

play me

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Summary

“Ah, my favourite fan at my feet.”

Shane's eyes glint with something between rage and intrigue.

But he surprises him. So much that it elicits a withheld heartbeat. “It’s such an honour meeting you, Mr. Rozanov.”

“Oh, you are meeting me from all the way down there?”

“I just want to get to know you better. Up close. The cameras don’t really capture this level of detail, you know.” Shane’s cheeks are glaringly pink. His freckles get accentuated.

Or: Shane and Ilya roleplay at the cottage

Notes

These two roleplay a really weird amount ... like the stanley cup... bell boy... it’s almost unnatural... therefore the need to write it. Also writing this based on show characterisation not the book bc I do not agree with the book at all.

Thanks to my irl friend for the idea bb this is for you. Gray this is also for u my bff.

Takes place at the cottage post I love you scene

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

“What is this?”

Ilya tugs at the hem of Shane’s jersey, with equal parts curiosity and engrossment. He reads his name, clear as day on the black top, despite still rubbing sleep from his eyes. Those are *his* yellow-adorned numbers on Shane’s body.

Relieving himself of his coffee making duties, Shane turns around and leans himself against the counter. His knuckles are white with the grip. He takes everything *so* seriously. Especially with his glasses propped on his nose. “I brought it with me, actually. Just to show how much of a fan I am.” His statement is coloured with sarcasm, and he delivers it with a smile.

They’d fallen asleep the night before debating who had been a fan of whom first, each adamant the other had been secretly admiring them longer. Then, who’d loved the other first.

(The answer for both was obviously Ilya, for obvious reasons.)

“Brought it with you?” Ilya scoffs, as Shane busies himself again, turning his back to him. “You have owned that for years. Probably since we were teenagers.”

(He’s right.)

Shane doesn’t clarify nor reject his claim, which Ilya takes as a silent victory, and closes the space behind him, wrapping his arms around his middle. Pressing a kiss behind his ear, he says, “Rookie season? You can tell me.”

Rolling his eyes, and shrugging him off, Shane says, “Give it up.”

“But I’m with my number one fan,” Ilya whines, backing Shane against the edge of the island. Shane moves easily, unencumbered and willing. Always pliant. He’s sure this is exactly where Shane wants to be, even with the forced grimace on his face. “And he loves me. For more than my dick.” He presses a little more firmly, making him bend backwards.

He clicks with his tongue. A hand lifts to hold Shane by his chin. Props his face up. “Right?”

Shane nods.

His hands drift lower, behind his thighs and he lifts Shane up to the counter. So many temporary touches. He needs this permanently.

There are soft smiles exchanged, a kiss, two, before Ilya pulls his jersey to the side, exposing some of his shoulder. He presses a kiss to it. He lets himself linger on his neck, trailing with his tongue. He can stay here as long as he likes, Shane isn’t pushing him away or reminding him that it’s a very visible spot he’s got his mouth on.

What else are two weeks for?

Indulging in feeling the curves of Shane’s body, Ilya’s hands roam, memorising the silhouette. Every ridge and ripple and dip and bend of his skin.

Shane shoves him backwards, and hops off with a massive stumble. He's not neat with how he extricates himself, like he usually is. "What are you —"

He's bending down, crouched on his feet. Then kneeling. Almost nuzzling at his groin.

Ilya's fingers preoccupy themselves in Shane's soft hair. Ridiculous, probably lathered in the most expensive baby shampoo for the entirety of his life.

"Ah, my favourite fan at my feet."

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But he surprises him. So much that it elicits a withheld heartbeat. "It's such an honour meeting you, Mr. Rozanov."

"Oh, you are meeting me from all the way down there?"

"I just want to get to know you better. Up close. The cameras don't really capture this level of detail, you know." Shane's cheeks are glaringly pink. His freckles get accentuated.

"Detail," Ilya scoffs. He's rendered silent as Shane tugs his pyjama pants down, saving his boxers. Mouths over it. He looks up at Ilya, his fingers inching upwards from his thighs to the elastic waistband.

He's as subtle as an earthquake — his hips buck forward and Shane's biting back his stupidly pretty smile. "Oh, Mr. Rozanov. Didn't know you had a weakness."

Blowing air from his nose, Ilya doesn't reply, just tangles his hands further into Shane's hair. When he gathers himself, he says, "This one man, he makes me weak. I swear, he is fan of mine, but he won't admit it."

"He sounds terrible," Shane says, pressing hot, open mouthed kisses over the thin fabric. So little separates them. He's *leaking* and Shane is taking his sweet time, dragging it and creating a terrible friction that has him nearly crying out. "I have no problem telling you you're amazing." He finally pulls his boxers down, and takes Ilya into his mouth, inch by inch.

This time, he really can't reply. Every nerve in his body has narrowed down to *this*.

Shane sucks with a veracity, with a need to show how good he is, cheeks briefly hollowing. He doesn't break eye contact, not for a moment. The connection burns a new kind of anticipation in Ilya.

Finding purchase on the nape of his neck, he holds Shane steady, and fucks into his throat — engulfed by this overwhelming feeling, his hips stutter, and he removes his cock, slapping it on Shane's waiting tongue. He watches Shane as he kisses the wet tip and looks up for approval. Caressing the side of his face, he pulls him up, making him stand, frantically finding his mouth to kiss him deeply. His tongue slips into his mouth, and a hand rests on Shane's lower back. He's so warm all over. Could stay glued to him during the winter and skip the down jackets altogether.

Shane manages to speak when Ilya pays attention to his neck. He might be a vampire with how obsessive he's become with the soft skin there. "Do you think you could show me to your bedroom? I think this might be easier on a bed."

"What might be easier?" He loves making Shane spell everything out. In minute detail.

"Um," he stumbles. "Don't you keep trophies in your bedroom?"

"Ah yes. *That* is what you want to see." He carries him with an easy lift, chests pressed together. "Fine, we can go to bedroom. I think for my special fan, I should show him special tricks."

He lays Shane on the bed with no grace. Tumbles on top of him to pull his shorts off with one fluid motion. Silently thanks him for not getting dressed yet — he doesn't have the patience for removing denim.

He lays him bare on the bed, save for the jersey. He hadn't realized how much pride he had — it swells, ballooning, seeing Shane donned in his name. Almost bursts out of his chest.

Raking his fingers down Shane's body, he settles between his legs. He bites Shane's inner thigh, suckling and swirling his tongue about the deep indentations.

"Do you do this to all your fans?" Shane asks, in the midst of a gasp.

"Play with them? No, only you."

"See, you have this reputation preceding you —" he gets cut off by himself, something like a whimper and moan.

"What reputation?"

"You know."

"Tell me." His hand travels up, grabs his chest with a tightness. His tongue runs down his navel slowly. Shane's stomach dips with a harsh inhale.

"Where you have a new lover every month," he spits out. "Don't stop touching me."

He listens, mouthing over the base of his cock. His tongue drags downwards. "Fascinating. I did not know I had so many."

"Am I your favourite?" There's an edge of real curiosity to it.

"Yes," he says decisively, tongue dipping over his hole. He glides around it, with messy and broad strokes, listening attentively for Shane's gasps and murmurs in reaction to the most sensitive part of his body being touched. He uses his thumbs to hold it open, pushing his tongue inside, and Shane's legs tremble — he needs to use a hand to steady one of them.

He stays there for a while, loosening him a little this way, *thoroughly* enjoying how tightly Shane grips and pushes at his shoulders. He writhes and fights the sensation.

“More,” he hears, and he’s compelled to listen, spitting onto his hole and working two fingers in.

“Well, since you ask so nicely.”

He misses Shane’s face, and moves back up to smile at him, lopsided, breathless. Shane grabs him by the sides of his face and kisses him, tilting his glasses crooked.

He fingers him like this, only stopping to make Shane spit into his hand for more lubrication. It’s hot, and Shane’s glow deepens into a new shade of pink.

When he’s gotten his fingers curled in the right way to brush against his prostate, he withdraws harshly, murmuring that he knows, he knows, in response to Shane’s protesting whine.

He kisses Shane while feeling around with blind eyes for the bottle of lube — he’s sure they abandoned it on the bed last night. He finds it under a pillow, and regrettably pulls away.

“On your knees,” he says, but does all the work for him, propping him the right way on his hands. Shane immediately drops from hands to forearms, raising his ass for Ilya. He rubs over his taint, letting the lube drip down before dipping it in with a single finger.

With a hand pressing on his back, he enters him slowly, deliberately withdrawing pretty noises from Shane. He bends over, kissing a constellation over his shoulders. “Good boy,” he says, once he’s fully seated inside him. “I’m going to make you come hands free.”

Shane clenches around him.

He grips Shane’s hips, and thrusts into him with a pathetic want, with rough strokes and a sharp, endless need. There’s no particular delicacy in how he fucks him, it’s a blur of skin slapping skin.

Every drag is tight, and Ilya has to fight to stave off coming so quickly. His arms, on either side of Shane’s head, shake with the strength it takes to stay kneeling, to keep a steady pace. It shows, his mouth letting a stream of Russian curses fall out. There’s no use in muffling them, he’s sure Shane gets the gist of what he’s saying, his own lips rattling off a mixed chorus of *Jesus christ, fuck, right there*.

“Can I watch you?” Ilya asks after a while, unable to take one more second of hearing Shane and not seeing him.

“Yes,” Shane breathes out. “I’ve been saving myself. For you. You should — you should watch.”

(Ilya pretends that doesn't push him over the edge.)

His legs sling over Ilya's shoulders, and he nearly folds him in half. Kisses him and bathes in the hiss of pain-pleasure from Shane. He presses him into the mattress, fucking him deeply. Pulsing into him with enough force to create a steady rhythm of the headboard hitting the

wall. His chain keeps getting caught in Shane's mouth, the small *clink, clink* against his teeth somehow serving to arouse him further.

He bends down to kiss him, feeling his tongue. It's a messy kiss, and he sucks on his tongue. Rotating between that and sucking on his nipple, he wants his tongue to leave a mark *everywhere*. Pulling his lips with his teeth and clawing over his clavicle with little regard to his skin.

"I'm so close," Shane says, "*Please*."

Ilya is so sure the shiver that runs through his spine is evident. All over his face and body. He interlocks their hands, pinning them over Shane's head. Their mouths are open, and they tremble against each other. They fight to keep their eyes open, drinking the other in, in this vulnerable state. And Shane, his stupid eyes *sparkle* —

"I love you," Ilya pants.

"You're breaking character!" Shane's incredulity lasts for a second before his features show a flash of restraint, then giving in, he comes. "Baby, babe —" he spurts onto his abdomen, squirming to let go of his hands and use them to pull Ilya in for a deep kiss.

It's all too much, he can't handle the flex of Shane's muscles as he recovers, the sight of his come, and with valiant effort, Ilya finishes a few moments later, stilling inside of Shane with a loud exclaim of his name.

Falling forward, he slumps onto Shane's chest with a loud sigh.

"What does breaking character mean?" he mumbles, eyes closed, enraptured by the sensation of Shane's hands running over his back.

Shane laughs. "You can't say I love you to a *fan*."

"But I was saying I love you to *you*."

"But we weren't done with the scenario."

Shane is strict.

"Can I say I love you now?"

"Yes."

"I love you, Shane," he says, into his skin and beneath every layer.

The novelty of saying those words may never wear off. Hearing it back is another feeling altogether.

End Notes

Shane the only person in the world other than my gf to enforce role playing the whole way through. (i love you sweet gf reading this.)

i think i have officially gotten the shane and ilya writing itch out of my body. hope u enjoyed !

- mena

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