

Make Me

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Make Me

by [lilfroggycowboy](#)

Summary

Shane tries to get under Ilya's skin during a game. He succeeds, and wants Ilya to do something about it.

Notes

Set after season 1. Ilya's joined Ottawa at this point and they have keys to each other's apartments. They're comfortable enough at this point to get... creative.

No beta because I can't be bothered! Enjoy your smut! Comment and tell me I'm pretty!!!

“The fuck was that?”

Ilya’s question punches through the air the moment he’s through the door.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I respond. But I absolutely know what he’s talking about.

It started this morning when I woke up in the apartment in Montreal blindingly hard, trying desperately to remember the details of the dream my alarm had just interrupted. It was, of course, about Ilya. About his arms flexing as he pushed my knees up into my chest, his jaw slack as he fucked me into the headboard. I laid there, clenching my eyes shut and trying to imagine whether he would have finished in that position or flipped me around to my stomach, whether he would have moaned quietly as he spilled inside me or shouted my name. But I could already hear my phone buzzing with texts from my mom and the team’s manager, so I willed myself to take my hand off my dick and start my pre-game routine.

Ilya rolls his eyes and brushes past me, likely on his way to pour himself a drink. I catch his wrist as he passes, which elicits a look I’ve never seen him aim at me off the ice before—one that’s both sizing me up and daring me to make my next move. My stomach flutters.

“What has crawled up your asshole today?” Ilya demands, yanking his wrist out of my hand.

“I wish you would,” I respond. It’s a lame response, but it’s good enough because it makes him bite the side of his tongue and set his jaw as he looks me up and down.

He made the same face as I passed him on the ice just before huddle. We’d already been texting for most of the morning in between our individual rituals and workouts.

Jane: Looking forward to seeing you sulk from the bench this evening.

Lily: Why would I sulk? I will be having a wonderful time planning my victory reward.

Jane: Oh yeah?

Lily: Yes. Will be deciding whether I will fuck your throat or ass after fucking your team on their home ice.

This motherfucker. Reading that text gave me a semi in the locker room, so I decided to hit back.

Jane: Who says you’ll be seeing me after the game at all? Maybe I’m busy.

Lily: You will be busy? Doing what?

Jane: Maybe I have plans.

Lily: You have no plans that your mother does not make for you.

Jane: You're an asshole.

Lily: But I am not wrong.

He wasn't wrong. He was the one who went out to celebrate after games, not me. If it were any other game, I'd be going straight home to watch a few highlights, doomscroll a responsible amount, and go to sleep by 2 a.m. at the latest. But this wasn't any other game, and I was going to make sure it was one he remembered.

Jane: If you want to come over after the game, you'll have to earn it.

It took almost ten minutes for a reply to come back, which was enough time for me to spiral and consider walking it back. But then the reply came, just before my pregame talk.

Lily: Name your price.

In that moment, I wasn't entirely sure what my price would be. I mulled it over as I put on the rest of my gear and walked out to the bench, as I caught a glimpse of him stepping out onto the ice, as he tossed a cocky wink at me before doing a lap around the rink. The wink made the price clear. He was going to take a penalty. From me. If he wanted to fuck me into next week, if he wanted to feel my throat spasm around his cock, if he wanted to hear me whimper, he was going to have to sit his pretty ass in the penalty box first.

Ilya isn't generally one to start a fight. He's usually too focused on his game. But I made up my mind then and there to steal his focus like he'd done to me all day. From the moment I woke up, I'd been thinking about him. I'd spent the day feeling like I was going to crawl out of my skin if I couldn't touch him. I hated how much control he had over my composure in the same moment that I wanted to surrender it completely to him.

So I determined that I would surrender. But it would be his turn first.

I'd followed him out, making a lap of my own around the rink. Our fans were already chanting and singing in the stands, and I waved up to the crowd for a moment before settling into my warmup routine.

As I ran my drills up and down the ice, Ilya countered with his own, mirroring me on the other side of the rink. It probably made a good show—the two captains, centers for their teams, sizing each other up before the game even started. But what may have looked like two rivals glaring each other down was an entirely different conversation for us.

“You think you are a big shot, huh?” Ilya grunts, closing the distance between us in the kitchen. “You think you can try to shock me, embarrass me? And I will accept this?”

“I don’t think you had a choice,” I counter, lifting my chin just enough to communicate that I still have no intention of backing down. Until he makes me.

“That was a cute little trick you did,” Ilya murmurs, grinning.

I assume he’s referring to the face-off at the beginning of the second period.

Up until then, I’d been keeping it a little more reserved with the occasional chirp from the box or loaded glance here and there. But at the end of first period, he’d body slammed me into the glass harder than he ever had before in a game, and once the whistle was blown and play was over, he leaned into whisper into my ear. “Can you take it rough, Hollander?”

So when we were squared up at the beginning of the next period, I took my chances. I looked directly into his eyes, ignoring the cocksure smirk under his visor, and showed him I’d been practicing.

“Sil’neye, papochka,” I taunted as the puck dropped. The way his eyebrows flew up and his eyes went wild will be a feature of my daydreams for a long, long time. In his surprise, he completely missed the puck and I’d already raced off with it, passing it to our right wing who slapped it into the net within 30 seconds.

Ilya grabs my wrist and pulls us closer until our chests almost touch.

“Harder, daddy?” he muses. “I wonder who taught you this.”

“I do my research,” I mutter back.

“Your accent needs work. We will go to bed so you can practice.”

“Make me,” I dare him.

Those same two words had given him his yellow card. In third period, after one of his defenders found his stick in my left winger’s skates, the defender and I were perilously close to throwing hands when the ref declined to card him for a stick foul. Ilya approached and told me to “go back to your bench and accept the ruling.” In reply, I got my face as close to his as our helmets would allow me.

“Make me,” I’d sneered, and spat in his face.

He’d lunged at me then, taking me to the ground and landing a hit to my chest before other players were able to pull him off me. He’d gotten slapped with a yellow card then, and his price was paid. To be fair, I’d also landed myself a card, but it was worth it. And while we sat, seething, next to each other in the box, the Metros scored again. All up, we won 4-3.

Now, here in the kitchen, he looks ready to take me to the ground again. Ilya's breathing is shallow and hot against my neck as he whispers.

"I will not need to make you. You will beg me."

"I don't beg," I respond instantly. This isn't technically supported by our history, but I'm not planning to beg tonight.

Rather than respond, Ilya backs off me and turns to the kitchen again. He pulls his tee shirt off mid-stride, pulling the hem up with one hand and tossing it on the counter. It slides off and onto the floor, but he doesn't even look back to see where it had landed. He takes a glass from the open shelf and grabs the bottle of Mamont I keep in the apartment for him. He takes his time making his drink, dropping ice into his glass and giving himself a generous pour before making his way back to me. It isn't until he's back within kissing distance that he meets my eyes again, taking a curt sip of the vodka before lifting the glass to my mouth.

"I don't drink during the season," I state flatly.

"And you don't beg," he counters. It's a dare. He's asking whether I want to live in reality tonight, or if we're going to keep playing the game. My lips part, and he takes me by the chin with one hand as he pours a sip from his glass into my mouth.

"Good, good. You are listening now." He looks cocky again, which I won't accept.

"Rose's friend Miles DM'ed me again yesterday," I volley over my shoulder as I turn and walk to the couch.

"Ah?"

"Yeah, he asked if I would be going out with Rose next week after she wraps." My tone is casual, testing him.

"Will you?" he asks, taking a seat at the other end of the sofa. He sets his glass on the coffee table, stretches back into the pillows, and rests his arms behind his head. God, his body is beautiful. I can't help but let my eyes roam over the broadness of his chest, shadows dancing in the valleys of his pecs. He's a hard worker, and it pays off. His body is powerful—he's not cocky for nothing.

"Maybe," I shrug. It's true, I might go out with them. "It's easier dancing with Rose now that we're not dating."

"So you are going to dance with her?" He can't hide his irritation now. He scrunches his nose briefly, his one tell. "Will the cameras not see you?"

"They might. It'd probably be good press for us both." I don't particularly like the idea of more headlines about me and Rose, speculating whether we're together. But Ilya hates the idea, I can see it in the way his eyebrows twitch as he reaches for his drink.

"And what about Miles? Will you dance with him?"

The reality is that Miles hadn't messaged me. Rose had. I wasn't even certain that Miles would be there, though there was a solid chance.

"Maybe. We might have to find somewhere private to do it, though. I don't really want that on camera." I definitely do not want that on camera.

"Shane Hollander dancing in a club with his beautiful movie star ex-girlfriend and her gay friend. Would be interesting to read what they write about that." He grins over his glass before taking a sip, but the grin is laced with something dark. I can see something simmering behind his eyes. Jealousy, I think. It's a little frightening, and a little exhilarating.

Okay, it's very exhilarating. It's a fire I want to stoke. I've missed him the six weeks since our last game together. Missed his intensity, the way he can pull me out of my head and into my body. So I aim low.

"You know, I've only ever been with one other man. Maybe it would be good to have something to compare it to."

My words hang in the air. I'm waiting for him to move. To kiss me, to pounce on me, to walk away. But he just sits there, still as death, resting the nearly empty glass on his knee. Our eyes are locked to one another's, our breathing silent. His eyes narrow almost imperceptibly before he leans over to set the glass back on the coffee table.

His hand comes to rest on the dip of his sternum briefly, then slides down to the waistband of his sweats. He meets my gaze again and slips his hand into his pants. I drop my eyes to watch as he palms himself, watching the outline of his hand moving under the fabric.

"Okay then, Hollander. Tell me what you think you are missing."

He's stroking himself now, jaw clenched, temples tense. I've thoroughly pissed him off now. But he's still here. The slow, methodical movements of his hand over his cock have me hard already even though he's still obscured by his pants.

I struggle to think of a response, my mind already starting to go fuzzy. I'm not missing anything, except for more of him. I don't want anyone else. I want him. I want Ilya.

"I don't know," I admit. Ilya huffs a short laugh.

"You are so... cute. You think I don't know what you are doing? You think I cannot see past your little game?" His hand continues its steady, controlled strokes. "You text me, try to rile me up. Try to get into my head. Learn a few words of Russian to surprise me. Pretend you want someone else."

My heart is racing. His hand stops. Ilya holds my gaze, and I open my mouth to defend myself.

He stops me. "I have ruined you for anyone else. We both know this."

It's true. He has, and we both know it.

“Do you need me to remind you?” His hand starts moving again, and I swallow back a moan.

“Go on, Hollander. It’s okay to admit it. You want me to ruin you. Again and again.”

“So what if I do?” I am now clearly losing this particular game.

“Then I suppose the winner will get what he wants,” Ilya shrugs.

“What if I want to ruin you?” Ilya laughs at this.

“That is not what you want.” His hand speeds up, and I move my hand down to slip into my own boxers.

“Ah ah. No,” he snaps. “I paid my price, did I not? I lost the game for you. Now you—”

“That wasn’t the price,” I interrupt him. I slip my hand beneath the waistband of my boxers and wrap my hand around my now fully hard cock. “Losing the game wasn’t the price.”

Ilya’s brow furrows. “Then what was it?”

I begin stroking myself.

“Getting under your skin. Breaking your composure.”

At that, Ilya pulls himself up onto his knees and crawls across the sofa to settle between my legs. He grabs my wrist and pulls my hand out of my boxers, slapping it away. Then, his hand is tight around my jaw. He pulls me up to him until our lips are threatening to brush together. His eyes are sharp and clear.

“You got under my skin a long time ago, lyubimiy.”

He gives my cheek a solid pat before snatching my boxers down and off. His knees hit the floor in the same moment his hands have my knees hitting my chest. His tongue sends my eyes rolling as he licks a filthy, firm stripe from my ass to my balls and back down again.

He doesn’t even take the time to remove his face from my ass to chirp up at me.

“You want to be a fucking brat, ah? Then I will treat you like one. I will remind you who you play games with.”

So he sets to taking me apart. His fingers wrap around my cock and he strokes me as his tongue works around my hole and I swear to god I will never become accustomed to how fucking good this feels. He’s right, he’s ruined me. He’s currently ruining me.

“This pretty hole,” he breathes, lapping at my ass as he kneads my thigh with the hand not wrapped around my cock. “It is mine, yes?”

“What?” I huff in reply, straining to look down. His blue eyes peer back at me from below and he licks me again, hard and wet.

“This—hole—is—mine—” he repeats, punctuating each word with open mouthed kisses that take me very close to coming.

“Holy shit, Ilya,” I gasp. It feels too good, and I pull my eyes shut, knowing I’m about to make a mess all over both of us. I moan and buck up into his hand, nearly there, when he lets go of me and sits back on his heels. The sudden loss of contact has me falling through space.

My eyes fly open to see him panting and grinning, and suddenly I realize this game might not be as fun as I thought it would be.

“Come back,” I whine, letting my head fall back against the pillows. Ilya chuckles low and stands before turning and wordlessly heading toward the bedroom.

It takes a few moments before I realize I’m still holding my knees to my chest, and I lamely let my legs drop and just sit there processing.

“Where is my brat, ah?” he calls from the other room.

That gets me to my feet and into the bedroom in a split second. “I’m not a fucking brat,” I spit out, my erection bouncing stupidly and undermining the indignance I’m trying to communicate.

“You have been acting like one,” he shrugs. He’s trying to wind me up now and it’s working. He’s leaning casually against the foot of my bed, head bowed slightly, his lips pursed in that little fucking pout he does when he’s teasing me.

“You’ve been acting like an asshole,” I counter.

“I am an asshole,” he laughs.

“No, you’re not. Not really,” I admit. This has all been a game, but I need him to know that I don’t actually think he is an asshole. He is deeply thoughtful and gentle and also a little shit, but not an asshole.

He pushes off the bed and steps up to run a hand over my shoulder.

“And you are not really a brat.” At his words, my embarrassment catches up with me and I drop my head to his shoulder.

He grabs me by the hair at the base of my skull and pulls my head back up to meet his eyes.

“But you would like to be treated like one, yes?” It is infuriating how fucking smooth he can be sometimes. He’s so good at this.

His eyebrows quirk up for a moment, seeking confirmation. I swallow hard against my suddenly dry throat as his hand slips back up my neck to cradle my cheek.

“Yes,” I breathe into his mouth.

“Then kneel, Hollander.”

I don't even think before my knees are on the floor. I bury my face in the angle of his hip, taking in the scent of his skin and soap. His hands pet my head and brush my hair away from my forehead. I turn to take his cock in my mouth, but he grips my hair to stop me.

"Ah ah. First you tell me what you want."

"I want to taste you."

"No, Shane. What do you want from me?"

I don't fully understand the question. I want everything from him.

"I don't know," I whine, pushing my face into the lowest part of his belly as his cock rests against my neck. He dips a hand down to grab under my arm and bring me to my feet.

"You want me to punish you, yes?" he asks as he cups my face in his hands. "Punish you for heckling me, spitting in my face, trying to make me jealous?" I only nod in reply, closing my eyes to avoid looking into his.

"Ah ah, eyes open when I speak to you," he commands. He's no stranger to bossing me around in the bedroom, but he's never done whatever he's doing now. It makes my chest tight with want. I open my eyes and see the same tenderness I do any other time we've gone to bed.

"If you want me to treat you like a little fucking brat, to be rough with you, I will. But you will tell me that is what you want."

I obey. "That's what I want."

"You will tell me to stop if you want me to stop." I feel tears prick the sides of my eyes. Even here, even now, after all my petty bullshit today, he takes care of me.

"I won't want you to stop."

He grips my hair again. "Shane..." he warns.

"Fuck, okay. Yes. I will tell you to stop if I want you to stop."

"Good," he quips, patting my cheek again. "Now you suck my cock."

He pushes down on my shoulders and the moment my knees touch the ground, his cock is in my mouth. I've genuinely always loved this part. The feeling of his smooth skin against my tongue, the sound of his breathing becoming heavier, the singular focus. I like being useful, and as I dig my fingernails into my palm to keep from gagging, I feel very useful.

I open my eyes and strain to look up at him as he begins thrusting into my throat. When he notices me gazing up at him, I wrap my arms around his thick, muscular thighs and let him start properly fucking my mouth.

"My god, Hollander," he gasps. "Your fucking mouth."

I close my eyes and let him use me. It's uncomfortable, but the way it makes my head go totally quiet is blissful. In this moment, there's nothing but Ilya.

He pulls my head off his cock and a thick string of spit spills over my chin and onto my chest. A few tears run down my cheeks as I catch my breath.

"You look good like this," he purrs as he pets my head. "Like a whore." The word is thrilling. It's never a word I would have thought I wanted. But it makes my cock twitch and my ass ache for him to fill me.

I stand and move to kiss him, but he covers my mouth with his hand.

"No, my whore. You will have to earn it," he smirks, echoing my text before the game.

I huff out a small laugh into his palm before giving it a small nip with my teeth. He snatches his hand away with a little "ah, fuck!" before closing his hand around the base of my neck and shoving me toward the bed.

He bends me over the side of the bed and lays his body over mine to whisper in my ear.

"You will pay for that, yes?" It's not an actual question, but I still nod. He uses his foot to kick my legs further apart before landing a stinging slap to my ass. I must have yelped because he brings his hand back to soothe the spot before squeezing. He takes a moment, maybe to see if I'd protest, before spanking me again. The shock and sting are a little disorienting at first, but when I grip the bedcovers and allow my mouth to lull open, it becomes almost hypnotic. Seven, ten strikes later and he kneels behind me to kiss and soothe my burning skin. The tenderness makes my stomach flip.

"Your ass is cute all pink," he smiles into my ass cheek. "You did good."

His hands grip either side of my ass then, and before I can process it his tongue is back on me and my heels come up off the floor in surprise. He follows me, burying his face and pushing his tongue inside me.

"Fuck, Ilya, fuck—" I pant.

"Rozanov," he corrects. "Rozanov takes your ass like this."

My stomach flips again as he redoubles his efforts, and between his mouth and the friction of my cock against the bed I can feel myself getting close again.

"Say it correctly," he taunts.

"Fuck, Rozanov, holy shit, I'm—"

Then his mouth is off me again and he is lifting me off the bed to suck a bruise into the side of my neck before shoving me onto the bed on my back. He crawls up my body until his knees are on either side of my shoulders and he has my arms pinned over my head.

"I will decide when you come, Hollander. And you haven't earned it yet. Open up."

I obey and he presses his cock into my mouth again, using my wrists to stabilize himself. The stretch of my arms over head and the pressure of his cock in my mouth is dizzying. I moan around him and he curses in Russian under his breath. He only keeps me like this for a few moments before traveling back down my body, leaving bites and kisses behind as he finds his way to my groin.

He seems to take special care to avoid touching my cock, ghosting his lips everywhere but where I want them. My hands fist the sheets as I do my best not to buck up toward him, but he's taking this maddeningly slowly and I've had enough.

"Please, Ily—Rozanov," I self-correct. "Please."

"Mmmm, you ask so pretty," Ilya hums into my skin. "But I want you to beg."

"I am begging," I whine. "Please, please. I need it."

"I don't think you want it badly enough," he tuts. I let out a strangled, frustrated mewl as he stands and crosses to get the lube from the bedside table.

"Is okay, Hollander. You will get it eventually. I will make you beg."

I flop my arm over my eyes when I hear the snap of the lube bottle opening. I hear him squeeze some out and then feel two fingers rubbing over my hole. I all but squirm as the sensation and Ilya chuckles low in his chest.

"Needy, needy. Good. Can you take two right away?"

"Yes," I pant. "Anything, please. I need you."

"You have me," he whispers. I can hear the façade cracking, but he keeps his movements achingly slow as he presses his fingers into me. It pushes all the air out of my chest and I gasp as he stretches me.

"Breathe," he instructs, and I can tell he's genuinely trying not to hurt me. But that isn't what I want tonight. I want it to hurt. I want him to pull me into my body, keep my mind blank except for him. I want to have marks to last until I see him again.

"Just do it, please. Just fuck me," I beg. His fingers halt halfway into me.

"Look at me," he commands, and I move my arm from my face. His face is stern. It's stupidly, insanely hot.

"I will fuck you when I decide you are ready. You want to be punished? Accept your punishment." Then he scissors his fingers inside me and I see stars as he lowers his head to take me in his mouth.

From the very beginning, the particular, exquisite sensation of his mouth around my cock has had the power to make me finish embarrassingly fast. The way he laves his tongue around me, cupping my cock as he hollows his cheeks is just impossible to withstand. So when he

combines it with painstakingly opening my ass for him, it's only seconds before I'm gripping his hair and arching my back off the bed.

"Fuck, FUCK, Ilya. Ilya, please, fuck, ohmygod—" I babble. I prefer to come with him inside me, but this feels too fucking good and I don't even care anymore.

And again, he brings me right to the edge before pulling me out of his mouth with an obscene pop. He pulls his fingers out of me at the same time and I almost cry in frustration.

"Whyyyyyyyyy?" I wail. "You're such an asshole."

"You like it," Ilya quips back. "On your stomach now, go, go."

I slowly, reluctantly turn over. "I can't take it anymore, Rozanov."

"Are you telling me to stop?" he asks genuinely.

"No, I'm telling you to just fuck me already."

He slaps my ass at that and I yelp in surprise.

"You have a smart mouth," he says, and I feel him lining himself up behind me at last. I spread my legs and lift my ass slightly to give him better access.

"Wow, wow, Hollander. You are really desperate," he mocks.

"Just need you now," I mumble into the mattress.

Finally, fucking finally, I feel him drag his cock back and forth across my hole, fucking between my ass cheeks in a way that feels distinctly, singularly filthy. It gives me chills.

"You never answered my question," he says, taking his time working me up.

"What?" I choke out, genuinely confused.

"I asked you—this hole is mine, is it not?"

This motherfucker.

"I'm all yours, Rozanov." He skates his hand sweetly across my lower back.

"You are not answering my question. I will say it another way." He lines his cock up and puts the slightest pressure against me. I would rock back onto him, but the hand on my lower back is pinning me in place now.

"Who does this hole belong to?" Ilya asks.

I don't want to give him the satisfaction, because he knows the answer.

He presses just slightly harder, threatening to enter me.

“Who does this hole belong to,” he repeats, firmer this time.

I relent. I can’t take it anymore.

“You,” I gasp, and he pushes in, punching the air from my chest. I gulp in another breath, but he starts a pace that nearly chokes me. My mind is consumed with the sensation, and distantly I realize I’m crying out with his thrusts.

“That’s right, malyshka. My beautiful whore. This belongs to me. You are mine. No one else makes you feel like this, ah? No one else touches you like I do. No one else makes you beg.”

I don’t have any words left but yes, yes, yes. I’m his. He’s mine, and I don’t want anyone else. Just this.

He covers my body with his, pounding me into the mattress as he kisses the tops of my shoulders and whispers to me in words I don’t understand. He strokes my hair and presses his teeth into my shoulder blade, and I’m just drowning in the sensation of belonging to Ilya.

I feel him hook his hands under my hips to pull my ass up, and the new angle hits me like lightning. And then, the tears come. It feels so good, and I love him so much, and I can’t believe my luck that this gorgeous fucking asshole, this beautiful love of mine is absolutely ruining me.

“Please, baby, please. Harder, I need it, fucking ruin me.”

“Can you remember the Russian?” he asks, the cheeky shit.

“No,” I cry, “please, baby.”

“Sil’neye,” he reminds me. “Say it with me, Shane.”

“Sil—neye—” I sob out. “Please, Ilya. Fuck.”

And he does. Later, I’ll be surprised that he even had the energy to fuck me the way he did after playing a game. But in this moment, my vision blurs and I come with my entire body trembling.

“Fuck, fuck—oh my god, fuck, Shane,” Ilya sputters as he releases inside me. I’m still feeling aftershocks as he pulls out of me, and I fall limply onto my side when he lets go of my hips. He flops back on the bed, panting and sweaty and glimmering in the lamplight. He takes a moment to breathe before sitting back up and parting my ass to look at the mess he made.

“Fuck,” he breathes. “Can I take a picture of that?”

“Fuck off,” I half-laugh.

“Was worth a shot.”

He trudges to the bathroom and returns with a warm wet washcloth and a towel. He lays next to me on the bed and blots the sweat from my brow and the tears from my cheeks before leaning in for a soft kiss.

“You’re good?”

I open my eyes to take in his. “Yeah, I’m good.”

“I will clean you.”

Once we’re both clean, he pulls me up to settle in against his chest as he lays back on the pillows. I tuck my head under his chin and feel his lips press into my hair. I’m still surrounded by Ilya—his deep, slow breathing and his fingertips skating down my arm. We lay in silence for a while, just tracing each other’s skin and catching our breath. A heavy ache begins to set in between my legs, but it’s a good ache.

“Was that what you wanted?” Ilya asks after a few more moments of quiet.

“Yes,” I answer simply.

“Why?”

“I missed you. And I was horny.”

Ilya huffs out a laugh and pulls his arms tight around me.

“I am always missing you, solnyshko.”

“I know you’re closer now than you were, but it still feels like you’re too far. I just want you around me all the time.”

“Maybe you should leave the Metros, come play for Ottawa.”

I chuckle at the suggestion. “Yeah, because that wouldn’t make any news at all.”

“Eh, the news is just the news. Bad idea to decide something because of what they say anyway. Most is lies.”

“Mmmm, you smell good,” I hum, snuggling into his neck. You should wear one of my shirts tonight so it smells like you after you leave.”

“And sleep in clothes? No.”

I look up to his eyes and make the saddest puppy eyes I can imagine.

“Please? Papochka?”

In a flash he’s on top of me, tickling my sides and kissing my neck.

“When did we decide you can call me that, ah? Is that what I am now?”

“You called me your whore! I think we’re even,” I shout as he needles my ribs. “Get off, you monster!”

Ilya sits up just enough to look into my eyes, a brilliant smile softening his face.

“Make me,” he grins, and returns his lips to my neck.

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