hold me down, I get high on you

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hold me down, I get high on you

by sunnysalutations

Summary

Shane surprises Ilya by wearing a thong and a Rozanov jersey.

Notes

once again I do not have a beta and this has not been proofread so if it sucks just look away

title is from "jennifer's body" by wet leg

See the end of the work for more notes

Living with Ilya is amazing, being married is a dream come true. Spontaneous sex, lazy days in bed, joint workouts in their home gym, cooking together while they watch hockey highlights… all of it. Never in his life did Shane think he could experience this level of happiness.

He also never thought that he would ever consider wearing a thong. Yet, here he is, scrolling on his phone in a private tab while Ilya is in the shower. It was quite a sinister idea, but it lit a spark inside of him that was quickly turning into a wildfire. It's not that his and Ilya's sex life was boring, it was far from it, but things lately have felt… monotonous? Sure, sometimes he'd wake up with his cock in Ilya's mouth, sometimes Ilya would randomly join him in the shower, sometimes Shane would get on his knees when Ilya was in the middle of playing a video game, but they hadn't necessarily tried anything *new* recently.

Shane had been doing research, skimming through various articles and blogs about how to spice things up in the bedroom. It took a lot of searching, several of the tips were things that they already did, until he finally found one that caught his attention.

Surprise your man with sexy lingerie! It'll drive him insane!

And so began his search. He didn't want anything extravagant, nothing that would be a sensory nightmare. Tonight, he finally found the perfect piece. A simple silk thong in red and black, specifically made for men, with enough room in the front to hold everything. Having the Ottawa Centaurs colors was the cherry on top, enough to drive Ilya even more insane. Maybe after the initial surprise, Shane could wear it during a game to rile him up again.

He quickly submits the order once he hears the shower turn off, closing the tab just in time for Ilya to enter the room. It should be criminal for his husband to look this good, hair still dripping with a towel sitting low on his waist. All of the dips and curves of his body were perfectly accented by the dim light of the bedside lamp, moles scattered across his body like constellations. Shane could never get enough of this view.

"My eyes are up here," Ilya smirks. Shane didn't realize how long he'd been staring.

Excitement over the impending surprise sends heat through his body, and before he knows it, he's crawling across the sheets on his hands and knees, still naked from the events before Ilya's shower. Ilya doesn't hesitate to meet him at the edge of the bed, hand immediately moving to rest on Shane's face. Shane kisses across Ilya's bare stomach, nuzzling at the still damp hair that disappears into the towel.

"You didn't get enough earlier?"

"Shut the fuck up," Shane mumbles against the towel as he starts to mouth over Ilya's covered cock, already semi-hard again and growing.

"What has gotten into you?" Ilya tips Shane's chin up with a single finger, grinning down at him.

“You walk around looking like this, all wet and hot and naked,” Shane motions to Ilya’s glistening chest, “and you expect me to *not* worship you?”

Shane’s words and blown pupils encourage Ilya to drop the towel in a flash, left hand flying to pet Shane’s hair. Shane doesn’t hesitate to suck down the entire length, letting the head hit the back of his throat. He’s starving for it, bobbing his head rapidly, saliva dripping down his chin from how messy he’s being, filling the room with obscene gagging sounds. Russian curses tumble from Ilya’s lips as his grip in Shane’s hair tightens.

“*Fuck*, your mouth is perfect,” Ilya growls, bucking his hips in rhythm with Shane’s movements. He throws his head back in ecstasy, groaning up at the ceiling. He was already close again, bordering on oversensitive considering they’d just fucked less than an hour ago.

Finding the strength to look down at Shane, he shoots down his throat as soon as their eyes lock. The sight is a work of art — Shane’s slobbery lips stretched around his cock, irises practically nonexistent, tears spilling from the corners of his eyes. He would hang a picture of it in a museum if he could. Shane swallows around his cock a few times before pulling off, dipping his tongue into the slit as one last point of contact.

Ilya quickly rolls Shane over and helps him stand from the bed, hand wrapping around his leaking cock and pumping it furiously. Shane whines against his mouth, kissing him hard. Ilya’s hand glides over the length only four times before he’s shooting ropes between their bodies.

“You are trouble. I just showered and now I’m dirty again,” Ilya breathes out, pressing a sweet kiss to Shane’s forehead.

They share a few more gentle kisses as they head for the shower. It’s not a normal joint shower, this time they actually manage to wash each other off without someone dropping to their knees. It’s a sweet moment, actually. Ilya massages shampoo into Shane’s hair, tipping his head back toward the water to rinse it for him. They pamper each other, sharing sweet pecks and longing gazes that remind both of them how deep their love runs. Marriage is wonderful, fully worth the wait.

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The package arrives while Ilya is out walking Anya. Shane managed to time it precisely, convincing Ilya that the weather was perfect for a walk once he got the notification that his delivery would be arriving soon. He should be embarrassed by how quickly he runs upstairs to try it on, but the arousal surging through his body helps to drown it out.

He checks himself out in the mirror, clad only in the small silk fabric, turning in all directions to see his curves. The string nestles perfectly between the toned cheeks of his ass, the band sitting on his hips flawlessly. It looks even better than he imagined it would. He can’t wait to torture Ilya with this.

The cherry on top, however, is what he wears over the thong. First, Shane pulls on the tightest pair of grey joggers that he owns, the ones Ilya is always on the verge of ripping just to get him out of. They cling to his body perfectly, accentuating every crease of his muscular

build and his plump ass. The star of the entire outfit is Ilya's old jersey from Boston. Shane loves to wear Ilya's Ottawa jersey, but the Boston jersey is a rare treat. He checks himself in the mirror again, goosebumps rising on his skin at the sight of ROZANOV spelled out across his shoulders.

From the bedroom window, Shane spots Ilya trotting down the driveway with Anya. He adjusts the waistband of the thong so that it peeks over the joggers just slightly, covers the surprise with the hem of the jersey, and ascends down the stairs. The stairway handrail is his saving grace at the moment, keeping him upright while his knees feel like gelatin.

He starts in the kitchen, flipping on the tap to wash dishes from this morning's breakfast. His skin runs nearly as hot as the water when he hears the front door open, Anya's feet tapping across the floor as Ilya unclips her leash. She bounds through the house and out the doggie door leading to the backyard, clearly still full of energy, zooming around in laps across the grass. He hears Ilya slide off his shoes, holding his breath as footsteps approach from the corridor.

"My darling husband, I have returned ho-" Ilya's voice cuts off the second he rounds the corner, Shane doesn't even need to look up to know that he's staring at him.

"How was your walk?" Shane asks casually, eyes focused on the plate in his hand. It's silent for a few seconds, Ilya taking slow, predatory steps around the kitchen island to where Shane stands at the sink.

"Was good… we, uh, stopped by the park… Anya met a friend…" Ilya trails off, his voice growing deeper with every word. It's hard to form a sentence, hard to think of anything else with the sight in front of him. Shane fights the smirk threatening to take over his face when Ilya cages him in, hands gripping the counter on either side of Shane's body. They're not quite touching, Ilya's chest hovers a breath away from Shane's back, warm breath ghosting across his neck. "Do you need help with these?" Ilya slides his hands from Shane's elbows to his shoulders, fingers lightly grazing the letters of the jersey.

Shane quickly turns as Ilya's hands creep closer to his waist, intertwining their fingers with a smile. "Nope. I've got it. I'm in the zone right now, so you just go sit down. Watch TV or something."

Ilya quirks an eyebrow at him, but doesn't protest. He nods before heading to the living room, flipping channels until settling on ESPN highlights. It takes every ounce of restraint he has to keep from staring at Shane, continuously flicking his gaze to watch him perform various tasks.

Shane can sense Ilya's eyes on him, tracking every movement as he sweeps the floor and waters their plants. He grabs the duster, finally deciding it was time to reveal the surprise. Ilya watches him intensely as he gets closer to the TV, shamelessly raking his eyes over Shane's body.

"Mind if I dust under here?" Shane asks, already feeling the blush creeping onto his cheeks.

“Not at all.” Ilya’s voice is dark, arousal coating every word. One hand rests over his crotch, palming at the erection growing in his shorts.

Shane puts on a show for him, dropping to his knees in front of the TV stand and curving his back like some sort of primal mating display. He hears Ilya inhale deeply through his nose, only encouraging him to take it another step. He spreads his knees further apart, sliding them slowly across the rug under him, and stretches both arms above his head to reach the corners closest to the wall. The hem of the jersey falls slightly, enough to reveal a sliver of silk peeking above the waistband of his joggers. Ilya’s breath hitches.

Shane freezes when the couch creaks, sensing the quiet footsteps slowly approaching him. The silence is deafening, the TV screen now black and remote tossed to the side. His heartbeat echoes in his ears, cock already hardening at the adrenaline of Ilya stalking towards him like a lion hunting its prey. He gasps as Ilya’s hand grips the back of the jersey, pulling him to sit back on his knees, the other hand sliding under his chin and forcing his gaze to meet the dark hazel eyes staring down at him. The back of head presses against Ilya’s crotch, feeling the rock hard erection straining against the fabric.

“What are you wearing?”

“Your jersey.” The grip tightening on his jaw tells Shane that was the wrong answer. He knew what he wanted to hear.

“Stand up. Now.”

Shane scrambles to his feet and turns to face Ilya, anticipation pulsing through his body at the look of hunger in his husband’s eyes. Ilya’s hands lightly graze Shane’s hips, slipping under the jersey to caress his skin. His thumbs brush over the silk, never breaking eye contact until he’s dropping to his knees in front of Shane. His fingers hook in the band of Shane’s joggers and swiftly drop them to the floor. A groan rises from his chest as he takes in the sight of Shane, his beautiful Shane, standing in nothing but his old jersey and *a fucking thong*.

Shane stares down at him, lip pulled between his teeth as he studies Ilya’s face. His knees buckle when Ilya’s mouth is suddenly covering the front of the thong, licking and sucking along the fabric holding his cock, and Ilya grips his thighs tight enough to leave marks. Soft moans spill from Shane’s lips at the sensation, chills shooting down his spine and toes curling against the rug.

Ilya stands abruptly, crashing his mouth into Shane’s for a filthy kiss. Their tongues melt together, moans and whimpers mixing in a delicious medley. His hands slide under Shane’s thighs to lift him, legs wrapping around his waist with ease. He walks them over to the couch, sitting back to settle Shane in his lap. They finally part when Ilya finds the strength to push Shane back just enough to see his face, lips swollen and shiny as he catches his breath. He kneads the muscle of Shane’s ass in his hands as he trails sloppy kisses down his neck, eliciting quiet whines from the man in his lap.

Desperate to touch every part of him, Shane frantically pulls Ilya’s shirt off and runs his hands down his body before reconnecting their lips. Ilya hums against his mouth, teasing him

with a prodding finger as the tip lightly pushes the string of fabric into his entrance, just enough to make Shane squirm.

“Suck,” Ilya commands, breaking the kiss and tapping three fingers against Shane’s mouth. He wraps his lips around them with an eager tongue coating them in spit, small streams spilling onto his chin. Ilya pushes them further into his mouth, filthy gags mixing into their moans. The sound is enough to make Ilya’s cock jump.

Ilya’s slick fingers find their way behind Shane, sliding under the silk string to toy with his entrance. Shane clenches around nothing, hungry and waiting for something, anything. If he didn’t know better, he’d sink down on all three of Ilya’s fingers at once. He craves that feeling of being full, the beautifully painful sting of Ilya stretching him out. Finally, one finger pushes against his rim before sinking in agonizingly slow, a second one following shortly. Shane lets out what can only be described as a purr, drawn out and full of bliss. Touching himself will never measure up to how Ilya fills him up, his fingers fit inside of him like a puzzle piece. Like his body was made to take Ilya, and only Ilya.

A bead of precum smears across Shane’s stomach when Ilya’s fingers hook inside of him, mere millimeters away from the spot that he craves. Lost in euphoria, he doesn’t realize he’s started moving his hips and Ilya’s wrist has gone still. Their eyes meet again, staring at each other with a passion that burns like wildfire, and Ilya gives Shane a nod, wordlessly communicating his desires.

Shane doesn’t break eye contact as he takes control of the pace, lifting his hips and slamming back down to ride Ilya’s fingers. It’s awkward, not as smooth as riding his cock, but the feeling is fucking fantastic. He feels so full, and Ilya keeps crooking his fingers at just the right moment. Ilya’s free hand gripping his waist pulls him back to reality, slowing the bounce of his hips. Suddenly, he’s empty, and he sobs in protest.

“Turn around.” Ilya’s clean hand taps Shane’s cheek twice, soft slaps just to grab his attention. Shane quickly obeys, Ilya’s grip meets him halfway to guide his hips toward his lap, shorts now pushed down to his ankles. He coats his length in lube and kisses Shane’s shoulder blade through the jersey, tapping the head of his cock against the stretched rim. Shane sinks down fully before Ilya has time to think, desperate to be filled again. They groan at the same time, the sounds mixing beautifully in the room.

Settled in Ilya’s lap, Shane rocks in small, grinding circles that nudge his prostate just right. He whines loudly, pretty little noises that make it difficult for Ilya to hold himself back from fucking up into him. Ilya grabs the string of the thong settled next to his cock and tugs it back, the fabric in the front squeezing Shane’s cock and balls tight against his body.

“Oh my- *fuck*. Again. Please,” Shane begs in a high voice, grinding his hips down harder, hungry to feel Ilya as deep as he possibly can.

Ilya pulls the string again, harder. Shane cries out and begins frantically bouncing in a filthy rhythm, the front of the thong completely soaked in precum. He’s aching for release, the sweet burn of his thighs only encourage him to go faster. Ilya leans back into the couch, fingers linking behind his head, to take in the full sight — Shane fucking himself on Ilya’s cock like he hasn’t been touched in months, ROZANOV spelled out across his shoulders, the

hem of the jersey bunched up around his waist to show off the stretch marks on his ass. This image will be burned in Ilya's memory forever.

"Ilya," Shane cries out, "fuck, I'm so fucking close."

"I haven't even touched you, sweetheart," Ilya coos, gently bucking his hips up as Shane is bearing down. Shane sobs and clenches around him, pulling Ilya closer to the edge along with him. "Do you know how beautiful you look? Wearing my name on your body, my cock splitting you open, taking me like the needy slut you are. Fucking gorgeous, all for me."

Ilya's hands finally return to Shane's hips, assisting his relentless riding and pulling him down hard with every bounce. Broken moans spill from Shane's lips as he cums, coating the fabric of the thong with a sticky mess that runs down to his balls. Ilya loses every ounce of resistance he has left and pistons his hips up into Shane, deep groans rumbling in his chest.

Strong arms wrap around Shane's waist as Ilya suddenly stands, never letting their bodies disconnect, and tips Shane's body over until he's forced to brace himself on the coffee table with his palms. The slap of skin echoing throughout the room is obscene, blending with the sound of grunts and moans and rattling from the table. Ilya cums with a shout, hips flush against Shane's to bury himself as deep as possible. Shane hums at the feeling of Ilya spilling into him, pulsing around his cock as he tries to catch his breath.

Ilya pulls out slowly, admiring the mess he's made, small drops leaking from Shane's wrecked hole. Two fingers swipe through the warm cum, pushing it back into Shane, who moans blissfully. Ilya can't help himself and continues pumping his fingers in and out of Shane, stuffing each drop as deep as it'll go. In a shockingly short amount of time, Shane shivers and cums again with a pathetic whine.

Ilya pulls Shane's body back with him as he collapses into the couch, cuddling him close and showering the side of his sweaty face in kisses. Shane's orgasm is still surging through him, body shaking and twitching, quiet hums occasionally joining his ragged breaths. After a few minutes, he gathers the strength to turn his head and kiss Ilya.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya huffs out, "is not my birthday, not our anniversary… did I miss something?"

"No, I just wanted to surprise you," Shane giggles, kissing along Ilya's jaw. As the arousal wears off, Shane suddenly feels gross in the cum-soaked fabric covering his spent cock. "I might have to throw these away."

"We will buy you more," Ilya answers immediately, gripping Shane's thighs at the thought. They stare into each other's eyes, not speaking, just enjoying the moment together.

Anya's cold nose touches Ilya's foot, startling him and breaking the bubble he and Shane were in. She gets spooked by their erupting laughter and runs back outside.

"Let's go shower," Ilya mumbles between the soft kisses he's trailing down Shane's neck and pulls the waistband of the thong to let it snap back against his skin, "and then we can shop for more of *these*."

End Notes

realizing after some self reflection that it might be ME who has a breeding kink for shane hollander and I’m just living vicariously through ilya in my writing

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