possessive love disorder

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76010161.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	F/F, F/M, M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Cassie Boodram/Zane Boodram, Lisa Hayes/Wyatt Hayes
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Zane Boodram, Young - Character, Wyatt Hayes, Troy Barrett, Rose Landry, Svetlana Vetrova
Additional Tags:	Bottom Shane Hollander, Top Ilya Rozanov, Sub Shane Hollander, Dom Ilya Rozanov, Anxious Shane Hollander, Autistic Shane Hollander, ok now the sex tags, Frottage, Deepthroating, Spit Kink, Feminization, Lingerie, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Rimming, Face-Fucking, Biting Kink, Good Boy Shane Hollander, im so glad thats a tag oh my god, freak4freak ilya rozanov/shane hollander, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander Has a Praise Kink, Aftercare
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of fashion icon
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-19 Completed: 2025-12-21 Words: 7,430 Chapters: 2/2

possessive love disorder

by Literal_Multifandom_Trashcan

Summary

Ilya's jaw was hanging open as he stared at Shane, vaguely processing the whoops, catcalls, and cheers surrounding him at what Shane was wearing.

His eyes roamed up and down Shane's body, greedily drinking in every detail of what his husband was wearing. Him and Rose had just gotten to the club, but Ilya might have to turn his husband around and leave with him immediately.

Because wow…wow.

or
shane decides to get an outfit with rose and wear it to the club. ilya goes insane

or or
shane hollanders waist appreciation fic

Notes

hi hi ! these two men are continuing to take over my every waking thought. im so exciting for this weeks episode even though its going to emotionally devastate me, so i figured in the mean time id write some smut of married in love hollanov. i havent written smut in AGES so hopefully its okay! the second chapter will be posted hopefully by saturday.

this is entirely inspired by me seeing this post on Pinterest and immediately having the thought of what if shane hollander wore that to the club

https://pin.it/1QWLisepf

im working on a significantly angstier fic that will probably be posted next week, but in the meantime enjoy !!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Shane Hollander was attractive.

And sure, was Ilya a little biased considering that was his husband? Maybe. But even disregarding Ilya's bias, it was a pretty commonly agreed upon fact.

Even during their rookie years, articles talked about Shane's appearance, his numerous modeling gigs for advertisements bringing attention to his physique.

He was disciplined to no end, and it showed. While Ilya worked out, while he knew his teammates worked out, he had never met someone quite as into exercise as Shane Hollander.

His husband went on 2km (minimum) runs every morning, weightlifted every day of the week except one (Ilya and Yuna had teamed up on that one, nearly every health expert recommends at least one rest day of no exercise, but getting Shane Hollander to rest for even one second was a battle of its own), and had daily yoga and stretching sessions.

As their relationship progressed, Ilya began to understand what drove Shane to exercise so often. For Ilya, exercise was something required for his sport, mildly enjoyable in the same way anything that involves visible improvement is. He didn't dislike exercise, but it wasn't really an escape for him.

For Shane, though, it was what kept him sane. Ilya had already known about Shane's neurotic tendencies from the minute the other man had folded up his clothes carefully before they fucked for the first time.

Routine was *everything* to Shane. And exercise was part of that. When Shane's brain got too loud and Ilya wasn't there to coax him into a floaty, soft headspace (because much to his upset, they couldn't spend every moment of everyday together in bed) exercise was what quieted those loud thoughts.

Ilya wouldn't have Shane any other way, with his weird quirks and his single-minded dedication to nearly anything and everything.

He didn't care much about silly things like weight and muscle definition-sure, he could appreciate a hot muscular man, but Shane was *it* for him regardless of what he looked like.

Would still be it for him when he was old and wrinkly and bald-Ilya genuinely couldn't conceive a reality in which he ever stopped being attracted to Shane Hollander.

So, yes, safe to say his husband was attractive. It was seen in the way countless men and women fawned over Shane online, the way the guys on the team talked about how jealous they were of Shane's physique, the way modelling brands were almost constantly blowing up Farah's email.

But, Ilya couldn't help but think to himself, swallowing dryly, Shane had never been quite as attractive as he was right now, standing in front of him.

—

Here's how it started. Tonight was one of the rare occasions that Shane had decided to join Ilya and some of the team out at a club on a Friday night.

It had surprised Ilya. He loved going out, but Shane, not so much. It was never really a big issue between them-Shane loved to have a night to himself occasionally, and Ilya got to party it up knowing he would be greeted by his beautiful husband when he left.

But now he was starting to understand why Shane had agreed. Rose had been in Canada for a film shooting, and Shane insisted she come and visit them while she was near Ottawa. Ilya and Rose got along like a house on fire, so he was always happy to see her if she was in the area.

Her and Shane had gone out for late lunch yesterday to catch up with each other and go shopping while Ilya took an after practice nap. Then today, when Ilya talked to Shane that morning about how he had been invited to go out tonight, Shane asked if he could extend the invite to Rose.

(As though she wasn't a beautiful movie star. Ilya was certain over half the Centaurs could care less as long as they got to see her in a skin tight dress. Straight men, he felt, were *so* predictable).

The day had gotten even weirder when at 6pm, Rose showed up at their house, equipped with a duffel bag that Ilya could only assume was filled with clothes and other miscellaneous items. When Ilya had questioned what exactly was happening, Rose simply insisted that she was there to help Shane get ready for the club.

Ilya had blinked in confusion as the woman let herself in, hugging Shane who had gotten up from the couch to say hello before kneeling down and letting Anya slobber all over her face.

Even stranger, when both her *and* Shane insisted Ilya leave early to meet with some of the other guys at the club a little earlier than initially planned. Ilya had looked at Shane with utter confusion and bafflement, and Shane, a notoriously bad liar, had just insisted that he would meet Ilya there a little later after getting ready with Rose.

It had honestly freaked Ilya out a little bit. He knew Shane would never cheat on him, much less with Rose of all people, and he knew him and Shane had both been in therapy long enough that they were capable of communicating with each other if either of them were having any issues.

What had eventually convinced Ilya to leave was Shane giving him a deep kiss, caging Ilya against the wall as he kissed the Russian as though any second their lips were apart would cause him physical pain.

"It'll be worth it, I promise" Shane had insisted, all while Ilya was trying to catch his breath, staring at Shane with thoughts most certainly not safe for work filling his head.

“I will trust you on that. You are not…hiding anything bad though, right?” Ilya asked. He trusted Shane-trusted him with his heart and soul and entire being. But Shane was sometimes convinced that he could somehow burden Ilya with his problems, as though Ilya wouldn’t hold up the world just so Shane could relax his shoulders for even a moment.

Shane’s eyes widened, and he shook his head.

“Oh-I didn’t realize how today would come across-” He stuttered, trailing off before firmly shaking his head, holding eye contact with Ilya.

“Nothing bad. Just, um, a surprise. For you, I mean.” Shane glanced away, a sharp pink rising up his cheeks and spreading across his whole face. Ilya raised an eyebrow, starting to smirk. It was like that, then.

Another part of him felt so warm and proud of his husband. The fact that Shane was comfortable enough to do something spontaneous, to plan a surprise that involved going out in public, all without a hint of any signs of a meltdown or spiral. He remembered when even just the idea of them being friendly in public would send Shane into a panic attack, so afraid that someone would draw conclusions and it would lead to them being outed.

They had worked so hard to get here. To be publicly married and on a team that was open and accepting and full of other queer people. To have teens who played hockey come up to them and tell them that seeing two of the most successful rookies out and together inspired them to come to terms with their identities.

Ilya relished it. Relished in the fact that he could go to a club with his husband and not have to worry about anything other than dancing and taking shots.

He would look forward to it, then. He couldn’t wait to see what Shane had planned.

—--

It was worth it. The wait had been so, *so* worth it.

Ilya's jaw was hanging open as he stared at Shane, vaguely processing the whoops, catcalls, and cheers surrounding him at what Shane was wearing.

His eyes roamed up and down Shane's body, greedily drinking in every detail of what his husband was wearing. Him and Rose had just gotten to the club, but Ilya might have to turn his husband around and leave with him *immediately*.

Because wow…wow.

Behind Shane was Rose Landry, looking incredibly smug and proud of herself at everyone's reaction to Shane Hollander, who looked a little flushed and embarrassed at the fact that nearly everyone in the club had stopped to turn and stare at him.

In front of him was Shane in an outfit and fashion style Ilya had *never* seen his husband wear before.

On his lower half he had black platform shoes-nothing outrageous, just a small one inch platform that led into a shiny black laced up combat boot. His pants were sinful leather, flared pant legs that led up to a tight waistline that hugged Shane's hips, a simple black belt threaded through, holding the pants up.

On his upper body was a shirt that, quite frankly, Ilya thought should be illegal for Shane to wear in public. It was a wickedly tight shirt, a black tank top cropped at the shoulders as well as the *stomach*, stopping right above Shane's bellybutton. It somehow made his waist look even smaller and more defined than normally was, something Ilya didn't even think was *possible-*

(Svetlana had commiserated about how Shane's waist was snatched, a term Ilya was entirely unfamiliar with and wasn't sure he wanted to even know).

His abs were on display-just enough to notice the grooves of defined muscle before they were hidden by the fabric of Shane's shirt. Ilya's eyes travelled up, momentarily appreciating the

flex of Shane's arms as he moved.

Shane's upper body was a well defined mass of muscle, biceps made even more visible by the cut of the shirt. He was also loosely wearing a black leather jacket that Ilya was 99% certain was his, and didn't that thought drive him a little *insane-*

Around Shane's neck was a simple silver necklace that fit a little more like a choker but wasn't quite tight enough to be considered one.

And then his *face*. Rose had clearly outdone herself with Shane's makeup. Both Ilya and Shane had worn makeup before for photoshoots and award shows, but outside of the occasional eyeliner smudge for a 'bad boy' aesthetic it was mostly just concealer, foundation, and maybe some contour.

But this was something entirely different.

Shane's face was subtly contoured, but his skin looked mostly bare of foundation and concealer, leaving his beautiful freckles on display, accentuated by just a hint of blush. His eyes had a short layer of black and dark blue eyeshadow, which was mostly covered by some eyeliner smudged at his upper lids, almost a wing but not quite. It was blended down a little into the edges of his lower water line. His lips were just a little more red and shiny than normal, appearing as though he had some kind of tinted gloss on. His hair was tousled just a little bit, enough to be wild but not messy.

Ilya's brain short circuited. He was convinced he had died and gone to heaven.

Shane walked up to Ilya almost shyly, aware of all the attention on him.

"Do you think I look okay?" Shane asked. Part of him was teasing, he *knew* he looked pretty good, but another part of him was more genuine, just a little anxious that Ilya thought Shane looked weird or was doing too much.

Ilya took every single ounce of self control he possibly had to prevent himself from pulling Shane into a kiss right there. He knew that if he kissed Shane in front of everyone, he wouldn't be able to pull himself off.

"Черт возьми, Шейн (***Holy shit, Shane***). Do you look okay? Oh my god. You look-what the fuck-должно быть незаконно, чтобы кто-то выглядел так хорошо (***It should be illegal for someone to look that good***)."

Ilya was thankful Shane had learned Russian, just so he could get away with outright dirty talk towards his husband with everyone being none the wiser.

Luca whistled.

"Shit, you've made Rozanov speechless. I don't think I've ever seen him at a loss for words."

Barrett whirls at Luca, eyebrows raised.

"Do you blame him? Half the team is speechless right now." Barrett cocks his head at Hayes, Boodram, and Young, all of whom looked like they might be reconsidering their sexualities solely due to Shane Hollander. (Which was saying something, considering Boodram and Hayes were both *married*).

Barrett then turns back to Shane.

"Not in a bad way, though! Just…you rarely come out with us, so I think we're all a little surprised that you decided to pop up, especially in that outfit considering how boring your fashion sense is most of the time. I will say though, Rozanov is a *very* lucky man." He waggled his eyebrows at Shane, whose face flushed an even brighter pink at the last sentence.

“Hey, my fashion sense isn’t *that* bad normally!” Shane exclaimed. Both Rose and Barrett pinned him with a *look*, and even he knew he was losing this battle.

The patrons of the club had gone back to their respective partying groups, the low sound of various conversations filling the room as the bass boosted music played above. Even though no one was really paying attention to him anymore, Shane still felt like he was far too sober to be wearing an outfit like this in front of so many people.

Emboldened by the encouraging look Rose gave him, Shane took a deep breath and grabbed at Ilya’s arm. Said man was still staring at Shane’s body with a gaze so intense that Shane felt like he was being hunted, felt like he had been pinned against the ground and splayed bare even though Ilya hadn’t kissed him once yet tonight.

“C’mon, lets do a round of shots. On me, okay guys?” Shane offered. The guys looked shocked at Shane Hollander of all people suggesting shots, before breaking into whoops and hollers as they headed towards the bar, a few of them patting Shane on the back or shoulder in appreciation.

Shane rarely drank. He didn’t really enjoy the taste of alcohol, nor the out of control feeling it often gave him. But he had promised Rose that tonight he would let himself let loose and relax for the first time in years.

(It had been his therapy homework that week. They had been working on Shane’s need to plan everything all of the time, something that he was informed was a very common symptom of autism, which he hadn’t even known he’d had until last year.

She challenged Shane to do something spontaneous. Nothing dangerous or self-destructive, nothing that would put his safety at serious risk, just something unplanned. Something that might make him slightly uncomfortable but that he *wanted* to do.

It was a mixture of exposure therapy and cbt. He had voiced wanting to be able to handle new things better, wanting to be able to take things as they went without his whole day being ruined at the slightest unexpected change.

Plus, now that he was out and more comfortable in his sexuality, there were so many things he *wanted* to do. Queer people who he saw online exploring clothes and makeup and posting about date nights and going to pride parades.

Shane *wanted* to do those things, both for himself and Ilya. He wanted to scream from the rooftops that Ilya Rozanov chose him, but his biggest hurdle was himself.

Shane would say this was pretty spontaneous. When he brought up his homework to Rose, his original idea had been something a little more simple like wearing a pair of panties in the bedroom, but she was an enabler to the highest degree.

Oh, well. He supposed he was an all or nothing kind of person, always had been. Might as well go fully in and commit.)

Plus, the team had done *really* well this season. They had yesterday and today off, continuing their winning streak of the season after a particularly close and brutal game against New York. They deserved to indulge and party for a night, and Shane was happy to spend some of the ungodly amount of money he had on people he cared for.

Ilya trailed along Shane as though he was an obedient dog on a leash, allowing Shane to weave him through the crowd of people as they neared the bar.

“Who are you and what have you done with my husband?” Ilya asked. They arrived at the bar and Ilya pulled himself closer to Shane, wrapping one arm around his waist while his chin rested on one of Shane’s bare shoulders.

He could feel the shiver that ran through Shane’s spine as he spoke so close to his lover's ear.

“I just…I wanted to do something spontaneous. Homework for therapy. Apparently I need to ‘let loose’ sometimes, can you believe that?” Shane quoted something his parents, Ilya, and nearly all his friends had told him and one point or another.

He reached down to pick up one of the shots ordered for that round off the counter, bringing the small glass of vodka up to his lips and tossing it back with a small grimace. Ilya straightened, watching with rapt attention at the way Shane's lips wrapped around the rim of the glass and the way his adams apple bobbed as he swallowed the alcohol.

Shane set the empty glass down with a clang, smiling a little at the way Dykstra had caught his eyes and cheered at Shane while he drank. He felt so lucky that he was around people who he felt so comfortable around, so safe around.

"Well I am big enjoyer of this Shane who lets loose sometimes. But maybe next time in private, in our own home." Ilya's eyes darkened as he glanced around, taking note of the multiple people in the club taking glances and salivating over his husband. He was certain a picture of them would end up on social media by the morning, but him and Shane were past the point of caring about stupid tabloid gossip.

"I am easily jealous. You know this." Ilya leaned in and nosed at Shane's neck, bringing his other arm around to fully encircle Shane's slim waist and press his hips into Shane's ass.

Shane let out the quietest groan, eyes darting around at the people surrounding them. He glared at Ilya out of the corner of his eye, and the man reluctantly pulled away from Shane, knowing he was pushing it with borderline grinding on Shane while their teammates were right nearby.

He reached down to grab another shot glass, but paused in the motion when Ilya tsked.

"No more drinks tonight. I want you sober for what I do to you tonight. You will be good boy for me, yes?" Ilya asked lightly.

Shane shut his eyes and exhaled, cheeks flushing not just from the alcohol.

"*Jesus christ*, Ilya, we are in *public*." Shane hissed. Ilya just smirked, eyes wandering down to the way Shane's pants hugged his ass and the way his hip bones were just defined enough to create a nice v-shape.

“Yes. I know. It is important that these people all know that my husband with a body sculpted by god only gets on his knees for *me*.” His tone darkened at the end of his sentence, unable to prevent the way blood thrummed through his veins at the knowledge. He didn’t bother to hide his possessiveness, well aware that Shane found it hot as hell.

“I will be honest, дорогой (***my darling***), I have been ready to take you back home to bed as soon as I watched you walk in. Just say the words and we will go.” Ilya murmured.

Shane bashfully smiled at him. It should be illegal to have such a cute expression on such a sinful looking figure. It made Ilya go insane.

“Rose wanted to dance to at least one song, and then we’ll go.” Ilya nodded in satisfaction, maneuvering himself so he was leaning against the bar table, ordering a beer to sip on. Shane watched him, as though he was waiting for Ilya’s verbal allowance to go dance. The thought made a heady sense of power rush through Ilya.

He took a sip of his beer, raising an eyebrow at Shane.

“Go dance, then. I will stand here and watch.”

He had the satisfaction of watching Shane’s cheeks turn bright red at the thought of Ilya standing back and watching Shane dance. Shane gave Ilya a small smile and nod before turning to find Rose in the crowd.

Ilya stood back, tracking his husband's movement and taking a slow sip of his beer. He watched as Shane found Rose, who herself looked stunning, with her brightening up once she saw Shane and pulling him to dance.

Shane didn’t normally dance - in fact, he almost never did. Ilya was certain that the shot Shane had drank was for liquid courage more than anything, because his husband would never dance fully sober.

It seemed as though the knowledge Ilya was watching along with the outfit he was wearing gave Shane a newfound sense of confidence. It thrilled Ilya, the way Shane started to move with a sense of purpose and confidence.

A techno beat sounded loudly over the club speakers, with Shane bringing his arms up over his head and letting himself dance and sway to the music. Rose was a huge help, hyping Shane up and dancing in an equally promiscuous manner.

(Good for her, honestly. It was a club that was frequented by big personalities and everyone who attended had to sign an NDA. Shane was aware that she was back on the lookout after breaking up with her ex boyfriend a few months ago.

Judging by the way multiple women in the club eyed Rose, Shane had a feeling someone tonight was about to find out that Rose Landry was *very* single and *very* bisexual.)

In the back of his mind, Shane was aware of a set of piercing eyes on him from across the room. Knowing that Ilya was watching Shane move like this, dressed like *this*, filled his head with a fuzzy sense of accomplishment.

The song faded out after another two minutes, leaving Shane covered in a light sheen of sweat from the combination of the dancing, fluorescent lights, and hordes of people.

Shane leaned in so Rose could hear him among the noise.

“I’m going to head back for the night.” Shane said it casually, but Rose gave him a wide grin, glancing meaningfully in the direction of where Ilya was standing.

“You *have* to tell me how the night goes.”

Shane nodded at her. It had become tradition for them to debrief, whether it was after Shane hooked up with Ilya or after Rose spent the night with someone new. Considering she was the only woman he had ever had sex with (and he had been very, very bad at it), there was no real sense of shame between them anymore. And it was kind of nice to be able to have 'girl talk' with someone without worrying about judgement or slurs.

She gave him a wave before turning back to dancing, sauntering up to a tall, darker skinned woman with a septum piercing who had been eyeing Rose all night.

Shane averted his eyes, now focusing on making his way back over to Ilya. Said man was finishing up his beer, catching Shane's eyes as he set the drink down. The Russian visibly brightened at seeing Shane, knowing that meant he could finally go home with Shane.

Because as good as Shane looked with that outfit on, Ilya could say with one hundred percent sureness that he would look better with nothing on at all.

"Ready to go?" Shane asked, leaning in to catch Ilya in a kiss. Ilya leaned forward, trying to take the opportunity to turn it into a full makeout, but Shane pulled away before Ilya had the chance. It left him chasing Shane's lips, pouting a little when Shane pulled himself fully away.

"Yes. I have been ready since you exploded my brain with your surprise. I think my head will melt if you do anything else." Ilya groaned out.

Shane's eyes widened, and a mischievous smile slowly made its way onto his face.

"Well in that case, I guess you don't want to see my other surprise…" Shane trailed on, glancing around to make sure no one was looking in their direction before shifting his pants down *just* enough to expose thin, black strings that rested on the lower half of Shane's hips, covering them back up after showing Ilya.

Those were from a thong. Ilya had walked by enough lingerie shops, had hooked up with enough women, to be able to recognize the thin spaghetti lines, and all of a sudden he was very, *very* interested in if Shane was hiding anything else under those leather pants of his.

Grabbing onto Shane's arm, Ilya tightened his jaw, reminding himself how breathing worked. Every single part of his brain that would be filled with basic human functioning skills was instead consumed by Shane.

"We will say goodbye to everyone, and then we are taking fastest uber ever back home. I will pay *extra*. And then I will make you feel so good you can't even *think*. God, Hollander, you are a tease."

Shane just grinned back at Ilya.

"What are you waiting for? Lets go, then."

(Yes, Ilya thought happily as they opened up the door to their home.

Shane Hollander was going to kill him with how pretty he was. He did not want to go out any other way.)

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

this is genuinely just smut

DISCLAIMER: while i am a gay person who has had sex i am trans masc so obviously its. a little different for me, i also havent written smut in genuine years, so please be nice !!!!! enjoy <3

As soon as they got inside and locked the door, Shane found himself pressed against the wall, Ilya kissing him like a man possessed.

Shane allowed himself to sink into it, already feeling his head start to get fuzzy. Ilya's hands were wandering all over Shane's stomach, eventually coming to tightly grip at his hips.

"Do you know how hard it was to keep my hands off you?" Ilya groaned out.

He pressed himself further into Shane, grinding his rapidly-hardening dick into Shane's own. He gave Shane another bruising kiss before moving his mouth down to Shane's neck, mouthing at it before latching onto the skin right above Shane's collarbone and sucking *hard*.

Shane's hand came up to grip Ilya's head of curls. He felt boneless already, and they hadn't even taken clothes off. One of Ilya's hands travelled to Shane's ass, squeezing roughly.

Shane couldn't help but let out a whine, forcing himself to pull Ilya's head away from his skin.

"Wait-wait-" Shane managed to force the words out. Ilya immediately pulled away, concern entering his gaze.

“Are you okay? Too fast?” Ilya asked worriedly.

Shane blushed, a bashful look coming to his face as he gave Ilya a small smile.

“I’m okay. I just-I wanna blow you.”

Ilya felt like he was going to explode. Shane sounded so earnest, combined with the way he looked and the makeup he was wearing, Ilya had to put all of his self control towards not coming in his pants like a teenager.

“Fuck. *Fuck*. Hollander, you will be the death of me.” Ilya groaned out. He walked over to the couch and sat down on it, spreading his legs. Shane followed obediently, dropping onto his knees in between Ilya’s thighs seconds after the man had sat down.

He would never get sick of the way Shane looked at him when he was like this. The way his eyes were glazed over just a little bit, the way he looked at Ilya with such trust and love, letting Ilya take control.

Shane was so tense *all* the time, except for now. While Ilya had fucked around a bit before meeting Shane, familiar enough with dom/sub dynamics, he had never met someone who *loved* submitting more than Shane did.

It was an honor, to be given this trust and control. It was a release for both of them.

“Go ahead, then. Be a good boy and suck my dick.”

At the instructive words Shane pounced. He leaned forwards, nuzzling at Ilya’s prominent bulge in his jeans. He took a deep inhale before unzipping Ilya’s jeans, said man lifting his hips up just enough for Shane to pull them down to his thighs.

Ilya’s dick was prominently hard, bulging against his boxers in a way that Shane was certain was uncomfortable. He allowed himself to mouth at the bulge through the fabric, letting himself drool over the shape of his husband's dick.

He supposed he must have been taking too long, because one of Ilya’s hands travelled to his hair, giving a gentle tug of warning.

Shane forced himself to pull away long enough to pull down Ilya’s boxers, Ilya’s dick hitting against his stomach with a small thwap.

Shane thought he might genuinely be salivating at the sight. Ilya’s dick was so *pretty*-it was long and thick, the head flushed pink with some precome sitting on top, smearing against Ilya’s stomach.

For as much as Shane loved being fucked, giving head was a close second favorite. He licked up the length of Ilya’s dick before sucking the head into his mouth, gently swirling his tongue around the glands before slowly lowering his head down.

And down, and down, and down, until his nose was resting in Ilya’s pubes. The weight on his tongue was truly like nothing else, the slightly salty taste filling his senses with *Ilya Ilya Ilya*. He finally allowed himself to look up at his husband.

Shane noted, with quite a bit of pride, that Ilya looked like he was coming undone at the seams. His hand was still resting in Shane’s hair, head tilted back with a quiet groan as Shane made eye contact with him.

“Oh my god, Hollander. So good, holy shit. You like this, hm? You like looking all pretty just for me to ruin it at the end of the night?”

Ilya allowed the hand in Shane’s hair to trail down to where his mouth was stretched around Ilya’s cock, gently rubbing over the side of Shane’s lip. Shane bobbed his head a few times before pulling away for air, a strand of spit connecting him with Ilya’s dick.

“You can-you can fuck my face.” Shane would be embarrassed at how desperate he sounded, at the way his dick was leaking so much he was certain there was a small stain on his pants, but he couldn’t bring himself to care.

Not with the way Ilya’s eyes darkened, the way he brought his thumb to Shane’s mouth, easily slipping it into the warm, wet cavern.

“Yeah? You want me to fuck your mouth? Hold you down and ruin your pretty eyeliner?”

The speed at which Shane nodded almost gave him whiplash.

“Please.” He whined out.

Without a word, Ilya removed his thumb from Shane’s mouth, bringing his hand back up to grip tightly at Shane’s hair and pull him back down towards his dick.

“Tap my thigh twice if you need to stop, okay?” Ilya watched for Shane’s nod of comprehension before thrusting his dick into Shane’s mouth.

They both let out content groans. Ilya used his hand in Shane’s hair as leverage, holding him in place as he thrust into Shane’s mouth, balls slapping against Shane’s chin.

Shane felt like he was ascending to heaven. Sitting here like this, all he had to focus on was the weight of Ilya’s dick in his mouth, the spit falling down his face onto his shirt and the bare part of his stomach. Tears prickled at the corners of his eyes as he blinked, breathing through his nose and looking up at Ilya as the man used him for his own pleasure.

“So good for me, Shane.” Ilya murmured, trying to stave off his impending orgasm just to enjoy the sight of Shane sitting pretty for a little while longer. His husband was really a vision, eyeliner smudged, lip gloss fully off, the bottom half of his face covered in spit as his mouth made the most sinful noises while Ilya thrust in and out.

It was then he noticed what Shane's free hand was doing. He was palming at his dick through his pants while Ilya fucked his throat.

"You going to cum for me? Hm? You like my dick so much that you're going to cum in your pants like a whore?"

Shane whined in confirmation. He hadn't even realized that he was thrusting against his palm through his pants until Ilya said something. He did his best to nod-as well as he could with a nine-inch dick down his throat-moving his hips even more rapidly as he held Ilya's gaze.

Ilya pulled out of Shane's mouth, bringing a hand down to slowly jerk himself off using the excess spit and saliva, watching as Shane humped his own hand pathetically.

"Go on. Be a good girl and make your panties wet."

Fuck. *Fuck*.

Shane's eyes rolled back into his head, vision going white as he came. Him and Ilya had spoken about this before, about name calling and feminization, but this was the first time it was actually being explored during sex and not just conversation.

It was every bit as hot as Shane thought it would be.

By the time he came back to himself, his knees and throat ached a little. Ilya was staring at him with a mixture of awe and intense lust, squeezing the base of his dick so he didn't cum too soon.

"Bedroom. *Now*."

Shane had never moved faster in his life.

—-

Ilya stared at Shane, mouth dropped open at the other man who was splayed on their bed. It had been a rush to get Shane out of his outfit, and Ilya could have never predicted what Shane was fully hiding underneath his pants and tank top.

He allowed the heaviness in the air to remain as his eyes raked up and down Shane's figure. He had on a set of black almost see through lace panties, the thin straps resting on his upper thighs. This, Ilya had sort of predicted from the little sneak peak Shane had given him earlier in the club.

Everything else, though…

The whole night beneath the leather pants Shane had been wearing floral patterned thigh-highs, evidently meant for someone of a smaller stature with the way his thighs were almost bulging out of the fabric.

And somehow, he had managed to hide a black bralette under his tank top. Ilya supposed that with the way the tank tops straps had worked, it had been just enough fabric to hide the bra.

He was going to go *insane*.

"Do you, um, do you not like it? I know it's a little much, so…" Shane trailed off as the silence in the room continued.

Ilya groaned, leaning down to caress Shane's thighs.

"Shane. *Shane*. You will not be able to walk for *days* once I am done with you. Holy fuck." Ilya managed to finish his sentence-just barely-before sucking a mark into Shane's thigh,

right above where the thigh high ended.

Shane let out a moan, hips thrusting up. Ilya held him back down, big hands pressing hard into Shane to the point where he would definitely have bruises tomorrow.

He continued to mark up Shane's thighs, finding himself obsessed with the way the skin looked in the black silk. He kissed all around Shane's thighs and around his hips, refusing to put his mouth on the one place he knew Shane wanted it the most.

His husband was starting to get hard again, Ilya could tell. He almost wanted to coo at the way Shane's dick was twitching under the fabric of his panties.

"Please, please Ilya, please oh my god-" Shane whined out. Ilya took pity on him, pulling away from where he had bitten into the supple fat of Shane's thigh, leaving a beautiful purple bruise.

"What do you want? Use your words. Be a good boy, yes?" Ilya teased. Shane didn't even have the energy to tease back, instead just staring at Ilya with a dazed expression.

"Fuck me. *Please*." Shane's voice broke at the last word as he begged. Ilya let out a quiet groan. He didn't bother responding, instead manhandling Shane so he was laying on his stomach, head pressed into a pillow with his ass up in the air.

He instinctively arched his back when he felt Ilya's hands trail down his spine, finally landing on his ass and groping at the skin.

Shane was prepared for the feeling of lube, prepared for maybe one or two fingers to fuck into him and prep him for Ilya's dick.

What he was *not* prepared for, however, was for Ilya to pull the string of the panties aside and dive in, tonguing at his hole like he was starved. Shane's mouth fell open, drooling onto the pillow as he whined.

“Ilya, *Ilya*, what the fuck.”

Ilya just grinned against Shane’s ass, fucking his tongue in and out of Shane’s hole before sliding a lubed up finger in alongside it. He pulled his mouth away from Shane’s hole, fucking a second finger into Shane and instead sinking his teeth into Shane’s ass.

The whine Shane let out was going to live in Ilya’s brain for the rest of his life. He gave a gentle little kiss to the deep bite mark he had just left behind, drizzling a little more lube onto Shane’s hold before sliding in a third finger.

He searched around for a moment before his fingers pressed against a small bump, and he allowed himself a triumphant smirk as Shane gave a punched out moan.

“Ilya, I’m going to cum again, please, please-”

Ilya pulled his fingers out before Shane had the chance, relishing at the upset whine Shane gave. He rolled Shane over so the man was on his back once again, grabbing at Shane’s knees and lifting them up so they were resting on Ilya’s shoulders.

The effortless flexibility of the motion made Ilya’s dick bob against his stomach. *Thank you, yoga*. He thought to himself.

“Ah ah. I want you to be a good girl and cum on my dick, okay? Will you do that for me?”

Ilya asked as he slowly pushed his dick into Shane. He maintained eye contact, smirking a little at the way Shane’s mouth had dropped open, looking like he was fucked out even though Ilya had *just* put his dick into Shane.

A little meanly, Ilya pulled his hips back slowly until his tip was barely in Shane, watching with interest at the way his hole fluttered. Then, without a word, he slammed back in, greatly

enjoying the way Shane threw his head back in pleasure.

He set a punishing pace, feeling like the luckiest man alive at the way Shane's hole was sucking him in with every pull back.

Leaning down, Ilya pulled Shane's bralette down just enough so his nipples were visible, latching onto one and sucking *hard*.

Shane let out another punched out groan, bringing his hand up to Ilya's hair and tugging. The slight tinge of pain only made the heat in Ilya's stomach build more and more. Shane felt like he was floating, like he had made it to heaven somehow. His oversensitive dick rubbed against the fabric of the panties with each hard thrust, and he couldn't help the tears that leaked down his face at the feeling.

Ilya pulled away from Shane's chest, cooing and wiping away Shane's tears with his thumb, before bringing it down to Shane's mouth so he could suck on it. Ilya pressed his thumb down onto Shane's tongue.

"You look so good like this. Your tits and little clit bouncing while I fuck you. Are you going to cum untouched like a good girl? Your pussy is squeezing me so tight, you were made for this. Made to be my good girl."

Ilya leaned down to catch Shane in a deep kiss, thrusting his hips so hard the mattress was squeaking, nailing into Shane's prostate with every thrust.

He knew he'd won when Shane's hands scrambled for purchase, scratching down Ilya's back as he arched his back up and whined loudly into Ilya's mouth.

Ilya pulled away and watched with awe as Shane's untouched cock spurted cum, leaking through his panties, tip peaking out and drooling cum all over Shane's stomach.

Shane went boneless, sinking into the bed and staring at Ilya with loving eyes. Ilya took that as his cue, pounding into Shane and chasing after his own pleasure. Shane had just enough energy to lean forward, kissing at Ilya's neck before biting *hard* into his shoulder.

This time it was Ilya's turn to let out a groan, sinking balls deep into Shane as load after load pulsed into his husband.

By the time he was done, Ilya felt exhausted, slowly pulling his softening dick out of Shane's hole. He watched with rapt attention as his cum began to leak. Shane scrunched his face up at the uncomfortable sensation, and Ilya couldn't help but laugh softly, gently kissing Shane's forehead.

"I will get water and a towel. You stay here. Then we will take nice warm bath and sleep all day tomorrow."

Shane made a little noise of contentment, more than happy to lay in bed as Ilya shuffled around the room, grabbing a wet towel and gently pulling off the lingerie, setting it aside as he wiped Shane's dick and stomach.

Shane hissed a little at the feeling, relaxing as Ilya pressed a soothing kiss against his neck.

"I know, I know. Almost done." He murmured, cleaning up the last of the remaining spit and makeup on Shane's body and face before pulling away to put both the wet towel and lingerie into the dirty laundry basket.

(Because he had been with Shane long enough to know that anything with any bodily substance on it had to go right in the laundry-the one time Ilya had thrown his dirty boxers on the floor after sex he had gotten a lecture about cleanliness and hygiene.

He sort of loved it. All of Shane's peculiarities, all of his habits and his routines. Ilya loved knowing things about Shane that no one else knew, loved that he had that privilege.)

He went to go stand and start up a bath, but he was stopped by Shane pulling at his arm, giving him puppy dog eyes.

"Cuddle first, bath later." Shane mumbled tiredly. Ilya smiled indulgently at him, nodding before sliding into bed next to Shane.

Shane immediately turned to rest his head against Ilya's chest, wrapping one leg around Ilya's waist like he was some sort of leech. Ilya kissed Shane's forehead, allowing his head to rest against one of the many pillows on the bed.

They basked in the silence for a few moments, and Ilya almost thought Shane had fallen asleep until the man opened his eyes hazily staring up at Ilya.

"So I take it you liked my surprise?"

Ilya snorted, leaning down to give Shane a gentle kiss.

"Shane, I think for both of us, you can only do things like that once every few months. Otherwise I will never let you out of this bed. And I am team captain, so it would be very bad if I stopped coming to practice to fuck husband all day."

Shane giggled a little, snuggling further into Ilya.

"I hope you know I'm not going to be able to go in public for the next week without people thinking I got mauled by a bear. I'm gonna get so much shit from the other guys in the locker room." He mumbled.

(It was nice, though. Fun, friendly ribbing about what Shane and Ilya got up to in the bedroom, instead of uncomfortable stares as though Shane was some sort of foreign creature.)

“Good. That way everyone knows you are mine.”

Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane, settling.

He felt like he was the luckiest man alive.

(**Rose: so how did it go???**

Shane: ***image attached, of shane smiling bashfully in the bathroom mirror, neck and chest covered in hickeys and bite marks***

Shane: i dont think i can walk for like a week

Rose: HOLY SHIT!!!

Rose: get it ! damn

Rose: maybe next time we can go and get our nipples pierced together or something

Shane: ROSE LANDRY.!)

End Notes

title is from this song !!!!!
https://open.spotify.com/track/0KcOcxJ334EEUoFpxkuLGO?si=14b4bf47ba4b4884

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