

seeing god

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seeing god

by [beautifullyblue](#)

Summary

Shane rides Ilya into a religious experience, and into the headboard.

or

Ilya finally gets his bell rung back.

Notes

i wrote this because i'm a firm believer that Ilya also deserves to get his bell rung by his hot husband.

this also gets quite emotional towards the end, it even had me yearning for a relationship for a second but that beast was quickly banished back to its cage. amen.

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

Shane was staring.

He was well aware of the fact, but he couldn't make himself look away. Ilya was hypnotising. Not just for his ridiculously good looks, but for the way Ilya carried himself in such a way that just drew attention. Like Shane's, but also annoyingly Shane thought, everyone else in the world. He can't blame them, but that doesn't mean he has to like it.

But the Ilya people thought they knew was different from the Ilya *Shane* knew, the real Ilya. That yes, Ilya was cocky and annoying and a little shit at times, chirping constantly on the ice and cheekily winking at reporters to give them a story. But he was also deeply caring, his hands were gentle when they ran a path across Shane's face or when he makes them dinner and refuses to let Shane help, spanking him gently with the back of a wooden spoon if he doesn't sit down and 'look pretty'. He was loving, he was funny, but he could also be sad. Ilya was so many things more than the cocky player on the ice that everyone knew him to be.

And importantly, Ilya was Shane's. To have and to love. And Shane loved him very much. Like *a lot*. So much that he didn't know what to do with all of it sometimes. Like now.

Because Ilya was cleaning. Which wasn't a new thing, of course, Shane runs a tight ship. *Aye aye Mr. Captain*, Ilya would say when Shane gets particularly bossy about cleaning their condo. But Shane likes things clean (as does Ilya but perhaps not with the same devotion), and Ilya likes Shane to have the things he likes. So he will dutifully follow Shane's overbearing instructions with a smile and fond roll of his eyes, dramatically following every instruction with sometimes annoying detail.

Like the time Shane asked him to make their bed as he wandered off to do the laundry, and came back to Ilya stacking the decorative cushions into a pyramid in the middle of the bed.

'Ilya.'

'Shane.' He had replied without turning around, hands hovering in front of the leaning tower of cushions.

'What are you doing?'

'I am making the bed. Do you like it?'

'Why have you stacked the pillows like that?'

'It's like in fancy hotels, when maid does the shapes on the bed.' Ilya replies easily, turning around to gesture to his pyramid proudly.

'I think you mean when they make the towels into swans. Towels, Ilya, not pillows. How are we going to sleep on that?'

'We don't,' Ilya wiggles his eyebrows suggestively and Shane laughs before giving a pointed look.

'Put the pillows back properly please.'

'You don't like how I have made the bed? But I did what you asked me to.' Ilya replies cheekily, heart coming up to feign hurt.

'I think it is a very interpretative idea of making the bed. But now that I've admired it, I would like you to do it properly.'

And after some more bickering, Ilya had put a hand on his heart in an oath to make the bed properly, before he leapt towards Shane and dragged him onto the bed into the tower of pillows, sending them falling around them.

He had playfully covered Shane's face in kisses before grinning down at him to say, *'Now I have made the bed.'*

Except right now it wasn't a case of Ilya's pillow pyramid, it was something much more innocent that was capturing all of Shane's attention.

Shane leaned against the doorframe of the living area, watching Ilya fuss with the cushions and blankets on the sofa. He hits the centre of one of the cushions gently to plump it up, fingers pinching the corners to shift it a degree to the left. He leans down to smooth his hands across the creases in the cream blanket tucked into the side of the tan sofa. Ilya sings a song softly under his breath, a Russian one, Shane thinks, not recognising it. His blue eyes are focused, eyebrows lightly furrowed in concentration as he continues to rearrange the cushions.

The condo is spotless. A *Shane* kind of spotless, except Shane hadn't cleaned. It was one of the first things Shane noticed when he had walked in the door, bag in hand, Ilya's name on the tip of his tongue, ready to call out to his husband he was back early from his shoot in Vancouver, wrapping a day earlier than planned. Which meant he could get an earlier flight and get back a few hours earlier than he had originally told Ilya.

But in the rush and contained excitement of getting to see his husband sooner than planned, Shane hadn't had time to actually text him to let him know. By the time he was in the car driving to their condo, he decided it would be a nice surprise if Ilya was home. And if he wasn't, Shane could just wait until he was.

And when Shane had walked through the entryway, toeing off his shoes and seeing Ilya's car keys in the dishbowl by the front door, he knew he was in. So he had been ready to call out to him, when he noticed just how *clean* everything was, which was when he heard a soft humming come from further inside. So he had quietly dropped his bag to silently pad across the hardwood floor to his current view.

Ilya, singing under his breath, eyes fixed in concentration as he made the living area look nice. Completely unaware of his husband watching him in the doorway, which Shane has now been doing for the last five minutes. Ilya had a nice voice and Shane wished he sang more. It was deeply rich and baritone, and sent tingles down Shane's spine, especially when he sang in Russian, his tongue curling beautifully around all the soft curves and edges of his mother tongue.

And whilst watching Ilya move around in a comfy tank top and shorts, nudging the book lying on the coffee table to be parallel to the edge, something Ilya wouldn't normally care to

do, Shane had belatedly realised Ilya was doing this for *him*. The fussing, the cleaning. And something warm and fuzzy curled around his heart at the sight of it, the care and consideration Ilya unassumingly has for Shane. It also makes him a little horny.

‘It looks nice.’ Shane's voice breaking the silence, watching Ilya’s head whip up at the sound, song falling off his lips.

At the sight of him, shock and confusion flits across Ilya’s face before a look of pure joy breaks out with a wide grin.

‘You are back early.’ Ilya says, winding round the sofa to approach him.

Shane steps away from leaning against the doorframe to meet him in the middle of the room, hand reaching out to grab the one Ilya had put out in front of him. Their fingers tangle together and Shane tugs Ilya towards him as their lips meet in a soft kiss, Shane humming in content.

He draws back to whisper, ‘I am,’ eyes looking at Ilya fondly.

‘You didn’t text.’ Ilya’s hands drift to Shane’s waist to hold him there.

‘Thought it would be a nice surprise.’ He replies simply before stealing another kiss, feeling Ilya smile against his lips.

Ilya’s fingers creep under Shane’s hoodie to ghost over his skin and nudges his nose against his.

‘Hmm, yes, what a nice surprise.’

Shane smiles and pulls back to look at him properly, watching as Ilya’s eyes move across his face in blatant love.

‘Did you clean?’ Shane questions softly, hands twisting the curls at the base of Ilya’s neck.

Ilya straightens, drawing Shane closer. ‘Yes. You like when it is clean.’ He says it with a simple shrug.

‘*You* also like it when it is clean.’ Shane shoots back with a raised brow, because whilst Ilya isn’t on the same level as Shane when it comes to dusting, he also wasn’t a slob.

Ilya tilts his head in thought with a quizzical hum.

‘Yes. But you like it *Shane* clean. So I *Shane* cleaned,’ Ilya steals a quick kiss before finishing cheekily, ‘that way you are not grumpy when you come home.’

Shane rears back, mouth agape watching Ilya grin widely.

‘Fuck you, I do not get *grumpy*-,’

‘Yes you do. Your face goes like this,’ and Ilya pretends to meow like a cat, scrunching up his face in a comical pout.

‘Who the hell is that supposed to be?’ Shane asks with an outraged laugh.

Ilya smacks a loud kiss on Shane’s cheek before leaning back to peer at him with a smirk.

‘It is you. Duh.’

Shane rolls his eyes playfully, heart clenching at how much he has missed this, their back and forth. He'd been away less than a week but he had missed Ilya terribly, and standing in front of his husband as Ilya playfully teases him makes him feel warm.

‘Oh really?’

‘*Da*, my little angry *kotenok*.’ And with that Ilya cups a hand under Shane’s jaw to bring him closer for a kiss, tongue teasing at the seam of his lips before Shane readily opens to let him in.

Shane pulls back slightly to whisper, ‘I missed you,’ before softly kissing Ilya again.

‘I missed you too, *moya lyubov*.’ Ilya whispers back, answering the confession with another kiss.

They stand there for a little while longer, unhurriedly exploring each other’s mouth, hands curling into each other’s hair, groaning between gasps of breath. As Ilya’s lips come to kiss under Shane’s jaw, he nips lightly, causing Shane to exhale shakily and grip at Ilya’s broad shoulders.

Arousal slowly begins to pool at the base of his spine, and Shane pulls back to gaze at his husband. It’s been almost a week of no Ilya, and Shane won’t lie that he has been horny. And the sight of Ilya dutifully cleaning their home for his arrival has unleashed said hunger in such a violent manner that Shane almost feels feral with it. Which isn’t a new feeling when it comes to thinking about Ilya, but it definitely isn’t something that has happened because Ilya has cleaned. But Ilya cleaned for *him*. Because he wanted the apartment to be nice for him when he returns home. And the simple gesture makes Shane’s heart thud with love. And arousal.

Shane takes Ilya’s hands in his before walking backwards, smiling mischievously at Ilya’s amused smile.

‘We are going somewhere? I am not finished kissing you.’ Ilya says, walking faster to try to get closer to Shane, almost stepping on Shane’s socked feet, but Shane simply walks

backwards faster, tugging Ilya along with him as they enter their bedroom.

‘I want to say thank you for cleaning the apartment.’ Shane says with a smile, feeling the bed hit the back of his knees and spinning them quickly to push Ilya down to bounce on the edge of the bed.

The surprise on Ilya’s face at the sudden switch is quickly wiped off to be replaced with a smirk, his hands coming to pull Shane between his legs.

‘Thank me? You are happy I cleaned this much?’ He teases, looking up at Shane with unfurling heat.

Shane’s hands come to rest on Ilya’s shoulders and he raises his eyebrows.

‘Can’t a husband express his gratitude?’

Ilya pushes Shane’s hoodie up to press a kiss against the warm skin of his belly before resting his chin against it to look up at him.

‘Usually you tell me I haven’t done it properly. Like you are teacher and I am naughty student.’ Ilya lips press another scalding kiss below Shane’s belly button, teeth playfully biting at his hip.

Shane’s abs tremble with the hot touch of Ilya’s lips, as they brush lower to the waistband of his jeans. Shane moves forward to sit in Ilya’s lap, thighs either side of Ilya’s knees and Ilya’s hands automatically come to cradle his ass. His fingers sink into Ilya’s golden curls to yank his head back, Shane leaning in to ghost over Ilya’s lips.

‘Well it seems the naughty boy has learnt his lesson. And I like to reward well behaved students. Are you going to let me give you your reward?’ He whispers, and he watches as Ilya’s pupils dilate, his fingers digging into his ass, cursing in Russian under his breath.

Shane doesn't wait for Ilya to respond, instead seizing his lips, tongue licking into his mouth, fingers tugging on Ilya's hair. Shane moans as Ilya immediately responds, pulling Shane even closer, mouth hot on his. Shane begins to grind his denim covered cock against Ilya's, feeling it beginning to harden beneath him. Ilya groans at the friction, fingers digging into the flesh of Shane's ass to grind their hips together. They both moan into each other's mouths at the feel of it, Shane's fingers fumbling at Ilya's waistband to tug his shorts down. Ilya does the same with his, almost breaking the zipper off his jeans with how hard he yanks it down.

Shane drops to his knees in between Ilya's legs, shucking off his jeans and boxers to lie in a pool somewhere behind him. Hands coming to help as Ilya lifts his hips to shove his shorts down, flushed, thick cock springing free. Shane's mouth waters at the sight of the drop of precum sliding down the length.

Ilya's fingers curl under the hem of Shane's hoodie and tugs impatiently, and Shane's arms lift above his head to let Ilya yank it over his head, Ilya muttering a 'Want to see you,' before chucking it somewhere behind Shane, as he pulls his tank top off to join it.

Before Shane can lean in to take Ilya's cock into his mouth like he so desperately wants to, Ilya grips his chin and leans down to capture his lips in another hard kiss, Ilya's gold necklace swinging to hit the warmth of Shane's neck.

'Fuck I missed you,' Ilya mutters into Shane's open mouth, and Shane clutches at his face to kiss him back just as deeply.

Shane pulls back, a string of saliva connecting their swollen lips snapping, as he replies, 'I missed you too, so let me suck your cock,' bending down to swirl his tongue around the head of Ilya's cock before sucking it into his mouth with hollowed cheeks.

Ilya throws his head back with a groan, fingers coming to rest in Shane's hair, as he sinks down to the base, throat swallowing around Ilya's pulsing length. Shane moves back to slide off Ilya's cock before spitting on the head obscenely and taking it straight back into his mouth again, fucking his throat on the Ilya's cock, gagging softly, wet eyes gazing up at Ilya.

‘Jesus fucking Christ,’ Ilya gasps, accent thickening in the midst of pleasure, a light sheen of sweat glistening across his forehead, chest heaving, fingers tightening in Shane’s hair. He tilts his head back before locking eyes with Shane, unable to look away as he watches him swallow his cock like he’s starving.

And maybe Shane is starving, because watching his husband struggle to keep his composure makes him even more ravenous to see him fall apart. Ilya works so hard, and Shane wants to give him what he deserves. He wants to give him everything if he could. But if he can’t do that, then he’ll happily suck his soul out of his cock, or maybe ride him. Or maybe both. Shane would really like to do both.

Ilya’s hands move to cup the back of Shane’s head, and Shane stills to let Ilya control the pace, letting him fuck his mouth up and down the spit slick length sliding in and out of his mouth. Ilya clenches his teeth and stares darkly down at Shane like something possessed.

‘Such a good fucking mouth.’ He grits out, fucking Shane’s mouth faster, biceps bulging under the soft light of the bedside table behind them. Shane’s fingers tighten where they clutch onto Ilya’s thighs, his head hazy with the smell and taste of Ilya burning in his lungs, his eyes rolling back slightly at the feeling of being so thoroughly used for Ilya’s pleasure.

Shane comes off Ilya’s cock with a gasp, lines of spit connecting his swollen lips to Ilya’s cock. He leans forward to lick a single stripe up the length of it, before leaning back on his haunches, breathing heavily, cock hard and dripping between his legs.

‘Want to ride you.’ He lisps out, tongue heavy and throat abused.

Ilya drags Shane up to him to kiss him filthily, teeth pulling at his lips, tasting himself on Shane’s tongue.

‘You can have anything you want, *moya lyubov*, when you suck my cock like that.’ He says darkly, before dragging Shane up onto the bed with him as they move to settle near the pillows at the head of the bed. Shane huffs out a laugh but follows willingly, before crawling into Ilya’s lap to face him, pushing at Ilya’s chest to make him lean back against the headboard.

Ilya gazes at him with heat curling in his blown pupils and Shane smiles shyly at the intensity of it, feeling Ilya's large palms come to cradle his waist as he settles in his lap. Having all of Ilya's attention can be overwhelming, but it also sends heat straight down to his cock, making it twitch.

Ilya's hands brush Shane's ass and smooths over his hole before he stops short, sucking in a breath and looking at Shane with wide eyes.

Shane offers a little smile, shrugging lightly. 'I wanted to be ready for you.'

Ilya's eyes flit between Shane's, mouth parted in wonder.

'You-when?'

A blush creeps across Shane's freckled cheeks. 'On the plane.' He says quietly, eyes casting down to look at Ilya's chest, fingers idly playing with his chain.

'You fucked yourself open on the plane?' Ilya repeats, fingers tightening in the fat of Shane's ass, spreading his cheeks slightly.

Shane's shoulders curl inwards shyly. A far cry from the words that had just come out of his mouth. 'Yes. I-I missed you.' He trails off, still refusing to look up at Ilya who is now looking at his husband with poorly restrained awe and lust.

Ilya growls suddenly and sinks two fingers into Shane's wet and loose hole, forcing out a cry between Shane's lips, Ilya yanking him closer, another hand gripping his chin to force Shane to look at him.

'My baby had to fuck his fingers into his little hole because I wasn't there, hmm? You had to do it yourself?' He mutters darkly, fingers pistoning harshly out of Shane's hole, curling to hit his prostate to send Shane's eyes fluttering.

He comes to clutch at Ilya, desperate moans and gasps spilling from his lips as Ilya finger fucks him so hard his ass cheeks jiggle with the force of his thrusts.

‘Y-yes.’ He whispers out, lips brushing Ilya’s, eyes squeezing shut.

‘Hmm, poor baby, poor *kotenok*. All alone, having to ride his fingers in dirty plane bathroom.’ Shane whines at the words, his insides on fire as a third finger sinks into his clenching hole, tugging on his rim.

He cries out as Ilya begins to milk his prostate mercilessly.

‘Did you cum?’ Ilya demands softly, fingers gripping Shane’s chin harder, pulling his head back to look at him.

Shane shakes his head frantically, eyes wide, tears gathering in his lashes, mouth stuttering on a breath as the air is fucked out of him with Ilya’s fingers.

‘N-no. Not allowed to.’ Shane stutters out, cock steadily dripping between them. Ilya smirks.

Ilya’s hand holding his chin moves to swoop down to smack Shane’s ass with a resounding crack, causing Shane to cry out.

‘That’s right, because your cock and your hole is mine, yes?’ Ilya says darkly, eyes never leaving Shane’s.

‘Yes.’ Shane sobs out, overwhelmed by the sensation of Ilya’s fingers massaging his prostate so thoroughly, as the other hand comes to wrap around his neglected cock, fist tight as it jerks up and down.

‘Good boy, now come for me.’ Ilya snarls into Shane’s mouth as he kisses him, and Shane cries into the kiss, back arching as cum spurts upwards from his cock, hitting his chin, spilling across both of their abdomens.

Shane falls into the crook of Ilya’s neck, fingers tightening around his shoulders, gasped breaths stuttering out as he comes down from the orgasm, cum cooling between them.

Ilya croons softly, fingers dancing soothingly up Shane’s spine, eliciting a shudder.

Ilya presses a kiss to the side of Shane’s head, resting his cheek there for a moment as Shane comes down. Shane pulls back slightly to grasp Ilya’s chin with slightly shaking fingers, drawing him in for a soft kiss, which Ilya deepens slowly, Shane answering with a moan.

Ilya pulls back, noses brushing, a hand coming to tuck some of Shane’s hair behind his ear.

‘Now ride my cock.’ Ilya says into the space between them, spoken with such possessive command that Shane sucks in a breath, thighs twitching inwards but kept apart by Ilya’s strong thighs. The contrast between Ilya’s words and soft hands petting him makes his head spin.

With shaking fingers, Shane reaches behind him to grasp at Ilya’s cock, hand slowly running down its length to curl around the base. Ilya hisses at the touch, hips jerking upwards, his hands coming to rest at Shane’s hips.

Shane grips Ilya’s cock tightly, and as the head pops through Shane’s stretched rim he gasps, sliding down with quivering thighs. Ilya groans and tilts his head back to rest against the headboard, curled fingers leaving bruises on Shane’s skin.

As Shane comes to sit in Ilya’s lap, cock nestled all the way to the base, Shane whines softly, parted mouth hovering over Ilya’s neck.

‘Fuck, Shane you feel so good.’ Ilya gasps out, eyes squeezed shut, Shane’s tight and pulsing walls wrapped around Ilya’s cock.

Shane takes a deep, steadying breath, shifting slightly to elicit a moan from Ilya, one hand coming up to hold onto the headboard, the other clutching at Ilya’s shoulder. A finger traces a mole there before Shane’s eyes focus on Ilya’s face, knees spreading wider and legs bending, tucking his feet under Ilya’s thighs.

Ilya tilts his head to look at Shane adoringly, and they share a sweet kiss, one of Ilya’s hands coming up to cup his jaw lovingly.

And then Shane rises his hips slowly, almost rising all the way off Ilya’s cock before slamming back down, hips immediately moving in a rhythm that has Ilya’s eyes rolling back, hand dropping to clutch at Shane’s ass that ripples every time it collides with Ilya’s thighs.

Shane tightens his hole as he draws up on Ilya’s cock, and Ilya curses, fingers digging into his ass to spread his cheeks.

‘Fuck!’ Ilya groans out, looking down at Shane’s hips slamming up and down at a deadly speed, eyebrows furrowing and mouth parting in arousal.

Shane’s half hard cock bobs with each thrust and Ilya reaches down to slide his fist up the length of it just to hear Shane sing with pleasure as his ass claps against Ilya’s skin, the sound echoing around their ears, downright filthy. Each rock of his hips making Ilya’s cock hit his prostate so good his eyes threaten to roll back.

Shane moans at the feeling of Ilya’s cock sliding in and out of his hole, the friction creating a delicious lick of heat to creep up Shane’s cock, bringing it to full hardness. He can feel his thighs burn at the exertion, his ass smacking against Ilya’s thighs loudly, he can hear Ilya gasping and moaning as Shane rides him. Ilya’s hands on him as he begins to force his ass up and down in time with each roll of Shane’s hips and Shane looks to see Ilya has his eyes closed in bliss, mouth agape, head leaned back, sweat glistening down his neck, hands falling from Shane’s ass to lie limp at his sides with every slam of Shane’s ass down his cock.

Shane leans forward and licks a stripe up Ilya's throat, collecting the sweat on his tongue and humming as he tastes the saltiness of it. Ilya mutters something in Russian before raising his head to look up at him with half closed eyes.

Shane's body glistens in sweat, his thighs threatening to slip slightly but he tenses them to keep up the pace, his own cock slapping against his stomach as he fucks himself up and down Ilya's length.

'So good, *solnyshko*, so fucking good,' Ilya mutters the praise on the breath, drawing Shane in to plunder his mouth, tongues curling together, breaking apart on a moan as Shane's hole clenches on his cock, hands coming to clutch at his waist.

The image of Shane riding him like a demon possessed makes Ilya's cock twitch inside of him, causing Shane to moan out, eyes closed and head knocked back as he moves up and down. He looks beautiful, angelic to the point Ilya expects wings to sprout out from behind his back and to ascend to heaven. He leans forward to suck a nipple into his mouth instead, a hand teasing the other and Shane's fingers curl in his hair with a whine, pushing his chest further into Ilya's mouth, as he lightly bites down before swapping to the other one.

Shane's pace falters slightly as Ilya continues his ministrations, moving across his chest to suck bruises into his skin, teeth grazing the sensitive curve of his chest to make Shane gasp.

Shane is so lost in the feel of Ilya's lips on him that he doesn't notice Ilya bending his knees to plant his heels onto the bed, hands reaching round to grip at Shane's ass.

A yelp escapes him as Ilya's hips suddenly jackhammer into him from below, Ilya's hands forcing Shane's hips to meet his every thrust, forcing Shane to stop rolling his hips to instead take whatever Ilya gives him. Shane moans loudly at the change in pace, hands grappling at Ilya's shoulders as he slumps forward to rest his forehead against the curve of Ilya's neck, mouthing at the pulse hammering there.

'So good for me, Shane, fuck.' Ilya groans out as his hips continue to fuck upwards, one of his hands leaving Shane's ass to tug at Shane's dripping cock.

Shane keens, and whimpers out a, 'Fuck Ilya, please-, ' and a growl rumbles through Ilya's chest at the plea, at how unabashedly wrecked Shane sounds.

He tightens his fist and flicks his wrist the way that Shane likes, and he feels Shane's cum spurt weakly across his stomach in a second orgasm. He groans wildly at the tight vice Shane's hole has on his cock, clenching rhythmically to the pulse of his orgasm, and Ilya's hips quicken.

'Such a good boy, hmm? Cumming on my cock.' Ilya mutters darkly into Shane's ear and Shane gasps, hole clenching again, his spent cock twitching weakly between them. At Ilya's unrelenting thrusts, Shane all but clings on as he is jerked up and down Ilya's cock.

'Fuck, I'm gonna cum,' Ilya moans out, hips jack rabbiting as the edge draws closer, his balls tightening in anticipation.

Shane turns his head so he can whisper in Ilya's ear brokenly, 'Want your cum, want you to fill me up,' the sentence ending on a whine as Ilya nails his prostate in time with his words.

The filthy mutter makes Ilya curse loudly, gritting his teeth as he slams Shane's hips down repeatedly, pushing him over the edge. His hips move to harsh jerks as his cock fills Shane's hole with his cum. Shane moans at the feeling, unconsciously rocking his hips in pleasure, making Ilya's eyes roll back at the overstimulation, vision whiting out as more cum leaks out of Shane's hole. His nails dig into Shane's hips, leaving crescents, as Shane grinds down. Ilya never believed in a God, not really, but he thinks this is the closest he has ever gotten to a religious experience - Shane milking his cock in a chokehold after riding the everloving fuck out of him. If this is what religion feels like, maybe he'll make Shane into a religion, Shane has a face that people would worship, Ilya thinks. Ilya already does. He could slap a picture of him across an altar so Ilya can look at him surrounded by jewels and candles. Maybe bend the real Shane over it and fuck him. Defile his God. And the temple. But only Ilya can be a follower, no one else.

He isn't even sure if he knows his own name at this point, tongue thick and heavy in his mouth. There's a ringing in his ears, but he can hear Shane whining softly, mouth huffing out breaths against his neck. He thinks they are in their bedroom, sheets rustling underneath him.

Shane doesn't stop his movements, and Ilya is sure that Shane doesn't even realise he is doing it, but at the feeling of Shane quite literally milking his cock, Ilya flings his head back with scrunched eyes as his cock twitches inside Shane, weakly spurting more cum than Ilya thought possible. Except Ilya misjudges how far he is from the headboard, and blinded by overwhelming pleasure he throws his head back with more force than intended, sending the back of his head whacking into the headboard, hard.

Ilya grunts in pain, eyes squeezing shut for a second, his hand comes to clutch at his head momentarily before it drops back down to rest at the dip where Shane's waist slopes into the curve of his hips.

The bang resonates in Shane's ears a moment later as reality seeps back in around the feeling of being stuffed with Ilya's cock, filled with his cum. Shane surges forward suddenly with wide eyes to clutch at Ilya's head, heart leaping in concern, his hole inadvertently clenching around Ilya's cock as his body seizes in panic.

Ilya hisses and his fingers sink hard into the flesh of Shane's ass as Shane's walls clutches his cock in a vice grip but also because Shane's sudden movement to hold his head brushes past the sore spot.

'Oh my god Ilya, are you okay?' Words tripping over themselves in a panic, Shane scanning Ilya's face as his fingers hover around Ilya's head.

'Yes, fine. Just, fuck-, ' Ilya hisses at another inadvertent clench around his cock, and his hands dig into Shane's waist to lift him off his cock, 'you are trying to kill me.'

Cum drips out of Shane's hole and he can feel it run down his inner thighs but he is too distracted seeing if Ilya has a concussion to care.

'Did you hit your head?' Shane asks, eyes flitting between Ilya's, twisting to look at the back of Ilya's head.

'A little, is fine.' Ilya attempts to wave off Shane's concern, 'My cock is not though. You try to take my soul, like demon.'

Shane levels him with an unimpressed look, trying to get Ilya to turn his head so he can look to see if a bump is forming.

‘Ilya be serious for a minute, is your head okay? Oh God,’ Shane says, panic rising as he feels a large bump on the back of Ilya’s head.

Ilya jerks his head away, taking one of Shane’s hands to kiss his knuckles, closing his eyes. ‘I am being deadly serious, Shane. Your hole is dangerous. Should wear warning sign.’

‘Ilya!’ Shane goes to whack his shoulder but thinks better of it. A smile curls at Ilya’s mouth and sighs, his eyes still closed.

‘I think we need to go to the doctors. Just in case.’ Shane moves to get off the bed, but Ilya whines lowly, eyes opening and hand enclosing around Shane’s wrist to pull him closer, grappling with him to pull him under his chin.

‘I think we need new headboard, less injuries. Soon we will have no brain cells.’ He says, squeezing his arms around Shane in a tight embrace.

‘Or we stop fucking like animals.’ Shane suggests before Ilya pulls back to look down at him, gnashing his teeth playfully.

‘But I love to fuck you like animal, *moya lyubov*. And I think you do too, yes? Let us be animals together.’ He purrs, leaning closer to leave a soft kiss at the corner of Shane’s mouth.

Shane rolls his eyes fondly, before nestling deeper into Ilya’s embrace.

‘Whatever, but we are still going to the doctor. I don’t like that lump at the back of your head.’

‘I thought when you married me you said you would love all my flaws. Is this lie now?’ Ilya questions cheekily.

Shane huffs and tries to wiggle out Ilya’s embrace but it proves to be impossible when Ilya’s biceps bulge with the effort to keep him in place.

‘Shut up, this is not the same. You *injured* yourself, that isn’t a flaw. This is something that needs to be treated by a medical professional.’

Ilya sighs theatrically, ‘You are so dramatic Shane. I am not dead.’

‘Not yet, but you will be if you don’t go to the doctors.’ Shane snarks back.

‘Why, will you fuck me to death again?’ Ilya wiggles his eyebrows.

‘Fuck off.’ Shane mutters, playfully biting into the curve of Ilya’s bicep softly.

Ilya pretends to yelp out in pain, head twisting dramatically to make Shane giggle.

‘Oh my god, you *are* an animal, you are trying to eat me. First you try to kill me, now you eat me.’ Ilya says loudly, rolling them so Shane is on his back looking up at Ilya amusedly.

‘I must eat you now too *moya lyubov* to make it fair.’ Ilya dips his head back to lightly nip across Shane’s throat, his chest, hair tickling the underside of Shane’s chin, before Shane bursts out into laughter as Ilya unexpectedly blows a loud raspberry against his stomach. He squirms to get away, but Ilya holds him still.

‘So tasty Hollander. Like fine dining. I eat here everyday now.’ Ilya says against his skin before trailing further down to lick up Shane’s cum painted across his abdomen.

Shane's spent cock twitches half heartedly and he drags Ilya's head back upwards gently, minding the back of his skull. Ilya grins above him, licking his lips.

Shane cups his face before shaking it lightly as reprimand.

'We need to go to the doctors though, seriously. You made me go last time.' Shane says with an expectant gaze.

'Fine we go. But not yet, for now we rest a little.' Ilya settles, rolling over to rest on his side and tugging Shane to curl into his chest, spooning him.

'Ilya,' Shane warns and Ilya shushes in response, burying his head in his hair and arms tightening.

'Shush, this is resting time.' One of Ilya's hands comes up to pat softly across Shane's face and Shane huffs out a laugh.

'What are you doing?' Shane speaks through muffled lips as Ilya's hand continues to pat around his face.

'Looking for off button. I cannot find, that is too bad.'

'Asshole, like you wish there was.' Shane fighting back a smile and wiggling further back into Ilya's embrace.

Ilya hums contentedly at the feeling of his husband tucked up into his arms, skin warm, legs tangling together.

'This is true, I like annoying voice telling me to pick up my clothes. I am obsessed, it is like special Shane dirty talk.'

Shane tries to kick a leg out in retaliation but Ilya's thighs tighten into a grip that makes it impossible to move, leaving Shane trapped. Shane sighs, melting in his husband's embrace, but being careful to not drift off. Because no matter what Ilya likes to say, Shane can and *will* be dragging him to the doctors as soon as possible.

Shane pauses abruptly at the doorway to their bedroom. The bedframe is pushed away from the wall, the mattress propped up against the wall opposite, duvet and pillows stacked in a corner, other furniture pushed into the centre, the room an absolute mess.

‘What are you doing?’ Shane questions, stepping over a pile of cushions, walking over to where Ilya kneels on the floor next to where the dark wooden headboard is nailed to the wall with an electric drill in hand.

Ilya looks up momentarily before returning to lift the drill to fit into one of the screws that are usually hidden by the bed frame.

‘I am removing the headboard.’ Ilya replies simply, biceps bulging as the drill whirrs loudly, quickly swivelling out one of the screws holding the headboard in place.

‘I can see that, why?’ Shane asks, folding his arms over his chest. Ilya looks kind of hot like this, in a short sleeved t-shirt and jeans, electric drill in hands. It almost gives Shane ideas.

‘I bought new one. So I need to get rid of this one before they bring it.’ Ilya responds simply, going to remove another screw.

‘What-when did you buy a new one?’ Shane asks, confused as to when his husband made an interior design choice without him.

‘Last week. After trip to doctors.’ With another screw removed, the headboard slides downwards, slanted and held up only by the other end still nailed into the wall.

Shane’s ears burn at the memory of the doctor’s amused smile as Ilya explained that the bump on his head was another culprit of ‘excitable activities’, as Ilya had so tactfully put it. They had gotten the all clear, although Shane was very tempted to give Ilya a *real* concussion for the mortification he caused.

He knows they had jokingly mentioned to each other that they should get a new headboard, but he didn’t think that Ilya would actually do it.

Ilya stands up to his full height to look over Shane appreciatively before leaning in for a quick kiss, before walking to the other side of the headboard. Shane spins on his heel to watch Ilya remove more screws and his heart squeezes at the quiet way Ilya does things, caring coming so naturally to him that he doesn’t even think twice about doing things, like ordering a new headboard for the safety of his husband’s head.

‘You bought a new one because of the doctors?’ Shane asks quietly, eyes noticing how Ilya’s curls look like liquid gold in the afternoon light.

Ilya hums, not looking up as he replies, ‘No, well yes, but we should get a new one anyway. To avoid injuries. Is not safe.’ His eyebrows furrow as the drill slips from the head of the screw nestled into the dark wood of the headboard.

At Shane’s lack of reply, he looks up, startled to see Shane looking at him silently, eyes full of so much emotion he stands up and walks towards him, hands coming up to hover placatingly.

‘Do not worry I asked your,’ he stops to wave his fingers in mock quotation marks, ‘interior designer person. It is Shane Hollander approved.’

A laugh bursts out of Shane’s chest, shaking his head fondly as he lets Ilya pull him into his chest. ‘It’s not that. It’s just-,’ he cuts himself off, trying to think of how to say it.

Ilya tilts his head questioningly and Shane thinks he looks a little wolfish with his big blue eyes gazing at him. 'What *moya lyubov*? Tell me.' Ilya softly says, a little concerned.

Shane's fingers come up to play with the hem of Ilya's t-shirt distractedly, looking at the mole on Ilya's neck in concentration before he looks up to gaze at his husband lovingly.

'You just-, ' Shane starts before his eyes soften and he sighs, taking a deep breath. 'Sometimes I feel bad for people because they don't get to know what it is to be loved by you.'

Ilya blinks in shock at Shane's words, and Shane's hands come up to cradle his face, bringing him closer.

'But then,' Shane continues in a whisper, 'I don't feel bad because if I did then that would mean I have to share. And I don't want to share you, because you're mine. And I love that you are just mine. Like I'm yours. And I just-, ' Shane pauses, watching as emotion swirls in Ilya's blue eyes at the confession.

'I just love you. I love you a lot. So much.' Shane whispers, eyes squeezing shut, overcome with wanting to say so much but knowing that anything he says will never be enough in telling Ilya everything he wants him to know. So he hopes Ilya can feel it instead.

Ilya nudges his forehead against his gently and Shane opens his eyes to see Ilya looking at him and smiling softly, eyebrows furrowing slightly at the tears collecting in Shane's eyes.

'I love you too, always.' Ilya whispers back and he kisses Shane gently, hand coming up to cradle the side of Shane's face, thumb wiping away a tear collecting at his lash line.

'Besides, I am glad you don't share,' Ilya continues, eyes tracing Shane's face as if trying to fold the image into his mind forever, 'because neither do I.'

Shane smiles, looking down for a second before nudging closer, arms coming up to wrap around Ilya's neck, rocking them gently side to side.

'Good, otherwise there would be trouble.' Shane says softly just to hear Ilya laugh, the hand at his waist squeezing in possessive delight, and Shane leans up to nip gently at his ear.

Shane rests his head against Ilya's chest to hear the steady thud of Ilya's heartbeat, his eyes fluttering closed. Ilya's hands wrap around him in a tight embrace, resting his cheek against Shane's head, fingers tracing light circles at the base of his spine, touch warm through Shane's t-shirt.

Shane isn't sure how long they stand there holding each other, until Ilya pulls back slightly to tilt Shane's chin up to catch his gaze, leaning in almost nose to nose.

'Does this mean I get to fuck you into the new headboard too?' Ilya whispers conspiratorially, and Shane laughs wetly before tugging him closer.

'Yes it does,' and Shane's lips meet Ilya's in a kiss, unhurried, because they have all the time in the world.

End Notes

round of applause for Shane's sympathetic hole.

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