shane hollander's guide to bottom prep

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shane hollander's guide to bottom prep

by bisexualbuckley

Summary

Ilya shrugs and runs his hand from Shane's waist down to his ass and back up. "But you are so good at it. What is English saying? Having it with science?"

"Having it down to a science."

"Exactly. Some things come natural to you, yes? Doing your bottom prep stuff. Taking my cock. You are perfect bottom. Made to be bottom. You *love* to be bottom."

"I do. I love it." Shane swallows, reminded of exactly where he is and what he's doing, a cautiously confident smile on his face as he starts to ride more with his legs than his hips. "And you thought I would throw it all away for some Taco Bell."

OR; shane hollander's foolproof bottom prep routine and how his lovely boyfriend takes care of him

Notes

this was supposed to be out BEFORE episode 5 aired. oops. i just think we don't talk about bottom prep enough and from day one i have been yapping about shane hollander bottom prep. i wanted this, you wanted this, we all wanted this. here it is.

some disclaimers! despite the title, this is not an actual guide to bottom prepping. shane, and i, are not be all end all authorities on that. this is just what he (in my mind) does. and it's also shane's extensive routine (like, getting ready a day beforehand and having lots of time before and after) so do not fear if this does not resemble your average routine. it's totally okay if you do something different at different times. find a routine (or a few) that work for you! also, be very careful if you're doing anything like the boys are doing in this fic. it's like. a lot. sex is not easy.

make sure you have my creator style on so you can view the messages as they would appear on shane's phone! this is also not extensively beta read so there is a good chance there might be some mistakes. anyway, i love these domestic boys very much. i can't wait for unrivalled. we gotta campaign for a shane bottom prep scene this time!!!!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Hayden Pike narrowly avoids an untimely death on a random Saturday in March, choking on his Baja Blast in a Boston Taco Bell's pickup line.

Shane is there to slap him on the back and comfort him. Had it happened just a minute earlier, Shane could have caught it all on Snapchat as he was busy sending unflattering photos of Hayden to Jackie.

"Woah, Hayds. You okay, dude?" Shane panics even as Hayden's coughing slows down and his breath is coming back.

"Why did I just get a DM from Ilya Rozanov asking if I'm with you?" Hayden says it like he's genuinely terrified. There are few things in life he's more scared of. It's like, leaving one of his kids at the zoo, letting Jackie down, getting knocked out on the ice, and then receiving a cryptic text from Ilya Rozanov.

Shane sputters. Ilya is so dramatic. He had felt his phone buzzing in his pocket several times since he stopped Snapping Jackie a minute ago. He knew they were probably messages from Ilya—no one else would be texting him that much—but he purposely didn't check. He's spending some quality time with Hayden right now.

Hayden, his best bud. His best bud who doesn't know Lily's true identity. Can't he just hang out with his friend and not have to worry about accidentally showing Hayden a text from Lily talking about how much she wants to fuck him? What on earth could be so important?

"Wow. Um. I dunno." Shane looks at the ground and bounces on the balls of his feet, shoving his hands in his pockets as casually as he can manage. "That's really weird."

"*Super* weird," Hayden scoffs. "He doesn't even *follow* me on Instagram!"

"Well, yeah, he's, um. He's probably just being an asshole. Knows we're playing them tonight and wants to get in your head. Wants to make fun of us because we're friends, you know? He probably doesn't have any teammates who want to be friends." Shane tries to laugh it off but he knows he's babbling a little, trying too hard to cover Ilya's ass, he just hopes Hayden doesn't pick up on it.

"You're right. Ugh. He's *such* an asshole. I can't imagine being pitted against him from the very beginning of my career. I don't know how you do it, man. I wouldn't be able to, that's for sure. Being associated with someone like that? Fuck, man. Rozanov would drive me crazy."

Shane presses his lips together. Little does Hayden know, Shane couldn't do the whole rivals thing either. Rozanov also drove him crazy. Just, in a *completely* different way.

"Yeah, I mean, it sucks."

"You're so much better than him, Shane. Fuck Rozanov!"

I do, Shane wants to say. He just keeps his mouth shut. A moment later, he's saved by the (taco) bell as Hayden's order is called. Thank god.

They sit at a booth in the corner. Shane eyes Hayden's fries like forbidden fruit.

"You know you could order something for yourself? We need calories for the game tonight! It's okay to have Taco Bell every once in a while, Mr. Macrobiotic." Hayden shoves four fries into his mouth at once.

Shane rolls his eyes. He hasn't been on a macrobiotic diet in a while, but Hayden never let the nickname go.

"No. I know. But I really shouldn't, Hayds. I'm still tryna eat healthy, y'know? Not all of us can eat junk and metabolize it like you, weirdo."

"What do you eat before games anyway? Boiled chicken–?"

"No–"

"Because, look," Hayden all but giggles, "I know you thought I was asleep, but I saw you come back to our room with a Snickers bar from the vending machine at the hotel in Florida–"

"Fuck! No!" Shane's eyes widen before he laughs and buries his face in his hands. "Did you really?"

"Yup." Hayden takes a lengthy, sassy sip of his drink. "So I *know* you eat junk food sometimes. Why not now?"

"That was a lapse in judgment, okay? We're never talking about that again."

"I'm just ribbin' you, bud."

"I know, I know," Shane rolls his eyes. A moment passes.

"Wanna fry?" Hayden reaches across the table to taunt Shane and stuff a fry in his face.

"Fuck off!" Shane slaps Hayden's hand away and listens to him laugh. Oh. If only Hayden knew why fast food was especially forbidden today.

As Hayden eats his (admittedly mouthwatering) beefy, cheesy monstrosity, Shane finally checks his phone. He has about half a dozen Snapchats from Ilya and even more texts.

Ilya: Shane

Ilya: Why are you at taco bell

Ilya: I can see you on Snapchat map

Ilya: Shane

Ilya: Shane

Ilya: Tell me you are not eating taco bell

Ilya: You are with Hayden yes?

Ilya: Do not make me message him Shane

Ilya: I do not like him

Ilya: Please

Ilya: Is he with you

Ilya: Hayden is having taco bell not you

Ilya: That is why you are at taco bell

Ilya: Right Shane

Ilya: We have plans tonight

Ilya: You know this Hollander

Ilya: Answer me

Ilya: Do not eat it

Shane can't believe him sometimes. He's lucky Shane is so in love with him that his ridiculousness is endearing instead of annoying. (Okay, it's a little annoying, but, like, in an *Ilya* way. Which means Shane is still smitten no matter what).

Shane: You really have that little faith in me?

Shane: Of course I'm not eating Taco Bell

Shane: I wouldn't do that anyway

Shane: I don't eat junk like you and Hayden

Shane: Stop panicking

Ilya: Fuck you scared me Hollander

Shane: You're ridiculous

Shane: Maybe I should eat some now

Shane: Comfort food to cope with the tantrum I just endured from my boyfriend

Ilya: Stop it Shane

Ilya: Is not funny

Ilya: I have not been inside of you for two months

Ilya: You will not fuck it up for me

Shane: For you????

Shane: I haven't been fucked by you in two months

Shane: You're not the only victim here

Ilya: Victim?

Ilya: Why are you saying victim like it is crime

Ilya: Oh it is illegal now for Shane Hollander not to get butt fucked

Shane: Oh my god shut up

Shane: It's a saying

Ilya: Need to tell Canadian government about this

Ilya: I do not think they know

Shane: Ilya

Ilya: I will mail them a letter saying hello Mr. Justin Trudeau please make sure Shane Hollander is always getting butt fucked

Shane: You're the worst

Ilya: Would you let him do it?

Shane: Would I let Justin Trudeau fuck me?

Ilya: Yes

Shane: No I would not let Justin Trudeau fuck me

Ilya: Why not

Ilya: He is hot

Ilya: Very pretty man

Shane: Well because I have my own very pretty man and I only want him to fuck me

Ilya: Ah yes

Ilya: Hollander you always have perfect answer

Shane: It's the truth

Ilya: Making me blush мой любимый

Ilya: I am excited for tonight very much

Ilya: You take your bottoming pills this morning yes?

Shane: Don't call them that

Ilya: Shush

Ilya: They are the pills you take for bottoming no?

Shane: Whatever

Ilya: You take both of them today?

Ilya: You are drinking lots of water also?

Shane: I don't know if you know this Ilya

Shane: But I've been bottoming for you for like a decade

Shane: I know what I'm doing

Ilya: Yes yes you do

Ilya: Very much ;)

Ilya: Tonight will be fun

Ilya: Yesterday I even buy the silly fancy lube you like

Shane: Really??

Ilya: Of course

Shane: That's so sweet of you

Shane: But you didn't have to!

Shane: It's expensive as fuck

Ilya: It is worth it

Ilya: I don't know if you know this Shane

Ilya: But I have been fucking you for like a decade

Ilya: I know what I am doing

Shane: I walked into that one

Ilya: Yes you did

Ilya: How is Montreal's 15th best player?

Ilya: Tell him to ignore message I send to him on Instagram

Shane: Too late

Shane: He's scarred for life

Shane: You terrify him

Ilya: Good

Shane: You're an asshole

Ilya: Maybe

Ilya: But I do not care

Ilya: The only asshole I care about is yours Shane Hollander

Shane: How romantic

Ilya: Is very romantic

Ilya: I love your asshole

Ilya: I miss her

Shane: Her?????????

Ilya: People call nice cars they own her

Ilya: Or nice boats they own

Ilya: I own your asshole and is very nice asshole

Ilya: But I can not call it her?

Ilya: That is unfair

Shane: You're ridiculous

Shane: Stop talking about owning my asshole while I'm at lunch with Hayden

Ilya: Mmm

Ilya: Fine

Ilya: I will save this for tonight

Shane: You better

Shane: Fuck I can't wait

Shane: I love you

Ilya: I love you too

Ilya: I will see you later sweetheart

Ilya: After we beat you

Shane: That's not happening

Ilya: We will see

Ilya: Mwah

Shane: Mwah

Obviously, the next time they see each other, it’s not after the game. It’s during.

The captains take the face-off circle at the red line and have to act like one of them isn’t going to be inside the other in a matter of hours.

It's not difficult, they never let their sex get in the way of their hockey. But Shane would be lying if he said his heart didn't skip a beat when Ilya fixed him with those intense eyes—the same tantalizing gaze he uses when he's hovering above Shane in bed, daring him to beg for it. Shane swallows and ignores the heat inside him. Within a second, he's back into hockey mode like nothing ever happened.

Ilya presses his lips together, trying not to smirk. He's back into hockey mode just as fast. The next two hours have nothing to do with sex. Though that's not to say what happens on the ice won't be retroactively used as foreplay.

Boston wins.

It's a close game. But with a goal from Ilya at two minutes to go in the third, Boston takes it.

As the Voyageurs pile into the away team locker room, the mood is low.

In theory, they played an amazing game. Good possession, a few solid breakaways, got pucks in deep. But in practice, that didn't matter in the end. Despite a promising showing, Boston was just a little better. *Rozanov* was just a little better.

It's never fun, losing a game.

If Shane had to choose a team to lose to, though, Boston is up there. As much as it stings to lose to Ilya, a win for his boyfriend is like, a quarter win for himself. Seeing Ilya happy is wonderful. And he's totally going to beat Ilya in points this season, anyway, so maybe he can let this one go. Make it a little more interesting.

And a win for Ilya on a night where they get to be together also means winner's sex. Ilya gets this way when he's coming off a win—immediately confident and willing and unabashed in a way it often takes him a moment to work up to. Shane loves seeing him so free—high on endorphins and ready to earn a second victory.

So while the rest of the room is sulking, Shane is, well, still sulking, just, maybe a little tiny bit less. He knows he's lucky. And he feels a little guilty, being able to put a loss behind him more quickly. But it's not his fault no one else has a winner to go home to like him.

As the locker room clears out, Shane finally checks his phone.

Ilya: What did you say will not happen?

Ilya: Do you have any words to take back Shane?

Ilya: I am going out for drink with Marly and Connors to celebrate okay

Ilya: I will not stay long. We will just talk about how good we did tonight and how bad Montreal was, especially Hollander

Ilya: They will try to send me home with a girl but I will tell them to fuck off

Ilya: Will give you enough time to do your stuff before I get there

Shane: You won by one fucking goal okay

Shane: We did great actually

Ilya: I know, my love

Ilya: But I cannot let Marly and Cons know that I think this

Ilya: So I will talk to them about how Shane Hollander is almost as bad as Hayden Pike

Shane: Shut up

Shane: Are you going to let them talk bad about me back?

Ilya: I have to

Ilya: But really I will be thinking about how Shane Hollander is a very good boy

Ilya: And how while I am talking about Shane Hollander's weak backhand, he will be in my home in my bathroom getting ready to take my cock all night

Shane: Yeah fuck

Shane: All night huh?

Ilya: All fucking night

Shane: Good

Ilya: Your bottoming tea should be right next to the machine okay

Shane: Don't call it that!!!

Ilya: Sorry yes is not right let me try again

Ilya: Your tea that you drink for bottoming

Shane: That's not what I meant

Ilya: If your tea does not want ifl and it does not want pfl then what does it want

Shane: How do you know about IFL and PFL

Shane: You know what never mind

Shane: Don't you have somewhere to be?

Ilya: Yes Marly is calling me a bitch I must go

Ilya: Be ready for me

Shane: Tell me in Russian

Ilya: будь готов ко мне

Shane: Fuck Ilya

Shane: I will

Letting himself inside Ilya's place is always a bit of a head rush.

For years, being in Ilya's space always came with a knock on the door. And then that agonizing few seconds of waiting where his mind would somehow spiral all the way down to 'he's not gonna let me in, he's decided he's done with me'. Which, of course, never happened. Ilya was always on the other side of the door with a kiss ready for him, whether he actually gave it or not.

Unlocking Ilya's door, pressing the buttons with his own fingers, it felt way more intimate than it should have the first time he did it. By now, it's second nature to him. It's almost muscle memory. Once or twice when he's just gotten home all tired after a rough game, Shane has tried to put Ilya's code into his own door. Maybe because in those moments, his body knew he needed comfort, and inputting Ilya's door code always meant he was going to see Ilya soon and get that comfort. If only it were that simple. If only Shane could put Ilya's code into his Montreal door and step through the frame into the Boston penthouse he's come to call home.

For now, though, Shane really is in that penthouse. And he's going to make the most of it.

He shucks his shoes off and gets his slippers out from the bin under the bench. Ilya got him these stupid fluffy slippers with red maple leaves and 'Canada' in Arial Bold splattered across them. He said they were to make Shane feel at home when he stays over.

It was mostly a joke but. Fuck. They actually are extremely comfortable. Especially after doing almost half an hour of ice time tonight. So Shane puts them on and smiles.

He heads to the kitchen where he does indeed find his favourite green tea next to the coffee machine. He only knows what about half of the buttons do, but that's more than enough knowledge to get him a mugful of hot water from the thing.

As his tea steeps, Shane leaves the kitchen in search of some more comfortable clothing. He has a decent stash of his own clothes in Ilya's closet, but he finds himself gravitating towards thievery. Wearing his boyfriend's clothes feels much more appealing right now.

He throws on an old hoodie of Ilya's. It's dark grey. Maybe it was closer to black once. It's faded and threadbare but incredibly cozy. And incredibly Ilya. It smells like him. It's a little too big for Shane. The cuffs are stretched out, no doubt from the way Ilya frequently pushes or rolls up his hoodie sleeves, stretching the cuffs around his big forearms. All of this—the smell, the fit, the feel—just equals Ilya. This hoodie is unmistakably Ilya's. And Shane couldn't be happier to wear it.

With a pair of Ilya's Adidas sweatpants, the boyfriend look is complete. And his tea is probably ready by now.

Shane can smell it before he sees it. And from the scent alone, he already knows it's steeped enough. He only ever drinks green tea in preparation for bottoming, but he's done this routine enough times to know just how fragrant it should be when it's ready.

He takes his mug with him to the living room and sets it on the table. He sits on the floor as he turns on the television, flipping right to HGTV.

Surprisingly, the HGTV part is also a vital component of the routine. It started years and years ago, when he would be getting ready for Ilya back in their hotel hookup era. He would stretch in front of the TV beforehand, and what was always on? HGTV.

No matter what time of day, HGTV always had something decent to watch. No weird after-dark specials like the History channel aired. No Big Bang Theory reruns like it seemed every channel always wanted to show. Just plain old House Hunters. Love It Or List It. Leave It To Bryan. All things that were easy on the brain without being outright boring. It became a tradition.

Tonight, there's Deck Wars. And Shane lets himself get invested in the state of this Ontario couple's backyard for an episode, sipping his tea for the first half and doing his stretches for the back half.

The tea is perfect. He's very touched that Ilya always makes sure he gets David's Tea, a Canadian brand, even if that means Ilya has to stock up while he's on the road. Sure, most green teas will do the trick for Shane—high in caffeine to stimulate peristalsis, rich in catechins polyphenols to promote digestion and regularity—but David's is his favourite and Ilya knows that.

The stretches feel amazing on his sore body. He leans forward with his legs straight out, touching his toes. He spreads his legs into the splits and leans to each side, holding his arm over his head in fourth position. He does some lunges before getting down into child's pose and spreading his legs wide apart. Then up into downward dog. He does some deep breathing as he sits with his legs in butterfly, bouncing his knees.

Like clockwork, by the end of the episode, Shane's body is telling him it's time for the next step.

Ilya's ensuite is, quite frankly, a wonderful place to bottom prep. It's nice and big and calming. Huge shower. Quality bidet. Dedicated drawers just for Shane's things.

After less than a minute on the toilet, it's clear the bottoming pills (fiber and multivitamins), bottoming diet (steering clear of Taco Bell), and bottoming tea (bless you, David's Tea) did their job perfectly. That's basically half the work already done.

When Shane goes to retrieve the enema from his drawer, he finds a sticky note stuck to the bulb. In Ilya's terribly messy, barely legible penmanship, 'See you soon' is written inside a heart. God. If only the world knew what a softie Ilya Rozanov actually is.

Alongside the enema, Shane finds his electric razor, his favourite oil cleanser, a bottle of saline solution, some lube, some coconut oil, and a sachet of wet wipes. He takes everything out and lays it all down on the counter next to the toilet. He prefers to do this over the toilet —doesn't like the idea of it touching the shower floor, even if it'll all be washed away anyway. Plus. He might as well make use of the fancy bidet, so.

This is a process he could quite literally do with his eyes closed. Fill the bulb. Seal. Lubricate. Breathe. Insert. Squeeze. Hold. Flush. Breathe. Insert. Squeeze. Hold. Flush. Rinse. Push. Rinse. Push. Wipe just inside. Wipe thoroughly outside. Bidet. Dry.

He knows Ilya always says he can just leave the enema out and it'll be washed by the next time he needs it, but Shane prefers to do it himself when he has the time, so he brings it into the shower with him to clean.

Shane takes his time in the shower. He relaxes and massages where he needs to. He uses a shower mitt to scrub down his whole body with the delicious-smelling shower gel Ilya has for him. Then he moves onto gentle, unscented soap for more delicate areas, a dedicated washcloth helps him clean everywhere he needs to—using one hand to pull himself open while the other mans the cloth. Then a second dedicated washcloth for his cock—starting at his pubes and making his way to his balls with soft passes.

When he's all done, he dries himself off with two fluffy towels and then sits on the toilet with the bidet air blower on low, making sure all liquid has drained and dried. He turns on his (fully charged, thank you, Ilya) razor and cleans up his bikini line sans-guard, using a #4 clipper on everything else and then employing his oil cleanser all over.

Then, he finally checks his phone for the first time since he got to Ilya's. With his custom DND settings, he just has a few texts from his Mom congratulating him on a good effort and a single Snapchat from Ilya. Sorry, from Lily.

Oh, god. What is this gonna be? Shane mentally prepares himself for a bar bathroom dick pic (which he's kinda hoping it is, actually).

And, well. It's not a dick pic, but he does see a dick. Cliff Marlow's stupid face takes up most of the screen.

"Hot girl in Rozy's phone! What's her name, dude? Jane? Jane! Get ready to be fucked tonight! Like fuuuuuuccckkeddd!" Cliff slurs, barely looking at the camera as he slings himself over Ilya's shoulder. "Give this man some good head, m'kay? He deserves it. He's a beast. And he's gonna abandon us soon to go fuck the shit outta you, so! Be ready!"

Ilya pans the camera to himself, giggling. “Yeah, Jane, be ready!” He winks and kisses the screen before the video ends, and Shane finds himself with the biggest smile on his face.

He sends a selfie back to Ilya, his huge grin on full display with the caption ‘I’m ready babe don’t worry’.

By the time Shane has made use of the coconut oil, ensuring the saline and blow dryer haven’t dried his hole out, he has a response from Ilya: a nearly black image, his bulging clothed crotch just barely visible in the low light of his Uber, with the words ‘Show me’.

Shane’s breath catches. Fuck. He’s not incredibly used to taking pictures like that. But he knows his hole must look pretty right now. And Ilya wants to see. So. Here goes nothing.

He goes out to Ilya’s room and sets his phone up on one of the side tables by the bed. Not trusting himself to get the timing right to use the photo delay countdown, he takes a video instead, planning to send a still from it to Ilya. As the video starts recording, Shane turns around and mounts the mattress horizontally, face down ass up to the camera.

And said camera must be getting an absolutely filthy view, Shane ~~thinks~~ knows, as he brings both hands back to pull his cheeks apart. Like, really pull them apart, showing as much of his prepped hole as possible. He pushes out, clenches, and then pushes out again, making his hole wink for Ilya. God, he feels dirty. But one of those frames will surely do the trick.

Shane blushes as he lets his grip go and turns around, unknowingly biting back a smile as he ends the video. He sits in bed now, ready to skim it and screenshot a moment for his boyfriend.

But basically as soon as the video starts, as soon as Shane sees himself spreading and presenting, the coconut oil glistening and picking up the light on his rim, he slams his phone down to the mattress. Not unlike he did when receiving a dick pic many many years ago in a hotel room only a couple kilometres from here.

He can’t bear to watch it.

Maybe it’s better this way, though.

A Snapchat notification buzzes on his phone and gets Shane to pick it up again. Of course, it’s from Ilya.

This time, Ilya’s hand is cupping his own suit pants bulge in the backseat. ‘You going to let me see sweetheart?’

Shane doesn’t hesitate—there’s no point. He sends the whole video, untrimmed, into the chat and watches as Ilya’s bitmoji pops up, signalling that he’s opened the chat again.

The video taunts Shane, starting to play on loop as he sits there waiting for a response. He can’t do it. He swipes out of the chat and waits for a reply.

It comes later than he was expecting, which almost definitely means Ilya watched the video repeatedly before getting any words together.

A little blue message square pops up next to Lily's name. Shane clicks it immediately.

lily

Fuck oh my god
Oh my god Shane
Shane
Oh my god fuck
You are so fucking good for me
She's so pretty

Shane rolls his eyes. He almost forgot about the whole ‘she/her’ing of his asshole. But he can be in on the joke too, okay?

me

She's waiting for you ;)

lily

I need her right now
5 minutes away
Fuck Shane

Shane smiles like a horny idiot. He loves what he does to Ilya.

Ilya loves what Shane does to him. He can’t get home soon enough.

He’s so locked in his head and mindless of the current situation that he thanks his Uber driver in Russian—simply because they were the first words his brain could find—before correcting himself.

That’s how it goes in bed sometimes too, his brain grabs the closest, most familiar words when he’s overwhelmed by pleasure. Shane loves it, though. Ilya can tell. Occasionally, he’ll *purposely* bring out some Russian expletives during sex just to see Shane shudder.

His dick is practically full-mast as he fumbles his way into his apartment. Thank god he didn’t have to share the elevator with anybody.

“Shane!” He calls out as soon as he’s inside. Sometimes Shane is waiting right at the door to cover him in kisses.

“In here!” Shane shouts back from the bedroom.

Ilya finds his boyfriend laid out all pretty on his bed and his heart does something he can’t control. Something primal. It aches for Shane. It melts at the sight of Shane all cute and sexy in Ilya’s territory. Wrapped in his sheets.

Shane reaches out for him and makes grabby hands as Ilya rapidly undresses and smirks up a storm.

“Sorry, I couldn’t– I didn’t want to go out and wait in front of all the windows when– well, I’m not exactly decent right n–”

“You are right. You’re not decent. You’re fucking amazing,” Ilya pounces on the bed, taking Shane’s mouth with his own. Wet and sloppy kisses already.

“That’s not what I–” Shane laughs while Ilya catches his breath. “I didn’t mean *decent* like–”

“I know, baby.” Kisses start trailing down Shane’s neck. “All fucking naked in my bed.” Further down. “Waiting for me.” And down. “*Ready* for me.” And down until Ilya has reached Shane’s hip.

“Fuck,” Shane pants, looking into Ilya’s hungry eyes staring up at him.

“*Flip over*,” Ilya says in Russian. He’s not even sure himself if the language use was on purpose that time or not.

Shane whimpers as he follows Ilya’s instructions, his body moving before his brain even takes the words in. His face is in the pillow by the next second, shoving his ass into Ilya’s face.

Ilya doesn’t waste any time either. He takes two big handfuls of Shane’s ass as spreads him, revealing the hole he’s waited two entire months for. And, fuck, is it pretty.

It’s quite literally sparkling and tight tight tight for him, he can't wait to open it up.

With a glob of spit hacked onto Shane’s hole, Ilya begins. The moan Shane lets out is extended into a whine as Ilya plunges his tongue inside, shoving the saliva straight down his hole. Shane tastes clean and fresh and pure like he always does right after running through his routine, and Ilya is *eating it up*. Literally.

“Fuck,” Shane whimpers. He reaches back to hold himself open as well, making sure Ilya can really get all the way in there. Ilya rewards him with a kiss right over his pucker and a spank to his cheek. He then grabs Shane at the fattest part of his ass and smacks it again, making Shane rock back and forth to simultaneously escape and embrace the sensation, spearing himself on Ilya’s tongue as he does so.

“God, I missed you” Ilya moans during his next resurfacing for air. The words rumble into Shane’s body as he goes back to eating him out like a man starved, huffing and gasping and kissing and licking and fucking and sucking at Shane’s rim. Shane whines like a bitch into the sheets, eyes closed, eyebrows knit together, mouth dropped open.

“*More*, Ilya. Fuck, please, *more*.”

Ilya knew the instruction was going to come sooner rather than later, and couldn’t be more happy to follow it.

“Hold,” he says as he takes his face out of his boyfriend’s ass, tapping Shane’s right cheek, telling him to keep himself spread. Shane follows the order instantly, adjusting his grip now that Ilya’s hands are gone.

Ilya redundantly wets his lips as he watches Shane’s hole involuntarily wink at him, struggling to adjust to the lack of stimulation. It’s so hot he can’t leave Shane waiting for long.

“Open her for me,” Ilya purrs.

As soon as Shane does his best to bear down and open his rim up, fingers right by the edge of his hole so he pulls it open, Ilya spits right above it. He watches his saliva slide over Shane’s waiting hole. It’s a fucking filthy thing to witness.

Shane can surely feel it enter him as he hums needily into the bed, “Please.”

“Getting there, Hollander.” Ilya sticks his fingers in his mouth and gets them as messy as possible, dripping with spit.

He pets at Shane’s hole and watches it flutter before pushing both his fingers inside. He curses in his mother tongue. Shane is so soft and warm around him. He can’t figure out how he went months without this.

“*Mmmmmm*,” Shane whines into the pillow. Ilya’s fingers are like a magnet to his prostate, immediately knowing exactly where to go after years of pleasuring him. “Fuck, right there.”

Ilya just chuckles and dives back in to add his tongue to the equation once again. He fingers Shane, pressing in all the right spots and making room for his tongue to lick inside his boyfriend.

One of Shane’s hands moves to hold the back of Ilya’s head. He moans and holds Ilya’s face to his ass, forcing the fingers to stay inside too, as he grinds back against it. Little hitches of his hips that buck himself back and forth across Ilya’s mouth.

They’ve come a long way from accidentally butt-bashing Ilya in the face. Shane can control himself better now. Sometimes too well—the only thing Ilya has to worry about nowadays is a broken nose from how hard Shane likes to ride his face.

Unfortunately for them both, oxygen is still needed in Ilya’s lungs. As soon as he starts to pull his head back and give Shane’s hand some resistance, Shane lets him go.

He takes deep breaths as he idly fingers Shane. He wipes his chin with the back of his free hand, swiping away some of the mess of spit accumulating there.

Shane looks over his shoulder and smiles at him. This sexy, fucked out, sex drunk smile that tells Ilya all he needs to know.

There’s nothing for Ilya to do but go kiss his boy silly. He pulls his fingers out, loving the desperate whine Shane gives as he’s suddenly empty. The sound doesn’t last for long, though, because Ilya’s lips are covering Shane’s a second later.

He rolls Shane onto his back and lays half on top of him, covering Shane's hips with one of his thighs. Shane takes his face in both hands and keeps the kisses coming.

"I missed you," Ilya repeats the words he's already voiced, fitting them in between kiss after kiss. "I missed you so much."

"Yeah?"

"Yes," Ilya growls, starting to spread kisses all over Shane's face and neck. "I missed holding you. Kissing you. Fucking you."

"Me too, Ilya. Fuck, I missed you like crazy."

"What did you miss the most, *moya lyubov?"*

Ilya pulls away to watch Shane really ponder the question. It would be so easy for him to just say 'getting fucked' and move the foreplay along, But that's not Shane. Ilya knows it doesn't even occur to Shane to not answer 100% authentically.

"Just being close to you. I always feel safer when you're with me. More grounded. I missed your presence the most." Shane's eyes glisten with hearts.

Ilya isn't even sure what to say to that. It breaks his brain, sometimes, thinking about how much Shane Hollander loves him. How lucky he is to have Shane.

He leans in and gives Shane one long, sweet peck on the lips and then rubs their noses together back and forth. "Mmm. I am here now, Shane."

Shane smiles, "Good. Put your hand back in me."

Ilya grins and rolls over to grab the shiny new bottle of lube from his bedside drawer. "Hand? You want my whole hand tonight, huh?"

"Maybe," Shane blushes. Which Ilya knows means *yes, oh my god, you idiot, don't make me say it.*

As Ilya warms up the lube between his fingers, Shane looks at him with awe. It really is his favourite lube. And Ilya knows that despite their salaries, the price tag still seems intimidating to Shane. Like, something about the thought of having that large of a lube budget embarrasses him. But it really is stellar lube according to Shane—small batch, vegan, handmade silicone lubricant with all these oils and extracts; aloe, clove bud, goji berry, sunflower seed, guava bark, vitamin E, bisabolol, and probably some others that Ilya is forgetting. It smells nice, it's safe to consume, it stays in place, and yes, it's more expensive than all the other ones. Ilya just tries to remind Shane that while some people spend their disposable incomes on simple indulgences like fast food or cigars or fancy shoes, Shane can spend his (or let Ilya spend *his*) on lube. It's not shameful. It's not like it takes up even a teeny tiny fraction of their overall salaries. And if it makes him feel better in bed, what's not to like?

"I love you," is all Shane says while he smiles at his boyfriend and his fancy lube.

“I love you, too.” Ilya can’t help but kiss him again. And then chuckle as Shane makes an utterly embarrassing noise when he pushes two fingers back into his hole.

“Fuck,” Shane whispers, knocking his forehead against Ilya’s. Face to face.

“Get your leg up, c’mon. You want my whole hand, yes? I need more room.” He pulls back and watches intently as the words click in Shane’s mind, right before Shane shows off what a wonderful job his living room stretches did.

Shane hitches his leg up. Where, normally, he would just have his bent knee on Ilya’s hip, Shane pushes himself further. He raises it up more, until his leg is folded between them—thigh parallel to his own body, knee almost to his chin—with his calf on Ilya’s ribs.

“There we go,” Ilya purrs. He slides his pointer finger in with the other two, pushing at Shane’s soft rim and massaging his insides in circles. “Look at you. Your stretches work so good, Shane.”

Shane hums, vaguely acknowledging the sentiment.

“It was Deck Wars tonight, yes?”

“Huh?”

“When you do your bottoming stretches. I looked at the schedule. Was Deck Wars.”

“Fuck, um, yeah. I guess so.” Shane apparently doesn’t have the energy or wherewithal to reprimand Ilya about the IFL of his stretches this time.

“What? You were not paying attention?” Ilya teases, grinning as he presses up and splits Shane deeper.

“*Ilya*.”

“Yes?”

“Another.”

He indulges Shane, folding his hand and slipping his pinky in. “Mmm, Shane.” He moans as Shane relaxes around him, taking the added stretch with ease. “She likes it, huh?”

“You need to shut up,” Shane exhales, trying to hide a laugh.

Ilya leans forward to kiss him. His lips are soft and warm and smiling. “What I need, is to fuck you.”

“Hm. Yeah. You won tonight. Think I’m supposed to reward you for that. Or something.” Shane grunts between thrusts of Ilya’s hand that stretch him to the widest point.

“Or something.” Ilya repeats into another kiss.

“Let me…” Shane effortlessly lowers his leg and pushes at Ilya’s shoulder until he lies down flat.

Ilya pulls his hand out, folds his arms behind his head, probably getting lube in his hair, and smiles up at Shane. “Let you what?”

Ilya isn't really expecting a verbal response. Which means he’s all the more smug when Shane says, *“Ride you”* as he picks up the bottle Ilya left on the edge of the bed.

Ilya basks in it, the way Shane takes charge. Letting him lie back and admire him. He feels lube being squirted out right onto the head of his cock. He hisses. It’s not *cold*, but it’s a shock when he’s not expecting it—so lost in looking at Shane’s pretty freckles that he hasn’t seen in person for far too long.

Shane’s too focused on getting fucked to notice the way Ilya’s mouth curves into a grin.

“Hips still, okay?” Shane carefully places the bottle back on the nightstand while his other hand spreads the lube from Ilya’s crown to the base of his thick shaft.

“Okay,” Ilya smiles, nodding sweetly. He knows they won’t stay still forever. He’s not going to be able to hold himself back for long. Neither will Shane. Shane will get all whiny and beg to be fucked. But Shane is so cute like this—trying to give Ilya a show as a reward, despite knowing that Ilya will feel *most* like a king once he’s folded Shane’s legs up and has started pounding him relentlessly.

For now, though, Ilya savours the service Shane is trying to provide. It is indeed nice to sit back and watch his boyfriend like this. Not having to do any work is still a treat even if he likes it better when they share the effort in bed.

Shane guides Ilya’s dripping cock to his hole with one hand and plants the other on his chest, right over his tattoo. He squeezes Ilya’s pec as he sinks down onto his cock. And fuck. Fuck. It’s so good.

“Ohhh, *Shane*,” Ilya fights the urge to close his eyes at the pleasure, much happier to admire his boy. “Fuck. Fuck, Shane.”

“Yeah. God. Feels…”

“Good. So fucking good.” Ilya brings one hand up to hold Shane’s waist and guide him all the way down. “Take all of it. Yeah. Just like that.”

“*Ilya*,” Shane breathes. He puts both of his hands on Ilya’s chest now, steadying himself as he grinds his hips in little circles once he’s all filled up.

How Shane can still feel this tight when he just had nearly a whole hand inside him, Ilya doesn’t know. *Fuck* it feels *amazing*. He’s missed this so much.

“So good for me,” Ilya thinks aloud.

“Always.”

He chuckles at how unabashed Shane is already. “Always good for my cock, huh? Slutty little hole was made for it, Shane.”

Shane chokes. And Ilya loves seeing him get all baffled by how easily the dirty talk comes out. Shane blushes so hard, like a prude, as if that cock isn’t nine inches deep inside his guts right now.

“If my hole was made for it, maybe I wouldn’t need to spend all that time in the washroom every night I see you.” Shane mutters, making a face that says *‘give me some credit’*.

Ilya shrugs and runs his hand from Shane’s waist down to his ass and back up. “But you are so good at it. What is English saying? Having it with science?”

“Having it down to a science.”

“Exactly.”

“Doesn’t mean it’s easy.”

“No. But some things come natural to you, yes? Doing your bottom prep stuff. Taking my cock. You are perfect bottom. Made to be bottom. You *love* to be bottom.”

“I do. I love it.” Shane swallows, reminded of exactly where he is and what he’s doing, a cautiously confident smile on his face as he starts to ride more with his legs than his hips. “And you thought I would throw it all away for some Taco Bell.”

Ilya really wishes the concept of Taco Bell could be banned from their bedroom at a moment like this. He has a retort to throw back at Shane on the tip of his tongue, something filthy to get Shane to stay on task. But it doesn’t make its way to his mouth in time—Shane rises up on his knees and then drops down with a moan, stopping any speech of Ilya’s in its tracks.

“Fuck, baby,” Ilya groans. He splays his hand out over Shane’s abs and pushes until he leans back, adjusting the angle for him a little, knowing exactly how Shane likes to bounce on it.

“Oh, god. *Ilya*. That’s fucking *deep*.” Shane holds onto Ilya’s hand with his own, lacing their fingers together and crushing his knuckles. “Perfect,” he chokes out.

Ilya sticks to his promise. He doesn’t move his hips no matter how much he wants to meet Shane halfway—work together to shove his cock into Shane twice as fast and hard. Shane does all the work himself, bouncing on it and taking little breaks to kneel up until it’s almost completely out of him before sinking back down with a whimper. He’s so fucking pretty. Curtain bangs in his face, flowy hair sticking to his neck, rosy cheeks flushed, thick eyebrows scrunched together, wet mouth fallen open; all because of how his perfect hole is filled up.

Ilya tears his eyes away from Shane’s face to gaze down his body. With the way Shane is leaning back, one hand supporting himself behind him on Ilya’s leg, his cock is smacking up against his stomach on every bounce and making a splattering of pre on his skin. Ilya’s always enamoured by it. He’s never been with anyone whose dick can stay this hard and wet

the entire time they're bottoming, all with no direct stimulation. Shane is truly something else.

Something else Ilya needs to rail like right now. His resolve is slipping.

Shane thinks he might die if he has to go another two months without this. He spears himself on his boyfriend's perfect cock and can't comprehend the idea of being denied such amazing pleasure. He knows Ilya was joking earlier, but it truly does feel like a crime sometimes.

He can hear Ilya whispering in Russian—which he's probably not even aware of—and he can only make out about every fourth word but it's enough. More than enough to know what he's saying. Perfect. Hole. Ass. Something that he's pretty sure roughly translates to whore. Tight. Fuck. Ride. A few pet names he hasn't been able to figure out yet.

Shane smiles and slows down, giving his thighs a break, grinding back and forth in a way that slides Ilya's cock right over his prostate over and over. He shivers with it, this hot feeling erupting in his stomach when the pressure is almost too direct.

"Like that, Hollander," Ilya uses the hand not trapped in Shane's to guide his hips. "Da. *Daaa*."

He can tell Ilya is getting drunk off of it already. The win and the reunion and the sex, the knowledge that Shane was ready and eager for him, it's all going to Ilya's head. And not in a cocky way, either. More in an overwhelming sense of happiness that just makes him want to fuck what's his. What he knows he's so lucky to have.

And Shane knows Ilya is gonna make him say what belongs to him soon. Shane can't wait, despite how dirty it feels sometimes. Maybe he'll even provoke his boyfriend a little.

"Ilya–" but he doesn't need to get any further than that. They're on the same page.

Shane barely knows what's happening as he's flipped over. Ilya's always been so good at that. He's so gentle but strong but smooth but hot as he maneuvers them around in bed. No matter how many times Shane constantly tells him he should be fully pulled out before changing positions, Ilya always rolls Shane around seamlessly without taking a break. Just another perk of having sex with a professional athlete—he knows what he's doing when it comes to his body.

With Shane's hands pinned on either side of his head, Ilya leans in to kiss his neck as he starts thrusting again. "You are perfect. It's perfect, Shane."

Ilya pushes Shane's left wrist down into the mattress before letting it go, making sure Shane knows he's to keep it there regardless. His hand trails down Shane's body, feeling the dips and curves of his pecs and abs and hips and ass and thighs as it makes its way to his hole. Ilya touches gently where Shane is stretched around him, petting and humming.

Shane whines. It's an incredible sensation, stimulation via the deep penetration and the stretching of his rim *and* the soft touches to it, like every bit of his hole is being lit on pleasurable fire at once.

"You take such good care of it just for me to ruin her, yes?" Ilya smiles as he speaks, lips brushing Shane's throat.

"Yes," Shane exhales after far too little hesitation. The 'her' isn't even weird to him anymore. It's almost starting to feel *right* in Ilya's mouth.

"You spend all day preparing your body for me so I can, what? Fuck you like it is a fucking pussy as soon as I get home?"

Images come flooding back to Shane of just a dozen minutes before. Of Ilya rushing in the door, impatient and not wasting any time. It wasn't like when they get back from a date night together and need to take a break from the kissing so Shane can clean up, doing his 'in a pinch' routine before anything else happens. Tonight, Ilya just barged through the door and was inside him minutes later.

"Wet and ready." Ilya growls. Shane loves how thick Ilya's accent can become in bed. The 'W's leaning closer to 'V's and the 'R's rolling effortlessly. "And I do not have to do anything but fuck what belongs to me, yes?"

There it is. Shane nods, struggling to keep his unpinned hand to the bed when all he wants to do is touch and touch and touch. Ilya leans back to look at him and Shane keeps nodding eagerly, humming, "Mhm, yes. Yes, Ilya."

"What belongs to me." Ilya repeats. Shane just nods dumbly once more.

"*What* belongs to me?" Ilya tries again. And Shane understands this time.

"My hole," it's not much more than a whisper as Shane squirms with the way Ilya's prodding finger feels like it's about to breach him.

"Tell me," Ilya takes Shane's mouth with his own before giving him a chance to answer. "Tell me," he says again when he pulls away with a smack of their lips, spit still connecting them.

"My hole belongs–" Shane attempts but has to throw his head back. Then, he finally disobeys Ilya's order to keep his hand still and uses it to swat at Ilya's arm, getting him to halt the hole petting. "Fucking stop that if you expect me to talk."

Ilya chuckles and obliges.

Shane gives it another go. "Hole belongs to you. 'S'yours. You own it."

"Mhm," Ilya slows his thrusts down a little more just so Shane can really concentrate. And Shane knows that means Ilya wants more out of him.

"You own my hole, Ilya." Shane barely gets half a second to watch the way Ilya's eyes light up as he hears it before he's getting folded in half. "Fuck!"

“Need to see her,” Ilya grunts, picking Shane up under the knees and pushing them to his ears. Shane’s mouth drops open into a yelp as it happens, scrambling to put his hands over Ilya’s and help keep his legs there. “Yeah. Fuck,” Ilya whispers.

Shane can only imagine what kind of view he must be getting. Ilya’s shifted up onto his knees, pulling Shane’s hips into his lap so he can make Shane’s pelvis tilt up, a fantastic fucking view of Shane hole as it’s stretched around his cock.

He whimpers at the thought of what Ilya’s seeing.

“Legs hurt?” Ilya asks, eyes suddenly much less glazed over.

“No, no,” Shane tries to catch his breath. He laughs a little, proud of just how *not* hurt his legs are in this position. “‘M’good. Just– *fuck*, ‘s’hot.”

“Your neck okay?”

It’s a good question, considering the way Shane is folded up and bent with only his head, neck and shoulders holding the majority of his weight. But he wants nothing more than for his boyfriend to take him like this.

“Fuck me. Fuck– *please*,” Shane says in lieu of an answer.

Ilya smiles at him, concerned eyes fading into lust again.

“Arms like this,” Ilya moves Shane’s arms around for him, getting Shane to put his triceps on top of the back of his knees, keeping his legs out of the way. Ilya plants one of his own hands on the headboard to help give him the leverage to fuck Shane like this, while his other hand teases Shane’s cock. Little touches up and down the length of it that make Shane’s stomach twist in pleasure.

Shane whines as the movement of Ilya’s hips picks up. With the angle, when he fucks in, he’s hitting Shane’s prostate head on before sliding the rest of the way in. It’s so good Shane almost feels guilty about the fact tonight was supposed to be focused on Ilya’s pleasure—celebrating his victory with some indulgent sex that focuses on him.

But somewhere, way way way in the back of his mind, behind all the haze of sex with Ilya, Shane is trying to remind himself that despite the lack of work he’s doing at the moment, this *is* a treat for Ilya. This is exactly what Ilya wants after winning a game. Shane’s gift to him was taking care of his hole so it was ready for Ilya. Was waiting patiently in Ilya’s apartment. Was indulging Ilya in his gender-fucked dirty talk. Was preparing his body well enough to be pushed into whatever position Ilya wanted. Was engaging in bed with Ilya like this. Because there’s nothing Ilya loves more than making him feel good.

“You want more?” Ilya smirks. Shane already feels like he’s bursting at the seams with pleasure, he can hardly comprehend what ‘more’ could even mean.

But he nods anyway. He begs for whatever it is. “*Please*.”

He hears Ilya fumble with the lube bottle and then there's another glob of that luxurious silicone making a mess around his hole as Ilya fucks in and out of it.

So yes. Technically *more* lube is a form of 'more', though Shane's not sure that's exactly what Ilya meant when he–

Fuck.

Ilya's sliding a finger in alongside his cock, both inside Shane.

"*Ilya*," Shane moans, all broken off and whispy. "Oh my god, Ilya, *fuck*." He can't believe he's this full. He can't believe it still feels *amazing* like this, being stretched even wider.

"Is good?" Ilya surely knows the answer considering his extensive Bedroom Shane knowledge and the telling smirk on his face at the moment. But Shane is aware Ilya likes to ask anyway, making him say it.

"Fucking *great*. Just– oh *god*." Shane's eyelids flutter.

Ilya's huge pecs come in and out of view as Shane's eyelids fail him. He wants to watch Ilya so badly.

"Keep eyes open," Ilya pants.

It makes Shane feel better, hearing Ilya out of breath, knowing the extra stretch is having the same effect on them both despite only one experiencing it.

"*Smotret*," Ilya continues.

Shane can recall, very distantly, what that translates to. But he still can't open his eyes.

"Means look, Shane. Watch."

"I *know* what it *means*," Shane bites back. Ilya just gives a breathy laugh.

Finally, Shane's eyes can open for longer than half a second. He looks up at Ilya first, at his gorgeous face, covered in a mix of lust and amusement. He's so handsome. He could look at Ilya forever.

"Shane," Ilya pokes him from the inside, getting his attention.

Shane's balls twitch at that. His eyes flick down his body, ignoring his own cock making a mess on his stomach and instead peering down further. He can't actually *see* where Ilya's entering him, of course, but he can observe the way Ilya's hand disappears from sight, only part of it visible with where his finger is stuck.

He slowly sees more and then less and then more of Ilya's hand as he pulls it in and out. It's the hottest thing, watching it happen while feeling exactly where that hidden digit is.

"Fuck me," Shane says before realizing it. He needs *more*.

And Ilya does. He moves his hips again, thrusting in time with the pace of his fingerfucking. It's so good. Shane feels so spoiled.

"Gimme another." He's addicted to it now.

Ilya's eyebrows raise for a second, checking in before obeying. He extracts his finger and then pushes back in with two, still rocking his length shallowly into Shane.

"Yeah?" Ilya smiles.

"Yeah, that's– fuck–"

When Shane lets his head loll back and closes his eyes, he isn't told off like before. He can still feel Ilya's amorous gaze on him, though.

And Ilya sounds so pretty, too, moaning as he looks on. Shane realizes, belatedly, that he must be making some truly depraved noises himself, too. He also realizes, embarrassingly, that the stretch feels so good he'd take another finger and another and another no matter how pathetic it makes him sound.

God. As hot as the thought is—Ilya with a whole hand in him alongside his thick cock—he can't possibly do more, right?

But then Ilya is circling his hole with yet another finger and Shane can't help but push his hips up, trying to get it inside him.

"Greedy," Ilya groans, teasingly. He slips a third in.

"The greediest," Shane chuckles back.

"Mmm. I don't know. I think you can be greedier, yes?"

Shane's expecting Ilya to somehow, inexplicably, fit his pinky in with the rest of his fingers and his cock. Instead, Shane is rapidly emptied, leaving him whimpering.

"*Ilyaaaa–"*

"I know," Ilya pets Shane's messy hole gently, covered in lube and fucked open. Shane feels Ilya stroke a thumb in circles around his rim, hushing him. "Shhhhh, I know. Just let me look at her."

God. "But you're still gonna–"

"Yes, I will, sweetheart. But we're going to do it opposite way, okay? Hand first."

Ilya folds his big hand into something akin to a beak and presses it into Shane. Stretching Shane over his knuckles. Up to his wrist. Like it's nothing. Shane's whole body shivers, he bites his lip as Ilya pushes his hand in and out of his hole a few times.

“Ohh. Fuck, Shane,” Ilya gasps as he then uses his free hand to guide the tip of his cock towards Shane’s hole.

“*Please*.”

“Yes…”

Shane feels Ilya curl his hand into more of a fist inside him, consequently pushing around in his guts as he does so. Shane gasps.

“Yes?” Ilya says again. Shane can’t tell if it’s genuinely to make sure that change in hand posture wasn’t too much or if it’s purely just to tease. But he has the same answer for Ilya either way.

“Jesus! *Yes*, you ca– *fuck!”*

Ilya fucks into Shane’s hole and through his own fist in one remarkably smooth motion.

Shane swears he sees some sort of stars. The feeling is. A lot. For a second, his eyes pop out of his head a little bit.

“Okay?” Ilya asks gently.

“Yeah, fucking Christ…”

So Ilya keeps going. Shane can’t tell exactly which part Ilya is moving—stilling his cock and moving his hand, stilling his hand and moving his cock, or stilling nothing and moving both—but there’s something going on there that feels incredible.

Right now, he has more of Ilya inside him at once than he ever has before.

And somehow that makes Shane almost emotional. They’ve never been more physically connected. He loves Ilya so much. Part of him wishes there was a way he could have all of Ilya, every particle, connected to him simultaneously. And this (plus those weighted-blanket-style cuddles Ilya gives him sometimes) are probably the closest thing to that.

“I d– didn’t even know this was—*fuck*—this was possible,” Shane remarks as he tries to conceptualize just how much he’s getting filled right now.

Ilya grins all bashful and sexy. “Oh, is possible, Shane.”

“Yeah, I see that *now*.”

“No, you are not seeing it. *I* am seeing it.” Ilya looks to Shane’s hole and pulls almost all the way out—enough that it’s clear to Shane which part he’s moving—before pushing all the way back in, moaning as he does so. “And is beautiful.”

“*Beautiful*.” Shane scoffs.

“Yes. Why? You want me to take video? Show you?”

“Don’t you dare,” Shane exhales a laugh at the idea of this being immortalized in pixels.

Ilya starts really fucking him now, thrusting and stroking in tandem inside Shane. Shane’s fingers clench into fists and his toes curl, ecstatic twitches as his body tries to accept all the nerve signals at once. It’s like he’s having an orgasm without having an orgasm.

It must show in his look, too, because Ilya starts teasing him about it as soon as he glances up.

“You are making that face.”

“What face?

“Face you make when…” Ilya’s words break off as he groans over the loud slaps of skin, obviously getting close. “Face you make when I suck your balls.”

“Shut up,” Shane’s cheeks heat up. It’s not a very well kept secret just how much he likes it when Ilya does that.

“*Ahhh*,” Ilya pants as he looks down again, watching where Shane is stretched around him. He holds onto the base of his cock as he pulls out this time, admiring the way Shane’s rim adapts to it; closing around the head of his cock after he's almost all the way out. Shane whines, and it only makes Ilya want to do it again and again.

When he thrusts back in, Shane’s hole gives him a bit of resistance before his rim slowly pops over Ilya’s hand, like Ilya’s knotting him.

“Fuck, do that again,” Shane cries as he turns his head in to the pillow, biting his lip. He whimpers as Ilya does it again and again, starting torturously slowly and then gradually speeding up until the lube is loudly squelching and they’re both absolute messes.

Ilya tries to lean down, surely to give Shane a kiss, but the angle that his arm is at won’t let him.

Shane inadvertently pouts as he sees what’s happening, and it takes approximately three seconds of that expression before Ilya settles for sticking two fingers from his free hand into Shane’s mouth instead.

Shane moans around them. Technically, *this* is now the most he’s ever been full of Ilya.

He sucks hard on Ilya’s fingers as Ilya loses his rhythm, keeping his hand inside while the thrusts of his hips turn frantic.

“Shane, I– *gospodi*…”

“Mhmm,” Shane moans, humming and nodding, eyes wild for Ilya as he wordlessly implores his boyfriend to give it to him.

“No, you should–” Ilya’s debauched pants turn into chuckles. “I do not have enough hands for this.”

Ilya almost always likes for Shane to come first during sex, even winner's sex, which Shane finds incredibly, endearingly sweet. And Ilya usually likes to do it himself, too—not letting Shane lay a finger on his own cock, ensuring that the orgasm is 100% from pleasure *he* provides Shane. Which is incredibly, endearingly hot.

But it looks like Ilya will make an exception to that last clause this time. "Touch yourself."

With some difficulty, adjusting the placement of his right leg now that it's not being held down by his own arm, Shane gets a hand around himself. Fuck. He instantly realizes how wet he's been this whole time.

Ilya nods down at him. "Yeah, like that."

Shane groans around Ilya's fingers, twisting his tongue and pushing Ilya's fingertips harder against the roof of his mouth as he jerks himself off.

"Perfect, baby. We are going to make you come, *okey?"*

We. God. Why does that make Shane feel insane? He loves the idea that they're doing this *together*. If it was up to him, they would *always* do *everything* together.

Ilya chants his name over and over, *Shane Shane Shane Shane Shane.* It's barely audible over the symphony of sex—heavy breathing and breathy moans and lube squelching and skin smacking.

"Mm. Mhm. Mmn!" Shane nods frantically, speeding his hand up as Ilya's fisted cock fucks his hole just as fast.

And then Shane sees black as he comes. Not because he blacks out but because the nerve overload extends to his face as his orgasm hits, eyes screwed shut and features scrunched up as it washes over him.

(Technically, it's not black. It's a specific colour called eigengrau—a fact Shane learned last week in a late night youtube rabbit hole about optics. But that's really, *really* not important right now.)

Just on the tail end of his high, Shane feels Ilya freeze up in a similar way, the overload getting to him too. Shane hums as his eyes fall open, blissfully watching through his eyelashes as Ilya fucks his load inside him.

Okay. *Now* he's the fullest he's ever been of Ilya.

Ilya finishes off by pulling out and jerking his cock directly against Shane's sloppy hole. He extracts his hand from Shane's mouth, bringing it down to spread Shane on one side, holding the gape open as he sends final spurts of his come straight past Shane's rim and into his body. Fuck.

As Ilya slumps down on the mattress beside Shane, he exhales a '*Woooooo*' not dissimilar to the one he gave Shane in that hotel gym all those years ago.

Shane smiles as he finally puts his legs down on the bed. If only that Shane could see him now.

“Fuck.” He sighs and starfishes out, tensing and stretching his legs while his hand reaches for Ilya’s on autopilot. But a split second later he cringes, swiftly moving his touch away and whipping his head to the side as his hand finds Ilya’s, wet with sticky, warm lube. “Ugh!”

“*Noooo*, hold my hand,” Ilya pouts, teasingly, trying to grab Shane’s hand with his messy one.

What follows is the hand equivalent of a game of footsie—swatting at each other until Shane relents and lets his sweet boyfriend hold his hand, even if it’s covered in gross lube and was just inside him.

“Mwah,” Ilya exaggeratedly kisses the back of Shane’s captured hand and then drops their interlaced fingers to the mattress between them. He turns his head and looks over at Shane. “That was…”

“Hot,” Shane supplies.

“Yes.”

Shane can feel the puffs of Ilya’s breath on his face when he giggles. And Shane can’t help but laugh a little back before getting earnest for a second.

“You played really well tonight,” he states soothingly, almost a whisper. “I know it’s been tough with the holes in defense recently. But you really made up for it with how hard you went in the neutral zone, oh my god. And like, the line changes were so well done and the PK was so strong and–” Ilya’s grinning at him. “What?”

“Is very cute when you talk hockey to me, Hollander,” Ilya goes to close the gap between them and Shane happily lets him, kissing Ilya slowly and softly.

When they pull apart, Shane brings his free hand up to wipe a little spit from the corner of Ilya’s mouth. “Do you need a minute?” He likes to check in with Ilya especially after sex like this. He’s not the only one who might need some aftercare.

“No, no,” Ilya pecks Shane again quickly. “I am good.”

Shane watches as Ilya gets up and heads to the ensuite. His ass looks *so* good.

“We are not fucking again tonight, yes? I can get your bottoming cream?” Ilya calls out from the bathroom.

Shane doesn’t even have to say anything. He’s sure Ilya can feel the glare from here.

“Cream you use after bottoming?” Ilya tries again.

“Ilya,” Shane deadpans.

A smiley Ilya walks back into the room with an armful of helpful items. He chucks them onto the sheets—cloths and towels and wipes and, yes, Shane's A&D cream too.

"Thanks," Shane leans up for a kiss as Ilya approaches the bed.

He reaches into the pile and starts cleaning himself up with a dry towel, first the lube on his hand, then the lube on his inner thighs. Just a second later, Ilya's right there between his legs with a damp washcloth; he wordlessly knees Shane's legs apart a little more so he can get his hands where they need to be.

It's a little bit jarring for Shane, momentarily, feeling the cloth on his sensitive, puffy rim. He sucks in a breath.

Immediately, Ilya swaps his hands around, holding the cloth with one and using the other to squeeze Shane's thigh gently, comfortingly—rubbing little circles into it with his thumb. Shane can tell Ilya did that without even thinking about it, instinctually reaching out to tell him it's okay, he's here, and he knows it can be overstimulating.

Shane's mind is hazy with that idea for a moment. Physical touch has been one of their main love languages since they got together for real. It comes so naturally to Ilya, and Shane tries not to think about how touchstarved his poor boyfriend was his whole life up to this point.

He's pulled out of his bittersweet thoughts by Ilya's soft voice, telling him to push.

"You want me to…?"

"Is much more lube in your asshole than normal," Ilya says bluntly. "You're going to get cranky when later it starts dripping down your legs."

Shane nearly rolls his eyes. But Ilya's right.

"C'mon. Gimme now," Ilya raises his eyebrows expectantly and nods down to Shane's hole.

Shane steels himself, closing his eyes as he pushes out what he can onto the washcloth.

"*Molodets*," Ilya whispers. *Well done*.

Ugh. Shane loves him.

Ilya wipes him off once more before tossing the cloth on top of the towel Shane already used. As Shane goes over himself again with the wet wipes, Ilya starts stripping the sheets.

"Shower now or later?"

"Bath later?" Shane answers. He gets up off the bed so Ilya can take the sheet off his side.

"Mm. Even better." Ilya smiles. "Go pick something to watch. I will bring your cream and we can do it in living room, yes?"

Shane hums in happy assent as he picks up his (Ilya's) clothes from where he left them—folded on the chair outside the ensuite.

When Ilya meets him on the couch four minutes later, he looks so… *domestic*, and Shane loves it.

His hair is a little rumpled, curling a tad extra from the drying sweat. He's wearing a comfy hoodie and a pair of sweats. He's carrying Shane's cream in one hand and a bottle of blue Gatorade in the other. He's already got his post-sex glow happening, even all exhausted as he is.

Shane opens his arms up and Ilya, after putting the stuff down on the coffee table, dives into them. They hum and cuddle in near silence for a moment, savouring it. Yes, it's been two months since they had sex, but it's been two months since they had this, too.

"What are we watching?" Ilya sits up and hands Shane the Gatorade. Shane takes the bottle as he plays the episode he has queued up.

"Great British Bake Off."

"Yes! Oh, you are perfect," Ilya kisses his cheek.

As the episode begins, Shane dutifully drinks his Gatorade. It's incredibly refreshing and immediately makes him feel more grounded. He only ever drinks blue Gatorade after sex. He found out fairly quickly after becoming sexually active that he likes to have separation between the flavours—drinking the same flavour during games *and* after sex got his wires crossed. His brain would do a little '*if post-sex beverage, why drinking at hockey? If hockey beverage, why drinking post-sex?'*. Sensory associations are very strong for him, and delineating between the two makes him feel more comfortable in each environment. No thinking about debauchery on the ice and no reminders of work when he's just trying to hydrate after a good fuck.

After chugging half the bottle, he passes it to Ilya, who finishes it off himself.

Maneuvering onto his stomach feels like second nature after tasting the blue Gatorade. Routines *work*. His body moves him onto the next step before he even really thinks about it.

He folds his arms under his head while he watches the TV, content. It took him a little while to let Ilya into this part of aftercare. But by now, they've done so much together that letting Ilya inspect and massage and hydrate his asshole after sex is far from mortifying. Maybe not *far*. But definitely not as close as it used to be. And Ilya *loves* being brought into the process, helping where he can and eliciting more intimacy between them.

"Does Anna really think she has enough time to redo the eclairs?" Shane remarks.

Ilya scoffs. "Yes. But Anna is too much of a perfectionist. We know this." He straddles Shane's calves and pulls Shane's sweats down to his knees casually. "Is not a good thing to

be on this show. You would be very bad at it."

"You think I–?" Shane turns his head to glare at Ilya, who just holds his gaze for a moment. "No, yeah, you're right."

"I know," Ilya smiles and leans down to kiss him before Shane moves his head back to watching position.

Ilya stuffs a chunky throw pillow under Shane's hips and grabs the A&D cream from the table. He places it on the couch next to him as he pulls Shane's cheeks apart with his hands and thumbs ever so softly at his rim.

"Wow," he sighs.

"What?" Shane asks, momentarily a little anxious about the possibility of a tear. "Am I–"

"No, no, you're good, baby. Just. Never have I seen your hole this…"

"Loose?" Shane supplies with a laugh.

"Yes, maybe. Relaxed? Open? Is there English word for 'looks like you just got fisted'?"

"Not yet."

"Mmm. They should get on that." Ilya flips the cap of the tube open.

"They?"

"I don't know. The word people."

"The *word* people," Shane parrots.

"Yes, word people," Ilya shrugs. He gently, carefully, rubs some cream onto Shane's rim where it looks fucked raw.

Shane hisses for a second as it makes contact to his sensitive skin. But then Ilya is massaging it around and around as he inspects closer for any sign of damage. He relaxes into the sensation, humming and melting into the couch a little, giving all his muscles a break.

"Is word for *this*, you know," Ilya remarks.

"For what?"

"Your hole when I fuck you like this. Especially when is all messy like this after. Is called bussy."

"Ilya!" Shane whips his head around. "How do you know that word?"

"I learn it last week, from Reddit. How do *you* know this word?" Ilya counters, smiling cheekily as he pulls Shane's pants up for him.

“It’s just a– I know I– it’s not like I–” Shane sputters.

“What? You do not like this word?” Ilya pouts playfully.

“I just have–”

“A bussy? Yes, I know, Shane.”

Shane shakes in his head in lovingly annoyed defeat as he flips onto his back.

“It makes you blush,” Ilya teases. “Bussy. Bussy, bussy, bussy, bussy.” He watches on in glee as Shane turns red under his freckles.

“Stop that,” Shane chuckles bashfully.

“Fine,” Ilya leans down again for a peck and Shane indulges his boyfriend, laughing into the kiss.

For the next ten minutes, Ilya helps with Shane’s stretches. It’s especially important today, with the position he was put in. Ilya holds Shane’s ankles one after another and assists him in moving his legs around, opening up his hips. He guides Shane through his whole list, like he’s a physio, pulling and stretching and massaging Shane’s joints idly as he watches the show.

It feels like heaven, to Shane. Ilya presses on his sore tendons just right. Shane can’t help but let out little moans of satisfaction and release. There’s nothing like your boyfriend skillfully massaging your hamstrings with his strong thumbs after sex. And he does it so easily too, somehow being fully absorbed in the show the whole time.

“His oven is not hot enough at the beginning, is like he does not even know how to make souffle!” Ilya exclaims at the TV, shouting like he does when they watch a nerve-wracking game of hockey together.

It’s cute—seeing Ilya like this. At least when he animatedly critiques the hockey, he has his own two feet to stand on there. Anyone should be so lucky to receive feedback from the one and only Ilya Rozanov. He knows what he’s talking about. But when Ilya goes on about baking, he still acts like he was drafted number one in the Great British Baking League.

“You think you could do it better?” Shane asks.

“Yes!” Ilya doesn’t provide any further explanation and Shane wants to kiss him so bad.

And he gets his chance, after his stretches are done. Ilya spoons up behind Shane and lets him turn his head for a kiss and a kiss and a kiss. Slow and sweet.

Ilya rubs up and down Shane’s legs as they watch the final judging together. Shane hums and enjoys the nibbles Ilya gives to the back of his neck. It leads somewhere else very fast, before the judges have even gotten to the end of the line.

Shane's all relaxed and indulgent when he mumbles a sweet "I love you," reaching to hold Ilya's hand with his own.

"I love you too. So much." Ilya whispers back. He uses his free hand to keep rubbing Shane's side soothingly. "And I love how you take such good care of your body for us."

That's another sentence that hits Shane a little bit more than maybe it should. Ilya's not trying to be sexy—he's not saying that Shane takes care of his body for *him*, which he could so easily spin into dirty talk. And he's not saying Shane takes care of his body for purely self-interested reasons either, as if Shane did all of this without Ilya in mind at all. Ilya knows and acknowledges that the way Shane was prepared for him is hot while still alluding to the fact that it's completely up to Shane himself how he treats his body. The prepping benefits both of them greatly, and Ilya appreciates how much work that can be. It warms Shane's bottom heart.

"I love taking care of my body for us," Shane replies easily.

Ilya turns Shane over in his arms, holding Shane to his chest and gently playing with his hair. Shane really doesn't care an incredible amount about watching the episode anyway, it was clear from the start that Anna was going to go this week. And he would much, much rather cuddle into his warm, strong, loving boyfriend.

When the show ends (bye Anna, be more careful with your tray of eclairs next time) Shane exhales a content sigh.

"'M'hungry," he says.

"Tuna melt?" Ilya asks, grinning.

God. That sounds *perfect*. His boyfriend is going to make him a tuna melt and they're going to have a bath together and they're almost definitely going to get each other off at least once more before bed. His hole is healthy, his muscles are happy, and, yes, he's going to be feeling tonight for a couple days, but it's completely worth it.

What are off-days in the NHL for if not to recover from gay sex?

End Notes

thank you SO much for reading!!! pretty please let me know what you think, this fic has been on my mind for so long its like all i wanna talk about. you can find me on twitter @icegoesontheeye :)

if you enjoyed this taste of filthy hollanov, you can check out my last hollanov fic, make me sweat, make me hotter, all about how much ilya loves shane's sweat and smell <3

live, laugh, love, bottom prep

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!