

Painkiller

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by [sterlingstars](#)

Summary

And the thing is, Ilya has never had to get Shane into a vulnerable state like that to exert that control; no, some sort of merciful God that he hadn't been sure existed since he was a child took pity on him and somehow sent him the most perfect man in the world who seemed to want nothing more than to allow himself to be Ilya's plaything, to be molded into the perfect shape to fit all of his terrible desires. But there's so much allure in it, anyway—the idea of taking that power, taking that control, plucking it from Shane's hands in a much less open way—just because he wanted to. Just because he knew it would feel good. Just because he knew, deep down, that Shane wanted it, too.

Shane and Ilya's hospital encounter after the hit from Cliff goes a little differently. Ilya walks away with an invitation to the cottage, and a brand new fantasy about fucking Shane when he's high. Ilya gets what he wants.

or: a bit of a love letter to power exchange, the romance of kink, and the beauty of someone matching your freak.

Notes

Hello hello Heated Rivalry sickos, and welcome to another installment of me running away with a concept that was supposed to be short and sweet. Here we are again, going over 10k. Many such cases. I'm back in the fucking building again.

This fic was directly inspired by [this post](#) by shanepervert on tumblr. I saw this and kind of immediately had to do something about it. This bloomed in my brain like a beautiful vision that I knew I had to execute. I've spent the last like month chipping away at this because I wanted to see it come to fruition so badly. I'm really very pleased with how this turned out, and have been very eager to share this with everyone <3 The timeline for this is vaguely canon-compliant; it starts off with the hit in Heated Rivalry and bleeds a little into somewhere nebulously during The Long Game. I'm usually more strict about canon timeline stuff, but this was a special time bubble I made up for my own horny purposes, you know how it goes.

Many, endless thanks to my beautiful council of perverts over in The Sicko Corner/Freakville, you are my cheerleaders and enablers and I'm always grateful to you for listening to me talk my way through the writing process and encouraging my perversions. Special shoutout to Jules for being my Number One Pervert Enabler <3

► Additional Warning (Slight Spoilers)

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

Seeing Shane go down on the ice is one of the most terrifying experiences of Ilya's life. The way he just crumples, like a puppet with its strings cut, utterly limp and boneless on the ice, makes Ilya feel like he can't fucking breathe. And then he can't even comfort him, can't even go to him like he wants to; he's being held back by refs and medical staff, and all he wants to do is barrel through them, push them aside and cradle Shane's head in his hands, smooth over his cheeks and beg him to wake up. His heart is in his throat as they load him up on the stretcher and remove him, and then for the rest of the game; a terrible, restless energy sizzling through his limbs and making him feel unsteady and wild.

Seeing Shane in the hospital bed is both a relief and a new harrowing experience in itself. His face is bruised, and he looks a little small, somehow, in the white hospital gown, arm in a sling and little wires hooked up to him. Ilya's heart clenches at the sight, and he swallows hard, unable to move forward initially when he walks into the room. He's glued to the spot, just taking it all in—Shane's eyes are closed, pretty lashes resting against his bruised cheeks, and despite the circumstance, he does at least look peaceful. That soothes the surge of anxiety that swelled in Ilya the second he walked through the door. And then Shane opens his eyes, and he *smiles*—big, unabashed, reaching his eyes—and Ilya lets out a breath.

Shane is *so* happy to see him, smiling and bright-eyed despite the situation, and it makes Ilya's chest tight. He's clearly still on some strong painkillers, and it's making him loose and soft, unfiltered in a way he usually never is. It soothes Ilya, to see him doing so well, after the terrifying display from the night before. He holds Shane's hand and just takes in his face, cataloging all of his expressions. Shane is speaking so softly but with so much genuine lightness in his voice, though he's just a little slurred from the meds. He's looking up at Ilya with big, bright eyes, and it... well. It makes something flutter low in Ilya's stomach. He's always been so helpless to Shane's eyes; he's not sure if Shane really knows or understands the power they have over him, the way they've gotten him so much from Ilya over the years.

And here, while he's laid up in a hospital bed with a concussion, covered in bruises and strapped into a sling, loopy from painkillers and a head injury, he has no idea that Ilya's cock just twitched in his pants.

It's a terrible thought. It's horribly inappropriate timing. But Ilya's suddenly overcome with how *open* Shane is, loose and sweet and pliant, and it makes something dark and hot stir within him. *I think he would let me do anything to him right now*, he thinks, and the thought startles him just as much as it thrills him. A shiver goes down his spine. How easy would it be, to tell Shane that he wants to touch him? To reach under the thin hospital blankets, push up the gown, and get his hands on his body? He has a sudden, vivid image in his mind of Shane spread out on the thin, crisp white sheets, Ilya's fingers pumping in and out of his ass, while he flushes and whines and writhes, unable to do anything but lie there and take it. And God, he would fucking *love it*, Ilya knows this as surely as he knows the fucking sky is blue. He would even beg for it, if Ilya were to bring it up right now. *"Please, Ilya, please fuck me, I need it so bad, please, I can take it"*, high and breathy and whiny, his big, warm eyes getting wet with tears he might even shed when Ilya brushes his prostate with his fingers...

He clenches the hand that's not holding Shane's into a fist, digging his fingernails into the meat of his palm, willing his cock not to spring into a full erection in this goddamn hospital

room. He's on borrowed time, and he knows he won't be able to be here long—being here at all is a bit of a risk—and he cannot afford someone to see him sporting a fucking hard-on here. He swallows it down, shoves it into the back of his mind, focuses on the conversation he's having with Shane.

When he leaves the hospital, his head is buzzing with the entire encounter. There's the biggest thing: Shane invited him to his cottage over the summer. He wants to spend time with Ilya, alone, in his most private place, and the thought... well. It's a little terrifying, the implications of it all. He can't stop thinking about it as he drives home, as he goes about the rest of his evening, picturing the earnest look on Shane's face, how deeply fucking sincere he was. The way it makes him ache, the ferocity with which he wants this so fucking badly. He wanted to say yes, any consequences and logistics be damned. But one of them has to be smart about this, and Shane isn't exactly in the best place to be that one right now. So. Ilya instead gets to torment himself with turning it all over in his head.

That night, as he gets into bed, he's restless. There's so much going on in his head, and he lies propped up against the headboard, sheets pooled around his waist, smoking a cigarette in the dark. He thinks of the way Shane would chastise him for it; that sort of thought crosses his mind constantly, now. Shane would say this, think that, do this. He pictures the way his nose wrinkles when he can smell the cigarette smoke clinging to Ilya's clothes, and it makes him chuckle. Fondness courses through him at the visual. He pictures, again, Shane's bruised face in the hospital bed earlier in the day, the sparkle of his eyes, the way his mouth curved up into that genuine, pretty smile. It makes him ache all over.

It makes his cock throb.

He puts out the cigarette, exhaling the last bit of smoke, and uses his free hand to push the sheets down off of his lap. He's already half-hard when he pulls his dick out of his underwear, groaning low in his throat at the sensation of his hand on himself. He gives himself a firm squeeze, eyes fluttering shut as he starts getting harder, Shane's face appearing behind his eyelids. The constellation of his freckles, stark against the garish bruising. The slow way he moved, bogged down by meds and wires and fatigue, movements syrupy. The gentle slur of his words, the way he had trouble keeping his eyes open. Ilya groans, fully hard now, remembering the loose grip Shane had on his hand.

It would've been so fucking easy. It would've been laughably easy, to do whatever he wanted to Shane in that moment, his body open and pliant and slow as fucking molasses, ripe for the taking. And Shane would have let him, he knows. Maybe he would've been confused a little, at first, face scrunched up in the adorable way it always gets when he's perplexed by something, the cocktail of meds and the concussion making him slow to catch on; but as he registered what exactly was happening, he would melt under Ilya's hands like hot fucking butter. That was the thing about Shane that caused Ilya equal shock and awe—he was so fucking willing to let Ilya to whatever he wanted to him, so eager to prove himself, to give himself over, rarely ever truly hesitating when Ilya asked something of him, or did something they hadn't discussed beforehand. Shane Hollander was a stubborn fucking wall of a man on the ice, dominating his rink and molding the game into shape around him, putting his team where they needed to be and making sure everyone knew that he was the one calling the

shots, but when it came to this? When it came to Ilya, all it took was a look, or a word, and he folded, crumpled, went so soft he melted into whatever shape was asked of him.

Ilya moans, stroking himself unabashedly now, legs fallen open. He's leaking pre like nobody's business, body tingling with how turned on he is. He imagines ripping the flimsy hospital blanket away from Shane's body, his eyes going wide with the shock of cool air, the way he would look at Ilya with confusion and maybe a little upset. Brows drawn, a pout on his pretty little mouth, "Why'd you do that?" slurred so sweetly. And Ilya would laugh, he thinks, at the sight of it; and his cock would twitch and fill, because one of his favorite things on this earth is making Shane pout and whine and look like a little kicked puppy. He thinks about ignoring the question as he reaches for Shane's bare legs, pushing up the hem of the hospital gown to get between his thighs, pushing them apart with his hands, Shane flushing and sputtering and unable to keep up with his movements. Maybe he'd start to get it, then, what Ilya was trying to do, and he'd pout some more and hiss out protests. "We can't do this here, Ilya," he would say, wide-eyed and pink-cheeked, "What if someone sees? What if someone walks in?" and all Ilya would do is chuckle and keep going.

Shane would be warm, he thinks, between his legs. His cock would be soft, but that doesn't matter in the slightest, really. Ilya shudders a little as he strokes, thinking about the noises he could pull out of Shane by brushing his fingers down, down, past his soft cock and his balls, past his taint, right there against his tight little hole. He moans loudly, eyes rolling back at the thought, cock twitching in his hand. Shane would be mortified, scandalized, at the thought of Ilya touching his cock there in the hospital, but his ass? Oh, he would be *pissed*—wide-eyed and so, so embarrassed, looking at Ilya like he wanted to kill him, probably. Ilya bites his lip and chuckles a little at the thought, his little angry kitten being so embarrassed at the brush of a fingertip against his asshole.

Oh, he'd love to rile him up about it.

"What's the matter, Shane? I thought you liked it when I touch you here," he would say, smirking and showing his teeth, "relax for me, hm? Let me help you feel better."

Maybe that would soften him a little. Ilya can picture it, the way his eyes would go all soft and gooey, even while he was still pouting. Because the thing is, Shane loves to deny himself pleasure. It's a core tenet of his function; and Ilya long ago figured this out about him and uses it to his advantage, dangling the prospect of pleasure over Shane's head like a biscuit in front of a dog. You want a treat, don't you? Let me give you a treat, something to chew on, something to make your mouth water and your tail wag. Sometimes, Ilya makes him do tricks for it. Sometimes, Ilya doles it out just because. Though however he goes about it, it's always just as much for him as it is for Shane, sometimes even more, maybe.

He'd just rub his dry fingertip against Shane's hole for a while, he thinks, as he continues to stroke his cock. Make him squirm, make his eyes go wide, make his dick twitch valiantly and try to get hard through the layers of painkillers. Leaning over him in the hospital bed, watching his bruised, swollen face contort into expressions of embarrassment and need, flicking back and forth as he decided if he liked this or not. He'd like it, though, Ilya would make sure of it. And when Shane would inevitably let his legs fall open more, mouth gone from a pout to slack-jawed desire, Ilya would stick his fingers in Shane's mouth and tell him

to get them wet. He would. Shane loves sucking Ilya's fingers. He groans at the thought, cock jumping at the phantom sensation of Shane's hot, eager mouth swirling happily around the digits, groaning, lashes fluttering sweetly with the pleasure of it. Shane would drool all over his fingers, and Ilya would grin with all his teeth as he pulled them out and watched spit drip down Shane's chin.

His hand moves faster on his own cock, heart jumping in his chest. He wants to draw this out, really savor the fantasy of it, but it's so fucking hot and he's so turned on that he doesn't know how much longer he can last, really. The little scenario he's created here is too vivid, too good, and he's fully lost to the pleasure of it. He squeezes himself at the base with a groan, eyes shut tight, willing himself to calm down long enough to finish fleshing this out. His bedroom is quiet, save for the sound of his own panting, the wet sound of his hand on his cock. He releases himself and gets into motion to buy himself more time; he fully stands up out of bed to take his underwear off, sliding them to the floor, and runs a hand through his hair, taking a deep breath before he sits back down. He takes himself in hand again and takes another deep breath.

It's so easy to picture what it would feel like, to take his spit-slick fingers and press them back against Shane's ass. He'd start with one, even if he wanted to start with two, because he's not *that* cruel—in this scenario, anyway—and watch in delight as Shane shuddered when he started to push it in. The little gasp that he would let out, the way his eyes would go so dark and wide. Ilya would smile at him, rub a soothing hand into one of his spread thighs as he sank his finger in, felt the hot press of his body around him. The clench of it, the flutter, some of Ilya's favorite sensations in the world. He would make such quick, easy work of working Shane open, getting a second and then a third finger in, just to make him feel the stretch, to watch the look on his face as he worked his body, only able to lie there and take it and feel it.

Ilya shudders, a loud moan falling from his open mouth. He gasps, feels the orgasm building, and this time, he doesn't try to stave it off. He greedily imagines the feeling of Shane around his fingers, the debauched sounds he would make, clinging to the railing of his bed while Ilya worked him over and made him come all over himself.

"Fuck, *fuck*," he swears, low and growled out, as he starts coming, cock pulsing over his fist.

It's a damn good orgasm, wrenching sound out of him, abs flexing as he works himself through it, eyes closing and rolling back. His thighs shake a little, and he's panting with it, limbs feeling warm and loose as the pleasure rolls through him. It seems to go on for a while, and he's a little breathless when it finally settles. He releases his cock with a shaky breath, melting a little into the mattress.

After a while of sitting in the dark, letting the pleasure wash through his body, he forces himself to get up and clean himself up. When he comes back to bed with clean hands and a bottle of Gatorade, he lights another cigarette in the dark.

He's not so restless anymore, and he sleeps long and hard.

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The thing is, he keeps coming back to it.

In the throes of the playoffs, putting himself through the hellish grind, one of his best new tried and true pieces of material for getting himself off is the hospital fantasy. After a grueling game, when he's sore and tired and beat to shit, he can soothe himself by fantasizing in vivid detail about pumping his fingers in and out of Shane's pliant, helpless body while he stares at him with flushed cheeks and wet eyes. It works fast and hard for him every time, guaranteed to make him melt into his mattress and put him to sleep after.

Shane has been texting him from his parents' house. They talk every day now, and it's both thrilling and strange, to be able to talk to him so regularly. They didn't do this, before—their texts were sparse, scattered, slight banter between hookups and then coordinating said hookups. The consistency is making Ilya feel greedy, and he eagerly waits for every new message from Shane, telling him about the meals he's been eating, chirping back and forth about playoff games, updating him on his concussion and complaining about the sling he has to wear.

Every time Shane reminds him that he's injured, it makes his dick twitch.

Maybe that makes him a bad person, but he's been so hyper-focused on his hospital fantasy that he can't bring himself to examine it too closely. He dips his toes into it a few times by teasing Shane about how he'll have to figure out what to do with him the next time they see each other, since he's in such a delicate state now. Predictably, it gets him called an asshole and told to go fuck himself, but that's really how he knows Shane is thinking about it too, maybe, and that does something awful to the thoughts nagging at his head and his dick. Maybe, one of these days, he can tell Shane about the hospital idea, when he's got him in his bed again. Whisper it to him low and dirty, while he's catching his breath after a fuck, or maybe mid-fuck, while he's working him over; watch the look bloom on his flushed, sweaty face as he processes the idea and it settles into him. Maybe it will earn him the feeling of Shane clenching around him with a gasp, breath hitched as he feels the fantasy go to his own dick. Maybe he'll tell Ilya he should've done it; begging for it breathlessly, after the fact, while Ilya is actively inside of him. Maybe he'll think it's strange, and too far, and he'll call Ilya an asshole and tell him to knock it off.

The thing is, though, that Ilya's pretty sure he knows how Shane will react, if he tells him. He can see it all so perfectly in his mind's eye; the clenching, the gasping, the way his eyes go damn near black when he gets too turned on. He can already hear the way Shane will sound when he tells him, "Wait, why does that actually sound kind of hot?" and then Ilya can laugh and kiss his flushed cheek and tell him that it's because Shane is, at his core, a filthy little slut. That will earn him more gasps, more clenching, flush crawling from his cheeks down to his chest.

Boston gets knocked out of the playoffs. It stings, and he sulks about it good and hard for the week after, glaring at his television while he watches the rest of the playoffs, Svetlana laughing at him for pouting and Shane chirping him through text to tell him "Better luck next time, Rozanov". Every night, Ilya makes himself go cross-eyed jerking himself off to the thought of shutting Shane up in that hospital bed with his hands, his mouth, and memorably, a few times, his dick. Maybe that's not fair of him, because Shane got knocked out of the playoffs too, and in a much worse way, but he's petty. It's not like anyone else knows,

anyway. This is his own convoluted coping mechanism. He can, in the privacy of his own fantasies, do mean and wicked things to Shane to soothe his bruised ego.

The fucking New York Admirals win the Cup. Ilya watches, sneering and irritated, as Scott Hunter lifts the Cup over his head, pouring sweat and beaming into the camera. Of course, he's texting Shane the whole time, both of them trading chirps and thoughts about plays.

The Admirals win the Cup. And then Scott Hunter kisses a man on the ice, on live television, and Ilya's life is changed forever.

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Sometimes, when missing Shane becomes unbearable, and Ilya is really struggling, he thinks about the hospital fantasy.

Back when he originally conceived this, what feels like a lifetime ago, if he were asked about it, he thinks he would say it came from wanting a sense of control that he was desperately missing in that situation. That's what Galina would tell him, he thinks, if he ever told her about this particular thing. And that wouldn't be *wrong*, really. He did want control. He wanted to be able to touch Shane the way he always wants to touch Shane, to make him feel good in a setting where they were both hurting and distressed and unsure; and he wanted to show Shane, in that moment, that even in a situation like that, Ilya still had power. He still *had* control, even in the tidy walls of the hospital, even when Shane wasn't his full self, when he was vulnerable and pliant and weak.

And the thing is, Ilya has never had to get Shane into a vulnerable state like that to exert that control; no, some sort of merciful God that he hadn't been sure existed since he was a child took pity on him and somehow sent him the most perfect man in the world who seemed to want nothing more than to allow himself to be Ilya's plaything, to be molded into the perfect shape to fit all of his terrible desires. But there's so much allure in it, anyway—the idea of taking that power, taking that control, plucking it from Shane's hands in a much less open way—just because he wanted to. Just because he knew it would feel good. Just because he knew, deep down, that Shane wanted it, too.

The deeper truth of it, really, is that Ilya enjoys making Shane squirm. He likes making him uncomfortable, distressed, confused. He likes it when he flushes and sputters and hisses out that he's embarrassed or overwhelmed or confused. And he likes that even when this happens, Shane lets him do it, anyway. He makes him uncomfortable, and still, he just *takes it*, beautiful and eager and perfect, every time. Ilya knows that Shane gets off on the embarrassment. He'll never admit that, but he doesn't have to, because Ilya can read him like a damn book, and that's the only thing that matters, really. Shane doesn't need to speak about his desire to be humiliated and humbled, because Ilya already knows, so he can make it happen and soothe the ache for both of them.

There's a beautiful, perverse sense of ownership, in the act of taking advantage of Shane Hollander. He knows there's no one else on earth who does this to him, who cracks him open the way that Ilya does, and that, more than anything, is always what keeps him coming back for more. Maybe it's stupid of the both of them to have allowed this to happen, but he doesn't care. He loves it. One of his greatest achievements isn't all of the hockey accolades, the

Stanley Cup he's won, the trophies and awards in his house, being called a generational talent—it's the fact that he and no one else knows exactly how to ply Shane Hollander apart, and exactly what to do with his writhing, vulnerable interior. No one else does this, no one else ever has, and Shane lets Ilya do it over and over and over again. That kind of power dwarfs a Cup or a trophy any fucking day.

Opportunity strikes beautifully, on a random winter day, when they're fucking. They're in Shane's condo in Montreal, after a game. The Centaurs lost, but Ilya doesn't give a shit about that right now, when Shane is underneath him, clawing at his back desperately and panting into his ears while Ilya fucks him. The clutch of his perfect body wipes everything else out of his mind, breathless and sweating, as he drives himself into Shane like a man possessed, the bed rocking beneath them.

"Oh, fuck, *Ilya*—" Shane gasps, digging his nails into his shoulders on a particular roll of his hips.

Ilya groans, watches the way Shane's face scrunches up in his pleasure, flushed and sweaty and throwing his head back to expose his throat. He always closes his eyes when he's in the thick of it, like he's overwhelmed, and Ilya kind of loves it. One of his favorite moves is to force Shane to open his eyes and look at him when he gets like this, make him hold eye contact so he can see his eyes get all big and dark and wet, frantic, overwhelmed. It always makes him squirm, but it makes him clench, too, makes him tremble so sweetly in Ilya's arms. His eyes are always a little glassy, too, when he gets really far into it. Ilya wonders, suddenly, what it would look like if he was under the haze of drugs. Would it be easier for him to look? Would he be able to focus on what he was looking at? It makes him groan, and Shane moans beneath him.

"Want you all the time," Shane pants, opening his eyes. There it is—blown and wet and glassy, sparkling in the low light of the bedroom.

"Yeah, baby?" He maintains eye contact, grinds his hips down dirty just to feel the way it makes Shane tremble around him.

"Fuck, yeah." He's so breathless. "Don't want you to stop, don't want you to leave, I, *fuck*—" His eyes roll back a moment, and Ilya can feel him getting closer to the edge, shaking subtly all around him, clenching rhythmically and making him see stars. "Always want this, love your dick and I always want it in me, fucking *shit*, Ilya, I'm gonna fucking come."

"Do it," he growls, and maneuvers to get up on his haunches, looming over Shane, looking down at him as he shakes and gasps. "Come for me, sweetheart, give it to me."

Shane's back arches up beautifully as he comes, and Ilya lets out a wounded noise as he feels the way he clenches around him. He shoots all over his stomach, and tries to close his eyes—Ilya reaches for his jaw, grips it.

"No, look at me." His voice is wrecked, low and ragged. "Look at me while you come, Shane."

He opens his eyes, lips trembling. He's a vision, the beautiful brown of his irises swallowed by his pupils, face damp with sweat and flushed red. He's looking up at Ilya with furrowed brows, his trembling mouth dropped open in a perfect little o as he chokes out sound, gripping at the sheets under him. Ilya groans, fucking him through it, feeling his own orgasm starting to crest quickly.

"So beautiful for me like this," Ilya pants. "You love this, huh? Would you let me *make* you take it, Shane?" The words just start pouring out of him as he continues to thrust wildly, the heat of his impending orgasm driving him to speak. "Would you let me hold you down and make you take it until I'm done?"

"Holy fuck," Shane gasps. His hands come back up to cling to him, nails digging sharply into Ilya's back. "Yeah, yeah, I would let you."

He groans. "Fuck, I know you would, so perfect for me, letting me take what I want and use your body, *fuck*—"

And then he's coming, letting out a string of grunts and groans as his thrusts slow down, cock pulsing as he empties himself into Shane's body. Shane moans so sweetly beneath him, writhing with overstimulation, running his hands over Ilya's back and shoulders as he shudders and comes. He looks starstruck, eyes wide and wet, gaping up at Ilya as he works through his orgasm. Shane's words ring through his head. His thrusts slow to a stop, and he pants as he comes back into his body, staying inside Shane.

"I love you," he whispers, and presses a soft kiss to Shane's lips.

He smiles, sweet and pliant and fucked out. "I love you, too."

They quietly bask in the afterglow for a little while, and eventually, Ilya pulls out and just lays on top of Shane while his boyfriend happily pets his hair. Desire still swirls within him like a tempest. He wants, and he wants. He reaches for it.

"Would you really let me do that, *moya lyubov*?" He asks softly. "Use your body how I want? Make you take me?"

Shane shudders a little. "Fuck. Yeah, I would, honestly." Ilya shifts to lift his head, and sees him beautifully flushed. "How would... how do you want to *make* me?"

Ilya grins, his heart squeezing with happiness. Oh, how he loves this man. The hospital fantasy sits at the forefront of his mind, beautiful and pristine, and his spent cock throbs with interest.

"You remember when I came to see you in the hospital?" He asks, keeping his tone casual. "After Cliff fucked you up."

Shane's brow furrows. "Yeah. That's... what does that have to do with anything?"

"You were so high on pain meds. You were so sweet to me, so out of it. It was very cute." He chuckles.

That makes Shane grin a little, huffing a laugh. "I was pretty fucked up. They had me on the good stuff. I was more awake when you came, but yeah, I was still pretty loopy."

Ilya hums. "You were *so* loopy. So happy to see me. And I loved that very much." He touches Shane's face, traces the contour of his cheekbone, caresses his freckles. "You were so sweet, Shane. I wanted to fuck you in that hospital bed."

Shane gasps, his eyes going wide. "O-oh."

Ilya sits up and straddles Shane, looking down at him. He cradles one side of his face, admiring the look of utter surprise on it. Wide-eyed and sweet for him, always.

"It would've been so easy, I thought. To just pull those blankets off you and touch you. All I could think about was fucking you with my fingers until you cried." He grins. "You wouldn't really have been able to stop me, but I don't think you would really have wanted to. Maybe at first. But you always open up for me so nicely, sweetheart."

His breath hitches, and he shifts underneath Ilya, cheeks getting properly red. He licks his lips, the way he always does when he's starting to get turned on, and something vicious swirls happily in Ilya's stomach at the sight. His perfect, beautiful boy, always following him into his desires. Ilya grins, a slow and predatory thing, all teeth, and relishes the way Shane squirms under him.

"I'm right, hm?" He tilts his head.

Shane nods, licks his lips again. "Y-yeah. Yeah, you are."

"I know I am." He lets his smugness show in his tone.

And then, Shane—his beautiful, incredible boyfriend—says the most magical words Ilya has ever heard. He looks up at him, dark-eyed and flushed and beautiful, and says:

"Would you still want to do that to me? Fuck me when... When I'm out of it, I mean."

Ilya's pulse thunders in his chest, and his cock valiantly tries to perk up. He feels a head-rush like he just smoked a cigarette for the first time in a while, and his eyes go wide, grin splitting his face. What a beautiful, blessed life he lives.

"You are so perfect, have I ever told you this?" If he sounds a little breathless, well, he'll allow himself that.

Shane smiles a little shyly. "I think it would be kind of hot. Why does that sound so hot?"

"Because," Ilya says, leaning down and feeling utterly smug, "you are secretly the biggest pervert in the world. And I love this so much about you, *moy lyubimyy*." He presses a kiss to Shane's mouth. "Fuck, I love you so much."

Shane looks so pleased, preening beneath him, smiling sweetly. He certainly knows, by now, the way he affects Ilya, and he always takes such great, obvious pleasure in it. Always so good for him, always so willing and eager and excited.

"I love you, too. And... I trust you, Ilya. I know you wouldn't ever do anything that would like, actually hurt me." He leans up to brush their lips together in a chaste kiss. "You only hurt me in ways that you know I would like."

He groans, flopping back down to put his weight on Shane, who lets out a little *oof*, followed by a soft chuckle. He pets at Ilya's back, soothing and pleased.

"Fuck, you're going to kill me one day," he says, muffled into the skin of Shane's neck where he's buried his face. "I am going to die and it will be all your fault."

Shane snorts, and pats at his head. "I think you're right where you wanna be, Rozanov."

And, well. He isn't wrong.

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The universe has decided, once again, to smile upon Ilya Rozanov.

Shane gets a tooth knocked out during a brutal playoff game. The Centaurs are not in the playoffs, so Ilya watches this play out from the comfort of his couch, surrounded by some of the guys, and they all collectively wince as they watch the hit that knocks it out, Shane spitting blood onto the ice. Ilya knows Shane is going to be exceptionally pissed off about this turn of events; he's always been protective of his face, and despite their violent contact sport, has managed to hold onto all of his teeth up until this very moment. And really, he's pissed off on his behalf, but he also can't deny the way his cock twitches in his sweats as he watches Shane wipe his mouth on the television screen, smearing blood across his beautiful face. Even bleeding and clearly pissed off, he's a radiant vision, and Ilya wishes he were there in person to see it. He has to settle for watching it through a screen, and that rakes at him.

Montreal loses their game, and they are officially knocked out of the playoffs. Another bruise to Shane's ego, and Ilya can feel how pissed off he is as his team gets off the ice and into the tunnel when it's all over. They went into an overtime period and still lost it, and Ilya does feel sympathy for him. He knows it'll be a while before he hears from him, the whirlwind of the press obligations that will keep him glaring into their cameras and doing his best to give them the answers they want about Montreal's loss. His poor, angry kitten, bloodied and riled up; he knows he's going to get an earful when Shane can get away from the mess, but he's not upset about it at all.

Ilya's teammates clear out of the house, and he cleans up their mess and waits patiently for Shane's call. When it finally comes through, about two hours after the game ends, Ilya lets out a deep sigh, answering just as the second ring starts.

"Hello, baby," he says sweetly.

A deep sigh from the other end. Ilya huffs out a quiet chuckle and composes himself. He'd migrated to the bed, propped against the headboard, and pulls his phone away from his face to switch it to FaceTime.

"Why—"

"Shh, let me see you." He says firmly.

Shane accepts, and then his face is on the screen. He looks fucking exhausted, but the sight of him still makes Ilya's heart clench in his chest. He gives him a smile.

"There he is."

Shane blows out a breath. He's clearly in his own bed, and the soft lighting of his bedroom paints dramatic shadows over his exhausted face. Ilya wants to reach through the screen and pinch his cheeks. Ilya's a little glad that this last game was on home ice, at least; he knows Shane will feel better licking his wounds in his own space rather than some shitty hotel room somewhere in America.

"Does it hurt?" He asks after they spend a moment just looking at each other.

Shane grimaces. "Not so much anymore. But I'm really pissed off about it."

Ilya chuckles. "Yes, I know, *lyubimyy*, the scandal of being a hockey player with a fake tooth. They'll never look at you the same."

That makes Shane roll his eyes, but Ilya can tell the playful jab landed right, at least. He grins. Shane huffs, frowning a little. "Gonna have to get surgery to get it replaced, which is gonna fucking suck." He makes a little face, clearly displeased. "I kind of hate the dentist."

"At least it is one tooth and not a bunch," Ilya says placatingly. "Should be quick and easy, hm?"

"Still, it's gonna suck. My mouth is gonna be sore after, and then I'm gonna be all hopped up on Vicodin or some shit, and that's always annoying—"

Ilya gasps. The thought simply hadn't occurred to him, until this moment, that dental surgery meant that Shane was going to be sent home on painkillers. Not anything like the morphine he was on in the hospital, all that time ago, but even so. His cock immediately twitches and chubs a little at the thought. Maybe that's horrible of him; but all he can think about is the way Shane told him, months before, that he would let Ilya fuck him when he was out of it. He pictures Shane's sweet face on painkillers, eyes glassy and mouth soft, face scrunched up in confusion and pleasure. He can picture it so clearly, hear the soft, sweet little noises he would make, and it makes his stomach swoop violently with desire.

His favorite fantasy, tucked into his pocket, now freely available at his fingertips. The excitement feels palpable, and he can't help the grin that spreads slowly across his face.

Shane notices, of course. "What?"

Ilya just gives him a sweet smile. "Nothing, sweetheart. I am sorry you have to have surgery. I know this is annoying for you."

He sighs. "It could be worse. But I am still mad about it. I've gone all this time without losing a damn tooth, and now I have." His frustrated little frown is adorable. It makes Ilya's dick twitch. "It's only one though, and not one of like, the front ones at least."

"And by the time it is done, no one will be able to tell the difference. And besides, now you're a *real* hockey player, huh? Join the rest of us who have fake teeth." He grins.

Shane rolls his eyes, but it's clearly fond. "Yeah, cause losing a tooth is what makes me a real hockey player, not playing professionally or winning *three* Stanley Cups."

Ilya nods. "Exactly, now you're getting it. Smart boy."

"Fuck you," he scoffs.

Ilya just smiles.

They talk for a little while longer, and when they hang up, Ilya lies in his bed, smiling to himself as he reaches for the waistband of his underwear. He can already conjure the image of his sweet, pliant Shane, glassy-eyed and soft for him, the way his face will scrunch up and his brows will furrow when Ilya takes advantage of him. He's going to look so pretty. Ilya's cock throbs as he takes it in hand, pleasure licking up his spine, and he strokes himself languidly as his mind dances with visions of Shane, loose-limbed and soft, being made to take his cock.

He doesn't rush through it, but he comes a lot more quickly than he meant to as he loses himself in the mental imagery. It's a damn good orgasm, leaving him feeling pleasantly warm and sated, and he melts into the mattress a little in the aftermath, grinning into his dark bedroom.

Ilya sleeps well that night and dreams of Shane's bloody lips and bright eyes.

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Shane gets surgery and comes home to Ottawa with Ilya. He actually gets his tooth fixed *in* Ottawa, arriving two days before the procedure. Yuna drives him home and drops him off with gentle hands. He's still out of it when he comes in the door, heavy-eyed and moving slow, and it makes Ilya hot all over. He eases him up the stairs and into bed, where he promptly falls asleep.

Ilya sits on the edge of the bed and just looks at him for a little while, watching the steady rise and fall of his chest as he sleeps. He looks so soft, so pretty, his dark lashes fluttering in his sleep. Ilya reaches out and pets at his hair, smoothing some of the strands back from his face. His pretty mouth is swollen, pink lips puffy. Ilya throbs in his sweats. He traces his fingers lightly across Shane's cheek, his jaw, the curve of his ear. He looks so sweet, it makes his mouth water and his dick ache.

Slowly, he moves. He'd helped Shane strip down to his t-shirt and underwear before getting him into bed, so it makes things a little easier for him. He runs a hand down his body, pausing on his chest to feel the steady rhythm of his heart, the way his lungs expand with his deep breaths. Soft and sound and comfortable. He grins as he slides his hand lower, toying with the waistband of Shane's boxers. His hand moves again; goes over the contours of his hips, his thick thighs, comes back up to lovingly cup the soft bulge of his flaccid dick. He gives it the

barest, light squeeze, savoring the feeling of it. Shane snuffles in his sleep, and it makes him smile.

It's easier than he anticipated to work Shane's underwear down his legs. He gently pulls them off, tossing them to the floor, and lets out a low, private chuckle of amusement because he knows how much that irritates Shane. He gets up for a moment to reach into the nightstand and pull out a bottle of lube, humming softly as he sets it on the bed next to him when he sits back down. He takes a moment to admire the look of it; Shane, sprawled out in only a t-shirt and socks, face slack in his sleep, hair fanned out on the pillow, looking like the picture of an angel. His sweet, beautiful boy, laid before him like an offering. Love and affection and lust surge through him all at once in a beautiful cocktail that makes his chest tighten and his cock throb.

It's all too easy to spread Shane's legs enough for him to get where he needs to be. He opens up the lube and slicks his fingers. Shane is soft and warm between his legs, and it makes Ilya sigh contentedly as he brushes his fingers against Shane's hole, watching the way the sensation of it makes him twitch a little in his sleep. He could wake him up, but he likes this a lot more—is all too eager to see and feel him wake up in the middle of Ilya's work, heat swirling low in his gut at the beautiful look of confusion that will bloom on his pretty face—and he just gets right to it, working the first of his fingers in with a thundering pulse and a hard cock. He ignores his own body for the time being, though. This isn't about that right now, and his dick will get what it wants eventually. For now, he's savoring all of this.

Shane's body always opens so beautifully for him, even in his sleep, like it already knows who Ilya is. Maybe it does; it feels like they've been doing this for long enough that it's written into Shane's skin, now. His fingerprints and the shape of his fingers and his cock, carved into the cells of Shane's body, conditioned by time and love and consistency to bow and bloom for him like a flower in the sun, no matter the time or place or circumstance. He doesn't need to be awake for this part, because his body already knows, and already wants, making it so easy for him to take what they both need. It's one of the most beautiful things in the world, feeling Shane's heat, his soft insides pulling him in and holding, claiming Ilya as much as he's claiming him.

The first finger is easy to work in. He goes slow, savoring the process, enjoying the look of Shane's sleep-slack face, the sound of his breath. There's no rush here. This is all a private, special show just for him, and he's enjoying languishing in it. He works the first finger for a while, just enjoying the simple, tactile sensation of it, the ease with which he got here. He slowly works in the second finger, and this is when Shane seems to be more aware, even in his sleep, that something is happening. He lets out a little huff, and Ilya grins like a fucking wolf when he sees his cock start to twitch and stir a little between his legs. He licks his lips, attention rapt on his sweet boy's face as he works the second finger fully in alongside the first.

He pauses, just to feel it. The throb of Shane's rim, the heat of him, the clutch of his muscles around the digits. He can feel Shane's heartbeat in his fingers, and it feels sacred. The rush of blood, his beating pulse, every breath, right here at the core of him, wrapped around Ilya. He takes a shuddering breath and smiles. His beautiful boy, spread out in front of him, pliant and open and so accepting of what Ilya gives him. His whole body is flooded with heat, desire,

clinging to every inch of him as he just takes a moment to feel Shane, to look at the sight of his fingers buried in his body.

The throb of his cock brings him back in a little, and he starts moving again, thrusting his fingers into Shane with a little purpose, never taking his eyes off of his face. Shane's cock slowly but steadily hardens, and it makes Ilya grin. Always so eager, even when he's not awake. The power of it is heady, and he lets out a soft groan as he works. Shane shifts a little, making little noises, and Ilya's grin gets wider. He crooks his fingers, searching, and when he finds Shane's prostate, he brushes it before pressing, making Shane let out a strangled, high whine.

Slowly, his eyes start to open. He's blinking, groaning, and Ilya keeps at it, undeterred by his movement or noise. It's all the better, really, as Shane lets out a warbled moan; an animal sort of noise built out of confusion and the arousal that's surely been building in him as Ilya's been working. It slides down his spine like lightning to hear it, and he lets out a little moan of his own, eagerly watching Shane come to life in front of him.

"Mmm, Ilya?" He sounds wrecked, tongue heavy with sleep and drugs, and he's blinking slow and hard like his eyes are heavy. They surely are. "Wha—"

"Shh," he soothes, rubbing his free hand into Shane's thigh. "Just me, sweetheart. Have a nice nap?"

Shane groans. "Feel funny."

"I bet you do." He chuckles. "Bet you feel good though too, yes? I know what woke you up."

He punctuates this statement by scissoring his fingers. Shane lets out a strangled gasp, and Ilya watches in pure delight as pre-come clearly gathers at the tip of his cock. He looks utterly lost, continuously blinking to try to bring himself to the present a little better, squirming on the bed. His cheeks are flushed.

"What're you doing?" He slurs.

"Cannot help it, *moy lyubimyy*," he croons, "you look so pretty in your sleep. Couldn't wait for you to wake up. But you did not mind this, I don't think. You're opening up so nicely for me, baby."

Shane takes a shuddering breath, looking down between his legs. His eyes, just as Ilya had hoped, are bright and glassy. He's more awake now, but still under the residual pull of the last of the drugs from the dental office, and still not *fully* awake. He shifts, and it looks like it takes a little effort to move. Ilya grins and grins as he keeps working.

"But I was sleeping." He's *pouting*, eyes wet and swollen lips pursed, and it makes Ilya ache.

"Does not matter, Shane. I can have this whenever I want it, yes?"

The question seems to stump him. His brows knit together adorably, and he's still pouting. His cock twitches on his stomach, fully hard and wet at the tip. He's squirming on the bed,

seemingly a little restless, but he makes no attempt to get away from the hand between his legs.

"My face hurts." His voice is so rough and soft.

"I'll make it better, hm? Just let me."

Shane huffs. "Don't wanna, I just wanna sleep." He's still pouting, his voice bleeding into a bit of a whine.

Ilya laughs. "Well, you can go back to sleep if you want, but I am not done here, so I'm not stopping. Stay awake or don't. Either way, I'm here, and I'm going to keep fingering open your pretty ass, and then I'm going to fuck it. This isn't for you, Shane." He says it casually, his tone calm, but his whole body thrills with every word.

His breath hitches, and he lets out a whine. It's adorable, and it makes Ilya groan as he throbs in his sweats, his own cock slick with pre-come. Shane's eyes are dark and wide and wet, his sweet face scrunched up. It's so clear that he's torn between falling back asleep and pressing back more against Ilya. All of it delights him to no end.

"Last time you were like this, you were so happy to see me, sweetheart," he says with an exaggerated pout. "I thought you would be so happy to wake up like this. I've been so gentle with you, too." He clicks his tongue, shaking his head. He nudges a third finger against Shane's rim.

Shane chokes out a strangled sound, his eyes going wide. "Ilya," he whines, "not another one, please."

"Very cute of you to give an opinion, but I did not ask, baby."

The third finger joins the first two. Shane gasps and then whines, hips shifting, his legs kicking just a little. Ilya groans, so turned on he can barely fucking stand it. He casually presses down on Shane's hip with his free hand, and works his fingers, scissoring and pumping them diligently to stretch Shane. He whimpers, face screwed up. He's *so* flushed, a dark, beautiful pink color splashed across his cheeks and down his neck and under the collar of his shirt. His lips tremble, pouty and swollen and adorable. He squirms and writhes, but Ilya notices there's not really that much effort behind it.

Shane is restless on the bed, panting and making all of these sweet little noises; breathy whines and hitched little wet gasps, his eyes blown wide and dark and sparkling in the low, golden light of the late afternoon that filters into the bedroom. He's so beautiful, and even as he wriggles and writhes, his body is so accepting of Ilya's fingers as he just keeps fingering him, the hot pulse of his body familiar and delightful. His cock is still hard against his stomach, leaving wet little spots on his skin and the hem of his t-shirt where it's ridden up with his movement.

"Ilya," he whines, "my face hurts, I'm tired." He sounds petulant, his eyes so wet.

"The rest of you is fine," he says casually. "And I told you that you can sleep. But I don't think you really want to sleep, do you? Feels good, doesn't it? I know how to make you feel good, Shane."

He groans, but he clenches. Ilya's grin is all teeth. He feels like a wolf with a rabbit caught in its jaws. He thinks back to his beloved fantasy—the countless times he pictured this exact moment, where Shane relents and gives into the pleasure, lets Ilya take what he wants—and he groans low in his throat, stomach swooping with his desire. Shane is looking at him, hazy and uncomfortable and flushed, but he *knows* how to make him feel good, what to give to him and how, and he knows that despite all of his protests, all of his pouting and whining and insistence that he doesn't like this sort of thing, that Shane is soaking up all of his own desire and embarrassment and discomfort and swimming in it. Some of his whines morph into breathy little moans.

Victory tastes sweet. Ilya licks at his teeth like a dog licking its chops, and grins, wide and sharp.

"Don't fight it, baby." His voice is low, husky with his arousal. "You don't have to pretend with me. I know you love it."

He keens. "*Fuck*."

Ilya hums. "I know, I know. So confusing for you, but you do not have to worry. Don't think about it. Let me use you."

Shane lets out a low, broken moan. His cock jumps. One hand grips at the sheets beneath him, and he spreads his legs just a little wider. Ilya feels dizzy with it all, moaning at the sight, rewarding Shane with a brush of his prostate that makes him squeak and jump.

"Fuck, that's it, good fucking boy."

He keens, hips jumping, and his breath is coming out in little pants, his eyes squeezing shut. It thrills Ilya to the core to see him unfold for him, to watch him sink into the pleasure and push aside the discomfort, to surrender to what Ilya is doing to his body. The layer of watching him fight through the drugs and the fatigue just makes it sharper and brighter, his whole body alight with pleasure. His beautiful boy, so sweet for him always, so easy to bend to his will, so eager to take what's given, in the end. Always rising to meet him, always offering himself for Ilya's desires, always so happy to please. He's the picture of beauty, of desire, writhing on the bed and panting, his face contorted in pleasure. He's flushed and a little sweaty and so, so perfect for Ilya.

And then, he knows he can't really take it anymore; he needs to fuck Shane or he's going to fucking die right here on this bed. He pulls his fingers out, and Shane whines, his eyes flying open.

"Please," he whispers, and his voice is small and breathy and wrecked.

Ilya groans. "Fuck, my little slut is so impatient. You were just whining about how you didn't want it."

Shane's frown is magnificent. "Ilya, *please*."

"Please what, hm? You want to talk to me now, use your words."

What Shane doesn't know is that his words really have no true effect on what happens next, but he enjoys playing the game of letting him think he has a little control here. He also just loves making Shane work for it sometimes; he loves the way he pouts and gets huffy about it, the spoiled little thing he is. Ilya grins while Shane pouts.

"Please keep fucking me."

"That wasn't so hard, was it?" He leans forward and pinches Shane's cheek, making him wince and gasp.

His pants are off in seconds. He swiftly uncaps the lube and gets a generous amount on his hand, and slicks himself up, tossing the bottle back onto the bed. He wipes his hand between Shane's legs, making him grimace at the feeling, and chuckles at his indignant little face. He knows how much Shane hates that sometimes, but it's so fun to do it anyway, to see the way his face scrunches up in distaste.

With no further ceremony, he grips Shane's thighs and folds his legs up, wrenching a startled little noise out of him. He scrambles a little at the change in position, eyes wide, and Ilya just smiles down at him as he lines himself up against Shane's slick, soft hole. He drinks in the sight greedily as he pushes in, groaning immediately at the tight, gripping heat. He steadily pushes forward, giving no quarter, and Shane squirms and whines beneath him.

"Slow, slow," he begs.

Ilya just laughs. "Mmm, I don't think so, sweetheart. Remember what I said? This is for me."

Shane is panting like a fucking dog as Ilya finally bottoms out. He moans, allowing himself a moment to enjoy the feeling of Shane gripping his cock, the subtle tremble of his thighs. His eyes drift shut, and he moans again as he feels Shane flutter around him. He grinds his hips into him, and they both moan. Ilya opens his eyes so he can watch the pleasure bloom across Shane's face, taking in his slack mouth and pink cheeks.

He starts thrusting in earnest, groaning at the feeling. Shane is so perfect around him, and he's just making a steady little stream of soft noise as Ilya gets to work, breathless and pretty. He already looks completely ruined, his mouth slack and eyes blown wide, just lying there and taking it as Ilya starts to really fuck him. It gives him a rush that he feels down into his fucking fingertips; Shane is pretty powerless to stop him right now, but crucially, he also doesn't really even want to try, despite all of his initial protests, and it makes Ilya ache. Shane, who loves him so much and is so willing to give himself over to Ilya, even when he's hesitant, who trusts in Ilya to give him what he needs and take what he wants from him.

"*You only hurt me in ways you know I would like.*" bounces wildly around his skull as he fucks Shane, the bed rocking beneath them. His to hold, to hurt, to love, open and sweet and beautiful underneath him.

"*Fuck*, that's it, look at you," he pants. "Look at you fucking take it. You love it."

Shane gasps. "Love it." He sounds so breathy, words hitched like a sob. "Feels so good."

"I know, baby. *Fuck*, you feel so perfect, so good for me."

The rhythm comes easily, and he loses himself in the sensation of it, fucking relentlessly into Shane. He's sweating and panting, his entire body alight with arousal and pleasure. He can't look away from Shane's beautiful face, enraptured by the way it's contorted in pleasure, the sweat dripping down his face and into his hair, the flush that makes him glow. Ilya has to hold Shane's legs up completely, as he's clearly unable to do it himself, and he keeps a tight grip on his thighs, pressing them into his abdomen to keep him folded up for the perfect angle. The sounds of their fucking are obscene, filling the room, and Ilya feels a little drunk off of it, toes curling with the pleasure.

Shane looks just as gone as he does, and Ilya can't even really bring himself to talk anymore, just folded into the pleasure of it and unwilling to break his concentration. He watches Shane's cock twitch, and he gasps as he feels his orgasm start to build up. It could be embarrassing that he hasn't lasted longer; but this entire thing has been so erotic and fulfilling that he can't even bother to care about it.

He reaches for Shane's cock, wrapping a hand around it, making him gasp. He starts stroking, his grip firm and his rhythm harsh, and it's making Shane's eyes roll back a little. A hand flies up to grasp at Ilya as he squirms, hips thrusting minutely to try to buck into his hand and Ilya's cock fucking into him. He's panting, chest rising harshly with his breath, and he looks a little crazed. It's so beautiful, watching him start to unravel.

"Going to make you come for me," Ilya croons, voice like gravel. "Give it to me Shane, let me see it. I deserve a reward for making you feel so good, huh? Let me see it."

"Oh, *fuck*—" Shane cuts himself off with a strangled, animal noise, and he starts coming.

His cock twitches in Ilya's hand, coating his fist and getting some onto his shirt, and Ilya lets out a low groan as his hole clenches and flutters around his dick. The pressure, the heat, makes his whole body flush with pleasure, and his balls tighten, abs flexing as he tries to hold back his own orgasm for just a moment longer to savor the sensation.

"Say thank you." He grits out, stroking Shane through the tail end of his orgasm and making him thrash.

"T-thank you, thank you Ilya, thankyouthankyouthankyou," he sobs, and Ilya groans again.

He releases Shane's cock and grips his hips in both hands, rhythm faltering as his own orgasm finally crests, wrenching a shout out of him.

"Oh, fuck," he pants, gripping Shane's hips bruisingly tight. "*Fuck*, Shane, *fuck*."

A sort of growl falls out of his mouth as he thrusts through his orgasm, the pleasure licking up his spine and washing through him in harsh, bright waves. Steadily, his thrusts slow, and

he comes to a stop, breathless and sweating. He feels like his heartbeat is in his fucking dick, and he takes his hands off of Shane's hips and plants them on either side of him against the mattress, holding himself up to catch his breath.

Shane is a mess beneath him, wide-eyed and red-faced. His eyes are wet. He's a vision, wrecked and sweaty and utterly fucked out. Ilya grins, and leans down to press a kiss to his slack mouth. He stays right where he is for a moment, coming back into his body a little, some of the haze clearing from his brain. He feels himself start to go soft, and he pulls out slowly, making Shane whimper.

"I know," he says gently.

He pets at Shane's hair, and slides off of the bed, standing on slightly weak knees. He takes a deep breath and stretches, groaning a little. Shane is looking up at him, and he gives him a smile.

"Going to get something to clean you up, okay?"

Shane gives an approximation of a nod, and Ilya slips into the en suite to get a warm washcloth. He comes back in and makes quick work of wiping Shane down, and gets the lube back into the nightstand. The washcloth and their clothes on the floor go into the hamper. He darts down the stairs to get a glass of water, and sets it on the nightstand.

"Sit up for me, sweetheart."

Shane grumbles, but he allows Ilya to do most of the work of helping him sit up. He grabs the water off of the nightstand and makes Shane sip at it a little, making encouraging little sounds. Once he feels satisfied, he grabs a clean pair of underwear and helps Shane put them on, and slides his t-shirt off of him and tosses it in the hamper. It's damp with sweat and has pre-come and actual come on it. He gently helps Shane lie back down, and gets onto his side of the bed, scooping him up and pulling him against his chest, petting his damp hair.

"You did so good for me," he coos. "You are so perfect, *moy lyubimyy*."

"Mmm." He sounds half-asleep already.

"How is your face?"

"Okay. Sore. I'm tired."

Ilya hums, and plants a kiss on the top of his head. "I know you are. You can go back to sleep now, baby. I'll be here when you wake up."

Shane then pretty quickly falls back asleep. Once he's fully under, Ilya carefully extracts himself from the bed. He takes a quick shower, and then slips out of the bedroom. He lets Anya out and gives her dinner, and then cooks something for the two of them. He settles on reheating some soup he had made and frozen a few days ago in preparation for today. He has a bowl on the couch with Anya, watching tv and scrolling his phone.

Two hours later, he cracks open the bedroom door to see Shane starting to wake up, blinking blearily. He smiles and steps in. They go through the motions of him getting up; he's much more alert this time, after actually getting some rest. He sits with Shane while he showers, and they go downstairs to Ilya can fix him some soup and get him meds. He tucks Shane onto the couch with a blanket and his bowl, snug against his side. Shane eats well, and when he sets his empty bowl on the coffee table, Ilya pulls him close and tight.

"How do you feel?" He asks gently.

"Mmm, much better." He lets out a little yawn. "Think I finally slept the rest of the drugs off."

"Good. Anything hurting that isn't supposed to be?"

Shane shakes his head. "Nope. Just my mouth. Fuck, that was so good."

Ilya grins, his heart dancing in his chest. "Yeah? Was all good for you?"

"*Fuck*, it was so good," Shane says, smiling brightly. He lets out a pleased little groan. "That was so fucking hot. I didn't know it was gonna feel so good. i was worried it might be bad with the meds and stuff, but it was really, really good. Was it good for you?" He looks up, eyes bright.

He kisses Shane's forehead, grinning. "Fuck yes, it was good. It was *so* good, sweetheart, straight out of my brain. You were so good for me."

Shane preens. "You always make me feel good. I trust you. And you always take such good care of me."

His heart clenches a little. He gives Shane a squeeze, burying his face in his hair. "You are so good to me. So perfect. I love you so much."

"Mm, I love you too."

They spend a good amount of time glued together on the couch, and as the evening stretches into the night, fatigue comes for both of them. They eventually extract themselves from their little cocoon on the couch and make their way back into bed. Ilya immediately pulls Shane against him, and they glue themselves back together, limbs in a tangle. He feels so warm and content, and so full of love he's liable to burst.

They exchange lazy kisses for a while, deep and sweet, just holding each other. Shane is a little less sore, but he's still a bit swollen and tender, so Ilya is much more gentle than he was earlier. Sleep pulls at him, drowsiness making him heavy and sated, and they slowly stop kissing and just hunker down, both of them starting to fall asleep.

"Hey Ilya?" Shane asks softly.

"Hmm?"

"They sent me home with Vicodin."

Ilya loves his fucking life. He chuckles and kisses Shane, smiling against his mouth.

"You little slut. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

End Notes

Thank you, as always, for reading <3 This fic was a true labor of love and perversion, and I really hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it! If you wanna connect with me, you can find me on [tumblr](#), [bluesky](#), and my fun new [twitter account](#) specifically for my HR brainrot so I don't drive all of my friends and mutuals to insanity with my autistic hyperfocus on the gay hockey show.

Always feel free to leave a comment, they are always deeply appreciated! Blows you all kisses mwah thank you for playing perverts with me <3

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