All of You

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by babystarism

Summary

> Ilya wakes up after the night he finally could tell Shane how much he loved him and just... couldn't stop showing him how beautiful he is to him.

Notes

> I don't know how it happened but somehow I'm obsessed with the thought of Ilya worshipping Shanes body and especially his stretchmarks. So I had to come with something up to justify that hot sex scene... 😬 Enjoy! ♥

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya opened his eyes when the sunlight shone into the quiet bedroom. He could hear birds chirping outside in the trees and right beside him a steady breathing. He turned his head and watched Shane sleeping.

It was a common sight at this point to see him on his stomach and not on his back. Since they were at the cottage he caught up with some patterns of his … boyfriend? It was weird to think like that.

Shane liked to sleep on his stomach. He sometimes purred in his sleep. He scrunched his nose when he dreamt. He kept his books neatly organized by authors. He always folded his clothes, not only when they met in the hotel rooms (it's what he thought at first, to make a good impression for whatever reason).

There was so much more he could list and it would never end.

After that night where they opened up completely, something in their behavior towards each other changed. Before, they teased each other even when they were talking about more serious things, there was always a light undertone in their voice. As if they were still competing against the other, as if they still wanted to find out who was better, stronger, wittier.

Now, they touched more. Caressed each other. Hold hands at nearly ridiculous times. Their voices became softer, quieter. As if they would not only caress each other with hands but also with their voices. Even the sex became different. It's still hot, it's still full of desire, hard and fast but the feeling was different.

It was hard for him to explain, because sometimes English lacked some words and descriptions that existed in Russian.

His eyes roamed over the sleeping body and he quietly sat up, careful, so he wouldn't wake him up. It became his favorite pastime to watch him sleep since they were here because it was something he couldn't do in the past years.

Every meeting they had, it was just sex, a little bit of talking and then they had to part again. But the time here in the cottage was precious to him. They didn't do much over the days, just playing in the garden or in front of the games console, eating and talking - lots of talking, because apparently they didn't do much of it in the last years.

It was a strange concept for him to open up and actually *talk*. Coming from his family, it wasn't really a thing to talk about problems or feelings that much so he was relieved that Shane started with it and encouraged him with his words.

Shanes back wasn't under the cover so Ilya had a perfect look on him while he was lying there, sleeping deep and relaxed.

It was still surreal to him to be here after everything that happened. Shanes injury, him lying in that hospital bed high on whatever meds they gave him. He looked at him with those eyes, it nearly hurt him physically.

He wanted to break up that day. Wanted to tell him that this - what they had - wasn't possible anymore, that he would end it, so they could both go their separate ways. But then he spoke and how could he resist him? His small pleads with that soft, slurred voice while he looked at him so lovingly. He remembered stroking his cheeks, no, his freckles. Those damn freckles that made him fall in love way before he realized it.

And now they were here… in his cottage, in a safe place. No other people around who could see them when they're outdoors at the lake or in the garden. When Shane asked to visit him in the summer (for his language skills it was hard to understand his mumbled "willyoucometomycottagethissummer") he first shied away from this idea but when Scott Hunter was on the TV, everything changed. Even his plan to end this relationship.

Ilyas eyes roamed over the body in front of him and that strange urge to touch him overcame him once more. It was as if he couldn't get enough now and all he wanted to do was to worship his body.

He deserved it.

His Shane. His everything.

He bent down and placed a tender kiss on his nape, careful so he wouldn't wake him up too soon. From there he went over his left shoulder and looked at the little red scar that was visible. His fingers traced over it and he could feel the skin there, but also the warmth that radiated from him.

Everything about Shane was warm. His eyes, his words, his touches… It was something he felt right away. As if he wanted to tell him through it that everything was okay and that he felt safe.

One look at him said that the black haired man was still asleep, soundly so, because he started purring again. Well… it could have been because of him or his dreams, he loved to hear it nevertheless.

His mouth went down his body, slowly and tenderly. Every little freckle that was visible there was kissed and caressed. His favorite were the ones in his face, though he didn't want to touch them now because it would probably wake him up.

There was a small amount of freckles on his right side and his tongue slipped over it. He finally had time to explore his body. No rush, no "I have to leave", no going back to an empty hotel room.

Just them.

He couldn't control himself and sucked on this part of the skin, leaving a dark spot and he grinned a little. He wasn't someone to mark his territory in any way but on Shanes body? He would do it anytime.

Little kisses on his back, down his spine and now he could see goosebumps breaking out on the spots he touched. His body reacted… that probably meant that he was starting to wake up.

Ilya hummed under his breath and pulled down the blanket to reveal more of his body so he could see the part of him that he loved most.

When he first looked at it, Shane was shy and tried to turn around so he wouldn't see it anymore but Ilya?

Ilya was already *obsessed*.

And every time he had the chance he caressed the thin, white lines that were on his butt, even though Shane started to pull away from it. He was embarrassed, something that he didn't understand.

There was nothing to be ashamed about. It was his body and he was beautiful, just the way it was. With all his scars and freckles and damn, even his stretch marks.

Now Shane started to shift under him and purred again, but that quickly turned into a little whine when he realized drowsy what Ilya was doing.

"Ilya…" He whined and the Russian player didn't have to look up to know that he was pouting.

"That's my name." He simply said and placed another kiss on his back before he fondled tailbone and soon enough he could see the small dimples forming at the sides.

Dimples. On his fucking sexy ass.

Right now he liked it that they fell asleep last night without any underwear so there was nothing to take off and he could admire it in its full beauty.

"Don't…"

“What? Why you don’t like it, Hollander?” He just asked and after kissing those dimples he went even lower and couldn’t help himself but bit into the inviting flesh.

Shane yelped and turned around, ready to fight him, but Ilyas grip on his hip was too firm as could do anything more than wiggle.

“Ilya! Stop that!”

Ilya laughed and his eyes sparkled full of mischief before he placed a soothing kiss on the biting spot.

“You didn’t answer my question.”

“Because… it’s… embarrassing.”

“Why?”

“It’s… I don't know.”

He could tell that he was frustrated over the fact that he couldn’t explain it to him properly.

“But… is your body, yes? And your body is beautiful. I wanna kiss and caress you all the time. All of you is beautiful.”

“That’s…” Shane stilled and his cheeks flushed a deep red. He wasn’t used to this bluntness in other regards than sex.

“Your freckles-”

A kiss to the freckles on his side over the dark spot he left there.

“Your dimples-”

A kiss on the dimples that were clearly visible now, after Shane tensed up.

“And the marks.”

Shane groaned and pushed his face into the pillows, clearly embarrassed by what his boyfriend had to say about his body.

Ilya smiled and kissed his ass cheeks again, traced his tongue over the skin and he could feel goosebumps there.

“So beautiful…” He murmured and his mouth wandered even lower. He rubbed his nose on the skin and hummed when he could feel him raising his bottom.

“Good boy…”

Shane grumbled something but he could see how much it affected him getting spoiled, his cock already half-hard because of his touches.

Ilya spread his cheeks and dived right in with his tongue, moaning lowly and licking over the warm skin while he could hear Shane choking.

“Oh… fuck, Ilya…”

The blond-haired knew that he liked getting rimmed since he did it first all those years back and it was something he enjoyed a lot. Just being between his legs and spoiling him, licking and sucking him so he would feel good - if it would be for him, he could do this for hours but they have just so much stamina.

His hands grabbed his ass and held him there while his tongue went to work, licking and going deeper, right to his tight muscle ring - well, not so tight anymore after the last nights and days but definitely tight enough for him - and pressed his tip in.

Shanes moans went higher in an instant and he had to hold back not to laugh, not because he laughed at him but because the reaction was so endearing.

His tongue went deeper and started to move in and out, slowly relaxing the muscle and he could feel his trembling.

He didn't need to look down further to know that he was rock hard and probably already dripping with some precum, but his hands stayed on his ass and clawed into them to get a better grip and it didn't take long before he could feel him moving.

Ilya liked the way Shane showed his liking for sex and physical intimacy. He was kind of insecure in his behavior when it was not exactly sex related, but as soon as he got his mouth on the Russian, he changed into that greedy, lust driven man, absolutely obsessed with getting more - and giving more, as if he was touch starved.

His grip softened a bit to signal him that it was okay to move and Shane didn't ask twice. He pushed back and forth and grunted when he could feel Ilyas tongue in him, set up a slow rhythm, clearly so that he could get what he wanted but Ilya wasn't on the same page. He raised his head and kissed his ass again, nibbling on his stretch marks.

Shane was so beautiful… everything about him was.

"Not so hasty… I am not done with you yet, baby."

The man in front of him whined again and this sound was like music to his ears.

„We have so much time… No hotel here, yes?“

His words were so simple yet it said everything about this situation here. There was no rush anymore, no pressure to be back in their own hotel room before other team mates might see them. It felt surreal but when he caught Shanes look, everything fell into place. He was still in that pace that everything had to be over quickly and his words made him realize that this here was different.

„No hotel…“ He whispered and smiled, touching his cheek and Ilya nuzzled into it, closed his eyes.

These touches were new to him but that’s why he craved it even more. It felt like home.

He slowly went back down his body and just a moment later he was between his cheeks again, licking and lapping against his entrance before his tongue disappeared once more in him. He let him move, could feel how he pressed against him now and then but it wasn’t as rushed as before. Instead he really seemed to enjoy it and took his time, before he could feel him clenching down more frequently while his moans got louder.

„Yes… fuck, yes…“ He panted and pressed his face into the pillows, moved his back faster to get more of that devilish tongue that pressed into him again and again to rile him up and Ilya could feel his pre-cum dripping down on the sheets.

He never said how sexy Shane was to him when he was aroused like this, but he couldn’t get enough of it. His cock dripped and didn’t stop, his skin had red spots from arousal and his cheeks always had such a beautiful red that complimented his freckles.

“Not so fast, Hollander. Want to enjoy you…” He said and sat up, looking down on a shaking, cursing Shane that clenched his fist to get control over his body again and stifled a laugh. Sometimes he was just so insatiable for touches of all kinds.

He felt for the lube that was lying somewhere on his bedside table and put some on it on his cock, didn't even try to stretch him further because truth to be honest after that much sex in just a few days, it wasn't really necessary. He could take him.

His hand roamed over his body and pulled him back against his chest, before he lifted one leg and entered him with a shaky breath.

He closed his eyes and moaned quietly, could hear Shane doing the same before he turned so he could look at him.

His eyes were soft in a beautiful deep brown, Ilya could lose himself in them all the time.

This position was new. Normally he would let him ride him, take him from behind or while he was under him, but this was different. More intimate. More personal in many ways and fuck, he liked it.

He liked how Shane looked at him, put his arm around him and stroked his neck, glided through his hair and played with it. His breath was still stagnant and then he could feel the chuckle that left his beautiful lips.

"How could we let this happen?" The Canadian whispered and his eyes were soft, longing even. They both didn't know how they could let this happen but they couldn't care less now.

The cottage was their safe haven, their personal paradise. When they would be here, it would be another world where only they would exist, nothing else - no hockey, no family, no guilt, no shame.

Ilya looked up to him, completely stunned by his beauty.

“We were both very stupid and irresponsible.” He then answered, still moving a little bit to get the friction of his tightness and he already started to lose himself in that embrace. His eyes were dark and the color was hardly visible because of how turned on he was by him.

“This… is real though, right?”

He could feel Shanes hand grabbing his own leg to move it further up, to feel him deeper and he didn’t break eye contact.

“Yeah…” A little nod followed, his eyes concentrated on his face.

The brown eyes still looked at him before he could hear his quiet voice.

“Please fuck me?”

A hand grabbed his hair and pulled slightly on it to guide him, but Ilya didn’t need any guidance on his body. He knew exactly what he needed and liked.

His mouth kissed his chest and he moaned, together with him while he could feel his hands on his face, holding him with a certain grip that seemed to be hard but was very soft. Shane always held him so carefully, as if he would break.

His thrusts got harder and faster, trying to give what his boyfriend wanted of him and so much more.

Shanes eyes were still on Ilya, not wanting to part from the sight of him. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes a little bit glassy from all the arousal and he caressed his cheek before his finger found its way into his mouth.

Ilya sucked on it and panted against it, his hand clawing at Shanes thigh to hold him down and against him at the same time while he returned the glance.

It was so intense, that Hollander got goosebumps all over, because it was full of devotion for him, so full of love he had for him for years. It's like he was drunk on all the feelings that came out of him after that night.

His head fell back and he groaned, could feel Ilyas thrusts deep in him, how he fucked him and opened him up more. It was so intense that he grabbed his pillow and moaned against it, eyes closed in bliss and his other hand still entangled in his beautiful curls.

"Ha… Ilya… fuck, so good…"

The Russian got up a little and roamed over his chest before his mouth found his nipple and started to suck on it. Shane hissed and tightened up a little, causing him to moan again. He sucked harder, could feel the stiff nipple at his tongue and nibbled on it, knowing that it was something Shane liked a lot.

His tight muscle was a living proof for that and also his louder panting. He could lose himself in him, if it would have been possible.

Hollander was everything he needed and wanted, something that he denied himself again and again to realize since the first time they met in summer. He thought it would go away, would change when they got older or it was just because of their rivalry, but those feelings stayed and got even more intense.

Every time they had to part it was frustrating him and he didn't know how to voice it till he got hurt and ended up in hospital. And when he saw Scott Hunter on national TV there was no turning back anymore.

The grip in his hair got stronger and he could feel the slight pull, decided to go with it and looked up at the other man again. His hips didn't stop moving and the dedication in his face made Shane almost choke up. He loved him so much even though he didn't tell him that right now.

It was their sex that laid their feelings bare and now they could finally let go with everything they ever wanted to say to the other but couldn't.

He gripped his face again and squished his cheeks a little, drowning in pleasure when he could feel his hand on his cock.

Whimper escaped him and made him gasp when his hips moved in unison with his thrusts that hit his prostate with every penetration before he couldn't hold back anymore. He threw his head back and moaned his name loudly and shamelessly before he came in Ilyas hands, seconds before the Russian moaned as well and came in his body.

His fingers pressed into his thigh and he knew there would be marks but he couldn't care less.

Rozanovs thrusts got slower and softer before he stilled in him and all that was heard were their breaths and pants. He nuzzled his head against his chest and could feel the fingers that gripped his hair just seconds ago now softly combed his curls, played with them while Shanes chest still rapidly raised and fell.

"Fuck, I love you…"

He could hear the soft whisper in the silence of the room and shuddered from the impact of it, closing his eyes a little.

"I love you too…" He whispered and slowly let go of him, rolled back on his back and Shane followed quietly, put his head on his chest and now no one said a thing anymore.

They enjoyed the comfortable silence after sex, enjoyed the presence of the other and he could feel the fingers caressing his stomach.

"What was your mother's name?" Shane asked and pulled Ilya out of his thoughts with this.

He turned his head and looked at him.

“Irina. Why?”

Shane kissed his chest and he could see him thinking.

“I was thinking we could start a hockey school. Like a summer camp for kids. And give the money away to mental health organizations. Like suicide prevention…”

His voice got quieter at the end of the sentence and his glance was full of insecurity like he feared that he would have gone too far with that suggestion and he reeled back immediately.

“It was just an idea…”

But Ilya smiled, one of those honest smiles only Shane would get to see. His eyes sparkled with absolute adoration for him.

“She would have loved you. Like I love you.” He murmured and pressed him more to his chest.

Shane looked at him and stroked his cheek.

“Say it again in Russian, please…”

“Ya tebya lyublyu.” Ilya whispered and kissed Shanes forehead softly when he leaned into him.

He couldn’t believe how lucky he was.

End Notes

I still have no beta reader bc I prefer someone I'm kind of familiar with... but there's literal no one for my intense smut so I fear you have to bear with my mistakes 😂

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