

cigarettes out the window

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cigarettes out the window

by [phandotnet](#)

Summary

Ilya took a long drag. The tip of his cigarette glowed red in the darkness and it stirred something in Shane's belly. A Pavlovian response, maybe, since Ilya was so fond of smoking and Shane was so fond of him.

No, no---it was definitely the cigarette. His lips held it so gently, not dissimilar from the way he would kiss down Shane's stomach or against his earlobe. On the inhale, his face was tight, focused, and his chest puffed out. He kept his lips parted with a mouth of smoke, holding it until he was ready to breathe out. When he tried to talk with smoke in his mouth, he always sounded breathless, choked, strained---like when he was trying to stop himself from coming too fast. On the exhale, the thick smoke danced beautifully against his features, even more so in the dimly lit room.

Shane found himself holding his breath until the smoke had left Ilya's mouth. This was dizzying.

"Something on my face, Hollander?"

Notes

written for bestie bc he just finished ep6 and put worms in my brain that keep making me think of painlut!shane. please ignore typos and no i have no idea when in canon this is set. its 2:30am and i haven't looked up from my laptop since 11pm.

edit: since u all seem rabid for this, feel free to follow my tumblr @ phandotnet & bug me about future extentions :3

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

It started as a joke, is what Shane told himself. It started because Ilya was an asshole and a tease and knew it would piss Shane off to have ash marks on his skin, on his clothes. They'd sit on the private balcony of Shane's Montreal apartment when they finally found a moment with each other and Ilya would smoke one, maybe three cigarettes. Shane had even bought an ash tray to keep outside, which he tried to not be so smitten about, because it was a *fucking ash tray* for his disgusting cigarettes. But, he admitted to himself, it felt nice to buy something for Ilya to keep at his place. It felt personal in a way they hadn't let themselves be before.

So Shane let him have his fun. Ilya had already made the promise to himself to quit before the start of next season and he'd already bought the correct dosage of nicotine patches to start the process. A few cigarettes a month wouldn't ruin that plan.

The first time it happened, it *was* a joke. They sat shoulder-to-shoulder on the bench he kept out there, the skin of their thighs exposed because of the abnormally warm weather. Ash built up on Ilya's first cigarette of the evening, gray column threatening to crumble. *That's what the ash tray was for*, Shane's future self could reprimand, but Ilya was not one for keeping ash in trays or boundaries uncrossed. He hovered the lit cigarette over Shane's thigh and quickly flicked it, warm ash falling onto his skin.

"Fuck you!" Shane jumped to brush it off before the smell seeped in, but there was no use. A huge dark streak stained his thigh and his fingers reeked. "You are such an asshole."

"Is not so bad. We are showering later, anyway," Ilya said through another drag.

"I'm gonna smell like you now." Shane feigned disgust, which wasn't so hard, because he genuinely did hate the smell of cigarettes. On Ilya, though, they were almost unrecognizable as cigarettes. He smelled like smoke, sure, but it was more woodsy than like nicotine. It was warm and intoxicating and thinking about it always had Shane fidgeting in his chair.

"Oh, so terrible," Ilya mocked, deadpan, reaching for another from the pack.

"Another one?"

Ilya did not answer. He held the cigarette between his lips and lit it, blocking the wind with his off hand. The inhale looked orgasmic, if that was even possible.

"I think you might like smoking cigarette with me. Is very fun."

This disgust was not feigned. "Yuck. No thanks."

"Just once, maybe?"

The fact that Shane was even considering it for a moment rang true to how fucking tight Ilya's grip on him was. He would *never* touch one, but this man's sweet voice, teasing grin, the hot press of his thigh muscles against his own leg, had him wondering if he *could* like it.

"Nope," Shane tightened his resolve. "Not gonna happen."

Ilya stuck his tongue out in a raspberry. "Boring."

Shane smiled with his whole face and his lover smiled back. These moments had been few and far between since the cottage and neither one of them could get enough. Fuck cigarettes--he wanted these simple moments with his boyfriend injected into his veins. Shane was so enamored with Ilya's toothy smile that he barely noticed the mischief run across it.

Ilya flicked the cigarette above Shane's thighs again, this time red hot and still burning. When it hit his skin, Shane wanted to say that he exclaimed in pain, that he said "Ow," or "Fuck you," and brushed it off his thigh again. But *he didn't*. He moaned like Ilya had grabbed his cock.

Ilya's eyebrows shot up his forehead, mischief still dancing on his features, but Shane could recognize lust now, too. The same kind of lust he sees when Shane drops to his knees or holds his legs up to his head or climbs in his lap on the couch.

"Oh? Did you like that?"

"No," Shane stood his ground. "No you just---you just caught me off guard. That fucking hurt."

"Sure, it hurt. But did you like it?"

Shane's cheeks engulfed in flames. He could feel the blush down to his collarbone, felt his heartbeat in his fucking fingertips and in his ears. Ilya was leaning in closer now and the smell was drowning him. His leg was still burning where the ash hit him and it made him want to cry---something about this was so overwhelming and all encompassing, like he was

in a dunk tank trying to keep his head above water. Ilya's stupid smile and stupid cigarette breath and the fading pain in his thigh were concrete blocks tied to his feet.

Ilya said nothing as he rose, slapping the inside of Shane's thigh. "Come on. Shower then sleep."

What the fuck was wrong with him?

The next time it happened, it couldn't have been a joke. It was two months later when Shane found himself in Boston staying the night at Ilya's house rather than his shitty hotel room with Hayden. (Okay, the hotel was nice, but it wasn't better than being here.) They'd already hurriedly gotten each other off on the couch and had a much needed nap after their afternoon game. Shane woke up to a totally dark bedroom and Ilya by his side, sat against the headboard. He felt a breeze from the open windows and smelled smoke faintly from beside him. Ilya rarely smoked in his home, but Shane had bullied him into at least opening the windows when he did. His face softened as he looked up. he looked beautiful in the moonlight.

"Good morning," Shane said.

"Is night time, Shane. But good morning."

Ilya took a long drag. The tip of his cigarette glowed red in the darkness and it stirred something in Shane's belly. A Pavlovian response, maybe, since Ilya was so fond of smoking and Shane was so fond of him.

No, no---it was *definitely* the cigarette. His lips held it so gently, not dissimilar from the way he would kiss down Shane's stomach or against his earlobe. On the inhale, his face was tight, focused, and his chest puffed out. He kept his lips parted with a mouth of smoke, holding it until he was ready to breathe out. When he tried to talk with smoke in his mouth, he always sounded breathless, choked, strained---like when he was trying to stop himself from coming too fast. On the exhale, the thick smoke danced beautifully against his features, even more so in the dimly lit room. Shane found himself holding his breath until the smoke had left Ilya's mouth. This was dizzying.

"Something on my face, Hollander?"

"What?" Had he been that obvious?

"You are staring."

"Just... sorry, zoning out. Think I'm still half asleep."

Ilya did not buy it. "You have same face you do when you are on your knees waiting to suck my dick."

"Fuck you!" Shane squawked instinctively.

"Later. First," Ilya paused, tearing off the blanket from Shane's chest and running his free hand down the expanse of skin. "I was thinking about last time. When I---"

"I know what you did," Shane interrupted, because he couldn't bear to hear him say it.

"And do you want it again?"

Before he could stop himself, Shane was nodding almost imperceptibly, lips parted like he was just waiting for something to slip inside them. Ilya smirked with that toothy smile again. He took another long drag and surveyed the ash piled on the tip. His hand hovered over Shane's trembling stomach for less than a second before he was flicking the tip of the cig again. Ash burned into sensitive skin and, just like last time, Shane moaned like he was getting fucked. He couldn't describe the feeling deep inside him when he felt that burn---it didn't feel good, not in the way sex felt good, but it pulled him back into reality. Like a vacuum sucking up every distraction other than himself and his lover. It felt like hockey felt, sometimes. Grueling and painful but so, so satisfying. Sharp. Eviscerating.

"Oh, you love that." It wasn't a question. He did love it. So Ilya did it again.

This time it hurt worse. With the build up of cooler ash in piles on Shane's stomach, all that was left on the tip was red hot embers. They seared into his skin like knives and he had to bite back an embarrassingly high pitched whimper. Ilya looked drunk off it.

"Makes sense you like pain. You always love getting into it on the ice. I have seen the bruises, Hollander."

"Shut up." It was entirely unconvincing, because his voice was breathy and weak and every

syllable ended on a moan.

"Have you ever had one put out on you?" Ilya asked like it was normal.

"What kind of question is that? Of course not."

"Can I try it?"

"Isn't that like, dangerous? Or something," Shane asked, timid. He couldn't say no, because *fuck*, he really did want that. But it seemed risky and ill-advised.

"No, I have tried it. Feels good. Barely left a mark."

Shane pushed the thought of Ilya pressing a cigarette to his own skin out of his mind and tried to make himself say no. To push it off until next time and hope Ilya forgot about it. Maybe he could spare himself the shame that way.

His body betrayed him---his *mouth* betrayed him, because without a second to try and stop himself, he was whispering, "Please."

Ilya hummed, reigniting the cig with a deep inhale. He didn't give Shane a moment to think before he found a nice spot on his stomach, right above the V of his hips, and pressed.

"Oh fuck," Shane moaned. It was painful as fuck and his body tried to writhe away, but it was also the best thing he'd ever felt. He felt the adrenaline of a dozen won games behind his rib cage. His mind was white, burning from the inside out. He felt every cell of blood in his body rush to the burn, then to his cock. "Oh, God."

"Just Ilya is fine." *Fucking rat-bastard*. "Was good?"

"Yes. Fuck." No point in lying now. Ilya brushed away the ash caked into the burn and Shane winced. He pressed his thumb against the welt and it almost felt like getting burned all over again.

"Shane Hollander. Golden boy. Best athlete in all of Canada," Ilya teased. "And he's getting dirty from my gross cigarettes. He is letting dirty, Russian player use him as ash tray."

The noise that escaped Shane was more akin to a sob than a moan. There were tears in his eyes from pain and from how badly he wanted Ilya to do it again. Put more out on him, cover his soft skin in little circular scars that showed he was owned and defiled.

"Please," he said again.

"Alright, moya lyubov."

Ilya discarded the now cold cigarette butt in the real ash tray beside his bed. He ripped the rest of the blanket from Shane's body and almost pounced on him, knees caging in his thighs and keeping him still if he tried to squirm. *Not that he was going to.*

"Will you fuck me?" Fuck, what had gotten into him?

"Yes, soon," Ilya replied. "You are beautiful. I could put many cigarettes out on all this skin you have, Shane."

"So do it." Oh my God, he had been taken over by some sort of deranged, horny demon. It was the only explanation.

"I cannot smoke that many cigarettes in one night, moya lyubov."

Who cares, Shane's mind supplied, drunk off the feeling still permeating from the burn. He was thinking of all the other things Ilya could hurt him with---wax, maybe? He might have seen that in porn once. Or maybe next time he got a gnarly bruise from a game, he'd have Ilya press his fingers deep into it. *Yes*. All of these sounded good. He had to force his eyes open and wrestle his mind away from more degenerate possibilities. His boyfriend was staring down at him, pupils swallowing most of his irises and mouth hung agape. He smelled disgusting and amazing and like Shane never wanted to leave this bubble they'd created.

Ilya, God bless him, leaned down and put his hot, wet mouth over the mark on Shane's hip and pried his legs apart. A million tiny fireworks went off deep in Shane's gut, bubbling up to his chest and down to the base of his cock. He was harder than he'd ever been in his whole life and the embarrassment only made it better.

It seemed like Ilya couldn't wait any longer either, because he was swiftly pulling Shane's boxers off and rubbing two fingers between his cheeks. Prep wasn't absolutely necessary,

because Ilya fingered him with four just before their nap, but it always got Shane worked up faster.

Again, not that he needed help with that.

He slipped two inside, rubbing against Shane's walls. He was drawing lewd noises from his mouth like a magician's never-ending handkerchief.

"Fuck me already."

"Oh, are you in charge now, Hollander?"

Shane didn't disobey on the regular---he liked being good and following direction and the praise he got afterwards---but something about the raw adrenaline coursing through him that made him want to poke the sleeping bear.

"Maybe I am. Maybe I don't let you fuck me and just leave you here. With your cigarettes and hard dick."

Ilya didn't moan, he didn't growl in possession, but he did chuckle. It was a soft, degrading sort of noise that made Shane feel like a child. "You will not do this."

"But I could."

"Yes, but you will not." Ilya pulled his fingers out and wiped them on the bed sheets. He reached into his bedside table and grabbed a condom and lube. Shane's mind was so foggy, it all felt like minutes to him, maybe hours, that he was laying there with his legs spread covered in cigarette ash and the smell of Ilya. With the condom on and both of them properly slicked, Ilya pressed the head of his cock to Shane's waiting hole. His head tilted back, exposing the vast expanse of his neck. Ilya's hot breath on it just made him think how badly he wanted to feel that pain there someday.

He wanted to feel it somewhere, anywhere, now. The pain from the first one had dulled to a low rumble in his stomach and he needed more.

"Wait," Ilya paused, cock still a few centimeters from pushing inside. He reached over to the nightstand again, but this time he grabbed the pack and lighter. Oh, fuck. He flipped open the carton and pulled out one cig before tossing them back somewhere on the bed. He placed it

between his lips, dangling from the side of his mouth. He didn't light it, though. He just shoved the lighter into Shane's open hand and nodded at him, like it was obvious what his next step was. Oh, *Christ*.

With shaking fingers, it took a few tries to get the flame to catch, but it did eventually. He held it in front of his face, entranced by the rippling flame, and Ilya leaned in. The tip lit aflame and Ilya breathed in deep. Shane was so close to it, he might as well have been smoking one himself. He would definitely regret this tomorrow when he reeks of this shit. But now, it was one of the most erotic things he had ever seen.

Ilya took the cig out of his mouth with the hand that wasn't holding Shane's thigh up to his chest. He exhaled, puff of smoke dancing through his lips, and he finally pushed in.

"Fuck. Yes. *Yes*."

"Molodets, moye solnyshko. That's it."

Ilya set a brutal pace, as usual, and Shane's brains scrambled from how hard he was being tossed around. The fucking was standard for them---no new positions, no toys or mouths or hands anywhere they usually weren't, but the sight of the cigarette hanging out of Ilya's mouth, almost as if he was paying more attention to that than he was to Shane, made him fucking crazy.

"Fuck." He was already close. Somehow. *Some-fucking-how*. He hadn't even been touched yet. Ilya hadn't even hit his prostate! He jumped back to the idea that he had been possessed by some sort of gross pervert demon, because there was no way this was all because of a stupid fucking cigarette.

"Touch me," Shane begged, because he couldn't take the humiliation of possibly coming like this without any other stimulation. Ilya agreed, taking another drag of his cigarette before moving his off hand to Shane's weeping cock. It was such a sight to see him like this.

Ilya's hand stroking his cock made him realize, yeah, his orgasm was likely only seconds away, but something was missing. He needed it again---he needed the pain, the sting,. He wanted to hear the sizzle against his skin as it snuffed out the embers.

"Put it out on me. Again. Please."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, I'm fucking sure. *Please*, Ilya, I---"

Ah, there it was. Ilya pressed it hard into his thigh this time, right where his fingers left red marks, and he was still stroking his cock so fast, and fucking him so good, and Shane was coming without even realizing. It ripped through him like a tsunami---or a bullet. He thinks he blacks out, because the next thing he remembers is Ilya's soft praise and the feeling of cum filling up the condom inside him.

The cigarette was abandoned in the ash tray and Shane felt his nose sting. His face was wet and hot with tears he didn't know fell. Everything was hazy, clouded in a thin shield of mist, but he knew Ilya was pulling him into a tight hug with Shane's head pressed into his chest.

"So, this means I do not have to quit?"

End Notes

can you tell i reeeeeeeallyyyy wanna smoke a cig rn. like is it obvious.

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