

Good Boy

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Good Boy

by [Nituaii](#)

Summary

"It is our first game of the season against them. But it is their first against us too. They may have won cups, may have been higher in the ranking. But they are not the same. They are weak. They are missing what made them special, who made them important." Ilyas eyes lingered on Shanes face before he turned back to address the room, slowly spinning to look all his team mates in the eyes.

Or: Shane plays his first game with the Centaurs against his old team. Things happen and lead to other things

Notes

Heyoo

This one has a homophobic slur in it. If that could trigger you, please don't read it!
The slur is only used once in the story, by the offender. It is never okay to say that to anyone in a malicious way!! Be kind to people!

Also I would like everyone to know that I researched hockey rules for hours and I am still confused so if its wrong dont blame me and just blame it on being an AU, thank you!

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

Shane licked over his lips, the sound of the team bustling around him, pulling on their gear and chatting with those pre-game jitters making him more nervous than he had been in a long time before a game. Ilya was sitting on the bench beside him, bend down to tie the laces of his skates, already dressed in his gear.

Maybe one day his body wouldn't send such a serotonin boost through him when he saw Ilya like this. That he got to see Ilya like this. For every game from here on out.

Playing together was a joy. It was exhilarating, flying down the ice with Ilya by his side, the crunch of his skates against the surface.

It was as if they could read each others mind, always knew exactly where the other would be. They skated as if they were one.

Of course, the competition didn't stop. But now it wasn't about stealing the puck from one another, to score against each other. Now it was about who would get the puck first, who could lay down the cleaner shot. Who was faster down the ice. Who could assist more, score more goals for their team.

Shane hadn't realized it before, had always just believed he loved hockey in the purest, truest way. But now he was happier on the ice than he had ever been. Now it wasn't just the game, it was about playing it with Ilya. He felt free.

Except for tonight.

Ilya stood now, the C on his jersey proud and clear. Shane wouldn't lie to himself, it had taken some adjustment to not be the captain any longer, to no longer call the shots.

But Ilya was an exceptional captain, had proven it over and over in the trainings and the few games they'd played so far. Not that he had anything to prove, mind you. Shane had simply fallen in love with him more and more. At some point his heart was going to explode.

Shane finished tying his own skates, everyone around him focussing their gaze on their captain.

Ilya looked around, determination in his eyes.

"We play Montreal tonight." Shanes heart jumped, a reaction to what had been stressing him out all week. His old team. Would the Centaurs doubt him as well? Would they assume, if he played poorly, if he missed a shot, that he had done it on purpose, out of loyalty to his old team? Realistically, Shane knew they wouldn't. Emotionally, his mind had a hard time accepting it.

"It is our first game of the season against them. But it is their first against us too. They may have won cups, may have been higher in the ranking. But they are not the same. They are weak. They are missing what made them special, who made them important." Ilyas eyes lingered on Shanes face before he turned back to address the room, slowly spinning to look all his team mates in the eyes.

"We have something they don't. Trust. Loyalty. Skill." Ilya enunciated each word, working himself up as his voice got louder. "I know we are stronger. I know we can fucking do this. I want you to go out there and fucking humiliated them. I want you to show them what they have lost. I want you to fuck them up." He was shouting at this point, veins pulsing in his throat.

"They have insulted us. We are a team. They fuck with one of us, they fuck with us all." Ilya had turned fully, looking back at Shane.

Every single person in this locker room knew this was a far more important game than just being the first of the season. For the ranking, this game meant little to nothing.

But this was personal to their captain. To their new team mate. So it was personal to them all.

"So lets go out there and fucking break them. No mercy. Fuck Montreal!" Shane smiled at Ilya, his mouth crooked as the men descended into charged cheers.

Shane stood and clapped Ilya on the shoulder as he walked past, the team slowly making their way out of the locker rooms.

Barrett came to stand beside Ilya, punching a hand against his shoulder.

"Don't go too wild, captain. We need you on the ice."

Ilya smiled at Troy viciously.

"You'll have Hollander." Ilya had zero plans to play fair tonight. He was ready to fuck shit up. If he could keep off the penalty bench, good. If not, he didn't mind watching his husband tear down the ice and win this for them.

Ilya barely glanced the Montreal team, warming up on the other side of the rink.

They'd tried and tested many different constellations throughout their training camps and had ultimately come to the decision that Shane would centre first line, with Ilya as his right wing. They played too well together to be split with first and second line and it opened up new opportunities and constellations. So far, at least in trainings and the few games they had played already, it had worked wonderfully. There were still some growing pains, some things to be adjusted. It wasn't perfect. But it was good. Solid.

Ilya couldn't deny that Shane was a fantastic player, and the best centre out there.

And Ilya was flexible. A great skater over all, and able to adapt. No one could read Shane like he did, years of playing against one another had taught him Shanes tells, and now with them on the same team there was no stopping them.

The roar of the crowd had been deafening as Shane catapulted himself onto the ice, the Ottawa fans still ecstatic about finally getting their player, their home town legacy, on their own team. Ilya had felt like he would burst with pride as he watched the fans jump and cheer.

Even now, just a few minutes before the game would start, the players stretching and warming up until the last possible moment before the Zamboni would take the ice, the crowd was cheering and calling Shanes name. Ilya could feel, could see, how much that meant to Shane. He was skating rounds on their side of the ice, tossing pucks to kids in their new jerseys and smiling.

He knew that Shane had been nervous about this all, getting worried in his head about the reception of him. About the way people would react, considering it wouldn't take a genius why Montreal hadn't resigned a contract with the best player of their time.

The first few games had gone perfectly well, the crowds loving their new centre, and Ilya had jokingly complained about it often already. Whined about being forgotten only for Shane to shut him up with a kiss. It had become his favourite pastime.

The Montreal fans, however, were already starting to irritate Ilya.

Usually he loved it, getting shouted at and boo-ed, getting insulted while he fucked the opposite team over.

He never took it personally.

He took it personally today, and he wasn't even the object of their jeering.

With the Zamboni coming on the ice, the Centaurs skated to their bench. Ilya plopped down next to Shane.

"Okay?"

"Okay."

He nodded, both of them staring onto the ice.

"We will win."

"We have to."

Ilya could hear the nerves in Shanes voice and he bumped his skate against Shanes, his gaze remaining forward.

"They don't have Hollander. They will lose."

He could hear the soft sigh, even through the somewhat calmed noise of the crowd as everyone waited for the game to begin.

The jumbotron overhead showed their player constellation for the evening, introducing each player with booming excitement, trying to rile the crowd up.

And then it was time to play.

Ilya didn't pay much attention to the centre opposite Shane, his gaze fixed on his own centres stick, ready to shoot off down the ice with a pass.

His fixed gaze on Shanes stick was the only reason he noticed. That subtle twitch, the stiffening in Shanes spine. The sneer on the Metros players game only visible for a flash second as the puck dropped.

Shane lost the face off.

Ilya immediately raced off, trying to intercept the pass, his skates causing the ice to fly.

He could tell Shane was hot on his heels, not by proximity but the gaze burning into his neck.

Boodram was shooting down the ice on the left side of the rink, almost even with Ilya, circling around the Montreal players. He got the puck. A quick pass back to Dykstra and they were finally in play.

Shane seemed to have shaken off whatever had shocked him. Ilya had not.

He just knew that player had said something vicious enough to shake even Shane Hollanders concentration.

The game was rough.

Ilya checked J.J. into the boards, fighting for the puck. J.J. managed to shoot it off towards Comeau, still tangled with Ilya.

Shane was then fighting over it with Comeau. Ilya joined the fray. And if his stick hooked Cumeaus skate while he was aiming for the puck, ripping the man off balance...

Well, the officials didn't see anything.

Shane took off with the puck, shooting it back to Dykstra, who fired it off to Boodram.

Ilya groaned as he was checked in to the glass from behind, his visor knocking into it hard. His arm squeezed against his body unnaturally, the grip on his stick loosening. He lost his balance and crashed onto the ice, helmet cracking against the hard surface.

Seemed like emotions weren't only running high for him. He smirked as he got off the ice and shook his head, hearing the whistle as the refs sent Comeau to the bench for his two minute penalty.

Before the game restartd, the teams get shuffled around. Ilya skated towards the bench, letting Haas join the fray.

The game went fine, mostly.

Ilya may have been a little harsher in his checks, and he noticed his team mates to do so too, but so far everything was going by the rules. He was being a little pest, baiting the Metros

into attacking him, fouling him. It was working. Ilyas ribs hurt and his shoulder was pulsing, but it was more than worth it, creating these opportunities for Shane and the team. Plus, he wouldn't lie, it gave him an incredible amount of satisfaction seeing those assholes get red with anger and do something clearly against the rules. Four of them had been sent onto the bench already.

After the first two minute penalty, during which Shane scored his first goal, Ilya continued being the worst asshole he could be without being sent off the ice. It worked for him. Not so much for Boodram, who was sent to serve his first penalty in the second third of the game. They were all playing more viciously than usual. Just as Ilya had asked them to.

They were in the last third now, the scores standing three to one.

Ilya could feel that both teams were hungry for it, wanting this. The Metros had things to prove, and their performance, especially in sportsmanship, was severely lacking tonight. Ilya had no small part in that. He was quite proud of it. If only he could ruin their reputation further, make the world see what a bunch of snakes made up the team. Save for maybe Hayden. And J.J., he had been at the wedding. The rest could eat it, though.

Soon it was his turn to join the fray again, getting tagged in by Barrett as he skated up to the bench.

Shane was behind him, getting onto the ice when he heard it.

"- traitorous faggot."

Ilyas head whipped toward Shane, seeing the badly concealed hurt and betrayal. It didn't even register in Ilyas brain, the way he took off down the ice toward the man, in hot pursuit of the puck, unaware of the terror catching up.

He didn't care anymore, had tried to play within the rules of the game, hadn't wanted to leave his team short handed because of his own short temper. Had aimed to simply rile the Metros up so much they made mistakes. But Wilson had gone too fucking far.

That expression, half concealed by Shanes visor, flashed hot in his mind as he ran down the opponent.

He shoved him, his stick already abandoned. It felt like the whole stadium turned quiet. Maybe he was just tuning out the noise.

"What the fuck did you just say?"

The metro player, Wilson, turned with sneer, his own stick dropping, followed by the gloves as he invited the fight. Ilya shook his own off as well.

"I called your little bitch a traitorous faggot."

Ilya saw red, his fist connecting with Wilsons chin as he punched into him, putting all the force and momentum he had into it. They slammed against the glass but remained upright.

He held onto the Metros collar as he continued to pummel into him, not caring for the punches that were landing on his own body.

The game descended into chaos.

Ilya was punching at Wilson, his knuckles hurting, his cheek sore, when a ref bodily yanked him off with the help of Wyatt Hayes who was the only one, beside Drapeau, who hadn't joined the fight.

Shane, too, stood to the side with Hayden, trading what had to be the saddest excuse of punches in a fight that would go down as the worst in the history of the game.

In his rational brain, Ilya knew it was a way to keep Shane safe, the best possible way for Hayden to protect him without causing more scandal or divide in his own team. It wasn't acceptable for multiple players to descend upon one of the opposite team, and with Shane engaged in a fight with Hayden, no one else would attack him. Ilya knew that.

He wanted to murder Hayden for hurting Shane anyway. His blood was rushing in his ears, accelerated by the adrenaline running through his body, tuning out any sound.

Shanes and Haydens punches were pulled, only hitting shoulder pads or the helmets of the other.

Still. Ilya was about to skate over, only just held back by the firm hand of Wyatt on his collar.

"Where do you think you're going, cap."

Ilya swivelled to look at Wyatt, the adrenaline making his eyes wild.

"He's fine. Breathe." A heavy gloved hand fell to his shoulder, grounding him. Ilya looked at his goal keeper, taking in a deep breath. He was right. Shane was fine.

With the fights slowly breaking apart, the penalties were being given out.

Ilya got sat with seven minutes, five for fighting, two for instigating. Which was honestly rather kind.

Shane and everyone else on the ice received five for fighting. Only the goalies remained of the line up.

Two players each joined the ice and the game resumed.

The penalty box was too quiet for how crowded it was.

Ilya could feel the adrenaline still rushing through his body, the anger that had bubbled over so suddenly when he'd held it in check so well all evening.

Finally, Shane beside him spoke.

"Do I want to know?"

Ilya shook his head, staring at the ice.

He feared if he looked at Shane now, if he saw disappointment or, worse, hurt in his eyes, he wouldn't be able to go back out there and play like a normal person. Or he'd kiss him in this penalty box and make this even harder for him. Ilya doubted Shane would be okay with that level of public displays of affection.

So Ilya stared straight ahead, a water bottle in his hand. He could taste blood in his mouth, probably bit his cheek or scratched it when Wilson had punched him. He just hoped he'd given the man a black eye. He was pretty sure he had. The crunch against his knuckles had been quite satisfying. Maybe he'd gotten his nose.

They watched the game in relative silence. Ilya continued to fantasize about knocking Wilson out.

It seemed like the team knew he wouldn't be able or ready to talk. No one talked to Shane either.

Soon enough, the five minutes were up and everyone left the box, save for Ilya.

He had another two minutes to sit out, watching as his team was down one.

Shane played like an angel, a new kind of determination seeming to propel him forward.

Even in this two minute power play, they managed to hold their lead.

Wyatt was doing a killer job out there.

Ilya could see that Wilson was on the bench instead of playing, glaring down the ice. Good. Maybe he'd get another chance at the homophobic asshole.

But Ilya could see that the Metros tempers were still rising, especially with Shane skating around them as if they were poles.

He couldn't hear anything.

He could tell though.

Shane had toughened up, no more reactions to insults or shoves as he seemed to tune everything out but the game, the ice under his skates, the puck against his blade.

Haas was coming off the ice just as Ilyas penalty ended and he shot forward, after the puck heading back into their own zone. He caught it before the Metros could, circled around Wyatts goal, and shot it off down the other end towards Boodram.

Six minutes left of the game.

They lost the puck and it got back to Gagnon, a Metros defenceman, forcing Ilya to change paths quickly.

The man was looking for a free team mate, perhaps not seeing or uncaring that Ilya was closing in.

Ilya grit his teeth, sped up and rammed into Gagnon, sending him flying.

The puck skittered off to the side but Wyatt had come from the goal and taken possession of it. Gagnon was sliding along the ice, spinning around himself until he came to a stop against the boards, hitting them hard.

The satisfaction coursing through Ilya was indescribable.

He paid the man no further attention, received the puck from Wyatt and he was off down the ice.

The play hadn't been stopped, which told Ilya that Gagnon was fine. Or at least fine enough to make his way off the ice. He didn't see him again for the rest of the game.

They got rotated out onto the ice one more time before the game finished, leaving Ilya and Shane to play the last minute.

Shane scored one more time, with a rather beautiful assist off Ilya if he may say so himself.

The horn sounded and the centaurs flooded the ice, sticks, hats and gloves flying every which way as they smashed into each other in a massive group hug.

They were celebrating as if it had been the Stanley Cup finals. As if they'd won the most important game in their career.

Perhaps it had meant as much to Shane.

Ilya hugged him tight, hidden in the throng of their team mates. "Congratulations."

"Thank you, captain."

Shane smiled at Ilya so widely, so brightly, that the man could feel how his heart missed multiple beats.

Fuck, he loved him so much.

After their rather lengthy celebration, especially for a beginning of the season game, they slowly skated off the ice.

Ilya could see Hayden waiting against the boards, clearly wanting to speak to Shane.

He glanced back at him, tilting his head as if to ask -*Want me to wait?*-

Shane shook his head and he skated to meet Hayden.

Ilya watched them only for a little longer before following his team mates into the locker room.

The energy in the room was indescribable. They were laughing and cheering, clapping each other on their backs and playing around.

When Ilya stepped in he was immediately absorbed into the mess, slapped on the shoulders from many angles.

Wyatt thumped him hardest of all.

"Thought you were gonna lose it there, cap."

Ilya snorted, punching Wyatt into the shoulder.

"No way. I was in total control the whole time."

They continued to chat and laugh, getting ready to head home. Ilya just returned from the showers when Shane finally entered the room.

It was noticeable, how everyone stilled.

Not in the way a room quieted when someone unwanted walked in, but in anticipation for what Shane had to say.

The former Metro dropped his gloves onto the bench and slowly looked around.

Ilya could read it in his eyes before anyone else.

Shane turned to the room, so quiet one could hear a pin drop, and he finally smiled widely.

"We fucking got them."

Immediately celebrations were big underway, the resumption of slaps and punches to shoulders traded.

Ilya stood back, watching this group of men that had become his family accepting his husband into the fold so easily, a deep feeling of satisfaction warming his heart.

Plans were made to head to Monks after, to celebrate this win not only of the game but having supported Shane as he stood up against the Metros. And had come out the victor.

Shane and Ilya were seated on one side of the booth, Boodram and Haas on the other seats opposite. There was a half full jug of beer as well as some glasses of Vodka, full and empty.

Shane was still nursing his first beer, half full at this point, as he laughed at the retelling of how Boodram had been sent off the ice today.

The atmosphere was relaxed, calm.

Ilya had his arm wound around Shanes shoulders, a wide grin on his lips. He looked like the Cheshire Cat, satisfied and happy. He sipped from his glass, looking out into the bar, watching his team enjoy themselves.

He could tell, this would be a good season. Perhaps the season they'd make it into the finals. But that was far away and a thing he could worry about later.

Ilya pinched Shanes arm and motioned for the pool table with his head.

"Play with me."

Shane seemed to think for a moment, then nodded. "You're on."

They slipped out of the booth and set up a new game, playing rock-paper-scissors to decide who would go first.

Shane won.

Ilya leant against the table with his hip as he watched Shane start the game.

They weren't playing by any real game rules, just taking turns putting their respective colours into the pockets. Ilya didn't know the rules anyway. That could be the way this game was played for all he knew.

"Your stick handling is almost as bad as on the ice." Shanes tone was light, mocking, as he watched Ilya bend over the table. Ilya could tell the way Shanes gaze appreciatively traced his silhouette.

"I didn't hear you complain about my stick handling last night."

Shane laughed and slapped Ilya square on the ass, earning a few shouts of playful disgust from their teammates.

Ilya stood from the table for Shanes turn. His turn to ogle.

Shane managed to sink one, grinning at Ilya over his shoulder as he bend over the table.

"What did Hayden want?" Ilya tried to keep his tone casual, but Shane knew him too well. He rolled his eyes at his husband, moving to play the second shot.

"Nothing. He wanted to ask how I was doing. If the team was nice."

"What did you say?"

"I told him I've never been happier playing hockey." Shane smiled at Ilya then, bend low over the table.

Ilya was, in the end, just a man as moving to stand behind Shane. His hands came to rest on the edge of the table, trapping a bend over Shane against the green velvet. "Good."

"Hey, this is player interference!"

"Are you going to punish me?" Ilya leant down, their bodies not yet touching, his breath fanning out over Shanes neck. He could feel him stiffen below him.

Before Shane could answer, a wet towel smacked into the back of Ilyas head.

"Behave!" Dykstra had thrown the rag, a smile on his lips.

Ilya crumbled it up and tossed it back, Dykstra dodging the object with a laugh.

"That better have been just water, Dykstra!"

While Ilya bickered, Shane managed to sink another ball.

And with Ilyas back turned, he moved another of his own closer to a socket. Haas watched him. Shane raised a finger to his lips, shushing at Haas, asking for his compliancy in this deception. The young player nodded and laughed, returning his attention to the drawing in front of him.

He then poked Ilya into the side, reclaiming his attention. "Your turn."

Ilya stared at the table, a suspicious curl to his eyebrows. But he said nothing.

Shane was winning, and if it was because he was cheating, well, only him and Haas knew.

"You need to learn how to handle balls better, Ilya. This is getting embarrassing." Shanes tone was serious, a contrast to the relaxed smile on his lips.

Ilya huffed, missing another shot. He should probably stick to Hockey.

"Handling the stick is more my thing, moy myach."

Shane rolled his eyes, tapping Ilyas ass with his cue stick as he walked past to grab a drink from his beer.

In the end, Shane won. Though not by much.

The bar had emptied out significantly, only a few stranglers left, as Ilya and Shane decided to call it a night.

They waved at everyone as they grabbed their coats to head home.

Shane was leaning against the head board, his glasses on his nose as he read his book.

Ilya strolled in, fresh out of the shower, a towel slung low on his hips, another rubbing through his hair.

Shane looked up with a small smile, placing the book away.

"Come here."

He held his arms open, inviting Ilya into his embrace. The man was quick to comply, draping the wet towel over a chair, the other staying around his hips. He curled against Shanes side, his head nestled on his chest, bodies aligned.

Shane embraced him quickly, pressing a kiss into damp curls.

They stayed silent for a while, simply breathing, enjoying the comfort of the other.

Shane was the first to break the silence.

"Why did you fight Wilson."

Ilya propped himself up, sitting next to Shane instead of laying half on him. Shanes arms fell from his shoulders but did not stray far, twisting their fingers together instead. Shane ran a thumb over Ilyas reddened knuckles.

"He was an asshole."

Shane raised their intertwined hands to press a kiss to the very knuckles that had, as they'd learned, broken Wilsons nose. Since it hadn't been called on the ice, Ilya wouldn't have to worry about any further repercussions.

"That's nothing new. It's normal to try and agitate the opponent. You do it all the time."

Ilya twisted his hand free, instead placing it to rest against Shanes cheek, turning his head to meet his gaze.

"Yes, but he was asshole. To you."

Shanes expression was hard to read, even for Ilya, his blinks slow.

"Again. That was to be expected. Are you going to fist fight every person that says something rude about me?"

"Yes." The answer came like it was shot from a cannon, immediate.

Shane cracked a small smile.

"I don't need you to protect me, Ilya. I can do it myself."

"I know." Ilya let his thumb rub over Shanes lower lip. "I did not do it because I think you could not."

Shane pinched Ilyas naked thigh. "Good. I don't need you to fight my battles for me. No matter what slurs they call me."

"You heard him."

"Only the first part."

"Well he is an asshole. And wrong. You are not a traitor. They are the traitors."

Shane hummed softly. Ilya added, "Plus, star players should not fight."

"You're as much one as I am!"

"Yes, maybe even better." Another pinch. "But I am also very good pest. You know this."

Shane rolled his eyes, leaning over to press a kiss to Ilyas lips.

"Yeah, I know. You used to be a massive pain in my ass."

"Used to? Maybe I need to remind you."

Ilya tossed his leg over Shanes hip, straddling him. The movement made his towel slip open and fall away, leaving him fully naked.

Shanes gaze immediately fell downward. Ilya smirked. Even after all those years together, it was always a confidence boost to have his husband look at him like this. Like he wanted to be devoured.

He leant down and caught Shanes lips with his own, kissing him slowly, deeply. He tasted like toothpaste.

Ilya pressed another kiss into Shanes lips, then to his cheek, his neck, down along his chest.

"Should I show you just how well I can work with a stick?" Ilya pressed a hand over Shanes crotch, only his boxers separating the touch. Shanes hands found their way into Ilyas curls, tugging at the strands, not in a way to get him to stop but as an encouragement.

Ilya smirked, pressing a kiss to Shanes belly just above the waistband.

"Go on, Ilya. Be a good boy."

Ilya froze, his eyes snapping up to meet Shanes. The man was blushing, his freckles seated on beautiful pink, his glasses having slipped down along his nose just a bit. God, he looked beautiful. And he'd called Ilya a good...

Ilya flushed equally as hard, unaware what this would do to him. Just two simple words.

Shane, of course, noticed. And exploited such new knowledge. "Such a good boy, defending me."

He tugged at Ilyas hair again, wanting for him to move. To do something. Ilyas hand was still against Shanes crotch, feeling his cock slowly but surely fill with blood.

Ilya let out a noise he couldn't quite place, somewhere between a whimper and a moan. Shane sucked in a sharp breath.

"Do you like that? Me telling you how good you are?"

Ilya pounced, his hand shoving below the elastic band of Shanes underwear, grabbing his half heart cock as he caught Shanes lips in a fierce kiss.

He licked and sucked at his lips, his tongue, as if he were trying to swallow him whole, all the while stroking Shane with fast but shallow movements.

It was clear quickly that it was not enough for Shane, soft needy whimpers pressed into Ilyas lips.

He took pity on him after a while, kissing back down along his body and licking over Shanes exposed slit.

His other hand pushed Shanes underwear off completely, the man raising his hips to make it easier.

Then Ilya took him into his mouth, all the way to the back of his throat. He sucked him off quickly, his chin and lips staining with spit and precum after just a few moments. A hand snuck up Shanes body, grabbing hold of his chest, his thumb rubbing over a nipple.

It didn't take long for Shanes moans to grow louder, his muscles spasming under Ilyas hold. He tugged at Ilyas hair, not to get him to move off, but to hold him close. Then Shane came with a soft moan of Ilyas name, his body curling slightly, legs twitching under Ilyas body weight.

Ilya swallowed it all down, pulling off with a soft pop. Then he lapped at it, as if to clean Shane up, before he pushed up again to let his body rest against Shanes.

Shanes hands quickly wrapped around Ilyas shoulders, holding him close as he brought their lips together.

They kissed lazily, for quite some time. Ilya circled his hips against Shanes thigh, rutting against him slowly, lazily. He wasn't in a hurry.

"Maybe you should get a treat, hm?" Ilyas eyes flashed at the words. "For being so protective."

Shane pressed his hands against Ilyas shoulders, until he was the one laying down on his back, Shane straddling his waist now.

Shane leant down, his lips just a breath from Ilyas own. "It was so hot. Watching you take out Wilson. I knew it was for me." Shane licked over Ilyas bottom lip. "The way you got so angry." Shane pulled in a shuddering breath, his eyes dark. "It made me so fucking horny."

Finally he kissed Ilya again, his tongue diving in, licking at Ilyas own. Ilya grabbed for Shanes hips, his fingers dimpling into soft skin. Shane began to roll his hips slowly, their cocks brushing together, one of them achingly hard, the other on the way to getting there again.

Shane broke the kiss to press two fingers against Ilyas lips, sighing softly as the man sucked them into his mouth. Ilya licked and kissed at them, watching Shane lean over to the bedside

table to retrieve the lube.

Then Shane pulled his fingers away and slicked them up. He reached behind his body and Ilya watched as Shanes chest curved upward, his spine curling, head falling back as he worked himself open. Shane stabilized himself with a hand on Ilyas thigh, his fingers digging into his skin. The sighs were music to Ilyas ears, his own hands running up and down Shanes body, flicking at his nipples, grabbing his waist, rubbing over his hip bones. He would never, could never tire of seeing him like this. Slowly but surely, Shanes cock started to refill, twitching every so often where it rested against Ilyas abs.

Shanes mewls grew more frequent, more desperate, his thighs straining as he held himself up just a bit, trying not to crush Ilya under his weight. He always did this, no matter how often Ilya tried to tell him that he could sit, that he wanted him to.

Ilya saw it on Shanes face, when he deemed himself stretched enough, his slick hand instead moving to grab at Ilyas erection. He moaned softly, his hips jerking upward in a way he couldn't control.

"Nu-uh." Shanes voice was strained but clear. "Good boys don't move."

Ilya felt the flush grow over his cheeks once again, nodding shortly. Who would have guessed...

His hands dug into Shanes thighs, trying to keep his eyes open as Shane sank down onto him. It was harder than expected. He failed.

Ilyas head pressed back into the pillow, throat bobbing as he groaned softly. Heat enveloped him, and all thoughts left his brain.

Shane bottomed out, sighing softly, beautifully. It was a fight for Ilya to open his eyes and focus on the man in his lap. And yet, it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

Shane sat, bottomed out, his cheeks and chest flushed red. His eyes were hazy, half lidded as he looked down at Ilya.

A god among mortals.

Shane rolled his hips slowly, in tight circles, clenching around Ilyas cock as his hands travelled over his torso, his touch feather light.

Ilya was beginning to sweat, his fingers clenched tightly against Shanes hips, the sharp bone pressing into his palm. He wanted to move so badly, wanted to hold Shane up and fuck into him. Wanted to roll his hips to meet Shanes movements.

But he'd been told to be still. So he was.

Ilya knew Shane could see it on his face, the strain to keep following his instructions, to fight against his instincts. The smile that graced Shanes lips was blinding.

"Awww." He cooed, his voice breathless and still so clear. "Is it hard being a good boy?" He leant down so his face was close to Ilyas, the change of angle shifting his cock inside him. Both of them groaned. "Do you wanna fuck me? Hold me down and make me cry?" Shane was sweating, his pupils blown wide. Ilya knew his own expression was a mirror image.

He nodded, his fingers twitching against Shanes hip.

Shane licked over Ilyas chin and lips. "Then fuck me."

Shane was under him in a flash, a hand moved from his hips to press one of his legs against his chest, the other sneaking up until it rested against Shanes throat.

And Ilya fucked him, his movements hard and fast, his necklace bumping against Shanes chin with every thrust.

He was so worked up, so desperate, it took almost no time to reach the edge.

He looked up into Shanes eyes, almost hidden behind his long lashes, and Shane understood what Ilya wanted without words.

"Come for me. Be a good boy."

Ilya let his head fall against Shanes, their foreheads pressed together as his body seized. He held Shane close as he came, pants and groans mingling in the air.

"Fuck, Shane."

Shane whined under him, his own muscles seizing as his body reacted to the sensation of being filled. Shane came onto his own stomach, a few lazy spurts.

Then Shane laughed, the sound free and breathless. His hand came up to curl in Ilyas hair, head tilting to press a kiss to his lips.

"Who would have thought." Ilya joined him with a soft laugh, pulling the man close, Shanes legs winding around Ilyas hips.

"Maybe I should punch someone more often."

Shane kissed the tip of Ilyas nose. "I hope you won't have to."

They stayed curled together until Shane physically couldn't stand it anymore. Ilya carried him into the bathroom where he showed Shane once again just how much of a good boy he could be.

End Notes

Hope you liked it <3

Check out my other works in the Hollanov Universe and let me know if you liked it :D

I'm also on twitter

[@TaekWonmyHeart](#)

in case you want to scream at me :D

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