

## Armani, Bvlgari, Louboutin

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# Armani, Bvlgari, Louboutin

by [leiascully](#)

## Summary

Ilya recruits Rose to convince Shane to get a new suit for the GLAAD Awards (and later, Ilya takes it off him).

## Notes

Timeline: after the events of The Long Game

Author's Note: Well, I wasn't going to NOT write about Hudson's exquisite Golden Globes outfit that has captivated me. Thanks to **caphairdadbeard** for details about the designers.

Megan Rapinoe is now a fixture of the Hockey Time! miniverse. Jordan first appeared as Shane's stylist in "The Clothes Make The Man" earlier in this series.

# Chapter 1

Rose is surprised when she picks up the phone. Ilya never calls her, and he definitely never video calls her. She answers immediately.

"Hi, is everything okay?"

"Rose, please, I am begging you. On my knees, I am begging you. Tell Shane he has to wear this."

Ilya turns the phone so she can see Shane and his stylist Jordan. Shane is standing on one of those little platforms they have in bridal shops. He's wearing something that looks like a tux, but a super sexy version: black pants, white jacket, a silky white shirt open to his waist, and a wide white cummerbund.

"Holy shit," she says.

"Rose, pleeeeeease."

"Move me closer," she commands Ilya, and he does, giving her a full 360 of Shane. Shane shifts uncomfortably, but he looks like a fucking model. Better than a model. "Holy shit. Jordan, you're a genius."

"I don't know if this is my style," Shane says hesitantly.

"But it can be," Jordan says.

"I'm paying for it," Rose says. "If that's what he's worried about. I'll pay for it. You can put me on with the manager, I'll give them my card number. I don't care how much it is."

"No, I am paying for it," Ilya says. The phone is too close to his face. "He has to have it."

"Does it look...right?" Shane asks.

"Shane, I have my fucking arms crossed right now so I won't touch you all over in front of everyone in this fancy little shop," Ilya says.

"You know you're very, very handsome, right?" Rose asks. Shane makes a face. "This is next level. Hot AF."

"As...fudge? Like hot fudge?"

"As fuck, Shane. Hot as fuck." Rose laughs. "You're really not one of the world's natural texters, huh."

"I am working on it," Ilya says. "Shane, lyubimyy, what is the problem?"

Shane fidgets with the jacket cuffs. "It's not what I usually wear."

"No," Ilya says, "it's better."

"I feel kind of exposed," Shane says. He tugs on the open edges of the shirt.

"Yeah, but your chest looks amazing," Rose says. "Anyway, now you know how I feel at all those awards shows."

"This is for the GLAAD Awards," Jordan says.

"Then it's perfect," Rose tells Shane. "You have to wear this."

"I don't know." Shane looks troubled. "I'm not sure I'm that kind of gay guy."

"What, stylish?" Ilya asks.

"I don't know what that means," Jordan says with a sharp little smile. Rose has been on the wrong end of that smile before. She winces.

"Just, like, not flamboyant, but...." Shane trails off.

"Femme?" Jordan suggests.

"I guess."

"Is there something wrong with being femme?" Jordan studies their nails, but Rose can tell they care a lot about Shane's answer.

"Not for other people?" Shane says like it's a question. "I guess just growing up as the Asian kid also meant people thought I was kind of feminine. It's kind of a stereotype, I guess. Asian guys not being manly. And then it turned out that I'm a gay Asian man and I'm married to someone who is *really* manly and that doesn't really help change people's assumptions. I don't have anything against other people being feminine, but I just...I don't feel like that's my style. I'm not Fabian Salah. I can't really pull it off. So. Maybe I should wear something different?"

"No!" Rose and Ilya say at the same time. Jordan and Shane ignore them.

"What did you tell me the first time we met?" Jordan asks.

"I wanted to stop looking like I was always going to the gym," Shane says.

Jordan smiles, for real this time. "What else?"

Shane has to think about it for a minute. "Uh, I wanted to look like me."

"Okay," Jordan says. "Do me a favor. Close your eyes." They touch Shane's body lightly, adjusting. "Stand up straight. Shoulders back. Imagine that you're doing hockey captain shit, or whatever makes you feel the most you. I want to see that power pose."

Rose hears Ilya suck in his breath. Shane's chin lifts and his shoulders square. He slides one hand confidently into his pocket, standing at an angle. His body looks relaxed, but strong.

The tux already looked great on Shane, but this takes it to a new level. He looks like a prince from a movie. He looks like a goddamn fantasy.

"Fuuuuck," Ilya says softly. Shane hears him and smiles just a little. It's definitely not a look he ever gave Rose, unfortunately, because it's extremely sexy and she tells Ilya so.

"I know," he says, sounding smug.

"Okay, open your eyes," Jordan tells him.

Shane does. "Oh."

"Yeah, exactly," Jordan says. "*That's* you."

"I look really manly," Shane says. "And also...femme."

"You look fucking hot," Rose says.

"Hey hey hey," Ilya says to her. "I will tell my husband that he looks fucking hot."

"Okay, fine," Rose says.

"You look fucking hot," Ilya tells Shane.

"Whoa." Shane studies himself in the mirror. "That's me?"

"That's you, baby," Jordan says. "I'm only ever going to put you in clothes that help you look like you. But they're just clothes. You have to wear them. Don't let them wear you. It doesn't matter what the label says. You're the one in charge. Okay?"

"Okay," Shane says.

"It's okay to have masculine energy and feminine energy," Jordan says. "Most people have both. If you're not ready to embrace that, we'll try something else, but I think you should wear this."

"Yeah, no, it's...." Shane is still looking at himself. "It's like the things about it that are kind of feminine make me look manlier, when I'm standing like this? Like somehow they emphasize, I don't know, my shape, my strength. And I guess the things about it that I would say were manly make me look...beautiful, maybe. Elegant."

"Exactly," Jordan says with satisfaction.

"You need it." Ilya sounds stern. "Now, today."

If Rose didn't already have some idea about Shane's preferences within his relationship, the way Shane's posture changes when he hears Ilya's bossy voice would clarify some things for her. She gets it. It's a compelling voice.

"You will look good for Megan Rapinoe," Ilya says.

"What if she shows up in the same outfit?" Shane's having fun now, posing, comfortable in the suit, and it's possible that he looks even better somehow.

"She might," Jordan says. "It's kind of her thing. But she could wear anything and make it her thing, so I don't think you have to worry too much. Also she would add a hat."

"Thank you for calling me," Rose says, and makes kissy faces at Ilya until he hangs up. She puts her phone down on the table next to the script she's working on learning and rubs both hands over her face.

"Holy fucking shit."

## Chapter 2

The thing is that Shane kind of loves the suit. Putting it on feels a little bit like putting on his hockey gear. There are so many pieces of it. He can't pull it on quickly like a t-shirt and shorts. There's the cummerbund and the cuff links and the very shiny shoes. Maybe it's not really more elaborate than his usual tux, but it feels like it. It takes time. It feels like a ritual. The fabric is luxurious. Putting on his usual tux doesn't transform him. This suit is something special. Jordan found him a necklace from somewhere, sort of a gold collar shaped like a snake, and Shane thought he would hate it, but it's kind of badass. Ilya loved it, of course, and insisted that it be part of the outfit. Shane's glad.

He feels good in the suit. And he looks really good in the suit. He can see it now. It's not like any clothes he's ever owned. The way his hair has grown out works perfectly with the whole vibe. The shirt doesn't really have a collar the way he's used to. It stands up instead of folding over and the way it frames his throat makes his neck look longer. It's all just really flattering, the way the cut of the jacket emphasizes his shoulders and his waist. He doesn't even mind the boob window effect anymore: it's a little bit superhero.

It's just clothes, but it's not. Shane spends a lot of time feeling like he doesn't understand the rules. He's learned enough to keep himself safe in the spaces he's occupied: masculine spaces, straight spaces, majority-white spaces. It felt like it took him so long to learn what people expected of him, and longer to give it to them. Now he has to learn how to move in queer spaces too, and that means unlearning a lot of bullshit, and learning a whole new set of expectations. Rules about what's masc and femme. Ways to talk to people, look at people, customs and code words and clothes.

Shane doesn't honestly know a lot about being gay. He hasn't watched all the iconic queer movies or read all the important books. He thinks he knows which one is Will and which one is Grace, but he couldn't name the Golden Girls. He's only watched two or three episodes of Canada's Drag Race. He doesn't know all the slang, he hasn't been to a lot of gay clubs, and he's not sure he knows all the letters in the acronym. He definitely doesn't recognize all the flags or the handkerchief colors. There are probably some people who think that makes him less gay. They're wrong too. Somehow the suit helps him understand this. His sexuality is something that comes from somewhere deep and essential inside him. He doesn't have to do any of the other stuff if he doesn't get around to it. He just has to be himself.

He's pretty sure his mom's favorite baby picture is the one of him wearing his hockey jersey with no pants like a dress, running around the house at age five or six. Baby Shane didn't understand or care about gender or sexuality. His life was simple then. He barely knew what rules were beyond "wear your helmet" and "look both ways before you cross the street" and "no candy after dinner". And he understands now that the rules he learned didn't really keep him safe. But they felt like they did, and the stakes of fucking up felt so high. Being shunned by his teammates. Getting the shit kicked out of him by the people he'd thought were his friends. The death of his dream before he really understood how far he could go. The end of his career when he has so much more to accomplish. He avoided all of that by avoiding

himself. Shane Hollander, untouched and untouchable and so much pushed down inside until he met Ilya.

Maybe it's stupid to put so much meaning into an outfit, but as he's getting ready, when he looks in the mirror, it's like something starts to heal inside him. If there are things about him that people consider femme, maybe that's not a bad thing. Maybe if he takes it as a compliment, he can change the meaning for himself, wear it confidently, the way Jordan taught him to wear the suit. Maybe next time he can add something to his outfit that represents his Japanese heritage.

He's proud to be Asian-Canadian. He's proud to be gay. People who think those parts of him aren't masculine are wrong. People who think femininity is weak are wrong. He knows so many amazing, strong, tough women. Their strength doesn't come from manliness. His doesn't have to either. It can come from his heart, somewhere in between, somewhere beyond the labels he's learned.

His whole life, he's spent all his time learning about hockey. That was all he wanted. He studied the history, the strategy, the finesse of the game. These are the things he knows about himself: how fast he can skate, how hard he can hit, the way he should move over the slick geometry of the ice. He knows how to fall. He knows how to fight. But he knows how to love something, too, so much he can't bear not to have it, and how to push through when he feels like he can't go any further. How to take pain and turn it into power, how to take defeat and turn it into fuel.

Since he met Ilya, he's learned so much more about himself. Maybe he thought he was done learning. But then he put on the suit, and he realized that Jordan is right. There's more to him. It's kind of terrifying, but it's kind of exciting. He spent so long being scared that someone would find out about him that he has to approach it sideways, come up in his own blind spot. There's a whole world of gay culture that he's just barely starting to understand past the stereotypes he's heard forever. He's going to have to learn how to fall all over again, how to fuck up and recover, how to peel back all the years he spent being alone and learn how to be part of a community. It's kind of like transferring to a new team in a strange city with all new traditions, except the team is like, a significant percentage of the world's population, so all the traditions overlap and contradict, and there are way more positions to play.

"Are you ready?" Ilya comes up behind him and whistles a low note. He puts his hands on Shane's hips and his chin on Shane's shoulder, staring at Shane in the mirror. "You know, I am not sure we have to go to this ceremony after all. I think we should stay in our hotel room."

"You don't want to show off?"

Ilya gives him a look that smolders. "Okay, yes, but even more, I want to take off."

Shane laughs and turns to face Ilya. "Somebody told me once that waiting all night was the best way to get my dick sucked."

"Oh, much more than that," Ilya says in a voice that's so sexy that Shane seriously considers skipping the award ceremony. Jordan found a suit for Ilya too, and it makes Ilya look like

Shane's wet dream, if he's honest. It's sleek and black and perfectly tailored. Shane can't wait to take it off later.

"Come on," he says, taking Ilya's hand. "We have to go accept our award and thank Megan Rapinoe for the fruit basket."

Ilya groans. "Fine, fine. And then?"

"Then we'll see," Shane tells him, and winks, because he's allowed to wink at his handsome husband.

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Summary

Shane gets to wear the suit to the GLAAD Awards; Ilya gets to take it off.

## Chapter Notes

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

Ilya has been waiting all fucking night to touch his husband's chest. All goddamn night, waiting and wanting. It's hot in the room and Shane is a little bit sweaty and Ilya wants to drag his tongue from the place where Shane's shirt opens up and up and up between Shane's tits to the side of Shane's neck. When Ilya thinks about that too much, he has to think about something boring for a while instead, but every time he catches himself staring into space, it's the space between Shane's pecs. He knows that Shane's feelings about the suit are complicated, or they were, but Ilya's feelings about it are not: he loves it. It makes Shane look pretty, in a new and different way, but it's a prettiness Ilya always understood to be part of Shane, so it doesn't surprise him the same way, maybe.

It has been a nice night. They got an award for something, Bravery In Sports or some shit. Ilya is going to call it the Gay Sex Award forever, just to annoy Shane. Megan Rapinoe gave them the award, and she was very funny and stylish and so was her tall partner. The food was good. The drinks were nice. But Shane is still wearing that suit, and Ilya thinks the only thing better than looking at Shane wearing that suit will be looking at him not wearing anything.

Everyone wants to talk to them. They meet so many people that they all blur together. Ilya has never seen so many queer people in one room, all of them different, all of them beautiful. He stands with Shane, his hand on Shane's back. Shane seems happy and comfortable. He makes his little jokes and smiles for real. It fills Ilya with joy to see it. Of course everyone is enchanted by Shane, but especially when he's like this, his goodness shining out of him like sunshine.

Ilya is making friends too. There are all kinds of interesting people here. He thinks that if Shane did not have a no-threesomes rule that they could have a very fun night, but it's good enough just talking too. People put their numbers in his phone, promise to call, talk about projects they could do together, pledge money to the Irina Foundation. It's good. Very different from the usual boring hockey events, but good. Ilya thinks that maybe they will even really do some of the things they promise, which is nice.

When it gets to be too much — too many people speaking too much strange English slang too fast with too many accents — he puts his hand in Shane's pants pocket. Shane puts his own hand in too and holds Ilya's hand. It helps, somehow, like Shane's touch takes him to the cottage, somewhere with only the two of them. Ilya can take a few breaths of peace and that's

enough to let him be a person again. Ilya is very used to crowds, even ones booing him, but they're usually behind the glass. Everyone at this party is up close and personal and so full of life and he loves it but it's making him a little tired too. Hockey parties are boring, but he only has to talk about hockey. He has the vocabulary for that. He can talk about hockey without even thinking hard about it. He doesn't have all the words for all of this. It's amazing. It's overwhelming.

Finally, finally the party is over enough that they can leave. Ilya leans against Shane, just a little, just enough that Shane can feel that Ilya is very ready to go to bed. They are polite in the elevator, even though Ilya wants to unbutton Shane's pants right there. Ilya is very good in the hallway and doesn't touch Shane at all, because he knows if he does, he won't stop. But as the door closes behind them, Ilya has his hands on Shane's chest, up under Shane's jacket, cupping and squeezing Shane's pecs.

"Hello to you too," Shane says, but his back is already arching as he pushes his pecs into Ilya's hands. His eyes already have that lazy horny light Ilya loves to see.

"It's such a good suit," Ilya tells him. "Finally you look like the slut you really are."

"Oh, and that's a compliment?" Shane makes that face where he wrinkles his nose. It's so cute. Also he looks so much like his mom. Well, it could be worse.

"Yes." Ilya kisses him. "Very much. I love that you want me to kiss you, touch you, fuck you. But who else gets to know? Nobody. Of course boring Shane Hollander is not dreaming of getting on his knees right now. He probably shakes his sexy husband's hand goodnight."

"I think after the whole no-sex-during-playoffs thing, we kind of put that idea to bed," Shane says. "So to speak. There's at least ten or fifteen people who suspect I don't just shake your hand. Also, like, most of the internet, but I try not to read that stuff."

"Maybe so," Ilya says, "but they don't know how you beg for it with your eyes, looking at me like that."

"Is that so?" Shane smiles. "Weird, because Rose sent me something called 'Shane Hollander Bottom Eyes Compilation' last week and it was a video that was fifteen minutes long."

"Good," Ilya says, thumbing Shane's nipples. "The people should know the truth."

Shane hums as Ilya brushes kisses across his face. "And that's the whole truth?"

"You know it is," Ilya tells him, kissing the side of Shane's neck.

"I can make you beg for it too, you know," Shane says.

"Oh, I do know," Ilya says. "You in this fucking suit. All night, I'm begging, please please can we go back to the hotel room so I can fuck you until you can only remember my name. But you are saying no, I must talk to everyone so maybe I will get more awards later." He squeezes Shane's pecs again and makes Shane gasp.

"I was talking to people who wanted to donate to our foundation," Shane says. "Remember our foundation? It's kind of important?"

Ilya ignores him and kisses his way down the side of Shane's neck, down and down until he can rub his face between Shane's pecs. Fuck, he loves Shane's chest. It's perfect. He licks from the V of the shirt up to Shane's neck and slides back down again, just like he wanted. Shane tastes like salt and skin. His chest rises and falls as he breathes faster. His necklace clicks against Ilya's teeth. The gold is hot from Shane's skin. He moans a little as Ilya touches him. God, Ilya wants to have Shane naked under him, but Shane in the suit deserves more attention.

The fabric of Shane's shirt is silky and it feels good under Ilya's hands. He palms the curves of Shane's tits. Shane's been building more muscle lately, now that he's eating differently, and Ilya loves it. And this goddamn shirt: it's so delicious to touch Shane through it, and also to slip his hands inside and touch Shane's skin with the shirt holding him so close. He has to work to touch Shane like this. He can feel his own muscles flexing, pushing against the fabric as he strokes Shane's chest and kisses Shane's throat.

"So fucking hot," he tells Shane in Russian.

"Then why don't you fuck me like you own me?" Shane says back in Russian.

Ilya stares at him. "Who is teaching you this?" he demands in English.

Shane makes his bratty face that he thinks is sexy and mysterious. "Hold me down," he says in Russian.

"I thought you said you were not a slut," Ilya says in English.

Shane shrugs. "If the slutty shoe fits, I guess I have to wear it."

Ilya kisses him. "I will fuck you," he says between kisses, "when I am ready to fuck you." He holds Shane's face in one hand. "Until then, you will wait."

He touches Shane's chest and Shane's back, running his hands everywhere under Shane's jacket and shirt until Shane looks drunk with wanting. And it's so fucking good, just this: Shane's smooth skin under his hands and the scent of Shane's cologne rising. Ilya loves the way Shane's skin turns pink when he's so turned on. He kisses Shane's throat, biting just a little to make Shane moan. Ilya won't leave too many marks — they have to fly home tomorrow, and people are always taking pictures at the fucking airport — but he can't resist. The hot-looking circle where his mouth was looks so pretty against the white shirt, the gold collar, Shane's skin.

Finally, finally, when Ilya's dick is so hard it's aching, he pushes the jacket off Shane's shoulders. Shane makes a soft little noise and Ilya picks the jacket up and drapes it over a chair. "There, Shanya. Better?"

"It's a nice suit," Shane says, like Ilya hasn't seen him fold a t-shirt that looked like every other t-shirt.

"Yes," Ilya says. "It would look better on the floor."

Shane clicks his tongue. "I'm not gonna let you fuck me if you don't treat my suit with the respect it deserves."

"Oh, like I treat your ass with the respect it deserves?" Ilya says. He slips his hands into Shane's big fabric thing. Cummerbund. A stupid word for a good piece of clothing that shows off Shane's waist. Ilya slides his hands around until he finds the little clips that hold the cummerbund on. He undoes them, and hangs the cummerbund over the chair with the jacket, showing Shane how careful he is. Then it's easy to pull the shirt out of the pants and run his hands over Shane's abs. He leaves the shirt on and kneels in front of Shane, picking up Shane's foot and balancing it on his knee so he can take off Shane's shoe.

"Socks on or off?"

"Off is fine," Shane says, breathless.

Ilya takes off shoe and sock and then the same on the other foot. He gives Shane's bare ankle a little kiss and lines up Shane's slutty expensive shoes under the chair. Shane pushes his hand into Ilya's hair, even though he knows what it does to Ilya's curls, and pulls Ilya back up for a nice kiss. Ilya holds Shane's hips and undoes Shane's trousers, letting them drop. When Shane steps out of them, Ilya slides down his body and takes Shane's boxers too, so that Shane is standing in just the shirt and the gold snake collar.

"Put the seams together," Shane says, like his dick isn't so hard it's shivering.

"You're bossy tonight," Ilya says, but he does what Shane asks. "Maybe I should spank you. Remind you that I am the boss."

Now Shane's whole body shivers. "When we get home, okay?"

"Oh, you don't want to feel my handprint on your ass the whole flight?" Ilya says.

"I'm already going to be feeling plenty," Shane tells him. "That is, if you ever get around to fucking me."

"Just for that, I go slower," Ilya tells him. He shrugs off his own jacket and leaves it on the floor. Shane rolls his eyes. "Wow, excuse me. Do you want to do this?"

"Yeah, I do," Shane says. He picks up the jacket and lays it over the chair, then tugs Ilya's tie loose. Ilya likes the way Shane uses the tie to pull him closer. He gives Shane a kiss for being so clever, his tongue pushing against Shane's. Shane keeps kissing him while his busy hands undo all the buttons on Ilya's shirt. Ilya loves Shane's fucking hands, the confident way they move over Ilya's body. Soon all of Ilya's clothes are folded on the pile of clothes, and it's just Shane in the shirt, everything about his body begging Ilya to fuck him.

"On the bed," Ilya tells him, and Shane goes, stretching out in a way that is so sexy it almost makes Ilya's brain stop. Ilya gets the lube and a condom and tosses them to Shane. "Get ready."

It's so different from the first time in Vegas, when Shane was almost shy. Now his fingers are quick and eager, finding his asshole, spreading himself open for Ilya. Ilya gets a towel. They've fucked in too many hotels for him not to know that making a mess in a bed someone else cleans makes Shane tense and unhappy, and he wants to make Shane very, very happy, and for that, Shane needs to be relaxed. Besides, this way he gets to watch Shane, the cuffs of the shirt pushed up over his sexy forearms, his neck flexing against the collar as he fingers himself.

Ilya's dick pulls him toward Shane like a dog on a leash. He crashes down onto the bed, pulls Shane's legs over his shoulders, licks at Shane's hole until Shane is shaking. His thighs press against Ilya's head and Ilya spreads them wide again, backing up.

"Fuck me so hard I cry," Shane gasps in Russian. His accent is just okay, but he isn't at his most focused right now, so Ilya will forgive him. It's fucking hot anyway.

"Who taught you this?" he asks again as he rolls on the condom and puts more lube. "Not Google or your lessons, I think."

"Better," Shane says. Then he says in Russian, "My asshole is wide for you."

"Ah," Ilya says. "Svetlana. Well, at least she did not teach you to say 'put a baby in me'."

"I'm honestly surprised that wasn't what I said," Shane tells him.

"Say it again," Ilya says. "The first thing, not the last thing."

"Fuck me hard," Shane repeats, and Ilya pushes into Shane. Shane moans. Ilya fights his own urge to slam into Shane. Shane feels so fucking good around him. Ilya takes his time, a few slow thrusts, until he can feel Shane is ready for more.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane gasps as Ilya moves faster, shoving into Shane. It's good, so good, too good. Ilya doesn't want it to be over, but he can't hold himself back. Not after all those hours of watching Shane, wanting Shane. Ilya shifts the angle until Shane is groaning with every thrust. He can still make Shane come hands-free, and he loves to see it. Shane's hands are locked around Ilya's arms, holding tight.

"I love you so fucking much," Shane says. "God, you always make it so fucking good for me. You always have."

"You deserve it," Ilya whispers. "All good things, Shanya."

"So do you." Shane reaches up to touch Ilya's face. "Cum for me, sweetheart. Lyubimyy. Please."

"Fuck," Ilya groans. He can't resist Shane when Shane is sweet like this, or really ever, but especially like this. He spreads Shane's thighs wide and pounds into Shane, taking the pleasure he needs. Shane makes it just right for him. His ass clenches and holds Ilya tight. Ilya hisses through his teeth. He's too fucking close.

"That's it," Shane says in a rough voice, "that's good," and his praise is enough to send Ilya over the edge. He shudders into Shane, his hips jerking as his whole body shakes. Shane cries out too, but he doesn't cum yet. Ilya pulls out and crawls back between Shane's legs. He takes Shane's dick into his mouth, the whole thing at once, licking his way down the shaft. His fingers stroke Shane's balls as he opens his throat and swallows around Shane's dick. Shane groans. Ilya reaches up to touch Shane's chest — God, yes, the shirt, the collar, he fucking loves this outfit — and Shane cups his hand over Ilya's. Together, they stroke Shane's skin.

Too soon, Shane is shivering, his thighs and abs tensing against Ilya. When he cums, Ilya swallows it all and licks Shane's dick clean. He peels off the condom and throws it in the trash, then stretches out next to Shane on the bed. Shane rolls against him, breathing hard in the circle of Ilya's arms.

"I feel like a sexy pirate," he says.

Ilya laughs. "I think maybe there is a joke about booty here, yes?"

"Shut up." Shane pushes at him, but not for real. Ilya knows how Shane likes to play pretend.

"You look very sexy," Ilya says. "I told you it was a good suit."

"Yeah," Shane says. "You were right. It kind of taught me some things, which is weird to say about an outfit for a party."

"Maybe so," Ilya says. "But maybe we can all learn things."

"Oh yeah?" Shane asks. "Like what?"

"I learned that I still like you even when you dressed like no one taught you clothes could be nice," Ilya says.

"Remember that time you said I was the asshole?" Shane asks. "You were wrong."

Ilya gives Shane the crooked smile he knows Shane likes. "Okay, well, you married me."

"Yeah," Shane says. His eyes are soft. "I would do it again."

"Wearing this suit?"

"I mean I think it's going to need cleaning, but sure," Shane says. "If we get married again and it still fits, I'll wear it."

Ilya hooks his finger gently through the gold snake collar. "And this?"

"What, are you going to get me a tag with your number on it like Anya's?"

"Probably," Ilya says. "It's easier to see than a handprint."

"I think everyone already knows I'm yours," Shane says softly.

"Yes, you are mine," Ilya says. He kisses Shane's forehead. "And I'm yours."

"Forever and ever." Shane yawns. "We should go shower. Otherwise we're going to fall asleep here."

Ilya sighs and rolls out of bed. He offers Shane his hand. Shane takes it with a smile and lets Ilya pull him close.

"This is a nice hotel," Shane says, "but I'll be happy when we get to be home more often. After we retire, maybe."

Ilya snorts. "Then Svetlana will definitely teach you to say 'please put a baby in me'."

"I don't think that's exactly the way it works, but I'd rather you knock me up than Hayden."

"Hey, whoa," Ilya says. "Who said that was an option?"

Shane laughs. "Come on," he says, "let's clean up. We need to get in a workout in the morning."

Ilya groans, not in a sexy way. "Mister Discipline."

"Hey, if we're already sweaty, no point in not fooling around before we check out," Shane says.

"Maybe you won't have any water. Maybe I'll offer you a drink from my bottle." Ilya raises an eyebrow. "Very flirty, very sexy."

"It almost worked on me then and I'm a lot sluttier now," Shane says, turning on the water in the shower to warm up. "Or so I hear."

"Definitely," Ilya says. He puts his hands on Shane's waist and finally, finally takes off the shirt. Shane stands in front of him, more beautiful than ever, wearing nothing but his gold snake. "But you know, I like it."

"I think I guessed that," Shane says. Ilya kisses his smile, only two or three times, which is not too many when his husband is so adorable, but it's distracting. Ilya has to change the subject.

"Hey, do you think Megan Rapinoe will send us another fruit basket? Now that she knows we are so charming and handsome."

"Only if she can get bananas," Shane says, and they both laugh as they step into the shower together.

I meant to finish this yesterday, but I had a migraine. Oops.

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