

You're filling up my senses (With empty calories)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77122026) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77122026>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Top Ilya Rozanov , Dom/sub , Light Dom/sub , Spanking , Feminization , Food as a Metaphor for Love , Food Sex , Hand Feeding , Wedding Night , Mentioned Hayden Pike , Lactation Kink , Pregnancy Kink , Breeding Kink , Multiple Orgasms , Sub Shane Hollander , I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping , Smut , Fluff and Smut , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Good Boy Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink , Kink Discovery
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-05 Words: 2,156 Chapters: 1/1

You're filling up my senses (With empty calories)

by [Insomniacirl](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya's wedding had been perfect.

Maybe not in the literal sense, much to Shane's chagrin, but despite the forgotten first dance song and the constant happy tears welling up between them, neither would change the day for a thing.

On a purely selfish note, though- Ilya wishes they'd kept more of the cake to themselves.

/

(Or, Ilya and Shane's vanilla wedding cake gets shared during some very not vanilla sex.)

Notes

I wrote this to get it out of my brain and onto paper- sorry for any mistakes and also I miiiiight make a pt2... so. ENJOY I GUESS!!!

*

Shane and Ilya's wedding had been perfect.

Maybe not in the literal sense, much to Shane's chagrin, but despite the forgotten first dance song and the constant happy tears welling up between them, neither would change the day for a thing.

On a purely selfish note, though- Ilya wishes they'd kept more of the cake to themselves.

It was a pretty porcelain white, with creamy whipped icing peaks and tiny edible pearls. Two layers of vanilla sponge, elegant and simple. Cutting into it with Shane's hand in his will forever be engrained into Ilya's memory, the shaking of Shane's shoulders against his chest as Hayden made him laugh mid-slice, the photographer's pictures to prove it- everything. They'd handed out slices to their friends and family, sharing the first slice between themselves.

Shane had only admitted to his insecurities surrounding food a few weeks before the wedding. Therapy had done a lot for both of them, helping Ilya understand and accommodate his husband's issues and helping Shane release the white-knuckled control he had over his diet, which often hindered more than it helped. Still, Ilya had brought it up gently a few days before the ceremony, asking if Shane would be okay with the menu and drinks, if he needed anything changing last minute. Hollander had shied a little, but smiled at him, shaking his head.

"It's our day. I'm not planning on abstaining from any of it."

Ilya had grinned like the sun. His husband-to-be, his beautiful Shane, always surprising him, always besting him when he tries to be good. *Zolotse*, his golden one. He's hit once again by his own appetite, his own hunger to give Shane anything and everything he could ever desire and more. He slides his hands around Shane's waist, one hand trailing further down, dipping below the hem of his sweatpants to take him apart.

So, they'd shared the slice of cake. Shane was glowing with happiness, practically sat on Ilya's lap from how close they were pressed together in their chairs. He'd hummed in delight at the sweet frosting, then grumbled about how he should've shoved Ilya's face into the cake when he had the chance, smiling all the while. Every one of their kisses after that tasted sugary and soft, vanilla love shared between their mouths.

After the wedding, having fended off the seemingly starving mob of Pike children, Ilya had managed to keep a solid quarter of the bottom layer of cake safe, boxed up in their fridge just for them.

Ilya leans down to kiss Shane against their sheets, he's flushed and panting already, squirming in his hold. "Close your eyes." Ilya hushes, watching Shane's glazed eyes flicker with

confusion for a moment before they slide shut.

"Why?" Shane whines after he's done it.

Ilya gives his bare ass a light tap, "Good boys do not complain. You do not need to think, Hollander, is my job, yes?"

Shane huffs, pouting a little as he nods.

"Words." Ilya reminds him.

"Yes- okay."

"Your job," he continues, "Is to let your husband fuck every thought out of that pretty head. Make you.. what is word? Drunk on my cock. *Dumb*. Yes?"

A whimper slips free from where Hollander bites his lip. Ilya smacks his ass harder this time, making him yelp.

"Words, Shane."

"Yes!"

Ilya tuts, dark eyes looking down on Shane with disappointment, "Already too stupid to answer properly, and we have not even begun. Tell me your job, malysh."

Shane blushes furiously, eyes still squeezed shut, "To- to let you fuck every thought out of- *ah*- out of my head."

Ilya gives him an affirming stroke from base to tip, twisting his hand a little at the end to watch Shane buck his hips.

"Good." He praises, "Now, you wait here. I will be back soon."

Dark brows furrow in confusion at Ilya's order, but Shane doesn't ask any questions this time, just dips his head in acceptance. He trusts Ilya not to leave him alone like this for too long without warning, his husband knows how to take care of him best.

A moment later, he hears Ilya slip something onto the bedside table, unsure if he's mistaking the sweet scent in the air, eyes still closed.

"You deserve to be treated, moy lyubovnik. *I would like to eat you whole*." His voice is low and full of dirty promise, followed by a quiet, slick sound from whatever he's brought into the bedroom.

"Open." Ilya orders, biting his own lip as Shane's pink mouth flutters open, revealing his soft wet tongue. He pushes in three icing coated fingers, sliding them to the back of his husband's throat until it convulses, not quite a gag.

Shane groans softly at the intrusion, lips stretched around Ilya's thick digits as he eagerly sucks them further down. His tongue traces every stretch of flavour, washing Ilya's knuckles and fingertips clean. Drool collects at the corners of his mouth as Ilya thrusts in and out, running down his chin while Shane eagerly takes the choking force. Their erections grind together where Ilya straddles him, helpless against the sensation relieving the pressure on his rock hard dick.

He pulls back, releasing his fingers with a wet pop, soaked in Hollander's spit. Ilya grins wolfishly, sliding forward again to lick at Shane's open, gasping mouth. "Do you know what this is, Hollander?"

"Our- our wedding cake." Shane whispers breathlessly, it's a statement- he'd know the taste blind. Just like he'd know the taste of Ilya, inside and out.

"Yes. We should finish it properly, no? You may open your eyes again, sweetheart."

Hollander blinks his eyes open, dazed. A small frown works its way onto his face, disproportionate against the red of his cheeks. "Ilya... I don't want to waste it. Shouldn't we eat it for like, a real reason? It's not- you shouldn't-" He sighs like he can't get his thoughts in order properly, "Don't you want to keep it for something *special*?"

Rozanov raises a sharp eyebrow at him, kissing a line from the frown on his mouth all the way down to his chest. He scoops more frosting off of the cake to his left, watching Shane track its path where Ilya moves it downwards, spreading a healthy dollop against each of Shane's perked nipples.

"I have kept two slices already, we will not touch them. Anyway, I think this is special enough to 'waste' on." Ilya holds Shane's gaze as he caresses his chest, squeezing at the fatty muscle, "I am *hungry*, Hollander."

Shane whines helplessly, arching his chest up towards Ilya's face. He throws a hand across his jaw and turns his head away to hide in the pillows. "I- I shouldn't-"

If Ilya wasn't so locked onto his husband's every reaction, he might've missed the quiet words. Instead, he pulls Shane's face back to look at him again.

"Why, Shane? It is our wedding cake. It is made to be eaten by us, together. Not just me, you, too. Look at me, tell me you do not want it."

Shane's gaze darts to the side, then back to Ilya's mouth and gentle, questioning eyes.

"I- I do." He chokes out, "I just can't- I don't know. I don't know."

Sensing the panic rising in his lover's throat, Ilya alters his grip, moving his clean hand to run through Shane's hair in a soothing motion. "That is okay, kotik... let me help you?"

Hollander's nose scrunches at the petname, breaking the tension. "'Kitten', really Rozanov?"

Ilya smirks, "You are soft and warm like kitten, Hollander. You have claws and everything!"

Shane laughs at him, "I do not! That doesn't even make sense, asshole."

Rozanov twists in his spot, gesturing to the fading scratch marks on his upper back. "Claws!" He repeats.

"Shut up." Shane giggles, taking the opportunity to shove Ilya down against the bed, swinging his legs over to straddle him, switching their positions. Ilya looks up at him this time, his eyes smouldering with heat once again. Shane leans down and pushes their mouths together, licking and biting like a man starved.

"Denial, Shane." Ilya sighs dramatically, "Is not good for you, you know."

Before Shane can come up with a witty reply, his chest is being pulled into Ilya's mouth. He gasps as Ilya sucks on his nipples, lapping up the cream on them like they're a five course meal. It looks like he's- fuck. The dripping white looks like-

"Looks like you are leaking." Ilya grunts, finishing the thought for him.

Shane moans shakily, clasping his hand in Ilya's curls for stability, keeping him pressed against his pecs.

"You like that? Like knowing how sweet your tits leak for me, baby?" All of Ilya's attention stays glued to his nipples, licking around the areola before pulling at the bud with his teeth. Turning Shane into a mess above him, lost somewhere between shoving his husband down for more and the reflex to pull him off with every sharp pinch making him cry out.

"Yes- just for you. Just for you, Ilya. Only you." Shane promises, the haze returning full force- his head being stuffed with cotton as Ilya takes care of him.

Ilya's lips curl up smugly against his skin. "Good boy."

"N-no." Shane shudders, unsure what's wrong about the statement as he shakes his head, grinding messily down against Ilya's stomach. He'll know. He always does. It isn't Shane's job to think right now, anyway.

"No." Ilya agrees easily, *"My good girl."*

Shane keens, thighs stuttering and tightening around Ilya's lap.

"G'nna let me cum in that pussy, baby? Let me eat myself out of you after- *fuck, Shane.*"

"Yes. Yes, yes, yes. Inside me- please."

"Tell me where you want me, milaya."

"Want you in me- want you in my... *in my pussy, Ilya.*"

Ilya moans, kissing Shane roughly and digging his big hands into Shane's thighs, tugging towards himself and pushing Shane's upper-body backwards until he's the one laying down again, with his head near the foot of the bed this time. Ilya crawls on top of him, sitting up to

look down at the red marks littering Shane's flushed chest and mouth, he reaches over to the side, grabbing a small handful of cake- sticky in his sweating grip.

"Open mouth, pretty girl." He practically growls, watching the uncertainty in Shane's eyes disappear with the desire to be good. Ilya smears the cake over Shane's mouth, pushing it in haphazardly and making a mess. Hollander's eyes squeeze shut as he attempts to handle the sudden, thick mouthful, chewing and swallowing with an embarrassed hum, looking up at Ilya through dark lashes.

Ilya pulls his palm back towards his own mouth, licking through the mess and sucking each finger clean just like Shane did. Once it's reasonably cake-less, he picks up the lube with it, squeezing the slick fluid into the opposite hand, where he warms it up between his fingers.

He teases against Shane's entrance, hypnotised by the way his hole flutters- so greedy for more, in a place where Shane can't hide what his body is craving. Hollander sobs out a moan as Ilya's finger pushes inside, quickly followed by two more, the intrusion welcome and familiar.

Shane is a mess beneath him, pawing at his sugar-coated cheeks, trying to lick away the remaining dessert and failing, distracted by his husband's skilled fingers bullying his prostate ruthlessly. *"Il-Ilya. Stop I'm- 'm gonna cum-"*

His cock bobs uselessly against his toned stomach, an angry, dark pink that's dripping like a faucet.

Ilya pauses his ministrations, letting Shane's hole clench around him, imagining how much better it'll feel stuffed full of his dick. "Mm," Ilya hums obnoxiously, "That's okay. Girls can go as many times as they like. *Maybe I make you squirt around my fist, make you loose and sloppy for me to fuck after.*"

Shane cries out, chasing the fullness Ilya's fingers are providing, barely grazing the spot that sends shocks down his spine. *"But-"*

"Feed you full of our cake and my cum, to keep your energy up. Is okay, malishka, we will burn off calories together. That is what you want, yes? *Stomach full of me?*" Rozanov's voice is raspy, he humps a little against Shane's thigh, his own untouched cock straining for attention. The way he says it- Shane gasps as Ilya begins to gently massage his prostate, tears welling in his eyes at the full body burn- Ilya says it like he wants to *breed* him. *Like he wants to fuck Shane pregnant.*

The world turns white for a moment as he cums. The idea lighting up his insides, forcing the orgasm out of him before he even feels it coming. Ilya looks a little stunned too, used to Shane's babbled warnings, but he's smirking all the same, like he saw the undiscovered fetish buried under Shane's skin from a mile away.

"Khoroshaya devochka."

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