

Shane's Favourite Movie (Hot Guy Buffet)

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Shane's Favourite Movie (Hot Guy Buffet)

by [BloomBeam](#)

Summary

Ilya begs Shane to show him one of his favourite movies from childhood. It doesn't take him long to realize why his husband likes it so much.

Or,

When Ilya asks Shane to show him one of his favourite movies, the two of them watch The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring. Teasing, and blow jobs, ensue.

Notes

Listen... I am a HUGE Lord of the Rings fan and Hudson had the audacity to comment that Return of the King would be in Shane's Letterboxd Top 4. I knew I had to lock in. This goes out to all my nerds.

Also this is my first fic in years lol please be kind <3

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

“Hurry up, *lyubimiy!*” *Darling*.

Ilya was calling to Shane from his place on the couch, the setting sun reflecting on the lake through the cottage windows behind him as he smiled at him. Shane felt his heart wobble as he took Ilya in, in the golden hour light casting sharp shadows on his angular face. A thought floating through his mind that he really was damn lucky, to have a husband as beautiful as his was.

“What is it?” Ilya asked now, eyes growing curious. Shane had been staring in silence too long from his place in the kitchen. He found himself blushing, looking away as he opened up a steaming bag of microwave popcorn.

“You look beautiful in the light like that.” Shane decided to be honest, always reveling in the moments when he realized he could be. He looked up again, going soft when met Ilya’s gaze. He was blushing like Shane was, his teasing smile replaced by something much softer.

“*Ya tebya lyublyu.*” *I love you.* He said softly, and Shane knew he was smiling like an idiot.

“I love you too.” He said back.

“Now sit down, *husband.*” Ilya emphasized the word, Shane’s heart wobbling again. “I have been looking forward to Shane Hollander movie night.”

“Don’t get too excited.” Shane’s voice with tinged with some nerves. “You might not like it. My pick is a little weird.”

Shane couldn’t help but voice his worries as he walked over and sitting next to Ilya who immediately cuddled up next to his side.

“There is no way.” Ilya said, resolute. “If you like movie, then is good. You have *great* taste.”

Ilya fiddled with his wedding band as he said it, wagging his eyebrows. It made Shane giggle despite himself, some of tension melting. Ilya laughed too, leaning close to peck Shane just enough times to give him goosebumps. Then he pulled away, settling back into the couch. Knowing that was his cue to start, Shane started clicking through the streaming service apps to find his movie of choice.

As Ilya moved to arrange one of their blankets over their laps, Shane began chewing his lip.

Ilya had first asked him to put on his favourite movie a month ago, the last time they were up at the cottage, whispering something soft and sweet about wanting to know more about his darling husband. And in response, Shane he had been stumped. He quickly realized he didn’t have an answer, and then he started spiraling about *why* he didn’t have an answer, and then he started wondering if not having an answer made him *weird*, if it was just another quirk about himself he’d just never noticed before, and before he knew it he had been looking at Ilya for a solid minute not saying anything at all.

To be fair, Shane's life didn't leave much time to be a TV and movie person. Some guys on his team watched stuff on planes and in hotels, but he greatly preferred hockey books or the gym during his down time. When he did press play on something that wasn't a hockey game, it was usually at Ilya's request, and Shane almost always fell asleep half way through.

And so, Shane couldn't really remember the last movie he'd seen, let alone one that was his *favourite*.

Ilya had caught on to his discomfort quickly, thankfully, and gave Shane an out. He offered to play his favourite movie first (Fast and the Furious, the first American movie Ilya had seen as a kid), but insisted they needed to watch Shane's next time.

Shane, mesmerized by his husband's big loving eyes and gentle pleading, obviously agreed. And thus began a week of Shane wracking his brain for any movies he'd seen more than once that he could share with Ilya.

First he considered the childhood favourites. When he was really little he had a collection of VHS tapes that his mom would put on in the evenings. This tradition started a long early childhood obsession with The Lion King, that was eventually replaced by an even larger love of The Mighty Ducks. He could have showed Ilya one of those, but felt a little weird at showing him something so juvenile, especially when Ilya's movie pick was a movie about cool dudes and street racing.

It was during a team practice, when Wyatt was describing some stuff he bought at a comic convention that Shane finally remembered a phase he had in his teen years.

He had never told anyone about his love of these movies. They were one of the only things he had ever fixated on in his life besides hockey, though not many people knew about it. He mostly watched them alone in his room at night, a familiar comfort before bed after long practices.

And now he was, about to watch them for the first time in years with Ilya, who was watching Shane from his place on the couch with rapt interest. Shane had finished navigating to the right movie, prompting Ilya to look away from him and towards the screen, brows furrowing as he read the title.

"The Lord of the Rings?" Ilya sounded out, as Shane nervously fiddled with the blanket. "I think I hear of this. Is nerdy fantasy movie, yes? Why would I think this is weird?"

"I don't know..." Shane mumbled, looking away. "Because the movie *is* nerdy. But it's one of the only things I've seen more than once. I can't tell you how many times I watched the trilogy in middle school and high school."

"Tree-low-gee." Ilya tested the word. "What this means?"

"*Trilogy*. It's a group or series of three things. There are three Lord of the Rings movies that make up one long story. This movie is the first one of three." Shane explained.

"Ah I see. Is this one your favourite?" Ilya asked.

“Technically-” Shane began, already blushing as he tried to explain. “Technically my favourite is the last one, Return of the King. But we can’t just start there, these are kind of movies that you *have* watch in order, especially for your first time-”

When Shane caught the look spreading on Ilya’s face, he paused his ranting. He was staring at him with a smug, shit eating grin on his face, wide enough to make Shane squirm.

“Oh, we *have* to, yes? For my *first time*?” Ilya drew out the words, teasing. Shane was positive he could melt into the couch if he tried. “Okay, Shane. We follow your rules and watch in order you like. Maybe we can have extra long movie day and watch them all.”

“Yeah right.” Shane was shaking his head. “These movies are like three hours each, even longer if you watch the extended versions. Which you also have to do, by the way. Especially if you’re going to call yourself a real fan.”

“I didn’t realize these movies had so many rules.” Ilya mused. “Is this why you like them so much?” Shane huffed out a laugh at that.

“Look if you’re just gonna make fun of me we can watch something else.”

“Noooo, Shane.” Ilya whined, leaning closer, mumbling in his ear. “I want to watch your long nerdy movies. All three of them.” He pulled away, grinning suggestively. “We can take it slow. Work our way up to finale.”

“Shut up.” Shane said, slapping Ilya’s arm, but could feel himself smiling. Ilya had pulled away so they could situate themselves comfortably again, positioning Shane so he was cuddled under his arm. Shane nabbed the remote from Ilya, wanting to solve one more lingering anxiety, navigating to the Russian subtitles.

He felt Ilya squeeze his shoulder, to grab his attention. He didn’t expect his husband’s face to be so soft when he finally turned to look at him.

“Thank you, *moya lyubov*.” *My love*. Ilya was quiet. “You are so thoughtful.”

The praise made something in Shane’s stomach grow warm and soft, his anxiety easing. Ilya kissed him on the top of his head, and Shane tried not to melt into a puddle for the millionth time that day.

“Press play, sweetheart.” Ilya murmured once they were settled again. Shane tried not to shiver as he nodded, starting the film.

It was pretty easy to get into it. There was something comforting about the opening monologue, Shane feeling lulled into a sense of calm as Galadriel explained the origin of the ring. He was fighting the urge to mouth along to the words, surprising himself with his own deep seeded memorization.

He couldn’t resist flicking his eyes to Ilya every few minutes, just to gauge his reaction. Thankfully he didn’t seem to notice his staring, eyes locked on the movie. Shane watched as Ilya grew excited at the first shots of combat in the intro, and laughed along at Gandalf’s

antics as he arrived to The Shire. He even mumbled a comment about wanting to throw a party as impressive as Bilbo's at the cottage next summer, that made Shane grin wide.

His self-consciousness was melting with every second that passed, relieved Ilya was enjoying this so much. He couldn't help but think back to the young version of himself who used to watch these movies. If someone had told 14 year old Shane watching Lord of the Rings alone in his room, that one day he'd be watching them cuddled in the arms of his loving husband, he would have never believed it. The thought made something warm in Shane's chest, made him lean up to kiss Ilya's cheek as Gandalf bid Sam and Frodo farewell on screen. He couldn't believe he had ever been nervous about this at all.

Then, of course, the film started picking up.

They were nearly an hour into the movie when the Hobbits arrived to The Prancing Pony, ready to meet up with Gandalf. Sam pointed out a mysterious man in the bar who had been staring at Frodo, and the movie cut to a shot that made something in Shane's stomach flip.

It was Aragorn. *Strider*.

Shane tried not to react, squirming beside Ilya. When he was younger he was always captivated by how Aragorn looked in the bar. Sitting alone with his hood up, a smoking pipe resting against his plump bottom lip, the glowing embers flaring to reveal his intense eyes.

Shane felt himself squirming as he watched, giving him a strange sense of déjà vu to his younger years. He had always loved this scene. Had always told himself it was because Aragorn was just so *cool*. So mysterious, and skilled, and the obvious hero in the story.

But now, years later, and very much aware of how he felt about men, Shane was beginning to realize there may have been more than hero worship going on back then. It only got worse when Aragorn was manhandling Frodo up the stairs to question him. The rough growl of his voice was different than Shane remembered. It made something warm prickle in his veins, his face flushing against his will.

God, was he always so hot?

Shane took another sly side eye at Ilya. He was still watching the movie, and thankfully, paying no mind to Shane at all. Shane found himself taking a deep breath, willing himself to calm down.

Things only got worse as the movie went on.

The party had finally made it to Rivendell, ready to meet with the elves. And as Legolas came on screen for the first time, majestically hopping off his horse and looking around with his sharp blue eyes, Shane actually let out a little huff of breath.

He'd never forget the first time he saw Legolas as a kid. How struck he was by his obvious beauty, the grace with which he moved, the soft lilt of his voice. Before seeing Legolas, Shane had no idea men could *be* beautiful like that. He used to think Legolas really was an

elf, because there was no way anyone in real life actually looked as beautiful and ethereal as the elven ranger did.

Watching it again now, years later, Legolas was more beautiful than he remembered. Shane shifted his position again, ignoring the butterflies in his stomach, trying to get a hold of himself. He peeked another glance up at Ilya who was finally looking back at him for the first time, face curious.

Shane did his best not to react, quickly turning back to the screen. Ilya kissed the top of his head and said nothing, going back to watching.

It just got worse. When the Council of Elrond began, and the men, elves and dwarves began discussing the fate of the ring, Shane could feel himself growing even more restless. The screen was cutting between shots of sexy Aragorn, and sexy Boromir, and stupid, sexy, *ethereal* Legolas. All of the men in this movie were significantly hotter than he remembered. Even the hobbits looked beautiful in the soft Rivendell light, the dwarves handsome and tough in a way Shane had never noticed before. Not consciously anyway.

He knew he was blushing and fidgeting. Knew he was being a little obvious, unable to control his face. But he just couldn't help it, mind racing.

Was Ilya also picking up on the fact that this was a movie with basically all dudes? Hot, sweaty dudes, swinging swords and riding horses? Was his interest piqued as much as Shane's was? Was he aware of the fact that Shane was having a crisis, as his subconscious childhood crushes appeared before him?

Legolas was on screen again. Shane shifted his position against Ilya's side, the movement catching his attention. He felt Ilya's hand squeeze his shoulder, prompting Shane to look at him. He did, still blushing, and knew from the narrowing of Ilya's eyes he could tell Shane was off.

"What is wrong *miliy*?" *Sweetheart*. Ilya asked the question softly, moving his hand to brush over Shane's cheeks. "Are you too warm?" Shane felt himself blush even deeper, which made Ilya's brow furrow even more.

"I'm fine." Shane said, turning back to the movie, hoping Ilya would ignore him. Legolas was talking to Boromir now, revealing that Aragorn was Isildur's heir. Shane was entranced at the sight of him sticking up for his friend. His long hair shining in the light, the bright blue of his eyes magnetic, standing out against the dark contract of his brows.

He bit his lip, butterflies erupting.

"Hold on..." Ilya said suddenly, pausing the movie, shifting in his spot next to Shane. The paused screen was on a shot of Legolas' face looking off into the distance, jawline prominent, eyes piercing and intense.

"*Shane*." Ilya's voice was teasing. Shane's eyes were still glued to the screen, afraid to turn and see the look on Ilya's face.

“*Ilya*.” Shane said back, begging the universe that maybe, for once, Ilya might let something go.

But of course he didn’t. He put his fingers under Shane’s chin, gently guiding his head. Shane let him, following the pull of Ilya’s hand to meet his gaze. The shit eating grin from before was back on his face. The one that made Shane wish the ground would swallow him whole.

“You think the elf man is hot, yes?”

The bluntness of the question make Shane sputter in indignation, which made Ilya smile even wider.

“Ah, this is why you so red.” Ilya continued, smug. “Probably not just elf man making you squirmy. That *Strider* is also hot, yes?”

“*Ilya*.” Shane whined, praying his husband might show him mercy. Ilya, of course, did no such thing.

“I see now why is your favourite film. People think is nerdy movie when is actually hot guy buffet.”

“Fuck off.” Shane protested, but he was unable to hold back his laugh as he said it. He finally pulled his face out of Ilya’s hold so he could bury it in his chest instead. Ilya was laughing too, leaning down to kiss the top of his head.

“My love, I only joke. Is very good movie. I enjoy it. I am glad I now know childhood crush. Good to know my competition is sexy elf ranger.”

“Ilya, please,” Shane finally looked up, face beet red. “You do *not* have competition with Legolas.”

“But he is your favourite, yes? The sexy elf?” Ilya asked again, eyebrows waggling. Shane felt his stomach flipping again.

“Uhhmm...” He said, trying to wrack his brain for an answer, and failing.

“You blush and squirm every time he is on screen.” Ilya continued, Shane just getting redder and redder. “What is it you like about him? Should I grow my hair long like his?”

Ilya was teasing but Shane could hear the barest hint of self-consciousness in his tone. He found himself moving to kiss Ilya, relieved when he felt Ilya melt into it.

“You don’t need grow your hair. Not unless you want to.” Shane murmured as he pulled away. Despite what he said, his brain couldn’t help but picture Ilya that way. An image of him with curly hair down to his chin that made something in Shane warm, unexpected. Interesting.

“Shane, just tell me why he is favourite.” Ilya was pushing him, still looking at Shane with just a hint of nervousness. “Is because he is pretty?” Shane leaned down to peck him again, trying to think of what to say. How to be honest.

“Maybe. I don’t really know.” He finally admitted. “When I was young I think I was just... drawn to him.”

“Curious.” Ilya said, voice deep and knowing, the word flooding Shane with heat. A memory, echoing in the back of his mind, to that first hotel room.

“Yes. Curious.” Shane said back, swallowing hard. “I never realized boys could look like that. Handsome and beautiful at the same time. Almost too perfect for this world.” He was purposefully dragging his fingers along Ilya’s jaw as he spoke, stopping to rest his hand on the side of his neck. “You know, kind of like you.”

He thought Ilya would tease him for his flirting, but instead he just swallowed, a flush spreading across his cheeks. Shane warmed even more at the sight, something blooming in his belly.

“You have nothing to worry about.” Shane continued, leaning down to brush their noses against each other, to whisper by Ilya’s ear. “I am married to Ilya fucking Rozanov. Way better than a stupid elf.”

Ilya huffed out a laugh at that, hands tightening their grip on Shane's waist under their blanket. Shane would put money on Ilya being hard right now. He knew he was getting there.

“I am better than childhood elf crush?” Ilya murmured, finally back to teasing. Shane giggled, unable to help himself, nodding.

“Way better. And I mean, I met you when I was 17. So you were kind of a childhood crush too, for a little bit.”

Shane regretted it the instant he said it, as he watched Ilya grow smug again.

“Oh, God...”

“No God here, just your childhood crush, Ilya Rozanov.” Ilya was smiling as he spoke, hands moving from the sides of Shane’s waist to touch flat against stomach. Shane felt butterflies erupt, heart picking up. He was definitely hard now. “Tell me Shane, did you have my prospect card in your wallet?”

Shane laughed softly at that, shaking his head.

“Hell no.”

“Well, maybe I buy for you for Christmas. Make childhood dreams come true.” Ilya teased, Shane rolling his eyes.

“Shut up.”

Ilya ignored his snark, leaning up leave a gentle kiss at the base of Shane’s neck. It made him shiver, sighing, tilting his head back.

“Ilya.” He huffed out softly.

“Shane.” Ilya murmured back, kissing the base of Shane’s throat again. Shane shivered again, at the warm huff of Ilya’s breath against his skin there.

“Keep going.” Shane whispered, when he realized Ilya had paused. He was hard in his sweats, abs clenching.

“Don’t you want to finish movie?” He heard Ilya murmur, lips still against his throat.

Shane tilted his head back down to look at Ilya, disbelieving. Ilya was smiling up at him, a little too innocent.

“Are you serious?” Shane asked, hyper aware of the way he was aching in his shorts. Ilya just cocked his head to the side in question.

“What? Is your favourite movie. I want to see ending.”

“Are you really turning down sex to watch Lord of the Rings?” Shane was blunt now, confused why Ilya cared about the movie at all. That just made Ilya laugh hard, loud enough to echo through the cottage.

“*Moya lyubov*,” *My love*. Ilya said softly, grabbing one of Shane’s hands. Shane felt a twinge of annoyance but he let him curl their fingers together, enjoying the way it made warmth spread through him. “You know I always want you. I just did not want to hurt your feelings by ignoring your movie. Of course I would rather do this...” Ilya moved one hand off Shane’s waist to cradle him at the base of his skull, drawing their faces closer, tension heightening as they got nose to nose.

Unable to resist, Shane crashed their mouths together, kissing Ilya with the hunger he’d been ignoring since the movie started.

Ilya appeared to be just as hungry, moaning into his mouth as the moved closer together. There was no slow build into this. Ilya was kissing him like he was starving for it, licking into Shane’s mouth, fingers curling into his hair at the nape of his neck. The action made Shane shiver, goosebumps erupting across his skin. He pulled away from Ilya’s mouth to gasp in a breath, calibrating himself, overwhelmed.

Ilya took the pause to move the popcorn bowl between their laps to the coffee table, pulling the blanket off of them. Once all the obstacles were gone he was on Shane again, manhandling him to his side of the couch, positioning Shane so he was straddling his lap. He attached their mouths again, hands reaching to cradle Shane’s ass this time, squeezing. Shane moaned shamelessly into it, letting himself be pulled further into his husband’s space, arms wrapping around his neck.

Shane’s hips were bucking as he kissed Ilya, pleasure pooling tight in his gut. He could feel Ilya hard underneath him, just as turned on as he was. Shane reveled in the feeling, the long and familiar pressure against him, the proof of how badly Ilya wanted him. It made Shane hump his hips forward, low and deliberate, grinding along the entire length of his husband.

“Shane...” Ilya pulled away from Shane’s mouth to gasp out his name, eyes growing dark. Shane just smiled, still grinding his hips, low and deliberate.

Ilya’s eyes searched Shane’s face for a moment before he was kissing Shane again. He planted one wet sloppy one to his mouth, then moved on to the side of his face, his cheek, his ear lobe. Shane shivered with each touch, relishing in the attention. He was getting harder with each kiss, could feel himself leaking in his boxers. He knew the fabric would be wet by now, sticking and clinging to him.

Ilya continued his trail of kisses, Shane’s hips minutely grinding with each wet push of his mouth against his skin. He stopped when he got to the base of Shane’s neck, hesitating for only a moment. Then his lips were latched on, pulling at Shane’s skin, sucking *hard*.

Shane let him, curling his fingers into the back of Ilya’s hair, scraping his nails over his scalp as he moaned out loud. It made Ilya tremble, pause his kissing to groan out a “*Fuck, Shane*” before going back and sucking even harder.

Hickeys always made Shane hard. Probably because for so many years they had to avoid it, Shane not wanting to risk visible marks. These days, there was something about the pleasure-pain of a hickey, the intimacy of it, the way the mark lingered, that made Shane feel warm and bubbly. He already couldn’t wait to see it afterwards. Knew it would put little butterflies in his stomach every time he noticed it over the next few days.

When Ilya was done his work on Shane’s neck, Shane felt like he was floating. While Shane drifted Ilya spent a few moments admiring the mark, kissing it gently with a soft peck before he brought his mouth back to Shane’s. It made Shane’s heart race, awareness rushing back in as his body as their lips met, and he clung to Ilya. He let out another pathetic little whine against Ilya’s mouth that made Ilya’s pull away to look at Shane.

Ilya was panting, mouth swollen, moving his hands to the hem of Shane’s shirt in asking. Shane nodded in answer, leaning back in Ilya’s lap so they could pull his shirt off together. As soon as it was off Ilya’s hands were on him, warm palms sliding across the skins of hips, then up over his abs. It made Shane feel warm and tingly, made him moan gently, head tilting back. When Ilya was done touching his chest his hands settled on the backs of Shane’s thighs, pushing gently, encouraging him to kneel up.

Shane maneuvered himself into position, kneeling over Ilya who was seated on the couch, one leg on either side of his lap. He was looking down at his husband, watching as Ilya’s fingers started to play with the waistband of his sweats, ignoring the way Shane’s prominent bulge twitched at the sensation.

Ilya blinked up at him in question again. Shane nodded. Then Ilya was sliding his sweats and boxers down, just low enough to reveal Shane’s dick, which was perfectly level with Ilya’s face.

Shane felt himself twitch again, knowing what came next. Ilya’s eyes were hungry in a way that made Shane throb, made him actually leak a little and twitch just in anticipation. The sight made Ilya’s eyes widen, made him let out a low little groan, eyes focused on Shane’s

dick. Before Shane could say anything Ilya's hands were on his ass, pulling Shane forward so his dick was engulfed in Ilya's open, willing mouth.

Shane let out a choked stuttering sound as it happened, head tipping back, stomach clenching.

The feeling of Ilya's mouth surprised him every time. The gentle pressure, squeezing around him, warm and slippery and wet. Shane didn't know it could keep getting better, yet it did.

Right now, Ilya was taking Shane in deep, letting the head of Shane's dick gently fuck towards the back of his tongue, just shy of pushing down his throat. The sliding friction against his husband's tongue on the underside of his cock was making him shiver, tingling pleasure bursting across his skin, little gasped "ohs" huffing out of him with each push inside.

Then Ilya descended deeper, nose touching the skin of Shane's stomach.

Shane let out a low, deep groan at the feeling, fighting to keep his hips still. The pressure was even more intense like this, the pleasure multiplying and overwhelming his system. He felt his mind beginning to let go, to melt, as he relaxed into the hot, wet feeling of Ilya's throat.

He moved his hands to grip Ilya's shoulders to steady himself. Ilya seemed to enjoy being touched, moaning around Shane the second his hands were on him. The sensation made Shane moan again, a stuttered "Fuck, Ilya!" as he fought to keep his hips still.

Ilya pulled back some so Shane was no longer deep in his mouth. The wet, slippery friction of Shane's dick sliding out of Ilya's throat made his stomach swoop, his knees nearly giving out. Another embarrassing whine burst out of him. Ilya moaned around Shane at the sound, eyes still closed, face content. Now he was focusing on the head of Shane's dick, swirling his tongue around in deliberate circles.

"Holy fuck." Shane gasped out, muscles clenching. The pleasure was tight and hot, and building steadily. He could feel it in his gut, a tension growing hotter and hotter with each swirl of Ilya's tongue around him.

Ilya kept going. He stopped his swirling so his tongue could play with the slit of Shane's dick. It made Shane gasp, hips humping hard against his will. Ilya just held him in place the firm pressure of his hands on his hips not letting him push too deep.

That turned Shane on even more. A startled whine escaped him, hips humping forward again.

Ilya pulled off of him that time, Shane gasping as his dick left the hot heat of his mouth and met the cool air of the room. Shane let himself shiver at the sensation, willing himself to calm down as Ilya took some deep breaths. He felt tight and achy, already close. Ilya was looking up at him, still seated on the couch, mouth red and wet.

"Is okay?" He asked, eyes wet, voice rough. It made something in Shane tighten, impossibly turned on.

“Yes, yes, is okay.” Shane reassured, nodding, squeezing his hands that were still on Ilya’s shoulders. This answer pleased Ilya, who reached out to put a hand around Shane’s dick. The pressure made his breath hitch, pleasure sparking in his gut again.

Shane looked down, watching precum leak out of him as Ilya started to play with him. He was holding Shane in his hand, and after opening his mouth, used it to tap the tip of Shane’s dick against his tongue. He did this a few times, each thudding descent making Shane’s abs clench.

“Ilya, please-” He begged, the teasing almost heat of his mouth frustrating. He needed more. More friction. More spit. More heat. “Please, suck me off, I need it so bad.”

“*Blyat.*” *Fuck.* Ilya murmured in Russian. His husband answered his plea, closing his mouth around Shane and taking him in. The return to that wet heat made Shane gasp out, made his knees buckle. Ilya moved to brace him, arms secure around Shane’s hips, holding him steady as he began to bob his head in a fast, constant rhythm.

Shane was panting, whiny high breaths with each drag of Ilya’s mouth. Sounds that stopped being embarrassing years ago. Ilya was taking him higher and higher, each bob of his head, each swipe of his tongue, getting him closer to the edge.

Drool was starting to soak down Ilya’s chin as he worked Shane over, sloppy and messy. Making little grunting moans with each pass that made Shane’s stomach clench. After a solid thirty seconds of sucking he pulled off. Shane let out a gasp, mind reeling with the loss of sensation, listening to Ilya draw a rattling breath.

“Ilya-”

But before Shane could say more Ilya was on him again, taking as much of Shane into his mouth as he could. The sudden enveloping heat made Shane yelp, his muscles tightening, eyes fluttering closed. Ilya was back to bobbing his head again, steady and fast, tongue moving against Shane’s cock. Shane’s mind was reeling as he babbled, unable to help himself.

“I- it’s so good! *Please* don’t stop, Ilya, *yes*, OH, just like that!”

His words made Ilya groan, made him hold Shane even closer, mouth moving even faster. Shane’s heart was pounding. He could feel his mind splitting, racing, only able to contain thoughts of Ilya and his mouth, hot and working between his legs. The pleasure was almost too much.

Ilya was oblivious to his plight, started moving his head faster than before, gripping Shane even tighter, moaning around him.

“Oh fuck.” Shane groaned, eyes rolling back into his head, squeezing Ilya’s shoulders hard. Ilya kept going, focusing on flicking the underside of Shane’s cockhead with each pass his tongue. Shane let out a shocked gasp with each pass, twitching hard. Ilya knew what this did to him. Knew it was going to make him cum, embarrassingly fast.

He tried to say so, gasping out, high and whiny.

“Ilya, oh god, you’re gonna make me cum!”

The words made Ilya double down, stopping his bobbing, focusing his motions entirely to the tip of Shane’s dick. He moved one hand off Shane’s hip to the jack off the rest of the length that wasn’t in his mouth. Shane convulsed immediately at the firm pressure, hips humping hard into Ilya’s mouth.

It was going to happen now. He couldn’t help himself.

“Ilya,” was all he managed to get out, in a pathetic high whine, before he burst into his husband’s mouth.

Shane felt his brain white out as the pleasure overtook him. He felt like he was flying, nearly out of body, as wave after wave pulsed through him with every spurt of cum. Ilya swallowed it all, mouth never leaving the head of his dick while his hand jerked Shane off, the sensation making him shake.

When it finally became overwhelming, the warm pleasure eclipsing into something too much, Shane loosened his grip on Ilya’s shoulders and lightly pushed against him. Ilya recognized the signs, pulling off of Shane with an almost comical popping sound. Shane gave himself a few minutes to breathe, panting, enjoying the grounding warmth of Ilya’s hands still braced on his hips.

When he finally looked down, Ilya was smiling up at him. The same soft look he’d had all day.

“Is good?” Ilya asked, voice rough and gravelly. It made Shane shiver. He pulled up his pants so he could fully kneel down again again, sitting on Ilya’s lap to pull him into a kiss.

Ilya melted into it, hands finding Shane’s waist, lips moving against his. Shane got lost in the sensation for a while, heat still thrumming through him, hoping to say without words just how amazing Ilya made him feel.

Then he pulled back and said it out loud, just in case.

“It’s good. It’s always good.” Shane whispered, loving how the assurance made Ilya smile. Then Shane moved his hips, grinding, hyper aware that Ilya was still hard beneath him. He felt Ilya’s hips jump up, letting out a surprised little moan, the sound making Shane’s belly warm.

“My turn?” Shane asked as he maneuvered himself off the couch. He got down on his knees, sinking so he was on the carpet in front of Ilya. Ilya was nodding, dumbstruck, shuffling himself so he was out of him sweats and seated properly on the edge of the couch.

Then he was watching, naked and hard and ready for Shane.

Shane couldn’t help but lean forward into Ilya’s lap before he got started just to smell him, to feel the warmth of him in his most intimate place. He didn’t know why he liked this so much

but he did. He loved the smell of Ilya here. The warmth of him. Knowing he was the only person who got to be close to him like this.

Shane inhaled deeply, to which Ilya let out a contented humming sound.

“*Da*, Shane...” *Yes, Shane*. Ilya was cooing the words at him. “Take your time. I know you love it down there.”

Shane knew he was blushing, the hint of embarrassment at the words inspiring a warm feeling in his gut. After one final inhale, he decided it was finally time to get started. He moved his mouth down to Ilya’s balls first, licking gently, enjoying the feeling of the warm skin against his tongue. Ilya’s thighs twitched around Shane’s head as he did, opening himself more to give Shane better access. Shane used it, moving his mouth lower to put his balls fully in his mouth.

“Fuck, yes, Shane...” Ilya was groaning deep and low, a tone that always turned Shane on. He looked up at him, meeting Ilya’s gaze as he let his balls fall from his mouth. He loved the way it always made Ilya’s eyes widen, like he couldn’t believe what he was seeing. As if this wasn’t Shane’s favourite thing to do.

Shane moved his mouth to Ilya’s dick next. He kissed him once, gently at the base, before sticking out his tongue, letting it slowly slide up the whole length of him.

Ilya gasped, still watching with wide, dark eyes.

“*Tak seksual’no*.” *So sexy*. Shane knew that one. Had heard Ilya groan it out before, during their countless times together. He let the warmth of the praise wash over him, settling firm in his gut as his tongue reached the tip of Ilya’s dick.

Ilya liked his head being played with just as much as Shane did, so that’s what he did next. He sucked the head of Ilya’s dick into his mouth, moaning as he did, enjoying the feeling of it heavy against his tongue. He let the saliva pool, slow and steady. Ilya hissed above him as Shane worked, sucking gently at the head with steady pressure Ilya loved.

“Yes, Shane, just like that.” Ilya panted out, hips humping gently so more of him slid into Shane’s mouth. Shane let it happen, descending a few inches more. Ilya groaned out a low “Fuck, take it, Shane,” at the sensation, and Shane shivered, deciding he would.

He moved Ilya down as far as he could, something he had been practicing for years, a craft where his hard work had really started to pay off. He descended slowly, relaxing his throat, exhaling through his nose as he took more and more of his husband in. Ilya talked him through it, carding his fingers into Shane’s hair, the sensation giving him goosebumps.

“Just like that, sweetheart, nice and slow. Such a perfect mouth for me.”

Shane shivered at the praise as he finished his descent. His nose was touching Ilya’s stomach now, the base of his happy trail that he happily breathed in.

He focused on Ilya above him, the way he was groaning, panting, hips humping minutely as he fought to stay still. They were shallow movements, barely there, but the implication made something hot unfurl in Shane's gut. He felt like he could almost get hard again.

Shane began to move himself, up and down an inch, gently fucking Ilya into his throat. Ilya groaned again, long and deep.

"Da, lyubimiy. Just like that." *Yes, darling.* That nickname always made Shane melt, soft and sweet. "Love the way you take me. Like you were born to suck me."

That comment made Shane groan, taking even more of Ilya in and out of his throat, surprising himself with the lack of resistance. Ilya was trembling now, hips humping softly to meet Shane's movements, slow and gentle.

Shane whined, wanting more. He pulled back off of Ilya, the motion making Ilya shiver as he fell from Shane's mouth.

"Please, fuck my mouth." Shane rasped out, looking up at Ilya as he cleared his throat. "Don't be gentle."

Ilya swore, eyes growing dark and intense.

"Fuck. Okay, yes. Tap me if it gets too much."

Shane nodded at Ilya's words, situating himself back between his legs, moving his mouth to take Ilya back into his mouth. He tried not to feel too smug at the way Ilya exhaled shakily, eyes rolling back as Shane worked his way back down, hands braced on Ilya's thighs.

Shane was surprised by how easily he was able to take it, pushing his nose against the flat of Ilya's stomach again, his throat opening up around him. Ilya was looking at him with wet eyes, waiting, letting Shane settle around him.

Once he was ready he looked meaningfully up at Ilya, exhaling through his nose. Ilya, an expert in reading him, nodded once before he started to move.

Ilya humped his hips hard, the gentleness from before gone. Shane felt himself melting, relaxing into it as he fought not to gag. Ilya started fucking his mouth with a steady pressure, nothing too fast, letting Shane get used to the sensation again.

It felt good. It *always* felt good. Ilya's hands in his hair. The smell of him, so close, his skin warm against Shane's face. He especially loved the rhythmic sensation of Ilya's dick as he pushed in and out, a firm and steady pressure, each repetition taking him further and further out of his head.

Then Ilya started to ramp up, increasing in tempo, throwing the kind of thrusts Shane craved. His throat stayed relaxed, mouth open wide and wet as Ilya fucked properly into it. Shane let it happen, mind going blissfully blank, focused on nothing but Ilya, Ilya Ilya.

"That's it, Hollander." Ilya moaned after a particularly deep thrust, hips stuttering out of rhythm. It made something in Shane's gut clench, soft and spent dick twitching.

He liked when Ilya would use his last name, in moments like this. When the sex was getting intense and hot, and maybe a little mean. That's how it was starting to feel now, as the snap of Ilya's hips grew faster and faster.

Shane looked up at Ilya, and could tell he was getting there. Could see it in the tightening of Ilya's jaw, the redness in his face. The sexy snarling of his mouth that always happened when he was close.

Shane groaned at the sight, helpless as Ilya kept fucking him. He was still moving fast, huffing out his breaths in steady *unh, unh, unhs* as he slid in and out of Shane's throat. The more he fucked the sloppier his rhythm got, each mistake making Shane thrill.

Shane wanted to get him there. Needed to. He tried to relax his tongue, making it flatter, wider. Let the spit pool, to make things messier. Tried to add some suction where he could.

Something must have worked, because Ilya's hips were stuttering hard out of time, a panicked hiss of Shane's name escaping his lips as he worked a hand into his hair.

"Shane, I am going to fucking cum."

Shane needed it. He tried to hum his approval, holding himself still, letting Ilya use him.

Ilya was babbling now, a jumble of "*da*, fuck, take it" as his hips humped, his dick shoved all the way down Shane's throat. Shane could feel tears forming in his eyes now at the sensation, one of them falling. The realization made him whimper, throat constricting around Ilya.

That seemed to do it. Ilya humped his hips hard once, before he finally tensed.

"Fuuuuck, *Shane*." Ilya cried out as he came, face screwing up hot and intense. He wasn't deep in his throat now, had moved so the head of his dick was pulsing and fucking shallowly into the middle of Shane's tongue, so Shane could take in a breath around him. Shane only took one before his mouth closed around Ilya, suckling and swallowing as he came into Shane's mouth.

Shane kept his mouth on him until Ilya finally pulled away, dragging Shane off of him with the hand still in his hair. Shane relaxed as he settled down and lay a head against Ilya's thigh, looking up at him from his place on the floor, content.

Ilya just stared at him, chest rising and falling as he gathered his breath. Then he was moving, dragging his pants up his legs and then Shane into his lap so they could kiss once more.

Shane melted into it, having missed the feeling of his husband's mouth, the zing of pleasure it always sent through him. They lazily exchanged kisses in the come down, hot and loving in a way that made Shane's toes curl. Eventually they stopped to pull back and snuggle each other close, Shane curling into Ilya's arms.

This was Shane's favourite part. The closeness after all was said and done. He was currently enjoying the way his legs were tingling, regaining feeling after all his kneeling on the carpet.

Enjoying the sound of Ilya's steady breathing under his ear, the rise and fall of his chest, the feeling of his fingertips tracing little shapes into Shane's back through his t-shirt.

Then Ilya spoke again, into the quiet of the room.

"You amaze me, *moya lyubov*." *My love*. Shane felt his stomach flip flop at the words, looking up at Ilya shyly from his place on his chest. "Thank you for sucking soul out of my dick during movie night."

That made Shane let out a startled laugh. Ilya grinned, clearly pleased to have caught him off guard.

"Yeah, well, you too." Shane agreed, too tired to protest or tease back. The two of them stayed quiet for a few minutes longer, Shane focusing on the gentle thud of Ilya's heart beneath his ear.

"Do you think sexy elf enjoyed show?" Ilya asked, interrupting the silence again. He gestured towards the TV. Shane turned to look and realized it was still paused on a shot of Legolas, looking out into the distance.

"Oh god, was he up there the whole time?"

"Yeah." Ilya laughed, looking down at Shane, fond. "I am happy you do not notice. Only pay attention to me."

"Why would I be looking at the TV when I could be looking at your dick?" Shane asked, genuinely confused. Ilya just smiled, fond, leaning down to kiss the tip of Shane's nose.

"This is why I love you." Was all he said, making Shane blush again. He mumbled an I love you back, leaning back down to snuggle into his chest, head turned towards the screen. Ilya reached to grab the remote that was beside them, flipping it in his hands.

"Okay, blow job time over. Now let us press play, to see what sexy elf does next."

End Notes

There is a sequel to this that is already drafted involving a costume and more sexy shenanigans... get ready y'all

Also some translations for you:

Lyubimiy = darling

Ya tebya lyublyu - I love you

Moya lyubov = my love

Miliy - Sweetheart

Blyat = fuck

Da = yes

Tak seksual'no = So sexy

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