

Your Hands, My Mouth

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Your Hands, My Mouth

by [BeautyInChains](#)

Summary

"Suck," Ilya commands gently. Shane watches his reflection turn pink. They're alone, for now, but that could change at any moment. Shane feels sick and needy and wants to fight the urge to soothe so badly. Ilya taps again, insistent. "It will help. Suck."

Notes

Please have almost 3000 words of Shane Hollander with Ilya Rozanov's thumb in his mouth. Y'all, I am SO horny for thumb-sucking and I needed to do something about it. In my mind this is set somewhere between Heated Rivalry and The Long Game (which I haven't read yet) where David and Yuna, as well as some friends, know that Shane and Ilya are together. I have also taken some liberties regarding events and games, but it doesn't really matter tbh because this is about the porn.

I don't even really know what else to say about this, but I really hope you like it!

Title has been borrowed from Settle Down by The 1975.

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

As much as Shane hates public speaking, he's always understood that it's a part of the gig. Over the years he's learned how to navigate the many press conferences with relative ease, but award shows are another beast entirely. Historically, dissociating has served him well enough to muddle through, but that doesn't really make it any easier. And so here he is, standing in front of the fancy mirror in the event venue's men's room, staring at his pale reflection as he fumbles with his cufflinks when his clumsy fingers slip and one of them clatters into the porcelain sink. "Fuck, fuck," Shane spits urgently, trying and failing to catch it before it slips down the drain. "*Fuck!*"

Ilya, ever perceptive, who had instinctively followed his boyfriend's tense, rigid body into the men's room, is there in an instant. His big hands find Shane's hips to ground him as he hooks his chin over Shane's shoulder and meets his gaze in the mirror. Shane's expression wobbles at Ilya's gentleness and his chest rattles with an unsung sob. "Shhh," Ilya coos at him, "You are safe, moya lyubov'."

"I lost my cufflink," Shane sniffs.

"I will buy you new one," Ilya says, pressing a kiss to Shane's cheek.

"I don't want a new one," he says, breathing hard as tears begin to well up in his big, expressive eyes. Ilya shushes him again, sliding one of his hands up Shane's body to cup his jaw. He presses his thumb against Shane's lips and taps it there.

"Suck," Ilya commands gently. Shane watches his reflection turn pink. They're alone, for now, but that could change at any moment. Shane feels sick and needy and wants to fight the urge to soothe so badly. Ilya taps again, insistent. "It will help. Suck."

Shane's lips part around the digit then, welcoming it inside. Ilya hums and gently nestles his thumb inside of Shane's soft, wet mouth, pad pressed against the roof to fit the curve of his tongue the way it does when Shane sucks his own thumb. The effect is instantaneous. Shane moans, eyelids drooping and shoulders slumping as he goes lax against Ilya's body, trusting the Russian to hold his weight. "That's it," Ilya murmurs against his helix, "Khoroshiy mal'chik." The praise is a warm balm that soothes his nerves.

Shane sighs and mewls and moans contentedly as he suckles. He can feel Ilya growing hard against his ass, but he doesn't press Shane for anything more, instead letting Shane take exactly what he needs to come back down to earth. "Good," Ilya encourages. "You are safe," he says again, stroking his unoccupied hand along Shane's side, "I have you. The crowd? They do not matter. You will find me, look only at me, hmm?"

"Mmhmm," Shane agrees wetly, cheeks hollowing around Ilya's thumb as he sucks.

"Five minutes" Ilya continues, "Is nothing. You have looked at me for much longer than this, sladkiy."

It's true. Shane has spent hours upon hours just staring at Ilya, watching his expressive face, taking in his radiant beauty, counting his moles and beauty marks. Five minutes is nothing.

He can do five minutes. Shane has memorized his speech after all, ever the dutiful student. If he can just focus and keep his attention on Ilya, he knows the words will come. Shane sucks harder, rolling his tongue over Ilya's thumb as he comes back to himself. Ilya hisses into Shane's ear, expression pinched in the mirror. "Ah, ah," Ilya scolds gently, "Enough." Shane releases his thumb with a slick sounding pop and aches to chase it. Ilya must notice because his face turns fond. "Later, solnyshko. You can have thumb again after awards. Okay?"

Shane scrubs a hand over his face before nodding. "Okay," he agrees, fingers fiddling with his loose cuff.

Ilya steps back and Shane watches warmly as Ilya diligently works his left cufflink out of the buttonhole of his French cuff. "Ilya, I - " Ilya slips it deftly into the empty slot on Shane's right, gold now instead of silver. He adjusts the cuff of Shane's dress shirt before turning Shane's hand over in his own, lifting it to press a kiss to the inside of his wrist and Shane thinks *I love you*.

If anyone notices Shane's mismatched cufflinks, they don't mention it. Shane delivers his speech without incident, his dark eyes fixed on Ilya's deep blues all the while.

The first time Ilya feeds Shane his thumb to soothe him, Shane is in the throws of a panic attack. His heart and thoughts are racing, as he shakes and cries uncontrollably, frantically rocking himself from side to side in their bed in a desperate attempt to calm himself. Ilya doesn't pause as he enters the room, slipping wordlessly in behind him and gathering Shane up into his arms. The heavy warmth of his hold helps, but it's not quite enough. Ilya strokes gently over Shane's tear-stained cheeks and jaw, thumb catching on his trembling bottom lip. Shane opens to him instinctively, tongue flitting eagerly against the digit. Ilya lets this thumb drift closer, and Shane's mouth welcomes it with a sigh. Shane sucks and sucks like a babe on a bottle and shivers as he feels Ilya grow hard against him.

Shane doesn't think about why it feels so good. All he knows is, with a thumb in his mouth, the panic gives way to a warm, fuzzy feeling. Like a piping hot bath or weighed blanket. He moans and sighs and suckles until his body goes slack and the world falls away.

The second time Shane takes Ilya's thumb is after a devastating loss against one of the worst teams in the league. Ilya had watched it live, brows furrowed and mouth pulled tight as Montreal made mistake after rookie mistake. Shane certainly hadn't played his best, but it had been a team loss and Ilya had nearly worn a hole through the floor as he paced back and forth waiting for Shane in his apartment.

"What do you need, moya lyubov'?" he has asks the moment the door is shut behind them, wrapping Shane up into one of his strong arms while other moves to cup his cheek. His cheeks are pink and cool from the January chill, eyes puffy like he's been crying. Ilya aches to fix it.

Shane turns his head into Ilya's hand, nosing at it and Ilya's heart skips a beat. He shifts his thumb toward Shane's mouth and his lips part immediately, just enough for Ilya to slip inside. "Mmph," Shane moans softly, curling his tongue around Ilya's thumb as he begins to suck. His eyes flutter shut, dark lashes fanning out against his freckled cheeks as Ilya shifts them on their feet to take more of Shane's weight, sighing.

"There you go, solnyshko," he murmurs gently, pressing a kiss to Shane's temple, relishing the silken heat of Shane's mouth pulsing around his thumb. Ilya is growing hard in his sweatpants and turns his hips to avoid prodding at Shane. "You are safe. I am here," he says, the same words in the same tone that accompany his thumb every time. Ilya rocks them on their feet in the foyer until Shane begins to slump against him.

Shane hums and sucks a little harder. Ilya presses another kiss to his temple, stroking the soft hair at the nape of Shane's neck with his free hand. "You are wanting something, *moya lyubov*?" he asks softly. "Dinner? Bed?" Shane opens his eyes, pupils big and dark as he blinks up at Ilya and bites down on the thumb in his mouth. "Ah," Ilya says knowingly, "Are you sure?" Shane releases Ilya's thumb with a pleased sigh before sinking to his knees to nuzzle into Ilya's groin. Shane whimpers, eagerly huffing the heady scent of him through his sweatpants before mouthing wetly at the thick bulge of his cock. Ilya hisses, hands finding Shane's hair. "Okay," he concedes breathlessly, "Okay."

"You want it?" Ilya asks, panting as he fucks him hard, thumb brushing against Shane's slack mouth. Shane is beneath him, enjoying the firm press of Ilya's weight against him, of his long, thick cock dragging against his prostate and pushing at his belly from the inside. Shane's got one hand stretched overhead, pushing against the headboard for leverage while the other clutches at Ilya's shoulder hard enough to bruise.

"Fuck," Shane moans, parting his lips further and extending his tongue. Ilya growls, slowing his hips to a grind as he slips his thumb inside. Shane whines as he hollows his cheeks and sucks hard. In this position the pad of Ilya's thumb presses down against Shane's tongue and he pushes deeper. Shane blinks up at him, swallowing the answering flood of saliva with a click. His cock is drooling against his belly, aching hard and desperate for release.

"Good?" Ilya asks, using his free hand to hitch Shane's thigh over his hip. Shane whimpers and nods, lashes fluttering against his freckled cheeks as Ilya picks up the pace. Shane can feel his hole flutter and tighten impossibly around Ilya's cock as the Russian fucks in hard and deep. Ilya swears, gritting his teeth as he pushes his thumb deeper and Shane has to breathe harshly through his nose to temper the urge to gag. *God*, he's getting close, he thinks as he glances down between them. Ilya's gaze follows and he snarls at the amount of precome glistening all over Shane's belly. "Fuck, fuck, *Shane*," he says, bowing over Shane's body, gripping his jaw hard to keep his thumb in place.

Shane is drooling. He can feel it running down his chin, but he can't find it in him to be embarrassed. Not with the way Ilya is grunting and whining into the sweaty crook of his neck and fucking into Shane without abandon. The slick, steady slap of skin on skin, of Ilya's hips slamming into his own make Shane's cock swell and throb, heat blooming low in his belly. "m gonna - gonna come," he mumbles around Ilya's thumb, garbled.

"Yes," Ilya moans, "Come for me, khoroshiy mal'chik. I want to see."

Shane doesn't need to touch his cock. His hands fly to Ilya's wrist, forcing his thumb deeper until it nudges the back of his soft palate. Ilya's eyes go wide, jaw dropping as Shane gags hard, his whole body going tight around Ilya as his cock kicks between them, spurting thick white ropes up their chests. Somehow, Ilya finds the wherewithal to slip his thumb from Shane's throat, but when he goes to pull it out Shane clamps down hard, determined, and then suckles sweetly in apology. That's what sends Ilya careening over the edge. He floods the condom with a groan, using Shane's body to wring himself of every last drop.

The next time it happens is at the MHL Playoffs. Montreal's made it and Ilya is equal parts bummed by Boston's elimination and excited for Shane. The teams are due to hit the ice in fifteen minutes when Ilya's phone starts buzzing in his pocket. He retrieves it quickly, Jane's name flashing across his screen. Ilya glances around the luxury box at their mingling friends and family as he answers. He opens his mouth to speak, but Shane beats him to it. "*Ilya*," he says, punched and desperate. Ilya's heart leaps into his throat.

"Shane? Solnyshko, what - "

"I need it."

"Need what, moya lyubov'?"

"I - I need, I need -" Shane is starting to panic.

Ilya's eyes flit over his shoulder toward David and Yuna. Yuna has her watchful eyes on him, her brows knit together. Ilya waves in a way that he hopes conveys *all good* as he pads across the room to put some space between them. Better safe than sorry. "Shh, shh," he coos softly at Shane, "You are alone?"

"Yes," Shane breathes.

"Okay. Do as I say. Put your thumb in your mouth, sladkiy. Suck for me," Ilya whispers. He doesn't have to wait long for a soft little moan to fill his ear followed by the sweet sound of Shane suckling. Ilya tries very hard to ignore that familiar bolt of arousal that zings through him whenever he takes care of Shane like this. "Good. That's good. Just close your eyes, da? You are safe. I am here." Shane whimpers and sucks harder, the wet sounds of his mouth working growing louder in Ilya's ear. Ilya glances at the clock on the wall. They're running out of time. "Shane," he says firmly, "Listen to me carefully. Are you listening?"

"Mmhmm," Shane replies, muffled by the thumb in his mouth.

"You will play. You *will* win. You will celebrate with team. Then you will come home to me, and I will give you what you need. Okay?" Shane moans his assent and it goes straight to Ilya's cock. "Words, solnyshko." Ilya hears Shane's thumb pop free followed a thick swallow.

"Okay."

"Okay."

Shane plays. Montreal wins the cup. Shane does go out to celebrate with his team, but only for as long as strictly necessary and he texts Ilya while he's out. *I fucking love you*, Ilya reads, buzzing.

When Shane gets home, Ilya takes him apart piece by piece with his fingers and tongue until Shane is begging for his cock before folding him in half as he sinks inside. Big hands rise to cradle both sides of Shane's jaw, thumbs prying his plush lips further apart. Ilya keeps his eyes intently trained on Shane's face as he presses both thumbs into his mouth. Shane's eyes widen, pupils blown, and he moans as Ilya pushes down and in, effectively pinning Shane's skull to the bed through his mouth. Ilya can feel Shane's heart hammering beneath him, see the rapid flutter of his throat as it works to swallow the saliva flooding his mouth. Ilya grins as Shane's fingers tear at the sheets, his eyes rolling back into his head as Ilya bottoms out and grinds.

After a long moment, Ilya begins fucking Shane in earnest, hard deep thrusts that have Shane gurgling around his thumbs. He's drooling, spit running between Ilya's thumbs and down his own chin and throat in glistening rivulets. Ilya groans at the sight of Shane so perfectly pliant beneath him and extends his tongue to lap at the mess. Shane whimpers, body tightening around Ilya's cock. "*Fuck*, Shane," Ilya swears, nipping at the thin, slick skin of his throat, Shane's pulse rabbiting beneath his teeth. "You are close, solnyshko. I can feel you, so tight. Will you come for me?"

Shane tries to nod but ends up gagging as Ilya's thumbs hit the back of his throat. It's like pulling a trigger. Shane's muscular body goes taut, tears spilling down his cheeks as his eyes slam shut and his cock pulses between them. Ilya glances down in time to watch as Shane comes hard, spurting thick ropes up his chest. With a moan, Ilya presses his forehead against Shane's, frantically driving his hips into Shane until his own release crests. He fucks Shane's limp, sated body until he has nothing left to give before gently slipping his thumbs and cock free.

"Fuuuuck," Ilya growls as he eases Shane's knees off of his shoulders and all but collapses on top of him.

"Mmhmm," Shane replies contentedly, wrapping Ilya up in his trembling limbs. There are still visible tear tracks on Shane's face, and his lips are wet and swollen, mouth red from the way Ilya had pinned it open.

"You are okay?" he asks softly, pressing a chaste kiss to Shane's jaw.

"I'm okay," he replies, sounding every bit as fucked out as he looks as he toys absently with Ilya's curls.

"Was everything you needed?"

Shane smiles then, turning his face toward Ilya's. "Almost," he teases.

Ilya turns in Shane's arms, narrowing his gaze. "Almost!?" he growls, "*Almost*, he says. You are greedy boy." Ilya thumbs at Shane's bottom lip. "You need more?" Shane's cheeks pink under the attention and he flits his tongue out against the pad of Ilya's thumb. "Fuck, Shane. Okay, okay," he says as Shane makes hot and heavy eye contact and teases the length of the digit with the tip of his tongue. "You want only thumb? Or thumb and cock?"

Shane bites down playfully on Ilya's thumb. "Thumb and cock, please. And then...maybe thumb again before bed?" he adds shyly. "You know I always - "

"Sleep better after little suck. I know," Ilya says, smiling as he presses his thumb into Shane's mouth and down against his tongue once more. Shane begins sucking happily with a gurgly little moan. "Okay, *sladkiy*," Ilya murmurs, "Whatever you like, I will give. You gave earned it."

Shane looks up at him with those big, expressive eyes and mumbles something intelligible around Ilya's thumb. Ilya withdraws just enough to allow the words to fill the space. "I love you."

Ilya's face softens, nosing at Shane's freckles as he slots his thumb home. "Ya tebya lyublyu. Vsegda."

End Notes

Courtesy of Google Translate, I present:

Da – Yes

Khoroshiy mal'chik – Good boy

Moya Lyubov' – My love

Sladkiy – Sweetie, honey, darling

Solnyshko – Little sun or sunshine

Ya tebya lyublyu. Vsegda. – I love you. Always.

If you are a native Russian speaker, or you know Russian, and something requires correction – please let me know!

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