muscles better and nerves more

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by bigtimesensuality

Summary

Ilya loved this part best.

Not just the sex, though he would never pretend it hadn't been good, hadn't been exactly what Shane needed. What Ilya loved was this: the quiet after, the way Shane went soft and pliable once the sharp edges burned out of him. Once the anger drained away and left something warm and loose behind.

Notes

2025 has been a mostly dogshit year for me and discovering this series has been the light at the end of the tunnel. i've reread their books twice and been obsessively reading all the fics on here. and now here's my attempt at some D/s cock-warming. i really hope they're not too ooc.

classic use of an e.e. cummings line for the title

See the end of the work for more notes

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Not just the sex, though he would never pretend it hadn't been good, hadn't been exactly what Shane needed. What Ilya loved was this: the quiet after, the way Shane went soft and pliable once the sharp edges burned out of him. Once the anger drained away and left something warm and loose behind.

Out on the ice, Shane could hold his own, but here with Ilya he could be soft and vulnerable and *needy*. Ilya loved it, loved that he was the only one to see Shane like this, loved being the one he felt safest with.

Shane was stretched out on Ilya's couch, bare feet hooked over his thigh, head tipped back against the armrest. He was only half dressed, shirt rumbled, pants long since discarded, and he looked boneless, eyes half-lidded, breathing slow and deep like he'd finally remembered how.

Ilya sat at the other end, shirtless, one hand idly resting on Shane's calf in a loose grip.

Montreal had lost badly. Shane had taken it worse.

Ilya glanced down at him, at the faint flush still lingering in his cheeks darkening his freckles, the way his fingers twitched now and then like his body was still catching up with itself. Floating in subspace. Shane always blushed adorably whenever Ilya used that word. He preferred to think of it as *settled*, like snow after a storm.

"You okay?" Ilya asked quietly.

Shane hummed in response, the sound low and pleased. He turned his head enough to press his cheek against Ilya's thigh, eyes closing fully now. "Yeah," he murmured. "Good."

The word loosened something in Ilya's chest.

Earlier Shane had been all tension and teeth and sharp apologies whispered into Ilya's mouth, desperate to be handled, to be used until the self-loathing burned itself out. Shane had begged so pretty for Ilya to go *harder, faster, deeper, harder, more, more, more*.

Ilya had taken him apart carefully, firmly, exactly the way Shane trusted him to.

Now Shane trusted him like this too.

Ilya brushed his thumb along Shane's ankle, slow and grounding. Shane sighed again, deeper this time, and melted just a little more into the couch, into Ilya's space, like he belonged there.

Fuck, it both scared and excited Ilya how much that mattered now.

They were a couple now. Boyfriends. They'd crossed the line, and sometimes Ilya could feel the fault lines under his feet, the way everything felt heavier because it meant something.

But Shane was here. Calm. Loved.

The city lights glowed through the windows. The game already fading into the past. He watched Shane, the way his body had gone slack in that loose, boneless way that always followed when Ilya had pushed him right to the edge and held him there. Shane's lashes rested dark against his cheeks, mouth parted just slightly, breath warm and even. The tension that usually lived under his skin, coiled and restless, was gone.

He slid his hand up Shane's calf, slow and deliberate, feeling the solid warmth of him under his palm. Shane didn't startle. Didn't flinch. Just let out a soft, almost embarrassed little sound and shifted closer, like his body knew what it wanted before his brain caught up.

Ilya smiled to himself.

"Come here," he murmured, not quite a command, more of an invitation.

Shane went easily, rolling onto his side and then into Ilya's space, pliant as anything. Ilya braced him automatically, guiding Shane back until he was settled between Ilya's thighs, pressed chest to chest. Shane sagged there immediately, head tipping forward to rest against Ilya's shoulder, trusting Ilya to hold the weight of him.

Which he did, happily.

He wrapped his arms around Shane's middle, hands flat and warm over his back, grounding him there. Shane exhaled, long and slow, shoulders dropping another inch as if he'd finally hit bottom and found it solid.

Ilya dipped his head and breathed him in.

Soap and sweat and the faint, familiar scent that was just Shane, now calm instead of sharp. Ilya pressed his nose into Shane's hair and lingered, chest expanding around him, letting the rhythm of their breathing sync up.

This was the part that made something ache pleasantly under Ilya's ribs.

Not the control, exactly. Not the way Shane let himself be taken apart. It was this moment after, when Shane was still open and unguarded, when Ilya could feel how completely he'd been trusted to put him back together again.

Shane shifted, tucking himself closer, fingers curling lazily into warm skin. "Feels nice," he murmured, voice thick and distant.

"I make good sofa," Ilya teased softly and felt more than heard the warm chuckle Shane exhaled.

Ilya held him there, steady and warm, thumbs brushing slow, absent-minded circles over Shane's back. He felt the moment Shane fully settled, like a last thread of tension finally let go.

Ilya lowered his mouth to Shane's hair and spoke quietly, just for him. "You did so good for me. Listened so well," he whispered. "Such a good boy."

Shane made a small, helpless sound at that, shoulders dropping even further as the words sank in. His fingers tightened briefly, then relaxed, like something inside him had finally clicked into place.

Ilya smiled against his temple, pride soft and private in his chest. He didn't need to push it, didn't need to make it heavier than it was. The words had landed exactly where they were meant to.

"I've got you," Ilya added, gentler now, breath warm against Shane's skin.

Shane nodded faintly, calm and pliant and safe in Ilya's arms, and Ilya stayed right there with him, content to keep holding him together for as long as Shane needed.

They stayed like that for a while, the quiet stretching comfortably between them. Ilya felt Shane's breathing even out, felt the weight of him grow more solid as he slowly drifted back into himself.

Then Shane shifted.

It was subtle at first. An almost restless roll of his hips, a small breath caught and let out again. Ilya noticed anyway. He always did. He adjusted his hold instinctively, arms tightening just a little, and felt the change in Shane's body as awareness crept back in alongside the calm.

"Hey," Ilya murmured, voice low.

Shane tipped his head back enough to look at him, eyes clearer now, soft but warm. There was a shy curve to his mouth that hadn't been there earlier. "Hi," he said, like he was just waking up.

Ilya smiled and leaned down, brushing his nose against Shane's. Not rushing, just checking. Shane tilted his head up in response, lips parting without hesitation.

The kiss was slow and lazy, unhurried in the way that came only when neither of them had anything to prove. Shane kissed him like he was testing the feeling, like he wanted to stay right where he was while letting the spark return on its own terms.

Ilya followed his lead, deepening it just enough to make Shane hum softly into his mouth, content and a little needy all at once.

When they finally pulled apart, Shane stayed close, forehead resting against Ilya's jaw, fingers warm and familiar at his side.

Smiling to himself, Ilya held him there. Everything was soft and warm. He didn't mind, despite how hard his cock had become with Shane moving on top of him.

Ilya ran his thumb over Shane's bare hip before grasping a hold of his ass cheeks. He pressed up causing his cock to rub up against his boyfriend's. Grinding down, Shane released a moan from within his chest. Ilya stared, enraptured by the flutter of his soot eyelashes and the curve of his mouth.

Sometimes Ilya felt so overcome by his love for Shane. It felt like his chest expanding, pressure building to the point of needing a deep breath.

Another pretty moan felt from Shane's lips, this one much softer. He looked on the verge of falling sleep, even while straddling Ilya's lap.

"Do you want to go to bed?" Ilya asked.

Shane sighed, "No. Will you…?" He shifted his hips down again, silently begging.

"You want my fingers? You want me to fill you up again?" Ilya teased but was privately pleased for another round. Shane's blush deepened but he nodded. "Needy."

Shane was still pretty loose from their earlier session but Ilya could tell he was asking for more than just stimulation. Shane wanted to be close again. Ilya wanted that too.

Ilya kept things moving slowly, stretched him open with lazy fingers until Shane was drowsy with his arousal, unable to keep himself hovering above Ilya any longer. His head was heavy as it rested on Ilya's shoulder, his moans thick and honeyed.

"You're falling asleep, *moya lyubov*," he whispered into Shane's soft hair as he pulled three fingers out of him.

Shane's head dragged sleepily across his collarbone before he lifted it to look at Ilya. "No, I'm just – just get inside me."

"Sweetheart," Ilya started but Shane let out a bratty sigh and lifted his hips, reaching to grab his Ilya's cock himself.

A blissed out expression took over his weary features as he began lowering himself on Ilya. His eyes pinched at the stretch before he settled with a happy gasp. Shane looked so gorgeous, his features smoothed out again now that he was fully seated. His cheeks were flushed, the color seeping down his neck and fading almost past his collarbone.

Shane gave a few slow blinks, reminding Ilya once again of a kitten, before finally looking at Ilya.

"You're so…" he bit his lip and gave one leisurely roll of his hips before settling again.

Ilya traced a path of Shane's freckles from his shoulder up to his neck with his lips. "Big? Handsome? This I know," the teasing words came out muffled against his warm skin.

A soft laugh escaped Shane's mouth as he dropped his forehead to Ilya's shoulder. "Cocky," he mumbled with a smile.

"Hmm, you like that, yes?" He punctuated the statement with a roll upward of his own hips.

Shane moaned, clinging to Ilya with needy hands. Ilya hid his pleased smile in that dark hair.

"So… handsome," he mumbled. Ilya's grip tightened on Shane with the effort it took not to move inside him.

Shane's head nodded a bit as he sat back up and looked at Ilya with a slight smile, his eyes unfocused and dreamy. "You are," he insisted, a finger tracing Ilya's jawline. His lips pressed to Ilya's chin, feathered kisses suddenly being trailed up his cheek so softly the Russian could barely feel them.

Ilya's cock throbbed, in some sort of euphoric hell as his Shane did nothing but kiss his face, with no friction whatsoever. When Shane finally circled back around to his mouth, Ilya's chest was overwhelmingly tight at the gentle affection.

"I'm tired," Shane sighed.

Ilya let out a laugh. "You want to go to bed now?"

It would kill him to pull out of Shane, but sleeping while holding him was always good too.

"No," he shuffled, trying to get closer.

Ilya stiffened at the movement, the effect it had on his dick made him grit his teeth.

"You feel so good, and I'm so full–" Shane let out a quiet whimper as he clenched around him, Ilya's eyes screwing shut. "I–do I feel good?"

His words tickled, barely skimming over Ilya's mouth as he spoke. Ilya nodded, throat suddenly thick with emotion. "You feel so good. You feel perfect, *vozlyublennyy*. Like mine," he said truthfully, and Shane smiled with his mouth still pressed into his.

It was obvious that Shane was skittering the lines of consciousness while sitting on Ilya's cock. It seemed no use trying to fight the fluttering of his eyes.

"Go to sleep, Shane," Ilya said, hands carding through his hair. He leaned into the touch like a cat.

Shane pouted, wiggling in Ilya's lap again, almost trying to burrow deeper. Then Ilya understood. He did not want him to pull out.

"You can be a good boy and keep me warm, *kotenok*. We stay just like this," Ilya promised.

That was just what Shane wanted to hear. As soon as he had permission, he let his body go boneless once more. He sighed happily, clutching at Ilya's ribcage before laying his cheek on his shoulder.

Time continued to pass in a warm haze. After a while, Ilya grabbed a throw blanket to lay over Shane. They spoke in quiet bursts while Shane dozed. He was beautiful in his softness,

and no one else got to see him like this. Ilya's hands ran up and down the smooth planes of his back under the cover, trying to ignore how hard he still was.

That was until Shane moved. He wasn't exactly asleep, but he wasn't awake either. Just relaxing in that happy, floaty headspace. He'd sighed and pressed closer, placing a random kiss on Ilya's neck, or just clench around him. It took a second to ignore the desire each time he shifted. The need to thrust or rock his hips, or even just move Shane with his own hands.

Slowly Shane sat up, still looking a little sleepy, a little floaty. The movement had Ilya inhale deeply. Of course, Shane caught onto that.

"Are you okay?" He asked, adjusting himself and looking down. He moved to pull off of Ilya but was stopped by big hands gripping his hips so he couldn't move anymore.

"You're killing me," Ilya groaned, throwing his head back over the back of the couch.

Shane wasn't even hard anymore. Ilya had been as still as possible for the past thirty or so minutes because he believed Shane was trying to sleep.

"Oh," Shane breathed, cheeks flaring pink, as he sank back down, kissing Ilya's face just beneath his eye. "*Oh*." Another kiss, lower this time. "Thank you." Kiss. "You should've said something."

Ilya smiled when Shane kissed his cheek, and his tongue flickering against Ilya's skin. Shane continued to kiss his face until he started moving, his cock now hard as it pressed against Ilya's happy trail each time he lifted up.

The moan Ilya let out as Shane started riding was loud and deep. His thighs were close to cramping from keeping them rigid. Still, Shane was moving at a sedate pace, sentencing Ilya to a slow and sensual death, until he stopped suddenly.

Ilya's eyes opened in panic, hips flexing, chasing the friction he was being denied. Shane's mouth opened in a silent gasp.

"I–it doesn't feel right," he said quietly, climbing off of Ilya.

Groaning, frustrated and so fucking aroused, Ilya's slid his fist over his cock.

Shane got on his knees, repositioning chest down and ass up as he laid along the length of the sofa. Ilya got an eyeful of the slight gape all the cockwarming had led to.

"I need it like this," he murmured, hands curled over the cushion's edge. "It's better when you fuck me."

"Fuck, Hollander."

Ilya moved quickly to push inside Shane before slowing down to relish the feel of the warm hole encasing him, so perfectly fitted to him. Shane pushed back, burying his face in the cushion and keening as Ilya moved inside him, slipping in and out with ease.

"Ilya," he sobbed, muffled in fabric. "Please, fuck, I need–" He tried to look over his shoulder but Ilya shoved at his face, forcing him to arch. "Yes!" he gasped.

"This what you needed?"

"Yes, fuck!"

"Such a good slut for me," Ilya punctuated his words with a single pump of his hips, deeper than before. His hand ran down Shane's back, fingers circling some freckles until he thought of his favorite ones of Shane's face, then pulled out.

There was a complaint from underneath but it stopped as Ilya pushed at his skin, forcing him on his back. Ilya pushed his knees to his chest, fucking himself back into Shane and watching as his face took on a look of ecstasy.

"That's it, sweetheart," Ilya groaned. "My good slut."

"Yours," Shane could only whimper, completely lost to pleasure.

A ripple of possession swept through Ilya, so heady it had his grip on Shane's legs tightening into a bruising hold. He pushed in as deep as possible, undulating his hips against his ass until Shane threw his head back, his cock releasing untouched, his hole pulsating around Ilya's cock. Some sound between a sob and a laugh left his lips as a few drops of cum dribbled down his cock.

Ilya fucked him through it. His hips continued to move, body tensing as *want* and *need* started climbing to unbearable heights until he finally came.

Afterward the world narrowed down to warmth and weight, and the slow return of breath.

Even as Ilya delicately pulled out of Shane, he kept a hold of him, pulling him along to lay against his chest. Shane felt loose in a way that went deeper than muscle, eyes closed, mouth relaxed. There was nowhere else he needed to be, no one else he needed to act like.

Ilya pressed a kiss into his hair, lingering there, then pressed another at his temple. He waited until Shane's breathing evened out again, until the last tremor.

"You don't need to talk yet but you are okay, yes?" Ilya posed.

Shane shifted just enough to hum in response, still half gone. He used whatever lingering energy he had left to pat Ilya's arm three times in affirmation. One of their little non-verbal check-ins.

Ilya kissed Shane's hair again. "Good boy. You did so well," he said quietly, lips brushing Shane's hairline.

Shane sighed, long and satisfied, fingers curling at Ilya's side like he was holding onto the sound of his voice.

Ilya smiled wide, and tightened his hold just a fraction. "So proud of you, *moya lyubov*," he added, softer still.

Shane melted at that, settling more fully against him, and Ilya stayed there, steady, warm, keeping him exactly where he belonged.

End Notes

Moya lyubov - my love
Vozlyublennyy - beloved
Kotenok - kitten

ahhh i struggled so much writing this ending

thank you for reading ❤️ please feel free to leave a comment ❤️

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