

seeing stars

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seeing stars

by [beautifullyblue](#)

Summary

Ilya rails Shane into the headboard (literally)

or

Shane gets his bell rung - again.

Notes

not beta read, we fuck raw like Ilya and Shane do in this fic.

(author has not read the books)

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

Ilya was staring.

Well, staring more than usual. Shane being anywhere near him always drew his eye, consciously or not. Like a moth to a flame, and Ilya would happily burn his wings to look at Shane a little while longer.

Maybe Ilya should be worried about how much he enjoys just looking at Shane. Even when he isn't doing anything. But Shane was his, and he likes admiring what is his. Plus Ilya doesn't care. He never has.

What makes it even sweeter is when he catches Shane staring at him too, even though sometimes Shane would pretend to be looking somewhere else when Ilya catches him, blush blooming up to his ears. And Ilya's body thrummed with the knowledge.

So yes, Ilya was staring at his beautiful husband who was currently unaware of the eyes on him.

What made it worse is that Shane clearly, blatantly, had no idea what he was doing to him. Which was a common occurrence, because Shane with his soft brown eyes and freckles dusted across his cheeks and shy smile had no idea what he did to anybody. Which was what made it all the more endearing, but also the more frustrating when people dared to flirt with *his* husband, sometimes even in front of Ilya.

But no one else got to see Shane in the comfort of their apartment, in their warmly lit kitchen. No one got to see Shane's scrunched up nose as he read a recipe from his phone, or how he muttered the instructions out loud to himself in concentration, or what he looked like when he cums - which if Ilya had anything to do with it, would be happening very soon. Because looking at his husband made him horny. Even thinking about him did. Sue him.

A lick of heat curled around Ilya's gut at the thought of it. They had fucked this morning in the sleepy hours of sunrise, hair mussed from slumber and lips swollen from kissing, and then Shane had dropped to his knees in the shower afterwards. Knees which were now mottled in purple and brown as a reminder but currently out of sight behind the kitchen counter, and Ilya smirked at the memory.

Good, Ilya thought.

He enjoyed etching constant reminders of their time together on Shane's skin, as did Shane. It made Ilya feel a little feral but he liked it. Shane simultaneously made him feel like a rabid dog chewing on the end of his lead but also like he was lying out in the garden, bathed in warm sunlight, utterly held. Safe. Also horny as fuck.

Which was how Ilya felt now. Even after multiple rounds throughout the day, there were some days where he literally wanted to simply sink into Shane's skin and live there forever. Be a constant listener to all his murmurings that Ilya can sometimes only half catch, when Shane is unaware he is talking out loud. Like now.

'A teaspoon of salt...and smoked paprika. Do we have smoked paprika?' Shane murmurs, blowing a raspberry with his mouth quietly as he reads the recipe.

'In cupboard behind you.' Ilya says, his palms set against the kitchen island, leaning forward slightly to watch his husband fondly potter about making their dinner.

At Ilya's interruption, Shane's head jerks up, startled, before a grin breaks out on his face.

'Eavesdropping are we?' He quips before spinning around to look for said smoked paprika.

Ilya hums non-committally, distracted by the sight of Shane's ass perfectly framed in a pair of athletic shorts. Criminal really, to wear those and not expect Ilya to do anything about it. They were a dark navy blue, one of Shane's favourite pairs, his 'comfiest' ones according to his husband, which he had paired with an oversized white t-shirt, probably one of Ilya's. A surge of satisfaction in Ilya's chest at seeing Shane in his clothes.

With smoked paprika in hand, Shane dutifully and carefully measures out the required amount, even levelling the teaspoon off with a knife, which warms Ilya's heart. Shane's eyes were focused on the task at hand, his fingers steady and dancing across the countertop for the next ingredient to add into the frying pan.

Ilya doesn't even know what he's making, something well balanced he's sure. Shane did tell him, but Ilya was too busy admiring how his husband's eyes lit up explaining the new recipe he found.

And Ilya *was* hungry, but not quite for what was in the frying pan. He was *hungry* for the chef, who was currently delicately moving the contents of the pan around with a spatula. And Shane's look of concentration with his front teeth sunk into his lip harkens Ilya's mind back again to this morning. Shane cock-drunk, sinking into their bedsheets with every thrust of Ilya's cock. Ilya's forearms tingled with the memory of Shane digging his nails into him earlier that day, whining at Ilya to let him come, as the sunlight trickled through the gaps in the blinds. The warm glow of the sun had shimmered across the curve of Shane's chest, the dip of his hip as Ilya's hand had adoringly traced his soft lines, fucking into him from behind as they lay on their sides, legs entwined, tongue tasting the sweat along Shane's shoulder.

Ilya licked his lips at the memory, eyes dark, and muscles bulging at the restraint of not reaching out and bending Shane over the counter right there. But he knew Shane would complain about the mess. But Ilya wasn't sure if he could last until after dinner.

There was a heat under his skin that left his fingertips itching and cock stirring. And when it came to his husband, Ilya was utterly and deliciously devoted to making his husband cum. Especially when Shane gazed at Ilya with those warm doe eyes, blown wide with a desperation for Ilya to give him what he so deeply needed. To take control, unpick the tight binds that keep Shane ticking over day to day in the eyes of pushy reporters and aggressive players on the ice, but that secretly exhaust him. Only Ilya can tap into the hidden depths of Shane that he conceals underneath the white knuckled routines and rehearsed conversation starters. Just Ilya. No one else.

And even though Shane was thoroughly distracted by making their nutritious dinner and notably not looking up at Ilya with his 'fuck me' eyes, Ilya couldn't keep his composure any longer.

So with a smirk he slowly edged round the counter to slink behind his husband, large hands encompassing Shane's waist, slowly tracing circles on his abdomen, chin hooked over his shoulder.

'Ilya.' Shane says suspiciously, immediately noticing his husband's wandering hands.

‘Shane.’ Ilya retorts back innocently, his hand dipping lower to skim over Shane’s bulge before coming back up.

‘I’m cooking.’ Shane’s hand continues stirring the vegetables round the pan but Ilya sees his fingers tighten slightly round the handle. Ilya hides his smirk into Shane’s shoulder.

‘I’m watching. Why, am I not allowed to watch?’ Ilya leans in to whisper into Shane’s ear, lips tracing the shell of his ear just to feel his husband shudder against him.

‘No - I mean yes you can, but-’ Shane stuttered, refusing to look at Ilya nestled into the crook of his neck, eyes mischievously locked on the side of Shane’s face, the line of his nose, the plumpness of his lips.

Ilya gently sways them from side to side, fingers now dancing down further towards Shane’s slowly hardening cock.

‘Hmm, can I? Watch.’ Ilya mutters darkly and Shane swallows, knowing that Ilya isn’t referring to the cooking. A drop of heat traces down to his cock at the memory of last week when Ilya had Shane touch himself in front of him, for what Ilya said was going to be an ‘afternoon treat’. And it definitely turned into one with how many times Ilya made him cum afterwards.

‘Don’t be an asshole.’ Shane tries to say but it tapers off into a whisper as heat soon rises in his belly and he feels a flush spread across his cheeks. He curses inwardly at how easily Ilya can unravel his composure at the lightest of touches.

‘I think you like when I’m asshole.’ Ilya replies simply, a fingertip tracing under the waistband of Shane’s shorts teasingly, nudging further through the coarse curls above Shane’s thickening cock.

‘I like when you let me cook in peace actually.’ Shane retorts back, spatula scraping against the pan more harshly.

‘Your cock says otherwise.’ Ilya says whilst tracing his tongue up the line of Shane’s neck. Shane tries to stifle an embarrassingly needy whimper but Ilya is so close he hears it with a satisfying smile.

Ilya’s fingers brush down the length of Shane’s cock, dipping lower to fondle his balls.

Shane’s head knocks back with a gasp and Ilya nips at his earlobe in response.

Ilya continues with murmuring filthy promises into Shane’s ear as his hands begin to collect the precum beginning to dribble out of Shane’s slit to fit his hand around his cock to very slowly slide up and down.

‘I am simple man. I see my husband looking all cute and sexy making dinner for us, I want to say thank you.’

‘B-but I haven’t even made it yet.’ Shane trembles out, chest heaving with restrained desire.

Ilya tightens his fist around Shane’s cock and Shane’s back arches as he drops the spatula to grab at Ilya’s arm stuck down his shorts. Not pushing him away but simply seeking comfort, something to hold onto. Because Ilya is Shane’s anchor, much like Shane is Ilya’s. And watching his beautiful husband clutch onto him for dear life makes Ilya hearts soar at the trust, the willingness to express his needs after so long of tempering them down.

The thought that Ilya can have and love his husband as freely as he wants made Ilya want to *bite*. Lovingly, of course.

Ilya’s hand starts a steady rhythm of jerking Shane’s cock and Shane’s hand moves from clutching at Ilya’s arm to reaching behind him to tug at his husband’s golden curls.

Ilya chuckles, and reaches forward with his free hand that was teasing one of Shane's nipples under his shirt to turn the induction hob off.

Ilya's hand releases Shane's cock and Shane whines at the loss of contact, head coming up to look questioningly at his husband.

'Come *solnyshko*, you are wearing too many clothes.' Ilya growls against Shane's ear, and yanks him by the waist, spinning them so Ilya can begin to herd Shane backwards towards their bedroom.

Shane's hands come down to clutch at Ilya's big hands entrapping his waist. He begins to laugh under his breath at Ilya's swiftness, but it soon trails off with a harsh swallow as he sees the intense heat swirling in Ilya's eyes. Ilya's hand comes up to trace the freckles across his cheekbones, like admiring the constellations, and Shane's breath catches in his chest at the pure affection in Ilya's eyes.

Even after all this time, Shane always fumbles at the intensity of Ilya's love, being so loved uninhibited. Shane always hopes that Ilya can see the love that Shane has for him too, the urge to be near him, to hold him and be held.

'We will eat it though, right?' Shane murmurs distractedly as Ilya crowds him through the doorway to their bedroom, his fingers running through Ilya's locks as he attacks his throat with hot, wet kisses.

'The recipe says it has 20 grams of protein per serving, and 10 grams of--'

'This your dirty talk now Hollander? I am not impressed.' Ilya says as he moves to lick into Shane's mouth, hands coming down to knead at Shane's ass.

Shane momentarily pulls back and mutters, 'Fuck off, I'm just saying--'

Ilya hums and hooks a hand under his jaw to drag him closer, to swallow more of Shane's moans and poorly suppressed whimpers as Ilya licks into his mouth. It's endearing how focused Shane is in describing the nutritional value of their dinner, and Ilya thinks that maybe he'll get Shane to recite the recipe to him when they fuck just to see whether Shane would make it all the way to the end or not. Have him garble out teaspoon measurements and cooking times with every thrust.

But he'd much rather fuck his husband hard enough to see the pretty whites of Shane's eyes instead. Ilya could really care less about teaspoons of paprika right now. What he really cares about is stripping Shane's clothes off and worshipping him like he deserves. Something no one else is allowed to do, because loving Shane is only for Ilya. And Ilya alone. With that thought, Ilya growls into the kiss, swallowing all of Shane's needy whimpers with his mouth.

'Do not worry *moya lyubov*', we will eat all of your deliciously boring dinner later, yes?'

Shane whines as Ilya's hand tightens around his jaw to pull back, lips chasing his, eyes dazed and confused as to why Ilya has stopped kissing him. But he stops his struggle when he sees Ilya looking at him with a dark glint in his eyes, which from experience alone, sends a shiver down his spine and makes his cock twitch, saliva pooling in his mouth at the promise those blue eyes beckon. His fingers curl into Ilya's sleeves as he waits obediently for Ilya to move again.

Ilya dips his thumb into Shane's mouth and he instinctively latches on to suckle it deeper. Ilya hums approvingly and smirks, to which Shane moans. His eyes gain that far-away look Ilya is familiar with, sinking into that floaty place that is defined by pleasure, and letting go.

'But right now, I want to watch you cum on my cock. Are you going to be good for me, *kotenok*?'

Shane inhales sharply at the promise, and speaks out a garbled 'Yes,' around Ilya's thumb, eyes never leaving the ones in front of him, entranced.

Ilya swiftly removes his thumb and leans closer, his hand on Shane's jaw moving to the back of his head and gripping his hair to tilt his head back, neck bared slightly. Shane gasps at the pain-pleasure that erupts at the tight grip.

‘What was that?’

‘Yes.’ Shane lisps, mouth already slack from promised pleasure.

‘Yes, what?’ Ilya prompts.

Shane’s head is fuzzy, something that always happens when Ilya holds him like this, kisses him like this, moves him like this. But the command pulls him to the surface long enough to realise what Ilya wants from him, and his body sings at being told what to do so clearly.

‘Yes I’ll be good.’ Shane says, more clearly, gazing at Ilya as he offers Shane a soft smile and a look that makes his knees melt slightly.

Ilya leans in and captures Shane’s lips in a deep kiss that empties Shane’s head besides *Ilya Ilya Ilya*.

‘Good boy.’ Ilya says quietly into the small space between them, their noses brushing, before surging in to kiss filthily, tongue dominating Shane’s mouth as he tips them backwards onto the bed.

Hands push Shane’s t-shirt up to reveal his chest and Ilya teases his nipples with his tongue, drawing out a gasp as Shane squirms on the bed, fingers clinging onto the sheets beneath him.

Ilya yanks Shane’s t-shirt up over his head, the desperation to see Shane naked and glistening with sweat winning out the urge to tease him.

He moves back suddenly to stand at the end of the bed, eyes tracing over Shane’s figure stretched out on the bed appreciatively.

Tugging his own black tank top over his head and removing his shorts and underwear, Ilya softly demands, 'Take off your clothes.'

Shane scrambles to push his shorts down his legs, his leaking cock springing free. His fingers fumble to fold them neatly before placing them on the bedside table haphazardly, knuckles moving them to sit perfectly parallel to the table's edge.

Ilya's lip quirks affectionately at Shane's need for straight edges and crease free lines even when they are about to have sex. God, he loves him. It hurts his heart, and his cock, with how much he loves him. Ilya's sure that if Shane asked him to jump, he'd immediately ask how high, no questions asked. The level of whipped Ilya Rozanov is for Shane Hollander should not be understated.

Shane turns to sit back with wide eyes filled with anticipation, fingers curling into the sheets again, chest heaving.

Ilya inclines his head slightly. Shane slowly begins to scoot back on the bed, eyes never leaving Ilya's as he holds his breath, heart hammering and cock twitching.

Ilya follows like a predator stalking his prey, a ferociously hot glint in his eye as he begins to crawl up the bed after him. Something settles in Ilya's chest at the vision in front of him, now looming above Shane as he forces him to lie back, hands pressed either side of his head.

He dips down for a kiss, Shane moaning softly as his mouth opens immediately upon the teasing trace of Ilya's tongue across his bottom lip. Ilya loses himself for a few minutes kissing Shane, until he feels Shane's hips twitch in an effort to grind his cock against Ilya's thigh. Ilya pulls back with a smirk and catches a bit of drool at the corner of Shane's mouth.

'So pretty, Hollander, so needy, hmm? Want to get fucked?' Ilya croons, palm coming up to cradle Shane's face. He leans in with closed eyes before they flutter open with a jerky nod.

'So polite, *moya lyubov*. Good boys deserve rewards, yes?'

Shane's mouth opens on a gasp and nods frantically, hand coming up to curl around Ilya's wrist.

'Words, Shane.'

'Yes, yes.' Shane whispers in a rush, voice catching on a breath.

Ilya hums approvingly before his hand moves from the side of Shane's face, dancing down, brushing past his nipples, his stomach, skimming a finger down his cock teasingly to hear Shane cry out. Ilya moves down Shane's body, lowering himself between his slightly trembling knees and slinging a leg over one of his broad shoulders.

The ease at which Ilya repositions him makes Shane dizzy, and a bead of precum slides down his cockhead.

His thoughts of Ilya manhandling him are soon cut off with a choked cry as Ilya begins to simply *feast* on his hole. Tongue lathing across the twitching hole, teasing, spitting on it, before fucking his tongue in harshly without any warning.

Shane's hands fly down to rest in Ilya's curls, spine curving, knees jerking to trap Ilya between them. But a strong hand comes to push the leg not cradled on his shoulder into a bend, and keeping it pinned by his hip.

'Ilya-' Shane tries to say, head spinning, brain melting, cock jerking.

Ilya traces his tongue upwards across his taint, the seam of his balls before he swallows Shane's cock in one swoop and humming around the already oversensitive length.

Shane cries out and his fingers tighten in Ilya's hair, the grip making Ilya grunt. Slick fingers slip into Shane's ass, and for a moment Shane wonders where Ilya got the lube from but that thought is derailed by the sensation of a second finger joining the first as they *curl* beautifully against his prostate.

Shane's mouth goes to form words, he isn't sure what, maybe Ilya's name - not to say anything really, but because his husband's name feels so nice on his tongue, and because Ilya is his, he can say it anytime he wants. But Ilya's forearm tenses with how hard he is fingerfucking Shane, mouth still working torturously on his cock that Shane loses the ability to speak besides gasped breaths and moans that escalate in pitch as he hurtles closer to the quickly looming edge.

Shane didn't expect to be so close to cumming so quickly, but Ilya has a way of getting underneath Shane's skin deliciously well, whether that is with his words, his eyes, his touch, or his sinful Russian mouth.

And as two fingers become three, pressing up against that spot inside that sends his toes curling, brutally milking his prostate and Ilya tightens his mouth around the head of his cock, tongue flicking the ridge where the head meets the shaft, Shane's orgasm crashes into him.

'Fuck-Ilya-' Shane sobs out as his fingers try and push Ilya's head away, his body curling inwards in muddled desperation of wanting all of it yet feeling overwhelmed by the onslaught of pleasure wracking his brain.

At Shane's heaving pleas and twitching legs, Ilya doubles down and refuses to let off, fingers pressing insistently against his prostate.

With a high whine Shane cums, his eyes squeezing shut as his brain empties momentarily. Ilya swallows it all and lets off his cock with a satisfied smirk, casually wiping a thumb at the corner of his mouth, collecting a drop of Shane's cum.

He crawls back up to Shane's face and takes the chance to dip his cum slicked thumb into Shane's open mouth, still shuddering from the orgasm. At the salty taste, Shane moans and sucks Ilya's thumb into his mouth, saliva pooling under his tongue.

Ilya leans down to capture Shane's lips in a kiss, large palm coming to cradle Shane's throat. Not choking, but a heavy dominating presence that makes Shane want to mewl like a kitten.

‘I’m not finished with you, *kotenok*.’ Ilya murmurs, entranced by Shane suckling on his thumb like it’s the only thing in the world. Shane’s eyes are glassy from the orgasm haze but at Ilya’s voice they clear slightly.

Shane whines softly, hands brushing down Ilya’s muscled chest to try and reach for Ilya’s flushed, hard cock but big hands trap them and pin them to the bed on either side of Shane’s face.

Ilya tuts and shakes his head in mock disapproval, and Shane tries to steady his heaving chest to form words.

‘I want-’ Shane begins, before Ilya swoops down to cut him off with another overwhelming kiss.

‘You want? What? My cock?’ Ilya croons teasingly, face directly above Shane’s, catching every expression that flits across his husband’s face. The desperation, the love, the desire, all of it.

‘Yes,’ Shane says, it coming out as a whine and his hands try to move against Ilya’s grip to no avail.

‘Yes what?’ Ilya prompts.

Shane flushes down to his chest, and his eyes flit off to the side to look past Ilya’s shoulder.

‘Yes I want your cock.’ He says quietly. Even after all these years, there is something about Ilya making Shane say what he wants out loud that continues to simultaneously mortify and arouse Shane. But another part of him sings with glee every time he does, the fact that Ilya ensures to spell it out for them both, clear directions and statements that they both know Shane appreciates.

Ilya releases his grip on one of Shane's wrists to grab Shane's jaw, forcing Shane to look at him.

'I can't hear you.'

Shane wriggles against the heavy weight on top of him and huffs. The haze of one orgasm removing any qualms of being a brat.

'I already said it, you obviously need a hearing aid.' Shane pushes back, testing. And Ilya's eyes light up with the challenge and almost laughs at Shane's quip. Instead his hand tightens around Shane's face.

'What was that?' Ilya says darkly, cocking his head like a wolf inspecting his dinner.

Shane's eyes leave Ilya's momentarily before flitting back, swallowing harshly, his heart picking up at the tension crackling between them. He really wants Ilya to fuck him, he can't look down because of the hold Ilya has on him but he knows Ilya's cock is there begging to be touched. And he wants it in any way he can get. Maybe being bratty wasn't the way to go when he is desperately aching to feel Ilya slide his cock inside of his hole, or his mouth. At this point, Shane will take anything.

'I-nothing. Just-,' a whine escapes him then, 'Come on, gimme it.' His face scrunches up in that way that Ilya says looks like an angry kitten. Except this time, an angry kitten hungry for cock.

Ilya continues to loom over him, eyes hardening.

'That is not how good boys ask Hollander. You want my cock, you ask nicely. And then maybe, I will give.' The hand on Shane's jaw pushes his head back into the bed further, and he bears his weight down further onto the body beneath him, looming above Shane like a giant..

Shane's mouth parts slightly, inhaling sharply at the sudden feeling of being surrounded by Ilya so thoroughly. The weight of him on top does something to his brain, settling it, quietening it in a way Ilya can only do. Like he knows exactly what he needs.

Ilya continues to speak softly, leaning in closer so his dangling crucifix brushes against Shane's lips, the cold metal a startling sensation against the heat simmering between them, but his words are anything but.

'So when I ask you a question, you *answer* it. Yes? Or do I need to remind you?'

Shane gazes up at him with quite literally stars in his eyes.

His brain scrambles to form words but nothing comes out, his mouth moving around air. Shane isn't sure whether he wants to be reminded or do as Ilya says. Right now, all he wants is Ilya to fuck him. One orgasm hasn't done anything in tempering his flare of arousal, and his cock is hard enough to show for it. Ilya's words make a bead of precum slide down its length, his wet hole clenching in anticipation.

And part of him likes the idea of Ilya *reminding* him, showing him what happens when he disobeys, when he acts like a brat - which is basically never. Ilya stares at him with a raised eyebrow and Shane gulps. Ilya is testing him, giving him an opportunity to be bad. And Shane is always *so* good.

Something in Shane's brain clicks, and with a twitch of his cock he knows exactly what he wants.

'F-fuck you Rozanov.' He says defiantly although his voice cracks half way through, mouth half restrained by Ilya's tight grips. And Ilya grins like he's won the lottery, and Shane's heart skips a beat.

Suddenly with a punishing snap of his hips, Ilya's cock fucks into Shane, *hard*. Shane cries out at the sudden sensation of being so full before he is quickly left scrambling as Ilya withdraws his cock to the tip before setting a punishing pace, his hands coming up to press behind Shane's knees to raise them to his head, folding him like a pretzel.

Shane can feel his eyes roll back as Ilya's balls smack against Shane's ass, his cock nailing his prostate head-on every time.

'Nngh-fuck' Shane whines, hands now grappling at Ilya's sweat slick shoulders, clinging on for dear life as Ilya quite literally fucks every thought out of Shane's skull.

'Hmm? What was that baby?' Ilya teases, hips never ceasing their punishing pace, the wet slap of skin music to his ears.

Shane tries to keep his eyes open but they keep fluttering closed, drool escaping the corner of his mouth, and Ilya chuckles under his breath. This is what Ilya wanted, to see Shane utterly and beautifully *fucked*.

Shane doesn't respond, so Ilya leans forward, his hand coming to cup under his jaw again. Shane's pupils are blown wide but at the sight of Ilya crowding closer, he gasps, fingers curling tighter into the muscle of Ilya's shoulders.

'Is this what you wanted Hollander? My cock?' Ilya comes so close, Shane goes cross eyed trying to keep eye contact, and he goes to reply when Ilya captures Shane's mouth again in a kiss.

Ilya's tongue licks into his mouth, teeth pulling at his lip, dominating every aspect of Shane, making his head feel stuffed with cotton. All the while, Ilya never lets up the pace, fucking Shane so hard the bed rocks, headboard banging against the wall.

'Hmm?' Ilya prompts again, before rising up to hook his hands beneath Shane's bent knees and pushing them further, changing the angle so it feels like his cock is in Shane's stomach.

Shane lets out a drawn out moan mixed with a cry.

‘Y-yes!’ Shane whimpers out, the effort of trying to concentrate hard enough to say the single word is disrupted by the feeling of his cock slapping against his stomach with every thrust, his body on fire, his cock steadily dripping with arousal, precum pooling on his stomach and running down his sides onto the sheets below.

Now Shane’s started he can’t stop, and his fingers scrabble for purchase in the sheets, twisting them in overwhelmed pleasure. Ilya is everywhere, he can feel him in his stomach, his touch on his skin. It’s all *IlyallyaIlya* and Shane loves it, wants more. Will always, always want more. Ilya’s body glistens with sweat above him, his figure cut from a Greek statue, and his blue eyes glint in the warm glow of the bedroom. Ilya’s mouth is slightly open, panting as he watches his cock slide in and out of Shane’s glistening hole. Shane hears him groan and murmur something in Russian.

At a particularly brutal thrust at his prostate, Shane cries out a garbled ‘Fuck!’, eyes widening.

Ilya grins down at him, slowing down to simply grind his hips and Shane’s chest heaves, his cock steadily dripping.

‘You are so wet, *moya lyubov*. Like a girl.’ Ilya says, accent thicker in the midst of fucking, teasing a finger down the length of Shane’s untouched cock.

Shane whines at the feather light touch, and sobs out a ‘Please!’, tears catching on his lashes.

‘Please, what?’ Ilya says, still grinding his hips into Shane, teasing.

And Shane breaks.

‘Please fuck me, please, want your cock - please - Ilya want your cock so bad-‘ It all comes out so fast and desperate that Shane isn’t sure Ilya hears him properly. But a murmured curse above him proves him wrong and his sentence is cut short when Ilya resumes his thrusts even more brutally than before if that was even possible, seizing Shane’s head between his hands as he hovers over him.

‘Open your mouth.’ Ilya demands, and Shane immediately obeys, jaw dropping open, tongue lolling out.

Ilya leans forward and proceeds to *spit* into Shane’s mouth and his toes curl by his head at the feeling of being claimed. Shane can feel Ilya’s spit mix with the rest of his saliva and he greedily swallows it down.

‘*Yebat*, look at you. My little slut hmm?’ Ilya murmurs adoringly, seizing Shane’s lips into another kiss as he pummels into Shane’s prostate.

With every thrust, Shane is forced up the bed until his head begins to kiss the headboard with every thrust. Ilya quickly stuffs a pillow behind Shane’s head, never ceasing the snap of his thrusts, bullying his cock into Shane’s hole.

Shane loses all sense of language, all sense of thought besides Ilya’s cock. His head is empty and it’s great, he only has a singular focus - his husband gazing down at him with sweat dripping from his temples, his crucifix swinging against his chest. Lips a hairbreadth away. The image of him sends Shane higher, and his orgasm hurtles towards him.

‘Wanna cum,’ Shane slurs, hands digging into Ilya’s forearms holding up his knees to his ears, leaving indents on his skin.

‘You want to cum?’ Ilya pants, his cock making space for itself inside Shane, Shane’s hole sucking at his cock every time he retreats with his hips.

‘Yes - please’ Shane cries softly, and Ilya kisses him softly then, a contrast to his hips pumping away, determined to turn Shane truly cock drunk.

‘Cum, *moya lyubov*. Show me who you belong to.’ Ilya whispers into his mouth.

With the demand rattling around his head and his body jolting with every thrust of Ilya's cock against his prostate, Shane's eyes cross, head sinking deeper into the bed, his mouth hanging open as his release shoots out of his untouched cock to hit his chin, his chest. Shane's body shudders at the force of it and he's sure he is levitating at the rush of pleasure that is forced out of him.

'Shit, Shane-' Ilya gasps, hand coming to rest against the headboard above them as his thrusts become erratic, one hand caressing Shane's chest. Shane's body jerks with the force of them, now entirely boneless as Ilya fucks him into overstimulation. His hand comes up to clutch at Ilya's hand playing with his nipple, clinging on.

Shane sobs out a garbled 'Want your cum - please-' and Ilya groans out loud, eyes locked on Shane squirming beneath him. Red cheeks and fluttering eyelashes, body glistening in sweat, the glimpse of his pink tongue through his parted lips, drying cum on his stomach.

And with that image below him, Ilya cums. His final thrusts as he fills Shane with his cum sends Shane's limp, fucked body further up the bed to send Shane's head crashing into the headboard.

Ilya swears in panic but Shane doesn't even notice besides a sharp pain that is quickly forgotten with the feeling of Ilya's cum filling him and seeping out around Ilya's cock stuffed deep in his hole, moaning softly at the feeling.

'Fuck, fuck, Shane?' Ilya frantically calls out, hands petting at Shane's head, his face, as he quickly slides his cock out. Yanking Shane away from the headboard quickly, eyes scanning his face, muttering in panicked Russian under his breath as he tries to get Shane to talk to him.

'Shane are you okay? *Solnyshko*, answer me.' Ilya tries again, gripping Shane's face and tilting it towards him, trying desperately to catch his eye.

Instead Shane whines, lashes fluttering open to reveal hooded eyes, hands gently pawing at Ilya's stomach.

Ilya shushes him, heart racing at the idea of having hurt his husband, and pushes back Shane's hair from his forehead gently, 'Shane? Are you okay?'

'Empty.' Shane whines softly, and Ilya's eyes widen in confusion.

'Shane? Hollander? What do you mean?' Ilya's pulse roaring in his ears as his mind starts racing at the very real possibility that he may have given his husband a concussion from fucking him too hard. Does he call an ambulance? Yuna and David? What does he even say?

I'm so sorry but I fucked your son so good, I gave him brain damage?

Ilya's thoughts are interrupted by Shane's eyes blinking up at him with a frown, before he mumbles, 'Why did you pull out?'

Ilya gapes down at him, the question not exactly what he was expecting to come out of Shane's mouth after he had slammed his head into their headboard.

A surprised laugh escapes him, as Shane continues to glare up at him. Ilya's hand continues to pet his face delicately.

'So it does not hurt?' Ilya asks, still concerned about Shane hitting his head but also amused by Shane's attention to not the injury, but the fact that Ilya removed his cock too soon.

'What hurts?' Shane questions, eyes furrowing together harder.

'Your head, Shane. You hit your head when I was fucking you, does it hurt?' Ilya says slowly, looking for any signs of confusion beyond what Shane obviously is annoyed about.

Shane's brown eyes gaze up at him, observing him for a second as he realises Ilya is actually very concerned.

‘No, it doesn’t hurt. I’m okay.’ He whispers, hand coming up to trace Ilya’s worried brow. Now they are talking (and after Ilya rudely pulling out), the fog in Shane’s head is slowly lifting. And he will admit the back of his head *is* pulsing, but not anything that bad.

Playing ice hockey professionally means you’re always getting slammed against the boards, head bouncing against a hard surface even under a helmet will get your ears ringing. Ribs aching, noses bleeding, the whole lot. And Shane is no stranger to getting his bell rung, thanks to Marleau of course.

And having his bell rung, persay, by Ilya is probably the best way to have it rung. And he’d do it again if it meant Ilya would fuck his brains out again and again.

The room slowly comes back into focus with the dull pain. As does the dried cum on his stomach and Ilya’s cum dripping out of his hole.

Ilya sighs in relief, but he turns Shane gently on his side anyway to inspect the part of his head that collided with the headboard, fingers gently pressing around the area.

Shane hisses slightly as Ilya’s fingers brush over the aching spot, and Ilya sucks in a concerned breath. He turns Shane to face him again, fingers brushing under his chin to gaze into his eyes searchingly.

‘Ilya, I’m fine. Just a little tender,’ Shane insists, leaning up to kiss Ilya softly. He offers a small reassuring smile, but Ilya’s frown doesn’t budge.

‘Ilya,’ Shane begins, hands coming up to wrap them around Ilya’s neck to pull him down nose to nose.

‘I’m fine. Besides,’ Shane moves up to whisper in Ilya’s ear, ‘I was too busy being fucked full of your cum to notice.’

Shane pulls back to watch a dark look flicker in Ilya's eyes and a cheeky smile graces Shane's lips.

'Naughty boy.' Ilya purrs, before dipping down to kiss him but before Shane can deepen it, he pulls back to look at Shane appraisingly, content that it isn't quite the emergency he thought it was going to be. Concerned, yes, but he knows the warning signs for a major concussion when he sees them, and whilst he may not be medically qualified, Ilya can comfortably say he doesn't need to wave down an ambulance immediately.

'But we will go to doctors to look at your head.' He says firmly, leaving no room for argument.

Shane huffs and pulls Ilya down with him to the bed.

'Fine.'

Ilya hums and pulls Shane to lie his head on his chest gently, fingers tracing shapes down Shane's spine.

'Good boy. But first we cuddle. And then we go.' Ilya gruffs into Shane's hair, eyes closing as he inhales the scent of his shampoo.

'But we have to eat dinner first.' Shane argues tiredly, his voice muffled against Ilya's chest.

A chuckle escapes Ilya's lips at Shane's devotion to their dinner.

'Yes of course, *moya lyubov*. We cuddle, eat your delicious dinner,' Ilya raises Shane's hand to playfully nip at one of his fingers, 'and then we go to doctors.'

Shane lets out an amused huff but snuggles deeper into Ilya's chest, practically purring as Ilya's hand moves to run his fingers through his hair, skirting round the developing bump at

the crown of Shane's head.

'And clean up.' Shane mutters, face blissfully squished between Ilya's pecs but also acutely aware of the stickiness between his thighs.

'Hollander, are you saying you do not like being full of my cum?' Ilya teases softly, as the hand not in Shane's hair travels down to squeeze at a cheek, the pressure causing more of Ilya's cum to trickle out.

Shane slaps a limp hand against Ilya's side as retribution for spilling more mess onto their sheets, and Ilya chuckles, but Shane's hole clenches weakly at Ilya's words, at the possessive heat lurking beneath them. Shane fleetingly toys with the idea of being plugged full of Ilya's cum constantly. A lick of heat curls down his spine but the tiredness wins out over his arousal. *Later*, Shane thinks.

Ilya plants a kiss against Shane's forehead and hums, eyes drifting shut, but not before setting a timer of five minutes, because they are in fact going to the doctor's as soon as he can get Shane dressed and out of the door. But for now he is fine with cuddling his husband, feeling incandescently content.

'So how did you say you hit your head?' The doctor doesn't look up from carefully prodding at the lump on the crown of Shane's head.

Shane's cheeks heat up at the question and his fingers play with the zipper on his jacket distractedly. Ilya, the little shit, is sitting looking smug in the corner watching Shane squirm.

At Shane's lack of reply, the doctor peers round to look at him.

Shane clears his throat, eyes flitting up to look at the poster about diabetes plastered on the wall.

‘Um - it was - I just knocked my head against -‘

‘The headboard,’ Ilya finishes helpfully. Shane’s head whips round to his husband sitting with a too innocent smile on his face.

‘Ilya!’ Shane hisses, ears going scarlet from embarrassment and hands curling in mortification, but also the desire to reach out to wring Ilya’s beautiful neck.

‘A headboard?’ The doctor asks, turning to look at Ilya.

‘Yes,’ Ilya grins toothily, ignoring the burning gaze of the angry kitten that is Shane sat on the examination table. ‘We got a little bit too excited, doctor.’

The doctor pauses, before nodding his head with a professional, ‘I see,’ before turning around and purposefully avoiding Shane’s eyes.

‘Ilya.’ Shane grits out.

At his name, Ilya turns with a raised eyebrow and smirk to answer, ‘Shane.’

‘Well Shane,’ the doctor begins as he snaps off his rubber gloves, interrupting the two’s staring contest, ‘the good news is that the lump isn’t very big and will go down on its own. I’d recommend over the counter pain relief, and icing it at regular intervals over the next few days. And plenty of rest.’

The doctor then clears his throat before looking pointedly at Shane.

‘So best to avoid headboard activity for now, alright?’

Ilya struggles to muffle a laugh and Shane splutters before mumbling out a quick, 'Yes of course doctor,' averting his gaze to look at his trainers.

It's only once they make it to their car that Shane gives Ilya a piece of his mind.

To which Ilya simply replies, '*Moya lyubov*, do not worry, doctor said no headboards, but he never said no backseats of cars or showers, yes?'

End Notes

hope everyone's 2026 also includes getting railed into the headboard, god knows i need it.

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