

you got me slippin'

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

“Have I ever told you how sexy you are in those glasses?”

Shane’s nose wrinkles again, creasing his constellations of freckles, and his fingers reach up to touch the black frames.

“You have. A few times,” Shane mumbles. His cheeks are flushed brilliantly pink, as soft and vibrant as fresh spring roses, and he moves to take the glasses off, but Ilya stills his hand and shakes his head.

“I think you should leave them on,” Ilya purrs as he leans in and presses a kiss to Shane’s lips, which are parted out of mild confusion. When Ilya pulls back, Shane’s head tilts slightly.

“But I don’t need them unless I’m reading,” Shane says, his confusion evident in the soft v of his brow and the downturn of his lips.

“Shane,” he laughs, with Shane, never at him, and understanding dawns across Shane’s face.

“Oh. You’re... into this.”

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OR, Ilya FINALLY fucks Shane with his glasses on.

Notes

I literally just wanted an excuse to write the glasses getting fucked right off of Shane Hollander's face. Second position they're in is based on [this](#) amazing fan art by pinko!!! Thank you forever and always to [Anna](#) for reading through this and betaing for me and making sure it didn't sound dumb as hell!!!

It's late in the afternoon when Ilya goes looking for Shane. 'Looking' is a loose term for it, considering Ilya knows exactly where he's going to find his husband – behind his big, mahogany desk, glasses shoved up the bridge of his nose, papers in his hand and his laptop open and illuminating his face. Shane's brow is furrowed as he looks over the paper he's holding, and his nose wrinkles adorably before he shoves his glasses further up his nose, as they'd started to slip.

Shane's been spending a lot of time in his office this summer. Most of it, Ilya thinks, has to do with the foundation. They're growing and expanding, and more people are donating or asking to get involved, and if Ilya's being honest with himself, they probably need to hire some staff to deal with the influx. But Shane is stubborn as always, and is insisting he can do it, which leaves him holed up in his office on a beautiful summer day.

Taking full advantage of the summer day, Ilya went for a run with Anya, then took a cold shower. He'd tried to occupy himself with video games, but he's *bored*, and he wants his husband's attention more than anything. This is the time they're meant to be spending together, not pouring over numbers and practically working a second job to make this foundation run.

Arms folded over his chest, Ilya props his hip against the office doorway. It takes Shane a good thirty seconds before he finally looks up, and those damn glasses have slid back down his nose. He pushes them up again, then looks back at his computer screen.

"Did I miss lunch again?"

"Da. I had a sandwich. Yours is in the fridge." Ilya steps into the office and braces his hands against the front of Shane's desk. It's large and sturdy, and they'd found it at some antique furniture store. Shane had immediately loved it, so they'd gotten it, even though Ilya thinks it's a little clunky and a bit over the top.

Shane types something on his computer then heaves a sigh and lets his cheek fall into the palm of his hand. "Sorry, I didn't mean to get caught up in this. I just... there's so much to do. With the foundation."

"We need to hire someone, Shane. You have enough on your plate, sweetheart."

Shane's brow crinkles and he bites at his lower lip, obviously torn about his answer. Ilya knows Shane feels protective of their foundation, and Ilya loves him for it. He loves that they've created something so *good*, something that is making the world a better place, one hockey camp at a time. But he knows the project is getting bigger than them; he just wishes Shane would see it, too.

"I... *yeah*," Shane admits, his voice colored with the defeat of it. If this were a battlefield, Shane would be waving his white flag right about now, and Ilya knows it's a big thing, for him to admit they need help. But Ilya is proud of him for it, and shows him as much with a bright, encouraging grin.

“We will worry about that tomorrow,” Ilya states, and he closes Shane’s laptop with a soft click. “Have I ever told you how sexy you are in those glasses?”

Shane’s nose wrinkles again, creasing his constellations of freckles, and his fingers reach up to touch the black frames.

“You have. A few times,” Shane mumbles. His cheeks are flushed brilliantly pink, as soft and vibrant as fresh spring roses, and he moves to take the glasses off, but Ilya stills his hand and shakes his head.

“I think you should leave them on,” Ilya purrs as he leans in and presses a kiss to Shane’s lips, which are parted out of mild confusion. When Ilya pulls back, Shane’s head tilts slightly.

“But I don’t need them unless I’m reading,” Shane says, his confusion evident in the soft v of his brow and the downturn of his lips.

Ilya’s eyes roll, and he leans in to press another kiss to Shane’s lips. This time his lips are more insistent, and his tongue swipes along Shane’s lower lip. When Shane opens for him he hums, and allows their tongues to dance together before he pulls back and nuzzles his forehead against Shane’s cheek. “*Shane*,” he laughs, with Shane, never at him, and understanding dawns across Shane’s face.

“*Oh*. You’re... into this.”

The laugh that escapes Ilya is soft and pliant, and one of his hands comes up to cup Shane’s cheek as he pulls him in for another, deeper kiss. With Ilya standing and the desk between them he has to maneuver, but he makes it clear what he wants as his other hand braces against the desk.

When they part, Ilya’s chest heaves. All of his blood is rushing to his dick, and he *wants* Shane. Now. Here. On this desk just to prove he can.

“Should we go upstairs?” Shane asks, and Ilya shakes his head, then starts to move papers from Shane’s desk and onto a credenza with drawers.

“I want you here. Now.” Ilya presses the words into Shane’s skin like he can mark his husband with his desperation and hunger. He wants to leave beautiful petals of bruises along Shane’s skin, for the world to see the physical manifestation of how much he adores Shane. Ilya tries not to be too possessive of his husband, but sometimes he just goes out of his mind with a desire for him, and the only way to quell the aching he feels for Shane is by showing him just how much he *needs*.

“*Oh*,” Shane fumbles the word from his lips as he stands up and moves to close the blinds, because this room *is* on the first floor and he doesn’t need the neighbors to get an eye full of him getting railed by Ilya. Ilya’s eyes follow his movements, traces each line of Shane’s lithe form as he reaches and double checks that there’s no way anyone will see into this room.

Shane doesn’t even get the chance to turn around, Ilya wraps his arms around Shane’s waist and bites at the juncture of his neck, sinking his teeth into the flesh there and satisfying some

of his desire. He feels like he could eat Shane alive, but that wouldn't be enough. To taste Shane won't satiate him – he needs Shane all around him, needs his senses full of him, needs to dive into Shane and fully submerge himself.

As Ilya nuzzles into the soft sweatshirt, Shane pushes his glasses up his nose again and turns his head to press a kiss to his husband's temple. Ilya's hands find the hem of the sweatshirt and travel up and under it, his fingertips brushing against the sensitive skin of Shane's stomach before trailing upward. Shane's sweatshirt rucks up as Ilya goes, his lips pressing soft kisses along the column of Shane's neck as his fingers gently tease and prod at Shane's sensitive skin. When Ilya reaches his nipples, he lazily rolls one between his thumb and forefinger, and Shane's head falls back, a soft noise of pleasure falling from his lips.

Ilya maneuvers them, then, and Shane's hips are pressing against the solid wood of his desk as Ilya's thumbs stroke down his sides and then dig into his hips. Ilya isn't playing a subtle game, and he presses his thick, hard cock against Shane's ass, showing Shane just how fucking turned on he already is.

"I... maybe we shouldn't fuck on the desk? It's an antique..." Shane mumbles as Ilya tugs at Shane's sweatshirt and tosses it off, his shirt going with it. He adjusts his glasses, and Ilya kisses the knob of Shane's spine, then reaches around and slides his hand down and into Shane's boxer briefs. Ilya won't be swayed on this – he's determined to fuck in every room of the cottage, and today seems like the perfect day to cristen the office.

"Mmmm, I am sure plenty of people have fucked on it, Shane," Ilya reassures him, though it only makes Shane frown harder as his hands press into the solid wood as Ilya's hand wraps around his cock and strokes once, a languid, luxurious thing. Ilya's wicked grin presses into Shane's neck, and he sucks and nips at the skin there, just the spot that he knows will get Shane worked up.

"Y-you think?" Shane gasps out, and Ilya knows he's won. Not only is he going to have Shane on his desk, but also in his glasses? This is a great fucking day.

Shane's hips rock back against Ilya's erection, and Ilya buries his face into Shane's shoulder at the contact. He doesn't think he will ever get tired of fucking Shane. He used to worry about his ability to be faithful to one person when it used to take so much to satiate him, but it turned out he had just been looking in the wrong places for satisfaction. Shane satisfied him like no one else could, but also left him constantly hungry for more. It was like Ilya could eat his fill of Shane and still go back for seconds, thirds, even *fourths* when the occasion called for it. Women were *fine*. And fun, while they lasted. But at the end of most of his one night stands, he felt full, bloated and content.

With Shane, there was the ever present hunger. The constant rumble of needy desire that lived right beneath Ilya's navel and never left. He was a parched man and Shane was a pristine lake, and he could never drink his fill.

Ilya's fingers hook beneath the waistband of Shane's joggers and underwear and tug, and soon enough they're around Shane's ankles. Shane kicks off the offending garments, and moans loud and bright when Ilya's hand wraps fully around his cock and strokes him from tip to balls. He continues this for a few moments, allowing Shane to grow pliant and warm in his

hands, and continues assaulting Shane's shoulders and neck with biting, deep kisses that are bound to leave marks. Shane's head falls back against Ilya's shoulder, and Ilya captures his lips for a deep kiss before he pulls away completely. Shane whines at the loss, but Ilya presses one last reassuring kiss to the point of his shoulder.

"Just wait, you will like this," Ilya promises as he pulls a small bottle of lube from the pocket of his pants. He squirts some onto his fingers and rubs before pressing his thumb to Shane's entrance, a light touch just to tell him what's coming. Ilya puts one hand between Shane's shoulders and pushes lightly, asserting more pressure when Shane hesitates. Finally, Shane completely submits, and presses his whole torso against the smooth, glossy surface of the desk. His hips raise slightly, giving Ilya complete access to his ass.

"Oh, moya lyubov, you look beautiful like this," Ilya murmurs. He tugs his own t-shirt off, then bends at the waist and leans down to press kisses all along Shane's spine, and Shane's hands grip the opposite edge of the desk as his head turns, resting his cheek against the mahogany. His glasses are already skewed slightly, and Ilya reaches out with his free hand to fix them as he presses his index finger into Shane, up to the first knuckle. Shane lets out a soft sigh as Ilya withdraws then presses in again, this time up to the second knuckle.

They continue the pattern, Ilya pulling out and adding more stretch to Shane's hole by going deeper and adding a second finger, and Shane humming and sighing and biting his lower lip in pleasure as Ilya works him open. Ilya curls his fingers and makes Shane's knees buckle with it as he trails adoring kisses along Shane's shoulderblades, licking and sucking and savoring the taste of Shane's skin. He continues stroking in and out of Shane, using his fingers to prepare his husband, enjoying each small noise and the way Shane's hips roll and his back arches, pressing Ilya deeper into him.

"Such a good boy for me," Ilya murmurs against Shane's skin before he nips again, this time making sure it will leave a mark.

Ilya adds a third finger, pressing into Shane and feeling his muscles stretch deliciously around Ilya's fingers. After only a few strokes Shane shudders, lower lip caught between his teeth, cheeks painted gloriously sunset pink, his freckles stars across the setting sky. A slow breath shudders out of Shane and his fingers tighten their grip against the edge of the desk, turning his knuckles white with the effort.

"I'm ready. I need you. Now." Shane practically pants the words, and Ilya pulls his fingers out.

"Whatever you want, sweetheart," Ilya purrs, and pushes his pants down and off of his hips, kicking them into the pile of Shane's clothing beside them. He stands back and surveys Shane, splayed out on the desk, his tanned skin so gorgeous next to the deep ochre of the hardwood. Ilya tuts, the sound falling from his lips as he clicks his tongue against his teeth.

"I do not think I want you like this. I want to see you."

Ilya lightly smacks Shane's ass, and Shane sucks in a swift breath as he straightens up and turns around to face Ilya. His cock is hard and curving up, and it's leaking precum like a fucking fountain. Shane already looks wrecked and they've barely started, but Ilya loves him

like this – turned on and desperate, willing to beg for it. Ilya grips Shane’s hips and helps him up onto the desk, then he reclines back onto his elbows, and Ilya lines the head of his dick up with Shane’s waiting entrance.

“Wait, hold on –” Shane’s tongue pokes out as he adjusts, sitting himself back a little further. Ilya steps in closer to him, then Shane hoists his legs up, propping his calves on Ilya’s broad shoulders, and *holy fuck*, Ilya is so glad for all of those yoga sessions right about now. Shane is practically bent in half, those damn glasses are still sitting on the bridge of his nose, and if Ilya isn’t inside of him in the next few seconds he might just come from the visual of it all.

Get it together, Rozanov, he instructs himself as he realigns then *slowly*, so slowly, thrusts into Shane, pushing into him, filling him, feeling nothing but *Shane* around him.

Fuck.

It’s so fucking good. It’s always so fucking good. Ilya never gets tired of this, of Shane, of the love they share and how they make it. Ilya hums and bends slightly, laying Shane fully down on the desk, covering Shane’s torso with his own. His lips capture Shane’s again in a deep kiss, one that reverberates in Ilya’s fucking *soul* he swears to god, and he pulls out, then snaps his hips, thrusting back in, pushing deeper this time. Shane cries out and Ilya swallows it up, then thrusts again, and he knows he’s hitting the exact right spot, because he can feel Shane’s calves flex as his legs grip around Ilya’s neck.

One of Shane’s hands slides into Ilya’s curls. The other reaches out and holds onto the edge of the desk again, keeping them in place so Shane doesn’t slide right off the other side. Ilya’s lips leave Shane’s and press a string of kisses down his jaw to his neck, and Shane *moans* as Ilya thrusts in again. Shane’s cock is leaking between them, Ilya can feel it pressed in against his own stomach, and he’s sure the friction there is working in his favor. His hips snap again, and Shane is taking him so good, his head thrown back, glasses skewed on his nose, lips parted and panting with pleasure. Ilya just stares at him as he thrusts into Shane again, and again and again and fucking *again*, because he can’t control himself when it gets to this point. Ilya can feel his pleasure building deep within him, can feel the crest of the tidal wave as it approaches, and as Shane’s fingers tug at his hair, Ilya kisses him again, deep like the ocean, desperate to know the darkest depths.

“Oh my fuck, Ilya,” Shane moans, the words almost slurred with how blissed out he is.

“You are doing so good, Shane, so good for me,” Ilya praises him, knowing Shane loves to be reassured he’s doing the *best* job. “You fucking love it, don’t you? Love my dick inside of you.”

Shane *keens* as Ilya thrusts with his words, and then he catches his lower lip in between his teeth and Ilya *knows* he’s trying to hold off, to prolong the orgasm and continue with this for as long as he can. Ilya pounds into him, and the desk groans underneath them. The thrusting finally sends Shane’s glasses clattering off of his face and onto the desk, and Ilya chuckles as he grips Shane’s thighs and pushes into him, then pulls out, then thrusts in again, then denies himself what he wants most – to just bury himself deep within Shane and live there, live in this moment, never come down from this high.

“Oh, *fuck*,” Shane whines, his voice high and pitchy as his whole body shudders, muscles tensing as hot release spills from his cock trapped between the two of them. Ilya feels it hot against his stomach, and his fingers dig deeper into the thick muscle of Shane’s thighs as he redoubles his efforts and thrusts deeply into Shane, helping him ride out the wave of his orgasm. It only takes a few more thrusts before Ilya comes, too, spectacularly, deep inside of Shane with his head falling into Shane’s shoulder and his lips pressing soft, adoring kisses to every inch of Shane he can reach.

“Ya lyublyu tebya,” Ilya lets the words tumble off of his lips like a landslide pulling the earth out from beneath him. He repeats them over and over again into Shane’s skin, whispers them to Shane’s freckles like a secret, presses them into Shane’s lips as they both come down from their highs. Shane sighs contentedly as his fingers rake through Ilya’s hair, and his nose wrinkles as Shane kisses it.

“I love you, too,” Shane laughs, then – a beat. “I’m sticky.”

“Da. Me as well. Should we shower together now and maybe christen the bathroom, too?”

Shane laughs and pushes at Ilya’s chest. Ilya takes the hint, straightening up and taking a step back, then helping Shane up from the desk. With another kiss to Shane’s lips, Ilya sighs out his contentment and holds his husband close.

“I am the luckiest man, to get to fuck Shane Hollander.”

Shane rolls his eyes and smacks at Ilya’s shoulder, but laughs knowing it’s all meant in good fun. “Let’s get cleaned up, Mr. Lucky,” he teases back, before placing the softest of kisses to the tip of Ilya’s nose.

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