

New Years Day

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New Years Day

by [northrow](#)

Summary

It's New Years' Eve and Shane takes a Vodka-induced spiral through a level of jealousy he didn't know existed.

He looked over the rim of his glass, eyes immediately landing on Ilya's laughing face on the other side of the club near the bar. He had his arm slung over Svetlana's shoulders, her neck comfortably at the bend of his elbow. Shane's teeth ground together when Ilya used the crook of his arm to pull Svetlana closer, Ilya's head tipping down to place his ear near her mouth.

It was Ilya's turn to lean in to speak in Svetlana's ear, a grin spreading over Svetlana's gorgeous face as she listened to his words.

Shane could vividly imagine what Ilya's voice would sound like at this point. It would be raspy and rough, like a rumble. He'd heard him sound like that a thousand times and Shane would never be sick of it. It made his chest tight, his heart hammering to think about the way Ilya's soft lips would brush along his ear. How his tongue would lick up the shell before nipping at the spot under Shane's ear that made him moan.

But he wasn't doing any of that. He was talking to Svetlana. His friend.

Notes

Tags will be added with each chapter. Explicit chapter coming later ❤️

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

Chapter 1: Ms. Leggy Blonde Big Tits

Shane took a sip of his drink, the alcohol feeling too much on his tongue. He was on his fourth vodka soda and in the back of his head he knew it was three too many. *Where's my lime? There were limes.* He thought, frowning down at the clear liquid that was starting to taste like his breath was flammable.

He sighed and, not for the first time since he'd stepped into the overly crowded club, wondered what he was doing there. He could be at home with his beautiful boyfriend sprawled on top of him while they drank champagne or something and kissed and touched and whispered sweet nothings while they waited for the stupid fucking ball to drop.

But here he was, sitting in a massive booth in the VIP section of a Montreal club, with Hayden on one side and Rose on the other. His head was starting to ache at the temples from the vibrations of the heavy bass vibrating the floors and table. But Ilya had wanted to go out. Svetlana was in town for New Years with a group of friends and they'd decided to meet at the club.

Shane had been left at the booth 45 minutes ago while Ilya and Svetlana danced in the flashing lights and disco ball reflections. He didn't even really have to search for them amongst the throngs of people. It was hard to miss them. They were both too beautiful to be real.

He looked over the rim of his glass, eyes immediately landing on Ilya's laughing face on the other side of the club near the bar. He had his arm slung over Svetlana's shoulders, her neck comfortably at the bend of his elbow. Shane's teeth ground together when Ilya used the crook of his arm to pull Svetlana closer, Ilya's head tipping down to place his ear near her mouth.

Shane took a gulp of his drink, already waving for the bottle girl to bring him another one. He ignored the heaviness in his limbs and the slight tremble in his hand.

It was Ilya's turn to lean in to speak in Svetlana's ear, a grin spreading over Svetlana's gorgeous face as she listened to his words.

Shane could vividly imagine what Ilya's voice would sound like at this point. It would be raspy and rough, like a rumble. He'd heard him sound like that a thousand times and Shane would never be sick of it. It made his chest tight, his heart hammering to think about the way Ilya's soft lips would brush along his ear. How his tongue would lick up the shell before nipping at the spot under Shane's ear that made him moan.

But he wasn't doing any of that. He was talking to Svetlana. His friend.

He was also a fucking comedian tonight based on the laugh that lit up Svetlana's voice. Her hand slapped at Ilya's chest before dropping against his pec. Shane nearly shattered his glass when he realized her hand was pressed against bare chest, Ilya's shirt unbuttoned more than it had been when they'd left the house.

Why did we leave the house? He thought, shooting back the remainder of his drink just in time for the new one to slide in front of him. "Thanks." he mumbled, knowing she couldn't hear him over the thumping bass. *You're acting like a dumbass. They're friends. They're just friends and he loves you.* The little voice in his head screamed. Shane took a drink, effectively drowning that little voice.

How does he not feel me staring at him? He hasn't even looked over here.

An arm slapped across his chest, startling him. He blinked and followed the arm to see Hayden looking at him, brow arched. "Huh?"

"I've been talking to you." Hayden laughed.

"Oh. I'm sorry. What did you say?" Shane tried to focus, bringing his gaze to the table in front of them.

"I was telling you that I'm about to go meet Jackie. She just got back from her mom's. Need to get home for my midnight kiss."

"That's so sweet!" Rose said, leaning across Shane to place a hand on Hayden's wrist. Shane shifted back slightly, making room as she continued, "Does she not want to come out? I can send my driver for her. We still have..." she trailed off to look at her phone, "an hour to midnight."

Midnight kiss. Svetlana is going to get my midnight fucking kiss and I'm going to be sitting here unable to feel my tongue because this vodka has pickled it.

"That's so nice but she's got the kids and it's time for me to tag in." Hayden said. Shane took in his genuine smile and realized that he hadn't smiled in probably an hour. He swallowed and pushed the corners of his mouth up. "I need to get my tab."

"Nah, I'll get it. You can cover the next one." Shane told him, pushing the corners of his mouth higher. "It'll take you the hour to get the check."

"You sure?" Hayden asked.

"Yeah, of course. Go hang out with your wife." Shane clapped a hand on top of Hayden's. "Tell her and the kids I said Happy New Year."

"Will do! You guys have a good night! Drive safe getting home." Hayden added, eyeing Shane's drink. He paused halfway out of the booth. "How are you getting home?"

Shane rolled his eyes. "Uber exists, Hayd."

"Ok. Well let me know when you get home, yeah?"

"Will do. No, get the fuck out of here."

He watched Hayden walk towards the steps that would take him downstairs to the even more crowded open dance floor. The hand on his thigh was another surprise. He looked to Rose

who was watching him with all-seeing eyes. “What?”

“What’s wrong with you?”

“Nothing.”

“Really? Because the white knuckle hold you have on that glass says otherwise.” she said.

Shane sighed, looking past her. “Where’d Miles go?”

“To the bar. The bottle girl is taking too long for him.”

Shane quickly found Miles’ figure at the bar. He was three patrons to the right of Ilya. Ilya and Svetlana. Ilya, Svetlana and a leggy blonde that was standing so close to Ilya that Shane thought her breasts must be touching Ilya’s chest.

He almost gagged. *What the fuck? Who the fuck is this now?*

“Ohhh.” Rose sounded.

“Oh what?” Shane took a swig of his drink, nearly choking on the vodka.

“I can see you, Hollander.” Rose laughed. Shane cut his eyes at her. “You could go over there.”

“No I couldn’t.”

“Sure you could.” Rose countered. “Go push those bitches out of the way and plant yourself right against his tall ass.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “He’s with his friends. He can have friends.”

“Friends with tits that look like that?” Shane nearly broke his neck turning his head to stare at Rose. “What? I have eyes. And I can see her tits just out, we’re a breath from seeing her nipples. Not that I’m shaming. If mine looked like that, I’d do the same.” Rose rambled, her gin and tonics becoming more evident with each word.

“That’s very helpful Rose, thank you.”

She laughed, leaning into his side. “I’m sorry. That’s not important. Shane, you’re upset by this. And Ilya doesn’t know that.”

“So I go throw myself at him when he clearly wants to be over there?” Shane couldn’t back down from the irrational feelings warring inside of his brain and stomach. “No, how embarrassing.”

Shane took too big a gulp of his drink, the vodka barely registering anymore. Miles appeared at the edge of the booth, two cocktails in hand.

"Finally! Got two so I didn't have to do this shit again." He set them on the table with a flourish.

"Smart." Shane said with a smile. He heard Rose speaking to Miles so he let his eyes find Ilya again. This time blue eyes lifted from Ms. Leggy Blonde Big Tits just in time to catch Shane's stare. Ilya winked at him, taking a sip of his drink. Shane forced his mouth into a bigger smile and hoped beyond hope the vodka was making his facial muscles move more loosely than they typically did.

Long red nails on elegantly tapered fingers smoothed along Ilya's forearm, drawing his attention back to Svetlana. He laughed at something she said, his mouth moving quickly as he replied. Shane frowned when he realized he couldn't read his lips. *Jesus, I really am drunk.*

Oh wait, no. He's speaking Russian. He can talk to her in Russian.

Shane kicked himself for still only having a rudimentary understanding of Ilya's first language.

Ilya's eyes on him again shocked the air from his lungs. Svetlana's attention also found Shane. She gave an exaggerated wave before gesturing for him to meet them on the dance floor. Ilya chuckled, shaking his head as he spoke. Svetlana pouted in Shane's direction before dragging Ilya, Ms. Leggy Blonde Big Tits and yet another gorgeous woman he hadn't noticed before.

Why can't she be hideous? Why does the only person I've ever loved have to know what she tastes like? How she fucks? How she blows him?

Shane lost track of them in the mass of swaying and gyrating bodies. He felt weirdly cold at the loss of Ilya's face.

He nearly gasped aloud when a thought struck him for the first time in all his years with Ilya. *Does she fuck better than me? She'd have to. She's got more experience. She's been fucking him longer. She fucks other people. He kept coming back to her. What does she have that made Ilya keep coming back?*

Vomit was suddenly resting at the base of Shane's throat.

Miles let out a shout of excitement, the noise breaking through the din of Shane's swirling thoughts. He looked over to see the man shooting to his feet. "I love this song! Dance, we gotta dance!" he said, already taking Rose by the hand to pull her from the booth.

Rose's hand grasped for Shane's "Come on, Hollander. You're not sitting here brooding all night."

"Yeah Shane, come dance!" Miles added.

"Gotta run to the bathroom first," Shane said, gesturing to his empty glass. "Too much, gotta piss. I'll catch up."

"You better," Rose teased, pointing at him as Miles pulled her toward the dance floor. "Pee fast!"

Shane watched them disappear into the crowd, then sat alone in the booth. The abandoned glasses and bottles crowded the table, evidence of a night that was supposed to be fun. *Just go to the bathroom. Splash some water on your face. Go back out there.* But his feet carried him toward the stairs instead, jacket heavy in his hands.

The cold air hit him like a slap in the face when he pushed through the club's exit. He didn't realize how much he was sweating until the frigid air washed over him. *Fuck!* Shane fumbled with his phone, the screen too bright in the darkness. His fingers felt thick and clumsy as he ordered a car home.

3 minutes away.

He knew he needed to text Ilya to let him know he was leaving. Ilya would worry. Ilya loved him and would be worried when he eventually managed to pry his eyes away from the gorgeous women pawing at him to notice that his boyfriend was not where he left him.

How long would it take for him to notice?

Shane only thought about it for a minute before he opened their thread. His thumbs hovered over the keyboard.

"Heading home. Not feeling great. Have fun".

No. That sounded passive aggressive.

"Hey babe, gonna head out. You stay and have fun with Svetlana."

That's somehow worse. He deleted it.

Got so tired. Going home. Stay and have fun.

Shane stared at the words, his vision blurring slightly at the edges. His thumb moved to hit send as the black Toyota Corolla pulled up to the curb.

Shane pocketed his phone and opened the backdoor. "For Shane?"

"Yeah." the driver said with a smile.

Shane slumped into the back seat, his jacket bunching between his back and the seat.

The car pulled away from the club, the thumping bass fading as they turned onto the street. The rocking of the car made his stomach lurch, a rush of car sickness settling in his stomach. Shane let his head fall back against the seat, eyes closed. But that only made it worse.

Because all he could see was Ilya.

Ilya's hand on Svetlana's lower back, guiding her through the crowd. Ms. Leggy Blonde Big Tits pressing closer, her mouth near his ear, saying something that made him laugh. Svetlana's fingers tracing patterns on his chest where his shirt hung open.

Stop.

But his mind wouldn't stop. It kept going, filling in details he didn't want. The three of them leaving the club together. Svetlana's luxurious hotel room. Ilya's jacket hitting the floor. Those red nails working the rest of his buttons open, before dropping to the button and fly of Ilya's jeans.

Shane's stomach flipped. He opened his eyes, forcing himself to focus on the streetlights sliding past the window.

It didn't help. His brain just supplied new images now playing on the car window.

Ilya kissing Svetlana the way he kissed Shane, slow and deep, that rumbling groan in his chest. The blonde on her knees, with Svetlana telling her all the things Ilya loves a tongue to do against his cock. Svetlana's head thrown back, Ilya's mouth on her neck. His teeth biting her soft shoulders. Her supple arms and thin legs.

So different from Shane's thick thighs and muscled arms. Ilya likes my arms. He likes my thighs. He likes my body. But it's not trim and small like Svetlana's. Does he miss it? Miss a petite body against his big, muscular body? His perfect fucking muscular body.

He knows how she tastes. He knows what she sounds like when she cums. He knows all the tricks to make her scream.

Was she the best sex he'd ever had?

Shane pressed the heels of his hands against his eyes until he saw stars. His phone buzzed relentlessly in his lap but he didn't look at it. Couldn't be Ilya. Ilya was busy. Ilya was probably already in that hotel room, hands on skin that wasn't Shane's, mouth forming Russian words Shane couldn't understand against a perfumed neck.

"You alright back there, man?"

Shane dropped his hands in surprise. The driver was watching him in the rearview mirror. "Yeah, sorry. I'm fine. Just... drunk."

"Been there." The driver turned his attention back to the road. "We're almost there but if you need to hurl, let me know."

"Yeah, thanks."

Five minutes. Then he'd be home. Alone.

Shane felt his phone vibrate again and fished it out. *Maybe it is Ilya.* His heart leapt in excitement only to crash when he saw Hayden's name in a text. He swiped the notifications

off his screen and opened the Messages app. He opened the thread with Ilya again. He blinked a few times and saw the text he'd typed out was still sitting unsent.

Oh well shit. Does it even fucking matter now?

The car came to a stop outside of Shane's apartment. Shane looked up in surprise.

"Have a good night, man. Happy New Year." the driver said with a tight smile.

"Yeah, you too." Shane said, climbing out of the car. He stumbled on the first step out of the Toyota but recovered quickly to step up onto the curb. He looked down to see his thumb had slipped and swiped over the send button, the message going blue.

It took three times before Shane was able to correctly type in the five digit security code. 1-5-6-9-1. *Ilya*. he thought, wanting to curl his body around Ilya's. He pushed open the door and stepped into his empty apartment. *Empty*.

He kicked off his shoes, vaguely aware that the left one flew halfway across the living room while he tried to shrug out of his jacket. By the time he'd reached the couch, he'd managed to get one arm out of his jacket. *That's close enough*. He thought before dropping facedown onto the couch. *This will be fine. I don't want to go to my bedroom anyway. The pillows will smell like Ilya.*

He curled onto his side, drawing his knees up to his chest. *Ilya*. His blond curls and bright blue eyes were seared onto the insides of Shane's eyelids. *My baby*.

Chapter 2: She's swallowed your cum

Chapter Summary

Alexa, sing Jealousy, Jealousy by Olivia Rodrigo

Chapter Notes

Forgot to mention Italics are Shane's thoughts, so just FYI!

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

Shane heard his front door slam into the wall. “Shane?” Ilya’s voice was loud, too loud. The door closed with a bang while the sound of heavy footsteps rushed across the hardwood floor. Shane frowned at what sounded like a scuff. “Shane!” Ilya called again, his voice zipping past Shane’s position on the couch.

Shane groaned in response and cracked open an eye in time to see Ilya nearly skid into the wall near the kitchen. “M’here.” Shane mumbled, his other eye opening. *God, he’s so beautiful.*

Ilya stood stock still, his chest heaving and his jaw clenched so tightly Shane briefly worried for his teeth. A Russian word ripped from his throat in a croak and Shane knew that one. Fuck. “What the fuck, Shane?”

“Hm?” Shane sounded, pushing himself off the couch but his hand got stuck in the jacket hanging half off of him and he slid to the floor with a loud thud. “Oh no.” he mumbled.

“Jesus Christ.” Ilya sighed, crossing the room so quickly that Shane blinked and suddenly he was face to face with his boyfriend. “Are you alright?” His hands brushed up Shane’s arms, shoulders and into his hair. “Hit your head?”

“No. What’re you doing here?”

Ilya stopped short, brow knitting in the center. “The fuck kind of question is that? You are here.” Shane felt his hands, *his big, warm hands*, lift him from the floor and back to the couch. Ilya sat on the edge of the coffee table, his legs spreading enough to lock his knees on the outside of Shane’s.

Shane tried to lift up his arm, the one being weighed down by his jacket, but had no range of motion. “M’stuck.” Ilya’s jaw clenched even tighter. Ilya yanked Shane’s jacket off and

tossed it to the end of the couch, his hands tracing Shane's arms down to his wrists.

Shane sunk heavily back into the couch, the room tilting to the side. "You're home," he said, a dopey smile spreading across his face, his body suddenly very aware of Ilya's presence. "Thought you were..." He stopped, the smile faltering and his eyes too wide. He closed them.

"Look at me." he ordered, his voice hard. Shane's eyes opened immediately. "What the fuck is going on?"

"I thought you'd still be at the club. With Svetlana and Ms. Leggy Blonde Big Tits. Big party." Shane could hear himself slurring and tried to set his mouth more correctly.

"Who?" Ilya's eyes narrowed sharply in confusion. "Why did you leave like that? Nobody knew where the fuck you were!"

"I text you."

"A fucking hour into me looking for you! After ignoring my calls and text messages."

"You didn't call me. Or text me."

Ilya's face went red. "Yes, I did! I nearly killed my phone battery calling you!"

"I didn't get them."

"Well fucking clearly!" Ilya snapped. "I've been a fucking mess and you're just sitting here drunk as shit and can barely hold your eyes open." He rubbed the bridge of his nose.

"An hour?"

Ilya seemed to pause at the question. "Yes, Shane. A fucking hour. I went to find you for midnight kiss and you were gone. Just fucking gone without a word to anybody." Ilya's hands tightened on Shane's wrists.

Ilya's voice was tight, controlled in that way that meant he was barely holding it together. A buzzing noise made him curse in Russian again. He fished out his phone and sighed, "Is Rose." he said, releasing Shane to get to his feet as he answered. "I have him. He was home."

Shane almost laughed at the volume of Rose's voice coming through the phone. The look on Ilya's face made it loud and clear that laughing was not a good idea. Even shitfaced Shane could see that.

"Da, will do. Thanks for help."

Help? What kind of help?

Ilya ended the call and shoved his phone back in his pocket. His eyes locked on Shane again, that muscle in his jaw jumping. "Do you know what time it is?"

Shane squinted at him. "Late?"

"It's 12:52." Ilya's voice was dangerously quiet. "Do you know when I got your text?"

The text. Shane's stomach dropped even through the vodka haze. "Um."

"12:24." Ilya pulled his phone back out, jabbed at the screen, then shoved it in Shane's face. "At 12:24. When I was supposed to be kissing you for 25 minutes already. Like I'd been thinking of doing all fucking night. An hour of calling and texting you over and over to get nothing. And then I hear from you and it's a bullshit text with nothing."

Shane stared at the blue message bubble, the words swimming slightly. "I told you where I was going," he said, trying to sound reasonable. "You knew where I was."

"Almost an hour later!" Ilya's voice climbed. "You left the club drunk, by yourself, without telling anyone where you were going! Rose said bathroom. I checked. You weren't there. I checked outside. You weren't there. I called you..." He stopped, breathing hard. "Repeatedly, Shane."

"Phone was in my pocket," Shane mumbled.

"Of course it was!" Ilya threw his hands up. "Obviously! While you were getting in some stranger's car..."

"It was an Uber." Shane interrupted.

"I don't give a fuck! It could have been the prime minister picking you up for all I care!" Ilya shouted. "You were drunk! You could barely stand up when you got here, I can tell by looking at you stuck in your fucking coat! Anything could have happened to you! And I wouldn't have known!"

Shane flinched at the volume. The room was still tilting unpleasantly.

Ilya seemed to realize he was yelling and stopped, pressing both hands to his face. When he dropped them, his eyes were red. "I thought something happened to you," he said, voice cracking. "I thought so many fucking things."

His rich voice broke. Ilya turned away, one hand going to the back of his neck while the other fisted at his side.

Shane felt something twist in his chest that had nothing to do with the alcohol. "Ilya..."

Ilya muttered something in Russian, shaking his head. "Just give me a second."

Shane frowned and sat on the edge of the couch, his knees pressed together, fingers tapping on his knees. "I didn't want to ruin your night," he said softly.

The laugh that left Ilya was hollow and tinny. It made Shane curl in on himself.

"Great job, Hollander. You really nailed that."

Ilya hadn't called him by his last name off the ice in nearly two years. Not even teasingly. He had been Shane, *his Shane*, not Hollander. Shane had never hated the sound of his name more.

His chest tightened. "I'm sorry." Shane whispered.

"Are you?" Ilya still hadn't turned around. His shoulders were rigid, hand still gripping the back of his neck. "Because from where I'm standing you just decided to leave without telling anybody, without trying to find anybody, lied to Rose about where you were going. Left me terrified that something had happened to you because you were just tired?"

Shane pushed himself to his feet, ramming his shin directly into the coffee table. The curse and clatter got Ilya turned around. He released a breath. "Sit down."

"No," Shane told him, ignoring the sharp pain in his leg. He stumbled towards Ilya, nearly sighing in relief when Ilya's hands gripped his biceps. "I had too much and you were having fun and..."

"I was supposed to be having fun with you!" Shane gasped when Ilya's eyes went wet. "With you, Shane! That was the whole fucking point of going out! So we could celebrate together!"

"But you weren't with me, were you? You sat in that booth for what? Five minutes before you left me."

Ilya's brow knitted together again. Shane wanted to reach up and smooth the wrinkles between his eyes. "What are you talking about? You didn't want to dance. I asked you."

"No, I didn't want to dance."

"Ok? I was only away from you for like a half hour."

"58 minutes." Shane corrected.

Ilya went still, his eyes narrowing sharply. "What?"

"It was 58 minutes." Shane shrugged, his body suddenly heavy. He wrenched free of Ilya's touch and let himself fold to the floor in a cross-legged lump. Ilya dropped to a squat right in front of him.

"I didn't realize it had been that long."

"I was counting. Sitting there in that fucking booth, watching you, counting every minute you were gone."

"Shane..."

"And you want to know what's fucked up?" Shane continued, the alcohol in his system taking the turn from confused to loose-lipped and pissed. *How dare he make me feel guilty about leaving? It took him that long to even notice I wasn't there. He should feel guilty. He should feel bad.* "I kept telling myself you'd come back. That you'd check on me. That maybe after

one song or two songs you'd remember I was sitting there alone and you'd come back." His laugh was hollow. "But you didn't."

"You weren't alone. You were with Hayden and Rose and Miles." Ilya said, dropping from the balls of his feet to his knees. "I thought you were fine."

"Well clearly I wasn't!" Shane's voice cracked. "I was the opposite of fine! I was sitting there drinking fucking vodka and they stopped giving me my limes and I had to watch you with her and I couldn't..." He stopped talking when Ilya's eyes narrowed sharply in confusion. Shane rubbed his hand down his face and dropped back to lay against the floor.

"Hey, no. Come back here." Ilya said, taking Shane by the wrists again to pull him back upright. "Who are you talking about? Svetlana?" His voice had gone soft. Shane's jaw clenched. *He knows you're jealous.* He tried to pull away but Ilya held firm. "Answer me," Ilya said. "Is this about Svetlana?"

"No." Shane shook his head, then immediately contradicted himself. "Yes. I don't know. It's- it's I don't know.."

"Shane, she's my friend..."

"I know she's your friend!" Shane snapped. "I know that! You say that like it's supposed to make it better but it doesn't because she's not just your friend, is she? She's swallowed your cum."

Ilya flinched like he'd been slapped.

"And I had to sit there," Shane continued, the words pouring out now in a rush, "and watch you with your arm around her, pulling her close, whispering in her ear in fucking Russian..."

"Our first language." Ilya interrupted. "You could have come over at any point."

"And third-wheel while you relive old times with your old fuck buddy?" Shane's laugh was bitter. "Yeah, that sounds fucking great, Ilya. Let me just come stand there awkwardly while you and Svetlana reminisce and her hot friends flirt with you. What a thrill."

"There was no flirting!"

"Bullshit!" Shane tried to snatch his hands away but Ilya held on. Shane only gave one more weak pull away, too drunk and too emotionally exhausted to fight his touch. "I saw how they were looking at you. How she was looking at you."

"You didn't see right."

"And she was touching you!" Shane's voice broke. "Her hands were all over you! On your chest, on your arms, and you just let her! You were smiling and laughing and she had her hand on your bare fucking chest. And you unbuttoned more buttons!" Shane could hear, even through the vodka, how silly that sounded but his heart ached.

"It was hot in the club!" Ilya's own voice rose in frustration. "I was sweating! It doesn't mean anything!"

"It meant something to me!" Shane shouted back.

"Rose touches you, too, you know."

"That isn't close to the same thing." Shane rolled his eyes, shoving back upright. He needed space, needed air, needed a minute. He dodged Ilya's hands and moved towards the kitchen, gripping the counter for balance as soon as it was within reach. "I had sex with Rose twice. And both times were a fucking disaster that it shouldn't even count."

"Shane, stop--"

"You went back to Svetlana over and over and over and over and over. For years! She's gotta be good for you to do repeat performances. I mean I got you once every few months, fuck once every six months at some points and you could go that time without me. But not her. Not Svetlana." Shane hated how he spat out her name. He actually liked Svetlana. He thought she was sweet and nice and knew more about hockey than nearly all of Shane's teammates but he would gouge her eyes out with a spoon if he could.. "She knows that you like to have your hair pulled. She knows that if you get a kiss on that spot on your neck it makes your toes curl. She knows how to suck your dick better than I do, I'm sure of that."

"Shane, stop it. S'not true. It isn't."

Shane ignored him. "And then on top of that, like I wasn't already spiraling, the other one was all over you too. Ms. Leggy Blonde Big Tits was all over you and you just soaked that shit up."

"Her name is Anna," Ilya said weakly.

"Not helpful, Rozanov." Ilya's nostrils flared. *Ha, doesn't feel good to get last name'd does it?* "She might as well have climbed you. And then you were all speaking Russian and it was like watching a club I could never join. I didn't even meet her. Wasn't cool enough to meet her. Too big an idiot watching my boyfriend gawk at those women."

"It's just Svetlana, Shane. And her friends."

"I don't care whose friends they are!" Shane's voice cracked completely. "I care that you were there with them, touching them, letting them touch you, and you looked so fucking happy, Ilya. You looked like you belonged with them in a way you don't belong with me."

Ilya's face crumpled. "That's not... Shane, that's not true."

"Isn't it?" Shane's laugh had never sounded more bitter. "She's perfect. She's tiny and beautiful and elegant and she has this perfect little body--"

"Stop," Ilya said, his voice rough.

"-and I'm sitting there looking like a fucking hockey player with big everything--"

"Shane, stop-"

"-and you know what she feels like!" Shane was shouting now, tears suddenly streaming hot down his face. "You know what the back of her throat feels like. Have you cum inside of her? Is she the one who gave you the best orgasm of your life? How am I supposed to compete with that? She's had you for so long."

"You don't have to compete with anyone! There's no competition." Ilya's hands came up, reaching for Shane's face, but Shane jerked back.

"Don't." His voice was wrecked. "Don't touch me right now." *Please touch me.*

Ilya's hands froze in midair, and the hurt that flashed across his face made Shane's chest ache and his hands itch to take Ilya's. But he couldn't let Ilya touch him right now or he'd fall apart completely. Shane bent at the waist to rest his overheated face against the cool granite countertop.

"Shane." Ilya's voice was shaking. "Please look at me."

"I've been looking at you all night."

"Ok, then I need you to do it again."

"She knows what you taste like." Shane sighed, exhausted.

"Ok. Yes, she does." Ilya stated. Shane lifted his head in surprise, anger stealing the words on his tongue. "You're right. I've fucked Svetlana. I've fucked her more times than I can count."

Shane's vision was starting to go red and the edges.

"And I don't remember most of it. I don't remember what she tastes like. I don't remember the sounds she made. I don't remember it. Because it didn't matter, Shane. It was just fucking. Bodies doing what bodies do." Ilya let out a broken chuckle. "I do, however, remember every time I've been inside you. I remember every time you made me cum so hard I could see the inside of skull, my eyes rolled back that far."

"You wreck me every time, Shane. You've always wrecked me. Even at the beginning when we pretended it was nothing. It might have been nothing for you at some point but for me, I always wanted you. I thought about you in every thing I did. Even when I fucked other people, I was thinking about you. Thinking of your sounds, your touch, your taste."

"You're just saying that so I stop being a bitch."

"I'm saying it because it's true!" Ilya's hands fisted at his sides. "And it's not like I kept going back to fuck her because it was the be-all-end all. I went back because it was easy! Because it was convenient! Because there was no risk of me falling for her." His voice cracked completely. "I kept coming to you because it was nothing but risk. Risk I was willing to face."

Shane stared for a long time. His hands were practically shaking with the need to touch him. "But she's..."

"Jesus, fuck, Shane, what?" Ilya was nothing short of exasperated. "She's what? Pretty? Yes. A good person? Yes. My friend? Yes. But she's not you, Shane. She's not what I want."

"She's really fucking pretty. Her body...."

"I don't want her body!" Ilya's exasperation was now sounding like desperation. *I'm pushing too far.* "You keep saying that like it matters and it doesn't! Her 'perfect little body'?" Ilya's hands came up in air quotes. "I don't want it, Shane. I don't miss it."

Shane bit his bottom lip and looked down at his feet. Ilya sighed and his feet came into Shane's field of vision. Ilya's thumb and forefinger locked on either side of Shane's chin, controlling the tilt of his face. Shane gasped at the look on his face. Irritation. Anger. Understanding. Love. Lust.

"When I touch you," Ilya tipped his head back further as he pressed Shane's frame against the counter. "When I feel your thick thighs around me, when I grip your shoulders, when my hands are on your arms and I can feel how strong you are," His voice broke. "I lose my fucking mind. That's what your body does to me. Not hers. Yours."

"Ilya..."

"No, apparently I should have been saying this to you every day for years." Ilya's lips brushed Shane's as he spoke. "You're strong and powerful and big and perfect and look like you've been carved out of fucking marble."

Shane's breath caught.

Ilya's hand released Shane's chin to slip around to the back of his neck, then up into his hair. Ilya tightened his fist in the strands of Shane's hair, tugging lightly. "Want to feel those thighs at my ears while I get my fill of that perfect cock. Want to taste you every day for the rest of my life. Taste your mouth, your cum, your skin."

"Stop," Shane whispered, but it came out broken. He was almost dizzy with the shift from anger and jealousy to wanting and needy.

"I love your body," Ilya said fiercely. "I love fucking you. I love your mouth. I love your cock. I love your ass. I love your mind. I love your heart. I love your anxiety. I love how you don't like the mess in our bed. I love how you have to eat that stupid ass diet. I love all of it. I love you. And only you. Please tell me you can hear me."

Shane sank into Ilya's chest, his hands coming up to fist in Ilya's shirt. "You looked so happy with her and it obviously made me lose my mind."

"I was happy to see her. I'm always going to look happy with her, Shane, because she's my oldest friend," Ilya said, and his voice was gentler now, though still raw. "And I'm so fucking

sorry it makes you feel like this. If I could go back and never fuck her, knowing I'd have this life with you, I would. In a fucking second. But I can't."

"What if tomorrow you wake up and you realize you settled for me?" The words burst out of him. "What if you realize you could have it easier with her? She can give you a family."

"You have given me a family." Ilya sighed. "Christ, Shane, you've already done that. How long have you been thinking about this shit?"

"I, uh." Shane stuttered.

"It doesn't matter. I mean, it does, of course it does because I know how you are in this beautiful head of yours." Ilya rambled, "But I want you. I will do anything to keep what we have. I'm already moving to Ottawa to be closer to you. I'm leaving the team I've been with my entire career for you, for us. So what the fuck else do I need to do to get it through your stubbornness that I fucking want you?"

"I'm so sorry!" Shane said, tears slipping from his eyes again. Ilya's forehead pressed to his, breathing deeply. "I don't know what happened or why it hit like this."

"I do. The vodka. And we haven't seen each other in a few weeks. I would lose my mind too if Rose touched your bare chest in front of me. Without the vodka."

"Don't excuse it." Shane heard himself slur. *You've been slurring this whole time.* "I acted stupid, selfish, drunk and irrational. I'm sorry."

"You're forgiven. Do you forgive me? I should have checked on you."

"Forgiven."

"Can I please fucking kiss you?"

Shane's fists tightened in his shirt for a split second before releasing to run his palms up his chest to Ilya's shoulders. He wrapped his arms around his neck. "Please."

The kiss left Shane clutching Ilya's broad body, almost hanging off of him. Ilya groaned deep in his chest and Shane thought he felt Ilya's hands shake against his face and dug his nails into his back. Ilya pressed closer to him.

"I love you." Shane said, leftover tears running down his face.

Ilya's thumbs swiped them away quickly. "I love you. Let me take you to bed? End this awful fucking night?"

Shane nodded against Ilya's chest, not trusting his voice anymore. Ilya's grip around his waist was so tight, Shane briefly wondered if he'd bruise.

He could feel Ilya watching him through the routined movements of changing clothes, brushing his teeth and washing his face. *I like him watching me.* He collapsed across the foot of the bed, face first into the duvet.

“Nope, head on the pillow.” Ilya said, his voice further away than Shane expected. He lifted his head to see Ilya pulling his shirt off on his way towards the door.

“Wait, where are you going?” Shane shot back up off the bed to catch Ilya’s hand.

“I’ll be right back, moy lyubimyy. Just grabbing you water. Get back in bed.”

He pressed a kiss to Shane’s forehead and it was like the switch holding Shane upright and awake was turned off. He sagged against Ilya, who caught him quickly with a “woah.”

“M’sorry, just got so sleepy.” Shane mumbled, nuzzling his face against Ilya’s neck.

Ilya swept his feet off the ground and carried him back to the bed. He pulled the duvet up to his neck and then his lips were against Shane’s forehead again. “Stay put. I’ll be back.”

Shane hummed, his eyelids shuttering tightly.

They only opened again when he was hauled backwards to be pulled flush against Ilya’s body. He felt Ilya press a kiss between his shoulder blades. “I love you. So much.”

I love you too. Shane tried to say it but his mouth wouldn't cooperate. Ilya must have felt it somehow though, because his hold tightened, lips pressing another kiss to Shane's shoulder.

Chapter End Notes

I think we'll wrap this puppy up in 5 chapters? Maybe 6 if I do one from Ilya's perspective? Yay, Nay, Yay?

Chapter 3: No more apology

Chapter Summary

The hangover from hell with a cinnamon bun

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It felt like safety pins were stabbing through Shane's eyelids into every centimeter of his eyes. *Why is this happening? Oh my God, what the fuck?* He shielded his eyes, rolling over to hide his face in the body that was inches from his.

Except there wasn't anybody there. Shane frowned, reaching his arm out searching. His hand found cold sheets. He cracked open one eye to see the bed empty. The sight of his rumpled but horrifically empty sheets sent Shane up onto his elbow. Nausea washed through him at the sudden movement.

"Blech." he mumbled, closing his eyes again. *Where is he?* Ilya was not an early riser, a certified morning hater. *What time is it?*

The nausea faded enough for him to open his eyes again. His mouth tasted like death. His head throbbed. 8:43. It was two hours past Shane's normal wake up time and an hour and a half before Ilya's on an off day.

Where is he? He thought again. The apartment was too quiet. No coffee maker gurgling. No shower running. No Ilya humming off-key in the kitchen. Just silence.

Shane's stomach rolled again, though whether from the alcohol clearly still on board or the quiet, he couldn't say. He needed water. Aspirin. And to get the taste of death out of his mouth.

He swung his legs over the side of the bed, pausing when a wave of dizziness hit him in the face. *Okay. Slow movements.* He could do slow movements.

The bathroom felt miles away even though it was just across the room. Shane shuffled there, one hand on the wall for balance, eyes half-closed against the light. *I need sunglasses.*

He didn't look at the mirror. Not yet. Just reached for his toothbrush, squeezed toothpaste onto the bristles with shaking hands, and started brushing. He went into autopilot, the mint cutting through the awful taste in his mouth. Better. This was better.

He looked up and caught sight of himself in the mirror. *Jesus.* He looked like he'd been hit by a truck. Red, swollen eyes. Face blotchy and pale. Hair sticking up at odd angles like hands

had been running through it. He leaned closer, squinting at his reflection.

Are those bruises on my arms? Shane dragged his focus from the mirror to his actual arms. Faint purple marks were on his wrists and forearms.

Ilya's hands. Gripping his biceps. Holding him in the living room and then against the kitchen counter.

"Just fucking gone without a word to anybody." Ilya's voice rang out in his mind.

Shane's stomach dropped.

The club. The vodka. Svetlana. Watching. Counting minutes, 58 minutes to be exact. Red nails. Ilya's smile. Ilya's laugh.

Ilya's face. Stricken. Terrified. "I thought something happened to you."

Shane's grip tightened on the counter, the toothbrush hanging limp in his mouth.

"She's swallowed your cum." Shane's eyes squeezed shut. Oh my god. He'd said that. Out loud. To Ilya's face.

He wanted the floor to swallow him whole.

He sighed, pulling the toothbrush out of his mouth to drop his elbows to the bathroom counter. *Years of jealous insecurity blurted out over the span of an hour, fueled by Stoli.* "Oh no!" he breathed, looking back to his reflection. *No wonder I look like I was hit by a fucking truck.*

Where is he? He was here. When did he leave? Did he leave?

The thoughts sped through Shane's rattled mind and the nausea rolled again. He spat, nearly heaving into the sink. *Ok, teeth are clean enough.*

He wiped the excess toothpaste off his mouth and called out, "Ilya?" Nothing.

Shane's heart skipped. *He didn't leave. He wouldn't leave. He doesn't have to be anywhere. Did he leave?* He might actually throw up.

He moved as quickly as his hungover and dehydrated body would let him. "Ilya!" Louder this time, voice cracking with a surging start of panic. Still nothing. *Please be here. Please, please, please.*

You only insulted him, his friend and that random blonde woman. He's probably pissed. You all but said you didn't trust him. Of course he would leave.

But I do trust him. I trust him more than I've ever trusted anyone. I know he wouldn't really cheat. And he wouldn't leave. But then where is he?

Movement caught Shane's eye through the glass of the balcony door. Ilya's broad back in a hoodie Shane had stolen from him a year before, phone pressed to his ear, free hand gripping the railing.

He's here! He didn't leave.

Relief hit Shane so hard he had to brace himself against the wall. Ilya was here. He hadn't left. *He's so tense. Who is he talking to?* Shane moved closer to the door, and Ilya's voice drifted through the glass.

"-still sleeping. No, don't worry, he's fine. Just... he had a lot to drink last night." he was saying. "No, I mean I could suck the filter off of a cigarette right now." he huffed out a laugh. "But I'm better than I was. Last night, the way you found me..."

Shane's hand hovered over the doorknob. *Found him. Found Ilya? Found Ilya where?*

"I know, I know you were worried." Ilya's free hand came up to rub the back of his neck. "I'm sorry you saw me like that. That you had to..." He paused, taking a breath. "Talk me down." Ilya smiled softly at whatever the person had said. "No, it was embarrassing but I couldn't stop thinking something had happened to him. That he was hurt or scared or..." Ilya's shoulders slumped. "It might have been an overreaction but my body just couldn't handle it. I haven't had that... that feeling to where I can't breathe since I was kid."

He couldn't breathe? Shane audibly gasped. *Why couldn't he breathe? My baby.* Shane felt tears well in his eyes.

"Yeah, I'm okay now. Just tired. Didn't really sleep." His voice dropped. "Kept waking up to make sure he was still there. He was just...it wasn't his fault. Shane was upset and drunk and I didn't realize it. I should have seen it but I was too caught up. Thought he was ok." He cleared his throat. "Yeah, yeah, I'll have him call you later when he's awake." Ilya listened, nodding as he did. "I might try to sleep but I'll make sure he calls you Rose. Can you thank Miles too for me?"

Rose! He's talking to Rose.

"Thanks, yeah. Talk to you later."

Shane watched Ilya lower the phone from his ear, his head tipping forward as he took deep breaths. *I scared him.* He'd scared Ilya more than he thought he had. *How can I fix this?*

He finally wrapped his hand around the door handle, sliding the glass door open. Ilya turned his head, small smile taking his lips. "You're up. How do you feel?"

"You couldn't breathe?"

His blue eyes snapped wide. "What? No."

"You said you couldn't breathe?"

Ilya blinked. "That sounds worse than it was, like panic attack. May be wrong words. Anxiety." Ilya shrugged, his accent suddenly thicker. "I couldn't find you, made me scared. I was on like the sixth check of that fucking bathroom and then I couldn't breathe for a second."

Shane bit at his bottom lip before launching himself at his boyfriend. He wrapped his arms around Ilya's, burying his face against his neck. It took Ilya two seconds too long but he hooked his arms around Shane's waist.

"What's wrong, moy lyubimyy? Do you feel ok?"

"I feel like I could die." Shane admitted. "I'm so sorry."

"No, no, Shane. No more apology." Ilya mumbled against Shane's ear. "We forgive, already."

"But..."

"Shut up." Ilya said, pulling away to look Shane in the eye. "Just shut up."

Shane so badly wanted to argue. His anxiety wanted to nitpick every statement he'd made, every stupid thing he'd thought and said to Ilya. Wanted to get down to the marrow of it all to appease the little voice buried deep in his mind still asking "What happens when Ilya doesn't want you anymore?"

But the sight of exhaustion etched on Ilya's face, the deep circles under his eyes, the slight tremble in his hands, kept his mouth closed. Instead he nodded and pressed a kiss to Ilya's chin. "Ok." Shane whispered. "Ok, baby." Ilya tipped his head to catch Shane's mouth in a soft kiss.

When they pulled apart, Ilya's hands slid down from Shane's face to his arms, thumbs stroking gently over Shane's biceps. He froze suddenly, his grip loosening as his eyes tracked down to Shane's wrists. "What..." Ilya's voice went quiet. His thumb brushed over one of the purple marks on Shane's forearm. "Shane, did I...?" He pulled Shane's arm up gently to see better in the morning light. The bruises were faint but visible, finger-shaped marks on both wrists, darker spots on his biceps where Ilya had gripped him.

"It's fine," Shane said quickly. "I'm fine."

"What're you talking about? It's not fine." Ilya's jaw clenched, a muscle jumping as tension built in his body. "I didn't realize I was holding you so tight. Fuck, Shane, I didn't mean to hurt you."

"You didn't hurt me," Shane insisted. But even as he said it, he felt heat creeping up his neck. Because the truth was Shane kind of liked the idea of Ilya holding him so tightly. Liked that he'd left his mark on Shane's skin.

"I don't mind them."

Ilya's eyes snapped to his. "What?"

Shane's face went hot. He looked away, focusing on the railing behind Ilya. "I just, I mean," He couldn't quite meet Ilya's gaze. "They're from you. So I... I kind of like them." Ilya stared at him for a long moment with an expression that made Shane nervous, like he'd said something wrong.

But then Ilya's expression softened, something warm and possessive flickering in those blue eyes. "Yeah?" Ilya's thumb traced over one of the marks again, gentler this time, adoring.

Shane nodded, still not quite looking at him. "Yeah."

Ilya pulled him closer, pressing a kiss to Shane's forehead, then his temple, then the corner of his eye. "Still shouldn't have," he murmured against Shane's skin. "But if you like them," His lips curved into a small smile against Shane's cheek. "Then I'll be more careful where I leave them next time." Shane's breath caught, and Ilya chuckled softly, the sound rumbling through his chest where Shane was pressed against him. "Really, how are you feeling?" Ilya asked, bringing a hand back up to cup Shane's face.

Shane nearly melted when he felt the soft swipe of his thumb over where he knew his freckles sat. "My head hurts. I'm a little thirsty. Probably need water."

"Hungry? I can make you toast. Dry, bland, boring."

The thought of food, sent the bile back into his throat. Shane shook his head. "Not yet, I don't think."

"Ok, you just tell me." Ilya's eyes narrowed and he looked down between them again. "Moy lyubimyy, what're you doing out here in this fucking t-shirt? And no socks. It's freezing."

"You weren't up there and I started thinking you'd left. Had to find you."

"Idiot. Why would I leave?" Ilya asked, ushering him back inside. "Go sit. I bring aspirin and water. Your phone is charging near the couch. Or do you need me to take you?"

"I can walk."

"Yeah?"

"I mean, do you want to carry me?" Shane asked, half teasing.

Ilya's wolfish smile hit him right in the dick. "Baby, I'll carry you wherever you need to go."

Shane's dick jumped at those words in Ilya's deep voice. "Water please."

His face softened. "Ok. Please, go sit. Rest. Text your friends you are alive. Be right there." Shane stood still but when Ilya cocked his head to the side, he rolled his eyes and turned to walk into the living room.

He slumped into the corner of the couch, seeing his phone on the end table. He hesitated before reaching for it, unplugging it to bring it to his lap. He cleared the notifications, having

a flash of doing the same thing when he got home. *Ilya said he'd called me. Text me. Why didn't I see that?*

He opened his Messages app to see the threads with Rose, Hayden, his family group chat, JJ, the Metros group chat all lit up with waiting texts. At the bottom of the screen, highlighted to indicate new texts, was the thread with Ilya.

Shane ignored the other conversations to open the thread.

The latest three texts were beneath Shane's message sent at 12:24.

12:24 Ilya 🙄😭: the fuck are you talking about?

12:29 Ilya 🙄😭: Why are you still not answering me?

12:35 Ilya 🙄😭: Goddammit Shane, answer the fucking phone

Shane frowned and scrolled up to see a wall of texts from Ilya received before Shane had sent his message. *How did I not see this? How did I not feel it?* He scrolled and scrolled until he found the top of the wall.

11:46 Ilya 🙄😭: Moy lyubímyy where are you?

11:52 Ilya 🙄😭: Must kiss my man at midnight. I've been thinking about it all fucking day. Find me

11:57 Ilya 🙄😭: Hello? Where did you go? It's almost midnight.

Shane bit the inside of his cheek, dropping his head to rest his cheek on his fist. *He just wanted to kiss me at midnight.* His lip quivered.

12:02 Ilya 🙄😭: Shane?

12:05 Ilya 🙄😭: Shane, where are you? Why don't you answer?

12:09 Ilya 🙄😭: Why aren't you answering my calls?

12:10 Ilya 🙄😭: Did I do something? What's happening?

12:10 Ilya 🙄😭: I'm worried. I'm very fucking worried. If you don't want to talk to me, just emoji

12:10 Ilya 🙄😭: Or Rose. Text Rose. She's worried too.

Not only did I fuck up his night, I fucked up Rose's. And Miles'. Like a fucking asshole.

12:11 Ilya 🙄😭: Are you outside? I'm coming out so if you don't want to see me, then you need to answer my fucking call or text me back

12:13 Ilya 🙄😭: Shane this isn't fucking funny or ok. Where the fuck are you?

12:13 Ilya 🥰😭: Baby, please just talk to me. Please?

12:18 Ilya 🥰😭: I'm losing my fucking mind. I'm standing outside the bathroom. Can you just come to me? Come to me or tell me where you are? Just let me talk to you.

Shane could almost see Ilya's movements through the club with the cadence of his texts coming through. *Five minute gap. Is that when he couldn't breathe? When he needed help?*

12:20 Ilya 🥰😭: How can I fix if you don't tell me? Let me fix it.

12:21 Ilya 🥰😭: Please just tell me you're ok.

12:22 Ilya 🥰😭: Shane tell me you are ok

Ilya had been standing outside a bathroom, alone and terrified, begging Shane to just tell him he was okay. And Shane had been in an Uber imagining Ilya with Svetlana in a hotel room because he couldn't get his jealousy in check.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

A tear escaped his eye, quickly followed by another and then another. Ilya's familiar gait getting closer made him brush his cheeks furiously. His steps hesitated as he approached the couch and Shane pushed a smile to his face, looking up at him.

"What's wrong?" Shane shrugged, taking the glass of water and aspirin bottle. Ilya shot him a look and plopped onto the couch beside him. "Shane, tell me."

"I didn't see your messages." Shane caved immediately. "I must have cleared the notifications without reading them. And then when I got home and saw I hadn't sent the text, I thought you hadn't texted me back. I didn't think to scroll up and check."

"Didn't send the text?"

"Yeah, I typed it while I was waiting on the Uber. And then I guess I got distracted and didn't hit send. I got home and thought you hadn't text me back or looked at your phone. I wasn't even going to send the text at that point. Thought you didn't give a fuck I wasn't there because you hadn't questioned where I was." Shane laughed humorlessly. "I just didn't scroll."

He took a sip of the water, the liquid hitting his tongue so cold and refreshing. He practically chugged the glass, stopping only when he remembered the aspirin. He took two quickly and finished off the water before placing the glass on the coffee table.

Shane looked back at Ilya to see him watching him carefully. "Baby?"

"You tried to text me before you left." Something in his voice sent warmth through Shane. He nodded. Ilya leaned forward, tilting his upper body towards Shane. "You didn't just leave. You tried to tell me."

“Yeah. I thought you’d worry. Or in that state, I was hoping you’d worry. Chase after me. Big declaration kind of thing.” Shane chuckled, “But I didn’t want to worry you. I was just too drunk to send the fucking thing.”

Ilya’s mouth was slotting against his before Shane even realized he was moving. Shane didn’t respond for a second but the feeling of Ilya’s hand in his hair turned him into goo and he slipped his tongue along the seam of Ilya’s lips.

“I love you.” Ilya breathed into his mouth before deepening the kiss. “I knew you wouldn’t just leave me like that. I knew it.”

Shane’s heart broke a little at the whispered words. He moaned when Ilya nudged him to his back, his broad body coming to rest on top of him. One of Ilya’s hands stayed in Shane’s hair while the other braced himself beside Shane’s face.

“This ok? You feel ok if I kiss you?” Ilya asked, keeping a breath away from Shane’s mouth to meet his eyes. “Can I kiss you, baby?”

“Kiss me!”

Ilya kissed the air out of Shane’s lungs. Rough, needy, almost desperate before sinking into a slow, deep kiss that made Shane’s toes curl and his leg hook around Ilya’s hip. It was too much and not enough. Shane could feel Ilya’s cock pressing into his thigh and knew his boyfriend could feel him against his stomach.

Shane’s cock throbbed, Ilya’s eyes widening at the sensation. “You’re hungover.” he whispered, kissing Shane’s chin and then along his freckles before kissing over his cheek to his ear and then down to his neck. “Too much.”

Again, Shane resisted the urge to argue. His head was killing him, the room tilted more to the right than it should have. He took a shaky breath and pressed a kiss to Ilya’s forehead. “Yeah, last thing I need is to puke on you.”

Ilya chuckled, shifting his weight slightly to stay sprawled on top of Shane but move the majority of his bodyweight to his side. “Yeah, I love you but I think that’s one thing we can keep just for you.”

Shane stroked his hand through Ilya’s hair, scratching his scalp softly. He smiled when Ilya sagged against him. “Sleep, baby. Can we sleep?”

“Mm.” Ilya sounded.

Chapter End Notes

Ilya's POV is coming in Chapter 5 🥳

Chapter 4: My body knows it's you

Chapter Summary



Chapter Notes

Explicit Content awaits

“I need to feed you.”

The roughness of Ilya's voice contrasted with the soft swirl of his fingertips against Shane's back. Shane tipped his head up to see bright blue eyes on his face. “Mm, but I don't want to get up.” he said, voice catching in his throat.

Ilya smiled softly. “You haven't eaten. Two bites of dry toast and it's...” he trailed off, lifting his head from the back of the couch to see the watch on the wrist that had been looped around Shane for hours. “Almost 5.” he finished, sounding genuinely surprised. “Fuck, I didn't think it was that late.”

Shane smiled and buried his face against his chest. “Mm don't wanna move.”

“Have an idea.” Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane's forehead. “We order food. Make them leave on doorstep so nobody sees us, so don't worry about that.” Shane's heart squeezed. “You get up and go shower. I know you're dying to not have showered yet today. So you do that, I straighten up in here. Find movie and when food arrives we get right back here. Sounds good, yes?”

Shane nodded slowly. “It does sound good.”

“I know because I am genius.” Ilya teased, pressing into the ticklish spot against Shane's side making him yelp out a laugh. “Come on, gorgeous. Up.”

Shane groaned but moved off of Ilya's body to slump against the couch. “Ugh, fine.”

Ilya chuckled as he pushed himself up. Shane trailed his eyes down Ilya's body. The sweatpants were slung low on his hips and the hoodie was stuck, giving Shane a peak at the v-cut. *I want to lick it.* “Quit looking at me like that baby.” Ilya chuckled. “Get your pretty ass up.”

Ilya held out his hands and against Shane's better judgement, he slipped their fingers together. Shane let him pull him to his feet and pressed close to his chest, hands finding his hips. "My gorgeous man." Shane whispered, staring up at him.

Ilya's cheeks tinged pink and he ducked his head to kiss Shane quickly. "Shut the fuck up." he teased. "Whatcha wanna eat, moy dusha?"

"Thai? Thai sounds good."

"Off diet?" Ilya arched a brow, voice still teasing but Shane could see a hint of concern in his face.

Shane ran a hand over Ilya's cheek. "Yes. Dying for a carb."

"Then a carb you will have. Noodles?"

"Surprise me?"

Ilya grinned, dropping a kiss to Shane's mouth. "Go get in the shower." he said between kisses and smacked Shane's ass quickly.

Shane bit his bottom lip. "You're so cute."

"Go. Quicker done, quicker back here."

He moved on wobbly legs to his bathroom. He ignored his reflection above the sink, and continued into his shower, turning the water on high heat before grabbing a towel from the linen closet.

The hot water beat into the sore muscles of his shoulders and back. *Why am I so sore?*

They'd spent the day cuddled on the couch, switching between napping and kissing for hours until Shane's headache faded completely.

But there was still that restless feeling under his skin. That need to prove something he couldn't quite articulate.

Shane grabbed the body wash, working it into a lather, letting his hands drift lower. He was already half-hard just from thinking about Ilya out in the living room. About the way Ilya had looked at him all day, soft and loving and wanting.

He's too good to me. So good to me. Shane thought, lifting his hand away from his cock. *Not yet. Not without him.*

He took a breath and focused on washing his hair, only partially realizing he'd gone about this shower in the wrong order. *What am I going to do to show him? He won't let me apologize again. Actions. Touch him. Ilya loves touch, Ilya thrives on touch. My touch.*

"Hey, baby?" Ilya's voice breaking through the swirling thoughts.

“Yeah?”

“Making sure you didn’t drown in there.” He chuckled. “Food will be here in like two minutes.”

“Almost done!”

He made a sound in the affirmative. “Hurry up. Haven’t kissed you in like half an hour.”

“I’ve been in here for a half hour?”

“Just about.”

“Oh shit. I’m rinsing.”

“Meet me in the living room.”

“Yes sir.” Shane heard him suck air through his teeth and grinned. “I heard that.”

“You talk so pretty to me.”

“Get out.”

Ilya’s laugh faded as he left the bathroom. Shane quickly rinsed the conditioner from his hair then shut the water off. He pushed open the shower door and dried off quickly. The sound of a doorbell echoing through the house pushed him to yank on a pair of sweatpants.

He padded out of the bedroom and into the living room.

Ilya had laid out their food and was shoving a dumpling into his mouth when he met Shane’s eyes. “There he is.” he said, rounding the coffee table to pull Shane against his chest. He kissed him quickly. “Feel better?”

“Mmhmm.” Shane sounded, leaning up to kiss him again. “Like a whole new person.”

One more kiss before Ilya released him. “Sit, food.” he ordered, gesturing to the couch.

Shane plopped down, tugging Ilya into the space beside him. His phone lit up on the arm of the couch and Shane groaned before reaching for it. Rose. “It’s Rose.” he said.

“You have not talked to her yet.” Ilya prodded, not for the first time. “She is worried, Shane.”

“Yeah. Bad friend.”

“Answer her.” Ilya pressed a kiss to Shane’s temple.

“Hey.” Shane rocked forward, his elbows finding his knees as he hung his head slightly.

“Oh thank God. Where have you been?” Rose asked, sounding so relieved.

“I’m sorry, I was just...” Shane trailed off then felt Ilya’s hand stroke up his spine. “I let the whole jealousy thing take over. I’m sorry if I fucked up your night. I didn’t realize I was leaving until I was outside but I should have called you earlier.”

“No, no, it’s ok.”

“It’s not. It’s really not.” Shane sighed. “I’ll make it up to you somehow.”

“Oh please, it was just a party. I was worried you were throwing up or passed out somewhere in the ice. Well Ilya came up with that one but boy, what an image that man can paint.”

Shane’s gut twisted and he glanced over at his boyfriend. Ilya flashed him a smile, that wolfish smile that sent butterflies right to his stomach. “Tell me about it.” Shane replied. Rose snorted.

“Well your painted pictures are probably more fun than what I got.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s ok. You’re forgiven. Maybe we don’t let you have vodka anymore.”

“Ilya will be devastated.” Shane felt the hand on his back press harder but he focused on the call.

Rose laughed but then she sighed. “He was really scared, Shane. He was so worried.”

“I have been made aware.” Shane rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“I won’t keep you but just wanted to check in. Get back to your boo.”

“Yeah, I’ll text you tomorrow.”

“Bye!”

Ilya’s hand pressed again, “Why will I be devastated?” he asked, before dragging Shane back against his chest.

“Rose said I shouldn’t have vodka again.”

“Mm. Yes, probably good thing. Made your mind forget that I love you.” Ilya said, brushing his lips to Shane’s forehead. “That reminds me, give me your phone.”

Shane shot him a look but passed him the phone. “What’re you doing?”

“I realized last night that we do not share our locations.” Ilya said, unlocking Shane’s phone with four taps on the screen. “So we remedy, yes?”

Shane smiled with a roll of his eyes. “Yes. Remedy.”

“Done. Now we need to do mine.”

“Your phone is in the kitchen. Do it later?” Shane asked, wrapping an arm around Ilya’s waist.

Ilya wrapped him up in a tight embrace. “Da. Later, don’t let me forget.”

“I won’t. Now eat your food.”

They settled back into the couch, containers balanced on their laps, some hockey game playing on the TV that neither of them was really paying attention to. Shane managed to put away more pad thai than he’d expected, the noodles and peanut sauce hitting exactly right after a day of basically nothing.

Ilya watched him with satisfaction, occasionally stealing bites from Shane’s container even though he had his own.

"Good?" Ilya asked when Shane finally set his food aside.

"Yeah." Shane leaned into him, letting Ilya’s warmth seep into his side. "Much better."

"Carbs will do that." Ilya pressed a kiss to his temple, then went back to his own food.

On the TV, the Admirals scored, and the announcers went wild talking about a play Scott Hunter had made. Shane watched the replay without really seeing it, his mind cycling back to the question that had been nagging at him.

Did Ilya tell Svetlana?

He knew it was stupid to care. Knew that if Ilya had told her, it was probably just to explain why Shane had disappeared, why the night had ended the way it did. But the thought of Svetlana knowing, of her pitying him, or worse, thinking he was some jealous mess who didn’t deserve Ilya, it made his stomach turn.

"You’re thinking too loud," Ilya said, setting his own, now empty, container on the coffee table. "Can hear it from here."

Shane huffed a laugh. "Sorry."

"Don’t be sorry. Just tell me." Ilya shifted to face him more fully, one arm along the back of the couch. "What’s going on in that beautiful head?"

Shane bit his lip, debating. Then he took a breath and just asked. “What happened with Svetlana and her friends? You didn’t mention them last night.”

Ilya’s eyes narrowed ever so slightly. “Oh. Uh, when I went to find you I told her I’d be heading out with you so her and her friends were going to get another round. I don’t actually know where they went. I should probably text her but she probably hasn’t made it out of bed yet.”

“You haven’t talked to her?” Shane was surprised.

Ilya chuckled. “Baby, when would I have talked to her? Been with my beautiful boyfriend all day. My perfect, amazing boyfriend who has been so cuddly and warm and sleepy all day.” He said, tickling Shane’s side again.

Shane laughed, slapping at Ilya’s hands. “Baby, stop, stop-” He gasped.

Ilya flattened his palms against Shane’s sides, smiling at him with that crooked smile. Shane’s heart broke a little at how in love with Ilya he was. *I need him*. He thought, barely realizing he was climbing onto Ilya’s lap.

Ilya shifted a little on the couch, giving Shane more room to rest on his thighs. “Shane...”

Shane cut him off with a kiss. He cupped Ilya’s jaw, fingers splaying over his face and down to his neck, needing to feel him. Ilya’s hands travelled up into Shane’s hair, tilting Shane’s face down so Ilya could deepen the kiss in the way that made his insides molten.

Shane’s hips rolled against Ilya’s, earning a sharp gasp. “Baby, baby, wait a sec...” Ilya breathed.

“What? What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, Shane. Just you ok? You’re ok? You felt sick this morning.”

“I’m ok.” Shane told him, kissing him softly. “I’m so good. With you, here, baby I’m so good.”

Shane shifted his weight to push himself off of his lap, slipping off the couch to drop to a kneel between Ilya’s thighs. He looked up to see Ilya’s eyes nearly black, his full lips parting as his breathing got faster.

“Shane-”

He stopped the words on Ilya’s tongue by sliding his palms up the Russian’s thighs, digging his nails into the sweatpants when he dragged them back to his knees. He leaned in, dropping a kiss to Ilya’s left knee. Ilya gasped.

Shane chuckled, looking back up into his boyfriend’s face. “You’re acting a little touchstarved, baby.”

“Never get enough of you.” Ilya told him, bringing his hand to Shane’s face. “Never enough.”

The look on his face made Shane’s cock throb. His neediness transformed into a strange confidence and he turned his face against Ilya’s hand, pressing a kiss to his palm. “Let me take care of you? Give me the control?” He nipped the meaty part of his palm earning a hiss.

“Yes!” Ilya muttered. “Control is yours.”

Shane grinned up at him again, fingers going to the waistband of the sweatpants. “Lift.”

Ilya wasted no time and lifted his hips, letting Shane yank them down his legs. Shane practically drooled when Ilya's cock came into view. The Russian was already half-hard and starting to fill, and Shane could see it getting harder just from Shane looking.

"God, you get hard so fast for me," Shane murmured, watching Ilya's cock twitch.

"Can't help it," Ilya said on a rasp. "You're on your knees between my legs. What did you expect?"

Shane's hands smoothed up Ilya's thighs, slow and teasing. "I'm sure you say that to all your lovers." He made sure Ilya could see that tease.

"Fuck off. And you hate that word," Ilya said, but a grin spread on his face "You know it's only you. My body knows it's you."

Shane smiled, hands pausing high on Ilya's thighs. "Your body knows?"

"Yeah. Body knows my lover." Ilya's hand came to rest in Shane's hair. "Knows your touch. Knows your smell. Knows...ah fuck!" He broke off with a sharp inhale as Shane's breath ghosted over his cock. "Knows your mouth."

"Does it?" Shane asked innocently, deliberately not touching.

"Shane," Ilya's voice had that warning edge Shane loved so much, the desperate one. "Don't tease."

"But you make such pretty sounds when I tease you," Shane said, watching goosebumps break out across Ilya's skin as his hands stroked higher but still didn't touch Ilya's cock.

"I'll make prettier sounds if you put your mouth on me," Ilya countered.

Shane grinned up at him. "Promise?"

"Baby, I promise you everything," Ilya said, and the sincerity in his voice made Shane's chest tight. "Now please--"

Shane leaned in, pressing a kiss to Ilya's inner thigh, just above the knee. He flicked his tongue over the skin and Ilya's whole body shuddered. Shane smiled against his skin. Ilya loved that spot, he always trembled when Shane's mouth was there.

"Shane," Ilya breathed, and there was a plea in it that made Shane's cock jump against the leg of his sweatpants with want.

"Yeah, baby?" Shane kissed higher, switching to the other thigh, taking his time. "What do you need?"

"You." Ilya's hand came to rest in Shane's hair, not pulling, just touching. "Need you."

Shane looked up at him, at the desire written plainly across Ilya's face, and felt something hot desire take over his veins. This was what he'd needed. To see Ilya wanting him. To know,

without doubt, that Ilya wants this, them together.

"Mmm." Shane hummed, his lips against Ilya's hip. He nipped the muscle tightening beneath his mouth. Ilya groaned. "I love when you need me." he whispered, still stroking his hands up Ilya's thighs and pelvis, deliberately avoiding his straining cock. "When you get so hard for me." He said, dropping a kiss across Ilya's stomach to his other hip. "When your cock gets slick with pre because you like how I touch you."

"Love." Ilya grunted, his eyes narrowing and the hand in Shane's hair tightening slightly. "Love how you touch me."

Shane smiled and pressed another kiss to Ilya's inner thigh, higher this time, close enough that his cheek brushed along Ilya's cock. He felt it twitch, hardening further, but Shane didn't touch it. Not yet.

"Love seeing you like this," Shane continued, shoving Ilya's hoodie up further to get to his abs. He felt Ilya's cock against his chest and licked up Ilya's stomach. "Love knowing I can make you this hard just from kissing your thighs, your body. Get this fucking thing off of you."

Ilya did as directed and the hoodie was off and flying across the room. *I need to make sure he doesn't take that. I stole that.*

Ilya's hand tightened in Shane's hair. "Baby, please-"

"Please what?" Shane breathed out against Ilya's chest. "Mm, baby, hands on the couch." Ilya hesitated but his hands left Shane and dropped to the back of the couch. Shane looked up, pressing his body closer to Ilya's as he pressed higher up his chest. Ilya's cock was digging into his stomach now. "Tell me what you want."

"Your mouth," Ilya breathed. "Want your mouth on me."

"I am putting my mouth on you," Shane said innocently, pressing an open-mouthed kiss to Ilya's sternum. He kissed over to Ilya's right pec and swirled his tongue around Ilya's nipple. "Right here." He did the same to the other nipple. "And here." Shane let his teeth graze the left one and Ilya let out a sharp moan. "Are you going to tell me you don't like my mouth here?"

"Jesus, moy lyubimyy! Yes, yeah, love." he stuttered out when Shane sucked lightly. "Ah fuck!"

"Mm, what about here?" Shane trailed his tongue down Ilya's stomach, over the swells of his abs. "Do you like my mouth here?"

"Fuck yes..." Ilya breathed out, meeting his eyes. "Lower."

"Oh?" Shane kissed his hip bone again. "Here?"

"You're being a tease," Ilya accused, but his voice was breathless.

"Maybe," Shane admitted. He licked along the crease where Ilya's thigh met his hip. Ilya's thighs jumped under him. "But you taste so good everywhere. Want to take my time."

Ilya's hips shifted restlessly, and Shane could see his cock leaking now, fully hard and flushed dark. "Fuck," Ilya breathed. "Shane, baby, you're killing me."

"Am I?" Shane's hands smoothed up the inside of Ilya's thighs, thumbs pressing into the muscle, massaging. "Should I stop?"

"Don't you fucking dare," Ilya growled, and Shane felt the words in his cock.

Shane kissed across Ilya's lower stomach, just above where his cock was straining for attention. He could feel the muscles trembling under his lips, could feel how tense Ilya was getting.

"You're so beautiful like this," Shane murmured against Ilya's skin. "So desperate for me. Love watching you fall apart and I haven't even started yet."

"For the love of God, please start."

"Been thinking about this all day," Shane said, breath hot against Ilya's skin. "Thinking about getting you on this couch. Getting my mouth on you. Making you beg for it."

"I'll beg," Ilya said immediately. Shane saw his fingers flex against the couch. "Whatever you want. Just please-"

Shane nipped at the sensitive skin of Ilya's inner thigh, close enough to his balls that Ilya made a strangled sound. "Love hearing you beg. My man is so needy."

Then Shane bit down, harder this time, sucking at the skin until he felt it bruise under his mouth.

"What..." Ilya's breath caught. "Shane, what are you doing?"

"Marking you," Shane murmured against Ilya's thigh, soothing the bite with his tongue before moving higher to do it again. "You marked me. My turn." Ilya's cock jumped against Shane's chest, precum beading at the tip. Shane grinned against Ilya's skin. "You like that idea."

"Fuck," Ilya breathed. "Yes. Yes, mark me."

Shane bit down on the other thigh, high enough it would be hidden by shorts but low enough Ilya would feel it every time he moved. He sucked hard, feeling Ilya's whole body shudder. "Let everybody know you're mine," Shane said, voice rough with want. He moved lower, biting and sucking another mark just above Ilya's knee. "My lover."

The word didn't feel awkward anymore. It felt right. It clearly felt right to Ilya too, his cock twitching at the word.

"Mine."

"Yes," Ilya breathed, and his voice broke slightly. "Your lover. Yours, Shane."

Shane left another mark on Ilya's hip, and another, working his way across his stomach. Ilya was trembling now, cock leaking steadily, Russian falling from his lips in a desperate stream.

"So fucking beautiful like this," Shane murmured, admiring his work. Dark marks bloomed across Ilya's tan skin - his thighs, his hips, the soft skin of his stomach. Shane wanted to cover every available inch of Ilya's skin in those marks. Ilya could deal with the questions from his teammates in the locker room. "Love seeing my marks on you."

"Shane, please," Ilya's voice was wrecked. "Need your mouth. Please!"

Shane kissed the base of Ilya's cock, right where it met his body, and Ilya's hips jerked up. "Please what?"

"Please suck my cock," Ilya groaned. "Please, baby. Need your mouth so bad. Been hard for you all day."

"Have you?" Shane licked a stripe up the crease of Ilya's sac. "Tell me what you were thinking about."

"You," Ilya gasped. "Your mouth. Your hands. The way you look at me when you're on your knees. The sounds you make when you take me deep. *Fuck*, Shane, want it so much," Ilya's voice lowered an octave, his hips pushing up from the couch. "Want your perfect mouth. Want to feel you swallow around me. Want, Jesus, fuck, please-"

Shane finally took mercy on him. He wrapped his hand around the base of Ilya's cock, feeling it pulse hot and hard in his grip, and Ilya's whole body shuddered.

"God, you're so hard," Shane murmured, giving one slow stroke. "All for me."

"All for you," Ilya agreed breathlessly. "Always for you. Only, shit, only you."

Shane leaned in and pressed a kiss to the head of Ilya's cock, and Ilya's whole body shuddered, a sharp breath escaping his lips.

"Fuck," Ilya breathed, and his accent was already getting thicker the way it always did when Shane got his mouth on him.

Shane licked a slow stripe up the underside of Ilya's cock, base to tip, lingering on that spot just below the head that always made Ilya moan his name. And he did. Ilya said his name on a reverent inhale.

"So good," Shane murmured against heated skin. "Love how you taste. Could lick up this cum every day for the rest of my life.."

"Shane-" Ilya's voice broke on his name, and Shane felt it like a stroke down his spine.

Shane took the head into his mouth, sucking gently, tongue swirling and teasing. Ilya's hips jerked up involuntarily, and the loud groan that rumbled through his chest went straight to

Shane's cock. He loved that sound, loved knowing he could make Ilya lose control like that.

He relaxed his jaw and took Ilya deeper, inch by inch, until he felt the head brush the back of his throat. He swallowed around it, and Ilya's groan turned into something closer to a whimper that made Shane's whole body go hot.

"Goddamn, Shane." Ilya's knuckles were white around the couch cushion now. "Your mouth. Fuck, your mouth is perfect."

Shane pulled off slowly, keeping suction just how Ilya liked it, then sank back down. He found his rhythm, the one he knew drove Ilya crazy - deep and slow, then faster, tongue working that sensitive spot, throat relaxing to take him all the way.

Ilya's breathing was getting ragged, the muscles in his thighs tensing and trembling under Shane's palms. Shane could feel it building, knowing the signs of Ilya's control starting to slip, the way his body responded without thought.

Shane brought his free hand up to cup Ilya's balls, rolling them gently in his palm, and Ilya practically came off the couch.

"Fuck!" The curse ripped from Ilya's throat, and one of his hands fisted so tight in Shane's hair it bordered on painful. A stream of Russian poured out, desperate and filthy-sounding even though Shane didn't understand the words.

Shane could feel Ilya getting close: his breathing going ragged, his thighs starting to shake, his cock pulsing against Shane's tongue. And just when Ilya's hand tightened in his hair, just when Shane heard that sharp intake of breath that meant Ilya was about to tip over the edge Shane pulled off completely.

"What..." Ilya gasped, head snapping forward, eyes wild. "Shane, what the fuck?"

Shane smiled up at him, hand still loosely wrapped around Ilya's cock, keeping just enough contact to keep him right on that edge but not enough to push him over. "Not yet, baby."

"You kill me," Ilya panted, hips trying to thrust up into Shane's hand. "Please, I was so close..."

"I know." Shane interrupted and pressed a kiss to Ilya's inner thigh again, watching the way Ilya's whole body trembled. "But I want to make this last. Want to feel you fall apart slowly."

Ilya let out a sound that was half groan, half whimper. "You're mean."

"You love it," Shane said, and leaned back in.

He took Ilya in his mouth again, but this time he kept the pace slower, more deliberate. He'd bring Ilya right to the edge - feeling the tension build in his thighs, hearing his breathing go sharp and desperate - and then he'd pull back, switching to gentle kisses along Ilya's length, soft touches that kept him hard and wanting but not quite enough to finish him.

"Shane, please!" Ilya gasped after the third time Shane brought him to the brink and stopped. His voice was wrecked, accent so thick Shane could barely understand him. "Baby, please, I need, oh shit, fuck yes!"

Shane moaned around Ilya's cock, the vibration making Ilya curse again. He loved when Ilya lost his English, loved knowing he'd taken Ilya so far gone that his first language came flooding back.

"What do you need?" Shane asked, pulling off to look up at him. He kept his hand stroking his full length, ever-so-slowly. "Use your words, baby."

"Let me cum, Shane. I need you. I need you, please!" Ilya panted, his other hand joining the first in Shane's hair. "Need to cum. Please let me cum. Shane, please!"

"You're begging so pretty for me," Shane murmured, hand still working Ilya's length in, torturous strokes. "I could cum hearing you like this."

Ilya's head dropped back against the couch, throat exposed, completely at Shane's mercy. "I'll do anything. Anything you want. Just please..."

Shane took him deep again, and this time he didn't stop. This time he used everything, his tongue, his throat, his hand on Ilya's balls, everything he knew that drove Ilya crazy. He worked him fast and desperate, swallowing around him, sucking hard.

"Yes, yes, fuck yes!" Ilya's words dissolved into incoherent Russian, his hand in Shane's hair pulling almost painfully tight.

Shane pulled off just long enough to look up at Ilya's face. "Look at me," he demanded. "Want you to look in my eyes."

Ilya's eyes opened immediately and locked on Shane's.

"Let me see you come apart for me." Shane said, voice rough. "Show me how good I make you feel." Shane took him back in, never breaking eye contact. He hollowed his cheeks and sucked hard, and watched Ilya's eyes go unfocused, watched his mouth drop open on a silent gasp.

Shane took him deeper, faster now, not holding back anymore. He knew exactly how to work Ilya's cock with his tongue, knew the perfect rhythm to make Ilya's thighs shake, knew when to pull back and when to take him deep into his throat.

He hummed low in his chest, and Ilya let out a string of broken Russian mixed with Shane's name, hips starting to thrust up in stunted little movements like he was trying and failing to hold back.

Shane took him all the way down and swallowed, throat working around Ilya's cock, and Ilya's thighs trembled violently against Shane's shoulders.

"Fuck, fuck, Shane!" Ilya gasped, and Shane could hear he was close, could feel it in the way his whole body was tensing. Shane pulled almost all the way off, tongue working at the slit,

tasting the pre beading there, and Ilya cried out, "Fuck, just like that! Perfect tongue, perfect mouth always so good on my cock."

Shane had never felt more powerful, more needed, more *right* than in this moment. *He's mine. Only I can make him feel like this.*

"Shane, I'm-" Ilya gasped, hand in Shane's hair pulling like he was trying to warn him, trying to give him a chance to move. "Gonna cum-baby, I'm so close. Please don't stop. Please don't stop!"

Shane doubled down, taking Ilya as deep as he could, sucking hard, one hand working his shaft while the other gently squeezed his balls.

Shane felt Ilya's cock pulse, heard the rambling words in Russian, felt the moment he tipped over the edge, and then Ilya was coming with a broken shout that was mostly Shane's name. Hot and thick down Shane's throat, and Shane swallowed it all, worked him through it, drew it out until Ilya was shaking and gasping and making these small whimpering sounds that Shane wanted to keep forever.

The orgasm seemed to go on forever and Ilya was trembling so hard Shane had to hold his hips steady.

"Stop, baby, stop-" Ilya finally panted, tugging weakly at Shane's hair. "Too much, too sensitive-can't-"

Shane pulled off slowly, pressing one last gentle kiss to the tip, and sat back on his heels. He looked up at Ilya and felt satisfaction burn hot in his chest.

Ilya looked completely destroyed. His hair was sticking up where he'd run his hands through it, his face was flushed all the way down to his chest, his eyes were glazed and unseeing, and he was still breathing like he'd run a marathon. There were actual tears at the corners of his eyes from the intensity of it. Beautiful. Perfect. *His*.

"Holy shit," Ilya breathed, then laughed shakily, the sound punched out of him. "Shane. Jesus fucking Christ. I can't feel my legs."

Shane smiled, "Good?"

"Good?" Ilya's laugh turned slightly hysterical. He reached down, hands hooking under Shane's arms to pull him up into his lap. "Baby, I think I died. I think you killed me and brought me back."

Shane settled in Ilya's lap, straddling his thighs, and tucked his face into Ilya's neck. He could feel Ilya's heart still racing under his palm, could feel the aftershocks still running through him, more intense than usual.

"Give me a few to get my soul back in my body and I'll take you upstairs and fuck you so good you get it through your head that I want one person to take my cock."

Shane laughed, "I've never edged you before."

“You’re fucking good at it.” Ilya sighed and Shane felt his body go pliant under him. “Add it to the rotation, my love.”

"You liked it," Shane said, not a question.

"Liked it?" Ilya's arms wrapped around Shane tight, almost crushing. "Baby, that was incredible and you know it. Don't be humble now."

Shane smiled against Ilya's neck, breathing him in. The restless feeling that had been under his skin all day was finally quiet.

"Hey," Ilya murmured. "Don't fall asleep on me. Still owe you that fuck I promised."

Shane smiled. "Later. Just want to stay here a minute."

Ilya's arms tightened. "As long as you want, baby. As long as you want."

Chapter 5: Me and This Kiss

Chapter Summary

Ilya's POV to NYE

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The bass was so loud Ilya could feel it in his teeth. He grinned as Svetlana grabbed his arm, pulling him toward the bar off the dance floor. He glanced over his shoulder to find Shane at the booth Rose had reserved. His head was tilted towards Pike, who was talking animatedly. *My poor baby stuck having to listen to that man yap.*

“What do you want?” Svetlana asked, miming towards the bar.

“Stoli and tonic.” Ilya shouted over the music to the bartender. The man nodded, then looked to Svetlana. Ilya couldn’t hear what she ordered, his attention back on Shane as he leaned against the bartop.

Shane was brushing his hair off his forehead. *It’s getting so long. Maybe I can convince him to keep it long. Give me more to pull.* His cock jumped at the thought. Ilya smiled as he let the image play out in his mind.

Wrapping his hand around the soft strands, feeling it tickle the back of his hand as he pressed Shane’s face against the mattress. His beautiful, well-earned back broad beneath Ilya’s other hand. His broken moans muffled against the sheets. Ilya would pull on that soft hair to lift his mouth up, away from anything that could hide his sounds.

Svetlana’s hand slapped against his chest, drawing his focus back down to her face. She arched a brow, smirk on her face.

“What?”

Svetlana leaned up on her toes, but even then she couldn't reach his ear. Ilya chuckled and slung his arm around her shoulders, pulling her closer as he leaned down so she could speak directly into his ear.

“Could you want him more?” she asked, earning a roll of Ilya’s eyes and a flush on his face. “And you are blushing like a school girl!”

Ilya ducked his head to her ear. “We do not blush, you know that. But maybe for him I could manage.”

Svetlana grinned up at him. "I'm so happy for you!"

"Don't make fun."

She giggled, placing a hand on his chest. "I'm not! I am happy for you. He's a good boy. And you deserve a good boy."

The bartender slid their drinks across the bar as the song switched to something with less bass. Ilya took a big drink before replying, "He's a good boy who makes me cum like a fucking teenager."

Svetlana threw her head back laughing, and Ilya grinned, glancing back at the booth. Shane was still sitting there, Hayden still talking. *How could he have this much to say?* Shane's drink was nearly empty but Ilya watched the bottle girl appear with a new one. *How many is that?*

"I miss you, Ilyusha." Svetlana's voice was easier to hear without the thumping of the bass. "I feel we don't talk as much. We've both been too busy and now that you're in love..." she trailed off teasingly.

Ilya rolled his eyes. "Shut up. I miss you too though."

"You two look so serious!" Ilya looked from Svetlana to the tall blonde, *Anna? Anya? No, definitely Anna.* "It's New Year's! A party!"

"Where's Polina?" Svetlana asked, pulling Anna closer to them to get her out of the walkway between the bar and the dance floor.

Ilya shifted his position to give the blonde more room but he backed into the bartop. Her body was too close to Ilya, her bright blue eyes staring up at him with what was clearly desire. "We should be dancing. Together."

Ilya cut his eyes to Svetlana, who was already frowning. She tottered a bit on her too-high heels and positioned herself between Anna and Ilya. "Ilya will be dancing with me or with his lover. You find somebody else."

Anna laughed, giving a dismissive wave. "Don't be so serious Svet. I was joking."

Right. Ilya could almost hear the same word floating through Svetlana's head.

He could hear Anna say that Polina had met a man downstairs but his gaze caught on Shane again and he tuned her out. Rose was leaning into Shane's chest, her head turned upwards where Miles was placing two drinks onto the table. Pike was gone though. *Wonder where he went.* Shane's deep brown eyes met his and Ilya felt his body relax.

Shane looked tipsy. Even in the dimly lit room Ilya could see the tinge of pink on his cheeks. *I bet his freckles look so fucking cute right now.* They always did when he blushed. Shane's mouth quirked up and Ilya smiled, tossing him a wink. Shane's smile got bigger. Ilya took a swig of his drink, suddenly overcome with the desire to spit his drink into Shane's mouth.

Where the fuck did that come from?

Before he could dig too deep into the thought, Svetlana's hand was on his forearm. Her nails dug in slightly and Ilya blinked down at her in confusion. "You could just go over and suck his dick."

Ilya laughed loudly, ignoring the surprised look from Anna. "He would have a fucking stroke before I could get my kiss."

"You and this kiss."

"Me and this kiss." Ilya chuckled, looking back to Shane. His heart stuttered at a flash of emotion on Shane's face. *What is that?*

"Oh Polina!" Anna said as the brunette approached them. "No beefcake."

"Small cake." Polina replied as Ilya finished off his drink.

"Will he join us?" Svetlana asked, looking right at Shane. She waved him over, shouting, "Come dance with us!" She pointed between Ilya's chest and the dance floor.

"He would rather die." Ilya laughed, looking back to his boyfriend unable to keep his grin from growing. *God he's so hot. Can't wait to get him out of that shirt. Want him naked as long as I can get him.*

The song changed to some pop song with a heavy beat and Polina and Svetlana let out excited squeals. "Dance!" Polina clapped, her voice slurred.

Ilya looked down at his watch. 11:32. "Only one more."

"Two." Svetlana pouted, "That'll give you like 15 minutes to find your lover boy and get your fucking kiss."

"You have until 11:40." Ilya said, casting one more look to Shane before letting Svetlana pull him onto the dance floor again.

At exactly 11:40, Ilya put a hand on Svetlana's back and leaned down to shout in her ear. "I'm going to Shane!"

"Ok!" Svetlana said, wrapping him up in a hug. "I think we're going to move next door. Lina and Sergei are over there."

"Ok, be safe, yeah? Text me when you get back to your hotel."

"I will. I'll be hungover tomorrow but the 2nd we get food. Bring Shane so we can have quiet time together."

"Quiet time?" Ilya laughed, rocking her slightly. "You want quiet time?"

“With Shane Hollander? I’d love quiet time.” Svetlana said, cocking an eyebrow. Ilya felt a hot rush of jealousy speed through his veins. “Alone time.” She pushed his buttons like no other.

“He’s fucking hot though.” Svetlana had said once upon a time, before she knew they were together.

Ilya shot her a look, “He’s mine, thank you very much. I’ll appreciate if you don’t ogle the love of my life over a meal.”

“No promises!” Svetlana laughed. “Go, you’ll be late! Must have your midnight kiss.”

Ilya kissed her cheek quickly. “Love you!” he called over his shoulder as he weaved through the crowded dance floor. He made it free, shocked at how much cooler it was in the room not surrounded by sweating bodies. Ilya turned towards the booth, stopping short when he saw it empty. He frowned and fished his phone from his pocket.

He found their thread.

Ilya: Moy lyubímyy where are you?

Ilya leaned against the edge of the table, waiting. His fingers tapped against the back of his phone as he scanned the room searching for the frame he could find in the dark but saw nothing. He unlocked his phone again and typed.

Ilya: Must kiss my man at midnight. I’ve been thinking about it all fucking day. Find me

Wait Rose is gone and so is Miles. He shifted his gaze to the dance floor again and almost immediately found Miles right on the edge of the dance floor. *Ah! He’s dancing. That’s where he is.*

He moved quickly and ended up startling Miles. The man clapped a hand to his chest in surprise. “Oh! You came out of nowhere!” Miles laughed.

“Sorry. Is Shane out here with you?”

Rose appeared at Miles’ shoulder. “He ran to the bathroom.”

Ilya nodded, changing directions again. He searched for any indication of where the bathroom was, almost spinning in a full circle before he finally saw a sign. He made his way quickly towards the lines and frowned. *Of course there’s lines.*

Ilya looked down at his phone and saw his messages staring back at him with nothing from Shane. “Shane?” he called as he started to move between the lines for the men’s and women’s rooms. “Shane?”

Just people staring at him.

Should I go in? Check the stalls?

No. Overreacting. Shane's probably just pissing.

Ilya: Hello? Where did you go? It's almost midnight.

The alcohol couldn't drown the worry anymore. *Maybe he saw the lines and went downstairs. There's bathrooms downstairs.* Ilya took the stairs to his left and came out on the first floor that was packed wall to wall with people. *Fucking hellscape.*

He brushed past people towards the even longer lines. *So much for that idea.* He thought even as he scanned each face waiting. "Shane?" he called again. People turned to look but none of them had his boyfriend's soft brown eyes. "Shit!"

Ilya turned on his heel when he heard the DJ start the countdown to midnight. He got stuck when a throng of men stopped him to ask if he was Ilya Rozanov. "Yes, yes, sorry but I need to get upstairs!" he told them, already moving past their requests for autographs. "Sorry!" he called over his shoulder as he took the stairs two at a time.

He was three from the top when the confetti dropped and it was midnight.

Fuck!

When he rounded the corner back into the VIP section he was surrounded by people kissing. He searched for the only other person in the room that shouldn't be getting kissed right now. *Nothing.*

He saw Rose and Miles laughing their way to the table. "He's not in bathroom. Did he come back?"

Rose paused, "He's not in the bathroom?" she asked, pointing to the one upstairs.

He shook his head, the worry now the only emotion he could name. His phone was clutched in his hand, still unringing, unvibrating.

Ilya: Shane?

He looked up to see Rose moving around the table to grab her phone from her purse. Maybe he'd text her? *If he text Rose and not me, I swear to God I'm bending him over the foot of the bed and spanking his perfect ass until he can't walk.*

"Anything?" he asked, barely letting her get it in her hands.

"No."

Ilya cursed under his breath. *Fuck texting.* He called Shane. It rang and rang and rang until his voicemail picked up. Ilya pursed his lips and ended the call.

Ilya: Shane, where are you? Why don't you answer?

"Where did you see him last?"

“Here!” Rose gestured to the booth.

“Yeah, we wanted to dance and he said he was going to pee and then would meet us out there.”

“I’m checking the bathrooms again.”

Ilya burst through the bathroom door this time, “Shane? Are you here?”

“No Shane’s.” somebody called back after a moment of silence.

“Fuck!” Ilya muttered. He stormed back out and found Rose and Miles whispering at the table. “He’s not there.”

Rose bit at the inside of her lip. “I tried to call and he didn’t answer me either.”

He called Shane again. Nothing.

Ilya: Why aren’t you answering my calls?

"Was he ok? Was he sick?" Ilya asked, standing on his toes to scan the room again.

Rose didn't answer.

His eyes shot to her. "He was sick?"

"No!" Rose said quickly. "He wasn't sick. He was..." She looked at Miles.

"He was what?" Ilya's voice rose. His fingers snapped in her face. "Tell me Rose!"

She took a breath. "He was upset."

Ilya's heart stopped. "Upset?"

Ilya: Did I do something? What’s happening?

Ilya: I’m worried. I’m very fucking worried. If you don’t want to talk to me, just emoji

Ilya: Or Rose. Text Rose. She’s worried too.

“Maybe he went out front? He could be getting air?” Ilya asked.

“I’ll look downstairs and you look out there.”

He nearly took out every person on the staircase as he flew down them, Rose and Miles following in his wake. What if Shane doesn't want to see me? His thumbs moved.

Ilya: Are you outside? I’m coming out so if you don’t want to see me, then you need to answer my fucking call or text me back

The air was freezing, the wind biting into Ilya's arms and chest. "Shane!" he yelled, searching for any sign he had been there. He dialed his number again, listening for a ring, a vibrating, anything. Ilya just heard people having fun, drunk slurring voices and laughter.

He felt sick.

Ilya: Shane this isn't fucking funny or ok. Where the fuck are you?

Ilya: Baby, please just talk to me. Please?

His jacket. Was his jacket still at the booth?

Ilya was back upstairs before he even realized he'd gone back inside. My jacket, Rose's jacket, Miles' jacket. No Shane's jacket. "It's not here."

"Ilya? Anything?" Rose asked.

"No. He's not outside." Ilya stumbled slightly as he found himself moving back towards the bathrooms again. "What if he's sick, Rose? He wouldn't just leave. Wouldn't not tell me."

"Ilya," Rose called after him as he went into the men's room again.

"Shane?"

Again, met with silence.

Ilya stood in the bathroom, staring at his phone. *Too many minutes past midnight.*

Where is he? Where is he? Where is he?

His chest was getting tight. His hands were shaking. The fluorescent bathroom lights were too bright, making his vision blur at the edges.

Images flooded his mind unbidden: Shane bleeding in an alley. Shane unconscious on a sidewalk. Shane hurt by someone, scared, alone, lying in the snow in the cold—

Stop. Stop thinking like that.

But he couldn't stop. The images kept coming, each one worse than the last.

Shane drugged. Shane taken. Shane-

Can't breathe. Why can't I breathe?

The bathroom walls were tilting. The air was too thick. Ilya's chest felt like it was being crushed, like someone had their hands around his ribcage and was squeezing.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and whirled around. Miles.

Miles' mouth was moving but Ilya couldn't hear him over the roaring in his ears. The bathroom sounds were muffled, distant, like he was underwater.

"—eathe, you have to take a breath."

"Can't," Ilya gasped. "Can't, Shane is...what if he's..."

Miles guided him out of the bathroom and back to the hallway. He leaned Ilya against the wall but Ilya folded at the waist immediately, hands on his knees.

I can't breathe.

Rose's face was suddenly in front of his. "You're ok. You're ok."

"I'm not." The words came out in Russian. He couldn't switch back to English. "Shane hurt, or bleeding, or cold, or sad, or scared, or alone, or—"

"Ok, ok." Rose said, hands on his shoulders. "I don't speak Russian to know what you're saying but you need to breathe."

Ilya ignored her and dialed Shane's number again with shaking hands. His fingers moved automatically across his phone screen, even as his vision swam.

Ilya: I'm losing my fucking mind. I'm standing outside the bathroom. Can you just come to me? Come to me or tell me where you are? Just let me talk to you.

His hands were shaking so badly he almost dropped the phone.

Still nothing. "Fuck!" He shot upright, nearly knocking Rose to the floor.

"Why don't we go sit for a second?" Miles' voice was soft, guiding. "What if Shane is looking for us and we just keep missing each other?"

That made sense. Maybe they'd been walking in circles, Shane searching for Ilya while Ilya searched for Shane.

"That's true!" Rose said. "We're chasing a moving target."

But his coat. Shane has his coat. He wouldn't wear it inside.

Ilya let them lead him back to the booth. He collapsed into the seat, phone still clutched in his white-knuckled grip.

His thumbs moved.

Ilya: How can I fix if you don't tell me? Let me fix it.

"Just tell him," Miles was saying to Rose. "We don't know where he is!"

Rose knows. Miles knows. Ilya doesn't know.

Ilya: Please just tell me you're ok.

"I can't! It's not for me to say!"

"You cannot be serious." Miles snapped.

It's serious. I've done something. What did I do?

Ilya: Shane tell me you are ok

Ilya stared at the messages. All delivered. All unread. All unanswered.

What if Shane's phone died? What if he dropped it? What if someone took it?

Ilya stared at the empty cups and bottles on the table. *Too much. Shane drank too much.*

Sick? Could be sick. Throwing up outside. Behind the building. That's why I didn't see him.

Didn't look hard enough.

What if he slipped? Ice everywhere. Fell. Hit his head.

Out there in the cold right now. Unconscious. Concussed.

Alone.

"I need to see outside again." Ilya said, shoving back to his feet.

He nearly collapsed right back down when his phone finally, mercifully, vibrated in his hand.

🔥 Shane 💋: Got so tired. Going home. Stay and have fun

Ilya immediately called him, his fear draining from his veins only to be replaced with white hot anger laced with worry. "Why doesn't he answer the fucking phone?" he snapped, firing off another text

Ilya: the fuck are you talking about?

"He replied?" Rose craned her neck to see the text. Her brow crinkled. "So he's downstairs?"

Ilya read the text again. *Going home. Going. To go. Present tense. Gone is past tense. He's going.*

He was downstairs and outside in the biting cold before his brain processed the grammar of it. *Where is he?* He looked around the corner, in the alley way he'd imagined Shane unconscious in but there wasn't even a dumpster. No sign of life.

He did the only thing he could think to do and called him again. Voicemail. "Where the fuck are you?" he growled before ending the call, nearly throwing his phone at the brick wall.

Ilya: Why are you still not answering me?

"Ilya?" Rose's voice called from his left. He looked back to see her holding up his jacket.

"Put this on."

“Fuck that. I don’t need coat. Need Shane.”

“Miles is getting you a car. He said he’s going home, right? So go home.”

“But...”

“But nothing.” Rose said, her voice gentle like she was talking to a feral dog. “Shane said he was going home so you should also go home.”

“Yeah, no, yeah. Home.” Ilya’s mind was running a mile a minute. “How did this get so fucked up?”

Rose didn’t reply, just placed a hand on Ilya’s arm. “Please put your coat on. He’ll be so mad at me if I let you stand in freezing temperatures while holding your coat.”

Ilya slipped his arm into the sleeve when she held it up. She helped him get the other arm in and then smoothed it over his shoulders. *I still feel cold.*

"Car's here," Miles called from the curb.

Ilya dialed Shane's number again, his eye catching on the red 5% battery warning in the upper right corner of his screen.

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck.

He squeezed the phone so tight his knuckles cracked.

He typed one more message as he climbed into the car

Ilya: Goddammit Shane, answer the fucking phone

The driver pulled away from the curb and into a line of traffic. Ilya glared at the red light a dozen feet away.

I do not have time for red lights. Or road safety. Fuck these goddamn pedestrians.

Thankfully, his driver seemed to have a history in Formula 1 and as soon as the light switched to green, the man began to weave in and out of cars. If he was remembering the path correctly, he would be home in 20 minutes.

Just 20 minutes. Oh my God that’s a fucking lifetime. Ilya dropped his head back against the seat to stare at the roof of the car. *Come on, baby, text me back. Call me. Talk to me.*

He thought it over and over, willing his phone to stay alive long enough to get home.

What if Shane's not there? What if he went somewhere else? What if-

No. Stop. Rose said go home. Shane said he was going home. He's home.

He has to be home.

When the car finally pulled up outside Shane's building, Ilya was out the door before it fully stopped.

"Hey!" the driver called. "Five stars, yeah?"

"Yeah, yeah, five stars," Ilya called over his shoulder, already at the building's entrance.

He debated the elevator but turned towards the stairs, using the length of his legs to skip stairs at random intervals as his mind could only form one thought. *I'm almost there, baby. Please be there.*

He shoved through the stairwell door onto Shane's floor, running down the hall until he skidded to a stop in front of his door. He punched in the security code, 1-5-6-9-1, Ilya's birthday. Ilya's knees had gone weak when Shane had first given it to him.

"Easy for you to remember." Shane had shrugged, his face a beautiful shade of pink.

The door banged into the wall as Ilya barrelled through.

"Shane?" Ilya called, stepping inside.

Silence.

The apartment was dark except for the ambient light from the city filtering through the windows. Ilya's eyes swept the space, the living room empty, kitchen dark, and his chest constricted.

He's not here. He's not fucking here. Where is he?

"Shane!" he called again, louder this time as he rushed forward towards the bedrooms.

A noise stopped him in his tracks and his head whipped towards the living room.

Shane! His heart practically sang.

Shane was on the couch, his eyes glassy, red-rimmed and unfocused. His hair was mussed, like hands had been running through it for hours. His jacket was twisted strangely and hanging off of one arm. He had on one sock. He looked pitiful.

God, I love him so much.

"Fuck!" Ilya breathed out when he was able to speak again. He switched to English, "What the fuck, Shane?"

ok I lied, there's one more chapter needed. But after ch 6 this baby is wrapped with a sweet bow on top.

Chapter 6: Vodka makes me stupid

Chapter Summary

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Thanks so much for all the sweet words and kudos! 🥰

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

Shane took a sip of his drink, the gin and tonic's herbal taste so refreshing on his tongue. The music was too loud, bass too heavy but he couldn't keep the smile from drifting to his mouth when the hand on his thigh squeezed softly.

Shane looked to his left to see Ilya leaned into the plush velvet booth, his attention locked on Svetlana as she talked about LA's goalie. Ilya's thumb swiped an arc on Shane's thigh, dangerously close to the hickey Ilya had left on his inner thigh the night before.

Shane covered his hand, wrapping their fingers together. Ilya was talking now, his words coming quick in Russian. "*He's slow though. I don't think he can stop me.*" Shane pieced together.

"My cocky man." Shane teased, bringing Ilya's hand to his mouth.

Ilya turned those bright blue eyes to him and Shane felt his cock jump against the seam of his jeans. "You love all cock-y things about me."

"Ew, Ilyusha!" Svetlana said, her accented English heavier than Shane was used to from the weight of tequila shots. Her hand hit across Ilya's chest. "Public spaces."

Ilya tugged their still joined hands up to his lips, kissing the back of Shane's hand before nipping at his knuckles. "We can be ew in public now. Not wasting my chances." He said, his gaze flickering to Shane's mouth. "Especially not on such a holiday."

"On that note, I'm getting another drink. Shaney, would you like another? Is that vodka and tonic?"

Ilya's grip tightened for the briefest of seconds but Shane felt it. "No, gin and tonic. I'm good though, thanks. I'll get another later."

“You sure? I can grab.” she said, getting to her feet.

“Nah, I’m good.”

“Alright, Ilyusha?”

“I’ll meet you up there.” Ilya told her. “Go ahead and order shots for the table, yeah?”

Svetlana gave a mock salute and disappeared into the crowd. Ilya’s thumb drew a circle on Shane’s hand. “She’ll be devastated to know that you won’t drink vodka again. Slight to my people.” Ilya teased, leaning towards him.

"Vodka makes me stupid."

"Vodka makes you think I want other people."

“Stupid.”

Ilya cracked a smile and kissed him softly. “My baby.”

“Your husband.”

Ilya’s smile grew bigger. “Mmhmm, my husband. My beautiful fucking husband. Who I’m going to pound into the mattress as soon as I get you home.”

A shiver ran up Shane’s spine and he brought his free hand to Ilya’s cheek. “Maybe you can tie me to the bed again?”

Ilya’s eyes flashed in delight. “Already have the scarves on the nightstand.” He kissed him again, slow and deep enough to make Shane’s toes curl, before pulling away. "I'm getting those shots before Svetlana orders something terrible. Be right back, moy lyubimyy."

Shane watched him go, weaving through the crowd toward the bar. Even after all their years together, watching Ilya move still made Shane’s breath catch. The way he carried himself, all fluid grace and barely contained power. The way people moved out of his way without him asking. The way he looked back over his shoulder to catch Shane’s eye one more time before reaching the bar. The way both men and women eyed him in desire or envy or admiration.

Shane checked his watch. 11:48pm. Twelve minutes until midnight. Twelve minutes until he finally got the New Year’s kiss that had gone so spectacularly wrong last year.

“You two are looking awfully cutesy tonight.” Rose’s voice surprised him. She had been locked in a conversation with Miles’ new boyfriend since they’d gotten their second round of drinks.

I’m being anti-social. I need to talk to our friends.

Shane glanced around the table, seeing Hayden and Jackie cozy in the corner but deep in a conversation with Troy and Harris. Well Harris and Jackie were deep in a conversation, their

hands moving rapidly in the space between them as they spoke about something they clearly had opinions about.

Miles and his boyfriend, Olivier, were now shimmying out of the booth on the other side of Rose to head to the dance floor.

Rose clapped her hand on Shane's arm. "You ok?"

"Oh, yeah." Shane laughed. "I'm really good."

Rose arched a brow, smile playing at her mouth. "If you say so."

"I say so." Shane looked up to see Ilya and Svetlana taking shots at the bar. "He's going to be shitfaced before I get him home at this rate."

"Oh please. He's 230 lbs of solid muscle. He's fine." Rose chuckled.

"Sorry James couldn't make it." Shane said.

"Eh, he would've been fan girling around all of you. Hockey nut and he's kinda hinted that he's nervous about you."

Shane looked down at her in surprise. "Me?"

"He knows we dated for that minute and half and isn't convinced you don't still have a thing for me."

"My husband doesn't convince him?"

Rose giggled, "Apparently not."

"We bring alcohol!" Svetlana's voice carried over everyone's individual conversations, drawing all eyes to her figure. A serving tray was stacked with glasses, Ilya close behind her laden with drinks.

Where did she even get a tray?

Ilya placed a fresh gin and tonic in front of Shane with a quick kiss to his cheek, then placed another in front of Rose. The Russian duo distributed the rest around the table. Shots lined up down the center, beers and martinis finding their owners.

Ilya slid back into the booth and pulled Shane firmly against his side, arm draped over his shoulders. "Your shot is rum," he whispered against Shane's temple.

"Thank you." Shane leaned into the warmth of Ilya's body.

"Everybody take a shot." Svetlana was saying. Glasses slid across the table and into hands.

"Za lyubov!"

Shane grimaced at the burn of rum, chasing it with his gin and tonic. Across the table, Troy was making a face like he'd been poisoned while Harris laughed at him.

"What was that?" Troy gasped.

"Vodka," Svetlana said cheerfully. "Good Russian vodka."

"Premium." Ilya added.

"You could start a car with that." Troy replied, chugging half of his beer.

Shane chuckled and dropped his head back against Ilya's arm. Ilya's thumb stroked lazy circles on his shoulder, his lips against Shane's temple. "You're relaxed."

"Mmhmm." Shane hummed, turning his head to find Ilya only inches away. "Hard not to be with you smelling so good, touching me soft."

"You like when I touch you soft." Ilya teased, his other hand finding Shane's thigh as he curled his torso around Shane's. "You like when I touch you hard too though."

"I like when you touch me." Shane clarified with a laugh.

He lost himself in the look on Ilya's face. The way the pink and purple strobe lights colored his face, his eyes bright and happy. Mouth looking as soft as it felt and Shane just wanted to kiss him. "What time is it?" he mumbled, seeing Ilya's smile widen.

As if in response, an announcement came from the DJ booth. "One minute to find your kissing partner. Countdown starts now!"

"One minute." Ilya repeated, "Kiss you here or let me take you in the corner to kiss you the way you need me to kiss you?"

"Second option. Definitely."

"Good boy." Ilya whispered before nipping Shane's lower lip.

Shane felt cold at the loss of Ilya's body wrapped around him but he was quickly pulled from the booth and back against Ilya's chest. "We'll be back!" Ilya called to Svetlana and Rose. Shane didn't miss the knowing looks on both their faces.

He saw Svetlana move around to sit beside Rose but Ilya whirled him around, keeping his chest against Shane's back. His strong arms wrapped around Shane's chest, guiding him towards a dimly lit corner on the far wall. The strobe lights didn't quite penetrate the darkness here.

"Ten seconds!" the DJ called again.

Ilya turned Shane around to face him and backed him up until Shane was pressed against the wall. "My good boy. Waited 364 days to do this. Means something to me." he whispered, his nose running along the bridge of Shane's.

“Me too.” Shane breathed, wrapping his arms around Ilya. “I love you.”

“I love you.”

And then his lips found Shane’s in a kiss that left him weak and wanting, hands clinging to Ilya’s shirt. He was vaguely aware of the countdown, of the cheers, of the confetti dropping from the ceiling but the only thing that felt real was Ilya.

His lips, his hands, his thigh pressing between Shane’s thighs, his soft groans as he kissed the soul out of Shane’s body.

When they finally pulled apart, both breathing hard, Ilya pressed his forehead to Shane's. His hands cradled Shane's face, thumbs brushing his cheekbones. "Happy New Year, moy lyubímyy," Ilya whispered.

"Happy New Year, baby," Shane replied, his voice wrecked. Ilya smiled that private, intimate smile that was just for Shane, and kissed him again. Softer this time. Sweeter.

Chapter End Notes

That's a wrap! Thank you all again for joining me on this journey  See you in the "shameless smut" tag besties

End Notes

Had every intention to start posting this yesterday but the hangover made it a no-go. So pretend it's still NYE.

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