

Spinning in Circles with the Moon in Our Eyes

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76620061) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76620061>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Porn with Feelings , Blow Jobs , Anal Sex , Riding , Married Couple , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , but there isn't really any spoilers , Yearning , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-29 Words: 5,429 Chapters: 1/1

Spinning in Circles with the Moon in Our Eyes

by [LaheyHale](#)

Summary

Ilya couldn't get enough. He was addicted to the sounds Shane made. He was hooked on his husband's groans, moans, and whimpers; along with every variation of his name. He had never really thought much about how his name sounded before Shane, but now all he found himself able to think about is how Shane's lips look wrapping around the consonants that spell it out, the breathy intonation behind every vowel. He's intoxicated by the sounds he can feel reverberate through his chest and against his lips when they're pressed close together, Shane demanding pleasure with the movement of his hips or surrendering to Ilya by falling into him, letting himself be manhandled and directed with Ilya claiming his lips as if he were a man starved. Not a day passed that Ilya did not think of the noises Shane made, or how he could get them to make more of them.

Notes

I, like many others, have become totally entranced by these two and this universe.

I had so much fun diving into their story and writing my own little slice of them 💖

No real spoilers posted in this, but this does take place after The Long Game!

Loosely inspired by the sweatpants Connor wore in the GQ photoshoot and the photos from the bts for Cultured Magazine.

Hope everyone enjoys!

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

Ilya had several favorite sounds. The final buzzer at the end of his cup winning games, the sound of the puck ringing off the bar as he scored a top shelf goal, Shane's mom laughing in delight when he would come over and indulge them in a friendly game night. But his favorite sounds came directly from Shane - his breathless laugh when Ilya made a joke, the sound of his name rolling off Shane's tongue on the phone, the passion in his tone when he talked about things he loved. Most importantly, however, Ilya loved the sounds he would make involuntarily, the dizzying sounds that he would make when he was feeling just good enough to slip out of his head for a while.

Sounds that only Ilya heard.

He didn't remember when he started to notice that Shane had a library of these sounds that he loved, but he figures it was somewhere between "*is my special night, Hollander,*" and the very first "*Ilya,*" that spilled out of Shane's mouth. In the years that had passed since then, he had begun cataloging these sounds - drawing a correlation in his mind between how his husband was feeling and the sounds that he would make.

Among his favorites were the breathless groans, high pitched and reedy. These sounds would accompany an all consuming kiss, Shane involuntarily letting out quiet whines against Ilya's lips, the sounds sneaking out around Ilya's tongue. It didn't matter if they were kissing while Shane was straddling Ilya's lap, his hips grinding down against his strong thigh or if they were kissing as he was buried entirely inside of Shane's warmth - the quiet, whimpering groans would start to float around them the second Ilya's tongue passed Shane's lips.

Another timeless favorite of his was his last name on Shane's lips - usually petulant and exasperated, unabashedly needy - Shane's last attempt to make Ilya acquiesce to his requests. "*More, Rozanov,*" and "*need it, Rozanov,*" and "*Come on, give it to me, Rozanov,*" would float into the space between them, Shane's brows furrowed with sweat beading at his hairline - Shane's dick hard and pink, the tip weeping precome as his hips moved to take all Ilya would offer. Sometimes these demands were accompanied by Shane's feet hooking behind his back, trying to pull him further into his body where they were connected. Sometimes they would be muttered into his pillow, his face buried in it as his ass pushed back against Ilya with his hips high in the air.

Ilya's recent favorite, however, was something Shane had said after he'd brought him to the edge twice already with his mouth, his fingers lazily pushing into him. As he denied him release a third time by pulling his fingers away and popping his mouth off of his dick, Shane

had whimpered and threw him as serious of a look as he could with his cheeks flushed pink and his lips kiss bitten and shiny. “*Fuck me, Rozanov, or I’ll do it myself.*” At the ultimatum, Ilya almost came in his pants like a teenager, years of watching Shane fuck himself over video call with his growing collection of toys flying through his mind. Would Shane use the dildo he’d had from before he fucked Ilya for the first time? Would he use something they’d bought together? He had resolved to ask him later, maybe with a demonstration, as he *finally* shucked his pants and slid all the way home, pressing Shane’s legs close into his chest, bending him in half as he leaned down to capture his lips. Shane had come less than a minute later without so much as a hand on his cock, biting down on Ilya’s bottom lip as he came with a shout of “*Ilya*”. The soft sighs and groans mixed with the way Shane had said his *name* lodged their place in Ilya’s mind, playing on a loop for the next several days.

Ilya couldn’t get enough. He was addicted to the sounds Shane made. He was hooked on his husband’s groans, moans, and whimpers; along with every variation of his name. He had never really thought much about how his name sounded before Shane, but now all he found himself able to think about is how Shane’s lips look wrapping around the consonants that spell it out, the breathy intonation behind every vowel. He’s intoxicated by the sounds he can feel reverberate through his chest and against his lips when they’re pressed close together, Shane demanding pleasure with the movement of his hips or surrendering to Ilya by falling into him, letting himself be manhandled and directed with Ilya claiming his lips as if he were a man starved. Not a day passed that Ilya did not think of the noises Shane made, or how he could get them to make more of them.



It was the offseason. There were months of bright skies, calm lakes, and the comfort of *their* cottage stretching out ahead of them like a lazy barn cat. They had been knocked out of the playoffs after the first round in a truly embarrassing showing by the Centaurs, if Ilya’s honest. They had taken less than two weeks at their house close to the rink to sulk and lick their wounds before Shane had decided enough was enough - it was time to stop moping, pack up, and head out to the place they both felt the most at home. Ilya was grateful for the suggestion, even after all of his years in the league and despite winning the Cup more than once, being knocked out of the playoffs still stung. He was glad for the reprieve, glad to be headed out and away from the reminders hung up all over the city that they had made the playoffs and then subsequently wasted the opportunity in as little as 5 games.

Shane had told Ilya one night when they’d been sitting on the couch together after they had been knocked out of the playoffs that his goal for this offseason was to work more on his yoga, add more flexibility work into his routine. Ilya didn’t know how he could possibly be more flexible, and he had told Shane as much.

“You want to be more flexible? You do not need yoga. I will help.” He’d said it with a smirk and a raise of his eyebrows, and Shane had known exactly what he was insinuating.

“Fuck off, Rozanov,” Shane had replied with a playful shove.

“No! Am serious, let me help! I can hold your legs. Push your knees into your chest. Will help your flexibility. No need for your silly yoga.” Ilya had been inching closer to Shane as he said it, his fingers lightly tracing against his thigh.

“Not what I meant, Ilya. You’re such an asshole.” But his tone was playful, his voice light with amusement. “I meant I need to work on my hip mobility, build up some strength. I think it’ll really help my skating. I found this regimen-”

Shane was endearing like this, playful and full of energy despite the devastating end to their season not even a week ago. Ilya had just watched and listened with a smitten smile that reached his eyes as Shane told him exactly what this regimen entailed; which complicated poses he needed to work on, which modifications would make the moves more challenging, and agreed heartily when Shane informed him that he would need to have a sauna large enough to do yoga in installed so that he could reap the benefits of hot yoga.

Ilya’s goals for the summer were a little different. Sure, he planned out an offseason training program that he would stick to, he and Shane would go for runs together and utilize their state of the art home gym, and of course they would both go to Gary’s training camp with a bunch of other NHL players later in the summer. But Ilya’s *real* goal this offseason was to get Shane to make as many beautiful noises as he could, drawing out those delicious whimpers and moans with his tongue, with his fingers, with his *cock*. They spent so much time during the season having to be mindful of their volume, policing the sounds they let float under the door and through the walls of their shared hotel room on the road. Now that they were going to be in their private space, he didn’t have to worry if Shane was too loud, if the headboard was banging against the wall, or who was assigned the room next to theirs.

The sun was glinting off of the lake as it set, low in the sky, bathing the kitchen in hues of gold and orange. Shane was at the counter chopping vegetables for the stir fry they planned for dinner. Ilya stared at him as he worked. He was so in love with him - his hair longer than when they'd met but shorter than when they'd gotten married. He was loose and relaxed as he moved around the kitchen, music playing faintly from the overhead speakers in the house. The soft smile Ilya had woken up to pressed to the back of his neck as they slept hadn't left Shane's face all day. The hoodie he wore was one of Ilya's team branded hoodies from his first season in Ottawa and hung loose on his frame, the neckline askew to reveal some of his collar bone.

He was driving Ilya wild. He was so *happy* here, so full of life. And he looked *good*. Ilya couldn't help himself - he crossed the kitchen in a few steps, sliding up behind Shane and placing his hands loosely around his hips, his chin hooking over his shoulder. As if like magnets, Shane immediately put the knife down and leaned back into Ilya, the warmth of the shorter man's back pressing into his broad chest.

"*Fuck, Shane*" he muttered into his neck, nosing against the hinge of his jaw from behind. "I love to see you in my clothes."

Shane hummed and pushed further into him, tilting his head to the side to allow Ilya more access. This was a game Shane was well familiar with at this point - Ilya incapable of keeping his hands to himself and Shane preening from the attention. He scrapes his teeth along Shane's earlobe, his nose buried in his hair. He takes a deep breath in, Shane's scent warm and comforting, the smell of the shampoo he's used for years intertwining with a smell Ilya has come to think of as "*home*."

He sucks Shane's earlobe into his mouth at the same time as he slides one of his hands up under the front of the hoodie, pawing at Shane's ample chest. He feels Shane's head loll back onto his shoulder, letting out a deep sigh that's punctuated at the end with a low groan. "*Ilya, shit...*"

"Mm... all mine, yes?" He mutters into his ear. "This," he squeezes Shane's peck again, rolling the hardened nub of his nipple between his fingers, "*mine*. And this..." his other hand shamelessly runs along the inside of Shane's thigh, moving up higher into the warmth between his legs. His cock is hard, tenting his loose sweatpants. "This is also mine, hm?" he asks, dropping a kiss to the junction of Shane's shoulder as he lightly brushes his fingers over his hard dick.

“*Fuck*, yes... yours,” Shane attempts to push his hips into Ilya’s hand. He pulls his hands away to place them on Shane’s hips, turning him around to face him, lamenting the loss of feeling Shane’s warm skin in his palms.

“Ilya please,” he’s pouting, and a smile dances at the corners of Ilya’s lips at his expression.

“What do you want? Words, Shane,” he moves one of his hands up to Shane’s face, the other running lightly, teasingly, up under his hoodie up his stomach and across his chest before brushing the back of his fingers back down the middle of his abs, hooking two fingers into the waistband of his pants and tugging his hips closer.

Shane is looking at him, Ilya’s fingers now gripping the sides of his chin tipping his face up. From this angle, Shane’s eyes look impossibly big - open, earnest, his pupils blown wide with lust. The freckles that dust his cheeks stand out against his skin like constellations in the night sky, constellations that Ilya has memorized and could see even with his eyes closed. He takes a second to just stare into Shane’s eyes, his thumb stroking against his jaw.

Shane finally speaks, his voice soft and dazed. “Kiss me, Ilya... *please* kiss me.”

And who is Ilya to deny him, when his husband begs so sweetly? He moves in, closing the gap between them. He meets Shane’s lips with his own, dropping a light kiss to his lips before he pulls back slightly. Shane’s brow furrows and he chases Ilya’s retreating lips, his hand coming up to tangle in the blonde curls to prevent him from pulling away further. The corners of Ilya’s mouth turn up in fond amusement as he leans back in, capturing Shane’s parted lips again. He deepens the kiss, his tongue running along the seam of Shane’s lips and then into his mouth. He’s warm - inviting, and Ilya loses himself in the feel of his mouth. He runs his other hand up Shane’s side, fingers tucking under his hoodie as they dance up from Shane’s hip to his ribs.

Time becomes syrupy, their tongues tangling together. He moves his hand from where it was clutched on Shane’s jaw down to his other side, squeezing his ass as he drags Shane closer into him. His other hand finds purchase grabbing just under the curve of his ass, giving him the leverage he needs to lift Shane up and sit him on the counter. Dinner had long since been forgotten, the half chopped vegetables sitting on the counter across from where Shane was perched. Now taller than him, Shane’s hand tightens in his curls, pulling his face impossibly closer again, pressing his nose down against Ilya’s own. Ilya feels his tongue sliding along

his, Shane's other hand clutching in the front of his shirt as his ankles cross behind Ilya's back and dragging his hips closer.

Then he hears it. *That* sound... the sound he hears so often but can't get enough of, the sound that he's been chasing every day since he first heard it. The quiet, whimpering groans start to escape from high in Shane's throat. He's becoming bolder, more desperate as his hands reach down towards the hem of Ilya's own shirt, rucking the fabric up as much as he can without separating their lips. Ilya attempts to break the kiss just long enough to pull his shirt the rest of the way over his head, but the second his lips move off of Shane's he lets out a whine, his fingers tightening in Ilya's hair to pull him back up to his mouth.

Ilya laughs into the space between them, eyes crinkling in amusement. "I am not going anywhere, *лучик*, just want to take this off."

Shane, satisfied with that logic and soothed by the Russian pet name, loosens the grip in his hair and helps him to pull off the tight gray t-shirt he had been wearing, the fabric scrunched from where Shane had been grasping onto it. It ends up on the floor, and Shane takes a minute to stare at it crumpled in a heap in front of them. His nose scrunches up as he looks at Ilya's discarded shirt piled on the tile.

"Now you. Want to see you," Ilya gets his attention by pressing a light kiss to his lips, his hands going to the hem of the oversized hoodie. He pulls it up, trailing a line of kisses from his belly button up his sternum, to the side of his neck as he exposes more and more skin, finally planting a kiss to his forehead as he pulls the garment off over his head. Despite the heat thrumming through his veins, the aching need in his gut, the overwhelming desire to grab Shane by the back of the neck and haul him in close to claim his lips in another bruising kiss - he takes his time folding the sweatshirt neatly and placing it gingerly on the counter behind Shane. The appreciation is evident on Shane's face, his eyes following every move Ilya makes.

Ilya grabs the side of Shane's face, his thumb in front of his ear as his fingers thread into the silky strands. He starts low, sucking at Shane's pulse point and relishing in the soft sighs and high keens coming from the man below him as Shane reaches up to grab Ilya's wrist, clutching it in his hand so he can't pull it away from his face. He kisses along Shane's jawline, skin smooth beneath his lips. He claims his lips in a hungry kiss once again, tongue lolling into Shane's mouth as he lets out a sharp inhale through his nose as the hand that isn't clasped to Shane's face comes up to grab at his chest.

They stay suspended in this moment; locked in each other's orbit, pants and groans filling the kitchen as they kiss, their tongues sliding together, teeth clacking. Ilya is grabbing at Shane's chest as Shane's legs tighten around Ilya's hips.

"Mm..." Ilya hums as he pulls away, a fond smile aimed up at Shane. "Come. Upstairs."

"Okay," Shane replies, his voice dazed and his expression filled with lust. Ilya reaches up for one more quick peck before he's collecting Shane's ass in his hands, holding him tight to his body as he hauls him off the counter and heads towards the stairs, Shane wrapping his arms around his neck.



It's not until after he has carried Shane up the stairs to their bedroom, sitting on the end of their bed with Shane straddled atop his thighs, exchanging messy kisses and teasing Shane's hole through his pants that he hears *exactly* what he's been angling for all night. Shane is warm and squirming in his arms, his bare chest golden in the warm lamp light, the stolen hoodie long forgotten about on the counter downstairs. His fingers are trying to work their way into the waistband of Ilya's egregiously low cut sweatpants, shoving them down as far as he can while he sits on top of him at the foot of the bed. A blush dusts the tops of his cheeks when Ilya drags his fingers across his entrance again, this time accompanied by his mouth latching onto his nipple. He tries to grind his hips down to get any sort of relief, but they are held in place by Ilya's strong grip, his long fingers flexing to dig into the muscle of his ass, not allowing him to move.

"*Rozanov*," He's trying to sound firm, but it comes off as a petulant sounding whine, breathless and reedy. He *loves* when Shane gets this way, loves the dichotomy of him using his last name like he always used to *before* he would ever even dream of demanding anything like this from him. "Are you just going to tease me all night or are you actually planning on fucking me at some point?"

"Such a mouth on you, where did you learn to speak like this? What happened to those Canadian manners? You did not even say please." He tuts, but his words are full of mirth. He's already acquiescing, leaning back to reach for the bottle of lube on his nightstand. His sweatpants slide even lower on his hips as he stretches backwards to reach, already askew from Shane's wandering fingers pushing down at them.

He looks back at Shane, whose eyes are locked on where his sweatpants are sitting low on his hips, curly hair dusting his lower belly leading further down and disappearing behind the waistband. Ilya had discovered Shane's affinity for his body hair, especially his happy trail and the neat thatch of curls at the base of his cock early in their relationship, so he keeps it - neatly trimmed, but unquestionably present.

"You want to suck my cock, or do you want me to play with that pretty little hole?" He asks, the hand that's not holding the lube reaching down to grab his own cock through his sweatpants. He's so hard, the tip of his dick is now peaking out from above the waistband as Ilya pulls them down as he grabs at himself. He's leaking precome into the hair at the base of his stomach, the curls glistening with it as it catches the light. He squeezes his own dick, the pressure not nearly enough, but enough to make his hips jump forward into his grasp, his pants being shoved even further south. Shane is watching him like a man possessed, his mouth hanging open with his lips red and shiny, his dark brown eyes locked on Ilya's hand grabbing at himself. The red tip of his uncut cock is now fully in his view, the *hair* dusting his groin is calling to him like a siren song.

Without breaking eye contact he sinks to the floor between Ilya's knees leaning in to nuzzle at the thatch of hair, licking at the precome there. "Oh *fuck*," Ilya's accented voice rings out into the room and the lube is forgotten on the bedspread, one of Ilya's hands tangling into the hair at the base of Shane's neck and the other pushing down at the side of his pants. Shane's hand comes up to the other side to help him, and he lifts his hips up off the bed so they can slide down to his ankles right as Shane takes the tip of his cock into his mouth.

Shane groans around his cock as he sinks deeper, throat fluttering around the tip as he swallows around him. Ilya's lost in the heat of his mouth, one hand squeezing in his hair, the other behind him to support him so he can watch. And what a sight it is - Shane's features have smoothed out into a blissful expression, his lips shiny and red wrapped around his cock. His throat is working, swallowing around him - small hums and grunts vibrating against Ilya's dick as his head bobs up and down.

He notices Shane's shoulder start to move, reminiscent of the numerous video calls over the years where he'd watched Shane stroke himself, get himself off to the sound of his voice on the other end of the line. He's loath to break eye contact with Shane's face, the blissed out expression accentuated by the pink dusting his cheeks, the drool gathering at the sides of his lips to look down between Shane's legs. When he does, though, he's rewarded with the sight of Shane's hips thrusting up into his own hand, his pants shoved down just enough that his cock is free - wet with precome and angry red at the tip.

“Look at you,” he starts as he thrusts up into the heat of Shane’s welcoming mouth. “You are so happy here, yes? Throat full of my cock? Bet you could come just like this.” The spit is now running down the sides of Shane’s mouth, his hand stripping his own dick is speeding up, and Ilya starts to feel the tell-tale electrified warmth pooling in his gut.

He pushes Shane’s face away, his lips popping as his dick slides out, a string of spit connecting the tip of his dick to Shane’s puffy mouth. Shane lets out a displeased whine at the loss of contact, and Ilya runs his thumb along his cheek and smiles down at him, heat burning in his eyes as he looks at the gorgeous man on his knees for him. “Want to fuck you.”

This spurs Shane into action, and he scrambles up to join Ilya on the bed. Ilya welcomes the lap full of Shane, and busies himself with shoving at Shane’s pants so they join his on the floor at the foot of the bed. Once Shane is left only in his socks, Ilya scoots back to lean against the headboard, pulling at Shane’s hips and arranging him so that he’s straddling his thighs again.

Shane shoves the lube into Ilya’s hand, words slurring as he responds. “Touch me then,” he groans as he moves, his legs sliding further apart around Ilya’s thighs, his back arching to give Ilya access to where he wants him the most. “Want your fingers, want your cock, *fuck*, hurry up, I need it.”

Ilya’s eyebrows raise in response, a smirk making its way onto his face. “Still no manners? No ‘*please, Ilya, touch my hole,*’ or ‘*please, Ilya, fuck me,*’ hm? My demanding boy.” He pops the cap of the lube, spreading it between his fingers. “I am going to tell whole world that Canada’s golden boy has no manners, does not even say ‘*please.*’”

Ilya slips his fingers into the cleft of his ass, spreading the lube around his hole.

“*Please,*” Shane whimpers, shifting his hips back against Ilya’s fingers.

“Okay. Since you asked so nice, since you remembered your manners,” Ilya hums, pressing a kiss to Shane’s temple as he pushes a finger in. Shane lets out a huff as he moves the finger inside of him, and Ilya steals a kiss, his tongue running along his lips. One finger becomes two, Shane whining impatiently against his lips as Ilya scissors them, stretching him. He

gasps as the pads of Ilya's fingers glance off his prostate, his hips moving back to meet his hand, demanding more. Ilya intentionally reaches for *that* spot inside of him a few more times, until Shane is groaning nearly constantly against his lips. Shane is buzzing with lust by the time Ilya makes it to three, and Ilya's so hard beneath him it hurts - his cock forgotten and red, heavy against his stomach reacting to the sights and sounds of the gorgeous man on top of him.

"Up. Want to fuck you," Ilya groans as he pats the side of Shane's hip, quickly slicking his dick with lube. Shane lifts his hips up and reaches down to grab Ilya's cock, lining it up with his slicked entrance.

His hips move over his lap as he sinks down, shuddering when Ilya's dick presses all the way deep inside of him. He's so warm, impossibly so; his hole clenching around Ilya as he shifts up inside of him. He's trying to let Shane adjust, trying to give him time to acclimate to the onslaught of sensations. Ilya stares at Shane's face, his eyes are scrunched closed, chest heaving with the rhythm of his breathing. When he opens his eyes, his eyes are glassy - pupils even bigger than they were in the kitchen. The red flush that dusted just his cheeks previously has started to make its way down his neck, the bright lights in the bedroom highlighting all of his features. No matter how many times they've come together like this, it never fails to amaze Ilya, never fails to make him stop and wholly appreciate exactly how lucky he is that he gets to experience this with someone he loves as much as Shane.

"So tight, Shane, *fuck*. Am so deep, could probably feel myself here, yes?" He presses his hand against Shane's stomach before moving to grasp the sides of his hips. Shane lets out a loud moan, his hands tightening on Ilya's shoulders.

He leans in close, mouth right by Shane's ear. His voice is heavy, his accent more pronounced and steeped with lust. "Want to feel you bounce on my cock," he says, moving Shane's hips back and forth, his fingers kneading into the flesh.

Shane's thighs flex as he lifts himself up, squeezing tight around Ilya as he moves up. When he reaches the top he slams his hips back down, grinding his hips forward when Ilya bottoms out.

Shane lets out another one of Ilya's favorite sounds as he drops his head so that his mouth lands on Ilya's forehead, breathing out his name against his skin. As much as Ilya loves to hear Shane whine his last name indignantly when he isn't getting his way, reminding him of

where they started, how far they've come; he loves this more. He yearns to hear the love laced in the letters of his first name, the trust slipping out through the vowels.

Shane is saying "*Ilya*," but he hears what Shane means. He hears "*home*" and "*safe*" and "*mine*" and "*loved*."

And what a heady feeling it is to know *he* is the one that makes Shane feel that way; makes Shane comfortable enough to drop to his knees and unabashedly mouth at Ilya's cock, breathing deeply into the neatly trimmed curls at the base. That he's the only person that's ever made Shane comfortable enough to demand his fingers, demand to get fucked. It makes him dizzy with lust, makes his heart flutter with love, and watching Shane slam himself down on his cock over and over again chasing his own pleasure brings him right up to the edge in a truly inconceivable amount of time.

He squeezes Shane's ass one more time, fingers trailing across the silvery stretch marks he adores to the front of Shane's body. He grabs at his weeping cock, the precome drooling from his tip easing the glide as he strokes him in the rhythm Shane has set bouncing on his dick.

Shane is panting against the side of his face, his mouth open as he pushes his nose further against Ilya's cheek. He moans brokenly as Ilya thumbs at his slit at the same time as he grinds down, his ass smacking against Ilya's thighs.

Warmth is growing in Ilya's gut once again, electricity shooting down his legs with every sound Shane makes, every shift of his hips forward. He's close, *so* close - and he can tell Shane is too. He's losing his rhythm, his hips grinding forward, his breath panting faster. Ilya reaches his other hand up to Shane's face, he drags his thumb along his cheek before presenting him with two of his fingers, hooking them in Shane's mouth.

Shane greedily wraps his tongue around his fingers, sucking them in. He hollows his cheeks around the digits, his tongue flicking out to run against the gold band on Ilya's ring finger. His hips move faster, he's losing his rhythm, his dick twitching in Ilya's grasp.

Then he starts talking around Ilya's fingers, "Lo- yuh, lov- y-uh, lo- you" comes out garbled, muffled around the digits in his mouth, drool running down the side of his chin, down Ilya's wrist. He seizes up above Ilya, his dick shooting ropes of come between them covering Ilya's hand, his chest, splattering his heaving stomach.

The warmth of Shane's release is enough to push Ilya over the edge, and he pulls his fingers from Shane's mouth so he can press their lips together, groaning into the kiss as his hips push up and he empties himself into his husband.

They stay there, breathing into each other as Ilya runs his hand through Shane's dark hair, turning his head to press kisses all over Shane's face.

He feels Shane's face scrunch up in a smile beneath his lips. "Are you trying to kiss every single one of my freckles?" Shane chirps up at him, his voice happy and content.

"Yes. Is goal. I will kiss every one of Shane Hollander's freckles." He drops one more kiss to Shane's lips and helps him move off of his cock, his come leaking out and down the inside of his thigh.

"Mm. Hot," he says, nodding to the mess between Shane's legs.

It doesn't lead to anything else, but he's sure the visual will run in a loop in his mind for the next few weeks. He accepts the kiss Shane drops to his forehead as he gets off the bed and shuffles into the bathroom, dropping his head back against the headboard with a content sigh as he hears the shower start.

"Are you joining me?" Shane yells from the bathroom.

Ilya's already getting up from the bed, stupid love drunk smile plastered to his face.

"Always." And he means it. Ilya will follow his boy anywhere and everywhere. For the rest of his life.

End Notes

Disclaimer: I do not speak Russian, only one Russian word appears in this fic!

лучик = loosely translates, from my understanding, to "ray of light," "sunbeam," "sunshine," which I found especially fitting as Shane is Ilya's ray of light.

HUGE thanks to my friend for proofreading this and making sure it made sense! And a huge shoutout to the groupchat for encouraging me and cheering me on, I hope you guys loved it!

Comments and kudos are by no means necessary but they are GREATLY appreciated. I treasure every single comment, I re-read them all the time. Every time someone comments or gives kudos an angel gets its wings ✨

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