

kiss goodbye the fault lines

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by [downtheroadandupthehill](#)

Summary

Shane twists in Ilya's arms to glare at him. "You shouldn't be here if you have a wife," he hisses.

«Who the hell are we - you - married to?» Rozanov barks.

Ilya's attention on Shane doesn't waver as he responds, first to Rozanov: «Our wife is the prettiest - constellations of freckles that spread in the summertime and big brown eyes like a baby deer's even when they're full of murder. Maybe especially then.» He bestows a kiss upon the furrow between Shane's brows and thumbs the leaking tip of his cock. "Mm, maybe you're right. My wife is very much the jealous type."

Or:

After Shane doesn't get kissed in Vegas, a thirty-something Ilya Rozanov wearing a wedding ring engraved with Shane's number shows up to kiss him breathless in the elevator and give his younger self a lesson in how Shane deserves to be spoiled.

(or or: Ilya uses a harmless bit of sexy dream magic to right an old wrong and show his husband a good time.)

Notes

thank you MXTX for giving us the incense burner for smut reasons. (you don't need to understand the reference to get the gist though i promise.)

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

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [Bookkbaby](#)

We didn't even kiss.

The blinking cursor taunts him. Shane doesn't know whether it's shame or vodka causing the unpleasant burn in his insides, even while the rest of him feels almost shivery all over, like he could curl up under a pile of blankets and still not be warm enough.

...Probably not the vodka's fault, as much as he's dying to blame it for the stinging in his eyes, too. Shoving his phone into his tuxedo pants pocket, he knocks his head a few times against the wall of the elevator just a little harder than he ought to and tries not to think about how many other people - girls, most likely - spread themselves out on a hotel bed and put on a show for Ilya Rozanov. Does he kiss them? Shane finally hits the button for his floor and tries to wonder about anything else.

He decides he officially hates his life when the elevator stops sooner than expected. The *last* thing Shane wants is for anyone to see him right now, to have to plaster on the fake smile he keeps tucked away, grit his teeth through some kind of halting and implausible lie.

Just before the door dings open, he leans back in one corner of the elevator, tears his phone back out of his pocket and stares at the screen for an excuse to keep his head down.

We didn't even kiss stares back at him like an idiot. His vision blurs. He resolutely ignores the person getting on the elevator with him and hopes whoever it is, assuming they recognize him, will take the fucking hint.

But the footsteps almost immediately bypass whatever counts as normal distance between two people happening upon one another in an empty elevator. Panic claws at Shane's throat. He wishes he could drop through the floor and all the way down the damn chute to avoid any scrutiny, the risk of anyone seeing his watery eyes. His shoulders hunch as he braces himself to execute the politest brush-off he can manage without looking up from his phone.

"Solnyshko."

A familiar voice in an unfamiliar tone - far gentler than Shane's ever heard from *Ilya Rozanov* before. His blood runs cold, and he doesn't realize his white-knuckled grip around his phone has started *shaking* until, just under the unbuttoned cuff of his sleeve, a large, warm hand curls around his wrist.

Rozanov's thumb strokes his racing pulse. And while Shane stands there like a bystander trapped in his own body, the phone is taken from his hand. Startled out of his frozen state, Shane's head snaps up.

'What the fuck are you doing here?' The intended exclamation dies on his tongue once he gets a look at the man looming over him. A single glimpse, and Shane knows in an instant, in his bones, that the Ilya Rozanov holding Shane's phone in one hand and his wrist in the other is one-hundred percent *not* the same Ilya Rozanov he'd said goodbye to mere minutes ago in that penthouse suite, cigarette between his lips. He doesn't smell anything at all like smoke, for one thing. But beyond that, he's *very clearly* a man in his thirties, with fine creases in his

forehead and around his eyes, more breadth and surety in his shoulders than the 23-year-old whose bed Shane has just come crawling from.

There's also *the most open tenderness* in his pale blue eyes, which Shane definitely has never seen from the Rozanov he knows. Tenderness Shane never would've guessed him to be capable of, if he's being honest. Certainly not the Rozanov who'd just fucked Shane into the mattress and waved goodbye to him afterwards without a second glance.

And in the end it's the tenderness which takes the tiny crack in Shane's heart and pries him open the rest of the way. Wherever the hell this version of Rozanov has come from, the look on his face is enough for the tears Shane has been carefully blinking away to finally trickle over.

Through force of will he keeps his chin up, tries to direct his gaze at the wall over Rozanov's shoulder - but as Shane tends to, ends up distracted by his mouth instead. The deep bow in his pink upper lip, prettier than it has any right to be, like always. But while the Rozanov he'd been staring at all night was clean-shaven, this one has at least several days' worth of dark scruff grown in around his mouth and chin, trimmed more neatly than the playoff beard Shane's seen on him before.

And all the differences Shane is noticing wash over him with a strange lack of alarm. Confusion, sure, but his brain isn't capable of closely examining it. At least the crucifix shining gold where it rests between his collarbones is exactly how Shane remembers.

He swallows, bravely resists a snuffle. "Just give me my phone back, and leave me the hell alone."

But Shane might as well have said nothing; Rozanov ignores his words, cupping Shane's jaw gently in one hand, thumb smearing the wetness across his cheekbone. "These tears are really all for me? *Blyat*, what kind of idiot am I for not kissing you?"

He read the unsent text on Shane's phone, obviously. When Shane tries to jerk his head away, Rozanov's grip tightens as his expression only softens further, and Shane resents how the sight of it makes his chest ache.

"I don't want your fucking *pity*, Rozanov," he spits. "Or anything else from you."

(A lie on the heels of honesty.)

And in response, Rozanov...leans in and kisses the bridge of Shane's nose. Then he pulls back just far enough to give Shane a long, considering look. "And what about what *I* want? Come on and give me a kiss - then I take you back to my room and spend the rest of the night kissing you, okay?"

Now his tear-damp thumb traces Shane's bottom lip, and it's practically instinct for Shane to suck the digit into his mouth. Flicking the tip of it with his tongue, he assesses Rozanov with a shy glance through his eyelashes, watches dark pupils expand. Shane is struck by the particular intimacy of seeing Rozanov like this - dressed either like he's getting ready for bed or has just woken up, looking softer and more rumpled than usual in a ratty Raiders t-shirt

and faded sweatpants, two white socks with mismatched stitching. When Shane inhales, he smells toothpaste and a hint of citrus body wash.

Fuck. He hates himself for being so easy for anything Rozanov offers. He can't resist him now any more than he could in a locker room or a rooftop or just hours ago in a semi-public restroom. Distantly, he wonders if it's something he'll ever be capable of - and doubts it.

Because he can, he lets his front teeth catch the skin of Rozanov's knuckle before dropping it from his mouth to tersely answer: "*Fine.*"

Terse or not, it has Rozanov's face splitting into a bright, toothy grin. "Good boy." He taps Shane twice on the cheek with the flat of his hand. "I forgot how cute you are like this." Then - somewhat bewilderingly - he lets out a stream of air, blowing on Shane's bangs so they tickle his forehead.

"Fuck off." He affects an eye roll to make up for the smile he can already feel threatening at one corner of his mouth. It's like Rozanov is sunshine and Shane is nothing but a stupid flower, helpless to blooming under his warmth.

With Shane swaying slightly forward and Rozanov meeting him halfway, the inches remaining between them vanish. Their noses brush, and Rozanov's hand comes up to grip the back of Shane's neck just before their mouths finally come together. Compared to the bathroom earlier, there's much less urgency in how they're kissing: the pace Rozanov sets now is practically luxuriant, and Shane doesn't think he's ever felt so...*savored*, somehow. As Rozanov's tongue slides between his lips, Shane's head falls back against the elevator wall with a light *thunk*.

Their lips eventually part, and Rozanov gives the nape of Shane's neck a squeeze. "Don't know how I ever let you go to begin with," he sighs, kissing Shane's temple. And maybe if Rozanov wasn't holding him up, Shane would be knocked off-balance by so much unexpected sincerity instead of finding himself swept up in it. Being knocked off-balance might be safer, too.

But there's a rational thought or two rattling around his skull, scrabbling to latch on to its interior, which still can't grasp *why* or *how* Rozanov - *this* version of Rozanov, in particular - is right here, right now. Should he really give himself over so easily? "Look, Rozanov..."

"Mm, no no no - *Shanya*, how about you call me Ilya now, okay?"

Nose wrinkling, heart fluttering, Shane rears back. "Okay, *Ilya*. We can be on a first name basis, if you want. I don't know about 'Shanya' though."

Ilya tilts his head slightly to one side in easy acquiescence. "Okay, *Shane*."

Warmth pools at the base of Shane's spine. Sure, they'd fucked once already that evening, but Shane won't mind if *kissing* leads to another round. His cock twitches in his pants, and he barely wills his hips to stay where they are rather than pressing forward.

(Like he won't drop to his knees right here in the elevator, if Ilya asks.)

A muffled ringtone interrupts them. The familiar chime startles Shane only somewhat back to himself. Forgetting for a few seconds that Rozanov - *Ilya* - had rather brazenly plucked it right out of his hands not five minutes ago, he reaches for his pants pocket where it would usually be, frowning when he turns up empty. Open palm toward Ilya, he glares expectantly.

Whose eyes glint right back at him, as Ilya reaches for his own pocket. He proffers Shane's vibrating phone between them with the bright screen side up so they can both see who's calling.

Lily.

All Shane can do for a moment is blink at the name in increasing befuddlement.

Ilya, meanwhile, lets out a single, delighted-sounding bark of laughter. "*Ha!*" Then, before it occurs to Shane he ought to snatch the phone out of his hand, Ilya taps the red 'Ignore' button and slips it back into his pocket.

"What the fuck, man!" Half confusion, half outrage, his outburst seems only to further Ilya's amusement. Shane briefly debates going for the phone anyway - despite the risk of it turning into a wrestling match he'd be doomed to lose - but Ilya is already slinging a heavy, possessive arm around his shoulders, and Shane just wants to melt into him.

(It's a *heavy* arm. Ilya's physique has always been impressive, but have his biceps always been the size of Shane's head? That seems like the sort of thing Shane would've probably noticed before.)

"Someone is looking for *youuu*," Ilya teases in an almost singsong tone.

"...But *you're* Lily."

The elevator dings. Ilya must've hit the button for his floor at some point without Shane noticing.

"And you're my *Jane*." Ilya pinches Shane's arm and steers him through the open doors with a wink.

The hallway is more of a foyer than anything else, up here on the penthouse floor. No winding corners or anonymously numbered doors to hide behind. They're just a few meters away from entering Ilya's fancy suite when - with such sudden violence Shane would've *jumped* if not for Ilya's solid arm around him - the door swings open.

Behind which is *Ilya Rozanov*, disheveled and wild-eyed. He's back to wearing the dress shirt from earlier entirely unbuttoned and framing his glorious chest, with the belt in his black pants hanging undone and his feet bare. His face still bears all the traces of youth Shane is used to seeing when he *looks* and guiltily admires his rival's features in all their devastating handsomeness.

Obviously in a hurry, this Rozanov stops in his tracks right there in the doorway as their gazes land upon one another. Sweat hard-earned from railing Shane still gleams at the roots

of his hair, and Shane can smell the cigarette smoke on him from here.

“Hollander!” he all but shouts, waving his phone. “I got your text. Tried calling, but you didn’t answer, and I - you...” The spill of words fumbles to an awkward halt as wide blue eyes cut abruptly toward -

The Ilya Rozanov who is currently radiating smugness, Shane pressed along his side. It’s automatic for Shane to duck his head, tuck his face into *this* Ilya’s neck like it’s a safe place to hide from the *other* one, whom Shane is still watching out of the corner of his eye. The one who is right now spewing forth a stream of Russian curses, eyebrows raised incredulously, knuckles turning white around his phone as he uses it to gesticulate between Shane and the Ilya next to him. In English more thickly accented than usual and heavy with frustration, he finishes off his tirade:

“What the fuck is *this*?”

Meanwhile, Shane’s brain continues to play the perpetual catch-up game at each unexpected turn of events. First - poorly concealing his own mortified disbelief - he summons a scowl at the Ilya holding him. (A pout, from Ilya’s vantage point.) “You hit *send* on that text?”

To Ilya’s credit, he doesn’t waste any breath on a fake apology. “I just wondered what would happen.” He smirks as he surveys the younger version of himself.

Who, despite bristling at his older doppelgänger, hones his attention on Shane. “Hollander. I...are you okay?”

And how is Shane supposed to reply to *that*? Straighten his shoulders and clear his throat, put on his post-game media face like armor against an all-too-penetrating gaze? Gazes plural, because - *fuck*. One Ilya Rozanov to contend with is bad enough, but two? At least it’s how Shane *ought* to feel, he supposes. But ever since *this* Ilya kissed him, slung a stupidly gigantic bicep across Shane’s shoulders, Shane can’t deny how...*soothed* he is by his presence, the velvet husk of his voice. Whatever *wrongness* is happening here - *two* Ilya Rozanovs, for fuck’s sake, one of them clearly in his thirties, for some reason - Shane knows with an odd sense of certainty that nothing here will bring him to any tangible harm.

Even if he wanted to, Shane doesn’t really think he could lie or pretend with either one of them. Not now, not when he’s got *this* Ilya, overly generous in spoiling Shane with the warmth of his body, his smile, at least one kiss so far and the promise of more to come. That’s all it took to crack Shane open: one kiss. And it’s only Ilya’s arm around him, maybe, which keeps his ugly insides from splattering onto the floor for anyone to see. If steeling himself against Rozanov’s indifference has always been a struggle, then against *Ilya’s* affection it’s an impossibility.

Ignore that stupid text, I’m fine, goodbye, he might be capable of snapping at the Rozanov in the doorway if not for Ilya at his side. A pathetic lie to tell in front of someone who can so obviously see right through him, transparent and fragile as tissue paper. And just because this Ilya is inclined to indulge him for now doesn’t mean Shane can let go of whatever little dignity he has left, risk driving Ilya away with the depths of his own shameful neediness.

Afraid of saying the wrong thing, of causing *Ilya's* interest in him to flicker out of existence as quickly as Rozanov's always did, Shane finds his tongue tied by the knot of anxiety tightening in his chest. His lower lip trembles. And the amount of time he stands there like an idiot incapable of answering the most simple fucking question about his basic well-being must finally exceed what is reasonable, because Rozanov's brow pinches and Ilya makes a sympathetic, wounded noise before kissing Shane's forehead.

And maybe the forehead kiss eases the knot in his chest just the slightest.

"My baby," Ilya coos, all syrupy sweetness. Shane doesn't even detect any condescension in his voice. Then, adopting a harsher tone, he says in Russian:

«You fucked up.»

(Apparently Shane understands Russian now. It's not the weirdest thing happening tonight.)

Rozanov the younger looks uncharacteristically cowed. «...I know,» he sniffs.

«You *fucking moron* - why did you stop yourself from kissing him? Lucky for you both, I am here to fix it.» Ilya squeezes Shane a little closer, lips still lingering around his forehead. All soft-voiced and switching to English again, he continues, "Kiss helps, cuddle will be even better. And just because we're using this guy's bed - " A derisive nod toward the Rozanov at the penthouse door. "- Doesn't mean we have to let him join us, okay? We let him learn and see what he's missing."

Fingertips under Shane's chin nudge him toward returning Ilya's gaze once more. On the older man's face, concern is tempered by something like confidence: a quiet, understated authority assuring Shane that, concern notwithstanding, Ilya has everything well in hand.

So without really understanding what's going on or what he's agreeing to, Shane nods. "Okay." His eyes go half-lidded as they unwittingly drop back to Ilya's mouth.

Ilya pats his cheek. «Too sweet for the both of us, aren't you.» A statement instead of a question, and in Russian again. He shoots Rozanov a sidelong look dripping with self-satisfaction before giving Shane another kiss - this one practically chaste and accompanied by a demonstrative *mwah*.

Shane lets himself be steered through the penthouse door, after that. When Rozanov steps aside so they can pass, his jaw works, on the verge of saying something. But whatever it is must die in the back of his throat, because he follows Shane and Ilya back to the bedroom in silence.

.....

The spell arrived as a nightlight shaped like an adorable bunny with simple instructions. Before the desired magic sex dream participants fell asleep in the same room together, the 'caster' plugged the bunny light into a regular outlet, memory to revisit fixed at the forefront of their mind. Otherwise, Ilya hadn't known exactly how the spell would manifest, after he and Shane both fell asleep and into the magic dream state. Based on his research, the *Incense*

Burner Magic 3.0 spell was known for yielding potentially chaotic results which nonetheless left discerning buyers *very* satisfied.

...What's the point of revisiting situationship sex with one's husband in a magic-induced dream without a dash of chaos, anyway? That's what Ilya was asking himself as he carefully read the product reviews, entered his credit card information, and clicked 'order.'

The idea occurred to him a couple months ago. Sometime in the few weeks leading up to this year's MLH awards, he and Shane had been sprawled in the middle of the couch together after finishing a lazy dinner at home, watching previous years' highlights and reminiscing. Ilya had one hand on Shane's thigh and the other casually resting down his own pants. On the television screen, their younger selves were announcing 2014's Most Sportsmanlike, reading scripted chirps from a teleprompter. The clip tended to pop up at a rate which may be generously characterized as 'not-infrequent' - it became a particular fan favorite in the weeks following their unwitting relationship reveal and racked up views ever since, to Ilya's immense glee.

He knew the *real* show from that night happened just a few hours later. No cameras, no stage. For his eyes only. Long before it had occurred to Ilya that he could ever keep Shane Hollander on anything resembling an even semi-permanent basis, freeze-frames of how he looked touching himself were forever seared into Ilya's memory.

"Was the hottest thing I'd ever seen in my life, moya lyubov," Ilya gushed, giving his husband's sizable quadricep an appreciative, two-handed squeeze. "Jerked off to it for *years* - I don't know how many times - thinking about how fucking *sexy* you were for me that night." He wasn't paying attention to the TV anymore, caught up in his rhapsodizing and encroaching further and further into Shane's personal space.

"You were going back to Russia for the offseason. Wanted to give you something to remember me by." The upturned corners of Shane's lips stayed in place as he elbowed Ilya in the ribs. Then his nose scrunched.

The longer they lived and worked together on a full-time basis, the better Ilya got at interpreting the nuances in Shane's adorable microexpressions. Nose scrunches were their own genre in reading Shane, ranging from delight to disgust. *This* one vanishing in less than two seconds meant he was trying to hide whatever he was feeling - probably the worst instinct he could've caved to, though he didn't realize it'd even happened. When he suspected Shane of hiding something, Ilya could be worse than a dog with a bone, albeit with considerably more subtlety and sexual charisma.

He poked where the bridge of Shane's nose had just gone unscrunched, kept his tone light and teasing. "What, as if I could've ever *forgot* about you?"

Shane hesitated, mouth twisting awkwardly for a moment before he looked away from Ilya and returned his attention to the TV screen. The clips were back to on-ice moments through the years. "I was pissed about not getting MVP that year." He straightened his shoulders. "Your dick was my consolation prize."

Ilya let his jaw drop open, clutched his chest in a dramatic show of mock offense. He then proceeded to re-demonstrate to Shane precisely why his dick was far *better* than a consolation prize, actually. When they held one another afterward, Shane seemed as content as he usually did, tucked up beneath Ilya's chin and toying with the chain around his neck, practically purring like an overly indulged house cat.

For all that was simmering between them after the awards ceremony in Vegas, it was *this* sort of closeness they'd avoided. Maybe the only time they ever really had. Ilya knew better than anyone how he'd indulged himself with Shane Hollander from the very beginning, but he'd achieved something resembling self-restraint that night.

It'd been...intense. For both of them, Ilya knew. But - role in the bedroom combined with his comparative sexual inexperience - it made sense for Shane to have been more negatively affected, when Ilya allowed himself to think beyond how goddamn *hot* it'd all been and the mutual physical satisfaction. The pit in his chest watching Shane's back as he left. The suite door's hollow close behind him. And even though in the minutes preceding their stilted goodbye it had been Ilya for once who was too terrified to properly return Shane's gaze, he was nevertheless able to picture in his mind's eye the exact expression that would've been on his Shanya's face.

Ilya's heart broke a little, thinking about it.

But he spent only a couple of days after that continuing to kick himself. Galina warns him against his tendency to ruminate on all the ways he's failed everyone he's ever loved: sometimes all you can do is move forward.

Despite the name they're known by, fix-it spells don't truly *fix* anything. Not in reality. A bit of extremely expensive magic isn't a full-ass time machine. Instead, it's just a low-stakes way to revisit old memories and do things differently, typically via sleep or hallucination. A lot of what's out there is little more than a vaguely memory-based recreational drug, but more powerful magic can work more vividly, involve multiple participants.

Neither Ilya or Shane have ever messed with magic, really. Other than most of it being overpriced junk, it's the sort of thing anyone in sports gets warned not to fuck with for mental performance reasons, to resist the obvious temptation to fix-not-fix missed plays or redo decisive losses differently. But no one has ever warned Ilya not to use fix-it magic for *sex* reasons, and anything is worth a try, for Shane's sake.

So Ilya did an online deep dive into fix-it spells with a specific eye toward sexual scenarios, the hotter the better. After trawling through reviews and forums across both Russian- and English-language websites, he settled on the 'Incense Burner Spell,' which could only be ordered from a proxy seller in China. The name made no sense to Ilya, though he chalked it up to a translation quirk. The exact listing itself clarified:

""Incense Burner Magic 3.0"" (one-time use) (electric) (120 V) (unscented) (no actual incense)

Shane was left in the dark - no pun intended - when Ilya plugged the magic bunny nightlight into the wall that night next to his own side of the bed, thinking intently about their hookup

after the NHL awards in Vegas nearly ten years ago. Though Ilya had a bit of a back-and-forth with himself over whether or not he should fill his husband in on the broad strokes of what he had in mind, he ultimately decided going in blind would give Shane the most immersive experience.

....And also circumvent Ilya needing to talk Shane into agreeing to use a fix-it spell to begin with. Not that Ilya thought he'd be opposed to it on principle - but he suspected Shane would dislike the *reason* Ilya wanted to give it a shot, would come up with all the reasons in the world why nothing about that night in Vegas needed any fixing. And even once Ilya won the debate through sheer persistence, he knew how likely it would be for Shane to let his own nervous anxiety and self-perception get in the way of enjoying himself to the fullest extent.

Nothing wrong with a sexy little surprise between spouses to rectify a decade-ago night.

The presence of the nightlight itself couldn't be kept hidden, and naturally Shane asked about it, adorably bemused furrow between his brows. Ilya has always been a good liar, to his credit and his shame, but one of the benefits to being married is that there are easy falsehoods you can get away with telling your spouse that don't morally count as lying as long as you're silly enough.

"Anya told me she is afraid of the dark," Ilya said. Summoning his most irresistible pout, he booped Anya's and Shane's noses simultaneously.

Their knees were angled toward one another, Anya already in the process of wedging herself between them. Shane laughed and rolled his eyes. Eyes crinkling, he scratched behind Anya's ears at the same time he stroked Ilya's bearded cheek. "Don't worry. I'll protect you, baby."

And Ilya rubbed his face into Shane's palm, figurative tail wagging. They fell asleep together like everything was ordinary.

Though his research told him it was a possibility, Ilya hadn't given much serious thought to encountering *himself* from back then in the magic dream, too. But he's always excelled at thinking on his feet, and who knows the younger him better than himself? He can work with this.

The most important thing was making sure Shane had fun.

.....

The smell of cigarette smoke still hangs in the air. Shane spies the source itself, half-smoked and stubbed out in the inchful of vodka remaining in the glass on the nightstand. The bedsheets are the same disaster they'd been a quarter-hour ago - not like Shane had expected anything different, despite the occasional sense itching at the back of his mind of only distant familiarity with the scene.

Ilya kicks off his sweatpants as he climbs right into the middle of the bed, sitting back against the headboard in his t-shirt and boxers. "Come here," he says, like he's giving Shane a chance to obey. Like Shane has even a moment to play shy or stand there awkwardly hesitating, instead of already being tugged along in the circle of Ilya's arms. Putty in Ilya's

hands and then in his lap. Broad thighs on either side of Shane's hips, hulking chest warm against his back. Shane doesn't require any input from his brain for his body to sink immediately into Ilya's, all the tension easing out of him in a long exhale.

Ilya's rumbling hum sounds pleased. Shane barely manages not to squirm.

Chair legs scrape along the floor, settle an arm's-length from the foot of the bed.

Anytime Shane tries applying any serious thought as to just how these two different versions of Ilya Rozanov relate to one another or what the hell they're doing here, it's like encountering an invisible forcefield inside his own brain. Each time he bounces off, he just finds himself more and more distracted by the fact that he has *two Ilya Rozanovs* - what else could matter more than that?

He doesn't let his gaze stray from where it's landed on the mole-kissed forearms around his waist. There's a lack of tentativeness in how Ilya holds him that feels...astonishing, somehow. He thinks he's probably better off not knowing how Rozanov's face looks as he must be seeing the pair they make.

Ilya kisses Shane's cheek. "Don't worry about him. He's here to learn, but remember this is about you, *moya lyubov*."

My love, Shane knows, even if he doesn't know *why* he knows.

Though Ilya continues on in Russian, his tone abruptly shifts. «Sure, he loves to be fucked hard, take it like a whore, but you have to *spoil* him afterwards, understand? He's earned it. It's the best part for us sometimes, too.»

And Shane is scarcely through processing what he's just heard when Ilya cradles his jaw again, turning Shane's face toward him. Another kiss, slow and so damn sweet it's almost chaste, considering there's no tongue in it. He's happy to let Ilya set the pace. On Shane's cheek - the one turned toward Rozanov - rests Ilya's hand, shield-like, fingers splayed.

"You put on the most beautiful show for us, *da*? Took our cock after like you were born for it, too - such a good boy."

Shane flushes. His used hole pulses at the reminder. Now he can't *not* squirm, murmuring, "Ilya..."

"And too pretty not to kiss." Ilya's gaze flicks in Rozanov's direction as he pecks Shane's bottom lip, slips a hand through the open collar of his shirt. His voice drops to a theatrical whisper. "You can pretend he's not here, if you really want. But I think maybe you won't mind seeing how *jealous* we make him." He squeezes Shane's pec for emphasis.

And if Shane's expecting to hear any objections on the latter point from Rozanov, then in that sense he is disappointed. Only an inscrutable creak of chair leather.

He'd been hyperaware of how Rozanov was watching him earlier, of course. Dark eyes gleamed at him from a slightly safer distance over the rim of a glass of good Russian vodka.

Shane held his gaze as he opened himself up, and let the desire he saw darkening Rozanov's eyes make him feel powerful, feel *needed* - however temporarily. First the eyes devoured him, and then the man did, with his cock and his hands. Everything but a kiss.

With an exhale, Shane turns his head forward. Keeps his chin up, eyes open, and *looks*.

Jealous doesn't even begin to describe it. The desire he'd seen in Rozanov's expression before is *nothing* compared to the stark, abject *longing* written there now, somewhere partway between starving man and kicked puppy. Fists clenched on his thighs. The color rises in his cheeks and his jaw ticks as he watches Ilya start to undo Shane's shirt buttons.

The tent in Shane's trousers from nothing more than a little kissing and groping is unmistakable. He's never really thought of himself as having any particular *thing* for older men, but he finds he quite likes - on top of all the raw self-assuredness - the sheer bulk this Ilya has with which to bracket him.

He'd almost think this version of Ilya might have a proportionately larger cock, too, based on the hard-on Shane feels pressed up against his lower back, before distantly recalling that's not how anatomy works.

He tilts his head to look back at Ilya. Like his heart isn't racing, he tries to deadpan, "Why am I starting to think you have more in mind than *kissing*." At the same time, he helpfully holds his arms up so Ilya can finish stripping off his shirt.

"I said cuddling, too." Ilya raises his eyebrows and smirks. "We'll stick to that and kissing only, of course, if that's what you want."

(That idea doesn't ease any of the pitiful hunger in Rozanov's face.)

And *well* - Shane definitely wants more than a cuddle, knows Ilya knows it, too. It's been in the air between them since before they even stepped out of the elevator. Rozanov's presence is...maybe anything *but* a deterrent.

When Shane doesn't immediately reply, Ilya asks: "If you won MVP this year, what would you have asked for?" He kisses behind Shane's ear and begins undoing his belt.

"...I don't know. Is it stupid that I didn't really think about it?" He's only half-lying. Shane knew earlier that night that he wanted to be fucked, obviously, and it was easier if he didn't have to debase himself by being the one to *ask* for it. So had he won, anything Shane could've asked for would've hopefully just been foreplay to Rozanov wanting to fuck him again, which Shane could've agreed to without an embarrassing amount of overeagerness.

Then Rozanov won and got Shane to beg for it anyway.

And - Shane fucking *loved* it. Until it was over. Inches of distance worse than a chasm between them on the bed.

Ilya's gentle prodding continues. "You would have told him to get on his knees and suck your dick, maybe?" His wrist brushes the dick in question as he finishes opening Shane's fly.

Shane's breath hitches.

Something in Rozanov's gaze is on the verge of shifting. He licks his lips. Ilya's fingers toy with the waistband of Shane's boxer briefs.

Out of nowhere, then, Rozanov's jaw drops. Pointing at Ilya's hand, he interjects in an accusatory tone:

"What the fuck is *that* on your finger?"

Shane looks down as a husky laugh vibrates against his back. He must've been too distracted until now to notice it - the black band glinting on Ilya's left ring finger. His *wedding* ring finger.

However irrationally, betrayal stabs Shane through the ribcage. "Is that - are you *married*?"

Another laugh. "*Da*." The knife twists.

Shane is less cooperative now than with his shirt, refusing to lift his hips when Ilya pushes his pants to the tops of his thighs. While his own cock springs free, Shane ignores it in favor of twisting in Ilya's arms to glare at him. "You shouldn't be here if you have a wife," he hisses.

«Who the hell are we - *you* - married to?» Rozanov barks simultaneously.

Ilya's attention on Shane doesn't waver as he responds, first to Rozanov: «Our wife is the prettiest - constellations of freckles that spread in the summertime and big brown eyes like a baby deer's even when they're full of murder. Maybe *especially* then.» He bestows a kiss upon the furrow between Shane's brows and thumbs the leaking tip of his cock. "*Mm*, maybe you're right. My wife is very much the jealous type."

Shane's lower ab muscles clench. "If I'm...then you should - " Spluttering in confusion and disbelief, he bats Ilya's hand away, forcing his hips still instead of chasing the stimulation. He knows Ilya is fucking with both of them, somehow, though he can't parse what the joke on Rozanov is supposed to be. The intertwining threads of conversation in English and Russian - the latter of which Shane is vaguely attempting not to let on he can comprehend - snag in the slow syrup of his brain. He's envisioning it, this Ilya next to the blurry outline of a beautiful woman whose face is starting to look more and more like - "Just fuck off!"

Rozanov's gone quiet again. Not ominous, but...considering, maybe. *Assessing*.

Ilya *tsks*. Head bending to trail wet kisses along Shane's jawline, he uses his beard to create deliberate friction against the sensitive skin beneath which Shane's pulse beats. "Is Shane Hollander too much of a good boy to fuck a married man?"

Shane's head tilts to the side. An invitation for more he tells himself isn't intentional. "Yeah...? I mean, I'm not gonna - *nnn* - " Ilya's hand wraps around his cock, and Shane seizes his wrist. Meaning to yank him away, holding him there instead. "- Seriously, fuck you."

A hint of pleading he's ashamed of in his own voice, until not a half-second later, Ilya out-whines him.

"*Shanyaaa~*" Ilya peppers the side of his face with kisses and adopts a playfully stern tone. "Is that any way to talk to your husband?"

Your husband. A frisson of something sparks in Shane's heart. Ilya gives his cock a single stroke without Shane either stopping him or releasing his wrist. More than a spark of something in Shane's groin. With a sharp intake of breath, a fresh spurt of precum soaks the head of his cock, beginning a slow downward drip to Ilya's hand. As Shane shudders, it's annoying how damn *right* Ilya's arms feel holding him. Almost as annoying as the man himself. Both hands now braced on either of Ilya's knees, Shane fights the urge to rock forward into the temptation of the loose fist curled around him and gone still again.

He's truly starting to wonder if this is some elaborate plot by the universe intended to personally humiliate him in a method as specific yet nonsensical as possible. Before he can form words, Shane has to remember how to unclench his jaw. "You're not fucking funny, asshole."

Rozanov's eyes have gone saucer-wide, new tension in his shoulders. Shane figures he must be horrified by the farce they've found themselves in.

"No, I'm very funny actually, when I want to be," Ilya says, but now his expression is changing again, humorous edges re-softening to the earnestness he'd worn studying Shane's tears in the elevator. "But being your husband will never be a joke to me, *lyubimyy*. There is no one else for me." He interlaces their fingers together and kisses the backs of Shane's knuckles.

"...There's at least a hundred reasons that's not possible," Shane scoffs. Or tries to, anyway - the words come out a little too breathless for that.

"You want proof? Here." Then Ilya slips the ring from his finger, holds it up so Shane can see the gold glimmering on the band's interior.

And engraved there in the precious metal where it must usually rest pressed against Ilya's flesh - 24.

Static crackles in Shane's ears. For a few moments, the sight of his own number where he least expected it renders him incapable of anything other than blinking in stupefaction.

To prove to himself the number is really there, he reaches up and pushes the pad of his thumb into it. Exhales in shock looking at the tiny imprint left behind in his skin.

"*Seeee?*" Ilya asks, sounding smug as he puts the ring back on. "Does that satisfy you, Mister 'I'm-too-good-to-fuck-a-married man'?"

And how long is Shane supposed to resist the allure of everything his senses are telling him is true? What's reality anyway? He can concede to this fantasy for however long it might last without examining his desire for it to be more than that. Shane decides to let all of it - the

ring, the situation's compounding absurdity, but most of all Ilya himself - coax him over the edge into giving up, giving in.

"Shut up," he says to Ilya then, and kisses him for good measure. One hand winds through the curls on the back of Ilya's head in a make-believe anchor as Shane finally allows himself to be swept away.

Ilya lets out a sexy little grunt before he's returning the kiss, licking into Shane's mouth. Neither of their cocks have flagged once, and there's more than an undercurrent of greed now between their mouths and bodies moving together. In awkwardly shimmy-kicking his pants off the rest of the way, Shane grinds his ass against the sizable bulge tenting Ilya's boxers. First incidentally, then on purpose after hearing the groan he's able to elicit. The effect he has on this bigger, older, more experienced version of Ilya is an especially delicious tug in Shane's lower belly.

He's completely naked in Ilya's lap, and - still kissing him - Ilya spreads Shane's legs open with his knees. One hand grips the solid underside of one of Shane's thighs, lifts it about six inches off the mattress, pushes it further outward. *That's* when Shane remembers they have an audience. He gasps into Ilya's mouth.

He's being put on *display*. *All* of him. And he can't even be embarrassed about it, since it's not like he didn't do this himself no more than two hours ago, and in front of the same exact man, too. Rozanov is even sitting in the same damn chair.

Shane's hamstring twitches against Ilya's palm. Toes curl in the sheets.

He wouldn't have been shocked if at some point all of this sent Rozanov running for the exit. The fact that he hasn't, well, Shane certainly isn't *complaining*, but he's back to being more than slightly nervous over Rozanov's reaction to...everything. Afraid both of what this looks like from Rozanov's eyes and of what Shane will see in those eyes when he eventually regains the courage to meet them.

Shane blinks down at the comforter bunched at the end of the bed. His fingers cling a little more tightly in Ilya's hair. Ilya's free hand - the one not still holding Shane's leg open - comes up to gently massage the back of his neck.

"What do you think?" Ilya asks. Shane can tell from the sudden absence of any softness in his tone the question isn't aimed at him, though it takes another half-second to register that Ilya's using English to ensure Shane understands what's being said. Thumb digging into the inside of Shane's thigh, he continues:

"Does he need fingers before my cock, or does his pretty hole still look stretched enough from you?"

Rozanov exhales loudly enough for Shane to hear through the rush of blood in his ears. He squeezes his eyes shut, flush traveling all the way down his chest. His hole - indeed more open and swollen at the rim than usual - fucking *flutters* under the scrutiny.

The twitch of his thigh this time is borderline violent, probably a kick in the grip of a weaker man than Ilya. Shane is prevented from closing his other leg, too, by Ilya's calf hooked over his ankle.

He isn't able to completely stifle the horny, helpless whimper in the back of his throat.

A beat of silence.

(Considering him, hanging on any further noises that might slip out of their prey.)

"Lube. On the nightstand," Rozanov finally answers in a low rasp. "Then he won't need fingers first."

Ilya returns Shane's leg to the mattress, gives the meaty part of the inside of his thigh a *good boy* kind of pat before reaching for the nightstand. At the same time he hears the plasticky *snap* of a bottle cap, Shane feels the brief warmth of lips on the nape of his neck.

An iron forearm around his waist, then, shifts Shane here and there in Ilya's lap. Just behind him, Ilya's pulling the elastic of his boxers under his balls, getting his own cock out. And he must've taken his shirt off, too, because a combination of body hair and naked skin meet Shane's back as Ilya tugs him in even closer, guiding Shane to lean more of his weight on Ilya's chest. From there, still back to front, Ilya hefts Shane astride him, their hips aligned. His knees sink into the mattress on either side of Ilya's thighs.

Lube sounds. A few *schlicky* strokes.

"Is this okay, sweetheart?" Ilya breathes the question into Shane's ear, follows it with a kiss. A hot length settles in the cleft between Shane's asscheeks.

Without intending to, Shane's kept his eyes closed for probably thirty seconds or so at this point, letting their voices and their presence and his brain's own filthy ideating about what's next wash over him. Hamstrings flexing, abs drenched in his own precum. Shane bites his lower lip and nods.

"*Mm...yeah*," he says dreamily. Part of him fears opening his eyes will cause all of this to somehow dissipate. Another part of him is just so turned on *knowing* he's being watched by a different version of the same man plastered along his back, he's half-afraid of coming all over himself, untouched and unfucked, if he meets that piercing blue stare once more.

Fuck, Shane has never wanted anyone more than he wants Ilya goddamn Rozanov (and never will) - and right now he has *two*.

And two slippery fingers between his cheeks. Ilya prods his rim, pushes a lukewarm dollop of lube just inside him.

"*Mnhah*." Shane's exhale isn't quite a moan.

"I don't know why I bothered asking this guy anyway. We all know I'm already a perfect fit for your greedy hole."

A big hand spreading him open. Blunt cockhead at his entrance.

And amidst the anticipation, a flash of something not far from rationality. Shane practically jolts.

“Shit - *wait*. You’re not - we can’t -” As soon as he’s capable of remembering the word, Shane makes himself spit it out. “- *Condom*.”

There’d been a whole strip of them not long ago, Shane knows, on the nightstand next to the lube. But he hasn’t heard Ilya tear one open, and he doesn’t have eyes in the back of his head but he’s maybe seventy percent sure the cock currently sliding against his most sensitive skin isn’t wearing any sort of latex barrier.

Waiting for Ilya to pause and grab one, Shane squirms only slightly in his arms.

...And then his nervous system just fucking *ignites* when those strong arms tighten around his waist, pulling him back and down right as Ilya’s rocking his hips *up* -

“Mmmm but we’re *married*, baby, remember?” Ilya coos in the same moment Shane feels himself opening around inch after inch of thick cock being pushed into him with absolute ease. “*Hmmph...fuck*, yeah.” Ilya’s moan as he bottoms out is loud and shameless. A little more breathily now, he continues teasing in Shane’s ear. “Why would I wear a condom to fuck my own husband?”

A shocked shudder starts at the base of Shane’s spine, wracking all the way through to his fingertips and toes. He’s full, so fucking *full* all of sudden, and he hadn’t braced himself for either the clashing of flesh or abrupt crash with pleasure. “Aghhhh - *shit*, *hnnghh*.” His jaw works around wordless gasps.

When Rozanov pulled out of him, earlier, Shane had to smother a pathetic whimper into the pillow before the other man had even finished rolling to the far side of the bed. In his extremely limited experience, he’d already decided his least favorite part of bottoming was the *being empty* of it all when it was over. Which made a sort of sense - in his fucked-out daze during the aftermath of his first time taking Ilya Rozanov’s dick in his ass, Shane had the vague daydream that in a perfect world, he’d get to be permanently *full* all the time.

- So as Ilya’s cock punches all the breath out of him, Shane whines in astonishment but without any complaint. He can’t summon to mind any reason to refute Ilya’s logic, and it all feels too fucking *good* for him to want to argue anyway. The opposite of resistance in his limbs, marrow turned to honey. He forgets to be afraid of the overwhelming force of his own desire to let Ilya chew the meat from his bones, crack them open afterwards and lick the sweetness clean.

He arches further into the chest at his back, instinctively seeking a better angle to grind his hips without impeding Ilya’s ability to thrust. Having forgotten why his eyes are closed, Shane lets them open, locks gazes with Rozanov in an instant. The hunger in his face hasn’t vanished, really, but it’s been subsumed by something else.

Reverence, maybe?

Rooted in his chair, albeit on the edge of his seat. Leaning forward, elbows on knees with his hands clasped between them. Still watching. The veins in his forearms pop with effort.

(Afraid to even blink, Rozanov hasn't looked away from them once.)

Shane's lower body muscles tighten. Another shock of pleasure, this one deep in his guts where Ilya's cock is buried. More precum drips into the mess he's already made all over himself, gleaming on his belly and balls and painfully throbbing cock.

"Mmmngh - *fuuuuck*, baby, so good. Made to take me, *da*?"

One hand gripping Shane's waist and other arm across his chest, Ilya guides him through the initial thrusts, helps them find a rhythm together. Shane has always been a fast learner. Soon his glutes and inner thighs are working to ride Ilya's cock, bouncing in his lap.

The sound of his soft panting fills the room. Ilya pinches a nipple, gets him to hiss through his teeth. Shane would let his head fall back onto Ilya's broad shoulder if it didn't mean losing sight of Rozanov and all the worship in his eyes.

"Maybe you don't know this yet, but already you are *ruined* for anyone but me," Ilya purrs.

And - *oh*, Shane fucking *knows*.

...But maybe now he'll get to find out what 'ruined' *really* means.

Ilya tweaks his other nipple. "No other dick but mine will ever satisfy you. No one will ever give you what you need like I do. No one but *me*."

A chain clinks between Shane's shoulder blades with every smack of their hips, sends his attention skittering to the gold crucifix around Rozanov's neck. "Nev - *ah* - er. Just *yours*. *You*."

But Shane is a black hole, a bottomless well of nothing but *greed*, or neediness he tells himself isn't needed at all, folding it into nothing and shoving it down deep. But if Ilya goddamn Rozanov is always going to come along and fuck it out of its hiding place into almost-tangibility, Shane is helpless to letting the force of it consume them.

"Ilya," he moans, still staring at Rozanov. "*Ilya*. I - I need..." His mouth opens and closes, struggling to shape sounds into meaning.

With fingertips under Shane's chin and a palm on his throat, Ilya steers Shane into looking at him over his shoulder. If Rozanov has the expression of a suppliant, then - in Shane's opinion - Ilya is some kind of sex god, oozing gleeful arrogance and lust. Shane is in the very best of hands. Even if he's too far down to articulate what he wants, whatever it is Ilya sees in Shane's face must be legible enough to drive him to a conclusion.

(What Ilya sees: cute little bangs stuck to sweaty skin; doe eyes, wet and pleading; pink tongue in a desperate mouth; freckles he knows better than the back of his hand except for the fact that *this* Shane doesn't have as many as Ilya's husband does, earning a few more every summer at the cottage they spend together.

Ilya decided a long time ago his lovely Shanya will never want for anything as long as he's around.)

Triumphantly, Ilya flashes his teeth at Rozanov. «My sweet boy's mouth is lonely. You're sorry for not kissing him earlier?»

A sufficient silence passes in which it becomes clear Ilya's question isn't rhetorical - he expects a response.

«...*Yes*. Fuck you, yes, of course I'm sorry for not kissing him - every time I get close enough to see those fucking freckles - » He cuts himself off, blows out a long exhale through his nose. Fists return to his lap, curling and uncurling. « - *Yes*, I'm sorry, I admit it, okay?»

«Then come give him a kiss now.»

Zero hesitation. As graceful a predator in the bedroom as he is on the ice. The mattress is dipping with Rozanov's weight before Shane even realizes he's out of his seat, still in his dress pants and unbuttoned white shirt. All the bravado from earlier's posture is gone - this time, it's Rozanov's turn to crawl to him.

As soon as he's close enough, instead of kissing Shane, Rozanov ducks his head, sucks the tip of Shane's cock into the velvet heat of his mouth, licks intensely at the leaking slit.

“*H - holy shit!*” Shane yelps.

Ilya groans as Shane's whole body spasms around him. “*Shit - yeah*. Get so fucking - *tight*.”

Loud and lewd and with eyes downcast, Rozanov makes a slurpy show of it, never fully engulfing Shane's length while tonguing his precum mess mostly clean. He carries on for several seconds - during which Shane's writhing and whining grow increasingly desperate - until Shane reaches the point where he'd pull away from the stimulation if he wasn't being held fast there, seated on Ilya's cock.

“*Mmmph - stop*, stop, *please* stop - I won't be able to - wanna - “ Having already come once tonight, Shane isn't sure he'll have any more in him after this one, doesn't want it to be over yet.

Ilya clucks his tongue, snaps his fingers at Rozanov like he's a dog. «Enough, greedy. Who said you could have a taste?»

Rozanov relents after a wet *smack* of a kiss to Shane's belly button. Licks his lips, straightens to meet Shane's eyes again. He's unusually tentative, leaning in, as if any sudden movement might startle Shane into bolting. As if his doppelgänger isn't a pyre and Shane the world's most willing sacrifice.

“Hollander.” Rozanov's throat bobs. Their foreheads touch - then Shane is being rocked backwards by a firm yank on his hips -

And Rozanov growls in frustration as he has to surge forward to finally capture Shane's lips.

Shane melts into the taste of vodka and cigarettes. He's never returned a kiss with less finesse, clumsily pressing his face to Rozanov's. A spark caught, spreading - Shane wants nothing more than to give himself up to it, hotter than any flame.

All the cock-riding rhythm in his thighs has ebbed. So has the final flicker of Rozanov's timidity. His fingers overlap with Ilya's in Shane's hair. One of them pulls on it, bringing his head back, baring the long curve of his neck.

Ilya grinds up into him, gets Shane whining around Rozanov's tongue as his slack mouth is kissed (*claimed*) with almost bruising ferocity.

Teeth snag his earlobe. A beard scrapes along his pulse. "Don't worry. I know what you need," Ilya tells Shane in a soft voice, kisses his cheek. Then to his younger self:

«Get your dick out. He wants his mouth filled. But don't make the mistake of thinking you deserve this. You're just lucky he's an insatiable slut for cock.»

"*Ahh - mmhmmm.*" Groaning in enthusiastic agreement, Shane tries to nod against the hold in his hair.

Ilya slaps the broad side of Shane's thigh, pulls out of him at the same time Rozanov relinquishes his mouth - and *fuck*, Shane could *weep* at being left so jarringly bereft of either, let alone both. He must at least be making some kind of plaintive noise about it, because Ilya *shushes* him with a soothing palm between his shoulder blades before squeezing the nape of Shane's neck and using it to guide him lower, weight shifting the mattress.

"*Shhshhshh*, baby, s'okay, just putting you on your hands and knees for us -"

Rozanov's above him now, quietly getting his cock out, hooded eyes unerringly transfixed on Shane. Neck craning so as not to lose that gaze, Shane forces his voice to function.

"*Ilya.*"

He sees Rozanov's lips twist.

Rozanov is too many syllables, Shane would use as an excuse if *that* weren't also too many syllables. He rocks forward a few inches on the heels of his hands, butts his forehead against Rozanov's chiseled abs, swirls his tongue in the hair of his happy trail.

"*Ilyaaa*," he says again.

Behind him, Ilya's thick length slaps his hole.

"*Fuck* - " Panting, Shane noses at Rozanov's balls. "Just...do whatever, fucking *use* my mouth...I want...want to feel it however you want me to have it."

"Hollander...*fuck*." Rozanov gives himself a few strokes and pets the top of Shane's head.

"Arch your back. *Mmm*, like that, *da* - show off your ass for me."

His hips sway in the air from side to side until they're grabbed by rough hands. This time, Ilya's cock is a blunt pressure against his hole. Shane tries to rock backwards into it and finds himself held firm.

"*Ilya* - " Shane looks up at Rozanov through his eyelashes, lets his jaw hang open, pink tongue loose.

Then, with a bestial grunt, Ilya snaps his hips forward.

And - *fuck*, maybe Shane ought to be embarrassed, just how *easy* his hole is now. In half a second and one hard thrust, Ilya's pelvis meets his asscheeks with a *smack*.

"*Eehahh!*" Shane's lips stretch around the cry and a thin stream of his saliva trickles onto the sheet between his hands. His cock twitches against his belly. The only reason he doesn't drop to his elbows is to keep Rozanov's dick at eye level.

He can hear Ilya's breaths starting to come heavier. Shane only regrets not being able to watch both of them at once.

«Are you going to fuck his mouth or are you waiting for a hand-written invitation?» Every few words are punctuated by a brutal thrust.

And maybe Shane had in large part *reveled* in being made to beg for it earlier, but it's the opposite of what he needs now.

(Shane can't see inside of Rozanov's head, but Ilya can, in a manner of speaking - he's well aware of what it looks like when he's trying to convince himself he can have something precious despite being utterly unworthy of it.

Rozanov glares briefly at him - Ilya's elated to see his younger self saves all the softness in his eyes for Shane.)

Finally, holding Shane's face in both hands like the bones in his skull are made of porcelain, Rozanov begins feeding his cock to him at an agonizingly slow pace. In spite of his own eagerness - he can already hear himself moaning happily around the uncut tip - Shane holds himself in check, takes only what he's given except for Ilya's hips driving him slightly forwards with every snap. Rozanov tastes faintly of his own cum, less faintly of latex from the condom he'd worn earlier, and Shane summons enough slobber to his tongue to bathe him clean with, erase any flavor that isn't just Shane's spit and *him*.

Rozanov rubs Shane's jaw, caresses his cheekbones. That Shane physically *can't* nuzzle into Rozanov's palm with his cock in his mouth doesn't stop him from trying. When it reaches a coarse home in Rozanov's pubic hair, Shane lets out a rough, deliberate exhale through his nose, sighs in contentment around the sizable intrusion in his throat.

"Pretty." The single word of English is spoken with the solemnest of inflections before Rozanov shifts back into Russian. He wipes the pad of his thumb through the drool Shane can already feel leaking down his chin. «Do you have any idea how gorgeous you look, taking two cocks, letting us both use you? The most natural slut in the world, and all mine.»

“*Gnnleagh.*”

Behind him, Ilya is *unrelenting*. It’s difficult for Shane to focus on *doing* much other than taking it without letting his whole body be fucked into the mattress, but as he adjusts somewhat to Ilya’s steady tempo of deep, forceful strokes and realizes Rozanov is still just holding him there, Shane begins trying to bob his head, wordlessly encouraging him to move, too.

Rozanov halts him with the hand in his hair. “*Ah ah* - you said however *I* wanted, remember?” He pats Shane’s cheek, and Shane feels a tug at his scalp as the few inches of cock he’d let slip from between his lips are pushed back where they belong. Once more his nose rests in the musky curls of Rozanov’s groin. “It’s called cockwarming, yes? Just like this, mouth full while he fucks you.”

Nodding, Shane chokes around the cockhead in his throat. Rozanov’s fingers tighten in his hair. Shane isn’t really *thinking* anymore, nothing coherent happening in his brain, just serving himself up to the wave of sensation on a silver platter, to drown in and be dined on. He tries forcing his head lower, jamming Rozanov’s cock deeper. *Gagging* on it in wet, pitchy grunts.

“*Fuck*, Hollander,” he hears Rozanov murmur under his breath. He lets Shane go on for several seconds like this before stopping him again - this time to wipe the tears now streaming from Shane’s eyes, which Shane didn’t notice were there until that very moment. The world’s been growing blurrier around him since before being on his hands and knees, and he can’t recall what clarity is supposed to feel like anyway.

Only once he’s gotten a few ragged snatches of oxygen into his lungs does the grip in Shane’s hair relax.

And, granted that sliver of freedom, Shane gets right back to choking on Rozanov’s cock until he’s drooling and crying and gagging on it all over again and Rozanov forces another respite to carefully clean the teary mess from his cheeks once more.

Not quite cockwarming after all.

All the while, Ilya just keeps pounding his ass. Aiming for nothing in particular besides his own pleasure - Shane feels more and more gloriously *used* with each rough, rhythmic smack of flesh.

Hands on his hips, strong and sure. The metallic nip of a ring’s edge digging into his skin. His head held in the tenderest cradle on the other end. Two looming bodies on either side, each fucking him like he’s *theirs*. Not for a night but a lifetime. Pressed in between both of them, Shane couldn’t escape even if he wanted to.

(Above him, Rozanov sneaks the occasional glance at his older self. Admiring. Envious. Ensuring disapproval doesn’t reappear in the line between his eyebrows. Wondering, too - if he’ll really get to be *that* one day...and what that ridiculous bird on his shoulder could be for.

Ilya is gracious enough to pretend not to notice, focus instead on fucking the pretty young thing beneath him.

...Though he can't avoid chirping *completely*.)

«Do you think this is a competition for who can last longer? I remember how fucking *easy* it still was when I was your age,» Ilya taunts. As exertion turns his voice to gravel, the Russian lands in Shane's eardrums more filthily than ever. «Unless you're being a good little boy, waiting for daddy's permission to come?»

Shit, it's not even aimed at him, but Shane's uncontrollable moan in response to *that* would be humiliatingly obvious if his throat wasn't full of cock and spit.

«Fuck *off*.» Tension flares through Rozanov's knuckles and disappears as quickly. «...I want his ass when you're done.»

Ilya exhales on a low rasp of laughter. «Sloppy seconds, really? *Oh*, I know, *ha* - you want a turn fucking him raw?»

«Why shouldn't I? If he's your husband - he's mine, too.»

And it's goddamn *dizzying* listening to how they talk over him, *about* him. The negotiation of it all while he's just *there*, soaking up anything they decide to do with him.

His cock's gone untouched for awhile now, hanging stiff and useless between his legs. So the unspoken promise offered in the sudden stimulation of a hand wrapping around him is the headiest relief he's beyond trying to resist.

Rozanov scoffs. «If you can't make him come hands-free, let me - »

Another guttural laugh interrupts. «What did I just say, kid? It's not a competition.» But then - and oh *god*, Ilya must *really* know he's doing, because after not even having to pause as he adjusts the tilt of Shane's hips in the air - he's suddenly nailing his prostate on every thrust, driving precise spikes of pleasure straight into Shane's nerve endings.

His vision fuzzes white at the periphery. Every cock-muffled wail fucked out of him is soggier and more frantic than the last. Body enveloped in a current hurtling toward an imminent, unavoidable precipice. No competition - just Ilya proving his expertise.

”Nngh - nnnng - mnnng -“

“Come on - *fuck*, there's my sweet boy. Gonna come on my cock? Show us how good it feels,” Ilya urges him. In a growling undertone to Rozanov, he adds, «He loves getting fucked after he's already come. Trust me - the sounds he makes will change your life.»

The fault line between two massive slabs of rock: Shane comes with a violent shudder, and the world around him shakes, splits open. Groaning loud, Ilya comes, too, having apparently timed it that way on purpose. Shane feels the unusual surge of warmth deeper than he would've expected to, sticky and claiming. Ilya stays buried in him through the aftershocks,

rubbing circles into his hips, gushing praise in a mix of English and Russian too nonsensical for Shane's overwhelmed brain to translate.

Awestruck, Rozanov exhales. "Holy *fuck*."

In a pliant haze, Shane doesn't protest as the cock in his mouth is taken away, dragging out along with it a long strand of saliva that breaks when his elbows give out. Hands still anchored in Shane's hair, Rozanov follows him right down to the mattress, forestalling any new space from coming between them.

"Oh my god, Hollander, *Shane*. You're soooo fucking - *hot*. *Bozhe moy*. This is *crazy*. Can't be real." But Rozanov feels real enough hovering over him. He doesn't pause to clean Shane's face one final time before breathlessly peppering kisses through the tears and spit. "Want to fuck you - is it...can I, please?" He pushes their foreheads together, sucks more than a little desperately on Shane's upper lip.

Blurily, Shane nods, swallows. Struggles to clear his throat. Behind him, Ilya drapes himself over Shane's back, mouthing at the nape of his neck at the same time he gingerly begins to pull out. Cool air hits Shane's used, dripping hole, and he winces.

Rozanov is practically vibrating out of his skin with anticipation.

From there, Shane is manhandled between the two of them, still boneless from his orgasm. Shifted onto his back and rightside up on the bed, until he finds himself back in Ilya's lap - this time with his head and shoulders pillowed atop those *spectacularly* thick thighs. When the spots swirling in his vision fade, he looks up to see Ilya smirking down at him. With one hand, Ilya slots his fingers through Shane's, kisses the back of his knuckles.

And - *hell*, having come two minutes ago doesn't make a difference to the butterflies in his belly, whose wings rustle with a horny breeze at the sight of Ilya's *bulk* without any clothes hiding it. Huge, heaving pecs. Beefy abs covered in dark hair. The flexing muscles of massive arms which Shane is decently acquainted with by now.

The tattoo is the biggest surprise, really. Looking like a painting splashed across one massive deltoid in black and white. Beady eyes of crimson, the suggestion of a lake in pale blue.

After a moment or two of staring at it, Shane's face splits into a dopey grin. In a hoarse voice, he says, "We have those everywhere back home in Ottawa. Loons."

He thinks about bringing his hands to his mouth to mimic the call, gets maybe a quarter of the way toward restoring proper function between his extremities and his brain when he's interrupted by a bruising grip on his calves. Shane's limbs haven't made it out of their softened-butter state, and Rozanov yanks his legs apart with entirely unnecessary force.

Shane musters a glare in return (that anyone else would describe really as more of a pathetic, adorable doe-eyed pout). Meanwhile, Rozanov is shooting daggers at Ilya, though the sharpness dissipates when he meets Shane's eyes again.

Rozanov hefts one of Shane's legs to his shoulder and kisses his ankle in apology. The heavy curve of his cock still shines from Shane's drool.

And soon Shane's lonely hole gets to have it for the *third* time tonight.

Shane's heart thuds, pulsing faintly in the general direction of his softening cock and empty balls. And for what seems like the millionth time tonight, Shane feels his rim twitching under Rozanov's gaze. Only now Ilya's cum - Rozanov's cum, too, in a way - is seeping out of him and onto the bed.

Without any gentleness, then, Ilya descends upon Shane's pecs, cupping and squeezing them, one in each hand. Shane's breath hitches, eyes rolling back.

«Doesn't matter what his cock says - look at him, arching for it. Our greedy slut wants more,» Ilya says. «Go on, make yourself useful, give it to him.»

Rozanov's pretty mouth goes a little flat every time Ilya orders him around, but he proceeds nearer undeterred, shuffling forward on his knees.

Ilya pinches and rolls Shane's nipples between his forefingers. Exactly the slut Ilya says he is, Shane whimpers, back bowing, helpless to the irregular series of alternating twin stings, teasing and hurting in perfect amounts. And as Rozanov pushes his leg further back toward his chest, Shane tries to relax into the easy stretch of his hamstring.

Cock in hand, Rozanov presses himself to Shane's hole. Just the slight pressure has Shane's brows drawing together, thighs quivering. He feels very *raw*, all of sudden, having his hole touched so soon after coming and being *come in*. A type of - overexposed, in a way. On the cusp of unraveling, or turning inside out.

With a deep inhale, Shane hooks his free leg around Rozanov's hip, urges him forward with a heel digging into the back of his thigh.

"C'mere - wanna feel you," he slurs in declaration.

After that, it takes scant effort from either of them for Rozanov's cock to slip past his stretched rim. Too much and not enough all at once. Shane hisses through his teeth.

A few of Rozanov's slicked-back curls fall across his forehead. "Going to fucking kill me, Hollander. Shane. *Fuck*." He pushes forward, and - with an audible *squelch* - sheaths himself in a single thrust.

Shane's whole body seizes around the cock filling him. The exquisite pleasure-pain when sensation turns into *too much*. *Overwhelmed*. *Can't*.

... *Will*.

His animal brain's first instinct is to panic, maybe even scramble toward escape. But there's nowhere Shane can escape to with Ilya there, more effective than a brick wall, and it's that realization somehow which settles him as quickly as he'd been moved to fight or flight. A house cat scruffed while being scooped into his owner's arms.

Trust deeper than muscle memory, with Ilya in charge and looking after him.

Looking considerably less certain, Rozanov's eyes dart between Shane's face and where his dick has disappeared into Shane's body. A vein at his temple pulses.

"Drenched and open, made to be fucked," Ilya says. He grabs Shane's ankle in the air, levers it back a few more inches. Holding him open there. "Feels almost like pussy now, doesn't it."

Rozanov's hips hump forward. Of their own volition, seemingly, based on the sudden bulging of his eyes.

Shane's head tips back, mouth open in what ought to be a half-formed protest. Instead, he hears himself let out a ragged, desperate whine.

Ilya grins down at him and winks.Laughs, when Shane feels his own expression scrunching in response.

"Mnnhahh - 'm not...Ilyaaa."

«Squeezed me like he likes it,» Rozanov says through clenched teeth. «Like a fist - but so wet and *soft* inside, too - it's - *incredible*, fuck.»

«Of course he likes it. I know everything our Shanya likes.» Ilya bends his head to bestow a kiss to Shane's forehead, lips warm and lingering. In husky English, he murmurs into Shane's skin: "My husband loves getting his pussy filled. Sometimes even begs me for it."

Gasoline on an open flame, and Shane is already ablaze. A gasp rips from his throat, arousal flaring beyond his body's capacity to contain.

Rozanov's eyes close. With an agitated grunt, his head falls back, Adam's apple sweat-glossy and bobbing with strain. His pelvis rabbits once - twice - three times more -

"Ah - *rrngh*."

And comes there and then, after less than a minute. Rozanov collapses atop Shane, catching himself on his elbows. Catching Shane's mouth with his in the next instant, too, as if making up for last time. For lost time. Fervent and clumsy, void of any of his usual skill, Rozanov kisses him like he'll die if he doesn't, or maybe it's that every second spent *not* kissing Shane has been killing him all along.

In the friction between their torsos and the tacky remnants of his earlier climax, Shane can feel his cock beginning to harden again. Aching and oversensitive, but - he squirms beneath Rozanov anyway, kissing him back and breathing hard through his nose.

After Rozanov presses a last little kiss to the underside of Shane's bottom lip, he carefully lifts himself up and back, and there's nowhere for Shane to smother his tiny, displeased mewl when Rozanov's cock slips out of him. Ilya hasn't yet released his leg, but his free hand moves tenderly through Shane's hair, soothing in the gentle scrape of his blunt nails.

Shane feels the sticky accuracy of *sloppy seconds* oozing out of him, in Rozanov's wake. Which Rozanov himself is staring at, pupils dark and as hypnotized as he's looked all night, lips parted in wordless awe.

Without any prompting or conscious forethought, Shane just - bears down, sphincter squeezing an intentional gloop of cum onto the sheets beneath him. Reveling in his own decadent brazenness and the fresh bloom of color in Rozanov's cheeks.

"Now you're actually trying to murder me on purpose," Rozanov says, thumb tracing small circles on the inside of Shane's knee.

Ilya's chuckle is needle-sharp and threaded with mockery. «*Tsk*, like an untrained mutt. But don't worry - you learn one day, obviously. I guess that's what *experience* is for, or something.» He sighs in a dramatic, bitchy timbre, then snaps his fingers. «For now, just clean up your mess, and make sure our sweet boy gets off again, for fuck's sake. He deserves it, even if you don't.»

And *oh* - adorable as Rozanov's dejected puppy expression is, Shane's heart pangs to see it. His brain is little more than scattered cotton fluff at this point, but he nonetheless starts picking through its disarray, looking for something to say to cushion or counter Ilya's barbs. He nudges Rozanov's hip with his knee in the meantime, offers him an encouraging half-grin.

...But Rozanov's tongue proves much faster than his. Before Shane can string together any coherent syllables, Rozanov is slinging Shane's leg over his shoulder and diving between his cheeks. He licks a broad stripe through the mess leaking from Shane's fucked-out hole.

" - *Eaah!*"

All Shane can do is shiver and squeal...and let Rozanov do as ordered.

After that first lick, his mouth is an *onslaught*. Nothing that Shane has done tonight can be as filthy as Rozanov tasting himself twice over. Lips latched onto his rim. Sopping pulses of suction. Tongue, probing and dextrous.

He's fucking *loud* about it, too. Beyond the uncontrollable wet noises, Rozanov is groaning and humming like Shane's hole is a feast instead of a punishment or chore. Arms locked around his thighs, keeping Shane's lower body immobile enough so that his writhing can't achieve anything further than pitiful rocking against Rozanov's ravenous mouth.

Shane's neglected cock strains toward his belly button. Tears prick the corners of his eyes. He throws his forearm over his face instinctively, but Ilya pries it away.

"I know how much you like this, *malysh*," Ilya says, squeezing Shane's wrist. Then he kisses it. "I know you better than anyone, better than this version of you knows yourself, and you don't even know it, do you? You *love* this, sweetheart, the best, most perfect slut for me." He finally releases Shane's leg, letting it come to rest on Rozanov's other shoulder. Hand freed, Ilya picks up and kisses Shane's other wrist. "For *us*. Always. *Always*. You can come again, okay?"

And he's right, in spite of all the soreness and tingling. Maybe *because* of it, too. How easily his body's kneejerk resistance to getting pleasure out of being used and touched so soon after orgasm was overcome. *He loves getting fucked after he's already come*, Ilya told his younger self. His authoritative tone more than proven by now - it's like everything this Ilya says is true and he really does know Shane better than Shane does. Like there's a whole other Shane out there just like him, but who has had the lucky fucking chance to gotten be so *known* by Ilya Rozanov. Loved by him. Apparently even married.

Shane jerks his arms just to feel Ilya's grip tighten. Hears, in response to the bruising pressure, his own loud moan:

"Fuck - Ilya. Please."

Perhaps Rozanov now deems his hole 'clean' - he kisses it like a lover one final time before Shane is given any flicker of reprieve.

Rozanov looks up at Shane from between his legs, red lips glistening with cum and spit. He winks.

Then Rozanov swallows his cock, and Shane is fucking *done* for. Bursting at the seams and straight into Rozanov's mouth as the jagged rapture slices into him. Ilya keeps him pinned there by the wrists while Shane trembles and sobs, tears streaming down either side of his face. More than once Ilya dips his head to kiss the wet trails they leave behind. And in the aftershocks, looking dazedly up at Ilya's effervescent smile, Shane thinks to himself *yes, yes, more*, and - ridiculously - *how can I get to see this every day?*

Rozanov is merciful in deciding not to prolong his suffering. Upon wringing every drop of cum from Shane, his mouth lifts away, posture straightening. Bright eyes narrow in on his older self, and his jaw sets.

Grabbing a fistful of curls, Rozanov catches his older self off-guard and yanks him across the empty space separating them above Shane. As Rozanov shoves his face at Ilya's in a graceless collision of lips and teeth, Shane can only blink up at them in fuckdrunk astonishment. Gold necklaces jingle and cross each other in the air.

Rozanov hangs onto Ilya by his hair, uses his tongue to bully thick globs of accumulated cum into his older self's mouth. All the fight goes out of Ilya once he tastes it. He swallows eagerly, even laughs a little into Rozanov's mouth.

"Oh my *god*." Shane only realizes he's breathed the words aloud when their lips part, twin gazes re-aligning upon him. His disappointment in not getting to watch them kiss any longer is rapidly superseded by a fresh surge of true fear - he doesn't think he'll physically survive it, if the two of them decide they aren't yet through with him.

And maybe he's obvious about it, or maybe they already knew. Maybe they're as tired as he is, finally *sated* at the end of a long, impossible night. Impossible tenderness in their arms, too, scooping Shane into the middle of the bed. He doesn't even care that neither of them seem to bother with any further clean-up before caging him in on either side. Elbows jostle across his torso and take several seconds to settle. Tolerating each other when it means

pressing closer to him. A single slice of melted sweetness cuddled between two big hunks of Ilya-shaped bread. The best kind of sandwich.

The touch of lips in his hair. Shane isn't sure whose. He may or may not be beaming like an idiot at the ceiling, vaguely aware of albeit ignoring how the two of them are communicating via silent twists of their identical features above his head. Until Ilya takes his chin and kisses him softer than ever. Rozanov simultaneously tucks a pillow under his head.

"Am I forgetting anything this time, solnyshko?" Ilya asks. He brushes their noses together. "Whatever you still need to be happy tonight, just tell me - I'll do it."

Given Shane's current giddy state, Ilya's level of seriousness seems to him to be especially silly. He can't help but giggle; tries to bury it in Ilya's shoulder. "Now we're getting around to that cuddle you promised, so nothing, I guess," he jokes, lips mashed against the loon tattoo. He reaches for Ilya's forearm, follows it to his wrist and his knuckles, fumbling blindly for his adorned ring finger. Eyelids heavy, Shane traces the cool metal with his thumb. In a sleepy murmur, he adds: "... 'm just dreading the part where I wake up alone tomorrow and learn this was all a crazy dream."

Rozanov makes a wounded noise into the curve of Shane's neck and they both somehow manage to squeeze even closer to him.

"Maybe it won't be so bad," Ilya says. The low laugh in his chest rumbles straight to Shane's heart. Almost consolation.

In their less-than-subtle competition to be the last one to press their lips to a random spot of his bare skin, the two of them don't stop kissing him as he falls asleep.

.....

Ilya blinks into reluctant consciousness with wet boxers and a mouthful of hair tasting faintly of mint shampoo. The hair is Shane's - Ilya is spooned up behind him, soft cock resting in the crease of the world's plushest ass. The cum in his boxers has already bled through Shane's and is beginning to grow tacky.

Just another way they'll be stuck together. Ilya nuzzles behind his husband's ear, heart buzzing with warmth. His hand slips down Shane's sculpted belly, and he isn't surprised to encounter more cum-drenched elastic and cotton. Both of them having wet dreams like teenagers strikes him as strangely precious.

Anya, bless her, is nowhere to be found, having made herself scarce halfway through the night.

Out of nowhere, Shane does a one-eighty in his arms. Freckled cheeks flushing prettily and sleep still present in the corners of his eyes, he props himself on an elbow for a vantage point from which to glare down at Ilya. Whose expression must simply scream *guilty*, somehow, because -

“I *knew* it felt too real to be a regular dream,” Shane says, tone accusatory. Ilya adores how smart he is. “*And* you were definitely acting weird when you said you weren’t in the mood for sex before bed last night, but I just figured it was, y’know, diarrhea or something.” His gaze flits over Ilya’s shoulder to the brand-new, not-at-all-suspicious bunny nightlight plugged into the wall on his side of the bed. “That is not a normal-ass nightlight, is it?”

“What? You think depraved sex dream could come from such an innocent little bunny?” Ilya fakes disbelief and kisses *his* bunny’s nose. “Okay, you’re right. Bunny light contained a magic spell for dream sex. Good idea, lots of fun, *da?*”

Shane doesn’t seem pissed - mollified in part by Ilya’s easy admission - but he doesn’t exactly appear thrilled about it, either. “...Was this some kind of threesome workaround thing?”

“Not on purpose - great bonus, though, don’t you think?” Ilya waggles his eyebrows. “Memory dream spell. Fix-it magic. I saved packaging - it’s around here somewhere for you to read. ”

Still scrutinizing him, Shane processes this explanation silently for a few moments. “Memory...so - the dream took us back specifically to that night on purpose? Why?”

No deflection or hedging. He reluctantly refrains from any wisecracks relating to leering at young Shane or wanting an excuse to spice up their marriage. “Because I remembered I was maybe not-so-nice to you that night after the life-changingly good sex. Fix-it spell is for fixing.” He shrugs one shoulder.

Another pause while Shane processes this, too; the small furrow between his brows is a familiar window to the turning gears of his brain. Ilya readies himself to enjoy a mild scolding.

Instead, Shane makes a soft noise of sympathy. Looking at Ilya, his chin tilts. “*Baby.*”

“...What?”

“Have you *really* been beating yourself up about that? It was over ten years ago.” He cups Ilya’s cheek. “Is that why you were being such an asshole to your younger self?”

Ilya sniffs and pretends not to feel his face heat. “What do you mean?”

“Have you forgotten I speak Russian?” Shane flicks Ilya in the temple, then taps the side of his own head. «My brain didn’t, even if it was sleeping. I understood just about everything you two said to each other.» The seamless switch in language only emphasizes his point. “Anyway - seriously. You were *not* very nice to the you back then.”

“Spoiling you is what I was there for! I didn’t deserve nice back then.” He doesn’t deserve *nice* now. What can he say for himself? That his heart cracked open when he strutted into that elevator and saw Shane’s teary brown eyes and that unsent text? The reminder of how young and vulnerable his husband used to be was a blow to Ilya’s chest. Seeing Shane like that, all Ilya really wanted to do was punch the guy who’d made him cry.

So Ilya could've done a lot worse to his younger self, all things considered.

"I was a big idiot. Blind, selfish. Too cocky for my own good," he finishes.

"Hey - that's my husband you're talking about. If you keep it up I'm gonna kick your ass." It's the sternest Shane has sounded since waking up. At the same time, he carefully straightens the chain around Ilya's neck.

Ilya pouts. This is *not* what he'd expected to be in trouble for. "Shanyaaa."

Shane lovingly mimics his whiny tone. "*Ilyushaaa*." He kisses Ilya's sulky bottom lip. "We were practically kids. *Both* of us. Just idiots fucking around and ignoring our own feelings. You don't need to be so hard on yourself for not knowing about aftercare ten years ago."

"I remembered wanting to kiss you and not doing it," Ilya tells him. "Wanting to hold you after and wondering what it would be like to wake up with you there in the morning. It was *terrifying*."

"No shit. And c'mon, now you *know* I would've absolutely bolted if you were too nice to me back then."

Ilya's heart gives a little unpleasant little clench. "I know." He reaches for Shane's hand and kisses his wedding band. "I just wish I could've given you everything you deserve right from the very beginning."

"Ilya..." Shane protests, blushing. His hair falls nearly to his shoulders nowadays, and Ilya tucks it behind one ear when he tries to hide his embarrassment behind it.

"And now I make up for it with magically monogamous threesome because I am the best husband ever and you are a massive slut... also I forgot what an adorable little twink you used to be." He palms now-Shane's decadent thigh muscles, which had of course *always* been sexy as fuck but only grown bigger and thus sexier through the years.

"...Are you fucking kidding me right now?" Shane's playful outrage has a menacing edge. "I was *at least* two-hundred pounds back then. Definitely *not* a twink. You were barely any bigger - still aren't, by the way!" He shoves Ilya's chest, hands lingering to grope his pecs.

Flexing and preening, Ilya happily allows it. Big as Shane's hands are, Ilya's pecs are bigger; he lets their substantial size speak for itself. "Maybe I will order a second spell, and we can try for two Shanyas next time, okay?" His hands slide up to squeeze Shane's generous asscheeks. *So much more generous than they used to be.* Ilya finds himself with the urgent need to reacquaint himself with their current size.

"I don't think you'd know what to do with two of me, Rozanov." Grinning, Shane knocks his forehead against Ilya's and wiggles his ass. "Can we move this to the shower? My underwear feel gross and not in a sexy way."

And *oh* - point number one? Shane's probably never been more wrong about anything in his life. Ilya will just have to prove it.

But as for Shane's second point, Ilya's underwear feel pretty gross, too, and the shower in their master bathroom is perfect for fucking. Sweeping Shane into an unnecessary bridal carry on the way there, Ilya spares a thought for the boy he'd been, who'd looked at Shane in his arms with eyes full of envy and *that will never be something that's mine* written all over his face. In the end he'd gotten everything he really wanted, and so could probably handle a bit of chirping from his older self.

End Notes

All appreciation to [Siren](#) for beta reading half of this a few months ago and [nin](#) for the full beta read and the 'ilya rozanov walks himself like a dog' tag idea lmao; your encouragement helped me finish writing this and also make it better. <3

This plot bunny has been living in my brain since January and I am so happy to finally be done with it. Please comment especially if you have any favorite sentences or parts of the fic you enjoyed :) And the obligatory "feel free to hit me up on [twitter](#)."

Btw I have zero plans to write a sequel tuna melt with two Shanes, sorry! If someone else is inspired enough to write it though i would love to read it!

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