

the safest place i know

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by [kurtstiel](#)

Summary

Shane pulls back, carefully cradling Ilya's face. "Maybe we shouldn't."

"You don't want to?" Ilya's eyes are bottomless; swimming with grief. He says it like he really means, *You don't want me?*

"That isn't what I mean," Shane says gently, brushing his thumb over Ilya's cheekbone. Ilya's eyes flutter shut, as if being treated so tenderly causes him physical pain. Like he isn't used to it. "You're hurting. I don't want you to regret it in the morning."

Ilya's eyes open. "I have never regretted a moment with you."

*

Or: the missing hotel room scene in Florida after Shane comforts Ilya.

Notes

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

Ilya is warm and solid beneath him, clinging to his back like he's afraid Shane will disappear if he lets go. Shane's thighs are braced to Ilya's sides in a way he hopes feels steady, letting them rock gently back and forth.

Shane thinks about what Ilya has revealed to him—about his mother, about his father, about his country that would punish him for loving the wrong way. He wishes he could take the sorrow into himself so that Ilya no longer had to feel it. Instead, he presses his face into Ilya's hair and holds him tighter, like that might be enough to keep the hurt from reaching him.

When Ilya finally lifts his face, he's no longer crying. Shane isn't sure he allowed anything but that one tear to escape, his pain sealed over tightly again, like a fresh layer of ice over deep water. His face is wrecked, but he looks up at Shane with a sort of reverence that makes Shane feel holy. Like he's some kind of salvation.

Ilya's eyes drop to Shane's mouth, then back up, and there's a question there that goes unspoken. Shane answers it by cupping Ilya's jaw, breathing him in, nose to nose, then captures his lips in a kiss.

Ilya shifts, only slightly, pulling Shane closer until their bodies line up perfectly. Shane becomes hyperaware of everywhere they touch. The weight of Ilya's hands on his waist, the heat where they're pressed together, how his hips instinctively settle closer until their groins meet. Shane feels a spike of want run through him and pulls back to gauge Ilya's reaction.

Ilya makes a soft sound of protest and kisses him again, slowly grinding up where they're both beginning to stir, the slow warmth of desire building in Shane's abdomen. There's a franticness to Ilya's hands; slipping beneath Shane's shirt to get at warm skin, roaming across Shane's back.

Shane's thoughts are a strange tangle of protectiveness and want. The closeness feels like relief for both of them. He can feel the thick line of Ilya's cock nestled against his, hear the way Ilya's breath stutters against him, but he doesn't want to take something that is only being offered out of distress. He doesn't want to be another reason Ilya hurts.

Shane pulls back, carefully cradling Ilya's face. "Maybe we shouldn't."

"You don't want to?" Ilya's eyes are bottomless; swimming with grief. He says it like he really means, *You don't want me?*

"That isn't what I mean," Shane says gently, brushing his thumb over Ilya's cheekbone. Ilya's eyes flutter shut, as if being treated so tenderly causes him physical pain. Like he isn't used to it. "You're hurting. I don't want you to regret it in the morning."

Ilya's eyes open. "I have never regretted a moment with you."

Shane feels like he's been gutted. For years, they both pretended this thing between them meant nothing—avoided speaking about their emotions, never being open about how they really feel. Ilya's unrestrained honesty is like a blade between his ribs.

“You make me feel good.” There’s a desperate edge to Ilya’s tone now, mirrored in the twist of his fingers in the back of Shane’s shirt. “It will help me forget. I need to forget.”

Shane thinks about what it would mean to say no when Ilya is so used to the world denying him kindness. The last time Ilya asked him for something, he asked Shane to stay. Shane still remembers the devastation on Ilya’s face when he left him alone on that sofa. Right now, Ilya looks like it will tear him apart if Shane did it again. Shane will do anything to wipe that expression from his face.

“Shane,” Ilya whispers. “Please.”

Even if the plea in Ilya’s voice wasn’t enough, his first name spoken so carefully would be Shane’s undoing. “Okay,” he says softly. “Whatever you need, Ilya.”

Ilya makes a single, desperate sound. He tugs Shane’s shirt off and pulls him into an open-mouthed kiss like a dam has broken; one hand cupped to the back of Shane’s neck, tongue hot in his mouth. Shane shudders, having to clutch Ilya’s shoulders to ground himself as Ilya squeezes his chest with the other hand. There’s no finesse to it, just Ilya trying to touch as much of Shane as possible, pinching his nipple in a way that makes him gasp.

Shane rucks up Ilya’s tank top, forcing him to separate their mouths and lift his arms so that Shane can take it off and toss it away. Ilya’s arms come back around him immediately, trying to pull him in, but Shane cups his face with both hands, gentling him, forcing him to look Shane in the eyes. If this is something Ilya wants to disappear into, Shane will have to remain present for both of them.

“Easy,” Shane murmurs. Ilya’s face shutters, arms tightening around his waist. “I’m right here.”

Shane kisses him again as a distraction, tugging both of their pants and shorts down just enough to free their cocks, flushed pink and jutting upwards. They both moan as Shane rolls his hips, rubbing his cock against Ilya’s, already wet at the tip. Shane takes them both in hand, the drag slightly dry despite Shane’s pre-come smearing down his length. Ilya hisses when Shane spits directly onto Ilya’s cock, slicking the way even more, beginning to pant against Shane’s mouth as he jerks them both together.

There’s a crease forming between Ilya’s eyebrows, an underlining tension that has nothing to do with his need for release.

“Like this?” Shane murmurs. *Is this enough?*

Ilya shakes his head, making a frustrated sound. He’s still stuck inside his own mind and needs help to be taken out of it completely.

Shane releases both of them, peeling off Ilya’s grasping hands and standing. “Lie back against the headboard,” he says, removing his shorts and underwear.

Shane isn’t usually the one giving instructions, but Ilya is quick to obey, shoving his clothes the rest of the way off and moving backwards until he’s settled against it, already reaching

out a hand for him. It's like there's an invisible string connecting them, pulling taut on Ilya's chest when Shane is too far away.

"Shane," Ilya rasps. The tips of his fingers are trembling.

Shane crawls across the bed until he's hovering over Ilya's torso. He lets Ilya's hand make contact with his shoulder as an anchor point, but doesn't let himself be pulled down into Ilya's embrace. He drops a slow kiss to Ilya's neck, to his collarbone, then begins a downward journey, kissing and nipping down his chest to his abdomen, close to where Ilya is hard and aching.

He buries his nose into the trail of hair below Ilya's bellybutton, mouthing at the taut skin, then licks a wide stripe up Ilya's cock. Fingers clench in Shane's hair as Ilya makes a low noise. Shane pins his hips to the bed and effortlessly swallows him down, pulling up only enough to tongue at Ilya's slit, then hollows his cheeks as he begins to suck, letting his mouth bob up and down along Ilya's entire length.

Shane is good at sucking cock; he knows it, he's practiced it, he's perfected the technique. He knows exactly how to make Ilya fall apart. Shane's own cock is trapped between his body and the mattress but he ignores it, concentrates on sucking harder, on the steady drag of Ilya's cock against the tight channel of his throat.

Ilya swears above him, watching him with a mouth dropped open. He moans "Shane—" then cuts himself off, clamping down on his next words. At this point Ilya would normally be talking, telling Shane how well he takes it, telling him how much Shane must love this, even holding Shane still and fucking his face.

Ilya's thighs are trembling, Shane can feel it beneath his hands, from the strain of holding himself back. There's something simmering beneath the surface that he doesn't want to unleash, as if afraid he'll go too far. He's restless, hands running over Shane's hair and shoulders, trying not to fuck up into his mouth. "Shane," he pleads, "*Shane.*"

Shane hears what goes unspoken: *more*.

At this moment, Shane would give him anything. Ilya needs to lose himself, and Shane is more than willing to oblige. Shane would lie across broken ice if it meant Ilya could safely reach the other side.

Shane lets him slip from his mouth and moves up into Ilya's embrace, straddling him, kissing him and feeling Ilya's shudder of relief as Ilya's arms tighten around him once more.

"Do you have—?"

Ilya nods frantically. "Drawer, drawer—"

Shane reaches across as far as Ilya will allow him to go and pulls it open, grabbing the bottle of lube. He slicks up Ilya's cock and his own fingers, lifting up only enough to reach back and press slick fingers to his hole. Shane's eyelashes flutter, body going languid like it always

does when he's touched here. He makes a soft sound as he slips one finger in as deep as he can reach.

Ilya's eyes are dark, never moving from Shane's face. He seems frustrated that he can't watch Shane's fingers, but isn't willing to let go of Shane to allow him to turn around. He reaches for Shane's cock and begins jerking the slick head between his fingers. A whine punches from Shane's throat at the twin sensations, catching himself on Ilya's chest with his spare hand, wet noises loud in the silence. He fucks another finger in alongside the first, feels the stretch radiate up his back.

Shane can't reach deep enough from this angle. Ilya doesn't take his eyes off him as he reaches around and grabs Shane's wrist, shoving Shane's fingers deeper into his body. Shane's entire body goes hot, his fingers brushing his prostate, cock jerking. The muscles in his wrist ache, twisted up at the wrong angle, but Ilya is fucking him with Shane's own fingers and Shane feels like he's going to shake out of his own skin.

"Fuck," Shane moans, high and desperate, "fuck, fuck, *Ilya*—"

Shane is in danger of coming just from this and that isn't what he wants. He tugs his fingers free and reaches back for Ilya's cock, lifting up until the head is nestled against his slick hole.

Ilya stiffens, fingers squeezing around Shane's wrist. "Shane," he warns.

Shane knows that they would normally do more prep than this, but Shane also knows he doesn't need it, not right now, not when he's desperate to wipe the hurt from Ilya's face. Even as consumed by his pain as he is, Ilya is still only worried about Shane, and that only makes Shane want him more.

By this point, Shane knows exactly how to relax his body to let Ilya in. It's an intrusion, but a welcome one, the thick head pushing against tight resistance until Shane's hole eventually gives. Shane falls forward, moaning softly at the stretch, his forehead pressed to Ilya's. Ilya's mouth is dropped open, wide-eyed as Shane sinks effortlessly all the way down to the root of his cock.

"Shane," Ilya says, voice strained, "you're so tight. Are you—?"

"I'm fine," Shane pants, "I'm good, I'm so good."

Shane is so fucking full. He can feel every inch of Ilya, his hole stretched tight around him like he's half a size too small, the length of him buried up to his navel. Ilya is shaking below him, overwhelmed. His pupils are blown, edged with that frantic desire, hands squeezing at Shane's waist.

Shane raises himself up, head falling back, feeling the drag of Ilya's cock inside of him, then drops back down. Shane moans, letting the ache of being filled echo through his entire body. The movements get easier as he adjusts, his hole softening, thighs clenching as he begins to fuck himself back on Ilya's cock.

Ilya is watching him with that same desperate reverence, his hands sliding around to grab hold of Shane's ass, fingernails digging ten perfect crescent-shaped marks into Shane's skin. He's breathing heavily, moaning low in his throat on every other thrust. Shane swallows up his next noise in a messy kiss, letting Ilya's hands guide his movements, feeling Ilya's hips grind up into him in a perfect, synchronous rhythm as he fucks back.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya breathes, his head dropping back, eyes heavy-lidded.

Shane rides him faster, harder, beginning to pant into Ilya's neck. Ilya's cock grinds against his prostate on every other thrust. He removes both of Ilya's hands from his body and interlaces their fingers, pressing them down to the pillows either side of Ilya's head.

Ilya's eyes go wide in panic. "No," he says frantically, "no, let me touch you, let me—"

Shane lets go and Ilya's arms fly up and around him instantly, pulling him closer. Shane stops moving to look at him, cupping his face to tilt his head up, asking without words for Ilya to look him in the eyes.

"I'm sorry," Ilya says thickly, "I'm sorry, I need to—"

Shane knows what he needs—the closeness and reassurance of physical touch, of Shane's warm body against his. They're already pressed chest-to-chest, skin against skin, with Ilya buried as deep as he can go, but Ilya needs something more.

"Shhh," Shane kisses his temple, "hey, it's okay, I'm here. I'm not going anywhere. You can have whatever you need."

Ilya's face twists. He uses one hand against the headboard to slide them both down the bed until Ilya's back is flat against the mattress, with Shane held securely against his chest. He braces his feet flat on the bed, knees apart, changing the angle so that he's buried even deeper. Shane makes a punched-out noise against Ilya's mouth, his leaking cock rubbing against Ilya's abdomen where it's trapped between them.

Ilya begins to fuck his cock up into him, Shane's hole clutching at him on every stroke out, hitting deep and hard and perfect as Shane makes a needy noise into Ilya's mouth. Ilya's hips slap into Shane's ass, the sound of skin-on-skin punctuated only by their own low moans, the scent of sex and sweat thick in the air.

Ilya fucks him just like that, held firm against his front, burying himself inside Shane's body over and over with a growing intensity that borders on frenzied. Every nerve in Shane's body is alight, sensitised, his thoughts blurring as Ilya's cock hits him just right. Shane manages to lift his head enough to glance at Ilya's face.

Ilya's expression is wild, desperate, brow furrowed as if he's about to come. Shane can feel him holding back, prioritising Shane's pleasure like he always does, wanting him to be the first to come. That isn't important to Shane right now.

"Ilya, you can let go," Shane says shakily. "It's okay, I can take it. You can use me."

“Shane,” Ilya chokes out, half sob and half relief.

Ilya’s hand clamps to the back of his neck, the other arm squeezing around his back, holding Shane still as he mindlessly chases his own pleasure, hips slamming up into him with unbearable force, *using* him, losing himself in the tight clutch of Shane’s hole.

Shane is whining open-mouthed into Ilya’s neck, his body rattling with the force of Ilya’s thrusts, unable to do anything but brace a hand against the headboard and hope he doesn’t break apart. Every time Ilya slams inside his body lights up, cock leaking pre-come where it’s trapped between their bodies.

“Say it again,” Ilya begs.

“Ilya,” Shane moans, “Ilya, Ilya—”

The noise that wrenches from Ilya’s throat as he comes sounds like he’s been broken open. He empties himself inside Shane, thick and hot, shaking and shaking, fucking him through his entire orgasm. It’s a long time before Ilya stops moving, his arms loosening but not letting go, burying his head in Shane’s neck. His breathing begins to slow, puffing gently against Shane’s skin.

Shane presses a tender kiss to the side of his head. “Are you okay?”

Ilya nods into his neck. Words seem hard for him right now. Shane just holds him, lets him exist in the safety of his arms, not pushing for anything. Ilya makes a tiny noise of loss when his softening cock slips free from Shane’s body, but otherwise he doesn’t speak.

When Ilya finally shifts to look up at him, his pupils are huge, filled with something too big for his body. He glances down at Shane’s flushed cock.

“It’s okay,” Shane tells him, “you don’t have to—”

Ilya flips him onto his back and sucks his cock into his mouth, all the way down to the root, until his nose is pressed into Shane’s abdomen. Shane whines, hands twisting in the ruined bedsheets. Ilya pulls almost all the way off, licking greedily at his slit, then hollows his cheeks and sucks Shane down like he’s possessed, bobbing his head, letting Shane’s cock fuck his throat.

“Ilya,” Shane gasps, hands scrabbling at his shoulders, “Ilya, oh my god.”

Ilya pins Shane’s thighs against his chest with one arm, shoving two fingers into where Shane is fucked open. Shane clenches down with a broken noise as Ilya fucks his come back into him, the heel of his hand impacting against Shane’s skin with an obscene noise.

Ilya’s mouth is so hot, his fingers so deep, curling upwards into his prostate with devastating accuracy. Shane struggles to catch his breath; a rush of heat coiling beneath his abdomen, his orgasm rushing up so quickly that it blindsides him, pulled instantly from his body. He comes in pulsing waves down Ilya’s throat and Ilya takes it all, swallowing around him, until Shane is gasping at the oversensitivity.

Ilya pulls off but doesn't move away. He opens his mouth against the skin of Shane's inner thigh, right beside his groin, and then goes still. His body is coiled tight—waiting, silent. Shane can feel the faint outline of his teeth in the sensitive crease.

Shane threads his fingers into the back of Ilya's hair and says, "Yes."

Ilya bites down. He sucks the skin with deep pulls until a bruise blooms deep purple, blood pooling at the surface in the shape of Ilya's mouth. Shane shivers, feeling like he's been claimed.

They've never done this before, never risked any marks that could accidentally reveal their secret, but Shane doesn't care. Ilya needs this—they both do. Shane wants to be able to press his finger to the bruise and feel the echo of Ilya's mouth even when they're apart, knowing that this means something more to Ilya too, even if he can't say it.

When Ilya finally lets go, his shoulders slump like his strings have been cut. He melts into Shane's waiting arms, burrowing his head against Shane's chest. Shane runs his hands through Ilya's hair, scratching soothingly at his scalp, chest aching with a familiar sense of protectiveness. All the wild tension Ilya was carrying has dissipated, leaving behind languid muscles and a calm silence.

Shane pretends, for a moment, that he doesn't have to leave. He pretends they aren't high profile hockey players, stealing secret moments in the dark. He pretends that he could let the warmth of Ilya's affection shine on him in the daylight.

Ilya props his chin on Shane's chest. His eyes are steady and warm, like a summer afternoon. "I wish you could stay."

Shane cups Ilya's face. "Me too," he replies, thumb brushing gently against Ilya's cheekbone.

If Shane could keep Ilya inside their own little bubble, away from the misery of the world, he would do it in a heartbeat. He would stop time itself to stay here with Ilya. But Shane doesn't have that power, and morning will still arrive regardless.

For now, Shane gently cradles the sun in his palm, and pretends.

End Notes

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