Comfort Weight

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Comfort Weight

by freakshaped

Summary

"So," Ilya interrupted, holding up a finger. "You believe I am not strong enough? That your boyfriend, who lifts you against walls and carries you to bed, is too weak to handle you? That my face would break under the glorious weight of your perfect ass?"

Shane blinked.

(or, Shane refuses to sit on Ilya's face and Ilya takes personal offense to it.)

Tag to be covered: Ilya Rozanov Has a Thigh Kink

Notes

I have a list of tags that don't exist for Hollanov and I NEED them to exist so... we're doing this.
✔Ilya Rozanov Has a Thigh Kink
☐Shane Hollander Has a Strength Kink
☐Shane Hollander Likes Being Manhandled
☐Shane Hollander Likes To Be Called "Good Boy"
☐Ilya Rozanov Likes To Bite
☐Shane Hollander Likes It Rough
☐Ilya Rozanov Has a Creampie Kink
☐Shane Hollander Has a Uniform Kink
☐Ilya Rozanov Has a Breeding Kink
☐Ilya Rozanov Is A Panty Sniffer
☐Shane Hollander Has a Vagina

Also I'm still getting through the novel so not all info might be accurate.

See the end of the work for more notes

The late afternoon sun slanted through the blinds of their apartment, striping the hardwood floor in bars of gold and shadow. The air was thick with the quiet contentment of a day off, the faint scent of the coffee they'd shared hours ago, the distant hum of city traffic, the soft rustle of Ilya turning a page in his book. Shane was stretched out on the opposite end of the plush sectional, freshly showered, one leg hooked over the back, idly scrolling through his phone.

He was wearing a pair of well-used and well-loved soft grey sweatpants and an old Centaurs t-shirt, the fabric stretched comfortably across his shoulders. Ilya, in contrast, was dressed in low-slung black joggers and nothing else, his book was forgotten on his chest, his gaze fixed not on the words but on the line of Shane's thigh where it met the couch cushion.

You see, Ilya had a *thing* for Shane's thighs.

It was an obsession, frankly speaking. He loved the solid, powerful muscle of them, earned from a lifetime on the ice, the dusting of dark hair, the way they could bracket his hips with undeniable strength or tremble with exertion under his hands. To Ilya, they were a masterpiece of strength and beauty, and he worshipped them with a devotion that bordered on the religious, and maybe a little crazy.

He let his book slide to the floor with a soft thump. "Shane."

Shane hummed, not looking up from his phone. "Hmm?"

"Come here."

That got Shane's attention. He lowered his phone, a faint, wary smile playing on his lips. Ilya's 'come here' could mean anything from a request to pass the remote to an imminent and thorough ravishing. "Why?"

"I am bored. I want your thighs on my face."

The bluntness of it, delivered in Ilya's gravelly, matter-of-fact tone, made a startled laugh burst from Shane. He shook his head, a blush creeping up his neck. "You're insane."

"I am serious. Come. Sit." Ilya patted his own face, his hazel eyes gleaming with intent.

Shane's laugh turned a little nervous, higher-pitched. He pushed himself up on his elbows. "Ilya, no. Come on."

"Why 'no'? It is a perfect plan. I am here. You are there. The distance is tragic."

"Because," Shane said, sitting up fully and running a hand through his messy hair. "I'm too heavy to sit on anyone's face. Your neck would snap. It's not anatomically feasible."

The change in Ilya's expression was instantaneous and profound. The playful light in his eyes dimmed, replaced by something that looked genuinely wounded. He sat up straighter, the muscles in his abdomen tightening. "Too heavy," he repeated, his voice dropping low.

"Yeah, I mean, logically," Shane said, gesturing vaguely with his hands. "I'm not some tiny little figure skater, Rozanov. I'd choke you. It would be a medical emergency."

"You think so?" Ilya asked, the words dangerously soft.

"It's not about thinking, it's about physics–"

"So," Ilya interrupted, holding up a finger. "You believe I am not strong enough? That your boyfriend, who lifts you against walls and carries you to bed, is too weak to handle you? That my face would break under the glorious weight of your perfect ass?"

Shane blinked. “What? No! That’s not what I’m saying at all. I’m saying sitting on someone’s face is… it’s different. It’s vulnerable. And logistically, with our size difference-”

“Ah,” Ilya said, nodding slowly, a dramatic sigh heaving his chest. He swung his legs off the couch and stood, stalking towards Shane with a predator’s grace. “I see. It is not the physics. It is that you do not trust me. Or worse, you do not love me enough to try.”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Shane groaned, but he was smiling despite himself, used to Ilya’s theatrical brand of offense. “Don’t be so dramatic. Of course I love you.”

“Words are easy,” Ilya murmured, now looming over him. He braced his hands on the back of the couch, caging Shane in. His scent, clean sweat, expensive soap, something uniquely and fundamentally Ilya, wrapped around Shane. “Action is truth. You deny me this simple pleasure. You insult my strength. My dedication. My very desire to drown in you.”

Shane rolled his eyes at the dramatics but before he could formulate another protest, Ilya dropped to his knees on the floor between Shane’s legs. The movement was so fluid and sudden it stole Shane’s breath. Strong hands pushed at Shane’s knees, spreading them apart. Ilya’s eyes, dark and hungry now, fixed on the expanse of thigh revealed by the pushed-up fabric of Shane’s sweatpants.

“Ilya…”

“Quiet,” Ilya commanded, but his voice was a husky whisper. He leaned forward and pressed an open-mouthed kiss to the inside of Shane’s left thigh, just above the knee. The kiss was hot and damp through the thin cotton before he hastily pulled the sweatpants down, too greedy for the taste of Shane’s skin.

And *then* he bit down, not hard enough to hurt, but with a firm, possessive pressure that made Shane jolt and a sharp gasp catch in his throat.

“Fuck,” Shane breathed.

Ilya soothed the bite with a slow, wet lick, then moved higher, nuzzling against the sensitive skin. He sucked another mark, his tongue swirling, his teeth grazing. Shane's hands flew to Ilya's hair, fingers tangling in the brown strands, not to push him away but to anchor himself as sensation sparked along his nerves.

"See?" Ilya mumbled against his skin, his breath scorching. "This is what I want. All of this. And more. And you tell me I cannot have it." He bit again, higher still, his hand sliding up Shane's other thigh, squeezing the dense muscle.

"You're a dog," Shane managed, his head falling back against the couch cushions, a helpless laugh mixing with a moan.

Ilya looked up, his lips slick and his eyes blazing. "Yes. I am your dog. And I will not stop." He punctuated his words with another deep suck, right where thigh met groin, the pressure toeing the line between pleasure and pain, making Shane's hips twitch upwards. "I will bite and lick and worship here until you understand. Until you say yes. Until you give me what I am so *humbly* begging for."

His mouth was relentless, mapping a trail of fire and possession up and down Shane's thighs. He lavished attention on every inch, licking broad stripes, nipping at the tender skin near his groin, sucking bruises that Shane knew would bloom purple and blue by tomorrow. The crude, wet sounds filled the quiet room, and Shane could feel himself hardening rapidly, trapped and aching in his sweats. Ilya's devotion was absolute, his focus terrifying in its intensity.

"Okay!" Shane finally gasped, his resolve melting under the dual assault of sensation and Ilya's stubborn, heartfelt dramatics. "Okay, you win! Fuck. Just… just stop for a second."

Ilya pulled back immediately, though he kept his hands possessively on Shane's thighs who was slowly pulling his sweatpants up, looking at anything but Ilya. His mouth was red and wet, his pupils blown wide. "Yes?"

"Yes, you maniac. Yes, you can… I'll… we can try it." Shane's face was flaming red.

The triumphant grin that spread across Ilya's face was blinding. It transformed him from a sensual predator back into the boyish, irrepressible man Shane loved. He surged up and captured Shane's mouth in a fierce, claiming kiss, tasting of skin and salt and desire. "Good," he growled against Shane's lips. "Now. Bedroom."

The shift from the sun-warmed living room to the cool, dim sanctuary of their bedroom heightened every sense. The sheets were dark blue, smooth and cool under Shane's back as Ilya guided him down. The only light came from the ensuite bathroom door left slightly ajar, casting a soft diagonal beam across the bed and illuminating the dust motes dancing in the air.

Shane's earlier bravado had evaporated, replaced by a fluttery, vulnerable shyness. He lay back as Ilya stripped his sweatpants and boxers off with efficient reverence, but he couldn't meet Ilya's eyes. His own arousal was evident, standing thick and full against his stomach, but his mind was racing with logistical anxieties.

And by logistical anxieties he meant *I'm gonna suffocate my boyfriend!!*

Ilya, now gloriously naked himself, his own erection curving proudly against his abdomen, crawled onto the bed. He didn't pounce. Instead, he moved with a deliberate, calming slowness. He kissed Shane's stomach, his hip bones, the crease where his leg met his torso, reigniting the tingling paths his mouth had blazed earlier.

"Look at me, *solntse*," Ilya murmured.

Shane dragged his gaze down. Ilya's expression was soft, his usual sharp edges smoothed by an affection so deep it made Shane's chest ache.

"There is my beautiful man," Ilya said, his voice a low rumble of pure adoration. He kissed Shane's navel. "My strong, perfect Shane. Who is going to give me everything I want."

"I'm nervous," Shane admitted in a small voice.

“I know.” Ilya nuzzled his hip. “Do not be. This is for you. All for you. Just let me… let me show you.”

With gentle but inexorable pressure, Ilya urged Shane to turn over onto his hands and knees. The position was nothing new but the context was the situation made it feel more… exposed. Shane shuddered.

“No,” Ilya said softly. “Not like this. Like I said. On my face.” He lay back on the pillows, his head propped up slightly. He patted his own cheeks again. “Come here. Straddle me. Just like when you ride my cock, but… higher.”

Swallowing hard, his heart hammering against his ribs, Shane moved. He awkwardly shuffled backwards on his knees until he was crouched over Ilya’s chest. The sheer size difference felt even more pronounced from this angle. Ilya’s broad chest, the powerful column of his neck, his handsome, expectant face looking up at him.

it was dizzying.

“Ilya, I can’t just…” Shane hovered, his thighs trembling with the effort of holding himself up.

“You can.” Ilya’s hands came up to grip Shane’s hips, his thumbs stroking soothing circles on the sharp bones. “Lower. Just a little.”

Shane inched down until his ass was just barely brushing Ilya’s chin. He was holding all his weight, his arms shaking. “See? I’ll suffocate you.”

Ilya’s answer was to surge upward the few inches he could and plant a firm, wet kiss right at the center of Shane’s perineum. Shane yelped, his whole body jerking.

“You will not,” Ilya said, his voice muffled against Shane’s skin. Then, with a strength that left Shane breathless, Ilya’s hands on his hips pulled down decisively.

Shane collapsed the short distance with a gasp, landing with his full weight squarely on Ilya's face.

And the world dissolved into sensation.

Ilya didn't flinch. He didn't struggle. He made a deep, satisfied sound that vibrated through Shane's entire body, a hum of pure pleasure. His arms wrapped around Shane's thighs, locking him in place, holding him close. And then he began to feast.

There was no tentative exploration. Ilya went to work with the same single-minded devotion he'd shown to Shane's thighs, but here the focus was absolute, the intent clear. He licked a broad, flat stripe from Shane's taint over his hole, and Shane cried out, his fingers clawing at the sheets. Ilya did it again, and again, wetting him thoroughly, before zeroing in with pinpoint precision.

His tongue was relentless. It speared and circled and fluttered against Shane's entrance with an intimate knowledge that spoke of love and long practice. He ate Shane out like a man starving, with loud, messy, vulgar gusto. The sounds were *obscene*, wet sucking, slick lapping, Ilya's ragged breaths, Shane's broken moans and choked-off pleas.

"Oh god… Ilya… fuck…"

All shyness, all anxiety was burned away in the white-hot fire of the pleasure coiling in Shane's gut. The weight distribution was irrelevant, Ilya held him effortlessly, supporting him completely, leaving Shane free to simply feel. He braced his hands on the headboard behind Ilya, bowing his back, offering himself more fully. The scratch of Ilya's stubble on his inner thighs and cheeks was a delicious counterpoint to the soft, insistent pressure of his tongue delving inside.

Ilya worshipped him. He licked and sucked at his rim, buried his nose against him, breathed him in like he was life itself. One of his hands slid from Shane's hip to wrap around his neglected cock, stroking him in time with the thrusts of his tongue. The dual stimulation was too much, too perfect. The tight coil in Shane's abdomen pulled tauter and tauter.

“I’m gonna… Ilya, I can’t…” Shane babbled, tears of overwhelming pleasure pricking his eyes.

Ilya groaned in encouragement, the vibration setting Shane alight. His tongue fucked into him deeper, his hand worked Shane’s cock faster, and with a raw, shattered cry, Shane came.

Pleasure erupted through him in blinding waves. His release striped Ilya’s face and throat and *hair* in hot pulses as he shook through the orgasm, his muscles clenching and unclenching around the relentless tongue that gentled but didn’t stop, drawing out every last shuddering aftershock.

When Shane finally went boneless, spent and trembling, Ilya gently guided him to roll off, collapsing onto the bed beside him. Shane lay panting, utterly wrecked, staring at the ceiling as the world slowly swam back into focus.

He turned his head. Ilya was gazing at him, his face glistening with sweat and spit and Shane’s release. He looked utterly triumphant, utterly smitten, and utterly hard.

“See?” Ilya rasped, a smug, tender smile on his slick lips. “No choking. Only happiness.”

A weak, sated laugh escaped Shane. He reached out a shaky hand and wiped a thumb over Ilya’s cheekbone. “You’re unbelievable.”

“I am yours,” Ilya corrected simply. He caught Shane’s wrist and kissed his palm, his eyes darkening with renewed hunger. He leaned in, his voice dropping to a gravelly whisper laced with pure heat as he nudged his still-thick erection against Shane’s hip. “And now, *solntse*… now you will sit on my cock.”

End Notes

I'm freakshaped on twitter ~

- lisa

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