

look at me, look at me. you looking?

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Category:	M/M
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Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Idiots in Love , Banter , because what did we expect , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , I mean there kinda is plot but they're horny asf so , Body Worship , Ilya loves Shane's stretch marks , Shane Stretch Marks Appreciation , Thigh AND Ass Stretch Marks , hey do you guys think I like Shane's stretch marks? , Post-Canon , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Post-Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers) , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Coming on Face , blowjob , Implied that Shane has an eating disorder , but him being autistic doesn't help , Descriptions of having an unhealthy relationship to food
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by [yourlocalperv](#)

Summary

Ilya reminds Shane of how hard he's worked on his body.

This fic has descriptions about having unhealthy relationships with food and an implied eating disorder/disordered eating, please take care of yourselves!

Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game

Notes

Please don't send this fic to anyone involved with the Game Changers series/Heated Rivalry TV show I was just permanently changed by seeing Hudson's stretch marks ok I'm sorry

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

“Just try it, Hollander.”

“No.”

“One bite is not going to kill you.”

“But-”

“Don’t say *diet*. I hate that word.”

Shane crossed his arms. Next to him, his husband Ilya had a Nutella crepe on his plate. His very fun and sweet breakfast, much to Shane’s dismay. He looked down at his own plate and tried not to feel left out with his...less exciting meal. He should be used to it by now, Ilya eating and drinking whatever he wants (and still having an *amazing* body...) and Shane sticking to his diet. Because that’s certainly all it was. A way for him to stay in the best shape for hockey.

He wordlessly kept eating his food, his eyes occasionally glancing at the crepe on Ilya’s plate. After a couple minutes of this, Ilya turned to face Shane. “You keep looking at my crepe like you look at me in public.”

“*What?*”

“Like you want to *eat* me.”

“*That’s not*-What do you even **mean** by that?”

Ilya leaned in, whispering into Shane’s ear. “I mean like you *want* me.” He pulled back, shoving another mouthful of crepe into his mouth. “You want to try the crepe, Hollander, just

do it.”

Shane sighed, his body deflating in defeat. “I feel like you’re gonna keep this up the entire day if I don’t have a bite.”

“Correct.”

“Fine, whatever.” It was, in fact, not *whatever* to Shane. But his love for Ilya surpassed the negative feelings swirling around in his body.

Shane could see Ilya fighting back a big grin as he cut a piece of the crepe for Shane to try. Of course, he selected a portion of it that had the thickest amount of Nutella both inside and on top of it. Shane noticed the small specks of powdered sugar that decorated the top.

Ilya stuck his fork out in front of Shane’s face, “Say *ahh*.”

“I am *not* doing that.” Shane grabbed the fork from Ilya’s hand, trying to not show how hesitant he was to take **one** ridiculous bite out of this definitely delicious thing. He took a deep breath in and then a bite. The flavor was instant, as the chocolate hazelnut filled his mouth in all its amazing glory. He felt the powdered sugar cover his tongue with its sweet flavor. He saw Ilya staring at him out of the corner of his eyes.

“Well?”

“What?” Shane asked him, handing the fork back.

“It’s good, no?” Ilya stabbed his fork in for another piece.

“Yeah it was-It was pretty good.” Why did it pain Shane *so* much to admit that?

“Good enough to have another bite?” Ilya smirked, waving the fork in front of Shane’s face.

“No, I’m good.”

“God Hollander, you are *still* so boring,” Ilya teased, putting his fork down. He turned his body so that he was fully facing Shane. His face softened, “Why are you strict with your diet?”

“...For hockey.” Shane wasn’t looking at his husband, but he could tell Ilya was giving him a look that screamed *And...?* He sighed, “And...I guess I like the routine of it. I usually eat the same things so it’s easy for me to just **know** what I want to eat. I don’t know if that made any sense.”

Shane looked at Ilya, whose face showed that he really was trying to understand his explanation. “So, it’s easier for you? To stick with it?”

“Yeah, pretty much.” Shane hoped.

“Helps your body too? For playing hockey?”

Shane chuckled, “It helps, yes.”

“Your body looks good.”

Shane couldn’t hide his grin. “I know you think it looks good.” Before Shane could take another bite of his own dish, he was interrupted by Ilya’s hands suddenly shoving Shane’s chest, forcing him to fall back onto the couch they were sitting on. His eyes widened in shock, but they just as quickly melded into a look of amusement. He really shouldn’t be surprised by Ilya’s (and his own) relentless sex drive.

“No, Shane, I don’t *think* you look good,” Ilya uttered, his voice low. His hands rested on Shane’s waist, applying just enough force that gave him the hint that he shouldn’t move from

beneath Ilya. That and also Ilya shifted so that he was fully straddling him now. “I *know* you look good. I have seen you naked many many many-”

“Ok-”

“-many times.” Ilya smirked. “Shane, even if you did not have the same body I would love you. As long as you still have your freckles.” He leaned in and began to kiss the parts of Shane’s face that were adorned with freckles. His kisses began to trail down to Shane’s chin, then down to his neck. He could feel his husband’s throat vibrate with his moans as he bit down and began to leave a hickey.

“Hey, don’t-! We are going to see my *parents* this weekend.”

“Wear a turtleneck,” Ilya mumbled out. His hands began to unbutton Shane’s shirt.

“In the *summer*?”

“Fine, I will buy you makeup.” Ilya said, rolling his eyes as he tore off Shane’s shirt and tossed it to the ground beside them. He sat up and looked at Shane with both love and lust. “Take off your clothes.”

“Thought you would have handled that for me,” Shane teased, gesturing to his now bare chest.

Ilya shot him a look.

“Alright, alright.” Shane chuckled, shimmying out of his pajama pants with Ilya’s help. Well, more like with Ilya’s force. He very clearly did not want to waste time in seeing Shane’s naked body for the millionth time.

Ilya rolled his eyes at the sight of Shane's underwear still being on. "You still wear underwear to bed?"

"Yeah?" Shane responded, tugging his underwear off.

"You do realize we are married? And that you married *me*? Why do you still wear underwear?"

It was Shane's turn to roll his eyes playfully, chucking his underwear at Ilya's chest. It fell to the ground unceremoniously. Ilya did have a point there.

"You worked so hard for this body. Look." Ilya lightly grazed his fingertips along the stretch marks that decorated Shane's thighs and hips. He felt goosebumps emerge all over his legs and arms, a slight shiver going up his spine at Ilya's gentle touches. He could feel his cheeks burning up as he watched Ilya's hand move upwards, his fingertips traveling up to Shane's chest. "That ridiculous diet of yours. Your body stretches..." His hand began to move back down to the middle of Shane's stomach, inching toward his crotch slowly. Shane was embarrassed to see his cock harden as Ilya's hand dared to move closer to touch it. "Do you see what your body does to me?" He said huskily, sitting back up so that Shane could see the outline of his hard dick through his boxers.

Shane swallowed and felt a bit of sweat begin to form on his forehead. He wasn't sure if he was really enjoying all the praise Ilya was giving him or frightened by having his body's details perceived in such an intimate way.

It was definitely an overwhelming mixture of both.

"Yeah, I can see..." Shane groaned out, staring directly at Ilya's clothed erection.

Ilya bent back down, giving Shane a deep kiss on his lips. "Reward yourself every once in a while, Shane," he mumbled out, their lips barely touching each other. "...Please."

Shane blushed. "...Easier said than done, Ilya."

"Can I give you some...motivation, then?"

Shane grinned, "Oh, and what would that be?"

Ilya picked Shane up princess-style effortlessly, and strided towards their bedroom. "I'm going to suck your dick. Obviously."

His husband rolled his eyes in response, doing a terrible job in hiding his growing grin and blush. "Obviously."

He gently placed Shane down on their bed, pinning and hovering over him. "Did you forget that you are Shane Hollander?" He couldn't help but grin and think back to their moment in the trophy room. Ilya wasn't sure if that moment crossed Shane's mind, but it **certainly** lived rent-free in his.

"What?" Shane asked, too distracted by how much clothes Ilya still had on. His hand tugged at Ilya's shirt. Ilya tried not to completely collapse at the sight of how needy Shane's eyes looked right now.

He smirked, pulling away to take his own shirt off, throwing it to god knows where and then leaning back in to kiss Shane's neck. "You are Shane Hollander. You are a *great* hockey player." His hand began to grope Shane's chest as his kisses moved down to his collarbones. "Not as great as me but still great."

"Fuck off."

Ilya leaned down and flicked his tongue over Shane's left nipple while his hand massaged the right side of his chest. Shane whimpered, his hand gently caressing Ilya's hair. "And-," he bit down on Shane's nipples for a split second before continuing, "-you are a *very* sexy hockey player. Always have been. Always will be."

Shane blushed, gasping at the sensation of Ilya biting on the skin on Shane's chest, sucking a new hickey onto a spot near his nipple. He didn't even know you could make a hickey there, but Ilya always did manage to find new ways to surprise Shane.

Ilya pulled back and grinned at the new mark he made. If it were up to him, he would cover every inch of Shane's body in hickies. "Even when you are as old as Scott Hunter, you will be sexy." He went back in and began to kiss one of Shane's shoulders, moving down near his armpit where faded marks were. He couldn't help but give those faint stretch marks a lick.

Shane didn't even have time to quip back at Ilya's comment about Scott Hunter before he felt it. He merely whimpered at the sensation of Ilya's tongue there. His cheeks and ears were burning hot now, he was sure. Both in arousal and in embarrassment that watching and feeling this was turning him on so goddamn much. He felt Ilya's kisses move away to Shane's abs, trailing down until Ilya was at his hips. He felt Ilya's grip on his legs tighten as Ilya paused for a slight minute. He could swear that he saw Ilya physically *swallow* at the sight of his naked hips and thighs. He's seen them before, but Shane could sense a newfound hunger growing behind Ilya's eyes.

Ilya leaned down and kissed the skin on Shane's thigh near his crotch. He forced himself to pull away and pause from adoring Shane to take off his pants, the pressure on his dick being too much from how hard he was. He sighed in relief as his cock was freed, wasting no time in leaning back in. Ilya felt his mouth water at the sight of the pale, faded marks decorating his husband's skin. His eyes drifted as they followed around where the different stretch marks connected. He moved his kisses to those stretch marks, peppered smooches going all around Shane's wonderful thighs and hips. The Russian couldn't help but chuckle as he felt Shane's body shiver in arousal when he licked a long stripe from his hip bone down to his inner thigh. Ilya sensed his cock twitch as he noticed more stretch marks scattered across Shane's ass.

"Fuck, I need you. Now." Ilya muttered out in a deep voice. He then proceeded to take the tip of Shane's cock into his mouth without further warning, bobbing his head and sucking.

"Fuck, Ilya!" Shane groaned out, gripping Ilya's curls with one of his hands, his other clawing at the bedsheets beneath him. Getting blowjobs from Ilya was not new at all, but Shane could *feel* that this time was different. The last time he felt anything remotely close to this was when they fucked in the trophy room. Shane felt his entire face flush at the memory.

Ilya kept moving his head up and down Shane's cock, looking up at him with pure adoration in his eyes as his mouth made filthy noises. He started to get annoyed that Shane was too embarrassed to look back at him, so he naturally brought up one of his hands and smacked Shane's chest lightly.

That made Shane's eyes open, but only slightly. He was so caught up in Ilya's attention that his eyes were half-lidded, his mouth left slightly open in pleasure. Instead of being annoyed at Ilya, he kept his gaze on him, watching his lips plump up as they went up and down his cock. Shane was gonna cum at the sight of Ilya's cock-drunk eyes, wet lips, and messy hair.

"Fuck... Ilya, you look **so** good." Shane moaned out, both of his hands now in Ilya's curls. That compliment seemed to motivate Ilya more, as Shane could feel him suck harder, his grip on his thighs getting tougher.

"God! Ilya, I'm gonna cum." Shane grunted, his brows furrowing as he threw his head back and thrust his hips into Ilya's mouth.

Ilya happily swallowed, letting Shane's cock rest in his mouth for a minute before slowly sliding his lips off.

"Let me cum all over that pretty face of yours."

Shane obeyed and sat up, his eyes squinting slightly so that the cum wouldn't get in his eyes. He watched as Ilya furiously stroked himself over Shane's face, his mouth slightly open as he groaned through his orgasm.

Once he was done, Ilya panted heavily and stared at Shane's face, now covered with his cum. "Wow. Jesus. I need to clean you up now before I get hard again."

Shane laughed as Ilya got up to grab a washcloth from their bathroom. He returned shortly after, using the cloth to gently remove the cum from Shane's face. When he got to his lips, he nearly fainted when Shane decided to lick some off from his upper lip.

“Hollander, do you want to kill me?”

Shane chuckled in response, letting Ilya wipe the rest of the cum off his face. He then threw his body back onto the bed. “You’re lucky we don’t have anything to do today. I think *you* killed *me*.”

“I can go buy your makeup tomorrow then,” Ilya teased, gently pressing his finger on the hickey he left on Shane’s neck. Shane lightly smacked his hand away, smiling at him and planting a kiss on Ilya’s lips.

“Thank you. For that...I love you.”

“I love you too,” Ilya smiled wide, giving Shane a deep kiss and snuggling up next to him.

End Notes

I don't know how to end fics lol but I may or may not have a Ryan/Fabian fic in the works...winks

Also does the title exactly make a ton of sense? Technically not really but I am also terrible at coming up with fic titles

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