

More Than Pretty

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More Than Pretty

by [ashes0909](#)

Summary

Shane has never thought of himself as pretty. Ilya has always known better. When Fabian makes a suggestion, Shane agrees to try something new. Shane's confidence hits hard, and Ilya forgets how to function.

Notes

This fic was inspired by chapters 3 and 5 of The Long Game, where Fabian is effortlessly sensual and Shane has never known what to do in that kind of presence.

As always, thank you ferret for the lovely beta!

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

“Thanks for inviting us,” Ryan carried two bags up the driveway of the cottage. Ilya had reached for one but Ryan just shook his head with the offhand comment about playing roadie for most of the spring anyway, and being very used to carrying Fabian’s bags.

At the top of the stairs by the front door, Shane shook hands with Fabian, who already looked amused at Ilya’s awkwardly shy boyfriend. Even in a casual off the shoulder cotton shirt and leggings, a light layer of makeup, and a few rings on his fingers, Fabian had enough of an effect to apparently throw Shane out of his comfort zone.

Shane was already visibly blushing, and almost stuttering, as he led them through a brief tour of the cottage’s kitchen and living room, rambling about guest rooms and views. Ilya found it all very adorable.

Fabian nestled into Ryan’s side, a smile fixed on his lips that spoke of amusement, as he watched Shane stumble through the fact that they’d gone shopping for groceries, had three bedrooms turned down in case the couple had a preference, and something about the well. Ilya decided to step in and save his boyfriend from more awkward rambling when Fabian beat him to it. Stepping away from Ryan he slid a hand into Shane’s, grabbing his palm in less of a handshake and more of a hand hold. Shane shifted his weight between his feet, and blushed furiously.

“Darling, we’re so happy to take some time away from all the craze of the tour, and the city, and be here with you both.” As if knowing Shane would melt into the floor, Fabian lifted his hand and kissed the back of it. “We’ll get settled in the room you mentioned that faces the lake.” Then he winked at Shane and Ilya before tugging Ryan up the stairs.

Ilya watched Shane’s gaze follow them upstairs. He couldn’t help smirking at the way Shane’s focus was very obviously fixed on Fabian’s shoulder slipped out of his loose fitting top. “Beloved,” Ilya whispered in Russian into Shane’s ear before continuing in English, “Are you going to make it the few days they’re here without combusting?”

Shane huffed and turned in Ilya’s embrace, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s neck. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“So you would not like me to take you to our bedroom and suck you because you’re all worked up over a pretty shoulder?” Ilya shifted his weight so his thigh brushed against Shane’s hardening cock.

Shane hissed. “They’ll hear us.”

“I highly doubt they will be listening.” Ilya brushed his lips against Shane’s neck. “And, maybe, there is a reason they chose the room furthest from our own. I’m sure they will not be...what is the word? Abstaining while they are here. You saw the way Ryan’s hand ran down Fabian’s back, resting right over those tight leggings, and--”

“Stop.” Shane took a step back, adjusting himself as he glared at Ilya. The look went straight to Ilya’s cock, and Shane must have known it. Shane’s gaze dropped down, to the space

between them. “Come on.” He reached out and tugged Ilya towards their bedroom, demanding and desperate, just the way Ilya loved him to be.

Later, after both couples had taken time to rest or “rest”, they returned to the living room, discussing their plans for the remainder of the day. Fabian and Ryan were already in swimsuits and little else, so it was clear they were planning on swimming in the lake. It was also clear that Shane’s mind had completely frozen at the sight of Fabian’s nipple ring.

They brought down a few chairs to the dock, but as Ryan jumped in and then proceeded to tug his somewhat resisting boyfriend in after him, Ilya dropped the chairs, settled in one, and pulled Shane onto his lap. Neither of them wanted to swim, but that didn’t mean they couldn’t enjoy the sunshine, their friends, and the feel of cozying up together as they settled in the chair, Shane on Ilya’s lap.

Ilya brought his hands to run up Shane’s side and Shane rested his head on Ilya’s shoulder. “Do you think it hurt?”

“What?” Ilya asked, knowing exactly what Shane was referring to but wanting to make Shane say it instead.

Shane, predictably, shifted on Ilya’s lap, unable at first to say the words. When he finally did they were accompanied by a blush and whisper. “His nipple ring. Do you think the piercing hurt?”

Ilya’s hands moved from Shane’s side so that his finger could trace around Shane’s nipple. “Is sensitive, no?”

The effect was immediate, Shane curling into him, head rolling onto his shoulder, his breath hitching. Ilya let his finger trace from one nipple to the other, and wondered, idly, if Shane was thinking about how far they could take this in front of their guests. Ryan and Fabian had decided to swim out to a nearby rock and were barely paying attention to Ilya and Shane, but it was obvious to anyone within a hundred meters that Shane was sitting on Ilya’s lap. The fact that Shane was willing to display his affection in front of the world made Ilya’s free hand grasp him tighter around the waist.

Ilya turned his focus back to Shane, determined to make him squirm, right here, out in the open. “Look how you get, just from me touching your nipple. Now imagine a piercing needle through that, imagine a hoop or stud catching every time you put on a tight shirt.” Ilya leaned forward and bit the nub. “Is sexy, beautiful, pretty. All things you are.”

Shane moaned and almost started to grind his ass against Ilya’s lap before he seemed to catch himself, letting out a puff of air that morphed into a laugh. “And here I thought we’d have less sex because we had guests.”

“And now?”

“And now I’m thinking, they’re in the lake. If we go inside and you fuck me hard enough to shout, no one will hear.”

Ilya pinched Shane's nipple hard enough to make him squeak. The sound cut off when Ilya stood, carrying Shane for a moment off the dock until he lowered him, and they both knocked shoulders and raced each other into the cottage.

Later, after they showered off the sweat and proof of their temporary relief, Ilya heard the soft crooning of Fabian singing. It sounded like it was coming from the kitchen, and Ilya lightly shook a dozing Shane. "My dearest," he whispered in Russian. "Let's go make dinner with our guests."

Shane blinked awake, his scrunched face prompting Ilya to kiss him softly, briefly, because adorable Shane needed kisses.

As if finally coming to consciousness, Shane tilted his head and smiled, presumably registering Fabian singing. "He's so talented."

"Yes."

"I still can't believe he just sounds like that, without any filters or autotune."

They got dressed and left their bedroom, finding Ryan sitting at the kitchen island watching Fabian as he sang and swayed his hips, stirring something on the stovetop. They'd apparently showered after their swim in the lake and Fabian had put on a very short and tight one piece romper. The fabric was thin and Ilya could see the nipple ring outlined when Fabian twisted around to greet them. He'd added a dark liner to his eyes and a sparkling eyeshadow to the lid. His lips had a faint pink gloss to them. It was a captivating mix.

Ilya tsked and clucked a sound with a tongue. "We were going to cook. You are a guest."

"I doubt either of you would be able to make loubya as well as I could."

Shane chuckled. "I wouldn't even know where to begin."

"Well then sit down and let me earn my keep."

That made Shane blush and shake his head. "You're our guest. You don't need to earn anything, and--"

Fabian spun towards him brandishing the wooden spoon like a sword against Shane's chest. "Shane Hollander, you will let me cook for you and then you and Ryan and Ilya will wash all the dishes, and I will sit right there--" he pointed to the seat Ryan currently occupied "--and enjoy the show."

Shane's face flushed, eyes fixed on the spoon. All Ilya could do was laugh. "A show, yes? Are we throwing the soap at each other or did you have something else in mind? Maybe wet t-shirt contest."

Fabian pinned Ilya with a stare, the corner of his mouth twitching into a smile. "If you guys want to compete over dishes and get soaked, well, I'll be the last to complain."

Ryan laughed, Ilya did too, Shane sputtered and turned away from Fabian to pull a ginger ale from the fridge, probably to have something to occupy his hands. Shane was not used to such overt flirtations from anyone, especially not directed at himself, but Ilya found he very much enjoyed it. So, of course, he pushed.

“Is very pretty when he gets flustered, yes?” Ilya asked the room, nodding towards Shane while Shane slid onto the stool closest to Ilya and looked at his hands.

“I imagine he’s always very pretty,” Fabian replied, returning to the loubya he was stirring. “Shy and sexy are a terribly attractive mix.”

“Yes, they are.”

“I’m not the sexy one here,” Ilya heard Shane mumble under his breath, but the room was small enough and quiet enough that everyone had heard him.

Fabian turned the stovetop off and put the spoon to the side before walking his way to Shane. Something about the way his hips swayed made it seem like more than just walking, like he was hunting his prey. Ilya watched as Shane tensed the moment Fabian came into his personal space. Fabian stood there, waiting, until Shane looked up, and the soft power radiating off the beautiful, out of this world man, was a sight to behold. From the other side of the kitchen, Ryan caught Ilya's gaze and smiled.

“You don’t think you’re sexy?” Fabian asked, his undivided focus on Shane.

A beat of silence, as if all the air had been sucked from the room. No one spoke and Ilya knew it put Shane on the spot, that he was flustered and a little bit uncomfortable by how he shifted in the seat, and Ilya was about to step in, about to fill the space with a boisterous joke or wrap his arms around Shane and place a messy kiss on his cheek, but before he could act Shane lifted his gaze to Fabian and began to reply.

“I mean, well.” Shane shrugged. “I’m a professional athlete. I know I’m like...in good shape? But that’s not the same as--Well, like--It’s not like you--I mean, like. I’m not pretty. Or sensual.”

“Moy zhelannyy, I call you pretty all the time,” Ilya broke in, but Fabian caught his gaze over Shane’s shoulder and something in the stare made Ilya fall silent.

Fabian turned back to Shane and slid his hand under his chin until their eyes met. Then he smiled, bright and beautiful and full of conspiratorial gleam. “Let’s go get you pretty then.”

And then he was tugging Shane up the stairs and around the hallway to the upstairs guest bathroom. Shane had obviously wanted to follow, even if he looked shy about it, because there was no way Fabian had the strength to tug someone of Shane’s size anywhere against his will. Curious, Ilya left the kitchen and walked into the living room, where the open floorplan allowed him to see the bathroom light spilling out into the upstairs hallway and hear Fabian softly say something that made Shane hesitantly laugh.

Ilya realized that he must have just been standing in the middle of the room, because suddenly Ryan was at his side with two bottles of beer, handing one to Ilya before gesturing to the sofa. They didn't turn on the television or music, they just sat and started chatting about the summer and the cottage and the hockey camp, while every once in a while they'd quiet and hear their boyfriends upstairs.

Shane's voice fluttered downstairs carrying the words "when doing commercials" and "under the stage lights from awards" and "never like this though," and Ilya was able to fill in the blanks, remember all those times Ilya himself had seen Shane with a light layer of makeup on his face. But never anything like Fabian's.

"It's nice being here," Ryan began, pulling Ilya from his thoughts. "When Fabian and I reunited, he was, well...to say he was anti-hockey was an understatement. But with you two here. It's nice to see him be himself, even around hockey players."

"Shane and I aren't your typical hockey players."

Ryan shrugged. "What even is a typical hockey player? You two are the top of the league, the best in the game, Stanley Cup winners."

"Yes, but, well, we are also very unlike other hockey players, in that we like to suck each other's dicks."

Ryan, who had just swallowed some of his beer, choked out a laugh. "Okay, maybe I'll give you that. That is not a typical hockey player. But, I don't know about you. It seems like more of us are far from Dallas Kent these days, than like him."

Ilya tilted his beer towards the man in acknowledgement. "That seems to be true." Ilya was about to mention the hockey camps again and how they were aiming to achieve more tolerance in the sport, but Ryan's attention had been pulled upstairs to where the laughing and conversation had ceased entirely.

Ilya still had his back to the stairwell, but when Fabian cleared his throat from the top of the stairs, Ilya stood and turned to face them.

It was as if time slowed.

He knew Fabian was saying something, introducing a new, but not improved, Shane Hollander. And Shane was staring at Fabian, as if shy to look anywhere else. But Ilya needed, yearned, his heart ached with the desire to have Shane look at him, because Ilya could tell - by the way Shane was pointedly not looking at him - that once he did everything would speed back into motion and sweep him off his feet.

Between breaths, Shane turned from Fabian to look down the stairs, to look at Ilya, and Ilya forgot how to breathe.

Shane Hollander was a very beautiful man, dark, gorgeous eyes, full, tempting lips. He'd had Ilya's transfixed since he was seventeen. But nothing, in all the years they'd known each

other, had transformed his beloved so much as the fifteen minutes with Fabian Salah in their guest bathroom.

Shane walked down the stairs, eyeliner highlighting his eyes with a thin line along the upper lashes and a slightly thicker smokey shadow on the outer bottom corner. The effect widened his already expressive eyes in a way that made him look intense, with a slight androgynous edge, he'd never seen on Shane before but was undeniably beautiful. As if taking in Ilya's gobsmacked response to his quick makeover, Shane's lips curled into an intoxicatingly powerful smirk. Those lips, painted with a faint shine that thickened the bottom one into a full pout, made Ilya need to kiss him immediately. Something had been put on his cheeks too, Ilya didn't know what, but it highlighted his cheekbones and made him look devastatingly gorgeous, fragile but sharp and able to overwhelm Ilya with just a stare and a wink. Which is exactly how Shane greeted him at the foot on the stairs.

"Wow," Ilya managed. "You look..."

"Pretty?" Shane offered when Ilya couldn't finish the sentence.

Ilya shook his head. "More than pretty. You are...wow."

"I think you broke him," Fabian said, as he followed Shane down the stairs and stopped next to him. "And this was with what? Eyeliner, a simple shadow, a lipstick and a brush of blush? Imagine if you got some contouring or a cut crease."

"I don't know what any of those things mean." Shane smiled and a fire could have erupted in the kitchen, and Ilya would have been unable to look away.

As if reading Ilya's mind, Shane nodded towards the kitchen. "Let's eat."

Ilya suggested they eat on the couch, and with Shane sitting close to him it was impossible to focus on the fact that they were supposed to be having dinner. Every time Shane shifted it rubbed their thighs together. Every time Shane lifted his spoon to his mouth, he couldn't turn away from the sight of those painted lips wrapping around the spoon.

Fabian had cooked a delicious meal. The spices mixed together well, but Ilya would have to savor it tomorrow as leftovers, because tonight he couldn't focus on anything other than his beautiful boyfriend.

Beside him, Shane stirred his food, took a few bites, but he seemed as distracted as Ilya. The way he looked at Ilya from under his thick lashes went right to Ilya's cock.

When they finished, Ilya wanted to grab him, pick him up and carry him to their bedroom but Shane was gathering the dishes and moving towards the kitchen sink and Ilya followed because he had no idea how to do anything else, not when Shane looked at him over his shoulder and winked. "Didn't we promise the chef a show?"

Shane must have known what he was doing. Drawing this out, making Ilya watch and wait and soap up the sponge to wash the fucking dishes, while he looked so very pretty next to him, hands wet and every once in a while brushing against Ilya's own under the water.

It was a delicious torture, and when they finally handed to Ryan to dry, Ilya was itching under his skin.

Fabian sat back on his stool, watching with a smirk as he discussed his tour and asked them questions about next season and absentmindedly mentioned how sexy it was to see so much muscle cleaning up after him.

They moved to retire in the living room for the evening, and Ilya wanted to pull his man onto his lap, hell, he wanted Shane to straddle him right there on the sofa so he could push his hair back and stare for as long as he wanted at Shane's gorgeous face, maybe while taking Shane's hips in his hands and dragging him back and forth over his lap. Fuck, he needed to get his imagination under control because he couldn't be thinking of Shane falling to sit on the floor in front of him, resting his pretty cheek against Ilya's knee.

"Ilya?" Shane said again, with a tone that sounded like it hadn't been the first time Shane had been calling his name.

Fabian leaned into Shane's space and whispered for all of them to hear, "He's so distracted. Imagine if you got a nipple ring or two." Then he pulled out a slender tube from his pocket, and reapplied a layer of lipstick to Shane's lips. Shane seemed taken aback, but he still parted his lips and let Fabian work his talents right there in the living room, even whispering a soft, "Thank you," when he finished.

A sound escaped Ilya's throat that may have been a growl. Whatever it was, it set Fabian into a series of delighted giggles and made Shane blush through his pretty painted face. Ilya needed to touch him, have him in his lap, taste the color of his lips.

At some point, Ryan stood from the sofa and reached a hand out for Fabian, tugged him close - at least Ilya thought that was what had happened, since he couldn't seem to look away from Shane. From the periphery of his attention, he heard Ryan praise Fabian makeup skills, and Ilya could only nod in agreement. Then Ryan was tugging Fabian up the stairs, which Ilya only really knew was occurring because Shane had looked away from Ilya to wave goodnight and to thank Fabian for a fun, adventurous night, to which Fabian brushed off with a delicate hand wave and an invite to go even further next time.

Then they were gone, and Ilya desperately needed Shane's attention on him again. He had to have Shane look at him again with those lethal eyes. Ilya tugged at him and Shane laughed as Ilya followed his one consuming motivation to get Shane alone in their bedroom.

Ilya may have forgotten English, words falling from his lips at how beautiful Shane was in Russian instead, how daring and bold, how his eyes were captivating and his mouth so very tempting, and how he wanted Shane to ride him so he could see that pretty face fall apart as Ilya fucked him deep and hard.

"Ilya," Shane laughed. "Slow down, I understood like five of those words. Pretty and, mouth? Eyes was also in there. Hard and..." Shane blushed through his makeup and Ilya thought he might die from desire. "And...fuck?"

“Yes, Shane Hollander, your pretty painted mouth and eyes make me need to fuck you very hard. Look, see, you are fluent in Russian now.”

They were standing right inside the door of their bedroom and Shane laughed even as his gaze turned determined. With a single soft push, Ilya was moving backwards, would move anywhere for this man, he only needed to point and Ilya dropped to sit at the foot of the bed. Shane crawled in his lap, straddling him, arms wrapping around his shoulders and Ilya’s fell to his waist.

“So you like it then? The makeover.”

“Shane, you made me forget English.”

A corner of Shane’s mouth quirked upwards into a seductive smile. “You forget English when you’re tired, stressed, or incredibly drunk. Is that supposed to be a compliment?”

Ilya narrowed his gaze and gripped Shane’s hips, pulling him forward until he dragged across Ilya’s hard cock. He had no idea when he’d gotten hard but it was definitely before they’d left the living room. The thought of those perfectly glossed lips wrapping around his cock had sent him to a level of need he’d never experienced before. And yet, there was something so familiar in Shane Hollander taking him to new heights.

On his lap, Shane threw back his head and started to grind. The dim light overhead hit against his cheekbones and they looked so sharp they could cut, were cutting, right through Ilya’s ability to breathe.

“Lyubimyy, you are--”

Shane leaned forward, so they were face to face again, and lifted a finger to Ilya’s lips.

“I feel bold,” Shane interrupted. “Something about this makeup, its effect on you, makes me realize how, with just a few brushes of powder and shadow, I can take the great Ilya Rozanov to his knees.”

“Oh, Shane, you can do that any day of the week, every day of the year.”

Shane tilted his head. “Maybe,” he said, as he pushed Ilya’s shoulders back, making him tumble onto the bed, before dragging his ass over Ilya’s cock again. Fuck, Shane felt so good on him, looked so pretty, emboldened and taking charge in a way he rarely did. There were too many clothes between them, but Ilya kept his hands to his sides as Shane rolled his hips and continued, “Maybe I could take your breath away every day of the year, but I haven’t seen you this stunned in such a long time, luchik. And maybe I like making you speechless.”

As he spoke, he pulled back just enough to tug down Ilya’s sweatpants and briefs. Then he kept their eyes locked as he lowered his painted mouth to wrap around Ilya’s cock. The sight was more erotic than anything Ilya had imagined, and as Shane went to work on his cock, taking him in so deeply that tears formed at the corner of his shadowed eyes, Ilya almost lost it right there, almost came down Shane’s throat mere minutes after he had his mouth on him.

Ilya gripped Shane's hair and pulled him back from his cock. The mix of saliva and precome and makeup made Shane's lips gleam as he pouted.

"I will not last," Ilya explained. "And I need you to ride me."

The pout disappeared into a coy lip bite and Ilya thought he might die on the spot from how turned on he was.

"Already?" Shane asked. "I was barely down there."

"Sweetheart, the sight of your painted lips wrapped around my cock will be enough to keep me company for every away game next season. Please, Shane, open yourself for me and ride my cock."

Shane's eyes twinkled with amusement. "Yes, sir."

"Fuck," Ilya moaned. "You cannot play these games with me right now."

Shane's hand found Ilya's wet cock. "Oh? Is that so? Are you that close to--"

Ilya thrust up into Shane's hand, unable to help himself, unable to fight back from this talented, gorgeous, sensual bombardment. After a moment or two, Shane chuckled, and stepped off the bed to undress and fold his clothes. Ilya watched, transfixed, until all that Shane had on was a bit of eyeliner, lip paint, and blushed cheeks.

"Moy dorogoy, you are stunning."

Shane came forward to rest on the side of the bed, reaching for the lube they kept in the nightstand, and flicking it open. Ilya watched as he coated two of his own fingers, shadowed eyes never leaving Ilya's face while he brought them between his legs and opened himself up.

"Beautiful," Ilya whispered. "Obscene, erotic."

Smiling through a gasp, as he stretched himself open, Shane managed to compliment Ilya's English.

Ilya didn't know where to look, at the place where Shane's fingers disappeared, or at the way his lips fell open, or the place where his eyes darkened with lust. "You are inspiring new words from me."

Shane moaned then whispered, after a moment, "I'm almost ready."

Cursing, Ilya grabbed the lube and coated his own cock, and then Shane had his knees on either side of Ilya's hips, hovering as their eyes locked. "I love you," Shane whispered, before lowering himself onto Ilya's cock.

Ilya lost the ability to speak in any language, all that existed was the warm feel of his lover taking him in one certain, familiar, roll of his hips. When Ilya could breathe again, Shane fully seated on his lap, he pulled Shane down into a desperate and messy kiss. The makeup

tasted sweet and only fueled Ilya's desire, he grabbed at Shane's hair, pulled at the strands, and gasped into his mouth as Shane rode him at an unrelenting pace.

The desperation of earlier didn't let up now that he had Shane in his arms, it only intensified with every rock and grind of Shane's hips.

A loud moan erupted from Shane when he moved in such a way that Ilya's cock dragged over a needy part inside him, and then he rocked, again and again, so Ilya's cock found that spot over and over. Shane looked divine as he rode him, shining with exertion, and Ilya's hands grabbed his hips again and pulled him even harder onto his cock.

Ilya was rushing fast towards that edge, wanting to fall over, wasn't sure he could stop himself, not with Shane so pretty and determined and forceful on his lap, but he needed Shane to come, needed to see those painted lips part with pleasure, his shadowed eyes glaze over from a satisfaction that only Ilya could provide.

"Ilya," Shane whispered, desperate and close, and Ilya dropped his hand to Shane's cock and barely stroked it once before he was crying out and coming all over Ilya's chest. Ilya let the sight of Shane's gorgeous face, the feel of his body clenching around his cock, of his come landing over Ilya's chest, catapult him over the edge.

They both needed a moment.

Shane collapsed on top of Ilya and they breathed together until the pace of it slowed. Eventually, Shane lifted his head and met Ilya's gaze. The makeup around his eyes had smudged, the gloss on his lips long gone, and Ilya wondered if he'd ever seen anything more beautiful.

"I love you, too," Ilya whispered, finally finding his words as he ran a hand through Shane's hair.

Shane nuzzled his head into Ilya's shoulder, right over his loon tattoo, then pulled back and kissed it and the bear. Ilya felt his heart swell in a way that made his eyes prickle. He hugged Shane close, kissing his brow, and thanking him in Russian for such a wonderful evening.

"You don't need to thank me, lyubimyy," Shane replied. "But you could help me get all this makeup off my face while we shower."

Ilya smiled. "Anything for you."

The next morning, Ilya woke to an empty bed. He would have frowned, if not for the smell of bacon and, was that syrup? Definitely not a scent he ever woke to when they were midseason. He rolled out of bed and followed his nose to the kitchen, where Ryan, Fabian, and Shane were all behind the kitchen island, putting together a miraculous looking breakfast.

Fabian caught his gaze first, and winked at him, sending him a private, smug smile.

Yes, Ilya thought, that man could be triumphant as he wished, he could spend their next days here floating around as self-satisfied as if he won the Cup itself, because he had done what

few could - it wasn't that he'd help render Ilya speechless, though that was the case. No, he'd guided Shane through an evening of self-discovery, helped him follow a curiosity, led him, willingly, outside his comfort zone.

When Shane noticed Ilya had woken and joined them, the smile that *he* sent Ilya was nothing short of predatory. And that was a pathway Ilya was more than excited to help Shane explore.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope you enjoyed <3

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