

happy wife, happy life

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by [lipstickliterature](#)

Summary

When Shane was displeased with Ilya, there was a certain intensity in his speech that called to Ilya like a siren song, dragging him to an early grave with its vehemence. His voice would pitch higher, bossy and prissy and so stridently righteous it should be intolerable.

But Ilya was, for all intents and purposes, a whore. And nothing made him harder than his husband putting him in his place.

or, 5 times ilya ragebait's shane because being yelled at by his husband turns him on, +1 time shane realizes he's doing it on purpose.

Notes

i really did not intend for this to be so long but the hollanov demons were driving the bus and im afraid of those guys so.

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

1.

“Ilya, what the fuck?”

These have become Ilya’s favorite string of words in the entire English language behind the blaring ‘*And Rozanov scores!*’ broadcasted through a rowdy arena and a murmured ‘*I love you*’ spoken against his skin in the dark.

Ilya had, unfortunately, developed a Pavlovian sort of response to being yelled at by his husband. And that response was immediate and extreme arousal. Blood rushing to his cock so fast that he grew dizzy with the lack of circulation to his brain, starbursts dancing across his vision as he fought to remain conscious.

This, he supposed, was an inevitable side effect of falling for your archrival, for falling for the boy you met when you were a scared and lonely teenager and he looked at you with indignance and contention and a whole lot of curiosity sparking in his brown eyes. When Shane was angry with him, when he yelled at him, Ilya thought of hockey and hotel rooms and hot-blooded commands whispered into desperate lips as the clock counted down to the moment they would regretfully part ways, unsure when they would see each other next.

More shamefully, he was unhealthily obsessed with the shift in Shane’s expression and demeanor when he was upset with Ilya over the most trivial of grievances. His brows scrunched together and his lips twisted and two spots of blush burned on his freckled cheeks. So pretty that Ilya could cry. And, fuck, his *voice*. When Shane was displeased with Ilya, there was a certain intensity in his speech that called to Ilya like a siren song, dragging him to an early grave with its vehemence. Sometimes his voice would pitch higher, bossy and prissy and so stridently righteous it should be intolerable.

But Ilya was, for all intents and purposes, a whore. And nothing made him harder than his husband putting him in his place.

He had found various ways to chase this certain high, carefully toeing the line between minor misconduct and egregious acts of war to elicit these aggrieved admonishments from Shane. Giving an inch to test the waters, then taking a mile when he realized he’d struck gold.

The most recent of which was arranging the spices in the pantry in the entirely wrong order after making dinner for himself and Shane the night before. Tonight, it was Shane’s turn to make dinner, and if the frustration lacing his voice was anything to go by, he’d just discovered all of his spices lined up outside of their mandatory alphabetical positions.

Ilya smiled to himself, leaning his head back into the couch cushion and soaking it in. A warmth stirred in his stomach, and he was already attempting to decide which piece of furniture he would bend Shane over when his face reached that perfect shade of angry red. When he heard footsteps approaching, he sat up straighter and attempted to conceal his delight.

Shane padded into the room on socked feet, hands curled into fists at his sides and his glare trained on Ilya. He looked like an angry little duckling. So very cute. “What the fuck did you do?”

Ilya tucked an arm behind his head and hooked his right ankle over his left. “What are you talking about, Hollander?”

“You know exactly what the fuck I’m talking about.”

“I am sure I do not.”

Shane unfurled one fist to reveal a jar of oregano. He held it out and shook it. “You destroyed the pantry! Nothing is where it’s supposed to be. The oregano was next to the cumin for fuck’s sake!”

“I do not understand.” Ilya very much did understand. “What is wrong with this?”

Shane scoffed as if Ilya were being purposefully obtuse. “They belong in alphabetical order. This is not news to you, Rozanov.”

“That is how I put them last night. I know this.”

“It absolutely fucking isn’t. The garlic powder is next to the nutmeg. It’s a fucking disaster.”

Ilya shrugged. His heart was racing. There was no foreplay he would consider more exhilarating than this. “Cyrillic alphabet is different order a little. Sometimes I forget this.”

“They’re numbered, Ilya.” Shane turned the jar around to show him the label he’d printed off on his label maker specifically for Ilya to reference. “You know that.”

“I forget this also.” He was an unrepentant liar. He was also growing harder by the second, heat burning in his gut. He wanted to pull Shane onto his lap and make him come so hard he passed out. “I am sorry, my love.”

Most people would’ve melted at the sultry, accented apology that slipped softly from his lips. Shane was not most people. “You shouldn’t forget. I’ve told you three times.”

Ilya was seconds away from panting like a dog. His toes curled at the harsh reprimand. “I will remember this, okay? When I cook, I will say to myself, ‘*Ilya, you must put spices back in correct order, or your wife will be very upset*’, and this will be enough. I am good husband. I do not want my wife to be upset.”

The thing about Shane, Ilya had discovered since they’d wed, was that almost nothing made him wetter than when Ilya called him his wife. There might have been various reasons for this, reasons that would send Shane into a fit of stuttering and blushing if he tried to explain them himself, but Ilya knew the truth. He liked being possessed. He liked being owned. He liked being spoken about the same way that the other guys on the team spoke about their own loves.

I would go out with everyone to celebrate, but I've gotta get home to my wife, so I'll see y'all later.

You think I care that some fitness influencer asked for my number at the club? Have you seen the tits on my wife? Actually, don't fucking look or I'll have to beat your ass.

We've been on the road for so damn long, man. I miss my fucking wife.

My wife, my wife, my wife.

Mine, mine, mine.

It made him something he wasn't for a while, someone who ceded control, who *belonged* to Ilya. Who Ilya took care of and protected even when he might not need it. Who was cherished in a way that made him feel...*smaller*. It made no sense. It made all the sense in the world.

Ilya laid his trap. "Happy wife, happy life. This is what they say, I think."

Shane fell right into it. A pretty pink flush crawled up his throat into his freckled cheeks, and his lips parted on words he didn't—*couldn't*—speak.

"Come here," Ilya murmured, spreading his legs wide so Shane could see the thick bulge pulling his athletic shorts taut.

Shane set the jar of oregano gently onto the table, and then fell into Ilya, sprawling on top of him and attacking his mouth with a fervor Ilya hadn't been expecting. He caught Ilya's bottom lip between his own and sucked, then soothed the sting with a gentle swipe of his tongue. His hands were searching and eager, threading through Ilya's hair and tugging at his curls.

The weight of him on top of Ilya was tantalizing, crushing him into the sofa and making it hard to breathe. Hard enough, in fact, that Ilya was lightheaded and dizzy, the edges of his vision blurring with the lack of oxygen to his brain. If he could choose any way to die it would be like this, suffocating under the weight of his husband as his lips found Ilya's throat and pressed wet, messy kisses to his skin. Ilya rocked into him, his head falling back into the pillows as he craned his neck to give him more access. A crazed noise escaped him when he felt through Shane's clothes just how hard he already was.

A broken whimper fell from Shane's lips, and his fervent kisses faltered. He dragged his face up from Ilya's throat so he could rest his forehead against Ilya's.

Ilya kissed him, hard and deep, for as long as he could before he could feel the throb in his cock with each rapid beat of his heart, and all he could do was breathe heavily and hotly into Shane's open mouth.

"Dinner is...we have..." Shane couldn't finish his thoughts, too busy keening when Ilya mouthed at his pulse just below his ear. Despite himself, he ground down against Ilya's length, choking on his breath at the friction.

“We will be quick, okay?” Ilya grabbed a handful of Shane’s ass to hold him steady and lifted his hips up into him, dragging their clothed cocks against one another. “I will make you feel so good.”

Shane nodded jerkily, having all but forgotten about the disorganized spices. His brows furrowed in concentration, attacking this task with as much vehemence as he would any other. His jaw dropped and his eyes fluttered shut as they rutted against each other, gripping each other’s thighs, blunt nails digging into each other’s skin.

Ilya loved when they did this, loved seeing the pre-come soak through Shane’s briefs and grey sweatpants because he just couldn’t help himself from getting so wet. He loved how dirty it felt. So base, so animalistic, just messy, thrusting hips and hands twining through tangled hair. Gripping, clawing, gasping, moaning.

Their grunts echoed off of the windows and back to their ears, the pornographic noises spurring them on further. The air around them was musky, smelling of sex and want.

“Such a whore for me,” Ilya murmured into Shane’s temple. The movement of his hips grew sloppier as he neared his release, but he needed Shane to come first, needed to watch him fall to pieces beneath him. “Can’t even take your clothes off before you fuck me. You want it too much.”

Shane shook above him, huffing out harsh breaths and obscene swears. He nodded vigorously, whimpering and moaning and pulling the sensitive hairs at the nape of Ilya’s neck. He was always so pushy, so nagging. Up until the moment Ilya took him apart, unwound him until he reached the very center of him just like this.

Ily was going a little fucking insane. “Want it dirty and fast, yes? Want to make a mess of yourself to remember me by?”

“Yes, yes, oh, I—” Shane stilled, tucking his head into Ilya’s throat and groaning as he pulsed into his briefs. His hips gave short, erratic thrusts, and pulled Ilya’s hair so hard his scalp burned.

The pain shot Ilya right over the edge, and he came with an embarrassing noise that he hoped Shane was too delirious to hear. The euphoria was a tangible, physical sensation, buzzing like bees beneath his skin, numbing his hands and his face, melting every single bone in his body into a dense sludge. He slumped, sated, into Shane. The wet spots on their clothes rubbed uncomfortably together, and he hissed at the overstimulating bite of rough cotton against his softening cock.

They laid like that an age. Ilya hoped they could stay here forever.

“Come on,” Shane said suddenly, shoving Ilya off of him and standing on wobbly legs.

Ilya’s hand shot out and grabbed at his waist so he wouldn’t fall over right into their glass coffee table. He blinked the fog out of his eyes as he stared curiously up at his husband.

“Where are we going?”

“You are going to put every spice in the pantry back where it fucking belongs.” Shane grabbed at him with demanding, insistent hands. “Come on. Stand up.”

And, so what if his husband withheld dinner from him until he put the spices back in their natural order while he supervised?

This, Ilya believed, had been worth it.

2.

Shane’s insistent voice carried throughout their household suddenly one Wednesday evening. “Ilya, *get* in here.”

Ilya paused his game on the television and tossed his controller to the side. He tried not to run down the hall towards their bedroom in his excitement, choosing instead to utilize an eager stride. “What is wrong, *kotik*?”

Shane stood by the bed, lips thinned in displeasure. He gestured towards the mattress and raised his brows. “What the fuck did you do?”

Ilya feigned confusion. “I do not know what you mean by this.”

“The bed, Ilya.”

“This is where we sleep, yes. Good job, Hollander. No brain damage from hockey yet. This is good sign.” Ilya’s lips twitched as he fought off a smile. He felt himself going hazy as all the pieces of his plan were set into motion exactly how he’d anticipated.

“Fuck *off*.” Shane huffed and yanked the duvet back, revealing the sheets beneath. “You didn’t put the sheet on when you made the bed.”

“The sheet is on the bed.” Ilya gestured to the fitted sheet, pretending he did not know the anatomy of a set of bedsheets. Excitement pulsed through him, hot and slow and anticipatory. “Ah. Maybe this is bad sign, then. Do you need better glasses, maybe?”

“The *flat* sheet, Rozanov.” Shane glared at him, his big brown eyes judgemental and patronizing. “You forgot the flat sheet.”

Ilya rolled his eyes. “Is fine. Is no big deal. Can I play my game now?” He jerked a thumb back towards the living room, hoping Shane didn’t call his bluff. He wasn’t leaving this room unless it was in a body bag. His hands already itched to press down into the skin between Shane’s shoulder blades, to shove him into the mattress and make him forget the difference between a flat sheet and a fitted sheet altogether.

Shane crossed his arms, petulant. With his nose turned up in the air so condescendingly, there was really no other way to describe him but as a brat. Or a diva. Or a princess. “The bed has to have a top sheet or else the duvet will get dirty.”

“The duvet will get dirty anyway,” Ilya pointed out casually. “My wife just gets *so* wet when I fuck her. Makes a mess every time.”

“I do *not*—”

Ilya inched closer to his husband. He felt a little like an apex predator cornering its prey.

“You do. You know this. I bet you are wet right now, yes?”

Shane’s jaw worked. “Am not.”

Ilys snaked an arm around Shane’s waist, exhaling a satisfied breath when Shane let him.

“What will you bet on this?”

Shane had drifted forward as if by magnetic force, eyes fluttered shut and lips parted. He kept his eyes closed, but his brows scrunched in confusion. “What?”

“If you are wet for me right now, what do I win?”

“I’m not—I’m not betting with you.”

“*Pozhalysta*. How can I be good husband if I do not know what makes my wife wet?”

“You can be a good husband by putting the flat sheet on the fucking bed, Ilya.” His words were harsh, but his desperate grip on Ilya’s waist, pulling him in close, gave him away.

“Shane.” Ilya threaded a sternness through the short command, authoritarian because he knew how eager Shane was to please.

Shane’s exhale was shaky, stuttered and hesitant. “If I’m wet, then I’ll suck you off.”

Ilya tilted his head. “And if you aren’t?”

Shane swallowed, panting out heavy breaths against Ilya’s cheeks. He thought long and hard for an apt punishment. “You, um...you have to...fold the laundry for a week.”

This was so familiar, so cozy, so boring, so...*domestic*. Ilya swallowed the moan that tried crawling its way up his throat. His eyes trailed slowly down Shane’s body, pausing at the clear bulge in his shorts. “Take off your pants and get on your stomach.”

Shane rid himself of his clothes swiftly and moved on quick feet, climbing onto the bed. He rested on his stomach, his cheek pressed against one of the pillows at the headboard. His legs were spread wide, begging Ilya to climb between them.

Ilya did just that, knees digging into the mattress as he grabbed handfuls of Shane’s plump ass in his palms and spread him wide.

Shane choked, curling his hand into the sheets and burying his face into the pillow. “*Please*.”

“Please, what?” Ilya taunted.

“Want your mouth.”

“Let me see first.” Ilya momentarily abandoned his backside and grabbed at his waist. “Lift your hips.”

Shane whined, but obeyed anyway. He rolled over slightly so Ilya had a better view of his hard, leaking cock. His pre-come was smeared on the duvet already, soaking into the cotton and darkening it from grey to a deep charcoal.

“What did I say?” Ilya asked, sinking his teeth into the meat of Shane’s thigh. “Always so wet for me. Already making a mess.”

“Shut up,” Shane hissed, falling back on his stomach to hide his shame. He was so greedy, already rutting into the mattress beneath him.

Ilya sucked his teeth, disapproving. “Is no way to beg, is it?”

“I love you. I love you. I need you. *Please*, Ilya.” He was babbling now, speaking whatever words came to mind without consideration or pause. They were beautiful all the same, Ilya’s favorite words in the English language in his favorite awkward, stuttered, devoted voice.

“I love you so much, *zaychik*,” Ilya whispered. *You will never know how much. This is impossible.* He spread Shane once more and leaned in, lapping at his hole with a fervid enthusiasm. He stiffened his tongue, prodding gently before flatting it against his puckered entrance, easing him open.

Shane was instantly debauched, swearing and begging and inching away from the overbearing and debilitating sensation before realizing how fiercely he needed it and pushing back once more into Ilya’s mouth. He tucked his face into his elbow. “Perfect,” he choked. “So good, feels—oh, *God*. Fuck.”

Ilya hummed, spurred on by the wanton praise. His cock was solid, thrumming with each beat of his heart as it rubbed uncomfortably against the wet spot in his own briefs, and he thought he was probably a shameless hypocrite. It took everything he had not to palm himself to relieve the aching pressure because this was exactly what he’d wanted. Shane beneath him, pleading and hungry, both of them hysterical with want.

Shane tried arching up so he could wrap a hand around himself, but Ilya pressed his palm into the small of Shane’s back, shoving him back down into the mattress.

“No,” he said into Shane’s skin. “Just my mouth.”

“I can’t,” Shane gasped. His thighs were vibrating around Ilya’s head. He inhaled a stuttered breath that might have been the tail end of a sob. “I can’t. Please touch me. Let me—”

“You can do it,” Ilya purred, running a soothing hand up and down Shane’s spine. “You are always so good for me. My sweet wife. My slutty wife.” Ilya collected his saliva on his tongue, then opened his mouth, letting it drip filthily down onto Shane’s hole. He pushed back inside him, then out again, fucking into him ardently with his tongue.

And then Shane was spasming around Ilya's tongue, clenching and unclenching as his climax overtook him.

Ilya watched the show in front of him, entranced. His fingers dug roughly into the meat of Shane's ass, and he wanted to close his eyes so his release didn't find him too early, but he couldn't miss a second of it. Of Shane keening, mouth open against the duvet on a silent scream, writhing beneath Ilya and heaving out heavy, strangled breaths.

"*Shane*," Ilya panted, pressing wet, messy kisses to his thighs. His own chin was dripping with saliva, and he smeared it across Shane's skin with each loving, devoted kiss.

"C'mere," Shane slurred eventually, when he'd finally regained his bearings. Well, enough of them that he could form marginally coherent sentences. "I'll blow you. Please."

"No," Ilya said, pushing up onto his knees. He yanked his briefs down just enough to free his throbbing cock. This would not take long. "I will come like this. Mark you so they know you're mine."

Shane hooked his chin over his shoulder to look at him. His face was wet with tears. "What do you—oh, *fuck*."

Ilya slid his cock between Shane's ass cheeks, using his own pre-come and saliva to glide back and forth easily. His thrusts were slow and liquid, and he used his thumb to keep himself in place as he rocked against him. He imagined straddling Shane's hips, kneeling over him, pushing his pectorals together and fucking his chest just like this. "One day, I will do this with your tits. So big, everyone says. *How are your wife's tits so big?* This is what they ask me."

Shane "I take—*fuck*, Ilya." He shuddered, and met Ilya's thrust, backing into him to help bring Ilya to the brink. "I take chest day seriously."

"Is good for me," Ilya said, tipping his head back and basking in the burning electricity that hummed inside him. "I am ass *and* tits guy, and my wife has ass and tits. How—*blyat*—how lucky I am." His hips were stuttering now, thick heat crawling up his esophagus from his stomach and choking him. His husband looked so beautiful like this, splayed out for Ilya to use, willing and pliant and *encouraging*, his ass bouncing with each collision of Ilya's hips against it.

"Come on me," Shane begged. "Wanna feel it, Ilya."

"Fuck, *Shane*." Ilya fell forward as he came, only just managing to catch himself with a single hand on the mattress to avoid crushing his husband. Come splashed across Shane's back, a pearly white brand that marked ownership, Ilya's vulgar claim over him that he wished he never had to wash away. He choked back a moan, unable to help himself from leaning forward and finding the soft muscle over Shane's shoulder blade with his mouth. He kissed and sucked and licked, then sank his teeth into the skin, still rutting against Shane's ass through the last waves of his orgasm.

When he could finally breathe again, he flopped over onto the mattress next to Shane, propped up on his side so he could admire his handiwork. A dark purple bruise had bloomed across Shane's right scapula, just to the side of his spine, rippling with every movement of his back. The team would tease them for this, he knew, but he couldn't help the bolt of excitement that shot through him at the idea of others seeing a physical manifestation of his rabid obsession with his husband.

"Holy shit." Shane rolled over onto his back, completely forgetting how Ilya had soiled him.

"Even more of a mess you've made." Ilya gestured to the several drying spots of come that dirtied the bed. "The duvet did not stand a chance, ah?"

"I hate you," Shane murmured, closing his eyes and scrunching his face up in embarrassment.

Ilya stared pointedly at the come stains. "You do not."

Shane's cheeks were red as cherries. Just as sweet, too. "You're still fixing the sheets. And folding the laundry."

Ilya would have done it anyway. "Anything for my beautiful wife."

When they were no longer breathless and boneless, they cleaned themselves up and got ready for bed. Ilya stuffed the sheets and the duvet into the washing machine, and grabbed a new set from the linen closet to remake the bed. And because Ilya was a good husband, because he loved his wife very much, he folded the corners of the top sheet neatly before tucking it beneath the mattress.

3.

It was a boring evening in the Hollander-Rozanov household, and Ilya was folding laundry.

Unfortunately, *boring* was Ilya's new favorite thing to be. There were not many places he would rather find himself these days than standing inside the closet as he hung up their shirts while his husband sprawled across their bed with a book propped up against his chest and his glasses low on his nose.

Especially when he had many, many evil plans unfolding at that very moment.

He bopped his head to the music in his headphones, and slipped a black coathanger into a blue tank top that belonged to Shane. Humming to himself in an effort to catch Shane's attention without being too obvious about it, he flicked through the shirts already hung up, and stuck this blue one between two red shirts. He continued this, very strategically placing each shirt in the most egregiously upsetting spot he could manage. It was an art of sorts, he thought.

Distantly, through the notes of the rock song blaring in his ears, he heard Shane calling his name. Ilya ignored him as if the music were too loud for him to hear. He felt the wood floor

shift slightly beneath his feet as he was approached by furious stomping.

And then his headphones were being torn from his head with startling force, and his poor ears were instantly met with the sound of his dear husband's incensed voice.

"Stop!" Shane said, pushing at him until he dropped the shirt back into the laundry basket.

"Stop, stop, stop!"

"What the fuck, Hollander?" Ilya asked, knowing *exactly* what the fuck.

"What do you mean '*what the fuck?*'?" Shane's eyes were wide and disbelieving, as if he absolutely could not fathom what had come over Ilya for him to do this. "I should be asking you that!"

"I am just doing laundry. Being good, boring husband. And you yell at me for this." Ilya clutched his chest like he'd been struck. "I am wounded."

"You're making a mess of them! Look at this! Nothing is even remotely where it belongs!"

"Is just shirts." Ilya shook his head. He wanted Shane so badly that his blood was boiling.

"They can go wherever."

"They absolutely cannot fucking go wherever. Do you hear yourself? You have to arrange them by color."

"Is arranged by color, yes?" Ilya pointed to several different shirts already hung on the rack.

"One white shirt, then one blue, one green, one black. See?"

Shane huffed out a breath through his nose. He looked too cozy for anger, dressed in his pajama pants and glasses, with tousled hair and wide, shining eyes like a baby deer. "It's Roy G. Biv, Ilya. That's how it's supposed to be."

Ilya picked up another shirt and hanger. His text tone chimed from his pocket and he ignored it. "Who the fuck is Roy?"

"And the *hangers*," Shane continued as if Ilya hadn't spoken at all. "The white hangers go with the white shirts. The black hangers go with the black shirts. The grey hangers go with the cool colors. And the red hangers go with the warm colors." He plucked both the shirt and hanger from Ilya's hands, gesturing wildly with them for emphasis. "A white shirt on a grey hanger? This is all wrong."

Ilya's vision was spotty. His cock throbbed in his shorts. It was a little hard to breathe. "How am I supposed to know this? So many rules for shirts. Is so silly, Hollander."

"It's not *silly*," Shane argued, aghast. "There is a system for a reason."

Ilya wanted to fold Shane up against the closet door like a pretzel and fuck him until he couldn't speak, until the door broke off its hinges and Shane forced Ilya to watch a video to learn how to fix it. "Is the reason that you are boring?"

“You’re such a fucking asshole.” Shane swore and hung the shirt in his hands up himself. “See? It’s not that hard.” He turned back to Ilya and shoved his glasses back up his nose with his ring finger. The one with his wedding band wrapped around it. It was such a simple gesture, an unconscious movement.

Ilya nearly fell to his knees about it. He hadn’t noticed in the fog of his arousal that his phone was still ringing. And it hadn’t stopped.

“Who is that?” Shane asked, voice pitching up. He was just so...*prissy*.

Ilya wanted to kiss him stupid, until his lips were swollen and his eyes were crossed and he forgot his own fucking name. He pulled his phone from his pocket and glanced at it for a second before turning it off and tossing it into the basket of laundry. He turned his attention back to his husband. “Is only Marleau. He has asked why I will not go for drinks with them after the game in Boston next week. The team misses me, he says. I tell him ball and chain will not let me. I am not allowed. He has new wife, too, so he understands.”

Shane sputtered. “*Ball and chain? Not allowed?*”

“I am lucky the wife lets me go to hockey games at all, I tell him.” Ilya sighed wistfully. He turned towards the closet and started rearranging Shane’s shirts into their correct order. “She locks me away in her castle and makes me hang her shirts like I am Roy G. Biv.”

“Call him back right now,” Shane ordered immediately, turning Ilya back around to face him again. He shoved his hand into Ilya’s pocket and fumbled for his phone, even as Ilya tried pushing him away. “Tell him you’re lying. I never said any of that. Everyone’s going to think I’m your needy wife.”

Ilya grinned manically. He grabbed Shane’s wrist and squeezed. “You *are* my needy wife. Look at you, feeling me up right now. You cannot help yourself.”

“I’m not—you—I didn’t—” Shane huffed, throat bobbing as he swallowed. His lips twisted in frustration, but his eyes gave him away. His pupils slowly eclipsed the brown of his irises until there was nothing left, until his stare was black and his gaze travelled leisurely down Ilya’s frame. His hand twitched in Ilya’s pocket.

“And now you look at me like I am object.” Ilya sighed as if he wasn’t so horny he was seeing double. “My wife only wants me for my body. This is what I tell them.”

“Oh, *please*,” Shane said, speaking the words like a condescending diva. His tone was so at odds with his quick, shallow panting. “You—”

Ilya thought he might as well try. “Get on your knees.”

Shane was so quick to hand over the control he’d wielded so forcefully moments ago, so quick to slide to the floor and look up at him through dark lashes with wet, wanting eyes.

The speed with which he obeyed was a drug Ilya would never get enough of. His pulse jackhammered beneath his skin, blood roaring between his ears. “Now be good and suck my

cock."

Shane pulled him out of his shorts without hesitation and swallowed him down, flattening his tongue against his shaft and dragging it along the thick vein that ran the length of Ilya's cock.

Ilya hissed, head banging back into the closet doorframe. The breath was punched from his lungs. It was a miracle he was still standing. He dug a hand into Shane's soft, silky hair and scratched at his scalp. "My boring. My wife. So pretty."

In response to this praise, Shane whimpered, then took Ilya's cock even further back into his throat, deep enough that he choked on it, gagging around his length. The sight of him was utterly obscene, on his knees at Ilya's mercy, taking him so well.

Ilya wanted to photograph him and squirrel the evidence away where no one would ever find it, where only he knew that it existed as proof that this was real, this had happened, this was his husband who he loved and who loved him back. For a brief moment, his chest hurt. His eyes prickled with heat. And then Shane hollowed out his cheeks and sucked, and every thought inside Ilya's head glitched and stuttered into television static, into wailing sirens and alarm bells and shattering glass. He couldn't help but thrust into Shane's mouth, fucking the tight, wet heat of him and swaying on his feet when the head of his cock hit the back of his throat. This was going to be over far too quickly. "*Da*, Hollander, so good for me. Always so good. Perfect. *Fuck*, I love you."

Shane pulled off of his cock, letting thick trails of pre-come and saliva drip down his shaft. He looked up at Ilya, heavy-lidded and hazy, swaying where he kneeled. His lips were swollen and chin was shining with various bodily fluids. He jerked Ilya off, hard and fast, the glide of his hand slick with the mess he'd made of Ilya's cock. "Come on my face. Please."

Ilya smacked a hand against the closet door frame, fingers curling around the wood to keep himself upright as his orgasm shuddered through him. His deep, growled moans escaped through gritted teeth as he pulsed, as sparks shot across his vision and the overwhelming pressure at the base of his spine weakened his knees.

And if he hadn't just come so hard that he swore he saw God, he knew he'd have climaxed again at the sordid picture in front of him. Ropes of come decorated Shane's face. Pearly white beads dripped down the lenses of his glasses, his cheeks, on his lips and into his mouth. Would he be opposed to Ilya lapping it all up like a dog?

Ilya reached for the outline of Shane's hard cock in his pants when he pushed himself back up from the floor, sex-drunk and eager to please.

Shane's hand shot out before Ilya could reach him, fingers wrapping around his wrist like cuffs. He wrenched Ilya's arm away from him. "You're not touching me until all of these shirts are exactly where they belong."

"Hollander," Ilya said on an exhale, disbelieving.

"No, Ilya." Shane crossed his arms. "You're fixing this. I'm serious."

Taking this domineering, bratty tone with come still dribbling down his face was doing terrible, terrible things to Ilya's sanity and general well-being. Despite himself, his spent cock twitched in his shorts, gearing up for another round. "But—"

"No," Shane interrupted, stern and unwavering. He grabbed Ilya's chin between his thumb and pointer finger and kissed him hard.

Ilya tasted his own come on Shane's mouth.

"Here's what we're going to do." Shane stepped back and crossed his arms, his muscled biceps bulging against the sleeves of his white shirt. "I'm going to go back in there and get myself off. You're going to put every shirt in this closet exactly where it belongs. If you finish before I come, then you can fuck me. If not, then that's too bad and exactly what you deserve for making such a mess."

Ilya's mouth filled instantly with saliva. He was so fucking in love.

Shane stripped quickly, tossing his clothes at Ilya's head. He turned back towards the bedroom and headed for their bed, but called out over his shoulder, "And don't even think about lying. I'll be checking your work."

This was the first time in the history of human civilization, Ilya thought, that folding laundry was anything other than boring.

4.

"Ilya, wake *up*." This stony demand was coupled with rough hands jostling Ilya's shoulder, forcefully turning him over from his side onto his back in their warm bed.

Ilya's eyes blinked open blearily, and he struggled to clear his vision enough to see more than the vague outline of his husband standing moodily in front of him. The room was still dark aside from every single light in the rest of the house pouring into the room through the open door. "Shane," Ilya croaked, groggy. He reached out to grab for Shane's wrist, but Shane smacked his hand away. "You were asleep."

"I was. And then I went to the bathroom." Shane crossed his arms and tapped his foot, frowning like an angry kitten. "Can you guess what I found?"

Ilya tamped down his smile. He knew exactly what Shane had found, and exactly how he felt about it. Ilya was sure he was about to be read the riot act. Within five seconds he was half hard. "I could not say. I was asleep, Hollander. You remember this, yes?"

Shane continued as if Ilya had not spoken. "What I found was every single light in this entire house turned *on*. What the hell is wrong with you?"

Oh, Ilya loved it when he said that specific phrase. *What the hell is wrong with you?* He forced a heavy emphasis onto '*hell*' in a way that sent shivers zinging up and down Ilya's spine. He said it irritably, through gritted teeth, with a feral intensity that was so at odds

with his everyday demeanor. The question itself was heavy with intent, too. So, *so* much was wrong with Ilya. Several things, in fact. And Shane knew this. He knew that Ilya was a perverted degenerate. They could sit here all night listing the ways in which Ilya was exceptionally deviant.

Starting with the fact that all he could think about at this very moment was pulling Shane towards him and taking his cock so far down his throat that Shane saw stars. It would be so easy. A few mumbled words in Russian, ones that Shane had studied and familiarized himself with. A whispered '*please*' as he leaned forward and mouthed his soft bulge through his pajama pants until he was straining against the fabric. Shane would melt into putty in his hands.

But, this was the best part. The yelling.

"I did not do this," Ilya insisted, tossing himself back into his pillows. "I am sure of it."

Shane scoffed. "Alright. Then who did?"

Ilya gestured towards the corner of the room from which soft, canine snores drifted towards them. "I have been teaching Anya to turn the lights on for me. Because I am lazy. She is so smart, Shane."

"*Ilya*," Shane ground out, shoving his shoulder. "Do you know how much electricity you waste when you leave the lights on all night?"

The manhandling was neck-and-neck with the yelling for Ilya's favorite part of this whole performance. Shane got a little rough with it sometimes; digging blunt nails into Ilya's skin, shoving him around, kicking at him under the table when Ilya said something he probably shouldn't have.

"How could I possibly know this?" Ilya asked incredulously, rolling his eyes.

"Thirty-two extra dollars a year on our electricity bill!"

"Oh my God. Thirty-two dollars?" Sarcasm dripped from Ilya's voice. "We will go bankrupt."

Shane shoved him again. "Do you ever think about the environment? Your carbon footprint is horrendous. When the ozone layer is completely destroyed, we'll all have Ilya Rozanov and his damn fucking lightbulbs to blame for it."

"And the world will be over, I am sure of this. I will go to prison and Ottawa will never win Stanley Cup again after losing their best player and beloved captain."

"You are unbelievable." Shane shook his head, then reached out to shove him a final time, but Ilya was quicker, ready to strike.

He caught Shane's wrist in his hand and tugged him off his feet onto the bed, rolling with him so that he landed on top of him, mouth pressed into his warm cheek. "Maybe I leave all the lights on so I can see my wife's pretty face when I make her come."

Shane inhaled a strangled breath, clutching at the sheets beneath him and instantly melting into compliance underneath Ilya's touch. Always so ready, so willing, his anger and frustration morphing into want so easily.

"I leave the lights on because I am good husband," Ilya explained as if it was obvious. He crawled backwards, pressing open-mouthed kisses to Shane's chest, to his stomach, to his hip over his shirt. He pushed the material up to reveal smooth skin, and licked a stripe clean across the expanse of skin just above the waistband of his pajama pants. "I want my wife to watch me suck her cock. Because I know she loves this. She needs lights to see. Thinking ahead, yes?"

"*Rozanov*," Shane reprimanded through gritted teeth, but his hand slithered into Ilya's hair anyways, shaking as he clutched at his curls. He blinked quickly, curling his lips over his teeth in anticipation.

Ilya tugged Shane's pajamas and briefs down, freeing his half hard cock. This was his favorite, feeling Shane grow harder and thicker in his mouth. He swallowed him down quickly, eyes fluttering shut as Shane's length twitched against the inside of his cheek.

"Oh, God," Shane gasped, hips jerking up off the bed as he threw his head back into the pillows. His eyes were wide and glassy and unseeing, stuck on the ceiling as his jaw dropped open to his chest.

When he pressed his tongue flat to Shane's slit, the salty tang of his pre-come was an aphrodisiac in itself, sending shockwaves of pleasure from his head down to his toes. Every stark reminder that Shane wanted him so fiercely was far more inebriating than any shot of liquor, more mind-numbing than any drug he'd ever consumed. He was drunk on the knowledge of it, of understanding it and giving Shane exactly what he needed. He hollowed his cheeks, sucking in earnest now. Lewd, wet noises echoed throughout the room,

Shane arched off of the bed, each muscle in his body pulled as taut as a bow, quivering as he approached the precipice. Whimpering little cries escaped him with every breath. "Fuck. *Fuck*. I love you, holy shit. I love you. Feels so good, Ilya."

Ilya ground his hips down into the bed, but he hardly needed the friction at all. The sound of Shane's moans, the tug of his hand in Ilya's hair, the weak, raspy confessions of his love; all of it together was a hearty combination handcrafted to make him come entirely fucking untouched.

They came at the same time, Ilya spilling messily into his underwear, groaning around Shane's cock and humping the mattress to chase the blinding sensation. Shane followed immediately after when the vibrations of Ilya's pleasure reverberated through his length, his stomach muscles contracting with each wave of his climax. Ilya swallowed every drop, licking and sucking until Shane was crying out from overstimulation and closing his massive thighs around Ilya's head to get him to stop moving.

"Holy shit," Shane breathed when Ilya finally pulled off of him, throwing an arm over his eyes as he came down from his unexpected high. His chest heaved, a thin sheen of sweat glistening at his throat.

“Was new record, I think,” Ilya murmured, smiling gently into Shane’s thigh.

“Oh, fuck off. No it wasn’t.” Shane grabbed him by his arm and hauled him back up towards him, kissing him hard on the mouth and groaning when he tasted himself on Ilya’s tongue. The way he melted entirely into every kiss, every peck no matter how small, fried each nerve ending in Ilya’s body.

“No, is what I want,” Ilya insisted against Shane’s mouth. “I am good husband. Good husbands make their wives come fast, yes? I have been told this.”

Shane shook his head in disbelief, but the adoration in his gaze was undeniable. It was a little hard to look at sometimes. Too much. Too good.

Ilya’s eyes burned, and he remembered how rudely he’d been ripped out of his restful slumber. He shucked his ruined underwear off and tossed them on the floor before settling under the covers, sleepy and content. He rolled on top of Shane, resting his head on Shane’s sweaty chest and tossing a leg over his. He closed his eyes, already succumbing to the pull of deep sleep that tugged at his consciousness. Almost instantly, he was yanked right back out.

Shane swatted at him with a pillow, smacking him right in the back of the head.

“What is this?” Ilya asked, jerking away from his husband and frowning.

“Go turn them all off.” Shane pointed at the bedroom door. “Right now.”

Ilya stared at him. “Hollander. Is late. Please.”

“Too fucking bad.” Shane hit him with the pillow again, harder this time. Then he kicked out at him with his ice cold feet.

Ilya yelped and jumped from the bed, grumbling when Shane sprawled his limbs across the mattress so he couldn’t climb back in. “What will you buy?” He asked, crossing his arms.

“Huh?” Shane lifted his head up, brows scrunched in confusion.

“What will you buy with thirty-two extra dollars you save every year because you make poor, good husband turn off all the lights before bed?”

Ilya ducked from the room as every pillow from the bed was tossed straight at his head, and he laughed and laughed and laughed. He turned off all sixty-eight lights in the house, heart warm and full, and he didn’t regret a thing.

5.

In the spring, Shane opened the balcony doors in their bedroom at exactly 2PM every Sunday afternoon. Sundays were the days he dedicated to tidying up, and he liked for the house to smell like cedar and pine once he had finished. Anya also liked to curl up and nap in the sunbeams that stretched across the wood planks, and Shane, as much as he liked to deny it, would cater to her every whim.

Ilya lazed out on the porch below the balcony now, sprawled out in one of the many deck chairs, tapping a box of cigarettes against his thigh. He was not going to smoke these cigarettes, no. In fact, he hadn't smoked in months. But, Shane had sent him to the store down the road earlier that day to buy glass cleaner for the windows, and when Ilya had been waiting in line at the check-out, he'd had an idea. One of his best, he was sure. So, he'd bought a pack of cigarettes that he wouldn't smoke, and tucked them into the waistband of his shorts so that his husband wouldn't see the familiar outline of them in his pocket before he could set his plan into motion.

He settled down on the deck, waiting to light up until the clock struck two and Shane opened the balcony doors above. To avoid the inevitable temptation to actually smoke this cigarette, he didn't even put it in his mouth as he lit it. It felt a little juvenile. When he was finished, he pocketed his lighter and let his arm dangle over the side of the deck chair, smoke swirling up towards the second floor, searching for its intended target. He flicked his wrist every so often, discarding clumps of ash into the otherwise empty ashtray on the table at his side.

Eventually, an exasperated, "Are you fucking kidding me?" floated down from the balcony, followed by the squeak of a door on its hinges and a doorknob slamming into the drywall behind it. The unique echo of Shane's footfalls was instantly identifiable, even from the other side of the house. He was quick to march down the stairs and through the kitchen out onto the back porch. He was even quicker to snatch the cigarette out of Ilya's unresisting hand and stub it out on the ash tray. His chest was heaving, jaw working. "Ilya, are you fucking serious?"

"What?" Ilya asked, punctuating it with a roll of his eyes as if he was put out by the question. "Only one, see?" He gestured towards the discarded cigarette butt. "Is nothing."

"Oh, *please*," Shane spat, shaking his head and looking skyward for answers. "Do you think it'll still be nothing when you have to retire because you can't stop wheezing long enough to skate a lap around the rink?"

Ilya waved a hand at him. He adjusted himself in his chair, squeezing his thighs together so maybe Shane wouldn't see just how quickly his condescension had turned Ilya on. "This will not happen. I am immune, I think. When you have enough cigarettes, is not bad for you. Smoking is like...is like hockey. I practice and I am very good. This is science, Hollander."

"*Science*?" Shane asked, incredulous. "Are you fucking nuts? Did you take a fucking puck to the head and forget to tell me about it?"

It was hard for Ilya to tamp down a fierce grin. Baiting his husband was just too easy. He kicked out at Shane's knee, laughing like a fool when Shane yelped and lost his balance, tumbling down into Ilya's lap.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Shane demanded, trying to push himself back to his feet.

Ilya stopped him, barring him against him with his arms wrapped tightly around his waist. Shane's face was so close to his that he had to unfocus his eyes so as to not go cross-eyed. His voice was humiliatingly gentle when he spoke. "Missed you."

Shane softened, expression melting into something rounder than his sharp disapproval had been just seconds ago. He swayed slightly in Ilya's lap. "I was just upstairs."

"Worlds away, Hollander." Ilya didn't want to think of all the years they'd spent apart, so he cupped his hand over the expanse of Shane's jaw just above his throat in that way he knew Shane loved, and pulled his face in for a kiss. He keened when Shane's mouth opened instantly under his touch, welcoming Ilya's tongue and pushing his own against it, too.

Nothing was more world-shattering than the way in which Shane wanted him. Vehemently. Profoundly. Like an acolyte aching to serve. A role that he filled with tenacity now, threading ruthless fingers through Ilya's curls and tilting his head to the side so he could kiss him deeper, so he could sink into him completely. But then he was suddenly pulling away, and the loss was staggering.

Ilya blinked, dazed, and chased Shane's mouth with his own. This was the way of their cat-and-mouse game after all.

Shane gripped Ilya's face in his hand, pressing hard fingers into his cheeks to force his mouth open.

Ilya hoped he'd spit in it. A blistering wave of arousal crashed over him at just the thought.

Instead, Shane leaned forward and sniffed at his mouth. Like a fucking dog.

"Hollander," Ilya said after yanking out of Shane's grip. "What the fuck are you doing?"

Shane's brows scrunched adorably. He tilted his head in confusion and his eyes darted back and forth between Ilya's own. "Your breath. It doesn't smell like cigarettes."

Uh oh. *Think fast, Rozanov.* "I only had one drag before you interrupted. Very rude."

This did not ease Shane's skepticism. Shane braced himself on the arm of the deck chair and leaned over towards the side table, plucking the discarded cigarette butt from the ash tray. He pinched it between two fingers and held it up where they both could see. "It's nearly gone. You smoked almost the whole thing."

"I told you," Ilya said, swallowing. "I am very good at smoking. Much practice. When you are good at smoking, your breath does not smell like cigarettes."

Shane glared at him. "Ilya."

"This does not make you proud?" Ilya asked, blinking up innocently at him. "You are always so hard when I am good at things, ah? Like hat trick last month in Pittsburgh. You attacked me as soon as we got home. So needy like this."

"I did *not* attack you." Shane shoved at his chest, a vein in his neck tightening.

Ilya wanted to lick it. That would be too obvious. He settled instead for catching Shane's wrist. He pressed an open-mouth kiss to his palm, then cradled his own cheek with Shane's hand. His wedding ring was warm against Ilya's skin. "Do not lie to me. I was there. You are

very easy, Hollander. I do not score so Ottawa will win. I score so my beautiful wife will get on her knees and suck my cock.”

Shane’s cheeks reddened. He curled his fingers around the arms of the chair. He couldn’t meet Ilya’s eyes. “Shut the fuck up.”

Ilya sighed. “Good husband loves his wife very much. He will not smoke so he can be better than his wife at hockey until they retire.”

A deep rumbling noise in Shane’s chest was the only indication that Ilya’s teasing had enticed him. He was still scowling, mouth set.

“And so he can fuck her every night for hours and hours,” Ilya continues, lowering his voice. He trailed the backs of his fingers down Shane’s cheeks, his jaw, his throat, his chest, down to his stomach. He slipped them beneath the hem of Shane’s shirt, ghosting over his warm skin, relishing in the sharp thrill of the shudder that racked Shane’s frame. “He knows she loves this.”

“*Rozanov*.” Shane attempted to maintain his stoicism, but his expression faltered, giving way to the stark want that had lived underneath. His hips twitched, and he inhaled a sharp breath when he realized that Ilya was already hard beneath him.

Ilya gripped Shane’s waist and slid him over his lap, lifting his own hips to apply pressure to his aching cock. His head fell back against the chair at the sweet, debilitating friction. “See what you do to me, *solnishko*?” This was Shane’s favorite of Ilya’s nicknames for him. *Little sun*. It was a weapon of sorts that Ilya shamefully wielded to get what he wanted. And what he wanted now was to make his husband come.

Shane was more peeved than normal, clearly, given that he resisted falling into that familiar state of total obedience upon hearing the pet name. But he was still so responsive; his hand fell to Ilya’s stomach, clutching at the material of his shirt. The hard outline of his length was visible through the thin cotton of his shorts, begging to be touched.

Ilya tugged Shane’s shorts down and pulled out his weeping cock. “Ah,” he admired. “So wet.”

“Go fuck yourself,” Shane growled, but he was clearly more interested in doing it for him. He yanked Ilya’s sweats down to his thighs and smacked Ilya’s hand out of the way, taking them both in his eager hand. He slicked them up with his own pre-come.

“You are so useful, Hollander,” Ilya rasped, a tattered moan escaping him when Shane pressed a heavy thumb into his slit. “Think of the money we save on lube.”

Shane slid his fingers between their cocks and wrapped them solely around his own length, abandoning Ilya as punishment for his taunts.

“No,” Ilya whined, leaning forward and knocking his forehead into Shane’s. He slithered an arm between them and wrapped his hand around his own cock and Shane’s fingers to bring them back together. It was a lot, frankly, each point of contact against his oversensitive,

throbbing cock. His own palm and Shane's, and Shane's cock, too—all pressed eagerly against him, moving in tandem, sipping and gliding and squeezing. "Like this. Oh, God."

"*Ilya*," Shane gasped, thighs squeezing Ilya's hips. "You feel so good. So good for me."

"Fuck. *Fuck*," Ilya hissed, unable to keep his hips from rocking up, nearly disbalancing Shane in his desperation. His throat ached with how harshly he was breathing, and he couldn't help the low growls that escaped him with each exhale.

Shane set an unforgiving pace, fast and brutal and merciless as he laced hints of his dwindling anger into his touch. "Gonna come first, Rozanov?"

"Never," Ilya rasped, but he wasn't sure this was true. He was trying strenuously to ignore the starbursts of color that exploded behind his eyelids each time he blinked. He craned his face up so he could catch Shane's lips between his own. He used the hand that wasn't wrapped around his cock to grip the back of Shane's neck, fingers digging in, holding him steady so he could dip into his mouth with his tongue. He moaned brokenly into Shane's lips, failing to stave off the tightening at the base of his spine, the numbness that traveled down his legs.

"Wanna see you come," Shane murmured. "Please, Ilya? I need it, okay? Let me hear you. I love you. Love listening to you, love how much you want me." Although this was still fairly tame, he almost never indulged in dirty talk, opting instead to let Ilya take the wheel, to blush and whine and hide his face behind an ashamed hand. His gravelly, sex-drunk rasp and filthy words were so rare and unexpected.

And Ilya was a weak, weak man. He came in hot ropes against Shane's hand, coating his fingers in his spend as he panted heavily into Shane's mouth. He might have been swearing, but he wasn't sure what language he was speaking. His head was in the clouds. He'd lost all sense entirely. His focus narrowed to their hands, to their cocks in each other's grips.

"Shit," Shane said through gritted teeth, and then he was spilling over his hand, too, shuddering and groaning as he came.

Ilya rubbed his free hand up and down his back, coaxing him through the aftershocks of his orgasm and murmuring sweet nothings barely loud enough for either of them to hear. He squeezed both of their spent cocks once, and suppressed a grin when their bodies jerked in tandem at the overstimulating touch.

Shane's dark eyes flicked up to Ilya's, and he leaned away just far enough to bring his sullied hand up between their faces. He held it up to Ilya's mouth. "Clean up your mess."

Ilya took the order in the same manner as a dog. He gripped Shane's wrist with one hand and splayed his fingers out with the other, lapping up their come without complaint. He wrapped his lips around Shane's thumb and sucked it clean, pulling off with a wet pop. He was so lightheaded. Had he taken several shots of tequila and forgotten?

After watching this performance, spellbound and flushed, Shane cleared his throat. He tucked himself back into his shorts, then ran his hands up and down Ilya's sides. He kissed his jaw, his neck, his shoulder over his shirt.

Ilya was so blissed out that he didn't even realize Shane had stuck his hand in his pocket. A second later, his lap was empty, and the cool afternoon air was unpleasant against his wet, softening cock. "No, Hollander, where are you—"

Shane stood, rumpled and glowing and triumphant in front of Ilya, the pack of cigarettes dangling from his hand like a well-earned prize. "These are going in the garbage."

Ilya was so in love. His heart was bursting. "I could just dig them out."

"I'm pouring hot sauce on them first," Shane fired back, turning back towards the house and marching inside. He called out from the kitchen a few seconds later. "Have fun trying to smoke mango habanero menthols, Rozanov!"

In his wake, Shane had left behind the scent of his shampoo swirling in the air.

Ilya inhaled. It was better than any cigarette he'd ever smoked.

+1

Ilya closed the hood of his car and wiped the dripping sweat from his brow.

Shane was inside filing their taxes. And Ilya was outside changing the oil in both of their cars. An equal trade of chores that neither of them would complain about doing, especially when they each considered the task that their husband was completing that they were entirely unsuited for.

Ilya shivered at the thought of someone else beneath the hood of his car, and Shane was scandalized by the mere idea of placing their finances in the hands of a stranger. *What if they forget a zero, Ilya. We'd be imprisoned.*

Ilya could see him in their bedroom through the open balcony doors from where he stood at the end of the driveway. He was sitting criss-cross in the middle of their bed, surrounded by various folders and spreadsheets and screens. He had a pen between his teeth and a pencil tucked behind his ear, and his dark hair was a mess from running his hands through it so many times. Once or twice, Ilya glanced up to find him staring at him, lips parted and eyes glazed over.

Ilya wanted to fuck him stupid, wanted to suck his cock while Shane read out the numbers from his silly little spreadsheets. He wanted to quiz him on tax law and then tie him up and refuse to let him come when he got an answer wrong.

It was an unseasonably balmy April day in Ottawa. Though it was only 19 degrees, the sky was cloudless and the sun was bright. Ilya ran hot, so he was sweating through his tank top. Between that and the oil he'd gotten all over it, he was sure Shane wouldn't allow him to step foot in the house wearing it.

He flicked his eyes towards the balcony doors again, and Shane's head whipped back down to his spreadsheets. He grinned to himself, pleased with the attention. If Shane was going to

watch, Ilya might as well give him a show. He waited twenty more seconds, turning his head when he felt the weight of Shane's eyes on him so he wouldn't see the devious grin crawling across his face. He tipped his head back and ran a hand through his wet hair before pulling the hem of his shirt up to wipe the sweat away. Feigning frustration, he reached over his head to the nape of his neck and pulled the shirt off entirely in one swift movement. He tossed it to the ground, then bent over in his tiny, whorish gym shorts to reach for the water bottle that he'd set next to his front tire. He squirted a stream of water into his open mouth, letting rivulets of it spill from the corners of lips and down his chin, his throat, his bare chest.

Performing for his husband like this had already set his bones alight. He spent at least ten minutes bending over to pick up the trays of oil and the empty jugs and other various tools, letting the hem of his little shorts ride up, exposing the round undersides of his ass. By the time he was finished his cock was hard, aching and pulsing. It was a feat not to palm himself through the material and ruin his whole ruse. It was a stellar performance, he thought, but it was time to drive his husband into the fucking mattress until he cried Ilya's name so loud that their neighbors a mile away knew exactly who was taking Shane Hollander to bed every night.

When Shane wasn't looking, he slipped into the garage and rubbed himself down with the rag he'd used to clean up excess oil, dirtying himself even further. Then he quietly snuck into the house through the garage door, cutting through the laundry room and the kitchen before slipping his slides off at the bottom of the stairs. He tip-toed silently up the step and padded down the hall, thrilled to see that Shane's attention was fixed on his computer and he hadn't heard Ilya come in.

Shane spotted the movement in his peripheral at the last second, looking up at Ilya with confusion in his eyes and a question on his lips that he didn't have a chance to put a voice to.

Ilya grabbed Shane's face between his hands and planted a wet, messy kiss to his unsuspecting mouth.

Shane jerked beneath his grasp, wedging his leg between them and ramming his bare foot into Ilya's chest to knock him back.

Ilya stumbled away, dazed and smiling. His heart thrummed at the pure, undiluted shock and abhorrence in Shane's expression. Ilya was so in love with him. There might have been cartoon birds flying around his head, but he was too focused on the spots of grease in the shape of his handprints that he'd left behind on Shane's cheeks to be sure.

Shane stared, slackjawed, at Ilya for several seconds before he spoke. Each of his words was emphasized, punctuated with a barely contained rage. "What. The Fuck."

Ilya gestured to the obvious tent in Shane's grey sweat shorts, pretending to misunderstand why Shane was angry. "You are hard. You were watching me."

"I was not watching you." Shane slapped one of his manila filing folders over his lap and held it there. "I'm not hard."

"Such a bad liar," Ilya purred, leaning over the bed and lowering himself in for another kiss.

Shane whacked him in the chest with the folder. "Get the fuck away from me, Rozanov."

"Is that how you speak to your loving husband?" Ilya asked, clutching at his wounded heart. It pounded voraciously beneath his hand. He loved this. He was so happy. He wanted to fuck his husband until their sweat sank into each other's skin and they were bound together forever. He reached slowly for one of the papers on the bed. He wasn't actually going to touch it, only teasing.

Quicker than lightning, Shane jumped to his feet and grabbed him by the earlobe before his hand was anywhere near the spreadsheets. He pinched hard as he snatched up all of his precious documents. "Don't you fucking *dare*, Ilya. I'm fucking serious."

The pain shot straight to Ilya's cock. He inhaled sharply, knees wobbling as they threatened to give out from beneath him.

Shane released him and tucked his papers safely into a manila folder, then set them carefully on his nightstand. Upon turning back around to face Ilya, he suddenly remembered why he was so outraged. He swiped at his cheek with his palm, then shuddered at the mess left behind on his hand. He tried wiping it off on Ilya's bare chest, but his fingers only came away with more sweat and grime. "You are so fucking gross."

"Do not act like you did not want this," Ilya murmured, closing the gap between them. His lips brushed Shane's jaw. He smelled like motor oil and eucalyptus mint shampoo. The combination was intoxicating. Ilya wanted to drink him like wine. "I know you think about it. Is like in the movies. Husband coming inside after tough day fixing the car. He is sweaty and dirty and probably smells, yes, but he has been wishing all day that his beautiful wife will fuck him as reward for this hard work. He puts on strip show for her, and she tries not to touch herself while she watches. He knows this, because he knows his beautiful wife is very slutty. She pretends she is not. But he is good husband so he knows this, of course."

"His beautiful wife is not finished with the taxes," Shane managed to choke out, trying and failing to force himself to lean away from Ilya's mouth.

"The taxes are due on April thirty-first. Is only April fourteenth. Think of how many times I could fuck you in so many days. And then you do taxes." Ilya nodded at his sound logic.

"Works perfectly, yes?"

"Not all of us are slackers, Ilya," Shane said, chastising and mean. "I'm not waiting to submit this until a minute before it's due. It would be completely irresponsible of me, and anything could happen between now and—"

Ilya lunged, wrapping Shane up in his filthy arms and squeezing hard. He tucked his face into Shane's throat and wiped his sweaty forehead onto his shirt and his skin before latching on to his neck like a vampire. He sucked and bit and kissed and licked, though it was hard to do all of these things as Shane vehemently struggled to wrench himself away, swearing like a sailor and shoving at Ilya's head. It was also hard to do all of these things when he could not force the goofy smile from his face, but he tried his best.

The two of them wrestled as Shane shouted obscenities and tried to free himself from Ilya's unforgiving hold. They tumbled onto the mattress, rolling and shoving and swearing. Ilya laughed as Shane smacked any part of him he could reach. There was an elbow to Ilya's ribs and a knee to Shane's hip until finally Shane secured the upper hand, pinning Ilya's arms and legs to the bed with his own so he could no longer move.

"Enough!" Shane ordered, face red and chest heaving. His eyes flitted over the bed, cataloguing the destruction. "God, look at this! The sheets are ruined. The duvet, too! We're going to have to throw them away. That is such a waste, Ilya. These are brand new sheets, and now I'm going to have to go back to Ikea and buy another set." Then he looked down at himself and realized that he was covered in dirt, too, and his jaw dropped in abject horror before his incensed gaze fell back onto Ilya. "*Ugh*. What is *with* you this week? It's like you *want* me to yell at you!"

Ilya all but purred, tightening his grip on Shane's waist and arching up into him.

"Oh my God." Shane's eyes widened as it finally dawned on him. His lips parted as he drank in Ilya's foggy expression. "Oh my *God*. You want me to yell at you!"

This jig was up, Ilya supposed. Not that he'd been very subtle about it. Might as well come clean. "When you yell at me, I think of fucking your tits and coming on your face. When you are bossy, I want to suck your dick until you cry. I cannot help this. I love it."

Shane's eyelids drooped briefly, and a soft exhale fell from his lips. Then he remembered himself and smacked Ilya's dirty hands away again, looking down and making a sharp noise of disapproval when he found smears of oil on his skin where the material had ridden up. His head whipped back up on his neck, and twin fires burned in his brown eyes. "You cannot be serious."

Ilya shrugged, blinking lazily up at his beautiful husband. "I am afraid so."

Shane considered this for a few seconds, thinking back on the last week of their lives. Of the yelling. Of the fervent sex. "The cigarette..." he breathed, connecting the dots at last. "You weren't smoking at all yesterday."

Ilya shook his head solemnly. "I was not."

"You know exactly where the spices go in the pantry."

"I do," Ilya confirmed.

"You moved my shirts out of order on purpose."

"This is true."

"You knew I would be upset when you forgot to put the flat sheet on the bed."

"I did."

"You left all the lights on so I would wake you up and yell at you."

“Yes.”

For a moment, there was silence.

The nightstand on Shane’s side of the bed was neat and tidy, all of his belongings lined up neatly with the corners. His glasses case, phone charger, and coaster were arranged exactly how he liked them. One time, Ilya had moved his glasses case four inches over, and Shane had reamed him out for fifteen minutes. For the fifteen minutes *after* that, Ilya had blown him within an inch of an orgasm, then folded him up against the wall and fucked him until there were tears streaming down his cheeks as he begged and pleaded.

Ilya’s nightstand, however, was a trainwreck. Shane had attempted to keep it as spotless as his own for the first few months they’d lived together, but then he’d conceded and allowed Ilya to have these scant few square feet of clutter. There were three half-empty glasses of water gathered together in one corner sans coasters. Next to them were several stray condoms, a bottle of lube, and a sizable dildo. His phone charger dangled precariously off the edge where Anya was known to grab it and chew on it like a toy. And, finally, in his haste to drive Shane into the mattress two nights ago after their win against Montreal, he’d tossed his nice Saint Laurent tie to the side. And there it still sat, strewn across the lampshade.

Shane zeroed in on it with his trademark laser focus, and leaned over slightly to snatch it from the pile of chaos. He held it between his teeth as he roughly gathered up Ilya’s wrists and pressed them into their ornate headboard, then held him there with a single hand as he used the other to loop the tie tightly against his skin and the wooden slats.

Ilya’s vision went in and out of focus. His tongue was so heavy in his mouth that he couldn’t spit out more than a couple spare syllables. “What...”

Shane admired his handiwork. “You’re done making a mess.”

When Ilya tugged hard on his restraints and was met only with resistance and the rough drag of the rough material against his wrists, his eyes rolled back into his head. “*Fuck*. Hollander.”

Shane rolled off the bed towards his own nightstand, pulling out the small container of lube and tossing it on the bed before systematically undressing. He stripped off his shirt first, followed by his shorts and briefs, then folded them all neatly and set them atop the dresser. This was a performance of Shane’s own, displaying his prudish tendencies and unshakeable rituals that he knew only spurred Ilya on further.

Ilya felt like a caged animal. His bones were melting. “*O bozhe*. Shane. Let me touch you.”

“With your filthy hands? Yeah, right.” Shane rid Ilya of his shorts, yanking them roughly off his legs and tossing them to the floor before climbing back on top of him. He wasted no time lubing up his own fingers, and before Ilya had a chance to react, he reached between his legs to open himself up. “You can just sit back and watch, Rozanov.”

Ilya’s jaw fell open as Shane sank onto his own fingers. His hands twitched in their restraints. This was one of his favorite parts, stretching Shane wide enough to accommodate his cock,

finding his prostate and applying such ruthless pleasure that tears leaked from Shane's eyes as he begged to be fucked already. But Ilya thought this might be better, watching each shade and hue of pleasure play out over Shane's angelic features. The red flush on his cheeks drowning out the constellation of freckles that dotted his skin, the thin sheen of sweat that shone across his forehead, his lips plump and swollen from pulling them between his teeth to hide his wanton moans. "*Da*, Hollander. Open yourself up for me just like that, okay?" Ilya swore, low and frantic, in Russian. He was so lucky. He would never believe this was his forever, that *Shane* was his forever. "Add another finger. Come on. You can do it."

Shane did as he was told, head falling back on his shoulders as he adjusted around the new width. It was clear when he'd found his prostate; the moan that was punched from his chest was obscene, and his eyes flew open, wide and charcoal black with desire.

"You are ready now, yes?" Ilya's toes curled into the sheets, his teeth on edge. He could already imagine the tight, hot pressure enveloping his cock as Shane slid down his shaft. "Let me feel you. Let me fuck you, okay? Want you to come around my cock. Been thinking of this all day. Have you?"

"Yes," Shane whispered, placing both hands on Ilya's chest to balance himself. He hovered just above where Ilya needed him most, where his cock was throbbing and twitching and such a stark shade of purple that it was, frankly, concerning.

Ilya watched, entranced, waiting for Shane to line himself up with his entrance. His thoughts were moving like molasses, trudging along so slowly that when Shane leaned over towards Ilya's nightstand, it took him several dazed seconds to catch up. He realized too late what Shane was planning, and he tugged fruitlessly at his restraints. "No. *No*. Hollander. Shane. *Please*."

Shane had the dildo from his nightstand in his hand, and he grinned evilly. "I think I'll use this today. Bad husbands that weaponize their incompetence as a kink don't get to fuck their beautiful wives."

Ilya was convinced that Shane was making up words to fuck with him. That, or the melted puddle of grey matter inside his skull where his brain used to be was no longer functioning properly. "Don't do this. *Shane*. I'm serious."

Shane, ignoring Ilya, coated the toy in a generous amount of lube, then hovered right above Ilya's cock as he reached behind himself to sink the toy inside.

Ilya couldn't see straight. He was so distraught. He was so fucking turned on. His cock was leaking against his thigh. He couldn't remember the last time he'd gotten this wet. He had forgotten himself, had fooled himself into thinking he had the upper hand. He'd never had the upper hand. It was Shane's. Always. *He* was putty in *Shane's* hand. *He* was the doting wife kneeling at *Shane's* feet. *Shane* owned *him*. "Let me touch you. I have to touch you. Hollander. Hollander, are you listening to me?"

He was *not* listening to Ilya. "God, I feel so full. The stretch is *so* good, Ilya. You need to see for yourself." Shane rotated, lifting a knee up and over Ilya's hips so that he was now facing away from him. He leaned forward, chest pressed flat to the mattress between Ilya's legs,

back arched low and ass up in the air. He bore himself to Ilya without hesitation, giving him a front row seat to this exclusive performance. He was stretched so wide around the toy, taking it slow and deep and filthy.

Ilya gripped the poles of the headboard so hard he heard wood creak. “Shane. *Shane*.”

“It’s so *big*,” Shane said, crying out suddenly when he tilted his wrist at a different angle and hit his prostate. His thighs vibrated, and his moans were muffled where his face was pressed into the duvet. His hard cock hung between his legs, begging to be touched.

Ilya’s mouth was so full of saliva he was nearly drooling. He canted his hips again, a weak whimper escaping from him from the absence of friction. When he tugged at his restraints, the pain in his wrists shot down to his cock, and a solar flare of heat burned at the base of his spine. “I am bigger, *moya lyubov*. You know this. Holy fuck. Please.”

“I don’t—*fuck*.” Shane’s words faltered and his movements stuttered, his body jerking as the toy massaged his prostate.

“Shane,” Ilya said, voice laced with panic. “I have to fuck you, okay?” All Shane gave him in response was a pornographic moan, and that is when Ilya started to lose all his fucking marbles. Had he actually even had any to begin with? He lifted his hips off the mattress, nearly snapping his spine in half, shuddering and gasping when his cock just managed to graze the inside of Shane’s thigh. “Okay, Shane? *Please*. Let me make you feel good. Want to be inside you, need to feel you. Don’t come, okay?”

Shane hooked his chin over his shoulder and his wicked eyes met Ilya’s. He grinned, his pink lips spreading into his flushed cheeks.

“*Don’t*,” Ilya repeated. “Do not fucking come.”

Finally, Shane pulled the toy slowly out from inside him, then tossed it onto the ruined duvet a foot away. He turned back around to face Ilya, eyeing Ilya’s bobbing cock with a hunger he couldn’t contain. His face was flushed. There was a spot of drool just outside the corner of his lips. He ghosted his fingertips over Ilya’s tip, shameless.

Ilya hissed, back bowing as spots danced across his vision. He was going to fucking die.

“Apologize,” Shane ordered, circling Ilya’s cock with his thumb and his index finger, his skin just barely ghosting over Ilya’s shaft. “For being a bad husband that upsets his wife on purpose.”

Ilya dug his heels into the mattress and mumbled something incoherent through clenched teeth.

Shane took his hand away. “What was that? I can’t hear you.”

“I—I am sorry,” Ilya blurted. He was about to burst a blood vessel. A bead of pre-come seeped from his tip and Shane looked at it like he’d just won a fucking Stanley Cup. “You must know this. I was bad husband. Please let me fix it.”

Shane considered him with sleepy, half-lidded eyes, a confident smirk playing at the edges of his mouth. He sighed, climbing back onto Ilya's lap and positioning himself over Ilya's cock. He used the excess lube dripping down his thighs to slick Ilya up before lining him up with his entrance. "I'm a good wife, so I'm going to fuck my husband like he deserves," he said, then finally, *finally* sank down onto Ilya's cock, slowly and with laser focus. His mouth was open as it always was when Ilya first entered him, his fingers gripping Ilya's waist like he wanted to tear his flesh from his bones.

When he bottomed out, Ilya saw stars. Every muscle in his body was tight as a harp string, ready to snap at the slightest provocation. He had to make this last, but he knew it wouldn't. The pressure around his cock was too debilitating, too welcome, too *familiar*. He understood why men fought wars over this, *killed* over this. His head sunk into the pillow behind him, and he curled his fingers into the headboard to keep his hips from snapping up into Shane before he was ready. "I love you," he said, and then he couldn't stop. "I love you, I love you, I love you."

"*Ilya*," Shane ground out, massaging Ilya's chest with his hands as he adjusted to the new girth inside of him. He lifted his hips slightly, unseating himself an inch or two before sinking back down. "Jesus fuck. Oh, God."

Ilya was unraveling. He must have looked insane. "Tell me. Tell me how it feels. Tell me I feel better than stupid toy."

"Feels so good, so big, needed this" Shane rambled, running his hands up and down Ilya's chest, blunt nails digging into his abdomen as he began thrusting in earnest. "You looked so good out there, showing off for me. I—I wanted to come down and let you pin me down and fuck me against the hood of your car."

"Fuck. Shane, you—" Ilya couldn't finish. His throat was thick with want.

Shane rode him like this is what he was born to do, rolling and canting his hips over Ilya's lap, expertly angling himself so that he'd hit his prostate each time he lowered himself back down onto him. His eyes were practically crossed, jaw slack. Sweat slicked his skin and his cock dribbled a constant stream of pre-come that dripped down onto Ilya's pubic bone, easing Shane's glide as he rocked back and forth.

Every drag of Shane's hips was a drug that pulled Ilya closer to the edge. He clawed at the cracks, desperate to watch Shane fall apart above him before he, too, succumbed to the fire roiling in his stomach, to the reverberating echo of his racing heartbeat against his bones. Pins and needles prickled beneath his skin. He thought his face might have been wet. "Are you—"

"Yes," Shane grunted, leaning down and taking Ilya's face in his hand, fingers digging into his cheeks. His kiss was hard and unforgiving, harsh and loving and reverent and everything that their relationship had ever been or ever would be. He pulled at Ilya's bottom lip with sharp teeth, then dove back in with his tongue when it snapped back into place. He was shaking against Ilya, low, guttural sounds emanating from his chest.

“Are you going to come on my cock?” Ilya asked, and rocked his hips up, meeting Shane’s every thrust in a manner that had both of them crying out. “I know you want to. You are always so needy for it, you—holy *fuck*—you love my cock too much. You can—cannot help yourself. Is perfect for you. Makes you feel so good, yes? Knows exactly how to fuck you like you need—”

And then Shane was coming, of course, a cocksut to the very end. He just couldn’t help himself, not when he was seated so deeply on Ilya’s cock, his ass flush with Ilya’s thighs and the pressure inside of him mounting to its inevitable breaking point. He ducked his face into Ilya’s throat, shuddering and shaking and mumbling a nonsensical string of words against Ilya’s pulse. His hands curled into the pillows on either side of Ilya’s head as he orgasmed so forcefully that ropes of come striped all the way up to Ilya’s chin. The aftershocks as Ilya continued fucking up into him were brutal, and his body jerked and twitched and spasmed against Ilya.

The hot pressure around Ilya’s cock as Shane clenched and unclenched around him was unbearable, boiling his blood and lighting him aflame. Ilya thought he might have seen several new colors and also God. His eyes squeezed shut and his back arched off the bed as he came deep inside of his husband, marking him, claiming him as his own. A deep satisfaction settled in his bones as he felt the warmth of his own spend dripping down Shane’s walls around him.

The two of them lay there, chest to chest, skin stuck together with sweat and come. The room was silent save for their gasping breaths.

“Hollander,” Ilya eventually slurred. He realized they’d been distracted for so long that the sun had set. Moonlight spilled through the open balcony doors, and a light breeze flowed through the curtains. “You have to untie me. My hands. I cannot feel them.”

“You’ll need them,” Shane said, after giggling into the skin at Ilya’s throat. He reached up with weak hands and fumbled at the knot he’d tied with shaking fingers. “Because you’re changing these damn sheets again.”

Ilya cackled, swatting Shane with his newly freed hands, then tackling him back into the mattress and attacking him with kisses everywhere he could reach. His heart was so full. That disbelief was there again, the incredulity that he’d have a love like this forever. It overwhelmed him sometimes, times like now, and he buried himself in the sound of Shane’s deep, unabashed laughter to drown it all out.

And once Ilya had replaced the sheets and the duvet for the second time in a week, and Shane had finished filing their taxes, they climbed back in bed and found each other under the covers. The room was aglow in the soft, warm lamplight. Anya was chewing quietly on a toy in her bed in the corner.

Shane turned to him suddenly, serious. “Tomorrow, you need to call the dentist and set up an appointment.”

Ilya groaned, flopping onto his back and tossing his arms across his face to hide his demented grin. He was still so unused to being cared for like this, even after all these years. It sent his

heart racing. Maybe this is why he loved when his husband yelled at him so much.

Maybe he just liked to be taken care of.

Shane jabbed a finger into Ilya's side, but he didn't fight back when Ilya caught his hand with his own and twined their fingers together. "I'm serious, Ilya. You can't even chew on the left side of your mouth. I've been telling you for months. What if it's your wisdom teeth? You could get an infection, and then you'd be out for the playoffs. That is the last fucking thing we need right now, especially with Bood still on IR. Honestly, you have got to start taking better care of yourself. First, you play on bruised ribs for three games before anyone notices. Then, you chirp at Wright—one of the biggest fucking players in the league, mind you— and get yourself punched in the head and concussed for no good fucking reason. And let's not forget the fucking speeding ticket you got last month. Do you want to die in a fucking car wreck? Because it kinda seems like you do. They should've thrown your stupid ass in jail. Seriously. But that's not enough risk-taking for Rozanov, is it? Because now you're ignoring your dental health when there is clearly a fucking problem that needs to be fixed. We're hockey players, Ilya, it's essential that..."

The melodic cadence of these haughty, uptight admonishments stirred a renewed interest low in Ilya's stomach. He slapped his free hand over Shane's mouth. "Shane. Please. I am thirty-one. Old man. I do not have stamina for this."

Shane licked his palm and Ilya gasped and they laughed and shoved each other until they were too tired to keep moving.

Ilya, as he drifted slowly to sleep with a smile on his face and his husband's hand curled tightly in his own, drafted at least twelve new reasons he would fight with his husband when they woke from their slumber.

End Notes

wow. that was crazy. anyways. i did some calculations to figure out how much it would cost to leave the lights on all night every night for a year but i'm pretty bad at math so ya'll will just have to trust me.

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