Laid Bare

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by moon_rise

Summary

"I told you it was supposed to be a surprise asshole," Shane whispers and it was only then that Ilya finally noticed the razor in his hand and the notch of hair missing from Shane's perfect pussy. Ilya's throat goes dry and his hand reaches out to thumb at the perfectly smooth area.

Ilya helps Shane shave.

Notes

Literally just an excuse to write filth. I apologize in advance 😅

Shane felt a pulsing headache coming on, making his hurried attempts to strip his gear even more irritable and jerky. For the past few weeks, between balancing his time between practice along with his engagements with the foundation, not to mention dealing with his equally needy husband and dog, Shane was definitely feeling a little burnt out.

It's been a while since he's been able to actually sit back and go through the entirety of his meticulous skin care or grooming process and it manifested itself in an itch under his skin that he can't scratch.

With the end of the season beginning, his mind has already started running a mile a minute, fixated on carrying out his routine the second he got home.

If Ilya noticed his increased agitation while in the locker room (he most certainly did), he made no indication of it other than an amused quirk of his brow. After his perfunctory rinse and his hurried efforts to change, he found himself huffing impatiently as Ilya took his sweet time getting redressed—stopping to choose between the gray or the black sweatpants, styling his wet curls, relacing his already perfectly tied laces—all of which Shane observes with a furrowed brow. Like an angry kitten, Ilya muses to himself.

Shane shifted from one foot to the other and huffed irritably.

"In a rush, Hollander?" Ilya grinned as he bent to start relacing his other shoe.

"Yea, kinda, so hurry the hell up asshole I want to go home." Shane already has one foot out the door and keeps making impatient little noises under his breath. Ilya bits back a smile as he relents and kisses Shane's temple on his way out. "Okay malysh, let's go home, Anya is waiting for us, da?"

The second Ilya pulls into their garage, Shane is already opening the passenger door, jogging inside and neatly placing his shoes onto their shoe rack before bending down to greet Anya with vigorous butt pats just the way she liked.

It only took a couple moments for Shane to feel his husband pressed up against his backside and he rolled his eyes fondly. "Can you let Anya outside and make sure she eats dinner? I'm going to head up first to shower and do my skin care."

"Shower? Without me? What if you get lonely Hollander, I think I should be there for support," Ilya murmurs as he grips his hips meanly.

Shane lets out a breathy laugh and bats at Ilya's hands before grabbing his bag. "Later Ilya, I promise." He doesn't even need to look back to know that Ilya is pouting before begrudgingly herding Anya towards the back door.

Upstairs, after carefully unpacking his gear bag and properly separating his clothes to be laundered later, Shane finds himself in their spacious ensuite bathroom going through a checklist of all the products he would need.

He likes to shower before properly washing and moisturizing his face because cleansing before dirty shampoo run off gets on his face sounds gross, and he likes to shave after showering because he just felt as if it just makes him feel cleaner that way. This was all unlike Ilya, who just did everything while showering and washed his face with a 5 in 1 soap.

As he's rinsing the conditioner off his hair after leaving it in for the recommended 1-2 minutes, Shane studies what he needs to shave in the mirror. He's always been pretty smooth all over with the exception of some light stubble and his pubic hair. Usually he only shaves any facial hair he has and opts to trim his pubic hair to keep things neat, but…maybe he could surprise Ilya.

Slightly flustered Shane clears his throat and turns off the hot water and makes quick work of making sure his face is baby smooth once more. As soon as he's satisfied with his work, he makes his way back to the shower and takes a seat on the wide shower bench they had installed per Ilya's insistence on fucking Shane in the shower.

He's still blushing profusely when he props both feet on the ledge and slowly starts to shave the fuzz he has covering his mound. His clit is throbbing and his pussy seems to start clenching uncontrollably the more he thinks about Ilya finally seeing his bare cunt.

It seems Ilya always has the worst timing (or the best considering how you look at it) because the bathroom door swings open as Shane is in this extremely embarrassing and compromising position.

Shane lets out an involuntary squeak and his legs slam shut before instinctively scolding Ilya with no heat behind his words, "Jesus Christ Ilya you ever heard of knocking? I could've cut myself."

Ilya's eyes were dilated and fixated on the juncture between Shane's legs, showing no sign he had even heard what Shane said.

"What were you doing before I came in malysh? I want to see," Ilya rumbled as he stalked towards Shane's frozen figure still sitting in the shower. He didn't stop to even hear Shane's sputtering protests and easily combated any half-hearted attempts to push him away from between his legs.

Ilya places himself squarely in front of Shane and immediately drops to kneel on the floor between his knees. His callused hands go to Shane's knees and push his legs apart as he uses his stupidly broad shoulders to further bully himself in the space. Without hesitation, Ilya drops his head and nuzzles his face into Shane's increasingly wet pussy.

Shane whines and frantically pushes at his head. "Ilya, no I'm not done yet! It was supposed to be a surprise," but Shane's pleas fell on deaf ears. Ilya continues to nuzzle and suck at Shane's inner thighs and takes large lungfuls of his addicting scent, groaning out loud, seemingly drunk on the smell alone.

"Cannot believe you were having fun up here all by yourself," Ilya growls, finally extricating himself enough to peer up at Shane's watery eyes, his hands still firmly gripping and kneading at Shane's muscular thighs.

“I told you it was supposed to be a surprise asshole,” Shane whispers and it was only then that Ilya finally noticed the razor in his hand and the notch of hair missing from Shane’s perfect pussy. Ilya’s throat goes dry and his hand reaches out to thumb at the perfectly smooth area.

“Shaving your pretty pussy for me, Hollander?” Ilya’s thumb is still stroking his pubic mound, wide strokes that never come close enough to where Shane needs it. Shane wriggles to try and get Ilya’s finger to move just a little lower and groans petulantly when Ilya squeezes his hip in warning.

“You’re not done yet sweetheart,” Ilya whispers as he reaches to take the razor out of Shane’s trembling fingers. “Stay still and spread your legs malysh, let me make sure you get all of it,” Ilya winks and presses a wet kiss to Shane’s sensitive clit.

“F-fuck Ilya, I’ll do it myself later just please fucking touch me,” Shane’s freckled cheeks were flushed with embarrassment and his hands were buried in Ilya’s curls, tugging at them to direct his head where he wanted it. Ilya grunts and lands a sharp slap on Shane’s sensitive inner thigh.

“Fucking brat,” he says while directing a mean smile up at Shane. “Keep hands at your sides until I am done.”

With gentle fingers, Ilya parts the soft and fluffy curls and greedily drinks in the sight of Shane’s folds parting to reveal his tight hole, rhythmically clenching around nothing. He blows cool air against Shane’s lips to see him shiver some more and watches the resulting slick coat Shane’s reddened skin and start to mat the hair around it.

With practiced hands, Ilya focuses on getting the rest of the hair on Shane’s pubic mound, pausing after every stroke to get rid of the soft hairs and shaving cream from the razor. Shane’s originally tense and keyed up form relaxed with every motion, arms eventually relaxing to drop to his sides and body melting back into the bench as he watches Ilya work.

Outwardly, Ilya seemed razor focused and perfectly calm, but it was taking everything in him to not bury his face into Shane’s soaking wet pussy and eat him out until he creamed in Ilya’s mouth. But…the idea of seeing Shane’s bare pussy—being able rub his face into the smooth surface, being able to spread his lips to see his cum dripping from Shane’s wet gaping hole once Ilya was done fucking him—it was all enough incentive for Ilya to finish the job.

His hands continue to methodically shave Shane until the entirety of his cunt from asshole to pussy is completely bare. As soon as the last stroke is done and the area is carefully rinsed, he looks up at Shane through his eyelashes and fucks his tongue into Shane’s leaking hole once, twice.

Shane throws his head back and wails. Ilya immediately sits back on his haunches, smirking as Shane glares down at him while trying to catch his breath.

“Are you just going to sit there like an asshole or are you going to actually—,” Ilya lunged forward and fit his mouth around Shane’s twitching clit before Shane could even finish his sentence. Shane seizes in his hold as he sucks hard on his clit causing Shane to let out a litany

of moans. Ilya shakes his head like a damn dog and takes him deeper until his nose and lips press hard against Shane's slippery pussy.

Through the cascade of pleasure, Shane can't help but notice just how smooth his pussy is. It makes everything feel even wetter and more sensitive than before. He can't be sure if his face is wet from either tears or drool, all he knows is that he's leaking like a faucet from his pussy and his inner thighs are completely soaked with proof of his arousal.

"Holy shit Ilya, yes, yes, yes," Shane's moans echo off the walls of the bathroom as his hands fly down to grip Ilya's hair to keep him in place as he ruts greedily into Ilya's face. Ilya hums in approval and wriggles his tongue to tuck it under the hood of Shane's clit before flicking it hard. He could feel Shane's slick smearing all over his chin and slowly dripping his throat as Shane continued to roughly snap his hips.

"Ah, ah, ah," Shane continues to let out whiny moans and Ilya pulls back slightly to use his hands to roughly spread Shane's lips before fucking his tongue as deep as he can into Shane's spasming hole.

Shane's body immediately locks up and the hands currently in his hair grip almost painfully as his release explodes. All of his muscles spasm and Ilya greedily watches as Shane's muscular lower stomach trembles while still sucking on Shane's engorged clit.

Shane's heaving pants eventually even out and his grip on Ilya's hair relaxes but Ilya hasn't moved from his position, still kneeling between his splayed thighs with his hot, wet mouth still suckling gently on Shane's clit.

Shane strokes his hair gently before pulling up to try and coax Ilya into a kiss. "C'mon baby, kiss me."

Ilya's lidded gaze flicks up to meet Shane's hazy eyes before pointedly sucking hard at Shane's clit, making him cry out in oversensitivity. There was no way he was letting things end this easy, not when Shane's pussy was bare for the first time.

Shane feels downright dizzy as Ilya's tongue is unrelenting against his overstimulated cunt, alternating between hard sucks at his clit to deep fuckings of his tongue into his loosened hole. Shane sobs and starts bucking his hips, to get closer to Ilya's sinful mouth or to escape from the sensation, he doesn't know yet.

Ilya stops licking long enough to stuff two fingers into his soaking hole and Shane practically squeals, thighs involuntarily tightening around Ilya's shoulders. "That's right sweetheart. Keep fucking yourself on my fingers just like that…yeahhhh. Does that feel good?" Ilya coos as he continues to pump his thick fingers into Shane's pulsing heat.

"A-ah, yes feels so good Ilya, touch my clit please I want to cum," Shane begs. Ilya grins and tsks as he licks up the slick staining Shane's inner thigh while maintaining eye contact.

"So greedy Hollander," he purrs. "I already made you cum so hard, eat your slutty pussy so good you soaked my face."

“Wan-want more Ilya please,” Shane sniffles and is practically beyond words as he directs his watery doe eyes to Ilya’s piercing gaze. Ilya growls and begins fucking his fingers hard into his pussy before leaning back and spitting hard onto his already soaking pussy.

“Fuck, oh my god Ilya that’s so fucking hot,” Shane mewls, body breaking out in goosebumps at the absolute filthy display. Without skipping a beat, Ilya leans back in to slurp his spit, Shane’s slick and clit into his hot, wet mouth and starts bobbing his head in tandem with his fingers.

Shane’s tummy and groin are on fucking fire. He feels almost delirious with pleasure and is distantly aware of the sweat that is rolling down his lower back, pooling to collect in the impressively arched small of his back by his dimples. Ilya’s other hand travels up from his hip to grope at his nipples and it’s so fucking good. So good he feels like he’s going to pass out. Just like this.

“Ilya, wanna cum, wanna cum, wanna cum,” Shane repeats himself like a mantra while clinging to Ilya’s arm and Ilya squeezes at his pec, seemingly in assent while still sucking at his clit and pumping his fingers. Shane squeezes his eyes shut and feels his butt slip a little further down on the bench due to the overwhelming wetness surrounding him.

He jolts with renewed sensitivity when it shifts the angle of Ilya’s fingers, deeper and oh. Shane scrambles to try and alleviate the pressure, but Ilya’s arm moves like a flash and pins him back onto the bench like an unyielding band across his lean hips. “Fucking take it malysh,” Ilya snarls as his fingers move in a blur.

“Ilya fuck—fucking stop it feels weird,” he can barely get the words out coherently while still scrambling to try and pull Ilya’s arm off his hips, but Ilya still doesn’t relent. “Please please please, oh fuck it feels like I have to pee, Ilya please,” is all he can gasp out before his throat clicks and the pressure erupts.

Shane wails as he absolutely gushes and gushes around Ilya’s fingers. His mouth is still gaping as he moans before Ilya is ripping his fingers out as his pussy is still squirting making his spasm weakly, before arching with a choked scream as Ilya slams his cock into his sopping wet hole.

Shane can’t fucking stop. The stream continues to gush every time Ilya pulls his cock back out and Shane is inconsolable, letting out wet sobs of pleasure with his never-ending orgasm.

“So fucking pretty sweetheart, soaking my dick with your cum.” Ilya is so fucking worked up, he’s fucking into Shane with none of his usual rhythm and finesse. Instead, he looks more like a wild animal, absolutely rutting into Shane as he’s gasping and heaving beneath him looking like a complete mess. His mess.

“Look at you,” Ilya growls, feeling his control slipping as he watches his thick cock disappear into Shane’s pulsating hole. “This is what you needed isn’t it? Being all bratty, acting like you didn’t want to get bent over and fucked. Turns out you were in here shaving your pretty little pussy for me.” He grabbed both of Shane’s ankles and pushed down, down all the way. Completely helpless and spread out, Ilya’s next few thrusts had Shane practically screaming. “Wish everybody could see what a greedy little hole you have. Want everybody to

know just how much you love my fucking cock. Loves it so much he'll spread his legs like slut to shave and have me worship this pussy."

"Ilya!" Shane's scandalized tone only served to rile Ilya up even more.

"What?" Ilya leans down to bite and suck at Shane's neck. "Feeling shy, Hollander? You don't want me to tell all our teammates that 2nd best hockey player in league loves to get fucked? Don't want me to show everyone just how good you milk my cock and squeeze out my cum?" He muses "They would never believe me. Perfect little good boy is such a little whore for me."

Shane moans weakly, body flushing hot with humiliation and pleasure as his pussy is getting battered by Ilya's hard thrusts. "F-fuck Ilya yes—I'm yours," he can feel another orgasm building deep within his gut. "Only a slut for you, just make me—ah! Fuck, I'm going to cum baby don't stop."

"Fucking cum then," Ilya's voice was guttural as he continued to thrust and Shane is able to sink into the feeling until he feels Ilya's fingers start to rapidly stroke at his reddened clit.

Shrieking, Shane tries to buck his hand off and starts babbling for Ilya to stop but it's already too late. Ilya feels Shane's pussy clench down so hard it almost pushes his cock out, but he fucks in even harder. Shane is gripping at his forearms so hard, it's practically leaving bloody indents, but it's all worth it when Shane goes completely silent, all his muscles seizing up, before letting out a deep groan.

The pressure is practically unbearable and Ilya pulls out quickly and is absolutely soaked as Shane's pussy gushes for what seems like hours. When he finally comes down, Ilya is immediately pushing in deep, deep as he possibly can and spills, hot and wet into Shane's soft cunt.

Shane is absolutely boneless beneath him and Ilya's legs feel wobbly as he gingerly pulls out of Shane's wet heat. Shane groans and makes to sit up while clutching the wall, but Ilya quickly pushes him back down.

"You can't possibly want to go again Rozanov, you fucking killed me," Shane gripes, but Ilya catches one of his flailing ankles in his hand and spreads his legs while looking intently at his bare pussy.

"Push it out, Hollander. I want to see my cum dripping out of this pretty pussy. Is my surprise, yes?" He quirks a brow and Shane shivers with both mortification and arousal. "You're a fucking pervert," Shane mumbles as his pussy instinctively clenches.

"Da, just like that," Ilya thumbs at his clit and Shane's hips jerk. "I want to see it malysh, come on, be good and squeeze it out for me."

Shane bites his lip and bears down as hard as he can. Ilya watches, chin practically touching his chest and mouth agape, as Shane's gaping hole clenches and relaxes until finally—Ilya's milky cum starts to dribble out and form a trail from his raw pussy all the way down to his tight hole. Ilya's eyes darkened as he took in the debauched sight—Shane's beautiful freckled

face still red with exertion, legs splayed lewdly, and his swollen cunt on display full of Ilya's cum.

"Moya lyubov," he murmurs. "I cannot get enough of you."

Shane hums and tugs at fingers until he reluctantly pulls his eyes away from between Shane's legs and leans down to give him a tender kiss.

"Great, now I have to take another shower. And I still have to do my skin care routine," Shane grouches but continues to cling to Ilya's shoulders whenever he tries to pull away.

"Big baby." Ilya smiles fondly and he moves to stand back up. "I will bathe you malysh, is only fair after that wonderful surprise, yes? Should just save us both trouble and let me shower with you next time, Hollander."

"You're such a fucking asshole Rozanov," Shane groans and he stands up on unsteady legs.

"You fucking like it, Hollander. That is why you are slut for me, you said it yourself."

Shane can only roll his eyes exasperated, but obviously Ilya was right.

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