

New Paintjob

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by [lezzstat](#)

Summary

Ilya and Shane are at war. They fuck about it.

Notes

My dear friend wrote a fun little prank war fic, and i had to make them fuck. I would like to thank the HR-groupchat for supporting me in these trying times. Fair warning that the two semesters of russian i took in uni did not prepare me for writing smut so bare with me. Translations are in end note.

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

- Inspired by [Epic Centaur Prank War \(Gone Wrong\)](#) by [uselessaries](#)

Shane felt a bit bad about the car prank in the end. While he did his research about car decals that are easily removable, Ilya seemed less amused than he hoped for and drove off shortly after practice, saying he had a headache and wanted to lie down to recover for their game the coming night. Shane stayed at the rink a bit longer, posing this way and that for Harris' new Instagram post. Usually, Ilya would jump at the opportunity of answering weird questions for their social media, always having a funny remark or a salacious wink locked and loaded.

"Buddy, I know you hate doing these, but you look even less into it today", Harris remarked, effectively pulling Shane out of his stupor.

"Sorry, Harris. I— I'm worried I pushed the prank war too far. I mean, everyone laughed, but then Ilya took off, and— and I hope he isn't actually, you know, angry. I know how much that car means to him."

"Oh, Shane", Harris said in the tone usually reserved for Chiron when he looked especially like a sad little puppy, "I have all the footage I need for today. Go see your husband and make it up to him!" He winked. Shane blushed furiously and excused himself.

Their house was eerily quiet when Shane arrived. Ilya's Porsche was parked in the driveway, decals and all. Shane took off his shoes and carefully placed them in the closet, doing the same with the trainers that Ilya kicked off and messily shoved to the side of the hallway. Steeling himself, Shane entered the living room, his mind buzzing with the apologies he tried to formulate on the short drive home. Anya was gently snoring in her favourite patch of sunlight, but Ilya wasn't there. Maybe he really did have that headache, and Shane was spiralling for nothing. Feeling stupid, Shane decided to go to the kitchen. He turned on the kettle and prepared a mug of chamomile tea to take up to the bedroom. After the six-minute steeping time, Shane discards the bag and mentally prepares himself for cranky Ilya. Mug in hand, he softly pads up the stairs. The door to their bedroom is not entirely closed, so he decides not to knock and gently pushes it open with his toes.

Ilya is not sick.

Instead, he is lounging on their bed, sheets rumpled. Shane's eyes immediately zoom in on what he is wearing. A hockey sweater. *Shane's sweater*. He lets his eyes trail down Ilya's body, to the hand lazily stroking his erect cock, precum leaking on the sweater, the number 24 on his biceps moving tauntingly with every pull. Shane's eyes snap all the way up to meet Ilya's. His husband is grinning at him, looking down at the mug, then back up to Shane's face, raising an eyebrow.

"I thought you had a headache!" Shane accused. "Well, at first I thought you were mad at me for the prank. I know I took it too far the moment I saw your face. I – I know how much that car means to you. I didn't mean to – well, I did mean to, but I'm so sorry. They are removable, I checked. It shouldn't be a problem. I will remove them now, I –"

"Shane." Ilya interrupts him. "Моя любовь. You are in spiral. Come here."

Shane goes to the bed automatically, but hesitates, taking a few seconds and ultimately setting the mug down on the side table. On it, there is a marker and a bottle of their favourite expensive lube. Just what the hell was Ilya doing in here?

"Prank was hot. Shows everyone I'm yours. I got hard and planned, how you say, retaliation."

At that, Shane belatedly realises that he completely ignored the fact that Ilya was still naked from the waist down, wearing only Shane's sweater and still half hard. He could feel his own cock twitch in his boxers.

"Oh." He chokes out, "And how will you retaliate?"

Ilya kisses him sweetly. "I will show you, Моя медсестра."

"I don't know that word. What does it mean?" Shane asks. "My nurse." Ilya answers with a little grin.

"Fuck you, I thought you were sick. God forbid I try to do something nice for my husband!"

"Oh, you will!" Ilya said, winking rakishly. He takes Shane's hand and manhandles him onto the bed. Their lips meet in a slow, filthy kiss. Now fully hard, Shane starts to rut against Ilya's naked thigh. Ilya flips them around and takes Shane's chin in his hand, forcibly ending their kiss. He looks down at Shane and smirks when Shane tries to reconnect their lips. "Not so fast, Hollander." Ilya taunts, "Retaliation, remember?" Shane's dick twitches.

Ilya gets up from the bed, his eyes darkening when he hears Shane's whine. He picks up the mug and languidly strolls to the chair opposite the bed. Shane knows what this means, but acts innocent, stretching his muscles a little. Fully hard again, Ilya sits, legs spread. "Strip." He commands. "Make a show of it. For poor, sick husband." He takes a sip of his tea, holding eye contact with Shane. After a moment of taking in the sight, Shane starts to take off his shirt, folding it next to him on the bed. His pants are next. Trying to make it sexy, he tries a slow shimmy, but they catch at his feet. They both laugh. He stacks the pants and his briefs on his shirt and moves both off the bed. Ilya looks his fill, and Shane tries not to squirm.

"Should put you in sexy nurse costume", Ilya quips. "Your tits would look great." "Fuck you!" Shane retorts, blushing. That does sound pretty hot.

"Get on your knees, котенок." Ilya commands. Shane obeys embarrassingly fast. With his vision on the headboard, he can only hear that Ilya is getting up from the chair. Hears him slowly step towards the bed again, setting the now half-empty mug on the side table and taking something from it. Thinking it's the lube, Shane shimmies a bit, getting ready for his husband to prep him. What he does not expect, however, is the feeling of the Marker on his right asscheek. He yelps. Ilya laughs. "What the fuck are you doing, Rozanov?" Shane asks in disbelief. "Retaliation!" Ilya answers happily as he gets off the bed again.

Shane turns his head only to see that Ilya, now phone in hand, is taking a picture of his bare ass. Shane squirms. The years of hiding and repressing his relationship with Ilya make his brain scream to protest it, but his pulsing erection is betraying him. Ilya moves his phone in Shane's field of vision. There, on the screen, he sees his own ass, back obscenely arched because, of course it is, marked with a big 81. "My number on my ride.", Ilya giggles. "Now everyone in locker room will see that you are my slut. All mine." Shane huffs. He saw that the marker was non-permanent. But the thought that everyone could see that Ilya marked him for the world to see excited him nonetheless. "I'm all yours." Shane breathed. "Now prove that you can take me." Lazily throwing his phone to the other side of the bed, Ilya strokes his now free hands over Shane's thighs, up over the curve of his ass, giving the 81 a firm slap. "I want you to finger yourself.", Ilya commands, "get yourself ready for what you are so desperate for." Shane moans a bit, taking the lube from the nightstand. Ilya gives him another slap and retreats to his chair.

Squirting some of the lube on his fingers, Shane starts to lazily circle his hole, tweaking one

of his nipples with the other hand. The position forces him to smush his face into the pillow. He gazes at Ilya regardless. His husband's eyes zero in on Shane's right hand and and it's ministrations. Left hand slowly stroking his hard cock Ilya says: "That's right, tease yourself. This is beautiful view. All marked for me. Everyone will know how well you take me." Shane moans and slips one finger past the tight ring of muscles. Ilya gasps. Adding a second finger, Shane whimpers. "Want you to fuck me." He sighs. "Make me feel it tomorrow." "Ты прекрасен." Ilya dazedly chokes out the Russian phrase, "You're— ah— you're beautiful like this. Getting yourself ready for my cock. Do you want to feel how— ah, how hard I am for you?"

"Please." Shane moans, "Wanna feel you."

"You can do better than that. Beg. I have no problem getting off from view alone, Hollander." Shane can feel the heat slowly creeping up his neck to his face and ears. "P-please, Ilya. I need you. Want your—", through the haze of his arousal, he remembers what he practised for this occasion. Careful of the pronunciation, he chokes out: "Я хочу тебя внутри меня." Ilya freezes for a second before actually jumping on the bed. "Какого чёрта? Who taught you that?" Ilya moans, biting Shane's shoulder before capturing his lips in a passionate kiss. However, the kiss doesn't last long, as Ilya slowly kisses down Shane's back. He strokes his hands where his mouth can't reach, licks the little dimples above the curve of Shane's ass, before biting down on his right cheek. Shane whimpers, the sting delicious, but then Ilya licks a hot stripe all the way from his perineum up to his fluttering hole. Since two of Shane's fingers are still inside (Ilya did not instruct him to take them out), Ilya taps his hand before gently removing Shane's fingers and replacing them with his tongue. After a few kitten licks, he asks tauntingly: "Is enough? You can come like this, just tongue, no?"

Yes, yes, I can. Shane thinks, embarrassed. Not wanting to admit it, he starts to beg in earnest: "Please, Ilya, I want your cock. Want you to stretch me out. It will— ah, it will feel so good. Please fuck me, want you to come inside me, make me *yours*." Ilya moans at that. "You are such a cockslut, Hollander. You are made to take me." As Ilya moves away from Shane's hole, he whimpers at the loss. Feels the mattress dip as Ilya reaches for the lube to slick up his thick, leaking cock. Ilya slowly drags his pointer finger over Shane's crack before lining himself up and pushing the tip in with a choked moan. One hand moving to the back of Shane's neck, Ilya pushes his face into the plush pillows before bottoming out.

"Do it!" Shane grinds out, "Move, Rozanov, I want it to sting." Right hand still on the back of Shane's neck, Ilya moves his left to his husband's hip and starts fucking him in earnest. Shane turns his head, and Ilya notices the blissed-out expression on his face. There is a damp spot on the marine pillow, Shane drooling helplessly while Ilya snaps his hips in a fast, relentless pace. Ilya runs his hand up into the hair at Shane's neck and gives it a firm yet gentle pull. Shane follows his lead, letting himself get pulled into an upright position, his back flush with Ilya's chest. Ilya nips at the sensitive spot at the hinge of his jaw, breathes heavily into his ear. "You are coming from my cock alone." He says it like it's an objective truth. "Do it now, I want to see." Shane obliges, of course, he does. Thick ribbons of cum spurting from his sensitive cock, painting the pillows, blankets and his chest. He prepares for Ilya to come inside of him, like he always does, and is startled when his husband pulls out instead. He turns Shane and plops him on the bed, now on his back. Shane lets out a snort. In the haze of his arousal, he had completely forgotten that Ilya was still wearing his sweater. He could not ignore it now. Not as his husband was frantically jerking his own dick, jaw slack, staring at

the mess on the bed. "Going to paint you with it, Hollander", he breathes out between moans. "Yes, please." Shane breathes, "Give me your cum, Моя любовь, I want it. I need it." And that does it for Ilya. One, two, three more strokes, and he is coming too, aiming for Shane's chest. His cum lands in thick ropes over Shane's plush pecs, hitting his neck, the last spurt landing right on Shane's lips. Almost on instinct, Shane's tongue darts out, tasting what his husband gave him.

Ilya slumps over him then, blanketing Shane with his muscular body. "Not new paint job I thought of but works.", he laughs. Shane snorts, sobers. "I mean it. We can remove the stickers. I tested it on my car." Ilya puts on a thoughtful face. "Hmmm. I like it. They can stay. For now." "Also," he adds after a pause, "I will delete picture. Was heat of the moment thing." Shane's ears turn red. "Um— if you want to, you could, you know, keep it?" He says uncertainly. Ilya grins. "I will cherish forever."

Instagram

Rozanov_81

[picture of a Porsche 911 turbo in a driveway, the number 24 on full display]

Posted 10 minutes ago

New paintjob for my husband #gocentaurs #lovewins

End Notes

Russian Translations:

Моя любовь – My love

Моя медсестра – My nurse

котенок – Kitten

Ты прекрасен – You're beautiful

Я хочу тебя внутри меня – I want you inside of me
какого чёрта? - What the fuck?

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