

Aching, Aching, Aching, and Alive

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by [verbaepulchellae](#)

Summary

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Which is why, goddamnit, now is not the time to crash out over fantasies of Ilya working his whole hand down to the wrist into Shane's ass and fucking him on his fist. And yet. Shane should know by now that timing and "good ideas" are rarely factors in whether or not he gets obsessed with something.

OR:

It starts, as a surprising number of things actually do, with a text from Rose.

Notes

This was such a ~~undertaking~~ delight to write. It started with "a drabble about Shane discovering fisting would be fun" and it turned into... this lol.

Such great thanks to Loon Attic friends for being so hype for this, and for my beta @storyskein.

Title is from: Sympathy Magic by Florence + The Machine because of course it is.

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

It starts, as a surprising number of things actually do, with a text from Rose.

He and Ilya have a nice week stretch at home before they're back on the road for a trip that will swing them down the east coast before it sling shots them over to Seattle. It's been a lazy morning for them, there's practice that evening, but that's hours away yet. Shane's been reorganizing their pantry for fun—

("Is not fun, it is a chore.")

"Yeah but it's so nice when it's organized it's basically fun."

"You are becoming your mother."

"Don't pretend you don't love it."

"Hollander, I married you for Yuna. Of course I love it."

"I can't believe I set you up for that one.")

— and texting Rose between wiping out shelves.

She's been updating Shane on her latest off the grid retreat, half seeking warmer weather and half to get away from paparazzi and Shane's so happy for her, she always seems brighter and perkier when she comes back from these things. He gets about a fifth of the attention she does, and he still hates it. Well maybe like a quarter of the attention since he and Ilya have been out.

Rose: You would seriously love it. It's quiet and just surrounded by the woods. And the water is amazing. It reminded me of your cottage.

Shane privately agrees that his cottage sounds similar and more his style anyway. He doesn't mind spending money, but why spend money for something he already has, and gets to share with people he actually likes, not other people he kind of knows are famous but doesn't really have any interest in.

Shane: It sounds amazing.

Rose: Oh and I got to fist for the first time! You guys do fisting at the cottage sometimes right?

Shane's brain short circuits and for a moment he's frozen as his brain unhelpfully offers images to make sense of Rose's text. His face heats and what the fuck? He and Rose talk about sex sometimes, mostly when they're together and have had a few drinks, but like... what the fuck?

Rose: OMG. LOL. **Fishing.

Rose: FISHING

Rose: Jeez don't ask about that autocorrect.

Rose: Lol not me prying about your kinky sex life.

Rose: Unless you feel like sharing... 🙄

Shane snorts, shakes it off, but his flush is stubborn and rolls down his neck.

Shane: You know I am going to have to ask about that autocorrect.

Shane: But yeah, sometimes we fish. Ilya likes catching us dinner. Makes him feel big and strong.

Rose: Lol, yeah, he's got so much to compensate for.

Rose is filming in Montreal next month and they make quick plans for her to come to one of the Centaurs home games if her filming schedule allows before she has to hop off to go to lunch with her new costar, and Shane puts his phone away.

His blush should go away too, but instead something curious and hungry creeps down and curls in his stomach as he finishes restacking the different tubs of protein powder he uses in his smoothies.

He finds Ilya in their home gym and watches him do chest presses for a moment. It's hard not to notice the grip and strength of his hands on the bar, admire the thickness of his fingers and wide, scarred bumps of his knuckles.

He gets hard because that's just the effect Rozanov has on him, that's all. He goes to him between sets, drops to his knees and ignores Ilya's delighted teasing as he pulls his soft cock out and swallows it down. He just holds it in his mouth for a bit as it thickens and grows, gets heavier on his tongue. Ilya's rich, musky scent is especially strong between his legs and it drives Shane all sorts of crazy. He lets himself get lost in his smell and taste as Ilya murmurs to him soft and dirty in English and Russian and his fingers rub encouragingly into his scalp.

God, his hands are just so big.

Shane finally pulls off with a gasp and gets to work making Ilya come. After, Ilya puts him up on the bench and rims him until Shane can't think beyond his wet tongue and how his hands pull Shane open for him. It's so good, it's always so good, and it should reset his system.

It doesn't.

The next day, because it's going to drive him crazy, he looks up the definition of fisting, just to make sure he's not just making up what he wants- *thinks*- it to be.

No, he was right. It is *exactly* what he thought it was. And god, there's a lot of porn about it.

He closes the browser in knee jerk embarrassment and ignores Ilya who is suddenly very interested in why he's beet red as they get ready to head to the rink for practice. Shane cannot

find the words, doesn't even know what the words are, so it turns into an impromptu wrestling match instead. That turns into making out, and when Ilya shoves his hand down Shane's shorts and jerks him off, all he can think about is how big and warm and strong Ilya's hand is and he comes embarrassingly quickly.

Embarrassingly fast, yes, but also thank *god* because they only just make it to the rink on time and there is a lot of chirping from the guys just for that. There always is when Shane is anything less than twenty minutes earlier than everyone else.

It's mid March, and the Centaurs are looking at a really solid chance to make the playoffs again this year. Shane is both happier than he's ever been and somehow the most stressed he's been about hockey since he's joined the NHL. It's incredible to play with Ilya, to build up this team of amazing players, to push and get better together and strive for something he's wanted to see since he was just a kid: Ottawa bringing home the Cup.

They've gotten a lot of media attention this year too, with Hollander and Rozanov playing for the first time seriously together. They lead separate shifts on the ice, only really play powerplays together, but it's heady stuff. They're unstoppable when they're on the ice together, averaging at least one goal per power play.

As good as that is together, they need depth in the center and across shifts, and so it's on Shane to build up the second line. It reminds him of early days in Montreal, which he tries to keep that shimmery nostalgic glow around despite.... Well. He likes building up a team again. He likes *this* team. He's never been around a group of guys, a group of NHL players no less, who could be so kind, and chill and genuinely embraced not only him but his relationship with Ilya from the get. And between Ilya's charismatic leadership and restless, aggressive play, and Shane's own deep determination and highly technical playmaking that lifts the game of those around him, it's undeniable there's something unprecedented happening in Ottawa.

But it's really fucking hard too. He has new admiration for what Ilya went through when he left Boston. Shane doesn't miss Montreal, that's not what the cold feeling in his chest is, but being the new member on a team, even when he's well established and highly regarded as one of the best players in the league, is just simply hard. New rhythms, new routines, new personalities and new styles of play to learn. A new place to prove himself. Added to the fact that he *is* doing well, that the whole team is leveling up, and the press is paying attention. Really close attention.

He'd mostly liked the press he'd gotten as a rookie, because it was all about his game with a few fluff character pieces thrown in. Now, the press has been full of op-ed pieces about the transition of his and Ilya's game from rivalry to partnership. Plus, you know. The fact they were secretly together for years, then outed and married in the span of just a few months. The press can barely get through reporting on any of their games without veering off into speculations of what their relationship off the ice is like and how it might be impacting them game to game. Shane usually stops the broadcast the second it veers into anything personal, because that's his and Ilya's to hold, but god, there's some fucked takes out there that he hasn't been able to escape

And while playing together on the ice is a dream, sometimes being teammates is hard. They've never had to navigate a locker room together as an out couple. Never had to figure out the dynamic of Rozanov being Hollander's captain, of learning how to be on a team and the fact that they were, pretty fundamentally, different kinds of players and different kinds of teammates.

It's led to a few blow out shouting matches that neither is particularly proud of. More commonly, it's bickering that turns into some of the most aggressive sex they've had since their rookie and early seasons. That at least ends with them sweaty and grinning and tangled together, frustrations sated through rough release.

And they're getting better about cooling off and talking too. Not always eloquently or clearly, but they're both trying. Thank god they're both in therapy. The big, bad, scary overwhelm of feelings can get translated back down into stupidly basic asks for each of them, even if Shane feels kind of pathetic vocalizing them.

Sometimes it's easy like, *"Hey, you were kind of a dick today. Maybe don't mock my backhand now that we're teammates?"* or *"Maybe just a little less time studying replays and a little more time eating dinner with me tonight would be nice."* Simple, feasible things they could do for each other.

It's things like *"I need you to not kiss me in front of the guys in the locker room,"* and *"I am tired of only being able to love you at home, I am tired of not being us,"* that can feel almost insurmountable in the moment, so tightly wrapped up in deep fears and insecurities for them both. They've had to learn to table their fights, take breaks until they're ready to actually hear each other.

That's hard too: Ilya's distant and withdrawn for a day or two and Shane spirals with anxiety and worst case scenarios, and tries to remind himself that their lives have changed suddenly and drastically but their love hasn't. Yet, they keep finding their way back to each other: Shane waking Ilya up with coffee and slow kisses and murmuring the silly Russian text book phrases he's learning into Ilya's skin; Ilya cooking dinner and rubbing the tension out of Shane's shoulders, murmuring ridiculous and sweet Russian diminutives into his neck. Little moments of connection that draw them back together until they can talk again, can really hear each other.

"Tell me," Ilya finally murmurs, draping himself across Shane's back, cheek pressed against Shane's, one arm wrapped loosely around his waist, the other resting over his heart. "Why not the locker room?"

"Because that's work. It's...different in the locker room. All the shit talk. the vibe. It's just. I'm not there yet. Like, it's too close to hockey, you know?"

A soft huff of breath. "Yes. Okay, I get that. How about out with the team? Is okay to kiss you at the bar after games?"

"Yeah, I think. I mean yes. I can do that."

"I'd like that." Shane gets a soft, gentle squeeze around his middle.

“Okay. And...” He twists his head to kiss him. “Can I take you out tonight? After practice,” he asks in Russian against Ilya’s lips. “Dinner. somewhere with a view.”

“A view? In Ottawa?” Ilya snarks but he catches Shane’s chin and kisses him deeper, hands sweeping down his neck, mapping Shane’s chest and holding him close, close, impossibly close. *I love you. I’m trying. I see you trying. I want this. I love you*, pressed back and forth between lips, stroked by fingers into skin, the solid, fervent press of bodies and Shane’s heart stutterthumps with the absurdity of how much he loves this man.

Sometimes it feels contradictory, but in the end, it’s not. When they compare notes from their therapists, it’s almost laughable how similar the advice they get is. *Ask, Share, Compromise*. It’s fucking annoying but it works. They’re trying to listen to each other more, ask more questions and trust that they’ll be honest with each other, not bury the hard things anymore. They have time. They have each other.

They keep talking. It keeps getting easier, and better. At home and on the ice.

They’re getting into a rhythm now, though, and Shane can see it. He can see this team winning the Cup this year. He tries not to get ahead of himself, tries to stay focused and go game by game, reminds himself that building up a team takes time and several seasons, but god. He wants this legacy: for himself, for Ottawa, for Ilya. For both of them and everyone else.

Which is why, goddamnit, now is not the time to crash out over fantasies of Ilya working his whole hand down to the wrist into Shane’s ass and fucking him on his fist. And yet. Shane should know by now that timing and “good ideas” are rarely factors in whether or not he gets obsessed with something.

Maybe, if he just does a little more research, understands it a bit better, it’ll scratch the itch.

God, porn gives him so much second hand embarrassment, and he ends up with this hoodie pulled up over the bridge of his nose and his computer shoved half away across the kitchen island as he watches a twink get worked open on the hand of some daddy. Shane hadn’t felt particularly interested in either of the actors, which he thought would make for good, more objective, research but holy fuck, *how* does that work?

He mimics the duckbilled position of the top’s hand and frowns between it and the screen. It shouldn’t work, it should be horrifying, impossible, and yet Shane’s traitorous dick is insisting that he thought the same the first time he saw Ilya’s cock, and that he fucking loves.

Onscreen, the daddy rubs his slick thumb along the rim of the twink’s hole and pushes his other hand deeper, all the way up to his knuckles. The twink moans desperately.

Shane feels the ache personally, feels tragically empty and hot and needy fucking all over. What. The. Fuck.

There’s just no way he could do that and walk the next day. Hell, the new few days. The thought of how big Rozanov’s hands are and the lovely deep achey-stretch he gets from the rare occasions he’s patient enough to let Ilya give him four fingers makes his blush reheat and

god damn it. He slams his laptop closed and forces himself to go work out to calm the fuck down and save himself from doing something ridiculously embarrassingly like sending the video to Ilya and waiting on his knees for him to come home.

Wait... should he?

No. Decidedly no.

He can't even say for sure that he wants it. And like, no way is he about to jeopardize his ability to practice and play at his best. He's in his thirties now, and while he can begin accepting the fact that things are changing physically, he isn't going to be an idiot about it.

It's just.

Wow.

Ottawa roars down the East Coast. A win against Boston—

(“Yes! Boo me!” Ilya shouts at center ice, arms lifted wide, face beatific as the crowd rages at him after his second goal of the game.

“How the fuck does he do that?” Barrett mutters to Shane.

“I really have no fucking idea,” Shane tells him. They share a sympathetic look.

Shane assists Ilya's third goal on their next power play.)

— a win against New York —

(“Uh, Scott Hunter invited us over for dinner with Kip. Don't make that face, Ilya, they go to bed by 8 pm, it'll be short.”

“I still think he likes you too much. You are just his type. Maybe they want to swing.”

“There is no fucking way Scott Hunter swings.”

“Yes, because he is boring.”

“Hey, *we* don't swing.”

“Yes, because no one could compare.”)

— a narrow loss to Florida in OT —

(“Florida is perhaps cursed.”

Shane snorts. “That's a bit melodramatic.”

“Yes, come kiss me. Make me feel better.”

Shane rolls his eyes and tugs Ilya down so he can press their foreheads together before he guides Ilya's mouth to his. There's a roughness in Ilya's hands when they settle on his waist.

"You sore because I scored more this game?"

"Mm. No more talking now.")

– before a late flight across the country to Seattle.

It's been a good trip. Really good. Their team is in good spirits, and Ilya is animated and bright in all the ways that light Shane up and seems to inspire the rest of the team as well.

Shane thinks the roadtrip and their success would be enough to at least back burner thinking about Ilya working his knuckles deep into him, if not for the fact that Ilya is so fucking handsy. He's been on it with keeping it to simple helmet taps and occasionally a few playful pseudo wrestling matches in the locker rooms, but when they're out with their team, or resting next to each other on buses and planes, Ilya seeks out more contact.

Shane feels high on it, the way Ilya slides his hand around Shane's thigh and squeezes absently while he's reading on a plane. The way he rubs slowly at the back of Shane's neck when they're tired and waiting for the bus after a game or the early morning rides to the airport. The way he'll slide his hand, splayed wide and warm down Shane's spine and leave it lingering on his lower back. It's intoxicating, always has been when Ilya touched him, but Shane's become so aware of hands and their strength and size and skill and what he wants them to do lately that he can't fucking function.

He can tell Ilya's clocking it, the way he gets a little hazy, the way he's extra fucking horny on this trip and can't go a night without sinking to his knees to swallow Ilya's cock, or gets a little extra desperate when Ilya fingers him. Usually on roadtrips, Shane tries to stay more focused, but he can't. He literally can't, he feels like he's dying.

It's an easy win in Seattle and while the next day is supposed to be a travel day and then a day off back in Ottawa, Shane surprises Ilya with an airbnb and extended stay just for the two of them.

Well, technically he gives himself away on the flight from Tampa to Seattle. Ilya's a little on edge, seems like the whole team who experienced their terrifying plane malfunction last year is. The plane is quiet since it's a redeye and coach encouraged them to try to rest, but most of the guys are reading or watching things on their laptops. Shane can't blame them for it, and in an effort to offer Ilya some distraction, he blurts out, "You want to stay an extra day in Seattle?"

Fuck, he really hopes Ilya says yes. He loves planning things for Ilya, especially because Ilya always lights up with it like it's the nicest thing anyone has ever done for him.

Ilya looks up at him from the book he's been staring at but not reading, lopsided smile tugging at his mouth. "And risk the joys of commercial air travel?"

“I’ll get us first class tickets,” Shane says and curls his fingers through Ilya’s when he picks up Shane’s hand and pulls it into his lap. Shane strokes his thumb along Ilya’s and shuts down the *big thick long want* pulse that his brain sends him.

“You’ve already thought about this,” Ilya accuses him, clearly delighted.

“I may have cleared it with Coach already, yeah.”

“And?”

“And I may have an airbnb list.”

Ilya’s eyebrow lifts.

“And maybe made an itinerary. Listen,” he says shortly, ears hot as Ilya laughs. “Do you want to or not?”

“Yes, *moy malen'kiy boykiy morskoy okun*, of course.” He smacks a kiss against Shane’s cheek. “You know I love when you take charge.”

Shane elbows him and Ilya elbows him right back and it nearly turns into a playful shoving contest until Barrett kicks Ilya’s seatback.

“Fucking ouch, Barrett.”

“You two need to be banned from sitting together on flights longer than an hour.”

“Barrett, just because Harris is not here for you to- ow!”

“Shut up, Roz.”

“Hollander pinched me.”

“Hey, some of us are trying to actually sleep,” Dykstra complains from a row up, the same time Coach says “Gentlemen,” which quiets them quickly.

“See what you’ve done, Hollander?” Ilya whispers. Shane gives him a flat look and just passes him his phone with the airbnb list to review. He puts in his earbuds and when Ilya lifts the armrest without looking and stretches his arm out across the back of Shane’s seat, Shane lets himself settle into his side. Ilya’s fingers sneak into Shane’s hair and he lazily traces the shell of his ear, before he drops his hand to rest lightly on Shane’s pec, thumb sweeping mindless affection against him.

And Shane *wants*.

He always wants, but there is an empty ache, a hunger that he can feel in his mouth and in his body. All that strength, that dexterity, Shane wants to consume it, to be consumed by it. To take it, to master it. He pushes it down. He tries to sleep.

They get to sleep late the day after their Seattle victory, later than their poor teammates who have to shuffle onto the bus and head back to Ottawa nursing well earned hang overs after a night out all together in Seattle. Shane finally wakes and has the foresight to get them a late check out before he goes out for a shortened run while Ilya indulges in sleeping later.

He brings back a bag of pastries from a highly rated bakery and gets to wake Ilya up slow with his mouth on his cock and the smell of coffee and buttery croissants. When they're both sated and high on endorphins, they finally shower and head out to make the most of Seattle.

It's a beautiful day, a rarity Shane understands, for March. But the sky is blue and the water of the Puget Sound sparkles and the white peaked mountains seem to surround them in all directions. Shane guides them down to Pike Place Market, where Ilya delights in the fish tossing and all the stalls full of fresh cut flowers and antiques and kitsch collectables, the bustling cafes and food stands. They loop up to the Space Needle and Shane actually gets to treat Ilya to a real view. They spend a long time looking out over the water and trying to spot the orcas that they're told traverse the Sound.

Ilya insists on taking them to a dispensary and grins at Shane when he gets a pack of gummies "For the summer. We can have a little treat," which Shane rolls his eyes about but can't protest. They hike up one of Seattle's many steep hills to a park that boasts the best view of Seattle's city scape and the Olympic mountains beyond for the early sunset. Ilya snaps a picture of Shane right as he makes him laugh, which Shane kind of hates, but loves how Ilya gets soft and dovey over it and immediately saves it as his phone screen. Fuck, he's so gone on this man.

The last thing he has planned is a Russian restaurant in one of the north neighborhoods of the city that Shane found a ton of good reviews for. It's dark and cozy with floral wallpaper and tall booths. Ilya slides in on the same side of one next to Shane and grins around at the place. He is delighted by the fact that their waitress speaks Russian, and the owner is there, who comes out to greet him too.

Ilya is in his element, chatting animatedly in his lyrical way, his cadence lilting and free and rapid. They get plied with extra dumplings and the nicest imported beer, and the owner even brings out vodka that's not on the menu. Ilya keeps a hand curled loosely around Shane's thigh, glancing at him and grinning as Shane is mostly able to follow the rapid exchange of Russian. He is content and lovestruck to mostly just listen to Ilya chatter away, but savours Ilya's bright, warm pride when Shane does chime in here and there and impresses their hosts with his accent and more than elementary understanding of the conversation.

Back at their airbnb, Ilya crowds Shane into a wall, and cups his face in his warm hands, tilting him up, kissing him and kissing him until Shane is breathless and panting against his mouth. "Mm, please," he murmurs and feels Ilya smile and kiss him even slower. The fucker.

"You have spoiled me today." It comes out low and warm against Shane's lips, rumbles in Ilya's ribs against his own as Ilya uses his weight to hold Shane against the wall.

"Love you. Love spoiling you."

"Yes, you are very good at it, *moya umnaya malen'kaya svekla*,"

“Hey.”

“Because you blush so much.”

“No, I got it.”

“So clever. I fucking love this stupid brain of yours.”

“You know that doesn’t make any sense.”

“Shh. Come here.”

Here is basically Ilya hefting Shane up so he doesn’t have a choice. Not that Shane minds. He’s hazy and hot and out of his mind with love and lust for this ridiculous man, and being manhandled by Ilya only compounds those feelings.

He finds himself cradled in Ilya’s lap on the couch, legs draped to the side as Ilya holds him firmly against his chest and guides Shane’s face back to him so he can keep kissing him. It’s not the rushed, frantic kisses that Shane loves the onslaught of, but slow, hungry, adoring kisses. Ilya’s lips press and pull against Shane’s, his tongue is soft and wet and promising and *jesus christ*, it drives Shane out of his mind with want even more.

“You are the best husband,” Ilya murmurs to him. “Truly, I did not ever think I would be so lucky.”

That makes Shane’s heart hurt a bit and tries to press all his love, all his belief in Ilya and how much he knows he deserves into his kisses. “Same here,” is what he manages to say eloquently, but he hears the soft catch to his voice, feels Ilya’s tightening grip in response.

“What do you want?” Ilya asks, drawing back just enough to be able to nuzzle at Shane’s face, reveling in the press of their noses, the not-quite-kiss brush of their lips and the mingling of their breath. “Tell me something you want.”

“You.”

“Oh, really? I thought maybe Barrett.”

“Fuck you.”

Ilya kisses him again. “No, I am serious.”

“About Barrett?”

“No, Hollander, Jesus.” Ilya’s laughing though and he bites Shane’s lip. “I am serious that I want to know what I can give you. What you want. How I can spoil you too.”

“Oh,” Shane ducks his head and presses his face into Ilya’s neck, mouths at the skin there. God, Ilya smells so good. He’s got a deep, musky cologne that smells like woodsmoke and cedar and it makes Shane dream about summer time. He presses a slow kiss to Ilya’s pulse point. “I just want you.”

Ilya mutters something in Russian that Shane is pretty sure translates to *my husband thinks I am a fucking idiot and yet I love him*. In English he says, "You can ask me for anything," Ilya says a little roughly, fingers sliding into Shane's hair and scratching gently at Shane's scalp. "It makes me happy, you know? To give you more things you like."

"You give me a lot. You always have."

"Ah," Ilya huffs out, maybe a little annoyed, but mostly affectionate as he hauls Shane's head back so he can look at him. Shane whines at Ilya's grip in his hair, fuck. It's so strong and good and firm. He clenches on nothing, wants so much. "Hollander, when you are able to put words on whatever it is that has been on your mind the past few weeks, I want to hear it, yes? I want to give it to you."

Shane's stomach flips because oh my god. Ilya's studying him with a look that makes Shane feel like he's 23 again, in hotel rooms and Ilya's old bachelor pad. He thinks that's when Ilya first started looking at him like this- like Shane's given him a fascinating riddle and he's hungry to solve it.

"On your own time," Ilya murmurs, drawing Shane back in so he can nip at his chin, his cheek, his nose, his lips. "I can wait, but you know I am-"

"Oh don't fucking say it," Shane groans, feeling fond and annoyed and so fucking in love with this man.

"Perceptive," Ilya purrs.

"I really wish Barrett never taught you that word."

"No, you are proud of how clever I am. I am giving you run for your money with fluency."

"Well, I do like all the things your mouth does."

Ilya's smile is lopsided against his lips as he kisses him, a little dirty, a little mean.

"Flirt."

Shane loses himself in kissing him again. Ilya remains unhurried, and there's a lingering tenderness in the press of their lips and the slow drag of Ilya's hand down Shane's back, in the way he holds Shane's chin and to keep him angled just the right way.

"Maybe," Shane finds himself saying unexpectedly, his voice rough with want. "Maybe there is something."

"Yes. Tell me."

"Mm," Shane gets focused on drawing Ilya's lower lip into his mouth and stroking his tongue across it, because that's always something Ilya likes. "It's a lot. And kinda scares me."

"Oh," Ilya drawls. "A new experience for you."

“Oh my god, fuck off.” Shane bites him and he feels Ilya’s cock twitch where it’s pressed hard against his thigh.

“We can be brave about it together,” Ilya offers, drawing back to lip lazily at Shane’s cheek, his ear. He’s so fucking sweet even when he’s a dick sometimes. It makes Shane’s heart ache and he rubs absentmindedly at Ilya’s chest. Ilya fucking trusts him so much, like nothing that Shane could say or want would be too much, too weird, too hard. It makes his head spin. It does make him feel brave.

“I want... Uh. I want... Fuck.” It’s not just Ilya’s mouth and proximity and his hands. He just honestly doesn’t know how to say this without feeling ridiculous. Ilya’s eyes are sparkling but he’s patient. He strokes his thumb across Shane’s cheek and makes a soft, encouraging sound.

Shane catches his hand, kisses it and then pulls it down so he can look at it. He knows his flush reaches his ears as he carefully guides Ilya’s hand into the duckbilled position that’s haunted him since he first saw it. He strokes his fingers down Ilya’s long, thick fingers, his rough knuckles, the wide expanse of the back of his hand before he curls them around Ilya’s wrist, possessive, wanting.

“I want this. All of this. Inside me.”

He feels the way Ilya’s whole body coils, the spasmed grip of Ilya’s other hand on Shane’s hip where he’s let it rest, the sharp, unexpected inhale. He risks a look at Ilya’s face and finds his eyes nearly blown black with desire.

“Holy shit, Shane.” And then he’s kissing him. God, he’s really kissing him, hungry and relentless and possessive the way Ilya gets when he’s really fucking turned on. Shane feels light headed with it, clinging to Ilya’s wrist like it’s an anchor until Ilya pulls it away to manhandle him again so that Shane is straddling him, and he squeezes Shane’s ass with both hands, tugging him down and in to grind their cocks together..

“Holy fuck,” Ilya breaths against his lips. And then in Russian, “My hungry little slut,” And what Shane is pretty sure is: “Impossibly greedy.”

“I want it so bad,” Shane pants. “Like, so bad, Ilya.”

“Poor thing,” Ilya growls. “Can’t get stretched wide enough on my cock, can you? You need more to fill you up?”

That makes Shane groan and Ilya’s matching noise sounds wild. Shane feels almost out of his head, ungrounded and floating just outside his body, and he squeezes at Ilya’s shoulders trying to retether himself. Trying to breathe. The motion seems to bring Ilya back to himself a little too, and he slows the frenzy of their mouths down carefully, still possessive, still hungry, but calming also. Solid, certain, sweet.

Shane finally breaks away to press his forehead against Ilya, panting and achingly hard and a little terrified so that his breaths sound sharp to his own ears. Ilya’s grip on his ass eases and he runs his hands slowly up and down Shane’s back, soothing him.

“Oh, Shane,” he says, softly. “How are you mine?”

Shane strokes his thumbs along Ilya’s jaw, enjoying the prickle of his stubble. “Always have been.”

“And I have always been yours,” Ilya says, poetic in his Russian. And then in English: “This... what do you call this in English?” He holds up his duckbilled hand again, always a quick study.

“Fisting,” Shane says it out loud for the first time with his eyes closed. It feels dirty on his tongue but it makes his stomach swoop when Ilya repeats him.

“Fisting. I have never tried before. I like idea though. Very much. I think...” He trails off looking thoughtfully at his hand and then at Shane. “It is... how to say in English? Something that needs work. A...” He looks at Shane hopefully.

“Project? Undertaking?”

“Yes. Undertaking, I think, is right. I don’t think for tonight.”

“Yeah,” Shane sighs and feels both a little disappointment and relief swirl in him. “I thought maybe after the season.”

“Yes, you will not be able to walk for a week.”

“Ok,” he snorts. “I think more, like, for a day or two.”

“A week,” Ilya repeats smugly. “I’m going to ruin you.”

“Oh, fuck. Ilya, I’m not going to survive.”

“You will.” Ilya nudges his chin back with his nose so he can press a line of hot kisses down Shane’s throat. “I will make it so good for you. Will make you come on my hand, yes?”

Shane’s cock throbs dangerously and he whines. “Fuck. Yes, that. But the wait, I mean. I don’t know how I can wait.”

That makes Ilya laugh and suddenly he’s surging up, hefting Shane up with him again until he’s standing and moving them to the bedroom. “I love you desperate,” Ilya tells him. “I love how you are too impatient for your own good.” He drops Shane on the bed and follows him down.

“You can beg me,” Ilya continues as he pulls off his own shirt and then starts working at Shane’s belt. “You can beg me all you want for it, yes? I’ll look after you.”

Shane does beg. Fuck, it feels good to whimper for Ilya’s fist after trying not to think about it for the past several weeks. Ilya makes soft, encouraging noises, calls him all sorts of filthy, lovely things as he works two, three, god, *four* fingers into Shane. They’ve done this before, but god, four fingers is a lot, fuck. It rides a high sweet line that tingles dangerously on the boundary of too much and sublime. The impossibly wide bump of just the beginning of his

knuckles and how big they feel, makes Shane incoherent. Ilya strips his hand over Shane's cock while he twists his fingers slowly inside him and nudges against Shane's prostate over and over again.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane whines. "More. More. I need more."

"You'll get more, Hollander. You'll get what you need."

"Now."

"No. Not yet." The denial sings sweet down Shane's spine and makes him crazy. He clenches on Ilya's fingers and Ilya's answering grunt sounds pained.

"I want it. I want your fist so bad."

"I know. Be good."

And suddenly Shane is clenching on nothing but a single finger, but Ilya's cock is lining up, pressing in, in, and *holy fuck*, stretching him wide, wider and fuller with that finger still working insistently against his prostate.

Shane loses track at that point. He's out of his mind with how completely full he feels as Ilya fucks into him, a little awkward with the angle he has to keep with his hand but it's so good. It's like nothing he's ever felt before and Ilya doesn't stop murmuring the sweetest, dirtiest things to him. His thrusts are sharp and desperate, as affected as Shane is.

Shane's babbling. He can hear his own voice, breathy, desperate and high. Ilya rumbles back at him, ragged and rough. Shane thinks he must tell Ilya that he's close, as his walls clench and his cock pulses and something big and overwhelming is coiling at the base of his spine.

"Yes, do it," Ilya all but snarls. "Fuck, Shane, I'd fucking crawl inside you and live there if I could."

Shane blacks out.

All he knows are the waves of pleasure that roar up his spine and crash over him. *Fuck*, it's so good and intense that it almost hurts. It feels endless, feels like it shakes everything out of him.

Things come back in pieces. His throat feels raw and he hears himself keening. Ilya's hands are gentle and firm on his chest, the steady pressure helping him ground back into his body. Ilya's still inside him, but softer, wetter.

Shane is shaking and he turns his head blindly into Ilya, seeking him. Ilya drops his weight more fully on him, and presses slow kisses to his temple and cheek.

"Beautiful. So beautiful," Shane hears him as if from a distance. "So good."

"Fuck."

“Just breathe, Shane. You are so good. Did perfectly for me.”

Fingers at the corner of his eyes, whisking away errant tears. Shane presses his mouth to Ilya’s deltoid and breathes in his woodsy cologne and the scent of his sweat mingled with cum. Sometimes shame still creeps in, like now, after he realizes he’s been particularly loud or needy or tried something new. He turns his face to find Ilya’s mouth and lets out a shuddering breath as Ilya kisses him slowly and thoroughly.

“That was good.” He tries not to make it a question. Ilya’s laugh is close to breathless.

“That is an understatement. Hm. Understatement. Undertaking. I don’t understand English.”

That makes Shane laugh too and he remembers he has arms that he can loop around Ilya’s shoulder and pull him impossibly closer. Ilya presses his smile into Shane’s face, nuzzling at him. They lay like that for a long time, Shane’s cum getting sticky between them, Ilya’s cock softening until it slips out and Shane hisses.

“Shower,” Ilya decides. “Can you stand?”

“Don’t sound so smug,” Shane snarks but he does wince a bit as he sits up. “Fuck.”

“Okay?”

Shane feels the smile stretch across his mouth as he looks up at Ilya. His hair is a mess from Shane’s hands. He’s still flushed from exertion and his mouth is kiss-swollen. “Fuck. Beyond good.”

When Shane reaches for him, Ilya pulls him to his feet and steadies him. The shower is huge, and the pressure is really nice. Ilya leans back against one of the tiled walls and holds Shane against his chest, taking his weight as they rinse off.

“You liked that?” Shane can’t help but check again as they towel off and Ilya does that sweet thing where he lays out Shane’s skincare products in order for him.

Ilya looks up and smiles at him in the mirror. “Very much. I am thinking about all the research I am going to do between now and summer.” He turns then and tugs Shane closer to kiss him. “I’m going to wear you like a fucking glove, Hollander.”

Well fuck.

March bleeds rapidly into April. The Cents keep winning. Rozanov and Barrett devastate Toronto. Shane sets up goal after goal for Haas and Bood against Boston, New York, Detroit, and scores plenty of his own. Wyatt makes impossible saves. Dykstra checks Hayden Pike so hard Shane’s a little worried that his buddy has a concussion, but Jackie assures them he’s just fine. Playing Montreal sucks, but Ilya taunts them into penalties, and that means more time on the ice together. Rozanov hones in on feeding Shane as many assists as he can. It feels good to score against his old team.

They make the playoffs.

In celebration, Ilya buys Shane a thick plug and works it slowly into him as Shane moans around his cock. "I just want your hand," Shane begs, licking desperately at Ilya's slit.

"You'll get it," Ilya promises, "Show me how well you'll take it, Shane." He presses a vibrator to the base of the plug and Shane comes all over himself.

They play Boston in the first round.

There are so many Fuck Rozanov sweaters in the stands that Ilya is in high spirits, talks so much shit on the ice that he's hoarse after the games.

Shane delights in the evenings that they pour over replays and strategize the best ways to throw off Boston's defensemen. Ilya's often too jittery to fall asleep easily, so Shane gets to give him long, slow massages and ply him with sleepy time tea, press his weight down onto him until Ilya's brain is blissed out and slow enough to succumb.

They beat Boston.

Montreal is up next. Trickier.

Shane forgets to eat, he gets so focused on research and strategy, trying to hold the anxiety at bay. Ilya brings him protein shakes when sitting down for a real meal feels too hard, but he's grumpy about it and they bicker.

Shane's so mad he nearly doesn't speak to Ilya for 24 hours after Ilya finally calls the team nutritionist and they send high nutritional value meals to their home with strongly worded language advising Shane to eat or be benched.

"I am not watching you pass out for any reason on the ice," Ilya snarls at Shane's cold shoulder. "Not again."

That softens Shane. He reminds himself about compromise, about everything in his life that exists outside of hockey, that he can't control everything. He eats his stupid meals and takes a break from prepping. He and Ilya warm back up to each other, sitting on opposite ends of the couch doing really dumb mad libs until they're laughing and playing footsie. They watch a movie cuddled together, Shane's hand tucked under Ilya's shirt, Ilya's chin propped on top of his head.

Coach Weibe puts them on the line together against Montreal, Ilya taking wing. Shane's anxious about what it'll do to the second line, but it pays off. They beat Montreal on game five.

They'll face Tampa Bay for the Conference Finals.

"Not good," Ilya muses and Shane rolls his eyes and cuts his mandated steak into smaller pieces so it feels easier to eat.

"Tampa Bay lost twice to Montreal in their last games before the playoffs."

“Florida is cursed.”

“So you’ve said. Come here, look. I think that their first line defenseman has an injury.” Ilya rests his chin on Shane’s shoulder and studies the clips that Shane’s pulled from Tampa’s first two rounds.

“Could be opportunity,” he admits.

Tampa Bay is a harder win.

Haas gets injured. Shane gets hooked and falls hard. Ilya gets slammed against the boards so much his shoulders and sides are black and blue. It goes to game 7 and somehow, fucking somehow, they win in Over Time.

“How the fuck did San Jose win the Western Conference?” Barrett mutters at a team meeting. No one can remember the last time Ottawa made it this far in the playoffs. Harris looks it up for them: it’s been almost 20 years. San Jose made the finals more recently, but neither team has ever won the cup.

“Oh my god,” Harris says into clasped hands. “This is going to be fucking historic.”

“I want this too much,” Shane confides into Ilya’s shoulder the night before the first game. “I think we can win it. I know we can win.”

“We can win it,” Ilya agrees, thoughtful, tired, bruised. Both of them are feeling the season, both of their bodies are on their last stands. “Matching Cups, Hollander.”

“Yeah, Rozanov. Matching cups, matching rings.”

“Second pair of matching rings.”

“True,” Shane agrees softly and closes his eyes, smile smooshed into Ilya’s skin. “Second pair.”

They beat San Jose. It’s fucking surreal.

Shane has three Stanley Cup wins under his belt but he can’t believe that they’ve won it for Ottawa. At home. It feels like a movie, like a dream. Haas and Barrett are screaming themselves hoarse, Bood is weeping, Wyatt might be trying to do cartwheels on the ice? Shane isn’t sure because he’s barreling into Ilya, his momentum spinning them around, and Ilya is lifting him off his feet and they’re grinning at each other. Face splitting, shit eating, *can’t believe we fucking did this* grinning.

“I fucking love you,” Ilya shouts at him and Shane can barely hear him over the roar of the crowd.

Shane strips his helmet off and tugs Ilya’s off none too gently. “Let’s fucking one up Scott Hunter,” he yells back.

It's likely that Ilya only catches "Scott Hunter" but his eyes go dark and they're kissing. On the ice. Surrounded by their team, and cameras flashing. At the top of the NHL with confetti getting caught in Ilya's curls and Shane's hometown jersey on both their backs.

Sex has been on the backburner since the playoffs started but hunger comes roaring back up Shane's spine as Ilya's gloved hands hold his face steady. It pulses through him as they lift the Stanley Cup. Wyatt gets a well earned playoff MVP, and then there's champagne in the locker room, there are limos picking them up. There's a club and music and their team going fucking wild, but through it all Shane only has eyes for Ilya.

He has no idea what time they make it home, only that they finally do, almost too tired to speak, too tired to sleep. They're way too exhausted and sore to do anything serious, but Shane curls his fingers around Ilya's cock and holds it gently as they press their lips together slowly, tangled up in each other in bed.

"I want you in me. Every part of you," Shane murmurs, half asleep already and Ilya's cock gives a valiant twitch even as he breathes out something like a laugh against Shane's mouth.

"Soon," he promises. He cups Shane's face in his large palm and Shane pulses with *want, need, love* even as he slips deep into sleep.

There is no escaping warm summer sunlight in their bedroom at the cottage. Shane likes to leave the curtains open out here, likes blinking awake sleepily to the sparkling blue of the lake, the promise of the high summer skies and the golden finger tips of sunlight that stroke across Ilya's body and set his curls aflame.

Shane presses a brief kiss to his shoulder now, follows it with one to his neck and ear which makes Ilya grunt sleepily, but Shane doesn't let himself linger beyond that. He rolls quietly out of bed and closes the curtains so Ilya can sleep as late as he wants, before he tugs on running shorts and pats Anya's head as she stretches getting out of her own bed and trots happily after him for their morning run.

They got out here a week ago, about three weeks after their historic Stanley Cup win, after the celebrations and press obligations had finally released them, after they'd both crashed hard from the high of winning and had fought their way back to finding their equilibrium, each in their own way. Arriving at the cabin had helped: the change of scene and change of routine. They'd gone swimming and built bonfires and hiked and jetskied, all the things that fully signaled to their brains and tired bodies that for the next five weeks, they could just be together. The Cottage always held its own kind of magic, Shane thought, a kind that they'd created together over the past five years of returning again and again to this space that let everything else slip away until they were just Shane and Ilya.

Last night, as Ilya worked on a meat sauce for their pasta and Shane prepped a large kale salad, Ilya had turned to him apropos nothing and said:

"What do you think, tomorrow?"

“Hm?”

“Tomorrow.” Ilya had held up his hand in the duckbilled position and cocked his head at Shane. “You think you are ready to take my fist?”

Shane’s answer hadn’t quite just been his knees hitting the floor and hands scrabbling desperately at Ilya’s waistband, but it also hadn’t lacked it. So seeing Ilya make that hand gesture had maybe given Shane a pavlovian need to be filled by him in whatever way he could be. He’s sure it wasn’t going to have any long term implications.

Shane knows Ilya had been doing more research after the playoffs. He liked to surprise Shane with what he’d learned, sometimes telling him exactly how he wanted to curl his hand inside Shane and work his prostate with his knuckles while they were fucking, cock pressed deep in Shane, pinning him down with this bulk. Sometimes when they were in separate kayaks, he’d mention that he thought fucking Shane and then plugging him for several hours before hand would be a good idea for preparation, like he was just commenting on the weather.

Shane’s been doing his own research too, how to prep, how to flex and relax just the right way to make Ilya’s knuckles and hand breaching him that much easier. To be fair, his stamina is low for it though, because it inevitably makes him hard and Ilya’s smug teasing when Shane predictably seeks him out for relief is both sweet and embarrassing.

As he runs along the soft forest trail now, Anyah panting happily next to him, Shane can already feel the hungry curl of arousal in his gut, feels extra aware of the soft breeze on his neck and bird song in the trees around him, senses primed and on edge. It feels like he’s been waiting for this day for years, even though it’s only been a few months. Jesus, how did he use to go nearly eight months without Ilya’s hands on him at all?

He keeps his run to a short five miles today and heads straight to the dock when he and Anyah get home. He toes out of his running shoes and dives into the cold, crystal water. The rush of it sets his body alight and he comes up gasping, shaking water out of his eyes. He treads water for a bit, letting his body adjust to the cold plunge and enjoying the near silent beauty of the lake in early mornings for a while, letting his brain and body find realignment. Behind him, the glass door slides open and Anyah whimpers and yips happily.

My sweet, little, tiniest, babiestic baby,” Ilya croons in Russian. “My bestest, prettiestic dumpling girl. I would die for you, you know? I would burn down cities, wouldn’t I? Yes. For you, I would abandon Shane at a garden nursery and never look back.”

Shane snorts. He answers, rather stiltedly, in Russian. “No you wouldn’t. We are not people who, uh, buy the trees?”

“Very good, that was a hard one.”

Shane preens a little at the praise and finally turns to look up at Ilya on the dock. Anya’s jumped into his arms, of course, and he’s cradling her against his chest with one arm while he perilously holds two mugs of coffee in the other. Shane dies a little inside at how gorgeous he is, how rare this site of him is for anyone but Shane; sleep mussed and relaxed and unabashedly tender.

“Come join me,” Shane says, still in Russian.

“Mmm, Anyah says no. She does not want to get wet.”

“Put her down and join me. It’ll make the coffee more good.”

Ilya laughs. Switching to English he says, “Is bad that I like how dumb you sound in Russian sometimes. Harris taught me a new word, what was it? Ah, I think it was ‘Himbo.’”

“Hey,” Shane complains without any heat, because Ilya has finally set the mugs down and gently released Anyah, pushing off his sweatpants to stand gloriously naked on the dock. Shane splashes at him, just to get him to move and Ilya yelps dramatically and then shouts as he cannonballs into the water next to Shane. Surfacing, he shakes his head and immediately reaches out to Shane, catching him by the arm and hauling him over.

“My sweet himbo,” he teases, pressing a kiss to Shane’s jaw and then his mouth. “I should make you practice Russian while I am fucking you, yes? I think you’d get very creative.”

Shane closes his eyes at the thought. He thinks that he and Ilya could live to be a hundred and never run out of new things to try in bed. The thought makes him stupidly happy. He kisses Ilya, tongue flicking briefly at his lower lip, just enough to get him to lower his guard before he twists and without warning dunks Ilya underwater.

Ilya comes up spluttering and laughing, and then they’re wrestling, or as much as they can in the water. Anyah yips at them from the dock, and it inevitably ends with Shane’s legs wrapped around Ilya’s waist as Ilya holds his chin and kisses him fiercely. Shane reaches for Ilya’s cock and finds him hard.

He gets a few strokes in before Ilya catches his hand and pulls him away. “I have plans for you,” he murmurs hot against Shane’s lips. “And today you need to practice patience.”

“Mmm, been patient enough,” Shane insists and Ilya snorts.

“Come on, coffee and breakfast, and then I’m fucking you on the couch.”

“Oh,” Shane moans happily. “Yeah, ok.”

On the dock, Shane strips off his soaked running shorts and they lounge naked, sipping their coffee and sharing fruit that Ilya cut up while Shane was running, letting the sun warm and dry them off. Ilya’s curls start to frizz and Shane teases him about it because Ilya is vain and gets cranky when his hair doesn’t cooperate.

“So, here’s plan for the day,” Ilya finally says, rising from his adirondack chair and rolling out his shoulders. Shane tilts his head up to watch him, because how can he not. “I fuck you and plug you, keep you wet for me. I get to take care of you today. Massage, cuddling. There is a Rose Landry movie marathon today, very helpful to get you in the mood,” Ilya says with a wink that makes Shane blush for several reasons. “And then this afternoon we put my fist inside you.”

Shane's breath feels like it's punched out from his body. "Want that now," he says, hopefully quite compellingly, but Ilya just laughs.

"I have to thank Harris for this new word. You are my perfect, sex drunk himbo."

Shane would protest more, but what was the point when Ilya was hauling him up and herding him back towards the house, barely a step behind Shane, his broad, chiseled chest and abs all but radiating heat into Shane's back.

Shane finds Ilya's thought ahead. There's already two towels down on the couch, and the beautiful new plug that Ilya bought him right before playoffs is set aside on the coffee table. Shane doesn't think it'll ever stop being hot to see evidence of how Ilya thinks about him, plans around him, in small and big ways, even after all this time.

Ilya catches his hips and pushpulls Shane into position so he's braced over the arm of the couch, and then he drops his knees.

">Oh>." It's punched out of Shane as Ilya presses a hot kiss to his tailbone and then licks at the divot right about Shane's ass. His body jerks.

"So hungry for it," Ilya says. His voice is already low and rough, and Shane knows his cock is just as hard as his own. Ilya grips Shane's cheeks and spreads them, foregoing further teasing. Shane gasps as his flat, wet tongue licks a hungry strip across his hole, and then another.

"Oh fuck, Ilya," Shane whines as Ilya circles the tight rim, tongue lapping in small kitten licks, teasing and playful, unhurried. "Please."

"Patience." Another long lap, and then his tongue flutters rapidly right against his hole, sending zings of pleasure up Shane's spine and down to his toes. Shane gasps and drops his head, eyes falling closed. Ilya moans appreciatively against him as Shane cants his hips back carefully.

"Fucking love eating you out," Ilya tells him. "Always so eager for me."

"Ah," Shane pants, feels his cock spurt precum. Ilya's chuckle is dark, strained. His tongue is at his rim again, more insistent this time, and then, fuck, inside him. "Oh god, yeah. Ilya, please."

Ilya just grunts encouragingly and squeezes at Shane's ass. His tongue spears into him, hungry, certain, curling lightly to tease at his walls and Shane's thighs shake. Jesus, he's so fucked. He reaches back to help hold himself open, spreading himself further for Ilya and Ilya gives him a grateful tap. He pulls back to gather more spit on his tongue and then he's pressing back in, burning his face deeper, tongue stretching and probing as far as he can reach inside Shane. The sounds of his lapping, of Shane's hole contracting on him, fill the air around them.

"*Fuck*. Jesus fuck," Shane babbles. "God, Ilya, that's so good. So good to me." Ilya's answering groan vibrates through him and Shane shudders, tries to keep his knees from

buckling.

“Ready for more?”

“Dumb question,” Shane pants and gets a light, sharp slap on his ass.

“Answer me,” Ilya growls, “or you get nothing.”

“Oh god, fuck you. Yes, I’m ready. Fucking been ready. Fucking just- yes,”

Ilya pushes his index finger roughly inside Shane, licks at Shane’s fluttering rim as he shivers with the heady sensation of being filled. It’s not enough, not nearly enough, but his cock pulses gratefully and he feels hot and shivery all over.

“Always so tight,” Ilya muses as he rocks his finger and unerringly finds Shane’s prostate. Shane’s thighs shudder and Ilya mouths at them, licking a ticklish, wet trail up the back of one until he reaches Shane’s hole again.

“You’re going to be gaping on my fist by the time I’m done with you. No, Hollander, you cannot come yet!” He says sharply, as Shane’s hole spasms dangerously around his finger and Shane moans helplessly, biting the inside of his cheek to hold himself at bay.

“You can’t say shit like that to me,” Shane protests weakly, dropping his hand to squeeze the base of his cock and tries to take a few deep settling breaths. “Not if you want me to last.”

“You are so easy,” Ilya laughs, but it’s strained. He nudges Shane with his nose and Shane can feel how wet his face has gotten. “My perfect, desperate little cockslut.”

“Ilya, I swear to god,” Shane whimpers, because it’s true. He hears the lube bottle snap open behind him and Ilya’s tongue is on him again, getting a few last, hungry licks and sucking kisses in before he’s easing a second, lube slick finger inside of him. Shane huffs out a breath and pushes back against him. Two is easy, he can take two in his sleep he wants—

“Aw, fuck,” Shane groans, eyes rolling back as Ilya works a third into him just as quickly. “Ilya, s’fucking good.” Shane rocks back on him hungrily, the perfect, familiar stretch singing up his spine and blanketing his brain is sweet, deep yearning. “Fucking love your fingers.”

“You take them perfectly. You should see, Hollander, how greedy your hole is for them.”

Shane gasps and drops to his forearms, doesn’t know how his legs haven’t given out yet as Ilya’s fingers work inside him. Ilya’s fingers scissor and twist inside him, focused on opening him up in a way that Shane loves. Loves when he feels like his body is for Ilya’s enjoyment and he can feel the unerring weight of Ilya’s full attention on him, trained on how well Shane takes him, how good Shane can be for him. It’s heady and Shane feels proud and cherished and used all at once, the intoxicating combination conspiring to push everything except sex and Ilya and pleasure out.

“I’m yours,” Shane babbles. “Fuck me, Ilya. Come on, come on. I want it.”

“No condom,” Ilya reminds him as he rises to his feet, fingers suddenly rubbing deep and firm on Shane’s prostate so that his legs do buckle and Ilya catches him around his waist and presses him into the couch so that he tumbles forward into the cushions, just his hips canted back and up for Ilya over the arm. “Going to plug you up with my cum.”

Shane whimpers and nods, beyond words as Ilya pulls his fingers out, leaving him aching empty for a moment before the thick head of his cock is lined up and pressing in, in, god, *fuck*, in. This angle is insane, it drives Shane crazy as Ilya braces an arm between his shoulders and sinks as far as he can go. His deep groan makes Shane shiver happily and turns his head, licks his lips, and moans in return as Ilya immediately offers him fingers to suck on.

Ilya waists no time, fucking Shane hard and deep. Shane groans helplessly around Ilya’s fingers in his mouth, cock trapped between his stomach and the towel covered couch. Ilya doesn’t bother to tease him, he hits Shane’s prostate unerringly and Shane knows this isn’t meant to last. It’s just part one, that this is just a warm up, and that thought alone has him fluttering around Ilya’s cock too soon, body riding the edge faster than it has in years.

“Ilya,” he slurs. “Ilya, want. Want it.”

“Is not enough for you, is it?” Ilya asks him, voice raw and breathless, like he always knows exactly what Shane needs to hear. “Come on, Shane. Come for me and I’ll give you my fist.”

“Fuck, *fuckfuckfuckfu-*” Shane spurts helplessly, voice ragged with how hard and fast his orgasm hits him. He jerks helplessly under Ilya and feels Ilya’s answering groan; the bruising hold he takes on Shane’s hip; the less controlled, desperate thrusts Ilya hammers into him before Ilya is cursing in Russian and his cock pulses, spilling hot and wet and so so good into Shane.

Shane feels Ilya carefully pull out, faster than he usually does these days, when they like to lay together and come down still connected. Shane protests weakly, missing his bulk and warmth already, but Ilya just makes a soft shushing sound and then Shane hears the lube bottle pop open again and clenches in anticipation. The narrow head of the plug nudges at Shane’s hole and then sinks, flaring, flaring out.

“Oh,” Shane whimpers, just this side of oversensitive and Ilya murmurs something sweet and encouraging and runs a warm hand down Shane’s back. This plug widens to just past the thickness of Ilya’s cock and Shane’s hold flutters around it as it breaches him.

“That’s so good,” Ilya praises him, voice thick. “Is all the way in now. You just hold on to that for me.”

“Mm, yeah, okay,” Shane says dreamily and sighs as Ilya runs his finger around Shane’s stretched rim, gently working in more lube and encouraging the muscle to ease. “S’good to me.”

“So beautiful for me,” Ilya answers him, and then gently helps Shane up and holds him against his chest as he kisses his neck and wipes away the cum and sweat from Shane’s stomach and chest. “Come,” he rumbles into Shane’s temple. “Shower and then let me feed you for real.”

Their shower is brief, perfunctory, just enough for Shane to feel less sweaty and sticky. He's pleasantly buzzed from the plug and feels like he's floating as Ilya fawns over him and helps him towel off before passing him freshly laundered sweats and a loose tee.

He's found that Ilya's already prepped them a lunch of cold cuts and cheese and two water bottles full of cucumbers and lemons in the fridge. He tugs Shane down onto the couch with him, getting him settled between his long outstretched legs, keeping him close with an arm bracketed across his chest. Ilya is attentive, fingers trailing through Shane's hair, down his arm, smoothing across his stomach and occasionally pressing down to feel the plug in him. Each time he does, Shane's cock twitches, but mostly he just feels relaxed, as close to blissed out as he gets when they're not actively having sex. Ilya's soft, steady breaths against his neck and the way he nuzzles at Shane's hairline fill Shane up with so much love and warmth, he almost forgets that this is prep too.

Occasionally, Ilya dips a hand into Shane's sweats and traces the taped base of the plug. He rubs more lube in and taps the base, making Shane moan with it. "I know, so good," Ilya murmurs.

"Love being good for you."

"Yes, you are the best at it."

The morning passes lazily into afternoon, and Ilya flips them over at some point and rubs Shane down, working out knots and smoothing his large, warm palms down Shane's shoulders to grip his trim waist. He kneads his glutes and Shane sighs, relaxed, overwhelmed with how lucky he is.

"Ilya," he finally finds himself saying as Ilya's hands and touch start to turn from relaxing to arousing again, his cock starting to twitch and fill as the proximity of Ilya's hands to his ass registers, as his hole pulses hungrily and he feels full, so full, but god, not full enough. Not yet. "I'm ready."

"You think?"

"Yeah. Been ready."

Ilya chuckles. "No patience." But then, "Come, we are going upstairs for this."

"Yeah." He gets a little lightheaded as he stands and uses it as an excuse to lean into Ilya and kiss him. He hasn't kissed him enough today. He'll never get enough of kissing him.

"Do your legs work or do you need me to carry you?"

"Fuck off, you're not carrying me upstairs."

"I could," Ilya looks enamoured with the idea but Shane's not risking it. He pulls Ilya by the hand instead and they trip up the stairs together, laughing, encumbered by the need to keep touching, to keep kissing.

Shane finds that Ilya found time to prep the bedroom this morning too. The bed's made and there's a big towel laid out over the duvet for easy clean up. God, his husband knows exactly what he needs to just be here, be in this. His expression must be as lovestruck as he feels because Ilya takes one look at him and laughs.

"I told you, you are easy."

"Listen, at this point I don't care what I am. I just need your fucking hand inside me."

Ilya's eyes darken and his smile goes feral. "Get on the fucking bed then."

Ilya's hands stay on him as Shane all but stumbles to the bed in his rush to get there. He can't believe this is finally happening, his brain almost doesn't know how to process that months of dirty hot want is becoming real, that Ilya is as into this as he is, that he's going to take Ilya's whole hand inside him and no one else will ever get to that have kind of achievement, because Ilya is his and he is Ilya's.

Ilya seems to be having a similar train of thought because his kiss is hungry and possessive as he pounces on Shane and presses his wrists down to the bed. He likes to be rough, hold him still when he's feeling particularly fond of Shane. Ilya's hard cock rubs against Shane's and Shane moans against his lips.

"God, 'lya, love you so fucking much."

"You love my hands," Ilya teases him. "And my cock."

"Love you," Shane insists, but he's wriggling out of his sweats and pushing hungrily at the waistband of Ilya's as well.

"You want to suck me?" Ilya asks as he leans over to the bedside table and grabs a huge bottle of lube that Shane's pretty sure he's never seen before. He can't be sure though, they buy a lot of lube.

"Yeah," Shane breathes. "Always."

He doesn't waste time with pleasantries. He tongues the red head of Ilya's cock and pulls it between his lips, moaning at the musky rich flavor of his precum. Ilya hisses as Shane flicks his tongue across the thick vein just under the head and lifts his eyes up to watch Ilya's face. He loves looking at him while he swallows his cock. Ilya always looks so fucking hot, but with his cock between Shane's lips, he looks like a god, all powerful muscle and roughly contained hunger and strength. It makes Shane shudder, makes him moan and Ilya groans in return and traces Shane's stretched lips.

"Prettiest mouth," Ilya murmurs softly. "Made, I think, just for me."

Shane hums in agreement because yeah. Nothing exists outside of Ilya, nothing exists outside of making him feel good. His brain goes quiet like this, with Ilya's heavy cock on his tongue, a hand possessively in his hair, Ilya's eyes hot and dark as he watches Shane work.

"Good," Ilya rumbles at him again. "You feel good? You with me?"

Shane smiles as much as he can up at Ilya as he works Ilya's cock to the back of his throat and yawns it open for him. Ilya grunts like he's been punched and his hand spasms in his hair. That hand, it's going inside him and Shane moans at the thought, humps the mattress.

"Ok, ok," Ilya says, breathless. "You are too good, Shane. Open up, come on, let me see my cock on your tongue." Shane happily does as Ilya asks and sighs as Ilya rubs roughly at his lips again and then takes the base of his cock and taps the head sharply against Shane's tongue. They both groan.

"Cock-struck," Ilya tells him. "And so gorgeous."

Shane feels his brain sink deeper, feels his whole body go languid and loose at Ilya's rough praise. He loves when Ilya talks to him like this, uses him like this. He just wants to open up, let him manhandle and fuck him however he wants.

"On your back," Ilya tells him, voice low. "Lets get you on my hand."

"Fuck," Shane breathes, and gives Ilya's cock one last parting lick before he goes where Ilya tells him, rolling over and letting himself be tugged and pushed until he's on his back, pillow propped up under his hips and legs loose and wide around Ilya's thighs.

Ilya rubs a thumb across Shane's lips and he licks at it, kitten-like, then arches as Ilya drags his hand down Shane's jaw, neck, chest, abs, to finally circle loosely around Shane's aching cock to give it a few sympathetic tugs before stroking over his balls and tapping at the base of the plug.

"Ready for this to come out?"

"Yeah," Shane breathes. Ilya pours a bit of lube into one hand and traces Shane's rim again, making the muscle quiver and flex, before he grips the base of the plug and pulls slowly.

"Ah, ah, fuck," Shane whines, feeling his rim stretch and expand around the thickest part and then blushes as he feels the rush of Ilya's cum seeping out of him along with the plug.

"Fuck, that's hot," Ilya breathes, and he's fitting two, no three, fingers back inside Shane all at once, feeding the leaking cum and lube back inside of him, stroking at Shane's prostate so that his cock drools against his stomach and Shane's thighs shake helplessly. Ilya squeezes his quad appreciatively, and hums in sympathy at Shane's broken moan. "You're hole is so wet for me, Shane. Do you feel that?"

Shane can't answer, just feels his face flush further and his cock twitch in response. Ilya ducks his head and licks the slit of Shane's cock, swirls his tongue around the tip and then draws just the thick head of it between his lips as he works a fourth finger into Shane. He sucks lightly at the head as his fingers flex and turn inside of him. It punches Shane's breath out from his lungs and he feels like he's tingling all over. He drags his eyes open and finds Ilya watching him obscenely, his plush lips red and pursed around Shane's cock.

"Oh god," Shane gasps "Oh god, Ilya."

“That’s it,” Ilya murmurs at him, drawing back enough to speak, but still lipping at the tip of Shane’s cock. “Feel good?”

“Good,” Shane manages. “So good.”

“Ready to try with my thumb?”

Shane’s whole body clenches hungrily at the idea and Ilya laughs lightly, but it’s strained. He eases his hand back a bit to drizzle lube over his fingers again and cover his thumb with it before Shane feels him duckbill his hand and slowly, slowly sink back in. He can feel the tip of Ilya’s thumb bump, press, sink into him. Fuck. *Fuck.*

Shane’s breath comes out in a whoosh. So full. He’s so full. He feels tremors in his arms and legs but can’t think beyond the hot dirty stretch of his hole as Ilya sinks deeper and slows to gently pulse there, bump gently against his prostate again.

“That’s up to the second knuckles inside you,” Ilya says gruffly and it makes Shane groan because jesus christ, that’s nothing, they’ve barely started and he’s never felt so stretched before, so split open. “Okay?”

He must not respond right away because Ilya strokes his side gently. “Shane, okay?”

He forces his eyes open, feels bleary but hones in on Ilya’s lopsided smile, the warmth in his eyes, and the hunger there. “Okay,” Shane manages, and feels himself smile back at Ilya. He wants to crawl into his lap and be held, wants to take more of his hand. Wants to forget where he ends and Ilya begins. “Keep going, please.”

“Da.” There’s more lube, cool against his hot skin, and Ilya’s thumb circling, pressing it against his rim and into him as he rocks his fingers there, just gentle pushes as Shane can feel them part and push gently outward against his walls. Shane tries to focus on his breathing, tries to remember what he read about pushing back against Ilya’s hand. He tries it and Ilya sinks deeper, suddenly in a way that makes them both groan.

“Keep going,” Shane urges him. He wants this so bad. He needs it.

“Your cock needs some attention,” Ilya rasps at him. “Stroke yourself.”

“I donwanna come,” Shane slurs and hears Ilya laugh. “Not yet.”

“So don’t.”

If Shane had a better grasp on any fucking language at the moment, he’d have something to say to that but he’s beyond that now, beyond coherency, so all he can do is suck a ragged breath in as Ilya guides his hand to his cock and pull loosely at it. It heightens the already impossibly tight sweet fullness he feels and he’s grateful for Ilya’s bulk and warmth between his legs to tether him.

“Fucking hot,” he hears Ilya say, and then he’s pressing forward again, and Shane feels himself opening and opening until he feels the bump of Ilya’s thick, bottom knuckles. *Oh shit*, he thinks suddenly because they’re big. Like really fucking big. Ilya twists his wrist

slowly and Shane can feel the rough skin and hard bone catch on his rim at the turn and something a little like panic flares in him.

“Ilya,” he gasps, and then bites his lip.

“Still good?”

It’s not bad. It’s not. He’s just paying too much attention. He nods and breathes out roughly through his nose. “Yeah,” he says hoarsely.

He feels something in Ilya’s body shift, a question poised on his lips, but Shane shakes his head roughly against the pillows and tries to push back as much as he can against Ilya’s hand. He’s just gotta take it. He wants this so much. Ilya wants this so much. He’s not going to be a fucking wimp now. “Just keep going.”

“Slow,” Ilya reminds him, his voice is less gravely now, and Shane doesn’t want to open his eyes to look at him. There’s more lube, cool against his strained rim and Ilya strokes him slowly and carefully, taking his time. Shane wants him to hurry up. He wants to get past this. God, what if he can’t? What if he can’t actually do this, and he built this all up in his head? He shouldn’t have asked for this, shouldn’t have thought this was something he could do. He was too ambitious, too greedy. Ilya will have put all this work in for nothing and Shane’s going to feel like such an idiot.

Ilya presses gently forward and Shane clenches down against him, lets out a high, short “*Mnfl*” unintentionally and then his body starts shaking. Not good shaking. Bad, bad like he’s falling. Bad like he’s fucked up. Oh god, he’s fucked this up he’s—

“Breathe.”

— a fucking idiot. Shame curls in his stomach and to his horror he feels his cock soften in his palm. “Oh, no,” he chokes.

“Hollander. Shane. Breathe.”

Ilya’s voice, firm but not unkind, slices through the panic, and Shane blinks his eyes open to find his vision is blurry with tears. He’s pathetic. He’s—

Ilya pulls his hand back slowly and that makes Shane shake harder. He’s messed up. He’s ruined this. It’s over.

“No. no, no, no,” Shane begs, not sure what he’s begging for, then Ilya’s hand is out of him, which feels devastating, but he’s sliding over him, bracketing Shane’s shaking body in and pressing him down into the mattress.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya says, soft and slow. “You are not breathing and you need to.”

“I’m sorry. Fuck, Ilya, sorry.”

“Shh, no sorrys. Nothing to be sorry for. Just take a breath, Shane.”

Shane drags a ragged breath in and realizes how shallow it is. His lungs hurt. Ilya nudges his jaw with his nose and hums in encouragement. He takes a slow breath and Shane matches it, dragging air into his lungs. He feels raw.

“A few more, I think,” Ilya says, calm and warm as anything. “Can’t have sex if you’re not breathing.”

That surprises a laugh out of Shane, and that makes him tremble more. But he’s breathing now. Ilya strokes his hair gently, catches a few tears that leak out of Shane’s eyes, and drops kisses across his cheeks and nose and lips. “*Pretty Shane*,” he murmurs in Russian. “*My sweetest, most ambitious, slutty idiot*.”

“Hey,” Shane protests weakly.

“Good, you understand. Brain is working,” Ilya says in English and then tightens his grip on Shane and rolls him over so that he’s cuddled on Ilya’s chest and Ilya can stroke his strong hands down his back and keep breathing those slow, steady breaths that Shane follows. He’s feeling stupid, but calmer. His shaking is slowing and he can feel Ilya under him, and the soft terrycloth of the towel beneath his legs and arms. The late evening sunlight catches in Ilya’s chest hair and Shane rubs his nose in it.

“Okay?” Ilya asks after a while.

“Yes. No. I don’t know. I feel like an idiot.”

“Why?”

“‘Cause I asked for something I can’t do. Got your hopes up, and mine.”

Ilya is quiet for a moment, fingers gentle in Shane’s hair. “I need to say this carefully so you don’t misunderstand,” Ilya says finally, slowly.

“One, is okay to ask for things. Always. I will always want you to ask, even if this doesn’t work, yes?” Shane wants to protest but he takes a breath and nods.

“Yes. Good. Always ask me. Two: I do not think you cannot do this. I think you want things fast, I think you get ahead of yourself. Your brain, it is always working. It is looking for trouble. But if this is something you want, you are Shane Hollander. There is nothing you can’t do.”

“Oh,” Shane murmurs, suddenly feeling warm and a little embarrassed, but in a different way. God, Ilya loves him so much. He’s reminded of that moment in Seattle, when Ilya looked at him with that sweet patience, desire, trust. *We can be brave together*.

“We will do it. Tonight. Or next week. Or next month,” Ilya continues. “Whenever you want. There is no Stanley Cup for fisting, I do not think. There is no rush.”

“Yeah,” Shane says, blowing out air and propping his chin on Ilya’s chest to look up at him. “I do want it. I just maybe... your knuckles freaked me out.”

“Ha!” Ilya chortles. “Like other NHL players. My knuckles are the scariest- no one wants to fight me on the ice, and you do not want to fuck me, because of my knuckles.”

It’s so stupid, so fucking stupid and doesn’t even really make sense, but it Shane cracks up and then both of them are laughing. Ilya is shaking with laughter underneath him and Shane feels like he’s going to cry with how hard he’s laughing. Maybe does a bit, but it’s good. He feels warm again, settled, the last of the panic banished by Ilya’s bright eyes and lopsided smile, his deep belly laugh and stupid, stupid sense of humor. How Shane ever thought he hated this man, he will never understand.

“That is not what I said,” Shane protests, still laughing.

“No, but it is funny.” Ilya catches his face and guides him up so he can kiss him again. God, his kisses are adoring and sweet and Shane sighs happily against his lips. “It is best feeling when I make you laugh.”

“You sap.”

Ilya frowns a bit at him. “Sap? Like... like tree blood?”

And that makes Shane laugh again. “Yeah. Means you’re sweet and a little weak.”

“Sap just for you then,” Ilya agrees comfortably. He looks at Shane fondly, head cocked. “What do you want? We still have a whole evening ahead of us.”

“Hmm,” Shane sighs and ducks his head to kiss Ilya on his stupid bear tattoo. “Can we try again? Keep trying, I mean?”

He glances up at Ilya and sees his eyes are soft and dark. “Yes. Definitely yes. But you tell me this time, yes? If it’s too much. No prize for hurting yourself.”

“No, I know. I will.”

“Good.” And then Ilya rolls them, suddenly, and Shane lets out a breathless laugh as he finds himself on his back again with Ilya braced over him, and Ilya is kissing him deep and hungry and wonderful. It lights Shane up, his cock twitching and so rapidly filling it makes him dizzy.

“You look so fucking hot with all my fingers in you,” Ilya husks as he snakes a hand between them to wrap around Shane’s cock and stroke him back to full hardness, not that it takes much. “I am thinking how lucky I am that my husband is so fucking kinky, he wants me to bounce him on my hand.”

“Oh my god,” Shane moans. “Why is everything you say so fucking hot?”

“Because you think I am so hot. Plus you think dumb accent is hot.”

“It *is*.”

“Sap,” Ilya repeats back to him smugly. And yeah, Shane thinks as they keep kissing, and then Ilya is sliding back down his body, pressing sweet, open mouthed kisses to Shane’s chest and stomach and thighs, he is. He really fucking is.

“Serious now,” Ilya says with a wink. “Is serious business, taking Shane Hollander apart.”

Shane just smirks at him, but knows his face contorts when Ilya strokes fingers over his rim. He’s sensitive, a little sore, but it’s not bad. He thinks how full he felt, before he freaked the fuck out, and god, he wants that again. His hole clenches on nothing and Ilya’s eyes jump back to his face, a knowing look in them.

“Slutty.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Shane gripes. “Put your fingers back in me.”

Ilya takes his time, because of course he does. He absolutely slathers his fingers in lube and then he’s pushing back in with two, with three. Shane bears down on them and finds that if he gets his feet planted he has more leverage for rocking back against Ilya. He likes that and when Ilya curls his fingers just right, Shane shudders out a moan. “Oh fuck yeah, Ilya.”

“Back to four,” Ilya says gently, and Shane takes it easy. He’s stretched and relaxed and calm, he can do this.

“More,” he says softly and nods when Ilya looks up at him again. “More, Ilya.”

“Okay, thumb now.” And there it is, the stretch of five, and this time, Shane likes it. It sends a full body buzzing through him, but it’s good, really good. He’s so wet and Ilya’s fingers are so slick and lovely, Shane braces his feet and pushes down and Ilya slides easy as anything up to his third knuckles. They catch again and Shane takes a steadying breath.

“Good. Just keep breathing,” Ilya murmurs, not looking up this time, trusting Shane’s got this. It makes Shane feel warm and happy, makes his cock twitch, that this thoughtful, incredible idiot of a man is just as obsessed with Shane as Shane is with him.

Ilya drizzles a whole lot of lube on his hand now, and Shane can feel it drip down his crack. Ilya rocks his hand gently, twisting with gentle pressure, easing just a bit more in, just a bit further. The stretch comes back, the ache, the slight sting.

“Uh, tight,” Shane grunts.

“Yes. Stroke yourself, don’t be lazy.”

“Hey, I’m not— *oh*,” Shane moans as Ilya beats him to it and strokes Shane’s cock in long, indulgent pulls, hand slick and warm. Shane shudders and feels his whole body give a little, and Ilya’s hand eeks just a bit further into him.

“That’s it,” Ilya says, sounding proud. “Oh Shane. Just a little more, sweetheart. You’re close.”

“Mmm,” Shane hums on a sigh. He’s feeling floaty again, but still grounded, still close to Ilya and safe in what his body is doing, what it’s taking. “Feels so big.”

“It is,” Ilya says, hotly. “My whole fucking hand is just sinking inside you, Hollander. Look at how you take it. Wish you could see.”

Shane does too, but more than that, he just wants Ilya’s sex-roughed voice and the lovely deep achy pressure that is singing across his nerves, close to pain but not quite there, to keep going. He wants Ilya’s pride. He wants to look at Ilya’s hands and know that they are irrevocably his.

“‘S really good,” Shane breathes. “It’s so. Mmf. It’s so hot.”

“Yes. I knew you had this. Bit more, yes? Take a bit more.”

More lube, more gently twisting pressure. Shane exhales sharply and bears down as much as he can. His body is starting to protest a bit again, but he focuses on Ilya’s warm hand on his cock, how he hits Shane’s prostate with each gentle turn. Shane reaches down and tugs one thigh back to his chest, cants his hips up a bit more and *fuck*, that really works, Ilya sinks a bit deeper and they both groan.

“So close,” Ilya tells him. “You almost have it.”

Shane takes a slow, deep breath, hears Ilya exhale with him. He’s right on the line of too much again and words are starting to fail him. “Ah,” he pants and Ilya hums.

“Stop?”

Shane shakes his head.

“Slow?”

He nods.

“Yes, very slow. Slow as you need, Shane. We’re just staying here right now.” More lube, slicker. A finger tracing his rim delicately, keeping him wet. Ilya leans forward and kisses the back of his thigh, mouth gentle and warm. Shane feels how he’s trembling under Ilya’s mouth and keeps breathing. The pressure, the threat of *too much* recedes a little and Shane shivers as his body adjusts more.

Shane reaches for his cock and tugs at it, smearing precum across the head and it makes him shudder. “A little more?” he manages and Ilya’s agreeing moan is rough. Shane manages to peel open his eyes again to look at his husband, and Ilya looks wrecked, cheeks flushed, eyes dark and trained on where his hand is disappearing into Shane. And from what Shane can see, he’s almost there. Almost past the knuckles. After that... well, after that it should be easy.

Ilya must feel Shane’s eyes because he looks up and his expression softens as he meets Shane’s gaze. “Last bit, I think,” Ilya rasps. “You ready?”

“Yeah,” Shane moans. “So fucking ready.”

He takes a slow breath in and nods at Ilya and then, on the exhale, bears down just as Ilya gently twists and pushes and *holy fucking shit*. Shane feels the last sharp pinch of stretch and pressure and then Ilya's hand is in, not just in, sinking into him easily, his lube slicked hand an easy take for Shane's stretched, aching hole.

"*Ohmyfuckinggod*," Shane groangasps, his cock twitching wildly and dribbling precum down his length. "Oh god, Ilya. fuck. *fuck*."

"Holy fuck, Shane," Ilya chokes at the same time. He looks dumbfounded, mouth slack and gaze transfixed on Shane's hole. "It is like you are sucking me in. Fuck, this is hottest thing I have ever seen. Okay? Is it okay?"

Shane feels dizzy, but good dizzy. Like his whole body is fluttering with sweet relief, even as he feels his walls stretch and ache as Ilya's hand sinks to the wrist. He's never been so full. He's never felt such a stunned overwhelm with anything inside him. He feels how he clenches down on Ilya's wrist and knowing that it's Ilya's beautiful, thick, muscular wrist nearly makes Shane black out.

"Okay," he pants. "Really okay. Holy fuck, Ilya."

"I know. So good, Shane. Fuck, you're incredible. Hold on, more lube, yes? Breathe for a minute."

Shane nods. He's distantly aware that he's shaking again, that his thigh is trembling in his grip, that his fingers are shaking, but it's so good. He fucking did it. He drags his hand to his stomach and presses down and fuck, he can feel Ilya's hand. It's mind-numbingly hot. He feels the cold drizzle of lube again around his rim and Ilya gently pressing it in so it coats his wrist fully.

"Wow," Ilya breathes. "This is, wow."

"Promised," Shane gasps. "Promised to make me bounce."

"Yes, you fucking impatient thing, I did. Forgive me for taking a moment to admire my gorgeous husband." Ilya shifts carefully around him as he leans up to kiss as high as he can. Shane weakly pushes himself up on an elbow so he can sloppily kiss Ilya. The change in angle makes him groan desperately. Everything feels like a nerve ending. Every micro movement threatens to overwhelm him, to make him come, and keep him coming.

"Ah, forgiven," Shane manages as he collapses back. "Now fuck me, please."

Ilya snaps his teeth at him, but he does. He presses down on Shane's chest to keep him steady and rocks his hand inside him, not deep, but relentless. Every little movement bumps Shane's prostate, pushes more precum out of Shane's cock. Shane can't speak, can't think, the rush of sensation, of fullness and hypersensitivity steals his voice, his thoughts. All he knows is that it's so good, so fucking good.

"You make," Ilya breathes reverently. "The prettiest sounds."

He must be moaning. He can't hear himself, he's just lost in a sea of being fucked full, fucked to the brim, all Ilya.

He can feel Ilya in his hole, in his stomach, he's in his arms and his legs and Shane's brain. All Ilya, all big, good, roiling tide Ilya. All hot, sharp pleasure and heavy groundedness. All light freedom and the ache of *too much not enough* all at once.

He's not aware that he's stuck out his tongue until the angle shifts again and *fuck fuck fuck* that's even better, that's relentless pressure and pleasure as Ilya closes the distance to kiss him, sloppily and wet and hungry. He wants to suck Ilya into him, carry him around inside him all the fucking time.

Distantly, as Ilya draws back from the kiss, he can hear Ilya murmuring at him, but Shane's past words in any language. He's only nerve endings. He's only Ilya's to touch, to move, to take, to fill.

It's suddenly on him, the realization that he's going to come. He rolls his head desperately against the pillows because he's not ready. He doesn't want to leave this place. He can't give this up yet. Ilya, sweet, beautiful, lovely, Ilya, must understand. A hand closes vice like at the base of Shane's dick, and Shane fucking *howls*.

Hot, meaningless words surround him. They sound loving. They sound possessive. Whatever they are, he trusts them. He leans into them. His body goes taut as pleasure sings across him, roaring through him, racing up and down and not ceasing, not ebbing. He hears a noise, high and keening and wonders if that's him. He didn't know he even had noises left to make.

The grip on the base of his cock eases, the pleasurepressure in him roars to a peak. Shane loses time. He loses space. He's simply consumed, seared, emptied out as his cock spurts again and again and his hole clenches and ripples and sucks.

He goes limp, rag doll limp.

There is blissful nothingness.

There are warm hands on his thighs, dragging something soft and wet down them. Something warm and heavy cocooning him as Shane slowly finds his way back to his body. He feels exhausted, wrung out, and unspeakably suffused with happiness.

"Ilya?" He slurs. It's the only word he knows.

"Right here." Weight shifts on the bed (oh, he's on a bed. Their bed.) And Ilya's long length stretches out next to him. Shane realizes he needs to open his eyes, and finds himself blinking up at Ilya who's staring down at him dopily. "Hi."

"Hi." Shane tilts his head up and Ilya kisses him, long and lush and sweet, cupping his cheek and stroking his cheekbone with this thumb. "I.." Shane manages with a slightly raw throat as Ilya pulls his back to rub his nose against Shane's. "Passed out?"

“Yes,” Ilya chuckles. “You came very hard, and very loudly, and went limp on me. Thank you for that by the way, no panic here. Always cool and collected.”

“Sorry,” Shane chuckles back, not feeling particularly sorry at all. There’s no shame, no embarrassment in him. Just bliss and love and deep, deep gratitude for his husband. “God, that was intense.”

“Yes. I have never seen you come like that. It was very hot.”

“Oh,” Shane says, suddenly frowning. “You... I didn’t...”

Ilya shakes his head with another fond smile and kisses Shane’s forehead. “This was very hot, and not about me. It is enough tonight to give you this, and that you liked it so much.”

“I loved it. Like, wow.”

Ilya hums and pulls Shane into him. Even his touch now makes Shane shiver and remnants of pleasure sing through him. He feels like he’s about to laugh uncontrollably, or also maybe burst into happy tears. “I think I’m a little high,” Shane admits with a laugh that sounds brittle to his own ears.

“Yes,” Ilya agrees with a slow smile. “You look it. It is very cute. I am drawing a bath for us, we can take it and then have dinner in bed.”

Shane frowns. “Crumbs.”

“Ah, you will survive,” Ilya says impatiently, but he’s full of tenderness as he sits up and carefully helps Shane disentangle from the comforter that Ilya apparently swaddled him, and up to his feet. Shane winces at the sting and ache between his legs. Yeah, it was definitely good they waited until the summer to do this. Ilya is studying his face carefully when Shane looks up at him again. “Okay?”

“Mmm, better if you kiss me.”

Ilya cups his face and kisses him slow. Shane lets his eyes drift close again as Ilya kisses him like it’s the first time he’s ever kissed him: careful and loving and full of admiration.

After Shane winces on two very slow steps towards the ensuite, Ilya rolls his eyes and scoops him up. Shane doesn’t protest, just lets himself be gently manhandled into the wonderfully hot water, and leans back when Ilya sinks in behind him. Ilya draws him back against his chest and passes Shane a waterbottle and Shane... Shane drifts.

Happy, sated, perfectly content.

“You are so bad at this.”

“Shut up.”

“Why did you buy this game if you are so fucking bad at this?”

“Because it’s about *us*,” Shane grits out and smashes his thumbs on the controller. He feels more than sees Ilya’s smirk next to him.

“You had this before I came here for the first time.”

“Shut up, shut up, shut up,” Shane growls and then flings his controller across the couch in a fit of pique as Ilya scores on him, his little Rozanov avatar celebrating nearly as obnoxiously as Ilya does on the couch next to him, where he’s leapt up and is doing some god-awful victory dance that includes way too much hip-gyration for Shane’s current level of liking.

“You are so delightfully bad at this,” Ilya crows again and then has the gall to smack a kiss to Shane’s cheek. “Terrible. Thank god you are better at real life hockey.”

“Yeah, fuck off. Good thing you’re pretty.”

“Good thing you like my hand up your ass, you mean.”

For that, Shane wallops him with a pillow and winces at the still present ache inside him.

“I think you rearranged my insides.”

“I think you fucking begged me to do that.”

“Yeah, yeah. I blew you like five times yesterday to say thank you.”

“Hollander, do not pretend that wasn’t as much for you as it was for me.”

Shane throws up his hands in frustration and flops back into the couch pillows. “Let me live,” he moans, covering his face and refusing to give into Ilya trying to find a way between his fingers to kiss him.

“Poor Shane,” Ilya laughs as he finally gives up and pats Shane’s knee. “We are going to have to figure out what we tell your parents about your limp when they come over tonight.”

“Tweaked glute,” Shane grits out. “I already texted my mom.”

Ilya is silent so Shane risks a glance at him. His eyebrow is almost at his hairline. “You think Yuna bought that?”

“Rozanov, I honestly am not going to spend time wondering what my mom thinks about our sex life.”

“So cranky,” Ilya laughs and then stands up and stretches. “Snack? More water? A beer?”

“Snack,” Shane says, leaning his head back against the couch cushions and accepting a kiss this time. “And beer.”

“That’s my guy,” Ilya says fondly and chucks his chin just to be obnoxious.

Shane's phone buzzes next to him as Ilya putters in the kitchen, humming something off tune.

Rose: So excited to see you guys in a few weeks! Remind me what I can bring for my visit?

Shane: Nothing, just yourself. And patience for Ilya.

Rose: Well that's easy. How's it been so far, champ? Enjoying resting upon your laurels?

Shane: Nice, relaxing.

He pauses, taps his phone against his chin and decides to have a bit of fun.

Shane: Oh, thought you should know, Ilya and I fisted the other day.

Rose: Lol, fisted or fished? I see what you did there.

Shane: I don't have autocorrect issues.

Rose: Shane.

Rose: SHANE!

Missed call from Rose

Missed call from Rose

Rose: Shane "I Prefer To Be The Hole" Hollander, you pick up your phone.

"Do not torture your girlfrined," Ilya drawls from behind him and Shane laughs and tosses his phone across the couch so he can crawl into Ilya's side as he comes back with plates loaded with chips and dip and carrot sticks, and two beers.

"She's fine. Rose likes to be teased."

"Hm," Ilya glowers at him. "And your long suffering husband?"

"You do not," Shane admits, pressing a kiss to Ilya's jaw. "Which is why I always give you exactly what you want."

"Oh?" Ilya's gaze is decidedly hot as he looks at Shane. "That being what?"

"Me," Shane says smugly. "And whatever else you ask for."

End Notes

Ilya calls Shane "My fesity little Seabass" on the flight to Seattle, and "my clever little beet" on their date.

Thanks for reading! Comments alllllwaaayyyyyyysssss appreciated.

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