

Snowstorm

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/51961915) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/51961915>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anya
Additional Tags:	Blizzards & Snowstorms , Power Outage , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Porn with Feelings , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Ilya is so in love with Shane it's disgusting , Ilya POV , Domestic Bliss , Married Life , Love Bites
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-12-01 Words: 4,334 Chapters: 1/1

Snowstorm

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane at home during a snowstorm

Notes

I'm not Canadian and know very little about Ottawa and generators lmao Suspend your disbelief!

I just really like writing Ilya and Shane having sex lmao

Enjoy! 💖

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

Shane was loading the dishwasher. It was such an innocuous, every day kind of activity, and yet it held Ilya's attention completely. Shane was wearing a pair of shorts and one of Ilya's sweatshirts, which was baggy on him because it was two sizes larger than what he would normally wear.

He had his hair tucked behind his ears, the sleeves of the sweatshirt rolled up to his elbows as he rinsed dishes and bowls and utensils before placing them in the dishwasher. His feet were bare. He looked comfortable and at ease and while normally Ilya would try to scare him or annoy him in some way, he found himself unable to.

He was feeling sentimental tonight for some reason. His heart was too full, every bit of him aching with how much he loved Shane. He just wanted to appreciate being able to watch his husband, to know that there were countless hours and days and weeks and months and years spread out before them to spend together.

The vastness of the time they had was enough to still Ilya and so he just leaned against the doorframe to their kitchen, watching, appreciating.

"You just gonna stand there all night or help?" Shane asked, glancing briefly over his shoulder, before going back to his task.

Ilya smiled. "Do you need help?"

"No," Shane griped. "I'm done."

"Well," Ilya replied, holding one hand up, and shrugging.

He couldn't see Shane's face, but he was sure he was rolling his eyes, and Ilya chuckled. He watched Shane reach into the cabinet under the sink, pulling out a dishwasher tablet, bending over to place it in the dishwasher, and giving Ilya a very nice view of his ass in the process.

Shane started the dishwasher and then rinsed and dried his hands. He looked out the window as he did so, his face in profile, and Ilya's eyes traced the straight slope of his perfect, adorable nose, and the sharp line of his jaw.

"It's really coming down," Shane said, hanging the hand towel back up and leaning on the counter. Ilya pushed off the doorframe and moved closer. He stood behind Shane, wrapping his arms around his waist, resting his chin on top of Shane's head. He tucked his nose against his hair, breathing him in, enjoying the smell of fancy shampoo and the distinct *Shane* -smell he loved so much.

It had been snowing all day but it had picked up over the last few hours and they could hear the wind outside, blowing snow against the house.

"They did say it would be blizzard-like conditions."

Shane hummed and nodded, resting his hands over Ilya's, their wedding bands knocking together.

“Hope we don’t lose power.”

“It will be fine. We have the generator. But I think it will be okay.” Even though Ilya had only lived in Ottawa for about four years, he hadn’t had to use the generator, even during storms.

Shane hummed, turning in Ilya’s arms, his hands moving to Ilya’s chest. Ilya smiled, covering the distance between them to kiss Shane warmly.

“Do you want some tea?” Shane murmured against his lips, nuzzling their noses. Ilya pulled him a little closer, pressing their foreheads together, watching Shane’s eyes dip closed, a little smile tugging at his perfect lips. Ilya’s heart fluttered as Shane snuggled closer.

“Okay,” Ilya replied. “Sounds nice.”

They kissed again and Ilya let Shane go, watching him pull mugs out of the cabinet, along with a neatly arranged storage container of miscellaneous tea bags. Ilya picked up the kettle, refilling it, and placed it on the stove, turning on the burner it rested on.

Shane had pulled down the package of what was Russian gingerbread with condensed milk filling. Not long after they had gotten married, Shane had started asking Ilya more about his Russian roots. Ilya had spent so much time with Shane’s family, getting to know their familial traditions, that Shane had said it felt only fair for Ilya to share his.

Svetlana had smuggled snacks over for them (along with some of the premium vodka) after her trip to visit her family still in Russia and Ilya had had Shane try them. They were mostly candy and pastries, since those traveled best.

“Which one do you want?” Shane asked, indicating the tea.

Ilya moved next to Shane, kissing the side of his head, and wrapping an arm around his waist, slipping his fingers under the sweatshirt to touch warm, soft skin. He couldn’t help it. He loved touching Shane. He picked a decaffeinated black tea and Shane pulled the neatly wrapped bag out of its place, unwrapping it, and placing it in Ilya’s mug.

“Thank you,” Ilya said in Russian and Shane hummed.

“You’re welcome,” he replied, in French.

They both laughed. Shane opened the packet of sweets, handing one to Ilya, then taking one for himself, before closing the bag and putting it back in the cabinet.

“These are really good,” Shane hummed.

“They are,” Ilya replied. “One of my favorites.”

“Do you miss Russia?” Shane asked, leaning against the counter. Ilya tilted his head, thinking.

“Yes and no,” he replied. “I miss certain parts of Russian culture. Daily life things. Comforts that remind me of when I was young. Some foods that we cannot get in Canada or the States.

But there is *a lot* I do not miss. I did not leave anything behind there...”

“Would you want to go back?”

“Maybe one day. But I do not know if I can.”

Shane nodded, looking away, chewing on his bottom lip. It was a silly worry in Ilya’s opinion. He would always have some love for the country that had raised him but he would not go back to a place that looked at his and Shane’s relationship with hatred, and certainly not to a brother who only wanted his money. Ilya reached out to take Shane’s hand. He tugged him closer, into his arms, and kissed his cheek. “I do not *need* to go back to Russia. I like it here, in Canada. I am with everyone I love here. I am building a home and a life here.”

Shane looked at him, his eyes big and shiny, and Ilya stroked the backs of his fingers over his cheek.

“I love you, sweetheart. And I love our life. I would not trade that for anything.”

Shane blinked at him, before slamming his body against Ilya’s, arms around him tight, his face pressed into Ilya’s chest.

“Oof,” Ilya chuckled and hugged him, face buried in Shane’s hair.

“I can get my citizenship soon,” he hummed after a few moments and Shane sniffed, looking up at him.

“I know. It’s awesome.”

Ilya smiled widely. “It is.” In truth, Ilya could settle anywhere in the world and as long as he was with Shane, he would feel at home. But they had settled here and Ilya was excited to permanently belong and to be with Shane for the rest of their lives.

He wanted to stay forever and Shane wanted him forever and Ilya couldn’t have been happier. He was *wanted* and *loved*.

Anya chose that moment to trot into the kitchen, obviously looking for attention. She got the pets she so desired and some treats after she performed a few very good tricks for Shane.

“Who is the best, smartest girl?” Ilya cooed at her. “You are!”

Anya smiled her adorable doggy smile at her dads and Ilya covered her in kisses, making Shane laugh. The kettle started to whistle and Shane pulled it off the burner, pouring the hot water into their mugs.

Ilya made sure that Anya had enough water and Shane handed him his mug. They went into the living room, cuddling up on the couch under some very cozy blankets, turning on a movie. They drank their tea, setting the mugs aside when they were done, then Shane nestled against Ilya’s chest, his hand curved around Ilya’s ribs. Ilya gently played with his hair, running the silky strands through his fingers, and pressing intermittent kisses to the top of Shane’s head.

Anya had made herself comfortable by their feet.

Ilya loved this. The soft domesticity of their evening, just relaxing together. Shane was soft and relaxed against him, nuzzling against Ilya's neck every so often in a way that was both sexy and cute at once. Ilya pushed his hand into Shane's hair, massaging his scalp, and Shane sighed, going completely boneless against him.

Ilya withdrew his hand after a few minutes and Shane sat up, his hair mussed, looking adorably rumbled. He shifted slightly, cupping Ilya's face in his hands, fingers brushing over his stubbly cheeks. Ilya smiled, soft and adoring, up at him, his hands sliding up Shane's back, under the sweatshirt.

Shane's expression was tenderly affectionate, his eyes tracking Ilya's face, cataloging.

"I love you so much," Shane whispered.

Ilya felt himself melt, his heart feeling too big for his chest. "I love you, too. So much, Shane."

Shane leaned down to kiss him. It was a slow, adoring kiss, leaving Ilya feeling all fizzy when Shane pulled away. Shane licked his lips and Ilya pulled him down for more kisses. They made out, slowly grinding against one another, Ilya hooking a leg over Shane's thigh to keep him close. They parted again to catch their breath and Shane opened his mouth to speak, when the lights went out.

"Shit," Shane said.

"Is fine," Ilya replied, chuckling a little, smoothing his hand up and down Shane's back. He patted Shane's hip. "One second."

Shane crawled off of him and Ilya got up, making sure he had his phone, and turned on his flashlight. Shane was holding Anya and Ilya went up stairs, to their bedroom, and into their closet. In a random box, tucked into the corner, were all of the electric candles that Shane had gotten when he had proposed to Ilya.

Ilya smiled and brought the box downstairs. Shane had his phone's flashlight on, watching Ilya curiously.

"What're you doing?" Shane asked.

"It is the box of electric candles," Ilya replied.

"Oh!"

Ilya set the box on the floor and Shane joined them. They pulled the candles out and turned them on, scattering them around the house. It was undeniably romantic (and useful), the lighting low, and reminding Ilya of when Shane had asked him to marry him.

"Not bad," Shane said and Ilya smiled at him.

“Come here,” Ilya said and Shane came. Ilya placed a hand on his waist and took one of his hands. Shane smiled shyly, resting his other hand on Ilya’s shoulder. They danced in a little circle in their living room to the sound of snow being blown against the windows.

It was peaceful. Relaxing. Everything felt very cozy and safe. Shane rested his head on Ilya’s shoulder, their arms shifting around one another, simply swaying back and forth, leaning into each other. Ilya rested his cheek on top of Shane’s head.

He loved him.

It felt impossible to love someone this much. To have him. Ilya hadn’t ever thought he would get here. He thought he might maybe meet someone, eventually, that he liked well enough but maybe didn’t love. And then he’d met this earnest, adorable boy from Canada, with his dark eyes and freckles, and that had been it for him.

That one meeting, and Ilya’s heart had said, ‘ yes. **You** .’

He sang a little... just because. It was rare for him to do so. As a child, his mother had had him sing in the choir at church, and he would sing with her, just for fun, as they did chores together. He had stopped singing for a long time after her death and had started again after he and Shane had started hooking up. It wasn’t anything besides singing in the shower or the occasional karaoke with his teammates, though he never sang anything other than suggestive rock songs.

Shane had caught him once, when he thought he had been alone, doing laundry, while Shane had gone out grocery shopping. Shane had been surprised and had told Ilya that he had a nice singing voice. So he would serenade Shane occasionally.

“How are you this perfect?” Shane murmured, looking up at Ilya, his chin planted on Ilya’s sternum. Ilya chuckled and pressed tender kisses to Shane’s face.

“It is a mystery,” Ilya replied and Shane huffed a laugh.

“We should probably turn the generator on. It’s going to get cold in here with no heat.”

“Ah, but we could cuddle naked together for warmth,” Ilya replied, waggling his eyebrows.

Shane laughed, his dark eyes sparkling. “We do that anyway.”

Ilya grinned, sliding his hands to Shane’s ass, squeezing appreciatively. Shane sighed, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s neck and pulling him down for a deeper kiss. Ilya had every intention of fucking Shane, though he lamented the fact that the fireplace was electric and not an actual wood burning one. That would have been romantic as hell.

He reluctantly ended the kiss, smiling as Shane chased his mouth. He reached up, running his thumb tenderly over Shane’s kiss swollen bottom lip.

“I will be right back.”

Shane made a soft noise, nipping at Ilya’s thumb. “Hurry.”

Ilya kissed him once more, quick and firm, before he turned away. Using his phone's flashlight he went down to the basement and turned on the generator. He came upstairs, finding the lights on. He went through the rooms, turning them off, leaving only the candles.

Back in the living room, Shane had turned on the fireplace, moved the coffee table, and was spreading blankets out on the rug. Anya was in her bed, curled into a little doughnut shape, asleep.

"What are you doing?" Ilya asked fondly.

"Making things more comfortable," Shane replied, adjusting one blanket. He dropped a bottle of lube onto it, and then sat down. Ilya moved closer and joined him. The only light in the room was from the fireplace and the electric candles.

"This is cozy," Ilya hummed and Shane chuckled, looking sweet and shy and absolutely kissable. Shane nodded his head, biting his bottom lip, looking at Ilya through his long, dark lashes.

Ilya made a soft noise of adoration, gently curling a finger under Shane's chin, lifting it so Shane's gaze met his.

"My love," he murmured in Russian, leaning in, and kissing Shane. Shane melted into it, his hands sliding up Ilya's thighs. Ilya trailed his hand down Shane's neck, over his shoulder, wrapping an arm around him, and pulling him into his lap. Shane went easily, straddling Ilya's thighs, cupping his face in his hands.

"I love you," Shane breathed between kisses. "I want you to fuck me."

Ilya smiled into the kisses, reaching between them to slide his palm teasingly over Shane's mostly hard dick. Shane gasped softly and Ilya hummed, nipping his bottom lip, then kissing it.

"I love you, too," Ilya replied, smiling. "I can do that."

Ilya slid his hand down Shane's back, then pushed both hands up under his sweatshirt, pushing it up until it forced Shane to pull away so Ilya could tug the sweatshirt off, tossing it aside, before he slid his arm around Shane's waist, the other between his shoulder blades to carefully lay Shane onto his back on the blankets.

His hair fanned out under his head, the candles and firelight casting him in shadow, highlighting the sharpness of his cheekbones, the definition of his plush pecs. He really did look stunning. Ilya would never get over how Shane looked like something out of a fantasy without even trying.

He just looked at him and Shane looked back, reaching up to thread his fingers into Ilya's hair, one hand cupping Ilya's cheek. Ilya turned his head, kissing Shane's palm, before leaning away to pull off his own shirt, then his pants, and briefs. He curled his fingers into Shane's shorts, pulling them, and his underwear, down and off.

Shane splayed out against the blanket, hands above his head, legs spread, his cock hard against his stomach. Ilya slid worshipful hands up Shane's thighs, over his hips, curling his hands around Shane's trim waist, thumbs brushing over his abs.

"Very pretty," Ilya purred, his eyes taking in all of Shane. From his silky, glossy hair, over his broad shoulders and muscular chest, down his firm abs, to his slim waist, perfect cock, and strong, thick thighs.

"The most beautiful."

Shane preened under the praise and Ilya leaned over him, pressing slow, delicate kisses all over his face; covering his forehead, his nose, over the trail of his freckles, the corners of his mouth. He kissed Shane's lips, slow and adoring, before kissing his elegant neck, to the hollow of his throat, and down his sternum.

Ilya dragged his hands over warm, smooth skin, tongue and teeth playing over one nipple, thumb and forefinger teasing the other, until Shane was panting and whining under him.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane huffed, hands curled around Ilya's triceps.

"Let me," Ilya murmured, pressing a kiss to Shane's solar plexus. Shane was always so impatient. He had relaxed a little since they had moved in together, knowing that they would never be hard up for sex since they were around each other all the time. But Shane sometimes got caught up in the moment, wanting things *now*, *right now*, when Ilya wanted to take his time and worship him.

Shane took a deep breath and Ilya felt his ribs expand under his hands, letting it out slowly, relaxing. Ilya hummed happily, nuzzling Shane a little, and looked up at him. Shane looked back, squeezing Ilya's triceps, and smiling softly.

"I'll be good," he murmured back.

Ilya grinned. "I know you will."

Ilya continued his journey, kissing his way down Shane's abs, over his hips, bypassing Shane's cock for the time being in favor of biting and sucking marks into the delicate skin of Shane's inner thighs until Shane was shaking, precum starting to pool on his stomach.

Ilya had to admit that one of his favorite places to be was between Shane's legs. Aside from being inside him. He kissed and licked his way up Shane's cock, sucking playfully on the head, watching Shane's mouth fall open, eyes closed.

"So good," he breathed. "I love your mouth."

Ilya hummed, pulling off of him to move lower, giving Shane's balls some attention. He loved the noises Shane made as Ilya sucked on them, his body arching, fingers tangling in Ilya's hair. Ilya teased him just enough, before pulling away, and patting Shane's hip.

"Turn over," he instructed and Shane did, a little clumsy with desire. He settled onto his chest, ass in the air, and Ilya squeezed the perfect muscle with his hands.

“All of this,” he hummed. “Just for me.”

“Yes,” Shane sighed. “Yours.”

Ilya bent forward, biting Shane’s right ass cheek, sucking a mark into it, listening to Shane make helpless noises. “*Mine*.”

He kissed the bite as Shane pressed his ass up further, making Ilya smile at his eagerness. He carefully spread Shane’s ass cheeks.

“Holy shit. Yes,” Shane panted.

Ilya chuckled, smoothing his tongue over Shane’s puckered entrance. He never minded doing this. It was a little bit of power play, knowing that he knew how to make Shane feel good, that he could drag things out, bringing Shane to the point of begging.

And Ilya liked making Shane feel good. It was a nice ego boost to have his husband so eager for him. So he took his time, savoring Shane’s moans and gasps and panted swears as Ilya fluttered his tongue, swirled it, licked at Shane with the flat of his tongue. He loved hearing how much Shane loved his mouth.

Ilya made his own pleased noises in response, pushing his tongue into Shane, watching the way Shane’s body stretched out, his ass pushing back against Ilya’s face, making him chuckle.

“Fucking hell. God, that’s incredible.”

Ilya pulled away, grabbing the lube, slicking his fingers, looking at Shane, the way the lights from the fire and candles flickered, dancing over his skin. Ilya liked looking at him from this angle, seeing the breadth of his shoulders taper to a trim waist, the round, perfect glutes of Shane’s ass, and strong lines of his back, and thighs. Ilya loved how athletic Shane was.

“You have been so good for me,” Ilya cooed, pressing a kiss to Shane’s lower back as he teased his finger against Shane’s hole. “You haven’t even touched yourself.”

Shane made a mewling noise as Ilya slid a finger into him, his fingers curling into the blankets.

“Going to…” Shane huffed. “Wait until you fuck me.”

“Mmm, so disciplined,” Ilya replied, stroking his finger over Shane’s prostate, making Shane moan.

“Oh god. *Ilya*.”

“You can do it,” Ilya encouraged. “I know you can.”

Ilya loved Shane so much. He loved his obedience and his trust. He loved that he gave himself so easily into Ilya’s hands, opening for him so beautifully. The intimacy of it was enough to make his heart stutter in his chest.

Ilya worked his fingers into Shane until Shane was begging for it.

“Fuck. I can’t. I need you to fuck me. Need you inside me. Please.”

“Just a little more.”

Shane let out a breathless little whimper and Ilya kissed the top of one perfect ass cheek before removing his fingers.

“Oh god,” Shane muttered, his chest heaving. Ilya smoothed a hand up his flank, chuckling softly.

“Relax.”

Shane took a few more breaths and Ilya felt some of the tension leave him.

“On your side,” Ilya told him, picking up the lube, and popping the cap.

Shane turned onto his side, watching Ilya with sex drunk eyes, looking completely debauched, the insides of his thighs covered in hickies.

“Come on,” he breathed, sounding needy and desperate. Ilya smiled crookedly at him, slicking himself.

“I know,” Ilya replied, taking Shane’s right leg and sliding it over his shoulder, straddling Shane’s left leg where it rested on the blankets.

“Oh,” Shane sighed as Ilya pressed up against him, sliding into him as carefully as possible. This was a new position, not one they did very often.

“Fuck,” Shane hissed and Ilya stilled, giving them both a moment. Shane was warm and tight and perfect and Ilya loved that he could see all of Shane like this.

“Okay?” Ilya breathed.

“Uh huh. Yeah. Yes,” he replied, biting his bottom lip. He was mostly flat on his back, his hips turned slightly sideways. Ilya wrapped his arm around Shane’s thigh to hold his leg up, pressing a kiss to his knee.

He moved carefully at first, trying to find the right angle and pressure and speed. Shane felt so fucking good and he looked so fucking good, spread out on the blankets. Ilya growled, thrusting harder.

“Is this what you want?”

Shane cried out, his body moving against the blankets as Ilya fucked into him.

“Yes. Fuck. Yes. Jesus. So good.”

He fucked Shane like this for a few moments, before slowing down again, biting his own lip. Shane whined and Ilya shifted slightly, leaning over Shane, folding him. He was so glad that Shane was as flexible as he was, allowing Ilya to go deeper.

He gave a hard thrust and Shane's eyes rolled back, mouth wide open. "Right there. Yes. Don't stop."

Ilya didn't stop.

He pounded into his husband, praising him for how perfect he was, how patient and good he had been, how incredible he felt. God, he felt amazing. Shane was incoherent at this point, moaning and gasping. He reached a hand down, stroking furiously over his cock

"Are you going to come for me?" Ilya asked, his voice sounding strained.

"Yes. Fuck. Yes. I'm coming. Ilya, I'm—" Shane swore once, and came, long and loud, covering his stomach, up to his chest with his release.

"Fuck," Ilya groaned. "Shane."

Shane spasmed around him deliciously and Ilya thrust into him twice more before he came, emptying himself into Shane, bewildered and amazed, as he always was, that Shane had allowed Ilya to have him. To have this. To share it with him.

Ilya leaned over Shane, Shane's leg still bent, resting on Ilya's shoulder.

"Wow," Shane breathed, arms spread out in a T shape, looking up at Ilya, his face flushed and beautiful. "That was fucking good."

"Yes," Ilya replied with a smile. "It was."

Shane nodded, smiling warmly, closing his eyes, basking. Ilya ducked his head to kiss him, carefully slipping out of Shane, and easing his leg back onto the blankets. Shane stretched out his leg and Ilya rubbed his finger carefully over Shane's hole, where he was warm and slick and a little swollen.

Shane shivered and hummed, looking completely blissed out. Ilya just looked at him, feeling a little like he could never get enough of Shane. Appreciating him. *Loving* him. Shane opened his eyes and lifted his arms, beckoning to Ilya.

"C'mere."

Ilya went, letting Shane fold his arms around him, and pressed kisses to his shoulder, his neck, his jawline.

"I love you," Ilya murmured.

Shane sighed, sounding happy. "I love you, too."

He turned his head and kissed Ilya warmly, nuzzling him.

“We should probably clean up down here,” Shane sighed. “Go up to bed.”

“Mmm, yes.”

Shane kissed Ilya again and Ilya smiled into it. He loved kissing Shane.

They did eventually get up. Ilya brought Shane a damp paper towel, wiping him down, before they gathered all the candles, turning them off, and putting them away.

They turned off the fireplace and went upstairs with two candles.

They showered and got ready for bed, crawling into it together, and cuddling close.

Shane was asleep almost as soon as his head hit the pillow, curled up against Ilya’s chest. Ilya held him, nose buried in Shane’s hair, and fell into dreamless sleep.

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

You can follow me on [Tumblr](#) or [Bluesky](#)

Every kudo and comment is so greatly appreciated and treasured! Thank you for your support! <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!