

mirror, mirror, on the bathroom wall

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mirror, mirror, on the bathroom wall

by [beautifullyblue](#)

Summary

Shane needs a break at a charity gala, luckily Ilya knows exactly what he needs.

Notes

based off a request!

hope your screen fogs up with excitement as much as the mirror does in this fic.

(not beta read and author has not read the books)

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

Ilya knows Shane needs a break just by looking at him.

They are at a charity fundraiser for the Irina Foundation, something they'd both been looking forward to. The chance to speak to current patrons of the foundation as well as gaining new ones if Yuna had anything to do with it, generating excitement for the upcoming annual summer hockey camp, but also spreading the message of what the foundation represents.

Classical music plays softly in the background, tall tables are dotted around the room with soft glowing lamps. Waiters float around with trays of champagne and bite size nibbles, crowds of men in iron pressed tuxedos and women in shimmering dresses. Large windows show the glistening city skyline at night. People are mingling, Yuna is speaking animatedly to a group of people. The night has been a success. Shane and Ilya had fluttered about the room talking to important people, names that Ilya can only half remember. And Ilya was proud, it was what he and Shane had always wanted, the success of the foundation. To help others, to tell people they are not alone. It would have made his mother proud too, his throat growing tight at the thought before he cleared it quickly, knocking back the rest of his champagne before setting his glass back on the table he was leaning on.

Yet for all the success of the night, being dragged left and right to speak to people is tiring. And Ilya really just wanted to stand next to his husband and breathe in his presence for a bit. Maybe give him a kiss, because they've both done an amazing job. They truly make a great team on and off the ice.

His eyes flit across the room, looking for Shane. They ended up separating halfway through the night, pulled in different directions by people wanting to talk business, or hockey, or both. Before Ilya had been dragged to the opposite side of the room, he had squeezed Shane's hand and left with a soft smile, Shane smiling back reassuringly.

He scans the room until he spots him, all faces a blur except for Shane's. It's like his very being is a beacon, warm light seeming to glow around Shane's figure with his neat black bow tie and his perfectly styled hair, signalling Ilya home. And also where to find him amongst a sea of penguins.

Shane is in the middle of the room, part of a larger group talking animatedly to each other. He sees Shane nodding along but his eyes are blank and far-away as he looks off into the distance, mouth chewing absentmindedly on the straw sticking out of his ginger ale amongst

a sea of champagne flutes. He keeps fidgeting, fingers pulling at the collar of his suit, scrunching his nose. Every so often someone will turn to bring him into conversation, and Shane's face turns serious, nodding along to whatever they are saying before he is quickly forgotten as talk moves on.

Ilya's heart clenches at the sight and strides over, crowd parting like the sea around the handsome Russian moving with purpose.

He maneuvers himself to come behind Shane, sliding a hand to rest at the base of Shane's spine, presence warm through his suit to come stand to his side. The position gives Ilya the perfect opportunity to subtly move Shane closer into him, feet touching side by side.

Shane jolts at his sudden appearance, straw slipping out of his mouth, eyes darting to Ilya's face in suppressed shock at where he came from.

'Sorry to interrupt,' Ilya says smoothly to the group, flashing his famous charming smile as his hand moves to rest at the dip in Shane's waist, grip tightening as he feels Shane subconsciously lean in.

'May I borrow my husband?' He asks, although he doesn't really wait for an answer as he begins to withdraw from the circle, Shane in tow.

'Of course! You don't have to ask us!' Someone quips, and Ilya laughs good naturedly, lips aching a little from the smile plastered on his face.

And with that, Ilya tugs Shane across the room, keeping him securely tucked into his side as he beelines for the exit. Shane stumbles slightly at first, not prepared to be moving so suddenly, his bottle of ginger ale sloshing precariously in his hand. His head takes a while to catch up that he is no longer daydreaming standing amongst a circle of people, their conversations like bees buzzing in his ears that he can't brush off, instead being half walked, half carried by his husband across the room.

'Wha-' Shane begins, but Ilya hushes him softly as they move, nodding to people as they pass. He turns his head slightly towards Shane but his eyes don't cease his scanning of the

room, trying to look like an amicable host. Even if his husband is in dire need of some quiet time, even if Shane is unaware of that fact himself.

‘Just wait.’ Ilya mutters lowly, and Shane nods mutely, melting into Ilya’s side.

As they near the exit framed by the fluorescent lights beyond it, Ilya’s fingers pluck the ginger ale from Shane’s hands, swiftly placing it on a passing waiter’s tray.

Shane frowns lightly, head twisting to gaze after it longingly.

‘I was drinking-’

‘I will get you another, *moya lyubov*.’ Ilya acquiesces easily, leaning to mutter into Shane’s ear, sending a shiver down Shane’s spine as the heat of Ilya’s breath curls around the shell of his ear.

Shane is quiet then, letting himself be guided by his husband’s steady hand at his waist. As they exit the hall, Shane squints lightly at the bright lights overhead, his ears no longer ringing from the constant chatter of the gala, head no longer stumbling over itself in what to say next to an eager patron. Instead it is silent, except for the tapping of their shoes against the shiny floor.

Shane glances down at their feet, their legs blurring slightly at how fast Ilya is walking. It begins to make him feel dizzy so he wrenches his head up.

‘Where are we going?’ Shane questions, peering up at the side of Ilya’s face. Whilst Shane is almost spiralling from how overwhelmed he is from the noise and expectations of the night, Ilya is the picture of cool and collected, his eyes focused ahead as he makes a sharp right. Every step takes them further away from the party, meandering deeper into the building that Shane doesn’t even know where they are anymore.

‘To someplace quiet, *solnyshko*. Don’t worry we are almost there.’

Shane continues to stare at the side of his husband's face, the strong line of his nose, the cupid shape of his lips, the mole on his cheek that Shane likes to kiss. If he was feeling less out of sorts he'd be annoyed at how collected Ilya is right now compared to him. And how beautiful he is, but that's not annoying, it's just Ilya.

They take a left, before Ilya pushes a door open and herds Shane inside before turning around and locking the door with a loud *click*.

A beat passes.

'Are we in a bathroom?' Shane asks, head turning to look at the three cubicles lining the furthest wall and the running length of sink opposite. It's a far cry from the splendour of the room they've just left, it makes Shane think they are in the back of the building somewhere, a glimpse of behind the scenes of the picturesque dinners and charity galas he attends. He catches his reflection in the mirror that spans the length of the wall closest to them and in it sees Ilya turn around to face him.

Shane turns, and Ilya is right there like the mirror said he'd be. Something eases in Shane's chest at the sight of him, as Ilya's eyes rove across his face in concern.

'Yes.' Ilya answers, before a warm palm raises to cup the side of Shane's face. He looks at Shane assessingly, the glassy sheen of his brown doe eyes, how they blink quick in succession as Shane tries really hard to focus.

'Why are we in a bathroom?' Shane questions quietly, gazing into Ilya's blue eyes as if in a trance.

Ilya hums quietly as Shane leans his head into his hand.

'For peace and quiet.'

‘Quiet?’ Shane latches on to the last word, repeating it almost dreamily.

‘Yes, *moya lyubov*. Quiet.’ Ilya nods, watching Shane as he nods along with him.

‘Oh.’

Ilya slowly moves them further into the room so Shane can lean against the sink before Ilya pulls him gently into his chest, hand coming to rest on top of Shane’s head like a steadying weight.

At the pressure, Shane blissfully sinks into Ilya’s embrace with a muffled sigh. The room smells like bleach, but all Shane can smell is Ilya’s spicy cologne that he put on before they left that evening. His nose digs in further to the curve of Ilya’s neck, sniffing it out deeper, tongue coming out to quickly lick Ilya’s skin in hopes of burning it on his tongue.

Ilya croons softly and begins to hum, and the vibrations of Ilya’s chest makes Shane’s head feel nice and fuzzy, a feeling that seeps under his skin and makes him feel like he is floating. And importantly, quiet.

Shane doesn’t know how much time has passed with Ilya holding him like this, providing an anchor for Shane to sink into as the ringing in his ears quieten, as his mind sifts through all the loud thoughts to simply just *be*. The feeling brings so much relief, Shane chokes up with emotion, letting out a shuddering breath as his fingers come to grip Ilya’s lapels tightly.

Ilya cards his fingers through his hair lovingly, his cheek coming to rest against the top of Shane’s head. He feels Shane release a shaky breath against his neck.

‘I know, *moya lyubov*. It is okay, we are okay here.’ Ilya says quietly.

Ilya was half-expecting this if he was being honest. Shane had been so focused and full steam ahead this entire week. Meeting with Yuna to talk fundraiser logistics, training, meal prepping, planning out new features of the summer camp he wanted to introduce. Ilya was so

proud of him, but he also knew that Shane can't continue like that forever. Shane has a habit, even now, in forgetting his limits when it comes to overworking himself, for not giving himself time to breathe. And if Shane is not going to do that for himself, then Ilya will happily do it for him.

Time passes, the only sounds being Ilya's whispered reassurances, and the occasional dripping tap. Shane's breath eventually steadies, nose puffing out hot strands of air against Ilya's neck.

Eventually Shane lifts his head to look at Ilya, their noses almost touching.

'Thank you,' he says softly, scrunching his eyes closed and leaning forward to rest his forehead against Ilya's with a sigh. Ilya kisses Shane gently before a hand comes up to push some of Shane's hair behind his ear.

'You are safe here Shane.'

Shane smiles and he jerks his head in a nod.

'I know, I love you.' Shane whispers, gazing up at Ilya.

'I love you too.' Ilya captures Shane's lips in a slow kiss, Shane's hands coming up to run his fingers through the back of Ilya's golden curls, dislodging some of the gel styling it in place.

Ilya cups his jaw to deepen the kiss and Shane moans softly into his mouth, before pulling back slightly to look up at Ilya questioningly.

'How did you know how to find this place?'

Ilya leans forward to kiss Shane on the nose.

‘I found it earlier. Before gala.’ Ilya says with a shrug, but Shane’s eyebrows furrow together in confusion.

‘What do you mean before the gala? Like before everyone arrived? Do they not have bathrooms closer to the hall? Nicer ones?’ The bathroom they are in isn’t awful, but it is basic, with light blue walls and exposed pipes.

‘Yes. But I thought we may need somewhere in case you needed a break. You don’t like big crowds.’ Ilya says it like it is the simplest thing in the world, and he looks off to the side in a feigned manner of nonchalance as Shane sucks in a breath.

‘So I found this. Far enough away from gala that no one else will see, so you can have some quiet time. In case things become too much. But not too far that we get lost.’ Ilya clears his throat and blinks back to Shane staring up at him in awe.

‘You did this for me?’ Shane questions quietly, fingers curling tighter into Ilya’s suit, heart soaring at the idea of his husband scouring the building for a secluded, private place in case Shane needed it, because he knows he gets overwhelmed.

‘Yes of course.’ Ilya replies without skipping a beat, eyes blinking in confusion as if the notion of not thinking about Shane is ridiculous.

Shane gapes at him, eyes flitting across his face and eyes glistening with tears at the feeling of being so *loved*.

Ilya’s eyes widen in concern as he sees the tears collecting in Shane’s eyes.

‘Shane-’

Ilya's question is cut off as Shane seizes Ilya's face in his hands and drags his mouth to his, stumbling back against the edge of the sink as he forces Ilya to crash into him, teeth clacking together. Ilya lets out a sound of surprise before quickly recovering, hands coming up to clutch at Shane's jaw before sliding down to his waist to clutch at him tightly, wrapping him up as he immediately deepens the kiss by dipping his tongue into Shane's mouth.

Shane moans loudly and his hands move across Ilya's face frantically, tracing the laugh lines of his eyes, his eyelids, the curve of his ears, the arch of his eyebrows before tugging at his hair in desperation to have him closer. Shane gasps at the intensity of the love coursing ferociously through his veins and his tongue battles with Ilya's, groaning as Ilya eventually wins, sucking on his tongue.

Shane grapples with Ilya's blazer, trying to yank it down his broad shoulders but struggling.

'Want you to fuck me,' Shane gasps into Ilya's mouth, teeth sucking Ilya's bottom lip into his mouth. Shane doesn't think he has felt this unhinged around Ilya in a while, he feels almost feral. The feeling is so far flung from the buttoned up Shane Hollander that walked into the charity gala earlier that evening. He's sure if the people in the chandelier lit room saw him now, they'd drop their champagne flutes in shock. And the idea of it sends a shot of electricity down his spine at the thrill. His mind racing at the desire to do so many filthy things with Ilya in this bathroom.

Ilya groans into Shane's mouth and helps him shuck his blazer down his arms, dropping it to the floor carelessly, his arms encompassing Shane's waist to haul him even closer. They breathe heavily into each other's mouths, swallowing each other's moans, grappling at each other's clothes.

'Wanna-wanna suck your cock.' Shane stutters out, his fingers fumbling with Ilya's fly, stuffing his hand down Ilya's trousers to fish out his slowly hardening cock.

'Fuck, Shane.' Ilya groans, forehead resting against Shane's as he squeezes his eyes shut at the hot slide of Shane's hand down the length of his cock. Shane's chest heaves with anticipation, saliva filling his mouth at the prospect of Ilya's cock sliding down his throat.

Ilya grabs at one of Shane's hands to lift up to his mouth, spitting into his palm to help ease the slide. As Shane's hand moves up and down on Ilya's cock, Ilya traces hot kisses up

Shane's neck, hands coming to untuck Shane's shirt from his trousers to skim his palms up his sides, sinking down the back of his trousers to squeeze his ass.

Shane whines and quickly drops to his knees, pupils blown wide gazing up at Ilya, hair sticking up in all directions from Ilya's fingers.

'So beautiful,' Ilya whispers, fingers coming to trace along the seam of Shane's lips and Shane sucks Ilya's thumb into his mouth for a moment before releasing it.

Shane doesn't break eye contact as he leans forward to tongue at Ilya's cock, digging into the slit to taste the precum collecting there. Moaning softly as his tongue swirls around the cock head before sucking it into his mouth.

Ilya's lips part in wonder at the pure hunger in Shane's eyes, hands threading through Shane's hair as he sinks further down Ilya's cock. Shane bobs his head, mouth slick and wet, coating his cock in saliva.

With a gasp Shane lets off Ilya's cock to mouth at his balls, Ilya's heavy cock coming to lie across Shane's face and the image of it makes Ilya curse, cock twitching with arousal. It's something out of a porno, how huge his cock looks against Shane's face as he sucks one of his balls into his mouth. He wants to frame this image of Shane in his mind forever, hang it up at the back of his brain to look at whenever he wants to, maybe on the ice, or when a reporter is asking boring questions. Burn it into the back of his eyeballs so he sees it when he sleeps. Just Shane everywhere would be nice.

'Fuck Shane, so good,' Ilya gasps out as Shane sinks down on his cock again with vigour, saliva slipping down his chin, eyelashes fluttering as he looks up at his husband gasping for breath above him, Shane's fingers digging into Ilya's slacks. Shane hollows his cheeks as Ilya's cock hits the back of his throat and Ilya's fingers tighten in his hair.

Ilya can feel his thighs tighten in lieu of his impending orgasm but he doesn't want to cum this way, as hot as seeing Shane on his knees on the bathroom floor is. So with every ounce of self control, he drags Shane off his cock with the grip in his hair, Shane letting off with a pop, gasping.

‘Come here.’ Ilya growls out, yanking Shane to his feet to crowd him against the sink and capturing his mouth in a filthy kiss, tasting himself on Shane’s tongue.

‘Was it good?’ Shane slurs, lips swollen, fingers coming up to grip at Ilya’s shoulders.

‘More than good, *moya lyubov*, you are perfect.’ Ilya whispers adoringly before hiking up Shane’s shirt to mouth at his nipples. Shane gasps, chest arching into Ilya’s mouth as he bites down on one before switching to lap his tongue over the other.

‘Fuck, I want to wreck you.’ Ilya snarls against Shane’s lips, and Shane whines at the sound of it.

‘Please,’ Shane lisps out and at his plea, Ilya spins him to face the mirror. Ilya looms behind him with dark eyes tracing the flush across Shane’s freckled cheeks. He skates a hand down Shane’s abdomen to unzip his trousers, shoving them down to his ankles before reaching into his boxers to grasp at his leaking cock. Squeezing just to see Shane gasp and throw his head back.

Ilya slides his boxers down to pool round his ankles with his trousers, allowing Shane’s cock to spring free, and Ilya kisses at Shane’s shoulder as his reflection moves his hand to collect the precum dribbling down the shaft to glide his hand up and down.

Shane reaches up behind him to grasp at Ilya’s hair, whimpering out Ilya’s name, looking at him with wide eyes in the reflection, his hips kicking forward as Ilya twists his wrist on the up glide. Ilya’s other hand comes up to press the pad of his finger against Shane’s hole which twitches at the touch.

‘Be a good boy and bend over.’ Ilya leaning forward to mutter darkly into his ear, eyes never leaving Shane in the reflection.

Shane sucks in a gasp and does as he’s told, the cool porcelain of the sink seeping through his dress shirt, his bowtie completely askew, gasping at the coldness that touches his cock as it becomes trapped between his shirt and the edge of the sink. He places his hands by his chest, panting breath fogging up the mirror centimetres from his slick lips, eyes fixed on Ilya.

Ilya smiles, pushes up Shane's shirt to his shoulder blades, tucking it under his armpits so he can smooth a hand down his spine, before rounding over his ass to tease at his hole.

'Good boy, so pretty for me aren't you?' Ilya says and Shane simply pants in anticipation of what Ilya is going to do next.

'Now stay still.'

And then Ilya disappears from Shane's vision in the mirror, dropping to his knees to lick across Shane's hole before spitting on it directly, watching it twitch.

'Oh fuck,' Shane moans out, feeling Ilya's spit slide down his taint to meet his balls. At Ilya's pointed tongue lashing stripes across Shane's hole, using his fingers to spread his ass wider, before fucking his tongue in, Shane's head thuds against the glass, his eyes squeezing shut.

Shane's cock drips onto the tiled floor below him as heat unfurls below his navel as Ilya's tongue continues to fuck his hole, before a finger sinks in to curl against his prostate.

Ilya spits on his hole again and rises to stand behind Shane, watching his saliva glisten under the harsh fluorescents, coating Shane's puckered rim in a glossy sheen around his finger. He doesn't have any lube but Shane is still a little loose from when Ilya fucked him open this morning, plus Ilya really likes spitting on Shane's hole. It's hot as fuck.

He adds another finger, finding the spongy spot inside Shane that makes him whine and milking him. Shane shudders, hands sliding against the smooth porcelain, and Ilya smirks. He fingers him a little more, working up to three fingers before he decides Shane is stretched enough.

He reaches round to Shane's steadily dripping cock and collects some of his precum, and Shane moans at the touch. Ilya brings the same hand to lube up his own cock, Shane's precum mixing with his own before he slaps it against Shane's hole teasingly just to see it clench.

‘Look at me,’ Ilya demands and Shane obliges, looking into the mirror, eyes wet with tears, flush spreading down his neck.

‘Good boy. You will look at me as I fuck you, yes?’ Shane nods frantically, eyes never leaving Ilya’s in the mirror, fingers gripping onto the sink’s edge for dear life, waiting for Ilya to press in where his cock rests above his aching hole.

Ilya fucks into Shane slowly, watching Shane for any sign of obvious discomfort, instead he’s greeted with the sight of Shane’s eyes rolling back, his front teeth sinking into his bottom lip to muffle a whine.

‘No, I want to hear you.’ Ilya says, before a hand cracks against Shane’s ass, leaving a bright red handprint behind. Shane gasps out a surprised moan and Ilya smirks, before spanking the other cheek just as hard.

‘I want to hear all of your little noises, *kotenok*, and I mean *all of them*.’ Ilya punctuates the last three words with a hard thrust that rocks Shane forward almost into the mirror if Shane hadn’t slapped his hand against the glass in an effort to remain steady.

‘Nngh-Ilya’ Shane moans out, his eyes gazing up at him through the mirror.

‘That’s right,’ and Ilya sets a brutal pace.

He snaps his hips so the wet smack of flesh resonates in the empty bathroom, hands gripping Shane’s waist as he watches his cock fuck into his husband, Shane’s ass rippling with each thrust. Shane’s ass is truly mesmerising, Ilya thinks he could look at it all day.

Shane clenches around him as Ilya punches gasp after gasp out of the man bent over the sink, looking up to see Shane thoroughly debauched in the mirror, and Shane’s hole tightens around his cock as their eyes meet.

The light catches on his freckles as Ilya jostles Shane with every thrust of his cock, and Ilya thinks he looks beautiful like this.

The part of the mirror in front of Shane has started to fog up with his heavy breaths and the heat from his body, and Ilya watches as Shane's eyelashes keep fluttering as he struggles to keep them open.

Ilya leans forward to stretch a hand across Shane's chest before using his grip to tug Shane up to meet him, back arched, pushing his ass back further on Ilya's cock. Ilya licks up the shell of Shane's ear and smirks at the vision of Shane's hands scrabbling for purchase on the edge of the sink, Ilya's hips still slamming into him. Ilya uses the hand across Shane's chest to yank him back on his cock with every thrust.

Shane's head threatens to loll back against his shoulder so Ilya moves the hand resting on his chest to grip his chin, wrenching Shane's head upright, forcing him to look in the mirror.

Shane moans aloud at the sight of himself, flushed and fucked, cock bobbing with every thrust, leaking continuously. The way Ilya jostles his body, his stupid smirk over his shoulder as he knows exactly what he is doing to him. Being forced to watch himself being fucked, to witness just how cock-drunk he looks and feels. The way Ilya holds him, refusing to let up, giving Shane no other choice but to look at himself come undone. It unlocks something inside of him that he didn't know existed, and his body is on fire for more.

'Look at you,' Ilya purrs, bending his knees slightly to fuck Shane even deeper and Shane's mouth drops open on a whine at the direct hits against his prostrate.

Ilya hooks a finger into Shane's mouth, watching as Shane's tongue lathes around the digit, eyes dazed and head floating off to only know the pleasure Ilya is giving him. God he's a vision, Ilya curses under his breath and picks up his pace, determined to make Shane cum like this, to make himself watch as he comes undone.

'So good, *moya lyubov*, letting me fuck you like this.'

At a particularly hard thrust against his prostate, Shane's eyes rolls back on a gasp, muffled by Shane's finger in his mouth.

Garbled noises spill out of Shane's mouth and Ilya pulls his finger from his mouth to grasp his leaking cock in a tight fist.

'Oh God,' Shane whimpers, hips kicking again as Ilya fucks his fist up and down his red cock, begging for release.

'Not God, Shane, just me.' Ilya whispers into his ear, eyes never leaving Shane in the mirror, Ilya flicking his wrist as he jerks his cock in a way that makes Shane's hole tighten around his cock.

Shane's eyes flutter as his orgasm hurtles closer, one of his hands coming to clutch at Ilya's forearm, gaze never leaving Ilya's.

'Ilya,' Shane tries but is too overcome by the onslaught of sensations of Ilya fucking his ass and Ilya digging his thumb into his leaking slit.

'Cum for me, *moya lyubov*, make a mess,' Ilya snarls and Shane does as he's commanded, cock spurting out ropes of cum that lash across the sink in front of him, some even hitting the mirror, eyes squeezing shut as pleasure wracks his body in shudders.

The sight of Shane makes Ilya groan, sending him over the edge as he quickly removes his cock from Shane's hole to watch his release paint Shane's ass and back dimples. Ilya's chest heaves with the intensity of it, fingers coming up to ghost over Shane's stretchmarks fondly.

Shane is breathing heavily but limp in his arms. Ilya slowly manoeuvres them to the side to press Shane's flushed cheek against the cold sink's surface that isn't covered in Shane's cum, leaning sideways to grab some paper towels to wipe his quickly drying cum off Shane's ass.

‘Shane, you with me?’ Ilya says after his breathing calms down and he’s wiped Shane’s ass clean, pulling Shane up and turning them around so Ilya can lean against the sink, letting Shane bear his weight on him. Shane’s eyes are closed but he hums, before slumping his head into the crook of Ilya’s neck.

‘Tha-was really hot,’ Shane slurs out against Ilya’s shirt, leaning heavily into his husband.

‘Hmm, yes it was. I have hot husband.’ Ilya whispers conspiratorially against Shane’s hair, hand coming up to card his hand through it. Shane tilts his head up silently and Ilya’s hand comes up to cradle his jaw, kissing him deeply but sweetly.

‘So do I.’ Shane sighs happily, arms coming up to sling around Ilya’s neck.

‘Yes you do, very hot. I am in demand you know.’ Ilya traces shapes on Shane’s back and he shudders at the feather light touch before snorting against Ilya’s neck.

Shane pulls back to look at Ilya with hazy eyes and a cheeky smile curling at the corner of his lips.

‘Asshole, I highly doubt that.’

Ilya feigns outrage, ‘Shane, I am, what you call, hottie of the year.’

‘Oh yeah, says who?’ Shane quips lazily, chin coming to rest on Ilya’s shoulder as he looks up at him teasingly.

‘Says my husband with weak backhand, how do you not know this Hollander?’

Shane cackles and presses his cheek against Ilya’s shoulder, eyelashes fluttering seductively.

‘I think your husband is lying to you.’

‘No my husband is too boring to lie, he tells the truth only.’ Ilya shoots back, hand petting Shane’s hair back into some sort of tidiness.

Shane hums contentedly, his eyes fluttering closed at the feeling of Ilya’s hands in his hair.

‘Well then, it must be true.’

‘Yes it is, but my husband is hotter. He is most beautiful person in the entire world.’ Ilya murmurs, leaning down to gently kiss Shane’s forehead, the freckles that dust across his cheeks, his nose, before settling on a soft kiss on Shane’s now smiling lips. Pulling back, Ilya rests his forehead against Shane’s for a moment, eyes closed and a gentle smile gracing his lips, in love with his husband so much it hurts.

‘Come, *moya lyubov*, let’s get you dressed. Our party awaits.’

End Notes

Mulan once asked when will her reflection show who she is inside, turns out all Shane Hollander needed was to get fucked in front of his to find out.

also moment of silence for the cleaning person who is going to find Shane's cum smeared on the glass after Ilya fails to wipe it off properly with a paper towel.

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