

i want you flowing through my veins

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by [geminicat](#)

Summary

“Ilya —” Shane tries, voice trailing off. He swallows.

“Spitinmymouth,” he finally mumbles under his breath. Ilya raises an eyebrow, clearly not hearing.

“Hollander,” Ilya starts. His voice makes Shane twitch. “I already learned English, I cannot also learn secret Shane sex language.”

Notes

heyyyyyy what's up i'm back from retirement i guess. if you had told me it was going to be a hockey show that did this i would've laughed in your face. baby's first non rpf! i'm a little rusty but they're simply so much fun to write.

technically set after tlg, but no real spoilers (other than the fact they're married)

title from [water - ten](#)

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

It starts, as most things in Shane's life do, with a question from Ilya.

"Was thinking. Is there anything new you would want to try in bedroom?"

Shane, fucked out and sated, blinks blearily at Ilya from where he lies on the pillow.

"Like...new sheets?"

Ilya huffs out a laugh, drawing circles on Shane's chest. "Noo, Shane. Like, sex things. Like, you know, kinks. Like how you like to be told you are a good boy and how —"

"Yes, thank you Ilya, I do know what kinks are actually," Shane interrupts him, cheeks already going red. He's gotten a lot better at talking about sex, more open, but it's still...

He rolls over to face Ilya. Feels weird to have this conversation lying on his back still, without being able to really look at him. "I don't know, I haven't really thought about it. I like what we do already."

"Well yes, obviously, you are having sex with me and I am amazing." Shane rolls his eyes. "But what if there *was* something you wanted to try?"

Shane hums under his breath. Thinks for a minute. Squints at Ilya. "Did your therapist tell you to ask me this?"

"Ohh my god, Hollander you are so boring." Ilya groans, falling back onto the mattress. "We are husbands, yes? We can talk about this stuff."

Shane *knows* that, obviously. It's just never been easy for him to ask for what he wants. Or even really *know* what he wants. It's nice to not really have to think about it much for once, to have Ilya take the reins. He shrugs.

"I'm being honest, I truly haven't thought about anything else. Anything you want to do is fun for me. I trust you, you get me." The tips of Ilya's ears burn red, before he kisses Shane hard, dragging him down so his head lies on his chest. Shane curls up closer, humming.

"Hm. We will find you something you want to try. Is my mission." Ilya nods to himself, running his fingers through Shane's hair

Shane groans. This will never end well

Ilya:

[Link attached]

Shane:

Squirting???????

Ilya, I'm a man.

Ilya:

So you are saying you would not squirt for me? :(

Shane:

Isn't that biologically impossible?

Ilya:

Are you saying you are a quitter, Hollander?

Ilya:

[Link attached]

Shane:

Man, idk.

Spanking just reminds me of locker room shit

Ilya:

Oh, so you want to roleplay locker room?

Shane:

That is literally not at all what I said.

Ilya:

Yes roleplay. I love it.

Very sexy.

You are sexy hockey player I am also sexy hockey player and we fuck in locker room

Shane:

Ilya.

Ilya:

I will wear Hollander jersey 😊

Shane:

...

Fine.

Ilya:

[Link attached]

Shane:

Absolutely the fuck not.

Ilya:

I can not believe my own husband does not want to call me daddy 🤪

Ilya:

[Link attached]

Shane:

NO FOOT STUFF

Ilya:

But you have such nice calves...

Pretty ankles

Very strong...

Shane:

I swear to god.

Ilya:

No god here, Hollander. Just your very sexy husband.

Shane:

Well maybe my very sexy husband should talk about other parts of my body and not my FEET

Ilya:

But I love every part of your body 🍷

Shane:

Yeah yeah whatever

I'm stopping at the store on my way home, do we need anything?

Ilya:

Socks

Shane:

Forget I even asked

Ilya:

[Link attached]

Shane:

Ilya.

Ilya:

Shane.

Shane:

Really??

Ilya:

What do you mean, 'really'?

You do not want to be a pretty kitty for me?

I would get you collar and everything.
“Property of Ilya Rozanov-Hollander”.

Shane:

It's Hollander-Rosanov.
Ugh
I'll think about it.

Ilya:

Too late. Has already been ordered.
The ears come with matching tail!
I know you love plugs ☺

Shane:

Can you please I'm literally with Hayden right now

Ilya:

Oh you open up porn with Hayden?
Does he want to watch too?

Shane:

I'M TURNING MY PHONE OFF.
GOODBYE.
LOVE YOU.

Ilya:

But would you meow for me?
Shane.
Shaaaaane


Ilya:

[Link attached]

Shane:

Do we not already do this??

Ilya:

Yes I come inside you all the time
But we do not try for baby

Shane:

Once again, do I need to remind you I am a man?
Your husband. Who is male. And a man.

Ilya:

So you are saying I must try harder

I understand



Shane:

Hey.

Ilya:

Hello moy kotenok

Shane:

So I was thinking.

Ilya:

Yes, you do love to do that

Big brain. Many thoughts inside. Many about me 😊

Shane:

Why did I think this would be a good idea over text

Let's just talk when you get home

Ilya:

Oh no

I am in trouble?

Will make it up to you.

with my dick



Shane:

NO

Sorry. No, I mean

You didn't do anything, no. It's just

About what you brought up. Before.

Ilya:

Omg Shane Hollander, you DO want to have my babies

I am running home

I tell Troy my beautiful sexy husband needs me to put a baby in him right now

Shane:

YOU CANNOT GET ME PREGNANT

OH MY GOD

Shane paces their bedroom, phone thrown onto the bed. He doesn't even know why he's *nervous*, like they don't have sex *all the damn time*. They had sex 12 hours ago, for fucks sake. He doesn't even want to know how much lube they've gone through this year alone.

He wasn't even really trying that hard to find something, really. He just happened to open one of the last videos Ilya sent (yes, of course he watched each of them. Ilya had sent them to him), and there had been a tiny suggested video at the bottom of the page. Shane doesn't even know why he read the title. Usually it's a process of opening the link, scoffing, blushing, trying not to imagine him and Ilya doing..whatever is happening, and swiping out of the page.

But this time his eyes just — paused on the screencap, long enough for the title to ping something in his brain, pink tinting his cheeks as he stared. Like, that *has* to be kind of gross, right? It's gross. Probably.

And yet.

He stared. And stared and stared and stared and finally clicked on the video.

Oh.

Okay, so yeah, that's something he would definitely be into. If it was Ilya doing it to him, obviously. Plus, it's not even that crazy, he thinks. At least there are no feet involved. Although, if he's being honest, Ilya could probably get him to try anything in the bedroom (slash living room. Kitchen. Office. Trophy room. Backseat of his car those few times). Like, he's easy. He's kind of a huge slut for his husband, embarrassing as it is sometimes.

He's chewing on his cuticles, lost in thought when Ilya comes bounding through the door like a puppy, tackling Shane into the bed. He kisses him, wet and messy, and Shane can't even try to stop the stupid smile that takes over his face.

"Hi. You really didn't have to come home early. I know you wanted to spend time with Chiron," Shane says, snaking his arms up around Ilya's neck as he looms over him.

"Is okay. We played already, lots and lots of fetch and tug of rope. Naptime for Chiron now." Ilya brushes Shane's hair back from his forehead, nails scratching at his scalp. Shane hums, tingles running down his spine. "Plus, my husband wanted to fuck, how was I supposed to stay?"

"I didn't mean *now*, asshole."

"So you're saying you don't want to fuck?" Ilya sighs, dramatically. "I'm wounded. My own husband."

Shane's dick twitches against his will. He groans, rolling his eyes and still giving in immediately and pulling Ilya down to kiss him again. Easy. He licks against the seam of Ilya's mouth when he feels him start to pull away, slipping his tongue inside to run against his teeth, trace the edges and dips. Fingers grip into his hair, tilting it back so Ilya can trail kisses down his jaw, licking a stripe up his neck. He lingers there, leaving a wet trail in his wake. Shane can feel it already start to cool on his neck and he shivers.

A hand rakes his skirt up, brushing against his stomach before grinding against the line of his cock, already hard in his sweats. He gasps, dragging Ilya back up to press their mouths

together again before pulling back slightly. He bites his lip, red and wet and swollen already, sees Ilya track the movement with his eyes.

“Ilya —” Shane tries, voice trailing off. He swallows.

“Spitinmymouth,” he finally mumbles under his breath. Ilya raises an eyebrow, clearly not hearing.

“Hollander,” Ilya starts. His voice makes Shane twitch. “I already learned English, I cannot also learn secret Shane sex language.”

A whine escapes from the back of his throat as Ilya’s hand stalls. “Shane. Sweetheart. Words, please.”

Shane’s throat feels suddenly dry.

“Can you — spit. In my mouth. Please,” he grits out, flush high on his cheeks and his chest. His dick hasn’t even flagged once, something that is almost making this situation even worse. But Ilya hasn’t stopped touching him once, hand still pressed against the bulge, hot and encompassing. His eyes darken, and he looks at Shane like he wants to consume him whole, smirk taking over his face.

“Mm. Was that so hard?” Ilya nips at his nose. “Be a good boy for me, and maybe good boys get rewards.”

The kiss he presses to Shane’s mouth is searing, bullying his way into his mouth, biting at his bottom lip. Shane *moans*, hands scrambling to push Ilya’s shirt up and over his head, Ilya diving back in to scrape his teeth against his neck instead once the offending item is off. He replaces his hand with a thigh, letting Shane grind up against muscle as he squeezes Shane’s chest instead, groping and flicking at his nipple. He feels more frenzied than usual, impatience gnawing at the back of his head, wanting Ilya to please, *please* —

Sharp teeth dig into his shoulder as a hand presses his hips to the bed, stilling them.

“Patience, sweetheart,” Ilya says, voice low. He lowers his thigh once more, giving the barest of relief to Shane’s dick before he’s off him completely, Shane whining at the loss of his weight over him. Ilya stands, gaze heavy on Shane where he lies on the bed. Shane knows what he looks like, knows the flush has already pinked his skin, his hair in disarray from tangled fingers, wet spot where his erection strains against his sweats.

He lets Ilya look.

Ilya doesn’t take his eyes off him once as he grabs the lube from their nightstand, dragging a hand over his own cock straining in his pants. He waits, lips parted, flicking his own tongue against his teeth.

“Strip.”

And Shane is good, wants to be so *good*, so he shucks his shirt off, kicking his pants to the end of the bed to deal with later, when Ilya’s not looking at him like he’s his *prey*. His cock is

already leaking against his stomach, Shane's hands gripping in the sheets in order to not touch himself, to wait as Ilya soaks it all in.

His eyes flicker back to Ilya's cock, the hard line of it in his jeans. Shane's mouth waters and he shifts forward on the bed, laying until he can nuzzle against it.

"Can I?" Shane blinks up at Ilya, feeling the denim rough against his cheek.

"Mm. Just a little," Ilya quickly unbuttons his jeans, kicking them off before Shane is diving back in, mouthing at Ilya's cock through his briefs, getting the fabric wet. His tongue traces the line of him, flicking at the head. Ilya cups his cheek, and he whines at him to get his briefs off.

He hears a breathy laugh above him, but it doesn't even matter when Ilya's cock is free from its confines and Shane can wrap his lips around the head, sucking softly. He doesn't take Ilya very deep, because Ilya said *just a little*, but he still lets himself get lost in it, savoring it.

Fingers grip at his hair, pulling his head back. Shane blinks up at Ilya, tongue lolling. He sees Ilya lick against his fingers, before he presses them wetly into Shane's mouth. Shane flicks his tongue against them, the taste of Ilya still lingering on his palette. Drool drips down his chin, unable to close his mouth fully with Ilya's fingers stuffed in.

"So good," Ilya murmurs. "So pretty."

He drags his fingers from Shane's, trailing a wet line down his chin. Shane groans softly from the loss as Ilya pushes him backwards to lie on the bed, on top of Shane in a second, hovering over him. He presses a hot kiss to his lips again, tongue darting to lick at his top lip before pulling back.

Ilya grins at him, teeth sharp and threatening.

He tangles a hand in his hair, grip tight, sending a buzz down Shane's body. Ilya nips at his neck, his shoulder, his collarbone, getting his teeth on any patch of skin he can find as his other hand trails fingers down, down, *down*. He drags softly against the hard line of Shane's cock, through the precome leaking out of the tip, adding to the slide. Everything feels so *wet*, already, and Ilya has barely even done anything yet

Ilya traces a slick finger around his rim, a punched out whine escaping from Shane's throat. *Yes yes yes—*

Another sharp tug at his hair, forcing Shane to look at him, head tilted back.

"Open," Ilya says, releasing the grip on his hair to tap at his cheek. He fits his palm under his jaw, fingers curling around his chin possessively as Shane drops his mouth open, eyelashes fluttering.

And finally, Ilya *spits*, right into Shane's waiting mouth as he presses a finger in. Shane's body bows off the bed with a gasp, throat working as he swallows, the fluid heavy on his

tongue. Ilya's not gentle with it, barely taking his time anymore, slipping in a second finger alongside his first. He fists the sheets so hard his arms strain, trying to ground himself.

Shane licks his lips, heady with it. He wants more, and he knows Ilya can see it on his face. He sucks Ilya's thumb into his mouth, a thin, reedy groan escaping from the back of his throat. It's like he can feel Ilya's spit still in his mouth, coating his tongue as he licks around his thumb.

Ilya rips his hand away, sealing their mouths back together, tongue insistent like he can lick away his own spit from Shane's mouth. It's messy, drool gathering between them, leaking down Shane's cheeks, his chin. All while Ilya's fingers work Shane open in expert strokes, dragging against his walls, pressing against his prostate in a way that has Shane whimpering into his mouth, Ilya swallowing down the sound. A third finger joins the other two and Shane grinds his hips down against them, wanting more, always wanting more.

Desperation bleeds into his touch, mouth growing insistent against Ilya's.

"*Please,*" he tries to gasp, Ilya sucking at his tongue. He ignores him, fingers continuing their pace, his free hand busy palming back at Shane's chest, thumbing at his nipples until they grow sensitive, the twinge making Shane's cock throb. Shane can already feel an orgasm building, coiling low in his gut, but it's too soon, he still wants *more*.

Ilya has a second sense for these things, by this point. His fingers slow before he's ripping them out of Shane, and Shane doesn't even have time to react before he's flipping him over onto his knees, pulling him up so his back is flush to Ilya's chest, already damp with sweat that slides between them. He bites at his shoulder, fitting an arm around Shane's chest to hold him in place. Shane can feel the blunt head of his cock against his rim, but Ilya doesn't give, doesn't let him get any leverage to bear down.

He drags Shane's head back so he can kiss him, filthy and wet.

"Please," Shane tries, again. "*Fucking* — shit, *more.*" He can *feel* the slight pressure of Ilya's cock on his ass, but he's not pressing any harder and Shane is going to go insane.

"So impatient," Ilya teases, voice a low rasp. "You need it that badly?"

"Yes, fuck, anything."

Ilya growls. "Need me to claim you? My spit in your mouth, my cock in your ass? So there's no part of you that hasn't been touched by me?"

He sheathes himself inside Shane in one thrust. Shane cries out, mouth dropping open so Ilya doesn't even have to ask before he lets spit drip from his mouth, hitting the back of Shane's throat, a wet thread connecting them. Ilya fits a hand around his neck, feeling when Shane swallows it down as his hips build up a rhythm.

"Perfect...perfect for me," Ilya groans, licking against Shane's mouth as his fingers experimentally give a squeeze.

Fuck.

Ilya is *everywhere*, he can feel the heat of his palm on his neck, feel himself stretched out around his cock, taste him in his mouth. He swallows again, throat fluttering in Ilya's hand, working against the grip of his fingers. Tears well up in his eyes, breath cut off every time Ilya presses his grip into his neck, before he releases and Shane can gasp in air. He's not going to last long, knows *Ilya* isn't going to last long with the brutal pace he set, like he really is trying to take over Shane's entire body. Every part of him is pressed up against him, heat radiating off of his chest as he grinds his hips in.

Shane's cock bounces with the force of Ilya's thrusts, and Shane tries to wrap his fingers around it, only to feel fingers wrap around his wrist, jerking it to his side.

"Don't swallow yet," Ilya grits out. Sweat drips from his temple, and all Shane can do is nod dumbly back, not even sure what Ilya is talking about, cock drunk and already so close. His mouth falls open again automatically, if he even closed it in the first place, like a pavlovian response to Ilya's words. He feels more than sees glob of spit lands on his tongue, warm and viscous. Ilya releases his grip on his throat to nudge his mouth closed, and Shane is *good*, he holds the spit on his tongue, lets it coat his mouth and mix with his own saliva. Ilya watches his mouth work with dark eyes, cupping his palm under his chin. Shane opens his mouth to show him the spit pooled there, already starting to drip down his chin.

"Now you. Spit."

Shane bends his head down slightly, spitting the mixture into Ilya's palm, choking when Ilya angles his hips up, nailing his prostate. He reaches his hand down, wrapping his fingers around Shane's leaking cock, spit mixing with his leaking precome making him feel *filthy*, coated in both of them.

He thinks, through the fog, *maybe Ilya was onto something with the squirting thing*, but that's the last thought in his head before Ilya is twisting his wrist, stroking up his cock once, twice, and whispering, "My pretty kitty. Come, Shane."

Shane comes, gasping. His orgasm hits him like lightning, going tense in Ilya's grip so all he hears is *fuck, Shane*, before he feels Ilya pulse inside him as well. Ilya fucks him through it, milking his cock until his fist is covered in Shane's come, making the slide even wetter. Ilya releases Shane's wrist as their breathing starts to mellow out, rubbing at his stomach.

"See? We make baby, afterall," Ilya hums, kissing behind Shane's ear, punctuating it with a light grind of his hips. Shane groans, feeling come start to leak out of him with the movement, drip down his thighs. He hits Ilya's cheek, weakly.

"Yeah, yeah whatever. We made a baby."

End Notes

they made a baby ❤️

kinda wanna explore the cat ears. who's shocked. we'll see

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