

you kiss me in a way that's gonna screw me up forever

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by [justhockey](#)

Summary

“Good,” Shane says, when he finally finds his voice. “Because I’m selfish.”

Ilya laughs. “You are not selfish, sweetheart.”

“I am when it comes to you,” he confesses, pulling back so he can look Ilya in the eyes. “I feel like a kid who doesn’t want to share his favourite toy.”

Notes

Title from *Suburban Legends* by Taylor Swift.

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

It still feels a little bit insane that Ilya is here - *actually here* - in Shane's cottage, in the place that feels most like home.

It's been two days now, and Shane still sometimes finds himself breathless when he catches sight of Ilya just existing in his space. He's making a coffee in the kitchen, or brushing his teeth in the bathroom, or crouching down in front of the washing machine, squinting as he tries to figure out how to work it. They're all simple, innocuous moments, and yet - for some strange reason - they kind of make Shane want to cry a little bit.

He'd dreamed of this. Like, *literally* dreamed about having Ilya here, away from all the noise and the expectations, where they could just...*be*, for a while. Where they could pretend, for however brief a time, that this is something they might get to keep.

The best part of it all - or the worst, maybe, depending on how you look at it - is that they have barely stopped kissing since Ilya arrived.

It is making Shane want impossible, life-changing, beautiful things.

Especially the quick, casual kisses, that aren't even meant to lead anywhere - a kiss behind Shane's ear as he grills burgers, or a kiss to the inside of his wrist while they watch the fire, or a kiss against Shane's knee, as Ilya stands up from the couch to get them more snacks. Those are the ones that are really driving him crazy.

He knows he can't keep them, but it doesn't stop him from wanting to.

He's standing in the living room, frozen in thought, as Ilya saunters towards him. He's fresh out the shower, a pair of basketball shorts slung low on his hips, and his still-damp curls dripping water onto his bare shoulders and chest. He looks like something out of a dream; beautiful, and domestic, and like everything that Shane isn't allowed to want, but can't seem to stop himself from hoping for anyway.

"Are you checking me out, Hollander?" Ilya asks, a teasing lilt to his voice.

Shane scoffs. "In your dreams, Rozanov."

"Yes," Ilya agrees as he moves closer. "You star in many of my dreams."

Shane rolls his eyes. "Fuck off," he says, but he's smiling too wide to even pretend that he means it.

Ilya grins as he reaches him. His arms loop around Shane's waist in a way that is casual and effortless, like affection is something that comes easy to them and not something that they're having to re-learn. He leans in close, brushes their noses together, and Shane can't stop himself from closing his eyes against the tenderness of the gesture.

Ilya hums softly. "I do not think that is what you want."

It's not. Of course it's not. Shane says *fuck off*, and he means: *come closer*. He means: *kiss me*. He means: *I don't know how to want you, but I do anyway. I can't stop*.

He means: *please want me back*.

He doesn't have to say anything; Ilya doesn't make him ask for it. Instead, he closes the distance between them and kisses Shane.

It's languid and slow - lazy, almost, like they have all the time in the world to kiss each other. And it's that, the certainty of it, that is doing catastrophic damage to Shane's heart.

Fast, rushed, no-time-to-waste kisses are familiar after almost a decade of sharing them. Shane knows how to survive those. But now, with so much time stretched out ahead of them, it's these unhurried kisses that are wrecking him. It feels like he is being spoiled, and he has no idea what he's supposed to do when he has to walk away from this.

So Shane reaches his hands up and grasps Ilya's damp curls, tugs them harshly as he sucks on Ilya's tongue and rocks their hips together. This is familiar. *This*, he can handle.

Ilya groans into his mouth, loud and wanton, and Shane feels feral for him. Wants him so desperately that he can't possibly wait a moment longer.

He pushes Ilya backwards until he collapses sideways on the couch, his back leaning against the arm and his legs swinging up to rest along the length of it. He looks up at Shane, his curls a mess and his mouth kissed pink, and when a smug smirk twitches at the corners of his mouth, Shane can't control the whine that slips out of him. He climbs on top of Ilya in an instant, straddling his waist with his knees on either side of his hips.

"Hi," Ilya whispers.

"Shut up," Shane orders, and then kisses him again.

They're making out like teenagers, and it's so good that Shane feels dizzy from this alone. He's fully clothed, and Ilya is still wearing shorts, and they've had so much sex over the years that this should pale in comparison to all of that...but.

Shane almost wants to weep from the way Ilya's body feels beneath him, and the way his hands brush against his skin as they grasp every part of Shane that they can reach. And, *god*, when Ilya rips their lips apart to trail his mouth elsewhere - all the little kisses that he leaves on Shane's cheeks, and throat, and ear, and collarbone - it has him seeing stars.

"Shane," Ilya murmurs.

"*Ilya*," Shane replies.

Then he's latching their lips back together like he needs them to breathe - like kissing Ilya is imperative to his survival. And *fuck*, it *is*, Shane thinks. It's the thing he looks forward to during gruelling seasons, and over boring summers, and in the too-long months between their meetings.

Shane has almost forgotten who he is when Ilya isn't kissing him.

And then - in an instant - Shane feels a wave of sudden, irrational jealousy wash over him, as he thinks about all of the other people Ilya has kissed like this before.

Of course their sex is incredible - ground-shaking, life-changing - but there's an intimacy to kissing Ilya that makes Shane's palms sweat and his heart beat too fast, and he hates that other people have gotten to have that part of Ilya, too. He hates that other people know what *this* feels like.

Kissing has always been the sweetest part of their meetings, right from the very beginning. It's always felt *personal*, like Ilya was kissing Shane, specifically, and not just another random hookup. And of course he knows that Ilya has been with lots of other people - he doesn't hold that against him - but Shane is jealous that others have been made to feel this special by Ilya.

It's stupid, he knows, but he can't seem to help it.

He kisses Ilya harder, like he's trying to make up for it. Like he's trying to prove a point. Shane bites Ilya's bottom lip, then sucks it into his mouth to soothe it. He feeds Ilya his tongue, tangling them together in a way that makes Ilya's hands tighten on his hips. Shane grinds against him, both of them whining at the delicious press of their cocks.

He might not be the *only*, but Shane is determined to be the *best*. He's determined to be Ilya's favourite.

But then Ilya's wandering hands are sliding up between them to cup Shane's face, and Shane is being gently pushed backwards. Their lips separate and he whimpers, trying to lean forward to kiss Ilya again. Ilya doesn't let him, though. He turns his face to the side so Shane's kiss lands on his cheek instead.

"Ilya," Shane groans, as he hovers above him.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he insists.

He doesn't want this moment to end; he doesn't want his overthinking to ruin it. Shane knows he has a habit of catastrophising - of turning something small into something so big that it suffocates him - and he doesn't want to bring that here.

"Shane." It's a warning, a question, a plea.

"You kiss like you'll die if you stop," Shane whispers, his eyes scrunching closed.

It's true. Ilya kisses him like it's the end of the world, or like he's drowning and Shane is his very last breath of oxygen.

Before this - before being together at the cottage - Shane had thought it was because of how little time they could steal together, how rushed it always had to be. But Ilya still kisses him

like that even now, with two weeks of undisturbed peace ahead of them. It's heady and intoxicating, and Shane loves it even more than he loves sex, sometimes.

He just hates that other people know how it feels.

Ilya's thumb gently sweeps across Shane's freckles as he says, "Maybe I will."

"Bet all your hookups loved that," Shane grumbles, bitter and jealous, and humiliatingly honest.

He half expects Ilya to get pissed at him, but instead he just chuckles. Shane opens his eyes again, right as Ilya leans in close to brush his nose down Shane's throat.

"Hm, no," he says. "Is just you."

"What - what do you mean?" Shane manages to gasp, as Ilya sucks on his neck gently enough to not leave a mark.

He knows there's no one else *now*, that there hasn't been since before the All Star Game in Tampa, but Shane isn't a fool. Even if he didn't know Ilya personally, around the league his reputation precedes him: he's a generational talent and also, well, a *slut*.

Shane doesn't judge him for that. Genuinely, he doesn't. And he knows that his jealousy is so irrational it's embarrassing.

It's why he desperately wants to move on from this conversation, but it's hard to think straight when Ilya's tongue is trailing up his throat, along his jawline, and sweeping across his bottom lip.

"Is just you," Ilya says, when he finally leans away so that Shane can think.

He rolls his eyes. "It is *now*."

Ilya shakes his head, smiling so fondly at Shane that he can feel himself blushing. He sits up - still straddling Ilya - so there's some distance between them for this conversation, and Ilya rests his hands on Shane's legs.

"I never really kissed other people. Not since you," Ilya says casually, as if his words aren't causing Shane's brain to malfunction.

His heart stumbles in his chest. "What do you mean?"

Ilya shrugs, his hands running up and down Shane's thighs distractingly, as he continues: "Maybe one or two kisses, y'know, to get things started. But, not really. Not like us."

"Not like...us?"

"No. Is too personal, too intimate," Ilya explains.

"But, with me...?"

Ilya smiles, but this time it's shy and sweet, and there's the faintest hint of colour flooding his cheeks. Shane's heart is beating too fast, and - embarrassingly - he feels tears prickling in his eyes in anticipation of what Ilya is about to say next.

Shane bites down on his lip to hold back a whimper. He flattens his hands on Ilya's bare chest and then digs his fingers into his skin, like he's trying to leave his fingerprints behind.

"You are different," Ilya says simply. "You always have been."

A soft, surprised sound slips from between Shane's lips, and he immediately collapses onto Ilya's chest. He buries his face in his neck to hide the flush on his cheeks and the tears in his eyes, and Ilya doesn't laugh or tease him, he just wraps his arms around Shane's back and squeezes him tightly.

Shane lets out a shuddering breath, so overcome with emotion that he doesn't know what to say or do with himself.

He'd known right from that very first kiss in a hotel room in Toronto, that - for Shane - Ilya was somebody different. Somebody special. It had never occurred to him, not for years, at least, that Ilya could have felt the same about him.

But to hear him admit it, that Shane was different - that the two of them, together, are *different* - has Shane feeling fizzy inside. It's like champagne bubbles are floating inside his bloodstream, and pop-rocks are crackling on his tongue. He feels like a livewire, like one single spark will set them both aflame, and for once, Shane doesn't feel afraid of the burn.

I love you, he wants to say. The words are crawling up his ribcage, dancing across his tongue. But he can't - he's not allowed. So he sinks his teeth into Ilya's skin, instead.

Ilya just sighs and holds him tighter.

"Good," Shane says, when he finally finds his voice. "Because I'm selfish."

Ilya laughs. "You are not selfish, sweetheart."

"I am when it comes to you," he confesses, pulling back so he can look Ilya in the eyes. "I feel like a kid who doesn't want to share his favourite toy."

"Your favourite, hm? Really?" Ilya asks, his eyes brightening as a smirk settles on his lips.

Shane nods nervously.

It's a big thing to admit, too raw and too real for whatever the hell they're supposed to be doing here, but Shane can't seem to help it. They'd promised, after all, to be honest about what they think and how they feel. And the lines have blurred now, anyway, maybe even beyond recognition. So. He thinks he can be brave about this. He thinks he can take the risk.

"That's so hot," Ilya says, his pupils blowing wide as he takes in the blush on Shane's cheeks and the way he's biting his lip. "You are jealous, huh? Possessive of me, Hollander?"

“I don’t want anyone else to have this version of you,” Shane admits. “Don’t want anyone else to touch you.”

Ilya’s hand curls around the back of Shane’s neck, tugging him down until their noses brush and their breath mingles together.

“I am no one else’s,” Ilya promises. “Only yours, sweetheart.” And then he’s kissing Shane again, all teeth and tongues and fervent hands.

Shane feels a little bit pathetic, the way he clings to Ilya so desperately, the way he wants *moremoremore*, even now, even like this. But god, Ilya wants him just as bad. Shane can feel it in the way he kisses him just as frantically, holds him just as tightly, like he’s scared to let him go in case he slips away. In case this moment is nothing more than a shared dream.

But it’s not. It’s real.

And Shane wants Ilya to leave marks on him this time, as proof that they exist in this space together. So when Ilya mouths at his neck, when he scrapes his teeth against Shane’s throat, he slides his hand beneath Ilya’s head and pulls him closer.

“Harder,” Shane pleads.

“You’re sure?”

“Wanna see it. Wanna keep it,” Shane says, because he can’t say *I want to keep you*.

The sound that rumbles deep in Ilya’s chest is something akin to a growl, and then his mouth is latching onto Shane’s skin and he’s sucking. *Hard*. Shane whines, grinding their hips together, as he lets the sensation wash over him. It feels like a claiming, like ownership, and *god*, does Shane want to belong to Ilya.

When Ilya finally pulls back to assess his handy work, Shane watches as a wolfish, predatory grin spreads across his face. He leans forward again to kiss the skin he’d just suckled at.

“God, you look so pretty like this.”

“Yeah?” Shane whimpers, almost deliriously.

Ilya nods in affirmation. “I think you should always be wearing my marks. All around your neck,” he whispers, tracing his finger in a line across Shane’s throat, “like a collar.”

“Fuck, baby,” Shane whispers.

He dives back in to kiss Ilya on the lips, but then lets his mouth trail sideways to his cheek, then down to his jaw, and his neck, and the hollow of his throat. Ilya throws his head back eagerly, giving Shane more space to work with - more room to decorate with his kisses.

“Can I?” Shane asks.

“Anything. Whatever you want,” Ilya gasps.

Shane bites down, and Ilya groans. His hand slides into Shane's hair, tugging him closer, holding him against his throat.

So Shane sucks his skin into his mouth, teases it with his teeth until a bruise blooms there, in swirls of red and purple. And it looks so fucking good - like Ilya was born to wear Shane's love on his skin like this - that he needs to leave more. Wants Ilya absolutely covered in them.

They've spent so many years being careful, and now - finally - he doesn't have to hold back.

Shane shuffles down Ilya's body, leaving hickeys and teeth marks from his collar bone all the way down to the waistband of his shorts. Ilya gasps and whines with every new love bite, writhing beneath Shane, arching into his touch like he can't get enough of it.

They're both so turned on it feels like they might explode, but it's not only about sex.

It's about claiming each other because they're finally allowed to - because, for the next two weeks, they only belong to each other.

He tugs at Ilya's waistband, and they both groan simultaneously when Ilya's cock springs free. It's hard, and red, and leaking at the tip, and Shane is so desperate that he thinks he might die if he doesn't get to taste him. He looks up beneath his lashes and catches Ilya's eyes already on him, wide, with his pupils blown and his mouth hanging open in awe.

"Please," Shane begs.

Ilya brushes his hair off his face, rubs his thumb over his freckles, and then slips it into Shane's mouth. "You think you deserve my dick, Hollander?"

Shane moans around Ilya's thumb, nodding enthusiastically. "Yes," he mumbles. "Please."

"Okay. Okay, sweetheart. You can suck me."

Shane whimpers as he takes Ilya's dick to the back of his throat and swallows. He loves it here, between Ilya's thighs with his cock in his mouth; from that very first moment he sunk to the floor in front of him, Shane has been obsessed. It makes his head go silent, calms the static in his veins, and he transcends into some fuzzy, floaty headspace.

Ilya digs his heels into the couch and fucks up into his mouth - gentle, though, so Shane doesn't choke. He swallows around him again, and Ilya moans filthily.

"So sweet for me, Hollander. *Shane*," he gasps. "That fucking mouth."

Shane feels delirious with the praise. *Tell me*, he thinks. *Tell me I'm good, tell me you love it. Tell me you love me.*

He moves ever so slightly, just to get more comfortable, but it forces his own, furious cock to rub against Ilya's shin. Shane gasps, almost choking around Ilya, and he grinds back down against his leg to alleviate some of the ache. Shane feels like a fucking dog, humping against

him like this, but it makes him think of what Ilya said earlier - about hickeys, and his throat, and a collar.

He whimpers again, his throat contracting in a way that makes Ilya grunt.

“Fuck, such a good boy, Hollander. Take what you need, sweetheart. That’s it. Make me come.”

He gets lost in the moment, the sensations, the bliss. He grinds mindlessly against Ilya’s shin, while he guides Shane up and down on his cock. Ilya’s filthy mouth runs away from him as he showers Shane with the kind of praise that makes his eyes fill with tears.

He looks up at Ilya, and finds that he is still watching him, his eyes filled with so much awe and devotion that Shane can’t hold back the tears any longer.

They slip from his eyes and down his cheeks, and the moment Ilya’s gaze lock onto them he trembles, cursing as he spills into Shane’s mouth. And that’s all it takes - Ilya coming apart beneath him, his taste flooding onto Shane’s tongue - for him to tip over the edge, too. He shudders and whines, Ilya’s quiet murmurs talking him through it as Shane continues to suck on him.

He’s still shaking when Ilya winces, pulling his softening cock out of Shane’s mouth and tucking it back inside his shorts.

“Come on, Shane. Up. Please.”

His hands curl beneath Shane’s underarms, tugging him upwards, and Shane crawls back up Ilya’s body to kiss him. Ilya moans as he tastes himself on Shane’s tongue, then - impossibly gently - he wipes away the tears from Shane’s face.

He collapses on top of Ilya like a weighted blanket, so boneless that he can’t hold himself up for a single second longer.

They both laugh, giddy and carefree and *happy* - so unbearably, incandescently happy, that it almost feels like it doesn’t belong to Shane. To them. It’s not something they’re used to. He likes it, though. A lot. And he thinks, maybe, it’s something he *could* get used to, if Ilya feels the same. And if the look on his face is anything to go by, well.

They might just have a chance after all.

“You’re perfect,” Ilya whispers, breathless.

Shane hums, pressing his nose beneath Ilya’s jaw and breathing in his scent. “Yeah?” He asks, hungrily searching for more.

“Yes, Shane. Perfect. So precious to me.”

It feels impossible, that he’s hearing this. That Ilya is saying it to him. There’s cum drying in his sweats, and Ilya is holding him close, and they don’t have anywhere to be - nowhere to rush off to, no obligations to fulfil, just *this*. Just time.

And Ilya is looking at him like maybe he wants to keep him. Now, wouldn't that be miraculous?

"Ilya, I—" he almost says the words, but manages to swallow them just in time. He can't. He's not ready to risk this, yet. "Same. Me too. You're - you're precious to me, too."

Ilya sighs deeply, then he leans forward to press a kiss to Shane's sweat-damp forehead, to the tear tracks on his cheeks, to the curved corner of his mouth. He tilts his head from side to side, brushing their noses together sweetly, until they're both giggling again.

"We should shower," Ilya says.

"You just had one."

"Yes, but you have cum drying in your pants."

Shane snorts. "Yeah. It's starting to feel gross."

So, reluctantly, he pushes himself off Ilya and stands up. He has to put his hands on his hips and lean backwards then forwards to stretch out his back, and Ilya laughs playfully at him.

"Oh, fine," Shane says. "If you want to laugh, I guess I'll just shower alone..."

He starts to walk away, and immediately hears Ilya clambering to follow after him.

"No, no," he whines, as he rushes up behind Shane and winds his arms around his waist.

"Without me, Hollander? That is just cruel."

"Come on then, you big baby," Shane teases him.

"Yes," Ilya agrees, as he peppers kisses all along the back and side of Shane's neck. "*Your* big baby."

My baby, my baby, my baby.

Shane likes the sound of that.

So they shower together, Ilya's gentle hands lathering Shane's hair with shampoo, and then rinsing it carefully so none of it gets into his eyes. He washes Shane's body, too, with slow, purposeful movements, even going so far as to get down on his knees to wash Shane's legs and feet. And they're both half hard by the end of it, but there's nothing sexual about the gesture. It's just quiet, tender intimacy. Just the closeness of two bodies, two souls.

As Ilya dries Shane's body, he thinks: *I'm going to find a way to keep this.*

And, like Ilya knows exactly what is running through his mind, he picks Shane up and kisses him. Thoroughly, honestly, filled with everything they're not brave enough to say yet. But they will be. Soon.

End Notes

i promise i don't use AI, i just have a couple weeks off work and absolutely no life!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!