listen how the heart beats lying next to him

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listen how the heart beats lying next to him

by pumpkinless

Summary

Every time a text came through about flight times, Shane thought that would be the last one. That Ilya would say, *no, actually, but I cannot come to your home over the summer and fuck you in your bed for two weeks and kiss and play house like we are boyfriends, because we are hockey rivals and this has been a seven year long mistake.* Also, *I will be blocking your phone number and never want to see you again unless I am beating you on the ice.*

He had doubted every second until Ilya was finally in his car in the airport parking garage.

Notes

hello! i actually think this fic is pretty tame for me, kink-wise, but don't worry, we are simply getting back into the swing of things!

posting this before episode 6. generally, it's meant to fit into the show canon, but based pretty heavily on how things go in the book. technically set the morning after shane makes 8 burgers instead of scaling down his recipe. i love that freak so much.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ottawa - July 2017

The second morning at the cottage, Shane wakes from an incredibly explicit dream involving Ilya and a seriously improbable encounter at center ice to find Ilya gazing at him. His head is propped on his hand, elbow digging into the mattress, and sun pours in from the window behind him. It lights up the edges of his hair, turning him golden.

"You're glowing," Shane mumbles. His mouth is thick with sleep.

Ilya quirks a brow and his mouth slides into that little smirk. Shane's heart thumps. "What a nice compliment, Hollander." His eyes flick down to the sheet that is not hiding how hard Shane is. "Lots of nice compliments today."

"Shut up," Shane says, no bite to it. The details of the dream slip away quickly as his brain comes back online, leaving only a sear of arousal in its place.

Ilya's fingers tap across Shane's stomach, toying with the edge of the sheet. "Did you dream of me?"

"Oh, yeah," Shane says through a yawn. His dick aches in anticipation of that hand touching him. "Dreamed I beat you at hockey so hard you gave up and retired."

Ilya ducks his head and snorts, but he isn't quick enough to completely hide the smile that breaks out over his face. "Shane Hollander, number one player," he says. He nudges the sheet a little lower, his hand dipping half an inch closer to where Shane really wants it. "Only way you can get there, yes? My early retirement."

"Ugh, it's too early for your bullshit."

Fingers play with the hair right above Shane's dick but refuse to go lower. "Mm, but not too early for yours." He pulls his hand back and patronizingly pats Shane on the stomach. "Must brush my teeth before I can kiss the number one hockey player."

Shane groans with disappointment because it's their script, it's what's expected. But privately, he feels his heart flutter. Ilya Rozanov is in Shane's bedroom, dragging his fingers over Shane's wrist as he climbs out of Shane's bed and heads to Shane's bathroom. Hopefully he won't decide to be an ass and use Shane's toothbrush while he's in there, but even that would maybe . . . not be so bad. Gross, for sure. But Shane has spare toothbrushes he could grab for himself. And then they could make out and grind against each other in Shane's bed, sunlight spilling over them, and Shane could just melt into Ilya, kissing him until their lips are swollen and sore.

Mostly, Shane still cannot believe that Ilya is really here. He spent weeks on edge after that phone call watching Scott Hunter kissing his boyfriend, absolutely convinced that Ilya would take back his promise to come to the cottage.

Every time a text came through about flight times, Shane thought that would be the last one. That Ilya would say, *no, actually, but I cannot come to your home over the summer and fuck*

you in your bed for two weeks and kiss and play house like we are boyfriends, because we are hockey rivals and this has been a seven year long mistake. Also, *I will be blocking your phone number and never want to see you again unless I am beating you on the ice.*

He had doubted every second until Ilya was finally in his car in the airport parking garage.

The toilet flushes and the sink tap comes on, and Shane takes that as his cue to get out of bed. He stretches, a luxurious full-body thing that arches his back off the bed and makes his left knee crack in a satisfying way. Shane's knuckles bump the headboard as Ilya returns. He is shamelessly naked and staring—at Shane, at the white sheet pooled across his hips and not much else. Shane feels a little like one of those old marble sculptures, and then he thinks that's an awfully silly thought to have, and *then* he sees Ilya lick his lips.

That is a proper wake up call.

"My turn," Shane says, forcing his legs to swing over the side of the bed.

For once, Ilya lets him go without saying anything smart.

Shane makes a beeline for his toothbrush—green, dry, sitting next to Ilya's red one—and he uses it while standing as close as he can to the door without being seen from the bedroom. He listens to the sound of Ilya climbing back onto the bed and punching the pillows into order, and then his ears burn red when he realizes what he's doing: acting like a fucking creep.

He spits and rinses his toothbrush. Wiping his mouth with a washcloth, Shane inspects himself in the mirror, then scowls. Jesus. Sleep is caked in the inner corners of both eyes, and there's an actual trail of dried drool on his cheek from sleeping with his mouth open. His hair is sticking up like a porcupine.

"Real sexy," he mutters in annoyance.

He refuses to think about how *this* was the face Ilya was gazing at when Shane woke up. He pauses to wash his face and attempt to tame his hair, scrubbing away the evidence of just how hard he had slept, and when he returns to the bedroom, Ilya smirks and says, "Made yourself all pretty for me?"

"Fuck off," Shane grumbles.

"Is okay, Hollander. I like that you want to impress me."

Obnoxious, *ironic* words coming from a man sprawled naked on top of the messed up sheets, relaxing with his hands behind his head so his biceps pop. He's half hard and not afraid to flaunt it. Shane wants to bury his face in the dark thatch of hair at his armpit and bite at his nipples, shove his thigh in between Ilya's leg and feel him harden the rest of the way while rolling their hips together. He knows exactly what he's doing to Shane.

Unfortunately, it's working.

Shane covers the space between them with fast strides, practically launching himself onto the bed. He straddles Ilya's waist and puts his hands on those stupid biceps, pinning him in place.

It’s definitely not because he wants to subtly squeeze the heft of his muscles.

"Good morning, Rozanov,” Shane says, emphasizing the last name.

Ilya lifts his chin in a nod like they’re bros on the ice. “Hollander.”

“You are *such* an asshole.” It comes out laced with more affection than intended.

"You like assholes."

Shane rolls his eyes in mock annoyance, and he leans more weight on his hands, pressing Ilya into the pillows, studying him. He can feel that his own mouth has a smile playing at the corners, but Ilya's lips are slightly parted, just enough so that Shane can see the pink of his tongue between his teeth. All possible responses die in Shane's throat as he stares at Ilya's mouth.

He must spend too long caught in the moment, because Ilya strains up toward him, abs contracting underneath Shane as he tries to sit up and capture Shane's mouth.

Shane pushes him back down. Arousal simmers back to the surface inside him, between them, but he isn't quite done drinking his fill of this moment. Something about today feels different—better—than even yesterday had. Now he knows it wasn't a fluke. They have spent more than twenty-four hours wrapped up in each other, no one and nothing to distract them, and Ilya isn't leaving. Shane doesn't want him gone and hasn’t suddenly fallen out of love or realized those feelings were a trick of his imagination. The prospect of all the days still left ahead of them no longer feels like enough because every minute they spend together, Shane wants two more minutes.

Shane doesn’t know how deep the pit of hunger inside his chest truly is.

Ilya mutters something in Russian. The look on his face is as indecipherable to Shane as the words, but he is so beautiful.

Finally, Shane moves. He pushes his face into Ilya's neck and breathes him in deeply, hands sliding down slowly to rest on Ilya's pecs, cataloging every bump and ridge along the way, scratching gently through the smattering of chest hair under his hands. Ilya smells clean, like the laundry detergent on the sheets and the shampoo he stole yesterday, and before Shane thinks about what he's doing, his teeth begin to worry a bruise into the skin over Ilya's collarbone. Ilya inhales sharply, his hands landing on Shane's waist, grip flexing like he's trying not to grab too hard. Shane imagines that on his hips, thinks about Ilya’s fingers holding him so tightly from behind that the evidence is stained onto his skin for days. He moans, teeth losing their grip.

"Fuck," Ilya says, a gasp that catches in his throat halfway through the word.

With one long lick, Shane travels up the column of Ilya's neck, just to plant another hopeful bruise on the soft part of skin below Ilya's ear. He could worry at this spot forever, keeping Ilya marked and taken. It’s a new side of himself, one he never got to indulge during the season when it might spark unwanted questions.

"Need you," Shane whispers.

"Need me to what?" Ilya says, his voice barely more than a rumble.

Lips against Ilya's ear, Shane says, "You know what I want."

Those big, rough hands slide up Shane's back, and this time, when Ilya moves to sit up, Shane lets him roll them over as one. Their arms stay around each other, Shane's legs grip Ilya's hips tightly, and his eyes never leave that perfectly handsome face.

When Ilya finally kisses him, it's deep and slow, consuming, scratchy with two days worth of dark stubble, and tastes distinctly of mint. His clever tongue licks into Shane’s mouth with all the urgency of a man who knows he’s going to get exactly what he wants. Shane clings to him, pulling Ilya in so their hips press together. He wants to be as close as they can get. Ilya grinds against him slowly, letting them both really feel his cock slide against Shane’s hip, and Shane tries to beg for it without words as Ilya plants kisses on his jaw, tasting his skin.

Shane can feel how loose he still is. They went two rounds last night, the kind of wild, back-breaking sex Shane is too self-conscious to have during hotel hook-ups. He doesn’t know what time they finally fell asleep, only knows that he was sore, sated, and hoarse from screaming *don’t stop, don’t stop* as he came with his ass in the air and nothing but Ilya’s cock driving the sensation through his entire body.

Ilya sucks on Shane’s bottom lip like he wants it to bruise. The kiss breaks, and his beautiful green-hazel eyes blaze with fire as he finally slips a hand down Shane’s body to slide back and forth over his hole, teasing. When Ilya presses the tip of his middle finger inside, Shane gasps into the air between their mouths. *Please,* he thinks. Ilya watches his face closely as that finger presses deeper, the drag of his callouses inside Shane so much more intense without enough lube. He should be bored of this, he should have had enough of this man already, but instead he just wants to thread his fingers tightly into Ilya’s curls and tug him back to Shane’s mouth while rough, strong fingers open him up until he’s sloppy from it. He wants to be split open and *devoured.*

"God," Shane chokes out. *Please please please.*

"You never told me, Shane," Ilya murmurs. "What it is you need." His hands are too clever, he knows Shane's body too well, and his finger rubs at Shane's prostate.

"Mmfph," Shane says. His eyes shutter.

"Say it."

"This," he says, voice cracking. "You. More."

"Hmm." The tip of Ilya's nose drags across Shane's jaw, his lips finding the place under Shane's chin that turns him to mush. His thumb presses into the skin between Shane’s hole and balls. "You want me to fuck you again?"

So much. "Yeah."

“Did you dream about it last night? Is that what made you so happy?”

“Oh god,” Shane groans. He doesn’t remember. “Yeah, probably. Love—love how you feel inside me. Want it all the time.”

That earns him a quiet moan and a string of hissed Russian words. It feels daring and dangerous to use the L word in any capacity around Ilya, but it’s a thrill, too. It’s so close to the words Shane actually wants to say.

Ilya pulls his finger out and squeezes Shane’s thigh in apology when he makes a noise of complaint. He braces on his left shoulder over Shane, leaning over him to grab the lube from the side table.

“Hope you have more somewhere,” he says with a quirked eyebrow above Shane, waving the bottle in the air. “It’s feeling a little light.”

Shane just stares at him. As if he wouldn’t stock up on lube before inviting his something-like-a-fuckbuddy-not-quite-a-boyfriend over for two weeks. Whatever the hell Ilya is to him. Don’t think about it right now. “We’re not in danger of running out.” He pulls his foot closer to his body, hitched-up knee leaning out to the side so Ilya can get his hand between his legs again, but Ilya doesn’t take the bait.

He smirks down at Shane and asks, “What do you need now?”

Shane’s dick twitches. He takes a shuddery breath and scowls. “Your fingers. Fuck me.”

“Good boy.” Ilya pushes two fingers inside Shane without any further warm up. The sudden stretch pushes a surprised gasp out of Shane, and his nails dig into his own palm. “That’s it,” Ilya breathes. He kisses Shane then, fucking his tongue into Shane’s mouth in imitation of where his fingers are buried inside Shane, moving, stretching. If Shane was honest, he doesn’t need two fingers—he would go straight to three—and if Shane was braver, he would demand Ilya skip fingers altogether and open him up on his thick cock, slow and sloppy with too much lube, making Shane drip with it—making him cry from the overwhelming stretch.

Maybe next time.

“Come on,” Shane says between kisses. He grabs Ilya’s pec and squeezes, brushing a thumb over his nipple. “Put another one in.”

“You are trying to kill me.”

He obeys, though. Shane feels nothing but *impatience*. He digs his nails into Ilya’s chest, moaning softly into the kiss. Any other morning, Shane would let Ilya finger him until he’s soft and open and squirming, could probably come from it alone given enough time, but he’s so hard and fingers are not what he wants right now.

“Okay, okay, I’m good,” Shane pants. His hips betray him, rolling down to meet Ilya’s fingers, but it’s just because he *needs* Ilya inside him. He needs to get fucked more than he could ever possibly explain. “Ilya, please—”

“Yes,” Ilya murmurs. He sounds like he’s a million miles away as he buries his fingers as deep inside as they can go. Shane knocks his knee into Ilya’s ribs. “Yes, okay.”

His fingers slide out, but still Ilya doesn’t move. He rubs his thumb over Shane’s hole, petting him, and his eyes flit down Shane’s body once the knee whacks him again.

“You are being very impatient,” he says, wrapping an arm around Shane’s leg so it can’t go in for a third blow.

“You still have not put your dick in me,” Shane complains. And now he’s just empty, which is worse, and it’s turning him into a brat because his skin *itches* with wanting.

Ilya just grins at him, very smug as he leans back. He presses a kiss to the top of Shane’s knee and then props his chin there. “You are very demanding in the morning. But lucky for you, I will fuck you anyway.”

“Oh, will you?” Shane says with exasperation.

"I will. Let me—" Ilya mutters to himself. His beautiful hands leave Shane's body as he leans for the bedside table again to pull a condom out of the drawer, and that's when Shane suddenly remembers the contents of his dream, striking him like lightning. His mouth gets ahead of him.

"What if we didn't?" he blurts out. Ilya freezes, condom in hand, and raises an eyebrow in confusion. Shane blushes furiously, but he doesn't back down. He wants to be close, as close as they can get, and the thought of Ilya bare inside him is—well.

"Didn't what?" Ilya asks carefully.

"Didn't, um, use a condom." Shane's face is officially on fire.

Ilya's tongue swipes out over his bottom lip as he studies Shane. "I've never . . . ."

"Me neither."

They stare at each other for a long moment. Shane holds his breath throughout the scrutiny, and it comes out in a gasp when Ilya flicks the condom packet away to the floor, the stupid piece of plastic utterly forgotten. His big hand takes Shane by the jaw, fingers holding his head in place and palm resting on his throat. He isn’t holding or squeezing, but Shane isn’t going anywhere in this hold.

Ilya’s voice dips low as he asks, "You want me to come inside of you?"

Shane whimpers. Yeah, he really fucking does, now that it's been said out loud.

“That’s not an answer, sweetheart.”

He is trapped in Ilya's gaze. "I want all of you," Shane says pathetically. It’s true in ways Ilya doesn’t—can’t—know. "Please, I want to feel all of you."

"Fuck, Shane." Ilya looks at him with disbelief, like he's just been handed a gift he doesn't know how to properly appreciate.

"We don't have to," Shane says quickly. "I mean, if you—it's okay if you'd rather not." They've never actually talked about this before, Shane realizes belatedly, and he has to offer Ilya the out. Maybe this isn't the best time to bring it up and there's a more serious conversation they need to have first, but—

Maybe it's irresponsible, but Shane wants him *now.*

In lieu of an immediate answer, Ilya leans down to kiss him, his thumb traveling just under the hinge of Shane's jaw and pressing in, holding him still as he scrapes his teeth over Shane's bottom lip and soothes the bite immediately with his tongue. It's the kind of tender, dirty kiss that used to haunt Shane, back when he couldn't figure out what any of this meant to him.

The kiss breaks. "Okay," Ilya breathes, his eyes boring into Shane's from just inches away. "No condom."

An electric jolt goes down Shane's spine, and he grins helplessly. "Cool," he says.

"Mm, will be very cool," Ilya teases as he sits back up, reaching for the lube. "It's always very cool when you are slutty for me."

The words are somewhat mocking, a play at the usual banter, but Shane shivers at the tone. *Slutty.* Not a word he ever expected to apply to him, but he feels it—he wants bruises on his skin and a man's come staining the inside of his body, and he already feels so thoroughly wrung out that he can't imagine what depths he has left to sink into.

There is one last moment of hesitation, Ilya checking in with a questioning look. Shane just nods, his heart pounding as he feels the head of Ilya's cock brush against him. He thinks this shouldn't feel as big as it does, not when they've done much filthier things. Shane has had Ilya's come on his stomach, chest, face—in his mouth, and he's liked it every time, even when he hated the taste. But this is undiscovered territory in every possible way. It feels irreversible, like now that Shane has asked for it, has *begged* for it, he has given some part of himself into Ilya's care.

Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's temple—and Shane swears he pauses for the briefest moment to breathe in the smell of his hair.

Shane's head tips back as Ilya's thick cock pushes in. It feels fucking incredible.

"That's it," Ilya whispers against his cheek. "Good."

"Yeah." Shane gasps his pleasure. They've never had *time* for three rounds in one night before. The way it aches inside of him is raw and sweet, and Shane didn't know it could feel like this. His body is so overstimulated he swears he can feel every inch of Ilya's cock inside him, making room inside Shane's body for so much more emotion than he knows how to

contain. He bites his lip and wraps a hand around Ilya's forearm just to hold him. It's just them, not a single barrier left.

Ilya is quieter than usual, missing his usual slew of filthy words. When he pulls back to readjust their position, Shane gets a good look at his eyes, blown black with pleasure. Ilya stares down between them, watching his cock slide in and out of Shane's hole, enraptured by it. Shane moans at the thought of it, of Ilya seeing himself bare inside Shane, and his own cock drools precome over his abs. He rolls his hips down to meet Ilya's next thrust—it isn't deep enough yet, and Shane wants the full length of him, wants it as hard and rough as a professional hockey player is capable of giving it. He doesn't want anything less than the best.

"Is that—is that all you've got?" Shane pants.

Ilya grins, a filthy expression. "Do you want something else?" The way he rolls his hips is dirty and taunting, and it's so good but it isn't *enough.*

"You dick," Shane groans. He escalates his previous efforts and lifts a foot to try and kick Ilya in the side, but Ilya grabs it and hauls Shane's leg up over his shoulder. "Fuck!"

Ilya laughs at him as Shane's brain briefly fizzes out at the change in angle. He throws another volley of Russian at Shane, still teasing him with those shallow thrusts that feel good but don't come close to what Shane wants.

"So desperate," Ilya says, turning his head to the side to kiss Shane's shin. "You want me to come inside you that badly? Want me to make a mess of you?"

"Ilya," Shane whines—and it *is* a whine—as his hands violently curl into fists around the sheets, seeking something to ground him. "Just fuck me, just—" His eyes feel hot like he's on the brink of tears. He's cried from being fucked good and hard before, facedown with mean hands and Ilya snarling filth in his ear, and he loved every second of it, but he's never cried from the sheer frustration of *wanting.* Not like this.

"I know, sweetheart, I know. I'll give it to you," Ilya promises. His voice has gentled. "If you can do one thing for me."

"Fuck," Shane moans in dismay. He would say yes to anything right now.

"Hands above your head." Ilya presses his palm flat against Shane's chest, holding him still. "Yes, that's it, hands up. Want you to come on my cock, yes? Can you do that for me, Shane?" Shane genuinely doesn't know if he can, but he's already nodding, and then Ilya has the gall to ask, "Can you be good for me?"

A full-body shudder rocks through Shane as he slams his hands against the headboard, bracing himself like he's trying to get them as far away from his dick as possible, all because he wants to be *good.* "Yes," he gasps, "yes, please, do it—"

Ilya bends him in half easily, knees practically up to his ears. This position lets him take what he wants from Shane's body, and all Shane can do is give into it. He sinks into the bed, legs

falling open just a fraction more. Ilya looms over him, giving Shane an excuse to study his face, and all he can see in Ilya's eyes is bottomless hunger. It matches the greed in Shane's own chest.

In one smooth slide, Ilya is all the way inside him and Shane is *full.* It's exactly what he wanted.

"That's it, Shane," Ilya murmurs. He surges closer, pressing their mouths sloppily together. Shane's jaw is slack and he barely has the wherewithal to return it, but he's always liked sharing air while fucking. When Ilya pants into his mouth, it's such an intimate thing—an animal thing. Ilya is the metaphorical wolf at his throat, pinning him in place.

Ilya fucks him with a single minded intensity. There is so much in their lives that is uncertain or terrifying, but in this, Shane trusts him completely. He knows, *knows,* that Ilya wants to make this good for him. He wants to see Shane come apart into pieces, shattering under his touch, breaking so that Ilya can put him back together with his tender, rough hands. Sometimes Shane even thinks Ilya wants that more than his own pleasure. And Shane never feels more at peace, more like his brain is his own, than when Ilya is fucking Shane like he wants to drive him out of his mind.

God, that's good, he thinks wildly, and it's such a fucking understatement that Shane grins, open-mouthed. That's it, that's the right angle. Ilya knows it, and that's why he doesn't scold Shane when Shane's hands give up on the stupid over his head rule and search out Ilya's sweat-slick skin. He needs more contact. He needs somewhere for this feeling to *go,* this building, driving rush inside his body. Shane's dick is so hard that his abs are wet from how it's leaking.

They are nose to nose, eye to eye, and Ilya smirks back like it's a challenge. "Are you going to come for me?"

"Fuck," Shane chokes out. It's building in the base of his spine, hot and glowing like a pit of coals waiting to be stoked back into fire. He claws at Ilya's shoulders; his legs shake. He might pass out from this orgasm—if it was ever going to happen, this would be the one.

"I will come inside you if you do," Ilya whispers. His mouth is so close to Shane's that their lips brush in a parody of a kiss. Shane moans through clenched teeth. All his muscles are starting to tense with the impending orgasm. "Mark you up from the inside, yes? Make you fucking *mine,* Hollander."

Shane's resulting whine is wounded. He *wants.* He's fucking earned this, has spent years building up to this moment. Ilya Rozanov is going to belong to *him.*

"Come on," Ilya urges. He's fucking Shane so hard that the solid wood bedframe is bumping up against the wall. It feels unreal. "Come on, sweetheart, be a good boy and—"

Shane bites him as his vision whites out. His teeth find the meat of Ilya's shoulder and latch on as his orgasm rocks through him, his entire body shaking from the force of it. Fuck. *No one else,* Shane thinks frantically.

Ilya's rhythm barely stutters. Words fall from his mouth, but Shane is moaning too loud to hear them and so far gone he can't tell if they're Russian or English or something else. Blood rushes in his ears like he's just sprinted a marathon or lifted one of Ilya's stupid sports cars over his head. He's never come this hard in his life, and as Ilya fucks him through the aftershocks, his head falls back and he begs.

"Oh my god," he pants. "You feel—so good, oh my god, Ilya, please—please—"

"Please what?" Ilya demands. He looks like a fucking god.

"Do it," Shane begs, "do it, Ilya, come in me, *please.* Want you to come in me, wanna feel you. I earned it, please—"

"Fuck." Ilya practically collapses onto Shane, pushing his face into Shane's neck and breathing in his skin as his hips slam into Shane, chasing the high. Shane clings to him, every one of his limbs wrapped around Ilya like he's scared they could be ripped apart now. Shane is sensitive and sore and he's going to be limping after this, he already knows, but the animal matter of his brain loves the way the overstimulation aches inside him. Ilya using him for his own pleasure is worth the pain. Shane embraces it.

Ilya's orgasm, when it hits, is nearly silent. They are pressed together as tightly as they can be, and Shane only knows it's happening because Ilya's entire body seizes up as his hips jerk.

Shane focuses on his breath in an attempt to steady his pounding heart, but all he can think about is Ilya's come inside him. Not even two minutes past his own orgasm, and Shane swears he could get hard again right now at the thought. Why did no one ever tell him this was something he wanted so much?

When Ilya tries to pull away, Shane resists. He has the upper hand with his arms wrapped around Ilya's chest and his legs locked over Ilya's back, wanting Ilya inside him as long as possible.

"I will collapse on you," Ilya warns.

"I can take it."

And slowly, Ilya relaxes completely on top of him. He's heavy, but Shane is a muscular hockey player too, and it feels really fucking good to be pressed into the mattress like this while Ilya's cock softens inside of him. That's definitely a new sensation and one he fears he could become attached to.

After an indeterminable amount of time, Ilya kisses his neck and whispers something in Russian. Shane tries to chase the syllables, make them stick in his brain so he can try to figure it out later, but all he gets is *ya loo* before it slides away like water through his fingers. He lets Ilya up the next time he shifts, but Ilya only moves far enough to pull out properly and get his mouth on Shane's.

They kiss gracelessly, more breathing in each other's air than anything. Shane strokes his fingers through Ilya's curls, scratching lightly at the back of his head, and earns a pleased

hum in response.

“Very hot,” Ilya murmurs against his mouth, and then that *ya loo* sentence again. “Very, very hot, Hollander.”

“It was.”

Their eyes meet. Ilya smiles, and Shane knows his answering expression is obviously fond.

"Stay. I will clean up," Ilya says, brushing his fingers against Shane's cheek as he climbs out of the bed.

With half-shut eyes, Shane watches him walk to the bathroom, feeling like a total sap as he touches that spot on his cheek. His hip flexors ache from being spread so wide, and he draws his knees in, ankles out, to offset the sensation. He sighs happily, totally sated.

“I do not know how that is comfortable,” Ilya remarks as he returns with a damp washcloth.

“Yoga,” Shane says, resisting the urge to add *duh* to the end of that answer. “Which you could stand to do a little more of. I saw you on the ice before our last game, and your flexibility is terrible.”

Ilya snorts and wipes the come off Shane’s stomach with soft, efficient strokes. “My flexibility is fine for a hockey player. But you need it more than I do, for other things.” He waggles his eyebrows at Shane. It is tragically endearing.

“Oh, shut up.”

He lifts one leg so that Ilya can get the mess of lube off the insides of his thighs. If he spends too long thinking about how comfortable he is around Ilya these days, Shane might have a slight mental break, so he just accepts the treatment and the soft kiss Ilya leaves on his hip as he finishes, tossing the cloth in the general direction of the laundry hamper and falling back to lay on the bed.

Shane rolls toward him, slinging a leg over Ilya's thighs and leaning in so they can kiss. He's rewarded with Ilya's hand sliding down to grab his ass and Shane sighs. There's no way in hell he's getting it up again already, but he wishes he could rub himself off against Ilya's hip just like this, with Ilya's fingers gently playing with his hole. He feels used up and flushed, and he thinks he'll spend the rest of his life chasing that high again, of knowing that Ilya was going to come inside of him, marking him forever. It's a heady thought, that Shane belongs to him in some new way now. That Ilya is his in the same way.

“Your shoulder,” Shane says suddenly. He pushes himself up to look at it. “Shit. Sorry.”

“Eh, is okay,” Ilya rumbles. “Will be a good bruise.”

Shane blushes, looking at the mark. He isn't bleeding, though Shane can pretty clearly see the imprint of his teeth on Ilya's skin, which is equal parts hot and embarrassing. He brushes his thumb over the mark, and his stomach swoops. “Well,” he says lamely. He wants to bite Ilya

again. Pin him down and make him stay put, make him come inside Shane again. He tries to leech the intensity of that feeling out of his voice. “I still didn't mean to . . . do that.”

Ilya pushes himself up on one elbow and urges Shane back into the bed so he's covered by Ilya's bulk. The look he gives Shane is exasperated but there's a genuine smile curling at the corners of his lips. “Biting me,” he says, “is not boring. Saying sorry is boring.”

Shane laughs. “Well, sorry.”

“Boring Canadian apologies.” Ilya kisses him.

He makes the words sound as much like an endearment as the word *sweetheart.*

They lay like that, trading kisses with increasing intensity, and Shane feels drunk. Yesterday was a whirlwind; they sampled nearly everything his cottage has to offer, playing like boys in the summer, and it was the most fun day Shane has had in ages. But today he thinks they should stay in bed as much as possible. Full day sex marathon—that's gotta be on his personal checklist of what to do while he has Ilya all to himself. Though, given the state of his ass right now, maybe they should rest up for the day and try the sex marathon at a later date. He doesn’t actually know how many times he can get fucked in a twenty-four hour period before he’s, like, broken or something. Ten more minutes of Ilya squeezing his ass like his own personal pillow could definitely end in Shane getting hard—he’s so fucking easy—but maybe they could stick to blowjobs or something.

And Ilya, once again, says something that makes Shane wonder if he can read minds.

“Hollander,” he murmurs against Shane's chin. Fuck him, he absolutely know what it does to Shane's insides when he leans on his accent like that. “Can I eat you out again?”

Shane blinks, thunderstruck by the idea. “You just—really?” he says stupidly.

“Yes. This time, you will stay put and not try to break my nose.”

“Fuck you!” Shane cries, his face going scarlet. “And are you—but, I mean, you just . . . I need a shower.” He needs to clean the *come* out of his *ass* first.

“Yes. That is the point.” His mouth is soft and wet where it kisses Shane's jaw, and he flicks his tongue out in a parody of what he's asking for.

Shane swallows. It's hot, it's so fucking hot; he doesn’t know why he's trying to protest even as his dick twitches. Propriety demands he second guess something so dirty. “I probably can’t get hard again,” he says weakly. The word probably is doing a lot of heavy lifting there.

Ilya hums, unconcerned as he kisses his way to Shane's ear. “I want to taste you,” he whispers. “Taste myself inside you.”

Shane's toes curl.

“O-okay,” he says, voice shaking with greedy arousal. “I think that could be—yeah.”

“Yeah?”

Shane nods, meeting Ilya’s eyes.

Ilya hisses something in Russian and then starts to move. He kisses his way down Shane's chest like this is foreplay, not post-sex *whatever,* and his hands slide to his favorite place on Shane's pecs. Shane squirms, unable to stay still when he knows what's coming next. Every touch lights up his skin, sending little shockwaves of sensation his nerves don't know how to process after such a mind-numbing orgasm.

Hands trace his ribs, his navel, his hips, and lips follow in their path. Ilya leaves a sweet kiss on the head of his hardening cock and then buries his face in the crease of Shane's thigh, breathing in the sharp sex-sweat scent of him. His tongue licks at coarse hair, a soft moan falling from him as his stubbled cheek nudges against Shane’s dick.

“Ilya,” Shane sighs. His hand slides into those dark, messy curls, petting him, holding him.

His reward is a kiss on the thigh. “This will be easier on your stomach,” Ilya says, sounding somewhat regretful.

Shane’s body is tired of being folded like a pretzel, so he rolls over without complaint. He drags a pillow to his chest to hold and hitches one knee up. “Is this good?”

“Very good.” Ilya’s hands sweep firmly down his back in an approximation of a massage, and he bites playfully at Shane’s shoulderblade.

“Jesus,” Shane mutters. Bless his poor, oversexed body, because he feels heat pool around his dick again. There’s no fucking way he’s getting through this without coming all over himself. He really, really likes Ilya’s hand pressing down in the center of his back until Shane collapses fully, sinking into the way his body feels used and wrung out but not anywhere near done.

Ilya lays a kiss at the base of his spine.

Shane holds his breath as Ilya shifts on the bed, pushing Shane’s thigh up higher, making room for the breadth of his shoulders between Shane’s legs. It comes out in a gut-punch rush when Ilya's huge hands spread him wide, baring him fully.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya whispers. He sounds winded. “I’m dripping out of you.”

A high-pitched whine escapes Shane. That’s really all it takes—his cock is hard again and aching.

“Can you feel it?” Ilya drags his thumb over Shane’s hole, unmistakably slick, and Shane trembles.

“Yeah,” he rasps, surprised he has the wherewithal to form words. “I feel it.”

Without warning, Ilya’s mouth is on him. One long, broad stroke to taste himself in Shane, and it lights Shane’s entire body aflame. “Fuck,” Ilya mutters, guttural and deep. “Fuck,

Hollander, you are . . . .” He trails off with a huff, his breath ghosting cooly over Shane’s slick hole. It makes him shiver.

“Please,” Shane begs. He twitches his hips down into the bed, searching for relief.

There is a long, taut moment of silence. Shane wishes he could see Ilya’s face but he would rather die than get out of this position right now.

It is agonizing how slowly Ilya starts. He savors it, his tongue licking slow and steady over Shane, matching the rhythm of his thumb petting Shane’s inner thigh where his hand is helping keep him spread open. Shane closes his eyes, tucking his face further into the bed. He’s no expert, barely ever thought about this as something he’d be interested in a week ago, but Ilya Rozanov is incredible with his mouth. It’s not the first time in his life Shane has had to come to terms with that fact.

“Oh my god,” Shane whispers. Ilya’s tongue traces a circle, teasing him, and Shane tenses. Since Ilya brought it up, he can’t stop thinking about what happened last time. He orders himself to not go for a repeat of that—namely, bashing his ass back against Ilya’s face from excitement and nearly breaking his nose, but it’s torture to keep himself still and not grind his aching cock against the bed or press back into Ilya’s mouth.

Ilya pulls back with a long, sucking kiss against places Shane did not know he wanted to be kissed until now. “So tense,” he says, smoothing a hand all the way from Shane’s thigh to his ankle and back up, rucking up his leg hair.

“Why are you stopping?” Shane whines.

He gets a nip on the ass for that. “You are tense,” Ilya says. “Let go for me. Want to feel you come on my tongue.”

“I’m trying not to break your face again!”

Ilya’s mouth laughs against him. The sensation is confusing but Shane immediately decides he would like more of that. “Oh, Shane,” he says, voice dripping with fake condescension. “I think I can take a hit from you. World’s shortest hockey player.”

Laughter bubbles out of Shane even as he tries to fight back with an indignant, “I am not!”

Ilya kisses Shane where he’s empty and aching for it. “So tiny. You could not hurt me if you tried, sweetheart.” Shane bites his lip against a flat-out goofy grin. “Now. Relax, yes? Take what you want.”

And with that devastating remark, Ilya is done talking. He dives back in with renewed enthusiasm. Shane tenses instinctively, trying to hold still, but a pinch to the back of his thigh shuts down that train of thought. As he relaxes, they find a rhythm that allows Shane to roll his hips leisurely against the bed while Ilya’s tongue fucks him slowly, trying to taste every last drop of himself.

It's better than last time, if only because Shane feels like they've really figured it out. They're in sync the way they always have been when it comes to sex—it's the one thing that has always made sense between them, even if all the other circumstances didn't. And so, just when Shane's need starts to overtake him, when he loses the smooth cadence they had been working in, Ilya doesn't stop or slow down. He sneaks his hand in closer and slides a finger inside Shane, slipping easily in the spit Ilya's mouth has soaked him in. Shane moans and his hand slams against the headboard to ground himself on something solid as that finger finds the exact spot it needs to hit.

Shane is helpless when it happens. He grinds his hips down into the bed desperately, seeking out any scrap of friction he can find. Ilya hums, cottoning on, and the press of his finger inside becomes more insistent as his mouth licks sloppily over Shane's hole. Shane pants into the pillows, feeling it start to fizz through him, warmth zipping from his chest down through each limb, every finger and toe. He's making some horrendous kind of noise but his ears buzz with pleasure and he can't focus on anything beyond Ilya—fingers, tongue, stubble, the weight of an elbow braced against the back of Shane's thigh to keep him in place, to keep him steady so Ilya can—so he can—

With a cry that tears at his throat, Shane comes hard against the bed. It goes on forever, rolling in like the rising tide. Ilya urges him through it, pressing all the right buttons to prolong the sensation until Shane's body just can't take anymore.

He flops a hand back, gracelessly whacking Ilya on the shoulder. He's too dazed to speak.

Slowly, Ilya withdraws. He crawls up Shane's body, pressing a kiss to every inch of his skin on the way up until his lips meet the soft place underneath Shane's ear. "Thank you," he murmurs.

"Mmm," Shane says. He smacks his lips together. "Do you need—I can . . . ."

"What I would really love," Ilya interrupts, "is to come all over your pretty ass. Will not take long, I think. Good?"

"More than good." Shane wonders if it's normal to want someone so much all the time or if he should be studied in a lab for being a possessive weirdo.

Ilya doesn't make him feel weird. Actually, Ilya makes him feel desirable. As Ilya sits back behind him, Shane turns his torso slightly, tucking his chin and neck so that he can see Ilya's face as he jerks himself off while looking at Shane. The naked hunger in his expression is only overshadowed by the awestruck look in his eyes, darting between Shane's ass and his face, like he doesn't know which is more tempting.

Shane bites his lip, waits for the next time those eyes meet his own. And when they finally do, in his neediest voice, Shane whispers, "Please, Ilya."

He's going to be smug about this later. Ilya's orgasm hits immediately, his mouth dropping open in shock as his come lands on Shane's skin, all over his ass again. He's—well, he's beautiful.

There's silence while Ilya catches his breath. Shane closes his eyes.

"Should have left that washcloth over here," he mumbles. They're going to have so much laundry to do at this rate.

Ilya's hand squeezes his ass roughly. "Better idea," he says.

"Hm?"

Shane doesn't have to wonder for long. Ilya plants his other hand in the middle of Shane's back to keep him still, and then he leans down and cleans the come off—again—with his mouth. Shane can't do anything but vacantly stare at the sheets in dumbstruck shock and mentally tuck this whole experience into a box in his brain that he can take out and process when he's next alone and horny.

***

The sheets are even more disgusting once Shane finally flops over on his back and Ilya uses a corner of the top sheet to wipe the worst of the come off of him. Uncharacteristically, Shane is unbothered by that right now. He needs a shower and breakfast, the laundry needs a wash, Ilya Rozanov just ate his own come out of Shane's ass (twice!), the sky is blue. Staring at the ceiling, Shane feels a little dazed.

"So how long have you been wanting to do that?"

Ilya hums consideringly. His thumb taps Shane's sternum, palm holding Shane's pec like he's physically stuck there. "Has been a fantasy for a long time," he finally admits, leaning his head back so he can meet Shane's eyes. "Did not expect you to like it so much, but you are always so eager."

"Yeah, yeah," Shane mutters, blushing and breaking away. He shifts so get his arm out from under Ilya and wraps it around his shoulders instead, pulling him in tighter and pushing his head into position so Shane can pet his hair. Ilya rolls easily into him, slipping one thick thigh between Shane's legs and pressing a kiss to the crook of his neck. His clinginess is new, maybe, or Shane's awareness of it is.

"It's true," Ilya murmurs. He mouths up Shane's neck. "I like that you are a slut for me."

Shane thinks, *True,* and, *No one makes me feel like Ilya Rozanov does*.

He closes his eyes and pulls Ilya in closer, tucking his nose into his hair. One hand around Ilya's shoulders and one splayed over his hip, Shane presses his brain into service, demanding that it memorize this feeling. Even if it hurts, he wants to be able to return to this moment in the future.

Ilya sighs out a soft string of Russian.

This time, Shane is brave enough to ask softly, “What does that mean?”

Ilya stiffens. Shane’s hand stutters, but he forces himself to keep carding his fingers through Ilya’s hair, petting him, making his curls all fluffy. He pretends he hasn’t crossed some invisible boundary. They promised each other honesty, but there is a world of difference between telling a truth and spilling your guts.

Silence lingers between them for so long that Shane thinks it might be best that they both forget he ever asked the question, but Ilya surprises him. He huffs out a breath that tickles Shane’s skin.

“Wish I could have you like this always,” Ilya says. Shane’s hand stills. “Would not be so bad, I think.”

“Oh,” Shane whispers. He doesn’t know what to say to that if he isn’t going to break the *I love you* barrier. He settles for ineffectual agreement. “Yeah. That would be—I’d like that, too.”

Always would work just fine for Shane. They just have to figure out how to get there, first.

end

End Notes

thanks for reading!

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eta: title from "whim" by hayley williams

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