

Lick

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Lick

by [TheWholeWayThrough](#)

Summary

Shane likes it when Ilya uses his mouth.

Or

Shane gets rimmed for the first time and doesn't know how to handle it.

Notes

So this fic is set during the nebulous timeframe where Shane and Ilya have started fucking, but before they have admitted to their feelings. Enjoy!

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

Rozanov, Shane thought, as he watched Ilya reaming out one of his teammates on the ice, *is a complete and utter bastard.*

Everyone knew it. Rozanov was famous for his trash talk. Even by league standards, he was considered particularly cutting. And as the team captain he didn't spare his own teammates from his insults. Shane had heard it all during his years playing professional hockey, and he didn't miss the Centaurs players' disgruntled remarks as they exited the rink and filed past him to go into the locker room.

“‘Pozornik’ my ass.”

“Who the fuck does he think he is?”

“Where the fuck does he get off?”

“Hey, what does ‘proval’ mean?”

“It means useless, you useless fu—”

Shane couldn't defend the man, not that he ever would.

He, of all people, knew just how capable Rozanov was with his tongue.

“C'mon.” Shane lifted his hips impatiently, only to be pushed back down by Ilya's firm grip on his thighs, pinning him back to the bed. “Roz—”

Ilya pulled off with an obscene sounding pop. “You are only man I know who doesn't like getting his dick sucked.” He drawled. “Stay down, Hollander.”

Post game. Post shower. Post Rozanov showing up at his hotel door wearing a tank top and a smirk, both of which should be illegal considering how good they looked on him. Not that Shane would ever tell him that. God knew Rozanov didn't need any more help propping up his out-sized ego.

Shane felt himself flush. “That's not—I don't not like it, I just—” He again tilted his hips up, spreading his legs a little wider. “Roz, come on. Get on with it.”

Ilya looked at him from where he was sprawled out at the end of the bed, his curly blonde head in between Shane's legs where he had been slowly sucking him off a moment ago. The room was dark, but Shane could see the muscles in Ilya's back rippling slightly from the city lights coming in from the hotel window. The sight made something low and hungry ache inside of him. He shifted again.

It wasn't that Shane didn't *not* like getting his dick sucked, it was just...

It wasn't what he wanted. Not now. And especially not when he had already been waiting for half an hour in his hotel room for Ilya to join him after the post-game press conference.

He had wanted to prepare himself then, while he had been alone and waiting, but the last time they had met up Ilya had told him not to.

"You are always in such rush." He had said, when they had been fooling around in Shane's hotel bed and he had pressed a finger down to his entrance, only to find him wet and open already. *"Sometimes, I want to be the one to prepare you."*

It made Shane feel odd, thinking about Ilya wanting to finger him open. Asking for it, like he would ask Shane to go down on him, or to get on all fours and show him how he liked to take it. Perhaps even thinking about doing it while he was alone. Shane knew that Ilya didn't need it, not like he did. But still...

Below him, Ilya ducked forward and gave the tip of Shane's cock a kiss. "Ok, impatient one." He said. "Turn over."

Finally. Shane thought, something like relief settling over him as he scrambled to turn over onto his hands and knees. He felt rather than heard Ilya settling himself behind him on his knees, his large warm hands coming to rest lightly on his hips, before they skated off to find the lube bottle lost in the sheets.

When Shane heard the tell-tale sound of the lube bottle being uncapped, he sighed, some of the tension leaving his body. He pressed his forehead to the backs of his hands, folded in front of him on his pillow.

He knew how this was going to go. Rozanov would finger him, slowly at first, and then faster as he became more impatient. And then he would remove his fingers, put on a condom, line himself up, and—

Home free.

Shane heard the lube bottle being tossed carelessly back onto the mattress, and then Ilya's hands were on his flanks, spreading his legs a little wider. Shane obediently shifted, tilting his ass back and up invitingly.

Shane was relaxed, so focused on the sensation that he expected to receive that it took him a moment to understand the sensation he was actually experiencing.

Not Rozanov's lubed up fingers circling his entrance, but his breath, ghosting warm and intimate as he ducked his head down, down, down further, and placed a slow lingering kiss, directly over his hole.

Shane's eyes flew open. "Roz—?"

Shane's next words died in his throat, as Iliya drew back slightly, and then his lips were replaced by his tongue, warm and wet and syrupy slow, licking, lapping, directly against his rim.

Shane jerked his head up, twisting his upper body around to look behind him. “What—What are you doing?!” He hissed.

Ilya lifted his face. “I thought it was obvious.” He was *grinning*, the cheeky bastard, as though he hadn’t just—hadn’t just—”You wanted me to prepare you, yes? I wanted to lick you. This way, we both get what we want.”

Shane’s face was red. He could feel the heat of it practically radiating off of him. “You—” His voice was strangled. “I—”

Ilya stilled, his eyebrows scrunching in confusion. He looked unfairly adorable when he did things like that, Shane thought in despair. How could it be that this Rozanov, the one Shane had in his bed, could look like *this*. Like an innocent golden retriever puppy, when he had just had his tongue in Shane’s asshole, not two seconds prior? Here he was, acting all confused, as if he hadn’t marched into Shane’s hotel room and into his bed and into his life and upended the furniture, making Shane’s insides all out of sorts. It was *maddening*, was what it was.

“You don’t like?” Ilya’s tone was puzzled. “You like having your ass played with, I thought—”

His voice trailed off. Shane saw the exact moment that it clicked for him as his eyes widened. Shane resisted the impulse to bury his flaming face back in his pillow.

“Oh.” Ilya breathed. “Oh Hollander. Has no one ever...*Really?*”

“It hasn’t come up.” Shane said stiffly. “It’s not...it’s not necessary.”

Ilya was looking at him, an expression that Shane couldn’t read on his face. “Necessary.” He said slowly. He spoke the word as if he was tasting it, rolling it around in his mouth like a marble. He spoke like that sometimes, Shane knew, when he was thinking about what to say next. Shane wondered if it was because English wasn’t his first language.

“I am not eating you out because is *necessary*.” Ilya said. His voice was low. “I am eating you out because I want to taste you.”

Shane shifted again. “You don’t—You don’t have to.”

Ilya raised his eyebrows. “I know.” He said simply. Then he ducked his face back down.

Shane opened his mouth to say something, perhaps to protest, but no sound came as Ilya put his tongue back on him.

Oh. Oh that was—

Shane realized that his hands were curled into fists in the sheets as he stared back, open-mouthed.

Ilya was dragging the wide flat part of tongue against him, over and over. Like a cat licking at a dish of cream. While Shane watched, mouth agape, he swirled it around his rim like he was licking at a lollipop, before fluttering it gently against his hole.

Shane moaned aloud, startled.

Shane had never had someone do this to him. He wasn't—it wasn't like he was *embarrassed* of it. It had just never come up. The other men who fucked him, the men who weren't Ilya, had ever attempted to put their mouths on him like this. They knew what Shane wanted, what he was after. They pushed him back onto the bed, or occasionally over the bed, or over a desk, or onto the floor, and he would get on his hands and knees and then they would fuck him. It was business-like. Impersonal.

That was alright. It was what he expected. None of them had ever said *I want to be the one to prepare you*. None of them had ever told him he was being impatient as he spread his legs to be fucked. None of them ever buried their faces in his ass, lapping at his hole like a starving man being offered a sweet.

It was *fine*. Good even. Shane preferred it that way.

Ilya flicked his tongue against him again, and Shane pushed his red face back into his pillow, panting. “Roz—”

Behind him, Ilya moaned, and Shane jolted when he felt the sound traveling through him, Christ. He could *feel* it. The reverberation of it throughout his body.

“Taste so good.” Ilya murmured. “*Christ*. Hollander.”

Shane opened his mouth, but he could do nothing but continue to pant into his pillow. It wasn't like getting his dick sucked. That was a sharp pleasure, being engulfed into wet heat. This was slower, softer, lazier. More intimate.

He had always been sensitive down there, and he could feel himself softening under Ilya's tongue as he licked and licked.

Then, Ilya reared back, and he *spat*, directly against Shane's hole, before coming back, this time with his fingers, pushing one inside of him before ducking his face back down to continue circling his entrance with his tongue.

Shane felt himself clenching around the finger inside of him. “God.” He breathed. Moaned it. “Oh my god, Rozanov.”

Ilya hummed against him. “You like?”

“Oh my god.” Shane said, and his voice was becoming dangerously close to a whine as Ilya began lazily moving his finger in and out, fucking him with it, never once ceasing the slow ministrations with his tongue. “Oh my god, oh my god.”

Ilya kissed him, spreading him wide. He kneaded one of Shane's ass cheeks with one hand, while pushing another finger inside of him to join the first. He panted against his ass, breathing heavily against it. Shane could hear a wet slick sound, and he looked behind him dazedly to see Ilya fisting his own cock, slowly, as he watched himself fingering Shane open.

He had put on a condom, Shane noticed with a jolt. He had been so out of it that he hadn't even heard Ilya rolling it onto himself.

"I can't believe no one has ever done this to you." He said. Shane could barely see the expression on his face in the darkness of the bedroom, but he thought that he looked hungry. Hungry and rapt, as he watched his own fingers sliding in and out. "You look fucking gorgeous like this, Hollander."

Shane flushed again, and felt his dick throb. He had gone slightly soft from surprise when Ilya had first started licking him, but now he was hard, his cock hanging heavy and dark with blood between his spread legs.

He wanted to touch himself. He wanted Ilya to touch him. He wanted to be fucked. But mostly, he didn't want Ilya to stop using his mouth.

Shane spread his legs wider, tilting his hips up, beseeching.

Ilya licked his own lips. "Always so eager for it." He murmured. He used his fingers to spread Shane wide and then he put his tongue back against him. "Pretty." He hummed. "Pretty, pretty hole."

And then he stuck his tongue *inside*. Fucking Shane with it.

Shane grunted in surprise. "Il-Rozanov—" he gasped out. "Roz, please. Please."

He didn't even know what he was begging for. It shouldn't feel this good. Ilya wasn't touching his dick or his prostate. He was just *licking*. Low and filthy. Using that acerbic, biting, sarcastic, trash-talking tongue on him. Panting against his entrance, drooling into his hole like a dog.

Shane felt his lower body clench again, and he attempted to stifle his moan against his pillow.

This felt wrong. Too much, too close. This wasn't what Shane had expected or asked for. He had expected Ilya to come to his room and fuck him hard, pounding him against the mattress like all of the other times they had met up over the years. Fucking him until he released or else using Shane's mouth as a wet hole to come into. That's what Shane expected. That's what all of the other men he had slept with had done.

Ilya didn't lift his face, and he didn't stop pushing his tongue deeper inside of him.

Shane's cock was aching. He grasped it, tugging it sharply to relieve some of the pressure. "Roz, Roz." He babbled. "I'm gonna—I'm so close."

Ilya pulled back. "Fuck." He rasped out. His voice was ragged. "Fuck, Hollander, not yet."

Shane pushed his hips back and forth, attempting to fuck himself on Ilya's fingers, fucking into his fist in front of him. He was close already, hurtling toward the edge of a cliff. "I can't, I can't." He gasped out. "Roz—"

He was aware of Ilya pulling his fingers out of him abruptly, before he yanked Shane back down the bed, and then all at once, he was on him, pushing himself inside of him where his tongue had been just moments before, sliding himself in with one long, harsh thrust.

Shane barely felt it. He was dripping sweat into his eyes and there was sweat pooling in the backs of his knees and his face was mashed against the bed and his ass was in the air and his hole was so sensitive and fucked out already and Ilya hadn't even put his dick in him yet.

He pushed his hips back, keening low in his throat as he felt the familiar deep pressure of Ilya filling him, attempting to fuck himself. He needed it so badly.

"Fuck." Ilya groaned. He laid himself over Shane's back, panting heavily against his neck. "You are so close just from me using my tongue on you."

Shane couldn't say anything. He *was* close. He attempted to push back again, but he could barely budge with Ilya's heavy weight now draped over him like a blanket.

"Roz." He panted. "Roz, please please."

Ilya groaned again. He fisted a hand in the back of Shane's hair, turning his head sharply to the side as he began to move his hips, fucking him into the bed.

Shane breathed out in a sob. His hole was wet and loose and sloppy with spit, and Ilya felt so fucking good inside of him. He pushed his cock hard against the bed, trying to get some friction.

"This what you wanted?" Ilya panted into his ear. "Hmm? You want me to fuck you like this?"

"Yeah." Shane moaned. "Yeah just like that."

"So fucking wet." Ilya breathed. And then he pushed in *deep*. Grinding himself into Shane's ass, at the same time as he put his mouth over his, kissing him.

He kissed him.

Shane gasped, his mouth opening in surprise, and then, just as Ilya pushed his tongue into his mouth, he came. White and hot and jerking against the bed. He didn't just feel it in his cock, but throughout his whole body, all of his muscles clenching and unclenching at once as he rode out his orgasm.

When he came to, it was to Ilya pounding himself into him with a single-minded intensity as he chased his own orgasm. Shane weakly pushed his ass up, allowing him to thrust deeper. He was lying limp against the bed, and his brain was filled with a white static and he felt loose and floaty in the way that he only got after a particularly good orgasm or after a particularly intense game or workout session. His brain wiped clean, like a blank sheet of paper.

He felt Ilya shove his hips up against his ass, and then he grunted as he came, filling the condom.

Ilya seemed to come for a long time. His hips kept moving in tiny jerks against his, long after Shane felt his cock stop pulsing inside of him.

For a few moments afterward, neither man moved or spoke, just panted against one another as they each caught their breath. Then Ilya sat up, pulling himself out and rolling himself off of the bed to go to the bathroom, where he returned carrying a damp rag.

Shane was idly aware of Ilya gently moving the rag over him—cleaning him up—he realized drowsily—but it was sort of hard to care about anything at the moment.

He only realized his eyes were closed when he felt Ilya settling himself against the pillow beside him, gently grasping his chin and tilting his face up. “Hollander.” He murmured.

Shane opened his eyes. “Hmm?”

Ilya grinned crookedly down at him. He looked a trifle smug, Shane thought. A little bit amused. A lot happy. “You liked that?” He asked. His thumb was moving in gentle circles against Shane’s cheekbone. It felt nice. “Hmm?”

“You know that I did.” Shane mumbled. He wanted to be more sarcastic, but it was a bit difficult with Ilya stroking his face as if he were a cat. He heard Ilya chuckle above him, his voice warm and low. “It’s a crime that no one has ever done that to you before.” He hummed.

Shane shrugged, finally shifting back. His face felt a bit cold when Ilya’s hand dropped down to the bed, but Shane determinedly ignored that as he rolled over, sitting up with a slight wince.

“Alright?” Ilya was watching him like a hawk. “I was...not too rough, no?”

Shane cleared his throat. “You weren’t too rough.” He plucked a bit at the hotel duvet. “So, I guess I’ll be seeing you at the next away game, huh?”

Ilya didn’t respond for a moment. He was looking at Shane, but Shane avoided his eyes. He couldn’t really read the expression on Ilya’s face, and it was making him feel slightly anxious. He stared down at the blanket in his hand.

“Yes.” Ilya said after a long moment. “Yes, you will.”

Shane relaxed a bit, his shoulders dropping. “Good. That’s good.” He cleared his throat again. “Well...” He trailed off meaningfully.

Ilya got the hint, and wordlessly got out of the bed, gathering up the scant things he had brought with him. Shane walked him to the door. He wasn’t *rude*.

Ilya went to grab the door handle, but then stopped, turning back around to face Shane who was hovering a bit awkwardly behind him.

To Shane’s surprise, Ilya stepped close to him, taking his chin in his hand before dropping a light kiss onto his upturned mouth.

“You know.” Ilya murmured against his mouth. “I think you are wrong.”

Shane blinked. “About what?”

“I think.” Ilya said “Is *quite* necessary. Using my tongue on you.”

Shane flushed, but he didn’t pull away. “You are such a smug prick.” He mumbled.

Ilya smiled at him, sweet and slow. Shane tried hard not to look at his mouth.

“Maybe.” He hummed. “But you love it.”

He kissed him again, just a brush of lips, before opening the door brusquely. “Later Hollander.”

“Later.” Shane said.

He stared at the door for a moment too long as it shut behind Ilya before giving himself a light shake, and turning away.

Shane went into the restroom, turning the handle in the shower all of the way to scalding hot. As he idled waiting for the water to warm up, he caught a glimpse of his reflection in the bathroom mirror, and startled slightly.

His hair was sticking up in sweaty tufts, but that wasn’t what caught his attention. What caught his attention was his expression. Eyes heavy lidded, drooping at half mast. A flush high on his cheekbones. Mouth soft and lips parted.

He could hardly ever remember the last time he had looked so relaxed.

Goddamn Rozanov. Shane thought, just before the steam fogged the mirror completely and he could no longer see his reflection staring back at him. *Goddamn Rozanov and that fucking mouth.*

Fin.

End Notes

Part two forthcoming focusing on Shane's oral fixation ;)

A note about the Russian used in the beginning. It's supposed to be incorrect. I'm imagining that Ilya's teammates probably can't hear the terms he is using too well while he is chewing them out :)

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