

Dreams Mean (Nothing At All)

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Dreams Mean (Nothing At All)

by [annanotherthing](#)

Summary

Shane has a dream. Ilya gets possessive.

Notes

this is between me and my (mostly empty) bottle of wine.

unedited, unbetaed, unhinged.

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

Shane was warm, and there were hands on him. Scott Hunter tries to skip around him, but Shane is too quick. Suddenly his stick is gone, and Hunter has stolen it and is streaking away up the ice. The hands rub gently at the back of his neck, and his whole body relaxes. Hunter has turned into a loon, but he still has Shane's stick.

"Mmph... Hunter..." Shane complains vaguely, because Hunter doesn't matter as long as those lovely hands keep kneading at the persistent knots in his neck.

The hand stops and Shane groans.

"What the fuck?"

He opens his eyes. It's still early, and the pre-dawn light is pale and cold with that white sting that suggests that snow has fallen again. He can barely see Ilya.

"Why you thinking of Hunter when I touch you?"

Shane blinks. "Wha'?"

"I wake early," Ilya looms over Shane's prone form, one leg slotting between Shane's own. "I think *ah yes, is perfect time to wake my boyfriend up with tongue in his asshole* but when I start touching you, you say *Hunter*?"

It takes a moment for Shane's brain to catch up. It's caught on *tongue* and *asshole*. "I said... no, I was just having a dream about Hunter!"

"A sexy dream?" Ilya's voice is low and there is a threatening edge to it. If Shane didn't know him, he might have been worried, but Ilya is all bark and no bite. Especially when it comes to Shane.

Well, a little bite, but nothing Shane doesn't ask for. Regularly.

"No, a silly dream."

"Tell me."

Ilya's hands begin to move again, thumbs pressing into Shane's shoulders with purpose as he drags his hands down Shane's back.

"I... he stole my stick," Shane can't help but get distracted as Ilya's hands move south and the blankets are lifted and replaced by a heavy, warm body. "And then he turned into a loon."

"Scott Hunter turned into a fucking wolf bird and you say his name?"

"I didn't mean to." Teeth scrape against Shane's back, followed by the hot wet velvet of Ilya's mouth. *Back dimples*, Ilya had told him when Shane asked why he had a particular focus there. Shane needs words with whoever taught him what that means. "I was asleep..."

“Maybe you forget who touches you so good, no?”

His hands are on Shane’s ass, gently squeezing, and it’s making it really difficult to concentrate on his words. “How can I forget when you’re being this much of an asshole?”

“Oh, I am asshole? I thought this was asshole?”

Shane jumps as Ilya presses a finger into him. Just the tip, no lube. It burns.

“Fuck, no, you’re a much bigger asshole.”

“Then maybe I won’t fuck you. You can ask Hunter to do it instead.”

Before Ilya, Shane didn’t think that there was any connection with feeling annoyed and turned on. Turns out they can be pretty close. He rolls over to glare at him, careful to kick him just hard enough to make a point.

“I don’t fucking want Hunter, I want you to get on with it!”

“Aww, are you grumpy because I found you out?”

“Jesus Christ, Rozanov-”

“Is ok,” Ilya sits back, looking down at Shane. His face is shadowed in the pre dawn light, but Shane still feels pinned into place by his stare. “I will show you that I am better than anything you could get from old man.”

“You’re fucking insane, you know that, right?” Shane manages to say as Ilya’s mouth descends onto his neck, all desperate teeth and tongue and Shane is definitely going to have to figure out a way to cover that up before practise.

“You are the insane one if you think for one moment that I will let old man touch you.”

Ilya’s hands are everywhere as he swallows Shane’s cock, tongue working as though he can remove Shane’s - pointless, stupid, and completely un-sexy - dream from his memory if he just tries hard enough. Shane has to close his eyes because the sight of Ilya bobbing head and dark eyes is too much as one hand finds Shane’s pec - God the man has an obsession and Shane is not going to be complaining - and the other his hole.

It’s going to be too much soon, with Shane already tender and sensitive from sleep, and Ilya’s desperate hands.

“Ilya, I...”

He ignores Shane and instead rolls the fingers inside him in time with the squeeze of his nipple. It’s a devastating combination, and Shane feels as though he is being taken apart from both sides.

Ilya groans as Shane comes, the vibration dragging out pleasure like overtime on his shaking legs.

“Bet your fucking old man couldn’t make you come that fast.”

“He’s not my- fucking hell, Rozanov!” Shane squeaks as Ilya flips him over, orgasm heavy limbs not cooperating enough to let him fight back. Ilya presses Shane into the bed, his breath hot on the back of Shane’s neck.

“Old man couldn’t make you come twice.”

He is everywhere, hands touching and nails scraping, his cock burning hot and damp as he ruts into the lube slick valley of Shane’s ass, his mouth fastened at the nape of Shane’s neck, and oh *fuck* if that doesn’t make his spent cock stir, because it feels like ownership, like belonging. And when Ilya’s cock finally catches, and the familiar stretch warms him, Shane has to bite his lip because it’s too much and not enough and the oversensitivity is a knife edge of pleasure-pain that he never wants to end.

“I should fuck you in front of him, da?” Ilya’s voice is low and rumbling, the rough purr of his accent drawn out. “Show him what he can never have.”

Shane has never thought of Scott Hunter in any way other than *hockey* but it doesn’t matter because God, the thought of anyone watching as Ilya takes Shane apart...

“Fuck, you like?”

Shane can hear the grin in Ilya’s voice.

“Maybe should fuck you in locker room... show team that you are mine...”

Shane can’t come again, not so quickly, but his body seems to be disagreeing.

“Show them all what they can never have, because you’re mine... da?”

Nodding is about as much as Shane can do, his fingers twisting in the sheets, his eyes squeezed shut so his entire world is Ilya’s voice, and his weight pressed against his back, and the heavy drag of his cock inside him, insistent, intense, and perfect.

“Or maybe on ice,” Ilya carries on and Shane wants to hit him because it’s too much. “I see how fans look at you, how media look at you... show them they can all fuck off...”

There are tears on Shane’s cheeks. He doesn’t know when they got there.

“But none of them can have you, you are mine... with your little hole, and your freckles, and your shitty backhand-”

“Fuck you-”

“And your smart mouth...”

Even though he just came, between Ilya’s cock, pressing so deliciously against his prostate, making his entire body sing, and his words, his desperate, possessive devotion, Shane feels like a fuse watching the match approach. It is inevitable.

“Fuck..”

There is that hitch in Ilya’s voice, the one that said either he was about to come or his emotions were getting the better of him. Or both.

A hand slips beneath Shane, pulling him off in rough strokes, just the right side of too tight, and Ilya’s cock is sliding easily through his own release, and he’s whispering over and over to himself.

“Мой, мой, мой...”

Shane recognises the shape of it, the tone. He has never felt so wanted.

The sun has risen by the time they disentangle themselves, casting long shadows in the golden morning light, scrambling to remove sticky sheets and arguing over who gets to shower first because *no, Rozanov, we’re late already.*

In the car, Ilya stares out at the road.

“Fucking Hunter...”

Shane takes Ilya’s hand and places it on his thigh as he drives. It’s not much, but it feels like a lot. It feels like I love you, and mine, and forever. “You’re an asshole. We’ll kick his ass next time we play him and then you’ll feel better.”

“Only if you only dream about me.”

“I can’t control my subconscious. But trust me, any sexy dreams I have only involve one person.”

Ilya brightens. He’s like a puppy, and Shane has to bite his lip to stop himself from smiling.

“Good.”

End Notes

my first non hp smut - why does it feel like my first time writing smut ever? ive written so much filthier!

I have a [tumblr](#) or you can find me floating in various Discord servers 💕

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