

Wanna be where I can feel you

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Wanna be where I can feel you

by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

Ilya knew that being out and people knowing he and Shane are in a relationship would feel good but he didn't realize just how good it would feel to be able to just do things with his husband and not care who sees them. Things like holding hands as they walk into a grocery store, dancing together at a party, being able to kiss Shane wherever and whenever he wants, and his new favorite thing— sitting in Shane's lap.

OR

Ilya has a new found love for sitting in Shane's lap.

Notes

hiiii friends!

i can't believe this is my 10th hollanov fic already. thank you all so much on your support on these fics, it means so much!

this fic is based off of a tweet i saw about ilya sitting in shane's lap, i'll link it below.

happy new year, you freaks, i love yall, hope you enjoy this! ♡

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

[based off of this tweet](#)

Ilya knew that being out and people knowing he and Shane are in a relationship would feel good but he didn't realize just *how* good it would feel to be able to just *do things* with his husband and not care who sees them. Things like holding hands as they walk into a grocery store, dancing together at a party, being able to kiss Shane wherever and whenever he wants, and his new favorite thing— sitting in Shane's lap.

At the start of them being out, Ilya would pull Shane often into his lap to sit on him, whether it was just them at home, or at Shane's parents house, or hanging out with some of their teammates. He loves having Shane in his lap— obviously— but then one evening, they were over at Shane's parents house in Montreal and the three of them were on the sofa already so Ilya just plopped himself down onto Shane's lap, not wanting to sit by himself on another seat.

All Shane did was huff out a soft laugh before wrapping his arms around Ilya which made Ilya want to burrow himself deep inside of Shane— which he did later that night. Being held by Shane like that in front of his parents as they all casually watched a movie together— it's the most comfortable Ilya's ever felt. He's always comfortable with Shane, and with his parents now that he knows them well, but something about sitting in Shane's lap as he holds him close in front of his parents felt really intimate to Ilya, and it made him feel very loved.

The next time Ilya sits in Shane's lap is when they're having a small birthday gathering at the cottage for both Shane and Ilya's birthdays since they're within a month of each other. They have most of their teammates there like Troy, who of course brought Harris, Rose, Svetlana, Hayden and Jackie, Ryan and Fabian, and even Marleau showed up since Ilya's kept in touch with him after leaving Boston. Shane's parents were there for a bit but they left earlier to leave them with their friends.

Everyone's having a great time hanging out in the living room or out on the patio. Ilya makes his way back into the living room with a newly opened beer to see Shane sitting on the sofa with Rose. There's plenty of room but Ilya decides to sit right on his husband's lap instead because he can.

Shane's arms wrap around Ilya's waist on instinct, kissing his shoulder. Shane's sitting on the part of the sectional that doesn't have a back support and now he needs to look around Ilya to get back to his conversation with Rose who's sitting to their left, leaving the corner of the couch empty. Ilya's gotten used to Shane being friends with Rose but he still likes to give him a hard time about her. He loves teasing his husband.

Shane's right arm is wrapped around Ilya's waist, his fingers every so often sliding up under his shirt, driving Ilya fucking insane. Shane's left hand mainly stays on Ilya's thigh the whole time. Ilya can see Shane fighting for his life to peek around him to have his conversation with Rose, but yet Shane isn't asking him to move, or sit elsewhere, or anything— instead, he keeps Ilya in his lap, hands all over him, and just speaks around him.

Rose excuses herself when Svetlana comes over to steal her away— when those two got close is beyond Ilya but he's happy to see that his best friend is happy, even if it is with the woman who once stole his man from him.

Ilya shifts slightly on Shane's lap, both of them now alone on the sofa, and just a couple others lingering in the living room but making moves to either head to the kitchen or outside.

He can hear Shane whimper behind him, his hands gripping onto his waist. "*Fuck*, don't do that— I've been hard since you sat down on me," Shane hisses for only Ilya to hear.

Ilya turns his head to look at his husband whose cheeks are flushed and looking at him the way he does when he's been edged for too long. Ilya smirks at him, teasingly he says, "Oh so you *can* still get hard in vicinity to Rose."

Shane groans, making Ilya laugh. "You're not funny. I hate you," he says through his teeth but his hands are saying something else as his fingers still trace gently underneath his shirt, teasing him.

"Mm, no, you love me," Ilya says, smiling at him softly when Shane meets his eyes. Ilya grinds down against Shane, eliciting a soft moan directly into his ear as Shane buries his face in his neck. Shane's hands grip him harder, holding him in place so he can't move again and *fuck*, why's it so hot being manhandled by Shane like this?

“That’s not helping,” Shane says.

Ilya hums, turning his face so Shane’s forced to look up at him. “Mmm, you think it was helpful to feel your fingers teasing me whole time?” he asks.

Leaning in, he ghosts his lips over Shane’s, not closing the distance until Shane breaks first, pressing his lips to Ilya’s softly, then suddenly Shane’s hands are holding him even tighter as he moans into the kiss.

Fuck.

Ilya moves his tongue against Shane’s, allowing his husband to devour him in their living room around the people closest to them. Knowing that any of their friends or teammates can see them making out like this thrills Ilya more than anything. He loves being able to show people that Shane belongs to him and he belongs to Shane. He loves knowing that people are jealous of him for being with Shane. He loves being able to say that he’s married to the hottest man in the MLH according to Cosmopolitan.

Someone whistles at them and others join in on the hollering so Ilya and Shane pull away from their kiss. Shane immediately blushes bright red and Ilya smiles at him softly— he loves his shy, humble husband. Ilya kisses his cheek with a loud *MWAH* making some of their friends laugh before going back to ignoring them.

Shane loves when Ilya pulls him into his lap and wants him to just sit on him so he can hold him close and kiss his neck or cheeks and say sweet nothings into his ear. Being able to experience that out as a married couple has been an adjustment for Shane but seeing how much joy it brings Ilya has made it easier for him to get used to being okay with PDA.

When Ilya sat down on his lap for the first time, Shane immediately wrapped his arms around him, holding him close the way Ilya always does to Shane, and he found that he loves it just the same as being the one held. It felt really good to hold Ilya and show him how much he loves him.

Having Ilya sit on his lap at their party is something entirely different because this time Ilya looks fucking sexy wearing lightwash jeans that make his huge ass look insane, and this light green, high-neck tank top that show off his big arms. He looks casual and relaxed and so beautiful that sometimes Shane can't believe he married the hottest man in the world.

Engaging in PDA is still pretty new to them and doesn't always make Shane feel at ease but in his cottage that he made a home with Ilya, around their loved ones, he doesn't mind being called out with catcalls because they were making out on the couch.

Shane hugs Ilya from the back and feels Ilya's hands come up to rub against his arms. "I love you," Shane says softly, kissing the side of his neck.

"I love you too," Ilya says softly, turning to look at him and kiss him softly on the forehead.

Shane looks into his eyes and says for his ears only, "Have I told you how fucking sexy you look tonight?" Shane caught his husband off guard with that and he can't help but smirk at him.

"No, you haven't," Ilya says, a teasing smile on his face.

Shane's fingers grab onto Ilya's hips, fingers beneath his shirt again, as he leans against his back, resting his chin on Ilya's shoulder. He says hotly into his ear, "My husband is the hottest man in the world."

Ilya laughs softly. "No, I think is you, sweetheart," he says sweetly.

Shane hums in disagreement. "I'm the only one who gets to see how insanely sexy you look while you're coming hard inside of me," he says deeply into his ear. Shane's never usually like this but with the way Ilya's sitting in his lap, the weight of him, the feeling of his perfect ass grinding down into his hard cock, the fact that they're not alone—it's all fueling Shane in ways he never thought would happen.

Ilya presses down against him and moans softly, “*Fuck, Shane.*” He looks around before looking back down at Shane, he asks, “When is everyone leaving?”

Shane chuckles, leaning up to kiss him softly on the chin. “Soon, baby,” he tells him.

“Not soon enough. I need to fuck you, Hollander,” Ilya says, whiny as fuck, making Shane’s cock twitch in his pants. He loves how whiny and needy Ilya can get sometimes. It makes Shane feel good because it sometimes feels like he’s always the whiny and needy one in their relationship.

“It’ll be worth the wait,” Shane says softly, kissing Ilya’s jaw.

“You are killing me,” Ilya huffs.

“You’re a baby,” Shane teases him. He pats the sides of Ilya’s thighs and says, “Alright, we need to mingle.”

“You sure you can stand up?” Ilya teases him.

Shane smacks Ilya’s ass when he stands up and uses him as a shield to adjust himself in his pants making Ilya laugh softly. They part ways with a soft kiss before Shane heads into the kitchen and Ilya goes outside to have a cigarette. Shane would disapprove of him smoking but he knows Ilya could use it right now with how pent up they both are and how they now need to wait to have any release.

A couple hours later, people started to leave and within the next forty-ish minutes, everyone was gone. Shane turns back around after locking the door and doesn’t even get a moment before Ilya is scooping him up in his arms. Shane gasps softly but easily wraps his legs around Ilya’s waist and his arms around his neck as he lets his husband carry him to their bedroom as he kisses along Ilya’s jaw and neck.

Ilya drops Shane onto the bed but before Ilya can climb on, Shane scoots to the edge of the bed and works on getting Ilya's pants down. Ilya's hand runs through Shane's hair, moving his hand around his head soothingly as Shane unbuttons Ilya's jeans and pulls down the zipper before working them down off his huge, perfect ass, and freeing his hard, leaking cock.

Shane immediately wraps his lips around Ilya's cock, moaning deeply as he takes him as far into his mouth as he can. Ilya moans loudly, his hands in Shane's hair or on his neck as he holds Shane in place and starts fucking slowly in and out of his mouth. Shane moans loudly — he loves when Ilya fucks his mouth.

Ilya's right hand that's tangled in his hair moves down to the side of his neck softly caressing him. He rubs his thumb across Shane's throat and a deep noise comes from Shane, his hands gripping onto Ilya's hips harder.

"*Fuck*, Shane," Ilya moans seeing the reaction from him. "Enough, enough," he tells him, pulling his cock away from him slowly. Shane lets him go and watches as Ilya removes his briefs and jeans all the way and slowly peels off his tank top. Ilya looks down at him expectantly and Shane says, "*Oh*," softly before he starts to remove his clothes. Ilya helps him before Shane starts crawling back onto the bed, Ilya following him.

Ilya slides up between Shane's open legs and takes Shane's leaking cock into his mouth, gripping onto his thigh as he does so. Shane moans his name loudly, his fingers running through his curls. Ilya pulls away softly, kissing his thigh then kisses up his body back to his lips. He reaches for the lube, putting some onto his fingers before working Shane open.

Shane's a whimpering mess as Ilya works three fingers inside of him. "*Please—* Ilya..." Shane moans. "Please, fuck me, baby," he tells him, not waiting for Ilya to coax him to say it.

Ilya moans deeply into his neck before slowly removing his fingers. He strokes his cock with a bit of lube to get him ready to push inside of his husband, softly, gently. They're both breathing into each other's mouths as Ilya bottoms out.

"Fuck me hard, baby, please, need you," Shane moans desperately, not wanting to hide it from him, knowing Ilya loves it when he's wrecked like this.

“*Fuck*,” Ilya moans before he snaps his hips, fucking Shane hard the way he wants. He brings his right hand up to touch Shane’s face before grabbing his chin in his hand and kissing him hard, not letting him go.

Shane moans deeply into the kiss. Ilya pulls back but keeps his hand on his face, his thumb swiping across Shane’s lips. “Choke me,” Shane moans, watching the way the words finally register to him because his eyes become more hooded.

Ilya’s hand slides down to wrap around Shane’s neck gently, only applying a bit of pressure, but it feels so good. Shane’s moaning and his back is arching as Ilya fucks him hard, hitting his prostate as his big hand is wrapped around his neck.

“You’re so beautiful,” Ilya tells him, his thumb moving soothingly against his neck as he continues to apply some pressure.

Shane moans loudly. “You feel so good, Ilya, *fuck*— your hands... *God*, they drive me crazy, baby,” Shane moans out the praise, wanting his man to know how hot he gets for him after all these years together.

Ilya’s thrusts get a bit faster, pounding into Shane harder, deeper. Ilya leans forward to kiss Shane softly on the lips, keeping his hand on his throat. Shane moans into the kiss.

“Are you—” Ilya asks against his lips.

“I’m so close, Ilya,” Shane tells him, his hands grabbing Ilya’s ass, pulling him harder into him, needing more.

Ilya applies a bit more pressure around his throat and Shane moans deeply, his cock leaking so much between them. “Come for me, baby, wanna feel you come all over me,” Ilya says hotly into his ear before sucking his earlobe into his mouth.

Shane lets go, coming hard between them, his fingers digging into Ilya's ass. Shane's squeezing around Ilya's cock, Ilya lets go of Shane's neck as he kisses him deeply as he comes hard inside of him.

Ilya kisses all over Shane's face and neck before pulling back to look him in the eyes. Shane blushes as Ilya looks at him with sex drunk eyes. "You're—" Ilya chuckles softly, still out of breath. "You killed me," he huffs, laying on top of Shane.

Shane laughs softly, holding Ilya in his arms as he lays his entire body weight on top of him as he's still inside of him— yet even in moments like this, it still feels like they're not close enough. Shane pushes his curls out of his face and kisses his forehead softly.

Ilya pulls back to kiss Shane softly on the lips before slowly pulling out of him. He leaves to clean himself before returning to clean Shane, neither of them awake enough to get in the shower right now.

They get under the covers and Shane wraps himself around Ilya tonight, holding him in his arms, feeling the way his ass pushes back into him. He kisses his shoulder and whispers, "Goodnight, baby," before falling asleep with his entire world in his arms.

End Notes

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