

Snow Day

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Snow Day

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya get an extra day off because of snow

Notes

I just had the idea to write something wintery ❄️
Hope you enjoy! 🤔

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

December 2025

Shane smiled as he heard the front door open and the sound of his husband and dog coming back into the house. There was the jingling of collar tags, shuffling around, and a soft accented voice that reached Shane in the kitchen.

He finished loading the dishwasher, listening as Ilya took off his and Anya's layers, his voice carrying, though Shane couldn't make out quite what he was saying.

His heart wobbled a little, the noises innocuous but comforting, a reminder of the familiar routine of day-to-day living.

A moment later, Anya came trotting into the kitchen, right up to Shane.

"Hi, good girl," he said to her, drying his hands on a hand towel, before leaning down to give Anya some pets. "Did you have a good walk? Were you a good girl?"

"She was a very good girl," Ilya said, having followed Anya into the kitchen.

He was dressed in a pair of sweats and a hoodie, his feet bare despite the cold, his curls a mess from being shoved into a toque, his cheeks and nose red from the cold.

He'd grown a mustache for Movember and was now in the process of growing a beard, his stubble thick, only just entering beard territory.

Shane hadn't loved the mustache, though he could admit it had started to grow on him. Ilya had promised he'd grow a beard in December to make it up to Shane and apparently he was keeping said promise.

He looked good; rugged and wintery.

"She always is," Shane replied, letting his eyes linger on Ilya as he went to one of their bottom cabinets, pulling out Anya's food. Shane checked out Ilya's ass as he bent over because how could he not? He was extremely familiar with that perfect hockey butt but he'd never pass up a moment to appreciate it.

"Smells like snow," Ilya said as Shane leaned away from Anya to start the dishwasher.

"Mm. Weather app said we're supposed to get a ton, like, two feet?"

Ilya's eyebrows raised as he measured out Anya's food, pouring it into her food bowl.

They'd already had snow and this was pretty typical for December, but Shane wouldn't be surprised if they were facing down some game cancellations and reschedules in the near future.

Ilya fed Anya and Shane hopped onto the counter, watching as Ilya gave the dog some extra love.

Ilya came around the counter when he'd finished, stepping between Shane's legs, hands splayed out on Shane's thighs, sliding up to rest under his hips.

"Hi," he hummed, brushing his nose against Shane's.

"Hi," Shane chuckled, wrapping his arms around his husband's neck. "Need some warming up?"

Ilya lifted twinkling hazel eyes to look at Shane. "Okay."

They both smiled at each other and Shane leaned in a bit to kiss Ilya.

"I missed you..."

Ilya's smile deepened. "I was only gone for thirty minutes, Hollander."

Shane smiled. "I always miss you when you're gone."

"Oh yes?"

"Yeah."

Ilya huffed a soft laugh, pressing another kiss to Shane's mouth.

"Maybe I will take you up on your offer. Is cold," he murmured against Shane's lips.

Shane nodded his head, kissing Ilya again, cupping his face in his hands, his cheeks still a bit chilly from being outside.

"More than happy to help."

Ilya hummed again, kissing Shane some more, the two of them making out in the kitchen. Shane wrapped his legs around Ilya's thighs, one palm resting on his cheek, the other sliding across his shoulders.

Four years married, seven years of being together, fifteen years of intimacy, and kissing Ilya never got old. He loved the way Ilya kissed; commanding yet tender, bordering on filthy at all times, but always making Shane feel so adored.

And this was no different. A little slower, with no pressure behind it, a warm up for more to come.

Shane tightened his hold on Ilya and sighed as Ilya slid his hands under him, lifting Shane off the counter, and carrying him to the stairs.

They kissed as they went up the stairs, not even pausing on the landing. Ilya took them to their bedroom, flopping down onto the bed, landing on top of Shane, making him wheeze.

"Jesus," Shane huffed. "Careful."

Ilya just chuckled and Shane did, too, looking up into Ilya's bright, joyful eyes. Shane loved seeing Ilya happy. He loved his smile and his laugh and the playfulness in his expression.

Shane brushed a wayward curl from Ilya's face, cupping on cheek in his palm, cheeks warming as Ilya turned his head to kiss Shane's skin.

They'd navigated the ups and downs of Ilya's depression together. There were more good days than bad and Shane was getting better at riding those waves, being steadfast for Ilya in the way he always had been for Shane.

Things were great.

Shane loved their life.

He loved playing hockey with him and winning Cups (two!) and living together and having holiday traditions. He loved that they were able to have the future they'd always wanted.

They'd talked about kids, in a serious way, and what things would look like when Ilya could get his citizenship.

Even after all this time together, there were still so many new things to discover and adventures to have. Shane couldn't imagine doing it with anyone else. He couldn't wait.

"Okay?" Ilya asked and Shane nodded, brushing his thumb over one of Ilya's cheekbones, just looking at that handsome face.

"I love you so much..." Shane replied, pulling Ilya down to kiss him some more, sliding his hands into Ilya's curls, scrunching the thick, soft strands in his fingers.

Ilya sighed, kissing him back, slipping his tongue into Shane's mouth, and Shane opened for him easily.

Ilya eventually broke the kiss, pulling away to tug off his sweatshirt, then the t-shirt underneath, and Shane sat up to do the same, tossing the clothes haphazardly aside, wiggling out of his sweatpants and underwear and socks.

Naked, he scooted back toward the pillows, watching as Ilya crawled after him, looking like he was on the prowl. He loomed over Shane and Shane kissed him quickly, before he rolled Ilya onto his back, straddling him.

"I thought I said that I'd be warming *you* up."

Ilya rested his hands on the pillow under his head, watching Shane, a little smile on his face.

"Yes. You did."

Shane squeezed Ilya's pecs in his hands, leaning over to kiss Ilya's generous mouth. Ilya's fingers slid over his face and into his hair, his touch gentle, palms smoothing down Shane's back, to his ass, then back up again.

Shane broke their kiss, nuzzling his nose against Ilya's before starting to pepper soft kisses all over Ilya's face.

He brushed back his curls to kiss over his forehead, down his nose, over his eyelids and cheeks, the corners of his mouth, the cleft in his chin, hidden by almost-beard, his jaw, just wanting to love on him because he could.

He made his way to Ilya's long, elegant neck, the crucifix he always wore lay against the pillow, the chain resting below his Adam's apple.

Ilya sighed, one hand sliding into Shane's hair as Shane made a slow, careful journey down to the hollow of Ilya's throat, kissing over one clavicle, and down his sternum.

Shane paused for a moment, lifting his eyes to see Ilya watching him, which made him smile, before he lowered his gaze, turning back to his task.

He squeezed Ilya's pecs in his hands again, enjoying the firmness of the muscle, the familiar catch of chest hair under his palms. He slid a careful thumb over one nipple, sliding his tongue over the other.

Ilya swore and Shane smiled, catching the nipple under his mouth between his teeth, tugging gently, making Ilya hiss. Shane loved that he was so sensitive here, it was always so endearing for some reason.

He took his time, teasing, knowing that Ilya was getting all worked up, swearing in Russian, panting, one hand tangling into Shane's hair.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya growled when Shane had finished, kissing Ilya's solar plexus. He looked up at his husband, a little coquettish, leaning up to kiss Ilya, messy and hot, before pulling away to continue to trail slow kisses down to Ilya's abs, to the neat trail of hair under his perfect belly button.

He slid his arms around Ilya's thighs, hands pressed to skin, kissing along Ilya's groin, the insides of his thighs, appreciating the delicate skin, the strong muscle.

Once Shane had given Ilya's thighs the attention they deserved, he ducked his head to mouth and suck lightly at Ilya's balls. He smiled as Ilya inhaled.

"Okayyy," Ilya exhaled, a little shakily, and Shane hummed, sucking one delicate orb into his mouth. *"Fuck."*

Shane took his time. Ilya was always so good at paying attention to every bit of Shane and Shane wanted to be sure that Ilya got the same in return. He enjoyed it, too, loving the way he could slowly make Ilya start losing control.

Shane loved sucking Ilya's dick the most. He loved being fucking good at it, too. The best. Or at least, the best that Ilya had ever had.

Shane had worked hard for that. Knowing Ilya's sexual history and his experience, it had been a goal Shane had pushed himself toward.

Out of all the people who had ever sucked Ilya Rozanov's cock, Shane was going to be the very best.

It kind of helped that he was really the only person who was doing that.

But Shane was very confident that he had succeeded.

"Shane," Ilya breathed, fingers scratching against Shane's scalp as Shane started pressing soft kisses and little kitten licks to Ilya's dick, every touch and gesture worshipful.

"You are so beautiful," Ilya murmured in Russian above Shane, his fingers tenderly tracing along Shane's cheek, before sliding back into Shane's hair. "You are so perfect for me. So sweet, my beloved. I love your mouth."

Shane sighed, sucking under the head of Ilya's cock, eyes closed as he just sank into the moment, enjoying it just as much as he knew Ilya was. Pleasure washed over him at hearing all the praise, heat pooling in his belly, turning him on further.

Shane licked at Ilya's slit, sucking on the head of his dick a bit, listening to the way Ilya's breathing changed, going a bit harsher, his legs shifting on their bed, fingers tightening in Shane's hair.

"Yes, Shane."

Shane sank down on Ilya, listening as he moaned. Shane loved having Ilya in his mouth, feeling the weight and warmth of him, the silkiness of his skin. He took him deep, swallowing around him, sliding one hand up Ilya's torso, resting against his pec, squeezing.

"Jesus fuck. That fucking mouth."

Ilya's fingers curved around Shane's and Shane swallowed again, bobbing his head, wanting Ilya to feel as incredible as possible, humming around him.

"Yes. Keep going. Don't stop."

Shane had no intention of stopping, speeding up a bit, Ilya's pants and moans only turning him on more, his hips pressing up slightly to meet Shane's mouth.

Mine.

"Going to come," Ilya warned, which wasn't necessary at this point, but Shane appreciate that Ilya still did that for him.

Ilya swore again, one hand planted against their headboard as he came, and Shane swallowed around him, pleased at a job well done.

He pulled off of Ilya slowly, letting him slide from his mouth, looking up at Ilya. He had one arm tossed over his forehead, eyes almost hidden, but Shane could feel them on him, watching, his plush lips parted, chest rising and falling with each quickened breath as he came back down.

Shane sighed, kissing the inside of Ilya's thighs, smiling as Ilya reached for him.

"Come here," he said and Shane went, sliding his body up along his husband's, settling on top of him.

Ilya held him, kissing him deeply, and Shane moaned into it. Ilya rested a hand on Shane's ass, squeezing as they kissed, before he dumped Shane onto his back on their bed, leaning over him.

"May I?" he asked.

Shane nodded and Ilya smiled crookedly at him, making Shane's heart flip. Ilya kissed him again, before shifting his way down Shane's body, pressing kisses as he went. Shane watched, biting his lip as Ilya settled between his legs, shifting them over his shoulders, arms wrapped around Shane's thighs.

Ilya rubbed his scruffy cheek against Shane's inner thigh, turning his head to press kisses there, nipping at the skin, making Shane squirm. He chuckled, lifting his eyes to meet Shane's, dipping his head to suck Shane's balls into his mouth.

Shane whimpered, watching Ilya, sliding one hand into his curls as his husband sucked on one of his balls, unwinding one arm from Shane's leg to stroke a finger along Shane's perineum.

Shane panted, loving the sensation of Ilya's teasing touch and his warm, knowledgeable mouth. He was an expert at this and he knew it and Shane was pretty sure that his intention was to make Shane come like this.

He'd done it many, many times over the years and Shane fucking loved it.

"Ilya, fuck. So good," Shane hummed. Ilya was so good with his mouth and tongue and fingers and him doing this was so fucking sexy.

Shane would never be able to get over how fucking good Ilya looked between his thighs.

"Do you want to come for me like this?" Ilya asked, tongue tracing along the seam of Shane's sac.

"Yeah. Fuck yeah."

Ilya chuckled warmly, before cupping Shane's balls in his hand, rolling them gently, pressing his mouth to them.

"God, Ilya..."

Ilya glanced up at Shane again, his hazel eyes gleaming, and Shane knew that he was smirking, before he turned his gaze down to continue his slow torture.

Shane bit his lip, leaning his head back against the pillow, staring up at the ceiling of his bedroom. He was leaking all over his stomach and he reached a hand down to give himself a

little relief but was stopped by long, strong fingers wrapping around his wrist.

"No," Ilya purred. "You will come just from this. No touching."

Shane made a helpless sound, half annoyed, half turned on, but obeyed, placing his hand beside his head on the pillow, his other hand buried in Ilya's curls.

"Good boy."

Shane whined and Ilya just chuckled, getting back to work.

Coming just from this was so intense and like... insane. Ilya was just so fucking good at it, using his mouth and his fingers.

It was a slow, intense build, climbing higher and higher until everything kind of hit you all at once.

Shane panted and whined and moaned as Ilya sucked and licked and teased. It was a maddening, delicious process, Shane so lost in the pleasure of it that he had no room to feel self-conscious.

"Oh fuck, Ilya. So close. Don't stop, don't stop, don't—!"

Shane's hand fisted into Ilya's curls as he came hard all over his stomach and up to his chest, his other hand curled into their comforter.

Ilya made a pleased noise, pressing soft, careful kisses to the inside of Shane's thighs as Shane's whole body turned to goo.

He felt like he needed to come down from outer space.

"Good?" Ilya asked when he'd come back up to lay beside Shane.

"So fucking good," Shane sighed dreamily.

"Good."

Ilya kissed him gently a few times, before sliding out of bed. Shane hummed, stretching out, smiling to himself, floating on good feelings. Ilya returned after a few moments, cleaning Shane up, before joining him back in bed.

Shane rolled over, tossing a leg over Ilya's hips, snuggling against him. Ilya ran his hand up and down Shane's thigh, to his hip, in soothing caresses.

"I love you."

Ilya kissed his forehead. "I love you, too."

Shane fiddled idly with Ilya's chain, eyes closed, letting his fingertips drift into Ilya's chest hair, touching warm skin, when one of their phone's started ringing.

Ilya leaned away to grab it, coming back to resting against Shane. Shane opened his eyes to see Ilya look at his ringing phone.

"Is Wiebe," he said.

Shane shifted up onto his elbow, eyebrows furrowed.

"Huh?"

"Is our Coach."

"Don't answer it! We're naked!"

"Is a phone call, Hollander. He cannot see us. Relax."

"Ilya—!"

But Ilya was already answering the phone.

Shane glared at him but his husband didn't look the least bit sorry.

"Hello, Coach," he said, putting the phone on speaker. "Shane is here, too."

"Hey, guys," Wiebe said on the other end of the line. "So, just giving you a heads up that tomorrow's game is being rescheduled. It looks like we're going to get about two and a half feet of snow so extra precautions are being taken, especially with the team flying up from Carolina. We'll get the new schedule out to you as soon as all the details are ironed out, so, you got an extra day to yourselves and we're back to it on Sunday."

"Okay. Great. Thank you."

"Thanks, Coach."

"No problem. Have a good night, fellas."

"Thanks. You, too."

"Bye."

Ilya hung up and looked at Shane. "See? That was not so bad."

"Fuck off." Shane flicked Ilya's pec with his finger and Ilya laughed, tossing his phone aside, and rolling into Shane, splaying out on top of him, his head on Shane's chest.

Shane huffed a laugh, one hand resting on Ilya's bicep, the other playing with his curls.

It was kind of nice to have the extra day off. Three whole days just to themselves, which was extremely rare this time of year. It was a lot of time. Shane petted Ilya's hair, thinking.

"I have a crazy idea," he said after a few long moments of planning logistics in his head.

"Hm?" Ilya sounded like he'd dozed off.

"I have a crazy idea," Shane repeated.

Ilya turned his head, his chin resting on Shane's chest. "What is your idea?"

"What if we went to the cottage?"

Ilya blinked at him. "What? With the extra day?"

"Yeah. I don't think you've ever been there when it snows."

Ilya's brows furrowed. "No. I have not."

Shane smiled, stroking a careful finger against Ilya's cheek.

"Would you want to? We can have a day and a half, you, me, and Anya. Just enjoy the quiet."

Ilya looked at Shane, a little smile tugging at his lips.

"Okay."

"Yeah?"

"Yes. We can take the Jeep. Is good in snow."

Shane smiled back at Ilya and nodded, leaning down to kiss him.

"Okay." Shane looked at Ilya for a moment, brushing his curls back. "Thank you."

"For what?" Ilya asked, the question fond.

"Just because..."

"You are never spontaneous," Ilya chuckled. "I like it."

"Shut up. I can be spontaneous."

"Sometimes."

Shane pouted and Ilya just laughed, kissing him some more.

"We will pack and leave tomorrow?"

Shane nodded. "Yeah. Is that okay?"

"Of course."

"I'll text me parents and let them know we're traveling."

Ilya nodded, pressing a kiss to Shane's chest, before giving his stomach a firm pat, and sat up. Shane watched him as Ilya turned his neck to the side, cracking it.

"Damn."

"I need that," Ilya sighed and laughed softly.

"Sounds like it."

Shane sat up, too, leaning in to kiss the round of Ilya's bare shoulder, before resting his chin on it.

"Bedtime?"

"We should get ready at least."

"Mm."

Ilya was already in bed by the time Shane finished his dental routine. He was scrolling on his phone but put it away once Shane had come to bed.

"Excited for tomorrow?" he asked, spooning up against Shane's back in the dark.

"Yeah. It'll be nice. I think I just want some quiet time with you."

Ilya kissed the back of his neck and Shane squeezed his forearm gently. "Me, too."



They left first thing in the morning.

Shane was driving, so Ilya got to sit back and relax while they made their way out of Ottawa to the cottage.

There were only flurries at the moment so it was pretty smooth sailing for majority of their trip. They made a pit stop to let Anya walk around and do her business, before picking up some groceries, and then continuing on their way.

It was a nice drive; scenic, with not many people on the road since it was a work day, everything kind of dark but weirdly comforting as it was when it snowed, rather than when it rained.

Ilya enjoyed snowy weather; though he was more likely to enjoy the snow itself, while Shane preferred to look at it from inside where he could snuggle up in a blanket and one of Ilya's hoodies.

Ilya smiled to himself as he thought of that, knowing that their little excursion to the cottage would be lots of sweats and hoodies and fuzzy socks and cuddling together under a warm blanket in front of a fire.

He was looking forward to that actually.

He was tired.

Not in a bad kind of way. Just the way that seemed normal now that he was halfway to forty and still playing high octane professional hockey.

He was acutely aware of aches and pains, popping joints. He'd had hip surgery two years ago, which would save him a hip replacement in the future, but that had sucked.

Ilya hadn't exactly been gentle with his body over the years and he was making a concerted effort now to try and mitigate some of that damage. He did yoga now, and acupuncture, and had even switched up his diet a bit (though he never went without some kind of sweet treat).

Retirement wasn't on the docket yet but Ilya did want to be sure that he could still be active when he and Shane decided they wanted kids. So he was putting in the effort and, to his dismay, it was working.

But having all this time off, in the middle of the season, was rare, and Ilya was glad that he and Shane could take advantage of it.

It would be nice to be by the lake, just them, having time to themselves to rest, and be together.

It was romantic and Ilya was warmed that Shane had thought of it.

About twenty minutes from the cottage, the snow had started to pick up.

It wasn't the first time either of them had driven through heavy snow and they made it to the cottage in one piece, Shane parking the car in the garage.

"We will have to deal with all that snow," Ilya noted as they gathered their things.

Anya was standing up in the back seat, looking out the window, tail wagging. She loved the cottage.

"We have a snow blower," Shane replied casually.

It made Ilya chuckle.

"Okay."

They got out of the car, Ilya opening the door for Anya to hop out. She gave herself a shake, making both of her dads laugh as she went to the door the led into the house, patient waiting to go inside.

Ilya and Shane gathered their groceries and the single bag they'd packed with both their clothes, Shane unlocking the door, and Anya running straight into the cottage.

It was warm inside already, Ilya having turned up the heat, and turned on the lights from the app they had connected to the smart features they'd had installed this past summer, which had been great for cooling the place down, and was equally as good for the winter, apparently.

Boots and coats were left in the mudroom before they ventured into the house.

Ilya turned his eyes to Shane as he moved into the cottage, watching the way his demeanor shifted just slightly, shoulders relaxing just a fraction more.

When they were together in Ottawa, it was like the summers they used to have together before they'd come out, only *better*. Being married and living together and playing together was everything they had hoped for and more.

Some adjustments here and there, learning all kinds of new things about each other now that they were free from the burden of their secret.

Their home was filled with so much warmth and laughter and playfulness. Ilya loved seeing Shane relaxed, acting silly, being himself; all weird and wonderful in all the ways that Ilya loved.

Being with Shane, loving and being loved by him, was everything Ilya had ever dreamed that love could be like and then some.

But he knew that the cottage would always be where Shane felt safest... particularly if Ilya was with him.

Ilya followed his husband into the kitchen with their groceries, resting the bags on the counter.

"I'll take this upstairs," Shane said, holding up their joint bag.

"Okay."

Shane paused for a moment and Ilya looked at him curiously, tilting his head as Shane came over to him. He stood on his toes, pressing a kiss to Ilya's mouth.

"Love you."

Ilya smiled warmly at his husband. "I love you, too."

Shane smiled back, licking his lips, his cheeks pink, before he turned and walked to the stairs to head to their bedroom.

Ilya watched him go before he started unpacking their groceries and loading the fridge.

He finished his task, folding up their reusable grocery bags, and placing them in one of the cabinets for storage. Anya was in her bed by the fireplace and Ilya turned it on for her.

He glanced at the stairs, wondering what was taking Shane so long, before moving over to the windows that lined the back of the cottage, hands in the pockets of his sweats, looking out

over the snow covered property, and the lake in the near distance.

It really was beautiful, everything quiet and cozy. Ilya had never had anything like this before. Winters were spent on the road or in cities or warmer climes during breaks. He'd grown up in a cold country and moved to two cold cities, so that was nothing new, but he never got to really appreciate the crisp cleanness of virginal snow.

He took his phone out of his pocket and took a picture, smiling to himself as he looked at it, before going back to the kitchen to make some tea. He'd post it on Instagram when he and Shane were back in Ottawa.

Svetlana had sent him some of his favorite tea from Russia when she'd been there over the summer with her parents. He grabbed a mug, adding the tea to an infuser, and popped that into the mug.

Ilya filled their kettle and set it on the stove.

He blinked, turning around to lean back against the counter.

He pulled his phone out again and texted his husband.

Ilya: are you dead?

Shane didn't reply right away, which was weird, and Ilya debated going up there to see if something had happened when Shane finally texted back.

Shane: No! I'm fine!

Shane: got distracted

Ilya huffed, glad that things were okay, and turned off the burner under the kettle as it had started to whistle.

He added the heated water to his mug and heard the familiar tread of Shane's feet as he came down the stairs.

"Do you want tea?" Ilya asked, glancing over his shoulder as Shane came into the kitchen.

"Nah, I'm good, thanks."

Ilya hummed and placed the kettle back on the stove. He smiled as Shane passed him the milk, a can of ginger ale in his other hand.

"Thank you, beloved," he said, in Russian.

Shane smiled, cheeks pink. Ilya blinked, pausing. Shane looked *flushed*.

"Are you okay?" Ilya asked.

"I'm fine."

Ilya narrowed his eyes and reached out to rest the back of his hand on Shane's forehead.

"What?! I'm fine! Stop!"

Ilya made a face, his Shane senses tingling. But he shrugged and turned back to his tea. Maybe Shane had found one of the underwear ads Ilya had done for Calvin Klein and had been jerking off to it.

He wasn't sure why Shane would need to do that when Ilya was right downstairs but, whatever. Even after all the years they'd spent together, Shane still struggled with asking for sex sometimes.

Ilya put the milk away and he and Shane walked out to the sunroom together. They settled on the couch, looking out at the lake as the snow continued to fall, snuggled together under a throw blanket.

Ilya could tell Shane was happy, tucked against his side, body lax.

Ilya kissed into his hair and Shane hummed, turning his head to nuzzle against Ilya's neck.

Ilya sipped his tea, waiting. Shane was *definitely* some kind of horny and Ilya wanted to see how long it took him to break.

Ilya was able to finish about half his tea before Shane finally cracked, crawling into Ilya's lap, straddling him.

"Can I help you?" Ilya asked, a smile teasing his mouth, as he casually placed down his mug, and rested a hand on Shane's hip.

He loved when Shane was like this; all worked up and being shy about it. His cheeks were pink and he was looking at Ilya through his lashes, cupping his cheeks in his warm palms.

"I wanna sit on your dick," he said, with surprisingly little coercion on Ilya's part. He needed to give Shane some more credit. He'd come a long way since they were nineteen.

"Oh?" Ilya managed to get out before Shane kissed him. It was a needy kiss but surprisingly slow, like Shane wanted to explore every part of Ilya's mouth.

He wrapped his arms around his husband, holding him, sliding his hands down to squeeze Shane's ass.

"I put a plug in," Shane murmured when they pulled apart.

Ilya chuckled. "Is that why you were upstairs for so long?"

Shane bit his lip and nodded. "Yeah."

"You have been thinking about this."

"Mm. I just..."

Ilya nodded in understanding and kissed Shane again, sliding a hand up under his shirt, touching warm skin. They'd explored cock warming before, mostly as a way to help Shane relax if he was feeling particularly anxious or wound up. It was effective and intimate and they both enjoyed the extra closeness.

If Shane had wanted to come to the cottage to enjoy a quiet snow day with Ilya, then it tracked that he would want to maximize that relaxation.

And it was also just *hot*.

"Can I use my mouth first?" Shane sighed as Ilya kissed his neck, pulling off his hoodie, and then his t-shirt.

"Hurry then," Ilya replied, kissing his chest, glancing up at him.

Shane scrambled off Ilya's lap, kneeling on the floor, tugging Ilya's pants and underwear down. Ilya lifted his hips to make things easier, then pulled off his own hoodie and t-shirt, Shane pushing his legs open to settle between them. Ilya grabbed the lube from the side table, hissing as Shane took his mostly soft cock into his mouth.

Ilya fucking loved when Shane did this and he loved that Shane loved doing it. It didn't take long for Ilya to get hard like that, with Shane's perfect pink lips wrapped around him, his mouth warm and inviting.

"Fuck, Shane."

Shane made a soft noise, pulling off of Ilya slowly, letting him slip from his mouth.

Ilya watched, unable to look away as Shane kissed the tip of his dick, and lifted his dark eyes to look at Ilya, lips parted, cheeks flushed.

"Come here..."

Shane came, clamoring back into Ilya's lap. Ilya caressed his hands down Shane's back, to his ass, trying to slow things down.

They weren't going to rush. That wasn't the point of this.

He kissed Shane, slow and careful and adoring, reaching between his cheeks to touch the butt plug there.

Shane sighed, head tilted back, and Ilya kissed his neck, down to the hollow of his throat.

"I'll take it out?"

"Yeah. I'm ready."

Ilya kissed him again, pulling the plug out carefully. Shane shuddered, making a soft, plaintive noise. Ilya dropped the toy on the floor, picking up the lube.

He slicked himself, tossing the bottle aside to rest his hands on Shane's hips as Shane shifted back to sit on his cock.

He exhaled and Shane sighed, hands on Ilya's shoulders for balance, both of them taking a moment to adjust.

Shane was tight and warm and perfect and Ilya would be lying if he said he didn't love how snug he felt.

"Okay?" Ilya asked and Shane nodded, eyes opening, looking a little hazy.

He wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck, leaning into him, and Ilya bundled him close. He grabbed the discarded blanket from the couch cushion next to him, covering them both, and leaned back against the couch.

Shane practically melting into him, making a soft, satisfied noise, his face tucked against Ilya's neck.

Ilya turned his head, pressing intermittent kisses into Shane's hair and onto his forehead, one hand smoothing down the back of Shane's head and back slowly in a soothing circuit. He loved this. He loved being this close to Shane, sharing the same space in this way, without any sort of goal. It was just them, together.

It wasn't exactly crawling inside Shane but it was close enough.

They stayed like that for a long time, sort of just lost in each other.

Eventually, after what maybe felt like hours, Shane stirred. He looked at Ilya, eyes half-lidded, cheeks flushed, before he rubbed his face against Ilya's face, making Ilya chuckle.

"Feeling good?" Ilya asked, letting his head rest against the back of the couch, Shane's hands on his shoulders.

"Mmhm," was Shane's reply, grinding against Ilya, lips parting.

"Fuck, Hollander."

Shane let out a little breathy noise, closing his eyes, shifting up and then back down on Ilya's dick. It wasn't going to take much for either of them to come, Ilya was sure of that, but it was so fucking hot to watch Shane like this.

He rested his hands on Shane's hips, letting him do whatever he wanted, chasing his pleasure.

Ilya had to admit that this was pretty spectacular; watching his husband ride his dick, completely unselfconscious and going after what he wanted, back-dropped by the most gorgeous winter vista Ilya had ever seen.

Coming to the cottage for this quick trip had definitely been worth it. One million percent.

"God, Ilya. Fuck."

"Come on."

Shane whined, head falling back as he bounced on Ilya's cock, making a helpless sound before he was coming without being touched, making a mess all over Ilya. His body clenched around Ilya and that was enough to push him over the edge.

"Jesus Christ..."

Shane chuckled, kissing Ilya's cheeks, the corner of his mouth, nuzzling against his neck, before tucking his face against it.

"We're so good at this."

"Yes," Ilya hummed in agreement, running his hands up and down Shane's back. They'd lost the throw blanket to the floor and Shane shifted off of Ilya after a few more moments of basking.

"Shower?" he asked, stretching, Ilya's eyes tracing from Shane's raised hands, down his arms, his chest, appreciating the play of muscle under Shane's skin.

He nodded and stood up, taking Shane's hand, and kissing over his wedding ring.

They showered in the downstairs bathroom and changed back into their discarded clothes. Ilya cleaned up his mug and infuser as Shane went into the fridge so they could make lunch.

They decided to make broccoli cheddar soup, which was surprisingly easy and kind of fun. Ilya loved using their immersion blender, which amused Shane for some reason.

The soup came out delicious and they sat in the living room together, a hockey game on, the two of them under another throw blanket, sort of watching the game, and talking.

They cleaned up the mess they'd made after lunch and just hunkered down on the couch for a bit, snuggling, because Shane seemed to be in a very snuggly mood, before taking Anya out for a romp in the snow.

It was hilarious watching her hop around, the snow almost tall enough that she could get lost in it.

The snow was a little too fluffy to make snowballs, which was too bad, Ilya had really wanted to toss some at Shane, but he settled for just tackling his husband into the snow instead.

"What the hell?!" Shane laughed, rolling Ilya onto his back in the snow. "You're a menace!"

Ilya just laughed. "You love it."

Shane smiled at him, his cheeks and nose all rosy from the cold, snowflakes catching on his lashes. He practically glowed and Ilya was so in love with him he couldn't even stand it.

They kissed, drawn together like magnets, unable to resist, but Ilya got a facefull of snow as soon as they parted.

He swore in Russian, Shane cackling and running out of reach. Ilya went after him, Anya prancing around, wanting to join in.

They went back inside after about forty minutes, sweating underneath all their layers of clothes from running around the yard and pushing each other into the snow.

They freshened up, made sure that Anya was fed, before starting in on dinner.

It was peaceful, just the two of them, chatting about anything and everything while they prepped together.

Shane was wearing one of Ilya's hoodies, the hood pulled up, a pair of well-worn sweats that used to have the Voyageurs logo on them but it was well-worn away after hundreds of washes, and a pair of blue fuzzy socks.

He looked cozy and comfortable and Ilya watched him, full of such adoration and fondness. He loved his man more than he had words to describe. He loved all iterations of Shane but this was one of his favorites.

Shane glanced up at him, placing pork cutlets onto a baking sheet lined in tin foil.

"What?"

"I love you so much," Ilya said, in Russian.

Shane's cheeks turned pink and he smiled, huffing a laugh.

"I love you more than anything," Shane replied, also in Russian.

Ilya smiled at him, chuckling. "Little show off."

"You love it."

Ilya set down the knife in his hand, moving closer to wrap an arm around Shane, and press a long, loud kiss to his cheek.

"I really do."

Shane hummed, turning his head, and Ilya kissed his mouth gently.

"Wanna finish chopping those vegetables or...?"

Ilya kissed him again. "Yes, yes. Okay."

They both laughed softly, going back to their respective tasks. Food in the oven and hands washed, Ilya leaned back against the counter, opening his arms as Shane stepped into them, leaning into him.

"This is nice," he murmured, head resting on Ilya's shoulder, arms around him. "I'm glad we came."

Ilya kissed the hood of Shane's sweatshirt where it covered his head. "Me, too."

They ate dinner in the kitchen, opening a bottle of wine, talking and watching the snow as they ate.

Ilya loved these quiet moments with Shane. He loved that they cooked together all the time, that they could sit and talk or just exist together in companionable silence, without the need to fill the space.

He'd never had that growing up and it felt nice and fulfilling to have such tranquility in his marriage.

They'd worked hard for that. There had been growing pains and learning curves when they'd moved in together, their relationship expanding in ways they'd never experienced before, now that they were out.

They'd settled into things and Ilya appreciated being in this place with Shane. Secure and content and happy together.

It was more than he had ever thought of or dreamed for himself. Breaking cycles and doing things differently and being happy in spite of everything.

His mother would be proud.

He was proud; of himself, of Shane, of the relationship and life they'd built together. Ilya wouldn't trade it for anything.

They cleaned up after dinner and brought the bottle of wine to the living room. Shane tugged Ilya down onto the couch with him, Ilya laying with his head on Shane's chest, Shane's legs bracketing him, careful fingers playing with his curls.

He was pleasantly sleepy from the food and wine and running around in the snow and Shane's fingers just settled him more. He closed his eyes, relaxed.

Shane hummed, as if he knew that Ilya was falling asleep, and was more than happy to facilitate it.

Which worked.

Ilya dozed off, content to listen to Shane's heart, feeling his fingers in his hair, random movie noise happening in the background.

Ilya wasn't sure how long he was out for, woken to the sound of Shane calling his name, one hand resting on his back, gently shaking him.

"I'm awake," Ilya said, in Russian, which made Shane laugh.

"C'mon. Bed."

"No," Ilya huffed, wrapping his arms around Shane, rubbing his face against Shane's chest. "This is perfect."

"I mean, it's nice," Shane agreed, hugging Ilya back. "But I think our bed is better..."

Ilya sighed. "Maybe..."

Shane laughed, burying his face in Ilya's curls, nuzzling into his scalp.

They stayed like that for a few soft moments before Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's chest, patting one pec as he peeled himself off his husband and stood up, stretching.

They turned off all the lights, made sure the doors were locked, and nudged Anya awake. She made her way upstairs and they followed, taking the stairs together, holding hands.

Ilya brushed his teeth and washed his face once they were upstairs, peeling off his sweatshirt and sweats when he'd finished, crawling into bed, and flopping face first against the pillow while he waited for Shane to finish his long, involved dental routine.

He heard Shane shuffling around, turning off lights, and then finally sliding into bed.

Ilya immediately rolled to his side, pulling Shane into his arms.

"Moy lyubimyy," he purred, kissing the back of Shane's shoulder, smiling as Shane snuggled against him, tangling their fingers.

"Love you," Shane sighed.

"I love you, too."



Shane woke up to kisses and nuzzles against his shoulder, making him smile. It was warm and cozy under the comforter, in Ilya's arms, and he never wanted to leave. He was mostly asleep, rolling over to press his face into Ilya's chest, breathing him in, feeling protected and safe.

From the very beginning, even when all he and Ilya had been doing was hooking up, before they knew they were in love, Shane had felt safe with him.

He hadn't been able to put words to it at the time, especially because he didn't feel safe with *himself*, that that was one of the biggest things about being with Ilya.

They had been comfortable around one another. It was safe to be together, for a lot of reasons, many of which they weren't even aware of.

But now, that feeling was something Shane cherished.

"Maybe we just... skip practice and stay here all weekend..." Shane mumbled against Ilya's skin.

"Don't tempt me with a good time," Ilya murmured back, as he pressed kisses into Shane's hair.

Shane smiled, tossing a leg over Ilya's hip, and chuckled as Ilya's hand slid down his back, giving his ass cheek a caress, then squeezed it.

"We do actually need to be back," Shane sighed, leaning away to look at Ilya.

"I know," Ilya huffed, rolling his eyes.

Shane didn't say anything about their winning streak... or that Ilya was on a point streak. He didn't want to jinx it.

So he just nodded.

Ilya chuckled and kissed his forehead, smoothing strands of Shane's hair behind his ear. "We have the whole day today."

"Yeah," Shane hummed. "Can we just stay in bed?"

"Of course."

Shane smiled. It wasn't out of the realm of possibility that they would do just that, with intermittent breaks for their workout routine, coffee, food, and taking Anya out.

But Shane allowed himself to not be in a rush. They had the time, things didn't need to happen immediately. He could just have *this*. And there really was no competition between getting up and being cozy under the covers, especially when everything was cold and snowy and Ilya was about as warm as a nuclear power plant.

Shane dozed off again and woke up an indeterminate amount of time later to Ilya's hand running up and down his thigh.

"I'm awake this time," Shane yawned, leaning away to stretch, and making his husband chuckle.

"Mm, if you say so."

Ilya kissed the tip of Shane's chin and Shane smiled, turning his head to look at Ilya, rubbing their noses together.

"Morning."

"Good morning, beloved."

Shane felt his cheeks warm as he smiled, the endearment going right to his heart. Ilya didn't use it often but anytime he did, it made Shane all pleasantly squirmy inside.

They tangled up together for a bit longer, kissing and caressing and enjoying the quiet, until they finally got up to start making coffee, and take care of Anya.

Ilya took Anya out, while Shane started coffee, pulling mugs out of the cabinet, placing the milk on the counter, hood up, hands in his pockets.

"We will need to shovel," Ilya said when he came back inside with the dog, cuddling up against Shane, seeking warmth. "But is finished snowing."

Shane pressed his warm cheek to his husband's cool one, wrapping his arms around him.

"I think we can manage."

Coffee was done and Shane poured some into each mug while Ilya pressed against his back.

They sat in the den after feeding Anya, looking out at the snow, Ilya's legs in Shane's lap, both of them sharing a blanket. Shane hadn't looked at his phone since yesterday, which was kind of nice. He liked being unplugged.

He went to get them both more coffee and came back to find Ilya standing by the window, looking out at the lake.

Shane went to him, handing him his coffee.

"Thank you," he murmured, taking the mug, and kissed the side of Shane's head.

Shane smiled, wrapping an arm around Ilya's waist, leaning into him, and chuckled as Ilya switched the mug to his other hand to drape his arm over Shane's shoulders.

"Is peaceful."

"Yeah. I love it."

Ilya's cheek rested on top of his head. "Me, too."

Shane gave Ilya a little squeeze.

"Happy we came?"

"Of course."

They both chuckled and Shane shifted to kiss him Ilya's cheek, resting his head on his shoulder.

They stood like that, arms around one another, sipping their coffee as they watched birds flit around, the occasional rabbit spotted.

"We might see some foxes. Moose, too."

"Moose?"

Shane nodded. "Yeah. They're usually around the area."

"Wow." Ilya took a sip of coffee and Shane huffed a laugh.

"I'm gonna make breakfast." He kissed Ilya's shoulder and Ilya smiled at him.

"Okay. Want help?"

Shane shook his head. "Nah. You can just hang out and look pretty."

Ilya laughed, fluttering his lashes at Shane. "Easy."

Shane smiled softly, reaching up to touch Ilya's cheek, and stood on his toes to kiss his mouth.

He went to the kitchen, leaving Ilya at the window, and started gathering what he needed for breakfast.

Shane listened to Ilya move from the den to the living room, talking in hushed tones to Anya, before he finally joined Shane in the kitchen sitting at the island.

"What are you making?" he asked.

"My best attempt at omelets," Shane said, eyes on the eggs.

Ilya chuckled. "I'm sure they will be delicious."

"They'll definitely taste good but I don't know how they'll look," he said, making a dubious face at his pan.

He hadn't quite perfected flipping an omelet but he was getting there.

He did manage to make one of the omelets look decent, setting that one aside for Ilya, giving himself the one he'd messed up.

They ate breakfast, chatting about clearing the driveway, and leaving the rest of the day open, before they'd head back to Ottawa tomorrow.

Ilya loaded the dishwasher since Shane had cooked and started running it. Once he was finished they changed into their winter gear and went out to deal with the snow.

Well, Shane was dealing with the snow, while his husband romped around with the dog. He couldn't be mad though, it was really cute to watch Ilya like this, smiling and laughing, and it made Shane think about how he probably hadn't done something like that in *years*.

Sometimes it just hit him that Ilya had never really had the chance to be a kid. He'd told Shane about his childhood. Pockets of time with his mother where he felt like a normal kid like everyone else but more often than not, he was under his father's scrutiny, needing to perform and be the good, obedient son.

After his mother had died, Ilya had had to grow up quickly. Too quickly.

When Shane was twelve, he was playing Junior hockey and going to birthday parties and building Lego sets and... being a *kid*.

While Ilya had been placed into intensive hockey training and living with the enormous grief at the loss of his mother that he wasn't allowed to process and having to live under his father's iron-fisted rule with no escape besides hockey... and eventually sex.

Ilya had rebelled a bit; sneaking out of his father's house to party, do drugs. Shane had learned, fairly recently, that Ilya had been arrested a few times as a teen for being a general miscreant around Moscow with his friends.

Ilya had come such a long way and Shane knew that therapy was helping a lot.

Shane felt stupid for not realizing how much Ilya's fears of being abandoned had colored the way he'd acted in their relationship.

It wasn't just the Eastern European stoicism, it was the enormous walls he'd put up around his heart that Shane had managed to infiltrate. Ilya showing him these glimpses of that inner softness, until Shane had been holding all of it in his hands.

And he knew he hadn't been the gentlest, mistaking Ilya's defense mechanisms for something else.

He knew better now.

Ilya had lost the one person in his life who had ever truly loved and cared for him in the way he deserved. And then Shane had come along and they'd danced around one another for *years*, inadvertently hurting one another in the process.

They'd figured it out, sort of, and when Ilya had finally allowed himself to be loved and cared for again, it had meant running the risk of being hurt, of being abandoned.

Ilya had told Shane, over the summer before they'd gotten married, how scared he was of Shane leaving him, that so much of what he'd done over the three years that they'd been committed to one another had been to bend himself into a pretzel to make sure that Shane stayed.

He had been happy to make sacrifices because he loved Shane and wanted to be with him but he hadn't made room for other things in his life out of fear.

Shane knew he was working on those things and he was making room for them in his life; reconnecting with friends, picking up new hobbies, having a life outside of his and Shane's relationship.

And Shane made it clear every chance he got to be sure that Ilya knew he was loved and Shane wasn't going to be scared away so easily.

He wanted Ilya to feel secure and safe and loved in their relationship. He wanted him to thrive and be happy. And Shane knew he needed to do that for himself, too.

They both had lives outside of their relationship. Shane had been working on finding new hobbies. He liked photography, surprisingly, and was doing more with that during the off-season.

It was fun and there was the added benefit of him and Ilya having more memories. No more deleted photos, no more hiding away in secret at the cottage. And Ilya was a lot of fun to photograph.

Things were good.

Shane looked up as he turned around to head back up the driveway when a snowball hit him square in the face. He stood there, stunned.

"Motherfucker."

He wiped the snow from his face as he heard Ilya cackling.

"You asshole!"

Shane shook his head at his husband as Ilya stood there, grinning, looking so fucking proud of himself.

"You better start running!" Shane said as he took off, abandoning the snow blower in favor of chasing his husband through the snow.

"Oh shit!" Ilya laughed and made a break for it.

Running through the snow was not an elegant process, especially when said snow was up to your shins, but Shane did manage to catch up to Ilya, tackling him, while Anya barked excitedly behind them, wanting to join the fray.

"What the fuck, dude?" Shane laughed as he straddled Ilya who was cracking up underneath him.

Shane shook his head, laughing, his heart feeling too big for his chest as he watched Ilya laugh, looking delighted.

They both calmed down a little, chuckling, laying together in the snow. Ilya blinked up at Shane and Shane kissed him.

Ilya hummed into it, wrapping his arms around Shane as they just made out because they could.

They parted, a little out of breath, smiling and laughing at each other some more.

"Are you almost done?" Ilya asked.

"Almost," Shane replied. *"Someone* decided to distract me."

Ilya smiled up at him unapologetically. "Hurry up, then."

Shane made a face at his husband, grabbed a fistful of snow, and shoved it in Ilya's face.

Ilya swore in Russian and Shane rolled off of him.

"Fuck, Hollander!"

Shane stuck his tongue out at Ilya. "That's for the snowball."

Ilya huffed and fell back into the snow while Shane went back to the snow blower to finish their driveway.

"I better get an enormous thank you for doing all this," he called over his shoulder.

"Yes, yes," was Ilya's reply.

Shane huffed a laugh.

He finished the driveway, the road already plowed, and no more snow in the forecast until later next week.

Ilya was wrangling Anya while Shane put the snow blower back into the garage.

He went back inside, finding no sign of Ilya, though all of his gear was hung up, his boots stashed away in their place on the waterproof mat by the door.

Shane took off all of his layers, hanging everything up, placing his boots next to Ilya's, smiling at seeing them side by side.

He left the entry and found Anya in her bed by the fireplace, passed out. Shane chuckled, coming around the couch, and pausing at the sound of Ilya's bare feet on the hardwood floor.

"About time," he said and Shane turned, laughing as Ilya scooped him up, tossing Shane over his shoulder.

"Put me down!"

Ilya just gave his butt a smack and walked toward the stairs.

"You wanted a thank you, yes?"

"This is my thank you? Being carried around like a sack of potatoes?"

"You love it."

Shane's face went red and he huffed, which only made Ilya laugh. He wasn't wrong, exactly. Shane did love when Ilya manhandled him. He loved when Ilya showed off how strong he was. It was sexy as hell.

In their bedroom, Ilya set Shane down on his feet at the end of their bed, smiling brightly, his hands already rucking Shane's sweatshirt up.

Shane lifted his arms, both of them laughing as Ilya got Shane's sweatshirt off, dropping it to the floor. Shane cupped Ilya's face in his hands, kissing him while Ilya worked on getting his joggers and underwear off.

Shane kicked out of them, brushing his fingers over Ilya's mouth, making him pause.

"What?" he asked, eyes crinkled as he smiled, pressing soft kisses to Shane's fingers.

Shane smiled back, feeling all soft and gooey inside, happy that Ilya was happy. Seeing that smile, the delighted glint in Ilya's eyes... that was one of Shane's favorite things in the whole world.

"I love you so much," Shane said, nuzzling his face against Ilya's.

"I love you, too," Ilya murmured, hands pressed to Shane's back. "So much, Shane."

Shane rubbed their noses and kissed Ilya gently, cupping his cheek on his hand.

"You're happy?"

Ilya hummed. "Very."

Shane smiled and closed his eyes, kissing Ilya's cheek. "Me, too."

Ilya chuckled. "Good. Can I ravish you now?"

Shane laughed and let Ilya walk him back the few inches to their bed. Shane sat at the edge, watching Ilya reach behind himself to strip off his shirt.

"What? No striptease?" Shane asked.

Ilya laughed, doing a little dance, like he was in a club, turning around and bending over as he slid out of his sweats, wiggling his ass. Shane laughed, too, and Ilya turned, shaking his head, and smiling. He kicked off his sweats, then slid out of his underwear, before he went to his knees, pushing Shane's legs apart.

Ilya slide his hands over Shane's quads, leaning in to kiss Shane. Shane ran his hands into Ilya's hair, scrunching his curls in his fingers before releasing him as Ilya kissed his neck, down his chest and abs.

Ilya murmured something in Russian that Shane thought was, 'hello, friend', before he licked Shane's dick from base to tip.

Shane bit his lip and leaned back on his elbows, happy to watch the show. He would never get tired of watching his big, beautiful husband sucking his dick.

Ilya teased him for a bit, kissing and licking, sucking lightly under the head of Shane's cock, sliding his tongue over his slit.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane sighed and Ilya looked up at him, reaching a hand up to squeeze one of Shane's pecs, before sliding his lips down, taking Shane deep.

"Jesus Christ."

Ilya hummed around him, the vibration tingling all of Shane's nerves. Ilya swallowed around him and Shane gasped. Ilya was way too good at this.

He did that a few more times, drawing some more soft little noises from Shane, before he started bobbing his head in a more steady rhythm. Shane let his head fall back, before just splaying out on their bed, wrapping his fingers around Ilya's where his hand rested on Shane's chest, the other fisting into their comforter.

"Oh god, Ilya. Holy shit."

Ilya hummed again, slowing down, before pulling off of Shane slowly, letting him slip from his mouth.

Ilya kissed the inside of Shane's thigh, dragging his mouth over the skin, rubbing his rough cheek there, making Shane shiver. Ilya grinned, spending a little extra time kissing and rubbing his cheeks against Shane's inner thighs.

"Do you want me to fuck you?" he asked and Shane whimpered.

"Yeah. Fuck. Please."

Ilya chuckled, the sound low and deep and amused, as he dipped his head to press his mouth to Shane's sac. Shane swore, tossing an arm over his eyes.

But Ilya didn't linger, thankfully. He patted Shane's thigh and Shane scooted back toward the pillows as Ilya crawled into bed, pausing to grab the lube.

"Condom?" he asked because sometimes Shane liked using them for clean-up purposes. They rarely used them nowadays though. Shane was finding that he didn't really always mind the mess.

"No, it's okay."

Ilya nodded and smiled at him, leaving the lube within easy reach, before leaning in to kiss Shane.

Shane sighed, holding Ilya's face in his hands, running them into his curls, down to his back, pulling him close.

"My beloved," Ilya murmured, pressing kisses to Shane's face. "So sweet for me."

Shane hummed, holding one of Ilya's cheeks in his palm for a moment, before he grabbed the lube, and popped the cap.

Ilya got to work opening Shane up. He always took his time, enjoying the way Shane panted and whined, and being able to kiss him. Shane wasn't complaining. Ilya was always thorough and it wasn't like Shane didn't enjoy the attention.

"Ilya..." Shane murmured, tugging at his husband's curls.

"What?" Ilya lifted his gaze to look at Shane. "I'm enjoying this, aren't you?"

Shane rolled his eyes and stared up at the ceiling.

"I don't want your fingers I ah—!" Ilya rubbed up against Shane's prostate, pleasure rippling through Shane, making him gasp. "Want your dick."

Ilya chuckled. "Yes, yes."

He withdrew his fingers, grabbing the lube again, and Shane ran his teeth over his bottom lip, watching, anticipating.

But Ilya went slowly, carefully, nestling inside Shane without any rush.

"Okay?" he asked, pressing a tender kiss to the corner of Shane's mouth.

"Yeah. 'M good."

Shane wrapped his arms and legs around Ilya, kissing him as he started to move, picking an easy, relaxed rhythm. Shane let himself fall into it. They didn't need to go fast and if Ilya was in the mood to love on Shane like this, then he was down for it.

It was nice, actually, fitting the whole theme of this trip, and Shane liked being able to hold Ilya and kiss him.

"You are so beautiful," Ilya sighed against Shane's cheek, in Russian. "I love having you like this."

Shane smiled, turning his head to kiss Ilya properly. "I love this, too. Love when you're inside me."

Ilya smiled, picking up speed, and Shane hummed. He rested a hand at the back of Ilya's head, his free arm slung across Ilya's back, crossing his ankles at the small of Ilya's back.

"You like that, Hollander?"

"Fuck, Ilya. God. Don't stop."

Shane knew Ilya didn't need to be told twice, fucking into Shane hard and steady.

Shane reached between them, wrapping a hand around himself.

"Yes, Shane," Ilya breathed, kissing him messily.

It didn't take much more for Shane to come, Ilya fucking him through his orgasm until he stilled and came a few seconds later.

He nuzzled his face into Shane's neck and Shane tugged at him until he was laying completely on top of him, making Ilya chuckle.

"I don't think I can get closer," he mumbled, kissing Shane's neck.

"We can try."

Ilya snorted and they both started laughing.

They lay like that for a long time, Shane petting Ilya's curls, Ilya pressing intermittent kisses to Shane's shoulder and neck and jaw, until he finally pulled out, and shifting off the bed so they could clean up.

The rest of the day was relaxed and easy.

They ate leftovers from the day before, played with Anya, snuggled and napped on the couch, and did a little packing ahead of their leaving tomorrow.

Shane loved the domesticity that he and Ilya shared. He loved doing life with him, especially like this.

They were in the den, watching the sun set over the lake, making the snow sparkle.

"Thanks for doing this with me," Shane said, lifting his head from where it was resting on Ilya's chest.

"Always," Ilya replied, smiling at Shane, running a hand through his hair.

Shane hummed, settling his head back on Ilya's chest, Ilya's fingers going back to playing with his hair. He closed his eyes, happy and content and grateful.

He had everything he could have ever wanted, which had seemed impossible for a long time.

He wasn't going to take any of it for granted.

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

You can follow me on [Tumblr](#), [Bluesky](#), or [Instagram](#) to get updates on what I'm working on!

Every kudo and comment is so greatly appreciated and treasured! Thank you for your support! 💖

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