

I know you like it when I tell you what you want

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by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

Ilya walks over to Shane who's wearing one of Ilya's black t-shirts that's a little too big on him, and black sweatpants. Shane turns his head to look at Ilya who's now standing right next to him before he sees Ilya get down onto his knees in front of him.

"Ilya, what are you—"

"Keep doing your routine," Ilya tells him, looking up at him through his lashes as he starts to lower Shane's pants.

OR

Ilya gets impatient while Shane is doing his skin care routine, so he does something about it.

Notes

hiii

here is part 2 of this little skin care series!

hope yall enjoy this ♡

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

Eight days later

It's Friday and Shane is finally driving from Montreal to Ottawa to spend the next three nights with Ilya. Shane has to leave really early Monday morning to get back to Montreal so that he can fly with his team later that day to Los Angeles.

Ilya has a game today against Chicago so he won't be home to greet Shane when he arrives.

Shane

I'm here, good luck tonight. I'll be watching and rooting for you.

Shane

Wish I could be there to do it in person

Ilya's heart clenches at that. He wishes that too. Hopefully one day he can.

Ilya

I love you

Ilya

Be naked and in my bed by the time I get home

Shane

Yes, sir

Shane

I love you too, go get ‘em

Ilya

Say that again in bed later

Shane sends a winking emoji before Ilya puts his phone away. He gives a speech to his team to get them hyped up for this game like he does before every game even if it doesn't really do much.

They lose 3-1 which isn't that bad considering they've had worse beatings. Ilya, of course, scored the one goal they did get tonight. Ilya takes a very quick shower and puts his nice clothes on— a black turtleneck sweater tucked into some nice, black pants.

He grabs his things before checking his phone on the way out. He sees some texts from Shane that he sent during the game and one he just sent now.

Shane

What the fuck was that call!

Shane

Hell Yeah Ilya! Great goal

Shane

Oof that hit looked like it hurt, are you okay?

Shane

Good game, you'll get them next time, baby

Shane

Waiting for you...

Ilya smiles at all his texts, loving just how sweet this man is to him. He smirks at the last one.

Ilya

Do not start without me

Shane

Then hurry up

Ilya gets into his car and drives a little too fast back home.

He drops his bag on the floor at the entrance, kicks his shoes off, and rushes up the stairs to his bedroom. He leans on the open doorframe of his bedroom to see Shane sitting up against his headboard, completely naked.

“Finally,” Shane says with a cheeky little smile as he wraps his hand around his already hard cock. “Fuck,” he moans softly.

Ilya walks into the room, making his way towards the bed. Shane says, “You look so good, Ilya,” watching him as he strokes himself.

Ilya watches him, mouth watering at the sight of his boyfriend touching himself. He gets undressed and practically pounces on Shane who laughs. Ilya kisses him all over his face as he gets between his legs.

It’s quick as they haven’t seen each other in a few weeks but it’s amazing all the same. They clean themselves off in the shower together before they have a snack and catch up on some things while they’ve been apart.

Finally, with Ilya's teeth brushed, he's back in bed, naked again because no way is he sleeping beside Shane wearing any clothes. Shane is, of course, in the washroom working on his one thousand step skin care routine.

"Shane," he calls out to him.

"I'm almost done, Ilya," he hears him say back.

"I don't believe you," he tells him. "It's already been forever."

"You're so impatient," Shane says back.

Ilya groans. He throws the covers off him as he gets out of bed and says, "I haven't seen you in weeks, sweetheart," leaning into the open doorway that leads to his en-suite washroom. He sees Shane rubbing some kind of serum into his face. He gets an idea.

Ilya walks over to Shane who's wearing one of Ilya's black t-shirts that's a little too big on him, and black sweatpants. Shane turns his head to look at Ilya who's now standing right next to him before he sees Ilya get down onto his knees in front of him.

"Ilya, what are you—"

"Keep doing your routine," Ilya tells him, looking up at him through his lashes as he starts to lower Shane's pants.

"But I'm almost done," Shane stutters as Ilya takes Shane's now slowly hardening cock out. He's still mostly soft though.

Ilya takes him completely into his mouth and sucks until Shane gets hard in his mouth. "Fuck, Ilya," Shane moans softly.

Ilya looks up at him and sees that he stopped doing his skin care. He lets go of his cock with a pop and says, "Keep doing your skin care or I will not continue."

He sees the flush of Shane's skin and his cock twitch at Ilya's instructions, "Yes, sir," he teases.

Ilya practically growls at that. He waits for Shane to get back to his routine before Ilya takes him into his mouth again, moaning loudly around him.

Shane moans, bucking his hips slightly into Ilya's mouth. Ilya's hands come up to hold Shane's hips in place as he keeps going. He watches Shane above him continue to do his skin care, even slower than he usually does it as he keeps stopping to moan or grip onto Ilya's curls.

"I'm so close," Shane suddenly moans softly.

Ilya pulls off and says, "You can't come until you finish your skin care, sweetheart."

Shane looks him in the eyes and Ilya meets his gaze, unwavering in his command. "Fine," Shane says as he gets back to his skin care.

"Good boy," Ilya says before he takes Shane back into his mouth and pulls his hips forward, loving the way his cock feels hitting the back of his throat.

Shane moans loudly as he grips onto the edge of the sink with his hand. He looks up to see Shane attempting to wash his face as Ilya's hands spread Shane's cheeks apart and he touches his index finger to Shane's hole.

He can see that Shane stopped again so he pulls off to say, “Keep going.”

Shane moans and gets back to washing his face. Ilya runs his hand up Shane’s body, grabbing onto his pec under his shirt, something he loves to do when he’s got his cock in his mouth. Shane moans but it’s muffled by the towel as he dries his face.

Shane puts one more thing onto his face before looking down at Ilya and saying, “I’m done, Ilya, *please*—”

Ilya cocks an eyebrow at him and Shane adds, “Please, I’m so close, baby.”

Ilya pulls him deeper as he presses his finger harder against Shane’s hole. He looks up at him and winks which makes Shane come hard into his mouth, moaning his name loudly.

Ilya takes everything he gives him before slowly letting him go. Shane helps him up and kisses him hard on the lips. Ilya moans into the kiss as Shane holds him close, feeling his hard cock press into Shane’s hip.

Shane pushes Ilya out of the washroom. Ilya lays down on the bed as Shane strips down. Shane climbs onto the bed and straddles Ilya’s hips, reaching for the lube that’s still on the bed. He strokes Ilya a couple times, getting him all wet, before Shane slides down onto Ilya’s cock, still stretched out from earlier.

“*Fuck, Shane,*” Ilya moans, his hands gripping onto Shane’s hips as Shane starts to ride him. “You’re so beautiful.”

Shane’s hands are grabbing onto Ilya’s chest as he rides him, his own cock getting hard again. “I missed you so fucking much,” Shane tells him.

Ilya moans loudly, reaching for Shane to come down and meet him for a kiss, which he does. Ilya says into the kiss, “I miss you all the time.”

“Fuck, Ilya,” Shane moans softly.

Ilya grabs Shane into his arm and flips them over, fucking into Shane harder, faster. “I’m close,” he says into his ear, moving his lips down to his neck.

“Come on, baby, *fuck*, need you to come inside me,” Shane says and Ilya is right there, coming hard inside Shane, moaning into his neck as he fucks him harder, chasing his orgasm.

Shane’s moaning loudly, holding Ilya close as he comes hard, untouched, between them, for the third time that night. Ilya laughs softly as they both pant, trying to regain their breath. Shane laughs with him and Ilya lifts himself back up so he could look at his boyfriend.

“Wow,” Shane says softly.

“Yes,” Ilya agrees, smiling softly, leaning down to kiss him softly once. “That was amazing — *you* are—” he starts to say but then just leans back down to kiss him again, hoping to show exactly how he feels in this kiss because English is too hard right now.

Shane smiles into the kiss and pats Ilya’s back softly. Ilya pulls back then slowly pulls out before hopping out of bed and telling Shane not to move. He cleans himself off before taking a warm washcloth over to Shane where he cleans him. Ilya gets back into bed with him, taking Shane into his arms and feeling the way his head fits perfectly on his chest.

He kisses the top of his head, already feeling Shane’s soft breathing evening out on his chest. “Ya tebya lyublyu,” he says softly into his hair.

“Love you too,” Shane says softly, his lips kissing his chest before he knows Shane fell asleep.

Ilya hugs him close and easily has one of the best nights of sleep he’s had in a long time.

End Notes

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