

Russian Science Wins

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Russian Science Wins

by [ThePromptWasntThisLong \(shredded_potato\)](#)

Summary

“Russians don’t blush, starshine.”

“And guys don’t squirt, Ilya.”

A snowboarding trip turns into a filthy, intimate challenge when Ilya decides to prove a point—repeatedly—in the most overwhelming ways possible.

Notes

Content Warning: Explicit Content. Read the tags.

The blizzard that smothered the city rolled in like a grudge, thick-bellied clouds dumping so much snow on Burlington that the league called off the Bears-Voyageurs game before the teams even finished morning skate. By noon, the arena sat dead quiet, the boards sweating under tarps, and the parking lots churned into muddy slush. The cancellation should have left the players sulking in hotels, scrolling TikTok until dinner. Instead, it left a certain blonde Russian pacing the suite's floor like a snow leopard, restless in soft socks and a hoodie, plotting.

Shane sat curled on the cream-colored sofa with a practice beanie perched lopsided on his head, scrolling through weather updates, half-listening to Ilya promise, for the fourth time that day, that it was impossible for Russians to get stir-crazy. "We are born in ice," he'd joked during breakfast, making a crack about polar bears and vodka. He'd come back to the joke after lunch, when the team group chat buzzed with men buying out mini bars.

They'd spent the late morning tangled under duvet, wallowing in the unexpected off day until hunger and guilt drove them to shower reluctantly. They'd shared a plate of pasta, Shane complaining that snow days used to feel magical and now just fucked his game-day routines. Ilya had been fine with the excuse to keep Shane all to himself. Except he hated the idea of wasting it inside. He needed wind. He needed movement.

"You look like you'll explode," Shane murmured now, eyeing him over the top of his phone. "Just embrace the day off. Rest is good for recovery."

"Rest is for old men," Ilya grunted, though his eyes were already soft, tracking the angle of Shane's mouth, the pink curve of his cheek. He padded over and draped himself over the sofa until he could nose at Shane's jaw. "Come with me."

"Where?" Shane didn't look away from the screen, though his lips ghosted a smile. "We're snowed in. Half the roads are shut down. The league sent an email telling everyone not to leave the hotel unless it's for food."

"Ignore email," Ilya said, nipping gently at the corner of Shane's mouth. "I talked to concierge. There is resort twenty-five minutes up the mountain. They stay open for tourists with too much money. There is private shuttle. We go snowboarding."

Shane blinked, phone drooping. "We what?"

Ilya grinned, showing off the flash of bright white teeth that had graced too many Sports Illustrated covers. "I booked us boards and suits. There is private slope. No fans. No cameras." He leaned closer, lowering his voice. "Only you, me, and snow. You like snow."

"I like snow in December when it's romantic and nostalgic and I'm not a professional athlete with a game tomorrow."

"There is no game tomorrow either," Ilya reminded gently. "Rescheduled. You saw the email."

Shane gave him his best unimpressed look. “Ilya. You cannot just decide—”

“I can,” Ilya said, quick and sure, the way he spoke when he was absolutely certain he would get his way. “And I did. The shuttle leaves in forty minutes.”

Shane stared at him, biting the inside of his cheek. He loved snowboarding. Loved mountains. Loved days where the world was quiet and buried and his lungs burned with cold clean air. He didn’t love the idea of abandoning the team’s warnings or being recognized mid-mountain by some overexcited winter tourist who’d sell the story for likes.

But Ilya’s eyes glowed, that feral dark gold that said he’d already decided and wanted to share it. He rarely asked for things that weren’t dates or sex or goals. He wanted the whole afternoon to be theirs. Shane always pretended to put up a fight, because if he gave in too fast, Ilya would smirk. He also lived for making Ilya smirk.

“We’re taking a shuttle to a private ski resort in the middle of a blizzard.”

“Yes.”

“You rented snowboards already.”

“Yes.”

“And we’re ignoring the league’s email.”

“Absolutely.”

“And this is safe because...?”

“Because Ilya Rosanov decided,” Ilya said, deadpan, then cracked a grin. “Also, they have heated gondola lifts and private runs. Concierge said there will be no people there because Americans are scared.”

Shane tried not to laugh. He failed. “You’re impossible.”

“But you love,” Ilya replied, and that simple truth always hit Shane straight in the chest. He sighed, shut off his phone, and rose.

“Fine. You win. Let’s go play in your natural habitat.”

“I knew you would see reason,” Ilya said. He kissed Shane’s forehead before the smaller man could dodge it. “Twenty minutes. Wear soft layers. Bring gloves.”

Shane rolled his eyes, but he smiled the whole time he zipped up his base layers, pulled on fleece leggings, and tucked hand warmers into his pockets. They threw their boards and bags into the van, bundled in Canada Goose, and let the shuttle driver creep them up the mountain while snowflakes swarmed the windshield like frantic white insects.

The resort felt like stepping into a painting. Pines bent under thick icing, the air sculpted by wind. The mountain lines were clean and etched, empty trails scored with only a few fat cuts.

The front desk staff greeted them by name like they'd expected them for weeks. Ilya flirted with the spa concierge just to hear the man laugh and call him trouble. Shane squeezed the back of Ilya's neck in silent warning, both to behave and because he loved how warm that skin always felt.

They strapped on boards. Ilya cut downhill like a wolf, carving edges into the untouched powder, hollering back at Shane to keep up. Shane did, cheeks aching from grinning, body zinging with adrenaline. It felt like skating an empty rink, like a world made just for them. They hit the same run three times without meeting a single other human being. The only sound was their laughter, the scrape of board edges, the occasional distant boom of avalanche control.

They finally decided to break and hit the heated lodge for spiked cocoa. Ilya had a knack for charming bartenders into pouring triple servings. He took one sip, declared it weak, and remedied the issue with a generous slug from the flask he'd brought in his boot.

"Ilya, it's one in the afternoon."

"It's vacation day," he said. "Drink."

Shane rolled his eyes, but he drank. The cocoa coated his tongue, warming him along with the whiskey burn. He peeled off his gloves and flexed his fingers in the heat, catching Ilya watching him with open hunger. The look tugged a thread that ran right down Shane's spine.

"What?" Shane asked, though his voice was already softer than it had been ten seconds ago.

"You look like you came out of snow globe," Ilya said, shifting closer on the barstool. "Pink face, little nose running."

"All the things players find attractive," Shane deadpanned, wiping his nose self-consciously. "You trying to neg me in a ski lodge now?"

"No." Ilya's hand slid onto Shane's thigh under the bar. "Trying to take my pretty boy to the top of the mountain and ruin him."

Shane swallowed. "Oh."

"You never let me fuck you outside before," Ilya murmured. "I want you bent over in snow."

Shane ignored the flush climbing his neck. "That sounds cold."

"I will keep you warm. I made you very warm last night in bed."

Shane kept his tone even. "Bed and snowbank are two very different scenarios."

"You always say you love adventure."

"Ilya."

“Ilya,” he mimicked with a soft grin. “You always work yourself to death. On ice, in gym, even in bed, you need to control. On mountain, the slope controls you. The wind. You let go.”

“You’re romanticizing frostbite and frost dick.”

“Only your mouth could make those words sound adorable.”

Shane thumped the back of his knuckles against Ilya’s thigh, though his blush turned deeper. “We are not having sex on a mountain top.”

“Fine,” Ilya sighed dramatically. “But we will do something. I can’t be this close to you in this much snow and not break rules. Does that make sense?”

Shane chewed on his bottom lip. Ilya’s rude honesty always lit him up, made him want to hand over whatever denial he was clinging to. Ilya never asked for permission in polite phrases; he demanded with his eyes, challenged with his grin. Shane took another gulp of cocoa, letting the liquor extend his already fuzzy warmth.

“Maybe we get creative,” he conceded in a whisper. “But not at the top. Too cold.”

“We see,” Ilya said, eyes glittering. “Finish drink. Gondola is waiting.”

They suited up again, tugging on helmets and goggles. Their breath turned to mist in the crisp air. Ilya insisted they take the longer run that required the high gondola—the enclosed glass cars that looked like futuristic pods, dangling absurdly high above the slopes. The resort staff helped them load in their boards and shut the door with a thunk, leaving an insulated bubble just big enough for two overgrown hockey stars and their winter gear.

The gondola jerked, then glided upward. The motion was smooth, almost silent. Outside, the storm softened the world into a white blur; the heavy snowfall turned the window into smeared glass, but the view below was still breathtaking. Shane pressed a palm to the glass, watching the distant lodge roof disappear beneath them.

“Okay,” he said quietly. “This is gorgeous.”

“I told you,” Ilya crowed.

Shane took a seat on the padded bench, the board wedged between his legs. Ilya stood, bracing one gloved hand on the overhead rail, the other on Shane’s shoulder, swaying slightly with the gondola’s subtle sway. The enclosed space magnified his presence, filled it with his scent, his heat. The waves of brash confidence he carried everywhere seemed louder in the tiny capsule.

“You good?” Ilya asked, voice low.

Shane nodded, eyes roaming the curves of Ilya’s shoulders under the thick jacket. “Yeah. Just...trying not to think about the fact that we’re suspended hundreds of feet over death, but otherwise, fantastic.”

“Dramatic,” Ilya smirked. He looked him over slowly, eyes taking in Shane’s rosy cheeks, the pink mouth slightly chapped, the flecks of snow melting in his locks. The look made Shane flex his fingers. He knew that way Ilya watched him—hungry, greedy, possessive and tender at once—and it always short-circuited his brain.

“What’s with the stare?” Shane asked, trying for lightness.

“You blush so easily,” Ilya said, leaning in until they were close enough to feel each other’s breath even through scarves. “You know Russians don’t blush, starshine.”

Shane’s mouth twitched. “That’s bullshit. I’ve seen you blush.”

“Never,” Ilya replied confidently. “We are immune. It would make our enemies know when we feel things. Russians don’t blush.”

Shane tipped his head, ready to argue. “Sure, and men don’t cry either, right? Toxic masculinity calling.” He lifted his chin, defiant even as the closeness sent sparks down to his stomach. “Besides, Russians might not blush, but Canadians definitely do.”

“You blush because you are Canadian? Interesting. I thought it was just because you are sweet, pretty boy.”

Shane glowered. “Oh, fuck you.”

Ilya chuckled, the sound low and warm. He slid his gloved hand along Shane’s jaw, thumb stroking a wind-burned cheekbone. “I love when you swear at me and your ears turn red. Makes me want to bite.”

“You can keep wanting,” Shane said, though there was no heat behind it. The heat instead settled somewhere between his ribs. The gondola rocked gently, swaying as the cables hummed. The world outside blurred to nothing, wrapped in snow. They were cocooned in muted white, in humming silence. It felt intimate in a way that made Shane’s skin tight and his stomach tremble.

Ilya leaned closer until his forehead pressed to Shane’s helmet. “Why are you breathing faster?”

“I’m not.”

“You are.”

“Maybe because you’re crowding me in a glass box a hundred feet in the air.”

“You like when I crowd you,” Ilya whispered. “You always lean into my hands. You want me to hold you in place.”

Shane set his jaw, refusing to give him the satisfaction, though his thighs squeezed around the board. “Don’t analyze me.”

Ilya's mouth brushed his ear, even through the helmet strap. "I analyze how to make you feel good. That is my job."

"Oh?" Shane countered, trying for dry sarcasm, but the words came out a little breathy. "I didn't realize that was part of your contract."

"I added it. Special clause." Ilya's amusement warmed his voice. Then he slid one gloved hand down, down, to curl between Shane's legs, pushing the fabric of the snow pants just enough to make Shane jolt.

"Ilya." Shane clamped his knees tighter. "We are not— There are cameras in these things."

"Only on outside." Ilya's lips grazed his temple. "Inside is safe. Heated. Private. Perfect place to kiss my boyfriend."

"That's a different conversation," Shane muttered, though he didn't move away when Ilya cupped his face and kissed him. The kiss was slow, coaxing, tasting of cocoa and whiskey. Ilya licked the seam of Shane's lips until they parted, until he could slide his tongue inside and swallow the little noise Shane made.

The gondola floated higher. The gentle rocking made Ilya's rhythm slow, languid, like they were kissing underwater. Shane gripped his coat, pulling him closer. Their teeth clicked once, helmets scraping, but neither pulled away. The air grew thicker; the windows steamed slightly with their breaths. Shane heard his own pulse in his ears, fast and pounding.

Ilya broke the kiss only to mouth at his jaw, leaving hot trails on the cold pink skin. "Fuck, you taste like winter and sugar."

"You're a menace," Shane breathed, fingers digging into the padded jacket.

"You love it."

"Doesn't mean you're not a menace."

Ilya nipped his ear gently, making Shane shiver. "You keep saying no, and your body keeps saying touch me more."

Shane opened his mouth to argue, but Ilya slid his hand lower, pressing his palm over Shane's crotch through the snow pants. Shane inhaled sharply, eyes widening.

"See?" Ilya murmured. "You're already hard."

Shane's cheeks burned hotter. "That's because you're—"

"Because I'm what?" Ilya's voice was silk over steel. "Because I keep telling you how stunning you are when you tremble? Because I keep reminding you that your body belongs to me whenever we're alone? Or because you've been sitting on this gondola thinking about fucking since we saw it in the lobby?"

Shane gritted his teeth, refusing to admit how accurate that last part was. The gondola rocked gently, the mountain slipping away beneath them. The sensation of floating for miles in an enclosed space made Shane feel drunk, unmoored. It gave every touch a dreamlike intensity. Ilya's fingers found the edge of his coat and slid underneath, traveling up his stomach, skimming the tight base layer, then down again, teasing the waistband of his thermal leggings. Shane's breath hitched.

"Ilya, there's a camera, a control room, staff—"

"Let them watch," Ilya murmured. "Let them try to figure out how to stop me. They won't. They can't pull gondola off cable in storm. We're floating higher every second. No one can touch us."

Shane swallowed hard, throat bobbing. "You are insane."

"I am obsessed with you." Ilya's teeth grazed the shell of his ear. "You are sitting here in tight pants with those thighs, biting your lip, and you think I won't be on my knees?"

Shane's heart punched faster. "We aren't even at the top yet."

"Exactly." Ilya slid down, kneeling on the gondola floor, between Shane's boots. He gripped Shane's hips, pushing him back against the bench until he had him pinned. "This is perfect. We have...seven minutes? Maybe ten? Whole ride to the top, I touch you...make you lose your mind...then we snowboard while you try to pretend you aren't shaking."

Shane's breath stuttered. "Ilya, we can't—"

"We can," Ilya said, voice low and certain. "You trust me?"

"Yes," Shane whispered. "But this—"

"Then let me," Ilya said. "Let me show you something new."

He unhooked Shane's board, propping it against the wall. Then he slid gloved hands up under the layers again, touching bare skin where he could find it. Shane whispered a protest, eyes darting to the frosted windows. The resort had probably installed cameras outside each gondola, but inside...inside was their little bubble. The glass fogged at their level, hiding their shapes. The low hum of the hydraulic system sounded like a lullaby. The ceiling lights cast a soft gold glow, flickering with each sway.

Ilya pulled off his gloves, stuffing them into his pocket. His hands were warm despite the air, calloused palms brushing up Shane's thighs. He found the buckle of the snow pants, tugged gently. Shane's stomach clenched.

"Wait, wait—"

"Shane," Ilya murmured, voice turning silkier. "You don't like being told what to do unless you really need someone to tell you exactly what to do. So I am telling you."

Shane bit his lip hard.

“Lift your hips.”

He hesitated, then obeyed. Ilya made quick work of the snow pants, sliding the zipper down, shoving them to mid-thigh. The thermal leggings clung to Shane’s legs, outlining every contour. Ilya licked his lips, eyes flicking up to meet Shane’s.

“Fuck, look at you,” he breathed. “So pretty it hurts. I want to eat you up.”

Shane swallowed hard, his own eyes wide and dark. “You’re ridiculous.”

“I’m serious.”

Ilya’s thumb traced the shape beneath the clingy fabric, coaxing a ripple through Shane’s whole body. Outside, wind sang over steel cables. Inside, breath fogged the tinted glass, the air thick with pine scent and faint grease. Shane gripped the bench, knuckles white. He told himself to push Ilya off, to demand they wait. He didn’t move. The heat pooling low in his belly made arguing feel like swimming upstream.

“You’re trembling,” Ilya whispered, voice curling around Shane’s spine.

“It’s cold,” Shane muttered. The lie melted as soon as Ilya curled fingers around the outline of his cock, squeezing gently. Shane gasped, head tipping back against the wall.

“Your body tells on you all the time,” Ilya murmured. “Think of how red you get when you laugh. How your thighs shake when I edge you. How your hips jerk when you cum.”

Shane sucked a breath in, chest rising fast. “We’re in a gondola.”

“Yes,” Ilya agreed easily. “And we are having an argument.”

“What?”

Ilya kissed the underside of his chin. “On the ride up earlier, in the lodge? Remember? We talked about blushing. About crying. Then I mentioned squirting.”

Shane blinked, mind catching up through arousal fog. “That wasn’t... Ilya, that was—”

“You said guys don’t squirt.” Ilya dragged his knuckles along Shane’s shaft, slow as a tease. “Remember? You laughed.”

Shane flushed at the memory. He’d teased Ilya at the bar, half-joking, half-curious. They’d watched clips of porn a few nights earlier, sprawled on Ilya’s bed, laughing over the cheesy music until Ilya paused to watch a guy’s orgasm with rapt attention.

“See?” Ilya had said. “He squirts.”

“He doesn’t,” Shane had countered. “That’s just... cum. Editing. There’s no such thing as male squirting.”

“Starshine,” Ilya had murmured. “You keep telling me there are limits. Let me show you there aren’t.”

Shane had rolled his eyes, deflecting with “Yeah, sure. Make me a geyser.” He hadn’t expected the conversation to resurface on a gondola in the middle of a blizzard.

“Ilya,” he said now, voice rough. “You’re really going to try to—”

“Yes,” Ilya said. “You said guys don’t squirt. I will prove you wrong.”

“That’s not how this works.”

“It is exactly how it works,” Ilya said, tone suddenly firm. He tugged the waistband of Shane’s leggings down, revealing pale skin goosebumped from cold and arousal. “You say silly thing, I correct you.”

Shane exhaled shakily. The gondola rocked. Ilya’s thumb slid over the head of his dick through the thin fabric, picking up the pre-come seeping dark. “Oh fuck,” Shane groaned.

“Keep watching,” Ilya said. He worked Shane’s cock out of the leggings, letting it spring free into the warm air. It flushed pretty pink, tip shining. Shane hissed softly at the exposure, glancing toward the door. Snow smudged the outside like frosted glass, hiding everything beyond. Still, the risk made his pulse race.

“Ilya—”

“Look at you,” Ilya said reverently. “You’re perfect. You’re trembling and already leaking and we’ve barely started.”

“I’m not—” Shane bit back a moan when Ilya wrapped his hand around the base and squeezed. Heat flared between his thighs. His breathing turned ragged. “Slow down.”

“Why?”

“Because I’ll—” He cut off, choking on a groan as Ilya pumped him slowly, base to tip, twisting just enough to make his stomach swoop. “I’ll finish too fast, Jesus.”

“Exactly,” Ilya whispered, kissing the inside of Shane’s thigh. “I am going to make you cum over and over until your body doesn’t know what to do. Then you will squirt for me.”

Shane tried to scoff. The sound dissolved into a breathy whine when Ilya’s tongue slid along the underside of his cock, hot and slick. The gondola climbed, cables humming. Snow battered the roof. Shane’s world narrowed to Ilya’s mouth.

“Fuck, Ilya,” he gasped, fingers threading into Ilya’s hair. “Please, you— oh, fuck.”

Shane’s head hit the wall with a dull thud. He forced his eyes open, watching Ilya kneel between his spread thighs, broad shoulders filling the space. Ilya’s cheeks were flushed with more than cold now, lips coated with Shane’s slick. He looked up, eyes blazing.

“Let me hear you,” he murmured before swallowing Shane down to the base. Shane’s spine arched. “Fuck—!” He clutched Ilya’s hair, hips jerking. The gondola creaked, swaying. Shane felt the risk in every nerve. Someone could look up and see shadows moving inside. Someone could radio the top and send staff waiting at the landing. Someone could—

“Focus,” Ilya said between sucks. “Stay with me.”

Shane tried. He couldn’t contain the noises, soft high moans spilling. “Ilya, oh my god.”

“Mmmm.” Ilya hummed, the vibration making Shane shatter. He came with a sharp cry, thighs quivering, cum spilling over Ilya’s tongue. The world blurred. The gondola continued its slow flight upward, indifferent to Shane’s collapse. Ilya swallowed everything, licking him clean before pulling back.

Shane slumped, panting, sweat beading despite the cold. He reached down blindly, fingers finding Ilya’s jaw. “You’re fucking insane.”

“Maybe,” Ilya said with a crooked grin. “Did you hear yourself?”

Shane groaned. “Shut up.”

“You came already. And we aren’t even halfway done.”

“I can’t,” Shane muttered.

“You can.” Ilya slid fingers lower, cupping Shane’s balls gently. “You always say you can’t, and then you do.”

“I’m sensitive,” Shane panted.

“Exactly,” Ilya murmured. “I want you oversensitive. I want you squirming, begging, squirting down your thighs.”

Shane’s cheeks flamed. “Ilya—”

“Shhh,” Ilya soothed, kissing his knee. He reached behind Shane, tugging gently until he slid forward on the bench. Then he lifted Shane’s legs, setting his boots on the opposite seat, spreading him wide. Shane yelped, hands flying to the bench for balance.

“What are you—?”

“Relax,” Ilya said in that tone that brooked no argument. He pressed a finger to Shane’s mouth, eyes dark. “Breathe.”

Shane forced a breath in, deep and slow. His cock twitched, already half-hard again, the head rosy. Ilya spread his thighs, pulling the leggings down to mid-thigh with both hands, exposing more skin to the warm interior. Then he stroked his fingers up Shane’s inner thigh, toward his perineum. Shane stiffened.

“Ilya.”

“Do you trust me?” Ilya asked softly.

Shane’s throat bobbed. “Yes, but—”

“Then let go,” Ilya murmured. “We are floating. No one can get in. The only thing that matters is your body and my hands.”

Shane shut his eyes. He tried to sink into the gondola bench, to surrender. Ilya slid a finger between his cheeks, pressing lightly against his hole through the thin thermal fabric. The sensation sent a shock through Shane’s body. He sucked in air between clenched teeth.

“Fuck.”

“That’s it,” Ilya coaxed. “You sound gorgeous.”

Shane’s eyes flew open. “We— there’s no lube, nothing.”

Ilya grinned wolfishly. “I planned ahead.” He fished in his jacket pocket, pulling out a small travel bottle. “Never underestimate me.”

Shane gaped. “You brought lube snowboarding.”

“Of course.” Ilya uncapped it with his teeth, the motion obscene. He slicked his fingers, shaking his hand to warm the gel before pressing his finger back against Shane’s hole. “Lift your hips.”

“God,” Shane whispered, doing as told. He scooted forward more, back pressing to the bench wall, legs draped over the opposite seat. His entire body felt vulnerable, exposed, lit up. Ilya slid his finger under the waistband of the leggings and directly against Shane’s bare skin. The first press made Shane gasp, toes curling in his boots. The heat of Ilya’s finger contrasted with the cool air, making every nerve leap.

“Relax,” Ilya repeated softly. “Let me in.”

Shane exhaled slowly. Ilya pressed, the slick finger stretching him. “Ah—”

“There,” Ilya murmured once the finger breached, sliding in to the knuckle. “You’re so tight. Your body always welcomes me back like it’s starving.”

Shane whimpered. “Ilya... fuck.”

“You hear yourself?” Ilya said, smirking. “Listen to those little mewling sounds.”

“I can’t—” Shane’s protest broke off in a whine. Ilya curled his finger, brushing that spot that made Shane see white. His hips jerked involuntarily. “Nghhhh.”

“Let go,” Ilya coaxed. “I wanna hear you.”

Shane tried to keep his breathing even, tried to fight the overwhelming flush creeping over his skin. But Ilya crooked his finger again, stroking with ruthless precision. Shane moaned

loud enough to echo. “Nghhh, Il— please.”

“That’s it,” Ilya said. He worked Shane open, sliding in a second finger. Shane bit his lip so hard it hurt. The stretch burned, then melted into something hot and slick. His toes curled. His cock bobbed, already hard again despite the orgasm minutes earlier.

“You feel me?” Ilya asked. “Tell me.”

Shane swallowed, eyes glassy. “I feel you.”

“Tell me what you feel.”

“I...I feel so full. Fuck, Ilya, you’re—” He gasped when Ilya scissored his fingers, hitting his prostate again. “Oh god.”

“Tell me you’re mine,” Ilya demanded softly.

“I’m yours,” Shane whispered immediately, instinct bypassing thought. “Always.”

Ilya’s eyes flashed. “Good boy.”

Shane whimpered at the praise, his entire body lighting up. “Don’t— mmn—”

“You love when I praise you,” Ilya said, voice turning silk-soft. “You pretend you don’t, but every time I call you good, you get wetter.”

“I can’t— there’s no—” Shane choked on words as Ilya dragged his fingers in and out steadily. Slick sounds filled the gondola. The rhythm made Shane’s thighs shake.

“Look how much you’re dripping,” Ilya murmured. “Your cock is crying.”

Shane glanced down, moaning at the gleam slicking his shaft. “Fuck.”

Ilya leaned in, licking a stripe up the length. Shane almost sobbed. “Ilya— nnn— please.”

“Let me see how many times I can make you cum before we reach the top,” Ilya said. “Then we fuck in the snow, and then—”

“We are not—”

“Shhh,” Ilya soothed, curling his fingers deep. Shane cried out, a high, helpless sound. His thighs trembled violently. The world narrowed to the push and pull of Ilya’s fingers and tongue. Ilya swallowed his cock again, humming around him while fingering him relentlessly. Shane’s hands shook. He clung to Ilya’s hair, pleading messily.

“Ilya, Ilya, I’m— oh fuck—!”

“Give it to me,” Ilya growled. “Cum again. Paint my tongue.”

Shane shattered. “Ahhh—!” His body bowed, lungs burning, cum spilling over Ilya’s tongue, throbbing hard enough to hurt. He came longer this time, wrung out by the relentless

stimulation, the intensity magnified by the confined space. Ilya swallowed everything again, then eased his fingers out, keeping his hand pressed to Shane's thigh.

Shane collapsed, trembling. He could barely see. Every muscle quivered. He was half naked, legs spread wide in a gondola skimming above a mountain during a blizzard, and his boyfriend knelt between his thighs studying him like an art piece. He should have been mortified. He felt floaty, drunk on endorphins.

"Look at me," Ilya murmured, voice thick. Shane forced his eyes open. Ilya's pupils were blown, cheeks pink, lips swollen. "You look ruined."

Shane gave a breathless laugh. "I am ruined."

"Not yet," Ilya said. "I'm just getting started."

"Ilya," Shane said weakly. "We have to stop. We're almost at the top."

"We have time," Ilya said, glancing at the panel. "Two more minutes."

"That's not— I can't take more."

"Yes, you can," Ilya murmured. "I haven't even made you squirt."

"Because guys don't—" Shane stopped, breath snagging when Ilya's fingers slid back to his hole. "No, Ilya. For real, I can't. I'm too sensitive."

"That's the point," Ilya said, eyes shining. "You're perfect when you can't take it."

"I'll scream or... or break something." Shane tried to close his legs. Ilya held them open effortlessly, his strength effortless. He leaned in close, breathing against Shane's thigh.

"Let them hear you," he whispered. "Let them know who owns you. You are mine. I make you blush, I make you cum, I make you squirt."

Shane shook his head, but his body betrayed him, hips tilting toward Ilya's hand. Ilya grinned, seeing the surrender. He slicked his fingers again and slid them in, three this time. Shane yelped, back arching.

"Fuck!" He clamped a hand over his own mouth, eyes squeezing shut. Tears pricked his lashes from overstimulation. His body seized, then loosened.

"That's it," Ilya coaxed. "Ride it. Let me fuck you with my hand."

"Ilya— nnngh!— it's too much!"

"No," Ilya said softly. "It's exactly enough." He thrust his fingers in and out, fast now, hitting the same spot again and again. Shane writhed, lost to the rhythm. He couldn't think, couldn't breathe. Every stroke sent sparks across his vision. His cock, already sensitive, bobbed helplessly, dripping. He felt a pressure building lower than usual, a strange insistence behind his balls. Panic flickered. He shook his head wildly.

“Ilya, something— oh fuck, something—”

“Let go,” Ilya urged. “Trust me.”

“I can’t— I’ll pee—”

“You’re not going to pee,” Ilya growled. “You’re going to squirt for me.”

Shane scrabbled at the bench, nails digging into fabric. The pressure coiled tighter, unstoppable. He gasped, eyes flying open in panic. “Ilya—!”

“Let go,” Ilya ordered. “Now. Let it go.”

Shane cried out, body convulsing. “Ahhhh!” Liquid pulsed out of him in hot spurts, slicking Ilya’s fingers, splattering his thighs. The release felt nothing like his usual orgasms—this was wild, messy, gushing without relief, his muscles seizing around Ilya’s hand. His cock twitched, pushing out clear fluid that drenched his stomach.

“There,” Ilya groaned, eyes wide with awe. “Fuck, that’s it. You’re squirting, sweet boy.”

Shane sobbed, half in mortification, half in bliss. “I can’t stop—!” His body kept clenching, forcing more fluid out with each convulsion. It dripped onto the gondola floor, onto Ilya’s wrist, onto the bench.

“Keep going,” Ilya urged, voice hoarse. “Give me more.”

Shane wailed, thighs shaking violently. The sensation went on longer than cum, a relentless milking that wrung him dry. Finally, his muscles loosened, collapsing. He slumped back against the bench, panting, tears streaking his cheeks. His entire lower half was soaked, glistening in the low light. His cock lay soft against his stomach, a smear of clear fluid shining on his skin.

Ilya stared, mesmerized. “You did it,” he whispered. “You squirted.”

Shane wheezed a laugh, half sobbing. “I hate you.”

“You love me,” Ilya said, wiping tears off Shane’s cheeks with a gentle thumb. “Your body loves me. Look at this mess.”

Shane peered down, face going scarlet. “Holy shit.”

Ilya beamed. “Russian science wins again.”

“I’m going to murder you.”

“You can try later.” Ilya pulled his fingers out carefully, earning a whimper. He kissed Shane’s knee. “For now, you need to breathe. We have to pull yourself together before the door opens.”

Shane glanced anxiously at the panel. They had thirty seconds. He tried to sit up. His muscles refused. "I can't move."

"Yes, you can." Ilya helped, pulling his leggings back up gently, though they stuck to his damp skin. Shane hissed, but let him. Ilya re-zipped his snow pants, kissed his forehead, and shook his shoulders lightly. "Eyes bright. Smile. You just had cocoa."

Shane glared weakly. "You expect me to pretend I'm normal after that?"

"Yes," Ilya said, lips quirking. "Because you are a very good liar, starshine. Chin up." He wiped at the bench with his sleeve, smearing the wetness. "We'll come back later to clean. Or not."

Shane groaned, burying his face in his gloved hands. "I cannot believe you made me squirt in a gondola."

"I told you Russians don't blush. Apparently Canadians do." Ilya kissed his temple. "You're perfect."

The gondola thunked into the upper station, the doors unlatching with a hydraulic sigh. Cold air rushed in, frosting their flushed cheeks. Shane forced his expression into bland relaxation, though his thighs still quivered and his cock twitched inside damp layers. Ilya slung an arm around him, boards in the other hand, and guided him out onto the platform with a grin that promised even more trouble. Shane wobbled, legs jelly, and leaned into Ilya's solid side while attendants nodded politely, oblivious to the porn that had just unfolded overhead.

They strapped in again, cutting down the mountain with wind whipping sharp across their faces. Shane's legs burned, both from the ride and from the overstimulation simmering inside him. Every carve sent sparks through his ass; every shift of weight reminded him that Ilya's fingers had been buried inside him minutes ago. He kept biting the inside of his cheek to keep from moaning on open slopes. Ilya thundered ahead, glancing back with a grin that promised more depravities.

They destroyed run after run. Ilya kept pace easy, watching Shane carefully, checking for any hint that he'd pushed too far. Shane responded with sharp edges, flexible knees, proving he could take anything. They rode until their lashes iced and their thighs screamed. Finally, Ilya veered toward an empty tree-lined run that funneled into a back service path. He stopped halfway down, boards hissing to a halt near a cluster of firs. He padded through the drifts, winking at Shane to follow.

"Where are we going?" Shane hissed, unclipping.

Ilya only grinned, leading him toward a small maintenance building tucked under the gondola station. "Shortcut."

Inside, heat and industrial lights flooded them. The building held snowcats, hoses, racks of shovels. Ilya pushed past shelves until he found a hallway leading to the staff locker area, all deserted in the storm. He opened a door, revealing an empty restroom tiled in dark slate, mirrors fogged from previous use. The silence hummed. Shane's pulse spiked.

“Ilya,” he warned.

“Relax,” Ilya murmured, locking the door behind them. The click echoed. “No one is here. Everyone is on break.”

“How do you know that?”

“I don’t,” he said with that smug grin. “But we are here now.” He stalked forward, herding Shane until his back hit the long counter lined with sinks. “And we have unfinished business.”

Shane’s breath stuttered. “We already— Ilya, I can barely walk.”

“You can stand,” Ilya said calmly, pushing him to turn. “Hands on the counter.”

Shane obeyed, palms flat on cold stone. He watched their reflections in the mirror: two big men in rumpled snow gear, goggles hanging loose, cheeks flushed. He looked wrecked, lips swollen, eyes still glazed from the gondola. Ilya stood behind him, peeling off gloves, tossing them aside. His pupils were blown, his grin feral.

“I love you like this,” Ilya murmured, pressing his chest to Shane’s back. “All dazed, panting, pretending you aren’t desperate for more.”

“I’m not—”

Ilya grabbed his chin, tilting his face toward the mirror. “Look. See these red cheeks? This bitten lip? You’re begging without saying a word.”

Shane swallowed hard. “You’re imagining things.”

“Am I?” Ilya’s gloved hand slid down between Shane’s legs, squeezing his ass. Shane gasped, elbows buckling. “You’re shivering.”

“It’s cold.”

“It’s you,” Ilya purred. “You get like this when you’re oversensitive. You want to run and you want to get pinned in place at the same time. Makes you so pretty I can’t breathe.”

Shane squeezed his eyes shut. “We can’t keep doing this here.”

“We can do whatever we want.” Ilya tugged his snow pants down to his knees in one smooth motion. The leggings followed. Shane yelped, knees knocking. He kept both palms on the counter, forcing his body to hold steady. Cold air slapped his bare ass; steam from earlier clung to the room, turning the exposure into something dizzying. Ilya stepped back, drinking in the view.

“Fuck,” he breathed. “Look at you.” He ran his palm over Shane’s cheeks, muscle and blush under his hand. “Your hole is twitching already.”

Shane's face ignited. He buried it in his arms, but Ilya slapped his ass lightly. "Up. I want to see your expressions."

"Ilya, please," Shane whispered, lifting his head obediently. His eyes met Ilya's in the mirror. Ilya's gaze pinned him there. "I'm too sensitive."

"Exactly." Ilya shoved his own pants down enough to free his cock, thick and veined, flushed dark with blood. The sight made Shane whimper, thighs trembling. He was already raw from the gondola, the anal muscles fluttering at every ghost sensation. He knew Ilya wouldn't be gentle. He also knew, deep down, that he craved it.

"Spread your legs wider," Ilya instructed. "Ass up. Stick it out for me."

Shane flushed scarlet, but he obeyed, stepping his boots apart, bending until his stomach hovered above the counter. The stretch in his hamstrings made his ass lift higher. Ilya groaned.

"Damn, baby," he said, voice reverent. "You're art."

Shane bit his lip so hard he tasted blood. "Just— just fuck me already."

Ilya chuckled darkly. "No. I want to watch."

"You already watched in the gondola." Shane's voice shook. "You made me... Jesus, you made me squirt."

"And I'm still hard," Ilya said. "I need to drag this out." He fished the bottle of lube from his coat pocket again, slicking his cock with generous strokes. Shane watched in the mirror, half-dazed, as Ilya stroked himself, coating the thick length until it gleamed. He wanted it inside him despite the burn. He wanted to be stretched, filled, owned. Ilya stepped closer, pressing the head of his cock against Shane's still-twitching hole, barely touching.

Shane sucked in air through clenched teeth. "Ilya— oh god."

"You feel that?" Ilya murmured, rubbing the blunt head in slow, teasing circles around the tight ring. "You're clenching, baby. Like you're trying to swallow me already."

"It's too much," Shane whispered, thighs shaking. "I'm still— fuck— I can feel your fingers."

"I know." Ilya pressed harder, not entering, just smearing slick over the entrance, dragging the sensitive head back and forth. The motion was deliberate, torturously slow. Shane sobbed, his entire body trembling.

"Stop teasing," he gasped. "Just— ngh— push in."

"No," Ilya said calmly. "I want to see you squirm." He rubbed the head up and down, letting the tip kiss the opening, retreat, kiss again. Each pass made Shane's hole flutter, chasing it. The sensation was exquisite torture, heat and need and aching emptiness all at once. Shane's hips twitched, trying to stay still. He dug his nails into the counter to resist.

“Fuck, Ilya,” he moaned. “Please. You’re driving me insane.”

“Look at yourself,” Ilya rasped. “Ass up, cheeks flushed, hole twitching. You look like the sluttiest little prize.”

Shane whined helplessly. “Don’t call me— ohhh.” The head dragged down, pressing more firmly. He felt the blunt tip pop just inside the ring, then slide out again. He almost sobbed.

“You gonna cry?” Ilya taunted softly. “You gonna beg me? You look close.”

Shane glared over his shoulder, eyes glassy. “Fuck you.”

“You already did,” Ilya smirked. He rubbed faster, short strokes that kept the sensitive head creeping in and out of the first inch. Shane tried to hold still, but his muscles rebelled. His hips started to roll, seeking more friction. Ilya gripped his waist, holding him in place. “Uh-uh. I’m in charge.”

Shane’s knees buckled. “Please, Il— please. I need it.”

“You need what?” Ilya’s tone sharpened with dominance. “Use your words. Tell me.”

Shane squeezed his eyes shut, humiliation and desire tangling. “I need... I need you to—” He swallowed. “I need your cock. Inside me. Please.”

“Good boy,” Ilya purred. “See how easy that was?”

Heat flooded Shane’s face. He loathed how the praise went straight to his cock, making it throb against his stomach. He couldn’t stop the soft “mmmnn” that broke free.

“There it is,” Ilya said. “My shy pretty boy, moaning like a porn star for me and only me.” He started rubbing again, even slower now, torturing the rim, letting the head glide around the ring, spreading slick everywhere. Shane whimpered, body shaking.

“Ilya, please, I can’t— I can’t take this. Just fuck me already, please, please.” His voice cracked.

“I’m fucking you,” Ilya murmured. “This is fucking. I’m fucking your head. I’m fucking your patience. I’m fucking your little hole until it begs.”

Shane cried out, hips jerking involuntarily. He didn’t mean to rub back; his body acted on hunger, sliding the sensitive rim along that thick head, chasing it. Ilya growled approval.

“That’s right. Fuck yourself on it. Show me how desperate you are.”

Shane’s cheeks burned. He tried to stop, but the rubbing had turned into a slow grind, his hips rocking back and forth, dragging himself along the tip. The friction drove him insane. He whimpered, voice high and desperate. “Oh god, Ilya, please. Please— I’ll do anything.”

“You already are,” Ilya said. “You’re the prettiest thing I’ve ever seen. Look at you. Eyes going glassy, lips parted, hole clenching like it’s kissing me.”

Shane stared at himself in the mirror and almost didn't recognize the man there. He looked utterly debauched—hair wild, cheeks streaked with pink, eyes wet, mouth open around breathless moans. His ass was raised high, his back arched, the thick head of Ilya's cock rubbing slow circles that turned him feral. He shuddered. "P-Please... N-Need you inside."

"Convince me," Ilya said softly.

Shane whined. "Ilyaaa."

"Tell me why," Ilya urged. "Tell me what you want."

Shane sucked in air, shivering. "I want... I want to feel you. Stretch me. Fill me. Make me cum again." His voice shook. "Please, Ilya. Please fuck me."

"Good boy," Ilya murmured. "That's all I wanted."

Shane opened his mouth to respond, but Ilya surged forward, burying the thick head in one smooth thrust. "Nngghh—!" Shane cried out, eyes rolling back as the stretch ripped through him. His body clenched around the intrusion, muscles gripping hard. Ilya groaned, sinking deeper.

"Fuck, you're tight," he rasped. "I can feel you shaking."

"Ilya, oh god—! It's too big— ahh—" Shane whimpered, breath coming in gasps. Tears pricked his lashes. Ilya only pressed closer, watching in the mirror as his cock disappeared inch by inch into Shane's greedy body.

"You're taking me so well," he praised. "Look how your pretty hole stretches. Keep breathing."

Shane panted, small "hah, hah, hah" noises slipping out. He tried to relax, to let the burn morph into pleasure. Ilya stroked his lower back, rubbing circles. "There you go. Open up for me."

Shane nodded, biting his lip hard. He focused on the mirror: on Ilya's strong hands on his hips, on the way his own ass quivered, on the thick cock splitting him wider, deeper, until his ass met Ilya's pelvis. He whined, overwhelmed.

"All the way in," Ilya whispered, voice hoarse. "You're so fucking perfect."

Shane choked on a sob. "Ilya, I— I can't think. Fuck."

"Don't think," Ilya said. "Feel." He pulled back slowly, the drag exquisite. Shane whined, hips chasing. Ilya slammed back in, hard, deep. Shane shrieked, knees bending. "Ahhh!"

"That's it," Ilya grunted. "Take it."

Shane's moans turned high and breathless. "Ohh, ohh, Ilya, I— oh god, so deep—!"

“You love it,” Ilya panted, thrusting again. The slap of skin echoed off tile. The bathroom smelled like sweat, pine, and sex. “You love being my good little slut.”

Shane whimpered, denial dying on his tongue. He did love it. That was the worst part. He loved being stretched, dominated, praised. He loved when Ilya guided him into positions that shredded his self-control. He buried his face in his arms, muffling the filthy sounds he made.

“No hiding,” Ilya growled, grabbing his hair and yanking his head back gently. Shane gasped, spine arching. “I want to see your face.”

Shane obeyed, meeting Ilya’s gaze in the mirror. He looked dazed, pupils blown, lips wet from panting. Ilya’s eyes softened. “So pretty when you let go,” he murmured, thrusting deep enough to make Shane whine. “Look at you. Eyes rolling, mouth open. You love this.”

“I do,” Shane sobbed. “Fuck, I do. Please don’t stop. Please.”

“I’m not stopping,” Ilya promised. “I’m going to fuck you until you cum again, and again, and again, until you’re squirting all over this counter.”

Shane’s legs trembled. “I can’t— I can’t do that again.”

“Yes, you can,” Ilya said, voice a low growl. “You’ll do it for me. You’ll do it because you love being my pretty little squirter.”

Shane moaned, overwhelmed. “Oh god, oh god.”

Ilya fucked him hard, the rhythm relentless. Each thrust hammered Shane’s prostate, sending lightning through his core. His cock rubbed against the counter, slicking it with pre-come. He couldn’t hold back the sounds anymore. Moans, whimpers, ragged pleas spilled. “Ahh! Ilya! Yes, yes, fuck! Please!”

“That’s it,” Ilya groaned. “Give it to me. Give me all those noises. Let me hear how good I fuck you.”

Shane’s hips rolled back against him, chasing the thrusts. He stopped trying to stay still. He moved with Ilya, hips rocking, ass clapping, chasing the dizzying pleasure. His whole body shook, sweat dripping down his spine. His eyes rolled, crossing slightly from overload.

“Look at you,” Ilya rasped. “You’re cockdrunk.”

Shane whimpered. “S-Shut up.”

Ilya groaned, pounding harder. The counter rattled. The mirror fogged with their breath. Shane’s body moved like a puppet on strings, hips canting, ass bouncing. He felt the telltale pressure building again, low and strange. Panic flickered.

“Ilya— I’m gonna—”

“Do it,” Ilya growled. “Let go. Squirt for me. Now.”

Shane sobbed. “I can’t— I’ll—”

“Now,” Ilya commanded, slamming deep, grinding his hips. He reached around, grabbing Shane’s cock, stroking fast. The dual stimulation shattered him. “Ahhh—!” Shane screamed, eyes rolling back. His entire body seized. Clear jets sprayed from his cock, splattering the counter, his stomach, Ilya’s hand. His ass clamped down, milking Ilya’s cock. He kept squirting, helpless, whimpering “oh god, oh god, ahh, ahhh!”

“Fuck yes,” Ilya snarled. “That’s it, baby. Look at this.” He watched in the mirror, transfixed as Shane’s body convulsed, fluid spraying. “You’re so fucking hot.”

Shane sobbed, trembling violently. “I can’t stop— mmhhnn!”

“Keep going,” Ilya urged, thrusting through it. The movement pumped more liquid out, splashing onto their thighs. “You’re my little fountain.”

Shane wailed, overwhelmed. “Ilya! I— fuck— I can’t—!”

“You’re doing it,” Ilya soothed, voice surprisingly gentle amid the filth. “You’re perfect. Squirt it all out for me. Let me see.”

Shane’s body shook harder, knees buckling. He would have collapsed if Ilya’s grip on his hips didn’t hold him up. The fluid slowed, then stopped, leaving him limp and drenched. He panted, tears dripping off his chin, eyes unfocused. Ilya moaned, feeling the aftershocks ripple around his cock.

“Fuck, you’re squeezing me,” he groaned. “I’m gonna cum in you so deep you’ll leak the rest of the day.”

Shane whimpered, too dazed to respond. Ilya pounded harder, desperate. His orgasm hit with a guttural shout. “Fuck!” He slammed deep, flooding Shane with thick heat. Ilya shook, panting, clinging to Shane’s waist as he emptied himself. Hot spurts filled Shane’s stretched hole, the warmth making him moan weakly.

They collapsed against the counter, both shaking. Ilya buried his face in Shane’s shoulder, breathing hard. “Fuck,” he rasped. “Fuck, fuck.”

Shane nodded weakly, eyes fluttering. “Yeah.”

Ilya slipped out slowly, wincing at the slick sound. Shane whimpered at the emptiness. cum ran down his thighs, mixed with the clear fluid he’d sprayed everywhere.

Ilya watched Shane sag against the counter, his whole body humming with aftershocks, and the dominant gleam in his eyes melted into something tender. He eased his slick cock out with a soft hiss, immediately pressing his palm between Shane’s thighs to keep the flood inside. “Stay with me,” he murmured, voice low and coaxing. “You’re okay, starshine.”

Shane whimpered faintly, brain dazed, muscles useless. Ilya kissed the nape of his neck, then the shell of his ear, breathing warmth across sensitive skin. He pulled Shane’s leggings and

snow pants back up, gentle even as he tugged fabric over damp thighs. Shane leaned into him, boneless, trusting without words. When his knees threatened to buckle, Ilya caught him, turning him carefully, lifting him onto the counter so his ass didn't have to hold his weight. Shane sat there, legs dangling, eyes half-lidded, cheeks still flushed. He looked impossibly soft, wrecked and sweet, the edges of his mouth curving in sleepy bliss.

"You with me?" Ilya murmured, stepping between his knees. He braced Shane's hips with big hands.

"Yeah," Shane breathed, voice hoarse. "Just...floaty."

"I've got you." Ilya leaned in, pressing their foreheads together. "You were perfect."

Shane's lashes fluttered. "You're insane."

"And you love it," Ilya whispered, smiling. He cupped Shane's jaw, thumb brushing over a tear track. Then he kissed him, slow and deep, nothing like the filthy thrusts seconds earlier. It was the kind of kiss that rewound time, eased the sting, worshiped. Shane melted, arms wrapping around Ilya's neck, pulling him closer. Their mouths slotted together, tongues teasing lazily, breathing shared until the bathroom steam and their combined warmth turned the world hazy.

Ilya broke the kiss only to pepper soft pecks along Shane's cheeks, temples, eyelids. "You okay? Anything hurt?"

Shane shook his head, sleepy smile blooming. "Just tired. Wrecked. Happy."

Ilya's chest swelled. "Good." He tucked a curl behind Shane's ear. "Stay here. I'm going to grab paper towels, wipe you down."

Shane nodded, watching through dreamy eyes as Ilya wet paper towels with warm water, wringing them out. He returned and gently parted Shane's legs, meeting his gaze for consent. Shane nodded again. Ilya cleaned him with patient strokes, wiping the milky streaks from his thighs, the clear slick from his belly, the counter. He was thorough, reverent, murmuring praise under his breath.

"Look at all this mess you made," he said fondly. "My pretty boy. Fucking fountain."

Shane groaned, covering his face with his hands. "Stop."

"Never." Ilya kissed his knee. "You're gorgeous when you let go."

He scrubbed their hands, fixed their layers, zipped jackets. Then he slid his arms under Shane, hoisting him down from the counter with ease. Shane wrapped his legs around Ilya's waist instinctively, head dropping onto his shoulder. "You're carrying me now?"

"Just for a minute." Ilya smiled, loving the way Shane clung. He set him on his feet gently, steadying him until he could stand. "Need water?"

"Please."

Ilya rummaged through his backpack, pulling out a stainless bottle he'd packed with warm tea. He held it to Shane's lips, watching him sip slowly. "Good job," he murmured. "Deep breaths."

Shane drained half the bottle before pulling away, sighing. "You make the water taste better."

"That's because I tell it stories," Ilya teased. Shane snorted softly, eyes crinkling.

Ilya kissed him again, a long slow press that said thank you, I love you, I'll take care of you always. When they finally pulled apart, Shane leaned his head on Ilya's chest, listening to the steady thump of his heart.

"We should go before someone complains about the missing bathroom," Shane muttered drowsily.

"In a minute." Ilya stroked his back. "I like holding you." He tucked Shane under his arm, kissing the top of his beanie. "We'll head down, get hot soup, then bath. I'll rub your thighs. You'll nap on my chest."

Shane hummed contentedly. "Yeah. That sounds perfect."

They grabbed their boards, slipped back into the service hallway, and returned to the blizzard. The cold slapped Shane awake, but the warmth from inside Ilya's orbit never dimmed. They hit the slopes one more time, slower now, savoring. Every time their eyes met, Shane blushed and Ilya smirked proudly. By the time they reached the lodge, Shane was sleepy all over again.

In the hotel suite later, Ilya drew them a hot bath. He eased Shane into the steaming water, climbing in behind him, wrapping arms around his chest. He kissed his shoulder, whispering soft Russian endearments. Shane rested his head back, eyes closed, letting the heat and Ilya's hands undo every last knot. He drifted, safe, owned, adored.

"You okay?" Ilya murmured against his ear.

Shane smiled, eyes still shut. "Yeah. You?"

"Never better," Ilya said, kissing him slow. "My beautiful squirting starshine."

Shane groaned, but the sound turned into a lazy laugh. "You're impossible." Yet he snuggled closer, soaking up the cuddles, letting Ilya wash his hair, massage his scalp, kiss him senseless under the warm cascade.

After the bath, Ilya wrapped him in a fluffy robe, tucked him into the bed, covered him with extra blankets. He crawled in beside him, pulling him close until Shane lay sprawled on his chest. They kissed, slow and deep, until Shane yawned mid-sentence.

"Sleep," Ilya whispered, kissing his temple. "I'll be here when you wake up."

Shane hummed, nuzzling into his neck. "Love you," he mumbled.

“I love you more,” Ilya replied easily, pressing a kiss to his crown. He held Shane while he drifted off, the storm howling outside, the hotel room a cocoon of heat and love and the happy exhaustion only debauchery could create.

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