

eyes wide open, naked as we came

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eyes wide open, naked as we came

by [beautifulduckweed](#)

Summary

Ilya is watching the sun rise over the lake at the cottage when Shane joins him and makes a little request.

“So, I was wondering...next time we fuck...would you like to, uh, skip the condom? Because I’ve been thinking about feeling you skin-to-skin inside me for a while now, and it’s been driving me—”

Shane did not get a chance to complete his sentence because Ilya had hauled him over and was giving him a kiss, fierce and biting and ravenous.

After many glorious moments of kissing, the sun warm on their cheeks, Ilya pulled back. Shane licked his lips and gave Ilya a darting glance before looking away.

“Anyway, yeah, it’s been driving me insane,” he said, and cleared his throat.

“Well now that you said it, it makes me insane too,” Ilya replied. “Come.” He stood and hauled Shane up along with him. “Chop chop, Hollander. No time to waste.”

Notes

[This Tumblr post](#) incepted me with the thought of Shane warming Ilya's cock like a good little man while Ilya torments him. I meant to write 1500 words of porn but then I realized this all takes place the morning after they say "I love you" to each other, and uh another 1500 words of feelings fell out. Ooops?

Translation in Russian available [here](#) courtesy fntmeow.

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

Ilya had been led to believe that the countryside would be peaceful. Americans, in particular, loved to talk about how relaxing it was. “The country is where you can find real rest and quiet,” he’d been told by teammates and coaches. Can’t beat the wide open spaces. Room for a man to think and be himself.

Ilya had viewed all such pronouncements with deepest skepticism. If a man didn’t have enough room to think in a city, then he needed to make more room in his head. Rest and quiet? More like no reliable running water and desolate winters that could freeze an ox in place.

Cities were wonderful. Cities were where life happened. He wasn’t sure he entirely trusted a city smaller than Boston.

But sitting here by the lake, watching the sun spill a glorious pool of pink and orange fire into the sky as he breathed in the scents of green things growing and the soil they grew in and the smell of the lake that he had no words for, it was difficult to deny that the countryside, or at least this part of the Ontario countryside, was beautiful.

It would be peaceful too, if it weren’t for the one million birds shouting at each other and the ten million insects screaming about whatever it was insects wanted to scream about. There was also something making odd rhythmic noises that didn’t quite sound like birds. Ilya thought it might be frogs, or maybe lizards.

Or, shit, it might be birds. If birds could sound like wolves, they could sound like anything. Birds were not to be trusted.

And so Ilya lit a cigarette, watched the sun rise, and tried to organize his thoughts while being lightly deafened by animals yelling at each other.

He hadn’t gotten any farther than “I love Shane” and “What do we do now” when he heard footsteps behind him. He turned around and saw Shane walking down the path, two mugs of coffee in his hands and a blanket slung over his shoulder.

“You’re up early,” Shane said, handing Ilya a mug. He had that small smile on his face that he reserved for the people he liked best—Hayden, Rose. Ilya. Ilya restrained the urge to pull him over for a kiss. Shane didn’t like the smell or taste of cigarettes.

“Could not sleep,” Ilya replied. “Too many thoughts.”

“Yeah.” Shane didn’t say anything more as he arranged the blanket around Ilya’s shoulder. Ilya wasn’t especially cold, but he wanted Shane to continue touching him—he wanted Shane close, as close as he could manage—so he helped arrange the blanket.

“Your birds are so fucking loud,” he said when Shane had settled down beside him. “Is this Canadian thing?”

Shane laughed. “You think the birds are loud?”

Ilya cocked an eyebrow at Shane.

Shane laughed again. “They’re this loud everywhere, I’m pretty sure. At least out in the rural areas. You don’t think they’re loud in the city because there aren’t that many birds there. Not songbirds, anyway. Lots of pigeons, I guess, but they don’t sing like this.”

Ilya clicked his tongue skeptically. “‘Come to my cottage,’ you say. ‘It will be nice and private, nobody here.’ Nobody except the two of us and also one hundred thousand birds.”

“I think they sound nice! I can’t believe you don’t like birdsong.”

Ilya made a comical face and rocked a hand back and forth. “They are all right.” He glared across the lake. “Except the wolf birds. The wolf birds can fuck off.”

He took a few more puffs of his cigarette before stubbing it out with faint regret. At least this way he could put his arm around Shane and pull him closer. That was better than any cigarette. He pulled Shane into his embrace and grabbed his mug of coffee.

“You could’ve finished that cigarette if you wanted,” said Shane.

“You don’t like smell.”

“I don’t mind.” Shane paused. “It’s crazy, but...I associate that smell with you now, and, uh. I kind of like it.” Another pause. “I think that might’ve been the first sign, for me. When I started thinking it tasted kind of sexy.”

Ilya couldn’t think of anything clever to say, and then remembered what Shane had said—about being honest.

“It is bad for me,” he said. “I need to stop. And also the secondhand smoke is bad for you.”

Shane choked on his sip of coffee. Once he’d recovered, he said, “Oh, and the firsthand smoke is good for you?”

“Is different,” Ilya said severely. “That is my body. Your body is precious to me.” He slanted a look at Shane. “Only body, of course.”

Shane snorted and shoved his shoulder against Ilya’s. “Fuck off, liar.” He took another sip of coffee, then said, “Your body is precious, too, you know. To me, for sure, but like. It’s precious, because it’s you.”

Ilya blinked. Shane released a small huff of a laugh next to him. “Okay, go ahead and make fun of me for saying that.”

Ilya shook his head. “No. No, I—” He stopped and swallowed. His English was incapable of expressing the terrible turmoil of feelings within him. He didn’t even know if he had the Russian words. He wasn’t precious. He couldn’t be precious. He was *valuable*, of course; that had been made clear to him once his talent for hockey became evident. But he was not precious.

Except Shane thought so.

The only words Ilya could get out were “I love you,” and then “I love you” again, and when Shane said “I love you, too,” with that terrible beautiful little smile on his face, it was too much for Ilya, so he grabbed a handful of Shane’s shirt and yanked him in for a kiss.

It was a soft, sweet kiss at first, merely a meeting of the lips, but then Shane licked into Ilya’s mouth, and there it was. The heat that had always simmered between them, barely contained beneath the surface.

It was overwhelming and a little surprising, this desire. Ilya didn’t feel like his body was entirely his own. His cock was still a little sore from yesterday, that internal ache that resulted from fucking a little too often and a little too hard, and he was quite sure his balls had nothing left to offer. But despite all these adversities, his cock began to stand at attention. It was a bit slower to move than normal, but it did move.

All from a fucking kiss.

He was possessed. By a demon. A sex demon with the most beautiful stupid freckles.

When they pulled apart, Shane had a hazy, dreamy look in his eyes. He opened his mouth and began to say something, and then snapped his mouth shut.

“What?” asked Ilya.

“Uh.” Shane was bright red. It was so cute that Ilya wanted to bite him, but he knew that if he did they probably wouldn’t talk for quite a while afterwards, and he was curious why Shane was so embarrassed.

“You can tell me.” Ilya set down his coffee and laid his palm against one fiery cheek. “Also, you promised. Be honest. Tell me what you are thinking.”

Shane turned his face to Ilya’s palm and kissed it, then pulled it into his lap, tangling their fingers together. “Yeah. You’re right. It’s just...you said you hadn’t slept with anyone since our last time together, right?”

“Yes.”

“And neither had I. The other thing is, I get tested regularly. For, you know, STDs. The last time was right after Rose broke up with me.”

Ilya thought he knew where this was going. A strange mix of feeling began to fill him: excitement and hope and...nervousness? No, that was stupid, it could not possibly be nervousness. Never in his life has he been nervous.

“Ah. And you want to know if I am clean.”

“I don’t like putting it that way, but yeah, I was wondering when you last got tested.”

“Directly before All-Stars. I’m—negative? Is that how you say it?” He leaned forward and pushed on their linked hands until they pressed lightly against Shane’s bulge. Shane wasn’t hard, but he certainly wasn’t all the way soft, either. “So now we know very interesting information about each other.”

“Yeah,” Shane breathed out. “So, I was wondering...next time we fuck...would you like to, uh, skip the condom? Because I’ve been thinking about feeling you skin-to-skin inside me for a while now, and it’s been driving me—”

Shane did not get a chance to complete his sentence because Ilya had hauled him over and was giving him a kiss, fierce and biting and ravenous.

After many glorious moments of kissing, the sun warm on their cheeks, Ilya pulled back. Shane licked his lips and gave Ilya a darting glance before looking away. “Anyway, yeah, it’s been driving me insane,” he said, and cleared his throat.

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Ilya hissed a little as he popped the tip of his cock into Shane. They were tucked against each other, side-by-side; the light that flooded through the windows made Shane glow gold. He’d opened for Ilya like a flower, like he always did, but Ilya’s pleasure was shot through with an ache.

“You all right?” Shane turned his head and gave Ilya a concerned look. “Do you want me to shift?”

“No, is okay,” Ilya said. “Just. A little sore.”

“We can do this some other time.”

“No,” Ilya said immediately. “We are doing this now. I only need to go slow. Stay very still. Let me do the work.”

Ilya pushed in a little more. It hurt, but not in a bad way, not really; it was completely tangled up with the pleasure, and the very thought of fucking Shane bare—the thought of filling him with come, perhaps seeing it trickle out and then pushing it back in—was making Ilya feel like some kind of crazed beast.

Except he couldn’t fuck Shane like a crazed beast. In the future, however...

The thought of doing this to Shane again, and then again, had Ilya pushing in a little more before the ache made him stop.

He had only done this with a few lovers, but not since he was a teenager. He didn’t especially mind condoms. They decreased sensation, but with Shane especially, that had not necessarily been a bad thing; he always had difficulty lasting with his beautiful boring man. The condom helped.

Now, the soreness served much the same function. He could not move very fast, or especially vigorously. He pushed in a little more. Shane whimpered and squirmed. Ilya clamped his hands on Shane's hips, hard enough that he could see the indentations turn white at the edges.

"What did I tell you?" he asked against Shane's ear.

"To st—stay still."

"Was that staying still?"

"No."

"Will you be good? Will you stay still?"

"Yes."

"Good." Ilya nipped Shane's ear to drive home the message, and resumed pushing into him.

The feeling was indescribable. He thought he remembered what it would feel like—the heat, the warmth, the softness. But he'd never done this with someone he loved. Not in this way. His love was inseparable from the pleasure. He would be as close to Shane as a person could possibly be. No barriers between them. And when he came, there would always be a part of him inside Shane.

He pushed in deeper and deeper, slow as honey dripping down a spoon. He knew the exact moment he hit Shane's prostate, because Shane gasped and clutched a pillow. He didn't squirm, though. He was good.

What he did do instead was clench around Ilya. Ilya grunted and shoved himself in all the way in one long, smooth stroke, an entirely involuntary response. Shane made a sound as if he'd been punched; Ilya, overcome, had to lean his forehead against Shane's shoulder.

It felt good. It felt beyond good. It was beyond anything Ilya had words for. It hurt, too, his cock aching like a bruise, but the hurt did not signify.

He was fully sheathed in his Shane, and if he moved, he would die.

They lay this way for long, unhurried moments, a dreamy state that to Ilya felt outside the stream of time. It was enough to feel each other's heartbeats from the inside, Ilya with his face buried his face in Shane's neck.

But the state of matters could not hold. Eventually Ilya's hand wandered—along Shane's chest, then down to his stomach, tracing the ridges of muscle there, then farther down until he found Shane's cock, erect and hot and jumping into his touch. He began stroking with a loose, relaxed grip—a tease more than any serious attempt at stimulation.

Shane remained still throughout—or mostly still. He clutched at the pillows and called Ilya names. Ilya laughed in response, and sometimes he would bite Shane's shoulder—sometimes gently, sometimes not gently at all.

When Shane's breathing grew too agitated and his cock hardened even more in Ilya's fist, Ilya stilled his hand, then took it away. That, too, inspired much cursing, which made Ilya laugh, and his laughter infected Shane, who began laughing, too, and didn't *that* feel interesting. To feel Shane laughing from the inside this way.

Shane stopped laughing when Ilya put his hand back against his cock and began slipping his foreskin up and down over the head.

"Ilya," he said.

"Shane," said Ilya, pressing his fingertips along the spongy underside where Shane was most sensitive.

Shane's reply choked off when Ilya clasped his hand over the entire head and gave it a slow, firm squeeze. There were no more words for a while; Ilya continued playing with Shane, in all the ways he had learned would drive Shane out of his head, until he dripped and dripped, coating Ilya's fingers in slick, clear fluid.

"You got my hand dirty," he whispered against Shane's neck.

Ilya could feel the tension in Shane's body as he struggled to put words together. "I don't think you can put that one me, Rozanov."

"I think I can," he said. "Clean me up."

And he slipped two fingers, then three, into Shane's mouth. Shane gave a surprised inhale at first, then sucked on them hungrily, licking every finger and into every crevice in between.

Ilya could not help it, then; he nudged himself into Shane, a hard, assertive roll of his hips. Shane shivered and whimpered around Ilya's fingers, but he didn't try to thrust back.

He was good. He was so good.

Ilya withdrew his fingers slowly and whispered, "I love you" into Shane's neck, because he had to, the words pushing their way out of his chest. Out of his control. His cock throbbed inside Shane, aching beautifully as his heart ached, surrounded by warmth and softness.

"I love you, too," Shane said breathlessly. "How long do you need to me to stay still?"

"As long as you can stand," said Ilya, trailing his wet fingers down Shane's neck and chest.

"Fuck." Shane buried his face in a pillow. "*Fuck.*"

"I will fuck you when you ask me. Nicely."

Shane said something, but the words were muffled by the pillow that his face was still half-buried in.

"What did you say?" Ilya's hand had wandered farther down and was gently playing with Shane's balls.

“I want to see your face.”

They carefully rearranged themselves to allow this to happen, Ilya tucking his head under Shane’s arm.

Shane’s beauty overwhelmed him. The freckles scattered across his nose and cheeks looked edible—delicious. And Ilya could kiss them, if he wanted. He could lick them, any time he wanted.

He didn’t; all he could do was look at Shane and feel as if he’d drunk a bottle of vodka. And Shane looked back, equally dazed. Ilya’s cock twitched inside Shane.

“How did we let this happen?” Shane asked, his eyes intent on Ilya.

“We were both very stupid. And irresponsible.” It was becoming increasingly difficult to form words. Ilya did not know how long he had been inside Shane, but the shadows along the bedroom floor were longer, and the urge to come was beginning to overtake him.

“This is real, though? Right?”

Shane looked pleadingly at Ilya. Utterly overcome, Ilya could do nothing but nod and nudge into Shane. The tiniest movement, to try and soothe the aching desire.

It only made it worse.

Shane’s face did not change, but Ilya could feel how his body tensed. “Please fuck me,” he said.

And so Ilya began fucking Shane. He had asked nicely, and Ilya was a man of his word.

He started cautiously. Only small rocking movements; testing his own endurance, feeling out Shane’s hunger.

Shane’s reaction was immediate: he grabbed Ilya’s hair at the crown and gave a quiet breathy moan, almost inaudible. As his fist tightened, Ilya leaned down and mouthed Shane’s chest, desperate for a taste of skin. As if sensing that, Shane pushed his face up and pushed his thumb into Ilya’s mouth, and as Ilya sucked it in, he thought, for a brief moment, how glorious it would be if it were Shane’s cock instead.

An impossible configuration, but horribly exciting to imagine. He rocked himself into Shane sharply, sharp enough that Shane’s hand fell away and he threw his head back with a moan.

Ilya began thrusting more purposefully then. Heat filled him—his head, his chest, his cock. They were once again working towards that beautiful common goal. Everything fell away. The room blurred, disappeared; they could have been on the moon, or at the bottom of the ocean, or at the gates of Hell itself. All that Ilya could feel and see was Shane, his Shane, gasping and desperate, writhing and pushing back against Ilya as best as he could, his range of motion limited by their positions, but Ilya had him, he had his beautiful man in his hands and seated firmly on his cock, he was fucking hard into Shane now, aggressive snaps of his hips, and he could feel how close Shane was, and Ilya was close too, so close—

“Come,” he panted into Shane’s ear, the words thick in his mouth. “Come, now. I will come too. Inside you. Like you wanted.”

Shane bucked, made a wrenched noise, and came.

That tipped Ilya over the edge. It hurt, his poor abused cock protesting its ungentle treatment, but Ilya didn’t care as the fiery torrent of pleasure poured out of him and into Shane. He was emptying himself into Shane, all of himself, his come, his love, everything, all of it, his past, his future, and he was gritting out nonsense in Russian, jumbled love-words while Shane writhed and cried out, bathed in sunlight, a golden godling in Ilya’s arms, precious and good and his, his, his.

End Notes

Never too proud for a title that's too on-the-nose, which is, of course, from Iron and Wine's "Naked as We Came."

I'm on Tumblr as [@beautifulduckweed](#). Come say hey and shout about these hockey doofuses with me there.

Works inspired by this one

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