

i feel the rush, addicted to your touch

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by [Literal_Multifandom_Trashcan](#)

Summary

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“Not that I’m complaining,” Shane said, panting a little as he pulled away for air. “but what prompted this?”

Ilya just hummed in the back of his throat, starting the car up. Music from his chill playlist permeated the car at a low volume. He started the drive back to their home, one thing on his mind.

“Have I ever told you that you sound very hot when you speak French?” Ilya asked casually. He was going a little over the speed limit. Shane, for once, didn’t scold Ilya, instead too busy sputtering at Ilya’s words.

“Seriously? That’s what has you hot and bothered?” Shane asked disbelievingly.

or:

ilya thinks its really, *really* hot when shane speaks french

Notes

hello!! this fic is fully inspired by this tweet, so full credit to the person who thought of this amazing idea!!! pls enjoy

<https://x.com/saltedsan/status/2008834375392387217?s=20>

Ilya had known that Shane spoke French.

Had watched, all those years ago, as Shane flawlessly switched between English and French in an interview, envy burning deep in his chest at Shane Hollander's ability to be perfect in every way, from his hockey to his freckles to his fluency in two languages.

Now the envy had matured into a deep, deep love and appreciation for everything that made Shane who he was.

But back to the point, Ilya knew logically that Shane spoke French. But he had rarely heard Shane speak it casually. Outside of the occasional interview or fan conversation, Shane didn't really speak French too often.

So Ilya had forgotten just how fucking sexy it was when Shane did.

They were at a family skate night. The Cens were on the ice with hordes of children, significant others, cousins, and parents stumbling their way around the rink while said hockey players showed off (as is obligation for family nights).

Ilya was skating lazily around the rink, watching with amusement as Boyle's kids charge into their father, knocking him onto the ice with loud giggles. He makes his way over to where Shane is standing at the wall chatting, he himself watching Yuna and David skate beautifully around the rink.

Ilya supposed he shouldn't have been so surprised when he first watched Yuna and David skate. Shane had to have gotten the skating talent from somewhere, but the ease with which Yuna and David skated even at their ages made Ilya hopeful for when he got old.

(Not that he'd *ever* call Yuna Hollander old to her face. He valued his life and testicles greatly, thank you very much.)

“Having fun?” Ilya skated fast towards Shane before sliding into a hockey stop, shaving ice all over Shane’s skates and pants. Shane scowled at him, shaking the snow off.

“Was that really necessary?” Shane asked. He sounded annoyed but Ilya could see the edges of his lips twitching up into a smile. “And yes, I am having fun. It’s nice to be at something like this *together*, without worrying. And I know my mom is happy to be back on the ice. She’s so busy, and she never says anything, but I know she misses skating.”

Ilya nodded, leaning over to give Shane a messy kiss on the cheek. He grinned as Shane’s nose wrinkled at the wet sound.

Before Ilya had the chance to respond, Holmber is skating over, stopping in front of him and Shane. He looks a little cowed at interrupting their moment, but still taps Shane on the shoulder.

“Hollander, you speak French, right?” Holmber asks. Shane’s brow furrows in slight confusion, but he nods nonetheless. Holmber looks relieved, shifting over to show a teen girl who’s looking very nervous.

“This is my cousin, Lena. She’s visiting from France, and my aunt and uncle are on a date night, so I offered to bring her to skate night. I thought it might help make her less nervous if she had at least someone other than me to speak to in her native language.”

Ilya watched as Shane’s expression softened, a gentle smile painting itself onto Shane. Ilya loved watching Shane interact with kids - he knew Shane worried that he came across as too boring, but really, he always had a calming effect on kids of all ages.

Lena shuffled forwards at the encouragement of Holmber.

“Hello, Lena, nice to meet you. I saw you skating earlier, you’re pretty good! Do you skate at home?” The French flowed from Shane’s lips, and immediately, Ilya was bewitched. He blinked a few times at Shane, feeling heat flood his veins.

No one should be allowed to sound that good speaking French.

Lena's expression brightened immediately, and she responded in quick, animated sounded French. Holmber looked immensely relieved at the fact that the interaction was going well.

Ilya wasn't sure how long he stood there on the ice, watching the way Shane's lips moved around the French words leaving his mouth. Holmber chimed into the conversation, leaving Ilya excluded in their little group. He didn't mind.

Shane threw his head back and let out a little laugh at whatever Holmber had said. Ilya felt his chest warm and his eyes roam Shane's face with barely concealed desire.

He was snapped out of his daze by Holmber himself, who nudged Ilya. Ilya blinked, looking away from where Lena and Shane were conversing to face Holmber.

"Jeez, man, save it for the bedroom. You're like, borderline undressing Hollander with your eyes. You *do* realize he just complained to me in French about you leaving your dirty laundry everywhere, right?"

Ilya just shrugged, grinning.

"I do not care. He is very sexy speaking French, even if it is to complain about me. And," Ilya's tone softened a little. "he is very good with Lena."

Holmber's own expression softened, glancing at the two and nodding.

"Yeah. This is going to sound weird, but he reminds me of her a lot. She's pretty...socially awkward, I guess? That's a bad way to say it. She just gets overwhelmed easily in social settings, but she really wanted to come to skate night and show me some of the spins and jumps she's been learning, so I figured introducing her to Shane would help her. Speaking of though, it is getting kind of late."

Ilya glanced at the huge clock on the wall of the rink, noticing it had gone from early evening to actual nighttime within the blink of an eye. He hadn't even realized that much time had passed-family night was ending in about fifteen minutes.

Holmber sighed.

"I should get her home. My aunt would kill me if I let her stay up super late." Holmber said. He skated over to Shane and Lena. He said something in French to Shane. Ilya had no idea what it was, but Shane just nodded with an easy smile, waving to Holmber and Lena before the two left to hop off the ice.

Shane came over to Ilya, blushing a little.

"Sorry to have abandoned you for a bit."

Ilya just shook his head at Shane's apology.

"Is fine. We should probably say bye to Yuna and David. Night is ending soon." Ilya pointed at the clock. He resolutely did not say that he wanted to leave the rink so he could pin Shane into the mattress and find out what he sounded like whining and moaning in French.

Shane nodded, scanning the ice for his parents. It didn't take long to find them, mainly because Yuna and David were already halfway across the rink to Shane and Ilya.

"I think we're going to call it a night." David said, leaning in to hug Shane and then hug Ilya. Ilya allowed himself to momentarily sink into David's fatherly hug, relishing in the feeling. Yuna followed, her motherly embrace and the smell of her perfume leaving Ilya warm all over. He would never not be grateful for Shane's parents.

“I have an early meeting in the morning. Drive home safe, okay boys? And text about dinner next week.” Yuna said firmly. Ilya nodded at her, smiling.

“Of course. You both drive safe too. Thank you for coming.”

The four of them made their way off the ice, Ilya and Shane making quick work of removing their skates and wiping them off, meeting Yuna and David for another quick hug goodbye before they retreated to their separate cars.

Pretty much the *second* Shane closed the car door, Ilya pounced on him, pulling him into a deep kiss like a man possessed. Shane made a little noise of surprise in the back of his throat before leaning into the kiss, allowing Ilya to explore his mouth with his tongue.

“Not that I’m complaining,” Shane said, panting a little as he pulled away for air. “but what prompted this?”

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“Have I ever told you that you sound very hot when you speak French?” Ilya asked casually. He was going a little over the speed limit. Shane, for once, didn’t scold Ilya, instead too busy sputtering at Ilya’s words.

“Seriously? *That’s* what has you hot and bothered?” Shane asked disbelievingly. He’d always just felt as though his French was passable at best, a little impressive to some but to most Canadians it was just something expected of him.

His dad’s side of the family was from Quebec, so Shane was used to speaking both French and English with them. He’d never thought his French sounded nice, much less sexy.

Ilya nodded seriously, pulling into their neighborhood and up their driveway. He parked the car, turning to look at Shane.

“Yes. Even when I heard you speak French at interview years ago, I got hard. But now we are married and have whole house to ourselves and do not have to worry about being quiet.” Ilya said teasingly.

Shane blushed brightly, following Ilya into the house.

“I cannot believe you. I spent like half the time I was speaking French complaining to Holmber about your laundry!” Shane exclaimed as he shrugged off his jacket and toed off his shoes. Ilya just smiled at Shane.

“Still was sexy. Please complain about me in French. I think is very hot.” Ilya said. They wandered over to the bedroom, with Ilya laying against the headboard of their very comfortable bed, watching as Shane leaned against the doorframe, eyebrows raised.

His eyes wandered down Ilya’s frame, to where he could see Ilya already half hard in his pants. Shane’s mouth dropped open a little.

“You’re...serious.”

Ilya nodded at Shane, pulling off his shirt and pants so he was just laying in his boxers. He pat the empty side of the bed, nodding his chin at Shane.

Shane made his way over quickly, feeling like a dog being told to come. He sauntered over, making a split second decision to straddle Ilya instead of sit next to him.

Ilya immediately rested his hands at Shane’s hips, pulling him so his ass was pressing against Ilya’s dick through their respective layers of clothing.

Shane hesitated. Ilya could *see* him thinking, and well, that just wouldn't do. He surged forwards, pulling Shane into a messy open-mouthed kiss. Shane gasped into Ilya's mouth as their tongues exchanged saliva. He rocked back, ass grinding against Ilya's dick while his own cock rubbed against Ilya's lower stomach.

Ilya pulled away, a trail of saliva following his lips. He was satisfied at the way Shane's eyes had gone hazy and wide, starting to sink into his submissive headspace.

"You're insane. You drive me crazy. You leave the dishes to soak in the sink instead of washing them right away. You order greasy food like three times a week and sometimes the sound of you eating annoys me. You look so hot when you get sweaty during practice and I can barely stop myself from blowing you in the locker room."

Ilya groaned loudly at hearing the French words flow from Shane's mouth. He ground his now fully hard dick into the crack of Shane's ass. He felt like he was going insane just from hearing Shane speak in French.

He had no idea what Shane was saying, but it wasn't *about* that.

Ilya never really understood why they called French a romance language until he heard Shane speak it.

It was the tone of Shane's voice, the satisfying way his voice sounded out the vowels and accents of consonants, the ease at which the words flowed out of Shane's throat like liquid gold.

He frantically pulled Shane's shirt off, flipping them around so Shane was underneath him and his arms were caging Shane's head in. Shane was staring at Ilya with wide eyes, mouth open in surprise at the strong reaction.

"Fuck, Shane, you sound so good." Ilya muttered reverently, pressing frantic wet kisses along Shane's throat and sucking a mark just above his collarbone, just to hear the way Shane made a whine in the back of his throat.

He slid Shane's pants and boxers off, grabbing the lube they kept on the nightstand and drizzling it over his fingers. He watched Shane's face carefully as he rubbed his index finger over Shane's taint teasingly.

Shane arched his back, glaring at Ilya with teary eyes.

"Ilya, don't tease. Please."

Ilya's eyes darkened. He had planned to tease Shane, but when the man was looking at him with those eyes and pleading with him in that voice, Ilya couldn't be bothered. He slid one finger in, pumping it in and out of Shane's tight hole a few times before adding a second finger.

He made a scissoring motion with his fingers, stretching Shane out before driving his fingers in deeper until he found Shane's prostate, pressing against it. He smirked at the way Shane rocked his hips back into Ilya's fingers.

The sounds Shane let out when they had sex were always delicious to listen to. Ilya would never get tired of watching as Shane let out the most explicit sounding noises, mouth open and chest flushed, staring at Ilya like he was the only person to exist.

"I'm-Ilya-" Shane gasped out. Ilya pulled his fingers out, wiping them on his thigh. Shane whined high and needy at the loss. Ilya watched for a moment as Shane's hole pulsed around nothing, at the way Shane's strong thighs trembled just a little at the sheer desperation that Shane was feeling.

"Tell me what you want." Ilya said firmly, voice deep and gravelly. Shane's attention snaps to Ilya's face, as it always does when Ilya takes on that tone. It's strong and authoritative and demanding and Shane *loves* it, could get drunk off of it.

"Spit in my mouth, please. *Please, Ilya, spit in my mouth and then fuck me till I'm sore and aching,*"

Ilya stared at Shane for a long moment. He felt like his brain was short circuiting from the words Shane had said. Plus what he could only assume was a similar plea in French. And *wow*, was hearing Shane dirty talk in French doing something to Ilya.

Ilya swallowed, gaze dark.

He leaned forwards, pressing his thumb into Shane's lower lip. Shane allowed his mouth to open wide, staring up at Ilya. He was so patient, so well behaved, hands fisted into the sheets as he stared at Ilya like he was Eros reincarnated.

In a slow, filthy motion, Ilya opened his mouth, allowing the saliva pooling up at the edge of his mouth to trail down, some landing on Shane's lips and chin, but most landing inside Shane's own mouth.

Ilya watched as Shane closed his lips, staring right at Ilya as he swallowed their combined spit.

Ilya was convinced he was having a religious experience. That Shane Hollander in his bed staring at him like *that* speaking French was the second coming of god. Or maybe he was in hell, and Shane was the sin of lust, embodied and beautiful and pure temptation.

With a sense of urgency, Ilya lubed up his dick, leaning forward to kiss Shane deeply and swallowing up Shane's moan as he thrust hard into Shane, slowly but surely going inch by inch until his hips were flush against Shane's ass.

Ilya set away at fucking into Shane like he was on a mission, pulling his mouth away just so he could hear Shane's little *uh uh uh*'s as Ilya rocked into him. They were both dripping sweat, Ilya panting next to Shane's ear as he thrust *hard*, pressing up against Shane's prostate each time, eyes shut at the way Shane's hole was clenching around him, pulling him in.

And then, just when Ilya thought the night couldn't get any better, Shane starting blabbering. He did it often when he was getting fucked in subspace, overwhelmed in the best of ways. So

it wasn't that uncommon for him to start talking incomprehensibly about how good he was feeling, how good Ilya was making him feel.

No, what *was* new was Shane doing it in *French*.

Ilya felt himself somehow get harder, somehow felt the flame in his core get hotter and hotter as Shane's voice flowed through the air, tone whiny and wrecked.

"Ilya, oh my god, you feel so good. Fuck, holy shit, you're dick is so deep, can feel it in my stomach, please, please, please, m'gonna cum-" Shane slurred out. His switching between French and English, so easily and flawlessly even in his debauched state, had Ilya going *feral*.

Ilya pressed himself further into Shane, bodyweight securely pressing Shane deeply into the mattress. He thrust deep into Shane, shaping Shane's walls in the shape of his dick, using Shane as his own personal fleshlight.

"Cum for me, Shane. Be a good boy and cum for me. You are being so good. So beautiful like this. Divine." Ilya slipped into Russian, the words coming easily. He knew Shane found it hot when he spoke Russian in the way he found Shane hot when he spoke French.

The gravelly sound of his voice right next to Shane's ear, encouraging him, seemed to be enough to help Shane hit his peak.

Ilya fucked Shane through it, watching as Shane's back arched and his eyes closed, dick spurting white across his stomach, pooling in his bellybutton.

The way Shane's hole fluttered around Ilya's dick as he came had Ilya followed very soon after, burying himself deep in Shane with a heavy groan, emptying his load into Shane's stomach.

He allowed himself a few seconds of heavy panting, pulling himself together and slowly easing his softening dick out of Shane. One glance at Shane showed him looking content but still hazy. Ilya grabbed a tissue, wiping at his dick and then Shane's stomach and hole.

He eased himself off of Shane, grabbing some water. He gently cupped Shane's chin in his hand, rubbing his thumb across Shane's cheek.

"Come back to me, Shane, you did so good. So perfect. Can you drink some water for me?" Ilya asked gently. He smiled as Shane grabbed the water out of Ilya's hand, sipping at it and blinking a few times. Ilya just moved his hand to Shane's hair, gently rubbing his fingers through Shane's locks.

The haze slowly retreated from Shane's eyes as he came back from subspace.

"Think I have to speak French more often, if it gets us to fuck like that." Shane said, voice ruff and scratchy but sounding very content.

Ilya laughed, gently kissing Shane before properly laying down, pulling Shane so the man's head was resting against his chest.

"Yes, please do. Whenever you want to complain about me, just do it in French. Then I will never know, plus you get added benefit of me fucking you into mattress."

Shane smiled tiredly at Ilya.

"Hope you know-" Shane broke off mid-sentence, letting out a loud yawn. Ilya fought the urge to coo and pinch at Shane's cheeks. He looked so cute when he was tired. "I'm going to be using this information every time we argue."

Ilya settled himself further into the bed, kissing Shane's forehead. Tiredness sunk into his body, the kind that had him feeling boneless and sated.

“You already win every argument anyways. All you have to do is look at me with your big teary eyes. Barrett thinks I am whipped. That you walk me like dog. He is not wrong. You are very hard to win argument against when you give me those eyes.”

Shane just snorted in amusement, snuggling into Ilya, allowing his eyes to shut.

“My own personal guard dog. Love you, Ilya. Je t'aime.” Shane mumbled tiredly, using Ilya as a pillow, breathing slowly evening out. Shane always fell asleep easier after they fucked, especially after they fucked like this.

Ilya might not know much French, but he knew what that meant. His heart warmed as he allowed himself to follow Shane into sleep, eyes fluttering shut, comforted wholly by the weight of his husband against him.

“Love you, too. Tozhe tebya lyublyu.” Ilya murmured.

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