

**Okay. I like it...Picasso!**

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| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Luca Haas</a> , <a href="#">Troy Barrett</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
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| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Series:          | Part 1 of <a href="#">Heated Rivalry - Ilya Rozanov Does Not Understand the Internet (But Loves It Anyways)</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
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# Okay. I like it...Picasso!

by [colorsflashing](#)

## Summary

The internet is strange and chaotic and full of things no one bothers to explain. Ilya Rozanov loves it anyway.

OR

The one where Ilya learns a new viral phrase from TikTok.

**February 2022**

"Will you please get off your phone?" Shane glares at the phone Ilya is holding while lying down in their bed. He glances away from his screen to look at his beautiful husband who is looking very grumpy. "Is someone a little jealous?" Ilya taunts, lifting his eyebrows teasingly. Shane rolls his eyes and rolls over, giving his back to Ilya.

"No, I need to sleep and I can't do that if you're watching that stupid clock app." Shane grumbles and Ilya can't help but smile at his husband's annoyance. "I will put my headphones on so you can get your beauty sleep." He replies, climbing out of bed to find them. Shane rolls onto his back to watch his husband walk across the room, glaring at him.

"You're serious?" Shane demands angrily. Ilya looks over his shoulder at him and hesitates with his hand in his bag, "I am not tired yet." Ilya replies like he doesn't understand why Shane is so upset with him. Shane scoffs and rolls back to his side and closes his eyes. He's obviously angry and upset with Ilya.

Ilya furrows his brows and stares at his husband. He doesn't want to make him angry so he abandons the headphones and makes his way back to bed, setting his phone down on the bedside table before lying down. Shane scoots infinitesimally away from Ilya as he climbs in. Ilya narrows his eyes in annoyance that his husband is trying to get away from him.

He wastes no time wrapping his arm around Shane's waist and tugging him towards him, cuddling him against him tightly. Shane opens his mouth to protest but it quickly turns into a soft gasp when Ilya kisses his neck while trailing his hands down Shane's abs before settling on the waistline of his boxer briefs.

"Is my husband feeling neglected?" Ilya whispers against Shane's skin. Shane shivers and nods, words clearly evading him. Ilya starts kissing toward his mouth and Shane turns to give him his lips. Ilya can't help but teasing him though, instead shifting so he hovers over Shane, kissing along his chest instead of giving him the kiss he's now desperate for based on how he groans in frustration.

Ilya smiles against Shane's skin, happy that after all these years together that Shane is still desperate for him...that Ilya is just as desperate for Shane. He is a bit surprised that Shane is feeling neglected though when only an hour ago Ilya was on his knees in the shower with his cock in his mouth, but he's not going to complain. Especially when Shane is making the sounds he's making.

"Ilya..." Shane groans in annoyance when Ilya licks along the waistband of his boxer briefs. Ilya opens his eyes to see Shane staring at him with hooded, lust-filled eyes that also are filled with so much love it still overwhelms Ilya. "Is okay Shane. I will take care of you now." He promises and then yanks Shane's underwear down, exposing his hard, leaking cock.

Ilya immediately starts showing Shane just how un-neglected he is and only minutes later Shane is gasping Ilya's name reverently as he falls apart for him. With one last soft kiss to the tip of Shane's cock, Ilya carefully places Shane's underwear back in place before sliding up to kiss Shane softly on the lips. He's still breathing hard and his eyes are closed, obviously exhausted which is no surprise after the game they had tonight against Florida.

"Just give me a minute and I'll take care of you." Shane mumbles sleepily and Ilya can't help but kiss him softly. "Is okay. Just sleep, Любимый." Ilya tells him. Shane squints his eyes open. "I swear if you're just trying to get me to fall asleep so you can watch stupid videos all night, I'm not going to have sex with you ever again."

Ilya can't help but laugh. He had no plans of doing that but he can't stop himself from teasing Shane. "Lies. You would not last more than 12 hours without my cock." Shane narrows his eyes, "Of course I would. Do you not remember how you ghosted me for 6 months after the first time we had sex? I can last without it for more than 12 hours." He teases, but the words still hit Ilya right in the heart. He hates that he did that to Shane. He opens his mouth to apologize again for doing that when Shane stops him with a searing kiss banishing the words from his mouth.

"Things are different now. You would not last 12 hours." Ilya says when he pulls away still arguing his point. Shane rolls his eyes, "Yeah, well neither could you!" He argues. "I am not the one who threatened to withhold sex." Ilya replies. "I would never do that to you." He adds and Shane's face fills with guilt. Ilya kisses him, not wanting him to feel guilty, especially when they both know Shane's threat was never going to last.

"Besides, I wasn't going to touch my phone for the rest of the night. Only you as we fall asleep." Ilya whispers against Shane's lips.

"You're still as hard as a rock, Ilya. Let me take care of you." Shane pulls away to look into Ilya's eyes. "Please." He adds and Ilya can't say no to him. Why would he, when he's looking at him the way he is and saying such pretty words. "Okay." He concedes and the next thing he knows Shane is pushing him onto his back and kissing down his body determined to make Ilya forget all about that stupid clock app that Shane is beginning to really hate.

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"Okay, I like it...Picasso!" Ilya shouts as he jumps on Troy and Shane in celebration of Troy's goal. Troy laughs and shakes his head at Ilya, while Shane looks at him like he's lost his mind.

"What did you just say?" Shane asks as they skate toward the bench to give high fives to their teammates. Ilya smiles wide, "It's from a video I saw earlier today on TikTok." He explains and Shane sighs and rolls his eyes in annoyance. "I don't get it." Shane grumbles.

"It's a video of people decorating a car for an art project, and a guy walking by says, 'Okay, I like it...Picasso!'" Ilya explains and Shane furrows his brows. "What the fuck kind of videos

are you watching?" He grumbles as he begins to skate away from Ilya who shrugs, "I will show you after game! Then you will understand." He shouts at his husband as he heads to take a seat on the bench since the powerplay is over and Shane's line is on the ice now.

Shane doesn't acknowledge him, he just continues to skate to center ice for the faceoff. Ilya turns to Luca Haas, "Have you seen the video I am talking about?" Ilya asks the young right winger. "Uhh, no. I don't think so." He says sheepishly like he's worried Ilya will get mad at him for his answer. "I will show you after game. You will like it, unlike my boring husband." Ilya responds, looking back to the ice just as Shane wins the faceoff.

"Uhh sure." Luca replies awkwardly and Ilya turns to look at him, seeing his skepticism. "You are artist, yes?" Ilya asks and Luca nods. "Then you will like it...Picasso!" Ilya replies with gusto just as they stand for the line change. Before Luca can even respond, they are shooting onto the ice.

After the game and everyone is celebrating their win in the locker room Ilya pulls out his phone to show Luca and Shane the video. Neither of them react like Ilya wants them to. "Is okay. You just don't get it." Ilya tells them in frustration as he puts his phone back on his shelf and walks to the showers leaving them standing there in confusion.

Ilya is in a grumpy mood for the rest of the night. He knows Shane is getting frustrated with him, but Ilya is annoyed. Shane and Luca could have at least pretended to think the video was funny. Now Ilya feels like he's missing something. Like he is stupid for thinking it is funny. Maybe it is because he is Russian and does not understand, but then he remembers that Luca is Swiss, so being foreign is probably no factor. They are just boring, Ilya decides.

"Why are you ignoring me?" Shane asks when they finally walk into their home. Ilya doesn't respond, instead gives Anya love as he kicks off his shoes. Shane stares at him for a moment before taking his shoes off and walking past them, patting Anya's head lovingly as he passes. Ilya watches him walk into the kitchen and grab a ginger ale from the refrigerator, looking confused and dejected. Ilya gives Anya one last scratch before telling her to lay down, then makes his way into the kitchen.

"Do you think I am stupid?" Ilya asks as he sits down at the island, looking at Shane intently. Shane furrows his brows, "What?" He asks obviously confused about Ilya's question. "Is real question. Do you think I am stupid?" He asks again. Shane sets down his ginger ale roughly, causing some to spill over the edge. He doesn't move to clean it up though like he normally would, his eyes are focused on Ilya. "Absolutely not. I don't think you're stupid."

Ilya leans against the island, his head resting on his fist as he looks at Shane. "Are you sure? It feels like you think I am stupid." Shane looks frustrated and opens his mouth to argue when suddenly his expression changes to one of annoyance, "Is this about that stupid video?" He growls.

"So you do think I am stupid!" Ilya shouts in mock outrage. He's not actually upset, but it's fun to make Shane think he is. "I said the *video* was stupid, not you!" Shane argues and Ilya rolls his eyes. "Same thing." Shane's mouth drops open and Ilya can't stop himself from laughing. Shane sighs and his nose flares in annoyance, "You are such an asshole!" He shouts with a smile, relaxing knowing that Ilya is just being his typical menacing self.

"No, but I want your asshole in bed. Right now." Ilya lifts his brows at Shane suggestively. He smiles when Shane's cheeks flush and his eyes darken with desire. Then a moment later, he's walking out of the kitchen and towards their bedroom. Ilya smiles wickedly at Shane's retreating back. "You better be naked by the time I make it in there." He shouts and Shane speeds up while lifting his shirt off his body as he goes. Ilya waits 10 seconds before he rushes after him, stripping his clothes as he goes.

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"Fuck Ilya! Yes, right there!" Shane gasps as Ilya pounds into him from above. Ilya grunts in satisfaction as he leans forward and kisses Shane causing them both to moan when Ilya pushes into him harder. They're both close, but Ilya needs Shane to cum first. "Fuck, I need you to cum for me Любимый." He grunts against Shane's mouth, then starts pumping into him even harder.

Shane constricts around him and Ilya nearly blacks out but forces himself to snap out of it so he can watch Shane. His eyes snap open and he lifts his head enough to look into Shane's eyes. "I love you. So fucking much." He grunts and that's all it takes for Shane to gasp, "I'm coming!" Ilya watches in absolute bliss as his husband falls apart and his cum paints his gorgeous body. It's a sight to behold and it makes Ilya lose his mind.

"Mark me." Shane gasps when he realizes Ilya is about to fall over the edge. "What?" Ilya asks, confused because Shane usually hates the mess but he look desperate for it as he gasps, "Please. Mark me."

Without a second thought, Ilya pulls out of Shane, grabs his cock and pumps twice before exploding in thick, hot spurts all over Shane's chest and abs. Their cum mixing together creating the most beautiful picture on Shane's body. Ilya fucking loves it. He's breathing hard as he watches Shane run his finger along his body, mixing their releases even more together. Ilya can't stop watching.

After a moment, Shane looks up at Ilya with a smirk. "Okay, I like it...Picasso." He says and Ilya sucks in a sharp breath before he can't hold back his laughter. Shane joins him a second later and Ilya can't help but fall even more in love with his husband. After they settle down Ilya leans down and kisses Shane softly, "Come on. As much as I love our masterpiece, it's time to get cleaned up and ready for bed."

"No scrolling on the clock app tonight?" Shane replies with a roll of his eyes as he lets Ilya help him out of bed. "Not tonight." Ilya replies before pulling Shane in for a soft kiss.

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A few days later, the whole team is saying the viral phrase much to Ilya's delight and Shane's annoyance. They say it after every beautiful pass, spectacular goal, or whenever someone completely biffs it.

But now every time Ilya hears it, his mind fills with the image of Shane saying it that night in bed, and the phrase takes on an entirely new meaning.

One he'll never be able to forget.

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