

You are Mine

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You are Mine

by [softestevie](#)

Summary

"Let's dance."

And yeah. Okay. Shane wasn't really a good dancer and didn't really even like it. He couldn't really hold a beat, but tonight he wanted to try it out with Ilya.

Because he knew Ilya was always there to catch him, no matter what.

"Really. You wanna dance?" Ilya laughed, but took a hold of Shane's hips as they swayed to the music ", You say you're terrible at it. And that you don't enjoy it."

"Yeah, well. This night is full of surprises." Shane answered.

Or: Shane's first time going to a gay club after him and Ilya's relationship comes public. Dancing and sex.

Notes

I am obsessed. 2027 needs to come QUICK like I NEED SEASON TWO RIGHT NOW.

No beta-read. I hope you guys enjoy and let me know what you think <3

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

Four months.

It had been *four* months since Shane and Ilya's relationship had been accidentally relieved to the whole world.

It had been a total shit show at the beginning, but they had gotten through it, together.

Shane left Montreal and joined Ilya to Ottawa. He found new and more supportive teammates, new *friends*, his best friend still being Hayden, and he felt like everything had finally started to settle down. Things were turning back to the life they had had *before* everything changed.

Although, it wasn't how it used to be. The normal they had had before was different now.

Now everyone knew they were actually together. They could go outside and hold hands, even kiss without it having to be a huge secret.

This was their new normal and all of it still made Shane nervous, he wasn't the best when it came to sudden changes in his personal life and it took him his own time to adjust.

He knew there weren't people who agreed with him and Ilya, they still got hate over being in love, but what made him feel better was knowing he had his parents, friends and *Ilya* by his side.

He could do anything knowing he had them. He was never going to be alone.

Which is why Shane was standing in front of a mirror that took a whole wall of his and Ilya's bedroom, looking a little out of place, but surprisingly *confident* as he took in the skintight white shirt and pants that hugged his ass perfectly.

Rose had helped him pick this outfit. She had an eye for fashion.

His hair was a little messy, he didn't really know how to style it, but decided it looked good. Like *himself*.

They had a couple days off of Hockey, and some of his teammates were going to a gay club. Including him and Ilya.

The fact is, it was Shane's first time going into one. Ilya's not.

So, he wanted to look good and he *knew* he did. His confidence had grown over the years and he really felt good in his outfit.

A little *slutty* even.

He heard Ilya murmuring something in the bathroom, a noise of his cologne being put away into the cabinet and then he was walking out, looking so fucking handsome.

He had black top on, with a leather jacket over it. And those nice jeans that showed off his ass and the clear bulge that Shane wasn't ashamed to be staring at.

"You ready?" The deep Russian accent made Shane look up to his fiancé's eyes and he nodded. Ilya smirked.

"Shane, you look... *wow*." Ilya walked closer to him, hands finding their usual spot on Shane's hips. He squeezed him and looked him up and down slowly. He checked Shane's ass from the mirror and groaned hungrily.

Shane couldn't help his own and slightly smug smirk as he patted Ilya's cheek. "C'mon, perv. We *have* to leave. Everyone's already waiting for us."

"Oh, I am the captain. They will wait."

Ilya attacked his neck and Shane couldn't help his own whimper. He was always so easy for Ilya. How could he not be?

But, he needed to control himself. Especially now as he felt Ilya's strong hands roaming on top of his ass and squeezing the fat of it.

"This isn't practice, Ilya. They won't listen. They don't *have* to."

"You sure?" A harder squeeze "They would not dare to *not* listen."

"Oh, fuck—" Shane moaned, but pushed Ilya back. The other man looked stunned at first, but laughed at Shane's fucked out face and the blush that crept up to his ears.

"Fuck you. Let's go." Shane rolled his eyes, but smiled a little too. Ilya slapped his ass as they walked out of the door and started their drive towards the club.

—

"This is..."

"Yes." Ilya nodded.

Shane's mouth was wide open as he took in the club. Sure, clubs weren't a new thing for him. He has gone to many of them, but usually he was more into sitting in a bar and talking with a few beers in hand. He liked it. He *liked* the casual calmness and ease of it.

It was a nice way to spend the nights when his days were filled with hockey and loud noises.

A gay club on the other hand. It was something else.

The men, the women. Everyone looked so different and the whole atmosphere was something he had never felt before.

It was intoxicating. In a *very* good way.

"Do you guys want any drinks?" Troy spoke, Harris close behind his tail. Wyatt was with them as well, just out of curiosity and fun.

"Put on my tap." Ilya answered and Troy grinned.

Shane hadn't even noticed they were at the bar before Ilya took his hand.

"You okay, sweetheart?"

Ilya's concern over him always made Shane's stomach flip. He knew how overwhelming new things could get for Shane and he always paid close attention to him. Shane *loved* him so much.

"Yeah, *yeah*. I'm great." Shane gave him a genuine smile and Ilya's face lit up.

"You want drink? They have ginger ale."

"Fuck yes." He was the driver tonight.

They all ordered their drinks, Ilya already ordering a second round for later and found their way into a big booth beside the dance floor.

"This place seems awesome."

"It is. I've been here before and everyone's really cool." Troy answered, cuddling against Harris once they sat down.

Shane hadn't even realized that was a possibility. And he was in a fucking *gay* club. The reality of the situation hadn't really caught up to him.

He turned to look at Ilya, who was already looking back at him and it was like Ilya knew exactly what he was thinking about because soon he felt a strong arm wrap around his waist and a hot mouth against his ear.

"You look so hot. I want to *eat* you, Hollander."

Shane laughed breathlessly and he heard a wolf whistle coming from Harris.

"I'm a total fifth wheel."

"You wanted to come, Hayes" Harris snorted.

"I know, I'm not complaining. I'm just happy for you guys."

Ilya turned to look at their teammates, their *friends* and Shane loved how giddy he looked.

"Yes. Me too." Ilya gave Shane a small peck on the cheek, making him blush even more. He didn't miss Troy's brows wiggling.

As the night went along, Shane's anxiety lessened and he got comfortable being held by the love of his life and laughing with his friends. He hadn't felt this free in a while.

It was still so new to him being able to show affection to Ilya in public, that it sometimes made him hesitant to even reach out. But not tonight.

Tonight he was surrounded by people like *him*. And as he watched those people kissing, holding, *touching* each other so casually, especially the men, he felt a sense of peace.

And a burst of boldness.

He heard the new song starting to play, and stood up. Everyone on the booth turned their eyes at him and Shane wouldn't let the small anxiety creep up as he took a hold of Ilya's hand and dragged him up.

"Let's dance."

Ilya's eyes grew wide as he was dragged to the dance floor.

"Fuck yeah!" Wyatt yelled after them.

And yeah. *Okay*. Shane wasn't really a good dancer and didn't really even like it. He couldn't really hold a beat, but tonight he wanted to try it out with Ilya.

Because he knew Ilya was always there to catch him, no matter what.

"Really. You wanna dance?" Ilya laughed, but took a hold of Shane's hips as they swayed to the music ", You say you're terrible at it. And that you don't enjoy it."

"Yeah, well. This night is full of surprises." Shane answered ", and I know you like dancing..."

Ilya smiled down at him and suddenly Shane felt his lips on him. He was kissing him.

He pulled back a little, looking around, but everyone was minding their own business and dancing to the song.

"See? You're okay." Ilya whispered.

"I'm okay." Shane nodded, letting the music get a hold of him as Ilya held him close to his body.

"Just focus on me, on *us*."

And that's what Shane did.

They danced to the song, sweaty bodies against each other in the middle of the dance floor. Shane listened to the people laughing around them, some singing to the lyrics of the music, but all he could focus on was Ilya.

As they moved with the music, Shane was suddenly with his back against Ilya's chest. He focused on the overwhelming feeling of strong hands roaming through his body, from his waist to his hips. *Never* letting go.

How he felt Ilya slowly starting to move Shane's hips as he himself grinded on him from behind. How Ilya was whispering sweet nothings in russia against his ear, breath so hot it made Shane whimper in the middle of it.

Shane didn't know Ilya was calling him, *his*. How Ilya was so fucking high for getting to show off Shane to everyone. To let them know Shane was only his.

How some people couldn't take their eyes off of them.

But Shane didn't know that. He hadn't even realized he had closed his eyes.

He let himself grind back, too lost and hypnotized by the feeling to not see the heated glances shown their way.

When Shane felt Ilya's clothed cock against his ass, he lost it. He moaned loudly, grabbing a hold of Ilya's hip as his head fell back against Ilya's shoulder.

"Need you to *fuck* me, please— I need you so bad."

He felt Ilya groan loudly as he grinded against Shane's ass.

"Me too, oh *fuck*." Ilya kissed Shane's cheek, and started looking around the club.

Soon Shane was pulled after Ilya, and he had no idea where they were going.

He was surprised with the cold night air hitting him and it felt so fucking good with how hot he had gotten.

He didn't register where they were going until he heard the familiar click of his car unlocking. Then, he was pushed inside the car, into the backseat and Ilya was right after him as he closed the door behind them.

"Ilya, what—"

Ilya pinned him down and kissed him with so much desperation Shane couldn't breath for a few seconds.

"Can I fuck you?"

Shane looked up at Ilya and fucking hell. Ilya looked like a mess on top of him. It made Shane's dick leak.

"In the car? What if someone sees?"

Shane was surprised he wasn't against the thought of it.

"No one around. You parked on a safe spot, remember?"

Oh, *yes*. He had indeed parked right in the middle of two buildings. And the car next to him had already left. If someone was to pass them then well. They were in for a show.

"Okay." Shane nodded.

"Okay?" Ilya repeated.

"Okay. *Yes*, fuck me."

Ilya moaned and dove right back into kissing him. He started to push down Shane's pants and Shane was doing the same thing to him. He couldn't wait to get his hands onto Ilya's perfect fucking dick.

"You're so wet." Ilya licked his lips as he stared down at Shane's naked body. At least from the waist down.

"Mhm, always wet for you."

"Fuck *yes*, you are."

Ilya backed up a little, moving so Shane's legs were wrapping around him and then he moved down, right *between* them.

Shane swore his eyes rolled into his back.

Ilya was so good at giving head. Shane sometimes felt embarrassed for cumming so fast, but Ilya always said he took it as a compliment.

It really was just that. It was too good. Shane was just embarrassed because he wanted to last longer, for his own sake too.

"Oh, *Roz*. Oooh fuck—" Shane grabbed a handful of curls as Ilya popped his head. His hand always found its way to grab a hold onto one of Shane's pecks and it felt him feel insane.

Soon, he heard a bottle of lube pop open and a finger prepping against his hole.

Oh *shit*, he forgot—

"Plug?"

Shane's head whipped down so fast. He was so into the feeling he hadn't remembered the plug he had put on right before they left.

It wasn't that big, just one to keep him wet and ready for Ilya because he knew just by the hunger in the other's eyes once they left that he *would* get fucked tonight.

He wanted to be ready.

It was a call back on when he drove to Ilya's place like a mad man with a butt plug up in his ass just to get fucked down. But it was so worth it then, like it was now.

"Oh fuck. Yes, I *uh*, I put it in before we left."

Ilya was so focused on the plug that Shane had to kick his hip a little.

"You okay?"

A silence. A then, "I'm going to fuck you so fucking hard, Hollander. I'm going to make you scream so everyone in that club *knows* you are mine."

Shane whined so loudly as Ilya took off the plug and pushed two of his fingers in. He gave a small squeeze to Shane's hip, checking silently if he was okay with this and once Shane nodded, Ilya continued.

"You did not see how those men were looking at you."

He scissored his fingers inside Shane, adding a third one and pushed them deeper before finding Shane's prostate.

"Fuck!" Shane cried out.

"They watched you like they wanted you. They did that even when they *knew* you were with me." Ilya kissed his inner thigh ", they will go back home tonight, thinking about fucking you."

Shane gasped as Ilya slipped his fingers out of him.

"I get to be the one to fuck you. Not them. *Me*."

That's when Ilya pushed in. Shane's mouth froze in a silent scream as the thick dick was pushed into the hilt.

It took his breath away. Every *single* time.

"You're *mine*."

The pace was fast and brutal, just the way Shane liked it. He wanted to be fucked hard tonight, and Ilya knew it. He wanted it too.

And to top it all off, Ilya's possessiveness. He knew Shane wouldn't even look at another man, not like *that*. Something about other people wanting Shane made him feel a sense of satisfaction, because they couldn't have him.

Ilya kissed him, all tongue as the car swayed with his rough thrust. He was fucking into Shane so well and deep, that Shane couldn't help at the way he cummed between their bodies as one specific thrust hit his prostate.

He clenched around Ilya's cock, making him groan on top of Shane.

"Oh, god, so *tight*, Shane."

The sound of skin on skin and Shane's high-pitched cries filled the cramped car with the fogged windows as it shook.

They were *so* close. Shane had his legs wrapped around Ilya's waist and arms thrown over his back as they kissed. He felt so sensitive, he always did after he just came and Ilya still fucked him. It was a bliss.

"*Mine.*"

"Uh-huh" Shane whined as Ilya picked up the pace. He was moaning loudly against Shane's neck, clearly chasing his own release.

If someone was to walk by now, they wouldn't miss what was happening inside.

"C'mon, Ilya. *Fuck* me," Shane kissed his temple ", I'm *yours.*"

That did it.

Ilya cried as he came inside Shane, pushing his hips as deep as he could against his ass as he emptied his load.

Shane gave kisses to his cheek and stroked his hair as they both came down from their highs.

It never took him long before he started thinking about how they'd have to clean the car now and how they couldn't go inside the club anymore, but Shane controlled himself.

Too bad Ilya knew him too well.

"Will let Troy know. Car wash."

Shane bursted out laughing, still breathless and Ilya joined him.

"Fuck you."

"I just did." Ilya smiled and Shane rolled his eyes playfully.

—

Shane had been nervous about them ditching their friends at the club like that, but it seemed the other three were totally cool with it.

Or at least that's what Ilya had told him with a mouth full of food the morning of their practice.

"Troy said they were okay. And hoped we had good time."

Shane gave him a small look from under his glasses.

"Are you sure? I kind of feel bad for leaving Wyatt there to third wheel them."

"No, no. Wyatt is okay. Maybe he found a cute man."

"Ilya, he has a *wife*."

Ilya looked at him with an expression that just screamed the word 'So?' and Shane had to slap him lightly to his side.

"Hey!"

"Don't say that."

"Oh, c'mon, Hollander. You know I am joking."

Shane smiled a little and got back to drinking his coffee and reading the news from his phone. When he still felt Ilya's gaze on him, he turned to look at him again.

"What?"

"Could you give me a lap dance?"

Shane almost choked onto his coffee.

"What?!" He exclaimed.

"Yes, lap dance. Last night you were so good at dancing and I know you're very flexible." Ilya said like it was a casual thing, like it didn't just almost *choke* Shane.

"I'm not good."

"Ah, *yes* you are." Ilya purred as he stood up and came to stand behind the stool Shane was sitting on. He wrapped his arms around his body and Shane felt himself relax against his chest.

Ilya dipped down to kiss his neck and gave his pec a small squeeze. It made Shane flustered.

"You got me so *hard*, Shane. Just the way you looked and how you danced. You were so lost in it, felt like I was dreaming too."

Shane bit his bottom lip.

He hadn't known if he even danced well, but by the reaction it was still getting out of Ilya, maybe he didn't *suck*.

"You can wear my jersey and dance on my lap. Maybe ride me after." Shane was really turned on, but also a little giddy how Ilya confessed what he wanted so easily now.

”Jersey, huh?”

”Yes.”

”The old one or new?”

Ilya groaned, burying his face in the crook of his neck.

Shane felt his dick lay heavy against his back, but he knew they didn’t have time for it. They needed to be out the door and in practice in thirty minutes.

Shane really wished he would get fucked right now.

”Later, Ilya. *If* you’re good.” Shane stood up, teasing him a little as he walked towards the upstairs to get their stuff.

”Do not say that to your captain!” Ilya barked back with a laugh.

”Why?” Shane turned in the stairs that lead up to their bedroom ,” Is the so-called captain gonna *punish* me for it?”

Soon the house was filled with laughter as Ilya chased him.

End Notes

Ngl maybe they did fuck before practice. The other guys just buying drinks from Ilya's tap
LMAO

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