lol, okay sweetheart

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by daisyinthemountains

Summary

"Shit, Shane. Fuck. Do you want me to stop?" Ilya breaths into the dark room.

"What? Fuck. No, no fucking way. Don't stop." Shane protests, incredulous. He tried, he had really tried to stay awake, but he's so glad Ilya listened to his last text.

Shane is home with a dislocated shoulder. When Ilya returns from a road game series, Shane is more than ready for his husband, if it weren't for that damn traffic.

Notes

Have had this one swirling in my head for a while now and created an account just to get it down and published!

*Edited after learning about male prostate misconceptions. Thanks to carterkbooks Instagram video for the info!

Ilya: Just touched down. Home in 45. How is shoulder?
Shane: Thanks for letting me know. Shoulder is good. PT went well. Should be cleared for next game.
Ilya: Whole plane just cheered for you. Can't wait to be back on the ice with you.
Shane: Can't wait to be back in a bed with you. I'm ready for you to be home.
Ilya: Oh yes? How ready.
Shane: ✌
Ilya: Fuck. Home soon.

Before the situation could become embarrassing, Ilya pocketed his phone, stood, and grabbed his bag from the overhead compartment. He re-tied his tie, unrolled the cuffs of his sleeves, and shrugged his suit jacket over his broad shoulders. The mood on the flight from their set of Midwest road games was jovial but exhausted as they swept Chicago, Minnesota, and Columbus in a three game, four day series. Without one of their star centers leading the second line and shoring up the power play, each game had been brutal, the Centaurs battling through every minute to come out on top.

Shane had watched each game from his parent's couch in Ottawa, ice strapped to the shoulder he had dislocated in the game against Boston a week ago after a slam into the board at an unfortunately awkward angle. He had resisted live texting Yuna's every comment about the accolades and shortcomings of the Centaurs coaching decisions, game performance, and on ice composure.

"Gah! Ilya cannot adjust to you not being on the power play! He cannot make that pass to Dillon! Dillon does not anticipate like you! No one plays like my boys! They'd be unstoppable if you were on the ice, Shane! You'd easily be up by two more goals from this power play alone." Well, maybe he had texted that one to Ilya. ESPN's close up of the failed pass showed that he shared his mother-in-law's frustration. It had also showed Ilya's intense face of determination that he loved, and his bright smile after he scored 45 seconds later after collecting the puck from the boards, and his sweat soaked curls as he shook his mop of hair out when he took his helmet off to head down the tunnel to the locker room. Shane had gathered himself quickly after the 3-2 win and had left his parent's house with the reunion of his husband on his mind.

Ilya: Fuck. Accident on the ramp to the highway from the airport.
Ilya: Stuck in traffic.
Shane: Fucking hell.
Ilya: I'm so sorry.
Shane: If I'm sleeping when you get home just fuck me awake.
Ilya: Lol okay sweetheart.

Ilya put his phone in the cupholder as the traffic edged forward slightly again. Shane would kill him if he got into a fender bender in the stop-and-go traffic and delayed his return home any longer. He cued up a French language lesson and settled into the crawling line of traffic, edging away from the shoulder to make room for the emergency responders and their flashing lights behind his Mercedes. Then he sat and waited.

Ilya: Traffic moving. Home in 20.

Ilya stepped into the laundry room from the garage. He took the time to hang his garment bag in the closet and drop his duffle bag. Anya blinked tiredly up at him from her bed by the fireplace and he crouched to give her a few quick pets and a kiss on the top of her soft head.

“Did you take care of Shane while I was away, sweet girl?” Anya gave him a soft lick on his chin in response. “I knew you would.” He dropped a kiss onto her snout, before standing and padding softly up the stairs.

The lights in the bedroom were off, with the sconces over the bed providing the only light. A soft glow fell on Shane’s sleeping form. Ilya chuckled softly at his husband’s anticipation of his return. Lube and wipes were laid out on the bedside table and Shane was sprawled out on the sheet, having turned down the comforter to the bench at the foot of the bed. Ilya crept quietly into the room and swept his eyes over Shane’s sleeping form. He was on his stomach, the side of his face smushed adorably into the pillow, silky strands of hair fell over his face. He was stretched out with one leg bent to the side and the other almost reaching to the end of the bed. Ilya stepped closer and his face broke into a wide grin. Shane was positioned perfectly for him to see the base of the plug that was visible between Shane’s cheeks.

Ilya smirked and imagined Shane getting himself ready for him, rushing into the shower as soon as he got home. He had already been two fingers deep almost right after the plane had landed. He had probably gotten himself close several times, like that night when Ilya was stuck on the bridge, without even being told to. He was being good for Ilya. He could see the frustration in Shane’s crestfallen face when he got Ilya’s text about the accident. The gritting of his teeth and concentration on his face as he got himself close one last time before removing his fingers, lubing up the plug, and slowly pushing it in to keep himself ready for his husband.

So good, Ilya thought as he reached toward the plug and ran his finger softly over the end. He let his fingers travel gently along the cleft of Shane’s perfect ass, then up his back and over his cheek, brushing his hair from his face. Shane turned deeper into the pillow and stretched his knee up closer to his chest, turning over it and into the mattress. Ilya glanced down and groaned at Shane’s exposed hole and plug. If I’m sleeping when you get home just fuck me awake echoed through his brain. They’d woken each other up with handjobs and blowjobs before, he considered. He’d brushed the text off as a joke before, but he couldn’t deny it was hot.

Ilya stepped away from the bed. He toed off his shoes and tucked them onto the shoe rack in the closet. He draped his jacket, shirt, and pants over the chair in the corner. His socks and underwear went into the hamper. His mind went back to the text, to Shane laid out with a plug in his ass waiting for him.

If I’m sleeping when you get home just fuck me awake. Ilya took himself in hand and stared at his husband again.

Fuck, he was gorgeous. His shoulder muscles stretched and flexed, clutching at his pillow. The smooth slope of his back, leading to his ass, and his powerful thighs and defined calves drove Ilya mad with love and want. He still couldn’t believe he got to have all of this, all of

Shane, his teammate, his husband, forever. He felt himself grow harder and moved back toward the bed. He leaned over the bed, tucking the hair he had smoothed from Shane's face behind his ear, and brushed a kiss onto his cheek, over his shoulder, into his bicep. He grabbed the lube off of the end table.

He let his knee rest against the side of the mattress and ghosted his fingers down Shane's spine again, coming to rest on the base of the plug. He pressed it slowly into Shane. He tugged on it slightly, watching Shane's face for reaction. Amazingly, nothing. He pulled on the toy again, a little bit, before pushing back in, hoping for the perfect angle. A soft groan came from the top of the bed, and Shane pushed himself into the mattress even more, shifting his leg yet again, stretching out and opening himself up to his husband. His balls were resting below, between his legs and Ilya ran his fingers over them on his way back up to the plug's base. He drew it out again, twisting as he went and then slowly pressing back in. Resting his knee on the mattress he carefully edged the toy out and dropped it on the floor.

A deeper moan, this time, and Shane's eyelids slitted open as Ilya lowered himself onto the bed with his other knee between Shane's legs. He glanced back up at Shane, but he hadn't moved or opened his eyes any further. He focused on Shane's ass again, using one hand to spread his cheeks to line himself up. He pressed in, just the head of his cock. He slipped in so easily, so beautifully. His head flung back, and he held in a deep moan. Fuck, it was good to be home. To be with his husband, to know this was where he belonged, where he would always belong. He canted his hips forward slowly, just another inch, slow slow slow he told himself, moving deeper now, pulling out slow slow slow. Shane let out the moan Ilya has been working so hard to keep to himself. His eyes open and swing to his husband, who has lowered himself over his back.

"Shit, Shane. Fuck. Do you want me to stop?" Ilya breaths into the dark room.

"What? Fuck. No, no fucking way. Don't stop." Shane protests, incredulous. He tried, he had really tried to stay awake, but he's so glad Ilya listened to his last text.

"Thank. Fucking. God." Ilya groans, moving back into Shane, pushing deeper with each word, finding a rhythm, dropping kisses onto his shoulder. "I fucking missed you so much, missed you on the ice, missed your freckles, missed your stupid fucking organization, missed this, missed you." He's rambling and would be embarrassed if this wasn't Shane, wasn't his husband, wasn't the person he loved most in this entire world.

"Missed you too, so fucking much." Shane whimpers when Ilya slams into his most sensitive area deep inside him. He cries out as Ilya hits it on each delicious push into him. "Harder" Shane demands. "More. Want to feel you."

Ilya pushes one hand into the middle of Shane's back, between his shoulders. He can feel with his pinky where the stickiness of the KT tape lingers on Shane's skin. He leans down and whispers "This okay?" Shane whimpers and nods, and Ilya reaches down with this other hand to move Shane to his knees, thighs resting atop his calves, as he shifts to fuck deeper into his husband.

"Yes." Shane groans, tilting his head to meet Ilya's in a bruising kiss. Ilya uses the kiss to force Shane's head back down to the pillow and bites his way down his neck and along his

shoulder. “Fuck, Ilya, I’m close.”

Ilya’s hand moves to Shane’s dick. “Give it to me. I’m close. Come on, Shane.” He orders, pounding into Shane, rhythm gone. “Show me how much you missed me, moy lyubimyy.” That’s what does it. With “my beloved” echoing on Ilya’s lips, melting into Shane’s shoulder, Shane comes over Ilya’s hand, drenching his fist and the sheets. Ilya clamps down on Shane’s shoulder, and thrusts into him one last time, stilling as he spills into Shane, a soft groan of “fuuuuuck” sinking into Shane’s skin.

He removes the hand holding Shane down, and replaces it with his forehead, soft curls falling down around his face and brushing Shane’s back. His chest moves rapidly with his breaths, meeting Shane with each exhale. Ilya curls his body around Shane and holds tight.

“Hey. I missed you.” He whispers into his ear, kissing into Shane’s temple.

“Hey. I missed you, too.” Shane chuckles. He tips his head to the side and kisses Ilya, softer this time. He opens and lets Ilya slide his tongue over his own. He really missed his husband.

“That was okay?” Ilya asks when he finally pulls away, second-guessing himself all of a sudden.

“That was fucking perfect,” Shane confirms. “I mean I wish you didn’t get stuck behind an accident and could get home faster, but maybe next time I’ll work harder to be asleep when you get him.”

“Will not be a next time,” Ilya scoffs, “because you will be on the ice with me and we will get home together.”

Shane smiles, and Ilya relaxes his hold on him. Stretching his legs out, allowing Shane to do the same under him. His softened cock slips out and Shane shudders and whines. Ilya wraps an arm around him again, and shifts his husband into his arms, pulling his back to his chest. His hand drifts down toward Shane’s ass.

“Yes? You need?” He asks, stroking over Shane’s cleft. “Or should we clean up and change the sheets?”

“Please,” Shane begs, and wiggles his ass into Ilya.

“Okay, okay,” he whispers, pressing his lips to the back of Shane’s head as he slips two fingers into Shane, still sticky with Ilya’s come easing his way in.

Shane sighs long and low, and Ilya watches his shoulders relax, his whole body soften. He needs more from his husband tonight and Ilya is happy to give it to him.

“Thank you,” Shane murmurs, his eyes drifting closed again.

“Whatever you need, sweetheart. I got you.” Ilya’s arm tightens around Shane’s waist as he pulls his husband closer to him. “Tu m'as manqué.”

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