

Inanimate Object

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Inanimate Object

by [theribbonsweregreen](#)

Summary

Then Ilya sighed. Shane looked him up and down once in quick succession. He couldn't quite read his expression.

“What?”

“I think I am...” Ilya pursed his lips “...jealous?”

“You're jealous?” Shane raised his eyebrows. “Of an inanimate object?”

“What is...”

“It means like,” he sighed, grateful to get the attention shifted off himself, if only for a second, “it's just a thing.”

“Then why so many words when you could just say thing?” Ilya's accent clipped over the digraph as he rushed to the end of the sentence.

“It's just two words. And it's about specifying-”

“Anyway,” Ilya shook his head, deflecting Shane's rambling. “Yes. I am jealous of the thing.”

“You're ridiculous.”

Notes

I have nothing to say. Enjoy! x

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

The last week and a half had felt like a dream. An actual, literal dream. Sometimes Shane woke up in the middle of the night and had to hold his breath, thinking if he moved too suddenly everything would just tip to the side very gently and he would wake up from this unreality occurring right in his lap. Ilya, in the night next to him, asleep and docile and peaceful. Ilya, awake during the day, next to him, always just right next to him, lively and flirty and smiling. He would flick his eyes over the soft curves and sharp angles of Ilya's sleeping face, trace his fingers gently over whichever bodypart his hand was splayed over. His jaw. The inside of his palm. His ribs, where he had had the privilege of watching the bruising fade from dark soot to deep mauve to splotchy green and ochre.

"Do you have tylenol?" Ilya said from somewhere behind him.

"You okay?"

Now that Shane felt like he had been given permission to care about Ilya out loud the floodgates had been well and truly opened. Sometimes he thought he was overdoing it and should pull back. He found himself saying phrases he'd only heard from his mother before him. And then he thought of how a few days ago, at his parents', Ilya and Yuna had watched Shane's highlights reel from the season on Yuna's laptop and commented on it together, finding common ground in both their compliments and critiques. Making Shane roll his eyes and feel his heart swell in equal measure. How when the video transitioned to a clip from a Montreal V Boston game Yuna had offhandedly said how well Ilya had played that game and he saw how Ilya's face crumpled for just a moment before straightening out again. And how he had then met Shane's eye across the room and smiled so warmly and comfortably and Shane had smiled back before having to turn away from the intensity of the moment back to the chopping board he was standing over with his dad.

And he decided not to care. There were worse people to bear the marks of being raised by.

"Yeah, just my ribs..." Ilya ran a slow hand over the side of his bare torso, grimacing.

Shane went to put down the spoon he was using to stir through his wild rice. He'd enjoyed taking a break to indulge in empty carbs and processed meat but the injury had already slowed him down with time off from working out and although it felt like him and Ilya were currently swimming in their own private pocket of time, divorced from whatever came before or after, he was also acutely aware of how that was in fact not true and that he only really had a few weeks left of the summer before he would inevitably be kicking himself for letting himself go.

"No, I can get it," Ilya murmured, stopping on his way to grab Shane's hip casually as he passed, making Shane smile where his chin was draped softly towards his chest.

"In my- the bedside drawer," he gestured towards where the bedroom door was jugged open. "The bottom drawer."

Shane remained by the stove, continuously stirring, for a few quiet moments until he remembered with a jolt exactly what else was in that drawer. By the time he'd skidded across

the floor and made it into the bedroom it was too late.

Ilya was ready, already stood facing the door, like he was expecting Shane, looking so pleased with himself in that quiet confident way that used to drive Shane mad. Still did. His face unmoving, just radiating under his skin with it. A kind of arrogance reserved for people with nothing to prove.

“Oh,” Ilya nodded at his arrival, “You looking for something?” he said gently wielding the vibrator around in his hand, flicking his wrist like he was stretching it out, getting a feel for the weight. The drawer was juttied open, the tylenol bottle flung into the corner of the room like Ilya had tossed it over his shoulder immediately after getting his eye on something more intriguing.

Shane rolled his eyes, ignoring how he could feel himself flushing. He darted towards him, going to shove Ilya’s hands back into the drawer, but Ilya obviously fielded his protesting hands, dodging Shane’s attempt, moving his whole self away from Shane’s desperate arm.

They stood like that for a moment. Shane had the vague sensation that they were in the midst of a duel, and he had forgotten to bring a weapon.

“Fuck you.” he spluttered out in the end.

“Yes,” he shrugged. “But apparently I am not the only one.” Ilya looked down at the vibe curiously, his mouth twisting. The sight of Ilya’s big hand lazily wrapped around the toy made Shane’s breath quicken. God, he was truly so easy sometimes.

Then Ilya sighed. Shane looked him up and down once in quick succession. He couldn’t quite read his expression.

“What?”

“I think I am...” Ilya pursed his lips “...jealous?”

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“Then why so many words when you could just say thing?” Ilya’s accent clipped over the digraph as he rushed to the end of the sentence.

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“Anyway,” Ilya shook his head, deflecting Shane’s rambling. “Yes. I am jealous of the thing.”

“You’re ridiculous.” Shane spat, but he was barely suppressing a smile so wide that Ilya had to struggle to stay composed, to not break a smile back. There was a plan conspiring here that Ilya wasn’t going to let go of unless it was dragged out of his whiteknuckled hands. He

couldn't break the momentum now. Not with the way Shane's flickering eyes weren't quite making eye contact and how he could see how heavy his breathing was getting by the way his core clenched. They'd mostly stopped bothering with clothes at this point of their get away. Shane was wearing just swimming shorts. The ones that had dried overnight, thrown over the back of a lawn chair. Ilya knew if he pressed his face into the material it would smell like lake water and pine air and Shane.

Focus. Ilya put on a petulant little pout, "And I thought I was your only lover."

"Well, sucks to be you." Shane said it with a little more bite than strictly necessary, failing to keep the way his blood was rushing through his body from showing in his voice.

Ilya was highly aware of how Shane was slowly moving closer to him across the small space, quickly dropping the pretense of straightening a crease in the duvet to fill Ilya's space with the delicious sound of an openmouthed breath. Shane's gaze flicked over his face before settling to look gently up at the other man.

"I think..." Ilya sucked his lips against his teeth, "you should show me."

"Fuck you."

"Ah, so you put on performance for Hayden Pike, but not me?"

"Those two things are not comparable and you know that."

Ilya laughed, endeared. The word 'performance' made more heat rush to Shane's face. The rugged tug of Ilya's accent over the r's. The way his voice was getting lower into that domineering vibrato that Shane thought could make him do anything. Anything at all.

Ilya reached a hand over the distance between them, planting it on Shane's shoulder, kneading into his trap. It was the kind of casual, almost platonic, gesture that made Shane feel fuzzed out on the inside. There was something so masculine to it. Like something one of his teammates could feasibly do. Roughhousing. The tug and steady hold. The pressure of Ilya's digits brought a soft whimper out from somewhere deep in his rattling chest.

"Come on, Hollander." Ilya slid his palm up the side of his neck. Shane could feel how he unthinkingly leaned into the touch. "You haven't played in weeks. Are you not bored? Want to show off, yes?"

It was a little challenge. Ilya was purposefully gauding him. And what was so headspinning to Shane was that Ilya didn't even have to. They'd spent the last week and a half having each other over, and over, and over. Shane thought he had made it very clear, as clear as he could non-verbally, that he would do essentially anything Ilya wanted him to. Hell, he'd spent the better part of a decade making this clear to the other man. Though – roughhousing.

So he waited. They always did like lingering in the just before.

Ilya's hand slid up, finding purchase in Shane's hair, at the base of his nape. The grip was firm, warm. His large hand settled so it encircled the entire back of his neck. Little finger

brushing just behind his ear.

Ilya looked down at where their crotches were almost brushing up against one another. Almost. He brought the toy up in his hand and held it in front of him, between their bodies, as if it was his own hard cock. Tapped the silicone head twice against Shane's trembling abs and then left it there. As if he was knocking on a door.

"Fine." Shane broke, looking away, giving Ilya a moment to widen his eyes and break a smile before composing himself again for when Shane turned back to face him. "But I'm putting the blinds down for this."

Ilya made a gesture with his shoulders as if to say 'be my guest'.

While Shane hurried to find the controller, Ilya slipped out of the room to drag a chair back into the bedroom. Positioning it close, not too close, to the side of the bed. Just close enough that he could reach out and touch. If he wanted to.

"Really?" Shane deadpanned as Ilya sat down in the chair like he was about to watch a game. He tossed the vibrator onto the bed, then crossed his arms over his broad chest. Legs splayed wide, reclining.

"Ah, memories..." Ilya sighed, flicking his gaze up dramatically as if he was reminiscing.

Shane stood awkwardly by the bed, like he didn't know what to do with himself.

"Sit down." Ilya gestured in front of him.

He sank into the plush of the bed. Directly across from Ilya. His own thighs splayed wide against the duvet. The soft flesh moulding flat on the gentle impression. His abs were tensing where he was unable to sit still, arms straight behind him so his torso sloped into a curve. Shoulders tucked up high against his neck. The taught stretch of his belly button.

"I don't know what to do." Shane muttered a moment after he had settled in. He was ignoring where it felt like the vibrator was brandishing him, nestled half against his clothed hip, half against his bare thigh. Squirming slightly, where he felt so exposed in Ilya's gaze.

"Just..." Ilya gestured in front of him, "pretend I'm not here."

"I don't want," he looked up bashfully, "to pretend you're not here."

Ilya was so fucking in love with him.

"Well, ordinarily you take your clothes off first." Ilya jibed. Ordinarily. Shane had said the word during one of their first days here and it had seeped into Ilya's vocabulary immediately. Almost entirely unconsciously.

Shane huffed a sound between a laugh and scoff.

"Come here." Ilya leaned forward, taking pity on Shane and his twisted brow and shining eyes and need to be good, so good, hands going directly to the line of his waistband, tucking

his fingers under the coarse ruched edge of the elastic.

Shane lifted his hips willingly and revelled in the feel of Ilya's warm fingers dragging gently over first his hipbones, then his v-line just shy of his crotch, then the wide expanse of his softly suntanned thighs (very softly tanned – Ilya had been unsurprised to learn that Shane was a diligent sunscreen user) as he slid the clothing item all the way down Shane's legs as Shane took a moment to sink down, stretching into the bedsheets. Laughing despite himself as Ilya took the opportunity to press a soft kiss to Shane's kicking shin.

Ilya tossed the final product over his shoulder, and Shane suppressed the urge to roll his eyes. Always a penchant for the dramatic. Shane had known he was completely, completely gone for the other man for a long time, but when he felt a swoop in his gut at something so simple as the soft thwacking thud of the shorts hitting the wardrobe door behind Ilya he thought he must really have lost it. The simple, undeniable strength and unconcerned nature of him. Ilya's eyes flicked between Shane's face and where Shane's cock was now visible, hard and straining against his stomach. Mouth falling open, Shane could see Ilya was growing hard in his own loose shorts.

"Better?" Ilya asked, voice low and gravelled making Shane want to crawl to him. On top of him. Onto him. Into his lap. And, in some metaphysical impossibility, into him.

"Mhm." Shane hummed. Taking a moment to let Ilya really take him in.

"Well, it wouldn't be like this." Shane continued, gaining a sudden wave of confidence at how Ilya's eyes were darting around, unable to find one singular sight he could get his fill of.

"What would it be like?"

"I'd be..." Shane shifted upwards, tucking his calves under his thighs, one by one, so he was kneeling at the side of the bed "...on my knees." He was taller than Ilya now, who looked up at him with a burning awe that made Shane want to tuck his face into his shoulder.

"Make sense. You are best on your knees."

Shane shuffled back on the bed slightly so he could lean his weight forward, planting a steadying hand in front of himself.

Shane had first and foremost agreed to this because it was what Ilya wanted him to do. He had clearly severely underestimated how into it he would be himself, as he watched how Ilya's eyes grew dark and serious as Shane reached behind himself, arching into the gentle press of his own touch.

"Where's the-"

Ilya was leaning over, scrambling his hand into the top bedside drawer before Shane could even finish his sentence.

"Hand." He demanded.

Shane reached forward with his other hand still holding his upper body up. Ilya cupped his reaching hand in his own and the soft touch grounded Shane, who wanted to slide his own hands up Ilya's forearms, his flexing biceps, his defined shoulders, his neck. Ilya pressed the liquid from the bottle into Shane's open, waiting hand. It wouldn't take much. Ilya had already fucked him quite thoroughly just that morning. Shane had been making them an early dinner precisely because all of their physical exertion had him worried they were going to start wasting away.

He couldn't believe they hadn't done this before. Except for that one time in Vegas. Distantly in the back of his mind, behind the white hot thought of Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, he was thinking up scenarios that would get Ilya doing this for him. And even the simple visual image of it turned him on so badly he jumped from just softly touching himself to two fingers.

"Fuck." Ilya swore like it physically pained him.

Shane felt the sound of the word radiate through his whole body. His head dropped back as he started to roll his hips onto his own hand. Performing. Sinking back onto the feeling. The satisfaction of feeling filled, full. After only a moment or two he scrabbled his hand over to where the vibrator had stayed glued to his side, using his still lubed hand to slick it up slowly. Ilya thought he was going to die. He would die a very, very happy man. He brought it behind him, using the weight of his own body to sink back onto the toy.

"Shane," Ilya breathed out, his left hand reaching out to grip the side of his waist. But before it could find purchase Shane had darted the touch, shuffling back and sideways on the sheets. Turning so he faced the headboards, thighs parting impossibly wider.

With one last look over his shoulder, making eye contact with Ilya's furrowed brow and open mouth, Shane sank forward so his chest and shoulders hit the bed. An involuntary throaty moan passing by his open mouth at the impact – and the feeling of the vibe still inside him, and the sensation of being watched by Ilya, and the joy he felt in performing for Ilya, and making Ilya feel so by good, by not even touching him, that his raised hand fell down in a clenching fist next to Shane's straining thigh. Before he raised it to his open mouth and bit down on it.

Ilya felt like his whole body was on fire. The sight of Shane in front of him raised such an overwhelming feeling in his chest that it almost felt like he was going to cry. The fizzling lust inside him coming and going in waves like he was at the end of a long night of drinking. His bottom lip hadn't touched his top for what felt like an eternity. He didn't think they'd ever meet again.

It was in one way an incredibly familiar view, yet brilliantly new. He'd had Shane like this, folded over, chest to the sheets, or sofa, or carpet, or kitchen floor, or wherever else they found themselves in the moment, face pressed down in the way that made his mouth look impossibly plush, countless times. Hell, he'd had him like this only a few days ago.

He realised headily that this is what Shane looks like when he fucks him. He felt his whole body flush hot and cold at the thought. This was what Shane looked like under him, in his arms, with his cock pressing into him, his hands holding him down, his mouth on that

stupidly hot body. That quivering lip. That greedy push and pull. Him, him, him. The long stretch of his pulsing neck.

The thought scrambled his brain so thoroughly that he simply had to get up from where he was perched on the end of the chair, and approach. Angling himself at the edge of the bed, half behind Shane and half at his side. He placed one solid hand on the angle of Shane's hip, feeling how Shane pushed back into the touch, groaning.

"What would you think about?" Ilya asked, voice low, beginning to firmly stroke the hand from the upper part of Shane's thigh to the dip of his lower back.

"Oh my god."

Ilya couldn't tell if it was a groan of pleasure or exasperation. Probably both.

"Tell me." He demanded, trying to keep his voice level.

Shane closed his eyes for a moment.

"Please."

"You." Shane said it like it was a dying word. And Ilya breathed out a punched out breath.

"Really?"

"Of course I'd think about – you," Shane started the sentence with more fire like he was going to end it with a Hollander patented 'you fucking asshole', but instead by the end it petered into a soft moan.

"Fuck, Hollander." Ilya groaned, watching the steady drag of the vibe pushing in and out of him, the tendons in Shane's forearms flexing with the effort. The angle was awkward in the best way. Strained and hot in a way that was making the muscles in Shane's body ripple and flex. His skin breaking out in a sheen of sweat illuminating every inch of him in a soft supple glow. Ilya wanted to place openmouthed kisses along his spine and shoulder blades and inner thighs. The inside of his knee. The place where his ribs met his waist.

"You can..."

"I can what?" The arousal coursing through Ilya's veins made him feel like he could take off like a fucking jet.

"You can... do it." Shane made an accompanying gesture to illustrate what he meant with the twist of his hand.

"Fuck." He put one knee onto the bed, so Shane was splayed not far from him. He wasn't wasting another second. Their fingers brushed in the exchange. A small wholesome comfort that made Ilya feel a different kind of warmth inside next to his blistering heat.

Shane sighed deeply, so deeply, his body falling finally completely loose in the satisfaction of handing over the reins. He stretched his arms up and above himself, pushing back into the

feeling. The way he usually pushed back on Ilya. Ilya kept his other hand in a steady grip on Shane's hip. As soon as he had his hand properly around the thing Shane tucked his flushed face into the bedsheets.

Well, that wouldn't do.

"No. Look at me."

"Shane. Look at me." He demanded, using his capital C captain voice. Authoritative and unwavering.

Ilya saw the embarrassed effort Shane exerted in it, in turning his face back around, cheek pressed roughly into the bed sheets they had slept in together, the sheets they had told each other they loved each other for the first time in, exerted in doing what he, what Ilya, had asked of him. His mouth open, bottom lip wet and flushed from keeping it between his teeth. Cheeks scarlet at the embarrassment and physical exertion. When they finally made blissful eye contact, Ilya couldn't help himself anymore.

He quickly grabbed Shane's ankle turning him over on his back in one smooth movement so his open, ruined face was facing Ilya's. He was flushed down to his sternum, mouth open and eyes shining. And Ilya revelled in watching him squirm against the pressure inside, his heavy lidded eyes gazing up at Ilya like he was the centre of the universe. The jut of his chin. The way his flushed chest was heaving.

He took one long moment, with one hand holding Shane's thighs spread, to drag the toy slowly out, almost to the end before slowly sliding it in again. Shane tipped his head back at the sensation. Slowly sinking into that headspace where he couldn't bring words to his mouth anymore, descending instead into whimpering and moaning at the lightest, and hardest, touch.

"Okay enough of this now," Ilya muttered roughly, pulling the toy out almost equally as rough, flinging it somewhere in the room he didn't care to see. The wounded sound that slipped between Shane's bitten lips at the loss made Ilya fucking vibrate.

"You want the real thing?" He pumped his own cock in his hand, taking in the sight before him. Shane was a fucking wet dream. A filthy fantasy come to life. A sight everpresent, burned just under his eyelids.

Shane nodded ferociously, always awful at concealing his desperation. "Yes, please." His arms were framing his face, his fucking gorgeous face, where they were slung up above him. His hair a terribly sexy mess.

And Ilya had never been any good at denying Shane of anything. It drove him fucking crazy how quickly Shane's resolve could fall. His biting remarks turning to soft whimpers and pleading moans. How fucking obedient he became. Fuck off into Yes, sir. Shut up into More, please.

He lifted Shane roughly by the hips so he was cradling his thighs with his own. Shane wasn't quite sure when Ilya had lost his shorts but he was very thankful they were gone as he felt the

delicious hard naked press of Ilya against his own aching, untouched cock. The skin contact was overwhelming, the warmth and softness of Ilya's upper thighs pressing into his. With one quick steady movement Ilya slid in. His head dropped quickly to cradle in Shane's neck as he groaned. God, he never got tired of this. How easily and desperately Shane took him. How his head fell back against the pillow, mouth opening, like he could feel it all the way to his fucking collarbones. He was both so loose and pliant and strained and tight. A perfect juxtaposition packaged around the only soul Ilya had ever loved, loved like this. How his hands switched between grappling mindlessly at the sheets below him, to carding through Ilya's hair, to holding steadily over his shoulders and back and neck. Pulling him in closer and closer. Impossibly closer.

But Ilya wrenched himself away, wanting to look. Look at Shane's flushing face and down where his cock was driving into him. After catching his breath for a moment, finding a steady rhythm that left Shane whimpering and gasping, he had to ask.

"Is better?"

'Better' was a complete understatement. Something about the direct juxtaposition was making Shane's whole body flush. The hard press of Ilya's calloused hand on his upper thigh. The heavy weight of his chest pressing down onto his own. The completely encompassing atmosphere of the man he loved. It was a world of difference. Feeling Ilya's hot hard cock driving into him repeatedly. There was no comparison. None at all. The pace and angle Ilya was hitting – Shane knew he couldn't get that anywhere else. And he wasn't one to pretend otherwise.

Who was he kidding? This was secretly exactly how he hoped this would play out from the moment Ilya had asked him for tylenol.

"Mhm..." Shane moaned round and wet like he really loved it, like he really meant it. Basking in the feeling of being physically jostled up towards the headboard by the force of Ilya's quick hard thrusts. Their skin, where they were connected, was sticking together with their combined sweat.

"Tell me." When Ilya was this far gone and the English language evaded him, he went for his go to phrases.

"So much fucking better. Not even-" Shane made a grimace of pleasure as Ilya delivered one particularly sharp thrust, a punched out sound of bliss slipping between his lips. "Not even fucking close."

Suddenly Ilya ripped away from him.

"Turn over." He needed to fuck Shane exactly how he had just seen him. Folded over on his knees. Face pressing into the bedsheets.

Shane didn't hesitate, following Ilya's command as soon as he could process it. Ilya cursed, low and slicing, in Russian under his breath at the sight of Shane kneeling for him again. For him. For him. Not anything or anyone else.

He pressed a heavy hand to the crossing middle of his shoulder blades, guiding him firmly back into the position where he had just been. This current visual, Shane's fluctuating shoulders and neck. The gentle open quality of where his face was pressed into the pillow, layered on top of the mental image of what Shane had looked like just a few minutes ago on the bed alone was maddening. He knew he wouldn't last long. Was basically already done for.

When Ilya slid back in Shane released a keening sound, thankfully, insufficiently muffled by the bedsheets. Later Shane would stand over the bed and complain about having to change the sheets again, face pouting at the mess of creases and wrinkles and spit and lube and precum, and Ilya would only laugh and smile incandescently at Shane's turned away face, so paralytically, wholly in love with him he would think it were impossible if it wasn't happening to him. Inside of him – all the fucking time. When Shane brushed his fingers over his ear. When Shane parked his sensible car. When Shane opened the fridge. When Shane was sleeping. When Shane took his clothes off and laid down on the bed for him like there was nothing more important to him in the world than doing what Ilya told him to.

A quick few thrusts later he was finishing inside him as the sounds coming from Shane beneath him had devolved fully into incomprehensible filth. Wrenching himself up, face flushed and feeling the muscles in his thighs and arms spasm from the physical exertion expunged, he turned Shane's flaccid body over. He desperately wanted to put his mouth on him, but more than that he wanted to look at his face, look into his eyes. So, he sank next to Shane's side, body melding into body, and wrapped one hand loosely around Shane's aching cock and the other around the curve of his jaw. Kissing him openmouthed with abandon and adoration.

This also didn't take long.

"That was fucking crazy," Shane muttered. They were lying next to one another, entirely spent, chests heaving with deep filling breaths. The sun had started to set and the room was being filled with a soft gentle light, escaping from beneath the cover of the blinds.

"I think you proved yourself," Shane continued.

Ilya was still catching his breath, riding a high so delirious, he thought he might never come back down again.

"Please, Shane. Don't make me hard again. I think I will die," Ilya weakly raised his hand closest to Shane and let it fall back down casually over Shane's stomach, smearing it into the mess there.

Shane laughed. Reaching down to run gentle fingers over the palm of Ilya's hand, specifically where there was no cum, making Ilya smile fondly.

"How are your ribs?" Shane turned his face towards him.

"I don't care," Ilya shook his head, laughing breathlessly, leaning over to kiss Shane slow and messy and rest his forehead on his chest.

End Notes

Put your votes in the comments below! What colour was it? Was it big?

I am on tumblr as [aslongasitsblack](#) where I am literally always nattering on about HR - come chat!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!