

close enough to see

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close enough to see

by [simplycer](#)

Summary

Shane surprises Ilya with a small gift, Ilya thanks him.

Notes

this started as a tweet and turned into...whatever this is. i have a hollanov parasite, thanks for sticking around! :)

Buzzing softly next to his arm, Ilya looked down at his phone lying face down on his hotel bed. He was stretched out, long legs crossed at the ankles and one muscled arm behind his head. He let out a sigh through his nose, apprehensive he wasn't going to receive the message he knew was waiting for him. He reached for the device, flipping it over and shooting out a quick response to a text from his friend "Jane" that said 'What's your room #?'

Ilya shut the tv off, standing up to go to the full length mirror. He fluffed his hair, fixed his gold cross necklace from where it twisted, and looked down at his clothes. The black tank top and black Nike sweats he threw on after his shower stared back at him. He was having trouble deciding if he should keep the tank top on when there was a swift knock on his door. He decided against it, lifting his arm and doing a quick sniff test of his armpit to double check he reapplied his deodorant while walking to the hotel room door.

Opening it quickly, Shane Hollander made his entrance before the door closed and he leaned his back up against it. "God, my heart races every time I have to stand there waiting." Shane breathed, tipping his head back and swallowing. Ilya shoved his hands in the pockets of his sweats, a small smirk gracing his face. "Now you see why I like trouble. Better than drugs, yes?"

"I wouldn't know." Shane said, letting out a huffy laugh of his own. It was quiet for a moment after that, the energy of the room turning charged as soon as the two men made eye contact. Ilya gave Shane a boyish grin, starting to come toward him when Shane held up his hand for a moment. "Wait," he said, his cheeks starting to turn an adorable shade of pink. "I...have something to show you." Ilya raised an eyebrow, "Oh?"

Shane took a steadying breath, coming off the door he had plastered himself against and closer to Ilya. "Just trust me, ok?" He said, tilting his head in the way Ilya has come to memorize. Ilya just nodded his head, his eyes dropping to a half-lidded gaze as Shane came closer. His hands instinctually made their way to Shane's hips as he dipped his head down to meet him in a soft kiss.

He'd kissed Shane lots of times, but this would always be his favorite. The first kiss every time they met after time apart spoke volumes. It spoke of their longing and the emotions they carried from being apart. It tasted like coming home after a long day. Shane pulled away first, Ilya letting out a whiny groan as he felt Shane put his hands on his chest and push him toward the bed. The backs of his knees hit the mattress and he landed softly on his behind. He leaned back on his elbows and stared up at Shane with that sexy look Shane determined means 'I'm going to devour you.'

Ilya really looked at Shane now that he had a different vantage point. He was dressed in dark sweats of his own, a Montreal Voyageurs hoodie, and fresh white Adidas socks. "Are you going to strip for me, Hollander?" Ilya asked huskily, glancing over Shane from head to toe. Shane seemed a bit fidgety as he was under the microscope, playing with his hands before he started to pull his socks off and place them neatly on the hotel dresser. "Kind of?" Shane said, making Ilya chuckle again and give him a wry look. "You are more nervous than usual, why?" Ilya asked, clocking the way Shane's body language was different from his normal.

Shane put a hand on the back of his neck, meeting Ilya's gaze "Rose...helped me buy you a gift." He said, moving his hand from his neck to the hem of his sweatshirt, pulling it over his head and putting it with his socks on the dresser. The statement Shane made piqued Ilya's interest but he soon lost whatever thought he had as miles of smooth skin appeared before him. Shane had an incredible body, one Ilya had mapped out and knew better than his own. Ilya shook his head, "Wait. Did you say, Rose?"

Shane nodded, coming a bit closer to Ilya. "She had to buy it for me." he admitted, clearing his throat a little. "Hollander, what could you possibly have gotten for me?" Ilya smiled again, itching to touch and hold and kiss the half naked man in front of him. Shane turned his back to Ilya then, lowering the waist band of his sweats to show off the gift he'd promised. Ilya's mouth went dry as he looked down over Shane's muscled back, past the beautifully indented back dimples and freckles, to a band of red lace.

This wasn't just your normal, run of the mill lacy red panty set. There were letters running across the band, tiny diamond studded letters that read 'Rozanov' perfectly across Shane's lower back. Ilya blinked, then blinked again. He had to make sure he wasn't seeing things. He sat up straighter on the end of the bed. "*Fuck.*" He rasped. "*Idite syuda.* Come here." He said lowly, reaching his hands out for Shane's hips.

Shane let out a nervous laugh, letting Ilya pull him back closer. "Do you like it?" Shane asked softly, hoping and praying he didn't just make a big fool of himself. Ilya pushed Shane's sweats down lower, revealing his perfectly round ass cheeks and the silver stretch marks Ilya loved to kiss on. He didn't respond, Ilya just leaned forward and started placing soft, open-mouthed kisses on Shane's back dimples. He moved them to Shane's hip, snapping the band of the G-string with his teeth, chuckling to himself at the surprised whimper Shane let out when the snap met his skin.

He kissed down his ass cheek, biting it lovingly as he did so. "I love it. I want you to have 17 more pairs." Ilya practically purred to him, tugging his pants all the way down now so Shane could step out of them. Shane let out a soft breath through his nose, shutting his eyes and tilting his head back as Ilya worshipped his skin. "Turn, I want to see front." Ilya said, leaning back and giving Shane's ass a quick smack.

With another little surprised noise, Shane turned slowly, his cheeks still pink and the tips of his ears starting to redden as well. He was just about to bring his hands in front of himself, but Ilya was too quick. He grabbed Shane's wrists and held them away so he could gaze at the front of the sexy red lingerie Shane had shown up in. "Obviously they weren't made for me so things are a bit of a tight fit." He said, biting his lip as he looked down at Ilya.

Groaning at the sight, the front of the panties left little to the imagination and Ilya was having a hard time not staring. The front was all red lace and there was a tiny bow resting at the top. Shane was half hard, making the front of the panties tight across his cock. "You really love to kill me, Hollander. I am, once again, fucking dead." Ilya said, leaning his forehead against Shane's lower stomach. Shane threaded a hand through his hair, biting his lip to stop his face from breaking out into a doofy smile.

Ilya took this opportunity to start kissing down Shane's smooth abdomen, to which Shane let out a small breath of anticipation. Ilya looked up at Shane, making eye contact as he began to

kiss along Shane's dick print. He laved his tongue over it, smiling as he felt Shane get harder under his ministrations. "You are greedy thing. You knew this would make me crazy." Ilya said, running his hands over Shane's hips and ass.

"Yes, I didn't know it would be like this though." Shane said breathily. "Mm, you are liar, Hollander." Ilya smiled, giving Shane's dick another kiss before pulling back. "I want you on the bed, lying on your stomach." Ilya said, moving to stand up but not without giving Shane's ass another quick slap. Ever eager to please, Shane moved for the bed, grabbing one of the pillows to rest on as he laid on his front like Ilya instructed. In the meantime, Ilya was pulling his tank top over his head, eyes never leaving the jeweled band of Shane's panties.

His own cock had been at attention ever since Shane dropped his sweats and sported Ilya's last name like it wasn't a big deal. I mean, maybe to a normal person it wasn't a big deal at all, but to Ilya it was and he couldn't stop staring. His own boxers and sweats ended up in a pile next to Shane's as he crawled onto the bed and started placing kisses along Shane's spine. Shane let out a hum as Ilya continued down his body. Ilya sat back on his haunches, making Shane move to his knees so he could get a better view of the man below him.

Ilya ran a hand down Shane's back, stopping at the band of the thong. "Red is your color, Hollander." Ilya remarked with his smartass mouth. Shane looked back over his shoulder "Shut the hell up, Rozano-" and before Shane could even finish his sentence, Ilya was pulling the piece of fabric covering Shane's ass to the side and flattening his tongue against his hole. Shane dropped his forehead to the mattress, letting out a soft moan. "You were saying?" Rozanov rumbled, repeating his movement. "F-fuck off.." Shane groaned, practically shoving his hips back to be closer to Ilya's face.

It didn't take long for Ilya to have Shane a panting mess below him, just from teasing him with his tongue alone. He took his time rimming him, paying special attention to his ass and opening him up. When Shane was practically dry humping the mattress, a wet spot growing in the crotch of the panties he was wearing, he asked Ilya desperately to grab some lube. Ilya, who was always prepared for these little trysts, went to his suitcase to grab the travel lube he kept in his toiletries. He popped the top, dropping a generous amount in his palm and drizzling more over Shane's ass.

After slicking himself up, he lined himself up with Shane, using the head of his cock to tease the brunette and rubbing the lube in. "Fuck, Rozanov. Please." Shane panted out. "Please, what? What do you need, *moy khoroshiy mal'chik*?" Ilya asked, running a hand over Shane's ass cheek. "Just..fuck me? Please?" Shane gripped the sheets. "You beg so nicely for me." Ilya said, hissing a little as he continued to rub the head of his cock against Shane's smooth slick skin.

All the teasing culminated in the moment when Ilya finally entered Shane, the two of them sharing in moans and grunts. Ilya hooked his thumb in the band of the panties Shane was still wearing. He started moving his hips, canting them slowly so he didn't hurt Shane. When Shane had adjusted to Ilya's size, Ilya started to pick up his pace. He couldn't help but watch himself enter and exit Shane, letting out low pants and Russian profanities.

Ilya leaned over Shane's body, getting close to his ear and nipping at his earlobe. "Look so fucking pretty like this. Love seeing my name so you know whose ass this is." Ilya grunted in

Shane's ear, causing the brunette to groan and arch his back even more. "Yours, all yours." Shane practically cried out. Ilya felt Shane clench around him and he knew it wouldn't take long for his release to crash through him.

A few more shallow thrusts had Ilya open-mouthed panting and moaning before his orgasm flooded his senses and had him finishing inside Shane. Shane, feeling so full and hearing Ilya pant "Yes, sweetheart, just like that." had him coming in the little red panties he still had on. The front was completely soaked through at this point and now he was a hot sticky mess. With a soft hiss, Ilya slowly pulled out. He collapsed on the bed next to Shane.

Taking his fingers and carding them through Shane's damp hair, Ilya could do nothing but smile at him. Shane, sated and sleepy from the workout, Ilya just put him through, laid there on his stomach trying to get his breathing under control. "I don't know how women wear these things, I feel like I'm being chopped in half and now they're all wet and uncomfortable." He grumbled. Ilya snorted "I don't know, but I'm not kidding. I'm buying you a pair in every color." Shane just laughed incredulously. "You know I didn't even have to get these custom made? They already had pairs premade with our names on them?" Shane murmured.

"Hot," Ilya said, his own sleepy smile gracing his face while he stretched. "You should wear them under your uniform." Shane rolled his eyes and pushed himself up and off the bed. "Fuck you, Rozanov. I'm going to take a shower." He went to remove the now ruined panties, but Ilya sat up and protested. "Wait, let me see one more time. Please?" he asked. Shane flipped him off over his shoulder as he walked to the bathroom in the hotel room, swaying his hips as Ilya's last name looked back at him and glinted in the dim light.

"Hey, Hollander? How long were you wearing those before you got here?" Ilya called out "Shut up, Rozanov." Shane called back. Ilya shook his head, flopping down on his back on the bed. He started to think about what Shane would look like in other lingerie...guess there was only one way to find out...

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