

so you can sharpen your axe

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so you can sharpen your axe

by [KhloeKayHenstridge](#)

Summary

Unfortunately for them, Shane and Ilya are at the cottage on a winter night and there is no wood left for the fire. Fortunately for Shane, Ilya has decided to take matters into his own hands and that means wood-chopping, shirtless. He cannot be blamed for what happens afterwards, he's just a man, after all.

Notes

i can't get those idiots out of my head, and i was chopping wood yesterday and the only thing that i could think about was Ilya wanting to impress Shane by showing off his wood-chopping skills and looking sexy while doing it because that's what he'd do. i will spare you the metaphors around wood...but let's say it obviously leads to another sort of exercise.

please go easy on me for the explicit scene, it's not beta-read + english is not my first language and i have little practice of writing explicit scenes (in any language for that matter - i kept on looking for words in both languages and forgetting them in both or just straight up mixing everything lol). but i would love to hear your thoughts!!

ps - for those of you who are, like me, interview with the vampire aficionados, there is a reference to the tv show somewhere in there, tell me if you spot it! (it might be obvious only to me lol, might be a bit far-fetched)

enjoy!

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

Ilya had not been to the cottage in the winter yet. Now, as they were driving through the snow in Shane's Jeep, he was wondering how he could have ever lived without this. The snow made everything eerily silent, and magical, and the only thing breaking that peace was his boyfriend's occasional remarks, which he happily listened to. If there was a heaven, Ilya hoped it was an endless car drive through a snowed-in Canadian countryside with the man he loved.

When they reached the cottage, the sun had already started to set even though it was still quite early. They quickly emptied the trunk, with lingering touches and that practiced ease of two people intimate with each other, not even needing to speak as they put away bags and suitcases. But when they finally fell into the couch, hands all over each other, giggling, Shane threw one look at the wood piled next to the fireplace and sighed, hiding his face in Ilya's neck.

"What is wrong?" Ilya asked, petting his boyfriend's hair. Shane mumbled: "There's no wood left, and it's cold, and we can't even start a fire."

Ilya smiled. "Eh, I will fetch wood" he said, kissing Shane's hair. His boyfriend took a step back: "I know, it's just that there's only those big logs outside that don't fit in the fireplace, I didn't think about it and..."

Ilya could feel Shane get anxious and shut him up with a kiss. "I am big, strong Russian, yeah? I will cut your wood. You go shower."

His boyfriend laughed, answering. "Yeah, okay, I didn't want any of us to have to do that in the dark but I can now see you're dying for it."

After much coaxing, Shane ended up heading for the bathroom while Ilya threw on a pair of boots to go to the shed at the side of the house where they kept the wood. Shane heard the axe fall a couple of times before he turned the water on, muffling all noises coming from outside. He let the warmth of the shower submerge him, taking away most of his worries down the drain. Now that Ilya was in Ottawa, it was easier for them to see each other, but it also made it so much harder for them to be careful, there was an irresistible greed that made them want more, because they had managed to wrench all this from life already, but at some point fate would come back asking for what was due, and this eventuality that felt like fatality was taking its toll on the Canadian.

Shane stayed in the shower longer than he should have, he usually tried not to use too much hot water – unless his boyfriend had decided to distract him – but he now felt warm, loose and fuzzy, and could not find it in himself to feel guilty about it.

He put on a pair of sweatpants that hung a bit low on his hips and that were definitely Ilya's, and when he noticed his boyfriend was still outside, grabbed a fleece and a beanie for his still-damp hair. He stepped into the cold, shoving his hands in his pockets, and headed towards the corner of the house where he could hear wood being chopped still. While the shower had relieved his anxiety, he guessed Ilya must have used wood-chopping as a catharsis in the meantime because there was definitely going to be more wood than needed.

When Shane reached the shed though, his jaw fell to the floor. It was not the gigantic pile of chopped wood that commanded respect that struck him, but the sight of his boyfriend. Ilya had taken his top and fleece off, obviously boiling underneath, and his torso was glistening with sweat. There was literal steam coming out of him as the warmth of his body clashed with the icy outside air. As he raised the axe, coming down the chop the wood like it was butter, every muscle in his arms and upper body flexed under his golden skin, and he raised a wrist to push his sweaty hair out of his forehead. He was built like those athletes in Ancient Greece, body carved out of marble and meant to be stared at.

It took another couple pieces of wood before he turned to Shane standing there, gobsmacked. The Russian grinned. "Cat go your tongue?" he asked, throwing the logs he had just chopped with neglect onto the already ridiculously high pile.

Shane shook his head, then blushed, stepping under the shed. "You look...very hot right now" he ended up stuttering, like he couldn't believe he had just said that. He was rewarded with another crooked grin as his boyfriend ditched the axe and slowly prowled towards him like a leopard towards his prey. Shane swallowed. He did not really mind feeling like a prey right now.

He actually enjoyed it quite a lot.

Ilya came so close Shane could feel the warmth oozing out of his body. His cross was sitting on his chest, and both men were almost touching. So close Shane could see every bead of sweat on his boyfriend's chest. So close he could have even licked it.

As soon as the thought crossed his mind, Shane looked up at Ilya, and felt something change in the air. What had been playful and flirty an instant ago had just become husky and seductive, and Ilya smiled slowly, recognising the desire that had just come upon his lover's eyes for what it was. The Russian took his boyfriend's chin into his hand, tilted his head, and when he spoke, it sounded to Shane like his voice was coming from everywhere at once even though it was just a whisper: "Kneel."

The command wiped out all thoughts in Shane's brain, leaving only desire, a burning passion like an gaping mouth that wanted more and more and more. He did not even think about the wood shavings covering the floor of the shed, forgot how cold it was and that they were half-outside, he immediately fell to his knees, out of breath, pressing his cheek into the hand that was cradling it, eyes closed.

Ilya was half-hard already, and he did not even have to say anything for Shane to take him into his mouth, like a starving man finally receiving the only communion that could satiate his hunger. Ilya groaned, threading both hands into his lover's hair, muttering praises in both English and Russian. *Doing so well, moy lyubimyy, taking it so well, solnyshko, your mouth was made for this.*

And Shane, unable to feel anything other than the satisfaction of the heavy fullness on his tongue, the certainty that he was meant for this, was whimpering, barely even conscious of the noises he was making, taking and taking and taking like he was meant to, sucking and drooling until he drew a loud whine out of Ilya who pulled away. Shane protested, he was not

done, thank you very much, but his boyfriend cut him with precipitation. “No, no, no, need to come inside you.”

And to that, Shane could very much agree. He scrambled back up, Ilya lifting him, and the Russian opened the closest bay window that led into the cottage, throwing Shane on the couch, taking his fleece off, his top. The beanie had fallen somewhere between kneeling and standing outside; shoes had been shed along the way. Ilya stopped for a moment when he saw Shane was wearing his sweatpants. He smiled, kissed Shane’s lower belly just above the pants, took a lace in his mouth to undo the knot that kept them secured. It was a Hollander knot though, so it was a double knot, and Ilya’s attempt at being sexy failed, which made them both laugh.

Shane was painfully hard now, in desperate need of feeling his lover’s touch on him and made quick work of the knot by himself. Finally, they were both naked, slightly out of breath, pressing sloppy kisses everywhere over flushed cheeks, and time must have stretched until it escaped Shane because Ilya had grabbed a bottle of lube at some point and he had not even noticed, but he definitely noticed when his boyfriend’s finger pressed gently into him.

Ilya opened him up sweetly, taking his time. They had been rushed earlier, dying to get as much skin-to-skin contact as possible, like they could dissolve into each other, but now they had melted into a slow, languid rhythm, and Shane was falling into a lethargic well of pleasure, being reduced to a whimpering mess by his boyfriend’s fingers, unable to find words nor string together sentences coherent enough apart from asking for more.

Eventually, after what felt like ages, Ilya nuzzled his nose into Shane’s neck, whispering: “May I?”. It felt to Shane like he could have come from those words only, but he sputtered, quickly, incoherent: “Yes, please, Ilya, need you. Need you so bad.”

They made love sweetly. Ilya lying behind Shane, thrusting gently into him, just on the verge of going hard but always with an almost heartbreaking care, pressing kisses onto his face while holding him tight. And Shane was meeting every thrust with feeble sounds, his cock red and constantly leaking on the couch, the wetness between his legs echoing the endless throes of increasing pleasure that started somewhere in his stomach and that resonated throughout his whole body, all the way to his fingers that felt numb and tingly.

He came almost without a warning, for his release had been building up forever now, and it swept him away. He shouted a broken “Oh God, Ilya”, and that was enough to push Ilya over the edge as well, coming into him while holding him tight. The feeling of warmth spilling into him and leaking out of his ass made Shane come again, unless it was the same orgasm that just wouldn’t end, but it felt like he was falling again and again, tossed around in a sea of pleasure wave after wave, his voice rising in a continuous moan, his boyfriend’s warm body like an anchor around him, his senses dulled and dazed and tears streaming down his eyes.

He slowly came back to himself, Ilya still in him, whispering reassurances and kissing him gently. Shane realised he was shaking, and crying still from the overwhelming pleasure that had come onto him and the crash that followed. To his utter dismay, a sob broke and he tried to stifle it. “Sorry, God I’m sorry Ilya. It was incredible, I just...”

Ilya held him tighter, breathing hot air into his neck. “Ya tybya lyublyu, I know, solnyshko, sometimes is...too much? So good it feels like...how do you say...coming down from drugs, from a high.”

Shane laughed wetly through the tears. “Yes, you fucked me so good I’m having a breakdown.”

He felt Ilya smiled against his neck, and they stayed there for a while, the Russian muttering in his own language, words of love and praises Shane half-understood, falling into a state of drowsiness. After some time, he could not have said how long, Ilya went to grab a wet cloth, cleaned him gently while peppering him with kisses, and covered him with a blanket. “Stay here, moy lyubimyy, I will get wood and then we shower.”

Shane felt a bit bad, but Ilya reassured him he was just fine, and he watched his boyfriend carry some of the wood into the cottage, showing off his muscles and sending him kisses from afar like he was some knight at a joust and Shane was the princess rooting for him. Once the fire was started, they headed to the shower together, and it was Shane’s turn to take care of his boyfriend. He gently washed Ilya hair with shampoo, let Ilya wash him and swatted at his hands when they went a bit too low, did not even fuss about the fact that it was his second shower of the evening, then massaged Ilya’s shoulders while muttering things about the stupidity of chopping wood topless in the cold.

When they finally sat on the couch that night, staring at the blazing fire, legs tangled together, Shane melted into Ilya’s touch and muttered, half-ashamed: “You’re on wood-chopping duty for the foreseeable future, you’re way better than me at this.”

Ilya laughed, kissing his head. “No, no, moy lyubimyy, next time I want to see you sexy Canadian shirtless with an axe.”

Shane giggled. Right, maybe he’d chop the wood himself next time.

End Notes

thank you for reading, hope you enjoyed it! kudos and comments are always welcome xx

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