

climbin' up your wall

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Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander
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climbin' up your wall

by [rowed](#)

Summary

“Shane, honey, you might want to check your caller ID before you answer the phone.”

He choked on a gasp at the sound of his mother’s voice. “Oh my god. Oh my god. Goodbye. Can we pretend you didn’t hear any of that? Oh god. Bye!” He hung up and dropped his face in his hands. His face felt hot, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

Notes

1200 WORDS FOR DAY 12 (25TH DECEMBER)!!! final ficlet who cheered!!

tysm to everyone who came on this journey with me, and to all my cheerleaders in the gc (kissing u kissing u). special thanks to kj for letting me scream at her and ask 1500 inane questions a day about these <3

unfortunately the ignoring caller ID was inspired by real life events. let's just say my ex mother in law received an interesting text.

title from the adults are talking by the strokes!

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

As much as Shane appreciated some quiet alone time, after a few hours, he felt himself missing the energy that his larger-than-life husband filled the house with. Ilya had left early that morning for the Censplex to meet with some CCM reps. As a brand ambassador and captain of the first-ever Stanley Cup-winning team in Centaurs franchise history, they wanted him for a photoshoot and interview. Shane had ribbed him when they'd heard the news (*you're such a big-time celebrity now, Ilya!*), but he'd definitely be printing and framing one or two of the photos taken today. Or maybe all of them.

Whatever. Sue him, he was proud of his hot husband and what they had accomplished together with their team.

Shane spent the first few hours of his alone time out on the deck, relaxing with a book and some coffee. When he started feeling restless, he turned to activity; he took Anya for a trail run and cleaned up around the house. By the time he finished his high-energy yoga flow and laid out in savasana, it was nearly lunchtime, and he hadn't gotten an update from his husband in hours.

He pulled out his phone to text Ilya.

To: Ilya

> How's it going?

> I miss you

He wasn't surprised to not get an immediate response. It wasn't until after he had eaten lunch and laid down on the couch to read, Anya sprawled out by his head, that his phone vibrated.

From: Ilya

> interview is done

> director said one more quick set and outfit change. should be done soon

> i miss you too sweetheart

Shane smiled at his phone. He opened his camera app and snapped a photo of himself and Anya to send off to his husband.

To: Ilya

> [image.jpg]

Ilya must have gotten called back to set, because his reply didn't come through for another 45 minutes.

From: Ilya

> there is the love of my life! so beautiful

> not you, hollander. i meant anya

Shane rolled his eyes so hard he thought they might get stuck. Sometimes he couldn't believe that this was the man he'd chosen to marry.

To: Ilya

> Ugh. Whatever Rozanov

> Then you can sleep on the couch with Anya tonight!

> Since you love her so much

From: Ilya

> noooo shane i am sorry!

> i didn't mean it

> will this make it up to you?

> [image.jpg]

Shane dropped his phone straight on his face when the photo loaded. He scrambled to pick it up, needing to see that again. Ilya looked so fucking *good*. He was standing in front of a full-length mirror in what Shane assumed was the dressing room they'd put him in at the studio. He was shirtless, showing off the definition of his chest and stomach, and his jeans were slung low on his hips.

Sometimes he couldn't believe that *this* was the man that had chosen to marry *him*.

He was stunned momentarily, but then his fingers started flying across the phone's keyboard.

To: Ilya

> How soon will you be done??

> You need to come home right now

> What the fuck Ilya!!

- > Oh my god
- > That's not fair!!
- > I'll forgive you if you come home right now!!!

From: Ilya

- > ;)
- > be patient moy pomidor
- > i will be home soon

To: Ilya

- > Can't you just tell them you feel like you're feeling sick or something? You need to go home early???
- > And stop calling me that >:(
- > Or I won't suck your dick for a week

From: Ilya

- > shane hollander, are you telling me to lie? 🙄
- > try again. that's just as much a punishment for you as it is for me
- > and no, I will not stop calling you pomidor, moy pomidor
- > you blush so easily
- > all I have to do is look at you and you turn red
- > so pretty for me, moy pomidor

To: Ilya

- > Did I say a week? I meant a month

> You are the worst husband ever

From: Ilya

> wow okay

> i was going to come home and put you face down ass up on the couch

> have my way with you

> maybe eat you out for an hour

> then give you my fingers until you are sobbing and begging me for more

> we will see whether or not you are blushing by then

To: Ilya

> Then come home!

From: Ilya

> but now you are being a brat and i am not sure that you deserve any of it

To: Ilya

> Oh god

> Wait no

> I'm sorry!

From: Ilya

> hmm

- > i will let you try and convince me
- > since i am the best husband ever
- > maybe if you admit that i am right...

God damn it. He dropped his phone on the couch next to him and slumped over, burying his face in a pillow. He needed to calm down.

Ten seconds later, Shane's phone rang. He shot upright, fumbling for his phone, and blindly accepted the call. "Okay, fine, you were right! Now will you please hurry up and get home already? You can't just send me that picture and say shit like that and then not immediately give me your dick!"

There was a few seconds' pause that was nearly enough to get Shane worried that something bad had happened, but then—

"Shane, honey, you might want to check your caller ID before you answer the phone."

He choked on a gasp at the sound of his mother's voice. "Oh my god. Oh my *god*. Goodbye. Can we pretend you didn't hear any of that? Oh god. Bye!" He hung up and dropped his face in his hands. His face felt hot, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment.

His phone rang again. He groaned and peeked out from between his fingers at the screen to see who it was. He definitely wasn't going to make that mistake twice. If it was his mom again, he was going to throw his phone out into the lake.

But it was Ilya this time, because of course it was. Shane answered the video call.

"Hi *lyubimyy*," Ilya said. "You are blushing! See, I told you. Wait, why are you making that face?"

"I'm so mad at you right now." Shane grumbled.

"I can see that, you have your angry kitten face on. Why are you mad at me? I have never done anything wrong. Ever!"

"Because!" Shane said hysterically. "I just answered the phone, thinking it was you, and accidentally told my *mother* that I needed your dick!"

Ilya broke into uncontrollable laughter, his shoulders shaking and eyes filling with tears. Every time Shane thought he was done, Ilya cracked up again.

After nearly two full minutes, Shane cut in. "I'm hanging up. And you really are sleeping on the couch with Anya!"

"No, *pomidor*! I am done, I promise," Ilya said, still giggling. "I am sorry, but you have to admit it is a little bit funny."

“For *you*, maybe! I can never look her in the eyes again!”

“Shane, we are married. I think she knows that we have sex with each other,” he said extremely reasonably.

“Goodbye Ilya!” God, Shane was going to have words with that man when he got home. But maybe after Ilya got Shane where he wanted him...

End Notes

im on twt @ ilyaroseanov <3

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