

Just Beginning

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/55393768) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/55393768>.

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
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Porn with Feelings , Missing Scene , Breakfast in Bed , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Blow Jobs , New Relationship , Summer , Marathon Sex
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-04-22 Words: 5,793 Chapters: 1/1

Just Beginning

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Ilya makes good on his promise to keep Shane in bed all day at the cottage

Notes

Some more missing scene PWP!

ENJOY! 🥰

(Going through my WIPs and finishing them up to post! My version of spring cleaning 🌸)

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

Shane fell laughing into bed with Ilya, tackled onto the mattress. They were a chaotic tangle of limbs, kissing and smiling, hands roaming, tugging off clothing, tossing them carelessly aside.

Shane pushed Ilya onto his back and straddled him, resting his hands on Ilya's chest, smiling warmly down at him. Ilya's lips were red and kiss-swollen, his hazel eyes dark and shimmering with delight.

"Are you stalling?" he asked, teasing, running his large, warm hands appreciatively down Shane's back, to his ass.

"No," Shane replied softly, rubbing his thumbs into Ilya's muscular pecs. "Appreciating."

Ilya smiled crookedly up at Shane, practically preening under him, and Shane smiled wider. Then he rolled his eyes closed and tilted his head back.

"Fuck, how are you so *hot*?" he lamented at the ceiling and Ilya laughed, making the entire bed shake. Shane laughed, too. The niggling anxiety and concerns about the logistics of their fledgling relationship sat quietly in the back of his mind as he just allowed himself to soak up the joy of being with his... boyfriend.

His boyfriend .

Ilya was his *fucking boyfriend* .

Shane tilted his head forward and leaned in, cupping Ilya's face in his hands, and kissing him for all he was worth. Ilya's arms came around him, one palm pressed to his back, the other hand curled around his ribs. They were both smiling and laughing and Shane's heart felt too big for his chest.

This was real. All of this was real and they were going to do it. They were going to be together. It felt like a dream.

They kissed for a little while before Shane pulled back, kissing one of Ilya's cheeks as he held the other, lingering. He trailed kisses over his jaw, down his long neck, to his shoulder, his collarbone, over the bear tattoo on his pec, to his sternum, pressing love into Ilya's skin.

He looked up, meeting Ilya's half-lidded eyes, those perfect plush lips parted slightly. Shane smiled, continuing his journey down Ilya's abs, his pelvis, one hip. Ilya sighed, making Shane chuckle. He took a detour to kiss the inside of Ilya's thigh, up his groin, before he kitten-licked at the head of Ilya's cock.

"Don't tease me," Ilya murmured.

Shane made a placating sound, sucking the head into his mouth, and listened to the way Ilya made a breathy, needy noise, one hand sliding into Shane's hair. Shane hummed around him and Ilya swore. Shane loved doing this. He loved being able to take Ilya apart, to make him feel just as good (hopefully) as Ilya made him feel.

Ilya was talking in Russian, the words sounded sweet and worshipful, and Shane sighed dreamily. He loved when Ilya spoke in Russian. Even if he didn't understand what Ilya was saying, he could tell that it was... *adoring*.

"Look at you," Ilya breathed. "Krasivyy."

Shane reached a hand up to cup Ilya's balls in his hand, tugging, making Ilya hiss. Shane sped up a little, knowing exactly what Ilya liked and how he liked it. And wasn't that something? To know someone so well, so intimately.

He lifted his eyes to look at his new boyfriend. He had a hand pressed to the headboard, his head tilted back against the pillow. He looked like a piece of art, all perfect masculine lines, his skin gorgeously golden from the sun, his curls like spun bronze.

God, he was gorgeous.

Shane wanted to know everything about him. He wanted to know all of the things that Ilya kept hidden. He wanted to crack that hard shell and fall into the softness he knew was underneath.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya breathed. "Going to come..."

Shane doubled down, curling his hands around Ilya's hips, before Ilya moaned, long and loud, pulsing and spurting into Shane's mouth. Shane swallowed around Ilya, pulling off of him carefully, wiping his mouth.

He looked at Ilya, strewn out on his bed, chest heaving as he caught his breath. Shane smiled, pressing soft kisses to his hip.

"You okay?"

Ilya lifted one hand, his index finger up. "Please hold."

Shane laughed and nuzzled him, crawling back up his body to lay on top of him, wanting to just feel him everywhere.

Ilya opened his eyes and rested a proprietary hand on Shane's back. "Hi."

Shane giggled. "Hi."

They met each other in a kiss, slow and gentle, and Shane slid his fingers into Ilya's curls, gently brushing them back from his face, stroking his thumb over Ilya's cheekbone. He sighed happily and Ilya's smile softened into something heartachingly sweet.

Shane rested their foreheads together and they just looked at each other. It was a quiet moment, the implications of their decision to be together settled around them, surprisingly comfortable. Shane was, in the back of his mind, terrified, but there wasn't anyone else he wanted to be with. It would all be worth it to have Ilya.

They kissed some more, making out a little, just enjoying the indulgence of kissing, and the possibility of more than two weeks together, of the possibility of... *forever*.

Ilya rolled Shane and leaned over him, his eyes tracking Shane's face. He smiled and reached up, cupping Ilya's cheek. He just couldn't help himself. He wanted to be touching him all the time.

"Tell me about Ottawa," Ilya murmured, turning his head to kiss Shane's palm, then leaned his cheek into it. Shane smiled.

"Okay."

Shane grabbed his phone and snuggled up in bed with his new boyfriend. He leaned back against Ilya's chest, his head on his shoulder as he brought up a map of Ottawa on his phone. Shane showed him where his childhood home was, walking him through the various neighbors.

Shane recommended some areas for Ilya to consider moving to and the ones closest to the arena and training facility there.

Throughout Shane's explanation, Ilya would occasionally nuzzle and kiss him, his arms curling around Shane's chest and stomach, holding him, making Shane smile and blush. Shane would never, ever, ever be over how *big* Ilya was.

"Will you help me?" Ilya asked, kissing Shane's neck, down to his shoulder.

"Hm? With what?" Shane replied, distracted by the way Ilya's stubble tickled his skin as he kissed him

"With looking for a place." Ilya leaned away and looked at Shane and Shane looked back.

"Yeah. Of course."

Ilya smiled and kissed him, rolling Shane so he was on his back again. He hummed deeply. "I'm not done with you yet."

Shane grinned widely at him. "I believe you promised me that you'd be keeping me in bed until bedtime..."

"Yes," Ilya purred, nipping at Shane's bottom lip, then kissing it. "I did..."

Shane woke up to soft kisses being pressed to his shoulder and cheek and the familiar, pleasant rub of stubble on his skin. Soft, tender Russian was being murmured against his skin and he smiled, feeling warm and happy and so, so in love.

Shane hummed and stretched out, pleasantly sore from last night's activities, and rolled over, peeking one eye open.

“Good morning,” Ilya murmured, leaning over him, sitting at the edge of the bed, his curls all wild from sleep, a warm, tender smile on his face.

“Morning,” Shane murmured back, stretching out again, then reached up to brush Ilya’s curls behind his ear, touching his cheek. “Where did you go?”

“Nowhere,” Ilya chuckled. “I made breakfast.”

Shane blinked his eyes up at his boyfriend. “Breakfast?”

“Yes,” Ilya replied. “I said I would keep you in bed all day.”

Shane laughed, feeling his cheeks heat at the implication. “Yeah. You did.”

“You did not have a, uh, lap table? So I used this,” Ilya explained, leaning away. Shane sat up. Ilya had found a baking sheet and had lined it with coffee and scrambled eggs and toast and fruit and he’d placed it on Shane’s bedside table.

Shane looked at Ilya, a few things reconfiguring themselves in Shane’s mind about him. He felt like he was in a rom-com. He couldn’t believe he had managed to bag this gorgeous, sweet, talented guy. How was that even possible? Breakfast in bed? Who even did that?

“Are you real?” Shane asked, sitting up.

Ilya frowned a little, brows furrowed, eyes darting away and then back at Shane. “Yes?”

Shane just looked at him. This all felt so wonderfully impossible. No one was this lucky. He loved Ilya and Ilya loved him back and he was here and making Shane breakfast in bed. Unbelievable.

“Thank you for this,” Shane said, reaching out to touch Ilya, because he wanted to, and because he was appreciative, and because he had to be sure he wasn’t dreaming. “You didn’t have to.”

Ilya shrugged. “I wanted to.”

“That’s very sweet...”

“I can be sweet,” Ilya replied, almost defensive, and Shane chuckled.

“Yeah. You can.”

Ilya reached over, picking up a mug of coffee, and handed it to Shane. Shane took it, holding it in both hands, and crossing his legs like a pretzel. He was still naked, the sheets tossed over his hips.

Ilya had put his briefs back on but that was it. He was sitting at the edge of the bed, one leg pulled up, nearly touching Shane’s, he had one strand of wavy hair that fell rakishly over his forehead. He was stunning. Completely gorgeous. The light spilling in through the window

caught the bronze in his hair, making his golden tinted skin practically glow. He looked like something out of a fantasy.

Shane's heart tumbled helplessly in his chest as he ogled his boyfriend.

Ilya had his own cup of coffee in hand and raised a questioning brow at Shane as he took a sip, his lips tugged up in the corner.

"What?"

"You're so handsome," Shane sighed helplessly.

Ilya blinked at him and smiled shyly, tucking his curls behind his ears. "And you also. I like seeing you in the mornings."

Shane smiled and blushed. "I like seeing you, too."

They sat in bed together, drinking coffee, and eating scrambled eggs and toast and fruit. They talked some more about their potential future together, the charity they'd want to start, only being two hours drive from one another when Ilya moved to Ottawa.

They joked about sex, and Ilya extended his stay at the cottage, rebooking his flight back to Boston.

Shane was inexplicably happy.

He wasn't thinking about anything beyond having breakfast in bed with Ilya, laughing with him, and riding the good feelings of being in love, and knowing that he was loved right back.

He felt like a superhero, like he could do anything. He felt giddy and happy and he wanted to press himself against Ilya and not let go. He didn't even care if they had sex or not. He just wanted to be close to him and feel him that close, basking in the knowledge of getting almost the entire rest of the summer with him.

Of potentially getting to spend the *rest of his life* with him.

They finished breakfast and Shane wasn't even really all that bothered about there probably being crumbs in the sheets. Ilya cleaned up their mugs and plates and utensils, taking the baking sheet off the bed, and leaving it on the floor for them to deal with at some point later.

Ilya slid back into bed and Shane cuddled up to him.

"You are happy?" Ilya asked, wrapping his arms around Shane as Shane rested his head on Ilya's chest.

"Very," Shane replied, hooking an arm around Ilya's waist. Ilya hummed, kissing the top of Shane's head, and smoothing his hand up and down Shane's arm.

Shane closed his eyes, basking in the moment.

“I love you,” he said.

“I love you, too.” Ilya squeezed him a little and Shane snuggled closer.

“Are *you* happy?” Shane murmured.

“Yes,” Ilya chuckled. “Very happy.”

They stayed like that for a while, just holding each other. The morning was quiet and relaxed and Shane loved that they didn’t have to rush. They had *so much time*.

“I was thinking about Boston...” Shane murmured.

“Boston?” Ilya replied, sounding confused.

“Yeah. When I came to your penthouse and you made tuna melts.”

“Oh. Yes. What about?”

Shane opened his eyes, running his thumb back and forth over Ilya’s ribs. “I just wonder what would have happened if I had stayed that night... if we would have had this sooner...”

Ilya was quiet for a long time and Shane turned his head to look at him.

“I don’t know,” Ilya finally said, brows pinched. “I don’t think I was ready...”

“No?” Shane replied, smiling a little. “You really wanted me to stay.”

Ilya nodded. “I did.” He looked down at Shane. “But... it also seemed impossible...”

Shane smiled sadly and nodded. “Yeah... that’s true...”

Ilya sighed and pressed a kiss to Shane’s forehead. “We are here now, yes? That is what matters.”

Shane huffed a soft laugh. “You’re right.”

“I am always right,” Ilya replied.

“You are not,” Shane dismissed.

Ilya laughed and flipped Shane onto his back, his chain and the crucifix pendant hanging down to brush Shane’s chest. Shane looked up at him and licked his lips. Ilya grinned and Shane’s stomach swooped pleasantly, heat pooling. Ilya looked like he wanted to devour him and Shane kind of loved it.

Ilya leaned down, kissing Shane’s top lip, then his bottom lip, then both of Shane’s lips together. Shane’s heart fluttered at the sweet, soft kisses. Ilya pulled away for just a moment, before kissing Shane again, his tongue brushing Shane’s lips briefly, and Shane opened for him without hesitation.

Ilya was a fantastic kisser and this kiss was no exception. Thorough and deep and full of tenderness. Shane's toes curled, his arms wrapped around Ilya.

Ilya lowered himself on top of Shane carefully, cocks pressed together, making Shane whimper and Ilya sigh. They rocked together a little, unable to help it, still kissing.

“What do you want?” Ilya murmured, kissing Shane’s cheek. “This? Something more?”

“This,” Shane breathed, because it felt fucking good and he didn’t want to stop, and if Ilya was going to keep his promise, then they were going to be in bed all day, and there was plenty of time for *activities* .

Ilya smiled. “Just warming up then...”

Shane bit his lip and nodded. Ilya chuckled and kissed him, resting his forehead against Shane’s, breathing into each other’s mouths as they rutted together.

It did feel a little like they were just getting started. An appetizer before the main course. Ilya had put Shane through his paces yesterday and Shane was honestly excited for round two. He wanted to try all manner of things with Ilya (within reason, of course)... and just... be with him in the ways Shane had always wanted to be but they’d never been able to.

He hiked his leg up around Ilya’s hip and Ilya smiled, kissing his neck, murmuring praise in Russian against Shane’s skin that he didn’t understand but loved hearing anyway.

“Why is this so good?” Shane panted.

Ilya chuckled. “Everything is good with us.”

And if that wasn’t the truth...

Shane squeezed Ilya close. It really, really was *so good*.

It didn’t take much more for them to lose any rhythm, chasing their own pleasure. Shane came, long and loud, and Ilya was right on his heels. Shane was covered in come and didn’t even care, enjoying the blissfulness of pleasure that rolled through him.

He kissed Ilya and sighed happily. They stayed like that for a bit, catching their breaths, before Ilya got up, and came back with a cloth, cleaning Shane off, which was so tender and loving that Shane could have cried. He kissed Shane’s shoulder and neck, then lay beside him, and Shane curled against his side.

“So,” he murmured, drawing nonsensical patterns on Ilya’s chest with his fingers. “What’s next?”

Ilya laughed.

Before Shane, the only person that Ilya had ever kept in bed for more than an hour or two, and not had sex, was Svetlana. He had had marathon sex before, several times, but he had never spent so much time in bed with one person, until now. And there wasn't anywhere else he wanted to be.

It was close to two in the afternoon.

They had spent most of the day fucking so far, pausing to eat lunch, and to shower, though they had also fucked in the shower.

Now they were back in bed and Shane had fallen asleep. He had been complaining about needing to work out and Ilya had told him that *sex* was exercise.

He smiled, pressing a soft, featherlight kiss to Shane's shoulder, watching him as he slept. Ilya should probably nap, too, but he was too busy looking at Shane, and marveling at being here with him, at being his boyfriend, at having made plans for the future.

Shane wanted a future with Ilya and it felt so... *good*.

For a long time, Ilya had felt like love had died when his mother had. He wasn't loved by his father or brother, certainly not from his country. It was easier to put up walls around his heart, to seek out sex and the adrenaline rush of danger, than to allow himself to love or be loved. It felt too risky. And he had felt too fragile.

He had filled his life with frivolous things. Distractions. A sexy, private penthouse, a garage full of European sports cars, nice, expensive suits, a trail of gorgeous, well-fucked women, and a select few handsome, well-fucked men.

No commitments. No strings.

The longest committed relationship he had ever had was with hockey.

And then there was Shane.

With his earnest eyes and shy smile and stunning freckles and cute little nose. With a competitive streak a mile wide and insane hockey IQ and talented hands and incredible skating. Sweet and kind and beautiful... Ilya had never stood a chance, really.

He was perfect for Ilya. He'd somehow managed to weasel his way past Ilya's defenses and Ilya was more than ready to give it all up for a chance to create something lasting. He wanted to be with Shane. He wanted to build a life with him, to put down roots, to create something that was full of love.

Love between them and for their life together... and for their future kids...

Ilya closed his eyes and let out a long sigh. He had never thought about anything like this before, beyond the passing "that would be nice one day" sort of thoughts. It had never seemed like something within his reach.

The European playboy. The bad boy of hockey. Ladies man. No one ever believed that Ilya Rozanov was capable of settling down and committing.

But if Ilya was honest with himself, it was what he had always wanted, deep down. A true connection. The opportunity to love and be loved for who he was... fucked up history and all.

Ilya had told Shane about his mother and Shane had only met him with tenderness and empathy and comfort. He hadn't run away. That made Ilya... hopeful. It was a strange, new experience for him. He was a wary, guarded creature by nature but this was the most at home he had ever felt with another person and he wasn't going to let Shane go.

Shane made a soft noise in his sleep and Ilya curled around him, nuzzling into his hair.

I'll take care of you.

Ilya did manage to doze for a bit, waking up when Shane rolled over, and pushed himself into Ilya's chest, tossing a leg over Ilya's hip. Ilya chuckled and Shane rubbed his face back and forth between his pecs.

"Enjoying yourself?" Ilya asked sleepily, smiling.

"Yes," Shane replied, pressing kisses to the skin under his lips, which made Ilya hum encouragingly. He slid his hand over Shane's back, a soothing caress, enjoying the warm softness of his skin, the firmness of muscle underneath. He worked his hand lower, sliding over Shane's lower back, stroking over one perfect glute, before Ilya curled his fingers around Shane's thigh, squeezing the muscle under his hand appreciatively.

He did this several times, tilting his head down so he and Shane could kiss. Eventually, he slid a finger between Shane's cheeks, tapping a finger over Shane's rim, rubbing it in little circles against the puckered skin, which was maybe a little swollen. They had had a lot of sex over the last twenty-four hours and if Shane was sore, he wasn't going to push anything.

But Shane hummed and wiggled his butt back against Ilya's finger, which was a pretty good indication that this was a welcome touch.

"Okay?" Ilya asked anyway, to be sure.

"Mm," Shane replied. "Yeah. Feels good. Go slow?"

"Of course."

He teased Shane a little before turning over slightly to fish the lube out from under his pillow, making Shane laugh.

"We will need more," Ilya noted with a smile, indicating the almost empty bottle.

"I have more," Shane chuckled and Ilya kissed him, sliding his slick fingers back to his entrance, circling slowly, before pushing inside.

Shane moaned into Ilya's mouth and Ilya happily swallowed the sound. Shane was already pretty loose but Ilya went slow and careful, loving the way Shane moved against him.

Ilya liked this slow penetration, curling and stroking and stretching, rubbing at Shane's prostate, loving the way he quaked against Ilya, panting and whining.

“C-can you fuck me like this?” Shane asked breathlessly.

Ilya snorted. As if Shane even needed to ask. “I can fuck you all ways.”

Shane barked a laugh. “Cocky.”

“Knowledgeable,” Ilya replied and nipped at Shane's bottom lip, kissing the corner of his mouth.

Shane huffed and then moaned as Ilya gave him one last tease to his prostate, removing his fingers, and grabbing the lube, slicking himself. He readjusted their legs a bit, sliding one leg between Shane's, hiking Shane's leg further up on his hip.

Ilya pushed into Shane in one easy slide. Shane moaned, head tilted back, one hand curled against the side of Ilya's face.

“Fuck,” Shane breathed and Ilya found a slow, steady rhythm. He liked this position because it was lazy, perfect for post-nap fucking, where Shane didn't have to do anything but lay there and look pretty.

They could kiss, too, and hold each other, which was nice.

“God, Ilya. So good,” Shane hummed, pressing his forehead against Ilya's lips, eyes closed, mouth slack, needy little noises being pulled from him with every thrust.

Ilya pressed soft kisses to Shane's face, wanting to love on him, soft and sweet. He smoothed his hand over Shane's ass, up to his thigh, holding him. Shane felt so good, too. Warm and tight and perfect.

Ilya reached between them, teasing his thumb over Shane's leaking slit, teasing the head of his cock, making Shane moan, and clutching Ilya tighter. Ilya wrapped a hand around him, stroking in time with his thrusts, and that seemed to be just what Shane needed.

“Yes. Oh, yes. Fuck. I'm close.”

Ilya hummed, kissing Shane's neck, speeding up just a little, listening as Shane's panting grew faster, needier.

“Don't stop. Yeah, yeah. Right there. Fuck. *Ilya.* ” Shane broke off, making a whimpering noise as he came, his release coating Ilya's hand and their stomachs. Ilya fucked Shane through it, following right on his heels, his spasms pulling his own orgasm from him and he emptied himself inside Shane, surprising himself with how loud he was. But it was just them, so it didn't matter.

Shane was like a ragdoll, leaning into Ilya, loose-limbed and relaxed. It made Ilya immeasurably happy to have Shane rubbing his nose against Ilya's neck, practically purring.

"So good," Shane sighed again, sounding sleepy. "Wow."

Ilya chuckled, kissing Shane's forehead. "Good."

They stayed like this, curled together, Ilya inside Shane until his softened cock slipped out of him. Shane rolled onto his back, spread out like a starfish, smiling happily. Ilya reached out, stroking his finger along Shane's bicep.

Shane turned his head to look at him, flushed and smiling. Ilya wanted to freeze this moment and live in it forever. He wanted a well-fucked, happy, smiling Shane, naked and perfect, all to himself. Forever.

Ilya leaned forward, pressing up on his hands, and then leaned down to kiss Shane's palm. He would do whatever he had to to keep this, no matter the cost.

"Is this okay?" Ilya asked, sounding both breathless and dubious at once. Shane could barely form a coherent thought but he managed to get out, "yeah, fuck. You're so deep."

And Ilya *was* fucking deep. Shane's legs were bent back nearly to his ears and Ilya's hips were pressed against his ass. The feeling of fullness was *intense* and Shane fucking loved it. He hadn't been sure what to expect exactly but holy shit it was good.

Ilya pulled out a bit and pressed back in, going slow, testing. He was watching Shane's face, looking for signs of discomfort.

"It's okay," Shane assured. "You can go harder."

Ilya listened, speeding up his pace, adjusting his hips slightly, and Shane saw stars.

"Holy fuck, Ilya. Right there. Just like that."

Ilya said something in Russian and huffed softly, pounding into Shane, waves of pleasure washing over him on every thrust. After eight years of sleeping together, they had covered a lot of ground, but the entire time that Ilya had been at the cottage, it was like they'd discovered an entirely new plane of sexual experiences.

Sex with Ilya had always been insanely good but now it felt like they'd reached a whole new level. Maybe that was because they had confessed their love to each other or because they had so much time to explore things, instead of relying on the same few things they knew always worked.

Whatever the reason, Shane was all about it.

He loved all of the new ways they could make each other feel good and share this kind of intimacy and learn more about each other.

Shane would never get tired of watching Ilya while they fucked, the way his eyes would glaze over with pleasure, his mouth slack. The way he'd toss his head back as he chased his orgasm. He was so beautiful, it turned Shane on and made his heart clench.

"So beautiful, Shane. Perfect. I love you so much..."

Shane bit back a whimper, biting his lip. He could feel himself getting closer to the edge.

"So good, Ilya. Love having you inside me, love when you come in me, love *you*."

Ilya's eyes were wide, his expression almost awed as he looked at Shane.

"Stroke yourself," he finally said. "Want to watch you come for me."

Shane did as he was told, wrapping his hand around his cock and stroking. It wouldn't take much, he was close already, panting and moaning, overwrought with sensation.

"Shit, oh god, I'm so close. Gonna come."

"Show me," Ilya practically growled.

That was all Shane needed, toppling helplessly over the edge, his eyes sliding closed as sensation overwhelmed him. He came hard all over his hand and stomach and he was amazed that his orgasm was this intense, after an entire day of fucking.

"Yes, Shane. Fuck," Ilya breathed, before he came, stilling, looming over Shane.

Shane lowered his legs and Ilya lay on top of him, nuzzling his face against Shane's neck as they caught their breaths. Shane didn't love it, since he was all covered in come, and now Ilya would be, too, but Ilya's weight on top of him was far more enjoyable.

It was evening now and Ilya had been more than true to his word, keeping Shane in bed all day, and fucking him senseless. It had been beyond enjoyable and Shane wasn't against them continuing if Ilya was up for it.

He had said he wanted to fuck Shane in every room of his house and that was yet to be seen, but they had so much time for that. He turned his head to kiss into Ilya's curls and smiled as Ilya kissed his neck, then raised himself up on his arms.

They looked at each other and Ilya lowered his head to kiss Shane warmly. Shane kissed him back. He'd never get tired of kissing Ilya.

"Another shower?" he murmured when they parted. "And then dinner?"

Ilya smiled. "Okay."

They rinsed off in the shower, laughing and teasing each other, before finally putting clothes on for the first time that day.

They went downstairs, hand in hand, and Shane opened the fridge, while Ilya wrapped his arms around him from behind, chin on Shane's shoulder.

"Should we just eat leftovers?" Shane asked, resting one hand over Ilya's, and laughing as Ilya rubbed his face against where Shane's neck met his shoulder.

"Food is food," Ilya replied. "We still have those burgers."

"That's true," Shane chuckled.

They ended up heating up the leftover burgers Shane had made, and a salad that they whipped up together. Shane kind of liked cooking with Ilya, designating tasks, the two of them working side by side.

They ate out on the deck, the sun beginning to lower in the sky, everything all pink and orange and beautiful.

"It is nice here," Ilya said, reclining in his seat, his long legs stretched out under the table, his bare feet brushing up against Shane's.

"Yeah," Shane replied. "I want to retire here. Live out here full time." He looked at Ilya.

"Would you be okay with that?"

Ilya shrugged. "I suppose."

Shane chuckled.

They lapsed into companionable silence before Ilya spoke again.

"You really want this... with me?"

It was a surprisingly vulnerable question. Ilya, who was always so confident and sure of himself, allowing Shane to see behind the curtain. Shane had been collecting all of the bits of Ilya that he allowed Shane to see. It wasn't much, given that so much of their time had been spent hiding from their feelings.

Shane wanted to show Ilya himself, just as he wanted Ilya to show himself to Shane.

It would maybe take some time, but Shane believed they'd get there. He would be patient for Ilya and lead by example. He reached out, resting his hand on Ilya's.

"Yes," Shane replied. "So badly that it scares me..."

Ilya looked up at him, his face surprisingly open. Shane had seen flashes of that vulnerable expression before, before it was hidden behind a mask of indifference. But Ilya kept looking and nothing changed and Shane's heart wobbled.

"Why?"

Shane smiled small. "Why do I want to be with you or why am I scared?"

Ilya blinked, huffing a laugh, and looked away for a moment.

"Both, maybe."

Shane considered this. It was a big question but he wanted to give Ilya an honest answer.

"I want to be with you because you make me feel safe," he finally said. "I've never been with anyone who makes me feel the way you do. It's sexy when we're together, of course, but you always make me feel like it's okay to be vulnerable. You never take advantage of that."

He could feel his cheeks warming, but he persisted.

"You make me laugh and you don't let me get away with anything. You challenge me. You make me want to be a better hockey player... and a better person."

Shane looked up at Ilya and Ilya looked back, his expression still open and raw as he listened. Shane reached for him, resting his hand on top of Ilya's.

"I feel like I can be completely myself with you. You understand me in ways that no one else ever has. I feel good when we're together. Loved and special."

Ilya smiled small.

"I love you. And it's scary because it's so new and I don't want to fuck it up."

"You won't," Ilya murmured. "I'm not going anywhere... will take a lot to scare me away..."

Shane blushed deeper. "That's good, I guess. But even so... I want what we have together to last."

"Me, too."

Ilya turned his hand so he could hold Shane's and Shane squeezed.

"What about you?" he asked softly. "Why do you want to be with me?"

"Because you are you," Ilya replied, without hesitation. "Because you are beautiful, and sweet, and very impressive. Because you love me and I have not had that for a long time."

Shane's heart was in his throat and his eyes stung with tears. It had been a lot to happen in just a few days, with deciding to be together and then being found out by his parents. And Ilya loved him and wanted to be with him and Shane felt like he'd won the fucking jackpot.

Ilya made a soft noise and reached out to brush his thumb over Shane's cheek. Shane closed his eyes and huffed a laugh, a few tears sliding down his cheeks.

"Sorry."

“Is okay,” Ilya replied in that gentle way of his that always made Shane’s insides melt.
“Come here.”

Shane got up from his chair and slid into Ilya’s lap. It was a tight fit but they managed, Ilya’s arms wrapped around him, cradling him close. Shane closed his eyes and let himself be held and comforted by the man he loved.

Ilya kissed his temple and Shane turned his head to nuzzle his neck. He sighed.

“Why do you always smell so fucking good?” he murmured.

Ilya laughed, the sound a low rumble. “Russian secret.”

“Oh my god...”

Ilya just kept laughing and kissed Shane a few more times.

They eventually uncurled themselves from each other and cleaned up, heading back inside. They loaded the dishwasher together and Ilya playfully bumped his hip against Shane’s. Shane bumped him back.

Done in the kitchen, they moved to the sofa, turning on a movie, and curled up together. Ilya lay against Shane, his head on Shane’s chest, body sprawled out between Shane’s legs, his arms tucked around Shane’s middle.

Shane played with his soft, thick curls, wrapping them around his fingers, and releasing them. Ilya was blinking slowly, his body relaxed, looking like he was only paying half attention to the movie.

Shane could get used to this. Just having Ilya casually close like this. They would take things one step at a time... but Shane would imagine this, a decade from now, a life they’d built together, familiar and comforting.

He kissed the top of Ilya’s head, his heart full. As nervous as he was about taking next steps, he was excited, too. They would have a future together and that was something to look forward to.

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

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