your home is with me

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by bluerosebouquet

Summary

It was a rare thing, for Shane and Ilya to have a Friday night off at the same time during the season.

Notes

Yeah so I read all of Heated Rivalry in one single day and here we are. I am actually foaming at the mouth for this television show I truly cannot wait.

Please note that, even though I am deeply entrenched in American football and baseball culture...I do not know ANYTHING about hockey (though I fear these books may get me into it for real), so all of the things I say about hockey and the NHL are pure fiction made up out of my little brain.

Title comes from this song, and I made this playlist for my losers in love.

See the end of the work for more notes

It was a rare thing, for Shane and Ilya to have a Friday night off at the same time during the season.

So rare, in fact, that Shane could count on one hand in nearly eight years how often it had happened. And several of those years they weren't even technically in a relationship, so they hadn't been able to take advantage.

But the NHL had decided to do a major fundraising benefit at the tail end of the season this year, just before the playoffs, and every team captain was required to attend both the rehearsal on Friday, and the benefit itself on Saturday.

Which meant that Shane and Ilya would be in the same hotel in Seattle for the entirety of a Friday night.

So Shane was practically waiting by the door of his hotel room after the rehearsal had finally concluded, tapping his fingers against his arms, and checking the time every ten to fifteen seconds, pretending not to be impatient.

The moment there was a quiet knock on the door, he was opening it, and hauling Ilya inside, kissing him like he needed it to breathe. Which honestly, was probably true most of the time.

Shane would always be amazed, even all these years later, how much he longed for Ilya, even when they were only apart for a few days. He had no idea how he used to go months without touching him.

He pushed his tongue inside his mouth, insistent, wanting, and he could feel the smile curling Ilya's lips, his arms coming up to wrap around Shane's waist, lifting him up so that he was on the tips of his toes.

Shane moaned, trying to angle himself closer, grinding their hips together, and swallowing the groan that came from deep in Ilya's chest.

"So eager," Ilya murmured, his hand grasping the back of Shane's neck, "It has not been that long."

"Too long," he whispered, kissing him again, "I can't wait until you're in Ottawa."

"Soon," Ilya dragged them a few feet closer to the bed, "Soon."

"Not soon enough," Shane whined, "I want you all the time. *Now*."

Ilya grinned against his mouth, pushing him back farther so that the backs of Shane's knees hit the bed and they toppled down onto it, Ilya's heavy weight on top of him.

"More," Shane panted fumbling with the belt on Ilya's pants, "I want it."

"I like this," Ilya nipped at the shell of his ear, "I like you like this. Reminds me of Vegas. Makes me want to try something."

He ran his tongue down the tendons in Shane's neck, and he shuddered.

"What do you want to try?"

Ilya smiled, wide and sharp like a shark. The kind of smile he gave Shane when they were on the ice together. The kind of smile that was designed to make Shane squirm. And tonight was no exception.

Slowly, Ilya pulled away from him, and Shane's heart picked up speed, propping himself up on his elbows as he watched him stand back, stripping himself of his tie and starched dress shirt, tossing the former to the side, sliding the tie in between his hands.

He was so ridiculously good looking, with his dress pants undone, exposing the dark fabric of his briefs hugging his hips.

"Like what you see?" Ilya arched an eyebrow, and Shane's eyes flicked back up to his face, blushing traitorously.

"Fuck you."

"Hmm," the tie kept slipping from one hand to the other, like a snake, "You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

Shane would like that very much as a matter of fact.

"What do you want to- To try?" he swallowed, watching the tie sinewing through Ilya's hands.

"To tie this around your eyes," Ilya trailed the silky fabric up Shane's leg, and he trembled even though he was still clothed, "Make it so you can't see."

Shane's throat constricted. He wanted that, he thought, but what if he looked…stupid? What if he jumped around or couldn't enjoy it because he didn't know what was coming? What if-

"Hollander," Ilya's voice snapped him out of his thoughts, "Relax. We don't have to if you-"

"I *do* want to," Shane blurted out, "I just- I don't know if- If-"

"Shane," Ilya moved toward him, leaning over him so his hand skated down his arm, "is just me. Do not worry."

Shane forced himself to take a shaky breath, looking up into Ilya's pretty eyes.

"Right," he sounded better, more confident, "I trust you."

He smiled, leaning down to kiss him gently on the mouth, his fingers moving down the buttons of his shirt, then down to his pants, until he was in nothing but his briefs, panting, staring up at Ilya, towering over him, tie still in hand.

"Are you ready?" his voice was lower, rougher somehow, and it sent a thrill through Shane.

“Yeah,” his own voice sounded strange in his ears, “Yeah I am.”

“Good,” Ilya moved forward, and Shane tilted his head up, allowing the dark cloth of the tie to be looped around his eyes and tied tenderly behind his head.

Shane felt like all his other senses were sharper with his sight gone. He listened to the faint rustling sound of Ilya’s dress pants, the creak of the floorboards, Ilya’s breathing. He was listening so intently that he jumped when he felt Ilya’s hands on either side of his hips, pulling on the waistband of his briefs.

“Up,” he said quietly, and Shane popped his hips up immediately, hearing his soft laugh, feeling the cool air on his heated skin as his briefs were pulled off him completely.

He waited, his entire body tense as he listened, trying to tell when Ilya had moved toward him. But the seconds stretched on, as did the silence, and it was agonizing.

“Where are you?” Shane asked, suddenly convinced that he had been left alone in the room, and Ilya had disappeared because he looked so stupid. He was just moving to sit up and take off his blindfold when Ilya spoke at last, closer to him than before,

“Don’t make me pin you down,” his voice was low and dangerous in Shane’s ear, “Stay still.”

“I thought you left,” he grumbled, settling back down on the bed, still tense.

“You know better than that. Relax Hollander, try to enjoy the mystery of it, yeah?”

Shane huffed, but couldn’t pretend that he wasn’t getting hard at the whole situation, at Ilya having him like this, however he wanted, with Shane handing him all the control.

“You like this,” Ilya said unnecessarily, skating his knuckles down Shane’s cock, feather-light, but still enough to make him yelp, “Don’t you?”

“Yeah,” his voice came out strained and slightly hoarse, “Yeah I do.”

“I should tie you up next time,” Shane could feel his warm breath ghosting across his lower stomach, and he made a pathetic little noise in the back of his throat, so hard now it was painful, “Make it so you can’t move at all. I think you would like that better.”

And Shane thought he would too. He nearly bucked his hips off the bed just imagining it.

“*Please*,” he begged, feeling like he was going to implode in on himself if Ilya didn’t touch him soon, “Please.”

“So sweet when you beg,” he sounded hotter than he had any right to, especially when he said something else in Russian, which he knew keyed Shane up. His hand inched toward his cock, but Ilya caught his wrist, “No, stay still.”

“Then fuck me,” he demanded, sounding every bit as petulantly impatient as he felt.

“But I am enjoying this. Having you like this,” Ilya took Shane’s cock in hand this time, stroking him once, and Shane gave a strangled cry that was sure to wake every person in a mile radius, “We have the whole night too, we should take advantage.”

“We won’t be taking advantage if you leave me like this all night,” Shane snarked, but he made no effort to move, or to remove his blindfold.

Instead of answering, Ilya took him in his mouth, and Shane groaned, reaching down automatically to tangle his hands in his curls. Ilya hummed around him, bobbing shallowly, his tongue swirling around Shane’s head, before pulling off with a wet pop.

“You always taste so good when you’re worked up,” he said kissing Shane’s forehead as he guided his hands up above his head, pressing them into the pillows, “Keep these here.”

“Ilya,” Shane started, not even sure what he was going to say, before Ilya had taken him again, deeper this time, and all the air seemed to leave Shane’s lungs, and the only real thing was Ilya’s wet mouth, his tongue, the sounds he made in the back of his throat, and the way he felt wrapped around Shane’s cock.

“Jesus,” the word was punched out of him, breathy and embarrassing, but Ilya only hummed and continued his work, moving up and down, up and down, with Shane hanging by a thread already.

Seeming to sense this, Ilya pulled off him again, and Shane was panting for breath, like he had run for miles and miles and just learned how to stop.

“Already?” his voice was teasing, “Come on-”

But Shane had already lifted his hands from their position above his head and pulled Ilya blindly up towards him, so their chests collided together. He searched for his mouth frantically, sighing with relief when their lips crashed together.

“Need you inside me,” he murmured against his mouth, and Ilya groaned. Shane could feel him pulling at the blindfold, but he shook his head, “Leave it.”

“Yeah?” he could tell that he was smiling; he didn’t need to see to know the exact expression on his face, “Okay then.”

It was more difficult than usual, since Shane was blindfolded, but Ilya didn’t seem to mind. He took his time, pushing Shane into the right position, taking breaks to press wet, hot kisses on the side of his neck, on his clavicle, down his chest, whispering in Russian like prayers against his skin.

He worked him open slowly, one finger at a time, slowing down or stopping entirely when Shane got wound too tight, got too close to the edge.

It was maddening, but felt so good that there was no way he was going to ask him to stop. The blindfold seemed to heighten everything, so that he could feel everything tenfold, and every movement from Ilya felt like the end of the world.

“God,” Shane cried out for the fourth or fifth time as Ilya added another knuckle, “Right there, fuck.”

“Ready,” he knew it wasn’t a question, but he appreciated the warning all the same.

“Yeah, yeah I- Yeah.”

Chuckling, he heard Ilya shifting his position, the muted thud of the bottle of lube on the bedside table, and then the warm weight of him surrounding him, arms on either side of his torso, his hips aligned with Shane’s, the blunt feeling of his hard cock dragging against Shane’s lower stomach.

“So good like this,” Ilya groaned, pushing into him with a practiced ease, and Shane should have been embarrassed at the noise that he made at the perfect pressure of Ilya inside him, but he wasn’t. He was rarely ever embarrassed around Ilya anymore, and he was the only person he could really say that about.

Again, Ilya was slower than usual. He didn’t move much at first, but kissed Shane, who returned the kiss eagerly and messily. And, when he did deign to move, it was slow and measured and unhurried, more sensual and less frantic than when they were usually together during the season.

So often, those stolen hours felt too short and too forbidden, so they could barely enjoy being together before one of them had to sneak away, with sweet words muttered against shoulders as they disappeared into the night. But to have the whole night, to be able to take their time, it almost felt like they were at the cottage, with no one around for miles, and the freedom to have each other the way they wanted, any time they wanted.

It made Shane feel like he never wanted this moment, or this night to end. He would be perfectly happy to be stuck in this limbo forever, as long as he had Ilya.

Before he could go too far down this road, Ilya began picking up the pace, and he was suddenly very aware how close to the edge he was.

“Fuck, Ilya,” he gasped feeling his fingers closing around his cock, “Don’t stop.”

He heard that noise in the back of his throat, the one that Shane knew meant he was close. And he couldn’t imagine not being able to see Ilya’s face when he came.

“Let me see you,” Shane whispered, pressing their foreheads together, eyes wide open under the fabric of the blindfold, willing himself to gain x-ray vision and see through it, so he could see him come undone, “Please- I want- Let me see you.”

At once, he was blinking in the soft light of the hotel room, staring up into Ilya’s hazel eyes, which were wide and drinking him in like he had never been able to see him before.

“Like that,” Shane threw his hands back to brace himself against the headboard, still locked onto Ilya’s face. He had to see him go over the edge. It was the best part, even better than his own orgasm.

“Shane- I’m going to-”

“Me too,” he could feel it, with Ilya inside him and his hand wrapped around his cock, he could feel himself tilting off the precipice, not caring what was at the bottom, “Fuck-”

They came together, so hard that Shane thought he might have seen stars. Ilya pressed a messy kiss to his sweaty forehead, and eased out of him, padding off to the bathroom and returning a moment later with a warm washcloth, swiping it gently across Shane’s stomach, cleaning him up with as much care as if he were made of glass.

Finally, when Ilya had settled back down into the bed, Shane spoke,

“That was-” he was still trying to catch his breath, and catch the thoughts racing ahead of him in his brain, “Fuck.”

“I would have suggested it earlier if I had known you would like it so much,” Ilya said something else in Russian, and translated when Shane looked at him, “That was so hot.”

He laughed, turning on his side so that they were looking at one another.

There wasn’t anything much better than Ilya in lamplight. Other than Ilya in twilight, or Ilya during sunrise, or maybe Ilya on the rink. Really, he was unfairly gorgeous no matter what the lighting situation was, but right at this moment, lit by the soft glow of the bedside light, Shane could see the tan of his skin and the softness of his smile as he watched him drink him in.

“What are you seeing?” Ilya asked quietly, tracing down the length of Shane’s arm, “When you are looking at me?”

“You’re so beautiful,” Shane said, reaching over to push a hand through his curls, “It’s like I forget just how beautiful you are every time I close my eyes, and I open them and bam- There you are.”

Ilya blinked.

“You mean that?” his voice was small, quiet, something that Shane knew he was the only person who was privileged enough to hear.

“Yeah,” he was anxious and unsure of a lot of things, but this wasn’t one of them. Ilya wasn’t one of them, “Every word.”

Ilya took Shane by his chin and pulled him forward, kissing him gently, softly.

“I love you,” Shane said against his mouth, pulling him closer so that they were all tangled together, warm and just right.

Ilya spoke in Russian, but Shane had heard it enough now to know what the phrase meant.

I love you too, always.

“You’ll stay all night?” he asked hopefully, pressing his face into Ilya’s chest, breathing in the smell of him.

“All night,” the prospect was thrilling, “I’ll *have* you all night.”

And Shane couldn’t help that the thought of that already had him half hard again. Ilya laughed when he noticed it, ignoring Shane’s furious blushing.

“You are insatiable,” Ilya said fondly, rolling so that he was on top of him, “Even worse than me sometimes.”

“That’s impossible,” Shane grumbled, but made no move to escape, “You’re way more insatiable than I am.”

“Tell that to him,” he gestured down to Shane cock curving up insistently on his lower stomach, “But I don’t mind.”

And by the time Shane woke up in the morning, thoroughly wrung out, with Ilya draped across his chest, breathing evenly and deeply, he found that he didn’t really mind either.

After all, he didn’t have anything to worry about with Ilya.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Happy thanksgiving (AND HEATED RIVALRY ON HBO EVE MORE IMPORTANTLY)!! <3

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