

#HollanderxRozanov

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#HollanderxRozanov

by [redsideofthemoon](#)

Summary

Alexa Rhodes @Alexa_Rhodes

Big Bears fan btw ;) @TheIlyaRozanov

Shane frowns. Alexa Rhodes. He's heard the name before. The memory of a particularly obscene locker room chirp from J.J. suddenly flickers through his mind. Shane navigates to her account, and his stomach sinks when he sees the details of her profile.

She's a model signed with IMG, has 1.2 million followers, and looks exactly like the type of woman Ilya was often photographed exiting clubs with not that long ago. She is undeniably and painfully gorgeous — the type of person you see in the airport or grocery store and have to pause to admire. There's a Russian flag emoji in her bio that seems to stare back at Shane tauntingly.

Shane immediately decides that he hates her.

Or,

Ilya films a collaboration with Porsche and goes viral for being hot. Shane's solution? Surprising Ilya with lingerie, naturally.

Notes

Hi again :)

Some disclaimers before you read:

- Absolutely no AI was used in writing this fic. I hate that I have to say that ew.
- I've only read Heated Rivalry, not The Long Game. To be honest, I'm not the biggest fan of RR's writing (I'm sorry). I operate using a mix of show and book canon. I don't think that really matters for this fic, just covering my bases.
- Google translate Russian :(

Thank you for reading!!

“Three days,” Shane whispers as he stares hollow-eyed at the calendar on his fridge.

Only three more days until he finally gets to see Ilya again.

Shane had spent hours staring at their respective training camp and preseason schedules to pinpoint the perfect time for a visit. He’d found it at the beginning of September — a long weekend, four whole days to themselves in Ilya’s Boston penthouse. It almost seemed too good to be true.

August had come and gone in a blur. Despite their best efforts, they just couldn’t seem to get their schedules to align. Admittedly, they had been spoiled the previous month with the two weeks they had holed up together in Shane’s cottage. Looking back now, those two weeks feel like a faraway dream. The memory of the trip sparks a dull, longing pain in Shane’s chest.

Considering that they spent nearly a decade getting by on clandestine meetings in hotel rooms, one month apart is nothing, really. They’d routinely gone several months without seeing each other during the off season.

One month should be manageable – hell, it should be *easy*.

Shane laughs dryly at the thought. He takes a long swig from his water bottle, paces from the kitchen to the living room, and stiffly takes a seat on the couch. He’s just finished his morning workout. Normally, he would FaceTime Ilya right now, who would only now be rolling out of bed. Then, he’d start on his breakfast, toting Ilya along for the ride. They would eat together while chatting about their plans for the rest of the day. Afterward, Shane would pack his bag and head out for morning practice.

Today, Ilya has his yearly physical for Boston. So, no breakfast FaceTime.

Shane sighs and sinks further into the couch. He probably, definitely shouldn’t feel this neglected and pouty over one missed call. Ilya would give him so much shit. He’d laugh at

Shane and coo condescendingly at him until Shane would get snippy and flustered, which would inevitably shift into being turned on, then —

Fuck. No. He promptly stops that train of thought.

He resigns himself to shooting off a text to Ilya.

Good morning :)

Three more days!

It's fair to say he's grown more than a little restless from the waiting.

Shane decides to capitalize on the few minutes of free time he's found himself with. He replies to the family groupchat, skims his email inbox, and clears any open tabs on his phone. He's about to get up and start on breakfast when Ilya's text comes through.

Lily

Good morning to you, solnyshko. Yes!! Three days

Waiting for results from bloodwork. Very boringgg

I tell the team doctor to hurry because I have an even more boring boyfriend to tend to

Shane smiles stupidly down at his phone.

Before he can reply, his phone pings again. Another message from Ilya – a link to an Instagram post this time. Shane's eyebrows furrow, curiosity spiked. He clicks the link and is redirected to the app.

@Porsche

Come along with @TheIlyaRozanov for a look inside his fully custom 718 Cayman!
#PorscheXRozanov

The Porsche deal! Shane sits up straight on the couch, smile growing wider. Ilya had filmed a short collaboration video for them a few weeks ago as a part of a series they were doing with professional athletes. It was rare for Ilya to take collaboration deals like these, but given his obsession with luxury cars, he obviously couldn't say no to *Porsche*.

The video begins with a wide shot of Ilya's sleek, Boston orange car in an empty, industrial-sized garage. Then, the camera zooms in to get various angles of the shining exterior. They must have waxed it for the shoot. Shane snorts, envisioning a gleeful Ilya watching his car get pampered. Finally, there's a cut, and then Ilya is there, standing in front of the driver's side of the Cayman, smirk on his lips and playful glint in his eyes.

And – *shit* – Ilya looks *hot*.

He's dressed casually in streetwear, wearing only a black muscle tank, well-fitted jeans, and a boxy leather jacket. Every item looks to be extracted from Ilya's own closet, excluding the jacket, which has *Porsche* stitched across the chest in bold lettering. It's an outfit Shane could never pull off, but Ilya, annoyingly, makes it look effortlessly cool.

His hair is swept back away from his face, styled neatly in a way Shane rarely sees him wear. It draws attention to his features — the strong line of his nose, the arch of his brow, his defined cheekbones.

Shane feels a crushing wave of *want* wash over his whole body. He presses a flattened palm to the crotch of his gym shorts and grinds down. He's already half-hard just from catching a glimpse of Ilya. An embarrassingly high-pitched keen slips past his lips.

God, has he always been this fucking easy?

“*Oh, did you want a tour?*” Video Ilya teases. He looks around like he's debating walking away and finding something better to do, but he finally lets out an exaggerated sigh and shrugs, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. “*Ah, okay, why not?*” he says as he turns his back to the camera.

Shane's breath hitches.

Because stretched across the broad expanse of Ilya's upper back, **ROZANOV** is stitched into the jacket in light orange threading. An even bigger **81** is emblazoned directly below it.

Right, Shane's brain supplies uselessly, *like a racing jacket*.

Shane can be normal about this. He sees Ilya in his jersey all the time. This is basically the same thing. He should not be growing painfully hard right now.

Yet, he undeniably *is*.

The video continues with Ilya sitting in the driver's seat. He talks animatedly about the design choices he made when customizing the interior of his car. Seeing Ilya so impassioned momentarily distracts Shane from his growing arousal.

That is, until the video cuts again. It's another wide shot of Ilya's car, but this time it's parked outside in front of a strikingly beautiful sunset. Ilya comes back into the frame and slowly walks toward the car. The way his jeans hug his ass as he takes each step is downright sinful. Shane swallows.

The final shot is a close-up of Ilya's back as he opens the door and slides into the driver's seat, then it fades to black.

Shane's brain feels like it was dumped in water and is short-circuiting. His phone hangs limply in his hand as the video loops back and automatically replays from the beginning. He exits the app and pulls his message thread with Ilya back up.

He quickly types out and sends an impulsive *Wow*.

Shane grimaces at his own inadequate reply. Before Ilya can give him any shit for it, he sends another message.

Did they let you keep the jacket?

Ilya's reply is immediate.

Lily

Yes

Why? You want me to wear it the next time I fuck you?

Ilya's brazenness causes a quiet moan to slip past Shane's lips. Shane had honestly asked because he was going to suggest framing it, but Ilya's idea seems far more appealing.

He grinds his palm down harder, a whimper getting caught in his throat. He closes his eyes; an image of Ilya in that fucking jacket, bending Shane over the hood of his stupid orange car while he mercilessly pounds into him, plays on the backs of his eyelids.

It's enough to have Shane shimmying his shorts and underwear down. His cock springs free, red and aching. He spits in his palm and wraps a hand around his length. It feels dirty in an intoxicating way, stroking himself while sitting in his living room in broad daylight.

His eyes flutter back open. He texts back a weak *Maybe* and silently curses himself for being so bad at sexting. For good measure, he also curses Ilya for somehow always knowing exactly which button to press to turn Shane into this messy, needy version of himself.

Unhelpfully, his mind conjures up another image. *Himself* in the jacket, spread out like a slut across the hood of Ilya's car.

Or I could wear it.

You know. While you fuck me.

Ilya sends back a string of rapid-fire messages.

Lily

Fuck Hollander

You are touching yourself?

You really want to be stuffed full of my cock with my name across your back?

Shane lets out a noise somewhere between a moan and a gasp. He holds the hem of his t-shirt up between his teeth as he tightens his grip and quickens his pace. He's already so close, leaking a copious amount of clear fluid into his palm. His other hand trembles as he types.

Yes i couldn't help it sorry

You fucking know I do

Shane's eyes stay glued to his screen as he waits for Ilya to reply. He rubs a thumb across the tip of his dick and teases the slit.

Lily

I thought you might like the video

is very sweet how polite you are even while you fall apart malysh

No need to wear jacket when I already own you

It's the idea of Ilya owning him that sends Shane flying over the edge. He comes with a muffled cry around the fabric stuffed in his mouth, spilling over into his fist. He bucks his hips as his orgasm rips through him.

Breathing raggedly, Shane sinks back into the couch. He grabs a fistful of tissues from the side table and does his best to clean up the majority of the tacky coating of cum covering his fist. He crinkles his nose in distaste.

Thanks for the post-workout orgasm. Now I'm all sticky...

Lily

Ohhhh, poor Hollander. Your boyfriend is too sexy and hot

Very hard life you live

He is :)

Enjoy your doctor's office boner, asshole.

Shane laughs, shaking his head in disbelief. Even in another country, Ilya continues to find ways to keep him on his toes.

Ilya replies with an image of his lower half. His legs are spread wide, covered in the thin fabric of what Shane recognizes as his favorite pair of grey sweatpants. The angle makes the hard outline of his dick look obscenely large.

Lily

Evil kotik

The following day, Shane is in the midst of packing his bags for his trip to Boston when he's pleasantly surprised by a call from Rose. It's been a couple of weeks since their last catch-up.

They chat aimlessly for a while about everything and nothing. Rose complains about the miserable German co-star she's stuck with as her love interest in her newest project, then Shane complains about the rookies he's been whipping into shape, who seem to get younger and cockier with each passing year. *Mutual bitching*, Rose calls it, *a cornerstone of every long-lasting friendship*.

When the conversation lulls, Shane quietly informs her of his upcoming trip to visit Ilya. He'd confessed the extent of his relationship with Ilya to Rose over the course of their last phone call. It was terrifying, but Rose expertly navigated the landmine of a conversation with an overwhelming amount of dignity and grace for Shane and Ilya's situation.

Shane really loves her.

"You must be so excited," Rose says, smile evident in her voice. "One month is a long time to go without seeing your man. Especially since you guys are official now."

"Yeah," Shane softly admits. "I've really missed him. I've been physically marking the days off on my calendar all month like we're in middle school or something."

"Shane!" Rose gasps. "That's the cutest shit I've ever heard. Does he know that?"

Shane laughs. "What? No. He'd give me so much shit for it." He shakes his head incredulously at the thought.

"Come *on*, you know he'd love it. From everything you've told me about him, he sounds like he's obsessed with literally everything you do. You have him whipped."

Shane can't fight the lovesick smile from spreading across his face. Since their trip to the cottage, he has become increasingly aware of the quiet power he holds over Ilya. It was like the breaking of a dam after years of suppressing their true feelings for one another. Ilya just seems so *eager* to prove to Shane how dedicated he is to their relationship now. It's simultaneously endearing and incredibly attractive.

“Oh!” Rose says suddenly. “I totally forgot to ask. How are you coping?”

Shane frowns at the row of neatly folded socks he’s tucking away into his suitcase like they hold any clue as to what she could be referring to.

“Coping?” he parrots the word back, eyebrows furrowed. “Coping with what?”

From the other end of the line, Rose lets out a breathy little giggle. “Um, coping with half of the internet very openly thirsting over your boyfriend?” She says, like it’s the most obvious thing in the world. When Shane doesn’t immediately respond, she continues, “Wait, you’ve seen people’s reactions to Ilya’s Porsche collab, right?”

Shane’s frown deepens until he is downright scowling at his socks. “What? What do you mean, half of the internet is – did you say, ‘*thirsting*’ – over Ilya?” Shane sputters.

Shane had seen the Porsche video. Actually, Shane had jerked off to the Porsche video, but that was his *right* as Ilya’s boyfriend. Shane isn’t naive — Ilya has always garnered attention from the media and fans alike for his good looks. Shane just didn’t consider the further implications of the campaign leaving the hockey sphere of the internet. Looking back, that was a very severe miscalculation on his end. Obviously, a post from Porsche would have a broader reach than a post from the NHL’s account.

Still, Rose is exaggerating, maybe. She can be very theatrical at times. Shane just needs to see for himself. Surely, Ilya would have told him if *half of the internet* was *thirsting* over him. He switches the call over to speaker. “I’m opening Twitter now,” he says.

“Okay, babe, you already sound like you want to murder someone, and you haven’t even seen anything yet. Maybe we should pause and take a breath,” Rose says carefully, like she’s speaking to a cornered animal.

Unfortunately, Shane has never responded well to anyone’s attempts to de-escalate him. Well, anyone excluding Ilya, his boyfriend, that half of the internet is thirsting over, apparently.

“I’m fine, Rose,” Shane appeases her. “I just want to see what you’re talking about.”

When he opens the app, Shane doesn’t even have to navigate away from the home page to get the gist. #PorscheXRozanov is the #5 trending topic on Twitter.

“He’s trending?!” Shane cries. “The asshole didn’t tell me he’s trending on Twitter for being hot?!”

“Well...maybe he hasn’t seen?” Rose suggests weakly.

Shane doesn’t bother responding to that notion. Ilya has definitely seen the response. He scrolls Instagram and Twitter mindlessly all the time, a habit Shane has been diligently working to break him from. He clicks on the trending topic and begins to scroll. The first tweet he sees is mostly harmless.

Katie!! @kat1estyles:

just learned who ilya rozanov is today and my life has been permanently altered forever. wtf do they put in that man’s water??

Attached to the tweet is a screenshot of Ilya from the campaign video. It has a staggering number of retweets, nearly 7,000, and twice that amount in likes. Shane continues to scroll.

Many of the tweets he skims through are similar. Random accounts that rave about their newfound attraction to Ilya or fawn over his ass. *Fair*, Shane thinks. Ilya has a great ass. There’s one Shane doesn’t *love* that asks for his boyfriend’s hand in marriage, but it’s sent from an account clearly belonging to a teenager. Most of the accounts that are talking about Ilya don’t even have profile pictures of their own faces.

Harmless.

However, there’s a tweet from a verified account that catches Shane’s eye.

Alexa Rhodes @Alexa_Rhodes

Big Bears fan btw ;) @TheIlyaRozanov

Shane frowns. Alexa Rhodes. He's heard the name before. The memory of a particularly obscene locker room chirp from J.J. suddenly flickers through his mind. Shane navigates to her account, and his stomach sinks when he sees the details of her profile.

She's a model signed with IMG, has 1.2 million followers, and looks exactly like the type of woman Ilya was often photographed exiting clubs with not that long ago. She is undeniably and painfully gorgeous — the type of person you see in the airport or grocery store and have to pause to admire. There's a Russian flag emoji in her bio that seems to stare back at Shane tauntingly.

Shane immediately decides that he hates her.

"Shane?" Rose's voice interrupts Shane from his internal spiral. "You there?"

"I'm here," Shane replies. "Alexa Rhodes, really?" He lets out a bitter laugh. "I bet she doesn't even watch hockey," he grumbles petulantly.

Shane is being petty, childish, and totally unfair to this girl. He knows it. She could be the biggest hockey fan in the world. She probably is, given how perfect she seems otherwise. She could have gorgeous, Russian, hockey-obsessed babies with Ilya.

"I saw that one," Rose confesses timidly. "I know her, kind of. She's a friend of a friend. Super sweet girl, would definitely not be hitting on Ilya if she knew he was in a relationship."

The comment makes Shane deflate. He's been an asshole to this girl Rose is apparently friends with. "I'm sorry. I'm sure she's great. I'm just..."

“...jealous?” Rose supplies when he trails off.

“Yes, I’m jealous.” Shane laughs humorlessly. “It’s pathetic, right?”

Shane is jealous. It’s an ugly word and an even uglier feeling. The growing pit in his stomach threatens to swallow him whole. He’s reminded of the night at the cottage when Ilya so casually floated the idea of marrying Svetlana by Shane. It felt like Ilya had reached inside his chest and twisted, despite the suggestion coming from an entirely rational place.

“No, Shane, that’s totally normal,” Rose soothes. “But, you know, you have no reason to worry, right? I mean, we were just talking about how in love that man is with you.”

“I...I know,” Shane says slowly. “Ilya would never cheat on me. I know that.” It’s not a lie. Shane would never doubt Ilya’s character like that. Ilya is a good person, always so thoughtful and genuinely kind in a way Shane deeply admires. “But I do sometimes worry that one day he’ll wake up and want something different... something easier that he doesn’t have to worry about hiding.”

“Oh, babe,” Rose says. Shane winces at the evident pity in her voice. “You should for sure talk to him about this.”

Shane has. He’d confessed this worry to Ilya that night at the cottage when they had the conversation about Svetlana. Ilya had eased his anxiety and told Shane, with no amount of uncertainty, that he only wanted to be with him. But...people change their minds all the time. What if Ilya changed his mind about Shane? What if he finally recognized his easier options, and that’s why he didn’t tell Shane about the video going viral?

“I know. I will,” Shane lies, nibbling on his bottom lip.

There’s no reason for Shane to further embarrass himself by telling Rose that this is apparently a recurring insecurity of his, and Ilya has already done his part and reassured Shane once. It would be an annoyance for Shane to rehash the same issue. Or, Ilya could take it the wrong way and think Shane doesn’t trust him. Shane just needs to get it together and find a way to move past this on his own.

“Good.” Rose sighs in relief. “Communication is key in preventing Shane spirals!”

Shane spirals. He can’t believe Rose has coined a term for the anxious circles he tends to think himself into.

After a few more minutes of conversation, Shane wraps up the call and bids Rose goodbye with promises to call again after his trip to Boston.

Later that night, Shane lies in bed staring at the ceiling, stomach in knots. He’s just ended a FaceTime call with Ilya, who very quickly sniffed out that something was up with him. Shane had nervously fumbled through a lie about fighting off a headache. Ilya seemed to buy it, barely. Shane is sure he’ll get more questions about his head tomorrow, but for tonight, Ilya let it go.

Notably, Ilya still did not mention anything about the internet’s reaction to the Porsche campaign. Shane tries not to let that information fester.

He’s not sure what possesses him to pull up Alexa’s profile again. It’s unchanged, of course. Just as perfect as last time. Shane huffs.

After a bit of scrolling, he pauses.

It’s a promotional post linking a collection with Victoria’s Secret. Shane stares, unblinking. Alexa has attached two photos of herself modeling pieces from the collection. Pretty, frilly things that accentuate the curves of her body and endlessly long legs.

And...Shane is not attracted to women. He’s come to accept this about himself, finally, but he’s been with girls in the past who wore intricate little numbers to bed, trying to please Shane, to impress him. Shane always made sure to compliment them and tell them how beautiful he thought they looked. He’d never wanted to hurt any feelings, but he also genuinely meant most of the compliments. The women were beautiful, and the things they wore were beautiful, too – silky and lacy and expensive.

Shane's mind wanders. He wonders if Ilya liked it when the women he was with wore pretty things.

Pretty is something Ilya often calls Shane. *Beautiful*, too. Even though Shane is supposed to be *handsome*, rough, and masculine. He's a professional hockey player, for fuck's sake. Yet, he secretly enjoys the descriptors Ilya chooses to use. They make him feel like something soft, something to be cherished.

Shane exhales shakily. He clicks on the link and is led to a page displaying the full range of the collection. It's extensive. Words like *cheeky* and *easy access* pop out at Shane and make heat rise to his cheeks.

Would Ilya like Shane in something like this? Would he call Shane *pretty*?

The thought makes Shane dizzy with arousal.

Impulsively, he clicks on an image of a light blue set that sticks out to him. It's not Alexa modeling this one, at least. The model has a skin tone that's close to Shane's own, and it looks nice on her. Complimentary.

The top doesn't look like it'd be too constricting. Unlike in the other sets, there doesn't appear to be any wiring. The fabric looks soft too, like it'd have some give. There's white lace detailing around the edges and matching little white bows where the straps meet the top. The bottoms are constructed similarly with the same fabric and lace overlay. They're more full-coverage than any of the others Shane saw, but they're cut into a deep V shape and have ruffles along the edges of the thigh and ass. The listing describes them as *cheeky*. Shane thinks the set is...sweet.

He feels a buzzing in his ears. Is he seriously considering this? He's not a woman. Ilya could take one look at him and burst into laughter.

Deep down, Shane knows that wouldn't be the case. Ilya teases him relentlessly, but he is not cruel. He wouldn't make fun of Shane over something like this. Objectively, given everything else Shane knows about his boyfriend, he figures it's far more likely for Ilya to be *really* into it.

Before Shane can talk himself out of it, he's adding the set to the cart and checking out. He selects the box for overnight shipping, pays an exorbitant amount for it, and quickly exits the site. After triple-checking his alarm for the morning, he sets his phone on his nightstand and goes back to staring at the ceiling.

Tomorrow is his last day before leaving for Boston. If the set actually arrives in time, maybe he'll pack it in his suitcase.

Maybe.

By the time he lands in Boston, Shane is itching with anticipation.

Ilya. Finally. Or at least, almost.

It's early afternoon, so Ilya is stuck at practice. He'd tried to blow it off, so he could pick Shane up at the airport himself, but Shane was quick to shut that idea down. Ilya would already be missing out on an optional practice and a team dinner while Shane was in town. Missing mandatory practice would be irresponsible.

Instead, Ilya sent a car to pick up Shane through some luxury service he definitely shelled out too much money for. Shane had tried his best to convince Ilya of the merit of Uber, which made Ilya pull a face like he'd been slapped. Shane locates his driver at baggage claim, who wordlessly takes the suitcase from his hands and herds Shane into the backseat of his large, black SUV. The driver smiles tightly at Shane's attempt at small talk but pointedly does not respond.

Geez. Bostonians.

He sends Ilya a message to let him know he's on the way.

In the car!

Lily

Ugh. Should have been me picking you up

Too bad I have a boring, responsible boyfriend who is allergic to fun

(;

Your boyfriend sounds smart. Focus on practice! See you soon:)

Lily

Ehh, he is okay

See you soon, moya lyubov

Shane rolls his eyes fondly at Ilya's chirp flirting. He tucks his phone away in the pocket of his sweatpants and looks out the window, drumming his fingers against his thighs impatiently. He's keyed up in a way that's reminiscent of how he is before an important game. Shane attempts to channel the nervous energy into something productive. He begins to go over the plan he has for when he reaches Ilya's place.

The set he'd ordered on a whim is tucked away in the bottom of his suitcase. Shane had tried it on yesterday, only keeping it on long enough to ensure that it fit and didn't look totally ridiculous. Then, he wrapped it in a sweatshirt and hid it away with flushed cheeks. Truthfully, he didn't *hate* the way he looked in it, so he has hope that Ilya may actually like it.

He'll have right at two hours before Ilya gets home from practice. Plenty of time for Shane to eat something light, unpack his bags, shower, and prep himself. Shane releases a pent-up breath. He can do this. He won't chicken out.

As he drives home from practice, Ilya is on cloud nine.

It's been a good week. It will be his last season with Boston before moving to Ottawa, so Ilya intends to go out on a high note. The team is shaping up nicely for the upcoming season, and he's more than happy with the progression he's made individually. At twenty-six, he's arguably in the best shape of his career so far, and he feels it. He feels good, light on his feet.

The collaboration he'd filmed with Porsche was posted a couple of days ago, and it received a bigger and better reaction than Ilya thought it would. Not that Ilya particularly cares, but his agent and team are pleased with him. The ego boost had been a nice bonus. However, Shane's reaction to the campaign had been the real reward for Ilya.

Shane, who is currently waiting for Ilya at home.

Ilya presses a little harder on the gas at the thought, cursing under his breath as he weaves his way through traffic. The past month spent apart has crept by at a snail's pace. He's missed Shane terribly, a longing that's manifested as a constant, dull ache in his chest. Now, they have four days ahead of them. Four days of cuddling and sex and teasing and playing. Ilya cannot wait.

He tries not to worry about Shane's sudden caginess that's appeared over the past two days. Ilya knows his boyfriend quite well at this point, has become intimately familiar with all of his little cues and tells, so he's sure something is definitely bothering Shane. Pressing the issue thus far has gotten Ilya no where, so he temporarily let it go. He plans to pry whatever it is out of Shane today, as he knows he's far more likely to have success if he can get his hands on Shane and physically chip away at his guarded exterior.

Ilya whips into the parking garage of his building. He checks himself in the rearview mirror, running a hand through his still-damp hair. He'd rushed through the quickest shower of his life after practice. Marlow had given him so much shit for it. *Damn Roz*, he'd chirped, *is the pussy that good?*

Ilya smirks at the memory. He snags his bag from the passenger seat, throwing it over his shoulder as he bounds to the elevator. *Better than good*, Ilya had responded, triggering a chorus of obnoxious whooping and whistling throughout the locker room. If only the fuckers knew.

He lefts himself into the penthouse, smiling giddily with anticipation. “Moya lyubov?” he calls out as he enters, setting his bag down in the entryway. He toes his shoes off to not offend Shane’s delicate sensibilities. “I’m home!” he announces.

“You are hiding from me?” Ilya teases when he gets no response. He hears rustling from further inside and follows the source of the noise.

He’s barely stepped foot into the living room when he is met with a sudden armful of Shane Hollander, freshly-showered and dressed head to toe in comfortable clothes he plucked from Ilya’s own closet. Ilya laughs as he readily takes on the brunt of Shane’s weight. He wraps his arms around Shane’s middle and spins them around. “Ah, I found you,” he says around a smile, cheek smushed into the crown of Shane’s hair.

“Ilya,” Shane breathes out into the crook of his neck. He sounds so relieved to see Ilya, to be in his arms. Ilya squeezes him tightly. “Fuck. Hi. I missed you so much.”

“Hi, sweetheart,” Ilya replies softly. He gently sets Shane back on solid ground. “I missed you, too. Keeping you here from now on, da? No leaving. Is okay, Montreal will find a new captain, probably.”

Shane laughs as he pulls back from Ilya’s neck. “Oh. You’re going to hold me hostage?” he quips back, blinking up at Ilya with crinkled, amused eyes.

Ilya closes the small gap between them, leaning down to press a firm kiss to Shane’s lips. He hums happily into the kiss. “Yes, I am so glad you understand. You are excellent hostage,” he murmurs against Shane’s mouth.

Shane rolls his eyes and pokes Ilya in the side. “You think they’ll move Hayden up when I’m gone?” he asks, cocking his head to the side cutely.

Ilya scoffs. “Pike?! Captain? No.” He blows a raspberry then shakes his head, making sure to punctuate every word with quick little pecks to Shane’s lips. “Why would they make the

worst player on team captain? Makes no sense.” Slowly, his hands begin to travel down until they’re resting on Shane’s ass. He gives it a firm grab through the thick sweatpants, sighing wistfully. “Missed you too, by the way.”

“Are you really talking to my ass right now?”

“Of course I am.” Ilya grins wolfishly, walking them backward until Shane is crowded against the back of the couch. “It did not miss me?” He raises a challenging brow as he stares down at Shane.

Shane chews on his bottom lip, cheeks already beginning to flourish with heat. It is too soon for him to be blushing, and the lip biting is a nervous habit of his. Ilya frowns and reaches up to gently extract the abused flesh from between Shane’s teeth with his thumb. Based on the puffy, inflamed state of it, Shane has been doing a lot of lip biting recently.

“You are worrying about something,” Ilya notes, making sure to keep his tone neutral. He removes his hands from Shane’s ass to run them up and down his arms. “This is about the same thing? The headache?”

Shane opens and closes his mouth. Ilya sees the gears turning in his head and knows his boyfriend is debating his next move, deciding if he’ll come clean to Ilya about what’s been bothering him or keep the *I’m fine, Ilya* charade up for longer.

Ilya is about to take him by the hand and lead him to lay down when Shane speaks.

“Um, it’s kind of related, I guess,” Shane begins, averting his gaze. He runs a hand through his hair. “I have a...surprise. For you. I’m a little nervous about showing you.” His eyes meet Ilya’s again as he takes a steadying breath. “It was kind of an impulsive decision. I saw, uh, a Tweet. About you. Your Porsche video, I mean. I think it made me feel a little....territorial.” Shane flinches, seemingly at his own words. “I know it did,” he corrects.

Momentarily, Ilya is stunned. A surprise? Shane hates surprises, both giving and receiving them. Aside from that, Ilya is shocked he even saw the social media reaction to the campaign. His boyfriend only has Instagram and Twitter downloaded to post about strictly hockey-

related matters. What stupid Tweet did Shane see? What could possibly make Shane impulsive? Ilya can probably count the amount of impulsive decisions he has seen Shane make on one hand.

And...*territorial*? He thinks he may like where this is heading, actually.

Ilya makes a conscious effort to empty his head of all horny thoughts. Shane is clearly anxious, and that must be handled first.

“Come, sweetheart,” he says decisively. “Let’s cuddle in bed and talk more about your surprise, yes? Will be easier to talk when I am holding you.”

Ilya’s suggestion strikes right where he wants it to. Shane stares at him with the big, watery doe eyes Ilya has come to recognize as a precursor to Shane finally giving in. Ilya holds his hand out, waiting patiently.

Shane grabs his outstretched hand and squeezes. “No, Ilya,” he says firmly, to Ilya’s shock. “I’m going to the bedroom and you...you wait here for a minute, okay? I’ll let you know when I’m ready.”

Ilya feels a zip of arousal at Shane’s shift in demeanor. His boyfriend looks keyed in, mouth drawn in a tight line. He knows there will be no changing Shane’s mind. “Wait here, okay,” Ilya agrees easily. His curiosity is piqued. “You are okay though?” he checks.

Shane nods and gives Ilya a small smile. “I’m okay,” he confirms. “I’ll be quick. If you, um, don’t like the surprise, just tell me, alright? No big deal. We’ll forget it ever happened.”

Ilya frowns. “Sha—”

“I know, Ilya. I just need you to agree, please?” he pleads, doe eyes dialed up to a ten.

“Very bossy tonight, sweetheart,” Ilya murmurs. He leans forward and presses another kiss to Shane’s pouty lips. “I love everything we do together. Always. But okay, malysh. Go get your surprise ready. I will be waiting.” He sends Shane off with a firm tap on the ass, nodding in the direction of his bedroom.

“Okay,” Shane says with a shaky smile. “Yeah, okay,” he repeats, nodding to himself and giving Ilya’s hand a final squeeze before turning on his heel.

Ilya watches Shane scurry off, laughing quietly to himself. Their long weekend has already started off with a bang. He moves to the kitchen, grabs a bottle of his nicest vodka, and pours two fingers in a glass. He swirls it around and stares contemptively down at the clear liquid. Ilya takes a long swig, appreciating the burn coating his throat on the way down. He takes a seat on the nearest barstool, heaves out a sigh, and he *waits*.

Shane has turned him into a very patient man.

Ilya uses the time alone to rack his brain about what this surprise could possibly be. Maybe a new toy? He doubts that would have Shane so shaken up. They’ve long moved past the days of Shane getting flustered over his ever-expanding toy collection. Ilya had sent him a new one just last week, and he’d received an obscene image of it nestled in Shane’s ass in return. The thought of the exchange has Ilya’s cock hardening in his joggers.

“*Bylat*,” he curses under his breath, reaching down to adjust himself. He hadn’t bothered putting on underwear, figuring he’d be stripping soon after walking in the door, so the feeling of his hand brushing against his bare cock only adds to his arousal.

He polishes off his glass of vodka. He handwashes it in the sink carefully, knowing Shane would stare at the glass disapprovingly if he leaves it for later. He sets it out to dry on the rack.

Ilya thinks back over the past week. The Porsche campaign. The heated sexting that followed. Shane’s odd behavior after that. Over text, they’d discussed Ilya fucking Shane in the racing jacket Porsche had gifted him. Could that be Shane’s surprise? But, Shane knows Ilya wants that, so he has no reason to act cagey and shy about his desire for it – his desire for Ilya to *own* him.

Not when Shane has owned Ilya for years now.

Two long minutes tick by. Ilya keeps track by staring at the digital clock in the microwave.

“Ilya?” Shane finally calls, voice trembling. “You can come back now.”

Shane’s tentative little voice brings a knowing smirk to Ilya’s face. Shane loves the *illusion* of control, and Ilya will always give it to him willingly. It’s a small trade for the submission Shane so beautifully gifts to him. Plus, it is sweet, watching Shane peacock when he is handed the reigns only to flounder and fold moments later.

When he reaches his bedroom door, Ilya is greeted by the sight of Shane’s eyes peaking out of narrow gap he’s left open. He smiles when he meets Shane’s eyes. “Yes? You are ready for me, moy mal’chik?”

Shane’s forehead meets the door with a soft thud. “Promise you won’t make fun of me?”

“Sweetheart.” Ilya frowns. “I would never,” he vows.

There’s a beat of silence.

“Close your eyes. I’ll grab your hand and lead you to the bed. No touching until you open your eyes, alright?” Shane instructs, confidence restored.

Ilya’s dick twitches in his joggers. “So bossy,” he groans, making a big show of pretending to be put out. “I will listen, promise. Eyes closed, hands to myself.” He squeezes his eyelids shut to drive his point home.

Shane laughs quietly, then Ilya listens closely as the door slowly opens. Shane grabs him by the hand, and Ilya follows blindly into the bedroom. When Shane pushes at his shoulders, he collapses and is met with the surface of his own mattress. Ilya lets his knees fall open, palms flat against the bed. He waits, patiently, for Shane to make his next move.

When Shane climbs onto his lap, Ilya stifles the urge to move his hands. They itch to wander, to grope, to *feel*. He digs his fingers into soft bedding as Shane settles, breathing out a long sigh of relief when he finally sits, the full weight of his body applying delicious pressure to Ilya's clothed erection.

"You can open," Shane whispers.

Ilya's eyes fly open. Instinctually, his gaze finds Shane's own. He musters a small, reassuring smile before his eyes begin to wander down, and —

Oh. *Oh*.

The ample flesh of Shane's chest, that Ilya loves to knead and bite, is shoved into a tiny piece of baby blue, lace-covered fabric that stretches across his chest. His pert nipples are hard enough to be seen through the bra. Ilya's jaw unhinges itself. He could have never prepared himself for *this* — not when he didn't even recognize it as an option. His eyes flash from Shane's chest to his face at breakneck speed.

"*Shane*," he says lamely. He knows he cannot possibly contain all the reverence he feels into the one single word. His hands fly up on their own accord, rubbing the hardened buds of Shane's nipples through the garment. "Fuuuck. Look at you," Ilya grits out. He leans forward until his face is sandwiched directly between Shane's pecs, hot breath ghosting against the cleavage the top has created. "You are so *pretty*, moya lyubov, is all this for me?" he asks, lips pressed against Shane's skin.

"Of course," Shane gasps and squirms in Ilya's grasp. He lets out a broken little noise when Ilya suctions his lips around his nipple, biting and licking as best he can through the dampened fabric of the bra. "So...you like it?" he asks shyly.

Ilya chokes out a laugh as he rips himself from Shane's chest. "Do I like it?" he echoes incredulously. "What do you think? Hm?" he asks as he bucks his hips upward, grinding his hard cock against Shane's...

Panties. Shane is wearing panties.

Matching blue, lacy, and ruffled. There's even a little bow right below his belly button. Shane's dick sits tucked into the waistband, already leaking enough to create a large wet patch against the light fabric.

"*Bohze moy...*" Ilya trails off as he stares, eyes blown wide. He traces the pad of his thumb over the pink, drooling tip of Shane's cock. "Fuck. You are so wet. Making a mess in your pretty panties, already. You just can't help it, can you, kotik?" he coos.

Shane lets out a drawn-out whine as he grinds down against Ilya's lap. "No, can't help it," he confesses, shaking his head.

"Shh, I know. I know you can't, sweetheart," Ilya soothes as he kisses along the exposed column of Shane's throat.

Ilya halts Shane's movements with a firm grasp around his waist. He presses Shane down, beginning to slowly rut against the cleft of his ass with intent. His clothed dick catches on the hem of Shane's panties, ripping a guttural moan out from low in Ilya's stomach. Grunting, he slips in past the fabric.

"Mm, *fuck*," Shane whimpers as he tips his head back to allow Ilya easier access to his neck. His hands tangle into Ilya's hair, pulling at the soft curls along the base of his scalp.

"Have not even touched you, and you are falling apart in my lap." Ilya is not in much better shape himself. He feels feral with his own desire, humping against Shane like a desperate teenager. "Tell me. What is it you want, sweetheart?"

“Fuck me, Ilya. I-I need you to fuck me, m’ready for you,” Shane admits, eyes screwed shut. “I...I have a plug in, please.”

Ilya smiles at the quiet admission. He watches, mesmerized, as the blush rises from Shane’s chest to his sweet, freckled face. He rolls one of Shane’s nipples between his fingers and pinches the little bud, reveling in the little mewl it elicits from Shane. As he ogles at Shane’s chest, he wonders what it’d take to convince Shane into wearing the bra every time they fuck.

He slips a finger underneath the panties, smile growing wider when it taps against the flared base of a plug. “All stretched and ready for me, hm?” He presses firmly against the plug. Shane keens at the sudden nudge against his prostate. “I could slide right in. Couldn’t I?”

“Uh-huh,” Shane nods, head bobbing up and down rapidly. His eyes flutter open, pleading and wet when they meet Ilya’s. “S’wet enough,” he murmurs, bumping his nose against Ilya’s jaw. “Like a *pussy*,” he whispers.

Ilya smirks as the remaining piece of the puzzle slides into place in his mind.

In one quick motion, Ilya stands from the bed with Shane still clinging to him, hands firmly grasped around Shane’s thighs. He tosses Shane onto the center of the bed and crawls between his spread legs. He uses the moment to fully appreciate Shane in this state, spread out beneath him and flushed bright red, muscled frame draped in dainty lingerie.

All for Ilya’s taking.

He leans down to pull Shane in for a searing kiss. “Get on your stomach,” Ilya directs when they part, staring directly into Shane’s dark, hazy eyes. “Need to eat your sweet little pussy.”

Shane’s red lips part into an answering gasp. As he adjusts, Ilya stands back up, ridding himself of his tank top and joggers. He grabs the bottle of lube from his nightstand and takes hold of his throbbing cock, stroking lazily as he situates himself back into the cradle of Shane’s thighs. He grips Shane around the waist and pulls until he’s positioned how Ilya

wants him – knees bent, ass up. Ilya can't resist the urge to land a loud *smack* to each of the round globes of Shane's ass.

The sight he makes is straight out of one of Ilya's wet dreams.

Ilya pulls the panties to the side, exposing Shane's plugged ass to cool air. "Fuck. You are pretty. Wish I could take a picture," Ilya pants as he works his cock. "Put it in the fucking louvre," he growls. He lands another swat to Shane's right ass cheek, enjoying the way the sensitive flesh darkens.

Shane responds beautifully. He cries out, voice muffled into the mattress. His spine bows dramatically, deepening the sinful arch of his back. "Do it," he says through a moan. "Record us."

Ilya freezes, mind screeching to a halt.

"Yes?" he asks, folding his body on top of Shane's. "Is what you want?" He watches the side of Shane's face closely, scanning for any sign of doubt in his boyfriend's blissed out expression.

"Mhm, wanna have something for when we're apart. Just...keep it in the app?"

Shane has only recently become comfortable with keeping anything stored on their phones, largely due to the private photo album app they'd both downloaded. Right now, there's only a few nudes in it from the each of them, sent over the course of the past month. Ilya's mind races with ideas of different angles and shots he wants to record of them tonight.

"Da, the app. Of course," he agrees readily. He straightens back up, reaching across the bed to grab his phone off the nightstand. He pulls the camera app up.

Ilya settles back on his haunches, getting an eyeful of Shane's freckled, red ass in his panties. Using his free hand, he twists the soft fabric between his fists, pulling them back to the side.

Ilya holds his phone up with the other. The sight of Shane on camera makes him grow impossibly harder. The soft afternoon light filtering in provides perfect lighting. He snaps a few quick pictures, knows he'll thank himself for them later. Then, he switches to video.

"Look at you, movie star," Ilya teases. He grips the base of the plug and presses it in hard once before slowly dragging it out. Shane clenches around the plug like a vice, desperate little moans spilling out past his lips. "So fucking *tight*," Ilya groans. He pauses when the widest part of the toy breaches Shane's rim. The plug, while not as wide as Ilya's dick, is certainly not small.

Shane's hole contracts around the toy with each ragged inhale. He whines pitifully when Ilya just holds it there, unmoving.

"You can take it," Ilya growls. "Your pretty pussy was made to be split open."

"God, Ilya," Shane pants. "You need to shut up or I'm already gonna come."

Slowly, Ilya slides the toy out the rest of the way. It leaves Shane's pretty, pink entrance gaped and winking. Excess lube trickles out and drips down to coat his panties. Ilya spits, adding to the mess, then lands a sharp smack directly to Shane's hole. Shane sobs, twisting in the sheets wildly as he tries to simultaneously pull away from the sensation and chase after more.

Ilya clucks his tongue. "*Shut up*? So bratty. What happened to my sweet *malyshka*?"

"*Ilya!*" Shane hiccups. "That was mean."

Ilya chuckles. Although he cannot see Shane's facial expression, he can hear the pout in his lover's voice. "Poor baby," he croons, all syrupy-sweet and condescending. "Let me make it better."

Ending the recording, Ilya sets his phone to the side. He drops down to his elbows and props himself up with his forearms bracketed around Shane's thighs. He buries his face in Shane's ass with a moan. He opens his mouth around the puffy rim, creating a tight suction with his lips.

"O-Oh, fuck, oh my god," Shane whimpers as he grinds back against Ilya's face.

Ilya darts his tongue out. He circles around Shane's entrance, teasing, before he delves inside. He points his tongue and pistons in and out rapidly.

"Feels so good," Shane slurs.

Ilya uses his hands to roughly knead at Shane's cheeks. When he comes up for air, he hooks both of his index fingers inside Shane's entrance and stretches the tight ring of muscle wide. He admires the mess he's made of Shane's hole before he laps his tongue back inside greedily, dragging it along Shane's inner walls. Surrounded by all that is Shane, he loses himself in the moment. He'd happily stay here for hours, if Shane allowed.

Eventually, Shane begins to squirm. "Need more," he cries. "Need you to fuck me, Ilya, please."

Who is Ilya to deny such a polite request? He gives Shane's hole a final sloppy kiss goodbye before rearing back. He sucks in greedy gulps of air as he catches his breath, wiping the spit and lube from his chin and mouth with the back of his hand. Landing another light smack to Shane's ass, he grunts, "Turn over."

Shane obeys and rolls over to face Ilya. "Needed your dick inside me yesterday," he bluntly states.

Ilya raises his eyebrows and snorts. "Panties have turned you into a little brat. You are acting – ah – possessed? I think that is word for when demon is inside you. A very, very bratty demon." He pauses to bully his way farther between Shane's thighs, settling Shane's legs on either sides of his hips. "Is okay. I will fuck the demon out of you."

“Oh god. That sounds like the plot of a bad porn.”

“Wrong. We are filming good porn.” Ilya hooks his thumbs in the band of Shane’s panties and helps him shimmy out of them. “Sexy hockey player with beautiful freckles wears lingerie and begs boyfriend to fuck him.” He holds the panties out between them like a trophy, shit-eating grin on his face. “Good porn,” he states, nodding seriously.

“You’re stupid,” Shane says, but he’s smiling up at Ilya with rosy-red cheeks and sparkly eyes. “Can the boyfriend fuck the sexy hockey player now, *please*?”

“Since you asked so nicely,” Ilya purrs.

He grabs the lube from his nightstand, pours a generous amount in his palm, and slicks himself up, slowly working it over his cock. Ilya groans, staring at the pair of ruined panties he’s still cluthing with his free hand. Inspired, he brings them up to his face, covering his nose and mouth with the soaked fabric of the crotch. He inhales deeply, making sure to maintain eye contact with Shane as he opens his mouth and licks at the wet spot.

“Wow,” Shane chokes out. “You’re gross,” he says, watching Ilya intently with heavy-lidded eyes and parted lips.

“Mm. Yes, maybe,” Ilya concedes. He throws the panties aside, then lines himself up with Shane’s entrance. He slides home in one agonizingly slow thrust. “But I am yours,” he pants, overcome with deep-rooted pleasure as he’s enveloped in a familiar and warm heat.

Shane’s jaw drops to form a perfect little ‘o’ shape. “Mine,” he affirms. His hands come up to cup Ilya’s face, pulling him into a sloppy kiss.

As Ilya sets a steady pace, neither one of them can do much more than pant and gasp into each other’s open mouths. He keeps one hand firmly wrapped around Shane’s waist while the other grips at his pec to force his weight down to meet Ilya’s hips at every thrust. Shane’s

hands wrap around Ilya's shoulders, scrambling for purchase. Ilya moans loudly at the feeling of Shane's dull nails breaking skin.

"Mark me up, malyshka," Ilya encourages. "Let them all know I belong to you."

Shane's eyes darken at Ilya's words. He rolls his hips, begins to fuck himself down on Ilya's cock with intent. The loud slapping of skin meeting skin fills the room. Shane digs his heels into Ilya's lower back and drags his nails down Ilya's shoulderblades, applying more pressure than he had before. The sting is intoxicating. Ilya is sure he will have lasting marks and is grateful for it. He buries his head in the crook of Shane's neck, thrusting faster and deeper.

Staring at Ilya with bleary eyes, he whispers, "Want 'em to know. Want them to know how good you make me feel. How good you fuck me." He traces his thumb over Ilya's cheekbone, down the bridge of his nose, to his lips. Ilya sucks the digit into his mouth, moaning loudly around the intrusion. "Best pussy you've ever had, isn't it?"

"Yes, Shane. It is. Fuck. I'll tell them, I'll tell them, I swear. Tell them how much I love your pussy, your tits — how much I love *you*," Ilya babbles. He hooks his arms underneath Shane's armpits and lifts. He sits Shane down in the cradle of his thighs, burying his cock in to the hilt. "Perfect fucking pussy," Ilya says through gritted teeth while he bounces Shane on his cock.

"*Fuckfuckfuck*, Ilya!" Shane chants, head tossed back in pleasure. His hard cock bobs between them, the red tip wet and shining.

"Yes, sweetheart, take it," Ilya encourages. He slows his thrusts, wanting to prolong their mutual pleasure, and kisses along the underside of Shane's jaw. "You are perfect, so good for me."

Shane clings to Ilya tightly, strangled little noises leaving his mouth with every brush of Ilya's dick against his prostate. His hair, damp with sweat, sticks to his forehead. He looks wrecked already, strung out on Ilya's dick. Ilya thinks he looks beautiful, always does, but especially when he has him like this — reduced to tears and animalistically chasing after his own pressure.

“Wanna ride you,” Shane says through whimpers. “Let me ride you, Ilya, come on — wanna sit on it, please.”

“Jesus,” Ilya groans. “Your fucking mouth, kotik. You will kill me.”

Obediently, Ilya falls to his back, straightening his legs out beneath him. Shane stays sat on his cock throughout the change in position, moaning as Ilya shifts and adjusts inside him. Ilya raises his hands to rest in the crease of Shane’s thighs, tracing his fingers reverently over the faint stretchmarks there.

Shane reaches back and wraps his hands around Ilya’s calves. His face contorts with unconcealed pleasure. “Oh. Feels so deep,” he murmurs, grinding his hips in small circles, a deceptively shy little smile on his face.

“Can I record you?” Ilya chokes out, a hand wandering up to play with Shane’s chest. He pushes the fabric of the bralette up and twists one of Shane’s nipples roughly. “You look unreal, moya lyubov. Love your tits in this.”

Shane blinks at Ilya owlishly for a second before he slowly nods. “Yeah,” he says in a rush of breath. “Want you to.”

Ilya curses and grabs his discarded phone from the tangled sheets beside him. With shaky hands, he opens the camera app back up. He props his phone against a throw pillow horizontally, adjusting to ensure the angle is correct. He waits to begin the recording, fingers ghosting over the red button. He taps Shane’s thigh and motions to the camera, wordlessly seeking permission. Shane glances over at the camera shyly then looks back to Ilya.

“You are sure is okay?” Ilya asks, cupping Shane’s flushed face with one big hand. “I want to be able to touch you, so...” he trails off, waving his other hand in the direction of his phone.

“Oh, yeah, that makes sense. Practical. Lighting is good.”

Ilya rolls his eyes at Shane's horribly obvious diversion. "Was not asking for your opinion on my directorial skills, but yes, lighting is good. You still want?"

"I still want..." Shane sighs and leans into Ilya's touch. "I just wasn't expecting to see myself on camera, is all."

"Is problem? I will hold phone."

Shane shakes his head. He slowly rolls his hips forward and groans, eyes glued to their reflection in the screen of Ilya's phone. His cock twitches with renewed interest. "N-No, not a problem. Start the video, Ilya."

"Ah," Ilya smirks as he realizes what's happening. "I see. You like seeing yourself like this, da?"

"Mhm," Shane nods and bashfully tucks his chin toward his chest. He rises a few inches off Ilya's cock and sinks back down, inhaling sharply through his teeth.

Satisfied with Shane's response, Ilya begins the recording. He uses the hand cupping Shane's face to roughly grip his chin, shoving his thumb between Shane's red lips. He smacks Shane's upper thigh with his free hand.

"Show off for the camera then, *malyshka*." Ilya drives his hips up hard, angling for Shane's prostate. "Let them see how you ride my cock."

Ilya's words spur Shane into action. He hoists himself up the full nine inches of Ilya's length and slides back down. His head tips back as he takes Ilya's cock in, sweaty and lace-covered chest on full display. Ilya digs his fingers into the meat of Shane's thigh as he desperately wills his dick and sanity to fucking *last*. With the combination of the camera and this hypothetical '*them*' they've been referring to, Ilya should have known Shane's exhibitionist streak would be activated. The thought of an audience drives Shane crazy, which drives Ilya crazy, in return.

Shane's pace is unrelenting and brutal, hips rolling with the practiced ease that comes with nearly a decade spent riding the same cock. Ilya watches as his length glides in and out of Shane's body, hypnotized.

"Yes, yes, just like that, Shane!" Ilya shouts.

Shane quickens his pace, clenching tightly around Ilya's cock as he rises up, like he's trying to keep Ilya locked inside. Ilya lets out a string of broken Russian and English curses, overwhelmed with pleasure.

Shane plants his hands on Ilya's chest, grinding forward. "Love your cock," he pants, Ilya's thumb slipping free from his mouth. "Missed this, missed you. So fucking much, Ilya, you don't even know."

Ilya smiles at the sudden tenderness. His boy is so sweet, so *earnest*. "I know, sweetheart. I missed you too."

Shane whines, shaking his head. "No I – fuck – I was going crazy from it. I marked the days off from my calendar every day. Had a heart around today's date and everything."

Ilya's chest cracks open a little from the confession. It is so silly, so simple, so very *Shane*. There is so much he wants to say, stupid things like *nobody has ever missed me enough to do that* and *I don't know if anyone has ever missed me at all*.

He does not want to ruin a moment with such heavy words. Maybe he will tell Shane later, but not now, when they are both filled with so much light.

Instead, he says, "My sweetheart. Come here."

Shane collapses to Ilya's chest, sweaty and thoroughly spent. Ilya wraps his arms around him, kissing all along the side of Shane's face. "I love you," he whispers against Shane's temple. The words somehow feel inadequate.

“Love you,” Shane mumbles into Ilya’s skin. “M’tired. Fuck me?”

Ilya laughs, feels the light seep into his bones. “Da, moya printsessa.”

He lifts Shane from his cock and manhandles him into laying on his side, legs bent at the knee. Ilya settles in behind him, chest plastered along Shane’s back. He nudges one of his legs between Shane’s own and rests his chin on Shane’s shoulder. He places kisses to the stray freckles there as he admires their reflection in the camera.

“Like this?” Ilya asks.

“This is perfect,” Shane replies, nuzzling into Ilya’s bicep that his head rests on.

Ilya aligns the head of his cock with Shane’s hole and slowly pushes back in. He drops his forehead to Shane’s shoulder, eyes slipping shut. Shane is always so hot inside, so tight. It’s no wonder his nineteen-year-old self got one taste and became addicted.

“Perfect,” Ilya parrots back. “You are perfect.”

Ilya thrusts into him slow and deep, relishing in every little sigh and moan that he pulls from Shane.

They’ve always been so good at *fucking*. It was never awkward, even when it probably should have been, even when neither one of them had a clue what they were doing. It was all they truly had of one another for so long – their mindblowing, always intimate sex. Ilya looks back on those early years with overwhelming sadness now. There are so many moments he regrets, so many times he wishes he would’ve held Shane close instead of sending him away. Or had a conversation with him, at least, before fucking him senseless.

But sex was their language. Their silently agreed-upon method of handling all the heavy shit they couldn't with words.

Ilya watches Shane through the camera. He looks beautiful, as he always does. His fingers come up to toy with the strap of the bralette Shane has on. His surprise for Ilya. The odd, anxious behavior before. His sweet, thoughtful, *sensitive* boy.

Ilya presses his fingers into Shane's jaw and turns him so they're facing one another, eye-to-eye.

"How could I ever want anything but this?" Ilya asks plainly. "Anything but you?"

Shane whimpers. He stares at Ilya, unblinking, with those watery, wide eyes.

Ilya kisses him, has to, and drives forward harder. He slips his tongue into Shane's mouth, invading every inch of his mouth, claiming him. When he pulls back for air, he doesn't go far. He rests his forehead against Shane's, panting into his open mouth. His fingers find the bralette again. He pulls the strap back and snaps it against Shane's shoulder.

"This? Is very pretty packaging. You are the present, Shane, yes? You are *mine*. My sweetheart. My Shane. There is no one else for me. There is just you. It has always just been you."

Shane chews his bottom lip. Ilya pulls it out from between his teeth.

"Tell me I am yours," Ilya commands.

"You're mine," Shane whispers.

Unsatisfied, Ilya's hips snap back. He pounds into Shane properly, putting all his force behind every snap of his hips. He wraps a hand around Shane's cock and squeezes, jerking it slowly.

Shane's head slams back against Ilya's shoulder, his jaw dropping around a silent scream.

"Now say it like you mean it, Hollander," Ilya growls into his ear.

"Fuck, Ilya!" Shane screams, writhing in Ilya's hold. "M'gonna come, gonna come, so close, *pleasepleaseplease.*"

"Tell me," Ilya urges. He twists his hand around the tip of Shane's dick. "Tell me, and you come."

"You're *mine*! You're mine, Ilya! Only mine!"

"Good boy," Ilya praises. His thrusts are sloppy, falling out of rhythm as he nears his own release. He tightens his grip around Shane's dick and strokes faster. "Come on my cock, sweetheart. Mark your fucking territory."

Shane's orgasm is explosive. Ilya continues to work him through it as he falls apart, shooting thick ropes of cum that coat his stomach, his chest, all the way up to his chin. It wrecks through his entire body, hole clenching and unclenching around Ilya rapidly.

When Shane is fully drained, he falls limp and pliant in Ilya's arms. Ilya grunts and grabs him by the waist, slamming him back onto his cock with every thrust. Shane cries out, broken little *'ah ah ah's'* that only make Ilya go harder.

Ilya's own orgasm comes not soon after, buried balls-deep with a cry of Shane's name. He pumps his hips as he finishes, fucking his cum in deeper inside Shane's tight heat. He sags heavily against Shane's back as he catches his breath.

For a long moment, there's just silence.

The sound of their labored breathing and the hum of the ceiling fan.

“Holy shit,” Shane croaks out, as he reaches over to grab Ilya’s phone and end the recording. He laughs incredulously, a slow smile unfurling on his lips as he stares at the ceiling. “That was...”

Ilya snorts. “I have fucked you speechless. I am flattered,” he says through a kiss to Shane’s neck.

“Fuck you. I’m...collecting myself.”

“Is understandable. Was very good. In our top three, for sure.”

Shane swats at him weakly, still grinning. He turns his head to meet Ilya’s eyes, and his expression shifts. He inhales shakily. “I love you,” he says bluntly. “So much it scares me. So much it makes me stupid and irrational and terrified of losing you.”

Ilya frowns. “I love you. You will never lose me. Not if I can control it. Do not worry about that.” His hand finds Shane’s and squeezes tightly.

“I know that. It’s just a whole lot easier to remember when we’re like this, you know?” He holds their interlinked hands up and sighs. “I got in my head after seeing people’s reactions to your campaign online. I may have...spiraled a bit.”

Ilya hums, listening intently. He runs his thumb over Shane’s knuckles and waits for him to continue.

“Fucking Alexa Rhodes tweeted at you. You know, the model? Said she was a bears fan. It was nothing. But I looked at her profile, and I guess she reminded of the girls you used to hang out with. It made me think about how easy it would be for you to be with someone like her. Rather than me. Like I said, I just got in my head and didn’t talk to you about it. I’m sorry.”

Ilya recalls the incessant chirping he'd been on the receiving end of more than the Tweet itself. The way the rookies had lost their damn minds the day it happened. He'd ended up banning the name Alexa Rhodes from the locker room the rest of the day and promptly blocked her on Twitter after practice.

"Yes, I saw the Tweet. I blocked her," Ilya says simply. He presses a kiss to the tip of Shane's nose. "You are right – was stupid to not talk to me about this."

Shane's eyebrows shoot up comically high. Ilya has to smother a laugh.

"What? You blocked her? Why? Did she DM you?"

"Ugh, so many questions. *No*, Shane, she did not DM. Well, maybe. I don't know. Cannot see if she did. I blocked her because she flirted with me, and I am.." Ilya pauses and gestures down to where he is still inside Shane, "...kept man."

"I don't think that means what you think it does."

Ilya grins widely. "No. Means *exactly* what I think it does."

Shane groans and rubs a hand over his face. "I'm sorry," he repeats, pouty and sincere. "You're so good to me."

"No sorries." Ilya kisses the pout off of his lips. "Is okay. You talk to me next time you feel worried about this, and I fuck you until you remember I am yours. Or if we are apart, I will make you watch video we have now. Skip all the extra steps in between, yes?"

Shane smiles at him again. "Okay," he says.

"Okay," Ilya echoes. "Shower and then take-out on the couch? Then, we discuss why you thought lingerie was the solution to your problem. Should I unblock Alexa to thank her?"

Hours later, they are sprawled on Ilya's couch. Sated in a way that only comes after a thorough fuck and a good meal. They'd ordered from the Thai place down the street, and Ilya had wheedled Shane into ordering a deliciously unhealthy noodle dish. Shane sighs happily from his spot between Ilya's legs, feeling a bit like an oversized cat as Ilya pets at his hair while mindlessly scrolling on his phone.

Shane kisses along Ilya's happy trail and nuzzles his head into his stomach. "Thai was a good idea," he murmurs, idly tracing his fingers along the hard planes of Ilya's abs. It's unfair how defined they still are after such a heavy meal.

"Hmm," Ilya hums, still absorbed in his phone.

"What are you doing?" Shane asks. He's maybe a little perturbed to not have Ilya's full attention on him.

Ilya peers down at him from over his phone. "Ordering a bouquet of flowers for Alexa Rhodes. Roses or Peonies?"

Shane pinches Ilya's thigh. "Don't be a dick."

Ilya chuckles and drops his phone to the side. Shane's own phone buzzes with a notification from the coffee table. When he makes no move to check it, Ilya nudges him with a knee. "You should check that," he says casually.

Too casually.

Shane eyes Ilya critically. He really doesn't want to move, but his boyfriend is definitely up to something, judging by the smug look he's wearing. Shane grabs his phone from the coffee table. When the screen comes alive, he is met with a notification from the private photo sharing app he'd downloaded last month.

Four new uploads from Lily! Tap to view.

Shane moans in embarrassment. Of course, Ilya couldn't wait until they are apart to upload the videos they took.

Curiosity getting the better of him, Shane opens the notification. He types in the code to their shared album and is met with the evidence of their earlier escapades. He's greeted by the sight of his red ass in lace panties, two pictures Ilya must have taken before the first video. The two videos are there as well.

Shane's eyes flick to the top of the screen, only now realizing Ilya has changed the name of their shared album. It stares back at him in big, bold letters.

#HOLLANDERXROZANOV

“...Ilya.”

End Notes

Y'all. When I say this fic got away from me, I really mean it. This was just supposed to be 5,000 words of reunion smut featuring jealous Shane and lace panties.

Somehow we ended up here lmao.

With that being said, I'm really enjoying writing these two and have more in the works :)
Expect a multi-chaptered slow burn neighbors AU from me soon-ish!

Kudos and comments are always appreciated (and very motivating!).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!