

been very naughty this year

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been very naughty this year

by [mae](#), [onthewaytosomewhere \(mae\)](#)

Summary

Shane barely gets inside the door before Ilya is pressing him against it. So hard the frame rattles. His back hits the door, his heartbeat still pounding in his ears from the win. Adrenaline and muscles and, oh, the pride in his veins. A tangle of it, slick and humming in his veins.

Ilya is there right away, hands at his jaw and then at his jacket, mouth nuzzling at his neck. Mouth wide, hungry, and hot, and whispering victory against Shane's throat. Shane laughs—short, happy, gasping—because they won. Because the arena is still ringing in his ears, because Ilya is staring at him like he hung the fucking moon.

“You have been very naughty this year.” He says it low, right by Shane's ear. The words are a purr of heat against Shane's skin.

“Oh yeah?” Shane says, and he doesn't know how his voice comes out so loose. His head tilts back against the door.

Ilya hums. Lips brushing the column of his throat. “Very.”

OR

hollanov smut where Ilya unwraps and takes care of his favorite gift

Notes

FOR DAY 5 of 12 DAYS OF I'M DOING THE BONUS PROMPT - “You've been very naughty this year.”
FOR HOLLANOV

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



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Ilya hums. Lips brushing the column of his throat. “Very.”

And then he bites. Teeth scraping against Shane's pulse point, slow and just barely hard enough to count. Claiming, worshipping, and possessive.

Mine, Shane's brain chants, and his entire body shudders.

He's still sweaty from the game, shirt sticking to him even though he took a shower after, sticky and hot from the roar of being celebrated for scoring the winning shot, for Ilya's arms around him on the ice, wild and exhilarated. But now here he is, wrecked and unraveling against a door.

Ilya pulls the jacket off his shoulders slow and syrupy. His fingers trail down Shane's arms. Thumbs dig into his flesh, worshipping. He takes Shane's shirt next, slowly slipping it off him as they continue to kiss.

“Ilya ...” Shane says, doesn't mean it as a request, but it comes out like it is.

Ilya lifts his head and looks at Shane, eyes bright and just a little wicked and just a little reverent. “You win,” he says, and it’s quiet, against Shane’s ear, “you win, and then you look at me like that. Naughty.”

“Define naughty,” Shane asks, and he pulls that lopsided smirk across his face. The kind Ilya is the only one allowed to see.

Ilya kisses it off.

A slow drag of his mouth over Shane’s lips, teeth just shy of scraping his jaw. Mouth long and hot enough to make Shane’s knees buckle. Ilya steadies him with both hands, wide and familiar and reassuring, and guides him down to the floor and then up again. Pulling him toward the bed.

Somewhere in between—Shane can’t really keep track of when—Ilya’s shirt is gone too, hands coming up to cup him, warm and large and claiming. Tracing his body with the reverence of someone who knows Shane better than Shane knows himself. Inside-out, muscle-streaked and wild, broken in a way that feels like celebration.

“You break records,” Ilya murmurs, hand flat against Shane’s hip bone, “and then you don’t let me kiss you until after the press conference.” He presses his mouth against Shane’s sternum. “You are cruel.”

Shane laughs again. Softer this time. Louder. “I had to shower.”

“I would have showered with you.”

“And risk a photographer’s drone on that?” Shane wriggles against his hands.

Ilya huffs like that is irrelevant.

Shane tries to sit up, tries to kiss and touch and return the favor, but Ilya pins him to the mattress, legs bracketing Shane’s hips, hands on his chest.

“Tonight,” Ilya says, voice low and feather-light and full of heat, “tonight I do everything.”

It sounds like a branding iron. Shane feels it singe.

Ilya leans down and kisses him slow. Celebratory kisses, Ilya knows better. They kiss slowly like worship, slowly like they know exactly how fragile Shane is when he’s got Ilya like this. Slow like they know Shane is undone by being loved, not by urgency.

“You are my favorite gift,” Ilya murmurs into his mouth.

His breath catches. There’s something bright and stupidly emotional blooming under Shane’s ribs.

“Let me unwrap you.”

Ilya descends. Kisses a line down Shane's chest, down to the angle of his ribs, down to his belly. Each kiss is intentional. Each break is a tease. He pulls Shane's pants down slow, hands running over Shane's skin as he guides the zipper down, inching down his thighs, then his calves.

Shane arches.

Heat coils in him. Inside-out and spreading, shaking, a pleasure that feels earned and lavish and special.

Ilya takes him slow.

Far too slow.

The drag of mouth against heat, taking him in with maddening gentleness. Ilya taking Shane down like he's proud of this—proud to worship him, proud to kiss Shane down to his most tender parts, sucking him down like this, right here, is the thing that matters. Shane fists the sheets between his palms and his breath shatters into broken, incoherent noise. Ilya's hands keep his hips pinned to the bed, steady and possessive and gentle like hands restraining are a way to show affection.

"You are ridiculous," Shane gasps.

"Mmh," Ilya answers, and he is full of Shane, mouth slick and stretched and wickedly pleased.

The drag of lips against skin. The feather-light dance of tongue. It's obscene, a slow disintegration that somehow feels like days of celebration and victory and pure joy all at once. Ilya pulls off just enough to say, "You taste better than winning," and Shane almost comes right then.

He wants Ilya closer. He wants Ilya and more, and now he reaches to drag him on top.

He ends up with Ilya straddling him, their chests together, mouths parted, face flushed, and lips glossy with devotion. Everything about Ilya, now, radiates like heat.

"What do you want?" Ilya murmurs, and he is stroking Shane's cheekbone with his thumb, and there's something in the way his voice cracks just like that, the small hitch of sound like Ilya has just been waiting all night for Shane to ask for him. And he is hot and proud and everything Shane feels he deserves.

"You," Shane breathes, and Ilya kisses him, kisses him until their lips are bruised. Mouth to mouth, this is how he will remember tonight, long after the light in the arena is switched off. Kissing Ilya, hands on Ilya, claiming every inch of Ilya.

"Slow," Shane says against his lips, still pliant and needy after Ilya pulled away. His hands keep going, cupping Ilya's cheeks, gripping his jaw, keeping him where Shane wants. Ilya complies, nails scraping against Shane's collarbone when he shifts, over and over again. "Stay—"

He can't finish that sentence before Ilya is kissing him again—full and hungry and all of it, that kind of kiss that takes Shane's breath away and rips every syllable he was trying to form right out of his mouth. Ilya swallows Shane's response and leans in close, grinding their bodies together slowly—agonizing and so very right. His skin slides against Shane's, heat soaking in, every inch molding together. Their chests rub together, slick with sweat, breathing in sync, their foreheads brushing when Ilya shifts just a little, lips just barely deepening the kiss like it is as necessary as air.

The rest of the world has vanished, and there's nothing, only this room. Not the arena that's still buzzing in Shane's blood, not the reporters and cameras they left behind in their wake, not the party still going on the floor below. Only this. Shane held open beneath the man he loves.

Ilya shifts their bodies without breaking the kiss, guiding Shane exactly where he wants, mouth locked on Shane's, like gravity pinned them there. Shane is still trying to catch up when Ilya's hand dips between their bodies, fingers trailing down the inside of Shane's thigh, slow and just enough to make Shane's breath stutter.

"Mm—Ilya," Shane tries to say against Ilya's mouth, but he is swallowed up, gentled by lips that move with want and hunger and careful patience.

"Shh," Ilya says against Shane's mouth, doesn't pull away, doesn't pause at all, just deepens the kiss like it is something as necessary as air. He shifts his hand. Deliberate, unhurried, confident, and then his lube-slicked fingers glide down Shane's perineum. Ilya's fingers press lightly at his hole before one eases in.

Shane gasps into his mouth, hips jolting.

Ilya inhales right against his lips like the sound shatters him.

"I know," he says into the kiss, soothsaying and commanding all in one. "I know. I've got you."

He fingers him slow. Teasing, circling, deliberate. Gently sinking deeper, each pull and push an exquisite pressure down Shane's spine. They kiss through it all, Shane scratching at Ilya's shoulders, toes curling, thighs trembling. Ilya pulling him open without thought, just need and instinct and trust. Until he is.

Oh.

Shane whimpers into his mouth. Breath caught, eyes fluttering. Ilya holds him steady with one hand, cups his jaw with the other, keeps kissing him through all of Shane's trembling, through the way Shane's thighs shake, his entire body knotted, and his breath comes short and broken.

"Good," Ilya breathes against Shane's lips. "Open for me."

Shane does—almost without thought—legs spread wider, hips tilting. Ilya's fingers stretch him deeper, slow, patient. Pushing, pulling, and Ilya is reading him. Reading each intake of

breath, each hitch in his pulse, every gasp when Ilya crooks his fingers just so. Every shiver when he drags slow pressure on the withdrawal, every helpless sound when he presses back in.

They never fully break their kiss.

It is lazy and slow and hot, almost like an afterglow.

Until Ilya finally pulls his fingers free, slides them wet and slick over Shane's stretched hole, up and over the crown of his cock. Then Ilya feels Ilya reach between them. Guiding, steadying, and Shane feels him. Feels Ilya shift and push into him—slow and deliberate and too careful, like he is handling something fragile. Shane's breath breaks, his nails raking down Ilya's back, up over the sharp angle of his shoulder blades. Ilya stills for a beat, buried deep, forehead pressed against Shane's cheek, breath hot and ragged.

“Okay?” he murmurs.

It takes Shane almost too long to nod.

Then Ilya moves.

Slow and maddening and perfect. A lazy roll of hips that shatters Shane. Long and unhurried, and just like Ilya has been waiting all night for this specific rhythm.

Thrusting into him like looking, like choosing, he sees through Shane. Every roll of Ilya's hips is a slow, liquid stroke. Not chasing release but reveling in what is in-between, like Ilya is committing to memory exactly the way Shane feels around him. Like Ilya is taking a mental inventory of every tremor, every ragged breath, every helpless sound that escapes Shane's throat.

“You feel so good,” Ilya murmurs, voice frayed at the edges.

It is all Shane can do not to come undone just on that. The words splinter from his mouth in broken half-sentences, half-noises, and he arches up, his chest rubbing against Ilya with each deep roll of his hips. His eyes go hazy, breath drawn short, heart open and aching in a good way, in a terrible way, in that way that always happens when Ilya makes him so close to undone. So close.

Ilya braces one hand beside Shane's head. The other slots under his shoulder blades to drag him even closer. Skin on skin like impossibly close. Ilya's lips find Shane's jaw, trace his cheekbone, ghost across the hinge of his mouth. Small kisses in between every roll of Ilya's hips. Hot, wet breaths when their lips part, only just. And a small shudder when Shane clenches around him.

It feels like devotion.

Like worship.

“You feel so good,” he whispers again, and his voice is all ragged and honest, and oh, Shane is so close.

And then he—

He comes apart slow.

Oh, so unbearably slow. Dragged taut and pulled thin, sweet, exquisite, not like hurting so much you just have to keep going. But slow, like wanting something you already have and somehow, also, wanting more.

Shane arches up to him, hips pitching into Ilya's touch. His fingers dig into Ilya's shoulders, nails dragging over his back. He is still trembling, skin slick with sweat, and his thighs tighten, almost reflexively.

"Look at me," Ilya breathes.

Shane does. Eyes wide and unguarded, wrecked. It is the hardest thing, being this vulnerable. Still so much of himself gone in the hazy exhaustion of victory, but the way he looks now, seen by the one person that matters, is the hardest of them all. It is the breaking point. The thin place where light goes all dark, and everything still aches, this ache in his chest he thinks he can finally get close to naming, if only Ilya would just let him.

Shane knows Ilya sees it—truly sees him. A broken kind of smile catches in his throat, and something in Shane breaks, too. The care with which Ilya is moving goes frantic, his thrusts uneven, deeper, almost like he's being yanked under by the same rising tide.

The break is silent.

Not shouting, not frantic.

Just two bodies sliding tighter together. Breaths ragged and coming short, bodies locked and held tight, heat colliding in a snap of fire right under Shane's ribs. Pleasure boiling through Shane like an earthquake, sweet and bright and wrong. And everything in him quakes, his cock twitching so fiercely his entire body trembles. It is the kind of climax that rattles his entire body, his entire being, and he comes undone with wet, shuddering gasps, the kind of climax that is the same as crumbling to the ground and surrendering to a truth that he has known all along.

Ilya follows, gasping and small against him, breath rough, skin shaking, deep inside him—quiet and beautiful and just undone. Slow like the break after a storm, like worship, like devotion.

Shane doesn't realize he is crying until Ilya mouths against the corner of his eye, tasting him, kissing him like it means anything.

They stay there, breathing like they are learning how all over again. Shane's chest heaving up and down under Ilya's weight, Ilya's hand smoothing through his hair—slow, careful, grounding. Quiet. No noise, no rush. Just two people undone, soft and beautiful, and quietly by how much they want and how deeply they love.

In the after, Ilya doesn't move too far. Kisses him everywhere. Kisses his temple and his jaw and his shoulder. Buries his face in Shane's neck like he's closing a gift box with care.

"You were very naughty," he repeats, softer now.

"And what am I punished with?" Shane asks, voice slow and wrecked and smiling.

Ilya smooths a hand over Shane's chest.

"Tomorrow," he says. "Again."

Shane laughs and lets himself collapse, victory still warm in his blood, his heart so full it almost hurts. The way he is claimed in every inch, by the man who owns him, the way Shane only ever wants. Celebration. Claiming. Home.

End Notes

i luv them - that is all

(well also i realized as i was posting this just now i didn't work the words in as well as i had planned -but i got distracted and hopefully ya did too and it didn't ruin it for ya lolz)

kudos and comments feed a lil fangirl who writes heart 

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