

Of Mornings and Forevers

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Of Mornings and Forevers

by [Juleswritesstuff](#)

Summary

Ilya never imagined himself waking up beside anyone for the rest of his life.
Never imagined wanting to, longing for it so much and so hard it felt like he was either dying or going crazy.
Never imagined he would share a forever with somebody.
Not until that fateful 23rd of December 2008 in freezing Saskatchewan.
Not until a thing as trivial and simple as freckles dusted on cold-kissed skin made time stop and the world start spinning.
Not until this boring, and short, and pretty, and perfect and outstanding Canadian boy who everyone deemed some new hockey God extended his hand to him and stole his fragile heart.
Not until Shane Hollander.

Notes

Hi everyone <3

I wrote this in the span of three days, with approximatively four hours of sleep in my body, and the caffeine of at least ten espressos running through my veins, while also neglecting my studies. I have zero regrets, honestly.

This is my first time writing for a fandom this big, so i beg for clemency. In the words of our lord and saviour Connor Storrie: please be nice to me, I'm sensitive.

I wanted to give my little tribute to these characters that have literally stole my heart, and this is what came out. It isn't anywhere near perfect but I tried my best.

I hope you'll like it.

P.S. English isn't my first language and my brain was fried throughout the majority of this, so I apologize if you find any mistakes.

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

Love was never something Ilya planned for.

That four letter word that felt as big and dangerous as the universe collapsing onto itself never really fit in his life.

The concept of someone loving him unconditionally and for the rest of his life disintegrated when he was twelve, his mother's lifeless body in front of him, his world reduced to ruin and ash and nothing but the black hole that started taking the place of his heart since that day.

For a long time, that mass of emptiness and numbness was all there was behind his ribs. All there was around him.

It swallowed everything, it fed on the light that used to shine inside of him, leaving him in nothing but darkness, stripping him away even of the capability to at least mirror who his mother had been. To keep the gentleness, the kindness, the unwavering good that ran through her veins and make it his. To have a piece of her with him always.

But, no.

That void, that cold, had no mercy. It took everything away from him, even the feeble reflection of the only light that had ever shone in his life, the way her blonde hair used to look like the perfect blend of honey and gold, the way her eyes sometimes twinkled like water kissed by the sun, the way her smile made him feel like all the rotten that filled the world would never touch him.

He had been nothing but a child at the time. And he had been so completely wrong.

As time passed, Ilya learned that attachment was temporary, that love was a fragile, utopistic illusion people clung to to ease the weight that the idea of a meaningless life put on their shoulders, that humans were put on earth without a reason.

They were just there. Intelligent creatures evolved and able to make great things, sure—Ilya was not that nihilistic to think the opposite or go against Charles Darwin himself—but still, born because two other individuals decided to. In some cases, not even intentionally.

Ilya could recognize it now, how dangerous that thought was. How risky it could've been.

Considering your life meaningless at the mere age of fourteen, could make people's thoughts take a dark turn, after all.

That was one of the main reasons Ilya never really considered himself as someone who was living.

In his head, he was just surviving. Comfortably, of course, thanks to his stellar hockey career and the big money he made because of that.

But to him, it was just survival. A way to keep his body moving so that his mind wouldn't linger, a way to turn grief into something good, useful, instead of that consuming thing eating

him from the inside.

He was good. He was really fucking good, actually. And he achieved accomplishments a lot of people would've only dreamed of.

Still, he felt empty. Alone in the ruins of what used to be a castle.

Ruins that were so thick and high and impenetrable despite their crumbly state, that nothing could get in.

Especially not love.

Because Ilya hadn't felt a speck of that since he was twelve.

His father only ever saw him as a failure, his brother considered him nothing but a punching bag or a bank account, the woman he should've considered his step-mother hadn't even cared to get to know him when she joined the family.

Family.

That word used to taste like iron on his tongue. It felt heavy, fake and entirely inadequate for the wreckage that was his household. Especially after his mother's passing.

She was the only one Ilya had ever really associated that word with, the only part of the DNA engraved in his cells he was proud to have inherited.

She was the only person he had ever needed. Or wanted.

His mother had always been his anchor. He felt sad that he hadn't been able to be hers in return.

A slow movement takes him out of his thoughts, followed by the soft rustle of sheets and an adorable, unintelligible mumble.

His mind suddenly empties, his chest fills with an emotion so strong it almost cracks his ribs open, and the smile that grows on his face is the most genuine thing he has ever let himself show.

Because right in this moment, despite everything he has ever believed in, Ilya Rozanov is looking at love.

And that love has a name, the most beautiful face his eyes ever had the pleasure to lay on, and he holds Ilya's heart right in the palm of his hand.

Ilya had never imagined himself waking up beside anyone for the rest of his life.

Never imagined wanting to, longing for it so much and so hard it felt like he was either dying or going crazy.

Never imagined he would share a forever with somebody.

Not until that fateful 23rd of December 2008 in freezing Saskatchewan.

Not until a thing as trivial and simple as freckles dusted on cold-kissed skin made time stop and the world start spinning.

Not until this boring, and short, and pretty, and perfect and outstanding Canadian boy who everyone deemed some new hockey God extended his hand to him and stole his fragile heart.

Not until Shane Hollander.

Ilya watches him as Shane is still lost in the land of dreams.

He knows it's cheesy, he knows it's also a bit creepy maybe, but he can't stop. Can't physically bring himself to unglue his gaze from the absolute vision that his sleeping husband is.

Husband.

God, he loves the sound of that, the way it fills his mouth and rolls off his tongue.

Maybe because it still feels unreal sometimes, unbelievable, that Shane is his. That he is *Shane's*.

That they belong to and with each other. Finally. Forever.

They fought to be where they are—with the world, with people, with themselves—for years, and every second spent in hiding felt like a bullet passing straight through them, a wound that never really healed but closed a little when they were together. Even before their brains finally caught up with what their hearts had known since the very first day they met, when all there was between them was just mind-blowing sex and a mess of tangled, unknown feelings.

If someone years ago had told Ilya that he could have this, he would've probably laughed at their face, cursed them to death and crumbled down in the darkness of his room as his brain screamed at him.

But now, for all the time he spent thinking he was incapable of this, for all the damage, the history, the reasons he had to believe happiness just wasn't meant for him, Ilya lies in the quiet morning light, his husband asleep in his arms, and knows with absolute certainty he is the luckiest man in the world.

For probably the first time in his entire life, the thought doesn't scare him at all.

He thinks of that twelve-year-old boy, standing in the debris of his metaphorical fortress, and wishes, just for a moment, that that boy could see this. Could see that the world didn't end that day. That something survived. That *he* survived. That he was finally, fully living. That one day he would wake up in the embrace of someone who loved him not in spite of who he was, but with full knowledge of it. The ups and downs, the good and bad days, the little arguments and the big gestures of love.

Shane was the only one who got to see Ilya in his entirety, inside and out.

He reaches up and gently brushes his thumb along Shane's cheek. The pad of his finger caresses soft skin, as light as a feather, tracing those little spots of happiness that have bewitched him from the very first time he saw them.

He feels his chest tighten as Shane sleepily leans into the touch, an unconscious response to the physical need to be close to each other always, no matter where or when or how.

He watches how the soft glow of the warm sunrise light filters through the curtains, hitting that thin, golden band on his finger and making it look like something out of a dream as the back of it rests gently on Shane's cheekbone.

And perhaps it really is a dream.

How else could he explain it, otherwise?

How did the boy who learned to lock his heart and his true feelings away behind indifference, arrogance, parties and meaningless hook-ups, end up here: married, loved, wanted and trusted with something so unbearably precious?

Shane murmurs something incoherent against Ilya's chest, right where the pounding of his heart is probably loud enough to wake the angel in his arms altogether, dark eyelashes fluttering for a second before they regain their stillness.

It's truly unfair how beautiful his husband is.

Ilya has always called Shane pretty and, despite what Shane might think of it, he has always meant it with utmost sincerity.

At least that part he was able to be honest about since the beginning of their very much complicated journey.

Shane was, and still is, the most breathtaking thing Ilya has ever seen in his entire life. His soft, raven hair, his warm, chocolate eyes, the straight yet gentle slope of his nose, the cupid bow adorning his upper lip and those enchanting freckles.

And if Ilya doesn't think there can ever be enough words to describe the absolute masterpiece that is Shane's face, there surely aren't enough to talk about the sheer excellence that is his body, either.

Perfection has just one synonym in Ilya's dictionary and it's *Shane Hollander*.

Most times his husband doesn't seem to agree with him, which makes Ilya quite sad and more than a little baffled.

If only Shane could see himself through Ilya's eyes, he would fall in love with himself too. In a heartbeat.

With all the little quirks and habits Shane thinks are awkward and a bit weird for the people who witness them, but that make him feel safe and comfortable, and endear and enamor Ilya to death instead.

With the way Shane sometimes hyperfixates on things and talks about them so enthusiastically, thinking it would probably bore him, but Ilya would love nothing more than to stay in bed for hours, Shane perched on his lap and cuddled against him, doing nothing but listening to the other half of his soul explain all the advantages that hockey players bending their backs at an exact 108° angle could offer in terms of strength and precision.

With how Shane always feels the need to be in control, to be perfect in every aspect of his life, but willingly lets himself unwind when he is with Ilya, allowing himself to crave him in a way that feels almost visceral, as crucial to him as air in his lungs. Ilya relishes in the way Shane gives up on every constriction and expectation of the outside world as soon as he is close enough for Shane to detect his scent, melting into a puddle of neediness when Ilya's skin finally makes contact with his. Because it means that Shane is setting himself free; that, at least when they are together, his husband can fully let go and just let himself feel, his brain emptying while Ilya fills him.

Ilya can't resist the urge to brush a gentle kiss to Shane's forehead, the hand not occupied tracing the features of his breathtaking face burrowing into black, silky strands and swiping through the mass of abnormally perfect morning hair as he tries to ground himself.

And ground himself he must, because not only is his chest threatening to explode with all the things he feels for this man that was supposed to be nothing but a good fuck and ended up being his whole world instead, but because thinking of him as he obediently follows Ilya's gentle instructions with kissed bruised lips and glazy, liquid eyes has made every single drop of his blood travel southbound.

He doesn't mean for it to happen, not when all the thoughts he was having about his husband had started as a completely innocent and, frankly, sappy love confession in his head.

He blames this little detour on the treatorous anatomy of male bodies, and the fact that Shane is unapologetically naked and as stunning as a Carrara marble sculpture while curled half on top of Ilya.

He can't help but feel *things* thanks to the sight currently blessing his eyes, but he will behave.

Because, as much as he loves the thought of waking Shane up with the slowest, most languid and delicious blowjob ever just to watch him cry in pleasure before Ilya's cock can even get the chance to push inside of him, the idea of admiring Shane as he sleeps peacefully and without a care in the world in his arms is just as satisfactory.

And a little cheesy.

Ilya cannot even bring himself to care.

So he shuts his brain off, drops another feather-light kiss to the crown of Shane's head, and tells his body and nervous system to calm down as he prepares to start counting his husband's freckles one by one for possibly the hundredth time.

Shane stirs slightly on top of him, his nose brushing against Ilya's collarbone as a quiet hum vibrates in his throat.

Ilya watches, almost captivated, as his eyelids twitch faintly, lashes fluttering over sun-blessed cheeks before slowly revealing a pair of ember shaded eyes.

They're unfocused at first, dark and heavy with sleep, gaze drifting aimlessly across Ilya's shoulder, his throat, the hinge of his jaw and then finally his eyes.

It takes a second for recognition to settle in, for the world to click back into place.

When it does, Ilya feels it on Shane's body, in how he relaxes completely as Ilya's features finally start to make sense in his brain.

"Mmh," Shane murmurs, all soft and warm and a little creaky from sleep, "Hey."

Ilya smiles at him, trying not to melt into a puddle of hopeless and helpless goop.

"Hey," he answers quietly, brushing the back of his fingers along Shane's jaw.

Shane shifts slightly, hand adorably rubbing his eyes to at least attempt to get rid of some of the sleep clinging to him before letting it fall back onto Ilya's chest.

"Already awake?"

"Yes."

Shane tilts his head enough to squint at him, sunlight filtering through the window and kissing his face like in the most perfect of pictures.

"How long?"

Ilya has to physically restrain himself from letting his jaw fall and stare in absolute awe at how astounding his husband looks first thing in the morning.

No matter how many times he has already experienced that vision over the past year they have been married and living together, that sight of Shane always takes his breath away.

Every sight of Shane takes his breath away.

"Long enough," he answers, managing a smirk that feels a little too soft to be considered one.

Shane quirks an eyebrow.

"Enough to what? Ogle me in my sleep like a creep?" he asks, amusement dancing in his mesmerizing eyes.

"Ogle?"

Had his brain not tripped over that one single unknown word, Ilya would've probably gotten lost into the thoughts swirling in his brain at the sight of Shane all carefree and almost boyish

like that.

It isn't a rare occurrence, especially in the morning when the weight of the outside world thankfully took a little longer to take its place on both their shoulders.

Still, Ilya regards it as a precious moment.

Shane's gaze turns apologetic for an instant, and Ilya can't have that.

It's not Shane's fault there are still little gaps in his vocabulary here and there, so he refuses to let him feel bad about using a word Ilya doesn't know.

Ilya smiles encouragingly, lifting his eyebrows in invitation.

Shane loosens up immediately in his embrace, a familiar type of tepor returning to his gaze.

"It means staring very hard and very focused," he explains, a finger tracing lightly on Ilya's chest.

"Ah. Then, yes," Ilya nods solemnly as he tries to convey how much of a serious business engraving every detail of Shane in his brain is, dropping a kiss to his temple and hugging him even closer, "I was ogling a lot."

The sound of soft laughter fills his ears, stomach doing olympic level flips when Shane's lips brush the skin right above his heart to whisper a familiar yet still groundbreaking truth.

"I love you."

Ilya's pulse does that stupid little thing it always does when those exact words come out of his husband's mouth. It stutters, stops, and then starts hammering all over again like someone had just injected adrenaline straight in his blood.

"I love you, too," he answers back with probably the dumbest, most love-struck grin plastered on his face.

Shane mirrors that same smile as naturally as a still pond reflects the beautiful nature around it, craning his neck back enough to let Ilya see it.

"Were you thinking?" he asks then, pressing a delicate kiss below the hollow of Ilya's throat.

"I always think. I have a brain," Ilya replies, tone deliberately sarcastic and playfully offended.

He knows exactly why Shane is asking that.

"You know what I mean, Ilya," his husband says as if on cue, schooling his features into a serious yet still gentle expression.

Ilya's eyes soften, the space behind his ribs filling with every single emotion he feels for this man who hasn't even woken up properly yet, but still thought about his well-being before

anything else, ready to fight every demon clinging to Ilya's mind.

Those monsters have subdued thanks to his regular therapy sessions and those new antidepressants that were prescribed to him, but Shane still worries about him.

He shouldn't. Not that much, at least.

Ilya feels a lot better than he ever did in his entire life. He has an amazing team, great friends, a new family that has welcomed him with open arms, and the most amazing person by his side for the rest of his life.

He feels like all the darkness that has eaten him alive for the majority of his existence can't even try to touch him through all the light he is surrounded by now.

He knows he would never be able to get rid of it completely, that mess of emptiness and numbness. It will always be there, creeping like a mouse waiting for the cat to leave to finally get to its precious piece of cheese.

But he can fight it now, he can stand against the storm thanks to all the people that are part of his life and feel steady and secure while doing it.

Because he isn't alone anymore. He isn't in pieces anymore.

He found the most beautiful liquid gold who had filled and sealed the cracks of his soul without even knowing it, without Ilya even asking for it, making him whole again and even more beautiful than he used to be.

Making him feel like that word that had scared him so much, and from which he tried to run as far away as he could with the risk of losing the best thing that had ever happened to him, could finally fit in his world.

He can finally allow himself to love, and feel loved in return.

And Ilya has never felt as loved as he is right now.

So he nods once, buries his nose into Shane's hair and lets his lungs fill with the scent of that white lotus and vanilla shampoo his husband seems to favor over every other one.

The one that secretly makes him think of golden hair, and that same exact smile that is curving his lips right now.

Shane shifts on top of him, lifting his upper body up and holding his weight on one elbow, head resting on one of his hands as the other keeps tracing abstract patterns on Ilya's torso, making him shiver at the barely-there contact.

"Good thoughts, I assume?" Shane asks, his gaze warm and focused on the absolutely lovesick smile plastered on Ilya's face.

Their eyes catch, and Ilya thinks there could never be anything more perfect than this.

“The best ones,” he murmurs, kissing Shane's forehead, as giddy as a teenager with his first crush.

Which seems to be more than fitting considering he met Shane at eighteen, fell—unknowingly—in love at first sight, and then never stopped falling ever since.

Not even for a second.

With a steady grip on his waist and the little advantage he has on strength, Ilya pulls Shane fully on top of him, hands sliding down that body that makes all the art in every museum in the world pale in comparison, and guides Shane's legs on either side of his hips, caging himself in between strong, mouthwatering thighs.

His husband lets out an adorable startled noise, the sound soon dissolving into a soft fit of giggles as Ilya's fingers playfully knead the plump flesh of his ass.

Ilya doesn't mean it to be anything more than a mischievous, innocent enough gesture, something to make Shane smile and laugh in that way that makes Ilya's insides melt altogether.

It's not his fault his body loses all sense of control and decency when Shane's own statuesque and magnificent one is anywhere near him, naked and warm and so damn tempting in all its glory.

It's not his fault his brain gets clouded by strong muscles and soft, smooth skin displayed like the most exquisite delicacy.

It's not his fault the pressure of his hands on Shane's perfectly round and spectacularly supple cheeks increases more and more with every rub and squeeze, until what started as an harmless tease becomes a full on raw and languid grind.

Or maybe it is his fault, after all. But who cares when the divine creature straddling him seems so eager and keen to follow Ilya through every step of this dirty dance he started.

Shane's hips give in easily and willingly to the gentle, irresistible pace Ilya settles, rolling enticingly against his own, the friction so tender yet delirious Ilya fights to bite back a moan and fails.

“Ilya,” Shane whimpers, arms braced on either side of Ilya's head as his body arches, his cock filling with every gring against Ilya's already rock-hard one.

“I told you,” Ilya smirks, the words whispered in the crook of his husband's neck as he leaves a hot trail of kisses on the sensitive skin below his ear, “Only good thoughts when you are here.”

Ilya's teeth graze his neck and Shane moans, tipping his head back instinctively and bearing more of himself for Ilya to tease and worship.

“I'm always here.”

“Exactly.”

Without another word and with eyes full of that something Ilya can't fully pinpoint but that makes him as pliant as clay in his hands, Shane plants a hand on Ilya's chest, the other on his cheek and kisses him like the world is ending tomorrow.

Their mouths crash together, Ilya's lips parting instantly as Shane's tongue pushes in, wet and desperate, chasing shamelessly and frantically as he licks into Ilya's mouth like it's the last thing he will ever do.

Ilya answers with a low groan in his throat, arms tightening around Shane's frame and anchoring him to his body as if the thought of even a sliver of space between them is enough to make him lose his damn mind.

He kisses back just as fiercely and urgently, tongues sliding hard and unforgiving against each other.

Ilya's teeth catch Shane's lower lip, biting and gnawing at the plush flesh enough to make him shudder and whimper right on his mouth.

“No brushing teeth?” Ilya teases raggedly, breaking the kiss just enough to let the words out.

He isn't one to care for morning breath, or cum-sticky and sweaty bodies that much.

Shane, on the other hand, is.

No kissing before their teeth are brushed and no going to sleep covered in—or full of—cum, those are only ‘rules’ Shane has in regard to their extremely active and flourishing sex life. Hence why their bathroom is just a door down from the bedroom and their nightstand is still stacked with condoms.

It's not like his husband is a general or some kind of ruthless dictator over them—seen as those rules got broken more than a couple of times—but he prefers to stick to them.

To his astonishment and amusement, Shane, who after basically a decade together is still apparently full of surprises, only hits him with a breathless “That can wait,” before slamming their mouths right back together.

Ilya doesn't think he has ever been more in shock. And more in awe.

“Who are you?” he asks, maybe a bit too dramatically, as Shane's lips trail from his mouth to his chin and then his neck, “What have you done to my husband? Did aliens take him?”

Shane chuckles softly against his skin.

“Asshole,” he says, because apparently that little habit of calling his now *husband* that never really faded, lifting his head and gracing Ilya with the most beautiful image of his hazy, slightly unfocused eyes, “I just need...”

All playfulness empties out of Ilya at once.

He would recognize that look even if he was blind.

“Need what?”

Shane’s hips keep giving faltering, needy pushes on Ilya’s, their cocks rubbing together and aching, asking for more than just uncoordinated and dry friction, as delicious and enticing as that is.

He knows what Shane wants, what he needs.

It’s written all over his face, in the tightness of his muscles, in the way his lips and tongue try to keep themselves occupied with Ilya’s own but crave something more. Something better.

Something that can satisfy Shane the exact way he craves.

“This feels like deja-vu, doesn’t it?” the man on top of him chuckles weakly, a helpless moan rolling off his tongue when Ilya’s hips snap up, making Shane bounce lightly and adding another layer to the luscious torture on their cocks.

Ilya’s mind travels back to silky sheets, cool vodka, dazzling Vegas’ lights and one of the hottest sides of Shane he ever had the pleasure to witness.

His dick twitches at the memory, trapped between Shane’s throbbing and leaking one and his stomach.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya purrs, a hand reaching up to cradle Shane’s cheek tenderly, the pressure firm enough to bring his attention back to him.

Chocolate pools of need finally meet Ilya’s eyes, making blood pump in his veins more than any hockey match ever could.

“What do you need?” he asks, his tone gentle but firm.

“You,” Shane breathes against his mouth, nuzzling his face into the palm of his husband’s hand like it’s his one and only safe haven and repeating those words that made Ilya’s heart stop all those years ago, “I need you.”

Ilya’s expression softens imperceptibly amongst all the lust and the hunger running through his veins.

He presses his forehead to Shane’s, their noses brushing tenderly.

“You have me. Forever.”

“I know,” Shane nearly sobs, “Need your cock.”

“Is yours,” Ilya replies without missing a beat, his body belonging to this beautiful, desperate man above him just as much as his soul does, “Where do you need it? Here?” his thumb traces the edge of Shane’s mouth, gently coaxing his lips apart before slipping the digit inside, pressing on Shane’s tongue as he starts sucking eagerly, “Or maybe here?” the hand

still on Shane's asscheek makes its descent slowly, skilled fingers traveling down and down until they reach Shane's hole, teasing and feather-light as they rub the delicate ring of muscle.

Shane moans at the contact, hips thrusting back to chase the feeling as the suction on Ilya's finger becomes nothing short of pornographic.

Ilya can see that Shane is somewhat lost in all the sensations surrounding him. He can see him slipping away into that space that opens in his mind every time they are together like this. Every time Ilya surely but softly guides him. Every time Shane lets himself go, completely at Ilya's mercy and eager to follow every single word that rolls off his tongue.

But Ilya can't let him go too far into that safe place yet. Not before Shane tells him exactly what he wants from him.

So he pulls his thumb out of Shane's mouth, a low whine of protest reaching his ears as his mother tongue slips out.

"Pogovori so mnoy, lyubimyy."

'Talk to me, my love.'

Shane's eyes flutter, the fog veiling them dissipating just enough to have him regain the clarity to decipher the words coming out of Ilya's mouth. But not enough to let him form full sentences, apparently. Because there is just one word that leaves his lips in that complicated and still foreign for him language that is russian.

"Glotka," he manages to utter in a breathy exhale, "Want to feel you down my throat, Ilya."

Ilya's dick gives an enthusiastic throb, and so does the thundering muscle behind his ribs.

He smiles then, tilts his head up from the pillow enough to kiss his husband sweetly and says the most in-his-twenties-and-in-denial-of-his-feelings Ilya Rozanov thing ever.

"Then make me nice and wet for you, Hollander."

Shane's tongue is back in his mouth a second later, just like the good old times.

Except now, Shane is his and he can scream it for the whole fucking world to listen.

Those lips, so keen on pouring all their need and hunger onto him, suddenly move downward. They leave a path of heat on his throat, down his chest, between every sharp ridge of his muscles as Shane retreats slowly, climbing down Ilya's body like a sinner falling to his knees and ready to surrender.

But Shane is not a sinner. He is the probably the holiest thing Ilya has ever seen, made of softness and tenderness and love and all the good things that were always missing in Ilya's life.

Ilya misses nothing now.

How can he when he has found his own, personal piece of heaven?

He can't help but think about that as Shane settles between his legs, a desperate and starved look in his eyes while he glances between Ilya's eyes and his cock like he is waiting for permission.

Ilya's hand brushes his cheek, right where all his focus was stolen from him the first time they met. On those stunning little spots dusting his angel's skin.

Shane needs no more encouragement than that. He takes Ilya in his mouth and starts leading him toward pure ecstasy.

His lips wrap around Ilya's shaft with the delicacy of a butterfly fluttering its wings, but they're ravenous as they slide down his cock inch after maddening inch, his tongue working on the sensitive underside and making Ilya moan like it's his first time receiving a blowjob ever.

He can't help feeling like that. No matter how much time has passed or how many times they've done this over and over again, with every little shade and variation, everything still feels like the first time with Shane.

That rush of pure adrenaline he gets when Shane sinks deeper, sucking and swallowing around him is the same as ten years ago when they first did this in that dimly lit hotel room in Toronto, setting ablaze the flame of something bigger than they had imagined at the time.

Bigger and much more complicated, that's for sure, but singlehandedly the best thing that has ever happened to Ilya.

Shane's head bobs up and down, and Ilya hums, the delicious vibration making his toes curl and his head spin as he feels the muscles of Shane's throat contract and relax, working to welcome him farther and farther into the intoxicating heat of his mouth.

Shane, Ilya has learned, has his own personal brand of hunger and devotion for his cock.

Which he has deemed the most monumental finding in human history since the discovery of potatoes.

He was just trying to make Shane laugh and loosen his nerves when he said that—after the realization, and then confirmation followed by an unhealthy amount of fascination and light teasing on Ilya's part, that Shane had a full-fledged and very much prominent oral fixation—but he wholeheartedly believes it.

Shane's mouth is a gift from God.

A gift that, at first, was a bit unsure and inexperienced, but so *so* enthusiastic and eager to please Ilya couldn't find it in himself to care if it was a bit sloppy or uncoordinated. Shane always tried his damn best, and—despite Ilya's initial embarrassment—he was, somehow, a real fucking expert in leading him to the brink of insanity with just a couple of sucks and the tentative lapping of his tongue.

To be fair, Ilya could've come just from the mere sight of Shane Hollander on his knees, his pouty, rosy lips stretched around his cock and those content, satisfied little noises vibrating around him like the man at his feet was enjoying an ice-cream cone on a scorching summer day and not just getting his throat destroyed.

But if there is something Shane excels at, is learning. Observing and studying and dedicating so much of his time to something, becoming almost a prodigy at it.

And learning he did.

He learned so well, in fact, nobody else could do it for Ilya like Shane did.

He should've understood, at the time, that maybe that was the first warning sign that whatever there was between them was anything but casual and easy.

Not that 'easy' would've been the right word to use, given the circumstances they were in.

Still, it wasn't just casual sex. Not anymore.

Not when he unconsciously started thinking of Shane's mouth as a blessing rather than a curse he didn't want to escape.

A blessing he is now using to make Ilya lose every ounce of his already fraying self-control with every skilled and reverent move of lips and tongue.

"Fuck, Shane. *Fuck*," Ilya hears himself hiss through gritted teeth as the blunt head of his dick brushes the back of his husband's throat, eliciting a moan that vibrates straight through him and almost makes him burst right then and there.

He laughs then, all light-headed and drunk on euphoria between broken groans and heavy breaths, burying his hands in Shane's hair and letting out a string of curses and praises that would make the devil blush like a school girl with a crush.

Because, Jesus fucking Christ, he loves when Shane gets greedy like this. Loves when the intrinsic urge to have Ilya close, closer than physically possible, takes over everything else and makes him gluttonous for Ilya's taste in his mouth. For the weight of his throbbing desire pressed on his tongue. For the need to be full of Ilya in every way possible while he feasts on his cock like it's his last meal.

And the way Shane is looking at him right now, with eyes full of tears, raw satisfaction and utter pleasure while he revels in the feeling of Ilya owning him completely, is enough to nearly send Ilya over the edge.

Because as much as Shane thinks it's Ilya the one holding the reins in the bedroom, Ilya can't really agree. Not fully, at least.

Not when sometimes it feels like Shane is a siren luring him in and leading him wherever he wants with just a simple bat of his lashes and that sinful mouth of his, with just a look and some sweet sweet pleas.

Shane doesn't seem to really ever notice it, not when he is so lost in that blissful and comfortable corner inside his mind that has him eager to comply with whatever Ilya needs and wants, but Ilya is at his mercy just as much as Shane is at his.

Except his unconditional devotion doesn't translate into a delightful and welcomed surrender as Shane's does.

Maybe it's because he has felt controlled and caged his whole life, forced to provide to people that only ever saw him as weak and worthless and useless, obligated to stay silent and follow orders and commands left and right like his opinion or his feelings didn't matter, starved for a love that was supposed to be warm and gentle but was, instead, no love at all. Just requests for more money and his mouth to stay shut, or continuous critiques over every little breath he took.

Maybe it's because he got treated like he didn't matter, like every word that came out of his mouth was just something to ignore and neglect, that when he finally found someone who wanted and starved to listen he held on to that for dear life.

Because at least to someone, to this one man to whom he was not supposed to matter at all, his words meant something. His actions meant something. He, Ilya Rozanov as a person, as a human being, meant something.

He meant everything.

Even if at the beginning it was just sex, Ilya didn't care.

It came natural to him, taking care of Shane.

He did it because he wanted to, because that's exactly what Shane needed from him in those brief moments of lust. Someone to guide him, to take that crashing weight and lift it off his shoulders, to give him some peace of mind amongst the chaos they were surrounded by.

And maybe that's what Ilya needed too. Someone to make him feel needed, wanted and essential.

Shane does all of that. All of that, and then some.

He does it so well, in fact, that Ilya is currently this close to mark Shane's throat with his release.

Especially when his cock is being worshipped like the Holy fucking Grail.

But Shane knows him well, can recognize the telltales of his body like they're a pattern memorized in his brain, and chooses that exact moment to give the head of Ilya's dick a final suck, a teasing lick right on the sensitive slit, and a gentle kiss before coming back up, looking like an absolute divine wreck after nearly sending Ilya into outer space.

He kisses his way up Ilya's body with the same urgency of a drowning man swimming to the surface, looking for even the smallest inhale of oxygen, never really letting his lips linger until he reaches Ilya's own.

“Want you to fuck me. Can you fuck me?” he whispers, breathless and hoarse as their mouths chase each other.

Ilya has to physically suppress a nearly animalistic sound hearing his husband ask that question so politely.

God, Ilya wants to swallow him whole, wants to fuck him through the damn headboard and give him all he asks for when Shane looks at him like *that*. With a gaze lost somewhere between heaven and earth and filled with need.

A need so soft yet imperative Ilya feels on fire.

“I can. Of course, I can,” he murmurs in that insignificant sliver of space between their lips where their breaths are mingling and their moans create an unholy symphony, eyes going darker with all the debauched thoughts running through his mind, “But I need to know one thing first.”

His hands travel down Shane’s broad and chiseled back, palms following the enchanting arch and caressing those dimples placed there like a cherry on the sexiest and most delectable of cakes.

“Yes,” Shane mewls when Ilya’s middle finger explores further, tantalizing and mischievous as it reaches the tender skin of his rim once again, “Anything.”

A smile tugs the corners of Ilya’s mouth and he presses it right on Shane’s neck, trailing kisses and biting gently, his digit slowly breaching Shane’s tight ring of muscles, easing himself inside with deliberate carefulness.

“How much do you want it?” he purrs, breath ghosting the shell of Shane’s ear, making him shiver under his touch.

“*Ilya*,” Shane sobs, head dropping to Ilya’s shoulder and hips rolling as if he wants to chase both the friction on his flushed and aching cock, and the more than welcome intrusion inside him.

“Tell me, sweetheart. Be good and use your words for me.”

Ilya knows he is making Shane’s job a bit difficult, knows that carefully adding a second finger will probably make it even harder for him to articulate words that make sense, yet he can’t help but admire Shane in all his majestic glory as his face contorts in pleasure, body responding addictively to the stimulation.

Shane is slowly slipping away and Ilya can see that, but before he turns into a needy mess of whimpers and moans Ilya needs his answer.

Needs to know just how much Shane craves him.

Needs to know the exact way Shane wants to be taken apart.

So he cradles his husband's cheek in the palm of his hand, tilts his head enough so their blazing gazes can lock, and tethers him back to reality with just one simple, firm word.

"Baby."

Shane moans at that, loud and unashamed. Just like Ilya likes him.

"Want you so much," he sighs finally, like a spell had just shattered the last remnants of his inhibitions, breaking the dam of restriction and letting the water run free like a raging tsunami of unfiltered need, "Want you in me. Want to feel you so deep I can barely breathe. Please, Ilya."

Ilya can hardly contain himself from cumbusting right there.

Shane's eyes are begging, his whole body is rocking back and forth in a slow, almost hypnotising rhythm, the curves and valleys of his body molding against Ilya's own as he ruts and grinds until the sleekness of their precum mixed together makes the glide of their cocks smoother. Better. Fucking inebriating as the pressure and the pleasure start to build up and up and sky-fucking-high.

Ilya feels exactly like that. High. Intoxicated by the absolute vision Shane is with his pretty face twisted in ecstasy and his walls fluttering around Ilya's fingers, imploring for something more.

And Ilya will give it to him. He will give Shane everything he asks for.

So he hauls Shane in, slots their mouth together in a languid, sloppy dance, and rolls them with a shift of his weight, hands braced on Shane's lower back until the mattress molds to his spine and Ilya's broad frame looms over him, pinning him down with just enough force to make Shane whimper.

"Is this ok?" he asks in a whisper, settling fully between Shane's plump, mouth-watering thighs.

Shane doesn't even hesitate, words coming out rough and almost like someone had snatched them from deep in his chest.

"Perfect. *Fuck*," he let his hands roam all over Ilya's body, fingers curling like he needs something solid to hold on to until they reach Ilya's face, framing it like a precious thing, eyes flicking up all wide and pleading, "Want to look at you."

Ilya huffs a soft laugh, chest squeezing with the amount of feelings he has for this man who has been owning his heart for years.

"I'm right here."

"You are," Shane murmurs almost dreamily, like he can't believe that he really gets to have this every day until their last breath, thumbs stroking his cheeks with such tenderness Ilya doesn't know what to do with himself, "You're beautiful."

Ilya swallows, his throat suddenly made of sandpaper and his eyes stinging like there is a whole factory of needles inside his skull.

For a second, the world narrows down to Shane's face beneath him, open and waiting and so utterly sincere it nearly hurts.

It hurts so good Ilya wants to cry, shed tears of happiness and let Shane know that he is his whole world, that he is the sun he revolves around, the gravity that tethers him to the ground.

Shane is his everything, and the way he is looking at him now makes Ilya think that, maybe, he might be Shane's everything too.

So Ilya dips his head, brushes the ghost of a kiss on Shane's forehead and gives voice to the only thought that has never left his mind since he and Shane met.

"I ty idealny."

'And you are perfect.'

Shane's eyes turn liquid, filled with what Ilya now has come to recognize as nothing but full-bloomed and unyielding love.

He is sure he is looking at Shane just the same.

"Please, fuck me."

Ilya barely gives him the time to finish the sentence before claiming Shane's mouth, tongues sliding against each other in what feels more like a slow dance under the stars rather than the filthy tango they performed mere minutes before.

He reaches instinctively toward the edge of the bed, fingers barely brushing the cherry wood of the nightstand before Shane stops him, fingers curling around his wrist as he brings his hand to his chest, right above his heart.

"Are you sure?" Ilya asks, feeling Shane's thundering pulse against his skin.

Shane nods immediately.

"I'm sure," he pushes up just enough to press their noses together, lips moving to whisper words that make something protective and fierce curl in Ilya's gut, "I need to feel you. *Really* feel you."

With a kiss on Shane's lips and all the self-control he can muster to not break down under the sweet weight of this spectacular thing they're in together, Ilya gives his cock a couple of strokes, aligning himself to Shane's fluttering opening, fingers drawing soothing circles on his hips.

Then he pushes in.

He goes slow, lets Shane adjust to the welcome intrusion, lets himself savor the sight of Shane's beatific smile growing wider and impossibly more elated with every inch of Ilya disappearing inside him.

His hips give a gentle thrust, his cock fully buried in the warm sanctuary that is Shane's body and Ilya thinks if he could choose a moment in which to live forever, it would be this.

It would be right here. Here where there isn't an inch of their skin that isn't touching. Where the only thing in front of him is the most breath-taking man in the universe smiling and looking at him like he is his only reason to live. Where their bodies are molded together like two halves of a devastatingly flawless whole.

Shane moans, his legs hooking onto Ilya's lower back and hands cradling his face, fingers brushing golden hair and flushed cheeks like a delicate flower. As if Ilya is something so treasured and remarkable he is afraid he might break him if he applies too much force.

"I love you," Ilya exhales on Shane's lips.

Because he can say it. Because he will never stop saying it.

Because now Ilya has a forever and it is Shane who gave it to him.

And how can he even begin to wrap his head around that?

He can't.

He won't.

He'll be old and wrinkly and he will watch his grandkids play in the cottage yard, sitting on a porch swing and holding hands with the man who gave all of this to him, and he'll still be full of this unfathomable, immeasurable joy he is feeling now.

"I love you, too," Shane whispers back mellowly, smiling like someone just gifted him the moon and the stars, before sealing their mouths together, "I love you so much."

His legs tighten around Ilya's hips, the back of his heels digging into Ilya's back gently as he pulls him in.

A silent yet ever so eloquent request for him to move.

Ilya complies like he has waited his whole life for it, setting a rhythm that makes Shane's eyes flutter shut and his back arch away from the mattress in pleasure.

He drags his cock out, slow enough to feel the tight hug of Shane's walls around him, how he clenches and grips desperately like he never wants Ilya to go away—to leave him *empty*—before thrusting right back in.

The pace is slow, tender. There is no trace of the frantic urgency there used to be when they were still trying to figure out what this *thing* between them meant, no sign of the wild, filthy sex they sometimes seem to be champions at even after all these years.

In this quiet morning, all they need is this. To feel each other. To let their souls talk as much as their bodies do.

He knows that what Shane needs now is not to be fucked like the little slut he is, with his head on the pillows and his ass up in the air as his guts get rearranged by a feral and equally hungry Ilya.

No, right now his husband is seeking completeness, he is seeking that feeling of being whole he can achieve only when Ilya is with him like this.

Ilya is, also, way too close to do anything but this, way too worked up to give in to every instinct screaming at him to go faster, harder.

Shane wouldn't mind it, he knows that, but he refuses to come before Shane does. Refuses to deprive himself of the utmost pleasure that is seeing his husband come only thanks to his cock.

Shane is right there with him if the little, breathless sounds being torn from him with every snap of Ilya's hips are anything to go by.

And they are, because it takes only a couple more thrusts for Shane to let out the loudest, most sexy little moan of Ilya's name, and mark his chest with the evidence of his own release.

That glorious sight is enough to send Ilya over the edge too, his pelvis giving one final push before a low, broken groan leaves his throat, the simmering heat in the pit of his stomach exploding as he buries himself impossibly deeper inside of Shane, spilling wave after wave of desire and painting Shane's insides white with the mark of his love.

For a long moment, there's nothing but the sound of their heavy breaths resonating in the room like a cacophony of everything they just shared.

Ilya's head drops forward, resting against the curve of Shane's shoulder as his mind slowly comes down from the highest of highs, the tremor in his muscles easing little by little as he leaves tiny, soothing kisses on Shane's heated skin.

Shane is shaking too. Ilya can feel it in the feather-light touch of his husband's hand on his back, his gentle, unsteady fingers following a path only he can feel, tracing the constellation of moles scattered on Ilya's skin as he tries to steady his heaving breath.

That delicate touch travels higher, right between Ilya's shoulderblades, tracing every single notch of his spine until it reaches that place on the back of Ilya's head where honey locks start to curl.

Shane buries his digits in his hair and Ilya feels in heaven.

He feels the way Shane nuzzles his face in the crook of his neck. Feels his body melt under his own, limbs boneless and spent yet still holding Ilya as close as he can. Feels his lips find

home right where his pulse is pounding in his throat. Feels the sharp intake of air he takes like he wants to breathe Ilya in like pure oxygen.

Then, a soft chuckle. The most tender and endearing note Ilya has ever heard, muffled against his skin.

Ilya's heart somersaults and he lifts his head just enough to look at Shane. At the incredible spectacle he knows is waiting for him.

Because if there's anything more stunning than every-day Shane, is post-sex Shane with his untamed hair, his kissed-bruised lips and the features of his beautiful face sated and thoroughly satisfied.

What he is met with, though, is more than he thinks his heart can handle.

Shane's eyes are glassy, half-lidded, his pupils blown so wide almost the entire ring of chocolate of his irises has disappeared. The warm skin of his cheeks is colored by a hint of delightful pink that only highlights those heaven-sent, little spots adorning it.

But what nearly takes Ilya's breath away, is the soft little curve tugging at the corners of his husband's mouth. The kind that radiates happiness in its purest form.

Ilya mirrors it without realizing.

It's a lazy and crooked and impossibly fond thing, but it's the best he can do if he wants to kiss the hell out of Shane right now.

Which he does. He slots their lips together and tries to give a sense to the chaos of tongues, teeth and genuine laughter that comes out of it.

He doesn't care if it's a mess. Shane doesn't seem to care either.

They bask in this little bubble of happiness together because they finally can. Because hearing the sweet melody of his husband's laughter as they try to find some sort of coordination neither of them is able to conjure at the moment, is better than anything else.

Ilya's hand reaches up, thumb brushing carefully over Shane's cheekbone as their fit of chuckles and giggles dies down until all that remains of it are two love-struck and helpless grins.

"You ok?" he asks quietly, the tip of his nose brushing Shane's and spreading a gentle warmth behind his ribs.

Shane nods, the movement small but reassuring, his smile widening just a bit as he presses their forehead together, leaning into Ilya's touch.

"Never been better," he murmurs, pecking Ilya's lips sweetly before letting his head fall back into the softness of the pillow, sighing contentedly through his nose.

Ilya can't help but stop and stare for a second or an eternity at this beautiful man beneath him. This amazing and stunning and sensational human being who is looking at *Ilya* like he just gave him the whole damn universe.

But the muscles in his arms are starting to strain, and subjecting Shane to the full weight of his body pressing down on him in case they give out isn't exactly on Ilya's morning to-do list.

So he shifts his weight a little, preparing to leave the warm, idyllic paradise that is Shane's body, when a hand suddenly lands on his thigh.

"Stay."

Ilya stills at once, trying to read the sudden earnestness in Shane's gaze.

"I am not going anywhere," he answers immediately, fingertips ghosting the skin of Shane's temple in quiet reassurance.

He watches, fascinated and a little confused, as Shane's cheeks turn a deep shade of red, his eyes flickering everywhere but Ilya's face.

"No, I mean stay inside..." Shane hesitates, gaze finally and timidly returning to Ilya's own, "Of me."

Ilya's eyes go wide for a heartbeat.

Oh.

Oh.

This is new.

New and absolutely right up Ilya's fucking alley.

He didn't think Shane could surprise him more than he already did in this fine morning.

Guess he was pretty goddamn *wrong*.

"I want to stay here a little longer, but..." his husband continues, suddenly shy despite the fact that they are very much past any reasonable definition of that word.

"But?" Ilya prompts, amusement oozing from the low timber of his voice despite the shell-shocked state of his brain.

"The sheets," Shane says at last, glancing at him through ridiculously long lashes, looking like the most bashful and pretty porcelain doll ever, "I don't want to ruin them."

Ilya wants to laugh. And probably cry. And most definitely kiss Shane Hollander until he is a breathless mess of giggles and soft whimpers under him, and *then* he wants to eat him up like

the most delectable of meals because this combination of cuteness and hotness he's giving to him is definitely too lethal for Ilya to handle.

Instead, he just huffs a quiet chuckle through his nose and dips closer.

"Ah. So is just to save the poor bedding, huh?" he teases, tilting his head to the side in what he knows is probably the cockiest, fondest expression that's ever shown on his face.

Shane grimaces slightly, looking like a kid caught with his hands on the cookie jar.

"Yes," he answers, and it sounds more like a question than anything else.

Did Ilya already say he wants to swallow this man whole and keep him in this bed forever?

Because he does. God help him, he really fucking does.

He wants to witness every shade of crimson he is able to elicit from Shane with words alone. He wants to see the tip of his ears turn warm and flushed. Wants to record his soft whines as he pleads with Ilya to stop messing with him and leave him alone, just for Ilya to double down even harder on sweet words and praises.

But Shane's skin is already turning redder than the biologic tomatoes he likes to buy, and Ilya really doesn't have it in himself to tease his husband to death right now.

With a carefulness artisans reserve to handle only the most precious and fragile of artifacts, Ilya shifts his weight.

He moves slowly, one arm curling around Shane's waist, the other slithering between the linen of the pillow and soft hollow between Shane's neck and shoulder as he gently rolls them around, guiding them to lay on their side while he does everything in his power not to break the perfect fit of their bodies.

Shane follows every movement, letting himself be guided by Ilya's strong arms and legs, little noises of what Ilya can only describe as pleasure leaving his lips until a final sigh of relief resonates in the room.

And there they are, curled up together, chest to chest, hearts beating to the same rhythm they've danced for the past ten years, Shane tucked neatly against him like that's exactly where he belongs.

Because he does.

Ilya adjusts their position just enough to keep them comfortable, intertwining their legs to keep Shane as close as physically and biologically possible and pushing his hips forward in doing so.

It's an involuntary movement, some sort of afterthought, but it ignites the spark of oversensitivity like a match thrown on gasoline.

A full shudder ripples through his body, and he can't fight the low moan that escapes him through gritted teeth.

Shane, apparently, can't either. His hand shoots to Ilya's hip, the grip gentle but definitely not weak.

He inhales sharply, and Ilya feels blessed he has the privilege to admire his husband's pretty face morphed by pleasure and a bit of surprise as he bites his lower lips to stifle a whimper.

What a truly remarkable sight.

"Sorry," he mumbles on Shane's mouth.

Because despite how much Ilya loves to tease Shane and push his buttons here and there, overstimulation is something that takes Shane by the hand and drags him even farther in that little space in his mind where his walls and inhibitions crumble piece by piece.

Ilya has learned that from countless experiences.

And as much as he would love nothing more than to take Shane there, let him bask in that state of bliss and then take his sweet time to bring him back to the surface, Ilya can't do that.

Not now, when the sun is coming up fully, warning them that another day is about to start.

Tonight maybe, when the memory of this is still fresh in his husband's brain and he can guide him wherever he wants to go like they have all the time in the world.

"It's ok," Shane says, words a little slurred and a hint of amusement laced in his voice.

And Ilya looks at him. He admires, bewitched, as Shane glows surrounded by a halo of golden light, his eyes closed, lips stretched into the softest smile Ilya has ever seen and freckles crinkling on the bounced skin of his rosy cheeks.

He looks gorgeous, stunning, downright breath-taking like this.

And so incredibly happy.

Ilya still can't believe he is the reason for that happiness. He is not sure he will ever understand it.

What he does understand is that the sheer joy painted on his husband's face is a little too genuine and sincere to come from the mere thought of saving a set of sheets.

He wouldn't really put it past Shane to actually be thrilled by the fact that at least one pair of lines will be spared from the merciless attack of their climax.

Still he has a feeling that is not what this is about.

A feeling that turns into certainty when Shane's hips give a little roll, and his velvety walls suddenly hug him tighter.

Ilya feels a rush of endearment so strong his brain can't even focus on the gentle pressure surrounding his definitely oversensitive cock.

His grin turns into something devastatingly helpless.

"What?" Shane asks with hazy, curious eyes flickering all over Ilya's face, hand coming to rest on his jaw.

Ilya's heart nearly bursts out of his chest.

"Nothing. Just," a small chuckle escapes him, fond and absolutely smitten as his mind wanders to communal showers, a deserted locker room and an exchange of numbers that changed their lives forever, "Is nice to see that after all these years, you are still a terrible liar."

"Shut up," Shane mutters, but he is beaming as he leans closer.

"Make me."

And Shane does, he slips his tongue into Ilya's mouth and kisses him like he wants to erase every single word from his brain.

End Notes

If you're seeing this, thank you for reading <3 <3 <3

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