is heavy, hot and suffocating. Shane has to struggle not to move, to be good. Not to speed things up and take him entirely. He can be good. He wanted this. It will be worth it. To be good for him.

The heavy thickness of Ilya inside him increases, the pressure and the way Ilya moves him with one broad palm a cradle on his head bringing fresh wetness to his eyes. He slowly, torturously, so, so gentle, directs Shane down another inch. Shane swallows and moans and squirms as he is filled, whines when Ilya pulls him back up almost off with a rumbling chuckle, and he sighs in shameful relief when Ilya pushes him down again. He works on keeping his mouth slack but formed and when he chokes and Ilya stills, but does not pull away, his heart soars. Saliva and precome smears out of the corner of his lips, dribbles down his neck, and he lets it happen. The heat, the fullness, the responsibility of this task he's given himself is all that he cares about. He is exactly where he wants to be.

Ilya talks to him throughout. He moves a hand through his hair, to his jaw, the back of his neck, his collarbone, touching him and checking in and guiding him how he wants and all the

while murmuring affections, Russian and English: *Perfect. So pretty with your lips around my dick. Beautiful. You're doing good. So good.*

Shane gets so lost in it. Aware of every push and pull but at a distance, a floating bliss of sensation. Pulsing fullness against his tongue spread outward in blooming warmth, suffusing him entirely.

He comes back to himself enough to bare down as Ilya's cock jerks and he gasps, grunts, "Fuck, Hollander. Shane—I'm—"

The heat that floods his mouth registers slow. It catches him off guard and he definitely lets an unfortunate amount of come dribble out from between his lips before he gets himself together and sucks, swallows the rest up. He mouths at him, licks hungrily at every last drop down to the final trickle like he's starving, like it's his sole duty to waste not a drop.

Ilya pets his hair as he works, tugging with a fist, scraping with his nails. Shane hums, content.

He wants to stay like this, take Ilya inside his mouth again and feel Ilya grow soft against his tongue. The tenderness of it knots a ball of heat in his chest, the idea of maybe even keeping him warm until he grew hard again—

Shane downright whimpers when he's pulled up roughly, mouth hanging open on a broken gasp as Ilya slings an arm around his shoulder. He gets a hand between them and grips proprietarily around the base of his cock, buries his face into the curve below Shane's ear. Kisses his collarbone. There's a long beat where he just *holds* him.

Mumbled Russian growls into his neck before Ilya pulls back to look at him. His eyes shine. He kisses his mouth.

"Everything you dreamed of?"

There is a soft smile on Ilya's lips that Shane feels himself mirroring. He feels lighter. Untangled, yes, as if his thoughts were strings of yarn and with careful hands Ilya has guided him to spool cleanly in neat little sections, no longer knotted but organized by color, texture, weight. Everything in its place. The bone-deep satisfaction of a job well done.

"You in there, hello?" Ilya sing-songs. "Did I break?"

With a mischievous glint in his eyes, Ilya reaches up and wipes come from the corner of Shane's lips, smearing it down his chin.

"Gross," says Shane, grimacing. Though he can hear how the fondness in his voice gives him away. He bats at him like, admittedly, a weak kitten, really just using the push to move his hips into Ilya's hand around his leisurely filling dick.

Ilya rolls his eyes. "I clean," he says, and bends to lick his come off Shane's face—and his neck, and his chest—with enthusiasm.

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Shane is drifting in and out, halfway to dozing when he feels Ilya's thumb pressing against his lips.

"Ilya," he murmurs. *What are you doing?*

It's dark. Only the fuzzy illumination of stars shining through windows half shuttered. They're curled together on the bed, heart to heart; Shane on his back, Ilya a weighted blanket between his legs, head resting on his shoulder. Curls brush Shane's cheek as he tries to shift to get a look at him, blink sleep away and try and gauge what his—what his *boyfriend*, fuck, wants at like, one in the morning.

Said boyfriend just pats him with his other hand once, twice, on his sternum, before resting his palm with the slightest pressure, a solid directive to *stay* warm through thin cotton. Ilya cups his chin and continues pushing inside, slow, steady, saying "Shhh," and then, softly, "Go on to sleep. It's not what you think, I'm not looking for anything to do with sex now. I am trying an idea, yes? Uhm."

Ilya sighs out, considering.

"Theory." His accent is extra pronounced in the drowsy hush. "Theory I have."

There are so many things Shane would ask if the immediacy of the calm the weight in his mouth brings him didn't fuzz out his brain so fast it makes him dizzy, almost. Any questions droop along with his eyelids. He seals his lips around Ilya's thumb in seconds.

"Da, like that. Just feel me."

Shit. He hadn't even realized how much tension he was carrying, how tight his head had been buzzing, until it's gone.

"Long day."

"Mm." Shane sucks an affirmation. Putting it mildly.

"Good day."

Yes. Every word Ilya speaks, Shane feels more than hears; his voice a soft rumble through his own chest where they're pressed together. Focus narrowed to the feeling of it, to the points of contact where his hands rise and fall on Ilya's back. Skin to skin. He runs his tongue under and around Ilya's thumb. Cradles him in the soft cup of his mouth.

"Good day, good food." Ilya pauses. Shane holds him a little tighter. Takes more of him in. "Good parents. But it was long day. Big day. You are. . . Mn, English. There is down, coming down? A lot for one day and all at once. Even if it's good."

And then just the idea of being so seen threatens to crack Shane open.

Saliva pools in his mouth. His eyes, his whole face, everything goes hot and tight. The slight stretch at his cheek. The salt of skin, the hint of his lotion, citrus and earth, the scent heady as

fullness settles on his tongue. Shane brings a hand to squeeze at the back of Ilya's neck, to fist in his hair. *It was good. Because of you.*

He's so profoundly grateful Ilya is clearly not expecting him to talk. He is held hostage by his own nerves.

"Probably I thought this could help, for you. To hold me in your mouth."

"Fuck," Shane chokes. The word punches out of him almost in a whine. It scares him.

Ilya pets his hair back off his forehead.

He loves this man. This man loves him. This man *knows* him.

Knows that Shane is so worn out and aching from the day. From the amount of effort it had taken to not shut down, to not reveal the depth of the overwhelm and how close he was to a spiral out of control. How close he was to really fucking embarrassing himself before Ilya stepped in. Battled it back with a hand on him, grounding, and soft words. His boyfriend.

Later, held him down and fucked his brain quiet.

And still.

I'm not a baby, he wants to scream, suddenly. Old habits of denial, guilt, shame. He wants to wail and shake about it, it's so fucking numbing a thing to be known, *I don't need a fucking pacifier; fuck off* and yet he can't even move for the *relief* he feels at Ilya's words. The understanding. The comfort of acceptance. The knowledge that Ilya has both seen him and is willing to guide him into what he needs regardless of any guards he's put up is devastating. He breathes and breathes and breathes deep and deep and deeper and then Ilya tsks and pushes his thumb back where it slipped out, smearing spit against his lip on the way. He grips Shane's chin like a scolding. He lifts his head some, makes Shane meet his eyes.

Sometimes, Ilya doesn't really give him a choice. Sometimes Ilya decides for him. Shane loves him for that.

"*Dyshat*," Ilya says. Tone firm, yet eyes the gentlest they've ever been. "Stop."

Shane almost pulls away again, irrationally panicked by how fast his breath catches at the command, but Ilya won't let him; he holds him immobile with his body, with his palm hard against his lips and his fingers spread across the side of his face as Shane swallows around him wetly.

Eyebrows knit in concern, or concentration, or both, Ilya puts a hand flat to Shane's chest, and they take a calm, steady breath together. "Just us two. I am here with you. I love you. It is late and you are without rest and I need you to take what will help, and I think probably this will help."

His body feels light, floaty, the only weight Ilya on his tongue, the open pressure of his jaw. His eyes burn. It hurts to keep them open, but blinking would mean giving in to the inevitable. It's not crying if the tears don't fall.

Ilya releases him, brushes the fingers of his free hand over Shane's cheek so, so tenderly. "Is helping? Yes? I am not wrong with this?"

Swallowing again, Shane nods. He can do that, at least. It is helping. He'll try and accept that.

Not that he's being given much choice. Which—and he's not going to think too hard on this just now—makes it better, somehow. The hard grip Ilya had on his jaw, the gentle caress that followed, the unrelenting press of his hand, the way he initiated because he knows Shane; knows what he needs to wipe his brain clean.

The softest smile curves Ilya's lips and he kisses the corner of Shane's mouth before huffing dramatically, slumping heavy back onto Shane's chest. Pushes his weight down against him like he's trying to burrow inside him. Like he means for him to *feel it*. Like it's all he wants Shane to feel: the heavy press of him on top of him, the solid pressure around and inside and holding him to the Earth, the tangle of their legs, holding him together when everything in him seems to want to shake apart and scatter. Shane makes a soft sound. *Thank you*.

Ilya kisses him like, *You're welcome*.

"I am tired also and you keep me awake, with your sad sleep noises. It is annoying."

Asshole, Shane thinks, agonizingly fond. He bites down on him delicately, at the first knuckle.

Ilya's quiet laugh echoes through Shane.

"I know how much you like me in your mouth. Really," he says, pausing to squeeze a pec and kiss him again, on the neck, "is no problem." He's grinning. Shane can feel his teeth.

There's a sensation like his heart restarting. A tender tug and his chest is unraveling. He is threadbare. His insides exposed. An old sleeve, well-loved. Shane is not someone who lets himself cry, prides himself on battening down the hatches, so to speak, closing down the gates with clenched teeth or ripping his own thoughts apart before he lets them take form, but when he bends, buries his face in Ilya's curls, he feels the tears fall. Burning tracks, sticking to his eyelashes. A single sob chokes out as he pulls Ilya closer, sucking around his thumb and tasting salt.

"Just us. You are okay. I love you," Ilya is saying. Lips murmuring warm sweetness against his skin. He squeezes the back of his neck.

Rocked by the waves of Ilya's breathing, Shane is dragged off to sleep with one arm slung across his boyfriend's waist, the other clutching Ilya's hand to his mouth like an anchor, suckling the thumb resting inside, heavy and warm and wet, a tender fullness against the softness of his cheek.

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It wasn't like, all the time. Shane could go weeks without wanting Ilya in his mouth.

Well.

Not in the aching, desperate wanting that turned to *need* way that twisted him up inside, anyway. He had spent too long ruminating on his own misplaced anxieties and shame about the whole thing to deny anymore that he is basically always game for sucking Ilya Rozanov's dick, and has been for pretty much all of his adult life.

But the specific kind of soothe that Shane seeks from Ilya's fingers, or his cock, filling Shane's mouth, pressing thick and hot atop his tongue, is not something Shane lets himself indulge in for just any mild upset. Of course he doesn't. He is a man of discipline. He has control over himself. He's done feeling any kind of bad about his own desires, he truly is, mostly; he likes what he likes and Ilya helps with that, Ilya embraces him wholly, but he just doesn't need it, not really. Sure, it helps, but like any treat, the denial makes it all the sweeter, because that means that when he does give in, when the want does become a need, he's earned it.

Once they settle more into their new arrangement, their new *life* together, Shane finds he thinks less and less about analyzing his whole oral fixation thing and more about embracing all he and Ilya can get up to now that they have the assurance of their love for each other. Nevermind the privacy of the cottage and the time—never enough, though profoundly better—Ilya's transfer allows them.

Most mornings Shane wakes earlier than Ilya. And on such mornings where he chooses, for whatever reasons, to defy his nature and forgo the comfort of his usual routine, Shane now has the unique luxury of a different sort of comfort. With Ilya in his bed, Shane can start his day by resting his head in the bend of Ilya's knee or on his soft furred belly. He can even *snuggle* himself between his boyfriend's thighs if he so wishes. He can breathe him in deep. He can coax him to waking with just warm puffs against his dick, and luxuriate in the heat of him, scent clean and sleep-sweat thick as he stirs. He can lick at him to taste. He can take him in his mouth and feel him grow hard on his tongue.

And when they're reunited after what seems like round after round of away games, Shane may find himself bent over the arm of their couch. Knuckles gripping white, suckling at a plug in his mouth while Ilya fucks him without a single barrier between them, by design; they lay on the floor afterwards, cushions piled under and around them, and Ilya slides the plug in him to keep his come inside. His low voice murmurs only "Memento," with his knuckles tracing the edge of Shane's rim, puffy and sensitive, and Shane licks at the soft, lax muscle of Ilya's arm, takes as much flesh as he can in his mouth and sucks as he comes for the second time, wrung out, dry, with a whine.

Occasionally, it's Ilya who needs soothing. And Shane, as established, is real fucking good with his mouth. There's a particular kind of soothe Ilya seeks when he's in a certain mood, and so Shane gets to making Ilya tremble on his tongue, licking at his hole wide and slow, taking him out of his head with a finger massaging his prostate just how he likes. Talking him through it until tears prick at Ilya's eyes and his face goes slack with awe, pupils blown, lips slick and red, bitten, and he comes untouched in waves over his stomach. There is nothing like holding Ilya soft in his mouth after, Shane's own arousal secondary, fading like a setting sun. Dozing lightly, floating in the cozy feeling of Ilya's hands in his hair as his cock rests on his tongue; chest loose and tender with the responsibility of keeping him safe and warm until

he gets hard again. Secure in knowing that when he does, Ilya will fuck him deep and hard, yes, and it will be so, so full of love.

Then there are the times when the world gets too loud or too bright or too busy or just too much in a way Shane struggles to process. Has always struggled to process. It might be nothing he can pinpoint; he might wake up just *wrong* and not know why for hours, until he shifts and his shirt collar moves slightly to the left and the world is right again. It might be the newest endorsement shoot, or some vague-enough homophobic passing comment that he tells himself would be a bigger deal to call out than to just let go. It might be a practice where the sticks and skates and pucks will scrape and skitter and slide on the ice in a way that is just sideways of the usual, and Shane will clench his teeth and his fists and move off the ice with a bone-deep itch he has no way of scratching. The lights in the locker room will be a shade too yellow. The sweat will sit too thick on his skin.

Only instead of shutting down or beating himself up about it, Shane has Ilya.

It's not a perfect fix. Nothing is. But it helps Shane to know that he has him, that Ilya for all his teasing otherwise will not mock him for this. He can fall apart, and Ilya will help him back together. Put all his pieces to their places with a pull Shane has felt since he was 19 years old.

Either he will call, and Ilya will talk him down, accent thick with sweetness draped over his shoulders like a heavy blanket, or he will come home and Ilya will need only one look at Shane before he's opening his arms. Because he *knows* Shane.

With so long spent denying himself, there's no use wasting time anymore. What works, works. Here, in the privacy of their own shared space, he can be useful and used, and take what he needs in turn. So Shane will stumble himself into the embrace, take Ilya's hand in his, and guide Ilya's thumb into his mouth and hold him until he feels whole again. He is allowed to have this. Accepting comfort is not weakness.

End Notes

new fandom let's gooo

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