

Some Place Warm

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Some Place Warm

by [M_1dn1ght_s](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander is spiralling and needs a comforting warmth that he can only find with his husband, Ilya Rozanov.

Notes

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

Shane felt weird.

In fact, he'd been feeling weird for days now, and he didn't know why. Or maybe he did know why but he wasn't willing to acknowledge it yet.

He'd made a mistake on the ice during practice, not even a real game, just practice. That was when you were *allowed* to make mistakes, when you could learn from it and correct it, perfect it for when you did have a real game. But Shane didn't like making mistakes. *Ever*. And he especially hated making mistakes in front of other people.

That's why when he was perfecting 'The Rozanov', where he would fake a backhand shot forcing the goalie to move then follow it up with a quick forehand wrist shot straight into the goal, he'd practiced it for hours in secret. He learned that move for Ilya and from Ilya, because no matter how much they argued about it, Shane secretly believed that Ilya was the best hockey player he had ever known, and Shane desperately wanted to show his devotion to Ilya by perfecting his move. Shane had wanted to show Ilya, back when he was still with the Montreal Voyageurs, that Ilya was always with him on the ice, safely tucked away in his heart and keeping him steady. But these moves that came naturally to Ilya, hockey moves forged into Ilya's bones, tucked away into the space between his atoms, did not come so naturally to Shane.

Oh people thought Shane was a natural. Maybe some things did come naturally like his drive and his dedication and his need for perfection. He was Yuna's son after all. But skills on the ice, no they didn't just appear in Shane's hands. Shane had to work for everything that he had and knew about Hockey. They say it takes 10,000 hours to master a skill, well Shane had probably spent triple that perfecting and honing his hockey skills, maybe even more than that. And if there was one thing Shane feared, it was people realising that he wasn't very good at hockey at all, that it was all a farce and he was a fraud. He would especially hate for Ilya to ever realise that. Not when hockey had been the thing to bring them together in the first place, because for all the harm their 'rivalry' had placed on their relationship for years, shrouding them in fog, it was still the thing that had brought them together, that made them seek light and warmth in each other. Shane was terrified that those foundations he had built with Ilya in the early days would come crumbling down if Ilya could ever see out of the fog, could see Shane as clearly as he could see himself, his flaws exposed in glaring sunlight.

So yes, he made a mistake at practice and he was now spiralling. Shane knew Ilya was Captain of the Centaurs, and he liked to pretend he minded but really he was proud of Ilya and would never want to take that away from him, but he also knew that a lot of the players on the team, especially the younger ones like Luca, still looked up to Shane too. He and Ilya were both legends on the ice, with years of history to make ahead of them yet, so it didn't matter if he wasn't captain, people were always going to be watching him and now they had seen him stumble. And what if this was only the start? What if he kept making more mistakes and more people saw? And what if they end up losing a game because of Shane? What if Ilya, oh God, what if Ilya's love fades the worse Shane gets at hockey.

Shane has known for a long time now that Ilya was it for him. Whatever flings and short lived relationships he'd had in between in those early years were just noise. Filler episodes for

filler days where he waited weeks or months until he could see Ilya again, until all the noise left was Ilya's name on his lips. *Rozanov. Rozanov. Rozanov.* Until it became *Ilya. Ilya. Ilya.*

Even if he lost everything else in this life, the one thing he couldn't lose was Ilya. And in order to keep Ilya, Shane needed hockey. So he had to be *perfect*, even if it wasn't for himself anymore.

While the spiral was happening, Shane was sat on the sofa next to his husband chewing his hoodie string. He'd also chewed the pen he was writing with earlier as he made notes in his hockey journal about why he had made that mistake and how to improve it next time. He'd gotten better with his food choices compared to the last few years, but when he was stressed he reverted back to his macrobiotic diet so he could chew and suck on flavourless food because he didn't care for the taste he just wanted something in his mouth, and if he kept eating junk food just to have something in his mouth, well then that was definitely not going to help in the hockey department.

When he and Ilya were having sex earlier, Shane had left a trail of hickeys down Ilya's neck and chest, big and bright and purple that Ilya would show off proudly in the locker room with the Centaurs at their next practice. It would make Shane embarrassed as hell and shy around everyone until the marks faded, but secretly he was grateful he could leave marks at all now, that the years of secrecy were well and truly behind them. And honestly, Shane would do it again and again, no matter how much it embarrassed him, because there was something about sucking Ilya's skin, or tasting him, of feeling the warmth of his body on his tongue and between his lips, that quieted the spiral. Shane's dizziness would disappear, his thoughts would stop, and it would just be him and Ilya. And Ilya had never been, would never be, one of Shane's mistakes.

Shane knew that Ilya knew there was something wrong. Eventually Ilya would ask him about it, but for the most part Shane had kept it under wraps so far, at least the intensity of his spiral, so Ilya had been waiting for Shane to be brave enough to come to him willingly. But Shane knew Ilya was getting a little antsy about it. Why else would Ilya somewhat aggressively tear the hoodie string from Shane's mouth and then wrap his arm around him to bring him to Ilya's chest. Ilya hated Shane finding comfort in anything else but him, even if Ilya would never admit that out loud.

So Shane laid there on Ilya's chest and started chewing his lips. He'd never told Ilya this but a few months ago he had found Ilya's hidden pack of cigarettes. Ilya hardly smoked these days, to Shane's relief, and it's not that he had suddenly decided to take up smoking himself, but he'd taken one out of the packet and placed it between his lips, unlit. He'd closed his eyes and pretended he was Ilya on a cold day in Moscow before they'd ever met and wondered what it must have felt like to feel the heat in his lungs warming him from the winter air. Shane stopped chewing his lips and brought his fingers to them instead, his index and his middle finger, as though he held a cigarette, one of *Ilya's* cigarettes.

"What are you doing moya kartoshka?" Ilya asked.

Shane lifted his head to look up at Ilya, using his scrunched confusion face that Ilya so dearly loved. "Kartoshka? What's that mean, you've used that before," Shane asked. Ilya was always using random, made-up pet names for Shane.

"Potato."

"You just called me your potato?"

"Da."

"Idiot," Shane said fondly going back to lay on Ilya's chest, the spattering of hair tickling his cheek.

"Talk to me," Ilya said shaking him a little with his arm. They were watching a hockey game on TV but neither of them were really paying much attention. It was Buffalo, so...

With the way Shane was lying, he had the perfect line of vision for Ilya's bulge. He knew Ilya was only wearing joggers and nothing else. Shane was pretty sure Ilya wore as little clothing as possible at home so there was less to take off when the two of them inevitably started groping each other.

Shane hummed, ignoring Ilya's words. Suddenly all he could think about was Ilya's satin skin tucked safely between his lips and Ilya's tip resting heavy and hard on Shane's tongue. It was a strange sensation. It wasn't exactly that Shane wanted to suck Ilya off, I mean yes he pretty much always did, but this also felt different. It was like Shane just wanted to feel Ilya with him, but closer than they were now, deeper. Shane wanted to just lie there with Ilya's cock in his mouth and watch the stupid Buffalo v Anaheim game and have the dizzy spell finally stop, even if it was all just happening in his mind. Shane wanted Ilya's cock to be his cigarette, the warmth protecting him from his own winter spell.

"Shane," Ilya called. "What is it? What do you need?"

"I need you," Shane said quietly. After the first time Shane ever said those words back in Vegas, there was no shame in it for him anymore. Shane has known for a long time what he needed and it always, *always*, came back to Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya's hand went to Shane's hair. "You have me."

"Can I do something weird..." Shane asked.

"You are always doing something weird and I always do not mind." Shane could practically hear the smirk in Ilya's voice. Maybe with the way Shane's hand had subconsciously been caressing Ilya's thigh, Ilya had an inkling about what Shane wanted to do.

"I want to suck it," Shane said.

"I know. You always want to suck. You love it." There was something about Ilya's bluntness that had always done it for Shane. Maybe it was that for once he never had to guess what someone meant by their words or what they were secretly thinking. With Ilya, Shane always knew exactly what he was thinking.

"This is... different. It's more like umm... I want to just have you close, maybe suckle on it a bit."

"Suck-le. I do not know this word."

"I want to put you in my mouth and sometimes I want to suck but not like I usually do. It's more like...like the way a baby uses a soother."

"Soothe? Shane what the fuck are you talking about?"

"A pacifier," Shane said instead realising Ilya was more likely to know that word than 'soothe'.

"You want to use my dick as a soska?" Shane assumed that was Russian for pacifier and simply nodded. "So you are not going to *suck*, just suck-le, maybe sometimes." Shane nodded again. "And this will make you feel better?"

"It would make me feel a lot better I think."

"Ok."

That was all the permission Shane needed.

Ilya helped Shane pull his joggers off, opting to discard them entirely. Ilya was hard, which was unsurprising since Shane had just been talking about sucking, no *suckling*, him. Shane laid his head on Ilya's stomach now and held his cock away from his face by wrapping his hand around Ilya's base. Then he let go of his grip and let Ilya's cock slap his face as he nuzzled into the patch of hair around Ilya's cock, taking a deep inhale of his lover's musky scent, before lifting his head back up his husband's body enough to slip Ilya's tip into his mouth.

Shane closed his eyes as he sighed around Ilya's cock. His tongue gently circled Ilya's tip for a few rounds, slipping under the foreskin until Ilya grew incredibly harder, and then Shane stopped. He just let the thick heat warm his mouth and the slight saltiness melt away the ice, until all the voices in Shane's head simply stopped. He didn't have to be perfect anymore and even with the hockey game playing right in front of him, Shane didn't think about hockey anymore either. In fact he finally, *finally*, felt like himself again.

Shane Hollander. Not the number two draft pick, not the old captain of the Montreal Voyageurs, not the Ottawa Centaurs Left Wing, not even Ilya's Rozanov's husband or Yuna and David's son or the one of two Asian kids at his school. He was just Shane now, and he was warm.

And if any of the bad thoughts tried to sneak in again, Shane would simply start suckling on Ilya's cock, and he would taste more salt, and he would sigh so content, and he would be just Shane.

Meanwhile, Ilya Rozanov was fucking dying.

When he agreed to let Shane suck-le on his cock, he thought it would be a lot more fun. In fact it was *torture*.

This was basically just glorified edging. Usually Ilya liked to do that to Shane, but for once the tables were turned. Ilya didn't know why Shane liked being edged so much if this is what it felt like. And Ilya wasn't talking about the times Shane, or Ilya, would get close and stop because they wanted the night to last 10 minutes longer, this was more like when Ilya would tease Shane for *hours*. Those nights when Ilya brought Shane to tears, begging and pleading until he was boneless and mute, until the only sounds left were his whimpers and his body could barely move, and only then would Ilya finally let Shane have his release before passing out from exhaustion.

And Shane wasn't even doing this to Ilya on purpose!

They were watching fucking Buffalo and Shane had Ilya's cock in his mouth and he was so painfully hard and desperate. He wanted nothing more than to take Shane's head and hold him like a fleshlight and fuck into his mouth until he was shooting his load down the back of Shane's throat. But Ilya would not do that now. He could not do it.

Shane had been acting weird for days. Something was bothering him and he hadn't spoken to Ilya about it yet. Ilya was trying to be a good husband and let Shane come to him in his own time instead of forcing comfort onto someone when they weren't ready for it yet. Even if they still hadn't figured out exactly how long they had been together, and even if there had been weeks and months between their secret meetings back then, he and Shane had been each other's for well over a decade. Officially, or unofficially, Ilya didn't care. They were at a point in their relationship now, in their *marriage*, where if it was something pressing Shane would come to him immediately, and if it was not so pressing and Shane wanted time to mull things over before talking to Ilya, then Ilya would give him that time. He knew Shane always came back to him eventually, even if Ilya wasn't sure he really deserved Shane even now.

So even though Ilya was being tortured, punished, *tormented*, by Shane's perfect mouth and the little sighs he would let out like Ilya's cock was God's gift on earth, he would sit there still and unmoving, his hand caressing Shane's hair to give him whatever other comforts he could. And even when the torment got worse every time Shane suck-led on Ilya's cock, the gentle pressure of his lips, the swipe of his tongue over Ilya's slit tasting his precum, the way his tongue sought shelter in the fold of his foreskin, Ilya would stay strong. Ilya loved Shane so much he was willing to get flayed alive to protect him, so if he needed to let Shane use his dick as a soska to protect him from his own thoughts and worries, then Ilya would do just that. Of course Ilya would also tease Shane about it but not now, later.

So that was that. Shane suckled and Ilya tried not to bust his nut.

Ilya wasn't sure exactly how long this carried on. Mostly he was trying not to grab Shane by the neck and push him down, and honestly any amount of time could have passed while Ilya practiced self-restraint. All he knows is that he felt a creeping sensation travel through his body, like his hairs standing on edge, until he was suddenly and unexpectedly cumming into Shane's mouth while the hand Ilya had on Shane's head pushed him down instinctively. Ilya's whole body convulsed and spasmed and he groaned as his balls emptied into his husband's throat.

Shane pulled off Ilya quickly and coughed. Most of Ilya's cum was already down his oesophagus, but he grabbed a tissue from the coffee table to cough into before he coughed

out anymore straight onto his hand.

Ilya had sunk even further into the sofa when Shane turned to glare at him.

"What the fuck asshole," Shane said using the moniker as it's intended use and not as the term of endearment it had turned into over the years. "You could have warned me!"

Ilya grimaced feeling bad and reached over to grab more tissues to help clean the coughed up cum off his husband's hand as Shane commented 'gross' under his breath.

"I am sorry moy lyubimyy. Came out of nowhere, surprised even me," Ilya admitted. Ilya loved making Shane take his load, but he always made sure Shane knew it was coming. In his defence, Ilya also usually knew it was coming in order to give Shane the warning in the first place.

"I was barely even doing anything."

"Hmm, that was what made it so good I think, maybe. Probably." At this point Shane was pretty certain he could blow air on Ilya's cock and it would make him cum. "Do you feel better at least? Is my dick a good soska? Sooth all your worries?"

"I *was* feeling better until you made me choke on your load."

"Mmm, usually you like that."

"Usually, I know it's coming. You know I don't like surprises." And then Shane got this evil glimmer in his eye that Ilya wasn't used to seeing from him. "I guess we'll just have to start again. Since I'm feeling a little back on *edge*."

Shane pushed Ilya's chest back until it hit the sofa cushion and nestled himself back into the position they had been in earlier. He torturously licked clean any cum that had dribbled down Ilya's cock and then tucked his tip back into his mouth. Ilya was overstimulated, his body exhausted after a powerful orgasm, and he was so glad that this short fucking hockey player and his stupid freckles had lit a fire in him all those years ago in the Saskatchewan cold.

End Notes

I can't get these gay hockey boys out of my fucking head.

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