

Let's Test That Theory

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Let's Test That Theory

by [AramintaDarrendya](#)

Summary

Takes place after the end Heated Rivalry before Long Game. Ilya has moved to Ottawa and the hockey season is starting. He tells Shane if he wants to experiment sexually while they are traveling for work, he would not be jealous. Shane knows Ilya well enough that this is a ridiculous idea. Shane tests Ilya and ends up getting exactly what he wants, punishment in the bedroom.

Notes

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

The plan was in motion. Ilya Rozanov signed with the Ottawa Centaurs, a controvertible move that confused everyone watching in the hockey world at large. When asked why he would willingly be traded to a team that hasn't made the playoffs in over half century, Ilya said he wanted a challenge and the Boston Raider's success was too easily won. His old fans revolted, people burned his jersey outside the stadium, renderings of him with the word "Traitor" over his face were plastered all over the internet. He kind of loved it. Or at least, that was what he was telling himself. He was convinced all of this controversy was motivation to work harder, prove to everyone he could mold a losing team into the greatest in the league.

But that wasn't the reason he went to Ottawa, he left everything behind to be with the love of his life, Shane Hollander.

Shane scrolled through his Instagram feed in the locker room before his team, the Montreal Metros, had an early afternoon scrimmage against The Centaurs. Every third post was about Ilya, most of them hateful, but occasionally he would see a Centaurs' fan praising their new star center. His doom scrolling was interrupted by a text from "Lily",

"Hope your ass is not too sore from last night, it is about to get whopped again."

Shane demeanor changed in an instant. He replied,

"You fucking wish."

Shane closed his eyes, reminiscing about the night before. He could still Ilya's lips and hands all over his body, his magnificent cock taking him hard and deep. Ilya's voice, low and unwavering, telling him he was a good boy like a song stuck in his head. He was extracted from his daydream by a familiar voice, "Hey Hollander, what's good man, it's just a scrimmage with like the worst team, no need to stress."

It was Hayden, his best friend and teammate. "No, I wasn't—."

"I highly doubt Rozanov will make a difference, dude. He's not some miracle worker,"

"You'd be surprised," Shane didn't dare to say out loud. Hayden continued, "So weird he left Boston. Maybe he fucked all the women in Massachusetts and needed a new crop."

Shane laughed. "Yeah, I'm sure that's it."

If only he knew Ilya tossed his loyalty aside for Shane. He wanted to tell Hayden about their relationship, keeping this information from the world was tough enough, but every time Hayden brought up his arch rival/boyfriend, he had to lie, and Shane hated lying. Plus, he was bad at it. Ilya clocked that immediately. He said as much to Shane in the locker room after they filmed a promo for their first MHL season in Toronto. Shane wanted to pretend that moment in the communal shower hadn't happened; Ilya stroking himself at the sight of

Shane's embarrassingly visible physical reaction to his gorgeous naked body under the warm spray. At least, that is what he had said, but of course Ilya did not believe him.

Those thirty seconds of the most erotic charge that had ever coursed through Shane's young body changed the entire trajectory of his life. The only event he could compare it to was when he found out he had been drafted to the Metros, or when Ilya confessed his love for him in his bed at the cottage. Now they were both on Canadian teams, living only two hours away from each other, and fully committed to a clandestine relationship until they both decided to retire and finally be free to declare their love. In the meantime, they were industry enemies who would later deceive everyone that they had become friends under the guise of a charity that fundraised for mental health assistance by way of a children's hockey training camp.

At present, they remained nemeses on the rink and secret lovers in the sheets.

The practice game was brutal. They both scored two goals, but the Metros won four to two. They played like a well-oiled machine, while the Centaurs were sloppy and out of sync. Shane felt bad, but it did not deter his desire to win. Every match mattered, and he knew Ilya would be insulted if he didn't play to the best of his abilities.

They both opted out of spending time with their teammates after the game to be together. It was not the best look for the two captains to bail on a night out at the beginning of the season, especially for Ilya who was their new Captain. He was acutely aware there would be long stretches of time they would not be in the same room now that hockey was their full time job, so every minute with Shane was precious. Plus, he would have plenty of opportunities to disappoint his new teammates who would be confused by the sudden switch from his reputation as a ladies-man to a reformed celibate monk. He was no longer interested in flaunting his ability to find the hottest women at the clubs and bringing them back to hotel rooms in every city with a professional hockey team. All he wanted was Shane.

In only sweatpants and slip-ons, Ilya ran to the front door of his new house as soon as he heard the bell chime. He pulled Shane in by the cuff of his sweatshirt and kissed him hard on the mouth. Shane's laughed, stifled by the intrusion.

"God, you're awfully horny for someone who just had his ass kicked," Shane said with a smirk.

Ilya grabbed him by the back of the head and whispered in his ear, "I wouldn't be so smug for someone who's about to get his own ass get pounded," and resumed biting at his lips.

Shane loved this side of Ilya. It was what first attracted him, after his insanely good looking body.

Shane slightly pushed him away, "Come on I didn't get to see the place last night, show me around."

Ilya groaned, "Mr. Real Estate cares more about the house than sucking my dick?"

"Psh, if you're lucky." Ilya gave Shane a knowing look, of course Shane was already salivating. "I just want to see it in the daylight, the pictures couldn't've done it justice."

“Fine!” Ilya whined, nearly tearing Shane’s arm out of its socket, tugging him around the house, “here is living room, here is kitchen, over there is toilet for guests.” Shane attempted to take in the space as best he could but Ilya was on a mission. They flew up the stairs hand in hand as Ilya pointed out two closed doors, “there is other rooms, nothing in there is unpacked so you do not need to see, there is another toilet for guests, and this is my room as you know,” Ilya said pinning Shane against the door frame.

“What about the gym?,” Shane asked as Ilya slid his hand inside his tight jeans. “It is down stairs, but unless you want to do fantasy, you can see it later. Now get on your knees.” Shane obeyed. Ilya weaved his fingers through Shane’s silky dark brown hair. He could feel Ilya massage his scalp as he sucked on his reddened uncut tip. Shane would never tire of the his taste or the way he swelled against his tongue. They had this part of their relationship all figured out, the sex was insatiable and thrilling, everything else was a complication.

Ilya lightly pulled at Shane’s roots bringing him up for a rough kiss. His hands held Shane’s face while he fought his way out of snug Levi’s. Sensing his frustration, Ilya pushed Shane onto the bed and ripped off his jeans, taking his briefs with them, while Shane quickly removed his hoodie. Ilya hurled himself over Shane, kissing his lips then making his way down his chest, stomach, then his cock, completely enveloping the head then slowly sinking down to the back of his throat.

“Fuck Rozanov!,” Shane cried as his hands tangled into his curly blonde locks. Shane learned that Ilya liked his hair pulled just as much as he did. Yes, Shane enjoyed being the more submissive one in their dynamic, but their mischievous give and take made it all the more exhilarating. After Ilya had his fill of teasing Shane’s cock he replaced his mouth with his hand and dragged his tongue over his balls then below to his puckering hole.

“Why does your ass always taste so good, Hollander? You stick lollipop up there after you douche?,” Ilya sneered with a devilish grin.

“Fuck you,” Shane laughed in between moans. “You would think of something like that.”

“I think you would do something like that. You are more kinky than I am,” Ilya said as reached over to grab the lube and condoms.

“What—no I’m not,” Shane said angrily as Ilya slinked back down his body.

“Yes you are,” Ilya replied nuzzling Shane’s balls with his nose. “I have more experience, yes. But you, you are a dirty boy who always surprise me.”

Shane couldn’t think of a clever retort because Ilya was prodding his sensitive rim with his talented tongue. He felt the cold lubricant glide over cock and then the tender push of Ilya’s finger.

He was always gentle at this stage, making sure to stretch Shane with minimal discomfort as much as he needed. “Another?,” Ilya asked watching Shane come undone to which he nodded vigorously.

Shane moaned as he felt Ilya's fingers found those wonderful bundle of nerves that sent a tingling sensation through his body.

Ilya smiled, "I always know where to find it."

Shane nodded again, his words failing to get out. As he regained control of his mind, he growled, "fuck me."

Ilya added another digit, "you sure you don't want to see the gym first? We can take a break."

Shane threw his head back against the pillow. He was growing impatient. "Jesus Christ! Ilya, please. I need you."

"So desperate, Hollander," Ilya said lining himself up. "Is okay, I give you what you want."

"Thank—" Shane's voice hitched as he felt Ilya's tip surge into him, "—you."

Ilya breathed through clenched teeth as he slowly dove into Shane's heat. It took all of Ilya's willpower not to slam his cock into Shane's warm center; however, it never took long for him to adjust and beg for more.

"Oh my god, more, I want more," Shane rasped as he reached for Ilya, "come here". He wanted to touch him, to kneed into his skin and feel Ilya's weight on top of him.

Holding himself up by his forearms, Ilya draped his body over Shane in between his bent knees that were suspended in the air. Shane wrapped his arms around his own thighs for leverage, and tightly gripped Ilya's impeccable toned glutes as they rocked back and forth.

"Yes, Ilya, fuck," Shane said, not as a command, but as a plea. Ilya slid his arm under Shane's neck and leaned forward. "You want it all?," he said licking onto Shane's lips and into his mouth that was panting with euphoria.

"Yes—all of it."

Ilya plunged into Shane, his testicles acting as a barricade as his took Shane to the hilt. The guttural sound he heard coming from Shane's throat was permission to keep going. Shane lowered his hands to Ilya's lower thighs anchoring his hips as they repeatedly snapped into Shane with deep thrusts. They moved together like two pendulums crashing with each hit eliciting unbearable pleasure. They wanted to bask in that feeling forever, even though they were racing to the end for sweet release.

Shane couldn't hold on any longer, his orgasm stirred like a threat but the only fiction he felt was from Ilya's pelvis. He mumbled though shallow rapid breaths, "I'm going to come."

"But no one is touching your cock," Ilya said, taking his last chance to get Shane rilled up the way that drives him mad, but Shane was lost in the moment.

"Look at me Shane," he demanded. Shane's blinked his eyes open. "I said, no one is touching your cock."

“No one,” was all Shane could manage to say, his eyes glossed over.

“So you will come just from my dick—,” Ilya said as he slammed into Shane, “—because you are needy slut—,” again, “—who loves getting fucked—,” and again, “—by your sexy Russian rival.”

Ilya watched Shane’s eyes shut tight, his mouth contort and cheeks rise to look like an unpleasant smile, but he knew Shane was spinning into pure bliss; his come splattered all over Ilya’s abdomen and chest. Ilya leaned in, roughly kissing Shane’s listless lips shoving down his tongue. Shane’s mind was floating, the feel of Ilya invading his mouth sent a second blaze all over his skin. In response, Shane sucked on his tongue with his lips, never done trying to please Ilya. The lewd act sent Ilya over the edge. They melded together, unknowing of if they find the strength to detach.

Eventually, Ilya used all the energy he had left to roll over. Shane whined at the loss. They laid closely next to each other sticky with exhaustion and ecstasy. After Shane’s was out of his stupor he turned his head to see Ilya’s soft blue eyes looking at him grinning ear to ear.

“I love you,” Ilya said barely audible, but Shane heard him and pulled him in for a kiss.

“I love you, too.”

Ilya woke up in an empty bed. Shane was gone. He left after they had dinner and round two to christen the couch. Ilya felt empty. It would be two weeks until he saw Shane again, fourteen agonizing days until he could kiss him, hold him, make love to him. Shane hated that phrase, “make love”, but Ilya thought it was the perfect description for what they did together. Although, he worried it wouldn’t be enough.

Shane admitted that he only had sex with three women, including the super sex movie star, Rose Landry. But he had not been with another man besides Ilya, only two awkward random hook ups that left him wanting. On the other hand, Ilya was a certified slut who had dozens of women for the past decade, including regular dates in every city with a professional hockey team. It did not seem fair that it was easily for him to explore his carnal desires simply because he liked both, when Shane had to hide his feeling and curb his sexual appetite.

Ilya wanted to be with Shane, and only Shane. They would be apart often, less than before, but now that Shane understood his proclivity for men, he should also have a chance to discover what other people had to offer.

At the end of their scheduled FaceTime fuck fest where Shane made good use of the new dildo Ilya gifted him over the summer, he decided to tell Shane his thoughts. They both held their phones beside their faces with the sides of their heads resting on pillows hundreds of miles away.

“I wanted to know, if you—,” Ilya said though serious pursed lips, “—if you were sad you’ve only been with me.”

Shane gave a confused head tilt, “What do you mean? No, I’m not sad.”

“No—fuck, how do I say this?,” Ilya willed his English vocabulary to give him the assist but his brain was still mush from the recent orgasm. “I mean, would you want to fuck other people while you are away, because you didn’t have the opportunity, before you figure out you’re gay.”

Shane’s eyes welled up, tears threatening to spill from their ducts. “You want me to have sex with other people?”

“I feel bad! I’ve had so much, you have had so little. Fuck, I feel like I am not saying this right way,” Ilya hated himself for causing the heartache written all over Shane’s face.

“Do you want to have sex with other people?,” Shane’s voice cracked as he tried to calm down, breathing heavily through his nose.

Ilya jumped to sit up. “No, no, no, I don’t—I am not going to have sex with anyone but you, Shane. Ever. I just—maybe I am idiot—never mind, okay? Nothing will change.”

Shane sat up, mirroring Ilya. After an uncomfortable seven seconds that felt like an eternity to Ilya, Shane broke the silence, “You wouldn’t be jealous if I had sex with someone else?”

“No, I’m not jealous person.”

Shane’s snapped, “Yes you are! You were jealous of Rose.”

“I was not jealous!” Ilya huffed, angry at the accusation.

Shane stared at him.

“Okay, I was jealous. But only because I thought she was the reason I lost you forever. Now I have you, it’s fine now,” Ilya said sure of himself.

“So you’re not going to have sex with other people, but want me to—what, catch up with you?,” Shane asked, his eyes still sheen with moisture.

“Not catch up, that is impossible. Maybe just, I don’t know, not feel like a piece of shit if you have a few drinks and some guy makes a move and you decide to try someone else.”

“You’re insane.”

“I’m not insane! I put myself in your shoes and think how I would feel.”

Shane contemplated what Ilya said. He was trying to do a nice thing for him. It was intended as a generous gift, so Shane could have a small taste of the freedom Ilya had being able to blend in and easily find partners, unlike Shane who only had one man sporadically show up weeks, months, years apart, obliterate all his sense, the leave, never knowing if it was the last time. Maybe this was some weird penance, residual religious guilt from growing up Orthodox. His eyes dried. He was going to play along until Ilya saw how ridiculous his idea was.

“Fine,” Shane said. “What are the rules?”

Ilya sighed, he was relieved to hear Shane's speak again. "Rules?"

"Yes, of course there has to be rules. Like, am I allowed to hook up with another player?" he said trying to appear innocent asking practical questions.

"No! No, just guys at bars, you know random people," Ilya responded shaking his head. He didn't want to play against someone who knows Shane in the biblical sense. That would be maddening.

Shane upped the anti, "You don't think that's dangerous?"

"I did it," offered Ilya.

Shane scoffed, "And if someone outs me? Then what Rozanov?"

Ilya hated that point, but he had a rebound, "It's always a possibility, but we deal with it. We tell everyone I'm your boyfriend. That will be bigger scandal. And then whatever, we are out."

"Oh, so the entire world finds out I'm gay because I'm cheating on my boyfriend?" Shane laughed. Checkmate.

"Okay, Hollander! You win!" Ilya yelled through the phone. "Fuck people, don't fuck people, only fuck me, whatever! I love you!"

Shane smiled, "I love you too. But, I don't know, you have me thinking about it. I know you love me, but you are fooling yourself if you think you are capable of being totally fine with me fucking other men."

"I won't." Ilya simply said, tired of fighting.

"Let's test that theory."

Shane concocted a plan. He had a match in New York City against the Admirals, Ilya would be in Philadelphia, the same distance between their homes in Canada. The next day, Ilya was supposed to travel to Montreal, ending their painful separation. Shane had lined up a perfect shot to make a goal and win the game.

He knew Ilya too well to mistake this self-imposed martyrdom as anything other than guilt for the past decade. There was no reason he should blame himself, Shane was in the same predicament.

So when he was back in his hotel room, alone, riding another high from a win against Scott Hunter, he texted "Lily".

"I think this hot guy is into me. You sure about that offer?"

Ilya heard the familiar ping of Shane's assigned text tone while out his team. Before the froth of beer he was holding reached his lips, he slammed it down on the bar. He was going to see

Shane in less than twelve hours, he couldn't wait? They were so close, not only in time, but also in proximity. If Shane was so desperate for cock, it should be his.

Ilya frustration came out as a huff, "Табло." Barrett, his teammate, noticed his exasperation, "You good Rosanov?" Ilya scowled, "I'm fine. I have to make a call."

He stormed outside and called Shane.

"Hey," Shane said nonchalantly, "you see my text?"

Ilya paced in the alley next to the bar and raved into the speaker, "Yes, I saw your text. What the fuck is wrong with you. You need it so bad? I could rent a fucking car and be at your hotel in less than two hours. Who is this guy? Where do you meet him? Not out with your team, I hope. Tell me—."

Ilya's interrogation was abruptly cut off by howling on the other end.

"Why are you laughing?," Ilya snarled through his teeth.

Shane could barely breathe, he was laughing with his whole body. He found the strength to compose himself and said, "I'm alone in my hotel room, there is no guy, Ilya."

The red mist in Ilya's eyes dissipated and his senses slowly started to return. "There is no guy," he repeated to make sure he heard correctly.

"Nope." Shane said matter-of-factly.

"You are alone."

"Yup."

Ilya figured it out. He sighed with relief, "This was a test."

"And you failed miserably," Shane said oozing with satisfaction.

"Fuck you."

"I love you," Shane responded suppressing his well-deserved smugness, "and you're more than enough, Ilya. I don't need to experiment. I don't want anyone else to kiss me or touch me, I would only be settling for a poor substitute. You are all I want."

Ilya finally calmed down, but he really wanted a cigarette. "I love you too, Любимый. I feel like idiot."

"You're not an idiot! You thought you were helping. But it doesn't help me to hurt you. I can't wait to see you tomorrow."

Ilya scoffed, "Oh really, you should be scared. I am going to punish you."

Shane bit his lower lip, "You promise?"

“Ты сводишь меня с ума!” Ilya sighed leaning against the brick wall.

“What does that mean?”

“It means you drive me fucking crazy.” Ilya looked around to make sure no one he knew was in hearing distance. “Don’t jerk off tonight, I want it twice tomorrow,” Ilya commanded him thinking about all the ways he was going to make Shane regret this dirty prank.

Emboldened by tonight’s triumph, he whispered, “Yes, sir.”

“Maybe I will rent a car,” Ilya flirted, hoping Shane would take the bait and he could pull a fast one on him.

“No! No, don’t. You sound like you’re outside a bar. Go back to your teammates.”

Ilya took one long breathe to center himself. “Ok, I’ll see you soon.”

“Eleven hours, forty-seven minutes and twenty-three seconds is your estimated time of arrival, with out a flight delay or traffic,” Shane recited from his countdown app.

“You are so boring. I love it.”

“Good night, baby.”

“Good night.”

Ilya’s leg bounced the entire four and half hour flight. He sped the all way to Montreal in the one sport car he had left after selling the rest to start the charity. He typed in the code to the main entrance and pressed the button to the penthouse vigorously. He needed Shane.

Ilya didn’t knock, just let himself. Shane was startled as he saw him walk through the door. No words were spoken as Ilya dropped his bags and rushed towards Shane who was getting up off the couch, “You’re—“ his greeting muffled by Ilya’s mouth on his lips. He took him hard, sinking his tongue to Shane then biting his bottom lip pulling it from his gums. “What did I say? You’re a naughty boy.”

Shane’s cheeks flushed. Ilya could have sworn his freckles sparkled under the dim lights.

“I’m sorry, mister. It was only a joke!”

Ilya loved when Shane played coy, it revved him up.

“And now you are going to pay.”

Shane laughed as wrestled out of Ilya’s tight embrace and darted up the stairs. Ilya gave chase.

“Don’t run away from me, it will only make this harder on you.”

“Good, I like it hard,” Shane yelled back at him. Ilya caught up to him and pushed him on to the bed face first.

“Please, sir. I promise I’ll be good!”

“Not until you learn a lesson,” Ilya growled as he pulled down Shane’s sweatpants. He blinked in awe. There was a plastic blue oval between Shane’s ass cheeks staring up at him.

“Fuck Hollander, is that butt plug?”

Shane turned his torso to see the expression he had been anticipating for hours since he decided to mess with Ilya just a little more.

“Yes.”

“Are you trying to kill me? Is that what you want?” Ilya asked jerking his head forward, his eyes nearing popping out of their sockets.

Shane smiled, “I wanted to be ready for my discipline,” he emphasized the last syllable by catching his tongue under his top front teeth.

“Take off your clothes.”

Ilya laid naked on the bed with his head on the pillows. The smell of Shane from the pillows wafted through his nose like the perfume section of a department store. He wanted to bottle it and take it everywhere he went. Shane was servicing his cock while Ilya massaged his smooth tight ass. When he could feel Shane’s throat muscles squeeze the head, he pressed his thumb into the bud of the plug. Shane’s moans reverberated down his shaft and into his balls.

“Fuck Ilya, please take it out. I want—.” Shane’s desperate whines were cut off as Ilya’s unceremoniously twisted the plug out of him.

“There you go, now roll over.”

Shane scrambled into position at the end of the bed. Ilya stood on the soft rug by Shane’s bright pink face, his eyes tearful and wide. He instinctually jerked Ilya, his hands and mouth were like a magnet his cock.

“What do you want,” Ilya said peering down at him, watching as he stroked him.

“I want you to fuck me.” Shane panted reaching for his own cock.

Ilya slapped his hand away, “Tch, tch, tch, no touching. That right has to be earned.”

Shane let out a huff of frustration. Ilya caressed Shane’s cheek and polished his lips with his the tip of his dick. “You want me to fuck you?” Shane nodded staring up at Ilya. He pushed his cock into Shane, fucking his mouth and hooking his thumb in the crease of his lips.

“Look at you,” Ilya purred, “Ты этого хотела, шлюшка?”

Shane knew that phrase, Ilya was calling him a dirty slut. “Uh, huh,” Shane croaked unable to form words with Ilya’s cock sliding in and out of his throat. He reached for his tumescent cock but Ilya grabbed him by the wrist.

“I said no,” Ilya chastised as he stroked and twisted Shane’s pert nipples.

Shane breathed deeply through his nose, the ache was unbearable.

Once Ilya was pleased with Shane’s obedience he instructed him to stand up. He sat on the edge of the bed and patted his thigh. As Shane attempted to straddle Ilya, he finger circled indicating to Shane sit on him facing away. Ilya was leaning on the bed with his hands firmly placed behind him watching Shane maneuver into position. With one foot on the bed and the other on the floor, Shane sunk down carefully using Ilya’s neck for stability and his other hand on the edge of the mattress. They had never done it like this before, he was grateful for adding hip thrusts to his gym regime. They were usually face to face or Shane was on all fours, this challenged his core strength, and ability to focus while Ilya’s cock obliterated his perception of everything around them. That is how it felt when Ilya was inside him, nothing else existed.

For Ilya, he was putting Shane in the penalty box. Shane couldn’t ease his swelling cock in this position, his hands were preoccupied with keeping himself upright so Ilya could simply enjoy the show, his dick swaying back in force with each tantalizing descent. The slow pace of his hole stretching over Ilya’s solitary cock was driving Shane wild as gyrated like stripper from Magic Mike.

“Oh my god, fuck Ilya, you feel so good, but—.”

“But what? You asked me to fuck you, so I am fucking you,” Ilya offered acting completely composed.

“I—I need more,” Shane urged, forlornly looking at Ilya.

Ilya couldn’t resist those doleful eyes any longer, “Get on all fours.”

Shane sprung off Ilya and catapulted on to the bed presenting his ass for the taking. He went for his straining cock but he stopped as he heard Ilya say, “Hands above your head Shane.” He relented.

Ilya gripped onto Shane’s hips and trusted without mercy.

“Fuck Shane, you’ve been so good, such a good boy for me, da?”

“Yes!” Shane yelped, his dick slapping his pelvis with every unrelenting prod.

“Only I can do this for you. You are mine,”

Ilya growled shoving Shane higher and higher to the head of the mattress.

“Yours, only yours!” Shane shouted as he erupted, his seed shooting over his sweat-slicked stomach. The tightness of his hole forced Ilya’s cock to convulse, his orgasm exploding as he

collapsed onto Shane.

As Shane regained consciousness all he could feel was the weight of Ilya on top of him, like a viscid weighted blanket, and his softened cock resting inside him.

Ilya eased his way out of Shane and rolled over to his side. He traced his fingertips along Shane's spine leaving goosebumps in their wake. Shane turned, barely able to lift his head. Ilya wove his hands through Shane's damp hair and pressed a kiss to his forehead.

"Okay?," he whispered.

"More than okay," Shane replied with his lids closed, "the best I've ever been in my entire life."

"Я люблю тебя, малыш."

"I love you too."

Ilya hoisted the dead weight of Shane's upper body on top of his chest and continued to play with his hair and brush his lips against his face.

"I don't know if I can go again," Shane finally said from the back of his throat.

Ilya laughed, "We get some food in your belly and then we see, okay?"

"And also like ten gallons of water. I'm parched."

"Anything for you, my love."

Shane finally found the energy to lift his head and looked at Ilya, "I know. Don't think I don't know how much you do for me, how much you've sacrificed to be with me. It's us against the world, right."

Ilya stifled his cry, "Yes, you and me."

End Notes

Thank you for reading! I love comments, they keep me driven to write more. Check my other fics and my multi-chapter story about Keefe and Kelvin from the Righteous Gemstones entitled "Pure Indulgence". If you love a slow burn with intense yearning, you'll love that show and my fic.

Hollanov 4EV3R!!

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