

lustful and devoted

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by [istilltasteyou](#)

Summary

There was probably something wrong with him, that being spanked until he cried by his husband made him pliable and horny, but he didn't care. He didn't have to worry about anything anymore, except pleasing Ilya.

Shane doesn't make decisions anymore. That's Ilya's job - all Shane has to do is obey.

Notes

Please pay attention to the tags! This fic features *consensual total power exchange* between Shane and Ilya. This means that Ilya has complete control of Shane, including outside of the bedroom, and makes all decisions for him no matter how minor. For example, Shane can't eat until Ilya gives him permission. If that's not your thing, you probably won't like this fic.

And a second disclaimer, seeing as being parents is a prominent part of this fic - the children do not witness/are not aware of any unconventional aspects of their dynamic. If they are present, Ilya and Shane are incredibly subtle about things. As far as they're aware the weirdest thing about their parents is that they're gay-married retired pro hockey players.

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

“Dad, what’s another word for old? I’ve used it like three times already!” Shane was preparing dinner as he heard his son shout him from the kids’ activity room, where they were diligently - or begrudgingly - completing their homework. Shane stuck his head around the doorframe and pointed to the thesaurus on the table. He smiled as he spotted Sofiya staring at the linking cubes in front of her, tongue stuck out to the side as she concentrated.

“You gotta look yourself, Nik, I’m not always gonna be there to give you the answers!”

Nikolai groaned, but picked up the book. Shane returned to the kitchen and quickly plated the food, his eyes on the clock. Ilya would be home in a few minutes. Once dinner was ready he checked the kids were still occupied and slipped out into the enclosed porch, sliding the latch behind him so they couldn’t follow. It was muscle memory by now. He did this dance every day. As his knees settled into the cool tile, hands resting on his thighs and head down, he felt a wave of calm wash over him. Everything outside of this room - kids, coaching, peoples’ expectations - dissipated. He was nothing, kneeling in his apron, except Ilya’s. Every nerve in his body tingled in anticipation as he heard Ilya’s car pull up, his feet crunching on the gravel. He didn’t look up. Not yet.

The door slid open and his cheeks reddened as he heard a chuckle from above him.

“Hello, *moya lyubov*. Beautiful as always.” Shane lifted his head, eyes meeting Ilya’s instantly.

“Thank you, Sir. Welcome home.” He’d said it a thousand times, but ‘*sir*’ still had a profound affect on the both of them. Shane blushed, and watched as Ilya’s eyes softened and heated at once. Ilya’s hand came down to Shane’s neck, holding it gently and pulling him to stand. As they grew closer, his hand slipped back into Shane’s hair. He’d grown it out, just how Ilya liked it. Ilya kissed him half-starved, despite them only being apart seven hours at most. When he stepped backwards, Shane looked up at him, giddy and flushed. Ilya leaned over him and slid the latch back, stepping through the door into the house.

“Kolen’ka, Sonechka, Papa is home!” Shane, ever-practiced, composed himself in an instant as their children came running. He floated back into the kitchen, double-checking that everything was ready. Nikolai climbed on Ilya as Sofiya held up her math homework to him with a gleeful face.

“Oh, wow!” Ilya gasped as he wrestled Nikolai from his shoulders. “You are a math genius! My love, did you know our daughter was an Einstein?”

“She gets it all from me, I’m sure,” Shane smirked. Ilya pouted, mock-offended.

“She has your good looks, you cannot have it all.” He finally got Nikolai to the ground, struck a triumphant pose, and then sat in his place at the head of the table.

“Nik, Sofie, at the table please,” Shane ushered as he carried Ilya’s plate. The kids sat as he placed the meal down. Ilya kissed his cheek, which was met with a round of disgusted groans from their children.

“Ah, if I did not love your dad you would not exist!” Ilya teased. Shane shook his head as he placed plates in front of the kids, before finally taking his apron off and returning with his own plate, sitting beside Ilya.

“Beef stroganoff,” he smiled, silently waiting for Ilya’s signal to begin eating.

“It looks delicious, my love. What do you say?” Ilya asked, turning to Nikolai and Sofiya.

“Thanks dad!” they chorused as they began to eat. Ilya took several bites, savouring them as he watched Shane.

“As beautiful as you. A drink, please, my love.” Shane nodded politely and fetched a glass of water for Ilya, placing it beside him delicately. As he took his seat once more, Ilya gave him a small, almost imperceptible nod. Shane picked up his fork and, now with permission, began to eat.

As the meal progressed the kids recounted their days at school to Ilya with varying states of glee and frustration. A dog got loose on the field while Nikolai’s class were outside for gym, the girl who wears pigtails every day spilled water on Sofiya’s painting, and they both had to sit through an assembly about how to wash your hands. Ilya listened intently, nodding his head with his fork aloft as they spoke. When the plates were empty and Shane had cleared them, three eager faces shuffled into the kitchen.

“Dad, can we have ice cream before grandma comes?” Sofiya, the smallest - and therefore cutest - had clearly been elected to speak. “I did all my homework!”

“Hmm,” Shane pretended to ponder. He looked at Ilya, who winked. “I suppose so. If you did *all* of it.”

“I have done my homework too,” Ilya said, deadpan. Shane took three cones from the box in the cupboard, the tub from the freezer and scoop from the drawer and begin to prepare the desserts. The kids squealed in glee and ran out of the kitchen, heading towards the living room. They were staying with Shane’s parents for the weekend, giving Shane and Ilya some rare, blissful time to be alone.

“For yourself too, my love,” came Ilya’s voice, close to Shane’s ear as his hands wrapped around his waist.

“It’s a lot of sugar...” Shane hesitated. He could feel his younger self in his head, watching him. Judging him. Ilya’s hands stopped dead.

“One for yourself.” Not a suggestion. A command.

“Yes, Sir.” Shane whispered. He’d pay for that one later, he was sure.

“Good boy,” Ilya whispered back, pressing a kiss into Shane’s hair as his hands continued their slow creep around him. His skin felt alive as he felt the weight of his husband behind him, strong and powerful. Power Shane willingly gave, because of things just like this.

He'd worn himself to exhaustion, shortly after they married. The intense dieting and non-stop training might have been good for his career, but it did a number on his body. Ilya was constantly telling him to relax, to let himself breathe a little, but he never listened. The breaking point came when he fainted at home, and the doctor Ilya forced him to see banned him from training for a week. When they got home, Ilya told him something needed to change. Shane had always been submissive in bed, but when Ilya suggested extending it to everything, handing over every decision to him, there was a twisting dread and uncertainty. Shane thrived on control, on rules.

As it turns out, it doesn't matter where those rules came from. Shane needed to be controlled - but not necessarily by himself. Once he handed the reigns to Ilya, it felt like the world had been taken off of his shoulders. It took them a while to get it right - Shane didn't take well to following Ilya's more relaxed rules, at first, and Ilya was hesitant as to how far his control should reach. Years of discipline and communication had brought them here - where Ilya decided what Shane wore, what he ate and when he could go to the bathroom, and in return Shane took care of Ilya. It worked. They'd never been happier - even after having to scale things back a little once the kids came along.

Shane and Ilya brought the ice creams into the living room and handed them to the kids. Sofiya was coloring and Nikolai was reading a comic book. They both thanked Shane, and Ilya tousled his hair as they sat on the sofa together.

Ilya had just finished wiping melted ice cream from around Sofiya's mouth when the doorbell rang. Shane hurried to answer the door, laughter emanating from the living room as he left it.

Yuna Hollander shuffled inside with a grin on her face as Shane opened the door.

"How are my grandbabies? And my baby, of course," she cooed, pressing a kiss to his cheek.

"Hi, mom, we're good. Kids are a little sticky. Ice cream."

"I see," she nodded with a smile. Shane followed as she hurried through the house, following the sound of excitement from the living room. It had never been in question, but it always warmed his heart to see how much she loved their kids. He'd worried so much, when he was young. He didn't have to worry about a thing anymore.

In a whirlwind, the kids grabbed their things and rushed out the door, stopping only briefly to hug their parents. Yuna waved at them as she helped Sofiya into the car, and they returned inside happy. Shane couldn't stop smiling.

"They love grandma more than dad and papa," Ilya joked.

"She has *chocolate* ice cream," Shane countered.

Ilya looked down at him with a smirk, piercing eyes analyzing his face as he slowly crowded Shane against the closed door.

"We are alone, *moya lyubov*."

“We are,” Shane gulped.

“Why aren’t you on your knees?” It didn’t take more than that. Shane dropped in an instant, knees pressed against the wooden floor as he gazed up at Ilya, ready and willing to serve.

“Sir...” Shade shuddered as Ilya shushed him.

“Were you good boy today?” he asked, one hand toying with Shane’s hair as he towered over him.

“Yes, Sir,” Shane replied, breath catching in his chest as he awaited Ilya’s judgement.

“Hmm... Mostly true. You were very good. Did you break any rules, *moya lyubov*?”

“I... Sir...,” Shane cast his eyes down. He struggled with this part, sometimes - confessing where he thought he went wrong.

“I am waiting.” Ilya’s grip in his hair tightened, just enough to hurt a little.

“I didn’t listen, Sir,” he admitted. “I hesitated when you gave me an order.”

“Good boy,” Ilya praised. His grip shifted to hold the back of Shane’s head, and he pulled him to stand before leading him into the living room. Ilya sat on the couch and pulled Shane across his lap. Shane breathed deep, knowing what was coming. Ilya pulled down Shane’s pants and stroked a hand across his ass, gentle and caring. He waited a moment, looking down at Shane and watching as his eyes closed slowly and his body relaxed and tensed over and over, preparing. The first strike came down hard.

“Who makes the rules, *moya lyubov*?”

“Ah! Y-you do, Sir,” Shane gasped, his hand gripping the sofa cushion beside him as the sharp pain radiated through his ass cheek. They’d done this a thousand times, and Shane knew he would feel better afterwards, but the pain still sucked in the moment.

“Why do I make rules?” Another hit, this time on the other cheek but just as hard. Shane yelped as Ilya’s hand made contact with his flesh.

“T-to help me, Sir. To take care of me.”

“Do you question me?” The third strike was softer, but still painful.

“No, no Sir!” Shane choked out, tears falling freely from his eyes. He’d thought it was weird, at first, that he’d cry. He wasn’t sad, or in enough pain to force tears - he was exactly where he wanted to be. “*You are feeling so much, it needs to come out somewhere,*” Ilya had explained to him once.

“What do you say when I tell you to do something?” Another hit, another question, and Shane’s head was swimming with lust and devotion and *Ilya*.

“Yes, Sir, yes!” he sobbed.

“Good boy,” Ilya praised. “One more, I think. And then you will be all done, and a good boy again. Okay?” He didn’t give Shane time to answer, the fifth strike landing hard and fast. Shane shuddered and sobbed as Ilya pulled his pants back up and stroked his back, pulling him upwards to lay on his chest instead of his knees.

“Okay, okay, is okay, it’s done now,” he comforted as Shane cried into his shoulder. “You did good, my good boy.” Ilya kept stroking his back, silent and gentle, and soon Shane’s tears slowed to sniffles.

“You know,” Ilya pondered aloud, hoping to make Shane laugh, “is lucky you are not a woman. Would not be your ass I would spank.”

It worked. Shane’s shoulders shook in a chuckle on Ilya’s chest, and he took a deep, shaky breath.

“Fuck you... I love you,” Shane whispered, “thank you, Sir.” He lifted his head to look at Ilya.

“You are welcome, *moya lyubov*. I love you too. I will always take care of my boy.” Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane’s forehead. Shane chased the kiss, closing the gap between them and kissing Ilya, deep and lustful and devoted. There was probably something wrong with him, that being spanked until he cried by his husband made him pliable and horny, but he didn’t care. He didn’t have to worry about anything anymore, except pleasing Ilya.

Shane slid down until his knees hit the ground and looked up at Ilya with wide eyes.

“Sir, may I-”

“Of course. How could I say no to you?” Ilya smirked. They both knew Ilya was very capable of saying no - just not when it came to his own pleasure. Shane got to work immediately, pulling Ilya’s cock out of his pants and swallowing him down with practiced ease. Ilya’s hands slid into Shane’s hair, fingers curling into the locks as Shane sucked and licked at the shaft. Ilya sighed in pleasure, watching with adoration. “Such, such a good boy.”

“Yours, Sir,” Shane agreed, “your good boy.” Ilya stroked his thumb across Shane’s cheek as he took Ilya’s cock deep in his throat. As his mouth worked, he felt the world close in around him once more, leaving nothing but himself and the man above him, hands in his hair and breathy moans quickening. With every tug on his hair, he felt at peace. The salty taste of Ilya on his tongue was the only thing that mattered.

“Ah - fuck, Shane-” Ilya panted, fingers twisting. Shane moaned as his hair was pulled, and Ilya’s hips bucked at the vibrations. “You want to... to kill me.” Shane hummed, moving his head faster as he felt Ilya getting close to coming undone above him. They had been together for so long that it was second nature, now. His body knew every detail of Ilya’s, no words necessary; so when Ilya’s grip shifted, fingers freeing his hair and instead cupping his jaw and the back of his neck, he knew what was coming. Shane slowed his pace, relaxed his muscles as Ilya took charge.

“Take it, *moya lyubov*.” The noise was obscene as Ilya began to fuck his throat, an immediate unrelenting pace. He knew that Shane could take it - that he’d love every moment of it. Shane’s eyes closed slowly as he was used, morphing into nothing but a hole to please his husband’s cock. Ilya wasn’t gentle, and Shane’s eyes watered as his throat was pounded. He’d trained away his gag reflex long ago, wanting nothing more than to be a perfect toy for Ilya. He was floating away, brain a beautiful pink haze as he drifted, anchored to reality only by the cock heavy on his tongue.

“Ah- s-so perfect, my good boy, your mouth was made to take me-” Ilya moaned as he rocked up into Shane’s mouth. “Such a good hole for me.” Shane’s hands grasped at Ilya’s thighs, struggling to find purchase as his body was claimed so roughly. Ilya’s grip on his neck would leave bruises, he was sure - ones he would contort his body in front of the mirror in search of a peek of, desperate to see the manifest of Ilya’s claim over him imprinted into his skin.

The rhythm of Ilya’s hands began to slip, and he curled inwards, down towards Shane. His nose grazed the crown of Shane’s head as he spoke, still thrusting into him. “You are going to be good boy and swallow, yes?” Shane nodded as best as he was able, and Ilya’s pace picked up again. His breath came ragged and he moaned deeply into Shane’s hair as he neared his peak. Shane’s hands found their place on Ilya’s hips, resting gently as he submitted.

“F-fuck!” Ilya gasped, hands stilling, and Shane felt thick ropes of cum hit the back of his throat. A moan escaped unbidden as his mouth set to work, swallowing everything Ilya gave him, tongue laving across Ilya’s cock to ensure no drop remained untaken. He wasn’t ungrateful, after all.

Ilya collapsed backwards onto the sofa, and Shane sat back on his heels, head resting on Ilya’s thigh. They both caught their breath in silence for a moment, appreciating the proximity and lingering in the heady rush of the other. Ilya’s fingers once again trailed back to Shane’s hair, and he hummed in appreciation.

With Ilya’s pleasure sated, Shane became acutely aware of his own cock, hard and straining where it had sat ignored in his pants. He whimpered. Ilya’s attention was caught, and he replied with a cocked eyebrow.

“Yes?” Shane looked up at his husband with pleading eyes. A smirk crept across Ilya’s face, and he slid his foot across the floor, pressing his leg between Shane’s thighs. “Five seconds, *moya lyubov*.”

Another whine fell from Shane’s lips as his hips twitched immediately. His head never moved from Ilya’s thigh as his hips stuttered and thrust against his husband’s leg, desperate for release. He wasn’t sure how long it had been since he last came - Ilya loved to deny him, and it made it all the sweeter when Shane was finally allowed to cum.

“Five,” Ilya counted. Shane’s hands gripped Ilya’s leg tight, trying to find as much friction as possible as if that would help his poor, neglected cock.

“Four.” He panted as he humped his husband’s leg like a dog, chasing an orgasm that felt impossibly far away.

“Three.” He was so close, and so far. One hand crept down towards his crotch, ready to free his cock to heighten the sensation.

“Two. No touching.” Shane took his hand away obediently. He knew he wasn’t going to make it, but his hips thrust faster and faster, hands grasping at Ilya’s calf even tighter. He started to drool as he gasped, leaving a wet spot on Ilya’s pants.

“One.” Ilya moved his foot, nudging Shane’s balls in a cruel, teasing move. Shane moaned, low and pleading, but it still wasn’t enough.

“Zero. No more, *moya lyubov*.” Ilya moved his leg away, and Shane fell backwards, cheeks flushed and breathing labored. “Good boy. You did well. Maybe tomorrow, yes?”

Ilya leaned down and pressed a firm kiss to the top of Shane’s head. Maybe tomorrow.

If Ilya allowed it.

End Notes

Whoops, it's nearly been a year, but here I am back with more hard kink Hollanov for you all. I'm tempted to write a prequel from their more intense TPE life before kids, so let me know if that's something you'd like to read.

Thank you for reading!

- Ciaran istilltasteyou

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