

Take It Slow, Take It Easy On Me

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Take It Slow, Take It Easy On Me

by [Kanza \(Kodiez\)](#).

Summary

Shane reveals he can't get wet, and Ilya—of course—takes it as a challenge.

Notes

what a showwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!!!!1

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Ilya pressed Shane into the wall, crowding his space the way he always did, voice rough with confidence as he murmured in the omega's ear, "First, I make you very wet." His hand slid down to Shane's hip, thumb pressing just enough to hurt. "Then, I *fuck* you until you can't walk."

The words should have hit like they always did—hot, sharp, stirring that familiar coil of *want* that always made him ache. Instead, Shane swallowed hard. His fingers dug into the wall behind him, clutching as if it were the only solid thing left in the room. His stomach knotted. Not with arousal, but with the fear that this was where it would all fall apart.

This was the first time they'd ever come to the condo. This wasn't the same as a hotel room. This was a place Shane *owned* in Montreal, his home. Not Toronto after the CCM ads, Nashville after the All-Star game, or Las Vegas during the NHL Awards. Those places had rules—quick hands, quicker mouths, mindless words pressed into hot skin. Here, there was only him and Ilya, free from rules or witnesses. This was where Ilya would finally notice the flaw he had been hiding all along.

"I—just so you know," Shane forced the words out, gaze falling to the floor. "I don't really work like other omegas. Yeah, I get a bit wet, but—"

His breath caught in his throat, vulnerability and fear choking him. He hated how exposed he felt, hated how every syllable felt like it might make the alpha recoil. Shame coiled through him, tight and merciless. Cold, sinking dread filled his veins at the thought of being seen as inadequate, of being rejected for what he could not control.

"I'm just not like other omegas."

The silence that followed hit him harder than any check on the rink. Felt dull and solid against his chest. Time stretched. Shane's ribs rose and fell in uneven pulls. Each breath was a mix of longing and panic. Then, one hand came up to cradle his jaw—warm, steady. It tilted his face upward, holding him, keeping him from falling apart under the weight of his own fear.

"Is no problem," Ilya said matter-of-factly, voice rough with emotion.

Shane shook his head, "Don't fucking *lie*—"

"Hollander, I know you bought enough lube for until next year. We will use it." One hand slid down, under the waistband of Shane's shorts. "And never know what might happen." Broad fingers traced a slow line down Shane's length, just enough to make him shiver "You have never been with *Ilya Rozanov*," he added, a challenge curling through the words—and Shane found himself smiling faintly at that.

The next moments passed in a haze. A blur of urgent kisses and roaming hands as they made their way to the bedroom. Shane was barely aware of how he ended up shirtless on the bed, pressed into the dark comforter as Ilya loomed over him. Nothing felt like it was under their control anymore. Everything felt simply like *instinct*.

The taller man kissed Shane again. Deep, languid, and thorough. Tasting of mint and the dark spice of his alpha scent. He kissed until Shane was gasping, until the omega's hands came up to fist the back of Ilya's shirt, holding on just to stay sane.

"I watch you on the ice," Ilya breathed against his lips, between kisses. "You think you are good at hiding, keeping things locked away." The alpha pressed his thumb gently against the muscle of Shane's jaw. "You are tight here, but I have cum down your throat," Ilya murmured. "And here." The same hand trailed downward, cupping the omega over his half-hard cock and the dry heat between his legs, as Shane did his best not to let out an embarrassing sound. "But you will be wet and dripping and I will cum *inside* you."

The words were a direct current to Shane's core. The sheer, arrogant *certainty* of them. The detailed, observant attention. Ilya was narrating the omega's desire, painting a picture of it, and Shane was helpless, could only stare at the canvas.

The paler man sat up, hooking his fingers in the waistband of Shane's shorts and boxer-briefs, pulling them down and off in one smooth motion. The cool air hit Shane's bare skin as Ilya tugged at his own shirt, shrugging it off. Quick fingers unbuttoned his own jeans but paused mid-motion, unwilling to continue. His eyes were locked on Shane, completely distracted by the sight of him.

"You're staring," Shane muttered. The vulnerability was excruciating. He was exposed, visibly unready. He closed his eyes, shame a bitter taste in his mouth. His voice sounded wrecked already, and they hadn't even—

"I know," Ilya said, unrepentant. His thumb brushed Shane's inner thigh, slow, just once. "You are perfect."

Shane's thighs were already parted. Pretty hole clenching reflexively as Ilya's thumb circled it—not pressing in yet, just teasing the rim with that ice-cold patience. "Fuck," Shane muttered, hips twitching up, but Ilya's free hand splayed across his stomach, holding him down with effortless strength.

Ilya lowered himself down the bed. "Look at me." He said, voice low.

The command was quiet, but absolute. Shane's eyes blinked open, half-lidded gaze locking on the other man.

"You are sensitive," the alpha whispered against his skin, his breath fanning over Shane's rim as his thumb kept up that maddening, lazy circle.

"Don't—don't expect too much." Shane muttered, fingers twisted in the comforter, knuckles white.

"Bullshit," Ilya grinned, lips brushing the curve of Shane's ass. "You are already shaking." Shane bit his lip, refusing to give him the satisfaction of a moan, but his body betrayed him, hips lifting instinctively, chasing the pressure.

The blond pressed an open-mouthed kiss to the inside of Shane's thigh. Then another, higher. His stubble scraped deliciously against sensitive skin. "You do not need to do anything," he said, his words vibrating into Shane's flesh. "Your job is to feel. My job is to make you feel so much, you cannot remember how to be anything but *wet* for me."

He started with his tongue. A broad, flat stroke from perineum to the base of Shane's cock. Not focusing on his hole, not yet. Just mapping. Learning. He licked and sucked at the tender skin of his inner thighs, his heavy scent saturating the air. He took Shane's length into his mouth, not to bring him to orgasm, but just to warm him, his tongue swirling with unhurried precision. Shane's breaths came in short, sharp pants. The heat was building, a low thrum under his skin, but the familiar anxiety remained. He braced for Ilya's frustration.

"I can smell it," Ilya murmured, nuzzling into the crease of his thigh. "Is like snow melting. Slow, then everything is wet." He finally brought his mouth to Shane's entrance. Not licking, just breathing hot, damp air over the clenched muscle. "You are thinking. Stop thinking. Just feel my mouth on you."

He began to lick, then. Not a quick, probing flick, but a slow, relentless lapping. As if he had all night. As if devouring Shane was his only purpose. He circled the tight ring, pressed against it with the flat of his tongue, then pointed tip, over and over, a maddening, rhythmic torture. He alternated between broad strokes and focused, penetrating flicks, each one sending jolts of startling pleasure straight up Shane's spine.

A sound escaped Shane—a drawn out moan. His hands flew to Ilya's hair, not to push him away, but to anchor himself in the shocking reality of it. One of the best hockey players in the world was eating him out, and doing so with a single-minded dedication that felt like *worship*.

"Бот так," Ilya growled against him, the vibration exquisite. ("Like this,"). "There it is. I can taste you. So sweet."

And he was right. A warm slickness seeped out, meeting Ilya's tongue. A sudden, eager rush of wetness that made Ilya groan in approval. The alpha redoubled his efforts, drinking from him, his tongue pushing deeper now that the way was slick and yielding. A ragged moan tore from Shane's throat, half-choked because *fuck*, he hadn't expected it to feel this good.

"Jesus, Rozanov." His hips jerked up involuntarily, chasing the heat of that mouth, the rough scrape of stubble against his inner thighs. The alpha's response was a low, satisfied hum, vibrations sending shocks up Shane's spine.

Then fingers joined tongue—one, then two—curving just right, dragging against that sweet, swollen spot inside him. Shane's back arched off the bed, a strangled curse bursting free as Ilya fingerfucked into him with quick, precise strokes.

"Faster," he gasped, legs spreading wider, heels digging into the mattress.

Ilya obeyed, twisting his wrist, fingertips pressing harder, deeper, until Shane's breath came in sharp, punched-out gasps. The slide of skin was obscenely loud in the quiet room, slick

with spit and Shane's own desperate wetness. "You sound—" Ilya paused to bite the inside of Shane's thigh, leaving a mark that'd bruise by morning— "like you're made for this."

Shane couldn't argue. Not when every nerve felt alight. He was close—*so close*—teeth sinking into his own lip to muffle another moan. But then, Ilya pulled back abruptly, his fingers slipping free with a wet sound that made Shane whine at the sudden emptiness.

"See?" Ilya mused, bringing glistening fingers to Shane's mouth. Shane parted his lips absentmindedly. Then, sucking gently, tasting himself on rough fingertips. The alpha's eyes, dark and blazing with triumph, locked on Shane's. "You just needed right alpha."

Shane barely registered the words, still dazed, mind slow to catch up with his body. Only the sound of a zipper dragging down brought him back to reality. Ilya shoved his jeans down his hips, one handed with rough impatience. The denim caught on his thighs, but he didn't bother kicking them off fully—just freed himself, thick and flushed, veins standing stark under the dim light. The taller man's fingers slipped out of Shane's mouth. Ilya tore open a condom with his teeth and rolled it on with a practiced twist of his wrist.

"Tell me," Ilya commanded, one hand braced on the bed, the other gripping the base of his rock-hard cock and dragging the blunt tip through the slick mess between Shane's thighs

"*Need you*," Shane gasped, the word torn from a place deep inside.

Ilya pushed in. The stretch was profound, breathtaking. Ilya was big, and he filled him with a relentless stroke that shoved Shane up the bed, pulling a groan from his lungs. The omega was *incredibly* wet. Slick making the penetration smooth but no less overwhelming. Ilya bottomed out and held there, his body trembling with the effort of his control.

"Fuck," Ilya hissed, hips snapping forward again, driving Shane harder into the sheets. His rhythm was merciless, each thrust punctuated by the slap of skin, the creak of the bedframe. Shane clawed at his shoulders, nails biting into sweat-slick muscle, as Ilya bent low, lips grazing his ear. "Take it, omega."

Shane was beyond words. Pleasure, sharper and more intense than anything he'd ever known, coiled tight in his gut. His own cock, hard and leaking, rubbed against Ilya's abdomen with every drive forward. The fullness of Ilya's length and the filthy words from Ilya's mouth were unraveling him completely.

"Боже," Ilya choked out, face pressed into Shane's neck. ("God."). "You are drowning me."

Not love-making, but fucking, pure and simple. Hard, deep, punishing strokes that drove the air from Shane's lungs with each thrust. The wet, filthy sound of their joining filled the room—ragged breathing and the slap of skin. Ilya set a brutal, perfect pace. Each plunge hit a spot inside Shane that sparked white behind his eyelids.

"This," Ilya gritted out, his voice raw. "This is what you need. Not gentle. *This*. To be *used*. To be *filled*." He punctuated each word with a devastating thrust. "You are so wet. So perfect. Taking me so deep."

He traced a finger through the smeared mess of his precum, up to Shane's chest. His thumb brushed over a peaked nipple, making Shane jerk and moan.

"Hollander," Ilya murmured, his voice a rough caress. A shudder wracked Shane's frame. "I look at you. I see *everything*. Every move. Every spark of pleasure in your eyes. I can't believe you though you could not get wet."

The paler man began to slow down. A deep withdrawal, then a rolling thrust back in. It wasn't the punishing pace from before. Measured. Each stroke was designed to drag over every sensitive nerve inside Shane, whose hands flew to the comforter, fingers flexing into soft fabric.

"That's it," Ilya coaxed, his voice a low, hypnotic rumble. "Hold on to me. Take what you need." He shifted his angle slightly, and on the next thrust, he hit *that* spot with unerring accuracy.

Shane cried out, his back arching off the bed. "Fuck—!"

"Da," Ilya growled, a feral smile touching his lips. "There. That is the place, yes? The place that makes your pretty eyes roll back." He did it again, and again, a relentless, grinding pressure that had Shane seeing stars. "So wet for me. Soaking the sheets. You can feel it? How you drip for me? How your body begs for it?"

The dirty talk was a weapon. It stripped Shane bare, more than the physical act ever could, until he was reduced to sensation and sound.

"I want to hear you," Ilya demanded, his rhythm gaining force, becoming harder, deeper. "I want to hear how good I make you feel. Tell me."

"*Rozanov*," Shane panted—the name a prayer, a curse.

"*Tell me.*"

"*Fuck*. So good. You're so *deep*."

Ilya's hips snapped forward, a sharp, punishing thrust that stole Shane's breath. "And?"

"And I can't—I can't think." The admission tumbled out, raw and honest. "It's too much."

"Good," Ilya purred, lowering his head to capture Shane's mouth in a searing, possessive kiss. He tasted of salt as he fucked the omega through the kiss, his tongue mirroring the thrust of his hips. When he broke away, a string of saliva connected them. "Thinking is overrated. *Feeling* is what you are for. What you are *made* for. To feel *this*."

He hooked his hands under Shane's knees, pushing them back toward his chest, opening him impossibly wider, changing the angle again. The new position made Shane feel utterly exposed, utterly claimed. Ilya drove into him. A jolt of pure, undiluted pleasure radiated from his core to the tips of his fingers.

Ilya's hand snaked between them, wrapping around Shane's length, stroking him in time with his thrusts. The dual sensation was overwhelming.

"Look at me," Ilya gritted out, his own control fraying, his thrusts becoming irregular, desperately hard. "Look at me when you come."

The command was the final thread. The coil in Shane's gut—wound tight by Ilya's expert, relentless attention—*snapped*. He cried out. A broken sound leaving his lips as his orgasm ripped through him, splattering on his stomach in hot stripes. His body clenched violently around Ilya, milking him, pulling him over the edge. Ilya's rhythm shattered. He shoved in one last, brutal time, grinding deep as he came, his body shuddering, his forehead dropping to Shane's shoulder with a choked, Russian curse.

For long minutes, there was only the sound of their heaving breaths, the frantic beat of Shane's heart against Ilya's chest. Ilya's weight was crushing, perfect. He finally softened and slipped out, collapsing beside Shane on the sweat-damp sheets. Then, he turned Shane around, his hands surprisingly gentle on his face. He searched his eyes, his own gaze fierce and satisfied. He swiped a thumb over Shane's kiss-swollen lips.

"Next time," Ilya said, his voice a husky promise, "You will be wet for me before the door closes."

End Notes

no beta i just dled

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