

I'd like to make it with you

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by Anonymous

Summary

"God, Hollander. You are so... what is the word—?"

"Boring?" Shane deadpanned with a knowing look.

Ilya shook his head. "Vanilla."

—

Ilya thinks it's about time he and Shane started shaking things up in the bedroom. Now that they're alone, unfettered from obligations to the hockey season, he wants to try new things.

Notes

Happy New Year!

This is inspired by the line in chapter 23 in HR when Ilya says, "I was hoping there would be toys." While based off of the scene in the book, this could very easily be cottage shenanigans in e06. I think Ilya is rather resourceful in the world of sex toys, which brought me to writing this... enjoy :)

Special thanks to my friend Connor for beta reading, he deserves a sloppy toppy for all his hard work.

Title from "Make It with You" by Bread

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

Ilya really *was* hoping there would be toys in that nightstand. Shane's dildo, at least. But he knew Shane and knew that, somehow, the dildo he keeps in his Montreal apartment was the only thing Shane ever bothered to use whenever they didn't see each other for months. *The ol' reliable.*

Ilya let out a soft huff under his breath as he closed the nightstand drawer, holding the condom wrapper and bottle of lube between large fingers. The room was dimly lit and oddly romantic, between the moonlight pouring in through the windows and the lamp on top of the nightstand.

"God, Hollander. You are so... what is the word—?"

"Boring?" Shane deadpanned with a knowing look.

Ilya shook his head. "*Vanilla.*"

Shane's nose scrunched up at the word, gazing up at Ilya as he watched him set the supplies down on the bed next to their hips. "Vanilla?" He repeated, almost sounding offended, even if it was undeniably *true*. It was almost as embarrassing as being called boring. Like their sex wasn't satisfying. *Is Ilya not satisfied?*

"Yes. Vanilla." Ilya's hands rested on Shane's thighs now, giving them a small squeeze as his eyes roamed over the man lying underneath him. Shane's hair was a mess from where he had his head buried in the pillows a minute ago, and there was a sheen of sweat on his skin that made him look almost ethereal in Ilya's eyes.

Fuck, Ilya wanted to wreck Shane in the best way possible. The thought nearly had him dizzy.

"You know," Ilya said, his hands gliding up and down the supple skin of Shane's thighs. *So soft. So strong.* "We've been fucking for almost ten years. Ten years. And I've never seen your dildo."

He almost sounded upset about it.

Shane's eyebrows furrowed faintly. "Didn't think you'd want to see it."

"Why not?" Ilya says, "Would have loved a video. Or two."

"A... video?" Shane practically croaked, the tone of his voice making it clear he knew where Ilya was going.

Ilya nodded, his eyes intense as he looked down at Shane; his gaze was always intense in moments like this. "Y'know. Maybe a video of you riding it. Would have been nice parting gift... when we are away for so long. Or maybe nice motivation before we play each other."

"*S-shut up,*" Shane replied, feeling scandalized at the mere thought of recording himself doing something so... *intimate*. And then *sending it to someone*? Dear God. The sex over

Skype already left Shane paranoid. Who knows what type of things hackers can hack into? "You aren't getting any videos. And I'm certainly not showing you my... my dildo."

Ilya sighed, shaking his head dramatically. He scooted closer, his body slotting above Shane, their bodies always shifting together like fitted puzzle pieces. "What a shame. At least tell me size of it?" He lifted up two fingers, holding them up as he began to move them apart inch by inch.

"Stop!" Shane actually grumbled, swatting Ilya's hands before grabbing him by the wrists. "Why do you care so fucking much about it?"

Ilya laughed, letting Shane grab and shove him in retaliation. Seeing Shane look so embarrassed and broken out of his shell was adorable. "I am simply curious how you pleasure yourself when I am not there. If you manage to do it at all."

Shane, in all of his annoyance, gave him a look that said he didn't believe Ilya's explanation.

Ilya raised an eyebrow. "What? You think I am jealous of dildo?"

"I didn't say that."

"I am not jealous of that... thing." Ilya says, as if he had to clarify himself. "Though, I think you could do a lot better."

Shane scoffed, his head hitting the pillows behind him as he let go of Ilya's wrists, instead reaching for his biceps to tug him down. Shane was clearly done with the talking and wanted to get on with the *fucking*.

"Yeah, could do a lot better," Shane agreed easily. He let out a soft noise when he felt Ilya's cock press against his thigh. "So, come on—"

"Old dildo must be so worn," Ilya teased, not done talking about Shane's lackluster toy collection yet. "You've probably used it, like, at least five hundred times now."

It made Ilya wonder, seriously, how many times Shane had used that fake dick over the years to get off. Shane bought it even before the first time they fucked, and they were what, nineteen? It made Ilya wonder just how many times Shane used it while thinking about him, wishing it were *his* dick. It made him wonder if Shane even knew how to properly use it at first. What positions did he try? Did Shane ride it on the floor? Did he attach the dildo to the wall? The shower wall, most likely, to drown out his gasps and moans. Was the toy enough? Did it ever make Shane come untouched? Would Shane cry out *his* name as he—

Jesus Christ. Ilya had to stop himself from that train of thought before he started humping Shane's leg like a dog in heat.

"...I think it is about time you got a new dildo, yes?"

"*Fucking hell, Rozanov,*" Shane said, his voice raising slightly; which was unusual, unless if he was either intoxicated or *really* needy. "I don't fucking care about dildos right now. Not when your dick is right there."

"*Hmm*," Ilya pretended to think for a few moments, his arms resting on the mattress on either side of Shane's head. He felt devious, lips curved into a slight smile. He loved when Shane got like this, all worked up and desperate for his dick like it was the only important thing in the universe. "Could get a mold of my dick, turn it into dildo. That way you'd never be without my cock."

Shane's cheeks began to heat up at Ilya's words as he fought the urge to look away. "You are *such* an asshole. A dildo of your own dick? Really?"

Okay, maybe Ilya was a little jealous.

"What? Is good idea," Ilya shrugged, his head dipping down to trace his lips across the skin of Shane's neck. "My dick is the best dick you've ever had. And you *love* my dick."

Ilya's voice vibrated against the sensitive skin of Shane's throat, and Shane was barely paying attention to the other man's words now. His hips bucked up to chase the friction, arms gripping tightly around Ilya's shoulders. "Y-yeah. Okay. I love it. Now will you please fuck me?"

That's it.

"Love the way you beg," Ilya whispered, teeth nipping down on Shane's pulse point. "But there is something I want to try first." Ilya slowly sat up on his knees, untangling himself from Shane as he got up from the bed.

Shane shot up instantly, resting his weight on his elbows. "Where are you going?"

"Relax, Hollander," Ilya said over his shoulder, reaching for his suitcase by the door. It was a miracle they were conscious enough to bring Ilya's stuff up the stairs when they were so... distracted. "Not going anywhere."

His fingers scrambled between different articles of clothing — Ilya didn't bring too many pairs of clothes, assuming they'd spend most of the two weeks naked anyways — looking for something specific that was strategically hidden. He hummed faintly to himself as his hand finally wrapped around the box, opening it and pulling out the item and its remote.

It was a good thing Ilya decided to show up to the cottage prepared. There was no way he was going to spend two whole weeks at *Shane Hollander's cottage* without finally exploring what he'd been wanting to try for years. Now that they have the time to take things slow, try new things... Ilya didn't want to take it for granted.

He turned his gaze back up towards the king-sized bed, Shane looking like proper royalty in the center of it, staring curiously as he tried to figure out what Ilya was holding in his hands.

He left the suitcase sprawled open as he stalked back towards the bed, crawling on the sheets until he was back in Shane's space. Where he craved to be. Where he belonged. *Home*.

"Here. You ever see one of these before?" He lifted his palm up, showing the object to Shane and setting down the remote.

The flush on Shane's cheeks darkened. He *had* done research over the years, looking into dildos and other sex toys — both for research and out of curiosity, he justified — but never felt the need to buy a new one, especially after getting the hang of using his reliable dildo.

"Is a massager," Ilya supplied helpfully when Shane didn't answer. "For your prostate."

Shane met Ilya's gaze with narrowed eyes. "I know what it is."

"Oh, yeah?" Ilya smirked. He twirled the end of the prostate massager between fingers, looking all too... excited.

The silicone toy wasn't all that big, but the insertion area was thick and curved, clearly meant for prostate stimulation. It had different vibration settings and even had an outer motor for perineum stimulation, too.

Ilya had bought this one specifically for Shane to try, having done some googling of his own to determine what type of prostate toy he thought Shane would enjoy the most. The fact that it was silicone and not metal, and easy to travel with discreetly, helped as well. It was perfect, really.

"Now that we have all the time in the world, I would like to take my time with you. Explore new things," Ilya explained, holding the toy in one hand as the other spread across Shane's stomach, feeling the way the smooth skin beneath his fingertips shifted with each breath.

"Would you like that?" He looked up to meet Shane's eyes.

Shane looked almost nervous, biting his bottom lip as he looked between the toy and Ilya. It had been so long since he'd ever tried venturing out of what was comfortable, sex wise (jerking himself off, the dildo, Ilya fucking him, etc) that the promise of something new was almost scary.

But it was also... exhilarating. He knew what he liked, and he certainly knew by now that nothing got him going more than something up his ass.

Shane nodded, the trust visible in his eyes. This felt so vulnerable, and that used to terrify him, but said they would be honest with each other and Shane wanted to be honest. "Y-yeah, I want it."

"Good," Ilya smiled victoriously, his shit-eating grin reaching his eyes. "Then lay back for me, Hollander. I make sure you feel like a king, in your *en suite bedroom on your king-sized bed*."

Shane let in a shaky breath, about to obey Ilya's command, before a thought crossed his mind. "Wait. Is this a toy... you use on yourself?"

"What?" Ilya chuckled under his breath. "No. This one is brand new. I have mine back in Boston."

Shane blinked a few times. "Really? You use a... *toy*?" He didn't want to explicitly ask if Ilya actually enjoyed doing... *butt stuff* with himself, but with the way Ilya looked at him so

bemused, he got the message.

"Mhm. Yes. Is that so hard to believe? Just because I prefer to fuck you?"

Shane barely had a chance to respond before Ilya's hand crept up his chest, pushing him down until his head hit the pillows. "I just didn't think—I wasn't sure that you... liked that, too," he responded lamely.

Ilya leaned closer, encroaching Shane's space the way he loved to do. "Well, I suppose there is a lot of things for both of us to learn."

Ilya couldn't blame Shane, really. He certainly preferred to fuck someone rather than the other way around, but he wasn't going to deprive himself of trying other things. The prostate massager in his Boston penthouse hadn't been touched in years, a product of experimenting. He definitely liked this more; Shane willing and underneath him.

"So, you bought this toy just for me?" Shane asked, tilting his head up at Ilya.

"No, I clearly bought it for Scott Hunter." Ilya rolled his eyes playfully. "Yes, is for you."

"Asshole." Shane muttered under his breath.

Ilya sat up again on his knees and used his strong hands to spread Shane's legs apart, nearly getting distracted by the view; Shane still hard against his stomach, hole clenching around nothing as if he was already excited at the prospect of the massager.

Ilya reached for the bottle of lube nearly left forgotten by Shane's hip, then shifted closer again and kissed him, smiling against his lips before pulling away. "Place pillow beneath your hips," Ilya suggested. He squirted lube on his fingers, warming it up between his middle and index fingers as he watched Shane oblige.

Ilya shifted his position between Shane's legs, holding one leg up to keep them spread as his lubed fingers circled around Shane's hole. He looked up to watch, Shane's eyes fluttering shut as he already started to enter a space of pure pleasure. This Shane, the relaxed and open and trusting Shane, was Ilya's favorite. *So perfect.*

"Gonna open you up," Ilya warned, before sliding one finger in smoothly, Shane's hole still wet from how Ilya had fucked him with his tongue earlier.

This had certainly become a lot easier over the years; Shane used to clench up around Ilya's fingers like it was impossible for him to relax for one single moment, but now... Shane took it with ease. *Like a champ*, Ilya had said before, which received a death glare.

Shane was still tight, he always was, but it wasn't so much of a struggle anymore. And after these two weeks at the cottage were said and done, Ilya was certainly determined to loosen him up. In multiple ways.

One finger quickly became two, Ilya's thrusts slow and steady as he watched Shane's chest rise and fall with quick breaths. He wrapped his other hand gently around Shane's cock, the

friction just perfect with lube still on his palm. Ilya stroked slowly, barely enough to create pleasure, focusing around Shane's slit as precum began to dribble down.

Ilya wanted to fuck Shane, desperately, but he would wait. "You look so beautiful like this," he murmured instead. "Such big, beautiful thighs. Could crush my neck."

Those words were enough to make a whimper fall out of Shane's lips, a single eye cracking open as if he was suddenly aware of Ilya's intense gaze over every inch of his body. "You're going too slow," He pouted, his hands squeezing the sheets.

"I thought we agreed we wanted to take things slower."

"Well, that was before I got your fingers in me — *oh, shit*. Fuck." Shane gasped when Ilya's fingers curved upwards, finding that sensitive spot with such ease. Ilya had done this so many times now that finding Shane's prostate came easier than skating, and Ilya has been skating ever since he learned how to walk.

Ilya's fingers found Shane's prostate with each thrust now. His movements were focused, teasing and prodding that sensitive spot with each curve of his fingers. Ilya's lips parted as he watched Shane's body writhe underneath him, a sight he's seen so many times before and yet it still left his throat dry.

Shane was moaning freely, not having to hide anything in the isolation of his cottage, and it nearly made Ilya's brain short circuit right then and there. "That's it. Let me hear you," He crooned, trying to coax more sounds out of the other man.

Ilya smiled as Shane began to drive his hips down onto his fingers, trying to match his pace with determined fervor. One of Shane's hands came up to grab Ilya's bicep, and Ilya let him despite the pain.

The feeling of Shane's nails digging into his skin was like a promise that this night would be etched into Ilya's skin, leaving a reminder of the first time they were allowed to fuck with no barriers; without the fear of being caught, without having some place to be, a bus to catch, a plane to board. *No responsibilities waiting for them in the haze of the aftermath.*

When Shane began squirming too much, Ilya finally slipped his fingers out, wiping the excess lube off on a cloth. "You think you're ready?" He asked, reaching for the prostate massager.

"Yeah. Fuck. Want it so bad," Shane replied quickly. There was a softness in his gaze that only came when he was needy, his eyes alone were begging *fuck me, Rozanov*.

"You'll get what you want," Ilya promised, leaning down to catch Shane's lips in a kiss again, this time letting the connection of their lips linger. "You will always get what you want," He murmured against Shane's lips.

There were a lot of things Ilya learned about Shane over the past ten years; mainly about his body. What Shane's body wants, what his body needs. He has learned the way Shane's body reacts to his own; the way he gasps when Ilya manhandles him down onto the bed, how he

writhes when large hands wrap around his hips, how he moans when Ilya squeezes his pec with a firm hand while sucking him off.

There were a lot of things Ilya still didn't know about Shane, too. But he knew his body better than anyone else, and he intended to use that to his advantage, especially when he had Shane Hollander spread out, begging for more.

Ilya sat up between Shane's legs, squirting lube onto the prostate massager, rubbing it in and warming it up. Once it was properly lubricated, Ilya pressed the blunt head of the toy against Shane's twitching hole. "Ready?"

Shane nodded impatiently. "Get on with it, Rozanov... I'm not fragile."

"Mmm... but you are so soft. Your skin is spotless, like a... porcelain doll." Ilya circled the toy around Shane's entrance for a few more moments, simply watching the way he squirmed in amusement.

"I am *not* like a porcelain doll," Shane protested, looking down at Ilya with a look that was pathetic, considering the need written across his face.

Ilya knew Shane wasn't like a doll. He was a hockey player, a very good one, one that could take a beating every single game. Yet, he was almost envious of how Shane had no scars on his body, as if he had never taken a single dirty hit in his life. *Genetics*.

"No. Porcelain dolls don't like taking things up the ass, I don't think," Ilya agreed, as he finally began to press the toy inside.

"*Fuck you*—" Shane had started to say, then gasped quietly as the toy started to slide inside. His head fell back as he looked down to watch the curved end of the toy disappear inside of his body. This felt nothing like the *ol' reliable*.

Once the toy bottomed out inside of Shane, the outer extension was pressed snug against his perineum keeping the massager in place. Ilya placed pressure on the bottom of the toy, just to watch Shane jerk forward with a whine. Shane felt *full*.

"You know the *beauty* of this toy?" Ilya asks, reaching for the remote control.

"W-what?" Shane asked, eyebrows furrowing when Ilya fumbled with the remote, trying to read the settings in the dim light. He could feel the tip of the massager pressed up against that sensitive spot, though with it turned off the feeling was almost more of a gentle nudge; but he was so worked up already that any stimulation felt overwhelming.

"You see," Ilya presented the remote towards Shane. "The massager is remote control. I can turn it on like this. I can change the vibrations. Settings. Nice, isn't it?"

Shane let out a soft scoff at Ilya's excitement, his eyes following the small remote to get a better look. "Of course you got a toy with a remote," he mumbled. It was so *Ilya*. He would buy the most expensive thing he could find, if it meant it was the best.

"Yes," Ilya agreed absentmindedly, studying the remote. He had read through the instructions when he bought it and it seemed pretty simple. There were three buttons, a minus sign, a plus sign, and a button in the middle that changed the pulse pattern. "Maybe I should start on the highest setting—"

Ilya's hand was millimeters away from the buttons, before Shane reached up to swat it away. "Don't you dare, Rozanov!"

Ilya laughed hysterically, catching Shane's wrist in his hand before pinning it back down by Shane's head. "So dramatic. I'm only kidding. The toy isn't even turned on yet."

Shane moaned as he was yanked back, head tilting backwards. "Sure you were."

Ilya let go of Shane, one hand holding the remote while his other hand pressed against the end of the massager, his thumb brushing over the turn-on button before his gaze shifted back towards the remote. "I am going to start now. Lowest setting."

Shane took a deep breath, nodding. "Y-yeah. Do that, please."

Ilya grinned, sliding his hand holding the small remote up to rest on Shane's stomach again, keeping him pinned on the bed. "It will feel a bit different from being fucked. Different sensation."

And then he finally turned on the toy.

It was on the lowest setting automatically, a faint hum escaping the toy from where it was buried deep in Shane. Ilya felt the rumble of the vibrations against his finger tips, the outer extension pressed right against Shane's taint.

"Oh," was all Ilya heard out of Shane's mouth, a soft moan. He set the remote down so he could sprawl his hand across Shane's abdomen.

"How does it feel?"

"Tickles," Shane replied, resting a hand on top of Ilya's.

It was... nice. But it was not nearly enough.

Ilya watched Shane for a few minutes, not adjusting the settings, allowing Shane to get familiar with the sensations. All the while he was pressing kisses along Shane's inner thighs, using his teeth to nip in places he'd never dared to mark before. He was going to make sure Shane was marked, bruised, and pleasantly sore.

"Please," Shane let out a breathy noise. "Need more."

"Greedy," Ilya chastised lightly with a *tsk*, pulling away from Shane's thighs. He reached for the remote, fingers sliding over the buttons. Without another word, he notched the intensity of the vibrations up not one, but two notches.

"Oh, *fuuuuuuck*," Shane bit his lip as he moaned, rolling his hips down onto the toy. "That's good. So good."

"That's it, Hollander," Ilya rasped, his own cock stirring against his thigh from just the sounds escaping Shane's lips. Ilya sighed as he watched Shane's cock twitch and leak a drop of precum. He so desperately wanted to wrap a hand around it, or maybe his mouth — *definitely* his mouth — but Ilya *really* wanted to see how Shane's body reacted to nothing but prostate pleasure. So he resisted, Shane's cock pathetically shifting between them.

"Don't hold back. Feel it."

Shane moaned a little louder at that, a bead of sweat rolling down his forehead. He opened his eyes to look at Ilya, lips parted as he let out soft little breaths. His fingers squeezed around their hold on Ilya's wrist, while his other hand lazily reached for Ilya's neck to pull him close.

Ilya obliged, hovering over Shane as he looked down at him, hazel eyes gleaming in the lamp light. And then his mouth was back on Shane's, wasting no time to slip his tongue inside to swallow his whimpers down his own throat.

Shane cupped Ilya's face, burying his fingers in his curls. Ilya's hair was always so soft, and Shane often wondered if Ilya used fancy women's shampoo to keep his curls looking perfect all the time.

"*Shit*," Shane moaned against Ilya's lips, "I-I can feel it *everywhere*."

Ilya wasn't lying when he said it would be a different sensation to being fucked by cock. The massager's focus was pinpointed on Shane's prostate, pulsing against the sensitive nerves with no signs of stopping. Despite the focused pleasure, Shane could feel the vibration through his balls and up the base of his cock. It was... indescribable, the way he could feel pleasure everywhere.

"Good, yes?" Ilya's lips traveled down Shane's neck to his chest like his body was an ice rink, and his mouth was exploring it for the first time. He nipped at Shane's sensitive, hard nipple like he had found the net, chuckling against Shane's warm skin when he felt the man jerk up beneath him. "I want you to tell me how it feels," Ilya looked back up to meet Shane's eyes.

"I already said how."

"No, you said *where* you feel it. Now tell me what it feels like."

Shane could barely say a coherent word, let alone try to put the sensations into intelligible words. "Feels... feels..."

Ilya was distracting him with the way one hand slid between their bodies, pressing down on the perineal motor of the toy, twisting it as he forced the massager deeper. *What a bastard.*

"F-fuck, feels like it's too much but not enough. Can barely think of anything else."

"Mmm, but you are still listening to my voice," Ilya says, "clearly that means is not powerful enough."

He clicked up another level on the vibrations — the second highest level — then adjusted the pulse setting so it was erratic, unpredictable.

"*Fuck! Fuck, Ilya*—" Shane's hips thrashed upward, fighting for any ounce of friction. His legs fought to squeeze together if not for Ilya's hand shifting quickly to hold them apart with the familiar brute strength Shane was used to from the other man.

"Please, please," Shane whined, arching into Ilya's touch when one hand reached up to grab his wrists. He didn't fight back, *couldn't* fight back, when Ilya pinned his wrists above his head with one large hand. *Fuck*.

"Stay still for me, Shane."

Shane's body relented, his back falling back into the mattress as he gave into Ilya's physical dominance. He could do nothing but take it. And he fucking loved it.

Ilya's eyes were blown wide as he watched Shane twitch underneath him, but he stopped thrashing, at least. Ilya had never seen him like this before, never seen him lose complete control from being in pure ecstasy, despite all the times they've fucked before. It was so fucking hot.

"Can't think straight now, huh?" Ilya swiped his thumb along the pulse point of one of Shane's hands. *You're so perfect*, he wanted to say, but Ilya's thoughts were way too obscene for him to think of saying something sweet.

"Mmm. You squirm too much. Next time maybe I will use rope. Tie you up so you can't escape," Ilya murmured, pupils already dilating at the thought of how *pretty* Shane would look all trussed up. The rope would leave such pretty marks on his wrists...

"*Ilya!*" Shane cried out, his hips bucking up again despite Ilya's hold, his head lolling to the side. *He was a little too excited about that idea*.

"That's right. You going to come like this, Hollander?" Ilya could see the way Shane's cock jerked, and could tell *something* was about to happen.

He wanted to watch Shane come. Just like this.

Ilya suddenly leaned forward and attacked Shane's right nipple with his mouth, this time sucking down on the hardened bud. He moaned softly, eyes darting up to watch Shane; but Shane's head was arched back into the pillows, breaths coming out in quick succession in between his soft moans.

Ilya suddenly felt something warm drop on his hand still holding down on Shane's thigh, and that's when he realized Shane was coming. Just like that; from the prostate massager, from Ilya's mouth, from Ilya's rough hands.

Despite it all, Shane was still moaning with his eyes shut as if he didn't notice, his cock hard in the air. It was a pure prostate orgasm, and it felt fucking incredible.

"*Jesus Christ*," Ilya muttered in his native tongue. He sat up suddenly, causing Shane to look up deliriously.

Shane's eyes widened when he looked down at the mess across his thigh and stomach and realized he had orgasmed.

"Fuck," he said under his breath, his chest still heaving. "Did I...?"

Shane was confused but too much of a fucking mess to consciously question it. He knew this: he came, his cock was still hard, and he was needier than he was before the orgasm had hit. His fingers clenched into fists above his head as he tried to make sense of the intensity of his pleasure. He could feel it sparking across his whole fucking body, bordering painful with each second passing.

Ilya let go of Shane's wrists, now rubbing up and down his stomach to soothe the contracting muscles. "Yes," he hummed, his other hand coming up to his mouth, licking off Shane's seed with a low moan.

Shane's hands immediately flew up to grab for Ilya once he was unpinned, his heavy breaths filling the air as his body spasmed uncontrollably. "Shit, fuck, *Ilya*. I-it's too much. Take it out. Need to feel you already."

It was a wonder he managed to get the words out coherently. Shane wasn't even sure if the orgasm properly stopped, where the pleasure began or where it ended. All he could think about was Ilya and how much he wanted his damn cock inside of him *now*.

"You need me?" Ilya rumbled, voice darkened with barely concealed desire. He flipped Shane over onto his stomach, fingers finding the controls to the massager between Shane's legs. Finally, he powered it down, and instantly Shane collapsed onto the bed as Ilya slowly pulled it out.

"Holy shit," Shane gasped, taking in long breaths as his head fell into the pillows. The toy was set down on the nightstand, forgotten about for the rest of the evening, as Ilya leaned over Shane. He watched the way Shane's back rose and fell with each deep breath.

He pressed a kiss on the skin of Shane's lower back, then his hip, his mouth working his way up until he reached the back of Shane's neck. "How was that, Hollander?"

"Are... are you seriously asking me that right now?" Shane said between breaths, pulling his head out of the pillows to meet Ilya's gaze. Ilya's face was *right there*, their noses mere millimeters apart before Ilya ducked down to nuzzle his nose in the crook of Shane's neck. "I... I didn't even realize I fucking finished."

Ilya chuckled against Shane's neck, darting his tongue out to taste the sweat off of his skin before pressing a few open-mouthed kisses.

"Prostate orgasms are different from... other ones. Notice how your dick is still hard?" Ilya made *sure* Shane noticed, because suddenly he was grabbing Shane by the hips, pulling him up until his back was arching in the air. He reached down between Shane's legs to wrap a warm hand around his cock. "You fucking loved it. But now I will get you off."

Shane let out a pathetic noise, adjusting his weight onto his elbows as his head bowed between his shoulders. He fought the urge to thrust himself into Ilya's hand. "C'mon, c'mon."

"You going to ask me for it first?" Ilya asked, fingers squeezing around the base.

Shane groaned, and this time he did buck his hips back against Ilya in protest. His eyes widened when he felt Ilya's hard cock pressing against the cleft of his ass; *Fuck*, he needed that in him now. "*Pretty please, Ilya Rozanov, would you fuck me?*"

Ilya's breath honest to God hitched at the way Shane said his name like that, all annoyed yet needy and... desperate. How the hell was he going to survive this night?

How could he not fuck Shane senseless into the mattress?

"*Good boy*," he murmured, settling himself behind Shane. It didn't take long for Ilya to get ready, fumbling with the condom to roll it on and lubing himself up.

Ilya bracketed Shane's thighs with his own, one hand resting snug around his hip while the other was positioning his cock at Shane's entrance. "Going to fuck you like you deserve, Shane."

"Fucking do it," Shane challenged, looking back at Ilya again with eyes half-pleading, half-defiant.

"Oh. I will." And Ilya obliged. He pushed in inch-by-delicious-inch, groaning at the sensation of Shane clenching around him so deliciously. Shane was properly stretched yet still so tight for him, like he was meant to do nothing else but take Ilya's cock. Like he was born for this specifically, not being the best hockey player in the world. *Though Ilya would argue that Shane is second.*

"Fuck," Ilya bottomed out with ease, not moving for a few moments. Not for Shane to adjust, but for *him* to let the feeling really, truly sink in. If Ilya were a better man he'd take things slow, draw it out, *truly* make love to Shane the way he's always wanted; but instead he was really fucking horny and couldn't wait any longer to properly claim what was beneath him.

"Oh my god," Shane muttered, fingers squeezing the sheets as his head hit the pillows. His prostate was already so sensitive from the toy, even the slightest brush sent sparks up his spine to crackle through his whole body, and Ilya felt fucking perfect.

Ilya blanketed Shane's body, his hands reaching up to wrap around Shane's wrists, keeping them pinned down onto the sheets. He wasted no more time to fuck into him fast and deep, balls slapping against Shane's skin with each thrust. He could feel and hear the gold cross around his neck smack against his chest, an almost ironic reminder that there was nothing quite holy about *this*, except for the way Ilya wanted to worship Shane's body.

This was familiar, like a dance Shane and Ilya had perfected over the years. A tango of tangled limbs and muffled moans in hotel rooms. They had both silently accepted that they liked it fast and rough because it was all they could afford, and Ilya promised himself he'd take the time to fuck Shane slowly another time. He'd take his time when he wasn't so fucking worked up, when he hadn't spent the past half hour listening to Shane cry out.

Each time Ilya drove into Shane, Shane's cock slid against the sheets, creating delicious friction that sent his fogged up brain reeling. He could do nothing but curse now, a combination of "*oh my god*" and "*fuck*" and "*harder, Ilya*" leaving his lips in barely intelligible words and breaths.

It was hard for Ilya to focus on anything other than the way Shane felt, the way his ass milked his cock with each thrust, the way Shane's moans made the room sound like a damn whorehouse. It was *absurd*, just how noisy Shane could get.

Ilya realized he couldn't live without this.

With an almost animalistic noise he shifted up onto his knees, one hand gripping Shane's hip as the other reached for his dark hair, pulling Shane up with him by the hair. Shane's body all but molded against Ilya's own, his back pressed against Ilya's chest. Ilya's hands immediately went back to gripping Shane's hips like a vice, fucking into him with so much intensity the king-sized bed started to shake.

"Give it to me, Shane," Ilya rumbled darkly, his words breathy as he pounded into the other man with an unquenched passion.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck," Shane's head fell into the crook of Ilya's neck with a whimper, the cold necklace tickling his sweat-damp skin. He buried his fingers into Ilya's hair as he held on for dear life, tugging at the curls the way he always loved to do. He was nearly left in a fit of broken moans when Ilya's mouth was suddenly latched onto his neck, biting and sucking on his pulse point until he left a mark.

Shane was already teetering on the edge.

"Oh, Ilya," he whispered, drowned out by their combined breaths and noises. His eyes squeezed shut as Ilya did all the work, slamming him down onto his cock with each roll of his hips. "*I... I'm close.*"

"Again?" Ilya rasped against his neck, accompanied by a particularly brutal thrust that forced out a whimper from Shane's lips. "*Fucking... Me too. You are going to feel this tomorrow.*"

Ilya kept one hand locked on Shane's hip as the other one reached forward to wrap around Shane's cock, the precum dripping down his shaft working well enough as lube. Ilya stroked Shane in rhythm with his thrusts, his movements precise and dedicated.

Shane tried rolling his hips despite Ily's grip to chase that high, and Ilya responded by tightening his fist around the head of Shane's cock as he quickened his strokes. Shane's lips parted as no noise came out, just filthy heavy breathing that seemed to fill the air. His brain

could barely keep up with the sensations as Ilya's cock brushed against his prostate so perfectly.

Ilya fucked Shane like he could never get enough. "Come on, Shane. Come for me."

As soon as Ilya felt the beginnings of Shane's orgasm, he nudged his face against Shane's open mouth for a sloppy half-kiss that neither of them could focus on. Shane spilled into Ilya's hand with a broken sound against Ilya's mouth, his cock twitching as his release came out in short spurts. The way he clenched around Ilya was enough to make him come too, groaning as he felt his load fill up inside of Shane, in the condom. He broke the kiss to let in a desperately needed long breath.

They stayed like that for a while, Ilya still balls deep inside of Shane, as they caught their breaths. He could feel himself begin to soften but he couldn't bring himself to pull out just yet, perfectly content to stay as physically close to Shane as possible.

Ilya was still absentmindedly stroking Shane's softened cock slowly, lazily, his nose buried in the other man's shoulder. He never wanted to leave this.

When Shane mumbled a little "*stop*" from the overstimulation Ilya obliged, finally letting go of Shane's cock. He brought his cum-slicked thumb up to press against Shane's bottom lip. "Taste," the word was gentle but an order all the same, and Shane parted his lips without a second thought.

Instantly, his tongue was met with the taste of himself. Shane moaned quietly around the thumb, sucking down just the way he knew Ilya liked.

"Filthy boy," Ilya muttered fondly, his accent thick the way it always is in the aftermath of their passion. He pulled his thumb out, wiping Shane's saliva down his chest before wrapping both of his arms carefully around Shane's stomach. He didn't want to let go, not just yet.

Shane said nothing, but his body went lax against Ilya's as his eyes slowly fluttered shut. He was in perfect, post-sex bliss.

They stayed like that for a few minutes, no words needing to be exchanged. Shane was still on cloud nine as Ilya started mouthing at the side of Shane's neck where he had left a mark.

Ilya could stay like this forever, he really could, but he knew they had to clean up before their mess began to dry. "Need to clean up."

Carefully, he let go of Shane and slowly slid out, tying up the filled condom and throwing it into the small trash can by the bed. Shane collapsed onto his back, watching as Ilya reached for the cloth on the nightstand. He looked for a clean spot on the fabric before he gently began brushing the evidence of their coition off of their bodies, the cloth rough against sensitive skin.

They both knew they would need a shower to fully clean off and needed to replace the sheets, but this was enough for now.

"Come here," Shane mumbled lazily, looking up at Ilya with eyes that said he wanted to cuddle *now*.

Ilya raised an eyebrow with a smile as he threw the cloth somewhere, then joined Shane in the middle of the bed. He molded his body against Shane's, head resting against his chest. "You... are absolutely addicting." Ilya murmured, wrapping an arm around Shane's waist.

"More addicting than cigarettes?" Shane mused.

"Fuck off," Ilya retaliated by nuzzling his nose against Shane's pec, giving his sensitive tit a small *nip* between teeth. "yes."

Shane grunted, though he looked down at Ilya with a small smile. He pulled Ilya impossibly closer, wrapping one arm around his back and the other around Ilya's neck, fingers once again finding his curls. Shane loved Ilya's curls. "I'm healthier for you too, I think."

Ilya let out a single chuckle against warm, sweaty skin. "I don't know, Hollander. If I get too addicted to you, how am I ever supposed to win my games against you if I am too distracted?"

"Oh, is that what you're worried about? Beating me on the ice?" Shane's eyes narrowed, but his fingers were still gently raking through Ilya's hair, almost like he was petting a cat.

"Is what I'm always worried about," Ilya replied, though they both knew that was a *lie*.

Shane shook his head. "You're impossible."

"And *you* are perfect," Ilya's lips returned to Shane's skin, this time far softer, his kisses trailing up until he reached Shane's neck. "Every inch. Perfect. Made for me."

Shane leaned into Ilya's body, sighing softly as he bared his neck, and Ilya's mouth didn't leave a single inch untouched. He didn't feel perfect; this whole forbidden, nasty thing made him feel anything but perfect, and yet the way Ilya said the words with such vindication made him want to believe he was. Perfect.

Shane tried to roll Ilya over onto his back so he could lay on him, letting out a soft, pained groan when the movement left an ache in his backside.

"Sore?" Ilya teased, settling himself on the sheets as he pulled Shane's body on top of him, covering him in a comfortable weight. He would have to make sure Shane took some painkillers before they went to sleep.

Shane huffed, his cheek resting right on Ilya's chest, where he could hear his heart thumping. It was a comforting sound. "You made sure I was," it sounded like a complaint, but it was anything but.

The soreness was a painful reminder of everything that had transpired, but in a good way. Shane realized that sometimes he liked the ache, because it reminded him that he could feel pain and even feel love. Because everything about Ilya brought both.

Shane's mind was already repeating the series of events, remembering the feeling of Ilya's hands holding him down. Those rough, calloused hands, so used to handling hockey sticks, now handling his body with practiced ease.

"Did you mean it? When you..." Shane trailed off, suddenly too shy to finish the sentence.

"Hmm?" Ilya hummed, a hand resting across Shane's side, watching the way his skin glowed in the lamp light. "When I what?"

Shane's face was hiding in Ilya's chest now, his soft breaths tickling his skin. Shane's fingers idly trailed down towards Ilya's happy trail, the peach fuzz almost soft to the touch. "When you... when you said you'd tied me up." He mumbled.

Ilya raised an eyebrow, his lips twitching into a lazy smirk. "Do you want me to mean it?"

There wasn't a response for a few moments, Shane facing the end of the bed as he refused to give an answer.

That won't do.

Ilya reached down to grab Shane's chin, pulling his face out of his chest so they were meeting eye-to-eye. "I will tie you up if that is what you want, Hollander. We will buy nice rope, maybe a few red ribbons. Dress you up like a *pretty* present, just for me. Merry Christmas."

Shane's cheeks started to flush a deep pink again, fighting the urge to look away; he couldn't anyways, with his chin still pinched between Ilya's fingers. He remembered what they promised each other during these two weeks: honesty. "I think I want that."

"OK," Ilya nodded, letting go of Shane's chin to cup his cheek. "Then I will tie you up. And then I will fuck you with the dildo I made out of my cock."

"*Oh god*, not this again..." Shane muttered with a groan, nuzzling his head back into Ilya's chest.

Ilya chuckled, the sound strangely soft, then brushed his thumb along Shane's jawline. He was so easy to tease. "Will have to order rope under your name. You think Amazon driver would be suspicious of Shane Hollander ordering rope?"

"Maybe if they think I'm a serial killer."

"Oh, please," Ilya grinned. "As if you would hurt a fly."

"I'll hurt *you* if you don't shut up," Shane threatened halfheartedly.

"Professional hockey player Ilya Rozanov found dead in *other* professional hockey player Shane Hollander's summer cottage. Would make quite the headline."

Shane laughed quietly, nudging his nose against Ilya's skin. "As if we need any more headlines about us."

Ilya agreed with a low hum. He said nothing for a few moments, letting in deep breaths before letting his head rest against the headboard.

This was... nice. Not being in a rush to leave post-sex, tripping over his pants. To be able to just lay here and talk, it was invaluable. *Two whole weeks of this.*

There was all the time in the world for them to be lazy in each other's arms, and Ilya knew they needed to shower before either of them got too tired to leave the bed. "I think it is about time you gave me tour of your en suite bathroom."

Shane groaned faintly, head still tucked in Ilya's chest. He could stay right here until morning and be happy about it, which is strange, because usually he was paranoid over having to clean the inevitable messes that came with every time he and Ilya met up. But now, in his own cottage, on his own sheets... there was nothing looming over his head.

But he did feel filthy, conscious of the dried sweat on his skin. "Yeah," he agreed, slowly sitting up despite his muscles protesting.

"Easy," Ilya grabbed Shane carefully, easily maneuvering him as they glided off of the bed, Ilya carrying Shane towards the bathroom.

"Hey," Shane gasped, legs wrapping around Ilya's waist as he held on tight. "I can fucking walk."

"I do not think so," Ilya shook his head. "I made sure of it."

And then he carried Shane into the shower like he was a king. Maybe to Ilya, he was.

They took their time in the shower, washing off various fluids and grime, and maybe getting a little distracted at being naked in each other's vicinity.

Ilya had only spent one day at Shane Hollander's cottage and he was already sure he never wanted to leave.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!! Kudos/comments are appreciated ^^

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