the pleasure and the agony's all mine

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by ultravioletdaydream

Summary

Shane Hollander has been making deals with Ilya Rozanov for as long as he can remember. Usually it's Ilya that comes up with the propositions, and usually they're bets that Shane is doomed to lose. Tonight is different. Maybe it's the reassurance that this thing between them is real that makes Shane bold. They're boyfriends, after all. Or maybe it's that stubborn shadow of anxiety, fear of being found out. Either way, Shane has a deal for Ilya.

Or:

Shane asks Ilya to flirt with other people, as part of an ill-planned deal, and discovers can't handle the jealousy.

Notes

at least 40% inspired by those pics of hudson playing pool in a backwards hat.

this was supposed to just be sexy and silly and fun and short but i am apparently incapable of being anything other than painfully earnest (-:

timeline notes, based on the heated rivalry book epilogue: ilya is playing his first season for ottawa. shane came out as gay to the montreal team in summer 2018.

title from love me different by hayley williams

See the end of the work for more notes

2019 All Star Game: Montreal

Shane Hollander has been making deals with Ilya Rozanov for as long as he can remember. Usually it's Ilya that comes up with the propositions, and usually they're bets that Shane is doomed to lose. He wonders if Ilya does this on purpose, to help Shane let go sometimes.

Tonight is different. Maybe it's the reassurance that this thing between them is real that makes Shane bold. They're boyfriends, after all. Or maybe it's that stubborn shadow of anxiety, fear of being found out. Either way, Shane has a deal for Ilya.

"I want you to flirt with other people," Shane blurts out.

Even over FaceTime, the look of surprise and hurt that passes over Ilya's face is impossible to miss.

"You want me to what? What the fuck are you talking about? Are you high?" Ilya asks, frustration deepening his accent.

"No! Not for real, just, you know, for show. At the All Star Game next weekend," Shane watches as Ilya's face softens into something more like curiosity.

"I feel like there have been a lot of rumors lately, since I came out. And a lot of people talking about how you're in an uncharacteristic dry spell," Shane continues. Ilya snorts at this.

"So I thought, maybe at the inevitable All Star Game after-party, you could flirt with other people. And I could too, I guess, or at least try," Shane says. He's speaking too fast, like if he can talk fast enough, it'll be less embarrassing.

Ilya's face has morphed into a look of pure entertainment, as if Shane's flustered demeanor is a stand-up comedy show.

"Oh yeah? You will flirt with man or woman?" Ilya asks. Shane's blush is so obvious that Ilya would've noticed it with his eyes closed.

"Don't be an asshole!" Shane retorts. "A man. Obviously. Would be kind of weird if I tried to flirt with a woman after coming out to the team last summer."

"Have you ever even flirted with a man before?" Ilya asks, the amusement on his face working overtime to cover his jealousy.

Shane hesitates, looking away from the camera as he responds. "Not very successfully, but yeah, you know I have, before... Back when you and I were still being messy. But none of that matters, you know I'm crazy about you."

Ilya sighs, and Shane can see him reclining in bed, tucking an arm behind his head as he does. Shane speaks up again before Ilya can get a word in.

"Stop trying to derail me. Anyways, I want to make a deal. We both flirt with other people. Whoever gets another person's number first gets a blowjob," Shane nods matter-of-factly.

Ilya nods slowly, as if he's mulling it over. After a few silent seconds, he asks "And what does loser get?"

"Uhhh, nothing? Or I guess the winner could choose? I dunno, the point is that we'd subvert any possible suspicions about us," Shane says.

"I do not think I have ever heard anyone having any suspicions about us, Shane," Ilya replies. "But if you want to play flirting game, okay, fine, I will win."

"God, you're so conceited," Shane says.

"Con-seet-ed? What is this word?" Ilya asks.

"It means cocky, vain - *don't give me that look* - like overconfident," Shane replies, pseudo-annoyed at Ilya's ability to make everything dirty.

"Mmmm, I do not think it is bold to say I am more of a playboy than you," Ilya responds, a laugh in his voice.

Shane shakes his head, trying and failing to hold back his own laugh. "Yeah, well. Those days are over. You're mine."

Ilya's smile turns soft and affectionate at Shane's words. "Da, sweetheart. All yours."

Thanks to the 2019 All Star Game theme pitting Canadian teams against teams from the States, Shane and Ilya get to play on the same team again. They win, of course, 5-2, and make sure to rub it in Scott Hunter's face a little, despite the fact that they're all officially friends now.

Somehow, despite the good-natured chirps and over-dramatic cries of outrage that fill the shared post-game locker room, an after-party plan is passed around. Instead of their usual hotel bar affair, J.J. knows the bar owner across the street, and has gotten them a few VIP booths. Because, of course he does, it's J.J., and it's Montreal, and partying is involved. Almost all of the players agree to meet up for a few hours of darts and pool and dancing and debauchery.

Shane, infamous for his general dislike of all things out of his comfort zone, earns a full-on faux fainting spell from J.J. when he agrees to come out the first time he's asked.

"Who are you and what have you done with my *capitaine*," J.J. shouts from his place on the floor. Shane's briefly distracted by the sight of Ilya making his way out of the showers, but he turns his attention back to J.J. before his blush can bloom and give them away.

Despite the raucous hooting and hollering J.J.'s scene has inspired, Shane just rolls his eyes.

"Consider it a late Christmas gift, and don't make me regret it," he replies.

An hour later, stuffed into the back corner of a crowded booth, pressed in on both sides by defensemen from Edmonton, Shane is only regretting his decision a little bit. Sure, the lights are flashing in an aggravating pattern that should be illegal, and the ginger ale is fucking flat, and he wishes he could skip three hours into the future and be back at the hotel with Ilya already, but it's not *that* bad.

Then the man to his left spits his used snus pouch into an empty beer bottle, and starts describing his hookup from the night before in *graphic* detail. Okay, maybe he regrets this more than a little bit, but he's got a bet to win.

It's fine; it's good, even. It's good for morale. The people love a captain who comes out on the town. Let's get this show on the road.

Shane mutters an excuse about needing a refill and shoulders his way out of the booth. Without the crushing pressure of being backed into the corner, he feels 10% better. He scans the room, a mask of nonchalant indifference slid firmly into place. His gaze snags on a head of blonde curls at the bar, and he has to physically resist the smile that tugs at the corners of his lips.

Shane has had the pleasure of enjoying many versions of Ilya over the years. The intense version that comes out on the ice, brash and commanding. The softer side that only reveals itself after a week at the cottage, vulnerable and gentle and serene. Shane recognizes tonight's version of Ilya in an instant – charismatic, captivating, and carefree. Shane might hate the club, and Ilya might not go out as much as he used to, but they both know Ilya's in his element here. Simply put, Ilya loves to put on a show, loves to make people laugh and shout and *feel something.*

And Shane is certainly feeling *something* as he watches Ilya do a shot with Cliff Marleau, the column of Ilya's throat suddenly becoming the most interesting thing he's ever seen. Shane has to tear his gaze away. He huffs out a breath, willing himself to be patient.

He approaches the bar - keeps five bodies between himself and Ilya, just to be safe - and orders a beer. Shane doesn't usually drink during the season, but if he wants any chance at

winning this thing tonight, he needs some liquid courage. Just as he's taking his glass from the bartender, he feels the magnetic pull of Ilya's eyes on his face. He lets himself look, just for a second. The smirk on Ilya's lips and the spark in his eyes say so many things that Shane briefly believes in telepathy.

I see you, I see what you're doing. Drinking, you, in the middle of the season? Good luck, sweetheart. You're mine, don't forget that. Ilya's accent practically purrs in Shane's mind. He has to clear his throat as he turns away from the bar.

He turns straight into J.J., almost spilling his beer as he startles.

"Jesus! Let a guy know when you're sneaking up on him, eh?" Shane says, knocking his elbow into J.J.'s ribs.

"Sorry, I did not mean to scare you," J.J. says with a laugh. "I just wanted to give you a tip, you know, as your wingman."

Shane raises an eyebrow, trying to suss out what the hell J.J. is referring to.

"See that guy over by the pool tables? In the green jacket?" J.J. asks, nodding in the direction of the billiards tables with his chin.

Shane spots the guy he's talking about. A tall, broad-shouldered man with his hair tied back in a bun. Shane takes a drink from his beer, turning his attention back to J.J. "Yeah, what about him?"

"His name is Marcus. He's a friend of a friend. You two might... get along, if you know what I mean," J.J. responds, a little too casually.

It takes Shane a minute to pick up what his teammate is putting down. What would he have in common with a random dude at this bar he's never been to before? Why would J.J. think they'd - *ohhhhhhh.*

Now Shane notices the small, self-contented smirk on J.J.'s lips. It's not a cruel expression, just the kind of look shared between two friends in on the same secret. Shane is sure he's blushing, and takes another gulp from his drink before he responds.

"Oh yeah? Is he any good at pool?" Shane asks, feigning casual interest.

"Yeah, he is, and I just made up an excuse about needing to make a phone call, so he needs a new opponent for the next game. Know of anyone who might want to play against him?"

Shane doesn't like the feeling that knots in his stomach at J.J.'s question. *Why did he have to phrase it like that?* Shane only likes the rivalry thing with one person, and it's the one person he needs to explicitly not think about for the next half an hour.

Nevertheless, Shane swallows down the sour taste in his throat and pastes on a smile. He gives his teammate his best approximation of a knowing look and heads towards Marcus without another word. In the two dozen steps between the bar and the pool table, Shane

manages to set a world record for the most number of thoughts to cross a person's mind in the span of seven seconds.

This is a terrible idea. Perhaps the worst idea you've ever had. You've barely even flirted in public before, let alone flirted with a man in public before. What if he's not into it? What if he is into it? Oh my god, what if Ilya sees. Wait, this is part of the deal. And it's not like it's real. Ilya knows I love him right? Did I tell him that yet today? Does he know that this is making me sick to my stomach? Is that normal? Am I getting sick? I knew that chicken at dinner tasted off... Oh fuck, is he looking at me? What did J.J. say his name was? Michael? No, Marcus. Okay, yeah he's definitely looking. Smile. No, make it a real one, crinkle your eyes. There, that was convinci –

"Hey, Shane Hollander, right?" Marcus interrupts Shane's incessant stream of consciousness with an easy grin. He holds his right hand out to shake, leaning against the pool table casually.

He has a Boston accent, how ironic.

"Yeah, that's me," Shane makes eye contact with Marcus, notices a little scar on his left eyelid. "Marcus, right?"

"Yeah man," Marcus replies. Shane doesn't miss the way Marcus holds his hand in the handshake for a beat longer than is customary. He kind of hates it. Kind of knows he shouldn't hate it as much as he does.

"Cool, cool..." Shane trails off for a second, needing another fortifying mouthful of beer. "So um, classic eight ball then? You wanna break first?"

Marcus looks at Shane like he's an enigma. Shane wonders for a second if he's already fucked this up, but then Marcus just nods and gives Shane an endeared smile. As he racks up the balls, Shane goes looking for a cue.

"J.J. says y'all dominated in your game tonight, sounds like congrats are in order," Marcus says as Shane returns to the table.

Marcus bends over to make the opening shot, and Shane notices his shirt rides up to expose the skin at his hip. This is usually Shane's favorite sight when playing pool with Ilya at the cottage. It feels wrong, no, unacceptable, no, illegal, to notice it on someone else.

Shane Hollander, this is the stupidest fucking idea of your lifetime. Stupider than all the times you secretly sucked your rival's dick in hotel rooms for a decade combined. Another voice chimes in that none of Shane's decisions when it came to spending time with Ilya were stupid at all, but that's not helping.

He realizes as Marcus executes a near-perfect break, knocking a striped ball into a corner pocket, that he's taken too long to reply.

"Thanks, yeah, it was a fun one this year. Always a blast to rep Canada," Shane says. He watches as Marcus sinks two more striped balls before missing on his third shot.

"You don't usually come to the after parties," Marcus says, apparently referring to the usual post-game celebrations the rest of the Montreal team goes out for after home wins. "I would've made an effort to cross your path sooner, if you did."

Marcus gives Shane a smile, and then he fucking winks. It's kind of hot, and kind of terrible. Shane just smiles, and shrugs, and makes his shot. He manages to sink three solids before he misses.

He and Marcus slip into a comfortable, normal conversation as they play through the rest of the game. They talk about hockey, and about Marcus' job as an architect, and about the bar's playlist. Shane ends up losing by scratching on his final shot. He downs the rest of his beer as a consolation prize.

"I'll get us another round, yeah?" Marcus nods at Shane's empty glass. Shane agrees, and gets to work re-racking the balls.

Once Marcus is gone, Shane takes the opportunity to scan the room for Ilya. It takes mere seconds for him to spot his boyfriend. When he does, he has to take a deep breath to stop himself from doing something stupid.

Ilya's still at the bar, sipping casually at a cocktail while an absolute bombshell of a woman talks his ear off. She's wearing a tiny sequined dress, and leaning into Ilya's space, and grinning so, so eagerly. She looks exactly like the type of woman Ilya would've taken home a few years ago.

Shane flinches when a warm hand squeezes his shoulder. It's Marcus, returning with his beer.

"Here you go. Hope the Messorem Pale Ale is okay, forgot to ask what you had before," Marcus says as he hands Shane his glass. Their fingers brush as the drink is passed. Marcus smiles at this; Shane cringes internally.

"Totally cool, thank you," Shane replies. He takes a sip from the glass and promptly discovers it's not his favorite, but it'll get the job done. The subtle buzz from his first drink is humming in his veins. He wills it to work harder, to make this easier for him.

"I have an idea," Marcus announces as Shane leans to take his opening shot. Shane shoots, and it's a terrible break, but he nods for Marcus to continue anyways.

"If I win, I get your number. If you win, you get my number," Marcus says. He's smiling at Shane in a way that he knows is supposed to be flirtatious.

It's the same thing either way, that's hardly a deal, Shane thinks, then realizes that's the whole point of this line of flirting. And he should've known that immediately, because it's damn near a carbon copy of the format of Shane's bargain with Ilya.

But, if you agree to this, you can be done with this whole ridiculous charade by the time this game of pool is over. And Shane likes that thought.

"Deal," Shane says. He might even bite his lip a little, to really sell it.

As Marcus surveys the table to pick his next shot, Shane steals another look at Ilya. His breath catches in his throat.

The woman at the bar has a hand rested on Ilya's chest. She's moved so close to him that if Ilya wasn't standing, she'd be in his lap. And Ilya's looking at her with a grin on his face, like she just told him the funniest thing he's heard all week.

Shane looks away before whatever happens next burns itself into his retinas. He takes several long swigs off of his beer, willing his heart rate to slow the fuck down. He notices Marcus has managed to pocket quite a few solids. He misses his next shot though, so Shane will do his best to catch up.

He manages to level the playing field, and they ease back into their conversation over the next few turns. They're both playing a little sloppy, Marcus seeming distracted by Shane, Shane feeling distracted by the monumental effort to not look back at his boyfriend.

Marcus is explaining the difference between his top three favorite Montreal coffee shops as Shane tries to figure out how to pocket the eleven ball without fouling. He's just about figured it out when Ilya's laughter booms through the space, loud enough to be heard over the music.

Before he looks up, Shane thinks the worst part is that it's his real laugh, not the fake one he usually reserves for this setting. After he looks up, he realizes it's so fucking far from the worst part.

Her. Face. Is. Buried. In. His. Chest.

Ilya and the blonde are cackling together, and she's got a megawatt smile, and she's just buried her face in his chest as she giggles.

He's mine. Everything about this is wrong.

Shane's body is moving before his mind can catch up. He's tossing the cue on the table, and Marcus is trailing off mid-sentence, and none of it matters.

As Shane approaches Ilya, he notices a few things he didn't catch before. Ilya isn't returning her touch; one hand is stuffed in a pocket, and the other is resting on the bar. Ilya's also already shrugging himself out from under the girl, mid-laugh, leaning back an almost imperceptible distance to regain a half inch of personal space. The last thing Shane notices, when he's only two steps away, is that Ilya is looking at him now. There's a look of intensity in his eyes that could burn a hole through Shane.

And then Shane is there, a third body in the area that is, in Shane's opinion, only really enough personal space for one person. And the woman has stopped laughing, and she's looking at Shane, then Ilya, then Shane again. For better or for worse, Shane doesn't spare her a glance. His brain is working overtime to come up with a reason for storming over here. He pulls out his phone and waves it around weakly.

"I-I got a text from the accountant. From the foundation. He said something is off with the numbers, and that we should call him," Shane says by way of excuse. Even as he's saying it, he knows it sounds fake. Even as he's saying it, his fingers are practically twitching with a visceral need to touch Ilya.

"You got text. At midnight. From accountant. And thought... Let me interrupt party to handle this right now," Ilya says. His tone blends boredom and irritation. Shane's mind has to scream *it's fake he's pretending it's fake it's not real* as he nods dumbly.

"Yeah, it um... sounds important. I'm going to go back to the hotel and call him. Come with, or don't. I don't care," Shane replies. He turns on his heel robotically, and walks away.

He makes a beeline for the door, only realizing once the chill winter air bites his skin that he left his coat behind. *Fuck it.* Shane scrubs a hand over his face, mentally berating himself for approximately a hundred different things as he crosses the street.

Awesome. So you ditched Marcus without a word. Made a scene. Lied so poorly that it could be seen from outer space. Walked away with no promise that Ilya will even follow. All because what? You couldn't handle your own little game?

As Shane pulls open the door to the hotel, he spares a glance over his shoulder to see if Ilya is following behind. He's not. Shane's stomach sinks.

In the short elevator ride up to the 22nd floor, a host of ugly sensations make themselves known in Shane's body. His eyes are stinging with the promise of tears. His lungs are seizing up, stuck between breathing too fast and not getting enough oxygen. The inside of his cheek is chewed raw. His hands are shaking.

By some miracle, Shane manages to make it inside his hotel room before the first tear falls. He sits on the edge of the bed, head in his hands, and uses every ounce of self control in his body to fight back the demand to cry in earnest.

Why are you fucking crying? You did this to yourself. You made this bet! It's fine. It was pretend. Right? Shane grinds his teeth together so hard they could chip. *But why didn't he follow? Why didn't he come with? The lie was lame, sure, but didn't Ilya want to get out of there as bad as I did anyways?*

Shane's maelstrom of self torture is interrupted by a sharp knock at the door. He scrambles off the bed to open it, holding his breath as he turns the handle.

Ilya is standing in the doorway, chest heaving as if he just ran here. Shane is struck by the dichotomy playing out on Ilya's face. His brows are creased in concern at the sight of Shane's wet cheeks, but his pupils are blown wide. Ilya practically shoves his way into the room, tossing his jacket on the desk chair as he closes the door.

No, that's my jacket, Shane registers dimly.

Ilya's hands are on Shane's waist in an instant, fingers digging into his flesh with a punishing, magnificent pressure. His lips are on Shane's cheek, kissing away his tears with urgency.

"You are fucking hot when you are jealous," Ilya murmurs against Shane's skin.

Shane closes his eyes, leaning into Ilya's touch. He still feels off-kilter, still feels like he might be spinning out of control. But now he's back in Ilya's arms, and his thoughts are finally slowing pace.

"She touched you. She fucking touched you, and you laughed, and I couldn't just stand there and watch," Shane says. His hands are fisted in Ilya's shirt, squeezing tight to press their chests together.

"Mr. Man Bun touched you too, you know," is all Ilya says in reply.

Shane is surprised Ilya noticed. He hadn't caught Ilya looking at him; had thought Ilya was too wrapped up in the blonde to care.

"Mmmm, first he touched you here," Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's right palm.

"Then he touched you here. Tried to play it off as casual," Ilya says, mouthing at Shane's shoulder. He bites down and earns a whine from Shane.

"Then, you let him try my move on you," Ilya says, lifting Shane's left hand to kiss his fingertips.

"Your move?" Shane asks. He's still breathing raggedly, but it's for a different reason now.

"Mmmm, yes. Unnecessary finger brushing when passing drink is how I made you fall in love with me ten years ago," Ilya replies. Then he sucks Shane's index and middle fingers into his mouth, and Shane has to hold back a moan.

"D-doesn't matter," Shane stutters out. If he was more conscious of himself, he'd be annoyed that his childhood stutter was making itself known again tonight. "I'm yours. I'm so fucking yours, it was killing me to give another guy attention like that. It made me feel... gross."

Ilya shrugs, continuing his mission to distract Shane by biting his earlobe. "I know that you are mine. You know that, too. You know that I belong to you the same way. So why did you get so worked up by playing pretend, sweetheart?"

Shane doesn't want to answer. He stalls, burying his face in Ilya's neck. Ilya doesn't let him get away with it. He leans back and hooks a finger under Shane's chin. Forces Shane to meet his eyes.

"Tell me the truth," Ilya urges.

"Why didn't you follow me right away?" Shane asks, a lame attempt at changing the subject.

Ilya scoffs in a way that is authoritatively dismissive. "Had to pay my tab. Had to pay yours, too, by the way. Noticed you left without your coat, so had to track that down. Took me less than five minutes. Now, tell me why you are so upset with me."

"I'm not... upset with you. I felt a lot of things; jealous and nauseous and scared and self conscious... but none of it was directed at you," Shane finally says.

"What is it, then?" Ilya asks.

"We've spent so many years pretending we're nothing to each other. I can't do it anymore, at least not like that. I can't pretend to be interested in other people. I only want you." Shane is searching Ilya's face as he speaks, hoping desperately to find some kind of understanding there.

And Ilya is looking at Shane like he's the whole fucking world. Maybe the whole universe. He's looking at Shane with such intensity that he can practically feel the constellations and solar systems and stardust swirling around inside himself.

Shane can't bear to wait one more second. He pulls Ilya in for a bruising kiss, claiming his mouth frantically with lips and teeth and tongue. Ilya kisses him back like he's starved, as if they didn't squeeze in a quickie in this exact same room right before the game.

Ilya pushes Shane backwards so that they can stumble back onto the bed together. Even though Shane goes down first, he's quickly maneuvering himself to straddle Ilya's lap. His fingers dig into Ilya's hair and tug hard enough to make Ilya groan, his hips bucking up to grind against Shane's. Shane presses Ilya down to the mattress, kissing along his exposed neck and shoulders. He mumbles things like *mine* and *please* and *I'm sorry* and *need you* in between kisses, rucking up Ilya's shirt as if he can't get enough skin-on-skin contact fast enough.

"Shhhhhh, sweetheart. I'm all yours. Take what you want," Ilya promises soothingly as he helps Shane peel off his top. Shane's eyes are glassy again, and his whine is desperate as he works on the buttons of his own shirt. Ilya helps him get it off, then recaptures Shane's chin in his hand once it's discarded at the foot of the bed.

"Shane, look at me. Everything is okay, we are good here. Now tell me what you need," Ilya says. His voice is assertive, final, but not unkind.

"I need..." Shane replies in a devastating whisper, "I need you to let me prove it. Let me prove I belong to you."

Ilya's pupils blow impossibly wider. He's nodding at Shane's words, tugging at his belt buckle just a moment later.

They manage to undress each other between messy kisses. Shane licks his way down Ilya's torso, nipping here and there and soothing the bites with his tongue. He settles himself between Ilya's legs, and locks eyes with his boyfriend as he takes his cock down his throat in one practiced swallow. Ilya cries out in Russian, fingers sliding into Shane's hair as he sets in on an unforgiving rhythm.

Shane loves having his face fucked. Ilya's usually gentler with him, not wanting to take Shane too far. But tonight, it's like Ilya knows Shane needs to be well and truly ruined in order to put himself back together.

Shane worships Ilya's dick with his mouth and tongue, hollowing out his cheeks to earn another string of curses from his lover's lips. When Ilya's hips get more frantic, and his pace gets more sloppy, Shane pulls off suddenly. Ilya groans, but they both know Ilya wouldn't forgive himself if he missed out on Shane riding his dick on a night like tonight.

Ilya pushes himself up from the mattress, crawling on top of Shane to catch his mouth in another searing kiss. Then he's kissing Shane's neck, and spitting in his own hand, and reaching down, down, down to the place where Shane needs him most.

The feeling of Ilya working Shane open hits like a fucking drug. He writhes against Ilya's hand, begging for more before his boyfriend barely gets a chance to get started. An idea cuts through Shane's hazy mind then, sharp and critical.

"Mark me," Shane says on a moan.

Ilya's wrist stutters in response, but only for a second. He's looking up at Shane through his eyelashes, an obvious question written in his gaze. They don't usually leave marks where others can see; it's usually something they save for their precious few weeks at the cottage each summer.

"It's the start of bye week," Shane whines by way of explanation. "Mark me, please, I need it." That's all it takes for Ilya to sink his teeth into Shane's thigh.

By the time Ilya works his third finger inside of Shane, he's covered in a dozen different beautiful reddish bruises. A few on the inside of his thighs, a pair on each of his hipbones, a smattering above his nipple. Ilya's working a fresh spot on Shane's neck, just below where his shirt collar usually falls, and Shane runs out of patience.

"On your back, please," Shane asks, sitting up on his elbows. Ilya rolls off of Shane almost immediately, settling in among the pillows with a wry smile. Shane straddles his lap, hungry hands tracing the sides of Ilya's torso.

Ilya reaches to the nightstand for the lube and condoms they'd left there earlier in the afternoon, but Shane shakes his head.

"No condom, please Ilya, please I want to feel all of you," Shane begs. They've gone without a handful of times before, and Shane can't stand the thought of having anything between them tonight. Ilya's eyes darken as his hand wraps around the bottle of lube, the condoms left forgotten on the bedside table.

Ilya slicks himself up, and in one fluid motion, Shane sinks down onto Ilya's cock. He takes him all the way to the hilt, a too-loud moan escaping as he settles into the familiar feeling of fullness.

"Fucking perfect, Shane. You're so good for me, you take it so fucking good," Ilya grinds out the words, clearly restraining himself from bucking up to meet Shane's hips.

Shane rides Ilya like his life depends on it. And maybe it does, because Shane could never get enough of this. Enough of him. With every grind of Shane's hips, Ilya's hitting that perfect

spot inside of him. With every moan from Shane's lips, Ilya's showering him with praise.

"Just like that sweetheart. Yes, take it, it's all yours. Perfect. I love you so fucking much. Good boy, so so good for me. Only for me."

When Ilya finally allows himself to thrust up into Shane, he knows he's getting close. His praise slips into Russian, and his hands grip Shane's hips like they're the last good thing on the planet. Shane briefly considers touching himself to help get over the edge, but then Ilya's moans reach that pitch that they both know means he's *right there*, and suddenly, Shane's right there with him.

Shane cries out as he finishes on Ilya's stomach. He must be louder than he realizes, because Ilya has to reach a hand up to cover his mouth. Ilya comes apart seconds later, eyes squeezing shut involuntarily as he grinds up into Shane to ride out his orgasm.

Before Shane can even catch his breath, Ilya's pulling out of him. He feels almost betrayed at the loss, but then Ilya's sliding a hand between Shane's legs and slicking his fingers with the sticky mess between them.

Shane hardly realizes what Ilya's about to do before he does it, come-covered fingers pressing against Shane's tongue with urgency. And who is he to deny Ilya this? Shane closes his lips around Ilya's fingers, eyelids heavy with pleasure as he sucks the skin clean.

Ilya looks like a man possessed. Like watching Shane lick their come off of his hand is the best thing he's ever seen. Shane loves Ilya like this. Loves him all sorts of ways, but this way especially, when there's nothing but honest devotion between them.

Eventually, after many more kisses and *I love you*s, Shane can't stand the stickiness any longer. They get into the shower together, and Shane lets Ilya wash his body when he asks. He feels the kind of bone-deep exhaustion that only comes after days like today, after hockey and high emotions and getting well and truly fucked.

Ilya washes Shane's hair with a practiced reverence, massaging the back of his head as he works in the shampoo. Shane melts into Ilya's touch, resting his forehead on his boyfriend's shoulder. By the time they're getting out of the shower and brushing their teeth, Shane's eyelids are heavy, and he can't hold back his yawn.

They crawl into bed in their underwear, and Shane assumes his favorite position of all. He curls into Ilya's side, resting his head on his chest, and drapes an arm and a leg over Ilya's body. Ilya presses a kiss to the top of Shane's head, and he feels the pleasant pull of sleep at the edge of his mind. Just as he's about to drift, Shane's startled awake by a quiet chuckle from Ilya.

"What?" Shane asks sleepily.

"You still owe me a blowjob," Ilya says with a laugh.

"You just got a blowjob, what are you even talking about," Shane replies, not bothering to look up from his cozy spot on Ilya's chest.

"Ah yes, but I got two phone numbers tonight, so I think, based on rules of your deal, you still owe me one more," Ilya says.

Shane sits up slowly, squinting his eyes in exasperated suspicion. "Ilya, what the fuck do you mean, you got two phone numbers tonight?"

"Well," Ilya interrupts himself with another self-satisfied chuckle. "After you ran out of bar like your ass was on fire, the blonde gave me her number. Before I could even finish fake putting number in my phone, Mr. Man Bun came up and gave me his number, asked me to pass along to you. So, two numbers, two blowjobs, no?"

Ilya's grinning like a madman. Shane wants to eat him alive.

"You're such a fucking asshole!" Shane says with an aggravated huff. He pinches Ilya's cheek for good measure, then returns to his spot on Ilya's chest.

"Yes, I know this. But you love me," Ilya replies. He's running his fingers through Shane's hair in a way that has Shane's exhaustion rushing back in like a tidal wave.

"*Da*," Shane mumbles sleepily. "*Ya tebya lyublyu*."

The last thing Shane hears before he falls asleep is Ilya's soft Russian echo of affection.

I love you. I am yours, always. Forever if you ask.

End Notes

thanks for reading my story <3 if you're here cos you liked my tenderness-maxxing fic, sorry this wasn't quite that. hope you enjoyed it anyways! <3

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