

the kitchen sink sundae

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the kitchen sink sundae

by [luvzosanxo](#)

Summary

he could feel his face heating up and turning red before he opened his mouth because he was growing impatient with this teasing and taunting bullshit that could wait until they leave this kitchen.

"okay, please do something — anything , please."

"you want me to fuck you in the kitchen?"

"ilya, please — fuck me or so god help me I'll kick you out for the- holy shit."

or hollanov the fic where after the team wins a game and ilya comes back home to a pleasant surprise from his husband shane.

Notes

okay second hollanov fic !!!! ahhhh let's celebrate, can't say much besides it's real smutty and happy reading<3

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

Shane definitely wasn't sitting around in this nice sized cottage mopping around, with nothing to do with all this empty space at eleven 'o'clock at night as the living room television was on it's full volume. Anya laying in her little bed asleep that Shane had purchased so she wouldn't hop on the bed at the middle of the night clawing her paws on either him or iIya all night long because she wants to play with them, Shane would like to think he's doing great spending alone time at the cottage.

but there's an ache — there's an itch sitting on the edge of his finger tips wanting to pick up the phone to call iIya. to tell him he should come back home, tell iIya that he needs him like he needs air to breathe. like if he didn't have his hands on any part of his husband? he thinks he'd die. both mentally and physically as insane as it sounds to him it's very freaking true.

he's gotten so used to being around him all the time now — no running to different buildings to get fucked or to have hate sex. he gets to wake up to the sight of iIya's pretty blues staring into his eyes with something so gentle, something so kind and loving that Shane's heart still does back flips every single time as iIya's thumb would slowly trace every single freckle on Shane's face every morning they wake up and Shane leans into it letting out the most relaxed sigh. feeling both his cheeks heating up at the press of his thumbs stroking each freckle he has, Shane's hand gripping onto his husband's wrist just to hold him there, to have him close.

if they had been stuck sneaking off two different places to see each other for less and then leaving because they had a game that next day? Shane thinks he would've slowly gotten more and more miserable.

he'll pick this over anything else. but he frowned looking away from his phone as he walked into the kitchen to make himself a glass of water, besides it's not like iIya didn't just have him up against the wall near the stairs before heading out. he can still feel him inside him, still

feeling the stretch causing himself to shiver at the thought as he grips onto the glass but not hard enough to break it.

apparently that quickie didn't keep him fucking sane at all it just made shane crave and *crave and crave*.

that it makes shane feel insane with that feeling, like he's a omega in heat and he whined before finally pouring himself something to eat as he mumbled a few curse words in french. 'fucking asshole' he said to nobody but it was very much directed towards his husband who wasn't even at home right now. the worse kind of torture, he thinks.

ilya went out to celebrate a win with their team and shane really wasn't feeling up to being out tonight — he promised them he'll pay for everything when they go out to breakfast however. a favor to lowkey help with the teams hangovers , he's being very thoughtful. ilya wanted him to go , wanted his husband to have fun and as cute as that was? as sweet and thoughtful as that was — shane wasn't really in the going out partying mood anyway.

(he also thinks ilya wants to just show him off again — have his hands all over him and god does that do multiple things to shane, he thrives off it.)

not when secretly he had his own surprise planned at home — he's just being needy and horny right now and missing him. he swears it , once he clears his mind and finishes this glass of water? he'll start plan: *thong surprise*.

the game against Shane's former team, Montreal Voyageurs. those games are usually always intense — especially for him , it's become a new normal though and just seeing their faces brings out that inner competitive side of the hockey. makes him focus on the game the second he skates onto the ice heading into the center nodding towards jj and Hayden who return that same gesture before sending a playful smirk to let him basically know 'game on'.

just for the game to end with the centaurs taking the win — 3-8.

shane taking the highest amount of scores earlier today for most of the game , he was grinning widely as his teammates rallied around him cheering. sweat rolling down his flushed rosy cheeks as he watched his old teammates rolling off the ice in pure frustration and something about that made shane feel buzzy on the inside , watching his old team crumble after everything gives him a sick yet twisted feeling of victory but he deserves to feel that fucking way after all those years of himself he'd given them.

all those years of carrying that team to multiple victories , to championships to being the one they'd have to lean on as captain. he'd given his all and in return they'd turn their backs on him simply because he had fallen in love with a man he didn't plan on falling in love with , all because they were filled with rage over that man being *iIya rozanov*. that they didn't seem to care enough about shane or being supportive of him and didn't that shatter his heart into a million tiny pieces.

his eyes continued to linger — before he flinches just a bit to the point where it isn't noticed at the feeling of a pinkie wrapping around his own and he doesn't really even have to look because he knows exactly who it is. he could feel his breathing right against his neck , he can feel lips pressed right on his pulse point just sitting there and unmoving as said lips curved up a bit. shane instantly locks their pinkies together while leaning into iIya as they slowly skated towards the glass doors so they could get off the ice with the rest of their team ahead of them.

"proud of you." iIya whispered loud enough for just the two of them to hear , only them. shane slowly bites down onto his lip to hold back a small smile and decided to answer back in the one way he loves to.

"thanks, you didn't do bad yourself out there."

ilya immediately squeezed shane's pinky while saying something that he couldn't quite understand in russian while smirking playfully and shane could only shove his shoulders into his.' fucking asshole'.

"sure you don't wanna go out with us tonight? you're gonna miss all the free drinks and food hollander."wyatt shouts with so much excitement that he slammed the locker shut.

shane nodded as he finally managed to pull his white shirt over his head , heading up with most of his black hair matted down onto his forehead.

"I'll pass — ilya on the other hand? he'll be there , I'm doing my own kind of celebration at home with a movie and a Canada dry. but thanks for the invitation."

"nah , none of that dude — we're family. it's more like traditional to ask not an invite but have fun at home." he pats shane's shoulders before walking off and leaving shane to grin down towards his feet '*we're family.*' that was always nice to hear , to have a group of people who grew to love him and to welcome him with open arms not because he was with ilya , even ilya told him the second he'd step foot into this locker room? they'd love him instantly and would make him feel welcomed — it was pretty overwhelming but in the best way.

he truly felt like family, felt loved and felt safe when the nhl sometimes felt like he couldn't.

"you are no fun hollander, why stay at the cottage alone without me?"

"don't grow a big head , I'll be fine by myself — I'm a big capable fully functioning adult man rozanov."

"yes. a big capable strong man that was whining on the trophy room when i was eating him out on the carpet,no?" iIya said while raising an eyebrow and shane immediately blush before looking around to punch iIya on the chest.

"are you fucking serious? don't just say that out loud — what the hell." Shane hisses as iIya let out a deep , beautiful chuckle that made shane twitch inside his pants just a little.

"but it's true , isn't it?" iIya asked softly before his hand reaches for shane's chin gently and automatically shane leans into the comforting touch like the desperate, needy man that he is and nods in response without answering. because that was always enough for iIya, he'd never have to beg shane for anything, never had to ask because he'd cave. he'd drop to his knees for iIya in a heartbeat and that was always enough.

"make sure you feed yourself and anya, don't have too much fun without me no?"

"I'll try my hardest." shane rolls his eyes before leaning in to share a quick but passionate kiss before his husband pulls away — looking back at him with dark lustful eyes before heading off towards the showers.

shane was truly a weak fucking man.

the moment shane stepped into the house — slipped out of his shoes? the plan randomly came into motion. maybe it was because of the simple but so important 'proud of you' that his brain went to wanting to show off tonight, wanting to be seen the only way iIya knows how to see shane. see parts of him he'll never share with him , even after years of them being together that iIya hasn't once gotten tired of makes his toes curl in anticipation.

maybe tonight he wants to give his man something in return because he's also just as proud of him — he was the second best at scoring for the team tonight. no even that but he looked so fucking hot when focused on playing , chain dangling just a bit once he has to hit the puck and shane was practically melting. almost close to begging iIya to just take him on the middle of the ice , *right there , right now.* "but he has decorum.

he can wait once he's home to be taken apart and then put back together for hours. he was horrified him ending up with a raging boner during the game would throw him off but it managed to ease on down without nobody noticing, but of course iIya does fucking shithead.

he just smirked and skated off backwards — shane damn near growled before flicking the other man off.

they love to kick it up in the bedroom every once in a blue moon — practically almost everyday when they have a chance to put their hands on one another like horny teenagers. and they were horny teenagers doing this once , at the beginning it wasn't anything different besides them being married and out.

back then they were exploring, finding themselves and using each other to feel , to breathe and to just have something to hold onto. but then it became more than that the second feelings got involved and even through those heavy, heartaching times — shane wouldn't have it any other way if he'd meet the love of his life one thousand times over , he believes they'd be soulmates in different universes. iIya thinks so too , they're corny about each other at times sue him.

they've tried multiple different things in the bedroom that he can't even name — because most of the time he'd end up in that headspace where he'd need aftercare afterwards and wouldn't remember much of being fucked into oblivion but he remembers giving consent ,

remembers iIya treating him so gently, with so much patience that he slipped even further that he felt like cherry jello (iIya's favorite flavor now)

but this one they haven't tried — it's always slipped up in the back of his mine however because he'd grown curious about how he'd look in a red thong, curiosity really killed the fucking cat. he had tried the thong on with a loud gasp before tracing it with his fingertips.

the small , soft material pressed against his tan waistline — you could see his print sitting and secured in the front but that wasn't what caught his attention, no.

but the way it fit him perfectly and he didn't even have to grab any extras just in case the first pair wasn't right — this was like Cinderella trying on the glass slipper, this was the right and perfect fit. he turned to the side and just stared in awe actually.

it felt nice — he wouldn't call himself a thong enthusiast or we'd say he wears them at all but he really looks fucking good , he feels even more amazing as he spins to see how plump his ass looks in them and he let's out a satisfied hum. this was perfect, he'll buy an extra pair just for the road as he feels a giggle forming inside his throat thinking about iIya's reaction.

he's proud of himself for how long he's been able to keep the thong hidden — there's been a few times where he thought iIya would find them immediately but shane being the pretty man he is? was always able to distract his husband with other things.

once the television was off and the glass of water was replaced with some white wine for himself , he quickly headed upstairs to the right side of their bed and opened the dresser

exposing both thongs sitting right in front of him folded neatly along with the lacy leggings he had gotten yesterday.

it adds onto the look he's going for — he'll be able see right through the leggings and right at the material of it. iIya wouldn't be able to tell if it's dark red or light red or even that call at all. the mystery of it all will only rile the man up before he attempts to rip the leggings apart trying to get right to shane, right between his legs and he can feel a jolt of pleasure shooting through every single part of his body.

shane bites down onto his lip hard before grabbing the one thong and leggings before slamming their dresser shut while doing so before removing every piece of clothing he had on until his naked body was exposed, he hovered over the bed staring at the pieces of clothing before he slowly pulls the thong up his tanned legs with pop. then carefully pulling up the leggings not too long afterwards. hands tracing the pairing yet again while standing in the middle of the bedroom in front of golden mirror that iIya purchased because he says and shane can quote 'the gold color brings out how pretty you look in the mirror when you're flushed and gripping onto me as i fuck you'

and if he wasn't in the middle of being fucked, shane would've called him out on it but it wouldn't have worked because his moaning only encouraged it , showed that he loved the hell out of it.

shane cleared his throat after what felt like an hour of him staring himself down before stepping away from the mirror to grab his hoodie from the bedroom closet — technically the green oversized one that belonged iIya. wrapping it around himself as he dimmed the lights inside their bedroom as he made his way back downstairs , hands sliding down the railing of the stairs with every single step he took.

the smell of wood and something cinnamon hits his nose and he knows that's the smell of iIya on the hoodie , he clutches it closer as he makes his way into the kitchen and towards the glass of wine.

shane slowly grabs it and takes small sips as he turns the volume backup while turning the channel to something jazz like , something relaxing and soothing. to set the mood. once that was done he leaned into the counter scrolling through his social media, seeing some teammates posting on their stories or making full on Instagram posts that included iIya in them , god did he look fucking amazing tonight.

he had decided to wear his curls pushed back tonight and shane loved it , so much he almost locked him inside their shared bedroom so nobody else could see how good the man looked.

mine mine mine mine mine mine.

were the only words running through his brain at the sight of his husband getting ready to go out, like those were the only words he knew or as if he just discovered them for the first time in his 30 something years on earth. it was down right embarrassing.

but he'd be embarrassing while on his knees for iIya , he'd feel less of that with him anyways because iIya may tease and joke but he'd never once make shane feel less than anything and that's one thing he loved about him. along with his multiple other charming qualities.

shane continued scrolling through social media and feeling like he's buzzing out of his fucking skin with each minute of iIya being away, about an hour or so away when to shane it

feels like miles away and he's actually been away from him that long that it makes him feel sick , like he'll go insane if he doesn't see him for less than that. maybe he is insane, maybe he's glad to be insane when it comes to ilya rozanov.

his thoughts were interrupted by a vibrating that indicated that it was a text from his phone.

shane immediately knew who it had been , because who else would it have been? he felt like he'd jump up and down with excitement but he'd calm himself enough that he clicked on the whole text that reads:

'on my way home, hope you aren't asleep already. '

shane could only heart the message that should indicate that he's infact up and well — once doing so he puts the phone back on do not disturb , before placing it onto the counter face down. *like I'll be soon* , he thinks.

he shakes himself up a bit before heading over towards the front door of the cottage — opening it to feeling a chilly breeze that caused him to hiss because he was able to feel all of it through his leggings , even through the oversized hoodie as he took in the pretty view outside tonight. the stars were out and there was also half a moon.

it's always pretty at night at home — it gives him a sense of peace, he smiles gently before closing the door this time but leaving it unlocked so his husband can just walk straight inside.

shane made his way back into the kitchen — he'll need an extra wine glass so he stood on to his tippy toes just a smidge before reaching to open their wooden cabinet to grab an extra glass.

he's so focused on grabbing the glass that he doesn't hear the front door closing and then locking from behind as footsteps make an entrance.

"honey, I'm home."

the familiar voice says with a small slur and shane feels his insides growing all warm and tingly with the familiarity. he barely almost responded even.

"in the kitchen babe." shane speaks gently before the footsteps make their way towards his direction, sounding closer with each step as he hears a jacket being thrown across the sofa in the process.

"what are you doing in the kitchen — fuck."

he hears before he slowly starts smirking towards himself at the loud gasping to the audible gulping that's met with silence from behind , iIya sounded so breathy when he said it that shane felt almost faint with how sexy his husband had sounded just then. shane then arches his back a bit once he's finally holding the glass , leaning forward just enough to were iIya would be able to see the thong clear as day along with his plump ass as well. it worked because he could hear the man swearing in russian behind him in the process.

"just needed to get an extra wine glass, if you should even be drinking more — how was the celebration by the way?" he asked before closing the cabinet in front of him and putting the glass down as he then reaches for the refrigerator to grab the still semi full bottle of wine.

he's met with silence after he asks that question — which doesn't surprise him. what does is how quickly iIya was right behind him , large hands placed around his waist as he starts tracing small patterns against him and shane immediately shivers at the touch.

"so this is what you had up your sleeves,hollander hm?" he says as he's close enough to shane's ear that he bites down onto it with a tug that causes shane to whimper without hesitation and causing him to nod so fast he thinks his head would roll over onto the floor.

"something like that , we won a game today and i might've wanted to do something special — nothing too crazy." shane responded as iIya only could hum before removing his mouth from shane's ear but keeping a firm grip onto his waist as his hands slowly move downwards , tugging onto the leggings as shane tried so hard not to back up into him but he does it anyways because this is the closeness he missed all night. this was what he wanted. not that iIya's home , not that he's back ? he's gonna take and he earns a small sound slipping from his lips.

"this is all for me , yes?" iIya asked and shane could only let out a light chuckle.

"who else would i do this all for rozanov? i'd only get all pretty for you."

iIya took the bottle from shane and almost slammed it down — pushing it away as he spins his husband around so now they were chest to chest. breathing on breathing, eyes on eyes , not moving or blinking an inch before iIya lifts shane up with a swiftness that makes shane think he'll come on the spot untouched as he wraps his legs around iIya's waist. iIya's hands rest right between his legs as their lips slammed into each other for a passionate but heated kiss , shane's hands going right into iIya's curls out of habit as he tugged onto them causing the man to moan into his mouth while he was grabbing handfuls of shane's ass.

which was pretty much frustrating because he could tell , he could tell the other man wanted that shit off of him immediately or he'd lose his mind.

"how do i look in your game winning surprise, rozanov?" shane asked as he pulled away with a pop while breathing heavily and feeling flushed.

"you look fucking amazing, i wanna fuck you right now hollander. get this off or I'll rip them and fuck you this way." he practically growled like a feral animal as he put shane down onto the counter , the marble cold against shane's legs as iIya pushed them apart so he could suck and bite and mark his neck.

shane moans loudly over the music while tilting his head a bit more to give more access.

"sheesh, and to think i was the more needy and begging type between us."

"shut up, it's a tie. now off — please."

shane smirks proudly as he pushes him back a bit so he'd be able to hop off the counter — to pull iIya by the collar around the other side of the counter and he follows behind like a man starving, like a puppy that'll follow his owner to the ends of world , like a man on a mission and god didn't shane love that.

he drags him along until they're right on the opposite side and shane let's go of his collar before batting his eyelashes and that was all it took for iIya to dive right back in to stake his claim, the sounds of lips smacking could be heard all over the kitchen.

it didn't really take that long before iIya switched the positions and had Shane pressed up against the counter, on his stomach as his bulge bumped into it making me groan out in pleasure.

shane could hear shuffling for a few seconds before it got a bit quiet — until a hand smacked him on the right side of his ass and caused him to yelp in surprise. iIya the fucking tease.

shane doesn't say a word — he let's the man take charge, let's him do as he pleases since this was his surprise after all.

shane could smell the cigarette on iIya's breath and the smell of some flavored drink on his tongue as iIya smacked his ass a few times before practically ripping the leggings apart, which was to be expected. 'fuck Hollander, you look so pretty like this.' was all shane heard the second he felt a cold breeze and iIya sounding like he'd faint at the sight of his husband wearing a dark red thong.

he could feel his face heating up and turning red before he opened his mouth because he was growing impatient with this teasing and taunting bullshit that could wait until they leave this kitchen.

"okay, please do something — anything , please."

"you want me to fuck you in the kitchen?"

"iIya, please — fuck me or so god help me I'll kick you out for the- holy shit."

shane moaned out with a gasp as he feels teeth biting into his ass, causing him to grip onto the counter so he wouldn't lose his balance — then another hand squeezing his other cheek in his hand.

"since you begged nicely like a good boy, I'll fuck you. now bend." iIya's deep voice spoke gently as he kept his hand on shane's ass and pulled his mouth away that feels like he left a few biting marks but shane didn't mind because he was bending over.

leggings sliding down his legs — ripped and him jiggling his ass out more , begging, showing him he was ready. he had already prepped beforehand, sue him. he was ready.

he didn't even need any fingers — just iIya sliding himself inside of him like a mission puzzle piece that always fit perfectly, like a warm blanket, he just needed to be full right now and fast.

of course iIya could read his husband's mind because in the corner of his eyes — he could see iIya stroking his cock , shane could almost immediately feel drool forming on the side of his mouth from the sight of iIya stroking himself and he whined loudly , tapping the counter to get his attention.

it worked because iIya chuckled darkly, moving right onto his back — tapping himself against shane's hole teasingly as his hole was clutching onto nothing but air.

"fuck me."

and iIya didn't have to be told anything twice or even at all before he finally pushed himself inside of shane , filling him up past the rim until he groaned, and bottomed out. shane let out a satisfied and relaxed sigh as he rests onto the floor.

hand reaching for iIya's who immediately grabs onto his — and their fingers interlocked before iIya placed small kisses onto his husband's neck and began to slowly pull out , pull back and slamming right into his tight heat at a nice pace. shane is immediately moaning , gripping onto iIya's hands as the other fucks him slowly at the same time.

shane's body feels warm from his head to his toes.

he feels himself gripping around iIya's length desperately as if he didn't want him pulling out and that only encourages his husband to speed up the pace , so strong that the sounds of skin to skin clapping, heavy breathing, moaning and whimpering and groaning were overpowering the music that shane long forgot about now that he was being taken apart inside of their kitchen.

he felt his cock rocking back onto his stomach, soft but growing hard with each thrust. he'd probably take care of that afterwards.

"taking me so well, hollander."

"always."

shane managed to say now that his face was pushed onto the marble counter, drooling just a bit but he really couldn't tell you if it was drool or not when his eyes were rolling behind his head in this state but he was in pure bliss, mind slowly turning to static every second in the best way.

iIya always knew how to make him feel good, how to take care of him.

this was just another example as he falls apart underneath his hands. 'you look so pretty with a thong'

'my eyes couldn't believe it'

were the words he could hear iIya saying and while squeezing back whenever iIya squeezed his hand to make sure he was okay, he had almost forgotten they were holding hands the whole way through before he squeezed to let the man know he was okay, he was on cloud 9 actually.

them holding hands during sex became a thing randomly, but it felt comfortable and intimate and them. so they've done it more than once.

iIya and shane both moan around the same time as iIya's comes after one last powerful thrust , before he pulls out immediately and shane rests himself on the counter for a bit , trying to get himself together but iIya wasn't having it because in a blink? shane was laying on the couch with a water bottle being placed against his lips , he took a sip immediately as his husband's arms wrapped around his body and shane melted into it with a sigh.

"how are you feeling baby?"

"I'm feeling good, well fucked — but good." he said with a loopy smile and iIya could only call him an idiot but laughing as he ran his hands through shane's black hair as they just laid in silence on the couch, wrapped into each other's arms trying to come back down to earth.

"that is true, you were well fucked — however that surprise was nice. you looked really good, might be my turn to surprise you next with something." Ilya spoke against shane's shoulders and he immediately shakes his head.

"you don't have to, it's fine — you do enough for me to feel loved."

"yes, but still — I'll always want to make you feel special so let me do that, okay?" iIya asked and who was shane to deny him something like that? he'd be a piece of shit.

"fine, just don't copy my whole flow rozanov."

"funny, i'd be more creative. more outrageous."

shane rolled his eyes before shoving his husband almost off the couch and he grinned before holding onto his hands, god he loved seeing iIya soft like this with him — it never gets old.

"fuck you, now take me upstairs — i can't go a second round tonight. I'd rather just cuddle you now that you're back." shane spoke before iIya stood up with his arms out and shane threw himself into those said arms because his legs feel like jello at the moment , iIya lifted him up bridal style as shane wrapped his arms around his neck.

"the brat can't even walk on his own , needy."

"shut up and just carry me asshole, love you. "

"blah, fine — i love you too."

iIya spoke as he made his way upstairs slowly and carefully, the thong was so fucking worth it. he'll definitely make use of the second pair he purchased actually, next time.

End Notes

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