

I'm your centrepiece, make the canvas speak

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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:	Yuna makes a small appearance , Shane has an extensive skin care routine ala Hudson Williams , set in the long game , Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Established Relationship , Secret Relationship , POV Shane Hollander , Boyfriends , Bottom Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Blow Jobs , Rimming , Sex Toys , Vibrators , cum facial , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Domestic Boyfriends , Flirting , Teasing , Idiot in Love , Boys In Love , Boys Kissing , Kissing , Neck Kissing , Rough Kissing , Cuddling & Snuggling
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Pleasing: The Series
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-24 Words: 2,489 Chapters: 1/1

I'm your centrepiece, make the canvas speak

by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

Ilya lets Shane go and says, "Come with me, I made us breakfast."

"But—" he stutters out. Ilya eyes him so he says, "Did you not want to—" looking down at Ilya's crotch.

Ilya smirks. "Later— I have plan for you today," he tells him before he turns towards the door.

OR

Ilya finally gives Shane the facial he hasn't been able to stop thinking about.

Notes

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here is part 3 of this little skin care series, the final part!

hope yall enjoy this ♡

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

Shane wakes up to feel Ilya wrapped around him. He smiles softly, enjoying the warm embrace for a moment. He needs to pee and wants to get a workout in before Ilya keeps him in bed all day since they have limited time together. He's able to extract himself from Ilya's embrace without more than a groan before Ilya buries his face into the pillow Shane slept on. Shane leans down to kiss Ilya's cheek and when he pulls back, he sees him smile softly.

Shane grabs his bag and heads to the washroom where he relieves himself before changing into shorts and a long sleeve compression shirt. He leaves his bag in the washroom as he slips out and heads down to Ilya's home gym.

Shane keeps the light low as he's going to start with stretches and some yoga.

He always smiles when he thinks about the little ways Ilya shows him he loves him— the light dimmer in the gym is one of those moments that make him feel loved.

It's about an hour later when Ilya finally joins him in the gym only wearing sweatpants that hang quite low on his hips, showing Shane that he doesn't have anything underneath. *Fuck*. He wants to lick and bite him all over.

"Good morning," Shane says when Ilya comes to stand in front of where he is doing squats.

"Good morning," Ilya says back, a smile on his face as he watches him. "Why didn't you wake me?"

"You looked too pretty to wake," Shane teases, blowing him a kiss.

Ilya eyes him up and down and under that intense gaze, Shane can't help but have a physical reaction to that— his dick twitching in his shorts. Ilya's eyes go down to Shane's crotch before smirking at him.

“I didn’t wake you because if I did, you wouldn’t have let me leave,” Shane tells him. “Right?” he asks softly.

“Yes,” Ilya confirms. He takes the weights out of Shane’s hands and puts them back in their rightful place before stepping back into Shane’s space. Shane couldn’t find it in him to move at all, just watching— waiting to see what his boyfriend was going to do.

Ilya slides his hands up Shane’s chest, grabbing his tits through his sweaty shirt. Ilya’s right hand runs up to his neck and to the back of his head into the long strands of hair. Shane moves into the embrace so easily, kissing him back with so much love and intensity. Ilya moans deeply into the kiss, holding him close as Shane grabs onto Ilya’s waist.

Ilya kisses his way down to his neck, licking a long stripe up his sweaty neck to his earlobe.

“*Fuck, Ilya,*” Shane moans, grinding his hard cock into Ilya’s thigh where it’s wedged between his legs.

Ilya then drops to his knees in front of him and quickly takes him out of his shorts. “Oh you don’t—” he starts to say because he’s sweaty and he doesn’t have to do that but is interrupted by Ilya wrapping his lips around his cock.

Shane runs his fingers through Ilya’s messy curls as Ilya moans deeply around his cock.

Ilya works his perfect fucking mouth on Shane’s cock and he comes quickly down his throat. Ilya gets back up and Shane kisses him hard on the mouth, not caring about brushed teeth right now. Ilya holds him close and Shane can feel his erection against him.

Ilya lets Shane go and says, “Come with me, I made us breakfast.”

“But—” he stutters out. Ilya eyes him so he says, “Did you not want to—” looking down at Ilya’s crotch.

Ilya smirks. “Later— I have plan for you today,” he tells him before he turns towards the door.

Shane is stuck in place at that. *He has a plan? Oh God.* Ilya turns to look at him and says, “Shane?”

Shane looks at him and sees the smirk on his face as he nods towards the door. Shane shakes himself out of it and follows his boyfriend out of the gym and towards the kitchen.

When Ilya said he had a plan for him today— boy did he mean it.

After a lovely breakfast— a mix of Shane’s healthy stuff with some food that Ilya loves— Ilya got in the shower with Shane and did everything for him. He washed him so gently and with so much care. He shampooed and conditioned Shane’s hair. He massaged his entire body along the way, even giving him a head massage when he washed his hair.

Once he was done, he dried Shane off and brought him to the bed where he ate him out. Ilya hasn’t done that in a while since they haven’t really had that much time when they were together to really divulge. Shane came hard all over his hand and chest as Ilya had him on his back and his legs hooked over his shoulders.

Again, Ilya didn’t allow Shane to touch him yet.

He so badly wants to get his hands on his cock that he knows is hard and aching but he keeps telling him to wait.

“Now who is impatient one?” Ilya asks teasingly when Shane touches him through his pants, feeling how hard he is.

“Why are you edging yourself?” Shane asks instead.

“I told you, I have plan,” Ilya says cryptically.

Shane eyes him. “Why aren’t you telling me?” he asks, slightly annoyed.

“What fun is that when you make cute, scrunched up, angry kitten face not knowing,” Ilya teases him, kissing his nose softly.

Shane smacks his chest before Ilya buries his face into his neck making him giggle.

Ilya’s phone rings and they see that Yuna is trying to FaceTime him.

Ilya laughs as Shane scrambles to put a shirt on before Ilya accepts the call. He stays shirtless because he has no shame. Shane does— lots of it. Something he isn’t going to unpack right now.

“Hi hunny,” he hears his mom say to Ilya who’s the only one in view for her right now.

“Hi, how are you?” Ilya says, smiling.

“Hi, I’m here too,” Shane says, shoving Ilya so he can be in the camera too.

“Oh, hi, sweetheart,” his mom says back. “Are you guys still in bed? It’s afternoon.”

“Yes, but—” Shane stops Ilya from saying something he shouldn’t by asking, “Why are you calling?”

“She was calling me, not you,” Ilya says, poking Shane in his side teasingly.

Shane can’t even pretend to hate how close Ilya is to his parents. Their bond with him is the best thing that could have happened. Shane couldn’t be happier about it.

After the call with his mom, they had a small lunch and watched a movie cuddled up together on the couch.

Ilya then carries Shane up to his bedroom where he takes him into his mouth again as he fingers him open. Instead of fucking him like he thought he might, he takes out a vibrator.

“*Ilya*,” Shane moans, feeling the toy against his hole. “Need you so bad,” he tells him.

“You have me,” Ilya tells him as he covers his body with his, kissing him hard on the lips before he pushes the toy inside of him and turns it on.

“*Fuuuck*,” Shane moans loudly, throwing his head back.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya moans, watching him. He opens his eyes to see him looking wrecked as he watches Shane. “You look so good, show me how good you take it,” Ilya tells him.

Ilya pushes the toy in a bit more, pressing it up against Shane’s prostate, making him cry out in pleasure. “Oh my God, right there, Ilya, *please*—” he moans.

Ilya keeps the vibrator there, kissing all over his body then back down to take his leaking cock in his mouth. “I’m gonna come, baby,” Shanne warns him.

Ilya doesn't stop, keeps going harder. Shane grips onto Ilya's hair as he comes hard down his throat.

Ilya takes it all before letting him go, turning the vibrator off, and slowly pulling it out. Shane can see him grabbing his hard cock, trying to hold off his own impending orgasm when he stands by the bed.

Shane leans up on his elbows as he watches him. "Ilya," he says softly, sliding his foot up until it's planted on the mattress, showing himself off for Ilya.

Ilya's looking at him with his normally light eyes completely dark with desire. "*Fuck*," he says, looking like he wants to devour Shane. He feels himself getting hot even though he's completely naked.

"I want you to fuck my mouth, Ilya," Shane tells him, bringing his fingers up to touch his own lips before slipping two fingers into his mouth, sucking on them while holding Ilya's gaze.

"Fuck it," he says before climbing back onto the bed and getting on top of Shane, straddling him for once. He kisses Shane hard on the lips, shoving his tongue in his mouth. Shane moans deeply into the kiss, grabbing at Ilya's hips.

Ilya pulls back from the kiss then starts to move up Shane's body, putting his knees on either side of Shane's shoulders, holding his cock in front of Shane's face.

Shane's mouth salivates at the sight of Ilya's hard, leaking cock— desperate for release. He immediately wraps his mouth around Ilya's cock and Ilya moans, running his fingers through Shane's hair, pushing it out of his face as he starts rocking in and out of his mouth, fucking his mouth like Shane asked for.

Shane lets Ilya move at whatever pace he needs, keeping his lips wrapped around him, working his tongue the way he knows he loves.

Ilya's whimpering above him and he sounds so fucking wrecked— Shane can feel his dick twitch back to life just at the sounds of Ilya's moaning.

"I have been holding out—" Ilya starts to say before moaning softly. He starts to slowly pull out of Shane's mouth and continues saying, "—because I could not stop thinking about how you looked on that FaceTime when I was in New York. I wanted to give you a different kind of facial."

Shane remembers it well. He remembers Ilya telling him he wants to come all over his face. "Fuck, yes," he moans, looking up at him as Ilya runs his leaking cock all over Shane's lips.

Ilya's lazily stroking himself as he runs his cock over Shane's lips. "Tell me," Ilya says, looking down into his boyfriend's pretty face with his stunning freckles and perfect smile, his soft doe eyes.

Shane's gripping onto Ilya's thighs on either side of him as he looks up at the man he loves so much and gives him what he wants, for him to be vocal. "I want you to cum all over my face, Ilya, *please*," he moans as he watches Ilya stroke himself faster, moaning softly as he starts to cum on Shane's lips, his cheek. Shane closes his eyes as Ilya continues to cum all over his face.

Shane can hear that Ilya's done as he gently touches his arm. Shane blinks his eyes open, noticing that Ilya successfully avoided his eyes. Ilya looks at him and says, "Oh *fuck*, you look incredible. Don't move."

Ilya grabs his phone and brings it to Shane's face. "Don't—" he starts to say but Ilya's already snapping away. "You know you can't keep those," he says when Ilya tosses his phone on the other side of the bed.

"I can," Ilya smiles softly. "I have locked folder."

"Ilya..." Shane says, worried.

“Shane,” Ilya says pointedly, smiling at him softly. “You are very pretty with my cum all over you,” he smirks.

Shane groans, remembering his face is covered in cum. Shane touches his cheek and brings it to his mouth. Ilya replaces Shane’s finger with his own mouth, kissing him hard, tasting himself on his face.

Shane shoves Ilya off him, both of them giggling. “I’m going to do my skin care early,” he tells him, as he gets out of bed.

“I will take nap because this will take *so* long,” Ilya teases him as he pulls the comforter on him, settling in.

Shane chuckles. He shakes his head before heading to the washroom. He decides to take a shower then once he’s out, properly do his skin care routine. When he’s done, he walks back into Ilya’s bedroom to see him sleeping. Shane tiptoes out of the room.

Shane heads down to the kitchen. His dad had made them chicken parmesan, which is Ilya’s favorite, so Shane had put it in the fridge yesterday when he arrived, while Ilya was out. Ilya didn’t say anything about it this morning so he must not have seen it behind the things Shane put in front of it.

Shane puts it into the oven where it needs to cook so he starts cleaning up where he can, letting Ilya nap for a bit since Shane did while they watched a movie. When it’s nearly done, he heads back upstairs to wake his boyfriend. He sits on the bed beside Ilya, pushing his hair out of his face softly.

Ilya stirs, looking up at him. There’s minimal light coming into the room from the window. “You let me sleep again,” Ilya says softly.

Shane smiles, leaning down to kiss his forehead. “I told you— you look so pretty when you sleep,” Shane teases.

Ilya laughs softly. He pulls at Shane to join him but Shane stops him. “Came to wake you up for dinner, not that,” he tells him.

“Why not both?” Ilya says, leaning up to kiss Shane.

Shane kisses him back, easily being pulled down for a couple minutes to make out. He then pulls himself out of Ilya’s embrace and then pulls Ilya out of bed. Ilya puts his sweatpants back on and his feet back into his slides and follows Shane downstairs.

When they get to the kitchen and Ilya can smell what’s cooking, he says, “No— your dads chicken parm?”

“Yeah,” he chuckles at the giddy smile on Ilya’s face. “*Dads*— you don’t have to say *your*,” he tells him before kissing his cheek softly.

Ilya wraps him in his arms and kisses him softly on the lips, full of love. “Thank you,” he says softly into the kiss.

Shane holds Ilya’s face in his hands and kisses him, showing him just how much he deserves this love from not just him but from his family too. The timer beeps so Shane pulls back, smiling fondly at the man of his dreams.

“Let’s eat,” he says, smiling softly.

“Yes,” Ilya grins before rubbing his hands together, making Shane laugh.

Shane pushes the thought of having to leave the day after tomorrow and thinks about how one day he won’t have to leave— that he can stay here in Ottawa with Ilya. Forever.

End Notes

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