

Smoke

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Smoke

by [Grocerystoredivorce](#)

Summary

“Shane,” Ilya pops his head inside the sliding glass door, “am I allowed to have a cigarette?”

Shane looks up from where he’s sitting at kitchen island, texting Hayden about the new baby.
“Allowed?”

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Ilya's only allowed to smoke if he's shotgunning with Shane, it's a good compromise.

Notes

I don't know what this is I was just #Thinking about them & I love strict boyfriend shane

Shoutout to one of my amazing Canadian mutuals on tumblr who I won't dox for helping me with a couple of questions I had while writing <3

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

“I thought you quit.”

Ilya’s head pops up, blonde curls bouncing like a halo where the porch light glances off them. His eyes go all soft around the edges when he sees Shane, and his mouth drops into a loose grin. “Hi.”

Shane shuffles out onto the porch, tugging the sleeves of his hoodie down over his hands. It’s one he stole from Ilya, oversized and worn down to a perfect softness. “Hey.”

“Come here,” Ilya asks, making a little grabby gesture at him. Shane just eyes the offending cigarette in his other hand and raises an eyebrow. Ilya pouts, but dutifully stubs it out in the little dish he’d brought out with him. “Now?”

Shane acquiesces, padding across the porch to join his boyfriend. He takes Ilya’s face in his hands when he reaches him, squishing his cheeks between hoodie-covered palms. Ilya’s so soft like this, all pliant and sweet, tilting forward so he can rest the long line of his neck and chin against Shane’s thigh and gaze up at him. He brushes the curve of Ilya’s nose with his thumb, tracing down the soft skin. “Cold.”

Ilya nuzzles his face into Shane’s hip, “warm me up then, *kotyonok*.”

Shane shakes his head, “I don’t know that one.”

“Kitten,” Ilya translates. Then, when Shane’s brow furrows, he tilts his head to kiss one of Shane’s palms and adds, “little paws. Kitten.”

Shane scoffs, “I’m not a kitten.”

“Yes you are. Very sweet, grumpy kitten.”

Shane drops to the porch step next to Ilya, snuggling up next to him. “Couldn’t sleep?”

“No. Did I wake you, *lyubov moy*a?”

“No,” Shane shakes his head, “I couldn’t sleep either.”

Ilya nods, “a lot on your mind, yes?”

“Maybe. You?”

“Yes, a lot on my mind.”

They’re both looking at the lake, watching moonlight glittering off the ripples in the water. It’s always been easier for Shane to talk when he can focus on the words, rather than all the extra shit that comes with it. The eye contact and the body language. “I’ll tell you mine if you tell me yours.”

Ilya breathes a little chuckle, wrapping an arm around Shane's shoulders. "I am thinking about next season, mostly. How it will be different."

"Playing in Ottawa?"

"Yes. New team, new guys. Probably, they already hate me. Or think I am huge asshole."

Shane hums, "they won't hate you. Not after they meet you, anyway."

"Yes, I will charm them with pretty face and ability to score goals."

Shane snorts, then says seriously, "they'd be lucky to have you, Ilya. Just like I'm lucky to have you."

Ilya reaches down and tangles their fingers together. "Now tell me what you are thinking about."

Shane sighs, what *wasn't* he thinking about. Ilya moving to Canada was going to be a great thing for them—he knew that. But playing for Ottawa was a far cry from playing for Boston. Ilya was giving up most of the hope he had of winning another Stanley Cup, stepping down from captaining one of the best teams in the league. If Shane was worried about that decision, it would be downright baffling to anyone who didn't know about their relationship. Ilya squeezes his hand the moment Shane starts to slip too far into his thoughts, tethering him. The weight of Ilya's hand in his, the familiarity of the gesture, the way it betrays just how well Ilya knows him, *fuck*, Shane is crying.

"You are here with me, Shane," Ilya is cupping his face, pulling Shane into the crook of his neck, "is okay."

"Fuck, sorry," Shane mutters, choking off a sob.

"Don't be sorry, *Zaichik*."

Shane tucks his face further into Ilya's neck, pressing a wet kiss to the hollow of his throat. "Why does everything have to be so complicated?"

Ilya cards a hand through his hair. "I wish I could make it simple. Easy. For you, so you would not need to worry."

Shane breathes through one last wet sob, "fuck." He pulls away just enough that he can put his head in his hands and breathe.

Ilya just presses a palm firm over Shane's spine and rubs circles into his back. "You see now why I need cigarette?"

That gets an unattractive snort out of Shane. "Maybe. I don't know. I've never smoked."

"Never?"

"Well, weed, like once in high school, but I've never *smoked* smoked. Like, cigarettes."

“Jesus, Hollander.”

“My body’s a temple, Rozanov.”

Ilya lets out a low whistle and leans back on the step, shaking his head. “You have never even, uh,” Ilya’s eyebrows draw together, “I do not know the word in English. Breathe smoke into someone’s mouth?”

Shane eyes him, “what, like shotgunning?”

Ilya shrugs, “is like a kiss, but I blow smoke into your mouth. You have never tried this?”

“Definitely not.”

“I did it with Sveta all of the time when we were teenagers,” Ilya grins, “was so hot.”

“Oh fuck you.”

“What?” Ilya asks indignantly, like he doesn’t know exactly *what*. “Is true.”

“Oh I’m sure it’s true.”

Ilya seems to register his scowl then, before Shane has the chance to school it. “You are jealous.”

“I’m really not.”

“A little bit.”

“Not at all.”

Ilya holds his index finger and thumb an inch apart, “tiny bit. Like this much.”

Shane holds up his own index finger and thumb even closer together and sighs, “this much.”

Ilya grins triumphantly and leans up to blanket Shane’s body with his own again, pressing a loud kiss to his cheek. “Do not worry, *Zaichik*. Would be better with you.”

“Yeah?”

“Everything is.”

“Sap.”

Ilya jostles his shoulder, “you love me.”

Shane nudges him back, “yeah, I do.”

There was part of Shane that had worried he would be too *much* for Ilya when they finally got together. That Ilya Rozanov, infamous party boy and womaniser, might not be ready for just how intense Shane could be.

As it turns out, he shouldn't have worried too much.

"Shane," Ilya pops his head inside the sliding glass door, "am I allowed to have a cigarette?"

Shane looks up from where he's sitting at kitchen island, texting Hayden about the new baby. "Allowed?"

Ilya nods, and he doesn't even look sheepish when he adds, "really want one, but I know you don't like it."

Shane turns his phone off and *really* looks at Ilya. He's flushed and gorgeous, eyes bright, covered in a fine sheen of sweat that Shane wants to lick off. He's about to tell Ilya that *he's an adult*, he can do what he wants, he doesn't need permission from Shane, but there's something in Ilya's expression that stops him. "No, maybe later."

Ilya sucks his bottom lip between his teeth, eyes cast down. He's blushing and he's— he's fucking *hard* in those stupid little shorts he's wearing while he's barbecuing. "Okay."

"I'm texting Hayden, I'll be out in a minute."

Ilya mutters something under his breath that sounds like *fucking Pike*, and heads back outside, going back to barbecuing dutifully.

Shane knows he's not going to be able to go back to chatting with Hayden normally, not with this revelation on his mind. He shoots his best friend a message telling him his mom has just stopped by and he has to go, before shutting his phone off and burying his head in his hands. Shane had been trying to control it, that urge to boss Ilya around, to keep him on a tight leash. Sometimes, when he was tired and self-loathing, he'd thought that it would be his own need for control that would one day end his relationship with Ilya. But no— Ilya *liked* it. Or at least, his dick did. *And wasn't that something?*

"Hi," Ilya greets Shane when he steps out onto the patio, grinning ear to ear while he flips burgers and chicken skewers.

"Hey," Shane steps up behind him and winds his arms around Ilya's waist, pressing a kiss between his shoulder blades. He could count on one hand the number of times he's seen Ilya in a shirt recently, his beautiful, toned back and the muscular handfuls of his pecs always visible and tempting Shane to jump him then and there. Ilya rocks his hips back just a little, frothing Shane's dick against his ass, which earns him a sharp smack against it.

"Dinner first," Shane hisses, mouth pressed up against the shell of Ilya's ear, who makes a kind of whining, desperate sound Shane isn't sure he's ever heard before. By some miracle of self control, Shane pries himself away to set the outdoor table while Ilya watches on pitifully.

He bites the inside of his cheek hard, willing his halfway-hard dick back down. *Fuck*, Ilya has a great ass, especially for a guy who doesn't use it. Ilya's said the same thing about his dick before, too big and wet to be attached to a guy who's always coming without a hand on it.

Fuck. Shane manages to compose himself by the time Ilya serves dinner with a little, "bon appétit." They eat in relative quiet, Ilya wolfing down food like a madman, which Shane quickly realises is because he'd specified sex and cigarettes after dinner. Shane takes his sweet time, taking just a little bit of enjoyment in watching Ilya squirm over his own empty plate. The moment he finishes, Ilya has his arms laden with dishes, rushing them inside and into the dishwasher, decanting leftovers into tupperware containers haphazardly and shoving them in the fridge. It's less than two minutes between him finishing dinner and Ilya tugging him up from his seat and onto his lap on the outdoor couch.

Ilya manhandles him in his lap until they're chest to chest and Shane is straddling him, ass pressing down against Ilya's crotch. "Fuck, Hollander. You take forever to eat dinner and you leave me starving."

Shane rolls his hips down once, deliberate and firm. "Starving for what? Nicotine?"

"Jesus—," Ilya glances at the sky like he's asking the man himself for guidance. "I am starving for you, Shane."

"Oh, so you don't want that cigarette?"

Ilya groans, "want you more, *zaichik*."

Shane relents, grinding down and guiding Ilya's hands to his hips so he can rut up against Shane the way he wants to. Ilya captures his mouth, wet and hot, teeth clashing against Shane's bottom lip when he lunges forward desperately. Shane goes where Ilya directs him, body pliant and back arched while his boyfriend chases the sensation of his dick against Shane's ass. He lets Ilya keep thrusting for a minute, waiting for that moment just before he goes lax, when he's sloppy and desperate to come. It's then that Shane braces his hand against Ilya's chest and pushes off him. Ilya makes a confused sound in the back of his throat, reeling at the loss of Shane's body against him, and humps up into nothing twice on instinct before stopping the movement of his hips.

"What happened?" Ilya asks, eyes wide and assessing.

Shane shushes him, "you didn't do anything wrong."

"Why did we stop?"

"Because I wanted to try something else."

Ilya still looks confused, but he must trust Shane enough to follow his lead blindly, the same way Shane trusts him. "Okay."

Shane leans forward and presses a gentle kiss to the mole on Ilya's cheek. "Something you mentioned the other day. Shotgunning." Ilya looks properly alarmed for a second, and Shane clarifies quickly, "the smoking thing."

Ilya's face relaxes and he nods, breathing out deeply. "Fuck, Hollander. You scare me for a second there."

"Sorry."

Ilya snorts, "am glad you do not want to shoot me. You mean um, smoke kiss thing, yes? Like Sveta and I used to do."

"Mention someone else's name again and I'm going back inside."

"You are so strict, Hollander," Ilya smirks, "I mention another girl's name and you threaten to make my balls blue."

"That's not—," Shane exhales, "whatever. And you can't say *another* girl, that doesn't make sense."

Ilya scoffs, "makes perfect sense. You are my pretty girl."

"Oh, fuck off." Shane shifts, pretending like he might get up and leave, and Ilya's hands clamp around his hips like vices.

"Do not leave. I will be good. Let me blow smoke into your pretty mouth."

Shane assesses him again, "okay."

Ilya grins, one hand releasing Shane and digging into the pocket of his shorts. He pulls a pack of cigarettes and a lighter out, which Shane had been too distracted by his hard on and ass to notice earlier. He leans back in Ilya's lap a little, watching while his boyfriend takes a cigarette from the pack and slips it between his lips, one hand clicking the lighter and the other coming up to cup the flame and shield it from the breeze.

Ilya meets his gaze again, searching Shane's face for permission. He must find it in the tiny tilt of Shane's head, in the curve of his smile, because he drops the lighter on the couch and brings a hand to his mouth while he takes one long drag from the cigarette. Ilya pulls the cigarette away and holds the smoke in his mouth, his free hand coming up to tap Shane's jaw. He opens automatically and Ilya presses forward so he can ghost his mouth over Shane's, passing warm breath between his lips. Ilya pulls back an inch and repeats the motion, this time pressing their mouths together a little firmer, the movement trapping the smoke better than the first did.

It tastes like it smells, *like shit*, and there's a tiny, unsexy part of Shane's brain that tells him he looks like a baby bird being fed by its mom. But the dominant, Ilya obsessed parts of his mind are reeling. He's ingesting Ilya, breathing him in, consuming him. It's like swallowing after Ilya comes in his mouth—it's not about the taste or the sensation, it's about the feeling of taking Ilya into the deepest parts of his body and keeping him there.

“Again,” Shane whispers, going in for the kiss the moment Ilya pulls the cigarette from his mouth, jaw open and waiting. Ilya breathes into his mouth again and mumbles something that sounds like, *fuck, Hollander*. There’s something addictive about the intimacy of breathing when Ilya gives him oxygen, and the next time Ilya connects their mouths with a hand under Shane’s jaw, he rolls his hips down hard. Ilya moans into Shane’s mouth, and he greedily swallows it all down—the taste of smoke and Ilya, the sound of his boyfriend’s desperation. Ilya tries in vain to keep his mouth connected to Shane’s, but the cigarette is only halfway gone and Shane’s enjoying this.

“Another one,” Shane instructs him, ducking his head to press a quick bite to the underside of Ilya’s jaw. Ilya swallows thickly and nods, taking another drag. Shane doesn’t wait to be guided in, just crashes their mouths together and starts to grind down against Ilya’s crotch mercilessly. One of Ilya’s hands comes up to grasp Shane’s hip, trying to pull him down and set the pace, but Shane pushes back. Ilya makes a growling, grunting sound low in the back of his throat, and Shane pulls back. “Keep going,” he nods to the neglected cigarette in Ilya’s other hand.

“Am done. Will never smoke again if you just keep moving.”

Shane shakes his head, “I’m not done.” Admittedly, the cigarette itself wasn’t doing much for him, but dry humping a desperate Ilya is.

Ilya just gapes, eyes wide and imploring, then relents with a pitiful little, “okay.”

He takes another deep drag, watching Shane the whole time like he might change his mind if Ilya can just look sad and horny enough. Shane just shifts forward to press his mouth feather light over Ilya’s, inhaling. He rolls his hips again, and Ilya groans deep in his chest. The cigarette in Ilya’s hand is almost gone, burning out quickly in the long stretches between puffs.

“C’mon,” Shane presses a kiss to the corner of Ilya’s mouth and draws back, “one more.”

Ilya nods, looking pained, like the idea of waiting another thirty seconds before he comes is unfathomable. He takes one last inhale, stubs the cigarette out into the dish, and slides one hand into Shane’s hair to drag his face down to Ilya’s own. The kiss is scorching, and Ilya wastes no time manhandling Shane off his lap and onto his back on the couch. One hand comes up to pin Shane’s wrists above his head, and the other is already down the front of his pants, pulling his cock out. Ilya strokes him once, twice, then takes his own out of those obscene shorts. He stops kissing Shane for a half a second so he can bring his hand up and spit into his palm, before he seals their mouths together again and starts stroking them both together in one big hand. The angle is a little awkward, but Shane’s been on a knife’s edge since dinner, and he’s spilling all over Ilya’s hand barely a minute later. Ilya, like always, seems incapable of coming until Shane does, like he’s absorbing Shane’s pleasure by osmosis, and he comes a few seconds later.

They lie there for a moment, sticky, spent, and boneless. Eventually Shane, whose mouth has been pressed against Ilya’s golden curls, asks, “do you like rules, Ilya?”

“Huh?”

“Do you like rules?”

Ilya makes a confused, fucked-out sound. “Like hockey? Cannot illegally slam Pike into boards when he annoys me? I do not like those ones.”

Shane scoffs, “rules that *I* give you, not the NHL.”

“Oh. Like, ‘do not mention other girls’ name in bed’?”

Shane bites back a comment about *other girls*, “yeah. When I tell you you’re not allowed to smoke and stuff. Do you like that?” He needs to know. Shane can’t risk *this*, can’t risk Ilya over his own need for control. If Ilya doesn’t want that he can, he *will*, reign it in.

“Fuck, Hollander. I love that.”

“Oh.”

Ilya presses a kiss to the underside of his jaw, “give me one. Right now.”

Shane swallows. “No cigarettes. Not unless you’re sharing with me.” Ilya pushes off his chest, shifting so he’s sitting on the couch. He grabs a napkin from the coffee table, gently wiping Shane off and tucking him back into his shorts before he does the same for himself. Shane sits up too, pressing close to Ilya’s side, “do you think you can do that for me, Rozanov?”

Ilya nods, tugging his bottom lip between his teeth. “Okay. Yes. Thank-you.”

“G’boy,” Shane slurs, practically purring as he falls asleep right there on Ilya’s shoulder.

End Notes

one kudos = one easily rage baited shane hollander

Zaichik is a pretty common Russian endearment that means bunny :)

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