

Breakaway Baby

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Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
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Breakaway Baby

by [WillowMcKinley](#)

Summary

Scott Hunter does not come out after winning a Stanley Cup. Because of this, Ilya does not accept Shane's invitation to the cottage. Even without this vacation, the two of them grow closer and closer still... but without the same incentive of honesty and vulnerability.

Shane does not feel as if it is his place to argue against Ilya's green card marriage to Svetlana. How he feels about it, that is much the same. While murder-suicide might be a tad too far, Shane's desperate bid to stop the wedding may yet still be too much.

Ilya, though, is overjoyed. He does not believe Shane would have gone to such lengths, if he weren't as in love with Ilya as Ilya is with him.

Notes

This fic is inspired by these [two posts](#) about Shane's reaction in that cottage.

These and all the [Scott Hunter memes](#) about bringing a gun to a knife fight are what made me watch this show in the first place, and I love it so much.

And, hey! You! Mind the tags!

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

Basked in the warm glow of a rising sun, Ilya rouses, slowly, unaware, for a moment, that something is wrong. The sheets are luxuriously soft. Expensive cotton slides against what little of his skin they touch. The only complaint Ilya may have—before he is conscious enough to think of more—is that there is an awkward crick in his shoulder he wishes to stretch out. Even the stiffness of his clothing doesn't register as an annoyance, too used to waking up whatever he wore to the bar the night before. Ilya buries his face further into his pillow. Comfy, warm. He snuffles into the soft fabric, further lulled by a familiar, soporific scent that he can't quite name. He has every intention to heed his body's desire and settle back into rest.

He attempts to roll to his side to take pressure off his shoulder and settle the chirping nag that prevents it. His arm jolts at his wrist as he shifts, stopping him from moving too far. Ilya cracks an eyelid, just only enough to investigate the mystery, still reluctant to allow the soft glow of sun to fully wake him. A black leather cuff with a fluffy lining hugs his wrist. Ilya smiles, soft, with a confused furrow of his brow. Usually, he is putting such lovely jewelry on his Shane, and not the other way around.

He is about to call his lover, some goading flirt of how the cuffs were bought for Shane's lovely body, and not Ilya's, and how Ilya would love to correct such wrong. The words get caught in his throat, however, as it occurs to him, that he does not know where he is, or, perhaps more importantly, how he got here.

Ilya blinks awake. The prospect of hot, filthy sex with Shane had shaken some sleep from him, but not so much that he didn't think he could still indulge in sleepy, morning sex. If he were to wake fully and rail Shane until his brains leaked from his ears or fall back asleep with his cock still inside him would have been decided with how sexy Shane was when he came to him.

Ilya shuffles up to the headboard, glad his legs are not bound as well. *Wouldn't be unfair play, after all*, Ilya smirks to himself as he cracks his neck both ways. He feels the vibrations spread through neck as he takes in the morning sun hovering delicately over a glittering lake. Ilya recognizes the view, breathless, as the cottage Shane had invited him to. The one where he performs yoga on the lawn. The one Ilya could not allow himself to have, for how unbearable he had known the loss of it would be.

Ilya wonders if this is a dream. A cruel one, tempting him with that which he's denied himself. He notices, then, even more absurdly than the where—because at least Shane's cottage is a place in which he desires to be, even if he has not made it a reality—is the *what* he is wearing. He does not know why he would be wearing a tuxedo.

For one wild, absurd, unearned moment, he believes it is his wedding. That he is on his honeymoon. And in that moment, he forgets to whom that will be. His heart clenches.

He shakes himself from such delusions quickly. He does know the tuxedo he is wearing. The very last moment he can find in the loose change box of his memories is trying on his suit in the mirror while waiting for Shane. He tries to remember—he knows he had sent a picture to Svetlana. Even though the marriage would be for his green card and her tax benefits, a

celebrity wedding would draw eyes. Press would not be invited, but photos would appear in magazines, and Svetlana would settle for nothing less than perfection. Ilya would do his best to give it to her, for all she's done for him. While waiting on her seal of approval, he had texted Shane. Some indulgent flirtation. They had gotten closer, since his father's death. He had wanted comfort. He had known Shane would provide it. He would allow himself this. Even if he shouldn't.

Ilya had been allowing himself too much. Much too much. He and Shane, what they have, he knows he cannot keep it. He knows he cannot keep it, and yet he has given so much of himself to Shane. Much too much too much.

They were to spend the very few days offered for Christmas break together. Shane had, for *Ilya*, denied himself time with his parents for even this briefest meeting. Shane devastates Ilya.

The tuxedo had been ordered to his measurements. He had only chosen to have it delivered to his hotel room to have it checked off the never-ending list of wedding tasks that needed to be done, even with the combined efforts of Svetlana and the wedding planner. He had expected Shane to be late, anyway. Dinner with his parents had been the compromise for missing Christmas day.

The three grey dots of proof Shane had seen his message had popped up again. Ilya's heart fluttered. He had not known—and he still does not, even as he sits in this bed and tries to remember how he had come to be here—how much longer he could do this. These fleeting moments, how his own life felt like an interruption to his time with Shane. He had wondered, as he does now, how he could squeeze out every moment of his life that were not hockey and Shane and Sveta and have only them without the travel and parties and the wedding planning and the interviews and meetings and even sleep. Then, maybe, he would feel less like these most important things were not being crushed under such weight.

And as even the wait between the end of the game and their reunion had stretched into a snapping thread, Shane's answering text of "Open the door" had a smile breaking from his lips as he sprinted to welcome him.

Time does not exist between the lock clicking open and Shane's hands upon him. Shane clutches Ilya's jaw, holding him tight in place, as he had pressed Ilya's lips open with his tongue.

The door had clacked shut distantly behind him, but Ilya had paid little attention as he had returned Shane's kiss, sucking on Shane's tongue and pulling Shane back to the bed. They had stumbled onto the plush mattress, both kicking off shoes as they tangled themselves up in each other and the sheets.

And then—when a pill of some sort had been pressed into Ilya's mouth from Shane's tongue—

Ilya had attended many parties. He had fucked many people. Even Sasha had offered his share of drugs, and ones other than coke. Ilya had always refused, holding up drug testing as

defense. Then, if pushed, he would remind them of the salary that the drug testing had been attached to, which often what had been paying for the drinks or meal or private booth.

Failing this, Ilya does know how to spit. Though he prefers swallowing, for this, he makes an exception.

The exception to this exception, of course, could only be Shane. Ilya does not know if it had been that he trusts Shane with so much of himself, Ilya truly did not believe that any part of himself could be injured by Shane, other than his very fragile and squishy heart. Ilya huffs a small laugh to himself. Maybe it is that he believes himself to know Shane so well, he had not thought Shane capable of even knowing where to attain such drugs. He had imagined the pill to be a supplement or vitamin. That sounds like something Shane would do. Thinking to himself how Ilya's diet does not contain enough obscure mineral with name made of too many syllables, taking it upon himself to help.

That Ilya wakes up in a new location and with a sort of floaty indifference, he guesses that this is not what Shane had slipped between his teeth. Ilya thinks Shane could have instead put a knife to his throat, and Ilya would have shown just as much fear for such a thing. Which is, to say, none. The strongest emotion he feels, instead—gratitude for Shane's attention, when so much of it is dedicated to hockey.

Ilya watches dark clouds pass over the pinks and oranges of the morning sky, then reflected off the water of one of the most private and personal things Shane has ever wanted to share with Ilya. Ilya thinks to himself, Shane has given him this, a gift Ilya had refused to give himself.

Shane is so, so easy for him to love.

Ilya has made up his mind on his original plan to call for Shane to hold him, but as if hearing the thought itself, the door to the room opens with Shane stepping inside.

Ilya smiles at him. "Shane," he calls.

"Ilya," Shane says, stiltedly, freezing where he is.

"Yes," Ilya says. Shane does not come to him. Does not come to give him a kiss. For a kidnaping victim, Ilya is very upset.

"Ilya—listen—" Shane starts. His voice pushes out haltedly up his throat. He still has not come closer to the bed. It is not as if Ilya can walk up to him and entice him to bed.

"Come here," Ilya coaxes. He pats the space on the bed next to him with the little slack the chains allow. Though the cuffs themselves are standard for the play between the two of them, the thick, heavy chains linked to the cuffs are not something Ilya could easily break from—as sexy as he is sure Shane would find such a sight.

Shane remains still, oh so still. "Ilya, please, Ilya, listen—" he tries. He swallows. He lifts his hands up, helplessly, but let's them fall a moment later. Ilya wishes to grab them from the air, so sad at the dejection with which Shane drops them.

“Shane—” Ilya tries.

“No, Ilya, *please*,” he begs. And, oh, as ever, Ilya is helpless to Shane’s begging.

“I am listening,” Ilya promises. “I am, I listen.”

Shane’s shoulders drop from the tight lock they have up by his ears. Ilya is glad. Shane starts, rambling slightly, “Ilya, please, please understand. Please. You—I’m not crazy.” Shane’s voice, uncertain and unsure, grows stronger as he finishes his sentence. The man Ilya loves stands before him, a man with passion and intent. One who follows his pursuit with the endurance of a hound, whether the fox he hunts be a Stanley Cup or Ilya himself.

“I’m not—I’m not insane,” Shane insists, “I’m not going to hurt you.” It still had not occurred to Ilya that Shane would, not until Shane refutes such a thing. Ilya is not about to start believing so now. “I can understand why you might think so,” Shane says, and with this, he sighs. He pushes his hair back. Thick, dark locks catch between his fingers. Ilya’s dick twitches. He is so goddamned beautiful.

Shane takes a hesitant step forward. Ilya wishes to reel him in further, but he also does not wish to startle Shane like a skittish mare. Shane takes another deep breath, as if bracing himself. “I know how this must look. I do. I really do, but—” Words catch in his throat once more.

Ilya can also understand how this could look to anyone else. What this could be—*would* be—if Shane were not the man he is, and Ilya his captive. “Shane, I—” he starts.

Shane cuts him off, now stalking to the bed. “Please, Ilya, please,” he continues. “I love you. I love you so much. Please, please don’t marry—” his voice drags on the word, as if it made of thorns rather than the vibrations air makes between tongue and teeth. “Her,” he finishes, in place of the name.

“Oh, Shane,” Ilya breathes. Oh, look what he has driven his lover to do. “Come to me,” he calls, arms outstretched, as if he could pull Shane in with the vacuum of distance between them.

Shane closes the space, collapsing into Ilya’s arms and the mattress. Tears do not spill to his cheeks, but Ilya recognizes the sparkle of those unshed pooling in his eyes with aching devastation. “*Please*,” he begs, “I—I know, okay? I know. But please don’t—”

Ilya pulls Shane’s head close to his chest. He presses a kiss into Shane’s hair. He inhales the scent of it, the same comforting fullness of the pillow now beneath him. “I won’t,” he says. “I won’t.”

“I can’t—” Shane says. He swallows. Ilya’s fingers remain in Shane’s hair, carding through soft silkiness. “I feel like I can’t breathe. I feel like I’m dying.”

“Is okay,” Ilya murmurs into his hair. “I give you mouth to mouth.”

Shane trembles in his arms. Ilya cannot tell without seeing Shane's face if it is from laughter or sobs. He allows Shane the moment of hiding such an answer from him, not willing to untuck Shane's hot face from his neck.

"I know—" he swallows. "I know you didn't want to come here—"

"No," Ilya agrees. He did not. For all the reasons he knows now. Because he is in love with Shane Hollander. Because he cannot see Shane's skin under such soft dawn light without giving his life to him. Whatever walls Ilya had left around his beating heart, they have crumbled to the earth. Once a Russian castle, now lost to time and history like the princess of much speculation.

Shane flinches in Ilya's arms, but he doesn't leave. His fingers grip into the fabric of Ilya's suit at his waist. "I just—I knew if you could come here, you'd *see*—you'd see what we could have."

Ilya presses another kiss into Shane's hair. "Is exactly what I had been afraid of. More than you. More than big, heavy chains."

Shane clutches Ilya's suit as if Ilya were going to run away. Without such grip or the cuffs themselves, Ilya would just as likely leave this space he is in now.

"So scared," Ilya says, with a soft, teasing lilt.

A sharp inhale. "Ilya, I—I know why you would be afraid. I know—you don't. You don't have to be afraid of me. I'm not going to hurt you. I could *never* hurt you," Shane says, steadier than anything else he has said all morning. Certain and sure and so, so determined.

"So scared," Ilya repeats. "Of sunrise," he continues. Shane makes a small murmur of confusion. "Of soft bed. Of beautiful man." Shane's murmur twists, as if he is about to spill into doughy assurances once more. Ilya twists his hand in Shane's hair. The sharp tug melts Shane's protest into a low moan.

Ilya tilts Shane's head back to give him a kiss. Were he a coward, he would fear another pill down his throat. Ilya smirks into Shane's lips. Shane responds to the kiss with desperation and passion. Shane licks into Ilya's mouth. No pills this time, only Shane's hot tongue and needy whines.

Ah, Ilya wishes he could roll them over. Well, only a little. That he can drive Shane to such insanity! His stomach feels warm with such a thrill. Shane bears down, and they both sink into the pile of pillows. Maybe Shane will take his cock out for him, ride him into the unconsciousness. Ilya knows Shane protests he is not insane, likely fearful Ilya would love him less. If it were even possible!

Shane wiggles his face away from Ilya's mouth. He pants, desperate as Ilya continues to kiss the corner of his lips, moving to his cheek, his jaw. Ilya sucks in hard, loving the pants Shane makes as he brings blood to the surface.

“Ilya,” Shane whines, “Ilya, Ilya. I just—I just wanted you to see this. I needed—if you just saw this, you’d *understand*,” Shane insists.

Ilya does. Ilya does. There is a whole life for them, if he were to accept it.

Ilya knows, why Shane ran away. Who Shane is. He knows that Shane could not accept how Ilya had tried taking more, but without the promise of *all*. Shane could have accepted all, but not *more*.

“I love you, wild man,” Ilya growls, bucking his hips up into Shane’s ass. “I do. I do. I want. I want so badly, it drives me to madness as deep as your own.”

Shane shudders. Ilya can feel the movement between his palms as he squeezes Shane’s face, how they move up Shane’s spine and into Ilya’s own bones. “Love you. Love you so much.”

“Of course, you do,” Ilya says, voice still rough and deep. His teeth scrape along Shane’s neck as he moves his head lower. He feels overcome. He presses his lips to the bob in Shane’s neck. His lips barely lift from it to whisper, “What else but love? What else but truly, madly, deeply? To miss time with family, risk life as you know it, to commit crimes against sense and law?” Ilya opens his mouth wider, so that when he finally crunches his teeth in deeper, his teeth will leave the biggest imprint.

Shane gasps, loud. Ilya tightens his teeth deeper. “Ilya,” Shane moans. He rocks his hips along Ilya’s lap. Shane repeats Ilya’s name over and over as Ilya’s hands rove over his body. His hands pinch and stroke whatever patch of skin he can find under Shane’s loose tee and looser shorts. The links of chain are about three inches wide each, and Ilya feels his arms grow sore from holding their weight, but even so he cannot bear to let them fall. Maybe he will introduce such toys to his arm workout. Would be more fun with Shane. Multitasking.

“I have a plan, Ilya,” Shane murmurs, interrupted with another gasp as Ilya bites his chest through his shirt. “I know—I know how—” he is interrupted again as Ilya sucks. He clearly must find the pressure dissatisfying, because he pulls back just enough to rip his shirt off. Ilya leans forward, his lips already back around Shane’s sweet tit. Shane still has his shirt over his head, trapping his arms as he makes a high-pitched whine. His back arches so beautifully, Ilya can see it in his head from how Shane feels in his arms. The shirt falls behind Shane to Ilya’s thighs.

Shane tackles Ilya back against the bedframe. He kisses Ilya. He wraps his arms tightly around Ilya’s head, even Ilya’s cheeks feel squished. Shane holds his hips back, knees bracketing Ilya’s own. One hand leaves Ilya’s face to start tugging on his own shorts, frantically pulling them down until he can kick them off.

Ilya’s hands fly forward, hoping to help Shane with his underwear, hoping to grab a fistful of ass, hoping to envelope his fingers in Shane’s tight heat. His wrists halt midair, and he near yanks his shoulders out of their sockets forcing them forward anyway.

Shane has the nerve to laugh at him, pulling his lips back just enough for Ilya to hear it. Ilya manages to catch his teeth in Shane’s shoulder as punishment. Shane’s laugh grows. He

shakes on Ilya's Ilya's cock driving Ilya to a madness comparable to that which had driven Shane to *kidnapping*. He will not unlock his jaw for anything short of blood.

Shane's underwear land on Ilya's clothed knee, and for a moment Ilya has enough sense to be outraged that he is clothed and Shane is not. His dick, however, is only pleased. His underwear is wet from how his cockhead rubs precome into the fabric.

Shane presses a kiss into Ilya's face. The angle has his lips smoosh into the beginning of Ilya's hairline above his ear. Ilya needs more. He takes in a deep breath through his nose. He braces his teeth in the meat of Shane's shoulder, not allowing himself to be distracted by Shane's questioning whine. He takes in another deep breath and throws his arms forward, focusing the movement in his back shoulders.

The chains rattle. Distantly, Ilya wishes Shane had taken more care for himself. The sound of chain links clinking together is sure to turn Shane's stomach, as sensitive as he is to certain sounds. Shane should have prepared a wrap around them, to muffle the sound.

The next noise he hears is the creak of wood behind him. While he does not succeed in breaking the chain connectors from the board, a loud splintering does allow him just enough leverage to reach Shane's love handles and yank his naked ass into Ilya's lap once more.

Thick, metallic liquid slides down Ilya's throat, and he finally has to release to swallow properly. Ilya licks blood from his teeth. Oh, he had managed to break skin with that last thrust. He grins, licking his lips and catching Shane's shoulder with the movement.

Shane's hands snap to Ilya's fly, undoing the button and zipper. "You're so hot," Shane says with a gasping gulp of air.

"Good," Ilya grunts as Shane yanks his waistband down to his thighs. "Have sexy maniac to impress," he says, focused on the feel of Shane's ass finally in his hands. He massages his fingers into the meat of his cheeks, luxuriating in the soft fat. God, he is such a lucky man.

Ilya finds having his legs locked by his waistband is much less bothersome than his wrists bound up—and even this problem is solved with Shane's tight hole within hands' reach. He circles Shane's rim with the tip of his middle finger. Shane lets out an unintelligible whine. Even if Ilya were to know English as well as Russian he would not understand. Well, Ilya has, he hopes, time to tease out Shane's meanings.

Ilya laps his tongue against Shane's skin, taking in more of the blood from the bite. He sucks deep, bringing more blood to his lips.

Shane moans. He leans into Ilya's teeth, arching his back and pushing his ass into Ilya's palms. He strokes Ilya's cock between both hands, spreading precome down the shaft. His own cock bounces between their abdomens. Ilya feels the same ringing insanity between his ears that must have guided Shane's tongue as he slipped a pill past Ilya's lips.

"I—I didn't bring you here without a plan," Shane murmurs, tilting his head. His lips brush the outer shell of Ilya's ear as the words breeze through him. "I couldn't—I couldn't after you

—Mnn,” he moans out, “I couldn’t just—” His rambling hiccups as Ilya presses just barely a fingertip past his rim. “Yeah, Ilya, please—” he continues.

Ilya twists his wrists, fascinated by the heavy chains shining against Shane’s bare thighs. Is one man allowed to be so sexy? Ilya asks this to himself constantly. He is near hypnotized by the sight. Ilya has been proven to be shy, in the types of games he has played. Shane’s heavy metals are much more fun to play with than delicate chains and colorful ropes Ilya had introduced.

Shane pants, his hot breath against Ilya’s ear. “You risk,” Shane starts, but the words catch in his throat. Ilya knows that it is not just for how Ilya’s middle finger breaches inside him. “*So much* for me,” he continues. Ilya knows how emotion can overwhelm Shane. His eyes are clenched shut, like he almost cannot bear the love Ilya has for him. Ilya had been reckless, then, in how he had given it, without a soft place for them to both land. Not like Shane. Not in this bed in this home that Shane has given them both, where it seems as if Ilya could do anything or speak all that is in his heart, and never once feel the rough skid of a board or sharp heat of the ice.

Words fill Ilya’s throat. They crowd each other, a scrum of what he wishes to express, all too tangled to allow escape. Not a one can take control. He moves his fingers. He rubs his thumb into Shane’s taint, and he kisses Shane’s jaw. “Grab me lube, [Милый](#),” he murmurs.

Shane reaches over to the side table. He has a small little smile, teasing, Ilya knows, as he all but shoves his chest in Ilya’s face as he reaches. Ilya indulges, kissing Shane’s tit as Shane uncaps the tube. Shane squeezes the tube into his own palm. He moves his hand to Ilya’s, coating Ilya’s fingers and spreading the lube around as Ilya teases him. With the addition of such slickness, Ilya slides fingers past Shane’s tight rim. God, Shane is *hot*. Ilya feels feverish, as if the heat spreads from his fingers, into his palm, up his arm, across his chest.

Shane wraps his arms around Ilya’s head in a hug. Comfort so familiar, Ilya had *dreamed* about it, ever since that night in Florida. Shane tucks his head into Ilya’s hair, and smiles. Ilya can feel it against his scalp. He thinks he may go mad. Shane rests his forehead against Ilya’s as he begins stroking Ilya’s cock with a slick hand.

Ilya fucks two fingers into Shane’s hole. He feels Shane shiver on his hand, feels Shane’s spine tremble. Ilya uses his other hand on Shane’s ass to spread his cheek.

Shane tilts his head in, moving his lips to suck Ilya into a deep kiss. They kiss while Ilya stretches Shane, prepping him for his cock. Shane holds Ilya’s head in his hands, sucking on Ilya’s tongue, driving him mad.

Ilya strokes his fingers along Shane’s insides. He pushes forward to rub his finger pads against Shane’s prostate. Shane groans. He pulls away from the kiss to breathe, head thrown back in pleasure. Ilya kisses his exposed neck, sucking another bruise into his skin.

“Ilya, Ilya,” Shane pants. He hugs Ilya to him, squeezing tight. Ilya would be more likely to break from these chains than from Shane’s arms. “The plan, I—” he groans as Ilya grips his hip tight enough to bruise. “Get in me,” he growls, “In me, *now*.”

Shane lifts his hips to guide Ilya's cock inside him, sinking down as Ilya spreads him open wide and sucks on Shane's bottom lip.

"Fuck," Shane curses, mumbled by Ilya's lips on his own, as he seats himself in Ilya's lap. He crooks his neck, and his teeth scrape against Ilya's cheek, near biting cheekbone and jaw. He lifts up to fuck himself on Ilya's cock, setting a desperate and frantic pace.

Ilya helps, meeting Shane's thrusts to drive himself as deep as he possibly can.

"Listen," Shane begs once more. He cradles Ilya's face with his palms—precious, so precious. He rests his forehead against Ilya's and their sweat intermingles as they breathe air into each other's mouths. "Listen, please," he continues, lifting his hips up once more to slam back down on Ilya's cock.

"Speak, Shane," Ilya goads. "It is like watching you answer question about fancy wardrobe at awards."

Shane snorts, and he rolls hips devilishly, in what Ilya is sure he thinks is *punishment*. Or perhaps not, if his grin were to speak against it. "You didn't sign yet, right?"

"Did not sign," Ilya says. "As told. Wait to talk." Shane had told him to wait. He was getting close to needing it done, but for Shane. "Manager shitting himself. Coach bleeding from eyes."

Shane barks a laugh, but it is only a moment, panting out another breathy exhale of pleasure. He grinds his hips down. God, he is beautiful. Ilya sucks his nipple into his mouth. He laughs again, "Are you listening?"

Ilya nods, nipping Shane's chest. He scrapes his nails against Shane's hips.

"The plan," Shane starts again. He gasps again, as Ilya sucks Shane's nipple and thrusts up deep inside him. "Fuck, I had a speech."

Ilya pulls off Shane's chest with a pop. "Sounds like a proposal," he whispers. He rests his forehead against Shane's chest.

Shane runs his fingers through Ilya's hair. "A little," he whispers, and suddenly, Ilya is no longer afraid of looking at his face and what he might find.

He tilts his head up to look. The prettiest, softest, most exquisite blush settles amidst Shane's freckles. Ilya is left breathless. He did not know—oh, he could not have known that he could have this. Shane has such a small smile, so hopeful, that Ilya would give him the world if he could.

"Marriage part of plan?" Ilya mumbles.

"Yeah," Shane says, suddenly bashful after being Ilya's sexy nightmare and godly tormentor.

"Sounds like good plan," Ilya tells him, feeling the muscles of his face hurt from the stretch of his smile. He is not used to smiling so wide. He uses so many of his muscles, but not often

like this.

“Yeah?” Shane breathes. His eyes are sparkling. His smile is so, so beautiful. Ilya wants to eat the freckles from his face. He would—would bite them right off, if it did not mean losing the eye candy of it, the visual dessert of seeing them over and over and over again.

“*Key*,” Ilya demands.

“Key?” Shane asks, as if confused Ilya’s changing the topic off of their engagement.

Ilya kisses him, kisses this silly, wonderful man. “For cuffs. I need to rail my fiancé until he blacks out.”

Shane near headbutts him as he rushes forward to kiss like a mad man. Ilya hears his hand slap against the side table. Shane’s search continues, scratching wood and knocking what Ilya thinks is a lamp off the table. He is too busy kissing his *fiancé* too worry about such matters. Shane sucks on his tongue, and Ilya burns with desire. On fire, the whole of him.

Before his other hand is freed, he feels Shane grab it from his hip to hold in the air. He would be near bereft to leave Shane’s skin, but with even one hand free, he has the capacity to flip Shane to the mattress.

Shane giggles, grabbing at Ilya’s other hand as Ilya kicks his pants and underwear down his legs. Shane pushes Ilya’s suit jacket back behind his shoulders as Ilya slots his cock back into Shane once more. Shane’s fingers play with the buttons of his dress shirt, but as Ilya’s cockhead presses against his prostate, Shane rips the shirt open. Buttons scatter across the mattress and a few bounce against Shane’s beautiful chest. Ilya’s bites are already blossoming into gorgeous bruises, spreading blues and purples across Shane’s skin.

His shirt falls amidst rumpled sheets and blankets. He lifts Shane’s thigh up and holds it with his newly freed arm, fucking himself deeper with the new angle.

Shane’s leg falls outward, bent at the knee. He digs his heel into Ilya’s back, adding constant pressure to drive Ilya forward. Ilya sucks Shane’s earlobe into his mouth.

Shane’s fingers dig into Ilya’s back, drawing parallel lines of blood. God, it is so hot. Ilya feels wild. Even more so, as he catches Shane pull a hand back to suck the blood from under his fingernails. That Ilya knows—*knows*, without hesitation or doubt—that Shane feels just as insane for him is *intoxicating*.

Ilya’s mouth flies to Shane’s. The taste of blood, of each other’s, electrocutes Ilya, with the knowledge of it mixing between them. Blood melts in saliva and thick swallows and desperate panting.

Ilya feels heady. Helpless and powerful, vulnerable and indestructible, all at once.

“Love you,” Shane murmurs, as their kiss breaks for breath. “Love you so much.”

“Crazy for me,” Ilya says, sly and silly.

Shane blushes. He shudders as Ilya hits his prostate just right. “Same for you, though, right?”

“*Insane*,” Ilya admits, leaning his head down to lap his tongue at Shane’s still bleeding shoulder. He licks his lips, catching what has smudged against them.

“Can’t wait to play on the same team as you,” Shane whispers wistfully, fingers clinging to Ilya’s hair and neck.

Ilya’s hips stutter, the jolt of shock delivering a particularly strong thrust inside. Shane moans louder than he has all night. “Together? Us?” he questions. He does not know how this would even work, outside of an All-Stars match.

“Yeah,” Shane pants, a smile spreading across his lips. “The plan. Us, on the ice, together.”

Ilya’s heart thuds in his chest. Loud and violent and overwhelming. More chaotic than the thudding of feet in the stands during a home-team power play.

He cannot help himself. The last of his sense clips away from his mind. He catches Shane’s hands, pushing them up by his ears. He holds them down, intertwining his fingers as he fucks Shane harder, deeper, more. All answers to Shane’s sinful begging.

Ilya does not stop until he can feel Shane’s stomach muscles clench underneath him. Ilya leans down, taking Shane’s mouth into his own. His tongue licks along Shane’s own, and he comes as Shane sucks on Ilya’s tongue so right that he feels a coil within him release. Shane clenches on Ilya’s cock, and Ilya’s cock throbs as his come floods Shane’s hot hole.

Shane throws his head back with a moan. Ilya pulls his hands down to Shane’s hips. He crawls down Shane’s chest and stomach. He kisses Shane’s cock—the head, then the shaft, then another kiss for his twitching sack. He licks along the crease of Shane’s thigh until his tongue delves into Shane’s hole. It clenches on his tongue, as Ilya licks his own come into his mouth. One hand grips Shane’s firm, supple chest above him, while the other jacks Shane’s cock in a tight grip.

Shane gasps. Ilya thrusts his tongue inside again, lapping up another mouthful of come. Shane’s cock is warm in his hand, and even warmer still as he drags his hand up to Shane’s cockhead. He nuzzles his face into the shaft, placing a close-lipped kiss to the base of Shane’s cock. Shane’s body snaps inward, his come landing amidst Ilya’s curls.

Ilya smirks. He presses another chaste kiss into Shane’s inner thigh. He climbs back up Shane’s body, his fingers roving over every inch of skin he can touch. He opens Shane’s lips presses his come into Shane’s mouth. Shane moans, his fingers carving new lines into Ilya’s skin. Shane is not the only one with a trick like this.

Shane swallows. Ilya smirks into the kiss. He squeezes Shane’s chest, tight, and then curls himself around Shane, interlocking their legs. He wraps his arms around Shane, snaking one under Shane’s neck and the pillow. Ilya tightens his body, constricting Shane like a python, before relaxing his hold into a gentler embrace.

Shane wiggles in Ilya's hold to his side, tucking himself into Ilya's gentle curve. They pant, briefly, heart rates dropping back down, sweat starting to cool, as Ilya nuzzles his nose into Shane's hair.

"Tell me about your plan," Ilya says. He curls one of his fingers loosely around Shane's silky, now sweat-damp hair.

Shane knocks his head forward, a small headbutt into Ilya. They hold eye contact. "You're a free agent. You sign with Ottawa. Even if the rest doesn't go according to plan, we'll be two hours away. We can start a charity together. A real charity, something we both care about. It will give the press a reason to see us interacting while we get your citizenship sorted. I—I have a plan to have my contract broken. Next off-season. Hopefully I can sign with Ottawa if it goes well."

"How do you do that?" Ilya asks. He may not have manager like Shane, but he knows that Montreal will not easily give up Star Player and Captain.

Shane bites his lip. A pink flush makes his freckles look like little stars amidst pink, cotton candy sunset clouds. "Before the break. My manager told me, in confidence as captain, that they are going to investigate the drugs that went missing in the clubroom infirmary. Because he *knows* it's not me."

A large smile rips Ilya's cheeks. "Oh, he *knows*?"

"He knows that I'm not taking anything myself. He *knows* that," Shane says, using the exact sort of honest omission that allows him to get away with hiding a relationship like this for so long.

Ilya's hand settles on Shane's hip. He rubs a small circle with his thumb. "I see," he says, too fond for his own good.

"I'm going to, well, okay, this is not great. But I'm going to frame either J.J. or Hayden. Maybe both," he says, hunching in on himself.

"Pike!" Ilya laughs. "He is your best friend!"

Shane settles a hand on Ilya's chest, over his beating heart. "Which is why," he explains, "It would make sense if I were to take the fall for him. My contract is tighter. Between having a bulldog of a negotiator and more sway as number two draft," he teases, calling upon an old squabble, "terms are more favorable. The NDA wouldn't allow them to release why the contract is broken."

Ilya giggles. "So you take fall for one you are framing? Why not just get caught?"

Shane pinches Ilya's nipple. Ilya's cock twitches in interest. He is a little confused why he isn't already harder, having such a beautiful Shane in his arms. He has an impressive refractory period. Is odd. "It's reputation. What kind of sendoff they give me. A tight-lipped 'no comment' against a 'reluctant goodbye.'"

Ilya hums, considering. While they have both been very protective over this soft, fluttering, warm thing between them, Shane has cultivated a very different reputation than Ilya has. “Okay,” he says. “Okay.”

“I finish up with Montreal and sign before moving over to Ottawa,” he says, looking as excited as Ilya feels.

“You may miss playoffs,” Ilya says, hesitantly. He knows how excited Shane is to play. “Would be hard to navigate timing. Release from team to starting new without contract in place.” Ilya gropes Shane’s chest. He still isn’t hard, but he cannot help himself when Shane’s chest is so soft and firm under his palm. Comforting.

“I know,” Shane says. “But they want me to play. You know they do. I’m more worried about them holding onto me, even if they believe the addiction angle. Burying the story, or pressing rehab.” He pauses. Ilya knows he is only partially joking. But he sobers, for Ilya. “If we play this right, we can negotiate our contracts together.”

“Is risky,” Ilya says. His voice is thick. It’s not a question. He just, is unsure, if he is worth this. Maybe a little silly, now, after everything else Shane has done. But Ilya’s feelings for Shane are given. A surety. Hockey is an unknown.

“It is,” Shane says. “It is.” He holds himself to Ilya, so tight, as if they may melt together, fuse, if they just try hard enough. Fall forward and meld, if only they find the right pressure. “But...” he swallows. “You’ve taken so many risks for me, Ilya. And I know, I’m—I know I’m asking for more. I know I took—I know took a big risk. Taking you here. Making you take it with me.”

“For you, Shane? Is nothing,” Ilya tries, knowing how hollow it rings. Of course, this could not be nothing. Too much risk, too much denial. It feels too much. Shane’s love, Shane’s pride, Shane’s gratitude.

“Let me do this,” Shane begs. “Please.”

Ilya breathes in deep. “Okay,” he says again. “Okay.”

Shane relaxes in Ilya’s arms. Champagne after the pop. He does not often become so relaxed, even after sex. He is a very high strung man. Shane shuffles down Ilya’s torso to tuck himself into Ilya’s neck. Ilya lies back down into the pillows against the headboard, so Shane can drape himself across his chest. Ilya kisses the crown of Shane’s head, and then he pets through Shane’s hair.

“Thank you,” Shane whispers. He presses a feather-soft kiss to Ilya’s neck.

“No, is...” Ilya clears his throat. “Is good. I have been, ah, as they call *you*,” he teases.

“Me?” Shane asks. Ilya can feel him scrunch his face in confusion against his skin.

Ilya continues petting through his hair. “Yes. Robot. Machine. Auto—Awton—”

“Automoton,” Shane completes.

“Yes. Very mechanical. Going through motions,” he says.

Shane holds Ilya tight. “You—you’ve lost—” he swallows. “And Russia, and—”

“I know,” Ilya says. “Yes. But, I—” he had not reflected, until now. Not about this. “I acted as if nothing had changed. Still making money to send to ungrateful—” he swallows. “Still afraid of [отец](#). For [отец](#).”

Shane doesn’t speak. He holds Ilya. Ilya wishes he were wearing his glasses. Later. He will ask. Engagement gift, perhaps.

“I do not wish to do this. Cannot—I did not know what else. There was no else. Until you,” Ilya says. “Always you.”

Shane smiles. Ilya can feel it against his skin. Big and real and devastating. Ilya feels as if he is facing against the snow of Russia. Overwhelming. And large. And beautiful. He is not fighting against a force of nature. Ilya presses another kiss into his hair.

Ilya huffs a laugh. “Sveta will be disappointed. She cares not for marriage, but big party would be nice.”

Ilya feels Shane flinch. His arms tighten around Ilya. Ilya is glad his ribs have had time to heal, or he would worry. More than he already does, at least.

“She won’t be...?” Shane doesn’t even know what he’s asking. Ilya can tell.

Ilya remembers, that he’s already told Shane this once. “I love her,” he admits. Shane is very still on his chest. “But not how I love you. Nothing compares.”

“Will she hate me?” Shane asks. He is resigned. He expects to be punished for what Ilya can only guess. Stealing Ilya. Maybe just loving him.

Ilya is glad, that Shane wishes to get along with her. He teases, “No, worse.” He frowns in show, trying to hide how a smile threatens to split his cheeks. “She will try to steal you from me. I have to be careful.” He squeezes Shane tightly, making up for the Shane’s laxing grip.

Shane blushes. Ilya can feel his cheek heat up against his shoulder, as Shane curls himself into Ilya.

“As soon as I am ready, I will remind you again. Give you pleasure so you do not forget,” Ilya promises.

Shane’s blush intensifies, somehow, as if shy. After all they have done, Ilya is unsure of what that he has to be shy about. They are *fiancés*. Ilya pinches his hip. “What? What is it?”

Shane cringes, but his grip tightens around Ilya. His thighs lock tight around Ilya’s legs, as if he expects Ilya to run. “It... may take a moment.”

Ilya scrunches his face. “Is it drugs? Ones you give me, affect my dick?”

Shane chokes. He releases it with a sort of half cough. “No, I, uh... no,” he finishes lamely. “It’s not... that.”

“Then what?” Ilya wonders. “Are you chirping? I promise, I am still young. Not ancient geriatric like Scott Hunter. Will fuck you many more years to come.”

Shane shakes his head quickly. “You’ve already come twice,” Shane rushes, words spilling over one another.

Ilya pulls back, just only enough to get a better look at Shane’s face. “Twice, you say?” Ilya asks.

Shane squirms in his arms. He does some strange twist, as if trying to get away from Ilya while also trying to hold him closer. Fascinating. Ilya is constantly charmed by this man.

Ilya rolls them, pinning Shane’s wrists above his head. “Oh. Very curious. I only remember coming once. Did I forget?”

Shane tries pushing his arms up, but in that cute, half-hearted way of his. His hips shimmy, in show of trying to buck Ilya off, but succeeding only in rutting their cocks against one another.

“Ilya, c’mon, I—” he gasps.

“You are able to get hard,” Ilya muses, pointedly dragging his thigh over Shane’s cock. “Did you only come once? Does not sound like me. I always make my lovers come with me.”

Shane grimaces. “Don’t use that word. It’s gross.”

“What word? Hard?” Ilya teases, dragging his thigh into Shane’s cock once more. “Don’t seem to have a problem with it...”

“Lovers...” Shane whines, but he’s smiling, even as he tries to hide it in the pillow.

“Ah, I see,” Ilya grins. He kisses Shane’s neck. “Wish to be called fiancé,” he says with a grin against Shane’s neck.

Shane groans. His cheeks are so warm, Ilya can feel their heat against his own. He stretches out, lowering himself so he lies completely against Shane. He kisses one warm cheek and then the other, luxuriating in the warmth, in the beauty of those freckles under his lips.

“Poor, fiancé,” Ilya teases. “Need to come, but fiancé... hmmm... came in sleep? Was I having...” he continues, crawling down Shane’s body. “Sexy dream?” Ilya finishes before sucking on Shane’s chest.

Shane gasps. “Ilya,” he whines. He writhes, dragging his cock against Ilya’s stomach.

Ilya grins. He presses a kiss above the nipple on Shane’s tit. Lucky, blessed, Ilya is. “I am so disappointed. Had such a sexy dream, and can’t even remember... Should I go back to sleep? See if I remember?”

“Don’t you dare,” Shane growls. He kicks his legs out from Ilya’s pin to wrap them around Ilya’s back. His hands fly to Ilya’s back, now easily breaking Ilya’s grip. His fingers dig fresh lines in Ilya’s back.

Ilya could purr. “Oh? But what about—”

“Oh, fuck off,” Shane bites. “I sucked you off.”

“Oh, you *did*?” Ilya asks, too full of glee to withhold it. He brings his hand down to brush against Shane’s balls. He grabs them, runs his knuckle between them.

“Yeah, I—oh, like that,” Shane breathes.

“Tell me about it,” Ilya murmurs. His nose flattens against Shane’s chest as he turns to kiss at Shane’s other tit. He tightens his grip, just until Shane whimpers, and then releases once more. He crawls down and kisses the top of Shane’s thigh.

“Nn,” Shane groans, as Ilya kisses inward. Shane’s thighs fall outward, allowing Ilya to kiss closer to his cock. He nibbles in the crease between Shane’s thigh and torso.

“Tell me,” Ilya commands, pausing. He looks up at Shane, waiting for Shane to look down at him. Shane bucks his hips, but Ilya presses down.

Shane grasps at the sheets. “I—You were so beautiful. So gorgeous.”

Ilya grins. He kisses Shane’s cock. Encouragement. “I see,” he grins. “Could not resist. Before or after you handcuff me to bed?”

Shane groans. He buries his fingers in Ilya’s hair. “Before,” he admits. “So loose. I’ve never seen—we haven’t really, done this.”

Ilya noses over and bites deeply into Shane’s thigh. Shane groans. “No, no,” he agrees. “I would not be able to resist you either.” He licks a long stripe up Shane’s cock, loving the salty taste of Shane’s come. “Maybe I return favor?”

Shane’s cock twitches. A bead of come leaks from his cockhead. Oh, Ilya will. He licks up another long stripe against Shane’s cock. He puts his mouth around Shane’s cockhead and sucks.

Shane’s stomach tightens under Ilya’s hands. Ilya slides his lips down and swallows Shane completely.

“I didn’t want to lose you,” Shane mumbles. “I can’t handle only seeing you a few times a year and never for long enough. I couldn’t—I wasn’t even invited to your wedding, and I know why, and I never would have been able to handle it even if I was, and—”

Ilya bobs up and down. He sucks Shane. He grips his hands in the fat of Shane’s thighs. He drags his hands along Shane’s thighs, trying to comfort him.

Shane's ankles are crossed over each other behind Ilya's back. His heels dig into Ilya's lower back.

"I thought—oh, thank you—if I couldn't convince you, if you didn't understand—I couldn't have you anymore, and it'd *kill* me," Shane confesses.

Ilya knows. He had been dying, as well.

"I'm glad—I'm glad it wasn't the last. I was so afraid—when you said no. I thought. I thought that was it. I thought even without—" Shane pants. Ilya does not enjoy how scared and lonely they've both felt. Shane is not wrong. With the boundaries Ilya had set—if there was no forward, there was nothing. Not anymore. Not now. Not even on couch after sharing tuna melts and first names. Same as it was then. Ilya hadn't realized what he had given of himself, once they had gotten back together. He hadn't known he could.

Ilya sets his palms on Shane's thighs and spreads him further. He pulls back, dragging his nose along Shane's cock. He moves to Shane's hip and bites, as hard as he can.

Shane bucks up. Ilya flows with him, not allowing the movement to jostle him off. Ilya removes his teeth from Shane's skin, feeling a sort of click in his mouth as they leave their imprints. He kisses over the bite mark, and then he kisses up, taking another bite into Shane's waist.

"Is flattering," Ilya murmurs. He strokes Shane's cock loosely, a tease. "Love my cock so much, you *need* it, not even for my pleasure, but yours," Ilya grins.

"Shut up," Shane groans. "Get your mouth back on me."

"I don't even get to enjoy orgasm. All for you. Love my cock so much, use it to soothe racing heart during heist of the century," Ilya bites down once more, and he brushes his lips down back to Shane's cock. He kisses the head, then licks at the precome gathering. Ilya sucks a kiss to the shaft as he takes both hands to scrape deep lines along the inside of Shane's thighs.

Shane gasps. Ilya sucks Shane's cock in his mouth so he can swallow Shane's come as Shane shakes underneath him. He turns his head, sucking another bruise into Shane's thigh, his hand tugging out the last of Shane's orgasm.

Ilya crawls back up to Shane. He kisses Shane's lips. They both are smiling so hard into the kiss, it is awkward and silly, and so happy in a way Ilya did not know life could be.

Ilya curls around Shane, now tucking his head under Shane's chin. He grazes his thumb over Shane's chest. Feeling Shane's chest rise and fall with his breath. His heart beating, loud, under Ilya's ear.

Shane holds him, as he had, in the hotel room during the All Stars. Holds Ilya tight. Tethers Ilya to this earth, in a way that had not been afforded to others.

"My madman," Ilya whispers. "My maniac."

Shane brushes Ilya's hair with his fingers. He twists Ilya's curls around his index. "Not boring?"

Ilya huffs. "No! Never boring again! I must understand new reality of insane fiancé!" he grouches dramatically. He turns his head and kisses. "Next time we use cuffs for you," Ilya promises.

"Deal," Shane grins. He kisses his smile into Ilya's hair.

End Notes

Whoa, there! Before you comment, did you mind the tags? [♥](#)

Everyone else, proceed as usual. ♥

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