

it's more than a dream, it's more than desire

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by [EmberGlows](#)

Summary

“If you wanted to be more... dominant. With me. I would...” Shane was sure his flush was spreading away from his cheeks down his neck and towards his chest. “I would like that. I would really like that.”

He was barely aware he'd screwed his eyes shut in flustered embarrassment until Ilya, after a moment of silence, murmured his first name again. Shane opened them, dragged his eyes towards the screen, and felt his mouth go dry.

Ilya was rubbing his fingers thoughtfully against the seam of his plush lips. His eyes looked dark, lust obvious. “You like being submissive for me, Hollander?”

Of fucking course Ilya would know *that* word.

Ilya had another day left in Moscow. Shane couldn't stop thinking about him. (Or, oddly enough, Wayne Gretzky.)

Notes

Rachel Reid and Jacob Tierney: Here is a queer, neurodivergent, touch starved, awkward, and submissive Ontarian twenty-something with special interests and a noisy little brain. We have practically gift wrapped him for you. Please put him in scenarios where he gets absolutely railed like he deserves.

Me, also a queer, neurodivergent, touch starved, awkward, and submissive Ontarian twenty-something with similar special interests and a noisy little brain: Holy shit.

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

It was pretty fucking cliché, but for most of the day, Shane had been thinking of that famous Gretzky quote.

He imagined Ilya's reaction to it, if Shane were to say it to him. Maybe it wouldn't translate properly when he changed it to Russian in his brain and parsed it out. His stupid right eyebrow would hover up and a stupid lock of hair would fall artfully across his stupid face as his stupid head would tilt to one side. He would smile crookedly and shrug in a way that meant *obviously*. And Shane would roll his eyes at this reaction because it would drive him crazy. And then there would be about two seconds before Shane's tongue was back in Ilya's mouth once more, trying to discover exactly how many of his teeth were fake.

But, Shane digressed. He recentred. He tried to sort his thoughts. Ilya had probably heard it before anyway. Wayne Gretzky's motto about a hundred percent and shots taken was what, really, *every* hockey player had probably heard before. Maybe every person on the planet. Every Canadian high school yearbook had at least three Grade 12s use it as their graduation quote since the 1980s. Shane knew that it was actually Wayne's father, Walter, who had initially said it... according to interviews Wayne gave and later wrote about in his autobiography.

When Shane had played for Kingston, his billet mom had let him borrow this autobiography, her own signed copy, since she had been from Brantford and once played hockey herself and knew Walter, and so she had told Shane these things. Although this was all impressive, truthfully Shane had never really understood this saying. Of course someone would not make the shot if they never took the shot. This was basic stuff, he had told her in confusion at the kitchen table after school while her kids made snow angels in the backyard. With a laugh that had not been unkind, she'd explained that in life, no action means no result. He was very gifted. He should show it constantly to succeed.

Shane had nodded graciously and thanked her. That was what one did when receiving a compliment. He appreciated compliments, even if they didn't always make sense to him. He had never thought in his entire time playing hockey, since he was a damn Timbit until even now, despite all the praise, that he was *very gifted* – that was simply not true. *Very gifted* implied he just walked off the street one day into a rink and spawned into the NHL as a captain. He was great at hockey, sure, but he also just had opportunities and worked very hard. It wasn't just a gift. He'd *always* worked hard, he'd *always* tried to be the best on every team he'd been a part of, so in a way he supposed that was his way of *showing it constantly*.

He still talked to his billet family, they were good people – even if they were, most unfortunately, Guardians fans. He gave them tickets and they would come up to watch him play a few times a year. Their daughter had started med school last year and–

...Shane digressed. He recentred. He tried to sort his thoughts.

No action means no result.

He mulled that over when he woke up, in the same bed Ilya had helped him come onto yesterday with just a few words and iPad pixels. (He steadfastly tried and failed to ignore the

flush on his face when he stripped the bed, threw it in the wash, went for his run, and then all throughout morning practice.) He chewed on the words as he returned home and chewed on his meal prepped lunch. The thought had fully percolated by the time he'd changed the sheets and decided to lie down on the bed. This was very unlike him, as it was still early afternoon and not at all in his usual routine. He put his glasses on with a little thrill, remembering last night. He read a few more pages of his book. It was currently describing how Paul Henderson had scored the winning goal in 1972. Shane, obviously, already knew this. He happened to notice, completely coincidentally of course, that the time in Moscow was now past ten o'clock at night, just like the other day.

He chewed his bottom lip as his fingers grabbed his iPad off the bedside table without his permission.

Shane: *Are you free?*

The reply took a few excruciating moments. He probably wasn't. He was supposed to fly back fairly early tomorrow. Despite these facts, Shane's heart was already beating very fast, and it somehow increased its pace even more when the reply came through.

Lily: *We are making this a habit then.*

"Asshole," Shane said quietly; fondly. The cord on his hoodie found its way to his mouth and he sucked on the aglet thoughtfully.

Lily: *Yes I am.*

Lily: *Why? ;)*

Shane couldn't think of an adequate response, so he took a steadying breath. It wasn't for *that*, necessarily, but also... it wasn't *not* for that.

Before he could chicken out, Shane pressed the video call button. He shifted so he was lying against the pillows more comfortably. It only rang twice before Ilya appeared on his screen. His hair was damp and flopping into his face like he had showered recently, curls askew. Ilya was wearing a shirt this time, Shane noted with some disappointment. He also looked bone-tired. His eyes seemed a bit sad. The exhaustion was evident through the time zones. Maybe this wasn't the time.

Ilya nodded in greeting, stifling a yawn on the screen and Shane hurried to say, "Sorry! We don't have to talk for too long. I'm sure it's been... a lot over there."

There was that crooked smile, but softer than usual. If Shane dared, he might have even labelled it as affectionate. "It's fine. I slept in this morning and then had things to do before flight tomorrow."

"Tying up loose ends?"

Shane watched in real time as Ilya heard that, wearily processed the words in English, tried to figure out what the fuck it meant in Russian, and then just shrugged. "Sure." There was a

pause as he tapped the bridge of his nose and tilted his head towards Shane. “Glasses and hoodie again. My lucky day.”

With a little jolt, Shane realized he’d still been chewing on the string of his hoodie in between speaking. He let it drop a bit embarrassedly from his mouth. Ilya’s face took up the whole screen as he breathed out a laugh. Jesus, but he looked so good when he laughed like that. It took away a bit of the frown that had etched deep into his face since this whole trip had started. Last night, after they’d both come, was the most relaxed he’d looked in a while and Shane missed that.

It looked like Ilya was walking now since the screen shook, and after a few moments he settled with the iPad. Shane assumed it was his own bedroom again, just like last night.

Shane also assumed if he remembered too much of last night then he would get very distracted and never say what he wanted to get out. He valiantly tried to rally, pushing his glasses higher up his nose.

That got a pleased groan out of Ilya, and Shane was sure he was blushing already. He shook his head a bit to try and clear it and went for a safe topic. “I got to page sixty-four today.”

“In your book?”

“Yes.”

Ilya’s gaze could only be described as fond, even through the pixelated screen. “How does the series end?”

“You know how it ends,” Shane said with a snort.

“Yes,” Ilya conceded, rolling his eyes. “Very sad time for my country. Henderson got lucky.”

Shane scoffed. “It was the Goal of the Century, Rozanov.”

“Luck, Hollander,” Ilya insisted. Shane scoffed again, more emphatically, and when his eyes returned to the screen he saw Ilya lick his lips, seemingly without noticing. His stare was darker. “Your eyebrows meet in the middle of your glasses when you make this noise.” Shane blinked, twice.

What is it with this guy and glasses?

Shane must have been easy to read because Ilya laughed and made a pinching motion with a hand he stuck into frame. “Your freckles go all.. bunch together. Under them.”

“You like my freckles,” Shane said quietly, remembering last night. Ilya had called him beautiful.

“Yes.” His accent was thicker tonight, probably from exhaustion. Shane could tell by Ilya’s expression that he seemed to be thinking something over himself. His jaw was tight, and he seemed worn down, and Shane wondered – hoped – that was just from his time spent in

Moscow, and no other reason. The screen shook a bit which meant Ilya must be holding the iPad in his hands. His face enlarged as he brought it closer.

Shane should really call Ilya beautiful one of these days. It was the truth.

Ilya opened his mouth, then closed it. Expressions were warring on his face, most of them appearing reticent and reserved. For a moment, Shane was positive that Ilya would tell him he'd need to end the call and go to bed. Shane worried that Ilya wouldn't smile crookedly for him anymore, that Ilya would even say something like they'd need to end this. His mouth opened again and Shane waited for the worst. Finally, Ilya's expression slipped into something else that didn't look so withdrawn, like he'd decided something. Like he was giving in. "I also like learning new things about you, Shane."

Holy shit, Shane had never been gladder to be off the mark. The use of his first name felt fucking *electric* outside of sex. Well, during sex too. But right now, it was a feeling Shane wanted to chase until he'd swallowed every last drop of what Ilya had to give him.

...Maybe not the safest metaphor. He shifted a bit, feeling his cock slowly but surely start to fill out.

This was as good a segue as any, he supposed. "You, uh..." He swallowed and almost needed a second gulp when he saw Ilya clearly tracking the bob of his Adam's apple from the action. "You seemed to know a lot about me last night."

Ilya's gaze was both intent and intense, now. "Do you mean when I told you you're a show-off who likes praise and being told what to do?"

Shane let out a noise that he would deny as a squeak until the day he died. "Yeah, that."

"Is all true," Ilya said, tone smug. The mood shifted. He was smiling lazily, enjoying the torturous effect this was inciting.

Well. Fuck it. It was now or never.

For Gretzky, Shane thought with determination. Then he cringed slightly. *Wait, ew, gross.*

"If." He ignored what was definitely not a voice crack there, cleared his throat, and pressed on. He nervously ran his hands through his hair. "If you were to potentially... lean into that. More. When we're spending time together. Only if you want to, of course! I don't think I would be necessarily opposed to the, uh, the whole idea."

Ilya didn't even attempt to wade through whatever the fuck all that was. "Try this again, please," he said dryly.

Fair enough. Shane was being verbose. "If you wanted to be more... dominant. With me. I would..." Shane was sure his flush was spreading away from his cheeks down his neck and towards his chest. "I would like that. I would really like that."

He was barely aware he'd screwed his eyes shut in flustered embarrassment until Ilya, after a moment of silence, murmured his first name again. Shane opened them, dragged his eyes

towards the iPad screen, and felt his mouth go dry.

Ilya was rubbing his fingers thoughtfully against the seam of his plush lips. His eyes looked dark, lust obvious even though he'd set the iPad back a bit so more of his upper body was visible. It was the same position the tablet had been in last night, and he could see where the view cut off at his abdomen. Shane watched a glint of his gold chain peek out of Ilya's collar as he shifted. He was, regrettably, still wearing that damn shirt.

"You like being submissive for me, Hollander?"

Of fucking course Ilya would know *that* word. Meanwhile, Shane had only discovered it himself after a drunken deep dive on the Internet, when he had been panic spiralling late one night after Ilya had fucked him in his penthouse, after a home game against Boston. He'd buried that research deep where it could never be unearthed. Well, never unearthed until practically every time he fooled around with Ilya.

His cock was fully hard now. Fuck.

"Obedient?" Ilya continued, seemingly unbothered by Shane's lack of verbal confirmation. "No need to answer. This I know."

Shane, in a final effort at self-preservation, tried to evade. "Can you please take off your shirt?"

"No," Ilya fired back. His fingers were still tracing his lips. Back and forth. Slowly. As if Shane wasn't unravelling before him. "You take off yours."

There was a pause. To accomplish this, Shane would need to prop the iPad up, straighten up on the bed, and pull his hoodie off. That seemed like a lot of steps right about now, when all he wanted to do was shove his hand into his pants and jerk off.

But Ilya *wanted* him to do this. And, as he was always quick to remember every time they were together, Shane wanted what Ilya wanted.

"I *said*." Ilya's fingers paused. His voice was very low. "You take off yours."

Shane inhaled through his nose and let it out in a huff. "Fine." Almost angrily, he sat up to lean the iPad against the lamp on his nightstand and tear off his hoodie. He was so worked up he didn't even fold it properly, just bunched it nicer before tossing it off the side of the bed. Checking the iPad screen, he saw his glasses were askew and adjusted them automatically. Ilya gave a pleased grunt.

Ilya's fucking fingers were still pressed to his fucking lips. He drummed them once, twice. "Good, but not very grateful," he observed. Smirked. "Bitchy."

There was a sick lick of pleasure that shot straight to Shane's cock at the first word. He spat out a half-hearted "*fuck you*" to the rest of the sentence, even though it aroused him in a different way. He didn't want to think about it. Even though it was all he wanted to think

about. His hands hovered awkwardly for a moment until he rested them on his thighs. His legs were loosely crossed as he sat on the bed.

“Another time,” Ilya answered to his outburst, amusement masking as false apology.

“You want this too,” Shane said, tone almost petulant, his fingers gripping his thighs. He steadfastly ignored his cock that was straining against his sweatpants. It wasn’t visible on the screen due to the angle, but he had a feeling Ilya knew.

Ilya’s index finger tapped his lips again. “Yes,” he agreed. “You’ve gotten me hard already just from listening.”

“Don’t show me,” Shane gasped quickly, and it sounded too much like a plea. “I just want to see your face tonight.”

“Not really your choice, hm?”

Shane fucking *whimpered* at that, and Ilya’s lips stretched wider in a delighted grin. “You are so easy like this. You will do anything I want.”

God, he did feel like such a slut with the way he wanted to leap through the screen and throw himself all over him. All Ilya had to do was say so, and he’d find a way to do it. He really would. His hands gripped his thighs even tighter, and Shane was sure they were white-knuckled, but he couldn’t tear his eyes away. He was utterly transfixed.

“Say yes,” Ilya whispered, hand finally leaving his lips and going off screen.

“Yes.” It sounded more like a croak in Shane’s throat than a reply, but Ilya’s eyelashes still fluttered as he exhaled long and low.

“Say only yes.”

Shane opened his mouth, closed it, and felt a twinge of amusement through the haze of lust overtaking him. “...Only yes.”

“Brat,” Ilya snorted. Jesus, Shane couldn’t even begin to process what that word did to him at the moment. Ilya’s heated gaze sharpened a bit, calculating. His next words rocketed Shane back. “I’m stroking my cock right now. You wish it was your mouth, yes?”

Fuck, Shane’s dick *twitched* where it was constrained in his underwear. He felt some coldness now at the crotch of his sweatpants. He couldn’t look away from Ilya’s expressions, but he was sure a wet patch was forming where the head met the fabric. Ilya had said often in the past he loved how he got so wet and dripping. Just for him. “Yes.”

“Or your ass.”

Shane exhaled shakily. “Yes.”

Ilya made a pleased noise and his hand came back into frame so he could *lick* it. It was a filthy motion. Shane felt flustered and nearly scandalized. “Are you hard right now?”

He almost snarked out an '*obviously*' but stopped himself. "Yes." His hands were still on his thighs, though even that felt too close now to his cock. He wasn't sure he'd be able to hold himself back in a few moments.

"Really? All for me?"

"Ilya, I need—"

Through the screen, Ilya tutted as his hand lowered off camera again. "Oh, but this is not yes."

Shane felt like he might sob. "...Yes. All for you."

"Good," Ilya said, voice a bit strained. Shane shivered, and knew Ilya saw him do so. "And I know what you need. Tease yourself. Over your pants."

It was mortifying how fast Shane's hands rushed into action. Touching with both felt silly, so he let one awkwardly flop onto the bed as the other fondled himself. And oh, he *was* wet there. Shit. He breathed out, a manic sound combining with the exhale. All his brain power had apparently been diverted to not blowing his load immediately in his pants, as if Shane was a teenager touching his dick for the first time. He rubbed firmer and let his eyes close for a brief moment before reopening.

"Slower," Ilya said suddenly, and Shane cursed. How could he begin to fucking guess that, he couldn't even properly *see* what Shane was *doing*— "I said tease."

Shane forced his hand to move slower and with less pressure.

It was torture; it was agony.

"Fuck yes," Ilya purred. "So obedient for me."

It was perfect.

A whine worked its way out of Shane's throat. "Yes."

There was a string of rapid Russian that Ilya growled through the iPad speakers. "You say yes so good." Shane tried to say it again, chasing that praise, but his mouth could only let out an embarrassing moan. "I'd open you up for me if I was there. Fuck, I'd edge you for *hours*. You'd just have to lie there and take it, wouldn't you?"

Against all sense, Shane was loving this. He was a mix of horny and humiliated. And Ilya was doing that to him, in a ragged voice.

"Oh, Hollander." Shane missed his first name in Ilya's mouth. Objectively, he knew Ilya was doing this to egg him on, but he was taking the bait anyway. Objectives were getting quiet for him, starting to be completely overtaken by thoughts of being good for Ilya. Most of his brain was devoted to stroking himself right now and getting closer and closer to that orgasm. "Your pretty mouth doesn't say please enough. I'd make you *beg* for me to fuck you. Beg until you forget everything but what I can do to you."

Only you, Shane thought immediately. He tried to move his mouth to speak it into existence but... “Shit,” Shane gritted out. His eyes slipped closed, imagining just what *things* Ilya had in mind.

“Say how you feel now. What are you thinking?”

Shane made a frustrated noise and his eyes fluttered open for him to squint at the tablet. He tried to put a voice to his thoughts; mostly failed. “Don’t wanna think,” he slurred, vision blurry. Were there tears in his eyelashes? “Want you to tell me what to do.”

Ilya hummed low in his throat. His eyes scanned Shane up and down, drinking him in. Shane could only hope Ilya felt as turned on as he was. He hoped Ilya could tell him what to do all the time.

It looked like Ilya’s arm was speeding up on screen. Shane imagined him, hand snaked under his pants, getting off on the thought of Shane wanting to give up control. There was something deeply hot about Ilya having direct stimulation but Shane being made to stick above his pants. Shane wondered how much of a power trip it would be if he was naked but Ilya wasn’t. Or vice versa. One day, he hoped he’d find out. He’d be happy with anything, really, so long as Ilya kept looking like that – like he was one step away from devouring Shane whole.

Shane’s eyes went half-lidded, but he couldn’t look away from Ilya if he tried.

“Poor you,” Ilya said, tone saccharine and sarcastic. It was absurdly arousing. “I’ll tell you what to do. Let’s try something.” He tilted his head in mock sympathy, eyes calculating, and Shane wondered if he could die from this. He bit his bottom lip, concentrating on not coming. His dick was hard and he couldn’t stop nodding and he was sure he looked ridiculous but Ilya’s expression made him think maybe otherwise and fuck it felt amazing, maybe more than it should.

It was like he was caught between being good and feeling good. He tried to keep his hand working slow over his sweatpants like instructed, but every second longer seemed like an impossibility. He wanted to race to the finish line. He wanted to hit the top shelf with five seconds left in third period and hear that motherfucking goal horn blast through the rink.

Shane was so close, and then Ilya started talking again.

“Want me to tell you how pretty you are right now?”

Yes. “Oh fu–”

“Want me to tell you that you should be on your knees?”

Yes. “Can’t–”

“Look even more pretty for me?”

Yesyesyes. “I’m gonna come.”

“*Nyet.*” Ilya’s voice was sudden and hard. Like a slapshot. A second later, he had switched back to English. “No. Stop touching.”

The sound of pure disbelief that came out of Shane was one he had never heard from his mouth before. He didn’t know what was more surprising – that noise or the fact that his hand listened to Ilya before his brain had even properly caught up and processed the words. It had *flown* away from his dick. All he had now was his hips involuntarily twitching forward with nothing there for stimulation. His eyes snapped open wide.

“What.” He stared daggers at the iPad screen, though his vision was now hazy. His hands were clenching the sheets under him so hard he felt the strain in his biceps. “The absolute. *Fuck.*”

“Breathe,” Ilya said, still firmer than usual. He looked focused, studying Shane intently, almost like during a face-off. Shane registered that Ilya’s arm wasn’t moving anymore, which meant he wasn’t touching himself either, which made him feel the tiniest bit better. Or maybe not better. He was swaying. He was seething. He was sex-drunk and hadn’t even come. His dick was still hard and leaking and felt disconnected from his body but also the only thing he could think about.

He didn’t know what the *hell* he was feeling right now. Shit. He groaned out loud, eyes slipping shut. “Breathe,” Ilya repeated in that same tone.

Shane sucked in a breath, but it didn’t feel like much oxygen was getting into his lungs. He shakily gasped in another.

“Good,” Ilya whispered.

Shane shook his head, nonsensically making a shushing sound. He couldn’t take that right now. His eyes were still closed. The darkness was nice. It stopped him from feeling like he was going to spontaneously combust. He tried to tell Ilya that, but the words got gummed up, and anyway Ilya probably didn’t even know what spontaneous combustion meant.

Fuck, he couldn’t think properly right now. His brain was overloaded. It sounded like Ilya murmured something that might have been an apology, which quieted something in him, and then there was blissful silence.

He wasn’t sure how long he stayed like that, in the quiet, his breathing beginning to even out, with his hands stroking the comforter next to his crossed legs.

“Shane.”

Oh, that was nice. He did love it when Ilya said his first name. He said it differently than anyone else he knew. Shane had studied his mouth when he’d said it on their last video call, with their faces blown up wide on each other’s screen.

It occurred to him eventually that he should respond.

“Mmm.”

“Look at me.”

“Hm?”

“Look at me, Shane.”

Ilya’s mouth sat different than anyone else’s when he said Shane’s name. Shane realized he wanted to see that mouth more than he wanted to stay in the quiet. So his eyes cracked open to slowly meet Ilya’s. He noticed Ilya was sitting more in the dark where he was, but for himself it was light out still. There was some sun peeking through the blinds he’d closed. Because it was still afternoon here. Right. Sure. He also, more importantly, noticed Ilya’s mouth being as perfect as he remembered. “Okay.”

“How are you feeling? You did not answer this from before.”

Shane barely registered the laugh that bubbled out of him. It sounded slightly hysterical. “Like I’m fucking flying.” Ilya smiled back at him, with that perfect mouth of his, but his stare was still contemplative. “Couldn’t think. You win.”

“Not about winning, just feeling good,” Ilya said with a shrug.

That didn’t make sense. It was always about winning with them, wasn’t it?

Maybe it didn’t have to be anymore. Huh. Feeling good was pretty nice.

Shane knew this would cause him to probably have what his mom called A Moment. Eventually. When he could process it properly. Ilya’s eyes on him seemed so serious still. Possessive but protective. Like he’d be there to catch Shane. He’d never really had someone like that before. That was pretty nice too.

He took in that his hands were still rubbing the sheets on the bed, and he felt a bit less unmoored. He’d never stopped himself from having an orgasm before. It seemed the opposite of how sex and pleasure should function. Every time he masturbated, though rare, he would think of Ilya and then come perfunctorily and then get on with his day. That was just... how it went.

In the past, Ilya had encouraged Shane sometimes to delay an orgasm when they were together, but this was something different entirely. He supposed this is what Ilya had meant by *trying something*. Shane felt his head tilt to one side. “Why would you do that?”

“Because I knew you’d like it.”

“Do I?” Shane furrowed his brow. Ilya gave him time to think it over. He didn’t necessarily disagree. “I’ve never done this. Never felt anything like this in my life.”

Ilya nodded. It struck Shane as a patient motion. Unhurried. “I know. You are still hard?”

Shane made a considering noise as he looked down and discovered he was. He’d only flagged a little in however long it had been. “Huh.” He nodded once and licked his lips, realizing they were dry.

He imagined this might be what street drugs felt like. He wouldn't know. He'd never taken any. He didn't know how he'd even go about trying to procure them to test this theory. Though that would be stupid of him, wouldn't it. He had once gotten a broken wrist as a teenager from a goon who cross checked him hard into the boards during an away game. He'd sat in that Sarnia emergency room bed, loopy on whatever they gave him, trying to listen to the doctor as she moved pen lights across his field of vision, and it was probably the closest thing to how he felt now. But not quite. He truly wasn't sure what to make of it all. "I think I need to think more about this. I think. Later."

Through the screen, Ilya's gaze softened incrementally. "Later," he agreed. Then added, in a kind way but one that brokered no protest, "Together. When I am back tomorrow, we will talk about it. No more of this tonight." Shane hummed happily, feeling very warm at that. He didn't want to do it alone, he wanted to talk it over with Ilya. He liked Ilya making plans like that, with promises of continuations.

"You're good here, Shane." The words sounded so soft when he spoke. Like his hands. Ilya had such soft hands on the ice when he was handling a stick. Exceptional puck control. His finesse was beautiful to watch. "It's okay. Come back now."

Although, technically speaking and according to most sports analysts, Shane was a better stick handler.

...Huh. Maybe he was coming back now, like Ilya had told him to.

Shane digressed. He recentred. He tried to sort his thoughts.

"Okay." He blinked and his sight refocused on Ilya, still staring at him steadily on the iPad screen. He paused for a second; realized something. "I think I'd like to orgasm soon."

"Okay."

"Please."

Ilya inhaled deeply at that word, and looped a finger around his necklace to pull it out from under his shirt like he needed something to do with his hands. If they were together in person, Shane was sure he would have kissed him hard right now. Ilya fiddled with the crucifix, eyes never looking away from his. Shane must be starting to have some more cognizance again, since he found himself wondering how this situation might be affecting Ilya's libido too. He couldn't see below his shoulders, but he hoped Ilya was still aching in some way like him. "Okay."

"Sorry," he breathed out.

One side of Ilya's mouth quirked up. It looked very charming. "Why sorry?"

Shane shrugged. "I feel like I haven't done anything for you." His voice was small.

"Oh, Hollander," Ilya chuckled warmly. He stretched his arms above his head, the gold chain and crucifix dropping from his fingers to lay against his chest. "You have. You cannot see,

but I am liking this *very* much.”

Well, that was nice to hear, at least. Gratifying. “We should both come.” Shane’s eyes travelled down Ilya’s toned chest and back up again. “I know it’s late there and you have an early flight tomorrow.”

Ilya’s arms returned to his sides and he rolled his shoulders. “We will take our time. No more too much, too fast tonight. You are more important.”

“Oh.” His voice got even smaller.

“Yes. Oh.” Ilya’s gaze looked a bit forlorn, almost bittersweet, as if he was privately realizing something. Like he’d come to some sort of important decision. The moment passed when he put his arms over his head and began pulling off his shirt.

Finally, Shane couldn’t help but think excitedly. Ilya reached down to take off his pants too and there was a flash of his ass before he recentred into the frame. Shane didn’t check himself in the corner of the iPad to see how much of an idiot he must look like with a dopey smile stretching across his face.

Ilya smiled back, and Shane personally thought his looked way sexier. His heart nearly skipped a beat. Shane knew he’d given him a lot of ammunition last night by confessing he felt haunted by that crooked smile. He didn’t mind for a second when Ilya kept doing it for him, though. “Get naked for me.”

“Okay,” Shane replied, denying internally that it sounded so breathless. He wriggled out of his pants and underwear, letting them join his hoodie on the floor beside the bed. When he straightened up again, cross-legged, he saw reddened spots on his upper thighs from where he’d clenched his hands there earlier before he’d been given permission to touch. A little thrill went through him. He’d gone to about half hard now, but his cock was quickly taking interest in the promise of more.

“Hm. One more thing, I think.” Ilya squinted at him through the screen, smugly. “I teach you this. You remember?” He switched to Russian and said a few words. Shane did recognize it, actually. Ilya had taught it to him a few days ago, after he’d unloaded and spoken passionately for long minutes in a language Shane didn’t understand, but was finding himself wanting to more and more desperately. This, however, was the phrase that Ilya had given him the translation for. “What’s it mean?”

“Get on your knees.” Shane said it quietly, feeling his cheeks beginning to heat up under the frames of his glasses. His cock was so hard now it almost curled up to his stomach.

“Good.” Ilya hummed, and Shane blushed harder at what sounded like pride in his voice. “So do.” Shane nodded and obeyed, his cock bobbing with the movements as he swayed into the new position. He stayed low on his knees, ass touching his heels, so his face was still visible to the camera at around the same angle. Ilya gestured towards him expectantly. “This is fine?”

Shane nodded again. “As long as I get to come this time.”

“Greedy,” Ilya teased. “We’ll see.”

He winked. Shane nearly melted.

“Can I—”

“Yes. Touch yourself for me.”

Fuck, that felt incredible to hear. Maybe even better than it usually did? Shane eagerly wrapped a hand around himself and began at the base, fondling his balls with his fingers. He gripped loosely and slid up to thumb at the head, then spread the wetness down. He’d never been denied like that before. Ilya had said he’d *edge* him if he’d been there in person. Is that what it had been? Is that why he was near dripping?

“Good?”

“So good,” Shane breathed out. He locked eyes with Ilya once he noticed that his arm was moving again too. “Wanna be good for you.”

Ilya inhaled sharply and his arm began to move a little faster. His gaze looked hungry yet satisfied all at once. “You are. Always.”

Shane held up his empty left hand so it was visible. “What do you think?”

“Should you open yourself up for me too?”

“I’m too high-strung right now,” Shane mumbled apologetically. Plus, the lube seemed an impossible distance away in his drawer – two whole feet. He didn’t want to stop again, not even pause.

“Is fine,” Ilya panted, and his voice sounded laboured as well. “Suck your fingers instead. Other hole, hm?”

Easy enough; he was practically drooling already. Shane opened his mouth and slid two fingers in without hesitation. He liked being told where to put his hands. Usually, when they did this in person, he grabbed Ilya *every* moment they were fucking. Ilya’s mussed hair, Ilya’s broad shoulders, Ilya’s flexed thighs as he drove into him. Last night, when they’d done this, Shane’s hands only had cold sheets when they weren’t touching himself. His left hand had ended up gripping a pillow, but it wasn’t satisfying at all. It had been almost disturbing. It was like his body knew what he could be holding but didn’t have.

“Push your thumb into your slit,” Ilya ground out. “You like that.”

Shane did it. He moaned, a bit more whorish than he meant to, and Ilya smirked. “You’re welcome.” Shane wondered if their strokes were in lockstep. If Ilya’s hand was going up and down at the same time. That was a very nice mental picture. Both jerking off; alone, together. Halfway around the world from each other. For the second night in a row.

With a whine, he took his fingers out of his mouth. Ilya looked on with great interest at where his spit was slowly sliding down the back of his hand. “God, you’re killing me.”

“How I feel too.” Ilya laughed, a little darkly. “This is third time you’re doing this for me. Putting on a show.”

Shane remembered everything about those other two times, even though the first had been nearly three years ago. He’d wanted to be kissed each time. “What are you thinking?”

“I’m thinking of you in your boring room on your boring bed. And me kissing you on it as I fuck you until you scream.”

Well, now Shane was imagining it too, wasn’t he. “Reading my mind, Ilya.” His voice was so needy, he almost missed Ilya’s reaction of swearing furiously.

Oh, right. He’d said his first name. It was nice to know that had a similar effect on him, too. Shane felt desired right now. Decadent. Utterly debauched and willing to do anything so long as Ilya kept looking at him like that, with bold eyes darkened by lust.

It felt dangerous, but he could picture himself doing this every night. Or, rather, doing *anything* every night. With Ilya. Preferably in person if possible. He thought, with startling clarity through the otherwise overwhelming lust, that he missed Ilya. He desperately wanted him there. With him.

“Suck again. Another one.”

He added a third finger to his mouth this time and Ilya nodded on screen, tight. It looked like his control was starting to slip. Shane preened.

“I’m not going to last long,” he confessed around his fingers. He felt spit drip down his chin and Ilya bit out a few words in Russian. Shane hadn’t been lying to him, yesterday – it was fucking sexy when Ilya spoke it.

There was a frankly humiliating squelching noise, and Shane was so far gone he wasn’t sure if it came from his cock or his mouth. He wondered if the speakers had picked it up. Ilya stifled a cry, so Shane guessed he’d heard it after all and seemed to enjoy it.

“One more.”

“Mhm.” He put his fourth finger in his mouth.

Ilya groaned. “Yes, Shane.”

Tell me. Shane was struck with that clear thought when he heard his name again, uttered like that. His thumb, the only finger not in his mouth, pressed against his cheek and stroked where Ilya usually kissed him. Right under his freckles.

“Fuck, yes, keep looking like this for me,” Ilya was muttering, half to himself, but then he must want Shane to hear too because he was muttering it in English.

“...Tell me.” His voice was muffled.

“Tell you?” One of Ilya’s hands suddenly shot into frame to grab his own shoulder tight. Maybe he didn’t know where to put his hands either when they weren’t together. Shane would have grabbed that hand on Ilya’s shoulder and made him use it to hold down his head as they fucked. “Tell you what? You are beautiful? Good boy? Always. You must know this.”

Shane whined, words escaping him for a moment. Ilya had *almost* called him that yesterday. Technically. But now, to hear it directly this time was almost too much. “Tell me.” He had to enunciate around his fingers as he repeated himself slowly. His other hand sped up as he stroked his cock faster and faster. He felt unhinged, like a sloppy mess, and he fucking loved it. “Tell me I can come.”

Now, Shane didn’t know Russian, of course, but he knew Ilya stuck to the sounds he was currently stringing together when he was close to orgasm too. Both his eyes and his voice were wild when he managed English. “Yes, do it. *Fuck*. Come for me, Shane.”

And Shane sure as hell liked to do what he was told. He came *hard*, sobbing around the fingers still pressed tight into his mouth. His hips were jerking forward, reminding him that he was still kneeling. He felt his release splash onto his stomach, his chest, and shouted as his hand worked him through his orgasm. His orgasm he’d been given *permission* to have.

From... “Ilya,” he moaned. Shane’s eyes had closed sometime during the ecstasy, which was a shame. He liked looking at Ilya. When he opened them, it was just in time to see him heaving in breaths. One hand was still on his shoulder, and it looked so tight from here that Shane was sure it would bruise. Shane removed the fingers from his mouth and worked his jaw a bit. “Thank you.”

Ilya gasped and babbled some words Shane didn’t catch in his aftermath, a mix of both languages. Ilya cried out and curled forward. Shane knew he was coming, and he felt the same shiver he felt every time he saw it. “Yes, sweetheart.”

Shane *melted* at that. Ilya hadn’t called him that since November. Four long months ago. That day when Ilya had made him the tuna melt, before Shane had geared up for A Moment and ruined everything. Shane realized, with shocking post-orgasmic clearness, that he wanted that domesticity back. He wanted to tell Ilya about his day and exist in the same space. He wanted *lots* of things.

In a bit of a daze, Shane reached over to his nightstand for some tissues. He wiped off the come that was splattered all over him, and started to clean off the spit from his hands and face. At that point, Ilya had come back a bit and set himself again into the camera frame squarely. He looked softer, a bit happier, still tired but now in a more content way. He breathed out Shane’s name, almost like a prayer.

“I wish you were here,” Shane said quietly. Earnestly. He’d said the same exact thing yesterday. It was still true.

The room was filled with the sounds of their breathing, overlapping, now slowing. It was a comfortable lull. Peaceful. Reminded Shane of waves at the lake, when he’d sit out on the dock. “I’ll be back soon.”

Shane couldn't help but realize that wasn't really an answer. Ilya's hazel eyes still looked a bit too serious for Shane's liking. If he was in the same bed, lying next to him in the afterglow like they usually did, he'd take his fingers and gently rub away the slight furrow of his brow.

They must have both been missing lying next to each other, since Ilya reached out to grab his iPad. He brought it closer until Shane could only see his face. Shane tossed his tissues on the floor and did the same, lying on the other side of the bed away from where he'd ruined the sheets. Again. He nestled in the pillows and put the iPad close to his face. They were in bed together, in a way, their faces close through the screens. Like yesterday.

"You're beautiful, too," Shane said, unprompted this time, simply because he wanted to.

Ilya smiled. "What are you doing for the rest of the day?"

Shane realized that it seemed like much later, even though it was only mid-afternoon.

"Laundry again," he grumbled and Ilya smirked briefly. "Watching tape. My nutritionist put me on an adapted meal plan this week for the home games, so I'll try some of that later for dinner."

"Boring," Ilya said, fondly. He hadn't stop smiling.

"Yeah." Shane felt lost in those eyes. They looked at him very tenderly. "It's late over there, eh?"

Ilya nodded. It was only because they were so close and he was studying Ilya's eyes that he noticed the outer corners crinkle when he chuckled. "You sound very Canadian when you are tired."

"Not tired," he protested. It felt a bit like a lie when he said it.

"Mhm."

"Seriously." He inexplicably stifled a yawn.

"Sure, sure."

"Fuck off," he laughed back. Alright, maybe he'd earned a nap.

"You should sleep. You're not used to what we did earlier."

"Oh, and you are?"

Ilya shrugged, a bit arrogant. "Well, opposite but..." He trailed off. Right. He'd probably been in all kinds of situations like that before, with all kinds of gorgeous people. Shane tried to ignore the pang of jealousy that sliced through him. "Don't be mad," Ilya continued, smiling wider. "You were the best."

Shane rolled his eyes. Having someone know exactly what he was feeling before he'd even put a name to it himself was annoying, sometimes. "Thanks," he mumbled, pleased at the

compliment.

“I am glad you liked it.” Ilya’s hand was toying with his necklace again, partially visible at the very bottom of the screen. “I said yesterday, you don’t let go very much. Don’t let yourself have release enough. Pent out.”

Shane couldn’t help but smile back, his grumpiness forgotten. “Pent up.”

“Yes, what I say.”

Shane bit his lower lip. “Earlier, you said you knew I would?”

“Would what?”

“Like it.”

“Ah. Yes.”

“How’d you know that?”

There was a pause. Shane saw Ilya inhale, twice, before he answered. “I know *you*, Shane.”

A lot went unsaid in those words, Shane guessed. He wasn’t always the best at reading people, but he was getting pretty good at reading Ilya after all these years. Shane wanted to respond, wanted to look into his eyes and say *‘I know you, too,’* but he couldn’t.

Because he realized a few things in quick succession, lying alone but together on the bed in his room. He had feelings for Ilya. He wanted more with Ilya. He thought he’d known Ilya well enough, but that wasn’t true.

It wasn’t true, because he didn’t know Ilya the way Ilya knew Shane.

...Not yet.

So he couldn’t say that back. Not today. It wouldn’t be fair. He wasn’t worthy enough yet. “No action means no result,” he finally said, haltingly, to break the silence. He didn’t even know he was saying it until the words were mostly out of his mouth.

Ilya snorted. “What does this mean.”

“It’s a Gretzky quote,” Shane said absently as he frowned, lost in thought.

It made sense his brain had supplied the words, in a way. He was in the middle of a process, an evolution. He needed to work hard and show it constantly. He’d take action; he’d get results.

Ilya’s eyes were a bit confused now, scanning back and forth. “...No, is not.”

Shane groaned in amusement and rubbed a hand over his face, forgetting his glasses were in the way. Ilya breathed out a laugh. He snuck his hand under the lenses to put some pressure

on his wet eyes for a moment before adjusting the frame back.

He wanted to be with Ilya, right now, at his favourite place in the world. Any place in the world. He wanted to invite him there, invite him here, invite him to anywhere in his life. He wanted to be wrapped up with him instead of cold and alone, with only pixels to show him Ilya's expression. He wanted this. All. The fucking. Time.

"I have a lot to think about," he settled on. It was true, but he didn't want it to come across in any other way than what he meant. Fuck, this was hard. He ran a hand through his hair and tried to clarify, tried to imbue his words with all the gravitas they warranted to reassure Ilya. "But I *will* be thinking about it. Ilya. About *you*."

Ilya's expression was bittersweet again, like earlier, illuminated by his tablet. The rest of his background was darker than when they'd started the video call. It was getting late. His voice was steady when he answered. "Me, too."

Shane ached, and felt abruptly – bizarrely – envious of what must be millions of kids who had posters of Ilya hanging over their beds. They saw him when they woke up, when they rushed out the door for early hockey practice, when they made their way home from school, when they fell asleep. Shane wanted to look at him all the time, too.

"I should go to sleep," Ilya whispered after a few moments. Shane opened his mouth, but Ilya beat him to it. "Don't say sorry."

The smile that Shane felt break out across his face hopefully masked if his eyes were getting a bit watery. "Okay."

"Okay." Ilya narrowed his eyes a bit. "And I am serious about not thinking too much alone. I will call when I am back in Boston tomorrow. When we are not tired, we will talk."

Shane prepared to protest, but Ilya raised his eyebrows meaningfully and he reconsidered. "...Fine."

"Good."

He was too satisfied for his body to react properly to what that word did to him, but he still felt a lick of pleasure from it nevertheless. "No fair."

"Very fair. Or else you will not listen," Ilya yawned out, matter-of-fact. "Nap, watch tape, eat boring food, and go to sleep. Be good and do this for me, Hollander."

"Hmph."

Shane felt the vibration in his hands as Ilya's gravelly voice thrummed through the tablet speakers like a lullaby. "Good night, Shane."

Shane hoped he wasn't imagining the yearning that appeared to be there, in Ilya's gaze. He felt the same.

"Good night, Ilya."

Just like last night, Shane kissed the tips of his fingers and reached out to touch the screen. He couldn't stop himself if he tried. Ilya's beautiful mouth slightly opened as his beautiful eyes fluttered closed.

...God, Shane was *so* fucked, wasn't he.

The call ended.

End Notes

It's been almost nine years since I've posted, guys, so I truly came out of retirement for this fic. But these boys... they're worth it! They were knocking around in my brain too much, I had to put it down in writing.

The title is from a song by my favourite band, Arkells, who are from the city a lot of the TV series was filmed in. I am also originally from this city, and the song itself is called [Years in the Making](#) – I find both of these things extremely fitting for the fic. Highly recommend listening to more of their stuff!

If you want to come talk to me more about the series (whether books or TV), you can find me at [emberglows](#) on Tumblr or [emberglows](#) on Discord. Thanks for reading! :)

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