

Melt Point

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Melt Point

by [JennaLee](#)

Summary

“Shh, shh. Do not scream.” Ilya's pretty, piquant face was inches from his own. “It's just me.”

Just him? Just Ilya fucking Romanov, in his apartment, in his room, in his bed. While Shane had a dildo up his ass and his cock in his hand. Oh god. Oh god oh god. This couldn't be happening.

Shane forgot he gave Ilya an extra key to his apartment.

Ilya walks in on something interesting.

It was a cold night in February, and Shane was alone in his apartment while the rest of his team was out celebrating their win over Boston.

Shane should have been out with them, drinking his ginger-ale while everyone else ordered pitchers. He'd told Hayden that he wasn't feeling well after the game, that he wanted to make sure he didn't get worse and mess up their next match against the Admirals. Shane didn't like lying. He was bad at it. And it seemed like he was doing it an awful lot lately.

It was snowing outside, fat white flakes filling the window and sticking to the glass in pretty crystalline patterns. Shane opened the curtains to peer out over the wintry scene. The last night had been clear and beautiful, and he'd been looking out at the stars over a mop of golden curls before his eyes had drifted closed.

Tonight, there were no stars, only grey swirling clouds.

And somewhere up there in that dark slate sky, Ilya was flying home to Boston.

A lump sat heavy in Shane's chest like he'd swallowed a rock. What was Ilya doing? Looking out through the window at the city lights below and wondering which ones shone from Shane's apartment? Was he reclined in his seat with his earbuds in, his blue eyes all dreamy and relaxed, thinking of nothing at all? Or was he thinking of his Russian girlfriend and the life that Shane knew nearly nothing about?

Shane turned away from the window and shook himself. *Get it together, Hollander. This is just embarrassing.*

Pining like an angsty teenager. Ilya would laugh at him if he knew.

Ilya looked beautiful when he laughed.

Well, to be fair, he looked beautiful all the damn time. Especially when he was in Shane's bed, naked and shameless, looking at Shane with a smirk like he wanted to just eat him up.

Between his legs, Shane's cock twitched.

Jesus, that was embarrassing. Was that all it took to get him going?

Shane took a deep breath and let it out slowly. It didn't help slow his racing heart. God, it just never stopped, did it? He couldn't get away from it. From *him*. Somehow Ilya found a way to worm himself into his head, even when he was nowhere in sight. He took up space in Shane's head the same way he took up space in any room he was in, larger than life, his presence commanding. That roguish face, those messy curls, the shapely mouth that could flash a charming smile one moment and a challenging snarl the next. The easy way he asked for what he wanted from Shane - or demanded it. And god, how good it felt to give it to him.

His phone buzzed from the table. Shane sighed. Probably Hayden again, asking if he was feeling better. Shane considered saying yes, and that he would come by the bar shortly. It would be a welcome reprieve. A distraction. Wasn't that just what he needed?

The hot, heavy weight between his legs pulsed again, insistent.

He couldn't ignore it.

Shane set his phone to Do Not Disturb without looking at who had called. He couldn't handle talking to anyone right now. Not like this.

He stood there foolishly, staring out the window with his cock tenting his pants, thinking about pretty blue eyes and chiseled abs, about the moles that dotted Ilya's back, how his gold chain bounced on his collarbones as he fucked Shane into the mattress...

Maybe what he just needed to get Ilya out of his system. Maybe, just maybe, he wouldn't wind up counting down the days 'til the playoffs, haunting the calendar and waiting, *yearning*.

Shane took off his clothes, slow and meticulous as always, starting with his shirt and ending with his socks and underwear and making sure everything was tucked neatly into the laundry hamper. Naked, he made his way into the bathroom and took the little box of Kleenex from the shelf over the sink and brought it out next to the bed. Next to it he put his bottle of lube, the good one with the pump top because Ilya didn't like the one that had to pop open. This ritual complete, Shane threw back the covers and rolled into the soft fresh-pressed sheets, so cool against his flushed skin.

At the first stroke of his slicked hand, Shane's eyes closed. The tension left his body in a slow warm wave, like sinking into a hot bath. He started slow, pushing his hips up into his palm and sliding his thumb over the wet tip. His free hand drifted absently across his chest, rubbing his thumbs over his nipples and thinking about Ilya kissing his way down his chest.

So sensitive, Hollander. So easy.

Shane's hand worked faster up and down his shaft, his breath coming in short punched-out gasps. Sweat prickled at his brow. Better, this was better, but it was not enough. It wasn't what he really needed, what his body craved. Frustration coiled in his stomach like a fist.

"Fuck," he said, and got up from the bed. He wiped his lubed hand on a towel and went rummaging in his closet for what was hidden in the very back in a box wrapped in a hoodie, like he was afraid someone would break into his apartment for the sole purpose of snooping.

What colour? Rozanov had demanded. *What colour, Hollander?*

This one was blue. He hadn't told Rozanov.

The silicone was cool at first but warmed quickly at the touch of Shane's hand. The texture wasn't as smooth as the first toy he'd gotten – that one had been plain, unrealistic, as though Shane could ignore what it was supposed to be imitating, like that would somehow make any difference at all. This one had thick raised veins, a defined head, and an upward curve that promised to find and massage that incredible little spot inside him that Ilya always found with an easy crook of his fingers.

Shane stroked his hand over it, staring at it, lips slightly parted. God, he *wanted*, wanted so much that it almost scared him. He brought it to his mouth and licked the head, but that didn't do anything for him. It tasted faintly medicinal on the back of his tongue. He caught his reflection in the polished packaging the toy had come in and had to look away quickly. Shit, he looked as needy and shameless as he felt, flushed pink and glassy-eyed.

Was this what he looked like when Ilya fucked him?

On the bed again now, with his toy beside him, Shane bent his knees and spread his thighs. He pumped lube onto his fingers and touched them to his twitching hole, his other hand still working his cock. It had only been a day since Ilya had been in him and it didn't take much for his body to warm up. One finger slipped inside the tight opening with ease. The second finger took a little more work, and Shane felt a delicious hint of the stretch and fullness that he craved. Slowly, he moved his fingers in and out of himself as he stroked to the careful rhythm. And that was enough to make his cock start leaking, enough to bring a quiet moan and a sigh from his mouth, but it still wasn't enough. *Like trying to scratch an itch through denim*, he thought. That wasn't an eloquent way to put it, but it was all Shane could muster. His brain wasn't exactly firing on all cylinders at the moment. Shane bit his lip, twisted his hand and crooked his fingers, and the muscles in his thighs tightened when he found what he was looking for. God, he'd never be ready for it, that shock and zing of sensation that seemed to crackle through his entire lower body. Ilya always grinned when it made Shane gasp. His fingers were bigger than Shane's, and rougher, and he was so damn good at using them...fuck, he could probably make Shane cum just from that, except they'd never tried because neither of them could stand the foreplay for too long.

Enough prep. He was as ready as he'd ever be. Shane pulled his fingers free and grabbed his toy instead. Even just the feeling of it in his hand excited him. He slicked up the dildo from base to tip and pressed the blunt head against his hole. Shane tilted his wrist, shifted his hips, pushing gently until he found the right angle, and his hole opened up easily to take it in.

Good boy, Ilya would say as he canted his hips and pushed inside. *Good boy, you can take it, that's it. Fuck, Hollander.*

Shane groaned. His hand moved faster on his cock. He stroked himself until his toes began to curl and cramp, and then he let go as everything became too much to handle. His cock bounced and twitched as he kept fucking himself with the dildo, short pulsing thrusts against his prostate that made his breath punch out of his chest.

“God,” he moaned out loud, and, “Ilya...yes...”

His wrist began to cramp, and an idea struck him. He grabbed the towel he had folded on the nightstand and wrapped it around one of the pillows. When he shoved the pillow just under his butt and laid back, he managed to get the wide flared base of the dildo braced against it, and he used his heels to hold the pillow in place. He'd done this before. Now he could let go and use his hips to rock down against the toy, leaving his hands free to touch himself all over.

“Oh,” he breathed, squeezing his chest with one hand and palming his cock with the other. His hole tightened around the silicone shaft, squeezing tight to increase the full sensation. His cock responded with a pulse and a stream of pre-cum spilling down the shaft. Shane ran his

fingers through it, using it to add to the slick lube. His eyes closed and his mouth fell open. Yes, fuck, this was exactly what he needed. It was almost as good as –

Suddenly, the bed moved, a heavy weight settling on the far end of the mattress.

Shane's stomach dropped and a scream rose in his throat. A warm hand clapped over his mouth before it could get out.

“Shh, shh. Do not scream.” Ilya's pretty, piquant face was inches from his own. “It's just me.”

Just him? Just Ilya fucking Romanov, in his apartment, in his room, in his *bed*. While Shane had a dildo up his ass and his cock in his hand. Oh god. Oh god oh god. This couldn't be happening.

“Your phone, it must be broken, yes?”

Ilya's words made no sense. They didn't even register over the rush of hot burning shame.

“I – I didn't – Rozanov, what are you – *how* – ”

“Your phone,” Ilya pressed, leaning forward to dominate the space like he always did. “Is broken?”

“What?” Shane managed to croak. “My – what?”

“It must be. It is not like you to ignore my calls.”

“You – what – *how*?” Belatedly, Shane grabbed for the blankets and tried to cover himself. “What are you doing? Get out!”

Ilya looked wounded. “Why?”

“You can't – fucking, break into my apartment! What the hell!”

“I did not break in. You give me extra key. You forget?”

No. No, he definitely hadn't forgotten that. Shane had exactly three sets of keys including his own. He'd given one set to his parents, just in case they ever needed to come in for some emergency while he was on the road, and the other had stayed in the back of a drawer for years – until some crazy impulse had led him to offer it to Ilya, after the first night Ilya had visited him in his apartment. It was just practical, really, if Ilya coming over was going to be a *thing*. Ilya had raised one eyebrow at the offer and Shane almost regretted making it – was it too romantic of a gesture? Was it weird, after nothing but hookups? – but then he'd said nothing more, and Shane supposed he'd forgotten about it entirely.

“But you're not supposed to be here! You're supposed to be...” Where? Shane's head was scrambled.

“Flight was cancelled. You did not know?” Ilya gestured at the window. “Big storm coming. All over the news. Ice and freezing rain.”

“A-and you came all the way back here?”

“Well, I figure your apartment would be more interesting here than hotel by airport, so I start driving. But I hear from Marleau, your team is out at bar, maybe you're there. So I go there first. But there I hear you are sick. You do not look sick.”

If Shane wasn't so embarrassed, he'd be furious. He stared at Ilya, wordless, red-faced. “I'm not, I just - did you ask my *teammates* about me?”

“No. I, how you say, eavesdrop. So I hear you are sick, and then I call and you do not answer phone, so...”

“Wait,” Shane said slowly. “Were you...worried about me?”

“Mmm. A little bit, yes.”

That was actually kind of...sweet? Shane frowned, annoyed that he was too damn turned on to be annoyed. He huffed and pushed his face into Ilya's shoulder.

“What, you are not happy to see me?”

“Well, I was – I – I'm – I'm kind of – occupied, Rozanov!”

“Occupied? Is that what you call this?” Ilya laughed. His fingers tried to worm their way under the blanket. Shane half-heartedly pushed his hand away, but Ilya was undeterred. He just kept going, pressing little kisses to Shane's collarbone, until his hands were between Shane's legs.

Shane's hips made a small, furtive thrust upward as Ilya's hand passed over his cock and continued down between his legs, finding the base of the toy.

“What's this, hmm?”

“What do you think?” Shane bit out.

“This is the dildo you told me about?”

It wasn't. This one was newer. But that wasn't the point. The point was that it was currently *inside him*. And Ilya was touching it, tweaking it, curious and playful, pulling it out just a bit and pushing it back in.

Shane bit back a moan. “Don't...” he started weakly.

Ilya immediately let go and backed up an inch. “You don't want?”

“No. I mean...not no. Let's just, let's back up here. I can explain – ”

“No need to explain. I already know.” Ilya's tone was condescendingly patient. “Unless you have story for me. You trip and fall, land on dildo?”

Shane's face went even redder. "You're such an asshole, Rozanov."

"Yes, but you like it." Ilya bent over Shane and kissed him.

Shane was still embarrassed, and more than a little mad at the audacity, but the kiss was so sweet that he couldn't help but melt like he did every fucking time. Shane found himself sliding his hands around Ilya's broad shoulders and pulling him in. They kissed like it had been months instead of days, like they were starving for each other. The taste of Ilya's mouth was heaven, the sharp scent of his soap and sweat like a drug, and Shane felt the noise in his mind go wonderfully quiet.

Ilya finally pulled away to gasp for air. Shane chased the contact, rearing up to nuzzle his face into Ilya's sweet-smelling neck. Jesus, this was crazy. *He* was crazy. Ilya had just broken into his apartment – well, that wasn't true, he had the key, but still. He just walked in like he owned the place.

"How dare you, Rozanov," Shane said, muffled in Ilya's neck. "Didn't anyone teach you how to fucking knock?"

"You gave me key, *Hollander*."

"So that means you can just waltz into my house?"

"Apartment," Ilya corrected, still unbothered. Probably Shane's words didn't have much punch to them when he was currently sucking on Ilya's neck and rubbing the tip of his nose against the stubble on his jaw. Huh, how about that. Shane didn't know when he started doing that and he couldn't seem to stop.

"Your face is hot," Ilya said.

"Thank you."

"I mean, hot like you are blushing."

"Yeah, it's not like someone walked in on me jerking off or anything."

"What is there to hide? I have seen everything."

"You haven't seen me...you know."

"What?"

Shane knew better than to try and be coy. Ilya would make him say it if he didn't. "Fucking myself."

"Oh. No, I have not seen that. It is very good." Ilya pushed himself up and threw the blankets aside. Shane had closed his legs, and that made a line furrow between Ilya's eyebrows. He shimmied back and pushed insistently at Shane's thighs until they opened for him. "Show me again."

“You should fuck me instead.”

“Not yet. I want to see.” Ilya's fingers traced down Shane's cock, over his balls, down to where his hole was wrapped snugly around the flared base. “You know, you are very pretty when you blush.”

“Ah!” Shane nearly bit through his tongue as he felt Ilya trace his sensitive rim. Slowly, teasingly, Ilya slid the dildo out just enough for the shaft to stretch him open.

"Jesus christ, Roz' - "

“Is too little,” Ilya said. “Not big enough for you, yes? Not after me.”

Shane opened his mouth to give a sarcastic answer, but all that came out was a thick moan. The dildo slid out of him inch by inch, every ridged vein rubbing wonderfully against his opening.

“Or maybe it is enough. Always so tight, no matter how much I fuck you.” Ilya punctuated the word *fuck* with a push of his wrist, pushing the toy back deep inside.

Shane white-knuckled the sheets. “It's, it's big enough,” he said, strangled. “Oh fuck, that's so deep, oh my God.”

“You think about me while you fuck yourself?” Ilya asked. “You think about my big cock inside you? Wish I was fucking you instead of toy?”

“Yes, okay, Jesus. God, yes. Oh – fuck.” Shane's hips bucked as Ilya thrust again.

“Good.” Ilya sat back, keeping one hand on Shane's thigh to hold his legs open as he worked. Shane had never felt more exposed in his life. There was something so thrilling about being naked while Ilya still had on all his clothes – like Shane's body was just a toy for Ilya to play with. There was a noticeable bulge in the front of Ilya's pants. And looking at it made Shane's mouth water.

Shit, he really was that easy, wasn't he?

“You should...you should let me...” Shane swallowed. “I want to suck you off.”

“Oh?” Ilya pushed him back down firmly. “You'd like that, yes? Having both of your holes filled up at the same time.”

Shane hadn't thought about it quite like that. He looked at Ilya mutely, wildly, as Ilya stared back at him with those eyes that were the colour of ice and the intensity of fire.

“I said, you'd like that?” And Ilya gave another thrust, almost pulling the dildo free before pushing it all the way back in with one smooth motion. Shane's head fell back against the pillows.

“Yes!” he almost shouted. “Fuck, Roz', please!”

“Mm, so loud. Neighbours will hear.”

“S-since when do you care – ”

“I don't. But I help you be quiet.”

And then Ilya was rising up onto his knees, opening the fly of his pants and pulling out his cock before straddling Shane's chest.

“Here,” he said, taking himself in hand. “You want, yes? Open your mouth.”

At least he didn't ask Shane to beg for it. Shane leaned forward and let his lips brush the velvety tip of Ilya's cock. He heard Ilya's breath hitch, felt a hot little spark of pride, and opened up to take him in.

“Oh fuck.” Ilya's hand squeezed Shane's shoulder. “That's it, just like that.”

Shane was good at this. He knew he was. Ilya had told him so countless times, and Shane could remember each and every one. Maybe it was a little more awkward on his back versus on his knees, and maybe Ilya had more control than usual, but he knew what Ilya liked and he made damn sure to give it to him. Oh, Shane liked it too – the heavy weight on his tongue, the clean sweet taste, the glide of hot skin over his lips – but what he liked most was hearing Ilya above him voicing his pleasure at everything Shane was doing. Ilya murmured words, English at first, then Russian, like Shane was making him revert back to factory settings with his mouth.

All that by itself would have been enough to make Shane cum in an embarrassingly short amount of time. With the added fullness of the dildo still inside him, he felt ready to *explode*.

Shane snaked a hand down around Ilya's thighs to touch himself.

“No,” Ilya said.

Shane looked up from beneath his eyelashes and furrowed his brows together.

Ilya smiled down at him. “No touching. You finish too fast. You can keep going on the dildo, yes? Keep bouncing. Like you were before. Yes, like that. Good.”

Shane tried. He really did. He rolled his hips down, grinding against the pillow and lifting back up to let the dildo slide out and back in again. The double sensation drove him half out of his mind. Trying to focus on not letting it slip right out while also sucking Ilya's thick cock was harder than it sounded. The noises he was making were obscene, pathetic wet sucking sounds as Ilya's cock fucked in and out of his mouth. Was he doing a good job? God, he couldn't even think. He couldn't do anything except rock his hips and suck weakly. Ilya was being careful not to thrust too deep, but it was still overwhelming in the best way possible.

“You look good like this,” Ilya murmured. “You sound good. Desperate. Is this getting you off, Hollander?”

Shane put his arms around Ilya's hips and pulled him in further, swallowing his cock down until he almost gagged. Yes, yes it fucking was, and Ilya knew it.

“Good boy,” Ilya said, and the praise made Shane moan around his cock. Ilya swore in Russian and the rhythm of his hips went short and jerky. Suddenly he grabbed himself by the base and yanked his cock out of Shane's mouth with a wet pop. “Fuck. Enough.”

“It – it wasn't good?” Shane asked through lips that felt raw and numb.

“You know better. You are very good.” Ilya rolled to the side and slipped out of his open jeans, kicking them and his underwear to the floor carelessly. “Warm in here,” he said as his T-shirt joined them. “Better now.”

“Much better,” Shane murmured, drinking in the sight of Ilya's body. In the soft light of the bedside lamp, Ilya looked – *jesus, beautiful* didn't even cut it. He looked like an angel. Or a statue of some Greek god. His heartbeat was pounding in his ears. “Are you going to fuck me?”

“You are doing a very good job of fucking yourself.”

“Rozanov...”

“If you want more, you will have to ask.” Ilya went up on one elbow, caressing the side of Shane's face. “Tell me what you want.”

“I want...” Shane stuttered over the words as Ilya's fingers trailed down his jaw and over his chest. “I – I want...your cock inside me.”

“Mm, of course you do.”

“You're such an asshole.”

“And you like it, I know this. Roll onto your stomach. Wait, wait. Keep the dildo inside. Hold it there. You can do that for me, yes?”

Cheeks reddening, Shane obeyed without question. Ilya's hands settled on his shoulders and rubbed down his back.

“Spread yourself.”

“What?”

“You heard me. Use your hands. Spread yourself.” Ilya waited, and then added a begrudging, “Please?”

“Oh fuck.” Shane buried his face in the pillow and obeyed.

Ilya sucked air through his teeth and put one hand in the small of Shane's back, using the other to grip the base of the toy. “So. You bring this with you everywhere you go, Hollander? Or do you just keep it here? Your little secret.”

“N-not everywhere. Not – if I fly. Oh fuck – oh god.” Shane's back arched as Ilya pulled the toy out slowly.

“Not if you fly?”

“I – when they check your bags, they would – they would see...”

“They would see that Montreal's golden boy likes it in the ass?”

“Yes,” Shane choked out.

“And you can't have that, can you?” Ilya mused. “So when you fly somewhere, you use your fingers instead?”

“I – I can't – can't think when you're – oh, oh fuck right there, Rozanov – !”

“Shane Hollander, not able to think? That is a surprise.”

Shane whimpered and writhed, rutting against the mattress as Ilya fucked the toy in and out of his hole. It wasn't enough. Not nearly enough. Maybe it was before. But now Ilya was naked, and the taste of him lingered in Shane's mouth, and Shane wanted that thick, hot, pulsing cock inside him right the fuck now.

“Please...Rozanov...”

“Please what, Hollander?”

“Want you.” Shane's voice was shredded. “Need you.”

“I am right here.”

“You know what I mean! Jesus, Rozanov, just fuck me already!”

“I thought I taught you to ask nicely.”

Shane swallowed the sarcasm. “Please. Please fuck me, okay? I need it so bad. *Please.*”

“I give you what you need.”

The toy withdrew, leaving Shane feeling open and exposed and achingly empty. He heard the nightstand drawer open, heard the slick wet sound of Ilya rolling on a condom and slicking himself with lube, and then, god, finally, Ilya's weight settled behind him.

“Get that ass up, Hollander. Yes, that's it, that's good.” Ilya lined himself up and rubbed his slick cockhead over Shane's stretched hole. “You ready for me?”

“So ready. Ah – aahh - yesss...” Shane's entire world narrowed down to nothing but the feeling of Ilya's thick cock breaching him and sliding inside him inch by glorious inch. “Nnh, that's so good...”

“Yeah,” Ilya said thickly. “Yes, so good. Fuck, Sh – Hollander...”

Shane didn't notice the slip-up. Ilya had started to fuck him with deep, rough strokes, hard enough to rock the bed forward and knock the headboard into the wall. Shane held onto the sheets for dear life and bit the pillow to hold back a shout. The room filled with the obscene sound of Ilya's hips slapping against his ass. Every thrust rubbed Shane's cock against the sheets below, just shy of painful and yet so, so fucking good.

"Mmm...nnh, fuck..." Ilya gripped Shane's hips tight enough to bruise. "You can cum like this?"

"Uh huh, fuck, not gonna last."

"Me neither. Fuck."

By some miracle Shane managed one last complete sentence. "And you call me easy?"

Ilya snorted. "Shut up, Hollander."

He picked up the pace, fucking into Shane in short, wild pulses of his hips. Shane arched his back and tried to get himself up onto his elbows so that he could reach down to his cock. Jesus,, he was dripping all over the sheets, he was so wet, it was making a mess, and he didn't care because Ilya was fucking him so good that he wanted to yell. And before he could stop himself, he did, the sound tearing out of his throat and echoing off the walls.

"You okay?" Ilya slowed.

"Ah – ah – oh, oh my God, I'm good, don't stop – fuck – right there, Ilya, give it to me, oh my God."

Ilya resumed his punishing pace. "Good. Good boy. You take cock so well, Hollander. I like it when you are loud for me. Fuck. *Moya lyubov, moya vesnushka...*"

For a second Shane couldn't breathe, and everything was white noise and fireworks as the pleasure came to a peak and he came into his fist. *Fuck, the Kleenex*, he thought dimly, trying to contain it, but it just kept coming, spurt after spurt as Ilya suddenly stilled and held himself deep, groaning as he came into the condom. He collapsed forward onto Shane's back, his weight crushing Shane into the mattress. For one beautiful moment Shane cared about nothing except the feeling of Ilya's racing heartbeat against his skin and the pleasant afterglow.

"Rozanov," he finally murmured when he registered the fact that he was lying in a puddle of his own cum, "you gotta let me up at some point."

Ilya grunted.

"I mean it. I have to clean...I came all over the bed. It's going to soak into the sheets."

"Who cares about the fucking sheets?" Ilya grumbled. "You don't have laundry machine or what?"

"I care. It's gross."

"I will do your fucking laundry, Hollander, Jesus."

"Also, you're heavy."

Ilya finally pushed himself up onto his elbows. Carefully, he withdrew his softening cock and carefully tied off the condom. Shane was cold all over where they'd been touching.

"We should shower," he said.

"Mm, soon. Let me catch my breath." Ilya threw an arm over him.

Shane squirmed away, wrinkling his nose at the feeling of his own cum cooling on his hand. "Rozanov, come on, let me clean myself up. Pass me a Kleenex at least."

Ilya rolled over and grabbed the whole box. "You are such a princess. Next time, use sock. Problem solved."

"You are so disgusting. Is that what you do?"

"I am not disgusting, Hollander. You are being mean to me, after I give you best orgasm of your life?"

"Shut up," Shane said, but he was smiling. He couldn't help it. Ilya's boyish little grin and heavy-lidded eyes were just too cute. He pressed a kiss just over Ilya's eyebrow. "Really though, we should shower."

"Fine, fine." Ilya groaned and rolled out of bed. "You will wash my back for me?"

Shane got to his feet on wobbly legs. "Now who's the princess?"

"Still you. Always."

Shane grabbed Ilya around the chest, knowing just where to dig his fingers into Ilya's ribs to make him break and laugh.

"No fair, Hollander," Ilya protested. "No tickling."

"What're you gonna do about it, Rozanov?"

"I will think of revenge." Ilya smacked Shane's ass playfully.

"Ow! Hey!"

"See? Princess. That did not hurt."

"You're just mad because we won tonight."

"With a mouth like that, Hollander, you are asking for more. Maybe you like it, *da*?"

"You're the masochist, not me."

"Don't worry. If I spank you, I will kiss it better."

"Promise?"

"Mm, yes, of course. Now come on. Shower. We are disgusting, remember?"

They took their sweet time in the shower, kissing under the stream of hot water and lathering each other up with Shane's minty bodywash until they were scrubbed pink and clean. After, Ilya flopped gracefully back into bed and gestured for Shane to curl up against his back.

"You like being the little spoon, huh?" Shane slid his arm around Ilya's waist. That was kind of cute.

Ilya huffed. "Shut up, Hollander." The words lacked any bite. Especially as they were accompanied by Ilya grabbing Shane's hand and bringing it up to his chest, over his heart. "I am just cold. You do not turn up heat enough."

"I have an energy-saving thermostat."

"What the fuck. Saving energy, for what? You do not make enough money to afford heat?"

"It's not about money. It's just practical. And good for the environment."

"You are so boring that it hurts me."

"Shut up, Rozanov." Shane buried his face in the back of Ilya's neck. His heart finally began to slow, a delicious sated warmth spreading through his sore muscles. He could feel a familiar ache between his legs as he shifted closer to Ilya's body. It was a sweet ache, like finger-shaped bruises on his hips or suck marks on his chest, and Shane hoped it would last for days.

Not long enough, something whispered in his head, reminding him of the long lonely months ahead – but no, now wasn't the time to overthink.

For now, Ilya was in his arms, and as long as he was there the noise in his head was quiet.

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