Lay Down Your Armor

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Lay Down Your Armor

by notlayingroses

Summary

Shane and Ilya have the day off, and for that day, Ilya has complete and utter free use of Shane.

Notes

This fic does not include the kink negotiation beforehand, so I'm just noting for readers that they did fully discuss the plan and boundaries beforehand and there was enthusiastic consent on everything!

Don't worry about the logistics of them fucking this many times in one day. They're pro athletes. This is a fantasy. Who cares.

Write the kinks you want to see in the world, or whatever. I wanted a fic where ilya just gently fucks shane all day and i wrote it.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya loved watching Shane wake up. The way his brow crinkled immediately, the relaxed state of sleep crumbling off of him to a morning grumpiness that Ilya could kiss away until a soft smile would dawn on his husband's face.

He also loved waking Shane up with his cock.

He'd been so gentle this morning, opening Shane up. It'd been easier because of their activities last night, but Shane's body was always easy for Ilya. He was gentle and slow, pushing into Shane's warm hole, pressing gentle kisses to his shoulder from where he was laying on his stomach under the sheets. Ilya exhaled slowly, and then thrust a little deeper, a little harder into the other man.

There it was, the immediate crinkle of Shane's brow. His husband stirred slightly, twitching in his sleep. God, he was so *loose* like this. Pliant in the best way as Ilya rolled his hips, pressing deeper into him. Shane's eyelids fluttered, and he awoke with a gasp and a moan.

"Ilya," Shane slurred, still half asleep.

"Good morning, moy lyubov," Ilya groaned, and teasingly bit Shane's shoulder.

Shane moaned again, his forehead falling back down on the pillows and just slightly rolling his hips back to meet Ilya's. His body was still lax and pressed into the mattress, taking every slow, deep thrust that Ilya gave him.

"Are you ready to be mine for the day?" Ilya growled, and bit into Shane's shoulder, marking him. Claiming him.

"Yes," Shane said, moaning. "Yours. Only yours."

Ilya hit a sweet spot inside of Shane, who groaned loudly. "You will be good for me, yes?" Ilya grunted, snapping his hips harder.

"*Fuck*, Ilya," Shane was so beautiful when he was out of his head like this, hands twisting in bedsheets. "I'll be so good for you, *please*–"

Ilya grabbed his hips and lifted them up, spreading his legs wider to pound in even deeper, and Shane went teetering over the edge, coming with a groan and a shudder. He went boneless into the mattress, whimpering as Ilya pounded into him with all his strength. The sleepy, warm thrusts that woke his husband up were gone, replaced by an animalistic need to *claim* what was his. When he came, he doubled over like he'd been punched, emptying himself into Shane. He caught his breath, pressing his forehead against Shane's back.

"Good morning," Shane mumbled. "Best wake up ever."

"Jesus, Hollander," Ilya panted. "Even asleep, you kill me." Shane moved his hips again with a hum, and Ilya hissed. He pulled out carefully, trying to make as little of a mess as possible. And, because he was a considerate husband, he already had a damp cloth by the nightstand, kept from getting cold in a special towel warmer. Shane moaned contentedly and nuzzled

back down into his pillows as Ilya cleaned him up, pressing kisses to every freckle on his skin.

“Come on, Hollander,” Ilya climbed out of bed, holding out a hand. “Time to get up.”

Shane peaked one eye open, and grinned lazily. “Sure I can’t convince you to stay in bed a little while longer?”

“Mhm, I think you’re forgetting that today,” Ilya stepped closer. “*I’m in charge.”*

Shane bit his lip, and he looked like he could devour Ilya where he stood. “Yes, *sir*.”

Ilya nearly pounced on him again then and there, but that wasn’t in his plans for the day.

While Shane got out of bed completely naked, and followed Ilya down the stairs to the kitchen bare as the day he was born, Ilya had redressed into comfortable shorts and a shirt. And again, because he was a very kind and considerate husband, he’d already turned the temperature up in the house so that Shane wouldn’t be shivering all day long.

“You’ve already got everything set up,” Shane commented, sounding pleased, as Ilya began moving about the kitchen. He’d specifically gotten up early to make breakfast before returning back to bed, so all they had to do was bring over the plates of fruit and mini pancakes over to the table, where one chair was pulled out in front of a plush cushion. (The cushion came from the other couch in the den, but they could live with that for a day.)

“Trust that I will take care of you, moy tsvetok,” Ilya said, sitting in the chair and opening his legs to accommodate the cushion.

“Flower?” Shane said, kneeling in front of him. And *fuck*, he looked good on his knees, his cock soft against his thighs as he settled onto the cushion.

Ilya carded his hand through Shane’s hair, and his husband sighed happily. “Very good,” he said, and Shane swallowed. “Now, for your reward.”

Hand feeding Shane was one of the most erotic things they had ever done together. And they’d had a *lot* of sex. Like, *a lot*. But still, Shane’s plush lips gently closing around Ilya’s fingers with every offered piece of food, with strawberry juice dribbling down his chin? God, that was deviously sexy. Their kitchen was quiet, aside from the quiet munching of breakfast between the two of them, and Shane’s occasional *“Thank you,”* that he mumbled after being fed.

Ilya nearly pressed him down into the floor to fuck him again, but he didn’t want to ruin the quiet serenity of the morning. He wiped Shane’s face with a cloth, and then pressed his thumb at Shane’s bottom lip. It only took a heartbeat for Shane to suck his thumb into his mouth, eyelids fluttering damn near *pornographically*. And it was all Ilya’s, today and every day.

He also showed restraint when he let Shane go do his morning yoga and stretches. He always wanted to bend Shane over and fuck him when he was doing those stupid yoga poses with his

ass up in the air like that, but he also knew that Shane got cranky if he didn't get his allotted yoga time in the morning. This day was about Ilya's control, sure, but it was even more about letting Shane letting *go* of his control. Ilya wanted him to be relaxed, happy, and taken care of, and that meant giving him quiet time for his stretches in the morning. Despite a decade of pushing each other's buttons as often as humanly possible, Ilya didn't *always* want his husband to be pissed off at him.

So he sent Shane off to their home gym with a tantalizing kiss and a rough squeeze of his ass. Shane had gasped into Ilya's mouth, pressing his naked body against Ilya's clothed one, and Ilya pulled away and smacked him on the ass. "Go do your yoga, Hollander. Come back to me when you're done."

Ilya kind of didn't know what to do without Anya, who was staying with David and Yuna for the weekend. Shane had been kind of mortified when asking if his parents could take the dog for a day or two, but it wasn't like they told them *why*, so Ilya had no problem asking for the favor.

So without his dog to walk, Ilya settled on the couch and turned on the tv, mindlessly watching something stupid and scrolling on his phone until Shane came back to him. And he did, a little later, looking flushed and happy in the way he always did after a work out. Ilya patted the space on the couch next to him where he'd laid out Shane's favorite soft blanket.

"What are you watching?" Shane asked as he came back in, setting his water down on the coffee table. He curled up on the blanket, and Ilya let his eyes run over his husband's body. But when Shane looked at him, Ilya looked away and shrugged.

"Rerun of a bad show, but I think it's about to get good."

"Do you even know who's in it?"

"Does that matter?"

"It does if Rose is in it."

Ilya hummed, and oh so casually, reached his hand over to palm at Shane's cock.

Shane inhaled sharply, his body immediately reacting to it, but Ilya kept his movement slow, unintentional. The goal here wasn't to get Shane hard and orgasm as soon as possible, it was just to enjoy the weight and feel of his husband's cock in his hand.

"No, I think this show is older than Rose," Ilya said casually, thumbing the head of Shane's cock. "Do you know anything about her next movie?"

Shane whimpered, and Ilya stilled his hand.

He finally turned his head over to look at Shane, who was flushed all over again and looking desperate. But he was being so good, *so* good, and keeping his hands to himself. Ilya squeezed his cock, and he whined.

"Rose's next movie?" Ilya pressed.

“It’s, uh,” Shane swallowed. “A paranormal thing. She plays a vampire.”

Ilya rewarded him by thumbing at the slit.

Shane swore, his hips canting forward, and Ilya took his hand completely off Shane’s cock.

“Is it historical or modern?”

Shane was taking in deep breaths, settling back down into the couch with his eyes closed. “Uh, modern. Set on a college campus, or something. You know how it is.”

“I do,” Ilya said, reaching back over to lazily stroke Shane’s cock again. Shane gasped.

They continued like that for what was truly a shocking amount of time. It wasn’t edging, not quite, since Shane never got to the brink of orgasm, but Ilya enjoyed getting to play with his husband’s cock and drag it ou. He enjoyed the lazy sensation of just *feeling* it and being connected while bothering Shane for details of his friend’s latest movie.

Shane was very good, and didn’t beg for more. He could have, and Ilya would have been fine with that, but he let Ilya fully control the pace. It was heady, having Shane’s trust so completely. When Ilya finally did push him over the edge, and Shane spilled into his hand on a soft exhale, like all the tension from his body seeped out of him.

The rest of the day went by like that.

Ilya heated up lunch, an easy finger food, and then fed Shane on his knees again. He soaked up every single second that he had Shane in his complete control and his care. His husband seemed to fully let go, trusting Ilya with every aspect of his care. He had no shame for any of Ilya’s requests or orders, a rare time when he seemed to be fully pulled out of his head. Even when Ilya asked him to just sit on the counter, naked, and look pretty while Ilya cleaned up the kitchen, he did so without even an eye roll.

Ilya sent him off to go remake up the guest room—Svetlana was coming to stay with them next week—and Ilya let him go off for a little bit before randomly walking into the room, pushing him facedown into the mattress and fucking into him. He pulled out directly after he came, filling Shane, and then walked right out of the room like that was all he needed to do in there.

Later, Ilya dragged him into their trophy room and ordered Shane to pleasure himself sitting in front of all of his trophies, and his husband simply swallowed and reached for his cock.

Shane made dinner, or tried to, before Ilya was walking into the kitchen and pushing him up against the counter, pulling aside the apron he wore over his naked body to jerk him off and bite at his nipples, before bending him over the counter and fuck into him, and Shane didn’t even complain about cleanliness.

Throughout all of it, Shane looked blissed out. Eager and ready for anything Ilya threw at him. It was the most submissive he’d ever been in their decade-long relationship and it made Ilya dizzy.

I think I want to watch one of Rose's movies," Ilya said, a little while after dinner, when the sun had set and their home was warm with low lights and soft candles. They settled on the couch, the soft blanket pulled around them. "And I will give you a choice. You can either come now, or after."

Shane raised an eyebrow. "And what about in between?"

Ilya shrugged, and gestured to his own lap. "Something has to keep my own cock warm."

Shane inhaled, his eyes darkening. "After," he said, just like Ilya knew he would. His husband always liked a challenge.

"Go get anything you need while I pull up the movie," Ilya ordered, grabbing the remote. "We will be here for a while."

"Yes, sir," Shane murmured, leaning over to press a kiss to Ilya's neck before getting off the couch.

While he was gone, Ilya picked his favorite of Rose's action movies and settled a couple of pillows against one end of the couch. He sat back against them, legs stretched out across the length of the cushions, and waited for Shane to come back. He heard movement in the bathroom, water being poured in the kitchen, and then Shane was coming back to him.

"How do you want me?" Shane asked, setting a couple things down on the coffee table.

Ilya hummed, tucking an arm behind his head. "I want your mouth."

Shane nodded and climbed onto the couch, settling between Ilya's legs. There was something about being fully clothed while Shane was naked that just made Ilya's heart pound, another layer to the control he'd had all day. He pulled his cock out of his sweats, but kept everything else on, a stark contrast to his husband's nudity.

Ilya groaned as Shane took him into his mouth, running his hands through the longer hair.

"Such a good boy for me," Ilya sighed, and Shane's eyelids fluttered. And he was being *very* good. He knew the deal with this, not rushing to make Ilya hard or provide a lot of friction. No, just took Ilya into his mouth, suckling and swallowing gently every now and then. Ilya was pretty familiar with the way Shane gave head at this point, knowing each other's bodies as well as they did. And having this, Shane's weight settled between his legs and his warm mouth holding his cock? Fuck, that was heaven.

Shane was content the whole movie to just be a good little cockwarmer. He had to occasionally come up for air and water, and Ilya always rewarded him for taking what he needed. There were a couple of times that Ilya grabbed his hair and thrust into his throat just to see Shane's eyes roll back into his head. But then he'd let the other man settle back down before taking it any further.

And God, Shane never looked better than when he was blissed out with a cock between his lips. Ilya could have been doing anything, watching any game, could have been on the phone

with a teammate, and Shane would have been there, suckling on his cock like he was made for it.

Ilya murmured praises softly the whole time. *His good little cockslut. Such a perfect mouth. Just made for his cock. Such a good boy. Perfect place to warm his cock.*

By the time the movie was over, they were both so worked up that Ilya only had to grab Shane's hair and fuck into his mouth for a few more heartbeats before he was coming down Shane's throat. He barely took a breath before he was hauling Shane up and jerking him off in rapid strokes. Shane came with a whimper, collapsing into Ilya's arms.

"I think we're done for today, moy lyubov," Ilya murmured, pulling the blanket over them as Shane settled against his chest. "You did very good. I am very proud."

Shane sighed happily and nuzzled into Ilya's throat. "You took good care of me."

Ilya's chest felt warm, and kissed his husband's head. "You felt okay today? All good?"

"All good," Shane nodded. "Best I've felt in a long time."

Ilya wrapped his arms around him and inhaled his scent deeply.

He thought, but didn't say out loud:

I hope this made you stop obsessing about our playoff chances.

I hope this took your mind off that nasty, homophobic article on ESPN.

I hope you didn't think about fans in Montreal throwing trash at you on the ice.

I hope this made things a little easier, to give up that control you hold like battle armor, for just one day.

He said:

"I love you so much, Shane."

Shane lifted his head, his face sleepy and content, and kissed Ilya softly. "Love you, too."

He felt Shane's breath even out as he fell asleep, boneless on top of him. Ilya knew that in a little bit, Shane would wake up and drag them both into the shower. He knew that tomorrow, some of the weight of the world would settle back on to his husband's shoulders. But for now, it was enough to hold him close, and hold the weight for him.

End Notes

so yes the thesis of this fic is that there's a lot of negative things going on in the outside world that is out of Shane's control, and so for one day he gives up complete control to Ilya. Let that man go to subspace and feed him strawberries and tell him he's a good boy.

also, a very warm welcome to everyone who is new to the hollanov fandom. i have been a fan of the books for several years, and was excited and nervous about the show and the new fans it would bring. (Who are all of these people in my house now?? that's where I live???) but largely, the majority of the new fans have been so wonderful and responsive and kind, and I'm glad to see so many new people fall in love with Shane and Ilya. <3

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