

floating in awe (and wonder)

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by [brokencomatose](#)

Summary

“when we finish breakfast, i want you to go back up to our room. you will wait for me to take anya out and then I will come to you. you have choice- sit on edge of bed or sit in middle of bed. whatever you think will be most comfortable. okay?”

shane pauses in the process of finishing off his second piece of toast, the bread halfway to his mouth as he blinks at Ilya a few times. “but-”

“no,” ilya’s voice is low but firm, and he reaches his free hand out to nudge shane’s towards his mouth and waits until the other takes another bite before he continues. “you want to be good, yes?”

shane nods almost immediately, the flush on his cheeks darkening to a deeper pink as he does so. “of course. but we need-”

“to be good boy, that means that you will listen. you trust me to take care of you.”

Notes

shane deserves to be subby and soft and i can't get these stupid hockey players out of my head

honestly doesn't matter what version because this is just shane getting laid to get himself out of his head, but they are married so i guess technically post book 6

shane is autistic but it's not a big thing when it comes to the plot but there are certain quirks he has like the grapes that i am definitely projecting but that's what fanfic is for is it not

there's one russian word in here that i used google translate for because i speak german natively and sadly not russian

love as always to nik for loving me and my broken english enough to beta for me

have fun and be safe my friends!

floating in awe

(and wonder)

Ilya knows something's going to have to be done to get his husband out of his head before the clock even rolls over to 7 am.

He wakes up alone, which in and of itself isn't unusual- the sheets next to him where his husband usually sleeps being ice cold is, however. Shane, more often than not, is the first to wake up but it's not typically long before Ilya follows. On a normal morning, Ilya can roll over into the warmth left behind by his husband and linger with his head buried in his pillow for a moment before he gets up.

This morning, though, is different. The sheets on Shane's side of the bed are cold, like they haven't been slept in for hours. They're even straightened and pulled up so that they're fixed, the two pillows that Shane usually sleeps with askew on top of them.

It's a habit that only shows when Shane wakes up anxious in the mornings; usually he's okay to leave the sheets messy if Ilya is still sleeping in bed, knowing that Ilya will want to tangle himself in them to chase the warm scent that lingers when Shane gets up. On mornings like this, Shane wants to feel as in control of as much as he can, so he'll pull the sheets tight as if he's making the bed.

Without the reminder of Shane clinging to the sheets that would tempt him to stay, Ilya rolls himself out of bed. The floor underneath his bare feet is cold, and the light filtering through their curtains is still soft. He grabs a pair of boxer briefs and an old worn Bears shirt from his dresser before making his way into the bathroom.

He knows that Shane hates kissing him before he's brushed his teeth in the morning- he'll tolerate it on a good day, but Ilya knows that this is probably not going to be one of those days, at least right now. He uses the bathroom quickly and washes his hands before he grabs his toothbrush from the holder beside the sink. Making quick work of brushing his teeth, he uses his free hand to try and tame the wild mess of his curls.

Once done, he tugs the boxer briefs up his legs before he heads for the stairs; he can hear movement coming from the kitchen, and he's in the process of tugging his shirt over his head and finishing off coming down the steps when a wild bundle of fur crashes into his legs.

"Good morning, sweet girl," Ilya keeps his voice low as his fingers scratch gently between Anya's ears, smiling as it makes her tail wag even harder.

He loves on her for a moment, murmuring to her in soft Russian as both of his hands scratch between her ears before he straightens up. Anya pads away towards the living room, and Ilya knows that she's going to curl up in the enormous bed that Shane was *adamant* that she didn't need.

(He ended up buying it a day later anyway and had it set up while Ilya ran to get groceries the day it was delivered.)

Ilya makes his way into the kitchen, making sure to keep as quiet as he can to not startle his husband. Shane is standing at the sink, scrubbing furiously at a plate he's gripping tightly in his hand. Crossing his arms across his chest, Ilya pauses at the entryway just so he can try and gauge just how anxious Shane truly is.

His husband's dark hair is tied back messily, and the line of his shoulders under the too big t-shirt that he's wearing is tense. His sweatpants are low on his hips, the cuffs of them hanging over what Ilya likes to call the 'safe socks'.

They're a pair of bright blue fuzzy socks that Ilya picked up for Shane shortly after they moved in together that were a solution to when the cold wooden floor of the house wrecked havoc on Shane's senses when it was touched with his bare feet.

Lingering on the shirt, Ilya notices too that it's one Shane reaches for on the days he needs to feel like he's being 'pushed back into his skin'. It's a black shirt of Ilya's that's starting to turn into a slightly darker grey color due to how often it's been washed. It's a heavy fabric, pure cotton Ilya is positive, and it's become a staple in Shane's closet.

All in all, Ilya comes to the conclusion that if they want to survive this morning and the small amount of the afternoon they'll have before they have to be at the arena for their game tonight, he's going to have to get his husband out of his own head.

Ilya makes his way further into the kitchen, making sure to make his footfalls a little heavier than normal so his presence doesn't startle Shane. Coming up behind his husband, Ilya slowly raises his hands to grip his shoulders, squeezing them tightly for a beat before he slides them down Shane's arms to take the plate from his grip.

"Good morning, baby," the words are paired with a kiss to Shane's temple as Ilya sets the plate down carefully. "Why we having war with dish at sunrise?"

Once the plate is free from his grasp, Ilya watches as Shane's fingers curl into themselves until the bitten-down nails are pressing hard into his palms. Ilya hums softly, moving his own hands to gently pry Shane's fingers loose as he listens to his husband take in a slow breath and hold it before he lets it go.

"Sorry," Shane's voice is quiet, and he flexes his trembling fingers in Ilya's grip as he takes in another slow breath. "I scrambled the eggs too hard and didn't realise until I put them on the plate, so I needed to make sure I cleaned it good."

Pressing another kiss to Shane's temple, Ilya brings their tangled fingers together to rest over Shane's heart, rubbing his thumb along the fabric of the shirt as he does so. "Is clean, I promise." He leans around so he can see Shane's face, dropping one of his hands to cup his husband's chin so he can more clearly see his eyes. "This means you did not eat though, yes?"

Shane refuses to meet Ilya's gaze, and that alone is enough of an answer.

"This is what we do," Ilya moves his hands down to grip Shane's hips, squeezing once before he starts tugging him away from the sink. "You will go sit, and I will worry about breakfast." There's an argument forming and Ilya knows there is, so before Shane can start speaking, he uses the grip on his husband's hips to turn him around. "No. You will sit, and I will make sure you eat." The words are paired with a slow kiss pressed to Shane's mouth, and Ilya uses the small distraction to nudge him back to the counter. He tugs on Shane's bottom lip with his teeth as he grips his hips tighter, picking his husband up and placing him on the counter.

The show of strength has Shane whining softly into Ilya's mouth, his ankles hooking at the small of Ilya's back as his hands come up to tangle in golden curls. One of Ilya's hands comes up to gently cup Shane's cheek, and he brushes his tongue across the other's bottom lip before he pulls back.

Making sure to keep his voice low, Ilya tucks his thumb into Shane's mouth and presses down on his tongue as he speaks. "You will be good boy for me and sit here while I make you breakfast. You will eat because your body needs the fuel. Okay?"

Shane relaxes slightly as he closes his lips around Ilya's thumb, hollowing his cheeks and sucking at the digit as he nods. He slowly unhooks his feet from behind Ilya's back, letting his heels knock into the counter instead.

Ilya offers him a small smile, pressing a kiss to the tip of Shane's nose before he backs away. "Good." He moves towards their cabinet, reaching up and grabbing the low-carb loaf of bread for Shane and the normal loaf for him, setting them down on the counter. He untwists Shane's bread first, dropping two of the slices into the toaster and making sure it's on the right setting before he presses the lever down.

While he waits for the bread to toast, Ilya moves to grab a small glass bowl from their cabinets and a smaller plate; he makes sure to set the bowl by the fridge and the plate by the toaster. Reaching into the fridge, he grabs the container of pre-washed green grapes that Shane prepares at the beginning of every week. He makes sure to drop exactly 12 grapes into the bowl, and once he replaces the container in the fridge.

Glancing over at his husband, Ilya notes the way that Shane is chewing on the side of his own thumb, his heels knocking in a steady rhythm against the counters as he watches Ilya move about the kitchen.

"Is almost done, love, I promise," Ilya manages to time it so he reaches the part of the counter with the toaster right when the bread pops up, and he takes the two slices out and places them on the plate; he puts the small glass bowl beside it before wandering back over to his husband, placing the breakfast beside his hip with a smile. "Even did your bread first so it doesn't have to go in after mine."

Shane offers him a shaky smile, kicking one of his feet out to press to the side of Ilya's leg. "Thank you." He reaches for one of the grapes, popping it into his mouth and biting down.

Ilya watches him until he picks up the toast and bites the corner, and only then does the Russian smack a kiss to Shane's cheek. "Good boy." The words make Shane's eyes soften slightly at the corner, and there's the beginnings of a flush blooming across his cheeks.

He makes his own breakfast quickly, toasting the bread and pulling the jam he usually smothers it in from the fridge as he waits. He chances a glance at Shane every few moments, offering him a smile each time he notices more of the breakfast gone.

Once his own toast pops up from the toaster, he grabs just one and coats it in the jam, leaning back against the counter as he takes a bite from it. He waits until he eats half the slice before he speaks again. "When we finish breakfast, I want you to go back up to our room. You will wait for me to take Anya out and then I will come to you. You have choice- sit on edge of bed or sit in middle of bed. Whatever you think will be most comfortable. Okay?"

Shane pauses in the process of finishing off his second piece of toast, the bread halfway to his mouth as he blinks at Ilya a few times. "But-"

"No," Ilya's voice is low but firm, and he reaches his free hand out to nudge Shane's towards his mouth and waits until the other takes another bite before he continues. "You want to be good, yes?"

Shane nods almost immediately, the flush on his cheeks darkening to a deeper pink as he does so. "Of course. But we need-"

"To be good boy, that means that you will listen. You trust me to take care of you." It's not a question but a statement, and Ilya finishes the piece of toast in his hand and prepares the other one before he speaks again. "When you finish, do not worry about dishes. I will do them."

Shane wants to argue, Ilya can tell by the slight pull at the corners of his mouth, but he doesn't- instead, Shane finishes off the bowl of grapes and then slides off the counter,

stepping over to Ilya and tucking his hands under his shirt so he can grip the bare skin of Ilya's sides as he whispers, "Thank you for breakfast."

Ilya offers him a warm smile in return, holding the small piece of his remaining toast to the side as he leans down to kiss Shane's forehead. "Of course." His free hand smacks Shane's ass lightly, chuckling as it deepens the flush on Shane's face even more. "Upstairs, sweet boy. Go."

Shane presses a kiss to Ilya's shoulder before he lets go of him, walking around him and up the stairs quietly. Ilya watches him go and finishes off his own toast in the process, and he gathers up the plate and bowl that Shane was using and takes it over to the sink. While he washes it, he whistles once to get Anya's attention, and he's in the process of drying the dishes off when she comes trotting into the kitchen.

"Hello again, malyshka," Ilya coos at her quietly, reaching down to scratch between her ears once. "Come." He leads her to the back door, opening it and ushering her out gently before he follows. He walks her around the yard, and once she finishes, he leads her back inside and closes the door behind them both. "You are best girl!" Leaning down to press one kiss to her furry head, he pats her back gently as he heads for the living room. "Stay here and we can go on walk in little bit."

He waits for Anya to sprawl in a patch of sunlight that is starting to peek through the blinds before he heads for the stairs. Once he reaches their bedroom, he makes sure to shut the door quietly behind himself before he focuses on his husband in the bed.

"Oh, such a good boy. Thank you for listening well," the words are spoken in response to Ilya taking in Shane. He is sitting in the middle of the bed, leaning back against the headboard with his legs sprawled open on the sheets; his hands are fidgeting slightly in his lap, but once he tucks them under his thighs once Ilya speaks. He's taken the clothes that he was wearing downstairs off and placed them folded on top of his dresser while the socks are neatly placed on top of them. His hair is now loose around his face, and Ilya thinks he's the most beautiful thing he's ever seen.

Unable to help himself, Ilya crawls up slowly from the end of the bed, pressing a slow line of kisses starting at Shane's ankle and trailing up to his knee. He bites down gently on the skin of Shane's inner thigh, sucking at the mark until it appears under his mouth; the touch has

Shane moaning quietly above him, and Ilya feels one hand move down to tangle in his curls and grip tightly.

Bypassing the other's cock, Ilya presses a slow line of kisses up Shane's thigh and the crease of his hip; once Shane's hips rock up once to try and chase Ilya's mouth, one of his hands comes up to grip Shane's hip and press him firmly into the bed.

"Do not move. I will take care of it," Ilya settles his chin on Shane's stomach, lightly rubbing his thumb along his hip as he smirks. "You just worry about being good."

Shane whines softly in the back of his throat but nods, running his hand through Ilya's hair once before he resettles his grip. Tipping his head down to brush his lips across Shane's stomach, Ilya continues his trail of kisses until he reaches the middle of Shane's chest. The hand not holding his husband's hip comes up to tease at one nipple while he wraps his lips around the other, suckling gently until Shane's hand tightens in his hair.

Pulling off, Ilya adjusts so he's kneeling between Shane's legs instead, covering Shane's hand with his own where it settles on his thigh after falling from his hair. "Here is what we do," the words are low, and Ilya squeezes Shane's hand under his as he continues, "I will suck your cock until you almost cum, and if you are good and do not move like I ask, I will fuck you after. Sound okay?"

Shane is nodding almost instantly, whining in the back of his throat once more- his eyes are starting to soften again at the edges as they take on a slight shine, and the blush that disappeared from earlier in the kitchen bursts across his cheeks once again. "Yes. Okay. Please?"

Ilya smiles at that, leaning down to capture Shane's mouth in a slow but deep kiss before he pulls away. "Such a good and polite boy, saying please." He moves his hand to press his thumb into the mark that's bruising Shane's inner thigh, laughing softly at the whine it pulls from Shane as he does so. "You remember what to say if want to stop?"

Shane makes sure to catch Ilya's eyes as he nods, spreading his legs slightly wider as he moves both of his hands to cup the back of Ilya's head. "Red."

Ilya nods back in response, turning his head to kiss the inside of Shane's arm as he speaks. "Good. And if you can't find your words?" Another kiss is pressed to Shane's skin when he taps the back of Ilya's head three times with his fingers. "Good."

Tipping his head down, Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's forehead before he shifts down to settle between Shane's thighs, both of his hands sliding under the other's thighs and holding on as he presses a featherlight kiss to the base of Shane's cock. With his hands where they are, Ilya can feel the way the muscles in Shane's legs twitch as he forces himself to stay still.

Instead of taking Shane into his mouth immediately, Ilya presses kisses up the side of Shane's cock; he sucks on the head just once before he trails his kisses down the other side as well. The noise that Shane makes has Ilya's own cock twitching in his boxer briefs. He presses his hips down into the mattress as he takes the head of Shane's cock into his mouth; he presses his tongue to the underside for just a moment before he tips his head and takes Shane's cock in his mouth to the base.

"Ilya!"

His name is gasped softly, and the fingers in his hair tighten; Shane's thighs are trembling under Ilya's hands with the restraint he's using to stay still. Ilya swallows once before he pulls up, resting the head of Shane's cock on his lower lip for a moment before he darts his tongue out to swallow some of the precum beading at the slit.

Whenever he takes Shane into his throat, he revels in the gasping moans it draws from his husband. Digging his fingers into Shane's skin hard enough that he hopes there's bruises tomorrow, Ilya glances up at his husband as he starts a steady rhythm, the head of Shane's cock nudging the back of his throat with each downward bob of his head.

Shane's flushed from his cheeks down his throat, and Ilya can just barely see the beginnings of a shine forming in his eyes. His lips are slightly swollen from where he's been biting them, and some of his hair is starting to stick to his forehead and cheeks.

Being with Shane as long as he has means that Ilya knows his body as well as, if not better than, his own. So when the moans spilling from Shane go up slightly in pitch and the fingers in his hair tighten and tug in a steady rhythm, Ilya knows that the other is about to finish.

Drawing up slowly, Ilya presses one final kiss to the head of Shane's cock; he ducks his head to hide a slight smile when it pulls a whine from Shane, nipping at the thin skin of his hip instead.

"Shh, is okay. Remember, if you were good for me, I would fuck you?" Ilya pulls up to kiss his husband, tugging at his bottom lip with his teeth before soothing it with his tongue and continuing. "You were so good for me, baby."

The words send a shiver through Shane's body, and he whines once more as he blinks his eyes open to look up at Ilya. They're soft and his gaze is slightly glassy, which means he's close to being as under as Ilya wants him. Shane's hands move to grab at Ilya's shoulders, tugging him down until Ilya obliges and kisses him once more.

As he licks carefully into his husband's mouth, Ilya reaches underneath their pillows until he can find where the lube was pushed last night. He grabs it and pops the lid open- the noise triggers an immediate response from Shane, both of his legs coming up to press his knees into Ilya's sides.

Coating his fingers and rubbing them together slowly to warm the lube, Ilya pulls back from the kiss to pepper kisses across the freckles on Shane's red cheeks. "You're being so good."

As Ilya slowly circles the tip of one finger against Shane's rim, he leans down to press their foreheads together. When the first finger slides in easily with a soft sigh from Shane, Ilya presses a kiss to his cheek as he keeps his voice quiet. "Okay?"

Shane nods immediately, the fingers on Ilya's shoulders digging in a little harder. "Okay. More?" He swallows hard, turning his head to bury his face in Ilya's neck. "Please?"

Ilya loves this man so much he think he might combust.

Instead, he adds a second finger alongside the first, scissoring them gently once he does so. "Thank for asking so nicely, sweet boy." Ilya smiles when the words once again cause a

whimper to fall from Shane's mouth. "So good."

He doesn't wait long to add a third, since Shane is still a little stretched from last night. Once Shane's hips are making aborted little movements down against his fingers, Ilya draws them out slowly; he shushes his husband quietly when the other whines at the loss, Shane's fingers digging into his shoulders once again.

Ilya hates to do it, but he pulls up enough that Shane must withdraw his face from his neck; his cheeks are bright red now, and his eyes are the perfect amount of wet. Leaning down to press a kiss under each eye, Ilya uses his dry hand to pat at Shane's hip.

"Roll over for me, yes? By the time you do that, I will be naked." They adjust so that Shane can do as he's asked, and Ilya tugs his shirt over his head and tosses it off the bed. His boxers follow next, and he leans over Shane so that he can press a kiss to his ear, nudging his cock between the other's cheeks as he does so. "Condom or no?"

Shane shakes his head, one of his hands moving back to paw at Ilya's hips as he does so. "No, please, just you, just want to feel you."

Pressing one more kiss to Shane's face, Ilya straightens up so that he can lube his cock up; he has to squeeze the base hard with a soft noise, and his free hand settles between Shane's shoulders. He shifts his hips so he can slide into Shane carefully, matching the soft moan that his husband lets out with one of his own.

Once his hips are flush to Shane's ass, he bends over him with both of his hands gripping his hips. "Okay?" His own thighs are trembling slightly with the need to move, but Ilya refuses to do so until checking in with Shane.

The other nods, pressing his face down into the pillow as both of his hands come up to grip the sheets on either side of his head. "Okay." His voice is trembling and slightly slurred, and he shifts his hips just slightly. "Please. Please move."

Ilya draws his hips back slowly, lingering with just the head of his cock buried in Shane before he snaps them forward again; the motion draws a gasp from Shane that's accompanied

by a low moan from Ilya. He starts a slow but hard rhythm, the fingers on Shane's hips gripping tightly so that he can control how the other man moves.

"You always feel so good. Like you were made perfect to take my cock." Ilya bends over Shane, pressing a kiss between his shoulder blades as he shifts the angle of his hips just slightly. "Just mine."

Shane whimpers into the pillow, nodding into it as his fingers flex in the sheets. The lack of response tells Ilya that Shane has finally let himself drift so that all he can do now is feel. He bites down on the juncture of Shane's neck and shoulder, sucking at the skin to leave a mark as he quickens the pace of his hips.

The light is filtering through their curtains at just the right angle that it's giving Shane's skin a glow, and paired with the flush across his cheeks and neck he looks absolutely gorgeous. Ilya straightens up and adjusts the hold he has on Shane's hips as he angles his own differently, and once the motion pulls a high whine from his husband, he makes sure to keep that angle.

"Such a good boy," Ilya's voice is slightly breathless, and he can already feel the tightness building in his stomach that means he's close. "Always good for me." The praise paired with the deep but hard rhythm Ilya has set has the muscles in Shane's thighs quivering, another tell that he's close to the edge. Ilya slides one of his hands from Shane's hip to the back of his head, pressing lightly as he quickens his pace.

It doesn't take but a few more moments before Shane whines high in the back of his throat as his hips jerk; his cock spills untouched between his thighs as he clenches down around Ilya, and the sudden tightness has Ilya cursing under his breath.

"Fuck, Shane," he chases his own release in Shane's body, the hand in his husband's hair smoothing it down tenderly as he does so. "So good, so good, the best." Ilya thrusts a handful of more times before his hips jerk, and he presses in as deep as he can as he spills into Shane.

He carefully tugs Shane to the side, making sure to not pull out of him while tugging him away from the wet spot at the same time. Pulling him close to his chest, Ilya wraps his arm tightly around Shane's waist as he tangles their fingers together.

They're breathing heavy, and Ilya buries his face in the back of Shane's neck; he presses a kiss to the sweat-damp skin there every few seconds, and the little hum that Shane lets out has a content warmth settling in Ilya's bones.

"I love you," Ilya murmurs into his husband's neck, kissing the skin there once more. "You were so good, baby."

Shane doesn't speak, choosing instead to hum again softly as he squeezes Ilya's fingers. He tips his head just slightly, and Ilya raises up so he can see the other's face; Shane's cheeks are rosy, and his eyes are still soft and a little cloudy.

However, it's with pride that Ilya notices the tenseness around his mouth and in his forehead has disappeared.

"You are nice and floaty, yes?"

Shane settles better into the pillow as he nods, letting his eyes drift closed. There's a softness to him that Ilya only sees ever so often, when he's well and truly managed to shut Shane's brain down for long enough that his body can relax.

They rest there long enough for their breathing to even back out and for Ilya to go soft; he reaches down between them to guide himself out of Shane, shushing him gently once again when his husband whines.

"I know, sweetheart, I know," Ilya peppers kisses across Shane's face once he leans over him, rubbing gently at his side as he speaks again. "I am going to get you a warm cloth to clean up. Bathroom door stays open so you see me whole time."

Ilya knows, now, that Shane needs to be close to him at best and just be able to see him at minimum while he's like this.

He swore long ago that he would *never* have a repeat of Las Vegas. It's been over a decade and sometimes the guilt still threatens to overtake him.

Crawling from the bed carefully, the first thing Ilya does is grab the shirt he was wearing earlier. He holds it out to Shane, who tucks it under his arm and buries the bottom half of his face in it, leaving his eyes free to track Ilya.

He doesn't bother pulling on his boxer briefs, because he knows that once Shane has been coaxed back up he's going to want to shower. He lands across the room to the en suite, grabbing two of the cloths from a drawer without turning on the lights to keep things soft and gentle.

Ilya runs one cloth under the warm water from the sink, rubbing it over his own soft cock and thighs before he deposits it in the small basket they use for the dirty cloths. He then soaks the second one and bring it out to Shane, gently coaxing his legs apart to clean his husband's soft cock and thighs before he tucks it between them to brush gently over where his own cum is leaking from Shane.

"There. All clean." Ilya makes his way back to the bathroom to put the dirty cloth with the others before he makes his way back to the bed. "We rest now and then when you are not floaty we take shower and get ready for rest of day."

Shane nods at him as he opens his arms, and Ilya takes the invitation to crawl back over his husband; he settles with their legs tangled together and his head under Shane's chin as the other's arms curl over his shoulder to hold him tightly.

Later, Ilya will coax Shane back up with gentle touch and soft words. He will brush his thumb under his husband's eyes as he watches the brown go from glassy to clear. He will coax Shane into a shower which will include lazy handjob under the water.

They will get ready for the game, walking into the arena hand in hand, and they will kick the Voyagers asses.

But for now, he lets Shane float, content and safe from his own anxious thoughts.

Ilya will handle everything else.

End Notes

come scream with me!

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