

Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?

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Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?

by [goddammitgabey](#)

Summary

Inside the layers upon layers of white tissue paper is a set of navy blue, lacy, lingerie. He can feel heat climbing up the back of his neck and up into his face and his ears. He scrambles for the phone and holds it back up to his ear.

"Rose, what the fuck?!" he yelps. She cackles down the line.

"Happy anniversary, baby!"

"It's not my—it's *January*, Rose!" She continues to laugh, but it's not as infectious as it usually is. He pinches the bridge of his nose. "*Rose*."

OR: Rose Landry is a bad influence. Ilya could kiss her.

Notes

This is all Kennedy's fault. He texted me while I was driving home from work in all caps, "SHANE IN LINGERIE!!" so obviously, who am I to deny the world this vision.

Bless up to Alyssa, Ashley, Tegan, and Mel for screaming with me in our discord. Also, thank you to Alyssa for the beta, Tegan for the advice, and Ashley for the lingerie ideas. Y'all real ones.

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

Shane's phone pings while he's on his way home from the grocery store on a random Thursday afternoon.

He pulls to a stoplight and picks up his phone from the passenger seat next to him. His eyes flicker from the lights ahead before he unlocks his phone (with a lock screen picture of him and Ilya from their wedding several months before, naturally).

It's a text from Rose. He smiles and opens his messenger app.

Rose: are you home?

Shane: no. why?

Shane: what's going on?

Shane: rose?

The car behind him honks. He looks up from his phone to see the light has turned green. "Shit," he mutters to himself before he drops the phone back to the passenger seat and takes the wheel in both hands. He tries not to obsess too much about her text, even though his phone keeps pinging next to him. Rose is a bit of a double/triple texter.

When he finally pulls into the driveway, he finds another car sitting out front at the curb. He pulls his sunglasses off his face and drops them in the cup holder before he grabs his phone and opens the car door.

He hops out of his SUV, snow crunching under his boots. He stares at the black SUV at the curb a little nervously. He pulls his phone back up and unlocks it again, looking at Rose's texts.

Rose: calm down big guy

Rose: i'm just having a present dropped off

Rose: say hi to jeffrey

Shane's about to type out, "who's Jeffrey" when one of the back seats of the SUV opens and a wiry, thin, tall man steps out. He's in a crisp black suit and a long woolen coat, making Shane think he might be a secret service agent or something. He's also carrying a large, thin, white box with a big blue satin bow tied on top in his gloved hands.

"Shane Hollander?" the Man Who Must Be Jeffrey says. Shane nods, squinting against the winter sun behind Jeffrey.

"Yeah?" he asks, shoving his phone into his pocket.

"A present. From Ms. Landry," the Man Who Must Be Jeffrey says, offering the box to Shane. Shane stares at the box in his hands as if it's going to blow up.

"Did she say what the occasion was?"

"No, sir. She didn't," the Man Who Must Be Jeffrey smiles. "You have a good day, now." He turns on his heel and walks back towards the SUV. Shane stares down at the box in his hands.

"Do I, uh, need to sign anything?" he calls out to the man. The man doesn't answer. He opens the car door and climbs back in. The car drives away, leaving Shane standing in his driveway with a box from Rose Landry and a car full of groceries.

He walks the box into the house and places it on the kitchen counter before he starts hauling in groceries. Ilya's car isn't back yet—he must still be out with Anya at the dog grooming place—leaving Shane to enjoy some rare time alone in blissful silence.

He puts the groceries away in between texting Ilya that he's home with the groceries. Ilya sends back a picture of a very drenched Anya, who looks very unhappy to be so drenched. He heart-reacts to the photo. He piles the reusable bags back together by the back door and unlaces his boots, toeing them off before he nearly walks past the box from Rose on the counter.

He stares at it wearily before he sighs and walks over to grab it. He begins to untie the bow and lift off the lid. There's a bit of user error—the box has an opening on the side instead of just being a lid—and he huffs out a breath as he fights with it before it finally takes pity on him and opens.

Inside, nestled amongst the white tissue paper, is a card with Shane's name on it in Rose's handwriting. He rolls his eyes fondly and opens the card. Inside it says "Happy anniversary, darling" with a heart and Rose's signature. He furrows his brows in confusion before he sets the card aside and begins to unfold the tissue paper.

He's about to reach the center of the paper (Jesus, who wrapped this?) when his phone goes off. He reaches into his back pocket and smiles down at Rose's contact photo before swiping across the screen. "Hello?" he balances the phone between his ear and his shoulder so he can use his hands.

"Have you opened it yet?" her voice comes through the speaker slightly tinny; she's got him on speakerphone again. He huffs.

"If you give me a fucking moment," he grumbles before just mumbling "fuck it" and tearing the paper open. When he finally reaches the prize in the middle of the paper, he nearly drops the phone to the floor.

"Shane?" his phone is turned up so loud he can nearly hear her voice from where the phone is currently lying face down on the counter. "Shane?"

Inside the layers upon layers of white tissue paper is a set of navy blue, lacy, lingerie. He can feel heat climbing up the back of his neck and up into his face and his ears. He scrambles for the phone and holds it back up to his ear.

"*Rose, what the fuck?!* " he yelps. She cackles down the line.

"Happy anniversary, baby!"

"It's not my—it's *January*, Rose!" She continues to laugh, but it's not as infectious as it usually is. He pinches the bridge of his nose. "*Rose.*"

"How red are you right now?" she asks. "Wait, wait, wait." There's a beeping sound from his phone and suddenly there's a FaceTime request. He *harrumphs* and ignores it, hanging up on her in the process. She tries again. He ignores it again.

Rose: aw come on!

Rose: shaaaaaaaaane

Rose: c'monnnnnnnnn

Rose: i can do this all dayyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

Shane finally sighs, accepts her FaceTime call, and holds his phone up so she can see his face.

"I can't *believe* you," he says in lieu of greeting. He can see how red he is in the little window showing his own picture. She's giggling.

"Oh, baby, your *face*!" He's not surprised to see she's got tears in her kohl-lined eyes. "Come on! It's our special day!"

"What are you talking about?" he asks with a glare. She rolls her eyes dramatically.

"You don't remember?" she asks.

"Obviously!"

"Today's the anniversary of us breaking up!" she says in a tone that screams *duh*!

"Oh, is it?" he asks flatly. "I didn't know people *celebrated* being broken up with."

"You do when your breakup is as amicable as ours was!"

"I'm rethinking that right now," he grumbles.

"God, you're grumpy. Have you, like, not gotten dicked down in a couple days or something? Do I need to call Ilya?"

"Rose!"

"What?"

He's pinching the bridge of his nose again. She sighs.

"You don't like it," she whines, her beautiful face scrunched up in an over-dramatic imitation of a pout. She's sticking her bottom lip out. Her watery eyes look sad.

"I—" Shane begins with a huff. "No, no, I don't *not* like it—"

"So, what's the problem?" she asks, a little hopeful.

He huffs. "I just." He looks out the back window from the kitchen, watching the abandoned bird feeder. "It was unexpected, is all."

"That's me! Completely incognito. So, you gonna try it on? Give me a show?"

"Rose-"

"What? Oh, *please*, Shane. I just wanna make sure you're hyped enough to even wear the damn things."

"So *you're* my hype man now?" he asks, the corner of his mouth twitching into something like a smile. She grins at him.

"Always. Anyways, is Ilya home?"

"No, he took Anya for her bath since we both had the day off."

"Ahh..." she says. "So you have no excuse to go try it on for me *right now*."

"I'm hanging up."

"Aww! C'mon Shane!" she whines. "You never let me have *any* fun!"

"Since when?!" he asks incredulously.

"Since *now*!" she replies, making a valiant effort to pout while still smiling. "I need to make sure it fits, so that if I got the wrong size, Jeffrey can come back to get it!"

Shane's immediately torn between being terrified of Ilya coming home to him still *in it* and mortified at the idea of him having to hand the box back to Jeffrey, both of them fully knowing what's inside it. After doing the mental math to calculate approximately how much longer Ilya is going to be (including travel time and the likelihood that Ilya will stop at a Starbucks to get Anya a puppuccino), Shane rubs his free hand over his face and groans.

Rose cheers, knowing him well enough to know when he's given in to her whims. "C'mon, Hollander! Hustle!"

Shane takes the box and walks towards the stairs with the box in his hands, the tissue paper rustling with the movement. He finally reaches the bedroom at the end of the hall and bypasses the bed to walk into the en-suite and shuts the door behind him, twisting the lock for extra security.

He flips the light on and looks at himself in the mirror. He didn't shave today; a little bit of stubble covers his chin and he looks positively pink in the face. He rolls his eyes at himself and walks forward to the double sink and places the box on the granite top almost as if it's burned him. He sets the phone down on the counter, propping it up with a bottle of moisturizer, and looks down at Rose on the screen.

"I can't believe you're making me do this," he mutters. She grins a wicked grin.

"Shut up and get naked already!"

He looks up at the ceiling in a silent prayer before he begins to unbutton his shirt. Rose starts singing a strip-tease appropriate song that sounds a lot like "The Stripper" from *The Full Monty*. He rolls his eyes again and fights a grin as he shrugs out of his shirt.

"Pants too! Let's go!" Rose cheers like she's at a goddamn football game and her team is rushing towards the end zone.

"One thing at a time!" Shane hisses. She cackles again. He looks down at her and sees she's poured herself a glass of wine. "Isn't it, like, two in the afternoon?" he asks with a crazed smile. She takes a sip of her wine and glares at him.

"Shut up and keep stripping, Hollander! I don't have all day!"

Shane rolls his eyes for the nth time and sighs before he reaches into the box and pulls out the bralette by one of its straps. He holds it between his index finger and thumb like it's offended him. He looks down at Rose wearily before looking back at the bralette.

"You know I have no idea how to put this on, right?"

"That's what *I'm* here for, dumbass. Well, that and the free show."

"Rose."

"What?"

"You're incorrigible."

"I know. But that's why you love me." She hums and takes another sip of her wine. "Okay, so I got you a frontsies one. You'll have to untie the bow in the front to pull it on."

Shane holds it out in front of him, looking down at it, trying to figure out the logistics of it. He looks back at her on his phone before he huffs and drops it back to the counter, untying the satin bow in the front.

The bralette comes apart, splitting down the middle once untied. He furrows his brows. "Is it supposed to do that?" he asks.

"Do what?"

"Come open like that?"

"Yeah, that's kinda the point. Pull it on kinda like, uh..... a waistcoat."

He tilts his head, looking at her. "A waistcoat?" he asks with a smile. She huffs.

"Or a jacket or whatever."

He picks it back up and shrugs it on, pulls it together tight and ties the bow back in the front in a shitty, half-assed bow. He looks up at himself in the mirror and his breath catches in his throat.

"Lemme see!" Rose's voice comes from the counter. He steps better into view of the front camera and holds his arms out at his sides. "*Oh my god, Shane!!!*"

Looking at himself in the mirror, he kind of agrees. *Oh my god* is right. The color is stunning on him. The pull of the ribbon around his ribcage looks rather tight, but it gives him the illusion of proper tits. If he wasn't already so red in the face, he'd be fucking crimson by now, because even he has to admit: he looks *damn* good.

"Am I good, or am I good?" Rose asks, giving herself little golf claps. Shane tries to look put out, but he ends up just fondly smiling down at her. "Okay! Lose the pants!"

"Rose, I—"

"You've come *so far*, Shane. Just a *little* more."

He sighs again, unbuttons and unzips his jeans, and drags them down his legs. Rose wolf-whistles, making him feel even more self-conscious. Stripped down to his boxer-briefs and wearing this delicate, lacy thing makes him feel a little awkward. He looks into the box at the pair of matching panties and back at Rose on his phone.

"I don't know, Rose—"

"C'monnnnnnnn," she goads. "Just *try*."

He steps out of the puddle of his jeans and takes a deep breath, peeling his boxer-briefs off before he can overthink it completely. (Failed step one). He reaches back into the box and grabs the panties and holds them out to look at them. They're silky in the front and sheer lace in the back—the same lace of the bralette. A little blue satin bow sits at the top of the lace. He huffs and steps into them and shimmies them up his legs.

They're a little snug in the thighs, which is to be expected since they are *massive*, but other than that, they fit perfectly. The silk is actually quite comfortable against his dick, which he didn't think was going to be possible. He turns to look at himself in the mirror, admiring how his ass looks with the lace hugging it perfectly. He lets out a laugh he didn't know he was holding in.

"Holy shit," he says softly, turning his body to look at himself in the mirror. "I'm kinda hot."

"Let me seeeee!!!!" Rose's voice comes from the counter again. He looks at himself in the mirror, allowing himself a coquettish smile, before he picks the phone up and holds it in front of his face. "This is boring. Gimme the goods, Hollander."

"I'm working on it," he huffs. He flips the phone camera so it's not facing him and holds it out so she can see him in the mirror.

"*SHANE!*" she hollers. "Yaaaaaaaas!"

"Stop it," he mumbles, acting like he's not preening under her attention.

"Show me the ass!"

Shane grumbles and turns, showing off his ass in the lace. She claps.

"Yes! Bitch! Yes!"

"Did you just call me a bitch?" he grins.

"Affectionately, I swear."

He goes back to checking himself out. Ilya is *definitely* going to flip his shit. *Hell*, he'd flip his shit if he saw Ilya like this, all golden muscle in delicate lace. He turns the camera back around to face the front so Rose doesn't catch on that his dick definitely jumped at *that* thought.

"Okay, so you should pose on the bed," Rose says, "and when Ilya comes home, he'll see you in your new duds and then I guarantee he'll *ravish* you."

"He already does that," Shane snorts.

"But I mean like, not-be-able-to-walk-for-a-week ravishment."

Shane considers this, biting the inside of his cheek. "You really think he'll like it?" he asks in a small voice.

"Babes, I *know* he'll like it. He has impeccable taste."

Shane opens his mouth to say something in response when his phone pings. He looks down to see a notification bar pop up over Rose's face. It's a text from Ilya with a picture of Anya wearing a pink bandana around her neck, covered in red hearts.

Ilya: on our way home!

Shane jolts even though it's a good fifteen/twenty minute drive from the dog grooming place to their house. He nearly drops the phone again.

"Ilya's on his way home. I have to take this off."

"Oh, Shane! C'mon!"

"No, no, I can't do this right now," Shane mumbles quickly, his heart rate picking up. He pulls the panties down off his hips and steps out of them before flinging them back in the box, where they land with a whisper against the tissue paper. He then unties the bow (what the fuck kind of knot tying is this, Hollander??) of the bralette and shrugs out of it. He drops it back to the paper as well.

"Oh Shane," Rose sighs. "*Honey—*"

"I have to go; sorry, Rose. Talk to you later." He hangs up before she has the chance to say anything else. He drops his phone to the counter and covers his face with his hands, digging the heels of his palms into his eyes.

The thing is, he and Ilya have been together for almost ten years. Their sex life hasn't been lacking—even now, after they've been married for almost six months. If anything, they've possibly gotten even *more* insatiable.

Especially since they wake up together every morning and fall asleep together every night.

And it doesn't help that Ilya is effortlessly sexy—whether it's walking around without a shirt on fresh out of the shower, or half asleep with his hair in his face, creases from the pillows indented in his cheek. And he *insists* that Shane is just as irresistible—at least with his constant neck kisses and wandering hands.

But Shane's never felt *sexy* before. Sure, he's felt *desired*. He's felt *loved*. He's felt *wanted*. But not *sexy*.

And that lingerie—it made him feel sexy for the first time ever. And he doesn't quite know what to do with that.

Fuck, he thinks. He then repeats it out loud. He pulls his boxer-briefs back up his legs, redressing quickly and quietly, the only sound his heavy breathing and his phone ping—texts from Rose, no doubt.

When he's finished buttoning his shirt back up, he looks back at himself in the mirror. Now he's returned to his normal self. He feels a little more himself like this. He feels more *comfortable* like this.

At least, that's what he tells himself.

He unlocks the door and opens it before he takes the offending garments in hand and looks around the room for a good place to hide them. They have their own closets and dressers, but Ilya does the laundry half of the time, so Shane doesn't want to hide them in there. The nightstand is completely out of the question. He bites the inside of his cheek again before he huffs and walks towards his closet, mind racing.

He looks up at their big suitcase sitting on the wire shelf above his head. They've really only used it for big trips, like their honeymoon, when they didn't need separate bags. He pulls it down, unzips the front pocket, drops the lingerie inside without ceremony, before zipping it back up and placing the suitcase back on the shelf.

Right as he's finished putting it back into place, he can hear the sound of the back door opening and the jingle of Anya's collar. "We're home!" Ilya's voice calls through the house, laughing. He mutters something to Anya in Russian that sounds a lot like "*Where's your daddy, hmm?*"

Anya bounds up the stairs, her little feet clicking on the hardwood, Ilya's familiar footsteps behind her. She bounds into their bedroom and up to Shane, tongue lolling out of her mouth excitedly.

"Look at you!" Shane crouches down to pet her, whose tail is wagging so hard her little butt is shaking side to side in an almost waddle. "I love your bandana! Hearts for Valentine's Day,

yeah?"

Within moments, Ilya's in the bedroom, smiling down at Shane like he always does when he sees him for the first time in a while. He leans against the doorjamb, hands in his jeans pockets, the picture of effortless sex appeal in his tan Henley with the button at his throat undone. Shane still can't believe he's *his*. That this is *his* fucking *life*.

"Hey," Ilya says softly, smile bright, his hazel eyes sparkling. Shane stands up, his right knee popping, and he smiles back at Ilya after grimacing at the noise from his leg.

"Hi," he says. Ilya tilts his head to the side, his smile fading, as he pushes himself off the doorjamb and pulls his hands out of his pockets. He steps forward towards Shane and cradles his face in his hands.

"Are you alright?" he asks, concern covering his beautiful face. He brushes his thumb against the apple of Shane's cheek, across the freckles he loves so much. "You look all red."

"Yeah—yeah, I'm fine," Shane lies, leaning into Ilya's touch. "Just cleaning up in here."

Ilya looks around the spotless room and arches a brow at Shane, lips pursed together. He opens his mouth to say something when Shane steps forward into the last bit of space between them and plants a lingering kiss to Ilya's mouth. "I missed you," he says.

"I missed you too," Ilya says, eyes narrowing. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yeah!" Shane says a little too loudly, making Ilya's eyebrows shoot up towards his hairline. "Sorry, the store was, um," Shane clears his throat. "A little too crowded for me and I got overstimulated. I'm just trying to calm down."

Ilya's eyes search Shane's face, the curve of his mouth set into a little frown. He deflates and brushes his thumbs over Shane's cheeks again. Shane closes his eyes, trying to will his heart rate to go down.

"Okay," Ilya says carefully, still watching him, clearly unconvinced. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Nah," Shane says. Ilya drops his hands from his face, shoving his hands back into his pockets. He looks unsure—something that Shane hates seeing on him. "How was the groomers?" he asks, changing the subject.

"It was fine," Ilya says, eyes dropping from Shane's face to Anya, who's sitting at their feet, smiling up at them with her little tongue sticking out, panting happily. "We got a puppucino on the way home."

"Did you get a puppucino?" Shane asks Anya in his Anya-Talking-Voice. She stands up and wags her tails again, butt shaking back and forth. He crouches back down and pets her. "She looks great. What shampoo did you pick this time?" He smiles up at Ilya, hand idly petting her silky back.

"Vanilla something," Ilya says with a shrug. "It was their 'Scent of the Month' or whatever."

"Oh, that's nice," Shane says. "As long as it wasn't that blueberry one again." Ilya snorts.

"Yes, yes, I know how much you hated blueberry one," he says with a fond roll of his eyes.

"You didn't like it either!" Shane retorts. Ilya shakes his head with a little laugh. He starts towards the door, leading Anya and Shane back down the hallway and towards the stairs.

"What are we doing for dinner?" Ilya asks up the stairs as Shane hesitates in the doorway to their bedroom, eyes flickering back towards his closet. He tears his eyes away and flicks the light switch off.

"I don't know, maybe lemon chicken?" he hollers back, walking down the hallway.

—

Months pass. Shane doesn't think about that day very much. Lucky for him, Rose doesn't bring it up again. Shane throws himself into making the best out of his first season with the Centaurs, even though he knows he doesn't have to be *absolutely* perfect, he still strives for perfection. He still holds himself to his ridiculously high standards. Ilya's constantly telling him he needs to lighten up on himself, to give himself grace, but Shane doesn't *want* to give himself grace. Shane wants to *prove* he can do this. Even though he doesn't have to.

The season ends with the Centaurs getting kicked out of the playoffs. By *Nashville* of all teams. Shane tries not to take it personally, but he's definitely more than a little upset about it. He basically mopes around the house for the first couple of days after, brain working in overdrive as he over-analyzes every move, every play, of that game.

The month after Nashville wins the Cup, Ilya sends him a flight itinerary for their annual trip back to Vegas for the NHL Awards. They're sitting on either end of the couch, both looking at their phones with the TV on in the background. Ilya nudges Shane in the foot with his own.

"Flight booked," he says softly, dropping his phone to his lap, his attention going back to the cooking show on the television.

"Thanks," Shane says absently, eyes flickering over the article he's reading, glasses slipping down his nose. Ilya nudges him with his foot again. Shane looks up, brows furrowed.

"What?"

Ilya shrugs, a small smile crossing his face. Shane rolls his eyes and nudges him back with his own foot, eyes sliding back down to his phone.

"Do you want me to take care of hotel too?" Ilya asks. Shane doesn't answer, immersed in the article again. Ilya kicks his foot.

"Ow!"

"*Shane*," Ilya says patiently. Shane exhales heavily and looks up from his phone again, giving Ilya his undivided attention.

"*Ilya*," Shane says out of habit. Ilya shakes his head and rolls his eyes fondly.

"Do you want me to book the hotel, too?" he asks again. Shane shrugs a shoulder.

"Yeah, that's fine." His attention goes back to the article. Ilya mutters something to himself in Russian before kicking Shane in the foot again. Shane kicks him back again until they're playing footsie on the couch, Ilya grinning like a maniac and finally tossing his phone to the side and crawling over to Shane's end of the couch. Laughing, he crawls atop Shane, pulling his phone from his hands and dropping it to the floor before he grins down at him victoriously.

"Finally," he says, settling his weight between Shane's bent knees, his hands planted into the cushion beneath Shane's head. Shane smiles up at him, knowing he's got a silly, lovesick grin on his own face. "You pay attention to me."

"You didn't give me much of a choice," Shane says. Ilya lowers himself atop Shane slowly and catches his mouth in a kiss.

"I want you to watch me, okay?" Ilya asks between kisses, breaking from Shane's mouth to kiss down his jaw and into his neck.

"Okay," Shane moans. He goes to take his glasses off. Ilya shakes his head and pushes them back up Shane's nose.

"No," he says firmly, a hungry gleam in his eyes. Shane nods.

"Okay."

After all these years together, Shane thought that at some point he'd have grown immune to Ilya's looks, but somehow he's more susceptible than ever. And he lets Ilya distract him from the latest in a string of articles criticizing every play, every move that he's been reading non-stop since the game, finally shutting the voices in his head up for once.

(While packing for Vegas, Shane opens their suitcase and checks every pocket. He reaches into the one on the front and finds a pile of blue lace. He stares down at it in his hand, brain churning a mile a minute. Ilya has been so wonderful to him these past few weeks—not that he's never not wonderful to him anyways—but looking down at the lace, rubbing his thumb across the silk of the untied bow, he clenches his jaw and nods to himself silently. Put up or shut up, Hollander.)

—

They arrive in Vegas a few days later, Ilya pulling their big suitcase behind him as Shane books them an Uber. They're both *exhausted*, but they've made it and they weren't completely mobbed in either airport.

The award ceremony is that night—they both have been to Vegas enough times at this point that they didn't want to linger in the city or on the Strip too long before the party. Ilya checks them into their hotel, the same hotel from all those years ago, and takes Shane's hand while they walk to the familiar elevators.

"God, I can't wait for a shower," Shane mumbles to himself, tipping his head back against the wall of the elevator. He's still got his baseball cap and sunglasses on. "Please tell me you got us a king and not two queens like last time."

Ilya grunts next to him while he checks his email. "I told you, that was a—" he hesitates, searching for the right word. "Glitch."

"Oh, was it?"

"Da."

Shane opens his mouth to push the argument some more before he actually looks over at the elevator panel. "What floor are we on?" he asks. He looks over his sunglasses at Ilya who's smirking down at his phone. "Ilya—"

"I got us Penthouse," he says, lifting his eyes from his phone and looking right at Shane. Shane feels his cheeks heat.

"Penthouse One?"

"Da."

Shane finds himself grinning back at him. "God, I love you," he says right as the elevator opens, revealing the inside of Penthouse One, looking exactly how they both remembered it.

—

After a quick check in with Shane's parents and separate showers (at Shane's insistence, much to Ilya's displeasure) they both get dressed to the nines. Ilya is finished dressing first, naturally. He bends over to buff one of the toes of his shoes with the side of his fist, muttering something to himself before he hears the click of Shane's dress shoes on the marble floor. He looks up and his face breaks into a bright smile.

Shane blushes. "Stop it," he says, rolling his eyes. Ilya shakes his head and steps forward til they're toe to toe.

"Never," he says, wrapping his hands around Shane's hips and pulling him in close. "You look so beautiful," he says, nosing along Shane's freshly shaved jaw, pressing a kiss to a spot beneath his ear. Shane shivers.

"Ilya," Shane says breathlessly, lifting his chin to give Ilya more access to his throat. "We should go."

Ilya groans, burying his face into Shane's neck, breathing him in. "Fine," he says, voice muffled by Shane's collar. "But *tonight*—"

Shane reaches out and futzes with Ilya's bowtie. "I'm all yours," Shane finishes for him, smiling up at him through his eyelashes. Ilya smiles at him, that predatory glimmer in his eye that Shane loves so much—the one that means *trouble*—flashing.

"I like trouble," Echoes in Shane's ears from all those years before. Shane shivers and takes Ilya's hand as they wait for the elevator.

The Awards Ceremony is fine. No, really, it is. Shane spends the whole time tugging at his collar and shifting in his seat. He knows Ilya is watching him with concern on his face. He reaches over during one of the speeches and slides a hand down Shane's thigh, stilling the bouncing of his leg and leans forward towards him.

"Are you okay?" he whispers in Shane's ear. Shane nods a little too quickly.

"Yeah, yeah. Sorry, I just...have to pee," he lies. Ilya gives him a sympathetic look and squeezes his knee, letting his hand linger on top of his thigh. Shane sighs and turns his attention back to the stage and the young player who just won Rookie of the Year.

Once the ceremony breaks for the reception, Shane and Ilya stay seated, waiting for people to mill out around them. Ilya looks at Shane, cocking his head to the side, much like Anya does when she's trying to figure something out. "Didn't you have to pee?" he asks. Shane freezes, biting the inside of his cheek.

"Oh, yeah, I forgot," he says, hopping up and rushing out of the auditorium away from Ilya, who is frowning after him.

Shane leaves the bathroom trying not to wipe his hands on his slacks. Those automatic dryers never get his hands completely dry. He looks around the lobby he's stepped into, wondering where Ilya made it off to, when an arm wraps around his waist.

"Found you," a familiar accented voice whispers in his ear. Shane freezes and turns to see Ilya smiling at him.

"Hey!" he says. "I was just about to start looking for you."

"When can we get out of here?" Ilya asks softly as they join the crowd, hand in hand. "I believe we have plans." He turns his smile onto Shane who shakes his head at him.

"We have to at least *try* to make an appearance," Shane says.

"Okay, we made an appearance," Ilya says after they say hi to a couple players they know in passing and their wives. "Now can we go?"

"No, Ilya."

"What, you want to stay whole time?" Ilya groans, running a hand through his curls, messing them up. Shane looks at him from the corner of his eye.

"And if I did?" he asks, taking two flutes of champagne from a nearby waiter. He hands one to Ilya.

"You hate these things as much as I do," Ilya says through narrowed eyes. "What's going on with you?"

"Nothing! I just, y'know, wanna mingle."

"Bullshit," Ilya says loud enough that the people around them turn and look. Shane takes a sip of his champagne. Ilya follows suit, only instead he swallows the whole glass in one gulp.

They wander around being pulled into people's conversations this way and that, Ilya getting more and more antsy. Finally, while Shane is congratulating the new Rookie of the Year, an earnest smile on his face as he does so, Ilya's had about enough.

"Can we please go?" he asks in Shane's ear. Shane smiles and turns back to Ilya, who looks bored out of his mind.

"Yeah," he finally says after a moment's thought. Ilya visibly relaxes, takes Shane's hand, and leads him towards the exit.

—

The car ride back to the hotel is spent in silence, both looking out separate windows at the surrounding streets full of casinos and flashing lights. They finally walk through the lobby of their hotel, Ilya pulling his bow tie undone and unbuttoning his shirt, otherwise, hands in his pockets.

Shane looks over at him while they wait for the elevator, a smile on his lips. Ilya catches him looking at him.

"What?" he asks with a smile of his own.

"Nothing," Shane lies. "You're just," he clears his throat, "Really handsome. Like that." Ilya's smile widens.

"I'm really handsome all the time," he says. "You know this." Shane laughs.

"Yeah, I know," he ducks his head. "But especially like this. You just look," he lets his voice trail off, eyes dragging up Ilya's figure. "Beautiful."

Ilya opens his mouth to say something, but the elevator doors ding and open in front of them. They wait for the people onboard to step out before they climb inside.

They aren't the only couple in the elevator, so they keep their hands to themselves and stand in opposite corners. But when the other couple steps out, Ilya closes the gap between himself and Shane, pressing him against the wall of the elevator, paying no mind to the railing that's jutting into Shane's lower back.

"You've been driving me crazy all night," Ilya says into Shane's neck, pressing a kiss to the underside of his jaw. Shane laughs breathlessly.

"I haven't even *done* anything," he says. Ilya presses more kisses to his jaw, across his cheek, and up to his lips.

"Who said you had to do something?" Ilya asks into his neck. He noses up his throat and bites at his earlobe. "Hollander, everything you do drives me crazy. You could be wearing clown outfit and I would still think you to be the sexiest clown in the world."

Shane's hands grip at Ilya's biceps through his suit jacket, hanging on tight. He whimpers at Ilya's teeth at his earlobe. "Wait, wait—" Ilya pulls back, the smile on his face still bright. "You—you think I'm sexy?" Shane asks.

Ilya laughs softly. "What? Of course I do, *moya lyubov*." He brings a hand up to cup Shane's cheek.

The elevator dings behind them, the doors sliding open. Ilya pulls Shane by the hands out of the elevator and into the foyer of their Penthouse. Ilya smiles at Shane as he shrugs out of his suit jacket and folds it over one of the chairs in the corner. Shane stands stock still where Ilya left him, mind racing.

"Shane?" Ilya turns when he realizes Shane is not following him. "Are you okay?"

Shane steps forward, shoes clicking on the marble floor, catching Ilya's face in his hands, and pulling him in for an urgent kiss. Ilya lets himself be manhandled, humming into the kiss, moaning when Shane licks into his mouth. Shane's hands slide up into his curls, messing them up even more than Ilya's own hands had done earlier tonight. He kisses at him like a man starved—like they hadn't seen each other in months all over again.

Ilya pulls away once the heat dies down slightly, pressing their foreheads together. "Are you sure you're alright?" he asks, hazel eyes finding brown. Shane closes his eyes against Ilya's gaze and takes a deep breath.

"I have a surprise for you," he says shakily.

Ilya perks up, eyebrows arching. "Oh?" His smile goes a little feral. "I like surprises," he purrs into Shane's temple after pressing a kiss to his hairline.

"I know you do," Shane says, brushing their noses together a little too sweetly for what he has planned. Ilya begins to take Shane's suit jacket off of him. "But I have plans for you tonight, Mr. Rozanov."

"Is that right, Mr. Hollander?" Shane nods and presses another kiss to Ilya's mouth, biting at his bottom lip.

"Mm-hmm."

"I'm afraid my husband did not inform me of this, my apologies. How may I make this up to you?" Ilya asks, pressing a kiss to the corner of Shane's mouth like they have all the time in the world. Shane looks around the room behind them and his eyes flash to the chairs by the table. He grins and walks over, grabs the back of one, and in an echo of the last time they

stayed in this particular Penthouse, he drags it towards the bedroom. Ilya laughs and follows behind.

Shane stops the chair in the middle of the bedroom, almost exactly where it was last time. He turns and looks at Ilya, who stands off to the side, arms crossed over his chest, watching with hooded eyes.

"Sit," Shane says.

Ilya steps forward and does just that. He sits with both feet flat on the floor, resting his hands in his lap.

"Can I touch?" he asks, looking up at Shane with longing in his eyes. Shane smiles, tracing a fingertip over the crooked bridge of his nose.

"Not yet."

Ilya turns his face to kiss Shane's wrist before he pulls away.

"I'll be right back," Shane says, steeling himself. He walks off towards the en suite quickly.

—

Shane unbuckles his belt letting his slacks drop to the ground and steps out of his shoes and dress socks. He folds them and sets them on the sink counter, looking at himself in the mirror. His face is pink, his eyes are blown wide. He looks an absolute mess. He unties his bow tie and drops it to the counter. He splashes water on his cheeks, rubbing some to the back of his neck to calm himself down. He averts his gaze from the mirror, looking at the counter, watching as water swirls down the drain.

"You can do this," he mutters to himself. "It's *just* Ilya."

He places his hand on the doorknob and turns it right as Ilya calls out in a teasing voice that rings through the Penthouse, "My cock is growing cold and lonely, Hollander!"

Shane laughs, his anxiety fading. Ilya is still Ilya. Still the same man he married almost a year (oh wow!) ago.

He unbuttons his dress shirt a little and walks out into the penthouse, heart in his throat.

—

He walks back into the bedroom trying to find the same confidence he'd found forever ago to show up at Ilya's door in the middle of the night. He finds himself smiling as Ilya's face lights up at the sight of him. He smiles a hungry grin at Shane, eyes raking up and down his body. He's unbuttoned his own dress shirt completely, his chest showing, his mother's crucifix resting at his collarbones.

"Are we shy today?" he asks, eyes lingering on Shane's shirt. Shane hums.

"Just thought you'd like to unwrap your present yourself," he says, hating how it sounds as it comes out of his mouth. Ilya barks out a laugh and nods, reaching out a hand to Shane.

"You're right," he says as Shane gets closer. Shane takes his hand and climbs into Ilya's still clothed lap, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck. "I *would* like to do that."

Shane begins pressing kisses to Ilya's forehead and hairline as Ilya begins to unbutton Shane's shirt. He tangles his hands into Ilya's hair, petting through his curls softly. Shane can hear his heart beating in his ears as Ilya finally pulls the shirt apart.

He stops, his hands falling to the tops of Shane's thighs. And he stares.

Shane pulls back, looking down at Ilya's face. His hazel eyes are wide, blush crossing into his cheeks as he takes in the sight of his husband in navy blue satin and lace.

"Fuck," Ilya mumbles to himself, eyes sliding from Shane's body up to his face. "This is for me?"

"Mm," Shane hums, attempting nonchalance but failing, his voice shaking slightly. He clears his throat. "Do you like it?"

"Very much, yes," Ilya says in a reverent whisper, running his hands up and down Shane's thighs, eyes falling to Shane's chest and then back to his face.

"How much?" Shane teases, wrapping one of Ilya's curls around a finger. Ilya's hands slide up to Shane's hips and push him down into his lap harder. Shane can feel how hard his cock is under his ass.

"This much," Ilya growls. Shane lets out a moan, grinding his ass further into Ilya's lap. Ilya's hands tighten at his hips. Shane hopes he leaves bruises. "Where did you get this?" Ilya asks, fingers sliding up under the lace of the panties, cupping Shane's ass.

"Rose sent it to me," Shane says. Ilya presses his forehead to Shane's chin, hiding his face. "You really like it?"

Ilya picks Shane up suddenly, making him yelp and hold on tight. (As much as he protests most of the time when Ilya does this, it's *really* fucking hot.) Ilya carries him over to the bed and drops him down onto it before shrugging out of his own shirt and dropping it haphazardly to the floor. He then crawls onto the bed on top of Shane and pulls him in for a filthy kiss.

Shane matches his intensity, hands sliding up into blond hair, fingers wrapping around curls. Their tongues tangle around each other's, moans slipping out alongside them. Ilya grinds their cocks together, through both silk and his own pants. Shane moans into Ilya's mouth at a particularly good thrust, losing the finesse to keep kissing him. His hands slide from Ilya's hair down his back, dragging his fingernails down his skin.

"God, Hollander," Ilya moans as Shane tips his head back, eyes squeezed shut, as Ilya mouths at his neck, licking over his Adam's apple. He presses a knee up against Shane's cock, giving

him something to rut against. Shane whimpers.

"*Ilya*," he moans back, thrusting his cock into Ilya's thigh. Ilya bites at Shane's neck, leaving marks that Shane would normally tell him not to, but right now, he really couldn't be assed.

"So beautiful for me," Ilya whispers as he bites at his neck. "So *perfect*."

He noses along the edges of the bralette, pressing kisses through the lace, hands roaming Shane's body. Shane's hands slide back up into his hair as Ilya finds a nipple through the lace and wraps his tongue and teeth around it. Shane keens high and loud, his fingers tugging at Ilya's hair. Ilya repeats the motions to his other nipple, making Shane grind against his leg again.

"Oh, *fuck*—"

Ilya presses kisses along the freckled valley between Shane's tits, reaching the ribbon in the middle. He pulls his head up, studying the bralette in front of him for a moment, before he looks up and catches Shane's gaze with his own. Without breaking eye contact, he lowers his mouth to one of the ends of the silky bow and pulls on it with his teeth, pulling the bow untied.

The bralette comes undone and falls open around Shane's chest. Ilya groans triumphantly, burying his face between his tits, licking and sucking at bare skin. The bralette falls to the side, framing his chest along with his dress shirt.

"*God*, your tits," Ilya moans, pressing more kisses to his chest. Shane arches his back, shoving his chest closer to Ilya's mouth. He's letting out little whimpers, hands scrambling for purchase against Ilya's shoulders. "I could spend all day..." Ilya continues, biting at soft, creamy skin, laving his tongue against his freckles. "So beautiful," he mumbles between sucks, bringing marks and bruises to the surface of Shane's skin, "All *mine*."

Shane's hands have slid up into Ilya's hair, pushing his face deeper into his skin. He knows he definitely looks a mess, head tipped back, mouth open, eyes squeezed shut, another loud cry falling from his bitten lips. "Y-yours," he moans as Ilya's hands come up and give his tits a squeeze, thumbs rubbing and pinching across his swollen nipples. He bends his knees, planting his feet flat on the bed as he thrusts up against Ilya, trying to alleviate the pressure between his legs. "Oh, *fuck*—"

Ilya's hands dance down Shane's sides as he continues to suck darker, redder marks to Shane's tits. He's pressing Russian words into his skin, things that Shane can barely make out, but he does hear what sounds like *beautiful*, and *mine, mine, mine*.

Shane's a panting mess, clinging to Ilya's hair, rubbing his cock against the planes of Ilya's stomach. He can feel the silk of the panties sticking to the head of his cock. He brings up a hand to clench at the pillow beneath his head.

Ilya looks up at him when he feels Shane let go of his hair. He smiles around one of his nipples—that crooked grin that Shane loves so much. "Look at me," Ilya commands in a soft voice. Shane tips his head down, chin meeting his collarbone, hazy eyes opening, freckled

cheeks stained red. "There you are," he presses an open mouthed kiss to the nipple in his mouth. "So fucking *beautiful*," he whispers again.

The sound of Shane's panting is one of the only sounds in the room second to the lewd sounds of Ilya sucking and kissing his skin. Shane bites his bottom lip between his teeth again, holding back more whimpers.

"I am the luckiest man in the world," Ilya murmurs in a low voice. Shane tries hard not to buck his hips. "To be given such a gift."

"Ilyaaaa," Shane whines as Ilya continues to press soft kisses to the bite marks he's left.

"Yes, *moya lyubov*?" Ilya asks, a touch of faux-innocence in his voice. Shane lets out what can only be described as a whiny harrumph.

"*Fucking—shit—touch* me—" he whines, finally giving in and bucking his hips again. He can feel that the silk of the panties against his hard cock is completely soaked. He throws his head back, refusing to meet Ilya's eyes for this next part. "*Please*," he begs.

"I am touching you, *lyubimyy*," Ilya purrs. Shane lets out another high pitched whine. Ilya pushes his weight into trapping Shane's hips to the bed, rendering him immobile. "*And I'm not done with you yet*."

Shane moans again as Ilya continues his journey down his body, biting, sucking, and kissing at his stomach. Shane lets out a breathy, shaky laugh as he pays special attention to his bellybutton.

"Rose sent you these, hm?" Ilya asks conversationally between bites to his abs. "I will have to send her flowers."

"Y-yeah," Shane opens his eyes, studying the ceiling above. One hand is still clutched in the pillow by his head, the other is resting against the back of Ilya's head, simply petting through his hair. "I—" he swallows, somehow *more* embarrassed about what he's about to admit than the fact that he's so *fucking desperate*. "I—wanted to...show off, I guess?" he swallows, throat clicking dryly. "Told her I wanted to show you how much you mean to me—that I wanted to be *sexy* for you, but I didn't *know how*, and—"

Ilya bites at his stomach again this time harder than before, making Shane curse and try to squirm away, pain cutting through his sex-drunk haze. Suddenly, Ilya is climbing up his body on his hands and knees, reminding Shane of a big cat, stopping when his face is hovering over Shane's, his crucifix hanging down between them.

He looks just as wrecked as Shane feels—cheeks pink, eyes blown wide so there's the barest ring of hazel. He searches Shane's face, eyes flitting from one eye to the other, holding his gaze. He shifts his weight so he's resting on his right hand, pulling Shane's left from his tight grip on the pillow. Shane lets go, letting him take his hand in his.

Ilya kisses his knuckles and then presses a lingering kiss to the band wrapped around his finger. Shane watches him through half-lidded eyes, still panting heavily.

"You," Ilya pants against his knuckles. "Are *always* sexy to me, Shane Hollander. Even, no—*especially when*—you are not trying." He lets his eyes trail from Shane's face down his marked up throat and body and then back up to his face, pressing another kiss to the ring on his finger.

Shane's breath catches in his throat, his eyes meeting Ilya's, who somehow has the look of both a man besotted and a man starved. Shane shivers under his gaze, under his *praise*. He flexes his fingers caught in Ilya's hand. Ilya holds firm.

"I'm the luckiest man in the world to have you," he continues in his low voice, accent heavier than usual in his arousal. "Especially like this." He kisses down Shane's wrist, down his forearm, up his bicep, up his throat, around his jaw, and finally catches his mouth in a kiss, moaning into Shane's mouth. Shane brings his hands up to cup Ilya's cheeks, holding their mouths together, giving an answering moan in return.

Here's the thing—Shane knows he's good-looking. He knows he has fans who only like him because of how he looks. He gets accused of posting "thirst traps" sometimes, especially by Rose, Harris, and even *Hayden*, of all people. But compared to Ilya, who's basically sex on legs, Shane has never, *ever*, felt sexy before.

Well, before *now*.

"Fuck me," He begs as he kisses at the corner of Ilya's mouth, pressing his knees into the sides of Ilya's ribs. "Please." He presses another hungry kiss to Ilya's mouth. He feels even more desperate, pressing the sides of their faces together, panting through his open mouth. "*Please, please, please*—" he whispers as Ilya kisses him again.

Ilya chuckles against his mouth, a low rumble noise in his chest. "Eager," Ilya says as he pulls away, the trail of spit connecting their mouths popping as he speaks. "Does my pretty, sexy husband want me in any particular way?"

"Just like this," Shane says, looking up at Ilya through his lashes. Ilya smiles and leans down, catching his mouth in another kiss, this one growing hungry like before.

Ilya makes his way down his body again, biting at bruises he's already left. Shane shudders beneath him, hands gripped in Ilya's hair again, sliding his swollen bottom lip between his teeth.

Ilya's breath against the skin below his bellybutton comes in rapid pants while Shane's chest heaves in anticipation. Ilya presses biting kisses to the skin of Shane's hipbones. Shane's fingers are curled tight in his hair as Ilya drags his nose against the outline of Shane's cock trapped in its silky, lacy prison. "God, you're *soaked*," Ilya says in awe. "Always *so wet* for me."

"*FUCK!*" Shane throws his head back and cries out as Ilya wraps his mouth around his cock through the panties. His grip in his hair has to be fucking *painful*, but he doesn't *care*. He's been hard for *so long* and, *God*, Ilya's mouth feels like *heaven*. He thrusts his hips, pushing his covered cock into Ilya's mouth further. Ilya hums around him, sucking the taste of his precum out of the fabric.

Shane is babbling up towards the ceiling, whining only when Ilya braces an arm across his hips so he can't thrust up into his mouth anymore. He pulls off Shane's cock, pressing little kisses against the tip as it twitches in the panties.

"Ilya," Shane whines. Ilya hums again, pressing kisses to the soft, sensitive skin of Shane's inner thighs. He bites down, marking him up here as well. Shane lets out a broken gasp. "Ilya, I'm—"

"What is it, sweetheart, what do you need?" Ilya asks, hooking his chin over the top of Shane's thigh, looking up at him.

"Fuck me," Shane whines, desperate.

"Patience, *lyubimyy*," Ilya soothes, petting up and down Shane's body, reaching up a hand to squeeze one of his tits, making Shane cry out, arching his back. "I have to get lube. No touching." He bites at his hip.

He pulls out of Shane's grip and crawls off the bed and stalks towards the en suite, taking his sweet ass time. Shane groans up at the ceiling, trying to control his breathing. He lets his eyes slip closed, waiting.

He feels like he's been waiting forever when he feels Ilya's hands on his legs at the same time the bed dips. He opens his eyes and looks down between his legs to see Ilya back between his knees, pressing soft kiss after soft kiss up his ankle, his shin, the inside of his knee, and up the inside of his thigh, where he leaves another bite, licking at it to soothe it after Shane hisses a little too harshly. While he was in the bathroom, he must have ditched his own slacks and boxers, because Shane can see how hard he is between his legs. The sight of his cock, thick, red, and leaking, makes Shane's mouth water.

Ilya sits back on his heels, eyes roaming Shane's twitching body. He slips his bottom lip between his teeth in thought. Shane wriggles under his gaze.

"What's the hold up?" Shane asks, trying not to whine again, sitting up enough to lean back on his elbows. Ilya pets across his thigh with a thoughtful hum, thumb brushing against his skin.

"Thinking."

"About *what?!?*" Shane feels insane. *Fucking insane*. Ilya laughs, pressing another kiss to Shane's, now bent, knee.

"Thinking about whether is better to pull lace to the side, preserving gift for another time, or is better to ruin them even more than your cock already has."

Shane opens his mouth to say *something* back, *anything* really, but ends up yelping a "*Holy shit!*" as Ilya grabs him by the ankles and lifts his legs up into the air, resting them over his shoulders, knocking Shane from his elbows back flat on his back. "Ilya—"

Ilya's fingertips press into the globes of his ass through the lace. He tests the give of the lace, pressing his fingers experimentally between Shane's cheeks towards his hole. He must not like what he finds, because he mumbles something to himself in Russian before he huffs, grips the waistband at the back with both hands, and pulls.

A loud ripping sound fills the room.

Shane freezes.

When he does move, he leans up on his elbows to look at Ilya. "Did you just—?" he begins breathlessly. Ilya grins down at him and slides his hands under the ripped lace of the panties, gripping his ass hard with his bare hands. He gives each cheek a firm squeeze, making Shane moan, lust overtaking his indignation. "Why was that *hot*?" Shane whines, dropping back to the pillow beneath his head, bringing his hands up to cover his face.

Ilya turns his head and presses a kiss to Shane's ankle. "Because I am," he says simply. He wraps a hand around one of Shane's legs and reaches down into the sheets with the other, grabbing and uncapping the bottle of lube with a *snikt*. Shane pulls his hands away from his face, tilting his head down so he can watch.

Shane's heartbeat picks up as Ilya squeezes lube over Shane's waiting hole. He hisses something that sounds like "Jesus *Christ*, that's *cold*!" before Ilya gives an open handed smack to his ass. Shane moans out a curse, tossing his head back.

Ilya's fingers circle Shane's rim a couple of times before he presses a finger inside him all the way to the last knuckle. Shane opens his mouth to tell Ilya to go ahead and add another finger right before Ilya does, as if he's read his mind. Shane moans again as Ilya's fingers find his prostate with what has to be muscle memory at this point. Shane feels himself leak again into the silk of the front of the panties.

"Oh, *fuck*, Ilya—" he whimpers as Ilya begins to massage his prostate relentlessly. Shane mewls, hands reaching out to grip in the duvet beneath him. "*Fuck*, Ilya, I—"

"Are you going to cum?" Ilya asks. Shane nods, rocking his hips, riding Ilya's fingers. "Untouched?" he asks with a smile in his voice. Shane whimpers. "Then *cum*."

Shane tosses his head back, cries out, and curls his toes as he does as he's told, thoroughly ruining the panties more than they already had been as Ilya fingers him through it.

Ilya presses another kiss to Shane's ankle, smiling down at him smugly. Shane's body shakes with aftershocks, his chest heaving as he tries to catch his breath. "Fuck," Shane whispers as he comes down.

"Hmm," Ilya hums, continuing to massage Shane's prostate, making him jolt in overstimulation. "I *do* love it when you do that. Are you ready for me, sweetheart?"

"Fuck you," Shane mumbles with no bite behind it, nodding sleepily. Ilya chuckles and pulls his fingers out of Shane's ass. Shane whines at the loss.

"Shh," Ilya pets down Shane's chest with his clean hand. "You're doing so well." Shane hears the snap of the lube cap one more time before he feels Ilya change his position, bringing himself closer to Shane's ass. Then there's the pressure of the head of Ilya's cock at his hole and Shane closes his eyes before he drops his mouth open in a silent moan as Ilya pushes between the broken halves of lace, inside him.

When Shane opens his eyes again, it's to see Ilya peering down at him with a loving smile on his lips. He lowers himself atop Shane, pressing them chest to chest as he catches his mouth in a tender kiss.

"Okay?" Ilya asks quietly, like he does *every time*. And Shane smiles up at him and nods.

"Fuck me," he demands. Ilya's smile broadens and he leans down to catch Shane in another kiss as he thrusts his hips forward, pushing his cock deeper into Shane's hole. Shane keens again, wrapping his legs around Ilya's middle, crossing his ankles behind his back.

Ilya sets a fast pace, catching Shane's hands in his and pressing them up above his head against the pillows, fingers intertwined. Shane moans rhythmically into Ilya's mouth, fingers tightening around Ilya's so hard it has to hurt. Ilya doesn't let up. Instead, he keeps going, pounding into Shane harder and harder while also plunging his tongue into Shane's mouth.

"*Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck—*" Shane chants into Ilya's mouth (or, at least, there's an attempt). Ilya moans as he kisses down Shane's neck, burying his face into the space between his neck and shoulder.

"*Fuck, Shane—*" Ilya moans into his neck as he presses kisses to his skin. "So fucking good, so fucking *tight*, so *fucking—*" he moans again. He pulls his hands from Shane's, leaving Shane to immediately reach up, dig his fingers into Ilya's ruined curls, and tug.

"Oh, my god," Shane babbles, pushing himself back on Ilya's cock, digging his heels into Ilya's lower back, spurring him on. "Fuck, *Ilya*, I'm gonna—"

"Gonna cum again for me, Hollander?" Ilya asks, licking sweat from Shane's collarbones. Shane gasps for air, feeling the swooping feeling in his stomach building and building as he, indeed, feels like he's going to cum again.

"*Goddammit*, Ilya, I—" he tugs on his hair, pulling his face out of his neck and pulling him up towards his face, catching Ilya's mouth in a messy kiss that's mostly tongue and spit. Ilya takes control of it, kissing Shane like he'll never get the chance to again.

"Cum for me, Shane," Ilya moans against Shane's lips. Shane begins to arch his back. "Cum again, sweetheart. You can do it, I know you can—"

"Oh, *fuck*, Ilya—I—"

"Cum for me, sweetheart," Ilya's hips speed up. Shane begins to curl his toes, pressing his thighs tight around Ilya's ribs as he climbs higher and higher and higher and *higher* —

Ilya fucks him through it as Shane cums untouched for the second time that night with a scream.

Shane comes to with Ilya pressing kisses to his face, whispering sweet nothings in Russian against his sweat slicked skin. He turns his face towards Ilya's, letting him catch his mouth in another tender kiss. Shane can feel how hard Ilya still is in his ass. He feels boneless and exhausted, but in a good way. He feels completely spent, brain buzzing happily as endorphins zip through his bloodstream.

"You did so well, sweetheart," Ilya murmurs into his skin. Shane clenches around Ilya's cock, making him hiss. "Shane—"

"Cum in me, Ilya," Shane demands sleepily, petting across Ilya's face. "Use me. Cum in me. *Please*. I want it."

Ilya presses their foreheads together. "Are you sure?" he asks. Shane kicks Ilya in the back with his heel.

"Fucking *fuck me*, Rozanov," Shane growls. Ilya's smile turns feral. "I don't wanna walk right for *at least* a week." Ilya arches his eyebrow in challenge before he leans down and presses a soft kiss to Shane's lips.

He starts at a brutal pace, chasing his own pleasure, making Shane cry out in overstimulation, fingers flying from Ilya's hair, to his shoulders, to his biceps, gripping tight, fingernails digging into his skin.

"Shane," Ilya moans down into Shane's face, his own face screwed up in what appears to be both pleasure and pain. "*Fuck, Shane—*"

"Let go for me, Ilya," Shane moans, arching his head to the side as Ilya buries his face into Shane's neck. He presses the side of his head against Ilya's, moaning at the sounds of his husband coming undone in his ear. "Cum in me, baby. Want you to—love it when you—oh, *fuck*, Ilya—"

Ilya lets out a long, low moan as his hips stutter and he finally stills above him, biting down on his shoulder, making Shane cry out as Ilya cums inside him in pulses. He then falls boneless atop him, nearly crushing Shane to the bed beneath him.

Shane begins to pet through his hair, scratching at his scalp, waiting for him to come back down. Ilya's out for at least a couple of seconds, body jerking in aftershocks. Shane hums happily, catching his breath.

When Ilya comes to, he begins to press kisses into Shane's neck. Shane giggles as Ilya nuzzles their cheeks together.

"Ilya," he says softly, "Are you back with me?"

"No," Ilya mumbles. "I am dead."

"You always say that," Shane says with a laugh. "And yet—"

Ilya pulls out of the safety of Shane's neck and presses kisses up his jaw and back to his mouth, where he catches his lips in yet another tender kiss. Shane hums into his mouth, smiling as Ilya pushes their foreheads together when he pulls away.

"I love you," Ilya says, his tired eyes open and sparkling in the low light of the room. He smiles down at Shane sleepily. "I love you so, so much."

"I love you too," Shane says back with his own smile.

Ilya shifts on top of Shane, making him hiss in overstimulation again as he pulls out of him with a grunt. He rolls off of Shane, pulling him up and into his arms, pressing his face into the back of Shane's neck, wrapping his arms around his waist and pulling him back, back to chest. He snuffles into the back of Shane's neck, pressing kisses and nosing at his hairline.

"Good night," Ilya mumbles into his neck sleepily.

"Ilya," Shane says in a warning voice.

"Hush, Hollander. I'm trying to sleep." Shane turns his head to look behind himself, but can only see maybe Ilya's ear.

"*Ilya*," Shane says again.

"Shhhh," Ilya hisses against the back of Shane's neck. "Just go to sleep."

"Ilya, you know how gross this shit gets if we let it dry!" He can feel Ilya grinning into the back of his neck. "Ilya, I don't think I can *fucking move*, you *asshole*!"

"I thought is what you wanted," Ilya says with a chuckle. Shane harrumphs. "You said you didn't want to walk right for, hmm, a *week* at least."

"I fucking hate you," Shane grumbles. Ilya kisses at his neck again.

"No, you don't," he says before he sighs and crawls out of bed, walking to the en suite bathroom. Shane faintly hears the hiss of the shower before Ilya comes back into the room with the light from the bathroom behind him, throwing him into shadow. Shane squints up at him. "Come," he says. "Time for shower."

"I don't think I can move," Shane repeats in a whine.

"Then no shower," Ilya teases, placing his hands on his hips. Shane harrumphs again.

"Ilyaaaaaa," he whines, looking up at his husband with what he hopes are convincing puppy eyes. Ilya rolls his eyes fondly before he bends over and picks Shane up as if he weren't a full bodied, grown hockey player.

"This is what you wanted to begin with, isn't it, hm?" Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's temple, walking him towards the steaming shower stall that's definitely big enough for two.

"Hmm," Shane mumbles. "Maybe."

The next morning, there's a knock at the door of Rose's condo. She's in the middle of getting her makeup done before she goes out for a bout of shopping with her mother, so she can't move to answer it. She waits patiently while her makeup artist blends her eyeshadows together against her brow bone.

"Is everything okay?" she asks as her assistant, Jeffrey, comes into her room, his dress shoes clicking against the hardwood floors. She opens one eye and looks over at him and pulls back from her makeup artist's talented hands and sits back in her chair, mouth falling open in shock. "Oh! They're beautiful!" she coos as Jeffrey sets a large vase full of blue roses on one of the side tables in the room. "Is there a card?" she asks, though with the color choice, there's only one person they could be from.

Jeffrey looks through the bouquet and pulls out a card before he walks it over to her and hands it to her. She pulls it open, takes one look inside, and lets out an ungodly cackle.

"Jeffrey, please take a picture for my insta," she says between giggles. "Caption: you're welcome, kissy-winky face."

"Should I tag anyone?" he asks with a smirk. She shakes her head and closes her eyes, leaning back towards her makeup artist's waiting hands.

"No," she says simply. "They'll know."

(A little after the picture is uploaded to Instagram, her phone goes off twice. She looks down at her phone in her lap to see two texts. One from Ilya, the other from Shane. She cackles again before her makeup artist moves on to her lips.

Ilya: where can we get more?

Shane: don't fucking answer him.)

FIN

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Please comment if you want more. I have several ideas in the percolater. They have my heart and my brain. They invented love!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!