Worship Like No Other

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by freakshaped

Summary

Then Ilya’s mouth was there. Right on the spot. His lips pressed a soft, lingering kiss to that exact patch of skin below Shane’s navel. It was a combination of the location, the tenderness of the gesture so at odds with Ilya’s usual aggressive passion, and the sheer accumulated sensitivity of weeks of focused attention that broke the dam.

or, that picture of Ilya kissing Shane's lower belly broke my brain.

Notes

This is my first work in this fandom and first fic in like 6-7 years so please be gentle unlike Ilya. Also this is the pic I'm talking about!!

There is knocking up Shane mentioned because they have a breeding kink but its not mpreg (there's only so much my brain can write)

See the end of the work for more notes

The air in Shane Hollander's condo was thick with the quiet hum of the city at night and the heavier, more intimate silence. The playoffs were a bruising memory fading into summer haze, and Ilya Rozanova was here, a solid, heat-radiating presence in Shane's bed, his skin smelling faintly of Shane's own soap and something uniquely, infuriatingly, fondly Ilya.

Shane was on his back, the crisp cotton sheets cool against his overheated skin. Ilya was propped on an elbow beside him, the lines of his torso cut sharp in the low light from the streetlamp filtering through the blinds. They weren't talking. They'd moved past words an hour ago, after a slow, deep kiss that had tasted like expensive vodka and ginger ale. Now, Ilya's fingers were tracing idle, seemingly thoughtless patterns on Shane's stomach, skating over the defined ridges of muscle earned through a lifetime of punishing discipline.

This, Shane had noticed.

Over the past few months, in hotel rooms across continents, in the dark of his own bedroom, he'd discovered a pattern. Ilya's hands, those huge, capable hands that could wield a hockey stick with brutal precision or fist in the fabric of Shane's jersey after the door slams shut, had a new favorite landing spot.

Where before it used to be the curve of his ass or the heat of his thigh or the dip of his waist, now it was the soft, vulnerable expanse just below his navel. That lower belly. When Ilya kissed him, deep and consuming, one palm would always settle there, a heavy, warm anchor. When he hugged Shane from behind, his chin hooked over Shane's shoulder, his fingers would splay possessively over that same spot. During sex, frantic or slow, Ilya's hand would often return, pressing, holding, as if checking for something.

Shane had become attuned to it, his nerve endings mapping a direct path from that specific patch of skin to the base of his spine and lower. It was an intimate focus that felt different from anything else. It wasn't purely sexual, though it always sparked a low heat in his gut. It felt… claiming. And tonight, swimming in the post-game, post-argument, post-make-out lethargy, Shane's guard was down.

Ilya's fingertips brushed lower, dipping past the waistband of Shane's briefs before retreating, a tease. Then his whole hand settled, palm flat and warm, over the sensitive dip below Shane's belly button. A shiver, sharp and involuntary, racked Shane's frame. He sucked in a quiet breath through his nose.

Ilya noticed. Of course he did. A slow, familiar smirk spread across his face, his teasing eyes catching the faint light. “Cold, Hollander?” he murmured, his voice a low rumble.

“No,” Shane muttered, turning his head away on the pillow, feeling the blush start to creep up his neck. It was stupid. It was just a hand on his stomach.

But it was *Ilya’s* hand. And it was doing that thing.

Ilya’s smirk deepened. He leaned down, his breath ghosting over Shane’s jaw, then lower, down the column of his throat, across his collarbones. Shane’s breath hitched. Ilya continued his lazy journey south, planting open-mouthed kisses along the tense plane of Shane’s abdomen. Each kiss was a brand. Shane’s muscles jumped under the attention, his fingers twisting in the sheets.

Then Ilya’s mouth was there. Right on the spot. His lips pressed a soft, lingering kiss to that exact patch of skin below Shane’s navel. It was a combination of the location, the tenderness of the gesture so at odds with Ilya’s usual aggressive passion, and the sheer accumulated sensitivity of weeks of focused attention that broke the dam.

A moan tore out of Shane’s throat, high, loud, and utterly shameless. It echoed in the quiet room, a raw sound that seemed to hang in the air between them.

The movement of Ilya’s mouth stopped. Shane’s eyes flew open, his face burning with a fierce, mortified heat. He stared at the ceiling, wishing it would crack open and swallow him whole. He never made sounds like that. He was quiet, controlled, even in pleasure.

Ok maybe he *did* make sounds like that but he was usually too fucking deep in pleasure to care at that point. Right now he was… aware.

A low, delighted chuckle vibrated against his skin. Ilya lifted his head just enough to look up the length of Shane’s body. His eyes were dark with amusement and something hotter, more intense.

“What was that, *kotik*?” he purred, looking much more like a cat that he was calling Shane. “Sensitive today?”

“Shut up,” Shane gasped, trying to squirm away, but Ilya’s hand on his hip held him firm, pinning him to the mattress.

“No, no,” Ilya murmured, his voice dropping into a gravelly register that went straight to Shane’s already half-hard cock. “I like this sound. I want to hear it again.”

Before Shane could form another weak protest, Ilya’s mouth returned to his lower belly. But this time, it wasn’t a soft kiss. He licked a broad, wet stripe over the sensitive skin. Shane jerked, a sharp gasp escaping him. Then Ilya bit down, not hard enough to hurt, but with just enough pressure to make Shane’s back arch clear off the bed, a strangled cry caught in his throat.

“Ilya– fuck!”

Ilya ignored him, lost in his task. He began to worship that small area with single-minded devotion. He licked and sucked, his stubble scraping exquisitely, leaving a patch of skin that felt hot and oversensitive. His hands joined in, not straying to Shane’s straining erection, but working in tandem with his mouth. He rubbed slow, firm circles with his thumbs on either side of his navel. He kneaded the soft flesh lower down, his fingers pressing deep, as if he was searching for something beneath the muscle.

It felt primal, *intimate*.

Shane was… he was going crazy. Pleasure, thick and syrupy and unlike anything he’d ever felt, was coiling tight in the pit of his stomach, centered entirely where Ilya’s mouth and hands were focused. His cock throbbed, leaking wet down its length, completely untouched and yet feeling so sensitive.

He writhed, his hips bucking helplessly, not seeking friction for his cock but trying to press deeper into Ilya's ministrations. The sheets were a tangled mess beneath him. Broken sounds, whimpers, moans, Ilya's name, fell from his lips without his permission.

"So responsive here," Ilya muttered against his skin, his voice thick. "Like a little switch. On. Off." He pressed the heel of his hand hard against Shane's lower belly, and Shane saw stars, a white-hot bolt of sensation shooting through him.

"I can't- Ilya, please, shit!" Shane begged, but he didn't even know what he was begging for. Release? More? Mercy? His body was a live wire, every nerve ending screaming.

Ilya just hummed, the sound vibrating through Shane's core. He dragged his tongue through the trail of pre-come that had smeared from Shane's cock onto his stomach, then returned to his dedicated work, rubbing and massaging that spot with a relentless, focused pressure. He was mapping Shane from the inside out, claiming territory Shane hadn't even known was up for grabs.

The coil snapped. It wasn't a climax that started in his balls and shot up his spine. It erupted from the very spot Ilya was lavishing attention on. A wave of pure, undiluted ecstasy rolled outward, seizing his entire body in a violent, trembling spasm. He came with a shout that was half-sob, stripes of white painting his own stomach and lower chest in hot, sudden spurts. Half of it landed on Ilya's cheekbone and hollow of his throat, a stark, messy contrast against his sharp features.

Shane collapsed back onto the mattress, utterly spent, his vision swimming. His lungs burned as he dragged in ragged, gasping breaths. The aftershocks made his abdomen twitch. He felt boneless, flayed open, completely and utterly ruined.

Slowly, through the haze of his pleasure-drenched mind, he became aware of Ilya still hovering over him. Shane forced his eyes open, his lashes sticky with sweat. Ilya was looking down at him, his face smeared with Shane's release. He didn't look angry or like he was laughing at how embarrassingly Shane had cum without even having his cock or ass or chest touched.

He looked… triumphant. And unbearably fond. A slow, wicked smile spread across his face as he locked eyes with Shane, whose own face was undoubtedly flushed a deep, mortified,

post-orgasmic red.

“Hi,” Ilya said softly, his voice rough.

Shane could only manage a weak, embarrassed groan, trying to lift a trembling hand to cover his eyes. Ilya caught his wrist, gently pinning it to the bed beside his head. He leaned down, ignoring the mess between them, and pressed one last, soft, lingering kiss to the quivering skin of Shane’s lower stomach. The kiss was tender, almost reverent, and it sent a final, sweet shiver through Shane’s exhausted frame.

Then, with a strength that still took Shane’s breath away, Ilya flipped him over onto his stomach in one smooth motion. Shane grunted, his spent body protesting the movement but he was too dazed to resist. He felt the solid weight of Ilya settling over him, blanketing him, his chest pressing against Shane’s sweaty back.

Ilya’s lips found the shell of Shane’s ear, his breath hot. He nuzzled for a moment, a strangely affectionate gesture that made Shane shiver again, a soft gasp leaning his bitten lips. Then he whispered, the words dark and thrilling, sinking straight into Shane’s marrow.

“Next time,” Ilya murmured, his voice a low, possessive rumble that vibrated through both their bodies. “Next time, I am going to put a baby in this sweet belly.”

The words hung in the air, absurd, impossible, and yet they ignited a fresh, deep tremor within Shane. It should’ve felt like a joke, like a mock.

It felt like longing. Like worship.

End Notes

If you wanna see me crash out more and write bl on corporate time I'm freakshaped on twitter ~

- lisa

Edit: Thank you Princess_Moonlight for the amazing podfic for this!

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