

grey sweatpants

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75615121) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75615121>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Yearning , POV Shane Hollander , Post-Canon , Canon Compliant , Face-Fucking , Praise Kink , Dom/sub Undertones , Blow Jobs , Dirty Talk , Masturbation , Mentions of Edging/Orgasm Denial , Domestic Fluff , Sub Shane Hollander , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander is Very Horny for His Husband , PWP , crawling , Begging
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-11 Words: 3,618 Chapters: 1/1

grey sweatpants

by [sparrowsaint](#)

Summary

“Do you—” his breath hitches as another sharp stab of arousal sweeps through him.” Do you enjoy seeing me like this?” he asks, tipping forward desperately, tilting his head up and back as if giving Ilya access to his mouth. He hears the break in his own voice, the whimper that threatens to break out, and wonders if it is enough to convince Ilya to be merciful.

Or:

Ilya's grey sweatpants make Shane incredibly horny.

Notes

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

Shane thinks he has a hyperfixation.

... A weird one.

Summers at the cottage are for relaxation; late morning swims and hot sex and sleeping in. Shane enjoys the loosening of his routine because it means he has the time to indulge in the finer things in life without feeling too much guilt.

What he normally enjoys most is the fact that Ilya, despite his Russian upbringing, seems to be allergic to clothing. His husband is hot and Shane loves seeing him shirtless—but recently, it's been stressing him out because Ilya absolutely, *absolutely*, refuses to wear anything.

It's summer, yes, but it's still *Canada*. The temperatures at night dip, and here, by the large expanse of water, it gets cold fast.

When he brings this up to Ilya, his husband shrugs, then smirks.

Ilya has just come in from another dip in the lake, and once again, he's naked. It is nearing evening, and the sun sinks slowly on the horizon. The light from the last of its rays spreads across the wilderness, casting a soft haze around the cottage. Calling it warm, though, would be quite a stretch.

"Ilya, maybe you should put something on?" Shane suggests, staring straight at Ilya's eyes and very decidedly away from his groin. He doesn't want to encourage him. This is definitely not the right time for sex— not when there's a massive load of six-days'-worth of laundry to fold and Anya to walk and chores to do and—

Ilya's obviously noticed his valiant attempt at not ogling his dick, because he laughs, then moves into the doorway of their living room, stretching with all the fluidity of a cat. The cross he wears slides across his chest. "Hmmmm. I think not," he says, eyes sparkling. "I am fine."

Shane's not backing down.

"Some pants? Maybe a shirt? It's chilly out here," he suggests, holding up a shirt, wiggling it enticingly.

"And deprive you of this view?" Ilya replies, gesturing towards his pecs, then *lower*, where he's half-hard already.

Shane's gaze drifts down, before it snaps up. He's not going to blush. He's not going to—

Ilya laughs again, face scrunching up with wicked amusement. "Such a shame to cover this up, no? How will you appreciate my *hmmmm.... my muscles* then, Hollander?"

"It's not the view I'm worried about," Shane mutters, scrubbing one hand across his face,

before he pointedly folds up another t-shirt from their laundry pile, resisting the urge to fling it at Ilya's face. "It's the fact that you'll catch a cold, and then I'll have to nurse you back to health when you're an absolute *manchild* when you're ill."

"I am from Russia," Ilya points out, crossing his arms and leaning against the doorway with a grin. "This weather is nothing to me. Getting sick is for boring *Canadians*." His words are teasing as he glances pointedly at said shirt in Shane's hands, which just so happens to be a Team Canada shirt from *years* ago, flamboyantly red and white. "I am made out of stronger stuff."

"That doesn't matter," Shane argues back. "You spend half your time in water and come up later in the evening with wet hair, buck naked, and then proceed to laze around on the dock with nothing on. It's like you're trying to tempt fate at this point."

Ilya moves closer, stalking towards him almost seductively—before said seduction is abruptly disrupted when he jumps onto the couch, instead of on top of Shane, and consequently topples the pile of laundry Shane's been working very, *very* hard on. Ilya's hair is still wet, and droplets of lake water end up splattering everywhere.

Shane glares.

"Relax, Hollander. Is not good for you to stress over my hot young body." Then, a wink. "Save that for when we are old and grey, yes? I will still be hot, but you can be more concerned when my joints are more creaky. I will enjoy having you dote over me."

"Ilya," Shane groans.

"*Shane*," Ilya echoes back. "I will be fine. Many years I have been in Canada, and not once have I gotten sick from the cold."

Ah, yes. There's the stubborn streak. Shane's all too familiar with it. Time to bring out the big guns.

Setting aside the laundry, Shane purposefully leans forward, delicately placing a hand on his husband's chest, right over his heart. Then he leans forwards, close enough for him to brush his lips against Ilya's deliciously plush mouth.

It's hilarious and just a bit amusing, how quickly Ilya shuts up.

"Please. For me?" he whispers, opening his eyes wide before he presses a kiss—chaste and *just barely there*, to Ilya's lips.

Ilya folds. Like a lawn chair.

"Fine," he grumbles, standing up quickly. "I will put something on. But only because you asked so nicely."

Now Shane's the one smirking.

It's nice that after all these years of marriage, Ilya's still wrapped around his little finger, willing to do anything so long as Shane gives him that *look*. Shane promises himself that he'll only ever use this power for good. And in this case, it's definitely good, because—

His brain stops in his tracks, halfway through its self-congratulatory preening.

Ilya's come back. He's still shirtless.

But he's put on—

“Not those sweatpants,” Shane groans. “Anything but those, Ilya.”

Those cursed grey sweatpants *haunt him*.

They're *old*. Hideous. Soft and worn and fraying at the ankles.

Ilya loves them. Not because they're comfortable (even though they are.) Ilya loves them because every single time he wears them, Shane ends up *deliriously* horny.

Shane's a normal person. They have a good sex life – adventurous and fun, and while they're not the kinkiest of people, he'd like to think that after years of marriage, they've settled well into the ability to communicate sexually. Ilya might still call him a prude, but Shane's *improved*.

That doesn't explain what he's now mentally deemed the Grey Sweatpants Effect. (He's a hockey player, not a creative – it *works*.) Because every single time Ilya wears said pants, Shane inevitably ends up on his knees.

Is it Pavlovian at this point? Or is he really *that* seduced by the sight of his husband in those hideous grey sweatpants? This is a question he's saved for late-night spirals, and he still doesn't have an answer to it.

It doesn't matter now, because Ilya's walking towards him with a sway in his hips. Still shirtless. And with those *pants*. With the light behind him, the grey of the material has become *so thin*, and if Shane were to concentrate, he could see the outline of—

He jolts up. The laundry – once again – topples over. This time, he's too frazzled to pick it up again.

“What's wrong?” his husband croons, deceptively innocent – though it's obvious that he's holding back a grin – before he slips a thumb into his waistband, pulling down ever so slightly so the material goes taut against his skin. “I thought you wanted me to put something on.”

Ilya could probably tell Shane to crawl towards him right now. And he would.

But arguably, what Ilya does next is worse.

“Cat has your tongue?” he purrs. “I thought you would be happy. Don’t I deserve a reward for listening to you? If you don’t want me to have them on, I could always just—”

Ilya pulls, crooking his fingers into the fabric in a familiar way that makes Shane’s heart pound. The waistband slips another inch. Maddeningly slow. Ilya’s happy trail—just a shade darker than chestnut, wet from the lake water and *oh so tantalizing*—catches against the elastic ever so slightly. Shane wants to smooth his hands down it so badly that it becomes a visceral hunger in him, an open pit of want that sinks like a stone in the pit of his stomach. He wants to trace it with his fingers, then with his lips and then—

When Ilya crosses the room and then sprawls onto the armchair next to the couch, Shane’s still frozen. His mind is running a marathon of its own – one filled with nothing but the heady heat of needing to kneel. To be used. To press his head against Ilya’s thigh.

They’ve been married for so long, and some days, it’s almost as if Ilya can read his mind, because—

“*Moy vozlyublenniy*, come here,” Ilya says. It’s not quite a command. But close. Ilya’s legs are outstretched, and despite his words, he does nothing to beckon Shane forward. Like some monarchical despot, all he does is cock his head, tipping his chin forward with an arrogance that could only be innate. His hair is still wet and slicked back, and his cheekbones are sharp and elegant in a way that seems almost ethereal—cold and distant and inhumanly immaculate. Yet the endearment that rolls from Ilya’s lips—beautiful, vibrantly coloured with the tones of his native tongue—betrays such a depth of affection that it makes Shane all the hungrier.

He’s kneeled before.

He’s never crawled though.

So Shane drops to his knees.

The couch really isn’t all that far from the armchair, so he has to make every movement count.

When his knees thud against the floor, the first thing Shane thinks of is pain. The hardwood is hard and cool against his skin, and the sting of it against the ridge of his knee wavers between torment and pleasure. He fights the urge to flinch. Then, his palms meet the ground half a second later.

The silence that follows feels sacred; Shane holds the breath in his lungs in hopes of preserving it.

It’s broken when a hitch comes from Ilya – a gasp, nearly stifled, save for the hint of a moan that slips out.

Shane's head is bowed, and he allows himself a heartbeat to revel in the sound before he schools his expression into one so docile, so sweet, it tips towards saccharine. He makes sure that his posture is pristine – a presentation of abject servitude wrapped in guile. The arch of his back, down and sharp, emphasizes the dip of his waist and the swell of his ass – and he makes sure that Ilya sees this.

When he finally, *finally* looks up – trailing his gaze slowly from Ilya's thighs, to his cock, already hard and straining against the grey of his sweatpants, and then to his *face*– he's met with the sight of Ilya in ruin.

His husband's eyes have become dark pools, pupils swallowing the richness of green and gold that fills his irises. Shane watches him swallow, tracing the swell of his throat and the tight clench of his jaw, and realizes that he is watching a man dangling on a precipice, close to snapping and falling.

"Ilya," Shane whispers, before trailing off. He moves slowly, setting one hand down deliberately, before he shifts his weight forward, still keeping his eyes on Ilya's.

Ilya says nothing—but Shane notes how hard he's gotten. The tent in his pants has grown, and if he were to look closely, he thinks he could see the swell of the tip, the hardness of his length—right through the fabric.

It makes his own cock hard. His body feels tight. Unbidden, he shifts his thighs slightly, holding back a whine as the friction causes a stab of throbbing need to unfurl from the pit of his stomach.

He pushes on. Another palm slides forward; his fingers dig into the floor as his spine shifts and curves, hips swaying side to side. His mouth begins to water.

When he's an arm's length away—close enough to touch Ilya if he wanted to, if he were to *reach out* – Shane sighs. It's not a sigh of exhaustion, but one that sounds lovestruck — yearning and wanting and delirious in the way it seeps through his entire body.

Still, Ilya says nothing. His arms are braced at his side, but his face has tipped down now, mouth open to reveal the barest hint of a slow, ragged pant.

"Ilya," Shane breathes out, "Ilya, *please*—"

All his life, Shane has tried to be good. To be honest and loyal— He's a people pleaser; he knows this. He enjoys knowing that he's done well. He loves the praise; the acknowledgement that he has tried his best. But none of that has ever mattered as much as here, in this moment, with his head perilously close to his husband's cock.

For a second, he thinks that Ilya's going to *torment* him, deny him what he wants— because sometimes, Ilya enjoys being cruel in the same way a predator might toy with its prey, dangling the exhaustible, tantalizing idea of *hope* in front of him, only to cruelly wrench it away over and over again until he's nothing but an empty vessel filled with twitching nerves and raw, painful hunger. Sometimes it brings such pleasure to him. But the very thought of being denied right now makes Shane want to weep.

“Do you—” his breath hitches as another sharp stab of arousal sweeps through him. “Do you enjoy seeing me like this?” he asks, tipping forward desperately, tilting his head up and back as if giving Ilya access to his mouth. He hears the break in his own voice, the whimper that threatens to break out, and wonders if it is enough to convince Ilya to be merciful. “Crawling to you. *Begging—*”

“I haven’t heard you beg yet,” Ilya interrupts suddenly. His voice is dark and rich—raw in a way that betrays his composure. “Tell me what you want.”

Pleasure sparks deep within Shane. His cock feels so hard that he thinks one wrong movement would snap it off. But words are *hard*—even more so when Ilya’s demanding him to spill his deepest, *darkest* desires. To be used. Owned. To be called *good—* “*Please. Ilya—*” he manages to stutter out, shuffling forward, before he finally reaches his husband. “Don’t make me—”

“Use your words,” says Ilya, simply. His eyes have sharpened into pools of dark bronze, rich and fierce and *knowing*. Shane’s utterly helpless before his gaze. Stripped bare. As if nothing matters other than the man before him.

“*You.*” Shane nearly sobs in reply. He tips his head forward, resisting his forehead against the harsh ridge of Ilya’s knee, though every part of him wants him to go closer, to slide his head down until he’s at the junction of Ilya’s thighs, still clad in those sweatpants— warm and powerful and *oh so close—*

“And what do you want from me? Tell me,” Ilya commands.

“Use me.” The words come out in a torrent; he couldn’t stop them even if he tried, so far gone in his lust. Arousal has rendered him almost drunk with sensation. His skin feels too tight. Hot. “Use me,” he pleads. “Please. I want you— want your hands on my head and your cock—” he breaks off into a whine. Part of him wants to reach down; to grasp his own cock, in search of the barest hint of relief—

“Do you want me to fuck you?” Ilya asks, watching the slow stutter of Shane’s hips, rising and falling, even though he’s trying really hard to stay still. “Do you want to be fucked, *moy lyubimyy?*”

“*No—*” Shane manages to grit out. “Want your cock. In my mouth—” He closes his eyes, trying to stifle another moan, but fails miserably. “I want you down my throat,” he manages to choke out, before his will fails; his hand strays towards his dick, and just as he’s about to reach into his own pants, Ilya moves.

“You don’t get to do that,” Ilya chides, almost gently, as one hand comes down to grasp at Shane’s hair, pulling him forward. Ilya’s fingers tangle at his roots, and despite the sting, it’s obvious he’s being so incredibly careful not to pull too hard. “Getting you off is my job, yes? Are you going to deprive me of your pleasure?”

Shane shakes his head. “No. But, just—”

Another tug – this time, harder. Until he’s so close he can nearly *taste* Ilya’s cock through the thin grey material. Ilya smells *so good*—like sandalwood and warm fires and musk. Unbidden, his mouth waters.

Ilya lets out a long sigh, then smiles—not quite a smirk, but brimming with amusement regardless. “Such a desperate slut you are,” he murmurs. “So needy. If you want my cock –” he crooks his fingers with his other hand, beckoning Shane forward like a priest to a supplicant,” – then come take it.”

It’s all the permission Shane needs. He lurches forward blindly, frantically—animalistic in his instinctual need for his husband’s cock. When his hands find Ilya’s waistband, he can barely hold himself back enough so he doesn’t rip straight through the fabric.

Ilya’s dick springs out – thick and red and engorged. Shane slides his mouth down onto his shaft, taking Ilya in one fluid stroke. The pressure of his cock slipping straight into Shane’s throat nearly makes him gag, but he pushes forward— so cock-hungry and aroused that the discomfort dissipates into pleasure in a heartbeat.

Ilya groans, loud and harsh. “*Fuck*,” he hisses out. “So good, Shane. So good for me. You were meant to take cock—”

At that, Shane *whines*. He wants to be good, to give Ilya as much pleasure as he can. To be used for this, and this alone— He pulls himself backwards by inches, slowly sliding back and forth in measured paces, stroking with his hands, before he bobs down again, straining to take him in entirely, until he can almost touch the delicate hairs that cover Ilya’s groin.

It’s not long before Ilya’s hips start thrusting forward—a stuttering, frantic pace that betrays how close he is.

“You’re so good, Shane,” he grits out. “Such a good cock-sucker. Making me cum like this—”

Shane’s own cock has been abandoned until now, left alone in the wake of his desire to please his husband. He’s so focused on Ilya that it doesn’t matter what he’s feeling, because this is what he wants; to be used, like a *toy— and yet—*

Suddenly, something presses against his shaft, still trapped within his own pants. The friction causes him to jolt forward with a gasp that quickly turns into a choked-out swallow.

He doesn’t look down. He doesn’t need to.

“Ride me—” Ilya says, voice gruff and low between rapid breaths. “—ride me until you cum.”

With his mouth still on Ilya’s cock, lips swollen and sealed, all Shane can do is nod. He pushes his body forward, half leaning against Ilya, before he shifts himself back and forth. The drag of his dick against Ilya’s foot is sharp—cushioned only by cloth and wetness of his own precum, which has already saturated the fabric in a wet puddle.

When he curls his tongue around Ilya, lapping at the tip before he sinks down again, opening wide enough to finally, *finally* take him all the way down, he feels saliva trickling out from

the corner of his mouth, but can't bring himself to care.

A second later, Ilya snarls— a wordless sound so guttural it makes his body shake— and then floods Shane's mouth. Shane swallows eagerly; the bitterness is something he's gotten used to, and at this point, it does nothing but trigger another wave of maddening arousal within him.

Ilya pulls him off his cock a heartbeat later, overstimulated and still shaking from the aftershocks, yet ever considerate of his partner. "Good boy," he mutters, breath still shaky and fast. "You're such a good boy for me, Shane. Pleasing me. Letting me face-fuck you. *Moy vozlyublenniy*, what have I done to deserve you—"

By now, Shane knows that he's also close. There's a pressure in him that's turned sharp. Painful. It crests and crests and he's *so close* to shattering. "Let me cum?" Shane begs, voice high and distressed. His spine has become rigid, and his thrusts no longer have rhythm. "Please Ilya, *let me cum—*"

"*Fuck,*" Ilya grits out. His hands come down to stroke Shane's head, fingertips tenderly cradling his cheeks. "Ilya. Cum *now.*"

Shane keens, then pushes forward. A litany of nonsense falls from his lips. "Ilya. Feels so good. Thank you. Ilya. *Ilya—*"

When Shane finally cums, his mind goes entirely blank, save for the thread of coursing electricity which seems to stretch along his nerves like a live wire. It curls within him until all he can do is follow it. He spills onto Ilya, hips still stuttering away, chasing aftershocks with whimpers and whines and broken little sounds, before he slumps over.

Ilya's hands are around him now, and he feels his lips trace kisses from the top of his head down to his cheek and then back again. "I've got you, Shane," he whispers. "Thank you for loving me. I love you. You make me so happy."

Shane barely has the energy to keep his eyes open, but he manages to shift his head, tilting his chin upward to meet a kiss with one of his own. "I love you," he replies, before it becomes too much. He presses his face against Ilya's thigh, squeezing his eyes shut. "I love you even though you don't listen to me—" he mutters. "And even though you enjoy tormenting me—"

"I did listen to you." Ilya says, interrupting with a wicked chuckle. "Is entirely your fault you do not have better self control, throwing yourself at me like that. Was good though. Maybe I should wear these sweatpants more often—"

Somehow, Shane finds the energy to open his eyes again. He glares.

"Don't you dare."

End Notes

me, afab and not understanding the appeal of grey sweatpants: hmmmm, what if i were a man and my husband was hot and sexy in grey sweatpants--
oh shit

u know shane is asian b/c every asian kid (at one point or another) gets lectured for walking around with wet hair. bad for the body, lets cold humours in etc. etc.

Bonus excerpt that I could not fit in -- in which Ilya torments Shane by wearing said sweatpants to Hayden's place: (Maybe I'll write a sequel one day lol)

“Is that what you’re wearing to Hayden's?” he hisses, eyes unable to meet Ilya’s gaze. Dear God– He’s going to be sitting at dinner, trying not to pop a boner. He’s going to fail and then Hayden’s going to find out and then he’ll have to flee the country–

Ilya is a cruel man, because he shrugs. As if he’s unaware of the effect he has on Shane. “What. Is only Hayden. Do I need to put on a suit and tie?”

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