

it's not the same (as it was)

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

“Ok, so... first you gotta get on your knees –” And Shane proceeds to do so. Without thinking about his ‘do’s and ‘don’t’s list.

Eyes wide in mild disbelief, Karine gets on her knees beside Shane.

“Ok, now go onto your hands and knees, good,” Shane instructs, and they both do so together. Shane stops and removes his glasses, stuffing them back into their pocket, and as they go to their knees, the audience cheers. Weird. “Now, just slide your knees out, yeah, like that.” He slides his knees out, and Karine follows suit, a grimace on her face.

OR, Shane goes onto a Late Night talk show. Inspired by Hudson Williams on Jimmy Fallon.

Notes

I dunno what I'm doing anymore, kiddos. This is a goofy one. Thank you endlessly to Anna for putting up with my shenanigans and reading my goofy silly stuff <3

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

Doing a late night show had been Farah's idea, not Shane's. If he'd had a say in the matter, Ilya would be the one coming on Late Show with Karine Toretz. Sure, Shane is fantastic at interviews. The problem isn't that he's going to do a bad job at this – the problem is that this is his first time in front of a live audience, where he has to be witty and charming and *on*, and it's terrifying him. When it's a room full of reporters and he's only talking about hockey it's one thing. They're reporting on stats and game play as well as what he says in the post and pre-game interviews. Sure they want him to be charismatic and appealing there, but he's also an athlete and it's forgivable if he fucks up.

Late night television is not so forgiving. And that has Shane's stomach in knots.

When Shane and Ilya had been outed, more than the hockey world had taken an interest in them. They've done interviews for Vogue and have been asked to do BuzzFeed, and while Farah says no to plenty of opportunities, there are some that they can't pass up on. So, after the Centaurs win their cup with both Shane and Ilya on the team, after they become the first married couple to play together, let alone win a Stanley Cup together, Farah insists one of them going on a late night show might not be a bad idea.

Karine Toretz is the winner. Known for her quick wit, dry humor, and the fact that she's a lesbian, Karine seems like the correct answer. She's also been known to take it easy on those new to the late night circuit, and for that Shane is grateful. Karine has that kind of no nonsense personality that makes her endearing, and is also from Canada with a penchant for hockey, which makes her much more approachable in Shane's opinion.

The past week after winning the Stanley Cup has been absolutely insane. Sure, Shane's won the cup before. More than once! But something about winning it with Ilya by his side, with his husband on the ice, makes this time the *best* time. And it's also skyrocketed them into the public eye in a way Shane had never expected. An outpouring of support and love has come through, and while of course there are some people who have had nothing good to say about them (homophobes always find a way to ruin good things), for the most part the general public has been extremely accepting and insanely supportive.

So, Shane had agreed to go to New York to do The Late Show, because Ilya had some appearances he'd agreed to in Ottawa, and because, apparently Karine had specifically asked for Shane.

He flies to New York the morning of his appearance, because Shane doesn't want to have to be away from Ilya any longer than strictly necessary. Once he's landed, a car takes him to a hotel near 30 Rock, where instead of a quick nap, Shane is put into his first outfit of the day, because showing up to the studio isn't something he can just do in joggers and an Ottawa Centaurs shirt. A whole team is waiting for him inside of the swanky hotel room, and one man styles his hair while a very kind woman with the longest, brightest fingernails he's ever seen applies some light make up to his face.

Once they're done, everyone vacates the room, allowing him a moment to breathe and put on the outfit laid out on the bed. It's nothing exciting or exotic, that's for later. This is a simple pair of denim jeans, a black t-shirt, and a long, red trench coat. He slips his feet into a pair of

black boots that he's sure cost as much as some of Ilya's fancy cars, but he tries not to think about it too hard. Appearances matter, he knows this, and every detail is important, even if it's just to walk into a building.

Never one to go without a little bit of extra attention, Shane snaps a picture in the floor length mirror, and immediately sends the picture to Ilya. It's almost pathetic how much he misses his husband right now. He wishes Ilya were here and about to go on this journey with him. But he also knows it's important for him to do some things on his own, and this feels like one of those momentous moments he has to conquer by himself.

Ilya, of course, is quick to respond with heart eye and fire emojis. Shane's cheeks pink, especially when he sees the second text that pops up. *Very pretty*, Ilya writes, and Shane is thrown back to one of the first times they'd worked together doing the CCM ad.

Shut up, Shane responds back, despite the soft smile that creases his lips as he looks down at his phone. There's a soft knock on the door, and Shane looks up.

"Shane? You ready?" His stylist, a lovely woman named Lauren, calls through the door.

"One sec," he calls as his fingers fly over his phone screen again. He's assuming he won't have much time to text once he gets to the studio, so he sends Ilya one last message. *Miss you. Love you.*

Shane opens the door and steps out, and Farah, who made the trip with him, gives Shane the biggest grin and two thumbs up.

"Lookin' good, kid," She teases him, and Shane ducks his head as he grins and tugs at the trench coat.

"This feels like a lot," he admits, and immediately everyone is chiming in, assuring him he looks great and it's *just* enough.

"Trust me," Lauren insists, and Shane nods, because he does. He trusts this team he's built up, and he's worked with them over the years and he feels comfortable with them. Shane knows they want him to fly and not fall, so why would they lead him astray?

"Okay, I do. Let's go."

A black SUV waits outside of the hotel for him, and Shane climbs inside, while Farah steps into the front seat and Lauren gets into the back with him. They all scan their phones on the drive, and Shane is disappointed that Ilya seems to be off at one of his engagements and isn't responding anymore. So Shane absently scans Instagram, though it only takes a few minutes before their pulling up in front of 30 Rock and –

And there's a crowd – a *large* crowd – waiting for him. Him! Shane Hollander has attracted an incredibly loud, excited crowd out front of the studio. He's shocked. He can't find words, and Farah smiles back at him from the front seat. Up until this moment, the support hadn't felt tangible. Sure, Centaurs fans had cheered for them when they'd won. Of course random

people stop Shane and Ilya when they're at the grocery store, and people comment on his posts on Instagram, and there's support in the quiet ways.

But this support is *raucous*. This support is a thunderstorm of sound, and Shane doesn't know what to do with it, or how to handle it. He feels tears welling in his eyes, and he hands his phone over as Farah reaches for it, or so he thinks. But her hand just grips his wrist, her thumb pressing at his pulse point, stroking over the sensitive skin there.

"They're really here for me?" Shane asks quietly, in slight awe of this moment. Lauren is biting her lip to keep her grin from growing, and Farah is offering him the kindest, most sincere smile.

"People love you – and Ilya," Farah offers with a shrug. "You're like, the internet's husbands now, or something."

Shane chuckles and ducks his head, trying to hide his blush and his tears. Farah squeezes his wrist and releases it, and is looking at him with sympathy.

"Take a second, just breathe, then we'll go in."

And so Shane does. He inhales deeply, and takes a picture of the crowd from behind the tinted window. Once he's got his composure, he nods. There's a group of men from security waiting outside of the car, and once Lauren opens the door and steps out, the crowd starts screaming. It only intensifies when Shane steps out, and his eyes grow wide as the magnitude of the moment hits him.

Holy shit.

The security guards usher him forward, and Shane goes, following in their footsteps. He's seen fans line up after games and wait outside for autographs, but it's never been like *this* before. Shane can't hide the goofily wide grin that stretches over his lips, and he tries to ignore the phones and cameras that are currently snapping away, capturing videos and images of him entering this building. It's a *madhouse*, and he feels the hit of adrenaline, feels his stomach churn with the excitement of it.

It's overwhelming, sure, and he feels on the verge of a panic attack, but Shane reins it in and smiles, breathes through the anxiety, and pushes into the building. It's just like going to a game, he tells himself. Just like the fans in the arena, except closer. He can *do* this.

Once they've checked in with security, Shane is ushered to a dressing room, where he's met with more hair and make-up crew. They clean his look up, making him look dewy and fresh, styling his hair so it lays just so, preparing him for the shine of the stagelights. Farah goes over talking points with him while they work – *do* talk about winning the Stanley cup, how much you love your husband, what it's like being a pro athlete. *Don't* swear, talk about your sex life, or trash talk any other teams or players.

Shane makes a mental note of everything and breathes through the anxiety that's still gripping his chest. He thrives off of the adrenaline and uncertainty of game days, so he just

has to remember that this is no different – he’s performing for a crowd, just like when he’s on the ice. He’s here to put on a show, nothing more, nothing less.

Once Shane is made up and has his Balmain suit on, accessories in place, and Farah has drilled him once again on the ‘do’s and ‘don’t’s, Shane goes to the green room. He’s surprised to find the two other guests there – one an actress, Aimee Williams, with a new period piece coming out later this month, a gorgeous, tall blond woman with a British accent who tells him she’s so thrilled for him and Ilya. The second woman, Leslie Frank, is a grunge musician with bright turquoise hair and a much more casual outfit than what Shane and Aimee, and Shane wishes he’d been allowed to wear the outfit of his trade as well, though he finds he’s reminding himself once again that under armour is not the kind of brands people want to see on these late night shows.

The three of them chit chat and watch Karine’s monologue from a small screen, and then it’s Aimee’s turn to go on the stage. Leslie and Shane are quiet as they watch, and at this point Shane knows his nerves are getting the better of him. His heart rate is speeding, his hands are sweating, and he feels like he swallowed rocks before this. He just breathes through it, taps his fingers against his knee, and wishes he had his phone to text Ilya.

Aimee and Karine wrap up, and Farah comes in to grab Shane. He adjusts the collar of his black shirt and puts a hand to his pocket where a pair of for-fashion glasses are hanging, then follows Farah out into the wings of the stage. He doesn’t even have time to think or adjust before his name is being announced, and cheers light up the building. Shane steps through the doors and stops, halted by the astounding amount of applause and screaming that is happening. His eyes find Karine’s and he laughs, letting his head fall, before gesturing in a ‘what the fuck?’ kind of way to the host, who laughs and shrugs back.

Karine is a small woman, barely over 5’2, with a gray pixie cut and sharp cheekbones. She’s dressed in a sleek suit, and a pair of wire framed glasses are perched on her nose. If Shane didn’t know better he’d be intimidated, but he knows she’s here to help him, and she won’t throw any curveballs his way like the reporters in the press conferences like to do, so that’s relieving to think about. Shane makes his way onto the stage and Karine comes around to hug him, and pats him on the back as they both laugh over the crowd still screaming for Shane, whose cheeks are now a rosy pink. Karine gestures and Shane sits, and she makes her way back around her desk to sit as well.

Finally, the crowd quiets down. Shane looks to his left and sees a can of ginger ale, which he cracks and takes a sip of, before setting it aside.

“Shane Hollander, everyone!” Karine starts, shaking her head as she sits back in her chair and looks over at Shane. “What a year you’ve had, bud.”

Feeling overwhelmed, Shane ducks his head and hides his grin. “Yeah, I guess you could say that.”

“You guess?” Karine asks, one eyebrow raising. “Outed via fanmail almost a year ago, you then marry the love of your life – I’m assuming he’s the love of your life?”

Feeling giddy with being able to say as much on national television, Shane laughs. “Yeah, he’s the love of my life.”

“Good! So married, and within a year of the wedding, you two win a Stanley Cup. If that isn’t a good year, I don’t know what is.”

Shane laughs and scratches his chin, pretending to think for a moment before shrugging. “I can’t argue with you about that,” he says smoothly, grinning along with Karine. He finds she makes banter easy, and his nerves are starting to disappear. The crowd is rapt, and quiet with the attention they’re giving him and Karine, and behind them a slide show shows pictures of Shane and Ilya, and some of just Shane, and –

“Oh! That’s our wedding picture,” Shane says as he sees what’s playing behind them. He grabs the glasses from his pocket and perches them on his nose, pretending to look hard at the picture.

Karine grins and nods. “Your agent sent these in, there are some good ones in there.”

Shane knows he has that stupid soft grin on his face, the one that’s special and usually only for Ilya. He’s just so insanely proud and glad that he’s talking about his *husband* on national television. It seems insane.

“It was an amazing day,” Shane admits, his tone wistful as he thinks back to that small ceremony in the backyard, with their friends and family who matter most. It wasn’t big, it wasn’t expensive, but it was *theirs*, and that’s all that matters.

He and Karine chat, and it’s like talking to an old friend. She asks him what it’s like to play hockey with his husband (“Easy,” he says, because everything with Ilya is), asks how it felt to hoist the Stanley cup as winners *together*.

Then, somehow, the conversation devolves a little. Nothing too derailing, just an odd question. “So you know the girls on tiktok, they love the stretches.”

The *stretches*? Shane looks at Karine with his head tilted slightly, and she chuckles. “You know…” and she gestures to the tv where a video of warm ups is playing, and Shane is doing hip openers on the ice.

“Oh! Those stretches!”

“*Those* stretches,” Karine says with another chuckle, and Shane shrugs.

“They’re great for your glutes and your hip flexors,” Shane explains with a little shrug and a small grin. “Here, look, c’mon I’ll show you –” Shane stands, and scrapes the toe of his boot against the carpet. “But not here, we need a smooth surface…” He looks around and points. “Can we go down there?” he asks, pointing to where the stage extends and has a shiny, hardwood finish.

Karine’s head drops as she laughs and nods. “Sure, we can go down there,” she says as she gestures, and Shane takes the three steps then settles in the middle of the stage.

“Ok, so... first you gotta get on your knees –” And Shane proceeds to do so. Without thinking about his ‘do’s and ‘don’t’s list.

Eyes wide in mild disbelief, Karine gets on her knees beside Shane.

“Ok, now go onto your hands and knees, good,” Shane instructs, and they both do so together. Shane stops and removes his glasses, stuffing them back into their pocket, and as they go to their knees, the audience *cheers*. Weird. “Now, just slide your knees out, yeah, like that.” He slides his knees out, and Karine follows suit, a grimace on her face.

“I think I need to do more... *yoga*,” Karine jokes, and Shane smiles even though he doesn’t quite get it. The crowd is whooping and cheering, and Shane looks up, blinded by the lights but able to make out some of the faces of people in the crowd. They are all smiling, and he doesn’t quite understand why the stretches are getting this reaction, but he also doesn’t *think* he’s done anything wrong, so he rolls with it.

“Do you feel the stretch? It’s a really good one, honestly you should do it every day if you have a smooth surface in your home.”

Karine is fully laughing now, and sits up and back on her heels. Shane follows suit, laughing as well, and follows Karine’s lead when she stands up.

“It was a pleasure having you here and stretching with you, Shane,” She says as she offers her hand for a shake, and he gives her a wide, genuine grin.

“Pleasure was all mine,” he offers.

Karine gestures to him and then to the audience, and they go wild again, screaming. Shane waves to them and takes his cue to exit the stage, his grin wide and genuine and his cheeks flushed once more from the amount of applause he’s getting.

He’s so busy waving and searching the crowd, meeting the eyes of fans and enjoying the enthusiasm that greets him there, that he almost runs into someone when he exits the soundstage.

“Oh, shit, sorry, I –”

Shane stops when familiar arms wrap around him. He *melts* into Ilya’s embrace because it’s what he’s been craving all day. His face immediately fits snugly in the crook of Ilya’s neck and he breathes deeply, laughing as Ilya picks him up off of the ground and spins him around once.

“You did amazing, sweetheart,” Ilya breathes into Shane’s hair as he sets him back on his feet but doesn’t let go. Shane is vaguely aware that they’re in the middle of a public space, but he can’t bring himself to care. He doesn’t *have* to care anymore, anyways. So since he doesn’t *have* to care, Shane tilts his head up and lets Ilya kiss him, here, in public, because they can. And they’re *safe*, and that’s the most important part.

“When did you *get* here?” Shane asks, a ridiculous laugh bubbling from his lips as his fingers skim across Ilya’s cheek.

“Earlier this evening, but before you went on. I hid from you,” Ilya says proudly, his little smile giving it away. “Karine was excited to help. She is very kind.”

“Oh my god,” Shane’s words are muffled by Ilya’s shoulder, where he’s let his head fall. “So you saw the whole thing?”

“I saw the whole thing,” Ilya agrees, his smile evident in the tone of his voice. Shane looks up and sees Ilya is grinning broadly. “You dry humped the stage on national television, Shane Hollander.”

Shane’s cheeks flush, because of *course* Ilya can still make him do that, and he gapes, at a loss for words because – “I did not!”

“You did!” Ilya chirps gleefully as they’re ushered into a dressing room so Shane can change out of his suit. “You did your hip stretches. Looks like dry humping when you are not on the ice.”

Immediately, Shane’s face falls. He hadn’t really thought about the context having meaning. He’d not even stopped to consider the implications or what those stretches *looked* like. He’d just been thinking about *stretching*, for God’s sake.

“Fuuuuck,” he moans, letting his head fall into his hands as the door clicks shut and it’s only Ilya and Farah and Shane in the room.

“You *did* just dry hump the floor on national television,” Farah agrees as she checks something on her phone. “But the audience loved it, so I think you’re in the clear.”

Shane’s fingers grip Ilya’s shirt as he breathes through the panic.

“And Karine’s people got a really cute video of you two, so I gave them the green light to post it for promo. It’s already doing good, numbers-wise.”

Curious, Shane’s head lifts. He hasn’t checked his phone since they got to 30 Rock, and he’s sure he has texts from his mom and a few of his teammates at this point, but he’s not too worried about it anymore. The only person he wanted to hear from is right here, in this room, and that’s all that matters.

“I didn’t *mean* to hump the floor on national television,” Shane practically whines it, and Ilya smooths some hair from his forehead, then presses a kiss there.

“Is ok, moya lyubov,” Ilya reassures him quietly as he wraps one arm around Shane’s waist and presses another soft kiss to his forehead. “No one is mad about this. You looked *good*.”

“You did look good,” Farah parrots from where she’s still tapping away on her phone. “I don’t think I need to do damage control on this one, honestly. Karine is respectful enough, I don’t think she’s gonna exploit you for it.”

“I am a little jealous all of the world will see you like *that*, though,” Ilya says matter-of-factly, and Shane’s face heats as he looks up at his husband.

“I mean people see me like that during warm-ups –”

“And it’s on tiktok,” Farah says helpfully, which makes Shane’s forehead thunk against Ilya’s shoulder again.

“And is on tiktok,” Ilya agrees happily. “They call it ‘boy aquarium,’” he adds helpfully.

“Well that’s just great,” Shane mutters, and a chuckle rumbles in Ilya’s chest.

“Is ok, Shane,” Ilya promises, and Shane sighs and straightens, then unbuttons his suit coat and shrugs it off.

Farah leaves the room so Shane can change, and he puts his outfit from earlier back on, though not without difficulty, considering Ilya insists on helping him remove the suit and takes his time with the buttons, unbuttoning one and then kissing the exposed skin there, then popping the next until finally Shane is wriggling with need and the shirt is off.

“Behave,” Shane breathes as he tugs his black t-shirt back on, and Ilya grins at him wolfishly.

“Why? We could fuck here.”

“We *can’t*,” Shane insists, and Ilya pouts but lets Shane switch his suit pants out for the baggy jeans from earlier, despite the grin he’s suppressing and the boner he’s now trying to will away.

“Fine. We have much nicer hotel for the night, anyway,” Ilya sniffs, and Shane rolls his eyes, but can’t fight the laugh that slips out.

“When do you fly home?” Shane asks as Ilya pulls him in by the belt loops for a chaste, little kiss.

“We both leave in a few days. I extended your stay, thought some time in the city would be nice. We can go to the Kingfisher!”

Honestly, time away from Ottawa after an exhausting season *does* sound refreshing. Shane kisses him again, more insistent this time, but bats Ilya’s hand away when he reaches for Shane.

“Sounds like a great little vacation.”

Cars are called for them, and this time Farah slips into a separate vehicle, saying she’s going back to her own hotel and she’ll reach out if she needs anything. Lauren left after making sure Shane looked good for his exit, though she’d been sorely disappointed to see Ilya wasn’t in anything too fancy, just a pair of joggers and a matching gray hoodie with a beanie covering his curls.

Shane thinks he looks sexy. He knows that’s not the point.

There's another crowd outside when they leave, and when people realize Ilya is with him this time, the noise is even louder, the screams are shrieks, and Shane thinks he could live without this, for sure. He ducks his head and holds Ilya's hand, gripping it like a lifeline, and hurries into the black SUV, climbing in and settling into the back bench seat so he can sit as close to Ilya as possible.

"That was a little nuts," Ilya chuckles as he settles in beside Shane, and notes a partition that separates them from the driver.

"Yeah, it was crazier this time than when I showed up earlier. I think because you were there," Shane accuses as he pokes Ilya's shoulder.

Holding his hands up in mock surrender, Ilya widens his eyes and grimaces slightly. "Sorry I am Mr. Popular," he teases, and Shane leans in, pressing a kiss to the corner of his lips and grinning.

"What hotel are we staying in? And did you pack me some clothes? I only brought enough for like, one day..." Shane cups Ilya's cheek and brushes his thumb along Ilya's stubbled jaw, then leans in to press another light kiss to Ilya's lips.

"Mhmm, packed you plenty of outfits. We can also go shopping, if you need."

Shane doesn't wait, and kisses him again. And again. And a third time, for good measure. Ilya pulls him in close and Shane practically climbs into Ilya's lap, feeling keyed up on the adrenaline and anxiety of the day. He straddles Ilya's hips in the back seat of the SUV and captures Ilya's lips again, this time swiping his tongue along his lower lip, to which Ilya opens to him, allowing their tongues to dance together.

The SUV stops then, and Shane sighs against Ilya's lips as the driver's door opens. Climbing off of Ilya's lap, Shane pouts as he sits himself in a seat and waits for the door to open.

"You didn't say the hotel was *that* close."

"Was a quick drive," Ilya agrees as he adjusts his pants and grins over at Shane. Shane rolls his eyes and climbs out of the car, grabbing for Ilya's hand again once they're both out and entering the hotel. Ilya pulls out a keycard and leads the way to the elevator, which they thankfully have to themselves.

Pressing Ilya against the mirrored wall, Shane kisses him deeply, trying to *show* Ilya just how happy he is to have him here. Ilya spreads his knees, making room for Shane there, and they make out, lazy and unhurried, as the floors ding past them. When the elevators open, of course there's an older couple on the other side who look deeply offended to see two men making out in their elevator.

Shane ducks his head apologetically. Ilya gives them a big grin and a wave, and Shane tugs on his hand, pulling him down the hallway before he can make small talk with them. It takes a moment for Shane to realize he doesn't know where he's going, and Ilya laughs as he kisses Shane's temple and tugs them in the opposite direction.

The hotel room is large – maybe a presidential suite? – and lavish. Shane runs his hand along the soft comforter and takes in the ornate light fixtures, then falls back onto the bed and smiles up at the ceiling. Ilya flops down beside him and grins down at him, running a hand through Shane’s styled hair and mussing it.

“This is nice,” Shane says, mildly, as if he’s not impressed by the hotel room his husband’s booked them.

“Do not get used to it, Hollander,” Ilya teases as he rolls on top of him and kisses him into the mattress.

Shane hums contentedly, until he remembers something and his eyes fly open.

“Wait, hold on, get off me –”

“Get off you? You have never asked for this before, Hollander,” Ilya teases, though he rolls off of Shane and onto his back, hands behind his head as he watches Shane reach into his pocket and fish out his phone.

“Really? Your phone is more important than this?” Ilya asks as he gestures at himself, and Shane pats his stomach with one hand while the other taps at his phone. Shane pulls up Instagram, then goes to Karine’s page where, sure enough, the most recent upload is the video of them.

It’s a quick reel – in it Shane practically runs into Ilya, and when he realizes who it is his face splits into a bright grin as Ilya pulls him in and sweeps him off his feet, twirling them both in a circle. Raye’s ‘Where is my husband!’ plays in the background, and Shane can’t help but see how deliriously happy he looks.

After he’s watched it twice, Shane flips the phone around for Ilya to see. A soft, goofy smile takes over Ilya’s lips and he kisses Shane’s cheek.

“We should look at the comments,” Ilya says conversationally, and he takes the phone and opens the comments section, which is already exploding. Ilya thumbs through a few, chuckling as he goes, and Shane lays down next to him to look at the screen with Ilya.

“Hollanderluvr24 says ‘i want to have his babies’ with a sweating emoji,” Ilya reads, casually, and Shane feels his cheeks heat.

“I don’t think I want to read these,” he states as he hides his face in his hands. Ilya just continues like they’re talking about the weather.

“censhockeygirl says ‘My beautiful hockey husbands!’ in all caps. With twenty exclamation points.” Shane groans into his hands, then removes one to hit Ilya’s shoulder.

“Please stop.”

“Oh, this is a good one, very thirsty,” Ilya pauses and giggles, then clears his throat.

“Cens4ever has said, ‘Shane’s ass has killed me and sent me to heaven. Goodbye sweet world.’ I agree, your ass *is* heavenly.”

Shane drops his hands and tugs the phone away from Ilya, closing out of instagram and shaking his head. “That’s enough of that,” he mumbles, but Ilya only pulls out his phone and opens instagram as well, watching the reel one more time for good measure.

“You look so happy there,” Ilya comments, his voice a soft cadence as he closes his phone and wraps Shane up in his arms, nuzzling his nose into the crook between Shane’s neck and jaw.

“I am. You make me so happy, Ilya.”

End Notes

Feed me kudos and comments, Seymour!!

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