

Ilya takes Shane Dancing

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Ilya takes Shane Dancing

by [EndlessSunsetRose](#)

Summary

Since the iconic club scene was angsty, lets have these lovers dance with each other at the club as a couple!

Ilya drags Shane out to the club <3

Notes

I was listening to a lot of Carly Rae Jepsen recently and got inspired to write this quick one shot because her music is so upbeat and makes me want to dance!

I love writing happy Hollanov! Thanks for reading. I hope it brings you joy!

Spoilers for the Long Game

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

Shane Hollander was not against going to clubs. It just wasn't his first choice of how to spend a night off. For one, he couldn't dance. And well, for two he never had anyone to go with. No one he truly felt like going with anyways.

Until now.

So here he was standing outside of a club in his home town of Ottawa, one he had passed many times in his lifetime yet never fathomed entering. Hand in hand with his husband, Ilya Rozanov. He could already tell Ilya was amused by his hesitancy to enter the club.

"Legs still working Hollander?" Ilya asked playfully. He wore a smirk on his face but his eyes were sending another message. His gaze was gentle, like he was trying to use it to tell Shane it was going to all be ok.

Even the littlest things Ilya did made Shane's heart flutter. He wondered if it would ever wear off, the way his heartbeat pounded louder in his ears, how he felt a flush spread across his cheeks at the littlest gestures, the all-consuming warmth that filled his chest when Ilya was close.

He hoped it never did. He didn't think it would.

"I'm ready," Shane replied, keeping his voice steady. This was going to be fun.

As they walked into the club, Shane admired his husband. He was in tight black pants with a collared white shirt, several buttons open. His hair was slightly messy as he had been growing it out since the wedding. But his piercing blue eyes always stayed the same. Gorgeous. Radiant. Ethereal? Shane wasn't sure there was a word that did their beauty justice.

Shane had dressed similarly, going for an all black look, black pants and a sleeveless black button up. Something his stylist had once recommended. His hair was long enough to have some fluff but not quite to the man-bun length he had sported once in his lifetime. He had to admit, he felt good.

As if reading his mind, Ilya chimed in, "You look good, Hollander." He leaned into Shane and whispered into his ear, "You look really fucking hot."

Shane was now sure he was blushing as they reached the bouncer, who checked Ilya's ID first. It gave Shane a second to gather his composure enough to fish his wallet out of his pocket. He did not make eye contact with the bouncer, thanked him and rushed right past, a cackling Ilya following close behind him.

Shane felt very grateful for the cover of darkness and LEDs that covered the club. It was packed, which was better in Shane's opinion. They would just be another pair in the crowd.

He was taking in the club when he felt two hands come up behind him, traveling up his torso to his pecs, planting themselves there rather firmly. Ilya's chin rested on his shoulder and suddenly his lips were up to his ear once more.

“What does Shane Hollander want to do first,” Ilya murmured in his ear. So much for composure.

“I uh- wouldn’t mind a ginger ale,” Shane responded, trying to seem disinterested in Ilya’s advances.

He felt Ilya chuckle against his skin. “So boring,” He responded, his voice rich with warmth. “That’s my Shane.”

Ilya detached himself from Shane, taking Shane’s hand on his own and led him to the bar. Shane didn’t mind letting Ilya lead.

“A ginger ale for him,” Ilya said, gesturing to Shane. “A beer for me.”

“So, dancing,” Shane said, trying to play it cool.

“Yes, dancing Hollander. It is something done at clubs.”

“Fuck off, Rozanov. I know people dance at clubs.”

“Ah. That’s good then. Because I want to dance with you.”

The bartender dropped off their drinks and Ilya casually slid him a \$50 before grabbing both drinks and walking away from the safety of the bar. He stared right back at Shane and shook the ginger ale.

“If you’re thirsty, Hollander,” Ilya said, a clear mischief in his tone. “You have to come to the floor with me.”

Begrudgingly, Shane followed the beautiful man to the dance floor. He reached for his drink, which Ilya pulled out of reach and began to dance. His hips swayed and shoulders matched the rhythm. There was definitely going to be ginger ale on this dance floor.

Ilya was peering down at him, amused. Shane quickly realized there was not a chance he would get his hands on that ginger ale unless he moved a bit. Resigned to his fate, Shane began to dance.

He was not a pro by any means. But he wasn’t awful either.

He moved his body with the beat, leaning into each move with his hips. Before he knew it, he was fully in the moment. His gaze, which started on the floor, was now confidently on his husband's face, who now wore a wide grin.

“God, you’re gorgeous Shane,” Ilya said, finally holding Shane’s drink out to him. Shane, feeling the moment, grabbed the drink and took a large swig, ginger ale dripping off his chin. With his free hand, he took Ilya’s into his own.

Ilya quickly matched Shane’s pace and they shuffled closer to one another, practically on top of each other. His chin was pressed against Ilya’s shoulder. Without thinking, Shane, still

precariously holding the ginger ale, leaned in and pressed a kiss to his husband's neck. He sucked on it a little, and he felt Ilya's body shudder in response.

Pulling back, Shane decided to down the rest of his ginger ale and deposit the cup on the floor. Matching him, Ilya finished off his beer so their hands were free.

Ilya took the lead this time, using one arm to pull Shane against him and the other to guide his chin upward, pulling Shane into a desperate kiss. They were still dancing, moving their hips with the rhythm, but the music felt quieter.

All of Shane's senses were focused on his husband, who was pressing harder into him as their tongues slid over one another. Shane wasn't quite sure how long they were there, making out and holding each other in the darkness of the club. He had one hand holding Ilya's waist and the other pressed against his husband's chest, gently exploring with his fingers.

After finally breaking the kiss, Shane let out an exasperated breath. He met his stunning husband's gaze and noticed the wide grin on his face.

Shane found himself laughing and let himself fully relax. "This is fun. I am glad we got to do this."

"I am happy I made you do this," Ilya responded, his voice soft and his eyes softer.

Shane playfully punched his husband. They got back into the rhythm, matching each other's energy as they moved, letting go into the moment. Shane wanted this night to last forever.

After many songs of dancing, flirting and laughing, a song that meant quite a bit to the both of them came on over the speakers.

Rihanna's Diamonds.

They slowed their rhythm and for a moment just looked at each other. Ilya's face went from exhilarated to relaxed, a fondness in his features that seemed reserved for Shane alone. Well maybe Anya too (He was okay sharing it with her)

"I know this one," Shane said, determined. He smiled as Ilya began to laugh, a melody of pure joy.

Ilya pulled Shane into him and Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck. While the rest of the club was jumping, the energy chaotic as before, suddenly Shane's world became very quiet and slow.

Shane looked into Ilya's eyes and felt serenity.

"Has anyone told you how beautiful you are?"

"Many," Ilya responded, no teasing in his voice. "But you're the only one I ever want to hear it from. The only one that matters."

Shane felt his whole body flood with a feeling of contentness. He knew at this moment that he had everything he ever needed.

He leaned forward and whispered into his husband's ear. "I love you Ilya. So fucking much. You are the most important and beautiful person in my life."

Shane watched as his husband's face turned a slight pink. Russians do blush sometimes.

Ilya pulled Shane into a hug, his hand in his hair. "I love you too, Shane. So fucking much. You and your freckles are... breathtaking."

Shane laughed at the mention of his freckles, a feature he once loathed but had grown to appreciate in recent days.

"I am glad we are married. This is perfect," Shane whispered against Ilya's body.

"Yes. Yes it is."

They stood in each other's embrace, the rest of the world fading away, and slowly danced to the music.

Ilya was right. It just keeps getting better, didn't it?

After many hours of dancing and a ginger ales and beers, Shane and Ilya find themselves passed out in each others embrace in the safety of their bed, Anya curled in between them.

Shane Hollander couldn't be a happier man if he tried.

End Notes

Side note: I don't do a lot of editing so I apologize if this is clunky! I just love writing happy emotions onto the page and letting them out into the wind <3

Have an amazing day reader!

Song Inspo

- I Really Like you - Carly Rae Jepsen
- I Want it All - Karmin
- Wasabi - Max
- Run Away with Me - Carly Rae Jepsen
- By The End of the Night - Ellie Goulding
- I Just Might - Bruno Mars

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