

senses

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senses

by Anonymous

Summary

"I missed you," Shane's voice was soft, vulnerable, as he held the other closer to him. "I missed you a lot, Ilya."

"You mean you miss playing hockey with me?"

Ilya's voice sounded teasing, but Shane shook his head in response.

"Well, that, too, but mostly you. Just you."

Or, Shane is injured and Ilya takes care of him

Notes

i'm going to preface this by saying that i am not yet familiar with tlq, as i have not read it, so i tried to keep the setting as vague as possible but it is sometime after what happened in season 1.

anyway, this came to me because,,, temperature play is hot and how can hollanov not be into that let's be honest

also english isn't my first language and all those disclaimers, but yeah, i hope this will be a fun read :)

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

“Why are you up?”

Shane was rummaging through their fridge for some more ice when he jumped as he heard the familiar voice of his boyfriend, thick with his Russian accent, behind him.

“Ilya, what the fuck,” Shane turned around to a scowling Ilya, concern coalescing with desire written all over the other's features as his eyes roved over his body. “You scared me, I didn't hear you open the door.”

“Yes, you are losing spark, Shane Hollander,” Ilya's voice was tinged with mirth and teasing, yet when he raised his hand to caress Shane's freckles, it was gentle and soft. Shane couldn't help but close his eyes and lean in to the touch. “Now, why standing, not lying down?”

He was in his apartment for well over a week now, due to a bad sprain. It felt like the end of the world for him when that unfortuitous event befell him. Getting shoved wasn't something new to him, no. It was his everyday life. Something as real, and necessary even, to hockey players like him.

But when Shane was unceremoniously shoved from behind, he twisted so as not to fall face first on the ice and with it twisted his ankle. Bad. And he means 2 weeks in bed with nothing to do kind of bad.

It was frustrating every time he got injured, because it kept him away from what he loved doing the most. Hockey.

But Shane thinks that it's bearable this time, because Ilya's always been visiting him, especially now that it's off season and they have their teams' ‘friendly’ matches with one another, so Ilya had a reason to be in the same town as Shane.

“The ice already melted a while ago,” Shane explained, eyes still closed, savoring the feel of Ilya's calloused fingers on his cheeks. “I just came to retrieve some from the fridge.”

“Ok, ok,” Ilya's low voice sounded nearer, and when Shane opened his eyes, he saw Ilya's chin as the other kissed his forehead so tenderly, Shane's heart would have burst at the seams if it were capable of doing so. “Let's get you to bed and I will take care of it.”

That was Shane's only warning when he felt Ilya's arms wrap around the back of his knees and shoulders before he was lifted up. Shane's arms immediately wrapped around the other as he buried his face on the crook of Ilya's neck to inhale him and everything that had to do with him.

That was the thing with Ilya, too. He knows Shane isn't *too* particular with hygiene, but the other knows he likes to be clean and for his partner to be clean.

So when he inhaled and Ilya smelled clean and fresh out of the shower after the match mixed with his own natural scent that was just his own, it melted Shane further into the other.

God, he missed Ilya. He knows it's only been a few hours since they've been away from each other, but his heart always ached for him. It still aches even when they're near, because Shane wants to be with Ilya like he wants to meld in with the other.

"I missed you," Shane's voice was soft, *vulnerable*, as he held the other closer to him. "I missed you a lot, Ilya."

"You mean you miss playing hockey with me?"

Ilya's voice sounded teasing, but Shane shook his head in response.

"Well, that, too, but mostly you. Just you."

Ilya pulled away from the hug and looked at Shane's eyes. The other's gaze was earnest and sincere. It was filled with love and Shane felt like he'll be consumed whole someday soon.

The thing is that he'd let it consume him too. Wholly. If it is Ilya, he is willing.

Maybe he's already consumed anyway, and that thought doesn't scare him as much as he thought it would.

"I missed you too, Shane."

He couldn't stop the grin that overtook him upon hearing the words just as Ilya finally started walking to the direction of their bedroom.

Shane made himself comfortable and wrapped himself in the other's arms once again, fully trusting that he won't be bumped into any furniture or be dropped as long as he's in the other's arms. When they arrived at the front of his bedroom door, he felt Ilya's muscles grow taut as he turned the handle and opened it.

Not knowing why the feeling made some heat pool in his stomach, Shane sucked in his bottom lip and shifted.

"Hey, something is wrong?" Ilya stopped before the bed as hot breath blew some strands of Shane's hair when he turned to look at him, making Shane shiver pleurably.

Trying to play it cool, Shane shook his head. "No. Nothing's wrong. You can put me down now, Ilya."

There were a few beats of silence where Ilya just stood there while Shane was clinging onto him like a lifeline, and he immediately knew that the other sensed that he was bluffing. That whatever it was Ilya did, it elicited a response from the other.

Thankfully, Ilya did not comment further and laid him down the bed carefully over the covers so as not to agitate his sprained foot.

Ilya then carefully placed a few pillows below Shane's foot to elevate it and grabbed a nearby blanket off of a couch, draping it over his body.

“There, and there,” The other fussed all over Shane before he stopped Ilya with a laugh and a shake of his head, urging him to rest. “I’ll take rest when I get your ice from fridge, yes?”

“Yes, okay.”

It took Ilya turning up the heater and fluffing up the pillows some more to make sure Shane was as comfortable as can be. And upon seeing that Shane *was* comfortable enough to Ilya's liking, he left the room with a little hesitance that made Shane roll his eyes in fond exasperation.

They're both such fucking saps sometimes, it makes him worry. Perhaps next time, one of them wouldn't be able to live a few feet apart from the other.

The thought was both scary and reassuring to think about. Shane thinks it was warranted, given that they've already been together for a decade, so being without the other has become too much of a taboo.

Shane's train of thought was then cut off when the door opened and revealed Ilya carrying an ice pack for his sprain, and a glass filled with ice cubes.

“You're back.”

Ilya merely grunted as he set the glass he brought on the bedside table, kissing Shane tenderly on the lips before then making a beeline to the foot of the bed.

Shane watched as the other made sure that the elevation on his foot was still fine and holding up even when he's already checked it thrice before. When what he saw satisfied him, Ilya gently placed the ice down the sprain.

It wasn't even as bad now. There was only a bruise and slight swelling of the area that he's sure he could probably play in next week. Yet it seems like to Ilya, a sprain is still a bad sprain no matter how it looks.

“Hey, I'm fine now, it's almost healed anyway,” Shane told the other as much and wiggled his toes to show the other what he meant, not wanting to burden or worry the other further, even while knowing that it was Ilya's habit to do so. “I could even start playing by next week according to the doctor.”

“Next week is not this week, Shane.”

He couldn't help but smile at that. Ilya was just so attentive when it came to him that he melts into putty every time the other speaks to him.

Sometimes... sometimes it scares him. Not the amount of love Ilya has for Shane and how much of it he's pouring to him, no that doesn't scare him and it never will now, but that one day, he might lose all of it. Lose all of him.

Shane expelled a sigh before his eyes trailed back to Ilya who was walking towards him. The other then sat on the bed facing him, reaching for his hand and clasping it with his own as he

studied Shane's face, his thumb automatically rubbing soothing circles on the skin between his thumb and index finger.

It was quiet between them for a few short breaths, with both of them just basking in the presence of the other, sharing heat and comfort through their intertwined hands.

“How was the match?”

“Is ok.” Shane huffed out a laugh when he heard the answer together with Ilya's head bobbing side to side in indifference. “Bad without you there.”

“You have become such a sap, Ilya Rozanov.”

“What? Is true,” Ilya's eyebrows scrunched in confusion, and Shane had to suppress his fond grin for the other. “Others were not bad, but they are also not good. I need you there because of challenge.”

Shane nodded in understanding then. He didn't want to toot his and Ilya's horn, but most of the time, they were the only ones who could keep up with each other, so it's always been fun playing against or with Ilya and he knows the same could be said for the other.

He thinks some of it stems from the fact that they've practically known each other for over a decade, so they know their tells and their temperament; how to circumvent the other when playing against, and how to silently communicate when playing with.

It's probably too much to say that they're each other's halves and together they complete an entire body and soul just as what Shane has learned about Plato's philosophical teachings back in high school, but Shane had no better descriptor of what they are. Of what they have.

So he settles for that thought.

“You miss me?”

Ilya hummed, gaze travelling every inch of his face as if drinking all the minute details in Shane's features. “Everyday.”

The other leaned in then, and Shane craned his neck to meet the other in a pliant kiss, Ilya's free hand automatically slotting at the back of his head to support him.

It was sweet and gentle and Shane felt the love in the kiss. Even when they've done it so many times over the years, Shane never gets tired of the feel of Ilya's lips on him. Of the stubble that he feels brushing on his chin after the day has ended and no one was watching them, adding to the heat and pleasure of the kiss. Of the taste of Ilya and the essence of him.

The kiss, to Shane, was akin to playing hockey. It's exhilarating and exciting. Sometimes he thinks he prefers it more than the act of sex itself.

Yes, sex is good, sex is fucking *great* with Ilya. It's everything he's imagined and more. But kissing is the beginning of everything. Kissing is how one starts and ends the process of love making.

And Shane will never tire of kissing Ilya.

“Do you miss hockey?”

Shane had to process the question Ilya asked for a few seconds after the other pulled away, mind still in a haze after the languid kiss, but nodded after a while.

“I do,” Shane voiced his assent, giving a featherlight kiss on the corner of Ilya's mouth as he did so. “I miss it so much, being on the rink, that I dream of it sometimes. I miss the cold and the way it feels as it stings my cheeks.”

Ilya smiled a slow smile at Shane's confession and leaned in impossibly closer to press his lips on him over and over again, quiet little smacks being heard every time their lips touched going straight to Shane's heart and heating him up from the inside.

The other kept at it for another couple of smacks that had Shane grinning into the short kisses before Ilya dove in again and this time, he kissed him firmly, languid and deep.

It was that which made Shane inhale sharply as the warmth traveled down to his stomach and twisted pleasurably while Ilya kissed him like he's pouring all his love into Shane. Like he's hungry and starved and the only thing that could satiate him is Shane's lips and the little gasps of pleasure in between their kisses.

“God, Shane,” Ilya spoke his name so reverently that he had to tilt his head back to the pillows in rapture, hands grasping the sheets, when the other started moving his lips to the corner of his mouth down to his jaw then stopping to pepper his neck in nips and licks. “You are so beautiful.”

Shane moaned at the compliment, biting his lip both to stop a smile from threatening to come out and to stop hurling words too embarrassing to be let out in the open even with Ilya there. Especially with him there.

But when he swallowed, he ordered the other softly,

“Again.”

Ilya knew what Shane meant as the other spoke his words in whispers, enunciating each word by continuing to pepper kisses on the base of his throat, his Adam's apple, and his clavicle.

“You are beautiful. So beautiful.”

Shane's face cracked with a grin so wide, his cheeks started hurting. He was going to tease the other into becoming such a cheesy individual when he suddenly felt teeth sinking onto the side of his neck.

He couldn't stop the loud moan that followed as he felt pure bliss at the bite that made him arch his back and grip the sheets before his hand went to Ilya's hair to tug it once. Twice. Thrice.

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane's voice was breathless and shaking, mind still hazy as he tried to be stern when he looked at the other who only looked back at him with a self satisfied smirk. “No marks, remember?”

And God knows he always wanted Ilya to leave marks on his neck. Shane knows they can't because they're professional hockey players, for God's sake, but there was always a part of him that yearned about being marked. About the *feeling* of being marked.

Now that Ilya has done it, it was both exhilarating and mortifying, because he knows there's probably a bruise on the side of his neck and it will not magically disappear once the night is over.

“Yes, I know,” Ilya's eyes flickered to the direction of the bite, and Shane's face grew warmer. Though he was partly annoyed, it was hot. Very much so that all the heat made his cock strain in his pants from just that single action it was bordering on embarrassing. “But is ok, you said you will not play until next week.”

Shane couldn't be exasperated at the other any longer at that. The other had a point. He was stuck in his apartment for a week, give or take, so a little risque behavior in closed doors is not going to hurt anyone.

The more he thought about it, the more appealing the thought became, and Ilya must have seen the shift in his mood because his head immediately ducked to his neck, and he started *mauling* him.

“Fuck, Ilya—!”

Shane gasped, his good knee automatically going up and twitching as his toes curled in the sheets. He knew he was sensitive everywhere, but nothing could have prepared him for the utter pleasure that washed over him when Ilya started sucking on the skin of his neck earnestly.

It was a feeling like no other, and it made him whimper, hand flying to the other's hair once more and pressing him impossibly closer to him, as if being any closer than he currently is, is possible.

God, if it goes on, Shane's resolve would weaken and he'd bring himself to always be marked if it felt like that every single time.

“Don't worry,” Ilya licked at the spot he was just sucking on as if in apology for the bruise he inflicted there, before nipping and kissing it. “I know remedy that can fix this.”

“Wow, remedy,” Shane laughed, his throat that was bobbing didn't escape Ilya's attention, and with it, the other's bite came, albeit more softly this time, making his laugh turn into a soft moan. “You're getting good at this.”

It could be seen as a double entendre to unknowing ears, but Ilya always knows Shane most. Knows him like the back of his hand so he says,

“Yes, the New Yorker is useful.”

“You don't get tired of that joke, huh?”

“Nope,” Ilya's voice sounded giddy, as if he was right where he wanted to be. That is, marking Shane's neck to his heart's content, making Shane release a breath that is a mix of a sigh and a moan at every alternating bite and lick.

And though the hickeys and bites are ecstasy, he wanted the other's mouth on his own. He craved it. So this time he speaks with a little whimper in his voice,

“Kiss me, Ilya.”

Upon hearing Shane's plea, Ilya gave a few more nips to his sensitive neck before moving up and capturing Shane's lips in a heated kiss. This time it was rougher, faster. It was different from the previous kisses he's gotten, but it was still full of desire and affection. To that Shane was certain.

Their hands were roaming everywhere, taking off shirts and tossing them to the side until they were both half naked and delirious, too drunk in love with each other until Ilya pulled back slightly while Shane was left chasing the other's lips for more and opened his eyes in frustration when his lips only met with air and a chuckle from the other.

“What? Why did you stop, Ilya?”

The other was still smiling when he pressed a kiss to his forehead before Ilya started to respond.

“You miss hockey, yes?”

“Of course.”

“You miss the ice, yes?”

Shane didn't know where their conversation was going, given the fact that they were just sharing a heated kiss moments before, but he nodded nonetheless.

“Yeah, I do.”

There was a beat of silence then, with Ilya's face turning serious as he searched for something in Shane's eyes. When he seemed to find what he was looking for, he breathed out his question,

“Do you trust me?”

Shane didn't expect that line of questioning, no, his eyebrows scrunching together in confusion, but he held his tongue. Sooner or later he was sure Ilya would tell him what's on his mind anyway.

“Yes, Ilya, you know I do. Of course I trust you.”

“Ok. Then may I blindfold you?”

Shane's breath hitched at that. When Ilya gets such ideas and asks such things, he knows what's coming next. It seems like his body knows too, with the way heat was spreading through his body while his cock was straining in his pants, definitely leaking pre-come.

“Yes.”

Ilya gave him a wicked grin before he reached a hand out to one of the drawers in the nightstand and took out a tie.

Unfolding it, Ilya looked at Shane and slowly put it over his eyes, tying it.

The act itself was so sensual, it left Shane mindless while his eyesight was suddenly plunged into darkness. Now that he had lost the ability to see, his every other senses were heightened and extra sensitive.

He could hear the rustling of clothes and his irregular breathing, he could feel the soft duvet under him and the heat of the room causing sweat to form in different areas of his body, and he could still taste Ilya in his mouth, a hint of mint from his toothpaste and something that's just Ilya and him only.

When Ilya tugged lightly on the tie to make sure it wouldn't fall or budge, the other retracted his hand from Shane's head.

Since Shane couldn't watch what Ilya was doing, the anticipation in his gut multiplied as he strained to hear where the other was and what he could be doing.

That was when he heard it.

Glass clinking, as if he was retrieving something.

Confused, Shane opened his mouth to ask what Ilya was doing when he felt something cold searing and pressing at the side of his neck, making him jump and gasp loudly.

Ice. Ilya had fucking ice.

“Fuck,” Shane's head immediately snapped up, exposing his throat more to the other. It seemed like Ilya took that as permission and slid the ice to the other side of his neck while his tongue lapped up the trail of water left by the melting ice. “Fuck, Ilya Roz— fuck, Rozanov.”

The sensation of the cold from the ice followed by the burning heat from Ilya's mouth made Shane writhe under the other, one hand gripping the sheets while the other gripped at Ilya's hair.

Shane didn't know whether to tug the other off of him or to pull him closer, but the pleasure caused by the vastly differing temperatures on his neck made him forget anything and everything else as all his attention honed in on the feeling.

“I heard,” Ilya spoke once he released his lips from Shane's neck, which was immediately replaced by puffs of hot breath that singed Shane's nerves, raising gooseflesh, while the ice circled torturously slowly on his surely bruised neck. “That ice helps with bruising.”

“Huh?”

Shane couldn't concentrate on anything that left the mouth of the other, only shivering as the melted ice dripped down his neck.

“I think is helping, no?”

“Fuck, Ilya—” Shane couldn't utter a decent response, only managing to curse and moan when he felt the ice completely melt against his body.

He relaxed for a few moments then, breaths coming out heavily it was akin to panting, when he felt the sensation again, this time on his nipple.

“Fuck!” Shane cried out, not caring anymore how loud he was being. All he knows is the damned ice and the way Ilya skilfully maneuvers it over his body so as not to make it feel too painful and cause any ice burn.

It was good.

Fuck, who was he kidding, it was fucking *great*.

It was unbelievably great that his mind was only filled with nothing but lust and pleasure and love.

If they didn't have sex multiple times the other day, he would have already come untouched the moment the ice touched his hard nipples. He was close, though.

And God was he fucking close.

Shane thought that the pleasure was already great, but then Ilya removes the ice and replaces it with his mouth. He replaces it with his hot *tongue*, and Shane loses it completely and comes undone without warning, his back arching so high he thought he'd break it, with tears springing up and falling down unbidden from the great pleasure he felt, wetting the blindfold tied around his eyes.

He never experienced such a high like that before. It was unexpected and overwhelming in its entirety, that he didn't even feel at all embarrassed he came that fast and untouched, only feeling spent and satiated. Very much so.

It was the kind that made him forget where he was for a moment, with ears ringing, lips speaking gibberish, and thighs trembling so hard he could feel the bed shake with it.

And when he came down from his high enough to form coherent thoughts, he felt Ilya kissing his chest softly, reverently moving from the middle of his chest all the way down to his navel.

All Shane could do was shiver under Ilya. Under the man who he's loved longer than anyone he's ever known.

So he calls out for his name blindly in a croak,

“Ilya.”

The other answered immediately, feeling him lay his head on his stomach, before a hand grasped the end of the blindfold and gently pulled it down.

Light immediately filtered through Shane's eyes, making him squint at the direction of the other who had a soft smile and an even softer gaze, already looking at him with unadulterated love etched in every surface of his features, its heft would've bowled Shane over if he weren't already lying down.

“Hi.”

“Hey.”

“You came untouched.”

Shane's lips twitched in a ghost of a smile before replying.

“Maybe.”

“You did.”

“Fine,” Shane huffed in faux exasperation, but clasped the other's hand firmly when Ilya reached out. “I did.”

“Is good, yes? We should do it another time.”

Ilya looked at him eagerly, that Shane left all pretenses and merely nodded, heart warming at the fact that he gets to see Ilya like that.

Carefree and so in love with him.

Shane's heart aches and aches until he can feel the weight, the *heft*, of his love for the other.

Sometimes, like tonight, Shane's love for the other makes its presence known, and he's always surprised by how big it has gotten. And sometimes it scares him, how much he's loved the other. But most times, when they're just basking in each other's presence, and Ilya holds him like he's the only one who could give him the love he deserves, Shane's thoughts become a mere murmur, like a gentle caress of the waves on the concrete.

So he personifies his feelings into a squeeze of the other's hand and a gentle run of his free hand to Ilya's hair as he whispers a plea for the other to come closer.

Ilya didn't hesitate when he did as Shane told him to do. He never hesitated with Shane, and with it, his love grew.

When they lay down face to face with Ilya's arm protectively on his waist, they settled into a comfortable quiet with their breaths mingling and turning into a space only they know. Only they could be in. And no one could take it away.

Perhaps in the next week to come, they'll return to being acquaintances bordering on being friendly in front of prodding eyes and judgmental minds, but this moment in time is theirs to hold, and theirs only.

So Shane says in the space between them, meaning every single word more than he's ever known,

“I love you.”

“я тебя люблю.”

End Notes

i love hollanov so much i will eat my fingers. they are such a beautiful pair that needs to be cherished

anyway, i hope you enjoyed reading this as much as i did writing it! thanks for reading <3

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