# The (failed) plan

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# The (failed) plan

by whiskis

Summary

Ilya’s eyebrows shot up. “Are you hurt?” He asked, halfway across the kitchen already.

Shane shook his head, getting up and away from Ilya before he could touch him. “I’m fine, just overstretched yesterday.” It was a big fat lie, and both of them knew it.

Ilya, obviously, caught on to it. “You don’t overstretch.” He was following Shane to the fridge. The panic inside of Shane rose until his whole body felt like a live wire. New tactic. Think. Think. Think…

“It was a new yoga position,” he blurted out. He knew how much Ilya liked to watch him do yoga, that would most likely distract him enough for Shane to leave. He had a plan, damn it.

OR

Shane gets a tattoo and doesn't want to show Ilya (yet).

Notes

Hi. It's been a looooooooooooooooooooooooong time. I haven't posted a fic in years (I've been on my corner writing original fiction, if you're curious), but this two wouldn't shut up. They've taken over my life and I can't escape. So here I am, once again.
Thanks to Ida for being amazing and checking for mistakes. <3

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane walked slowly around the counter, reaching for the oats that his thoughtful husband had already prepped for him while he showered the morning run's sweat away. Ilya was scrolling on his phone, barely glancing at Shane to grimace when he took the first spoonful.

Shane looked at him and munched around the tasteless oats. "It's delicious," he teased just to watch his husband's eyes spark with amusement.

"If you say so…" He looked completely disgusted, and Shane had to bite his tongue not to chuckle at his husband's antics. So dramatic.

The morning light came through the windows framing Ilya's body so beautifully that he wished he could fall to his knees right there, but they had other things to do today. Shane's mom was waiting for Ilya to go shopping, and Shane was hanging out with Hayden.

"Are you going to sit down?" Ilya asked, eyebrow arched as if he knew something Shane didn't.

Shane tried to act calm and collected even though his heartbeat accelerated. "I need to leave soon," he lied, looking down and avoiding Ilya's eyes. If there was something his husband was good at, it  was catching his lies (and you know… hockey and stuff).

"Sit down to eat." Ilya repeated, and Shane panicked a little. Like a deer caught in headlights. He didn't want to sit, he wasn't sure he could.

But the suspicion in Ilya's eyes felt like a challenge, and he wasn't about to let him win this one, even if it wasn't even a competition. He sat across from him, munching more of his oats and trying not to wince too obviously.

He failed.

The second he sat down he flinched to the side, his fresh tattoo making contact against the chair. He prayed that Ilya didn't notice his little movement, but he did. He always noticed everything when Shane was related, hyperaware of all of it. His face changed instantly, from the little smile he reserved for Shane to a full concerned glance, ready to fight the chair if that was what it took to make Shane feel better.

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"It was a new yoga position," he blurted out. He knew how much Ilya liked to watch him do yoga, that would most likely distract him enough for Shane to leave. He had a plan, *damn it*.

Luckily for him, it worked. His husband's eyes traveled down his body and he licked his lips. "You will show me, *da*?"

Shane chuckled. "Pervert." Ilya pouted, and Shane pretty much melted right there. He leaned towards him to give him a quick peck on the lips and pulled back before Ilya's hands could catch him and make him forget about his plans. "*Later*. I have to meet Hayden. *Bye*."

He ran to the door like a soul chased by the devil.

The thing was… He'd gotten a tattoo. On his inner thigh, so high up that it was almost gracing his balls, which would make it almost impossible to see for anybody but Ilya. Which was the whole plan. It was a present, an anniversary present. And also, probably, a bad drunken decision.

He'd been drinking a bit too much wine with Rose and gushing about how much he loved Ilya's loon tattoo when she suggested for him to get something, too. At the time it seemed like a good idea, but when Shane showed up to the tattoo parlor, he almost died of embarrassment. The only thing that held him together was Rose's calming presence next to him and the hypothetically good reaction of Ilya.

And once it was done he couldn't deny it… It looked hot. *Really hot*.

But now some movements made him flinch, and his skin felt a bit too raw around the tattoo, which was very uncomfortable. The worst part was that their anniversary was still a couple days away, and he wanted to keep it hidden until then, making the whole romantic gesture and all that.

But there was a big problem with that: he had to resist his husband's advances for three whole days. He was only able to keep it hidden yesterday because Ilya spent the day at the hospital with the kids and was too tired to do anything but cuddle when he got home. But that still left 48h of no sex ahead.

That's why Shane had *a plan*. Which started with him meeting Hayden and spending the whole day out of their house.

That evening, Shane sent Ilya a message explaining that he was going to spend the night at his parent's, telling him about some project his father wanted help with in the morning. Which wasn't a lie *per se*, he did ask Shane for help, but Ilya could probably be more helpful than he was. But it was part of *the plan*.

He knew that if he went back home, Ilya would end up catching sight ofhe tattoo, and Shane wanted it to be a surprise. He could avoid Ilya for 48h. *Easy*.

*Easier said than done*.

The whole avoiding Ilya thing made sense for a lot of reasons, being their inability to keep their hands off each other the main one. And since Shane moved to Ottawa… Let's say there were only a few nights where they didn't end up doing *something*.

*So yeah*, the plan included Shane sleeping at his parent's. His mom didn't know about the tattoo, but she knew he was preparing some kind of surprise for Ilya, so she didn't complain when he told her about spending the night.

Everything was going according to the plan. Ilya didn't argue with him, sending him pics of a very confused Anya looking for him. And another pic of her sleeping on Shane's side of the bed because he wasn't there to tell her off. Shane was just a tiny bit annoyed by that. She looked so cute.

He helped his dad, he went grocery shopping with his mom… But by lunchtime he couldn't hold himself together anymore. The plan was shitty. He wanted to see his husband. They spent enough time apart over the years, and now Shane decided to do this of his own accord? He looked at his watch and decided that he could avoid sex in his own home.

He grabbed his keys and drove home in a rush. His mind coming up with new ideas. They could do a movie marathon. Wait, no. They always ended up fucking on the couch. They could play some video games. No, bad idea, last time Ilya made it into a sex bet and Shane ended up on his back… He didn't have many options, but he could always claim he was tired. Which *may* work… right?

He walked into a very silent house. He looked all over for Ilya, but he knew there was no way he was there, because Anya didn't go to the door to greet him. They were probably on a run.

He decided to shower and change before Ilya arrived, just to avoid temptation. He had a bit of a weak spot for his husband when he was sweaty.

After the shower, he made himself useful and checked on the tattoo again. He sat on the toilet and raised one leg. Force of habit, he hadn't locked the door behind himself. So that's how Ilya found him. Naked, one leg stretched up, and his hand reaching inside his thigh, applying the lotion the tattoo artist gave him. He registered the door opening too late.

"What are you doing?" *Yeah*. That was awkward. Shane looked up to see Ilya's smirking down at him.

“No- Nothing. I’m not doing anything.” He tried to cover the tattoo with his hand, but it was too late.

His husband’s voice turned teasing and curious. “What’s that? Did you get a tattoo?” Before he could get his leg down, Ilya’s hand was on his ankle, keeping him spread. A shiver ran down his spine.

“N- No. I didn’t.” He still had his hand on the tattoo, covering it completely. He tried to free himself, but Ilya’s grip on his ankle was like a handcuff.

“Let me see.” Ilya was stubborn, but so was Shane.

“No.”

“Shane…” He was using *that* tone, and Shane felt heat pooling down his stomach. He used to love how fast Ilya could get him horny, but at the moment he hated it.

“No. It’s nothing.” Shane got his leg free, almost kicking Ilya in the process. He tried to run to their bedroom, Ilya fast behind him.

He shouldn’t have run, though. He felt the weight of a big hockey player tackling him to the bed and pushing the air out of his lungs. They struggled against each other for a bit, but Ilya always got the upper hand in these cases. Ilya pinned him down on the bed, grabbing both of Shane’s hands with one of his and parting Shane’s legs with his other one, forcing his legs open. His eyes finding the tattoo.

“You… You…” He sounded amazed. There were very little things that left his husband speechless, and he prided himself on achieving it with this. Ilya traced his name on Shane’s skin, the Cyrillic letters looking a bit raw still. “You were hiding a tattoo…” Ilya’s voice sounded like it was a big revelation. “I thought you were having problems, for fucks sake, Hollander. You… You flinched when you sat down, just like you do when I fuck you real hard. And then you lied to me. And the next night you didn’t come home to me. I thought

you were going to leave me." Ilya was stuttering a bit, his English a bit broken like every time he got too emotional.

*Wait, what?* That's what Ilya thought was happening? Shane didn't have time to respond before Ilya's mouth was on his.

"Good lord… We are both idiots." Shane mumbled when they broke apart. Ilya's lips were sucking on his pulse point and he was three seconds away from  begging.

"Yeah, we are…" Ilya agreed, chuckling a little and moving down until his face was hoovering over his crotch. "I can't believe you got my name." He traced the letters again, and Shane shivered, his dick very interested in what was happening right now.

"It's- It's your anniversary gift." Shane stuttered when Ilya's lips landed next to the tattoo, so very close from where he wanted him most.

"Fuck, Shane. And I just got you a new car." Ilya's voice was pure amazement and reverence for him. The way Ilya's eyes were tracing his body was making Shane feel all kinds of hot and bothered. Ilya breathed hard against him, the grip on Shane's thigh tightening.

"I will give you a better present right now." Ilya was smirking, a predatory smile.

Shane knew what that smile meant. It meant trouble for him. *Good trouble*. The kind of trouble that ended up in amazing orgasms. Ilya's hand traveled down Shane's thigh, caressing the still red skin around his tattoo once more. *Oh shit*. Shane's dick was throbbing painfully already.

"Ilya…" His head felt dizzy with desire.

Ilya freed him, getting off the bed completely. He stripped his running clothes in such a rush, Shane heard something ripping. He was distracted for a total of half a second before his husband lowered his pants. He looked so fucking good.

“Hands and knees in the middle of the bed.” Shane almost fell off the bed trying to turn around. “Very good. So eager for me.” Shane whined. He felt so needy. He couldn’t believe it had been less than two days since they had sex, it felt like a whole eternity right now.

Ilya’s hands were caressing his skin and pressing on his tense muscles until he felt like he was melting against the mattress, too far gone to even talk. Every time he opened his mouth, only broken vowels left his throat, and he couldn’t care less. With Ilya, every touch made Shane want to squirm and push his ass back, seeking more, wanting more. He tried to do that, but he received a slap against his right ass cheek not two seconds later. He hissed in pain, leaking precome over the fresh sheets under him.

“Stay still.” That voice. *Goddess*. Ilya’s voice was always hot, but when he got controlling? *Damn*. That was hotter than hell.

Shane grabbed the sheets under him, trying really hard to stay still. To be good. But it felt so good. He just wanted more. The second slap caught him unprepared, and he arched his back, not sure if he wanted to pull away or to push against Ilya again. His brain was mush.

“Very good,” Ilya told him, massaging his ass with both hands, spreading him open, playing with him without actually touching him when he wanted it most. “What do you want? Want my fingers? My tongue? I could make a mess out of you. Had you begging and pleading in no time. Would you like that, sweetheart?”

Shane moaned. Dirty talk made him feel greedy. He wanted it all. Ilya didn’t let him choose, though. One second he was talking, and the second his mouth was on Shane’s hole, eating him out like he was starving.

Pleasure shot through Shane like lightning, arching his back impossibly while pushing back against his husband’s tongue. He was mumbling incoherences, his arms giving up under him. He grunted into the pillow while Ilya worked one finger inside of him. It felt obscene, and Shane couldn’t get enough.

Like a magician, Ilya got lube out of nowhere. Shane didn’t feel him move, but next he knew he was pushing a second finger inside of him. His tongue was relentless, and Shane was

losing his mind. Ilya added a third, and by the time he curled his fingers and graced Shane's prostate, he let out a scream that later would embarrass him.

"I need… I need… Fuck, Ilya." Shane's words made no sense, but Ilya understood him just okay.

He pulled back, kissing a trail up his back. Not a second later, Shane felt the tip of Ilya's dick against his hole. Ilya was spreading precome all over Shane's rim, teasing, making him more desperate. If it was even possible. He tried to push back, but Ilya pushed him down hard, one hand between his shoulder blades, pinning him down. Shane's face was smashed into the pillow, and his ass was in the air.

"So fucking perfect," Ilya mumbled in Russian.

Ilya went slow, thrusting shallowly until Shane thought he was going to die of need, just to thrust one last time, burying himself to the tilt and sending all kinds of pleasure signals to Shane's brain. Stretching his hole so good. Shane had to bite the pillow not to scream this time.

Ilya didn't go too fast, thrusting slow but hard and turning Shane into a mess under him. Both of them were breathing hard. It felt so good. Even after all these years, Shane was still amazed at how good it felt with Ilya.  Shane twitched around Ilya's dick, and the groan that escaped Ilya's mouth was downright sinful.

"Oh lord, you are so tight, Hollander. *So tight*."

"Ilya, please…" Those two were the only words Shane was capable of articulating anymore. Shane's whole body felt on fire, the stretch in his ass felt amazing. A chant of *ah ah ah* leaving his mouth at every little movement Ilya did.

It didn't take long for Ilya to give up in the slow pace, thrusting in and out in the frantic pace they both preferred, grunting every time he went back in. Shane was too far gone to try to stay quiet. Half of the city could hear him and he wouldn't care. With every thrust, Ilya's

thigh hit Shane's tattoo, a constant reminder of who he belonged to. It felt better than good. It was heaven on earth. Or maybe Shane ascended. Death by dicking.

Ilya kept running his mouth, amplifying every sensation by a thousand. "You feel so good. You are being so good for me." Shane couldn't answer even if he wanted to.

They kept going for what felt like hours, maybe just a dozen minutes, Shane didn't understand time anymore. Not on a normal day, and not when he was being destroyed by dick. Ilya didn't touch his cock at all, just working him open, stretching his hole, but not letting him get any release. It was the best kind of torture.

Ilya pulled out completely, and Shane whined. "Turn around, I want to see you."

But he didn't really wait for him to move on his own, manhandling him in one fluid motion. Shane was pliant under his hands. But turning around wasn't the only thing Ilya did. As soon as Shane was on his back, Ilya grabbed his legs and pushed them over his own shoulders, entering Shane once again. The new angle made Ilya's dick hit right against his prostate, and Shane saw stars behind his closed eyes.

Shane felt Ilya's hand grazing his tattoo again, and forced himself to open his eyes. Ilya was looking down, his fingertip tracing the letters on his thigh. Shane was getting fucked as if his life depended on it, but Ilya looking at his tattoo like the seventh wonder in the world made him blush. He was so gone on his husband, it was embarrassing sometimes.

"I love you," Shane mumbled in broken Russian. The softness in his voice was a big contrast with what they were doing, the filthy sounds of their bodies colliding were hot, but the raw emotion in his voice was what made Ilya's dick throb inside of him. Shane felt it.

"I love you, too."

And that affirmation hit Shane harder than ever. And so did Ilya's cock at that moment. Since that night in Shane's apartment so many moons ago, he made it his life mission to find out how to make Shane come untouched, and he definitely got the hang of it. Ilya loved that little trick. And now, he was nailing Shane's prostate with the force of a truck, aiming for it at

every thrust, hard and fast, not letting Shane catch his breath before he was hitting it again. And again. And again…

Ilya was close, Shane could see it in the tension of his shoulders, he could feel it with every uncoordinated thrust into him. It wasn't a surprise when Ilya ordered him: "*Come for me*."

And Shane was a sucker for instructions. So he obeyed. As he always did. He wanted to be good so bad. The next thrust hit his prostate again, making Shane groan brokenly as he came between them, making a mess. He came with such force that a few drops landed on his chin. He thought he fainted for a second.

Ilya fucked him all the way through it, Shane's hole clenching around his cock making it really hard (pun intended) to hold back. The over-stimulation made Shane's eyes water, whimpering loudly. It's all he took for Ilya to finally lose control, spilling everything he had until it was leaking out.

Ilya let go of Shane's legs, and they fell to the sides with a soft *thud*. Shane felt like a rag doll, completely spent. Ilya was nuzzling at his neck, licking the sweat that pooled there during their fucking. "You need to shower again." He whispered softly, amusement clear in his voice.

"Does this mean you like the tattoo?" Shane couldn't avoid asking. He knew he liked it, but he also wanted to hear Ilya say it.

"Yes, Shane. I like the tattoo." The way Ilya was looking at him made Shane's heart feel so full it felt like it was going to break his chest open.

End Notes

Kudos and comments feed my soul.
You can scream with me on Tumblr (@angela-feelstoomuch).

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!