

you're the only one i want

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by [starblushed](#)

Summary

Shane was heartbreakingly beautiful, always, but the mix of shyness and determination, quiet confidence and liquid hot eyes, was devastating. Ilya was getting lightheaded. He couldn't think of what would be better, Shane dressing up because he thought Ilya would like it, or Shane dressing up because he liked it. Devastating.

Shane shows up to Ilya's apartment in pretty white shorts, and Ilya loses his mind over it.

Notes

Hello everyone :) I offer Hollanov. This is my first fic for them, hopefully you like it and I got their characters right! I read the books and loved how the first two episodes of the show turned out! This is set December 2016/January 2017, before the All-Star game. I am #1 Ilya fell first defender LOL.

Title is from [oh my love](#) by FKA Twigs.

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

Ilya opened the door to Shane, standing there, looking almost nervous.

It has been stupid, to let him stay the last time, to have Shane in his house for longer than it took them to fuck. Having Shane lay in his arms, looking content and happy and comfortable, made it impossible not to kiss him, not to want for more than he could have.

Ilya couldn't want him. It was impossible. But he was beginning to realize that no one was like Shane. No one, men or women or anyone, got his blood pumping so hot, got his attention by just breathing, got him in the way Shane Hollander had.

It was just adrenaline. It was so good because it was dangerous. It had nothing to do with cute freckles or pretty eyes or eager kisses.

Ilya wasn't fooling anyone.

Shane stepped in, and Ilya's chest got cold. He had heard the rumours, of course, of Rose Landry.

Fuck. She was gorgeous, and a woman, and not a hockey player – someone Shane could be with, really be with, and not have to hide. Did she know him? Did she know how he felt in her arms, face tucked into her neck? Did she know that he liked eye contact when he was getting his dick sucked, that he blushed all red but didn't look away? Did she know how much he loved getting fucked? Did she know to kiss his back and his shoulders to make him shiver? Did she know that his thighs shook when he got close? Did she know how to pull his hips up to make him come untouched all over his pretty stomach?

Shane didn't give him any more room to stew in his thoughts, stepping close to him as soon as the door banged shut and pressing him against the closest wall and kissing him.

And the way he kissed was the most ruinous of all. He had such an eager mouth, hot and wet, his lips plush and soft, his little tongue pressing sweetly at Ilya's bottom lip. Shane made the little low-pitched gasping noise he always did when Ilya put his hands on his waist, firm and strong.

Ilya wanted him with a desperation he could barely understand. He picked Shane up, carefully walking them to the bedroom.

"Ilya! I can walk!"

Yeah, he knew, but the pout on Shane's lips was adorable whenever Ilya picked him up. Shane wasn't a small guy, but it wasn't anything too difficult – and the rosy blush intensified.

Ilya was fucked.

Shane pulled his shirt off when Ilya put him down next to the bed, folding the shirt and placing it on the table next to Ilya's bed. His skin was so smooth and golden – Ilya couldn't

resist kissing over his neck, his shoulder. He was so soft, so warm and perfect, arching up as Ilya wrapped his arms back around him, lightly nudging him into the bed.

He would get his fix tonight. They wouldn't see each other for a while, and maybe then he'd be able to stop dreaming of Shane, to get someone else into his bed and not immediately wish it was Shane, to be able to get Shane out of his head for once and for all. But not tonight. Tonight, Shane was all his until the morning, where it was safe under the cover of darkness. Tonight, he could indulge, press his mouth to Shane's skin, suck him off and fuck him until he begged and kiss him and kiss him and kiss him, and then let him go. Really let him go, this time.

That was what he said last time, and the time before that.

Shane pulled at the hem of Ilya's shirt, and Ilya whipped it off, throwing it somewhere off the edge of the bed. Shane's hands claimed their usual spots, the left one high on Ilya's back, fingers brushing his shoulder, and the right one lower, in the dip where Ilya's sweat pooled. Shane liked running his hands all over Ilya, but they always ended up here when they were in this position, Ilya's entire body blanketing Shane, not an inch of space between them.

Shane was hard in his stupid ugly sweatpants, rubbing against Ilya's jeans as they kissed. Ilya needed his skin, wanted him naked for as long as possible, until it was over and Shane inevitably got spooked and left. Ilya unbuttoned his own jeans first, pulling them off before getting his hands under Shane's pants and –

Lace.

Shane looked up at him with a little smile. "Surprise?"

Lace. Lace under his sweatpants. Lace over his cock.

With a ferocity he didn't know he had in him, Ilya yanked the sweatpants off of Shane and threw them away from the bed before turning back to him. White. Little white lacey shorts with a cute fucking bow on the waistband.

Ilya had seen a lot of lingerie, mostly on girls but some guys he had been with were into it too, silk and lace and leather and ribbons. It hadn't really done it for him before, preferring skin on skin – until now.

Shane was heartbreakingly beautiful, always, but the mix of shyness and determination, quiet confidence and liquid hot eyes, was devastating. Ilya was getting lightheaded. He couldn't think of what would be better, Shane dressing up because he thought Ilya would like it, or Shane dressing up because he liked it. Devastating.

"Ilya?" Shane looked away, blushing even more red. "I can take it off, we can just –"

"Keep it on," the words flew out of him without his permission.

Shane turned back to him, the worried pinch of his eyebrows relaxing as he grinned, unabashed. "You like it."

“I – ”

“You really like it,” Shane laughed, tilting his head to Ilya’s hard cock, still in his underwear.

“You’re the one who likes it,” Ilya said, poking the little bow and then pressing his fingers to where Shane was leaking. He always got so soaked, especially when Ilya wasn’t touching his cock, so needy and perfect. “So wet.”

“Please,” Shane whispered, always so sweet whenever he got a hand on his cock. “Can I – fuck me?”

As if he was going to leave Ilya’s bed without getting fucked.

But first, he’d have to wait. Ilya wanted to taste him.

He kissed the bow first, Shane’s stomach shivering underneath him, moving down lower to where Shane wanted him. The lace felt good on his tongue. Shane was hot and pulsing underneath, the feeling a bit dulled by the fabric, but he had gotten wet enough that Ilya could taste him through it. He took his time, licking and sucking and kissing as Shane whined and trembled and wrapped his thighs around Ilya’s head, trapping him right where he wanted to be.

“Wait, I’m close, please fuck me – ”

As much as Ilya wanted to see Shane come from nothing but his tongue over the lace, the thought of fucking him like this was just too enticing for him to bear. He flipped Shane over, Shane arching his back prettily (God, he was perfect), grabbing the lube from where he had stashed it under the pillow. The view was just as good from the back, the shorts significantly shorter over his ass, closer to underwear, exposing so much skin that Ilya felt legitimately dizzy. He gently tugged them to the side, grinning when they had enough give to expose Shane’s pretty hole, sliding his fingers in.

Shane was looser than usual, had he fingered himself before showing up? Ilya was going to lose it. He felt so good, so hot and tight and eager. Shane got a bit shy during prep, always trying to rush Ilya and goad him into fucking him faster, but he seemed a lot more relaxed today, letting Ilya touch as much as he wanted. As good as it felt to get his dick inside, Ilya loved fingering him. He could focus all his attention on the way Shane’s thighs shook, on the way Shane’s hole eagerly begged for more, without getting distracted by the perfect heat on his dick.

He was going to fuck him, though. Not a chance he’d give it up if Shane wanted it this bad – and he wanted it, his moans getting louder and louder, pushing back more eagerly against Ilya’s three fingers inside of him.

Ilya pulled his fingers out and pulled on a condom, hissing at the first touch to his neglected dick in a while. He lined himself up, pulling the lingerie to the side, and sliding in.

Nothing could ever feel like this, hot and tight and wet. Shane took him so well, he was so good, moaning as Ilya bottomed out. Ilya rubbed his thumb over Shane’s hip, eyes transfixed

on his ass as he fucked him, slow at first, and then harder. His ass was perfect, even more perfect with the lingerie, Ilya was obsessed with the way it moved whenever he fucked him from the back. Shane liked it like this too, especially when Ilya would lean over him and kiss his spine and hold him firmly.

Ilya couldn't help himself though, he wanted to see his face.

Shane whined when he pulled out, scowling when he got flipped over. "Why?"

"Let me see you," Ilya whispered, and Shane's eyes got dark. Was that too much? He couldn't – he just needed to fuck him, Shane just wanted to fuck him, he didn't need these stupid feelings that were overflowing out of Ilya's chest –

"Okay," Shane whispered back, lifting his legs up over Ilya's hips. "Like this, then?"

"Mhm." It was harder to maneuver like this, especially with the lace in the way, but Shane was getting redder and redder as Ilya's eyes moved, roving over him greedily. He was just so pretty, not just his face, but his perfect, soft chest, his lovely stomach, his pink cock covered in white lace, Ilya was the luckiest motherfucker in the country to see him like this, he wanted to see him like this all the time, wanted to see –

"Ah, Ilya!"

Wanted to see him come, untouched, ruining his pretty lingerie.

God.

Shane's face was gorgeous when he came, and almost even more gorgeous after, shoulders heaving as he blushed shyly and twisted to hide his face in the pillows. Ilya was so turned on he thought he'd die, but Shane got sensitive right after he came, and this one was intense. He slowed his hips to a stop as Shane shuddered and came down, panting softly. He didn't pull out, Shane had never said it but he hated being empty afterwards, and Ilya was more than happy to stay still and fill him up, to have Shane relaxed and happy in the afterglow on his cock.

Shane looked up at him. "You can keep going."

Ilya frowned, "It won't hurt?"

"Want you to keep going," Shane said, a bit more shy.

Luckiest motherfucker on the planet.

Ilya started off slow, watching his face carefully for any signs of pain, but Shane gave him an annoyed look and he – he wanted it, it was okay, right? He sped up, really going for it, and Shane winced –

"Okay?"

"Sticky," Shane shifted his hips. "Time to take it off, I think."

The lingerie was gorgeous, but Shane naked was ethereal. He whined when Ilya pulled out, as if he didn't ask for it himself, shrugging off the stained shorts and tossing them, immediately putting his knees up for Ilya to slide back in.

He was gorgeous, his dick mostly soft and covered in come. Ilya was a bit obsessed with it when it was soft and spent, but his eyes widened when he saw Shane getting harder.

Could he – would Ilya make him come again? Usually Shane needed fifteen or twenty minutes, but could Ilya fuck him well enough to get him there? He was close, Shane always making it hard for Ilya's stamina, but he needed to see him come with no fabric in the way.

Shane was so flexible, basically folded in half for Ilya to fuck into him, eyes wide and pleading as his hands scrabbled for purchase on Ilya's shoulders. He was fully hard now as Ilya fucked him harder, harder, leaking onto his stomach, the sight of it haunting Ilya's dreams. He loved how wet Shane got, the trails of sticky liquid on his stomach. He loved how it felt inside him, safe and warm but hot and dangerous at the same time. He loved how Shane looked at him when he was close, eyes wide and dazed as if he couldn't believe how good he felt, as if he couldn't believe Ilya could make him feel this good. Ilya winced as his thighs burned, but this angle was perfect for Shane, he wanted Shane to feel good, he wanted Shane to like it enough to stay –

"Touch me, please, Ilya, touch me, I need you to – please," Shane begged. Begged, Ilya loved it when he begged, when he needed him. As if in a trance, Ilya reached down to jerk him off, lightly, being careful as he always got easily oversensitive after the first one. Shane whined as he spilled over Ilya's fist after just three tugs, the prettiest thing Ilya had ever seen. It was slower than his usual orgasms, more drawn out and intense, Ilya was enraptured. He was so beautiful when he came, he was beautiful all the time.

"Okay?" Ilya checked when Shane settled back into the pillows.

"Mhm. You close?"

"Very," Ilya's dick was aching at this point, he was ready to pull out and come all over Shane's chest, make a big mess all over him. God, he wanted to come, he'd barely been hanging on.

"Keep going."

Ilya gasped out, "Are you sure?" He was so close, just a minute more, he needed it –

"Yes," Shane nodded. "Want it."

Ilya went slow again, no matter how much Shane scowled at him. He looked cute, drowsy and half-asleep, and Ilya was really just so close, he just needed a little more –

"In me, come in me, I need you," Shane moaned into his ear and –

Ilya came so hard he vision flashed white. He wished there wasn't a condom in the way, wished he could fill Shane up and lick it out of him. He wished he could keep him in his bed

for just a minute longer.

He sighed as he pulled out, finally, bone-tired and achingly satisfied, licking up the come from Shane's stomach and pressing his face into Shane's pretty chest. Shane lifted a lazy hand to scratch at his scalp as Ilya kissed over the skin under his lips. He was kind of obsessed with Shane's chest, smooth and soft and just a little sensitive when they weren't actively fucking. Ilya wanted to suck one of those cute nipples into his mouth until Shane got hard, wanted to see if he could get Shane off just like that.

Shane shifted Ilya off of him, stretching out. Ilya's spine went just a bit cold. "Gonna shower and head out. Got an early practice tomorrow."

Ilya wanted to join him so badly, but he didn't know how he'd keep his hands off of him. He nodded. By now, Shane knew where the shower was. Ilya closed his eyes at the sound of water running, washing Ilya's touch off of Shane's body.

He wanted a cigarette. He wanted a drink. He wanted to go back in time and tell himself to never go into the gym that night. He wanted to hold Shane close and never let him go.

He couldn't let himself be a fool for more than what Shane wanted, for more than they could have, for more than just the handfuls of time they got during the few nights they spent together. So he watched Shane go, and reached for a cigarette to get the taste of him out of his mouth.

End Notes

Hello and thank you for reading !! Please let me know if you liked it, I appreciate all kudos and comments <3 not sure if I will write more Hollanov in the future but this fic was super fun so I might! Thanks again to everyone who made it to the end !!

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