

The Secret

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The Secret

by [dntat](#)

Summary

Ilya leaned in closer to Shane's ear. He almost jerked away, but managed to stop himself as Ilya spoke. "Is very loud in here. And you have a long story to tell. So we should go somewhere that you can tell it to me."

Shane looked at Ilya. This was dangerous. So dangerous. But he had been careful for so long. And he knew how to be safe. Maybe he could allow himself this little bit of happiness. He could be selfish this one time. What was the worst that could happen?

Or: Shane has a secret. Ilya is going to figure it out.

Chapter 1: Friday, October 17, 2025

Chapter Notes

This was supposed to be a silly monsterfucking oneshot for Halloween yet somehow evolved into a soft and loving multi-chapter fic instead. Hope you enjoy!

Thank you [princebutt](#) for the beta read!

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

Friday, October 17, 2025

It was beer league hockey.

A mediocre rink, a mediocre team, a mediocre everything. The stands were mostly empty besides a handful of partners and kids. The players were all exceptionally average, people with day jobs who just wanted to have fun blowing off some steam a couple times a week.

Shane loved it.

Well, maybe *love* was a little strong. He liked it. Liked the cover it provided for him. Liked that it gave him the opportunity to play hockey without too many eyes on him.

He didn't like having to hold back his skating, his shots, his strength, his skills. But he couldn't make it look too easy, or people would start paying attention, and that was bad. If people started paying attention, he'd have to leave. And that would involve fabricating a new identity, and finding a new job and – worst of all – making new friends, all so he could join another mediocre beer league and play the sport he loved.

Except someone was making it really fucking hard for Shane to stick to his plan of maintaining mediocracy.

Ilya fucking Rozanov.

(His middle name wasn't actually fucking. Shane had actually fallen down quite the rabbit hole on Wikipedia recently, learning about Russian naming traditions. For no particular reason, of course. But now wasn't the time to be thinking of that.)

Ilya Rozanov, the newest member of the opposing team. Ilya Rozanov, who had been chirping at him all night. Ilya Rozanov, who was charging down the ice on a breakaway. Who was skating towards his net while all Shane could do was watch from behind the boards. When Ilya scored – *again* – Shane gritted his teeth. It's just beer league, he told himself. Just beer league. Just beer league.

Ilya stopped in front of Shane on his way back to the bench. "Did you see that, Hollander?" he asked, a teasing grin on his face. "Is called scoring. You should try it sometime."

By the time Shane got out on the ice, he couldn't help himself. The moment the puck dropped, he scooped it up and went flying down the ice with all his considerable strength. A moment later, the puck was in the net. Two minutes later, it was in the net again.

Shane's team won the game that night.

There was much back slapping and knocking of helmets from his team as they left the ice, and cries of, "That's how it's done Hollzy!" and, "Let's see that again next week, Shanesy boy!"

Shane smiled awkwardly, disliking being in the centre of his team's attention. It was a relief to hear some of the guys shouting it was time to head to the bar.

After their games, as was tradition, the teams piled into Monk's, the cramped, dimly lit bar next to the rink. Shane didn't usually go to the post-game drinks but he felt like he could use a little human interaction tonight. Just for a little while. Or at least that's what he told himself as he leaned against the corner of the bar, sipping his beer and scanning through the crowd as his teammates mingled with the opposing team.

He was almost finished with drink and about to give the whole night up as a bad call when he felt the presence of someone sidling up next to him.

"I am surprised to see you here," said a voice in a Russian accent.

Shane turned. Ilya fucking Rozanov stood next to him, looking unfairly handsome, as always, with his tousled blond curls, his hazel eyes and his unnaturally white teeth. Shane was sure he had gotten some sort of dental work done.

"I didn't think you were here," Shane said, the surprise evident in his voice.

Ilya smiled, clearly amused. "Have you been looking for me?"

Shane could feel the blush colouring his cheeks. "No," he said quickly. Too quickly. His tongue itched at the lie, and he was forced to continue. "I just didn't see you in the crowd. I thought you'd be like, flirting with the waitress or something."

"Not tonight," Ilya said dryly. "Tonight, I am trying to flirt with someone else."

Shane's eyebrows rose. "Who?" he asked, scanning the crowd. He didn't see anyone that looked like Ilya's type. Tall. Blonde. Beautiful.

Ilya ignored the question and took another sip of his beer. "I have played against you four times now," he finally said. "It is easy to see you are an excellent skater. Why do you hold back?"

Shane felt his shoulders get tense. "I just want to have fun with the team," he said, sidestepping the truth just a little bit. It wasn't a full-out lie, but he could still feel a bit of an

itch, so he continued. "If I play like I want to, it might make people... think of me differently. And I don't want that. I just want to play without anyone asking me any questions." There. That was the truth.

Ilya cocked his head at him. "Then why not play in a better league?"

Shane sighed. "It's a long story."

"You could tell me," Ilya smiled suggestively. "At my place."

Shane stared at Ilya. "At your place? You just said you were trying to flirt with someone else! Why are you asking me? Unless..." Shane's eyes grew wide. "You're trying to flirt with me? Are you—"

"Hollander," Ilya cut him off, and wow, okay, Shane did like how his name sounded rolling off those plush lips with that Russian accent wrapped around them. "I am flirting with you."

"You're gay?" Shane said, and then immediately wanted to claw the words back. His treacherous mouth had other ideas, and continued. "But you always leave with women when the teams come here."

Ilya looked at him fully then, a crooked smile on his face. "You *have* been watching me."

Shane's cheeks were burning. Ilya seemed to take pity on him and continued. "I am bisexual."

"Oh," said Shane stupidly.

"Is that why you are always avoiding me, when you are here?" Ilya asked, curiosity in his voice. "You thought I only liked women?"

"No!" said Shane. His tongue felt like it was on fire. He had to spit out the truth immediately. "Yes! Yes. I have been avoiding you. I didn't think you'd be interested in..." he gestured helplessly to himself. "This. And I didn't want to make a fool of myself by trying."

His cheeks were flaming now. How fucking embarrassing. This is why he only ever watched, and never approached. This is why he kept his friendships superficial. Fuck, and now Ilya was looking at him. Probably wondering what the best way to drop this whole situation was.

But then Ilya leaned in closer to Shane's ear. He almost jerked away, but managed to stop himself as Ilya spoke. "Is very loud in here. And you have a long story to tell. So we should go somewhere that you can tell it to me."

Shane looked at Ilya. This was dangerous. So dangerous. But he had been careful for so long. And he knew how to be safe. Maybe he could allow himself this little bit of happiness. He could be selfish this one time. What was the worst that could happen?

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Ilya called them an Uber and soon they were making their way across town. Shane buckled himself in his seat and looked out the window. He wasn't sure what he should say. It had been a long while since he had done something like this. Definitely since before Uber, and what was becoming an increasingly awkward ride as the silence dragged on. Shane was just trying to think of something – anything – to say when Ilya sidled up next to him and placed a large, warm hand on his thigh. Shane looked up at him. His hazel eyes were glittering in the low light. He looked fucking beautiful. Shane could feel the last of his defenses crumbling. He was never this reckless. Never this stupid. But still, even with all his alarm bells ringing, he let Ilya bend down and kiss him.

They made out furiously for the next ten minutes while their Uber maneuvered through the city. Shane should have been mortified, but he was too lost in the moment. He had wanted this for so long, and he was pressed up against the window as Ilya attacked his mouth, and it all felt so good, so *right*. To attempt to resist the pull of Ilya Rozanov any longer would be hopeless.

When they arrived outside Ilya's apartment, Shane shot the driver an apologetic glance and quickly passed her a fifty-dollar tip before getting out of the car. Ilya, who apparently had no qualms about making out in public spaces, was on him again as soon as they were in the elevator, his tongue in his mouth, his hands roaming Shane's body. Up his arms, across his chest, into his long hair.

Shane jerked his head away. "Not the ears," he said quickly. Ilya stared down at him. Shane could feel himself blushing again. He was fucking this up. "I just... don't like people touching my ears," he said.

His tongue itched like crazy. He had to say something else, something to counteract the lie. Because it *was* a lie. He fucking loved it. It felt amazing to have the long line of his ears stroked. But he *couldn't* have that, because if people touched his ears, they were more likely to figure out his secret. And that would be very bad. "I mean, I do. But. I can't."

That didn't make any sense, but Ilya accepted his stuttering graciously.

"Okay," he said, gently pulling his hands out of Shane's hair and squeezing his shoulders instead. "Is there anything else I should know?"

Shane wasn't planning on letting them get to any point where he'd have to talk about anything else Ilya should have to know, so he just shook his head. Thankfully, the elevator door chimed, and they made their way down the hall to Ilya's apartment.

The apartment was gorgeous, all clean lines and sleek, uncomplicated furniture. Shane took a minute to admire it, before turning his attention back to his prize. Ilya stood in the living room, watching him with hooded eyes.

Shane didn't want to wait a minute longer. He crossed the room to Ilya and then kept moving, pushing him back until he fell against the sofa behind him. Shane immediately sank to his knees in front of him.

“Fuck, Hollander,” he heard Ilya whisper as he unbuckled Ilya’s belt and began tugging his pants down.

Ilya was already hard when Shane pulled his boxers back. Shane eyed his cock appreciatively. Ilya was long and thick and uncut. And just as gorgeous as the rest of him. Wrapping a hand around the base, he looked up at Ilya.

“This okay?” he whispered.

Ilya nodded. His eyes were fixed on Shane. “*Da*. Yes, Shane.”

Shane shuddered. He really did like how his name sounded in Ilya's accent. Then, taking a deep breath, Shane parted his lips and licked the moisture beading at the tip of Ilya’s dick.

Ilya groaned deeply. Taking this as an encouraging sign, Shane continued to tease Ilya, alternating between licking and sucking as he reacquainted himself with the sensation of having a cock in his mouth. It really had been a long time. Probably too long. He could feel his own erection straining in his pants. But he could deal with that later.

He was so caught up in enjoying Ilya’s cock that he almost didn’t hear when the other man gasped his name above him. Shane spared a moment to glance up. Ilya was staring down at him. Shane hummed around him in return and Ilya threw back his head. Shane wanted to bite the long column of his neck. He settled for lightly tugging on Ilya’s balls instead, making him groan again.

Shane watched as Ilya’s hand rose up, as if to grab his hair, but then fell back to his side, his fist clenched. It reminded him of how much he was risking, just by having this close contact. But he didn’t want to think of that right now. So he closed his eyes and redoubled his efforts, humming appreciatively as he felt Ilya’s cock hit the back of his throat.

“Fuck. *Fuck*. I am going to come if you keep that up,” Ilya said.

Shane took Ilya even deeper as he dug his fingers into the other man's thighs.

“I’m going to come. Oh fuck, Hollander.” Ilya groaned. At his warning, Shane pulled off and replaced his mouth with his hand. He wasn’t sure he was ready to take a load of come in his mouth.

Seconds later, Ilya erupted and Shane watched, transfixed, as his body shuddered through his release.

For a moment the only sound in the room was Ilya’s ragged breathing. Then, feeling a bit silly kneeling on the floor, Shane stood on slightly unsteady legs.

“I’m going to just...” he held up his come-covered hand. Ilya nodded from where he was sprawled out on the couch, his chest still heaving.

In the kitchen, Shane quickly rinsed off his hand while taking a deep, steadying breath. He had his fun and now it was time to get out of here.

When he returned to the living room, Ilya had tucked himself away but had lost his shirt in the process. Which, Shane thought, wasn't a fair move at all because seeing Ilya's bare chest really made him want to stay and nuzzle into that broad expanse of skin and muscle. But that was the last thing he possibly could do. So instead he stood awkwardly in front of Ilya instead.

"So, I'll probably get going then," he said. Ilya frowned and reached out to grab Shane's wrist, pulling him down onto the couch. Shane wanted to resist. *Should* resist. Yet he found himself seated.

"What is the rush? We are not done here," Ilya said, and rubbed a hand against the front of Shane's jeans. Panic swept through him, and he caught Ilya's wrist. "No. Ilya, wait."

Ilya stopped immediately. "What is wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," Shane said, embarrassment burning through him. "I just... I just can't."

"Cannot what?" Ilya asked, amused. "Hollander, I can feel you getting hard already. And trust me, I am very good at this."

A laugh, high and shrill, escaped Shane. "I have no doubt," he said. "But I just can't." His tongue was itching like mad. He chewed nervously on it, but he couldn't think of anything else to say. There was no telling the truth when it came to this.

Except Ilya's brows were furrowing as he regarded Shane. "Are you sick? Do you have a partner?"

"What? No! Gods no. Absolutely not," Shane said with a vehement shake of his head. He took a deep breath. There had to be some way around this. "I'm... shy. About people... seeing me," he said finally.

Ilya regarded him thoughtfully. "Are you not aware that you are very beautiful?" he asked finally. Matter of factly. Shane could feel himself going red again.

"Um. No," he muttered, and Ilya grinned.

"Are you shy about taking your shirt off also? Or just your pants?"

"Just... just my pants."

"Then come here," Ilya said, patting his thighs. "I will be good."

After a moment's hesitation, Shane swung a leg over Ilya's thick thighs, straddling him. And then they were kissing again, and fuck, it felt good. So fucking good. The feeling of Ilya's tongue in his mouth, of his hands roaming across his body... It was a dangerous and heady combination.

After a few minutes, Ilya tugged at the bottom of his shirt, and Shane allowed him to pull it over his head. The obstacle removed, he was ready to dive back into kissing, but Ilya leaned back against the couch, looking at him. Admiring him, Shane realized.

Ilya's finger found a faint mark on Shane's chest and traced it. Then did the same to another on his side. Shane felt his panic resurge in him, tenfold. Could Ilya see...? Even faintly? If so, it was another reason on a long fucking list of reasons why he had to get out of here.

"Are these tattoos?" Ilya asked as he found another mark on Shane's shoulder.

"More like... something I was born with," Shane said nervously. His tongue itched. He wanted to get up, to run for the door, but Ilya was shifting, rolling Shane onto his back and covering his body with his own. And they were kissing again, and Ilya was grinding his hips down on Shane's, and he couldn't help but rut back up against him. He could feel his erection pressing against his jeans, and wanted nothing more than to grab it, have *Ilya* grab it, but instead he kept moving his body against the larger one on top of him, kept allowing Ilya's hot tongue to slide deep in his mouth, and soon he was flying right on the edge.

"Ilya," he choked out.

Ilya just pressed his hips against Shane's even harder, and Shane couldn't resist any longer. Pleasure ripped through him, hot and all-encompassing. He could feel the heat of his orgasm spreading in his boxers as he cried out.

It took a few moments and a few deep breaths before the world re-focused itself, and when it did, Ilya's face came back into view with it. The larger man was smiling down at Shane, who, as the pleasure faded from him, was feeling more embarrassed by the second.

He covered his face with his hands. "I cannot believe I just did that," he groaned, and tried to roll off the couch. It was past time to go.

But Ilya grabbed him around the waist and held on. "Been a while?" he asked, a teasing lilt to his voice.

And Shane wanted to pull away – he did! – but instead he let himself be pulled back against Ilya. "Yeah, it has," he admitted, a chagrined smile spreading across his face.

Ilya rolled to the side and wedged himself between the back of the couch and Shane's shoulder. "Is flatting, you know. To make a grown man come in his pants."

"Shut up," Shane said, but there was no real heat to it.

Ilya propped his head on his hand to look down at Shane. Shane dreaded what was going to happen next.

"Do you want to stay?" Ilya said.

Shane shook his head. "I can't," he said. But oh, he wanted to. He wanted to fall asleep in Ilya's bed and wake up at his side. But he couldn't. It wasn't possible.

The smile on Ilya's face faded a bit, but he didn't say anything as he raised himself off the couch. Shane got up as well, and pulled his shirt back on. When he looked back at Ilya, his gaze was intense. As if he was daring Shane to stay. And gods, Shane wanted to take that dare. But instead he put his shirt and shoes on and placed a hand on the doorknob.

“Well, goodnight then,” he said awkwardly. “And thanks.”

Ilya, who had joined him at the door, stared at him for a moment before giving him a brief kiss. “Goodnight, Hollander.”

Shane smiled weakly, and then he was gone.

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After Shane bolted out of his apartment, Ilya took a moment to take stock of the situation.

Hooking up with Shane Hollander had been an object of his for a while now. Ever since he had seen the other man take off his helmet after the first game their teams played against each other. He had been immediately struck by Shane. He had just been so interesting to look at. And from the glances Shane had thrown his way, he knew the attraction wasn't one sided.

So he had attempted to get closer. But every time he tried to make a move, the other man seemed to disappear. One minute Ilya would be approaching him at the bar, the next he would be nowhere to be found. It was unnerving. Until last night. It seemed like his teasing and chirping had caused Hollander's defenses to break. If he had known it would be that easy, he would have started in the first minute of their first game together.

Still, it had been a shock when he had made it to Shane's side at the bar, with how the man usually disappeared between one blink and the next. And then to have him agree to come back to Ilya's place... it had felt like a dream. So had Hollander's mouth on his cock. He has been so enthusiastic. Ilya wanted to be the recipient of that enthusiasm again.

Ilya considered the path forward. He didn't have Shane's number. He could probably get it from someone on his team if he asked around, but he wasn't that desperate. Grabbing his phone, he pulled up the game schedule. His team would be playing Hollander's again in two weeks. He could wait two weeks to feel those pretty pink lips again. No problem.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! ❤️ Next chapter is coming out on Wednesday.

You can also shout about Hollanov with me on [tumblr](#) or [Instagram](#).

Chapter 2: Friday, October 24, 2025

Chapter Notes

Happy Wednesday! Ilya continues to try and determine who - or what - Shane is. Hope you enjoy!

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

Friday, October 24, 2025

When Shane's phone buzzed, he considered ignoring it. It was either spam or Hayden texting him, and he didn't feel like dealing with either right now.

But if it was Hayden and he ignored him for too long, he would just call, and Shane really didn't feel like talking right now. Sighing, he got off the couch and grabbed his phone from the kitchen counter. It was a text from an unknown number. He swiped it open.

Unknown: Is this Shane Hollander?

Shane: Yes. Who is this?

Unknown: Ilya Rozanov

Shane stared down at his phone as a mixture of fear and adrenaline shot through him. This could be bad. Or it could be nothing. He took a breath, and saved the number to his contacts.

Shane: How did you get my number?

Ilya: Hayden gave it to me. Are you busy tonight?

Shane was going to have to ask Hayden more about this later. But for now he turned back to his phone.

Shane: No. Why?

Ilya: Come over.

Another frisson of panic went down his spine. There was no way. It was too dangerous. He couldn't. He had rules and safeguards and plans in place. He did not allow himself to go... galivanting off to see someone just because they texted him. Absolutely not. Not even beautiful men with eyes that were like sparkling... somethings. Shane shook his head. He knew things were getting bad if he, of all beings, was forgetting what specific gemstones looked like.

He texted back.

Shane: Ok. What time?

Ilya: 7

Shane: See you then.

Shane stared at his phone. He was fucked.

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Shane stood outside Ilya's apartment building. The Uber had only been fifteen minutes, and he had been on his best behaviour. Both to maintain his 4.9 passenger rating, and because he had a sneaking suspicion it was the same driver as he and Ilya had last week, and that she had been laughing at him.

He texted Ilya.

Shane: I'm here

And the door buzzed open.

The elevator ride to Ilya's apartment seemed to take no time at all. Shane would have appreciated it taking another hour or two, at least. But before he knew it, he was standing in front of Ilya's door. He paused. He could just... turn around and leave. Go back to the safety of home. But almost against his command, his hand raised up and he was knocking.

Ilya answered the door a moment later. He was wearing low slung sweatpants and no shirt. All thoughts of leaving fled Shane's mind.

"Hi," he choked out.

Ilya gave him a crooked smile that immediately sent a shot of arousal coursing through him. Shane had a feeling this human knew exactly what he was doing with that look.

"Hey," Ilya said, and led Shane into his apartment.

Shane thought they might go straight to the bedroom, but Ilya led him to the kitchen instead. Opening the fridge, he grabbed two bottles. A coke and, Shane saw, a ginger ale.

Ilya handed him the second bottle. "Here. You like this shit, right?"

Shane tried to school his features into something that would represent a normal response to being handed a bottle of ginger ale. "Yeah, I do. How'd you know?"

Ilya gave a half-shrug. "You have drank it at the bar before."

Shane could feel his heart beating in his chest at the thoughtfulness. To be *noticed* in this way, to have the *effort* taken. It was such a small gesture. Practically nothing. But it felt like

more when he held the bottle in his hand. When he had been so lonely, for so long.

He put the drink down on the counter and strode across the kitchen. Once he was in front of Ilya, he kissed him.

They were immediately on each other, all grabbing hands and frantic, biting mouths. They stumbled out of the kitchen, shedding their shirts along the way. Shane reveled in the feeling of Ilya's large hands on him, running up and down his chest, only pausing to pinch his nipples and tease the hair at the back of his neck. When they reached Ilya's bedroom, the larger man pushed Shane gently until he was laying on the bed, and then crawled on top of him. He was about to reach for the bedside light when Shane stopped him.

"Can we leave it off?"

Ilya paused for a moment, staring down at Shane. Then his eyes narrowed. Even with the minimal light leaking in from behind the blackout curtains, it almost looked like Shane's eyes were... glowing. No, glowing wasn't quite the right word. They were reflective. Like a cat's eyes.

But then Shane's hands were back on him, tracing the lines of his chest and stomach, and Ilya pushed aside his curiosity for now.

They kissed again, Shane could hear the needy little whines Ilya was pulling from his throat, but he couldn't stop himself from making them. It felt amazing to have Ilya's muscular body pressed against his own. He wanted to feel more of it. With this goal in mind, he began working at Ilya's pants. Ilya quickly joined him, and soon he was kicking off his jeans and throwing them on the floor. Then Ilya cocked a questioning eye in Shane's direction.

"Do those stay on?" he asked, rubbing a hand up Shane's jean-covered thigh. Shane could feel the alarm bells ringing in his brain, along with the warning sirens and the klaxon blasts. They were all going off at the same time, and causing quite a racket, all to say the same thing. This was a very bad, horrible, no good, terrible idea.

Then Ilya began rubbing the hard line of his erection through his pants.

"They can come off," Shane said quickly. "But I need to keep my boxers on."

Instead of answering, Ilya kissed him, then again on his neck.

"What're you doing?" Shane whispered. Ilya kissed him again, nipping his collarbone before he began making his way down Shane's chest.

"I am taking your jeans off," Ilya replied, kissing Shane's sternum. He paused above Shane's belly button, rubbing a hand over his stomach. "You are so smooth," he said, amusement in his voice.

Shane attempted to wiggle out of Ilya's grasp, without success. "It's natural, alright? I can't help it."

“Is not bad,” Ilya said, pulling the band of his boxers down just slightly and kissing the newly exposed skin. It made Shane tense up and gasp. “I like it.”

Shane was breathing heavily when Ilya finally flicked the button on his jeans open. Ilya looked up at him. “You know you do not need to do this, yes?” he said.

Shane looked at him with those wide, shining eyes. Ilya stared back. He really had never seen anything like them before.

“I just...really need to keep my boxers on,” Shane said. “But I want this. I do.” He hesitated again. “Please, Ilya.”

Ilya wasn’t going to argue with that. He unzipped Shane’s jeans and tugged them off. Throwing them to the ground, he covered Shane’s body with his own.

Shane didn’t think he’d ever get used to feeling Ilya’s weight pressed on top of him. It felt amazing. Warm and safe and sexy, all at the same time.

He kissed Ilya again, and feeling bold, allowed himself to grind up against the larger man. At the same time his hands began roaming Ilya’s body, quickly making their way to his rigid cock. Ilya groaned as Shane reached inside his boxers and squeezed him gently. Ilya felt just as amazing as last time. Long and thick and uncut. Shane wanted... Well Shane wanted lots of things, but for now, he wanted to feel Ilya come apart again. It seemed like Ilya wanted the same thing, because he rolled off of Shane and onto his side while pushing his boxers down, giving Shane better access.

Shane took a moment to enjoy the sight of a nearly naked Ilya Rozanov again. The man truly was a vision. Shane had no doubt he would have been interested in Ilya even without the intense pull he was currently experiencing. He began moving his hand slowly, jerking Ilya off. He didn’t want this to end too soon. Didn’t want to have to leave again. He wanted to get his mouth on that cock again. Wanted to feel it deep down his throat. Wanted to feel it everywhere, really.

He was absorbed in his thoughts when Ilya reached down and rubbed him through his boxers. He froze.

“Is this okay?” Ilya asked against his neck.

Shane’s mind was going a million miles a minute. He couldn’t, could he? No. He absolutely couldn’t. Unless. Maybe. He could?

He knew he had taken too long to answer when Ilya removed his hand. He missed the heavy feel of it, the warmth of it, immediately.

“No, please,” he gasped and he could see Ilya watching him with a disbelieving look on his face.

“Please,” Shane said again. “I want it. But just... could you just hold it? And not move?”

Shane watched the confusion wash over Ilya's face. But then Ilya was holding his dick again, grabbing it through the cloth of his boxers with his large hand, so that was a good sign, right? He gave a tentative twist of his own hand, and enjoyed the hitched, ragged breath he got in return.

Encouraged, he started jerking Ilya off again with smooth motions. Ilya thrust into his fist but his own hand stayed still on Shane's dick. And fuck, it felt so good to have someone just touch him again. It had been years, or probably decades really, since he'd allowed someone to get this close to him.

The alarm bells that were still going off in the back of his mind rang louder as he thought about what he was doing, but he blocked them out. It was too good, having this beautiful Russian man laying beside him, biting his neck and breathing into his ear as Shane jerked him off. It had been too long. He needed this. He deserved this happiness.

Ilya was truly thrusting into his hand now. "I am close," he grunted. Shane moved his hand faster, and a moment later Ilya was coming on the bed between them, his hand clenching hard around Shane's dick as he did. It felt so good, Shane nearly joined him from that alone.

Ilya lay in his post-orgasm haze for a moment before turning to Shane. "And what about you?" he paused, and Shane knew he was about to be teased. "Do you want to come in your pants again?"

Shane smacked Ilya lightly on the chest. Ilya squeezed his dick in response. Shane gasped. He was so fucking horny. He couldn't remember the last time he had felt this tightly wound. He really did want to come. Maybe he could just... but no. It was too dangerous. But he wanted, so badly. And it had been so long... And this wasn't the usual situation, with Shane feeling such a *pull* towards Ilya. Perhaps... it would be okay. Just this one time.

"Could you rub my ears?" Shane asked, his voice trembling. "Please?"

Ilya stared at him like he was crazy. Shane felt fucking crazy. He was about to roll off the bed and run to the door, clothing be damned, when Ilya pulled himself up and straddled Shane's chest. Shane felt the air momentarily leave his lungs. The view like this was... very nice. Chiseled abs and defined pecs and broad shoulders and a gorgeous smile.

Shane couldn't help the groan that burst out of him when Ilya threaded his fingers through his long hair. It felt really fucking nice. Oh, but then Ilya found his ears, and he was rubbing the line of them, and his hands were calloused, but he was being so gentle, and all thoughts fled Shane's mind besides grabbing his dick and jerking himself off. His arm was at an awkward angle, having to reach around Ilya's bulk, but it didn't matter. This wouldn't take him long.

Ilya was staring down at him. His eyes were wide. Surprised, probably, to find the long, tapered points. But he didn't say anything. Instead he just gently traced the edges, sending intense ripples of pleasure through Shane's whole body.

It didn't take long for Shane to come, his release hot and heavy in his hand.

He took a deep breath as Ilya rolled off him. And then suddenly it was like the world righted itself again.

“Oh, gods,” Shane said. He could hear the panic in his voice. The fear. “Oh fuck. What the fuck was I thinking? Oh shit. I have to go. I have to leave. I have to go. I have to move. *Fuck!* I have to go. I have to pack. I’m so sorry.”

A large hand wrapped around his wrist. Ilya. Shane stared at him.

“Stay,” Ilya said.

Shane wanted to pull away. *Needed* to pull away. He had broken every rule. He had ignored every line he had promised never to cross again. He was in danger if he stayed here for a second longer. He had to go home, pack up his few possessions, and leave this town forever.

“Shane,” Ilya said. His voice, calm and deep, cut through the frantic thoughts crowding Shane’s mind. “Whatever you are thinking, stop. Is okay. Just stay. We will watch a movie.”

The request was so... normal. He didn’t mention Shane’s ears. Or any of the awkward things he had done. He was looking at Shane in the exact same way he had looked at Shane before. With amusement. With lust, although that was somewhat tapered now. With admiration. With a gentle, crooked smile that didn’t speak of malice, but rather of someone who just had a good fucking orgasm, and wanted to cuddle.

“Okay,” Shane heard himself saying.

A few moments later, they were on the couch, watching some action movie Shane had never heard of before.

They chatted a bit throughout, mostly Ilya teasing Shane when he admitted to not knowing who the actors were (“That is Rose Landry, she is very famous.”) nor the movie (“You have not heard of X-Squad? There are like twenty movies in this series.”) but mostly they were quiet.

Ilya slowly maneuvered Shane until he was laying between Ilya’s legs, his head resting on his chest. Then Ilya’s fingers eventually found their way into Shane’s hair, brushing the soft strands back from his face and occasionally skimming against the length of his ears. Each touch sent a small, thrilling shiver down Shane’s spine.

After the movie ended they went to bed, and Shane fell asleep almost immediately with the comforting weight of Ilya’s thick arm wrapped around him.

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As Ilya drove to work that morning, he reflected on his time with Shane.

The first time they had hooked up, he had seriously considered the thought that Shane had, in fact, lied about having a partner. He was just so obviously hiding something. But after being with him again last night, Ilya knew that wasn’t it. But there was definitely something he was holding back. Something big.

There was just... an aura about him. The strange marks that covered his skin. The way his skin never really felt like skin at all under Ilya's fingers. His extremely unusual ears. His reflective eyes. How he refused to let Ilya see him completely naked. And so many other signs and small behaviours pointing to something extremely weird going on.

Ilya's mind flew back to the morning. He had woken up before Shane, and had taken a moment to admire the sleeping man next to him. Shane's dark hair was fanned out across the pillow, his breaths even in sleep. He looked gorgeous. Ilya knew he was extremely good looking, but Shane... Shane was on another level. He looked unearthly. Otherworldly.

He blinked. Those were not words he usually used to describe *anything*. But they made sense for Shane, for some strange reason. Just like insisting that Shane stay over had made sense. It wasn't something Ilya ever really did with his hookups, and he was surprised at how badly he had wanted to fall asleep next to Shane. Be wrapped around Shane. It had seemed like Shane may have needed it, too. Needed to be calmed down, at the very least, before he flew out the door. Ilya hadn't forgotten the other man's freakout. His insistence that he had to move. What has that been all about?

Shane had seemed calmer in the morning, but had still bolted out of Ilya's apartment at the first opportunity, spouting lacklustre apologies and excuses even as he edged out the door.

Ilya continued to puzzle on it as he drove. It felt like the answer to all his questions about Shane were buzzing just outside of his brain. He frowned. That wasn't right. His mind did know the answer. He could *feel* it. It was right *there*. But when he tried to touch it, tried to wrap his hands around the thought, it escaped him, floating just out of reach. He frowned again. He was not used to feeling out of the loop on things, and Shane definitely made him feel that way.

He would just have to see him again, and get to the bottom of this mystery of who, exactly, Shane was.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! ❤️ Final chapter is coming out on Friday.

You can also shout about Hollanov with me on [tumblr](#) or [Instagram](#).

Chapter 3: Friday, October 31, 2025

Chapter Notes

Happy Halloween y'all! Hope you enjoy the conclusion to this soft and silly monsterfucking fic.

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

Thursday, October 30, 2025

Ilya stared at his phone screen. He had triple texted. He *never* triple texted. He never *double* texted. He barely texted at all. And yet he had triple texted... and even worse, he had triple texted and *called*.

[Monday, October 27, 5:15pm] Ilya: Are you busy?

[Tuesday, October 28, 7:04pm] Ilya: Come over tonight.

[Thursday, October 30, 11:49am] Ilya: Did you die?

[Thursday, October 30, 6:12pm] Outgoing call: Shane Hollander (unanswered)

Each had been ignored. He could see the read receipts. Yet here he was, contemplating a fourth text. Annoyed, he closed the messaging app. It was one thing for Shane to be nervous about something. It was another thing to ignore him entirely. Ilya didn't know him too well yet, but from what he *did* know, Shane didn't do that type of thing.

Something was going on. And drastic times called for drastic measures.

He flipped to his contacts and pressed call on Hayden's number.

A few rings later, Hayden's voice came through the line. "Hello?"

Ilya could hear the sound of a child yelling in the background. "Hey. It's Ilya."

"Oh. What's up?" Hayden sounded a bit confused at Ilya's call, and that was fair. It wasn't like they were friends. Ilya only had his number because of the beer league group chat. Still, the man had given him Shane's number. Because of course Shane wasn't in the league chat. That would be too easy.

"I need Shane's address."

There was silence from the other end. Well, silence except for what now sounded like two yelling children.

“Sorry man, can’t help you,” Hayden finally said.

“Why not?” Ilya asked. He knew he sounded annoyed, and tried to rein it back.

“I actually uh... I don’t know it.” Hayden said.

“What?” Ilya asked. “You are friends. How do you not know? Have you never been to his place?”

He could practically hear the shrug over the phone. “I just don’t, man. He’s a private guy. I don’t think he’s ever had anyone from the team over.” Hayden’s voice held a note of dawning realization. “Huh. Weird. I never really thought about it.”

Ilya held back a sigh. It was possibly weird. Possibly not. But paired with everything else... “Do you know if he is going to be at the game tomorrow?” he asked instead.

“I dunno. Probably. He said he’d be there in the team chat when we did roll call,” Hayden said.

“Fine,” Ilya said, and ended the call. He didn’t want to talk to Hayden when he had so much to think about. Namely how Shane Hollander was probably not human and definitely fucking ghosting him.

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Friday, October 31, 2025

The next day, Ilya walked to the rink with one goal. Find Shane Hollander.

Well, two goals. Find Shane Hollander, and kick his ass at hockey.

After getting his gear on, he skated around the rink. His eyes scanned the opposing team’s bench. Then the tunnel. Then, his nerves rising, the stands. There was no sign of Shane.

His stomach tightened uncomfortably. Shane had said he had to leave when he was panicking in Ilya’s room. But he wouldn’t have actually done that, would he?

Ilya tried to focus on his warm ups, but his eyes kept drifting to the other side of the rink. He was just beginning to consider leaving the rink and... doing what, exactly? Shane wouldn’t answer him, and he didn’t know where he lived. Tonight was his best bet of making contact.

The ref’s whistle blew, signaling the start of the game. Annoyed, Ilya skated towards his bench. As he found a seat behind the boards, a head of black hair caught his eye on the opposing bench. There was Shane! Sitting with his team, looking gorgeous and unbothered. The prickle of annoyance that had been living inside Ilya for the past few days flared to full on frustration. Shane had been ignoring him, on purpose. There was no doubt. But then why was he here?

The game was a blur. Ilya played well, but his attention was split. Yes, a part of him was focused on winning. But a much larger part was focused on Shane, who played an

unremarkable game, just like he had used to before their... whatever it was had started. Ilya found he was almost more annoyed at that than Shane ghosting him. The man was remarkable, that much was obvious. He shouldn't be holding himself back like this. He was so much more than the small box he was cramming himself in.

The final buzzer sounded. Ilya ignored his team as they lined up to shake hands with the opposition and instead skated directly to Shane, who seemed to be waiting for him.

"You have been ignoring me," he said.

Shane looked at him with wide, fearful eyes. In the bright light of the arena, Ilya saw his pupils weren't circular, but more elongated. Like a vertical slit. How had he never noticed that before?

"Ilya..." Shane began, just as another player skated up. Hayden circled around them before stopping behind Shane.

"He bothering you, Shane?" Hayden asked. "He called me the other day, looking for you."

Ilya glared, but Shane's eyes softened. "You called Hayden? Looking for me?"

"Yes," said Ilya. "These are the depths you are making me sink to."

"Hey, asshole—" Hayden began, but Shane cut him off.

"It's alright Hayds. I've... I've just been a bit of an idiot. I just need a minute with Ilya."

Hayden eyed them dubiously, but skated to the changing room. Shane watched him leave, then turned to Ilya.

"You were trying to get a hold of me?"

"Yes," said Ilya shortly. "Was it not obvious by the texts?"

Shane had the wherewithal to look chagrined. "I'm sorry for not answering you," he said. "I had a lot of stuff to deal with. But I would like to talk, if you're open to it."

"Okay." Ilya agreed.

"Do you... want to come to my place?" Shane asked hesitantly.

"Da. Meet you outside in twenty?" Ilya asked, and Shane nodded. Before he could skate off, Ilya grabbed his arm.

"Do not disappear on me again," he warned, and Shane shook his head.

"I won't." He looked Ilya in the eye. "I promise."

Twenty minutes later, Ilya was showered, changed, and waiting across the hall from the opposing team's changing rooms for Shane. The other man emerged a minute later, and upon

seeing Ilya, made a beeline for him.

“I’ll call an Uber,” Shane said once they were walking side by side to the exit.

For some reason, Ilya wasn’t surprised when Shane didn’t give the driver an actual address, but instead just directed him to a cross-street in a quiet, residential neighbourhood.

The ride was silent. Ilya looked at Shane as Shane looked out the window. After leaving the car, they walked another block to a modest apartment building. Shane led the way to a third-floor unit. At the door, he fumbled with his keys, glancing up at Ilya.

“I never have guests,” he said. He sounded nervous. Ilya didn’t think the ‘never’ was an exaggeration.

When Shane finally got the door open, the room they stepped into was unremarkable in every way. The walls were bare. The furniture was plain. The bookshelf was empty. There was a small pile of boxes stacked neatly in the middle of the living room.

“You are leaving,” Ilya said, staring at the boxes.

Shane closed the door and leaned against it. He wouldn’t meet Ilya’s eyes. “Yeah. That’s part of what I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Why?” Ilya asked. He was truly confused. It couldn’t be him, could it? Were a couple hookups really going to make Shane uproot his entire life? It seemed unbelievable.

Shane clasped his hands together at the question. Ilya stepped closer to him. And closer again. He could see more of the markings he had noticed on Shane’s skin on the back of his hands. They were clearer than before. They almost looked like...

“Ilya, you... you can see I’m not like you,” Shane said, derailing his thoughts.

“Yes,” Ilya said. Because he did see. But he didn’t understand. “Why does that mean you have to leave?”

Shane shrugged helplessly. “You must see why. I can’t put down roots. I can’t live anywhere for too long. I can’t have...” he gestured weakly between them. “This.”

“Why?” Ilya demanded again. “What do you think will happen?”

He could see the marks clearly now. Scale-like designs, twisting their way over Shane’s skin. He unzipped Shane’s jacket and pulled it off him, throwing it carelessly on the floor before pushing one of his sleeves up. The scales swirled up his arm, too. Ilya checked his other arm. It was the same.

“What’re you doing?” Shane asked in a whisper.

“You are not... human,” Ilya said, testing the theory out loud. The look on Shane’s face confirmed it. Ilya’s hands slid into his hair, finding his long, pointed ears. They practically stuck out from the hair. How had he not seen? He gently slid his fingers down them, and

Shane shuddered. Ilya's hands travelled lower, down Shane's neck. He could feel the scales now. They were an interesting texture, more like snakeskin than human skin, but warm to the touch. He cradled Shane's face, and looked into his eyes. His cat eyes. The long pupils were oblivious now. "What are you?" he breathed.

"I'm... not like you," Shane said. A non-answer. Ilya was used to getting those from Shane by now.

"Okay," he said, playing along. "So what is it then? Are you a vampire? A werewolf?"

Shane's eyes snapped to his. They really were something to see. So dark they were almost black, with a faint ring of gold around the slit pupil. Gorgeous, really. Just like the rest of him was. "I'm... Well, just look."

Shane pushed Ilya gently. Then, with an expression of grim resolve, he began taking off all his clothes. Ilya watched with great interest and soon, Shane was naked in front of him. A moment later, a faint, shimmering light seemed to pass over him. When it was gone, Shane was still standing there, obviously uncomfortable. He was still Shane. He was just also... more. So much more. It was like the Shane that Ilya had been seeing all this time was a dimmed, lesser, version.

This version of Shane was ethereal. Glowing. Fae.

The cat eyes were larger, more intensely focused. The scales were more pronounced. He could clearly see the shape of them flowing over Shane's shoulders and down his arms. They thinned over his chest and stomach, and then became more visible again along his thighs and shins. His fingers and toes were just a touch too long, and ended in faintly claw-line nails. And his cock... The base was thicker than any Ilya had ever seen, and tapered up to a head was a bright red, with a more pointed tip. It was completely alien yet somehow incredibly irresistible. Ilya wanted to get his mouth on it.

Shane held his arms. "This is me."

And he looked so beautiful, so otherworldly, so beyond gorgeous, and so absolutely miserable about it, that Ilya couldn't help the laugh that burst out of him. It was a deep sound that filled the room. He grabbed Shane and dug his face into his neck, his shoulders shaking.

Shane tried to squirm away from Ilya. "Oh my fucking god," he said. "Don't fucking laugh at me. I'm leaving."

"You are leaving your own apartment?" Ilya asked, wrapping his arms around Shane and preventing him from wiggling out of his grasp.

Shane immediately relaxed in Ilya's arms. "No," he said sullenly. "I just can't believe I showed you my true form and you laughed at me."

Ilya pressed Shane back, against the door. "I could not help it. You are so beautiful and so upset about it. Like a kitten who has gotten wet."

Shane tried to glare up at him but the effect was ruined by the smile that was threatening to break free at the same time. "You... you still think I'm beautiful?" he asked, voice hesitant, and Ilya could practically *see* all the tension and fear Shane always must always be carrying around fall back onto his shoulders before he spoke his next words. "You don't think I'm a hideous monster?"

"A monster?" Ilya's eyebrows rose in surprise. That line of thinking wouldn't do at all. He took a moment to collect himself by tucking Shane's hair behind one pointed ear. "You," he finally said, leaning in to kiss Shane gently on the corner of his mouth, "are the most beautiful being I have ever seen." Ilya kissed him again, this time at the edge of his jaw, where the soft skin met scale. "I have wanted you since the first moment I saw you," he continued. "This..." Ilya trailed his hands down Shane's arms, his lips down Shane's neck. "This just makes me want you more."

Shane was arching his neck to the side now, whimpering as he gave Ilya more access. Encouraged, Ilya picked him up. Shane's legs automatically wound themselves around his waist. Ilya found he liked that very much.

He walked Shane over to the couch and deposited him gently before kneeling in front of him and looking him in the eyes. Slit pupils met round. "I want to blow you."

Shane's eyes widened. "Really?"

"*Da*. Yes," Ilya replied. His eyes flickered to Shane's cock. It was already growing hard. "Is that a yes?"

Shane blushed. "I just.. I can't believe you're not freaked out by all this."

Ilya was kind of freaking out. It was a lot, to suddenly become aware that magic existed and a being like Shane was walking on this earth. But freaking out wasn't what Shane needed right now. If Ilya freaked out, he had a sneaking suspicion that Shane would leave and Ilya would never see him again. No, what Shane needed right now was to be grounded. To be shown that he could be his true self and nothing bad would happen. Nothing would go wrong. He could be seen and known and felt and loved and the sun would still rise on him tomorrow.

So instead of allowing himself to focus on the many questions that were quickly crowding his brain, Ilya gave a half shrug. "I knew you were special. I just did not know exactly how much."

Shane went completely red at that. Ilya took a moment to enjoy watching how his blush made his freckles pop before he placed his hand on Shane's dick. Shane gasped, and twitched violently in his hand.

"Is this okay?" Ilya asked.

Shane nodded. "It's been a while since I've felt anyone touch me directly like that," he admitted breathlessly.

Ilya slid his hand appreciatively up and down Shane's length. It wasn't the largest cock he had ever seen, but it was definitely the most interesting, with the bulge near the base and deep red tip. It moved differently than a cock would as well. Like it was almost a little bit prehensile.

"Is this why you would not let me undress you?" Ilya asked.

Shane nodded and shuddered as Ilya continued stroking him. "I glamour myself to fit in with humans. But I can only hide the appearance, not change the physical shape. So I didn't want you to touch it too much and feel that it's... different."

Different was a word for it. So was unique. Mouthwatering. Sexy.

Ilya took his hand off Shane's cock. He slumped in his seat on the couch, which made Ilya grin. Then Ilya spat on his palm and gripped Shane's cock again. Shane groaned at the easy slide of Ilya's hand.

"I like it," Ilya said, and suddenly Shane's eyes were on him again. He still looked so scared. So fearful. Ilya felt his heart break a little. Shane hadn't allowed himself this – intimate contact with another person – for who knew how long. He had been living in fear, disappearing whenever someone began to notice there's something, anything, special about him. He'd been running and hiding and making himself smaller than he was, when really, he should be praised. Admired.

Worshipped.

"You," Ilya said, punctuating his words with a squeeze of his hand, "are perfect."

And before Shane could reply, Ilya had taken his cock as far down his throat as it could go. He heard Shane gasp. He felt the spasm that went through his body. He reached up and felt his balls. They were already tightening in his hand.

He didn't want this to be over too quickly, so after another minute, he pulled off. Shane whined, but then Ilya tongued just below the head, the whine hit the same note as a boiling teakettle before disappearing entirely.

Ilya grinned. This was going to be fun. He spent the next few minutes torturing Shane's cock, and learning that yes, it could gently sway on its own, and the tip could twitch in a most interesting way if Ilya licked it just right.

Soon, Shane was moaning and trembling again. Ilya pulled off again. Standing, he held out a hand to Shane. Shane hesitated, then took it. Ilya pulled him up.

"I want you," Ilya said, pulling Shane's naked body against his own and grinding his erection into his thigh. "Can I fuck you?"

"Yes," Shane whispered. "Yes, please."

And then he was pulling Ilya down the hall, and into his bedroom.

The room was just as devoid of life as the rest of the apartment. Ilya wondered just how often Shane moved. How much he had given up in his efforts to keep himself safe and hidden. It was too sad to think about right now, so he kissed Shane instead, hard and deep and consuming.

When they broke apart, Ilya gently pushed Shane on the bed, and quickly pulled off his clothes before following Shane's directions to find lube in the nightstand.

"I don't have anything," Ilya said after the search for condoms came up empty. "I get checked after every partner."

"I can't catch human diseases," Shane said. "So if it's okay with you, we don't..."

Ilya kissed him again.

He kept them like that, for a while. Just making out, until the tightness had seeped from Shane's shoulders and he relaxed against the bed. Only then did Ilya drizzle a bit of lube on his fingers and begin teasing Shane's hole.

Shane had tensed up at first, but quickly relaxed as Ilya's slick fingers circled his opening.

"I forgot how much I liked this," Shane sighed.

Ilya smiled as he pressed his finger in, past the first knuckle. "We will remind you then, yes?"

He took his time, opening Shane with gentle movements. He kept his eyes on Shane, watching the emotions that flitted across his face as Ilya's fingers moved inside him. To be trusted with this opportunity... It was not something Ilya would take lightly.

He reached up with his free hand and caressed the sharp curve of Shane's freckled cheekbone. "Gorgeous," he murmured, and enjoyed watching the blush that coloured Shane's cheeks in response.

After a few more minutes of Shane whining and writhing on his fingers, he finally gasped, "I'm ready."

Ilya gently removed his fingers and Shane rolled over, getting on his hands and knees.

"Is this how you want it?" Ilya asked, running an admiring hand down the length of Shane's back.

"This is the only way I've ever done it," Shane admitted. "I usually don't want to let anyone get close to... the other parts of me."

Ilya hummed thoughtfully. "I would like to look at you," he said finally.

Shane peered over his shoulder at him. He looked nervous again. "Oh... alright."

Gently, Ilya maneuvered him until he was on his back, then placed a pillow beneath his hips.

“Comfortable?” he asked.

At Shane’s nod, Ilya reached for the lube. He poured a generous amount onto his hand, then coated his cock and lined himself up with Shane's hole.

“Okay?”

“Yes,” Shane whispered. “Yes, please. Ilya.”

Ilya pushed forward with a groan. Shane was so warm. So warm and tight and perfect. “Yes, Shane,” Ilya gasped as his hips pressed flush against Shane’s ass.

When he started moving, he used slow, deliberate strokes, both for Shane and for himself. Every nerve in Ilya's body was buzzing. He felt electrified. Alive. It was already almost too much.

Shane wrapped his legs around Ilya’s back, urging him to go deeper. Faster. Shuddering, Ilya obliged, thrusting harder, snapping his hips against Shane, who threw his head back.

“Look at me,” Ilya panted.

Shane’s eyes, reflective and intense in the room’s low light, locked on his. Ilya had never seen anything more beautiful. He couldn’t resist curling a hand through Shane’s hair and bringing their mouths together, kissing him hungrily.

“I’m close,” Shane gasped when they broke apart a few moments later. “Ilya, I’m so close.”

“Stroke yourself,” Ilya commanded. “Come for me.”

It only took a few jerky movements before Shane was shooting hot stripes all over his stomach.

And then Ilya’s orgasm was upon him, and he was coming. Pleasure ripped through him and he groaned as he filled Shane, pulsing inside of him.

He just barely managed to stop himself from collapsing on top of Shane, instead carefully pulling out and rolling to his side, breathing heavily. They lay there for a moment, side by side, as they caught their breath.

“I will be right back,” Ilya said, before he went to the bathroom. Cleaning himself off, he wet a hand towel and brought it back to where Shane was still laying on the bed. Ilya smiled. Shane looked completely fucked out. It was a sight he could get used to.

He gently cleaned Shane, wiping his stomach and between his legs, and then laid next to him and gently maneuvered Shane until he was cuddled up next to Ilya, Shane’s head on his shoulder.

“How come I could see you?” Ilya asked after a moment, as they lay together. “Before you removed the glamour. Your scales. Your eyes.”

He could feel Shane's shoulder tensing against him. "I don't know," Shane said. "Maybe you're more perceptive than most." Ilya looked at Shane, and could see him biting the tip of his tongue. That meant more was coming. And after a moment, Shane continued. "And I... wanted your attention. So that might have made it easier for you to see who I really am. The magic is a part of me, and I wanted to let you in, so..."

Ilya grinned broadly and gave Shane a playful smack on the ass. "You have definitely let me in."

Shane scowled up at him, but the effect was ruined by the blush creeping across his cheeks. Ilya couldn't resist. He kissed Shane again.

When they parted, Ilya's mind was still buzzing. "You have shown me what you are," he said. "But you have not told me."

Shane hesitated. "The closest description that you would understand would probably be dragon fae," he said finally.

Ilya smiled. "Dragon? Does that mean you have a hoard? A big pile of gold hidden somewhere?"

Shane tweaked his nipple, making Ilya twitch, but then soothed it with a kiss. "That is a gross mischaracterization," he grumbled. "I do not have a hoard. It's more like..." he hesitated. "Like sometimes I feel an intense... pull to a particular thing. And I have to have it, or I'll go crazy. Because no one can take care of the thing properly. No one knows exactly what the thing needs to be kept safe. Or treat it how it deserves. Except... it doesn't always have to be a thing. Sometimes it can be a place." He hesitated again, this time for even longer, before looking up at Ilya. "Or a person."

The words hung in the air. Ilya felt a mixture of emotions beat through his chest. He felt... awed, to have caught the attention of this being. And overwhelmed at what he was being told. But also safe and... content in a way he had not felt since he was a child.

"Okay," he said finally. It was all he could think to say.

He looked at Shane again. Shane gazed back up at him with wide, fearful, otherworldly eyes. And that wouldn't do at all. So he gathered Shane up in his arms and pulled him close, until there wasn't a sliver of space between them. He could feel Shane's heart beating frantically in his chest.

"I'm sorry," Shane said. "This is a lot."

"Is okay," Ilya murmured. He searched for words, and finally landed on something. "I like you, Hollander."

It wasn't an earth-shattering confession, but the words still seemed to break something deep within Shane, and some of the tension that had taken hold of every line of his body faded away. He gave a shuddering half sob, half sigh against Ilya's neck. "I like you too, Rozanov," he said, his voice watery.

They held each other for another moment, lost in their own thoughts. Then a slow, crooked smile spread across Ilya's face. He put a knuckle under Shane's chin and tilted his head up until he could see his face. "So," Ilya said. "You are saying I am priceless dragon treasure?"

A startled laugh burst out of Shane. He flicked Ilya's nose gently. "The most infuriating piece of treasure in my entire collection. You're the type of piece that requires constant attention and polishing."

Ilya grabbed Shane's hand and pressed it against his dick, which twitched in interest. "I do require constant polishing," he said with a grin.

Shane attempted to pull his hand out of Ilya's grip as he laughed. "Oh no. That was terrible. I take back everything that I said."

"Too late," Ilya declared, wrapping his arms around Shane. "You are stuck with me now." He kissed Shane again, then murmured against his lips. "No more running away. You cannot abandon your treasure."

Ilya felt the shiver that ran through Shane as he buried his face into Ilya's neck. "Then I'm done running," he said, his voice muffled. "I'll stay. Wherever you are, I'll stay there, too."

Ilya held him there, tight against his chest, and nuzzled into Shane's hair, breathing in the scent of him. He felt at peace, with Shane in his arms. He felt calm. He felt safe. He felt like he was finally home.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! I hope you enjoyed this weird and soft monsterfucking story.

Feedback is greatly appreciated! ❤️

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