

all I'm thinking about (guess, guess, guess)

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by [captinkirc](#)

Summary

Shane crossed his arms as he leant back against the side of the Jeep, and stared right back. For just a moment Ilya's momentum stuttered – from the look he gave him, Shane thought he might *launch out of the car at him*.

"Later," he mouthed at him, and Ilya puffed up his cheeks and pouted before slamming the door shut behind him.

OR: Both Shane and Ilya are addicted to the challenge, in all parts of their lives. Now Ilya has to wait, and Shane has to deal with the consequences once Ilya finally gets his hands on him.

Notes

big love to @blackbrokereader on tiktok for filling my brain with this idea to the point of madness -- this one's for you! and of course, all kudos and comments are always so very welcome!

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

It was always *incredibly* satisfying to win one over the New York Admirals, but now more than ever, clinching one out while the Centaurs were at home on their own ice. Satisfying, even with the growing friendship between them and Scott Hunter; the man would never dare to play easy on them and Ilya would rather die than let Hunter even *think* about making a hat trick.

At least Ilya had only been sent to the sin bin once tonight.

Regardless, Shane and Ilya were a powerhouse playing on the same team, unstoppable and gunning hard for their next Cup this season whether the Admirals liked it or not.

Ilya was after him immediately as the team poured into the locker room, a blur of cheering and hooting and playful roughhousing swirling around them and Shane smiled wide as he was pushed back into the lockers. With time, plenty of therapy, and their team by their side, Shane was very proud to admit he'd become exponentially more comfortable with the amount of touching and kissing Ilya craved while running high on post-game adrenaline.

Though, he still couldn't help but blush when Wyatt and Bood wolf-whistled at them from across the room. Ilya was smiling so wide and fond when Shane looked up at him that his eyes were scrunched up all bright and sweet – lit up all incandescent from their win and having won it with *Shane*.

How was he supposed to say no?

Ilya was still grinning as he bent to close the distance and kiss him hard, curling his hand around Shane's chin like he always did when he had Shane right where he wanted him. And just as he knew he would, Ilya immediately tried to deepen it with a tease of his tongue along the seam of Shane's lips.

Shane huffed out a laugh – and Ilya *somehow* smiled even wider.

Big hands clasped over Ilya's shoulders and shook him wildly – Bood, of course – dragging their Captain's attention back to the celebration. He watched, terribly enamored, as Ilya bounded back into the crowded circle to smack on Troy's helmet and playfully wrastle with Evan, all while Harris filmed from the doorway, *barely* containing his laughter from behind his phone camera.

Shane sat and began idly shedding his gear, tucking it away in his cubby as Ilya's voice boomed through the room, loud and boisterous as he psyched up the team. Talk of momentum towards the next game of course – but all Shane could *really* focus on was watching Ilya move from under his lashes, watching the fiery look flash in his blue eyes and the sweat dripping from his hair, sliding under his collar –

He blinked hard and reached down for his skates and jerked the laces loose.

Shane only looked up again when he noticed that everyone else had begun peeling their own gear off and were funneling into the showers, and Ilya was suddenly looming over him, clad

in only his base layers that compressed *frustratingly* tight across his chest.

“I *think* we have moment before they notice we have not joined, yes?” Ilya waggled his brows at him, “I should congratulate my husband on *very neat* forehand trick I taught him –”

“You didn’t teach me that!”

“Ah, but I made you *better*. You like the competition *so* much.” Shane shook his head and grumbled, but Ilya thudded to his knees between his thighs and was already sliding his big hands up Shane’s legs before he could even sputter in surprise.

“Ilya!”

“*Shane*.” Ilya watched him, big blue eyes *intensely focused* as he cupped his palms over Shane’s knees and nudged them *wider*.

Made more room for himself to slot between them. Kissing him in the locker room was one thing, but this –

He lurched a hand out, snatched Ilya by the curls at the back of his neck and pulled down *hard*. The wild look that flashed in his eyes told Shane that he *really* hadn’t been expecting that, out of all the possible reactions Ilya was trying to string from him.

Shane hadn’t really expected to do it either.

“Oh *fuuuuck*,” Ilya groaned, “that’s it, *moy lyubov*.”

Shane was *sure* he was bright red in the face by now. Yet he still leaned forward, glancing at the doorway to the showers to make sure no one was coming before pressing his lips to Ilya’s ear. He could feel a fierce shiver roll through Ilya, and couldn’t help but smile a little victoriously against his skin.

“I want you to go shower, and go party with the team.” Shane’s heart thundered against his ribs, run wild that he was daring to do this here, but he kept his hold firm.

“And *then*?”

“I’ll be waiting at home for you. You can find out *then*.” Ilya groaned deep in his chest, long lashes fluttering, hands gripping at Shane’s knees even tighter.

“You torture me. I make winning goal and you *torture* me.”

“You *love* partying.”

“I love to fuck you *more*.”

Shane thankfully had already slipped his hand out of Ilya’s hair, so when Wyatt stepped through the doorway, at least they looked...*somewhat* innocent; Wyatt only laughed, calling out a teasing “*I saw nothing*” as he headed for his cubby.

No one was fooled at this point.

Fortunately, Ilya leapt to his feet, grinning wide as he ducked down to press a sloppy kiss to Shane's temple, and began eagerly yanking his compression layers off. He barely blinked, and his husband was rushing off into the showers, clothes left behind in a scattered pile at his feet.

Shane sighed, still smiling as he stuffed them in his own duffel to take home.

The guys had complained loudly in the parking lot when Shane told them he'd be heading home, but they were at least *somewhat* convinced by his weak excuse of "*someone has to take Anya out*" – Ilya's gaze was unmistakably dark when Shane caught his eye as he piled into Bood's SUV.

Look at me, I'm being good, doing what you told me.

Shane crossed his arms as he leant back against the side of the Jeep, and stared right back. For just a moment Ilya's momentum stuttered – from the look he gave him, Shane thought he might *launch* out of the car at him.

"*Later,*" he mouthed at him, and Ilya puffed up his cheeks and pouted before slamming the door shut behind him.

Shane tried his best not to squirm, to focus on his book or the mindless hum of the random show he'd put on to fill the silent living room, but he hadn't expected Ilya to be out *this* long. Had figured he'd have a few shots, make his rounds, and be high-tailing it back to the house before anyone noticed he was gone.

Three and a half hours later, now late into the night, and no Ilya in sight.

He huffed and tossed the book onto the cushions beside him – but *perfect timing* – relief washed over him as a bright light flashed through the curtains and the rumble of a car pulled up at the front gate. He padded through the house to the front door and swung it open just in time to see Ilya stumbling out of the backseat of an Uber, cheering something happy and unintelligible at the driver through the door.

Ilya turned just as Shane punched the button for the gate, and even at that distance he could see those hazy blue eyes light up when he saw him.

Honestly, it was a miracle that they kept this quiet for so many years.

“My Shane! I am *hooooome!*” he shouted across the yard, “I *exceed* expectations – we party *hard!*” Shane laughed brightly as Ilya raised his fists high in the air, looking just as victorious over getting incredibly drunk as he would winning the Cup – *ridiculous, fucking ridiculous the leaps and twists his heart did in his chest.*

“*Ya lyublyu tebya!*” Ilya hollered, staggering on the walkway to him, and Shane half-heartedly tried to shush him through his own laughter; Ilya hummed happily as he slumped against his chest and slid his arms around Shane’s waist, skimmed his hands down his hips, tucking under the waistband of his sleep pants –

“*Christ!*” Shane yelped, “fuck you, your hands are freezing!”

“*Ooooh*, you are *naked* under these! Let me help you –”

Shane squirmed his way out of Ilya’s grip easier than it might have been on a normal night. A normal night, and there was no distracting or swaying Ilya when he was on a mission; Shane escaped into the house with Ilya hot on his heels grasping his fingers at the hem of Shane’s shirt. All tangled steps and huffs of laughter and trying to crowd against his back so he could drag his vodka-warm mouth across the line of Shane’s neck, roughly suck at the spot behind his ear that Ilya *knew* made him shiver –

“Ah – *oof!*” *Blyat!’*” They stumbled over the step into the kitchen, “*no*, we go to *bedroom* now, you promised me a *reward.*” Ilya tried his best to steer them away, but Shane could tell he was all too happy to keep as greedily close as he could to Shane to really protest *yet.*

That didn’t stop him from rocking his hard-on against Shane’s ass – and for Shane to maybe grind his hips back into him.

Heavy on the yet.

He hugged to his back like a koala, strong hands wandering as Shane struggled to keep his senses enough to waddle them to the fridge and pull out a water bottle for him.

“*Noooo*, no water, time to take your *clothes* off,” Ilya grabbed at the strings of Shane’s pants, trying to tug the knot loose – Shane shakily smacked his hands away and nudged him back – he *desperately* needed to calm the heat tingling up his spine before he got swept up in it and gave up his surprise early.

So, he cracked the seal open for him, taking Ilya’s hand and shoving the bottle into his grip instead.

Ilya pouted down at it like he was being forced to swallow a lemon. When he looked back up at Shane, the big, blue puppy dog eyes were dialed up to eleven – sending his willpower *spiraling* down the drain. *No, he had to hold strong. Served him right, coming home so late. Making him sit so long with this surprise that he was **aching.***

“Drink it all and I will.”

Ilya sagged, groaning dramatically and smushing his face against the fridge door.

“*Bossyyy!*”

Still, he twisted the lid off and chugged it down. All too familiar, his eyes drooped as he watched Shane intently over the mouth of the bottle, throat swallowing hard under that warm, long stretch of skin; Shane curled his fingers around the counter at his back and gripped *tight*.

Shane had *plenty* of practice enjoying the heaviness of Ilya’s attention on him. Could feel it from across the ice without even looking his way, across a bar, across an auditorium, could feel the warmth sink down his spine and zap him to attention. Made him want to search for Ilya through a crowd and give him whatever he had thought up that made him look at him like that –

*One nostalgic look was **not** going to break him this easy tonight.*

Shane squeezed *tighter* as Ilya’s adam’s apple bobbed.

“*Behave,*” he warned, and of course, Ilya simply flashed him a sly, goofy smile, lowering the bottle and breathing a little heavy as he licked his lips.

“Will behave *so* good – I like you *sooo* much.”

“I should hope so, you’re my husband after all.”

“We are *married!*” Ilya cheered loudly like he had almost forgotten, smiling just as giddy and proud as he was the day of their literal wedding – Shane burst out laughing as he took Ilya’s hand and pulled him towards the hall to their bedroom. It wasn’t a long stretch there in the slightest, but of *course* Ilya it turned into a race of bumping against each other and tumbling over the runner and *giggling* at each other as they stumbled into their bedroom.

Ilya rounded on him immediately, crowding close and grabbing Shane’s jaw for a deep, sloppy kiss; the adrenaline was catching up to him, he could feel it tearing hot through him. The vicious high of a hard-won game, the rush of teasing Ilya in the locker room, the little gift he had *tucked* away that kept him thrumming at the slightest touch – Shane shivered *violently*, head swimming dizzy as Ilya tilted his face and licked into his mouth. Sneaky fingers crept back under his pants, suddenly digging into the meat of his ass and roughly dragging him close to rock him into the stiff hot line of Ilya’s cock.

Shane *keened* – *fucking embarrassingly loud* – but Ilya only grinned down at him like devil he was.

“How many times will you come tonight?” Ilya tried to manhandle Shane’s shirt off of him but quickly abandoned his quest to instead squeeze greedily at his chest, “I think four. Maybe *ten!*”

“*Ten!?*” Shane yelped, “fuck off, you’re *insane*, *oh my god.*”

But his blood was pounding at the idea, as impossible and ridiculous as it was. He'd probably try anyway, let Ilya string every bit from him as he could, let him have him anyway he wanted because Ilya always knew just what he wanted even if he didn't know himself –

“You are getting *harderrrr*,” Ilya sing-songed, “you *like* that idea!” Shane sputtered, feeling the heat flood across his cheeks but he *was*, he was already grinding back into Ilya's clumsy thrusts against him and gasping with each spark of heat like he was fucking *seventeen* again –

“You should –” he needed an out, and *quickly*, just a moment to catch his breath and get himself back on track, “you should go brush your teeth, I can taste cigarettes – ”

“What if...I brush my teeth with your *cock* instead?”

“Jesus *Christ*, Ilya,” Shane laughed breathlessly, pointedly ignoring the twitch in his pants, “Go brush, or no reward for you.” He walked Ilya backwards towards the en suite even as Ilya whined and grumbled and tried to pull him back in for another kiss to distract him; instead, Shane managed to nudge him through the doorway and shut the door in his face as quickly as he could.

“This is — *blyat* – this is imprison – *imprisonment!*” Ilya complained through the door, but despite that, Shane could still hear him fumbling through the drawers and the water turn on. He jumped into action, yanking his shirt and pants off as he rushed to the bed, shoving them into the hamper and scrambling to sit up against the headboard.

The bathroom door swung open, hard enough it nearly slammed into the wall – Shane might've scolded him for being careless, if Ilya hadn't been standing proud in the doorway *completely* naked.

Seems they both had the same idea.

Ilya's gaze went dark; Shane could see from there how his pupils swallowed up the blue like a black hole as his eyes swept over his body.

“*Mmmm*, this is *very* good reward,” Ilya grinned, a little wolfish, “naked and ready to be *fucked* whenever I want.”

“You wish,” Shane couldn't stop his smile though.

“Oh, I *definitely* wish. I *praaaay*.” Ilya stalked across the bedroom, albeit still wobbly on his feet but the sight still made Shane's heart race regardless. Made him feel a little dizzy and wild with satisfaction, watching Ilya watch him, that he slid his thighs open just enough that Shane knew Ilya could see the *plug* nestled between his cheeks.

Ilya's steps stuttered.

Managing to catch Ilya off guard always made him feel a little bit drunk on power himself.

“*Fuuuckk*,” Ilya groaned quietly, reverently, “I should have come home *faster*.”

“Yeah, you should have. Made me fucking *wait*.”

“So so sorry, my baby, I make it up to you *so good*, make it up to my *slutty husband*.” Slowly, prowling, Ilya crawled up the foot of the bed towards him — but Shane smirked to himself and propped a foot against Ilya’s chest to hold him at bay. Ilya’s eyes immediately snapped back up to him, the flash of surprise melting into boiling heat clear as day on his face.

*Another night, and Ilya might have just grinned and wrestled him into the bedding, teased him for being so bad and naughty and then fucked him through the mattress, but **now**, now it seemed like Shane had him right where he wanted, eating it up from the palm of his hand.*

“Let me *fuck you*, baby,” Ilya pleaded, purring all growly and low, “slide in sweet little *hole* and make you feel *soooooo* good.” Ilya wrapped rough hands around his ankle, sliding along the stretch of his leg and ducking so he could press sloppy kisses along his shin; Shane craved to reach down, wrap his hands through those damn curls and drag him in for a kiss, but he *needed* to make Ilya work for it.

*Needed to make Ilya’s skin **itch** with how much he needed it. He could tell he was getting there. Quickly.*

So instead, he dug his fingers into the comforter and sank into the tension that was building up his spine again.

Building and building and swirling tight – Shane could feel himself leaking and twitching against his own stomach and knew Ilya was watching from the hunger plastered openly across his face.

“So – so sexy, such *sexy leggggs* – make me want to *bite*,” and just like he knew he would, Ilya *did* – smiled crookedly as he playfully nipped at his ankle. Scraped his teeth over the thin skin, shooting a shiver up Shane’s spine that tingled all the way through his limbs. Shane bit hard on his bottom lip as Ilya set to kissing and sucking at every inch of him he could reach; his eye caught the stretch of Ilya’s back, all broad muscle moving tight under the skin, and suddenly he realized he was *squirming* into the bedding.

All strong muscle and willpower, still letting him have his way teasing him and dangling his prize in his face.

“*Moy lyubov*,” Ilya whined against his calf, ““Please, baby, *pleaseeee*, let me fuck you, look so good, my good boy – *fuck* – I want to *eat* you –”

“I think I like when you beg,” Shane tried to taunt, but his voice was a little too frayed and ragged to his own ears to hit the way he wanted –

“*Pozhaluysta umolyayu*,” but Ilya nodded frantically anyway and squeezed desperately at his thighs, “*please-please-please*, need you – want to be *good* – fuck you so good, I am *sooorry* – so so so sorry – *baby* – *please*, I make it up to you –”

Shane moaned softly under his breath.

*Jesus Christ. He had to admit, it had him feeling light-headed. **The** Ilya Rozanov, his husband, drunk off his ass with fat tears glazing over his big blue eyes, pleading like he’d die*

if Shane didn't let him have him.

Slowly he pulled his foot back to rest on the bed, and Ilya was on him *instantly*. Sagging onto his hands over Shane's thighs and sucking marks into the soft skin at the curve of his hip – Shane finally caved and wound his fingers through his curls, smiling as Ilya murmuring contented little sounds against him – “*thankyouthankyouthankyou*” being sweetly pressed into his bones.

Ilya lurched up to catch his lips, nearly tumbling sideways in his eagerness; Shane laughed against his lips and swung his arms around Ilya's shoulders to hold him steady.

He was in no laughing mood anymore apparently – Ilya clasped his hand around Shane's jaw again and *growled* into the kiss, shoving his tongue into Shane's mouth – it was *too* hot, too *much* with how long Shane had been sitting with this plug stretching him, half hard and leaking that he couldn't help but whimper into it and shamelessly wrap both legs tight around Ilya's hips.

“*Fuck,*” Ilya snarled, “going to *wreck* you, *slutty little husband* – *all mine* – un – *unbelievable.*” Shane's tongue dried up in his mouth, *speechless* except for pitiful gasping as Ilya frothed against him and slid easily through the puddle of precome smeared across his skin. It was all he could do to dig his fingers into Ilya's shoulderblades and hold on, hold on while Ilya shoved his thighs wider and frantically rolled his hips into him.

“Sh – *shit*, Ilya, get this thing out of me,” Shane wiggled against his grip; thankfully Ilya still had enough of his brain about him to sit back on his knees and reach for the base of plug, though he didn't miss the glint of possessiveness in Ilya's eye as he stared down at it, like a neon sign plastered across his forehead.

Jealous of a literal plug – that was new.

Shane's dick jerked *hard*, back arching and jaw dropping wide as Ilya slowly pulled it past the widest stretch – the low groan he heard from Ilya didn't help, a soft, rumbling “*shit*” pulled from deep in his chest as he watched. Eyebrows raised, a little astonished furrow pulling at them as he dragged it from his hole and tossed it aside.

“*Fuuuck*, could slide right in, so *loose*,” barely a breath and Ilya's fingers were sliding into him. *Two*, long and thick, spreading as soon as they pushed in – Shane cursed, cried out and shot a hand down to grab Ilya's wrist.

“That – that's the *idea*,” Shane choked, “unless you want this over way faster than I expected.”

“*No! No*, have to fuck you – *blyat* – where is the *lube* –” Ilya stretched over him towards the drawer, yanking it open clumsily and blindly feeling around inside for the bottle; Shane couldn't quite tamp down on his little breathless laugh, nor could he stop himself from running his fingers along Ilya's stomach and up his chest and reveling in the the feeling of the muscle moving under his hands.

A little frenzied thought dug at his brain – he could have let Ilya have his way in the locker room even with the team a doorway away, could have peeled his tight layers off and licked the sweat from his abs, could have let Ilya shove him against the side of his cubby and crowd against his back –

A little victorious sound and Ilya settled back on top of him, covering him heavily and kissing him a little clumsily — Shane still moaned into it, tilting his head into the kiss and chasing after his mouth. He couldn't bear to let him get too far away, and it seemed Ilya eagerly agreed; he had barely pulled back enough to look between them and slick himself in his fist, and suddenly he was spreading Shane's thighs wide again and *sinking* into him in one slick thrust –

Shane shuddered in *relief*, and let his head droop back into the pillows.

Finally, finally the hot stretch of fullness he was craving since he'd put the damn thing in, since Ilya had eye-fucked him across the parking lot and the idea had popped into his head in the first place.

“Oh fuck,” Ilya grunted against his jaw, “there, take it – take it – going to fuck you full, oh god, thank you baby.”

Ilya was not in a waiting mood either – he shoved Shane's knees up against his chest, gripping the backs of his thighs and using his weight to hold him tight in place. Shane barely had a moment to gasp for air before Ilya was pounding into him like a man *starved*.

His eyes went blurry, stars bursting and spinning around the edges of his vision like some perverted kaleidoscope — *So good, sogoodsogoodsogood* – vaguely, he heard Ilya growling, already babbling incoherently above him, only half-listening as he fisted his fingers in the curls at the back of Ilya's neck and *tugged*.

Later, he might've wished he'd heard it all, could have teased him about how desperately he'd begged, whined his name – Ilya Rozanov, falling apart gloriously inside him with just a little teasing and anticipation and too much liquor heavily loosening his tongue.

*“— pretty little hole — made for my cock, knew it first time I saw you — fuck, thank you — yesyesyesyesss — knew this perfect body was fucking **mine** —“*

Shane moaned open-mouthed and loud, breath hiccuping and struggling with weak arms to hold on with every desperate, loud *slap* of Ilya's hips against his ass. He tried his best to blink the haze from his eyes and tucked his chin against his chest to look down between them; he wanted to see it for himself, to watch the spot where he was fucked wide around Ilya's slippery cock with his bottom lip caught between his teeth –

Oh fuck.

Shane's body seized taut. Ilya answered with a curse bit through his teeth and somehow bore down on him *impossibly* harder; he angled his hips just right to bully his vicious thrusts right into that little bundle of nerves like he was dead set on making Shane come all over himself

in the next five seconds – like they were back on the ice, facing off and racing for control of the puck –

“Il – Ilya – *nn—nngghh, fuck – please – I’m gonna –*”

He’d waited up all night for this, he needed it a little longer, just a little longer –

“*Da – fuck yes – come, come on my cock –*” Ilya smeared his lips along Shane’s slack mouth, swallowing up the moans punched out of him, groaning low as he licked up the trails of drool spilling from the corners of Shane’s lips. He was *sure* his skin was *boiling* now, all his nerves lit up hot, he was going to burst into flames from the heat roaring up his spine – *fuck, what a way to go*. All he could do was scrabble at the arms gripping him and curse at Ilya as he pulled and pinned his hips where he wanted them. Had to stay there and *take* it, moaning brokenly and squeezing his eyes shut like in some world *that* would be enough to stave off his orgasm –

He made the fatal mistake of peeking up at him, catching Ilya already watching him somehow both blissed out and *dangerously* focused. Sweat-darkened curls stuck to his forehead, skin glowing red down his chest, but he was *smiling*, fucking *smiling* all lopsided while panting open-mouthed into the thick air between them.

No – no – he could do it, he could hold on a little longer, had pushed through worse – Until Ilya shoved a slick, ruthless hand between them and *squeezed* around his cock and it slammed into him full force.

Shane could feel his back bowing off the bed, jerking through the shockwaves and arching so hard into Ilya’s weight that his head cracked back against the headboard – but Ilya just kept *going*, fighting to hold him still when the overstimulation had Shane wailing and trying to squirm away from his thrusts. Kept going, *relentless*, chasing after his lips and fucking him through it without a second to come down.

“*Take it,*” Ilya growled, fingers back to biting into his thighs so sharp that Shane’s cock twitched at the thought of the bruises he’d be painted with, “*fuck – fucking mine, I am not done with you, Hollander –*”

A little hysterically, Shane thought he was vibrating apart. His limbs weren’t listening to his brain anymore, his hands only slipped across Ilya’s sweaty back, he couldn’t do more than tug at Ilya’s hair and curl his toes like this. Like this, he didn’t need to think about any of it; didn’t have to think about anything but the drag of Ilya’s cock and slick lips at his jaw making him feel like he was fucking melting out of his skin.

He didn’t realize tears were dripping down his temples till suddenly Ilya’s tongue was there, following their path and *licking them up*. Shane’s dick gave another interested little jump between them and he sobbed *loud – oh god, if he came again he was sure he’d pass out –*

“*Blyat, ty takoj seksualny,*” Ilya groaned, ragged and hoarse, “*mne tak povezlo, perfect – fucking perfect –*”

Shane forced his eyes open; Ilya had knelt back and was glaring down between them and hissing through his clenched teeth, watching like a man obsessed as his thrusts turned sloppier and sloppier. *So close*, but Shane could tell he was pushing hard through it, desperately trying to hold out – and *god* if that wasn't the hottest thing he'd ever seen.

Seeing the vein at Ilya's temple throbbing from the effort, his muscles staining, dead set on fucking another orgasm out of him and making him spill all over his stomach and denying himself until he did –

His eyes rolled back in his head – Ilya had found his sweet spot again and was going to *torment* him with it.

Each thrust punched a shaky cry loose from his throat, notched the coil in his gut tighter and tighter; the possibility that he actually might come again so soon made him blurt out a delirious little laugh and twist his fingers tight in the bedding.

"There it is," Ilya nuzzled his forehead against his, pressing a kiss to the corner of his pliant lips, "you are — *mmnnngh* — you are going to come for me again, *needy* little thing – so *desperate*."

"Fuh–fuck you –" He didn't even let him finish, Ilya *grabbed* Shane's throat, pinning him in place and kissing the last of his breath from him, smushing his nose against his cheek and open-mouthed panting against his tongue. Shane bit on his bottom lip in retaliation, but Ilya only *moaned* and frantically readjusted his grip on Shane's thighs, rutting into him with renewed determination.

Fucking unfair, his ungodly stamina.

His blood was pounding in his ears, wooshing loud like he was on a breakaway – the angle was fucking *perfect*, the stretch and drag inside him *too fucking perfect* – Shane thrashed, shuddering and whining and failing miserably at fighting it, going by the slick puddle his dick was leaking across his stomach.

"Come on, moy lyubov – fuuuck – give it to me, it's okay – I have you, let me make you feel good," Ilya's low voice curled through his insides and squeezed tight –

Shane's vision went white, shockwaves flashing bright behind his eyelids.

Behind the roaring white noise buzzing in his ears, he could hear Ilya's voice, could feel his hands spread hot over his twitching legs, could feel his final ruthlessly deep thrusts before he was coming, warmth filling him up and pressing him deeper into the mattress so all he could sense was *Ilyallyallya*.

Shane floated in the hazy cloud for a while, head going empty and calm till he felt Ilya slipping out of him, and sweet, reverent kisses being smoothed up his chest and along his collarbone. He smiled, probably dopey, but he didn't really care. He blearily looked up, and Ilya was already smiling right back.

“*My baby*,” Ilya cooed, blue eyes sparkling as he massaged gently along the length of his aching thighs and eased them back onto the bed, “my god, what a fucking *reward, sweetheart*.” Shane threw an arm over his eyes and laughed softly – but Ilya wiggled his way in, lifting and draping Shane’s arm across his shoulders so he could kiss him, slow and languid.

He was more than happy to sink into it for a little while longer, letting his hands trace lazily along his back and through his hair as Ilya laid heavily over him and mouthed at every inch of skin he could reach. Though he could *feel* the come dripping out of him now, the drying spit and sweat smeared across his skin – Shane didn’t even have the chance to complain before Ilya was hauling himself up and gently pulling Shane with him.

“Shower time, *moy lyubov*,” Ilya stayed close at Shane's back as they stumbled into the bathroom, tucking his nose into the curve of his neck and kissing along his sweaty hairline.

“Maybe I see if I can make you come a *third* time, *hm?*”

Shane shuddered. *But...he did always love a challenge.*

“If you manage a hat trick next game, I’ll let you *try*.”

Ilya grinned against his neck – he could feel the *delighted* little twist to his lip.

“You are fucking *on*, sweetheart.”

End Notes

I'm in no way a native Russian speaker, but I tried my best -- please feel free to send along any translation edits!

"moy lyubov" : my love

"Ya lyublyu tebya" : i love you

"blyat" : fuck

"Pozhaluysta umolyayu" : please, i'm begging you

"da" : yes

"Blyat, ty takoj seksualny" : fuck, you're so hot/sexy

"mne tak povezlo" : i am so lucky

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