With Your Fingers In My Mouth

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With Your Fingers In My Mouth

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Summary

Shane comes home tired and in need of some serious care from his husband. Ilya is more than happy to give him what he needs.

Just a very fluffy oneshot of them being soft and happy. Light smut and even lighter angst.

There were many things about Shane that Ilya loved more than the air he breathed.

He loved the way Shane's freckles glowed when he blushed, and god did Ilya love making Shane blush. He loved the way Shane's walnut colored eyes glossed over when Ilya took charge, whether they were in the bedroom or simply when Shane needed the release of giving himself up to his husband. Ilya loved when Shane's head lay on his chest and he could smell the clean scent of Shane's shampoo, his ink hair lightly tickling Ilya's cheek. He would run his hands through it, scrape his nails down Shane's nape and feel him completely and utterly *melt* into him.

There were too many things Ilya loved about Shane to name, but there was one thing that his husband did that made Ilya feel like he would lose his mind.

Now, Ilya knew Shane would never approve of him saying that he had an oral fixation, but Ilya didn't really know what else to call it. Shane just liked having things in his mouth… all the time.

Ever since Ilya had known Shane, his husband always seemed to have something in his mouth, or at least seemed to relax when he had things in his mouth. Whether it was a hoodie string, a straw, the collar of his t-shirt, his knuckle, or even his bottom lip. Shane just was always sucking or biting something.

Ilya didn't really think much of it at first. Well that wasn't totally true, Ilya always thought it was hot when Shane had something in his mouth, especially when they were younger. It was hard to sit there and watch Shane chew and suck on a hoodie string when it could've been Ilya's dick instead.

And lord did Ilya love when Shane sucked his dick. Ever since their first time together, when Shane was inexperienced and desperate, he was so good. Shane was always so good, especially for Ilya. It was satisfying when Shane would simply drop to his knees without being asked, his hands burning against the backs of Ilya's thighs as he took Ilya's cock in his mouth like it was second nature, like he belonged there. He certainly acted like it.

Ilya never realized how much Shane sucking him off was for Shane as much as it was for him. Ilya never really thought about it back then, he was selfish and took Shane for granted and Ilya regretted it with his whole soul. But as they grew and their relationship grew and they stopped being stupid about their feelings, Ilya started to truly notice all of Shane's little mannerisms. Ilya saw how much Shane loved to be good. He loved praise, he loved reassurance, and he loved being told he did a good job.

When Ilya took control, Shane was allowed to simply be Shane. He wasn't *Shane Hollander* the hockey player, he was Ilya's Shane.

So when Shane came home from his game, sweaty and tired, his bag hitting their wooden floors with a thump, Ilya knew, even before he saw his husband, what he needed. Ilya had seen the game, and had seen how hard Shane pushed himself for them to win. Ilya knew that even though they won, Shane would need him.

"Shane?" Ilya called from the living room, muting the tv and casually walking over to the front door where his husband was leaning against the wall as he toed off his shoes.

Shane was wearing a simple white shirt and athletic sweats, his eyes droopy and tired and his hair sticking up in wild places.

"Hey," Shane greeted, exhaustion dripping into his voice as he pulled himself to stand upright, wobbling a little as he did so.

Ilya went to his side, a hand resting heavy and comforting on the back of Shane's neck. He brought Shane into his chest, his husband's cheek pressed flush against his bare flesh. "You played so hard tonight," Ilya murmured into Shane's hair and he felt Shane's body go limp into his own. He was already braced for it and easily took his husband's weight. "You made everyone so proud, made me so proud. You deserve rest, lyubimyy," he stroked a hand through Shane's hair and kissed the top of his head.

Shane's arms came up limp and heavy to wrap around Ilya's waist, his hands splayed across Ilya's strong back. "How do you always seem to know what I need?" Shane mumbled, into Ilya's pectoral, his lips warm and soft on Ilya's skin.

Ilya let out a warm chuckle and squeezed Shane tighter to his chest before releasing the pressure. “Because,” he scraped his nails against the hair at the base of Shane’s neck. “I have known your amazingly *boring* brain for almost two decades, is not hard to tell what you need anymore, kotyonk,” Ilya pulled back a little, bringing his hand to Shane’s chin and guiding him up for a light kiss on the lips. “Also,” his lips brushing Shane’s as they move. “I know every inch of your body, there is nothing you can hide from me,” his mouth lilted in a playful smile and his other hand moved down to cup Shane’s ass, pulling him in.

Shane huffed, his smile fond even as his eyes carried so much weight. “Asshole,” he murmured before leaning in for a kiss. An actual kiss, not just a brush of the lips. One that was open mouthed and tongue and the type that made Shane let out the absolute most beautiful sounds as Ilya pushed his tongue into his mouth.

Ilya forced himself to pull away. He couldn’t let himself get distracted. He had a mission. What mission? Making sure his husband was bathed, fed, and in comfy clothes. After that, well, Shane would either be pent up or pass out and Ilya will just have to wait and see which one.

As it turned out, Shane was in fact pent up.

Ilya had led Shane to the bedroom and gotten him undressed and ready for a warm shower. Shane’s muscles were tense as he was washing him, but Ilya tried his hardest to ease the tenseness. He whispered praises in Shane’s ear and applied firm pressure to the sore spots he found. Ilya had gotten Shane to melt in the shower, gotten him to go glossy eyed and hazy.

But after he got Shane dressed in clean boxers and one of his own shirts, dinner was the obstacle that made all the work in the shower go away.

Ilya had made some simple salmon, rice, and broccoli for Shane, not wanting to push *too* much. Though, he did push a little. Instead of the boring baked salmon, Ilya had grilled it on the bbq with plenty of seasoning and lemon. He steamed the broccoli just how he knew Shane liked it, but he added the smallest tab of butter along with some salt, pepper, and lemon juice for some flavor. The rice was the only thing he left normal, letting the rice cooker do the work for him.

Ilya led Shane to the dining room table and brought him a plate, each item of food in its own place on the plate, not touching. Shane didn't always ask for the food not to touch, but Ilya didn't want to overwhelm him too much.

Shane stared at the food as Ilya pulled up a chair next to him, their knees touching. Ilya placed the fork into Shane's hand.

"You made it different," Shane stated, his eyes glued to the food in front of him.

Ilya couldn't tell Shane's thoughts on it from the statement. "Ah, well, I wanted to make it special for my special husband," he kissed Shane's cheek and slid a hand to rest on his lower back.

Shane took a deep breath. The game must've been harder on him than Ilya had initially thought. Shane had struggled with his eating, but it had been getting better over the past few years with help from professionals and support from family. Of course Ilya knew that those intrusive thoughts wouldn't go away forever, but he knew that Shane had been working on overcoming them.

Ilya remembered a year ago when Shane's eating relapsed pretty bad. It was so hard, such a dark place for his husband, but even in those dark days, Ilya always did his best to support him.

There was one time that Ilya had asked Shane to eat, not for himself, but for *Ilya*. Ilya had fed him bites of food as he held him, praising him, and hoping that by letting him sink into subspace, he would allow himself nutrients.

It worked. Shane said that after, when he came back up, he didn't feel guilty. He felt content.

So they did that a lot. Shane's therapist even recommended it. As time went on, as Shane healed more, they didn't have to do it as much. Shane ate for himself, because his body needed it and because he enjoyed it.

But tonight was too much. Even with the relatively simple and familiar meal, it was too much. Ilya saw the fear on Shane's face, the shame of not appreciating the nice dinner his husband cooked him, and the thoughts eating away at him, telling him he didn't earn it, that he didn't deserve this lovely meal.

Ilya's hand drifted from his back to his nape, grip firm and grounding. "You do not need to eat all of it," he started, voice soft. His thumb brushed against the side of Shane's neck, feeling his pulse beating. "Do you want my help?" Ilya asked, allowing room for Shane's voice.

Shane swallowed thickly, then nodded tentatively. "Please, I–" he cut himself off, shaking his head, his nails digging into his palms. "I need your help, Ilya," his voice was so small, so faint, and so so brave.

Ilya felt pride burst in his chest. "Oh lyubimyy," he reached for the fork and Shane let him have it willingly. "You have so much khrabrost', *courage*."

Even with how long Ilya had been in the English speaking world, there were still moments where he had to say it in Russian, before he could remember the word in English, and that didn't always happen.

But he couldn't bring himself to be frustrated when his husband cracked a small smile at the awkwardness of the word as it came out of his mouth.

"I'm glad my suffering makes you happy," Ilya couldn't help but tease, pinching Shane's freckled cheek, making his smile widen. "Now, what do you want to start with?"

Shane's smile faded. He shrugged. "Don't know," he mumbled.

"That is okay sweetheart. We will start with a little piece of salmon." This time Ilya made sure what he said was not up for Shane to interpret as a question or a prompting for a response. His husband needed him to make the decisions, so he will do so.

They went slow, Ilya lifted small bites to Shane's mouth. Shane chewed lightly and slowly, but when he swallowed he opened his mouth in the slightest to let Ilya know he was ready for more.

It was calm, it was quiet, it was peaceful. Ilya's grip on the back of Shane's neck never changed, a steady reassurance.

When Shane had eaten about half of the salmon and rice, along with all of the broccoli, he seemed to really like the broccoli so Ilya made sure to make a mental note to remember for next time, Ilya cleared the plate and led Shane to the sofa.

Ilya guided Shane down, pulling him into his side and putting his head on his chest, a hand pinning him firmly in place. Shane simply went limp against him, a hand curled against Ilya's stomach.

"You did so well," Ilya praised, running a hand through Shane's hair. "You make me so happy, I am so proud of you," he kissed Shane's head and saw as Shane's eyes fluttered closed, content. "I love you so much, you are perfect."

Shane let out a small huff, shifting closer and moving his head back and up, his mouth open and he managed to capture Ilya's thumb between his teeth.

Ilya, taken back slightly, smiled indulgently and lowered his hand to a less straining place for his husband. "Need something in your mouth my love?" Ilya tried for a teasing tone but he was too in awe as he stared at the way Shane's lips wrapped around his fingers.

Shane simply hummed, his eyes drifting closed. He allowed Ilya's fingers to explore his mouth, tracing his teeth and pushing on his plush tongue. Shane simply took it, swallowing his saliva as best he could.

Ilya was mesmerized, losing himself in the sensation of Shane's soft mouth around his fingers. He never thought his husband could ever get any more perfect.

Well that was until Shane slowly slid to his knees, letting Ilya's fingers fall from his mouth. His head rested on the inside of Ilya's thigh, perched perfectly back on his heels.

Ilya ran a finger down Shane's lips to his throat, tracing a line to his sternum. "Do you need something?" his voice was breathy as he tried his best to be snarky.

But when Shane looked up at him with those dark, pleading doe eyes, how was Ilya supposed to do anything but let the man he had in between his thighs get what he wanted?

Shane's hands stayed obediently resting on his thighs as Ilya pulled out his cock, letting it free from the confines of his sweats. He reached to cup Shane's cheeks, firmly pulling his attention up towards his face.

"Ok," Ilya said, voice gravely. "You may have my cock in your mouth," Shane groaned, needy and high. Ilya tightened his grip just a little. "But I do not want you sucking, I want you to sit there, and hold it, keep me warm," Shane was already so far down Ilya had no idea if he even heard him. "You understand?"

Shane nodded best he could in Ilya's grasp.

"You remember safe word?"

Shane grunted, nodding.

"Say it for me Shane,"

Shane's eyes fluttered and Ilya wasn't sure if Shane was going to be able to talk.

But then again, Ilya did give him an order.

“Red,” he mumbled, moving Ilya’s hand as he spoke.

Ilya smiled indulgently. “There’s a good boy.”

Then Ilya led Shane forward, letting out a breath as Shane wrapped his mouth around Ilya’s dick, allowing it to fill his mouth and press down on his tongue.

Ilya sat back, his eyes locked on Shane. He was so beautiful down on his knees, giving up control and trusting Ilya completely. There was no better feeling than knowing that his husband trusted him, with both body and mind.

They sat there, like that. Shane on his knees, not moving an inch, with Ilya’s cock in his mouth. With Ilya keeping rapt attention on the man under him, making sure he was still content, that he was still melty and trusting and happy.

And god did Ilya want nothing more for Shane than for him to be happy.

About thirty minutes passed like that and Ilya knew Shane would go for as long as Ilya wanted, but even with how fluffy their carpet was, he was still worried about Shane’s knees getting sore.

So he gently reached down, caressing Shane’s head and gripping his nape, trying to bring him back up to the surface just enough for them to get ready for bed.

“So good, baby,” Ilya cooed sweetly into Shane’s ear, slowly easing him off his cock. “You are such a good boy, always the best for me,” he continued his praises and sweet nothings until Shane was standing, weight still heavy on Ilya.

“Let’s get you ready for sleep, you are tired from long day,” they made it to their room, stumbled through brushing teeth and washing faces, but made it into bed.

Ilya helped Shane into bed, getting him comfortable and warm and practically swaddled in blankets. Shane's hands reached lazily out towards him, trying to get him in bed.

"I know, I know, lyubimyy, I am there soon. Just need to change my pants," he kissed Shane on the forehead and moved to the dresser, changing his sweats for a pair of loose shorts. He could hear Shane whimper from the bed. "I am here," he soothed, climbing in bed and allowing himself to be pulled into Shane. He wrapped his arms around his husband, kissed his head, a hand running up and down his spine.

Shane's leg was thrown over his hips and Ilya could feel Shane's hard on.

He snaked a hand down to Shane's hip. "Need help with that love?" he asked, voice low in Shane's ear.

He felt him shiver and nudge closer. Shane shook his head against Ilya's chest. "No." he mumbled.

Ilya just hummed. He didn't need to know why, he simply respected the no. Maybe it was because Shane wanted to serve Ilya and *only* Ilya. Or maybe the thought of the touch and an orgasm overwhelmed him. Whatever the reason, Ilya simply hugged him tighter and murmured more sweet words into his husband's skin.

"I love you," Shane's wispy mumble broke the silence.

"I love you too," Ilya said, his heart so full as if it might burst. "I love you more than you can ever imagine. Thank you for being in my life."

Shane's body relaxed fully into the mattress and Ilya knew he was finally asleep, breath deep and even.

Ilya curled impossibly closer, breathing in as he held his whole world in his arms.

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