

ache

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/74260966) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/74260966>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Miscommunication , Hurt/Comfort , Angst with a Happy Ending , Makeup Sex , Porn with Feelings , Breeding Kink , Anal Fingering , Oral Sex , Olive Oil as Lube , Anal Sex , Not Beta Read , Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers) , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-16 Words: 7,193 Chapters: 1/1

ache

by [offsideletters](#)

Summary

The breath that Shane expels feels like the last straw. Ilya is so fucking tired of guessing. Wondering what he did wrong and how he can make it right. A pit forms in his stomach every time Shane looks at him like that. Like he's done. Like he's tired. Like he's one stupid comment away from kicking Ilya out entirely.

It's not what Ilya should feel when in proximity to his husband. This shaken, tense situation is beyond fucked. Maybe it makes him a child that he hasn't asked Shane point blank what is going on yet. Maybe it makes him a coward.

Shane and Ilya spend a tense evening together.

Notes

this is NOT a breakup fic!! it's a little angsty and very hurt/comfort, but i promise it ends happily. shane and ilya will always be happy in anything i write (even if i have to make them suffer a little bit first)

Follow my [Twitter](#) if you would like, I am very (way too) active on there, and will post about any wips i may write as well!! you can also subscribe to my ao3 to get email updates every time i post something <3 ok smut time !!

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

The ride home from the arena is tense.

Not because they lost 5-2 to Colorado on a home game, or because Ilya's lip is still bleeding from a bad slam into the boards just an hour ago. Not even the weather, which is cold as fuck right now, a chilly breeze seeping inside the vents of the car even though Ilya has the heat on full blast and is wearing the leather gloves Shane got him for his birthday last year.

There's a thickness in the air, laden with cloudy puffs of breath with each exhale that Shane presses against the car window.

He won't look at Ilya. Hasn't since they got in the vehicle and Ilya verbally ran through his checklist to make sure they didn't leave anything important behind at the rink. At least Shane made some sort of noise to let him know they got it all. But that's *all* he's done. Besides turn off the music Ilya put on and crank the heat up to the max.

Ilya wants to ask him what's wrong. Wants to reach out and take his husband's hand and force him to talk to him. Force him to tell him everything that he's thinking about so he can take it away and make it better. Replace it with something a bit more tender. But when they finally pull into their garage and Ilya goes to do just that, Shane's hand rips away from him instantly, leaving behind only the cold trickle of his icy finger tips.

Then the passenger door is being whipped open and Shane exits in a blur, slamming the car door shut so hard Ilya feels it like a tug against his chest.

So many emotions run rampant through Ilya's gut as he sits alone in the driver's seat, staring blankly at where his husband disappeared into their house like a storm. Dejection is one, he thinks. Maybe annoyance at being tossed aside sprinkled with concern for the man he loves, too.

But fear sits the heaviest. Like lead. Like a worry that clings to every frigid inch of his body that he can't shake no matter how hard he tries.

He doesn't know what he did wrong.

Pinpointing the exact moment Shane decided he was pissed off with him is challenging. Ilya runs through the last hour, turning it over in his head, flipping it inside out and trying to read between the cracks of the foundation, but he comes up blank no matter how he looks at it.

Maybe it *is* just the loss.

Maybe Shane just needs a minute.

Deciding to give it to him, Ilya takes his time in the garage. He shuts the wide door behind them, shoves his gloves in the center console, and struggles with the weight of both their gear bags, not wanting to risk leaving it in the car overnight, even if it is a safe neighborhood. When he finally has both strapped over his shoulders and it has been several minutes, he makes his way inside, dropping the bags to the wet front mat as carefully as he can.

They showered at the arena, obviously, but Ilya thinks he could use another one. Maybe pull Shane in behind him and drag any thoughts out of his head as they let the hot spray reheat their frozen limbs. Wash each other's hair. Bodies. Touch every inch of naked, wet skin they can get their hands on.

But heading deeper into their house, he stops short when he finds Shane in the kitchen, running his hands under soapy water.

It's clear that Shane doesn't notice him at first, because the moment he looks up and spots Ilya across the room, his face—which one just a second ago devoid of any emotion—hardens, eyes taking on an infuriated expression.

Breaking eye contact, Shane shuts the water off and dries his hands on the dish towel. Carefully, Ilya approaches, dropping his keys in the decorative bowl. He removes his jacket and lays it over the back of the couch just as Shane whips the fridge door open.

"I need to start on dinner soon."

It's the first thing Shane has said to him in what feels like hours. And where he usually has a softer tone when he speaks to Ilya, there is no trace of that warmth right now.

Right now, he speaks sharply. Assertive. Like he's stating a fact read in a newspaper rather than voicing his plans to his husband.

Ilya takes another step forward, carefully, like he's approaching a dog ready on the attack. "I can help—"

"I got it," Shane barks.

And... Okay.

Ilya doesn't really know what to say to that. But it seems that Shane's unspoken anger has dug its way under his skin too, because he huffs out a breath of annoyance, shoulders tense, and stomps into the kitchen anyways.

So much for that fucking shower.

Rolling up his sleeves, Ilya flicks the tap on and places his hands under, only to pull back immediately with a searing pain lancing up his arm.

"Shit!" His hand was only under the stream for a second, so he knows he'll walk away unscathed, but the practically boiling water makes his skin throb, a red tint blooming on his palm. "Fuck, is hot."

He turns the tap on cold and shoves his hand under, the cold water bringing him immediate relief.

It would be stupid of him to put the blame on Shane. Certainly he didn't *mean* to leave the water so hot that Ilya would burn himself. It wasn't intentional, and it wasn't malicious.

But still, when his husband doesn't offer a half-assed apology or even check to make sure that Ilya is okay, it fucking hurts.

He brushes it off easily enough, finally washing up and drying his clean hands on the damp towel tied to the stove. Shane is making noise behind him, pulling shit out of the pantry and laying it haphazardly over the counter. A jar of sauce nearly tumbles off the counter and they both make a grab for it, Ilya's hips bumping into Shane as they thankfully catch it before it splatters over the floor.

Shane makes a noise of frustration and slams the jar down. "Ilya, would you just—"

"No. I'm helping."

"I don't need your fucking—" Whatever he was going to say dies on his tongue with a snap. Ilya meets his eyes, his resolve clear. Shane doesn't get his space. Not right now. Not when it feels like Ilya is walking a fucking tightrope and if he isn't in his husband's vicinity for even a second, it's gonna snap.

Finally, Shane's chest rises as he takes a deep breath, and he offers Ilya a stilted nod. "Fine," he mumbles, turning away. "Pass me a pot."

For years, Ilya and Shane have practiced this dance. Romantic date nights and pre-dinner parties have been spent learning each other's moves in the kitchen, a skilled give and take they took on as easy as skating.

Now, it's laden with awkward bumps and shoulder jabs. A solitude of dead air which is usually filled with laughter and touches and soft kisses against whatever solid wall they can find. Right now, the stillness hurts his ears. Makes them feel like they're bleeding all over this fucking tiled floor.

Awkwardness doesn't even begin to describe it. He feels like a stranger in his own marriage.

He passes Shane the salt only for it to be dropped on the floor. He takes a new soy sauce for the stirfry out of the pantry—Shane irritably tells him they already have an open one in the fridge.

He goes to take the chicken out—

"Shit."

Ilya feels like the universe is playing some big fucking joke on him.

This morning, before they left for their game—before there was this edge between them—Shane asked Ilya to take the chicken out of the freezer so it would be ready for dinner tonight. But it was said between kisses, and he's a weak, weak man when Shane Hollander's tongue is in his mouth. Pair that with the way he was rubbing his crotch against Ilya's clothed thigh and panting like a bitch in heat, and Ilya stood no chance.

He knows that if he checked the deep freeze right now, he'd find the chicken. Bagged, near the top, and solid as a rock.

Shane stops stirring the noodles and turns to him. “What?”

Back of his neck growing hot, Ilya says, “Forgot to take out the chicken.”

The breath that Shane expels feels like the last straw. Ilya is so fucking tired of guessing. Wondering what he did wrong and how he can make it right. A pit forms in his stomach every time Shane looks at him like that. Like he’s done. Like he’s tired. Like he’s one stupid comment away from kicking Ilya out entirely.

It’s not what Ilya should feel when in proximity to his husband. This shaken, tense situation is beyond fucked. Maybe it makes him a child that he hasn’t asked Shane point blank what is going on yet. Maybe it makes him a coward.

But nothing about it feels like them. Everything about it feels broken, and Ilya feels like he can hardly breathe anymore.

He can’t look at Shane. Can’t stand the way his usually bright face is stilted with anger. The dark constellation of freckles on his cheeks is overtaken by a blossoming red, and Ilya hates the way he’s being looked at right now. Looked *through*. Like he’s a ghost in his own god damn kitchen.

Fuck this.

Ilya slams the fridge door shut, only feeling a little bad about it when Shane jumps at the sound. He swipes his keys out of the bowl, the metal of the split ring cold in his palm. “I’ll go to the store. Grab more chicken.”

“I already have the noodles on,” Shane says to his back.

“Turn them off. Won’t take long.”

“The store is like twenty fucking minutes away,” Shane seethes.

Expelling a breath, Ilya whirls around and throws his hands out. “Then what do you want me to do, Shane? Help me. I am trying to come up with a solution, and every idea I have, you turn down.”

No response. Shane gnaws on his bottom lip, something he does when he’s lost for words. Something tugs at Ilya’s aching chest at the sight. When Shane continues to stare blankly at him and offer no insight, Ilya scoffs, heading to the front door.

He’s got his feet part ways in his shoes when Shane storms down the hall, wooden spatula in hand, dripping starchy water over the floors.

“Where are you going?”

“For a drive.”

“The fuck you are.” Shane says. Around the spatula he’s holding, his knuckles turn white. “No. You’re too pissed off to be driving right now.”

Maybe at another time, Ilya would take that as concern for his well being. But right now, with the pure indignation written on Shane's face, he takes it as anything but. As misplaced as it may be.

"I am not the one who is pissy," he sneers.

"And I'm not the one who told the whole fucking world he doesn't wanna have kids with me!"

Ilya's world just... stops.

He's given no chance to process those words, Shane coming into his proximity, the clean scent of his sweat overwhelming. Before Ilya can ask him what the fuck he's talking about, Shane is snatching the keys out of his hand and marching his way back into the kitchen, footsteps heavy on the wooden floors.

And Ilya is left reeling.

The entire evening plays like a flashback behind his eyes, the way he thinks his life would flash before him on his death bed. Glimpses of the game, of being shoulder checked by one of Colorado's defenceman, of Shane's worried face when he went back to the bench with a damp towel pressed to his face.

Their loss. The slump of his husband's shoulders when the buzzer went off. The silence that filled their packed stadium, loyal fans filtering out with defeat on their lips.

The post game interview. The man who asked him how he felt about their defeat. The lady who asked him what their Christmas plans were. The other lady who asked them if they're going to have kids—

He said no.

Fuck. He said *no*.

And suddenly, Shane's words make sense.

He's an idiot for not catching it sooner. He's an even bigger idiot for being so defensive during those interviews and not listening properly, too eager to get the fuck out of that stadium and start their well deserved weekend off together.

Yuna tells him he spaces out sometimes. Says his eyes take on this glassy look when he's not really there and that she's learned to take anything he says in those moments with a grain of salt.

Surely Shane knows him that well too.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, he remembers thinking that it wasn't her business. Usually in those circumstances he'd snap at them, and fortunately absent minded Ilya had enough state of mind to keep his cool. Unfortunately, this is the result.

The urge to explain himself feels like hunger at the bottom of his stomach. Ilya toes out of his half put on shoes, storming after his husband. When he reaches the kitchen, Shane has his back to him and is riffling through their cupboards.

“Shane—” he starts, only to be cut off by the loud rattle of a tinned can falling to the counter.

Shane cuts him off too, fixing his grip on whatever has dropped. “It’s fine. We’ll do tuna casserole.”

Ilya doesn’t think it’s very fine at all, but the oven beeps on before he gets a chance to clarify the details of the interview, and when Shane’s back becomes stiff as a board as he sets about swapping out ingredients for the ones he needs, invisible walls go up, and Ilya knows he’s missed his chance.

Urging his nerves to calm and heart rate to settle, Ilya inhales deeply, the smell of canned tuna evoking memories of a chilly November night in his Boston penthouse. The organ in his chest gives off steady beats, the domestic familiarity of this all calming him a couple of notches despite the tension that still lingers.

That fragile spell is broken when he steps into the kitchen to grab a beer, and Shane scoffs as soon as Ilya pops the lid off.

Gripping the cool neck of the bottle, Ilya’s fingers squeeze around the glass. “What did I do now?” he asks, a bit more bite to his tone than he intended. Of course, he gets nothing in reply. “Shane?”

He wants to give Shane his space. Thinks that as long as they can get through this dinner and Shane gets something in his stomach, he could gently sit him on the couch and enlighten him on the facts, coax his anger out and let it disperse into something warmer. But he’s getting really sick of getting literally fuck all back.

“I can’t fix it if you do not talk to me,” Ilya says.

“Well then maybe you shouldn’t bother.”

The words hit him square in the chest, heart dropping to the bottom of his stomach.

The bottle slips out of his grip, thankfully only a few inches from the counter, but the pale liquid spills all the same. He can’t even bring himself to care, too focused on the way Shane spins around with panic written all over his face to care about the cold suds dripping to the floor.

“I didn’t mean that,” Shane says quickly.

Ilya doesn’t say anything. Doesn’t know if he *can* say anything, his focus on the pain lancing from his chest, heavy and solid and so fucking damaged. A pit forms, and it makes him physically sick.

Giving Shane a stilted nod, Ilya shakes his head a couple times to clear the bitter words from playing on repeat in his brain. There’s a restlessness buzzing under his skin, the backs of his

eyes beginning to sting. He feels uneasy, like maybe he's going to cry or throw up.

He'll give Shane the space he needs. Take a couple minutes to compose himself, let a few tears fall while out of range, try to quell the agitation that's starting to feel like wasps flying around his stomach.

Ilya steps out of the room, bottle and conversation forgotten.

He doesn't give himself much time in the bathroom, a couple of minutes in the mirror, staring at the bright lights above the vanity to get the burning sensation in his eyes to disappear, retinas burning, a flash temporarily altering his vision. But he walks back feeling a tad bit better, emotions under control.

Logically, he knows this is just a fight. A stupid argument reminiscent of the very few they've had throughout their marriage, but it hurts all the same, and he feels so lost. It's like the tether that attaches him to Shane is fraying bit by bit, and in the back of his mind, he's horrified to find out what happens if it snaps. Doesn't know if he could survive it.

But he returns to the kitchen anyways, ready to keep his distance as he helps with dinner as much as he can from the background, when he finds Shane's back to him, shoulders shaking.

Gingerly approaching, he notes that he has the can opener in one hand and a can of mushroom soup in the other, the curve of his neck slumped, head tilting forwards.

When he hears a wet snuffle, Ilya doesn't think twice. "Oh, Shane."

He enters the kitchen and wraps his arms around Shane, his husband's lean body vibrating tensely in his hold. Ilya's chin hooks over Shane's shoulders to take in the mess. There's condensed soup on the counter, spilling over the marble and all over the can opener. Bits of mushrooms cover the entire surface, spilt tears quickly adding to the mix.

The heat of Shane's back is the first real touch he's known in hours, and he feels that he could join in his husband's tears, his eyes burning again at the contact.

Shane lets out a disbelieving laugh. "What the fuck is happening right now?"

"You are angry at me," Ilya says sullenly.

"I am."

Snaking his palms under Shane's, he gently coaxes his fingers to release the items, letting them clatter back to the counter. Shane's limbs are stiff, but he lets Ilya maneuver them back a step, arms falling to his sides. Ilya keeps his hold on him, tightening his grip, shoving his face in the crook of Shane's neck. He inhales deeply, warmth filling his lungs at the intoxicating scent of his husband's skin. Shane smells like the body wash the arena keeps stocked in their showers. Lemongrass or something citrusy with the underlying scent of sweat.

His fingers skate down Shane's arms, dragging bitten nails along the freckled skin. Goosebumps rise in their wake, and he feels a deep sense of satisfaction when Shane lets out a deep breath, tension seeping out of him in waves.

In a low voice, Ilya asks, "do you want me to leave?"

Shane hums, considering this. "Where would you even go?"

It makes him bristle. The idea that maybe Shane wants him out.

"Maybe to Yuna and David's. Maybe a hotel."

When Shane detaches himself from his hold, Ilya's body grows cold. *Fuck*. Maybe he shouldn't have offered. He should have taken this moment as the opportunity that it is to mutter an apology in his ear and—

Shaky hands find purchase on his shirt, and suddenly Shane's face is pressed against his front, head smushed into the fabric as arms slide around Ilya's back.

"I don't want you to go."

It's muffled, spoken with a trembling breath and muttered into his shirt, but the words are deafening in Ilya's ears.

Wrapping his arms around his husband just as hard, Ilya presses a soft kiss to his head. "Then I will stay."

It could be hours they stay there for, holding each other, Ilya's knuckles rubbing up and down Shane's back in comforting brushes. There are surely tear marks bleeding into his shirt. Shane's cries turn to faint pants against him, each warm exhale upon his heart slowly repairing their frayed tether.

Logically Ilya knows it's barely been minutes, and it feels too soon when Shane begins to pull away, bringing his warmth and tear stained face with him.

His eyes are red rimmed, beaten and raw when he meets Ilya's gaze. "I should finish what I was doing."

"No. You should talk to me."

"Ilya—"

"Shane. Do not do this. Do not shut me out and keep it all bottled up in that pretty head of yours. Is like I said. I can not fix it if you do not talk to me." Ilya stays in his proximity, wrapping his fingers around Shane's biceps and squeezing hard. "When you do this, it *hurts*. Feels like I can not breathe because you are not close enough."

"When you tell the person interviewing you that you don't want to have a family with me, that hurts *me*."

Ilya's brows crash together. "I did not say that I don't want to have a family with you."

Shane scoffs. "You said 'no plans for kids.'"

Hearing the words he'd said repeated back to him stings, a razor sharp lash to his heart. But finally. Fucking *finally*. Shane is talking to him, heart opening up to soothe Ilya's aching pain.

"Was to get her off my back," he explains. Somewhere along the way, he's pushed Shane gently against the island, the heat of their bodies perfectly lined up. "Is no one's business. Besides," Ilya waggles his brows in what he hopes to be an amusing, suggestive gesture. "I was too excited to get out of there and spend time with my sexy husband. Did not care about what she was saying."

Dark brows pull together, and Shane looks like he doesn't believe him. But Ilya catches the way the corner of his lips tug up at the compliment before he recovers, his mask of incredulity back in place.

With a sigh, Ilya reaches behind Shane and turns off the stove. He removes the pot of simmering vegetables from the heat despite his husband's protests, then returns, taking Shane's hands in his. Ilya meets his eyes and hopes that Shane can see the candor beneath the tears threatening to break free.

"I do not think it is something I need to share to the whole world that I want us to have babies. So many babies. When I told her we had no plans, was because I did not want to share our personal lives with so many people who do not matter."

Ilya traces his thumb along the ring on Shane's finger, the cool finish of the gold a fond reminder of all they've been through.

"And even if I did," he continues. "That does not mean that we would not be a family. You *are* my family, moya lyubov. The only one I want." The only one he has too—besides David and Yuna, and he supposes the guys on the centaurs—but he keeps that to himself.

In truth, Ilya and Shane have never set any plans in stone when it comes to having kids. They've chatted about it in passing; Shane pointing to a baby stroller and telling Ilya that he wants one. Ilya climbing in to bed after babysitting the Pike's kids with a full heart, thanking Shane for letting them spend the day in their home.

But they've never discussed in full what their plan was. Ilya had assumed, internally, that it would come after they retired. That maybe adoption would be possible without the heavy schedule load that comes with being pro NHL stars. He thinks he remembers bringing the idea up in passing to Shane one day.

Shane blinks up at him, eyes glassy, his love for Ilya written so clearly in the darks of his irises. "So you do want to?"

"Yes," Ilya breathes, lowering his head so their foreheads are pressed together, not an inch of space separating their heated skin. "I thought you knew."

“I guess we’ve never really had ‘the talk,’” Shane mumbles.

Ilya smirks. “We should have ‘the talk.’”

And because they’re right there, Ilya closes the distance between them, capturing Shane’s lips with his own, taking him in a slow, tender kiss. The relief that courses through him feels like it’s taking away every lash, every regretful word spoken between them. As Shane melts against him and responds with lazy kisses of his own, Ilya’s heart flutters, the soreness that had made a temporary home in his chest easing.

Shane’s lips are slick with spit when they pull away, and Ilya rolls his forehead against his husband’s, eyes locked. “I’m sorry for icing you out.” Shane whispers.

“Is okay.” Ilya wipes his thumb over his husband’s swollen bottom lip. “I am sorry for not thinking about how that would make you feel. I will be more careful with my words.”

When Shane offers him a tiny smile, Ilya’s heart *soars*. It’s maybe the first real smile he’s received all evening, the last being right before the third period began and Ilya was promising him that they would come back. They didn’t, obviously, but that damn smile with his pearly white teeth warmed him all the same.

The sound that Shane lets out when Ilya begins carding fingers through his hair sets his nerves ablaze. In an even tone, he says, “next time I will tell the whole world you want to have my babies.”

Shane wrinkles his nose. “That makes it sound like you wanna get me pregnant.”

And... Ilya’s cock—for some fucking reason—twitches.

Trapped under his fitted dress pants, he feels the familiar rush of blood to his groin, lust licking up his spine at Shane’s words.

Ilya groans, fisting Shane’s hair tighter, tugging his head back so he can meet dark wide eyes. “Fuck, Shane. Maybe I should.”

In a blink, he’s attacking Shane’s mouth again, wasting no time by slipping his tongue inside and swallowing the surprised moan Shane releases. His knuckles tug at Shane’s hair, trying to bring him closer. He kisses him until there’s not an atom of space between them.

Something hard presses against his thigh, Shane’s moans kicking up in pitch when Ilya slides a knee between his parted legs and presses against his covered dick.

He noses his way down Shane’s throat, licking the sweat from the base of his neck to behind his ear. “You like this idea, yes?,” he whispers, voice raspy. “Being pregnant with my baby.”

Fingers land in his hair, Shane pushing him against his skin with as much force as he can muster. “Ilya...”

It feels like there’s a cord about to snap in his lust-fogged brain, a ravenous desire to pump his husband full of his cum batting against his rib cage. Ilya untangles his fingers from dark

hair and slides them down Shane's body. They land on the globes of his ass, Shane letting out a desperate whimper when he squeezes them roughly.

Ilya must have gone mad. Not twenty minutes ago he felt his marriage was on the fritz—though that may have been a bit dramatic of him to believe—and he and Shane couldn't even *look* at each other without bitterness tainting the space between them. And now he's desperate to be inside of him, each sinful moan breathed against his cheek sending shockwaves to his throbbing cock.

He's sure this whole night has given him whiplash. Maybe he can recover inside his husband.

And Shane, he wants this. Ilya feels it with each tug against his scalp, every shiver beneath his palms, every nip to his busted lip. Shane guides his lips to where he wants him, begging Ilya with his touch to fuck him.

"I will breed you, Shane. All you have to do is ask."

It's almost laughable how quickly Shane gives in. He's beautiful when he begs. Enthusiastic when he wants something enough. Now, need is written all over his face, velvet desire spilling from his lips.

"Fuck me. Breed me. Put a fucking baby in me right now, Ilya."

"Fuck." Ilya gives the globes of his ass another tight squeeze, devouring Shane's tongue with frenzied kisses. "Jump."

Their clothes come off easily once Ilya lifts him to the counter, a hand on the back of Shane's head to stop him from slamming it against the cupboards. Shane's pants are in a tangled mess at their feet, underwear hanging off one socked-ankle. It's a strain to pull apart from each other for even a moment, something they need to do if they want their shirts off. The second Ilya gets Shane's shirt over his head and can take in the smooth expanse of his husband's torso, a growl rips through him and he's back on him in an instant, devouring Shane's lips, choking on each breath he forgets to take.

Deft fingers work Ilya's fly open to pull him out, Shane immediately wrapping a dry hand around his length to get him to full mast. The rough friction tied with the way his tongue licks into Ilya's mouth is enough to have him leaking precum onto Shane's calloused digits, the clear liquid sticky along his slit. Shane takes advantage of the added lubrication and smears it over the head, the silky smooth glide of his thumb sparking a rush of lust through him.

Suddenly there are ankles crossing at his back, the hand wrapped around his cock dragging him forward, pressing him against the tight opening of Shane's hole.

"Inside me," Shane gasps around a moan, the blunt head of Ilya's cock now pressed against his dry rim.

Ilya lets out a restrained grunt against Shane's parted lips, shaking his head. "You are not ready yet. Need to stretch you."

“I don’t fucking care.”

It must make Ilya a bad person that he considers it. But only for all of two seconds before common sense kicks in, something in the un-sex-drunk part of his brain telling him that it’s such a stupid idea, no matter how hot the words Shane is crying against him are.

Somehow, between all of the groping and pleading and the tight fucking grip on his cock, he gets out a stern, “no, Shane,” and manages to put some distance between them.

Shane whines when he’s out of reach. His dark hair is splayed against the wall of the cabinet, stray strands sticking out at every which angle and getting tangled in the silver handles. When Ilya takes a minute to take all of him in—legs parted obscenely, nipples hard, a tinge of blood on his lips—his cock lets another spurt of precum shoot to the floor. Shane’s cock is leaking too, a glossy puddle accumulating on his thigh where his cock is resting heavy, his tip red and angry and practically begging Ilya to taste.

And as much as Ilya would love to take a moment to sink to his knees and take his husband’s length down his throat, he knows that is not what Shane needs at this moment.

Dark eyes watch him as he reaches for the dark bottle on the counter, the gold tip of the spout glinting in the spotty kitchen lighting. Ilya knows they have lube here somewhere. But he feels like he can’t breathe at the moment, too pumped up with the frantic need to take Shane apart first on his fingers then his cock. There’s no chance he’s taking more time than necessary to search this kitchen for a well loved bottle of lube when this will do just fine.

Ilya drizzles some olive oil on his fingers as he sinks to his knees, throwing one of Shane’s ankles over his shoulder to keep him well spread. Shane’s eyes meet his as he circles his digits around his rim, teasing the tight circle of muscle and scraping his nails against the skin, smirk growing wider with each moan Shane lets escape as Ilya teases him.

Finally, in the middle of Shane’s long winded plea to finally get something inside of him, Ilya slides two fingers inside, his husband’s warmth letting him in easily.

Despite Shane’s begging for him to hurry up, Ilya takes his time, opening his husband with careful fingers, allowing them to graze his prostate only every couple of strokes. With Shane’s eyes on him, heavy and lust drunk, and his cock bobbing in his face, Ilya’s need for a taste comes back with a vengeance, and he can’t stop himself from sucking the tip into his mouth as he adds another finger to Shane’s aching hole.

A calloused heel digs into his back now. Ilya is sure that the combination of his swollen lips around his cock and the constant pressure on his prostate is the catalyst for the pain he feels along his skin, but he relishes in it. Lets the stabbing pain growing on his shoulder blades spur him on to take Shane deeper. Faster. Around the intrusion in his throat, Ilya swallows at the same time he twists his fingers, the action causing Shane’s hips to buck, and Ilya pops off with a gag, spit dripping from his mouth.

There’s no apology on Shane’s lips, just a blissed out expression and glassy eyes. Ilya offers him one more brush against his prostate before he pulls out completely and stands, knees

cracking as he settles on two feet. He meets Shane's mouth again in a blazing, teeth clacking kiss, blindly reaching for the olive oil again.

He pours some on his cock and slicks it up the length, slowly dragging his palm and inhaling sharply at the sensation. He's throbbing, the taste of Shane's precum mixing between their tongues a heady feeling.

By the time he slides inside, he knows he won't last long. The tight head around his cock pulling a hiss from him, Shane's nails digging into his shoulders a plea for him to hurry up. Once he's fully seated, his pelvis meeting Shane's ass, he adjusts them once more, hooking an arm under Shane's knee and wrapping the other around his back. His fingers grip his waist, Shane's ribcage dancing and beating under his touch. A wet tongue pokes out and swipes at Ilya lips, and he realizes he's gone lax in the seconds it's taken him to bury himself inside his husband.

But Shane bites at his lip, dragging the broken flesh between pristine white teeth, and Ilya shifts into action.

He doesn't give Shane time to adjust, just slides out of him slowly before slamming back in one hard thrust, Shane's fingers detaching from whatever inch of Ilya's skin they were holding on to to find purchase on the edge of the counter. He holds himself up as Ilya roughly pistons his hips in and out, then in and out again, until the only thing he can think, hear, *breathe* is Shane and every single delirious fucking noise he makes as Ilya splits him open.

Every roll of his hips is punctuated with a grunt, frantic breaths heavy against his lips, he can barely manage to kiss Shane back, too focused on the pleasure curling up his spine and his impending release. Ilya puts every ounce of love for Shane into each of his thrusts, tonight's roller coaster of emotions a distant memory that Shane drags out of him every time he meets Ilya's hips, his ass dragging along the counter as he tries to take Ilya deeper.

It's animalistic. Dirty and so fucking primal, the way they claw at skin and sink teeth into flesh. Ilya watches in lustful horror as bite marks flourish over Shane's neck, a grunt escaping him with a territorial moment of ownership.

A thought occurs to him that maybe he's being too rough. But before he can force himself to stop and check, Shane's arms lock around his neck and then he's being dragged in for another greedy kiss, and every human intention just... falls away.

Every thrust he gives Shane is frantic, driven by fucked out noises and the need to breed. Angling his hips upwards, he rocks against Shane's prostate, blissed out sounds a beautiful melody in his ears.

Shane pulls Ilya's bottom lip into his mouth and lets it fall back with a wet pop. "Breed me," he moans frantically. His forehead rolls against Ilya's, sweat creating a slippery collision between them.

And as much as Ilya would like to say something to that, maybe something dirty and as fucked up as he's thinking about when it comes to getting Shane pregnant, all he can manage is a choked groan, shoving his nose into Shane's slick neck to inhale his musky scent and

testing the limits of Shane's flexibility, hiking his leg up higher and leaning forwards to clasp both hands behind his husband's back. Shane's cock digs into Ilya's stomach at the angle, and Ilya knows the friction is enough to get him off because Shane's moans grow louder in his ear, his mumbles turning into incoherent thoughts he lets slip past loose lips.

Breed me.

Fill me.

Make me yours.

Put a fucking baby in me.

I love you, Ilya, get me pregnant.

Each filthy phrase is spoken with so much desire, a coil snaps in Ilya, hips stuttering before he can so much as think about wrapping a hand around Shane's cock to bring him to the edge too. Ilya comes with a rough curse, spilling into his husband in violent spurts. He tries to imagine his cum dripping inside him, can envision it weeping from his cock and making a home in Shane's warm body. He's so blissed out and over taken by warmth that he doesn't even notice Shane spilling against his stomach with a silent gasp, save for the vice-like grip around his cock as he clenches through his orgasm.

The death grip on Ilya's hair loosens scarcely. He didn't even realize his scalp was beginning to sting, but as if reading his mind, Shane cards his fingers through the messed up strands to soothe it, snagging on a couple curly knots.

And though Ilya's knees are weak and he's sure they'll be turned to jello by morning, he musters up whatever strength he has left and carries Shane to the living room.

Shane's sweaty back hits the leather, legs tangling to wrap around Ilya's waist. They're still attached when Ilya sets him down, following shortly after to press the hard lines of their stomachs together. Ilya rearranges Shane's hips so they're slightly pointed upwards, smirking when Shane gives him a tired, confused look.

"Making sure it takes," he says, by way of explanation.

A grin takes over Shane's face, and he tugs Ilya down, pressing his face into his neck. "Fucking hell."

Cum soaks into Ilya's abs as he presses chaste kisses to Shane's neck, the slickness creating a smooth glide between his skin and Shane's slowly softening cock. Inhaling deeply, he takes in the tangy scent of sweat and sex that clings to his husband's skin, darting his tongue out to swipe at the salty liquid. Shane squirms, and Ilya lets up, relaxing into him.

After a few minutes of boneless reprieve, Shane gently pulls Ilya's face to his. "What do you wanna do about dinner now?"

Ilya shrugs, too focused on the black overtaking Shane's eyes to think about anything else. "Don't know. Noodles are soggy, probably."

“Yeah, probably.” Shane sighs like the thought of wasting food physically hurts him, their half hearted effort of trying to make dinner while literally ignoring each other’s presence down the drain. Ilya thinks he’s okay with that. Doesn’t think he’d want to consume something that tainted. After a moment, he feels a tap to his back. “Pass me my phone. I’m ordering Thai.”

Ilya pointedly looks down to where his cock is still lodged permanently in his ass.

Rolling his eyes, Shane says, “fine. Then carry me to my phone. Weirdo.”

“I was not the one crying about wanting to get pregnant.”

“No, but you were into it.” Biting his lip, Shane suddenly gets a shy look to his face, cheeks beginning to darken under the sheen of perspiration. “Right?”

As if Shane can’t feel how hard Ilya still is. He’s literally inside him. Still. Just letting his cock soak in his own cum in his husband’s tight hole.

Fighting the urge to roll his eyes, Ilya instead leans in to press a kiss to Shane’s nose. “Yes, sweetheart.”

Ilya would think it funny—the sigh of relief that Shane lets out at his words. But he’s too wrapped up in bliss. Shane’s fingers draw patterns into his back, nonsense shapes and squiggles. Ilya tries to hide a grin when he feels the tell tale shape of a heart being traced along his spine.

When Shane speaks again, his voice is hushed. More reserved.

“I love you so fucking much. You know that, right?” Ilya doesn’t need to confirm, the question rhetorical. But he nods anyway. “I’m really sorry for—”

“No. No more sorries.” Ilya interrupts him with a kiss, sitting up slightly and putting his weight on his wrists. “We would be here all evening apologizing. You are sorry. I am sorry. I just finished fucking you so well you will be pregnant by tomorrow. Night ended very well.”

It’s clear that Shane wants to argue, and he doesn’t blame him. It was an emotional night. Heavy shit happened. Ilya cried in the bathroom for a minute. Shane was crying so hard that Ilya had to break his pact of giving Shane space, unable to watch his husband go through even a moment of heart break.

He kisses him instead, leaning down to capture Shane’s lips in a slow kiss, lazily stroking his tongue against his own. It quickly turns frenzied, and then he’s being pulled back against Shane by a rough grip on his sides, dried cum on both their bellies being squished between them.

Shane pulls away breathless. And the look in his eyes—Ilya would know it blind.

“You know,” he says, teeth gnawing on his bottom lip. He shifts his hips once, then twice, rocking onto Ilya’s buried cock. “We could double our chances if you came in me again.”

Ilya's cock gives an excited twitch inside him. "Mm. Make twins."

Then he's falling into Shane, thrusting his hips back in so violently it causes a loud whine to fall from his husband. He barely catches Shane's last words before he takes him deep again, shoving inside as far as he can reach.

"Not sure it works that way."

He doesn't really care. They'll try it anyways.

End Notes

kudos and comments make my day but only if u want <3

[Twitter](#)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!