

waiting to be consumed by you

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Summary

“I don’t think is what you want,” Ilya tells him, tone knowing and a little mean, like he holds all of the answers which, when it comes to Shane, he has a great many of them. “I think you want *me* to make *you* shut up, hm?”

Notes

back on my bullshit. mean dom ilya kind of? i love putting shane hollander in situations. any mistakes are mine bc this was just kinda whipped up in my nasty little mind and lightly proofread.

title from the Fiona Apple song basically all of my oneshots get their names from :3

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

Any time Shane brings up something new he wants to introduce to their sex life, his words hold an air of deniability. Shane always *implies*, like it's physically painful for him to ask directly. Ilya can always tell by the look in his eyes, the way he fidgets. He says things like they're halfhearted, but they carry the weight of his desire nonetheless. The rest follows a familiar pattern: Ilya deciphers the true request hidden within Shane's feigned nonchalance, teases him until he's pink and mildly pissed off, and promptly gives him whatever it is that he wants. Enthusiastically. When Shane lets it slip that he wants Ilya to spank him, he does so indirectly.

It's not surprising.

Shane's holding himself tense in a way Ilya hates to see here, in his cottage, where he's supposed to relax and worry less, if at all. He had been quiet and spaced-out all day, with a convenient segue ready any time enough silence opened up in which Ilya could ask him what's wrong. He doesn't seem sad, because Ilya wouldn't let that slide for too long. But he's pissy, like he woke up feeling off and nothing Ilya does is impressing him much.

Ilya figures Shane will talk about it sooner or later, so he ropes him into playing video games. Feeling how much Shane wants to beat him at everything makes for fantastic foreplay.

They're on the couch playing a hostile game of Chel, Shane's competitiveness Ilya loves front and center as he talks his shit despite being down 2-1 to Ilya's Metros. Ilya refuses to play as any other team. Shane's words have gone from light and teasing to truly irritated. He's so easy to rile up, and Ilya adores him for it.

When Ilya places a mockingly reassuring hand on Shane's shoulder after slotting another one past his virtual goalie, Shane shrugs Ilya off, scooting away from him on the couch. Ilya laughs when Shane tells him to fuck off, the words as reliable as loon calls at dusk.

"Did you forget how to play, Hollander?" Ilya chirps, just to get *that* look from the other man, just to watch as Shane's hands grip tighter around his controller as he clenches his jaw.

Shane doesn't respond, turning up his nose like he's suddenly too good to rise to Ilya's bait. He's jamming his fingers into the controls as if he'll beat Ilya through sheer aggression alone. Ilya considers letting him score for a second, just so that his expression smooths out into something less murderous. He chooses not to, though, after getting a particularly annoyed look from Shane. It makes him look so much like a wet, disgruntled kitten that Ilya's heart stutters. And maybe his dick stirs a bit.

The on-screen music and goal horns blare as a Metros victory is called, and the closeup on the little animated Shane Hollander amuses Ilya more than it probably should. Ilya doesn't realize he's laughing until he catches sight of Shane. He's staring at him unimpressed, arms crossed, and then he's grabbing the remote to turn his TV off. He's even adorable when he's being an immature, sore loser. Ilya wants to keep him all to himself forever.

Ilya knows something is definitely off then, because any other time, Shane would make them keep playing until he won. He always wants to go again until he's satisfied with his own

performance, no matter the activity. Ilya, because he finds Shane's bitchiness both endearing and amusing, lets the tension linger in the air for a long moment before he speaks.

"Is just a game, Shane," Ilya teases, looking at him wide-eyed and incredulous.

"Yeah, well, it's a stupid game, and I didn't want to play anymore," Shane spits, running a hand through his hair and curling up on the couch so that his legs are beneath him.

"Because you lose? And now you are being a baby about it?" Ilya asks him, doesn't even try to keep the goading inflection out of his tone.

He wants to see what it will take for Shane to give in, to ask for what he wants. Ilya has always been one to poke the bear, to address the elephant in the room.

"God, you're so annoying," Shane mutters under his breath, and picks up his phone and starts to scroll, like he can't stand the conversation for another second.

"You are being rude, Shane. You would be mad if I let you win, you are mad that you lose. What you want me to do? I can't make you better at the game," Ilya says, equal parts teasing and reprimanding.

Shane gives him a look that could melt steel, and snaps, "Shut up."

But it's not funny to Ilya. It doesn't feel like just an offhand comment, the way he says it. There's venom behind it, and Ilya hasn't done anything to put it there. Ilya's starting to feel less patient and more like putting Shane on his stomach and doing something about his attitude.

Ilya chooses his next words very intentionally when he notices the change in Shane's expression. His eyes are wide like he's surprised himself with his own words, looking nervous for a second before he looks pissed off again. Ilya can work with that.

"You come here," Ilya commands, "and make me shut up."

"What?" Shane bites without looking up from his phone, tongue still sharp as a knife.

He's not ready to be Ilya's good boy, but Ilya thinks he has a grand idea for how to fix that particular problem. An idea they both have, but are at different stages of accepting.

"You heard me, Shane. You want me quiet? Come make me shut up," Ilya fires back, cocking his head to the side in challenge.

Shane doesn't budge, just rolls his eyes and regards Ilya with the same steely expression. When he moves as if he's going to get up off the couch and walk to another area of the cottage, Ilya's in his space before he can even get two feet firmly on the ground. He stands in front of Shane, placing a hand in his hair and gripping it just enough that Shane tilts his head back to look up at him. Shane's face is set in a pout, and he's glaring at Ilya like he hates him. It's the look that usually has Ilya falling over himself to give Shane what he wants, to do anything to see him smile. But Ilya knows part of giving Shane what he wants requires him to

look past the surface. To look deeper, to the parts of Shane that he trusts Ilya to see and recognize, without him saying anything at all.

“Ow, Ilya, let me go. Leave me alone,” Shane says, vowels laced with a whine though Ilya’s sure he’s going for assertiveness.

The way Shane tries pulling his hair out of Ilya’s grip only makes it so that there’s more pressure on his scalp, and Ilya relishes in the tiny betrayed noises he hears in response.

“I don’t think is what you want,” Ilya tells him, tone knowing and a little mean, like he holds all of the answers which, when it comes to Shane, he has a great many of them. “I think you want *me* to make *you* shut up, hm?” he finishes, punctuating his statement with a harsh tug on Shane’s hair.

Ilya sees a bit of panic on Shane’s face then, his eyes widening like he’s been caught with a hand in the cookie jar. The panic quickly shifts to something stormy and yet his lips are parting, pupils blown wide. Shane’s expressions are as familiar to Ilya as the lines on his own palms. Ilya’s suddenly overcome with the sentimental feeling that they are going to have a lot of fun with each other, for a very long time.

Shane’s brown eyes are glistening with unshed tears from getting his hair pulled, and Ilya doesn’t want to investigate what it means that he feels himself getting hard at the sight. Shane won’t meet his eyes, defiance still thrumming under his skin and his jaw set like he has his mind made up. Ilya wrenches a hand in Shane’s hair heavily, making the other man jolt against his grip.

Then Ilya speaks, “You look at me,” tone commanding and clear, like Shane needs things carefully explained to him, “and fucking answer me, when I talk to you.”

Shane’s still squirming against the tight grip in his hair, but pauses, as if he’s unsure of how to proceed. As if he’s unsure of what response is most likely to get Ilya’s hands on him the way he’s so obviously hoping for. Ilya knows he’s made his mind up when Shane screws his face up, angry and beautiful and determined to get his irritation beat out of him.

“Fuck you, Ilya,” he mutters, but Ilya’s expecting to hear it, it doesn’t irk him. It’s a piece falling into place.

There’s so much tension in Shane’s body, his breaths coming out choppy like he’s feeling too much and isn’t quite sure where to put all of it. Ilya leans down to give him a searing kiss on the forehead, more derisive and claiming than it is placating, and indulges in the heat of his skin, reveling in his indignant gasping noises. Then Ilya’s looking down on him, expression neutral.

“Is okay. I know what to do with rude boys like you. I know what you need. *маленький сопляк*,” Ilya tuts, tone much sweeter than the words he says.

“What, are you gonna hit me or something?” Shane rebuts flatly, but the shade of pink on his cheeks tells on him, telling Ilya just how much the idea excites him.

“I think you want,” Ilya confirms, nodding, moving the hand that’s holding Shane’s hair to grip his jaw firmly, “think you will like when I put you over my knee, make you my good little boy again.”

“M’not little,” is all Shane finds worthy of a response, his words coming out slurred from Ilya’s grip on his cheeks.

Ilya slaps him lightly, just a couple of firm pats to the cheek that he hopes will make Shane feel floaty and apologetic, rather than furious. Doesn’t matter too much either way.

“So much to say,” he chides Shane, stroking a thumb over the sensitive area under his lower eyelid, tracing his freckles over his blush, “we are done with that. Go wait for me in your bedroom. Clothes off. Don’t touch, I will know. You cum fast.”

Shane must not feel dismissed, because he’s glaring at Ilya and staying put as if he didn’t hear the command. Ilya considers him with a hard, unimpressed look that shifts down to where Shane’s cock is tenting his lounge shorts. Ilya quirks an eyebrow. *I know how much you want this.*

Caught, Shane picks himself up and walks to the bedroom, the weight of Ilya’s gaze following him there.

Ilya considers keeping him waiting long, making him stew in his want. He thinks about doing something cruel like sitting down to watch highlights of the Raider’s first cup run with a glass of vodka in hand, letting time slip away as he reminisces. Or facetimeing Svetlana, which will inevitably become a three hour phone call. He even considers going on his burner Twitter account and trolling Russian Metros fans for a few hours.

He doesn’t do any of it, though, and instead gorges himself on the image of a naked, flustered, angry Shane Hollander that’s waiting to be shown his place. Tries to imagine the thoughts running through Shane’s head. Whether he’s more nervous than excited, whether things are playing out how he imagined. Whether he’s still hard. Ilya has no doubts about the last one.

The thought of Shane stripped down and humping his bed spurs Ilya into action, propelled by the fear of missing out on such a sight. The pull of being responsible for correcting such behavior.

Ilya quickly tidies the living room, placing all of the remotes back in their rightful places and re-folding one of Shane’s many throw blankets. He ensures all of the doors are locked and that the thermostat is set to a reasonable temperature. He considers drawing the motorized blinds for a moment but laughs at himself, seeing the sun shining through the windows. Only he would be about to spank his neurotic professional hockey player boyfriend in the middle of the afternoon. Besides, there is no reason to close the blinds. Nothing worth hiding from can touch them here.

When everything feels adequately organized, Ilya makes his way over to Shane’s ridiculously nice kitchen and locates one of the man’s boring meal prep containers, heating it up for later. The sight of the bland chicken and rice makes Ilya wonder whether Shane would let him get

away with ordering a huge, greasy pizza to his cottage. Maybe if he asks very nicely and puts it under Shane's name. Ilya has a feeling it's unlikely.

Ilya quickly preps a snack for Shane, cutting some strawberries to go alongside a protein bar, sweet and easy to eat. Ilya knows from experience that Shane won't hesitate to ask Ilya to feed it to him, though, especially if he's feeling particularly needy. Ilya grabs a few bottles of water and a can of ginger ale, like second nature.

He places all of the items on an end table closest to the bedroom door, laughing to himself as if entering with aftercare supplies will somehow shatter his dominant persona in Shane's eyes. He's never been too concerned with separating the two. Being a strict dom and being tender towards Shane. To Ilya, it's all a part of taking care of him, equally important halves that complete the whole.

Knowing the salve he intends to use on Shane's bruises when they're finished is located somewhere in the en suite, he enters the bedroom, slipping seamlessly back into the role Shane needs.

He finds Shane sitting at the foot of his neatly-made bed, shoulders hunched in a way that's foreign on him. He doesn't look up when Ilya enters, but he starts fidgeting, a hand coming up to dip into his mouth where he nibbles and sucks on his fingers. And he's still fully clothed. Ilya commends his dedication to being a little shit today.

Ilya stalks over to stand in front of Shane, putting some distance between the two of them. He knows too much physicality at this point would put Shane at risk of slipping into a different headspace far too quickly. Ilya needs him fully there, for now.

"You think I was joking, when I tell you to be naked by the time I come back? You think you don't have to listen? That you can do what you want?" Ilya bites out, enjoying the way Shane flinches a bit at the bass in his voice, the way he sits up straighter.

Shane starts to speak, likely to argue futilely, but Ilya cuts him off with a scolding sound.

Ilya continues, "You did not take me seriously. Don't worry, I will show you how serious I am," Ilya chuckles meanly, "take your fucking clothes off, Shane, or I do for you."

Shane looks up at him, and Ilya sees that there's still fight left in him, but that he's gotten his point across. Ilya has to focus on controlling his facial expression as Shane takes his shirt off, gorgeous body revealing itself, his blush reaching as far as his sternum. He's just so pretty, and Ilya feels as fond as he always does watching Shane pristinely fold his shirt and shorts.

While Shane stands to undress, Ilya steals his spot at the foot of the bed, still fully clothed in his shirt and sweatpants. When Shane's hands hesitate on the waistband of his briefs and he looks to Ilya for guidance, Ilya feels something stronger than fondness. He feels a kind of persistent hunger that only Shane has been capable of satiating for a long time.

"Yes, that means take it all off," he bites, condescending, and watches as Shane's blush blooms brighter.

Ilya takes a moment to appreciate the view, the way Shane squirms in place in front of him. He never knows what to do with his hands, and under very different circumstances Ilya would be pulling him into a smothering hug, littering kiss after kiss to his apprehensive face. He pulls Shane in by the waist, ignoring his obviously interested cock, and holds his wrists tightly to get his attention.

“You say your word if you need to stop, or hit my leg. You will count. Say, ‘thank you,’ when I hit you, use your good manners for me,” Ilya informs him, voice deadly serious.

Ilya can feel Shane’s heart beating wildly through the pulse points on his wrists. Ilya adjusts a hand so that he’s loosely clasping one of Shane’s in it. Shane nods, but knows Ilya won’t start unless he gives him a verbal confirmation, so there must be something he’s itching to say before they begin.

“Is it gonna hurt?” Shane asks him in a small voice.

Shane Hollander, a pro athlete with a body hardened to withstand slashing sticks and being checked into the boards multiple times a week, had psyched himself out over a spanking. Ilya’s so in love with him it’s a bit ridiculous.

“Yes,” Ilya says bluntly, pulling Shane forward.

Ilya worries for a moment that Shane is uncomfortable and that they’ll have to revisit spanking at a different time, but Shane’s steadily hardening dick is enough evidence to the contrary. Ilya faces a bit of resistance from Shane as he tries to get him into the right position, his body gone rigid and uncooperative. Then the bargaining, the whining starts.

“You don’t have to do it,” Shane pleads, “I’ll say sorry, Ilya, I don’t need a spanking.”

Ilya smiles at him like a blood-sniffing shark, actively pulling Shane down to lie across his lap with his upper body draped over on the bed as he begs.

“Too late for sorry,” he leans down to whisper in Shane’s ear, stroking a hand down his spine, “You will show me how sorry you are.” He gives Shane a few more moments to settle before he asks him, “You are ready?”

The tense line of Shane’s body softens just a fraction, and when he says yes it’s nearly inaudible. Ilya can’t hold himself back from running a palm over the swell of Shane’s ass, proprietary and heavy, motivated by the whimpery noises he’s making despite not being spanked once.

Ilya delivers the first smack to the same spot he caressed, taking great satisfaction in the stinging of his palm, in the pink that blooms under Shane’s skin. The hitch in Shane’s breath as he counts and thanks Ilya for hurting him, for reminding him how to be good, makes Ilya feel winded himself. For all of Shane’s earlier missteps, he keeps himself mostly still as Ilya lands hit after hit to his warmed skin, counting each one perfectly.

He only falters around fifteen or so, his voice coming out muffled through his sobbing and legs kicking out wildly when Ilya hits a spot that’s especially sensitive. Ilya rains down

another dozen hits before he decides Shane's had enough, his cries sounding more distraught than bratty. Ilya indulges him with a couple of sweet grounding touches to his back and thighs, maneuvering him so that they're lying down on the bed, Shane's head resting over his heart.

"All done, took it so well. Such a good boy, hm? Just needed a little help," Ilya whispers in his ear, letting Shane rub his wet face into his shirt as he nuzzles into his neck, seeking tactile comfort Ilya's all too willing to provide. Ilya is used to Shane being silent after some of the more intense things they do together, so he isn't surprised when Shane nuzzles deeper into his neck at the words, eyes closed tight. Ilya tenderly rubs his back as his sniffles subside into shaky, deep breaths.

Shane is still hard where he's pressed up against Ilya. It becomes obvious when Ilya feels him slowly grinding down against his thigh, his chest rising and falling unevenly.

"Please, can I?" Shane slurs, pleading with unfocused eyes.

Ilya decides to let him get away with it, finding it hard to put up any real resistance when Shane's warm and loose-limbed in his arms, and he'd already taken his punishment so prettily. Ilya gets a hold on Shane's hips to press him more firmly down against the muscle of his thigh and his own dick becomes quickly interested, straining in his pants. When Shane reaches for one of Ilya's hands to suck his index and middle fingers into his mouth, the movement is familiar.

"Such a sweet boy," Ilya coos, laying a sweet kiss on Shane's forehead as he continues directing the lewd grind of their hips together, the feeling of Shane's cock leaking onto the front of his pants making the pace filthier, making the intoxicating friction hotter and wetter.

Shane doesn't take long to cum, much like any other time, and when he does he's beautiful. Just like any other time. Ilya almost has to look away from him, so overcome with desire and emotion he feels like he's being burned. But he watches, doesn't want to miss a second. Shane's back arches as his body seizes up tight, but he somehow manages to keep Ilya's fingers nestled between his lips the entire time he rides out his orgasm. Ilya follows him soon after, spilling into his underwear like an overexcited teenager.

Ilya lets them rest for a couple of minutes, basking in the warm glow of pleasure and closeness. Ilya knows Shane's come back to himself when he feels fingers tracing little swirly patterns into his forearm. When he meets Shane's eyes he's staring right back at Ilya, expression open and content.

"I'm sorry for telling you to shut up," he whispers, flushed and smiling shyly.

"Not sorry for saying 'fuck you'?" Ilya teases through a lazy grin, petting a hand through his disheveled hair.

"I'll say it again," Shane giggles.

"I don't think so," Ilya whispers, endlessly fond, "good boys don't talk like that. And I think you are very good boy."

Shane closes his eyes at the praise, leaning into Ilya's space like a cat wanting to be pet. Ilya kisses him, the slow and deep kind that feels as if Ilya could give his heart to Shane through his mouth, with the full trust Shane will keep it safe forever. Ilya knows he needs to fetch the salve for Shane's bruises, needs to retrieve a snack for him, and water so he doesn't go too long without hydrating, and to change out of his own cum-soaked underwear. He'll get to it. In the meantime, Ilya squeezes Shane tight, clinging to him as if someone is going to come and take him away, the twin beating of their hearts lulling him further into a state of unadulterated joy.

End Notes

feel free to lmk if there's anything specific you wanna see below or on my [tumblr](#). open to writing for hr and a few hrpf ships!!

thank you for reading!! i appreciate you.

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