

dive head first.

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dive head first.

by [Skamtrash](#)

Summary

because of his oral fixation, shane constantly wants ilyas dick in his mouth, by any means necessary

Notes

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

Ilya had just gotten back from a workout in their home gym downstairs and headed for a quick shower. Once he was dressed and feeling refreshed, he trails into the living room to see Shane sitting in the same position he left him in an hour and a half ago, staring blankly at the TV. "Shane" He calls out to him.

Shane glances up at him as if he was snapped out of a trance. Ilya walks over to him and looks down at him curiously, tilting his head up by his chin, "You okay? What's in that pretty head?"

He notices the way Shane briefly glances down to Ilyas crotch before glancing back up at him and forces a smile, "Nothing." He reassures.

Ilya plants himself beside him and caresses the back of his neck, "You always bad liar. I know you 11 years. I know when you lie."

Shane chuckles but doesn't say anything as they stare at each other, "It's nothing" He repeats, failing to convincingly lie.

Ilya sighs and picks Shane up to sit in his lap. He knows sometimes Shane is unsure or uncomfortable on how to verbalize what he feels and things he might want and so naturally, it's on Ilya to drag it out of him, help him open up.

"Okay" Ilya says resting his hands on Shane's thighs, "Is about your family?" He poses. Shane shakes his head. "Hockey? Friends?" He shakes his head again. "Us?"

Shane nods.

"Okay" Ilya hums. "Are you upset with me? You want to ask for something?"

Shane mews and embarrassingly buries his face in Ilyas neck as he gets closer to figuring out what's been on Shane's mind "Second one" He murmurs.

"Second one? Okay" Ilya says wrapping his arms around his back as he thinks. "Something you want? Is about sex?" He can imagine that's why Shane's so timid about it. He feels Shane nod against him, "Kind of, not really"

"Okay, I got us close. You tell me now, is so many things it could be" Shane doesn't audibly reply, he just grips onto Ilya tighter. Holding onto him to ground him from his shame. After several moments, Shane glides his hand down Ilyas chest and cups his bulge, "Is that it? You want my dick?" He asks.

Shane hums. "Always" He mutters.

"Always? You can have whenever you want" Ilya reminds. He figures that can't be it *completely*. They have sex practically everyday, there has to be something more than just wanting Ilya to fuck him.

"My mouth" Shane murmurs against his neck.

"You want my dick in your mouth?" He asks confused, there's still something he's not picking up on. Again, it was too simple of a request for Shane to be this worked up about it. "You want to show me? You can do it now, what you want." He encourages. Clearly words weren't going to do it this time around.

Shane finally pulls up from his boyfriend's neck and looks at him with gratitude before giving him a chaste kiss, "Can you lay down?" He requests quietly.

Ilya does as he says, lying on his back, staring up at him curiously. Shane crawls down his chest until he reaches the bulge in Ilyas shorts. He teases him until he's hard and once he is, he pulls his shorts down. Shane proceeds to lie on his stomach in between Ilyas legs and just when Ilya thinks Shane just wants to suck cock, he takes it in his mouth, down his throat and just stays there. He rests his cheek against his thigh, fluttering his eyes closed as he lies there blissfully with Ilyas erection down his throat, unmoving.

"This what you want?" He checks, slightly dumbfounded. "No blow job, just--- my dick in your mouth?" He questions.

Shane nods as he gets himself cozy and snug against him, his right arm scooping under his boyfriend's thigh. Ilya has known since all those years ago that Shane had an oral fixation, liked things in his mouth. It's why his fingers often ended up in Shane's mouth during sex. Why he was always gnawing on the drawstring of his sweater or a plastic utensil. He hadn't known it was something *that* present for him *outside* of sex but by the looks of it, Shane is about to nap with Ilyas dick in his mouth so it might be something more. He doesn't question it too much. He knows it probably took a lot for Shane to even nonverbally ask for this so he lets him indulge.

Within fifteen minutes, Shane is asleep. Ilya gives him another ten minutes of deep slumber before he gently slides his cock out of his mouth and stuffs it back in his pants. He immediately starts googling.

Cock warming he learns

That's what it is. And makes complete sense for who he knows his boyfriend to be. And now that they have unleashed that, he realizes how much Shane must have been holding back. For all these years.

He becomes insatiable once Ilya knows. It's been three weeks and a day hasn't gone by that Shane hadn't asked for it. It's all he thinks about and craves and he has a hard time turning it off once he wants it. He becomes an absolute pleading mess.

They're at a hockey soiree, a formal mingling at a hotel. Thankfully, they've been out for a year so there's no need to hide their relationship. But there's still boundaries and when Shane is horny, he sometimes forgets those. Ilya is on the hotel ballroom balcony talking with a professional NHL commentator when Shane comes trailing towards him. Ilya glanced at him briefly, shoots him a smile as a sign of acknowledgement before returning to his conversation. But Shane doesn't turn away, he walks up to him anyway, locks his hands around Ilyas bicep and nuzzles into it as Ilya keeps up his conversation and tries to pretend there isn't a desperate Hollander clinging onto him.

"Please" He hears Shane softly mutter. His cheek is pressed against Ilyas arms, facing away from the man in front of Ilya. "Need it" He says, squeezing his arm, quiet enough for only their ears. Ilya does his best to ignore his boyfriend's horny antics.

"Ilya" He squeezes his arm again and finally looks up at him. "Please" He begs as if there wasn't a stranger two feet away from them.

"Not now. You feel anxious or something?"

He nods. Ilya reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a lollipop and some gum for him, "Here. We go soon. Look, Hayden just came" Shane takes the gum and lollipop and disappears. In his research, Ilya had learned sometimes lollipops and gum can give oral fixators the same feeling they chase. Or at least keep their mouths busy as a distraction. Hopefully it fulfilled Shane enough for the evening.

"Sorry about that, he get overwhelmed at these things" Ilya apologizes.

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About forty minutes later, Ilya heads back inside and sees Shane talking to Hayden and Jackie as he sucks mercilessly on his lollipop, his pouty lips now red from the strawberry flavor.

He sneaks up behind him and kisses his neck, "Ready?"

Shane looks back at him and nods eagerly. They say their goodbyes and head towards the elevator. Once the doors close, Ilya gives his sweet lips a kiss, "The lollipop helped?"

"Not as good but its okay for a little while" He explains. Ilya nods and they walk towards the car hand in hand once they exit the building. Once they get in the truck and Ilya drives off, Shane immediately ditches the lollipop in the cupholder and leans over to start kissing on Ilyas neck. Ilya squeezes his knee as a warning, "Can't get us home if you do this" He says although any wherewithal is dwindling. Always does around Shane. "I won't do anything" Shane says. "Just want it in my mouth" He says as he continues to ravish his neck while his hand plays with Ilya over his pants. At a stop light, Shane turns Ilyas face to him and slams his lips to his for a hungry and passionate make out, both of them mewling in each other's mouth.

They pull back when the light turns green and Shane immediately undoes Ilyas pants and pulls his cock out. He stretches out his seatbelt, reaches over the console and gets his mouth on him, his face buried in his crotch as he warms his cock.

"You get me off a little, yes? Please?" Ilya asks running his fingers through Shane's hair. Shane hums no, "Home" He chokes out as he stays put, his warm mouth soaking Ilyas cock and Ilya was having a hard time trying to remember their route home. All he wanted to do was thrust his hips and fuck Shane's pretty lips and come on his face.

When they pull up to their garage fifteen minutes later, Shane notices and starts slowly sucking him off, trying to savor the heaviness on his tongue and also give Ilya what he wants before they have to get out of the car.

"Fuck!!" Ilya groans. "You're killing me, you can't go that slow" He huffs. Shane ignores him and uses his cock as he pleases. For long and slow strokes because he doesn't want Ilya to come any time soon. He wants this feeling as long as possible but then Ilya says, "If we still do this in five minutes, you not getting fucked tonight." He says. Clearly he has to play this game with his greedy, spoiled boyfriend. Shane immediately starts giving him a proper blow job and Ilyas head drops back on the headrest and his lips part. His grip in Shane's hair tightens as he lifts his boyfriend's head up, bobbing him on his cock. His jaw tightens as he feels his climax approaching. He shoves Shane back down, deepthroating him and thrusts up to chase his orgasm. He comes in his mouth with deep grunts. "Fuck" He huffs, trying to catch his breath as he releases Shane from his grip. Shane finally sits up, with a crank in his back from lying like this for so long. "We can go upstairs now" Shane says, clearly with a one track mind. Ilya takes a moment to catch his breath before they get out of the car and head up to their penthouse. After Ilya chugs down a glass of water, he joins Shane in bed and rams him into the mattress and he knocks him out like a light as soon as they're done.

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Shane had been away for 9 days, they had a game abroad and the minute he landed, his parents wanted to have dinner to catch up and update him about new sponsorship opportunities. He walks into the restaurant, duffel bag on his shoulder after coming straight from the airport. He walks up to the hostess and before he can even say anything, she smiles, "Shane Hollander, right this way"

He follows her and smiles when he sees his parents and to his surprise, Ilya is also with them. He gives a hug to both his parents before blushing when he sees Ilya. He hugs him and gives him a quick kiss, "Missed you" He hadn't realized how badly until right now. The blond curls. His scent. His pretty eyes. Those lips. Everything else. He needs him.

"I miss you too" He kisses him once more and takes his bag from him, "I put bag in the car. Go sit" He says and walks off. Shane sits down across from his parents and catches them up on his time away. When Ilya gets back, there's nothing to tell him that he didn't already tell him on their daily calls. "You didn't tell me you would be here "

"Your parents want surprise" He smiles. They all pick up their menus to decide their meals before the waiter returns but Shane has a one track mind and he knows what he really wants and it's unfortunately not on the menu. His eyes shift to Ilyas crotch, imagining all the things he'll get to do later. It's been nine days without *anything*. He can already feel the weight on his tongue, the taste of his c--

He feels Ilya suddenly tilt his head up and narrows his gaze at him, telling him to hold himself together. He reaches in his pocket for a piece of gum and hands it to Shane.

"Not enough" He groans quietly.

"Shane" Ilya asserts, in a warning tone. As much as Ilya wants this too, one of them has to hold it together. Shane unwraps the gum and slips it in his mouth as his mother looks over to them, "Everything okay?" She asks.

"Yes" Ilya answers. "Shane is tired. Give him gum to keep him awake" It's a shocker he can pull excuses out of his ass. The minute his parents go back to their menus, Shane reaches over and rests his hand on Ilya's thigh, needing to feel close to him. He can't explain the physical pull he had around Ilya, he had no control over it. Ilya looks over to him stiffly, "Hand stay there. Don't move" He mouths. Shane nods. He wasn't exactly planning on touching his boyfriend's dick in front of his parents, although there's nothing that he wanted to do more in that moment.

The dinner goes by smoothly with Shane having his gum to focus his mouth on and then his food. When they wrap up dinner, the couple walks toward the car, "You scare me in there" He tells Shane.

"I didn't do anything. Was just looking."

"At my dick. What your parents say if they catch you?"

Shane shrugs as they hop in the car and his eyes immediately lock in on what he wants.

"You be patient, wait until we get home. Hands to yourself." Ilya says, already knowing Shane's brain was going over how to get that cock in his mouth on the ride home.

It's frankly not easy for Shane. They're alone and his boyfriend is right there and he hasn't had his cock in over a week. But he tries, he looks out the window to pretend he's not there because if he takes one look at him, how sexy he looks tonight, he'll fold. He gnaws at the string of his hoodie instead.

When they make it home, Ilya pecks his cheek, "You always good for me" He smiles before they hop out and head up. When they're back in their apartment, Ilya leans back against the front door, "First, you going to unpack, take shower and then I take care of you. Yes?"

Shane furrows his brows, he wasn't interested in doing anything but jumping on Ilya right now. "Why do I have to unpack tonight?"

"Because you hate yourself tomorrow when you wake up and see you did not do it tonight, okay?" Ilya clearly has to be the brains between the two of them. Because he knows his boyfriend. His neurotic, autistic boyfriend who will regret leaving his clothes in the travel bag. Shane does as Ilya says, unpacks his clothes, putting some back in his wardrobe and the rest in the hamper. He hurries to take a quick thorough shower before rushing back to their bedroom and climbing on top of Ilya, "Done"

"You try to win medal for fastest time?" He jokes.

Shane snickers, "It sounds like you didn't miss me as much as I missed you"

"I did miss you. Trust me. Very very much" He mutters seductively and pulls Shane down for a kiss. "Thought about you the whole time." He says before sliding his tongue in his mouth. They kiss each other with passion, with an intensity, making up for lost time. They're devouring each other with their tongues, it's deep, fast and wet. Hair is getting pulled. Bodies being caressed before Shane pulls back and starts kissing down Ilyas chest, down his stomach, to his cock. Before he can get his mouth on it, Ilya pulls him up. "Lie down" Shane does as told as usual and Ilya turns himself around to face the end of the bed. He climbs on top of Shane and reaches to grab the lube. Shane gets his mouth on Ilyas cock immediately and starts sucking him off. He doesn't need to be told. If his boyfriend's erection is in front of him, it's going to be in his mouth.

Ilya pushes Shane's legs back, exposing his hole to him. He lubes up his fingers and teases his rim before slipping two fingers inside of him, which makes Shane moan against his cock.

He wraps his mouth around Shane's dick and fingers him simultaneously, feeling cocky when he hears Shane whimper behind him. He slips another finger inside of him, stretching him open. "Another" He hears Shane choke on his dick. Ilya adds in a fourth finger and he feels Shane drop his cock from his mouth and arch his back, "Oh my God" He whines. "Please baby, pleaseee" Shane begs behind him. Ilya pounds his fingers into his hole, curling them just at the right spot and Shane wails and writhes underneath him, "Okay enough enough. Fuck me, please" He begs. He pulls his fingers out and turns around on the bed and leans down to kiss him as Shane locks his legs around Ilyas back. "Please, please" He begs arching his hips up desperately. "Can't wait anymore"

Ilya grips him by his jaw and narrows his gaze down at him.

"Why are you looking at me like that ?" Shane asks, heavily panting like he can't catch his breath.

"You act crazy when you this horny." He says pecking his lips. "You can not calm down."

"I just want you" He whimpers.

"I like patient good boy. You not being patient."

Shane sighs and tries to breathe in order to have some semblance of relaxation, "Im sorry, I'll be good" It's just this moment has been on his mind since he left Ilya over a week ago. They used to go months without each other and he's not even sure how he survived. He can't even manage a measly nine days away from him now.

"Yes?"

"Yes. Just miss you" Ilya smiles and leans down to kiss him. While their lips are locked, he holds his erection at the base and presses it against Shane's rim and pushes inside him. Shane's jaw goes slack, stopping the kiss as he gazes up at Ilya, "Thank you" He gasps, as his boyfriend stretches him out.

"Is okay?" He checks. Shane licks his lips and nods, "Perfect"

Ilyas forearms rest on the bed on either side of his boyfriend as he thrusts inside of him, their chests pressed together. Ilya has always thought Shane has been so expressive during sex and it's one of the things he loved about him. How his face showed how much he was enjoying it. He wasn't afraid to moan, to let Ilya know exactly how good it really was.

Shane gasps and his eyes shoot open, "Right there, don't stop" He pleads when Ilya hits his prostate. And Ilya started fucking him harder, pressing up against his spot each time as Shane's eyes roll back and he inches up the bed, his face turning into the pillow, "Holy fucking shit Ilya--" He whines into the pillow and grips onto the sheets, pulling them off the bed. He looks back up at him, "You're gonna make me come" He warns. Ilya wraps his hand around Shane's neck and tells him to touch himself as Ilya starts to chase his own orgasm, feeling Shane tighten and clench around him. "Oh my---" Shane wails out in a series of whines and cries as he pumps his fist.

"Fuck Shane!" Ilya grunts as his hips hitch and they both release at the same time, the room filled with grunts and moans and heavy breathing. "Fuck, that was good" Ilya huffs as he collapses on top of Shane.

Shane kisses his cheek and keeps Ilya from moving for at least another ten minutes.

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Ilya wakes up the next morning to the best dream of his fucking life. Although when he actually becomes conscious, he simply realized it's not just a dream and Shane actually had his cock in his mouth as he read his current book on his kindle, as casual as if he was sucking on his own thumb.

Ilya stretches out and Shane looks up at him with those big brown eyes and softly smiles.

"I should just get used to this, yes?" Ilya asks. "My dick is not mine anymore"

"Mhmm" Shane hums with a cocky smile. Ilya only lets him indulge for about twenty minutes before he needs to get up for a video call with his manager. They're planning the next three months of his work and campaigns. Shane lets him go with no hesitation but about ten minutes into his meeting, Shane cracks the office door open. Ilya briefly glances up at him before looking back at his manager, "Shane is here, come say hi" He waves his boyfriend over. Shane walks over and leans into frame and waves, "Hello"

"How are you, love?"

"I'm good. It's good to see you. I'll leave you guys alone." He says stepping out of frame and as he does, he gets down on his knees and crawls back over to him. Ilya's heart drops into his fucking ass for a moment as Shane quietly inches closer to the desk, trying to crawl under it. Ilya tugs back on his boyfriend's shirt, stopping him from crawling any further all the while speaking with his manager and pretending everything is normal. Out of frame, he waves out his hand so Shane could suck on his fingers but he seems uninterested in that today. He

reaches over to grab at Ilya's cock and Ilya jumps, "Rosa, give me one minute, yes?" He turns off his camera and audio before looking down at Shane, "Enough"

"I want it" Shane whimpers. "I'll be quiet, I promise"

"You never get enough. I don't know what to do with you"

"You could say yes. Please. I'll be good for you" Shane smiles. Ilya sighs and moves the chair back, "Hurry up and be quiet" He can't look at those pretty brown eyes and freckled cheeks and possibly say no.

Shane mewls a small *thanks* before crawling under the desk, tugging Ilya's shorts down and getting his mouth on him. He braces his arms around his abdomen as he snuggles against his thigh. As insistent, as spoiled as Shane is, Ilya can't deny him, he loves seeing Shane happy. He runs his fingers through his hair softly, "You okay?"

Shane nods and Ilya looks back up and resumes his call. Shane is well behaved during the call. Most of it that is. He pulls off briefly when he needs to cough. Before taking him back in his mouth, he looks at Ilya's pretty dick, how thick it is, the veins, Shane feels so lucky. He leans in to lick the tip, making Ilya fidget in his seat. Shane smirks to himself and then takes him back in his mouth and starts sucking him off. He feels Ilya tense against him, caught off guard by the change. He desperately tries to slide his hand under the desk and give Shane his fingers but he rejects them again. "Shi-tt" Ilya's breath hitches as Shane deepthroats him. "I'm going to turn my camera off for a little, internet is spotty" He says to Rosa as she continues to walk him through his contract. The minute his camera is off, Ilya's head drops back and his mouth parts. He grabs Shane's hair in his hand and guides him faster on his cock.

"Fuck" He whispers under his breath. He swallows his suddenly dry throat, "Mhmm, that sounds like a good amount" He chokes out to Rosa before muting. It's a fucking miracle he's managing to make out absolutely anything coming out her mouth right now when Shane is doing that fucking thing with his tongue. "Fuck!!! Shane, God!!!" He curses aloud as he pulls Shane off and strokes his cock rapidly. He grips Shane by the back of his hair, tilting his face up. Shane closes his eyes, and sticks out his tongue as Ilya comes on Shane's face with loud, guttural moans. "Fuck Shane" He pants, licking his lips as his head drops back lifelessly. "Holy fuck!" He breathes out as he turns his audio and camera back on and quietly tells Shane to stay quiet. He briefly looks down at him and licks his lips, "So pretty " He mouths. He looks back up to Rosa as he swiped his come up on his thumb and stuffs it in Shane's mouth, Shane happily sucks his finger clean. Ilya sighs at the realization of what just happened, he's made an absolute sex demon out of Shane. He briefly turns his audio and camera off and pulls him from out of the desk and tells him to go. "No coming for you all day"

Shane pouts and is about to protest but Ilya glares and tells him to leave. He'll have to deal with him later, remind him to why he's the one in charge.

End Notes

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