

Running Through My Head

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Running Through My Head

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Summary

Shane really just doesn't want to have to think anymore.

Ilya cocked an eyebrow. "Oh, so is like that, hm?"

"Like what?" Shane asked flatly as he hastily rolled his socks up and shoved them into his sneakers at the foot of the bed.

"Needy."

Notes

So uh, I haven't written a fic in like 5 years, but here you go. Came up with the idea for this while sitting in church on Christmas Eve with my parents. Felt like old times.

Also this was supposed to be pure smut but these fuckers just had to bring the feels. I apologize for simultaneously everything and nothing.

Spare a comment for Christmas maybe? 🙄 I'm needy (like Shane).

Shane was pissed off. The team had played like shit. It wasn't anyone in particular's fault, just an off day, but Shane felt a little bit responsible. He'd had an argument with Hayden earlier in the day, and then JJ had hurt his wrist in practice, after Shane had pushed them for one more drill. He hadn't even talked to Rozanov before the game, just seen him smirking at him from the opposite bench. That fucking smirk. He really hated how much he wanted to kiss it off Rozanov's smug face.

He spent an extra ten minutes in the shower just bashing his head into the cold tile, wishing he could flip a switch and turn off his racing thoughts. The scalding water rushing over his head and down his back helped a little. What would really help was Rozanov's dick shoved down his throat, but the thought of telling him that made Shane want to just drown actually.

He finally forced himself out of the shower and into a towel, and then went to his locker to get dressed. His phone buzzed right as he reached for his socks.

Lily: Very sorry for your loss. I will make it up to you.

Shane rolled his eyes.

Jane: How do you plan on doing that?

Lily: I think you know. 1022, 30 minutes.

Shane set his phone down, pinching the bridge of his nose. Yes, he wanted this. Obviously he wanted this more than anything. But fuck, this was exhausting. He hated not knowing where he stood. Whether Rozanov was going to ghost him, or call him boring, or leave without a kiss goodbye, or if he was going to fuck his literal brains out, then kiss him sweetly, play with his hair until he fell asleep. Shane thrived on routine and expectations, but Rozanov was a hurricane, blasting through whenever he was in town and leaving Shane spinning, not knowing which way was up.

He almost wanted to say no, say he was tired, that he had obligations in the morning. Almost. He scoffed at himself in his own head. As if he could or would ever turn Rozanov down.

He laced up his shoes and pulled on a hoodie, and then picked up his phone again.

Jane: Yeah okay, on my way.

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Ilya was pacing the floor of his hotel room, trying to remember why he was doing this again. Because Hollander gave good head. That was why. Because that ass was just the right amount of firm and grippable. Because the way Shane looked up at him with literal stars in his eyes after he orgasmed made Ilya's heart flutter like a goddamn rabbit.

That's why.

He took another lap around the kitchenette, checking the time on his phone, wishing Hollander would hurry the fuck up. He was about to text him to ask if he'd managed to get lost on the 5 minute walk from the stadium to the hotel, when he heard that familiar knock on the door.

He pulled himself together, set his lips into a smirk, and opened the door.

"Thought you got lost—" he started, but Shane just muttered "Shut up," and pushed past him into the room, leaving Ilya blinking in the doorway as he immediately began stripping out of his clothes.

Ilya cocked an eyebrow. "Oh, so is like that, hm?"

"Like what?" Shane asked flatly as he hastily rolled his socks up and shoved them into his sneakers at the foot of the bed.

"Needy."

Shane glared at him through those stupidly long eyelashes. "I'm not."

Ilya shrugged. "You are. But is okay. Is cute."

Shane continued to glare. "Are you going to fuck me or not?"

Ilya crossed his arms over his chest. "Ask nicely."

He could see the shift in Shane's gaze, the way his jaw clenched a little tighter. He second guessed himself for a moment, wondering if he was pushing too far, if this wasn't the time for teasing.

But Shane just lowered his eyes and sucked in a breath. "Please," he said, voice low and rough. "I'm going to go fucking insane if you don't fuck me right now."

Ilya bit his lip as nearly all the blood in his body rushed to his cock.

"Jesus Hollander, since when did you get a mouth like that?"

"Scott Hunter would probably say I got it from you," Shane snapped, a brattiness in his voice that Ilya hadn't heard before.

Ilya cocked his head to one side, genuinely not knowing what the hell Shane was talking about, but also noticing that Shane was almost fully hard, his cock pressing against the thin fabric of his boxer briefs. He took a small step closer to Shane, observing the way Shane was absolutely refusing to meet his gaze, his hands clenched into fists at his sides.

"Knees," he ordered.

Shane nearly instantaneously dropped down to the floor, and Ilya's stomach clenched. Oh no, that was dangerous. Hollander was always relatively putty in his hands, but this was a new level. For all that Ilya put on this hard, cold act, he really had no fucking idea what he was

doing, but at minimum he understood the weight of the power Shane was offering to him, and to say that didn't scare the shit out of him would be a lie.

Shane chose that moment to lift his head, blinking up at Ilya, his eyes wide and glassy, already disassociating. Ilya reached his hand out to grip his chin, forcing Shane to hold his gaze for several moments, nearly too long, until actual tears were forming in the corners of Shane's eyes. Then he let go, and firmly pat Shane's cheek with his cupped hand. "Good. Now get on the bed. Ass up, hands above your head."

Shane blinked for a moment as he processed the instruction, then obediently complied, turning and crawling onto the bed. He drew his knees up, arched his back so his chest was pressed flat against the mattress, and stretched out his arms. Ilya took a moment to admire the absolute perfection of that body, stretched out on display for him, looking so soft as his usually taut muscles relaxed. Then he quickly undid his belt buckle and pulled his belt free from his pants. He dropped down onto the bed behind Shane, hands caressing Shane's hips and then moving up his torso, spreading himself over Shane as he moved his way up to loop the belt around his wrists, securing his hands together, tight enough so that he couldn't move them, but not so tight as to hurt. He didn't miss the almost imperceptible intake of breath Shane drew as he realized what Ilya was doing. He squeezed Shane's hand in his own and kissed his shoulder.

"Tell me if you want me to stop," he murmured against Shane's warm skin. Shane shivered, but didn't speak, so Ilya took that as consent to keep going, dragging his lips down the curve of Shane's spine until he reached the cleft of his ass. Then he moved his hands to spread Shane's supple cheeks, his tongue working its way down to the soft pink pucker of his hole. The whimper this elicited from Shane went straight to Ilya's cock, and he swallowed a groan. He pulled away for a moment just to take a breath, and immediately Shane was arching his back harder, seeking the lost sensation. Ilya let out a soft laugh.

"Like I said, needy," he mused. Shane didn't curse him out, just let out an unintelligible sound, somewhere between a sob and a plea. Ilya didn't have it in him to draw out his suffering even longer—he was already so desperate and had completely given himself over to Ilya's mercy. So he dove back in, swirling his tongue around Shane's rim, licking inside, gently letting his teeth scrape over his sensitive skin. He could feel Shane trembling underneath him, and dug his fingers harder into his ass.

Shane tried to rut against the mattress, but Ilya clucked his tongue. "Mm, no, none of that," he chided, forcing Shane's hips back up off the bed. Shane made another pained sound, but obeyed, stilling his hips. His hands were clenched into fists about his head and his thighs were practically vibrating with need, but he obeyed, and Ilya rewarded him for that with a finger sliding easily into his wet hole. And then a second, and Shane was clawing at the mattress now, his cock fully hard where it hung between his spread legs, untouched but already leaking.

"P-please," Shane managed to stammer, muffled by the sheets.

"You want to come?" Ilya asked, breath hot on Shane's hole, and another shiver rippled through Shane's body as he nodded desperately. Ilya teased him for a moment more, and then said, "Okay, no hands." With permission given, he returned to licking Shane's hole with

earnest, thrusting slowly with his fingers as he did, his long slender fingers working deep inside to find that spot that would send Shane over the edge. Shane's hips were thrusting into the air, seeking friction they wouldn't find, but it didn't matter, it was only a few more moments before Shane was gasping, shaking, and spilling cum all over the sheets, completely untouched.

Ilya helped him ride it out fully, then pulled away, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Jesus Christ, Hollander, I wasn't even sure I could make that happen."

Shane just buried his face in the mattress, but Ilya could see his ears turning red, so he patted his ass cheek reassuringly. "It was very hot. You are very hot," he affirmed. Then he cleared his throat. "Roll over. I want to see your face and fuck your throat."

Shane didn't hesitate this time. When he rolled over onto his back, Ilya's breath momentarily hitched in his throat as he saw the tear tracks streaming down Shane's rosy cheeks, the indent in his lower lip where he'd been biting it, the way Shane's lips were already parted, jaw loose as he was waiting for Ilya's cock.

Ilya couldn't help the low "Fuck," that escaped his lips, as his eyes roamed over the unreal sight below him. He shifted so he was straddling Shane's chest, then wrapped his hand around his cock and brought it to Shane's lips, teasing his mouth open farther. Shane's head dropped back, opening his throat for Ilya, who pushed in deeper, moaning softly at the press of Shane's tongue to the underside of his shaft. He dropped both hands to the bed on either side of Shane, holding himself up as he began to move his hips, fucking his way deeper into Shane's mouth. His stomach tightened as he watched Shane's lips spread wide to accommodate him, as Shane continued to look up at him with that completely blank expression, pupils blown wide. Ilya's hips stuttered involuntarily and he fucked deeper into his throat than he meant to, but Shane just took it. Barely even gagged, just swallowed around his cock, and Ilya had to brace himself against the headboard as he felt himself coming. He pulled out just enough so as not to actually choke Shane, and let out a gasp as he filled his mouth.

Then, with the little remaining strength he had, he pushed himself off, collapsing onto the bed beside Shane. He caught his breath for just a moment, then reached over to undo the belt pinning Shane's wrists. Shane slowly brought his arms down, still shaky, as Ilya leaned in to kiss him, and lick the remaining traces of his own cum from his lips. Shane's eyes finally recovered their ability to focus, as his shallow breaths slowed.

Ilya looked down at him with a slightly furrowed brow, chewing the inside of his cheek. "You like being told what to do?" he pondered aloud.

Shane nodded slowly, so Ilya continued. "You... like not having to think?"

A more emphatic nod this time. Ilya's lips twitched into a hint of a smile.

"I think I can work with that." He reached out to run his fingers through Shane's hair, and then firmly guide his head down onto his chest, shifting so that Shane could curl up against his body. He noticed Shane's body tense slightly, hands clenching the air like he didn't know what to do with them. Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane's torso and pulled him closer.

“Hey. Come here. Is okay.” He rested his chin on top of Shane’s head and started stroking soft shapes into his back with his fingers. “This is... mm, how would you call it... aftercare. Just as important as everything else, okay?”

Shane nodded slowly, finally relaxing under Ilya’s touch.

“Good boy,” Ilya murmured, closing his eyes as he pressed his lips to the top of Shane’s head.

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Shane clung to Ilya, pressing as close to him as humanly possible. If he could crawl inside his skin, he would. It wasn’t a conscious thought so much as a feeling that permeated his entire body. He had finally been given clear permission, and nothing in the world could pull him away from Ilya at this moment.

If he could speak, he would tell Ilya how grateful he was that he had somehow picked up on exactly what Shane had needed tonight. That he’d somehow figured it out without Shane being able to communicate it at all. That finally, Ilya had made it easy. Shane had been able to let his mind go completely blank, watch his thoughts float out of his head as Ilya consumed them completely, as Ilya took over his thinking for him. As he breathed in the intoxicating smell of Ilya’s warmth, he still felt so at peace, so blissfully empty yet completely full at the same time, like nothing in the world mattered except for Ilya.

And maybe, someday, maybe, he could tell Ilya that.

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