

I Just Want You

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I Just Want You

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Summary

“You want me to get you pregnant Hollander?”

Shane moved to straddle Ilya whose mischievous grin was shadowed by his face peering down at him. “Unless you have discovered a way to make that medically possible, and plan on taking a hiatus from hockey to be a stay-at-home dad, we’ll have to figure our another arrangement.”

Ilya and Shane talk about having kids after he meets his parents and they have super slutty sex.

Notes

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

The drive back to the cottage was a drastic change from the tenuous ride earlier in the evening. Shane, stricken with panic, surprised himself by his ability to arrive at his parent's home without crashing into a ditch. The only reason he managed was because Ilya held his hand and encouraged everything would be fine. And he was right, everything was fine, better than, everything was great!

Shane obsessed over introducing Ilya to his parents, different scenarios would play in his head, trying to predict the best possible outcome. None of those scenarios involved his father walking in on them kissing in their swimsuits against the cottage windows. But none of that mattered now, Ilya was his boyfriend. His parents had met his boyfriend. His parents knew he was gay. No more lies, no more hiding—except to everyone else they knew and the entire world.

Shane shook the negative thoughts out of his mind as he felt Ilya's nails lightly scratch the back of his scalp. The three hour conversation had utterly exhausted him. He wanted to get back to the safety of his warm bed, tightly wrap himself around Ilya, and sleep off the anxiety induced hangover. He could feel Ilya's gaze as he keep looking at the road.

Ilya spoke first since they departed. "I think they like me."

Shane stayed silent, he just reached over searching for Ilya's touch to which he happily provided grabbing Shane's free hand with both of his, interlacing their fingers.

"I was wrong, your father is not boring, and he has very nice taste in Vodka."

Shane slid his hand up to massage Ilya's neck.

"I love your mother, is where you get you pretty face. And she is like Kris Jenner of hockey."

That comment forced a smile on Shane. Not that he hadn't heard the comparison before, it was funny that Ilya knew about Kris Jenner or the Kardashians at all.

"You know who Kris Jenner is?" Shane laughed, briefly side eyeing Ilya.

"Yes, I have lived in America for almost ten years, of course I know Kris Jenner, she is matriarch of reality TV." Ilya laughed, relieved to see Shane perk up.

"I can't imagine you watching reality TV."

"It helped with my English. It helped me so I could talk to you." Shane cheeks perked up again as he stole another glance at Ilya.

After a moment, Ilya said, "Are you ok?"

Shane mumbled.

"What?" Ilya looked at Shane with concern.

“Sorry, I’m tired. Yeah, I’m fine. I just need a nap,” Shane said, clearing his throat.

Ilya bent down to kiss his hands.

“Do you think they like me?”

Shane thought for a second, “Yeah, I think they do. I cannot believe my mom, accusing you of being disloyal! That was insane.”

“It was cute,” he mused.

“No, it’s not cute Ilya,” he scoffed. “She cares more about loyalty to a team she actively roots against than her only son being closer to man he loves? Absolutely ridiculous!”

“I think you are more like her than you realize,” Ilya suggested, not as an insult.

But Shane took it as one, at least partially and grabbed his face.

“How dare you say that to me!,” he growled playfully.

“I take it back, I take it back!” Ilya was happy to see Shane loosen up. It had been less than twenty-four hours since they confessed their love for one another. He wanted to bask in it for the rest of their time together at the cottage. By the way Yuna was rambling about marketing strategies and planning Shane’s coming out, it was overwhelming. He couldn’t presume to know what was spinning in Shane’s busy contemplative brain. However, he was determined for the next eleven days to remain calm and relaxing, just as Shane requested. And have a lot more sex, or course.

Bellies full of pasta, they cuddled in Shane’s bed. Ilya, unable to rest his eyes, propped up against the pillow with Shane’s head on his chest. His fingers threading through the dark brown locks that tickled his chin, thoughts of his mother resurfaced. Irina would have been impressed his choice of boyfriend who was fully asleep. She would have loved his mother more. It suddenly dawned on him that his family would never meet Shane or his parents, he would never suffer the awkwardness of introducing his father and brother to them, they would never share a holiday together or watch them get married.

Yes, Ilya was resolute he and Shane would wed eventually. The idea did not scare him, not anymore. The real fear was waiting ten more years to declare his undying love and commitment. He supposed it was better this way. His father would only see him as a disgrace to their faith and homeland; while his brother seemed to be fully aware for his predilection for men and used it to hurl insults every time they spoke. His most loyal friend, Svetlana would proudly stand next to him on that day if he and Shane finally tied the knot, that was enough, it had to be enough.

The soft chime from Shane’s phone sounded. He blinked his heavily lids open and wiped the moisture from his ducts. It was nearly dark outside, the sky alight with an amber and violet hue. He tilted his head at the caress of Ilya’s calloused hands.

“Did you have a nice nap, sweetheart?” Ilya’s soft calm voice soothed him as he came out of his fog.

“Mm-hmm,” Shane hummed, waiting for his voice to return. “Did you?”

“I did not sleep, only rested. But I am glad you did, you needed it.” Ilya rubbed Shane’s back. He was glad he was awake so he could finally get out of his own head.

Shane nuzzled into Ilya’s neck, breathing in his scent. His vision finally clear, he noted every shade of blue sparkling in Ilya’s irises. “I like this.”

Ilya lifted Shane by the chin, noses waltzing, before their lips faintly met. It was in these moments Ilya beheld the impact of his infatuation with Shane; not the lewd acts of lust that first sparked their endeavor, but the unhurried intimacy that wasn’t a mechanism for orgasms, to show appreciation and contentment.

Shane rolled on top of Ilya of they were face to face, deepening the kiss. He wanted to continue to the sex part but Ilya sunk away from him.

“I am hungry.”

Shane smiled. “You had like sixteen servings of pasta and you’re still hungry?”

“What can I say? Talking so much about our future makes me hungry.”

“Our future.” Shane beamed as he repeated the phrase. “Wow, it’s freaky to hear you say that out loud.”

“Freaky bad?” Ilya was confused.

Shane pecked him on his nose. “No, freaky good. Like I couldn’t’ve pictured this in a million years.”

“Is real.” Ilya stuck out his lips signaling for a kiss, to which Shane enthusiastically obliged. Shane melted into Ilya, his hands roaming over his soft toned chest and abdomen, then the irritation of Ilya’s fingers tickling at his side forced him instinctually vault, falling with his back on the bed.

A painful laugh roared through his throat, “Ilya stop! What the hell?”

Unrelenting, Ilya straddled Shane and attacked him with his fingers bouncing all over his skin. “I told you I was hungry! You are distraction!”

Shane yelped as he weakly tried to get Ilya off of him. “Ok! I give up! I give up!”

Ilya ended the torture, slid his hand over Shane’s cheek and bent down to whisper, “I still want hot dogs.”

While the hot dogs were defrosting, they showered together, Ilya attentive with the soap, making sure to cleanse every crease and curve. The way he doted on Shane was further proof this was actually happening. He recalled how Ilya easily maneuvered his way into the confidence of his parents, gaining their trust with few words that conveyed multitudes of honesty and devotion. It was a relief, but also created a new challenge for Shane.

He worried most about his parents reaction, now that was over and fine, he wanted to tell more people about Ilya. He wished he could tell Hayden, J.J. and his other close teammates; that was going to be a shit show. They hated Ilya more than Shane was contractually obligated to; it will be shocking for them to hear about their plan to start the charity at the end of the season, let alone he loved his industry nemesis. He could tell Rose, she was a vault he could keep all his secrets, and perhaps Ilya would get over his jealousy if heard Rose was supportive of their relationship.

The sudden absence of spray cut off him stream of consciousness. He looked at Ilya, puzzled. When Ilya suggested they take a shower while they wait for the meat to defrost, he thought they would at least get up to some frottage, but Ilya's dick remained flaccid. Shane got a little hard when Ilya ran his soapy fingers through his crack, but not enough to even call it a semi, it left him wanting.

The fire Ilya built roared, glowing upon his face as they cooked the sausages over the open flame. "Are you alright? I haven't asked you yet, I feel bad," Shane asked subtly shoving him with his arm.

Ilya kept careful watch of his food hanging over the raging blaze. "Yes. I am alright. I was thinking of my family. They will never know you."

Shane used his free arm to rub Ilya's back. "I'm sorry. Do you think you will go back to Russia at some point?"

Ilya stared at the fire, rotating the stick. "No reason to, my brother has the apartment. My father is dead. My cousins come to visit, but they will stop once they know about you. At least, I think that will be the case. I don't know. I worry for my niece. I hope to see her again one day, but I don't know what Alexi says about me; if she knows how much I care for her."

Shane could see Ilya's heart breaking behind his stoic voice. "Maybe your cousins will come visit. And who knows, when your niece is older, she might want to see her famous uncle." He desperately wanted Ilya to cheer up. There were so many reasons to be proud of what they accomplished today. And what Ilya has achieved all by himself in a foreign country ripped away from everything he had known.

Ilya patted Shane's leg, attempting to not sully the mood. "Yes, maybe when she sees the money I left her she will come and you can meet her."

They finished eating and sat quietly holding each other outside on the couch listening to the sounds of the loons and frogs singing from the lake. "You have my family."

Ilya looked at Shane. "I don't have any cousins or nieces and nephews, but maybe, I don't know, we could have some kids of our own, if you want that. I know—."

Shane's thought was interrupted by Ilya's lips against his. "You want me to get you pregnant Hollander?"

Shane moved to straddle Ilya whose mischievous grin was shadowed by his face peering down at him. "Unless you have discovered a way to make that medically possible, and plan on taking a hiatus from hockey to be a stay-at-home dad, we'll have to figure out another arrangement."

Ilya grabbed Shane by the back of his neck pulling him in for a kiss that ignited the familiar heat which usually meant it was time to head to the bed. Shane tore himself away from Ilya's embrace and led him by the hand towards the cottage. "What, you don't want the bears to see us?"

Shane laughed pulling him to the primary bedroom. It didn't feel like his anymore, it was their room now. "They'll be able to watch us through the windows in the safety in our bed." Ilya's cheeks burned. Our bed.

They rushed to remove each other's smoky scented clothes and left them in a pile on the rug. They needed to be washed anyway, no need to fold them, but the thought did cross Shane's mind as Ilya pushed him on the bed. The warmth of Ilya's mouth envelope his growing cock. Shane threaded his fingers through Ilya's blonde curls, rising and falling as he took him deeper down his throat.

"Fuck, you are so good at that!" Shane moaned. Ilya hurled Shane's thighs towards his chest and used his tongue to on his balls. "What about this?"

Shane gasped as Ilya licked over Shane's puckered entrance, through his seam, all the way up his shaft, encircling his leaking tip. "Jesus Christ Ilya."

"You are so easy to please, Любимый."

Shane loved when Ilya spoke Russian, especially in the bedroom. He knew what he was saying this time, my love, but it never failed to excite him. As Ilya was working on his hole, Shane's mouth salivated. "I want your cock," he sputtered.

Ilya shushed him. "I know, no rush, let me do this."

"No, I want—," Shane shuttered as he Ilya pushed the tip of his thumb on his hole. "I want to blow you."

Ilya hummed. His tongue was busy in tandem with his finger. Shane struggled to raise his head with this level of arousal so he tugged at his roots. "Please Ilya, let me suck your cock."

"Okay, since you ask so nicely." He knelled on the bed next to Shane and presented his cock for the taking. Shane sucked greedily, eager for the taste on his tongue and girth to stretch out of his lips. Clutching Ilya's balls that tightened at his touch, he squeezed sending a pulse through his shaft. "Fuck Hollander, you might be better at this than I am."

“And hockey,” Shane added muffled by the dick in his mouth. Ilya retaliated by shoving his cock down Shane’s throat, tears bundling in his ducts from the intrusion. “You don’t want to make me mad, Shane.” His lips popped off of Ilya’s wet tip and looked up at him with glossy eyes. “Maybe I do.”

Ilya growled over Shane’s torso and pinned his wrists to the bed. “Hmm, you are such a naughty boy. You need punishment.” Biting on his bottom lip, Shane nodded looking directly into Ilya’s eyes. In response, he twisted Shane’s nipple and gingerly stroked his cock behind his back. Writhing underneath, Shane rocked his hips, chasing Ilya’s loose hold on his stiff cock.

In these moments, alone together, playful and titillating, Ilya remembered why he loved this man to the degree that he would give up everything to be with him. No one could make him feel this way. Shane knew he would break him down and build him right back up again. He could not be this way with women, not even Svetlana, he needed to be gentle, at least, more tender than he was with Shane. There was a level of trust he had not found before, which allowed him to fully embrace his dominate urges.

Ilya’s teasing was overwhelming and still not nearly enough. Shane needed more. The desperation to feel Ilya inside him was all-consuming. He tried for years to suppress his desires, losing hundreds of hours weighing the pros and cons of their deviant relationship, but the force was too strong. Now he committed to be a willing servant under Ilya’s command, forever.

Shane’s back arched, Ilya’s cock bouncing on his stomach. Ilya tightly gripped his cock, after what felt like an eternity, and brushed his bottom lip with is thumb. Shane sucked it like candy, a poor substitute for Ilya’s magnificent cock, but he prayed it would be busy soon fucking him to oblivion.

Ilya quickened the pace, increasing the roughness of his hand, using Shane’s pre-cum to jerk and twist. “Open your eyes, Shane.” His sight met Ilya’s lips. “Do you want me to fuck you?”

Shane hummed around Ilya’s thumb .

“That sounds like a yes. Well, I got tested before I came to see you.” Ilya leaned down as close as could while still pleasuring him. “Can I fuck you raw?”

“Fuck!”

Shane bit down on Ilya’s thumb. “Fuck! I’m sorry, holy shit. Can you stop for a second?”

Ilya had already removed his hand from Shane’s dick as a piercing pain shot through his finger. He unsaddled his vicious attacker and leaned against the pillows. “Fuck, Hollander. What the fuck? You bit me.”

Shane leapt to his knees in front of Ilya and held onto his bent legs. “Are you okay? I am so sorry. I—you—I thought I was about to cum and— I forgot your thumb was in my mouth.”

The scowl on Ilya's face dissipated. He held out his thumb to Shane and those sad eyes Ilya detested. "Kiss it, make it better."

Shane sighed with relief. He thoughtfully scanned Ilya's finger for bite marks and pressed his lips against it. "I'm so sorry. Your question—it—."

"Made you almost shoot?" They both sighed with laughter.

"Yeah." Shane swallowed. "But also, the answer is yes."

"Yes what? I don't remember." Ilya teased skimming his bruised thumb over Shane's gorgeous freckles.

"Yes, you can fuck me without a condom." Shane blushed red hot through the pinkness that already lingered.

"Are you sure? Is big step." Ilya watched Shane's expression closely, searching for any signal for hesitancy.

Shane opened Ilya's thighs, rested his hand against his chest and leaned in for a kiss. "I trust you."

As penance, Shane spent a considerable amount of time working on Ilya's erection while he opened himself up. Ilya took great satisfaction in observing Shane struggle to finger himself while sucking his cock. His strokes were ragged and definitely not deep enough, he would have to adjust.

Grabbing his chin, Ilya yanked Shane's jaw up from his dick and kissed him, licking inside his mouth, tasting himself on his tongue. "Sit on my cock." As Shane bolted to get into position, Ilya got the lube from the nightstand then handed it to Shane. He did not need instructions.

Hoisting his thighs, Ilya breathed in through pursed lips as Shane sunk down onto his swelled cock. He took his time adapting to his size. "You are so tight without my fingers helping you. Next time you will—." Ilya groaned tipping his head back but still kept watch of Shane. "—not bite the hand that feeds you."

Shane struggled to balance on Ilya's broad shoulders while concentrating on relaxing his body. Surprisingly, he didn't feel much of a difference without the latex barrier between them. Yet, the intensity of their intimacy threatened to spill over before Ilya had the chance for one pump.

"Fuck, Ilya. You feel so good."

Ilya went for his cock. "No, don't." Ilya moved his hand back under Shane's ass. "Sorry, I won't last."

"Hmm, you are so sensitive," he replied rocking his hips up.

“Oh my god! Yes, right there.” Shane leaned into Ilya, hooking his arms around his neck, anchoring himself as he gave Ilya control. He took Shane mercilessly with every rapid thrust. His bottomless pit of bliss contracted around Ilya’s bare cock. The freedom to have Shane like this was exhilarating. There was nothing in between their bodies melding together, he could feel his lover everywhere.

Shane held Ilya’s face, frantically kissing him. Their noses bumped, teeth clashed. “Are you close?,” Shane grunted into his mouth.

“Do you want me to come inside you?” Ilya wanted to give Shane one last chance to change his mind.

“Yes, fuck Ilya, fill me up! Come for me, come for me, come for me—”

Ilya was at Shane’s whim; his cock swelled and shoot up into Shane’s warm center. Shane followed as Ilya’s hot cum erupted inside him. They held onto each other catching their breath. Ilya’s arms wrapped wound Shane’s waist, his face in the crook of his neck. Shane rested his head on his soft blonde tendrils, draped over Ilya, hugging him close.

Ilya nuzzled Shane’s sleek neck and tasted his salty dewy skin. The hum from Shane permitted Ilya to gently roll him over on his back. Shane hissed as he slid out of him. He laid on top of Shane caressing his sides and up his arms, his skin tingling at his touch. They stayed tangled basking in the afterglow.

Eventually, Shane brushed Ilya’s hair, pushing it back with the palm of his hand. Ilya looked up at him, capturing his gaze. “Hi.”

Shane smiled. “Hi.”

“Do you want to go get washed up?,” Ilya asked. He worried Shane was uncomfortable, especially since there was more to clean than their regular escapades. “Yeah I do, but—.” Shane bite his lips. “I kinda like it.”

Ilya gawked with astonishment. “You like feeling my cum dripping from your—.” Shane covered Ilya’s mouth with his palm. “Don’t say it! I might get hard again.”

Ilya wrestled his hand away from his face. “Holy shit, you are cum slut!”

“Fuck off!” Shane blushed and they tussled. Ilya pinned Shane down by his wrists. “Maybe I did get you pregnant.”

“Wouldn’t that be something,” Shane grinned as he forfeited.

“I want to have kids with you,” Ilya said in a serious tone, “and I want them to look just like you. I want them to have your intelligence and strength, and especially your freckles. None of my bullshit, okay? Just little yours.” He laid back down on Shane kissing his torso before turning his head to rest.

Ilya’s confession knocked the wind out of Shane, he was speechless. He didn’t want to argue with him, say he wanted their kids to look like both of them, but that was impossible. His

brain was also mush, he didn't want to say the wrong thing so instead he said, "I'll do anything you want."

"I love you," Ilya said with his head down, eyes watering.

Shane kissed Ilya's curly golden crown, "I love you too."

End Notes

Thank you for reading! I love comments, they keep me driven to write more. Check my other fics and my multi-chapter story about Keefe and Kelvin from the Righteous Gemstones entitled "Pure Indulgence". If you love a slow burn with intense yearning, you'll love that show and my fic.

Hollanov 4EV3R!!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!