

Double Take

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Double Take

by [shaneobi](#)

Summary

“I guess your wish came true.” Shane looked at his younger self, and then at Ilya.

“What wish?” Hollander asked, halting his fidgeting to pay attention to Shane.

“I wished for two of you. If you cannot tell, I am a very greedy man.” Ilya emphasized his words by playfully pinching at Hollander’s ass, his other hand coming out to squeeze Shane’s thigh.

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Or the one where Ilya randomly meets a witch and decides to jokingly wish for two Shane's at the same time. When its granted, he very happily indulges.

Notes

I read a fic with two Ilya's and one Shane and immediately thought two Shane's and one Ilya would be the best thing ever. So here it is.

The older Shane and Ilya are Unrivalled age, and then young Shane and Ilya are just after the Olympics in Heated Rivalry. There's some jumping around because I needed that closure, so be aware.

This is also just pure filth, like porn. That's it. There is blink and you miss it angst because that's what I usually write and I find comfort in that.

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

- Inspired by [too much \(is never enough\)](#) by [buckdogbuckley](#)

Ilya was addicted to two things.

One, Shane Hollander. It has been two years since he married that man, and Ilya is still consistently obsessed with him. The sex never gets boring, the kisses are always hungry for more, and their love is never-ending.

The second thing, though, was cigarettes. He remembers the age he started; he was young and still living in Russia full-time. At just sixteen years old, he lit his first one, and it's been consistent ever since.

He has his good days and bad days. Being with Shane has helped him wean off of it. A cigarette every day turned into maybe four a week. Sometimes that number fluctuated.

Tonight, he was on his second smoke, and he accepted that with open arms. They were at some bar in Boston, one that Ilya used to go to all the time when he first got into the league. It was the night after a good win against the Raiders, and Shane had actually agreed to celebrate when he saw how ecstatic the team was.

Shane was still inside with some of the Centaurs; Wyatt and Luca were probably the only ones left. Ilya was outside on the curb, the streets still lightly packed with people bustling by as he inhaled the cancer stick into his lungs.

He sighed with relief and looked up at the night sky, feeling content at this moment.

“What do you wish for?”

Ilya flinched, his eyes snapping towards an older woman who was suddenly standing right beside him. She didn't look him in the eyes; she instead stared off across the road as he did.

“Sorry?” Ilya asked as smoke billowed out of his nose.

She finally turned to meet his eyes. The way she did it was very creepy, her eyes glossy and extremely blue even in the darkness. He tried to keep eye contact, not wanting to be rude.

“What do you wish for?” She asked again, and this time, Ilya processed it loud and clear.

Ilya couldn't help but huff out a laugh with the cigarette still snug between his lips. He inhaled once more before plucking it out of his mouth.

“Are you a witch?” Ilya asked teasingly. She just blinked at him.

“Ilya?” Shane's voice rose from the conversation. Ilya broke their intense stare-down to watch Shane walk up to them from the bar. He didn't notice the strange lady until he got closer, and Ilya was amused to see his husband's enthusiasm deteriorate into confusion.

“Uh, hello?” Shane awkwardly greeted the woman, and his face scrunched prettily when Ilya

pulled him close. Now they were cuddling next to this strange old lady who wouldn't stop staring.

"She asked what I wished for." Ilya smiled wildly, his lips coming down to pepper Shane's freckles with kisses. He enjoyed how uncomfortable Shane looked.

"Ilya, she won't stop staring." Shane pointed out, his eyes flickering over to her and then back to him.

"Because she wants an answer." Ilya shrugged, running a hand through Shane's hair. He had grown out the top, and Ilya adored how he had long strands that curled across his forehead now; it was a little easier to tug when they-

"Can we go back to the hotel now? Luca and Wyatt left."

Ilya looked at Shane, both of them reading each other through their eyes. Ilya could see through Shane easily on any day of the week. He immediately locked in on the way his cheeks were rosy, and his lips were wet with spit, as if he had been licking them. Shane was antsy, moving side to side, and unable to stay still.

He was very obviously horny and trying desperately not to allow this woman to cockblock them.

"Mm, can I answer before we go?" Ilya teased. Now that he knew what Shane wanted, he would do what he did best. Play.

Shane rolled his eyes hard, knowing the jig was up. He squeezed Ilya harder and tried to guide them away from her, but Ilya was stronger and held his ground.

"I wish for..." Ilya paused for dramatic effect, thinking of an answer. Shane was squirming in his grip and staring up at him with those damn bottom eyes that made Ilya's dick twitch and brain go fuzzy. It was then that he had his answer.

"I wish for two Shane's."

As soon as Ilya said it, Shane was groaning loudly and slapping at his chest. They stumbled a little as Ilya belted out a laugh with his head thrown back, the wind picking up and making them shiver. He quickly went back to staring at Shane, not wanting to miss the deeper blush that painted his husband's cheeks.

"You're the fucking worst. *That's* your wish? And she just fucking left...she didn't even say anything. God, you're so embarrassing!" Shane pushed at Ilya's chest again, and this time, Ilya allowed him to dislodge himself from Ilya's grip.

Ilya remembered he still had his cigarette pinched between his fingers, so he seductively stared at Shane through his lashes as he took a long drag.

"What? A man cannot dream of having double of their husband?" Ilya asked innocently

while he breathed out the rest of the smoke.

Shane wasn't mad, but he pretended to be. Ilya could see the way his lips were trying not to curl upwards into an amused smile. Ilya needed to fuck, and suddenly, standing outside of this bar in the middle of Boston was the last place Ilya wanted to be.

"Can we go now before you wish I had like...a vagina or something next?"

Ilya cackled, his hands circling Shane's waist as they began their walk back to the hotel. It wasn't far from the bar, and Ilya still needed to finish his cigarette.

"I think that is *your* wish..." Ilya continued to tease as they walked. Shane spluttered and shoved him again, but Ilya kept him close.

"Fuck *off*. No, it isn't. Stop being a jerk."

"But you wear those pretty panties for--"

Ilya snickered when Shane roughly muffled his words with the palm of his hand. In retaliation, Ilya nuzzled into Shane's neck and leaned aggressively into him. They were lucky that not many people were left on the streets; it cleared quite quickly during their strange conversation. They were stumbling all over the sidewalk as they bumped each other around.

The rest of the journey was a peaceful silence. Ilya finished off the rest of his cigarette, and Shane snuggled into his shoulder. Cars passed, drunk people laughed as they stumbled out of bars, and soon enough, they were walking into the hotel.

They had been to this hotel many times. Some very...interesting memories were held here, and the rooms hadn't changed a bit. Maybe that was why Ilya and Shane had felt the rising sexual tension build since they got to Boston. As soon as they stepped into their room, they recognized the bed they had fucked on, the walls Ilya pinned Shane against, and the shower they sucked each other off in.

And both were giddy to recreate those memories, based on the way Shane began to walk faster as they made their way to the elevator.

Ilya happily followed and made sure to keep his hands to himself as the elevator went up. No one was around, thankfully, so in no time they were at their hotel room door and stumbling inside.

They were on each other immediately, their tongues licking into one another's mouths and moans echoing throughout the room. Ilya made sure to pin Shane up against the wall again, for old times' sake.

"What the fuck?"

They both jumped apart with hearts in their throats. Quickly, Ilya scanned the room, his eyes finally zeroing in on a figure scrambling out of the bed and frantically grabbing for a shirt

and pants.

“Oh, fuck, Ilya, I think we have the wrong room. How the fuck did we-“

Shane trailed off in his panic because he noticed it too. At first, it was a trick of the eye, it had to be, but then the kid straightened up, now fully clothed and blinking at Ilya with those same fucking doe eyes.

It was Shane...or someone who looked exactly like him. The more Ilya gawked, the more he realized that this wasn't just a doppelgänger. He knew Shane, he knew how many freckles he had, what scars and blemishes were on his skin, the texture of his hair, his mannerisms.

And this was Shane. A younger version, probably twenty years old. But this was Shane.

And this Shane was just as shocked as them. He recognized both of them once he settled, and his eyes were as wide as saucers as he looked back and forth from Ilya to Shane.

“Rozanov?” The younger Shane asked, his voice small and unsure. He took a step forward but stopped himself from moving any further.

“What the hell is going on?” His Shane asked now. He moved so they were standing side by side, both staring at the younger Shane in astonishment.

“And...me?” The young Shane, Ilya will call him Hollander, continued as he furrowed his brows and met his Shane's eyes.

“I'm dreaming.” Hollander choked out, his breath quickening. Ilya felt bad for him, but didn't know what was appropriate to react in this situation. He wasn't Hollander's Rozanov.

“Oh, fuck, I have to be dreaming.” Hollander squeezed his eyes shut and twisted away from them. Ilya and Shane watched helplessly as Hollander got back on the bed and shoved his forehead into the pillows.

“Hey, hey...” Ilya walked over, deciding it was better to react than stand around. Even if he wasn't this version of Shane's Rozanov, he was still Ilya. He could provide comfort.

“You're not real, there's no fucking way.” Hollander babbled in the same buried position. Ilya walked over like he was taming a wild animal, and slowly sat himself down on the side of the bed. He shushed the young Shane and comforted him by placing a hand on his shoulder and rubbing.

Hollander reacted almost immediately, his body tensing for only a millisecond before he melted into the touch. It didn't take long before Hollander was getting up and sitting on Ilya's lap. Ilya rocked them back and forth, and young Hollander lost himself in the feeling while he buried his head in the crook of Ilya's neck.

So much so that when he pulled away, he greedily kissed Ilya on the lips. Ilya's eyes snapped towards his Shane, and he was surprised to see an amused grin across his husband's face.

That was enough permission for him to continue making out with the younger Shane. He felt Hollander up, squeezing and gripping and remapping the spry body his younger self had ravished.

His Shane hadn't changed much. Ilya's hands mapped their way down the younger one's body. He gripped hard muscles. The same places Shane was ticklish in, he still was. The only difference is that the younger Shane's skin felt...softer. When Ilya wiggled a hand beneath Hollander's sweater and began to pet his back, he moaned at how plush but hard it felt.

He wanted to leave marks on it.

Hollander moaned with him, and that seemed to knock him out of his daze. Hollander pulled away, and Ilya allowed him to catch his breath.

"I-I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me." Hollander tried to get off Ilya's lap, but Ilya tested the waters by tightening his grip on younger Shane's hips. Hollander stopped the struggle, his brown eyes still wide as he flickered his gaze from Ilya to older Shane nervously.

"Is okay. Was good, yes? You feel a little better?" Ilya massaged circles into Hollander's hips. He also tried to ignore that Hollander was sporting a hard-on.

"Yeah, I guess. This is just...so weird." Hollander gulped, his hands fidgeting by grabbing at Ilya's cross necklace and holding it between his fingers. Ilya smirked up at him and then turned to look at Shane.

His husband was now walking slowly to the bed. He looked slightly nervous himself, but kept his composure as he sat beside Ilya. They were close enough that Hollander's knee was touching Shane's thigh from Ilya's lap.

"I guess your wish came true." Shane looked at his younger self, and then at Ilya, his eyes still holding that same hunger that they had before they stumbled into the room. It made Ilya's gut tighten.

"What wish?" Hollander asked, halting his fidgeting to pay attention to Shane. Ilya kissed his temple, continuing his circular movements on Hollander's back. He loved how the young Shane consistently leaned into his touch, how his forehead pressed to Ilya's with a long sigh passing his lips.

Ilya didn't want to think about how badly Shane probably wanted this at the beginning of their relationship. Ilya remembered how shit he was when they were starting out.

He'd give young Shane what he wanted, now.

"I wished for two of you. If you cannot tell, I am a very greedy man." Ilya emphasized his words by playfully pinching at Hollander's ass, his other hand coming out to squeeze Shane's thigh.

Hollander was smirking while his husband rolled his eyes. Ilya was overwhelmed as he was being stared at by both Shanes, the two of them looking equally beautiful. He didn't know who to jump first, and if this was allowed.

But as he said, he knew Shane, which meant that he knew his traits. Ilya could see how Hollander was shifting his hips eagerly on Ilya's lap, and how Shane's hand had come out to grip the hand Ilya was squeezing at his thigh. His husband didn't remove it, no, he pressed it further up towards his crotch.

Oh, so this was happening.

"You are both going to kill me." Ilya moaned out. He kept his hand pressed to his husband's thigh, his other one leaving Hollander's back to cup at his jaw.

Shane chuckled and leaned back, his eyes raking down both Ilya and his younger self's bodies. It gave Hollander a view of Shane's hard-on as well, and how Ilya was cupping and squeezing it.

"Can I..." Hollander was looking at his older self up and down, both of them analyzing each other intensely. Ilya leaned back and watched, entranced with the intimacy of their stares.

"Can I...like, makeout with you?" Hollander asked Shane.

Yes, Ilya Rozanov was going to fucking die. And he was going to die smiling.

Shane didn't even look surprised by the question, as if that was what he already desired as well. Without saying a word, he nodded softly. And because they were the same person, they both leaned in to meet in the middle.

Hollander was still on top of Ilya, one of his hands was keeping himself balanced on the bed while the other fisted hungrily at the back of the other Shane's head. The moaning was synchronized into a sweet melody, and Ilya groaned along with them.

It was messy and wet. Ilya could see tongues licking into mouths, the same nose bumping into one another, and the similar sighs and whimpers. Ilya used the last remaining sliver of his sanity to grip on Hollander's thigh and Shane's bicep.

"So fucking hot. Both of you." Ilya mumbled, his hips rolling upwards. He was desperate for touch, and with his fantasy now in front of him, Ilya felt like he'd explode.

Shane broke their kiss, Hollander chasing his lips while a string of spit connected them. Hollander looked high out of his mind already, his lashes weighing down his eyelids as he blinked sluggishly in confusion at his older self.

"Do you feel him underneath you?" Shane asked, his eyes flickering down to Ilya's crotch nestled under Hollander's ass. Once Shane pointed that out, Ilya was greeted with the delicious feeling of Hollander starting to grind down on him.

“Oh, fuck.” Ilya grit his teeth and tried to restrain himself from bucking upwards. It was taking everything in him not to cum in his pants right here and now. Shane was looking at him with a mischievous glint in his eyes, and he knew his husband was enjoying every second of this.

It was usually Ilya who had Shane begging and squirming under him. Now, Shane had a front row seat to the opposite effect. Shane was watching his younger self grind filthily down on Ilya’s clothed erection.

“He wants us to suck his cock.” Shane stated while turning his attention back to Hollander. Hollander halted his movements, absorbing the words with pink, swollen lips.

Ilya had to bite the inside of his mouth, and hard. He wouldn’t give Shane the satisfaction of begging; his ego was too big. It was amusing to see that even as a married couple, their competition never stopped.

“Ilya?”

Ilya turned his head to meet Shane’s eyes.

“I said I think it’s time we all get naked,” Shane’s words echoed through Ilya’s brain. He slowly began to process that Hollander had crawled off of him and was in the middle of getting undressed. Shane was still lying on the bed and waiting for Ilya to move first. Ilya must’ve blacked out for a second.

“Mm, *da*, ” Ilya answered shakily, which resulted in a chuckle from Shane. Ilya ignored it, instead focusing on getting out of his clothes as fast as possible.

He could see that Hollander was watching very intensely. The younger Shane was nervously fingering the waistband of his briefs, just like he had done the first time they ever exchanged blowjobs. He was nervous, but also extremely aroused.

Ilya allowed Hollander to soak him up. He knew he had an amazing body. Everything was chiselled and perfectly hairy. Shane always loved to lick and suck on any exposed skin on his torso. Hollander looked ready to jump him, as well.

Ilya tried to remember what he looked like all those years ago. If there were less hair, more tanned skin, or bouncier curls. His memories only took him to Shane’s younger face, scrunched up as he came, the way his freckles bunched together as he whined and moaned.

Ilya will get to see that times two, tonight. He couldn’t fucking believe it.

He nearly choked when all of a sudden his husband was beckoning his younger self to follow him to the ground. Now Ilya was staring at the hottest sight he had ever seen.

Both his husband and his younger self are on their knees in front of him. Two identical sets of brown eyes shone up at him and then down at his hard cock. They both looked starving.

“Older Ilya likes his dick sucked differently compared to your Ilya. I’ll show you.” Shane said as if he were coaching a hockey team. Hollander understood immediately, being such a good listener and all, and Ilya watched helplessly as his husband shuffled forward, gripped behind his thighs, and then swallowed him down in one swift movement.

Ilya’s eyes crossed, and he tried to refocus them so he could enjoy the view at his feet. The way Hollander was watching Shane with wide eyes, and how he’d waver a look up at Ilya to watch his expression.

Then, after a few bobs from Shane’s head, he popped off and began to slowly and roughly tug at his cock. As he did so, his tongue happily licked at the tip while he stared into Ilya’s eyes through his thick black lashes.

“You do that so well, *malyshka*.” Ilya moaned out. He knew Shane loved him when he called him endearing names in Russian. Ilya wanted him to fall apart, too.

Hollander decided to lean forward next, and Ilya bit at his lip to muffle the groan he would absolutely let out. Hollander licked at the tip, and slowly wrapped his plump lips around Ilya’s cock as Shane held his cock and guided it into the younger one’s mouth.

“Oh...” Ilya breathed out. He grounded himself with one hand cupping Hollander’s head. From the start of their relationship, Shane had always loved the praise and the touching when he was sucking Ilya off.

“So good for me, both of you. I am in heaven.” Ilya admired. He moaned louder when Hollander began to hum in acknowledgement around his cock, their gaze meeting.

Shane was watching with twinkling eyes, and his hand went out to brush strands of hair off Hollander’s forehead as he sucked. Ilya had to turn his head up to the ceiling; if he looked any longer, he’d cum. The sucking sounds were obscene, and even the ceiling couldn’t save him.

“Look at him, you’re gonna make him cum,” Shane moaned, and Ilya snapped his head down to glare at them. He knew where this was going. He was definitely cumming more than once tonight.

His gut tightened further when Hollander pulled off of him, a string of spit and precum hanging from his bottom lip to the tip of his cock. Ilya cupped both of the Shane’s jaws sternly, preparing to take charge.

With all the words dying on his lips, Ilya cried out when both of them began to lick around his cock. They both took a side, licking and sucking at his shaft. Ilya’s hands migrated to both of their heads, his fingers tugging at their hair.

“M’gonna cum,” Ilya announced through gritted teeth, and they both got into position. With cheeks pressed together, looking like porn stars, Ilya watches them both mix their tongues on his head.

With a few feverish strokes, Ilya released all over their faces. Hollander flinched lightly, closing his eyes and opening his mouth. Shane was slutty, his tongue poking out to catch it as he blinked up at Ilya.

Ilya stumbled back and collapsed on the bed, the aftershocks of his orgasm thundering through him.

“I am dead,” Ilya declared. His voice cracked, and his chest rose and fell rapidly.

His dick was still aching hard.

He felt the bed dip, and Ilya blurrily looked from left to right. They were staring down at him, Hollander with more cum on his face than Shane, only because Shane was an expert and had caught most of it in his mouth.

“Murderers, the both of you,” Ilya whimpered. They were staring down at him like a pack of hungry lions, and he was the poor antelope.

Shane was enjoying every minute of this. His husband leaned down to kiss him on the lips. It was soft and intimate, just for them. It was a wordless gesture of “*are you okay?*” Ilya replied by eagerly kissing him back.

They separated, and then Shane leaned over Ilya to lick a stripe from Hollander’s jaw to his cheekbone, where a line of cum lay. Ilya groaned and threw a hand out to grip harshly at Shane’s neck, pulsing his grip there as Shane continued to lick until he ended with a kiss to Hollander’s lips.

“Are you okay to keep going?” Shane asked. He knew himself, of course, and even though Hollander was rock hard and starting to squirm again, Shane was good to ask.

When Shane was younger, he didn’t know when to say no. He loved to give and give and *give*, and there were times when Ilya had to force him to take a breath. They both loved sex, but Ilya was amazed by how much Shane craved it.

“M’okay. This is...really hot.” A deep blush blossomed on Hollander’s cheeks, and Shane brushed a thumb over one side of his face.

“Should we let him fuck us?” Shane asked next. The audacity to still have Ilya’s hand loosely wrapped around his throat as he asked that. Ilya retaliated with another quick squeeze.

Hollander did the frantic looking again. His big brown eyes were analyzing Ilya’s reaction, and then Shane’s. You could see the cogs turning in his head.

“Y-yeah. I’d really like that.” Hollander gulped, and then Shane patted his cheek with encouragement.

Ilya shuffled up onto his elbows, removing his hand from Shane’s throat to become fully

attentive. Where did they want him? That was the question hanging from his lips.

Shane kissed him again, this time dirtier. Their tongues mixed, and they both hummed and moaned into one another's mouths.

"Hollander, come here," it was weird hearing Shane say his own name. Shane separated himself entirely from Ilya now, his body flopping down onto his back beside Ilya.

Shane patted his chest, and Hollander looked confused as he walked on his knees over Ilya and towards Shane.

"On top of me, like you're gonna ride me. Just trust me." Shane's voice was so soothing and authoritative, which was very refreshing. He had taken charge as Ilya's brain became mush during his fantasy.

Ilya had to squeeze hard at the base of his cock as he watched Hollander shakily straddle Shane. Now their cocks were rubbing together, and Shane's legs were spread underneath Hollander like he was still going to get fucked.

"Jesus," Ilya whispered. He cupped his balls and held them tight. He realized what Shane wanted him to do. To fuck them both one after the other. It gave him easy access to both of their holes. Shane spread out beneath him, and Hollander with his ass out.

"Shane Hollander, what porn have you been watching?" Ilya growled out as he got up off the bed to get a better look and grab the lube from their bags. Hollander was stiff on top of Shane, but he would change that.

"You better shut up and fuck us, or I'll do it myself." Shane teased, and they both caught the whimper that passed young Hollander's lips.

"Mmm, tempting. Next time." Ilya stated, as if there would be a next time. He didn't hang on the thought too long, instead stepping forward to soothingly run a hand down Hollander's back. The lube was settled near the pillows for now, to be used very soon.

Ilya started at the top and cupped the back of his neck, then slowly ran his hand down Hollander's spine. He enjoyed the way Hollander bent towards the touch, his back arching beautifully.

It allowed Ilya a good look at his hole, it winking at him as Hollander became more pliant from the touch. Hollander moved from leaning on his hands to pressing his chest to Shane's. His back arched more to give Ilya access.

It was a sight to behold, Hollander's ass out for him, and Shane's legs spread beneath them. He could see both of their holes, and it was the most beautiful sight Ilya had ever seen.

Kneeling down, he greedily licked a strip from Hollander's balls to his hole. Hollander let out a shocked moan, his ass grinding back on his tongue.

Ilya ravaged him, his hands gripping both cheeks and pulling them apart. He spit and licked at the hole, enjoying how it twitched under his touch. Hollander was a mess before him, the younger Shane moaning and whimpering loudly with each lick and suck.

As Ilya tongued Hollander's hole, he fondled for the lube at his side. Once his fingers curled around the tube, he took it into his hands and squirted a generous amount onto his fingers. Then, while he ate Hollander out, he happily began to finger Shane's hole from beneath his younger self.

"Oh..." Shane breathed from above. Ilya smirked into Hollander's ass and swiftly went from one finger to two. He knew his Shane wouldn't need as much prep as Hollander, so he did his usual routine.

"Fuck, it's so good," Hollander cried out, his voice muffled from probably burying himself into Shane's chest. Ilya curled his fingers and tongue at the same time, and felt his head spin when they both reacted with high-pitched moans.

Ilya straightened and continued to admire the view. Hollander was gone, and the younger Shane was curled into his chest as he had thought. They were both almost the same size, his Shane being a bit bulkier than Hollander, but they fit so well against one another.

Ilya couldn't hold it any longer. So he decided to begin with Shane.

"Spread your legs a bit more, yes, very good," Ilya moved Shane's legs over his thighs to get the best angle, Hollander staying where he was on top. He teased the tip of his cock against Shane's hole before slowly beginning to sink in.

Shane and he moaned in-sync. No matter how many times they had sex, the feeling was still electric. Shane hugged him so well.

Hollander was looking back, trying to strain his neck to see. Shane refocused him forward by cupping his neck and kissing him. As Ilya began to thrust, Shane's moans muffled into Hollander's mouth.

Ilya continued his thrusts, and as he pleased Shane, he lubed his fingers up a bit more. Once they were slick, he pressed them to Hollander's hole, which caused the young one to groan and press back.

The friction was probably delicious for the two Shanes. Ilya's thrusts gradually got harder, and both Shane's and Hollander's cocks were rubbing with each thrust. On top of that, Hollander was getting fingered.

Once Hollander's hole began to welcome three of Ilya's fingers, he removed them. It amused him how Hollander's ass jutted back, desperate to be filled again.

Ilya allowed him to chase the feeling, continuing his brutal pace on his husband. One, two, three more thrusts before he pulled out entirely. He chuckled when Shane let out a frustrated groan.

Ilya pressed down on Hollander's lower back, guiding him further down into position. Ilya had to sit up a bit more, but the angle was still easy to access Hollander's hole next. He was gentle and slowly guided his cock inch by inch into Hollander's hole.

"Holy shit, oh fuck!" Hollander babbled, his body jolting up from where he was rubbed against Shane. Ilya paused to gauge Hollander's reaction. There was no discomfort, only wide eyes filled with pure delight as Hollander pressed his palms against Shane's pecs for purchase.

"Good, yes?" Ilya asked more than he declared, and his eyes met his husband's from over Hollander's shoulder. Shane was assessing Hollander's face as well, and he nodded in approval.

Ilya started to thrust softly. He didn't pull out most of the way like he did with Shane, instead, only a quarter and then back in. He eased Hollander into it, even though he knew the younger Shane had a couple of fucks with young Ilya already. This was different and way more overwhelming; even in this fantasy, Ilya would take care of both of them.

Once he felt Hollander relax more, his thrusts grew harder. Soon, his hips were slapping against Hollander's ass, Hollander now went back to burying his chest into Shane's with his ass in the air.

And Ilya wanted to keep playing this game; he wanted to see how hard they begged for his cock. As soon as Hollander began to moan louder and louder, Ilya slowly pulled out and left him empty.

Then he switched back to Shane's hole and didn't go easy this time. He swiftly entered his husband and began to slam harshly into him. His thrusts jostled both the Shane's, and Ilya's hands gripped tightly at Shane's thighs.

"Fuck...fuck me...oh please," Shane murmured loud enough for Ilya to hear. Hollander was running a hand through Shane's hair in comfort.

Then Ilya left Shane and inserted himself back into Hollander. Now, Hollander was crying and squealing on top of Shane as Ilya's thrusts grew erratic.

"He's fucking you so deep, huh? We're made for his cock." Shane definitely knew how to talk dirty, and Ilya's gut turned at the words and how Hollander mumbled "*uh-huh*," under his breath as he was fucked.

"You gonna cum like this?" Ilya growled, his body leaning forward until his chest was pressed to Hollander's back. Hollander's whimpers heightened, and Ilya knew he wasn't going to last.

"Make him cum, baby," Shane decided to grab at his younger self's jaw, holding it in his hand as he stared into Hollander's eyes as he said that. Ilya continued his brutal pace until finally Hollander let out a scream as he came onto Shane's stomach.

Ilya slowed his thrusts, allowing Hollander to breathe through the aftershocks. Shane wrapped his arms around Hollander's middle, holding him close as Hollander twitched through the post-orgasm glow.

"So good for us, that was so hot," Shane praised and kissed at Hollander's temple as his younger self continued to mewl and whimper like a kitten.

Gradually, Ilya pulled out. Hollander's thighs were shaking like crazy as he attempted to get off of Shane. He flopped onto the bed beside Shane, curling into his side. His cheeks were wet with tears, but a smile was plastered across his face as well. It eased the worry in Ilya's mind.

"I want it hard," Shane exclaimed. Ilya moved his gaze towards his husband, who was still spread out below him, waiting to be fucked again.

"Mm, so needy," Ilya leaned forward and sloppily shared a kiss with Shane. He could feel Hollander's heavy eyes on them, silently watching.

Ilya hooked his hands under both of Shane's knees, bending his husband in half roughly, his fingers dug deeply into Shane's flesh, and he could see out of the corner of his eye the way Hollander's eyes widened with lust at the filthy position.

Ilya was going to take charge now.

With Shane bent in half and his ass hovering slightly off the mattress, Ilya sank back into him. He didn't wait for Shane to adjust, because it wasn't needed anymore. This was him and his husband fucking like they always did, and Ilya didn't have to be gentle.

Shane also didn't want him to, either. He wanted it hard, as he said.

Ilya pistoned into Shane, his teeth gritting together as he watched Shane's eyes cross and his mouth open wide as the feelings overtook him. Ilya refused to look away, continuing his brutal pace with an iron grip.

Shane's moans grew louder and louder, and he had to grab hold of the sheets near his head so he didn't get shoved up the bed with Ilya's deep thrusts. Ilya could feel the turn in his gut, and he knew they both weren't going to last at this rate.

"You're so good, so, so good...I-I'm gonna cum!" Shane sobbed, his thighs shaking and back bowing off the bed. Ilya fell forward, which caused Shane's knees to almost reach his ears. He was always quite flexible.

He slotted himself deep into Shane's hole, shaking through his own orgasm swiftly after Shane's. They stayed locked into the moment, the world blurring around them.

Slowly, different sensations started to come back to Ilya, first was the sound of Shane's huffing as he came down from the high, and the second was a hand running softly through his

hair.

Ilya looked to the side and blinked frantically to make sure he wasn't dreaming. Yes, Hollander was still there. The younger Shane had a deep blush across his cheeks that migrated down across his throat and collarbones. He was already half-hard again, and Ilya absolutely hated that he felt too tired to please him.

With a heavy heart, he pulled out of his husband and fell onto Shane's other side. Now they were all side by side with Shane in the middle, across a bed full of sweat and cum. Ilya wouldn't have it any other way.

"That was really fucking hot," Hollander exclaimed. He leaned up onto his elbows and stared down at Shane, whose breaths had evened out. He still had his legs spread lazily on the bed, too elated to close them. Ilya could feel his husband's thigh pressed to his hipbone.

"I think we really did kill him," Shane chuckled. The words earned him a playful slap from Ilya on his bicep. Ilya could barely keep his eyes open.

There was a peaceful silence as everyone recovered from the craziest sex of their lives. Ilya felt a consistent buzz all over his body, his skin tingling and muscles aching. He couldn't think of a better feeling than being completely blissed out like this.

"Sorry..." Hollander's soft voice spoke up. Ilya furrowed his brows and opened one eye. He could see Hollander shuffling uncomfortably on the bed and trying to hide his erection. Ilya moved his gaze over to Shane next, who was looking down at Hollander's hard-on with amusement.

"I can help with that. I don't know if Ilya will be able to contribute, but--"

"I worked very hard, *moya lyubov*. You should be thanking me." Ilya made sure to show the pout on his face, his heavy eyes continuing to attempt to keep contact with Shane's.

Shane gave Ilya a lazy smile, his head lulling back towards Hollander. Ilya still couldn't believe he had the blessing to watch his husband look into the eyes of his younger self. He was seeing double in the best way.

"What do you want, hm?" Shane asked softly, again, his voice always rose with a careful tone towards Hollander. They both knew the poor boy was overwhelmed, and now fully hard and staring at them not knowing what to do.

But apparently Hollander had something in mind, and Ilya was surprised to see the young one sit up further on the bed and then reach down between Shane's open legs.

"Oh..." Shane gasped gently, his breath leaving him in a huff of bewilderment. The sleepiness faded from Ilya fast, and he rearranged himself to see what Hollander was doing.

And *oh*, he was fingering Shane's open and wet hole. Some of Ilya's cum had leaked out onto the sheets, and another amount was oozing out or painted on Shane's thighs. His entrance

was opening eagerly around Hollander's fingers, and the squelching sound was filthy.

"That's..." Ilya trailed off, out of breath himself. And it only got better when Hollander took his fingers out to then suck them into his mouth.

Shane and Ilya both watched with their mouths open, their cocks twitching at the sight of little Shane being so slutty and bold. Younger Ilya was going to have a really fucking good time once they reunited.

"*Krasivyy*," Ilya moaned under his breath, because this sight truly was beautiful. That visual will be burned into his memory forever.

Leaning forward, Ilya hungrily kissed Hollander, the musky remains of Shane on Hollander's tongue made him moan with delight. They made out feverishly overtop of Shane, and something made Hollander whine into Ilya's mouth.

Ilya opened his eyes and glanced down between them. Shane had his hand fisted on Hollander's cock, stroking him in deep, slow movements. Ilya enjoyed the way Hollander's hips twitched, and his thighs continued to shake, all overstimulated but never wanting the feeling to stop.

Deciding to play around as well, Ilya reached his hand down between Hollander's cheeks. Now the younger Shane was trapped between Shane's jerking and Ilya's fingers slowly entering him.

"Fuck, holy fuck!" Hollander was a shaking mess, and Ilya shuffled onto his knees and held Hollander up with his other arm so he didn't collapse on top of his husband. They were milking the poor thing dry, and Ilya had to hide his excited grin into Hollander's throat once they disconnected.

"You gonna cum for us one more time, yes? Be a good boy." Ilya growled in Hollander's ear as he hooked his fingers upwards inside of him. Hollander cried out, and his hole spasmed around Ilya's fingers as he came for the second time tonight.

Ilya held him through the aftershock, his eyes sparkling as he watched Shane lick up Hollander's spend that landed on his knuckles. Hollander trembled and whimpered for a minute before finally pulling away to collapse next to Shane again.

They looked at each other very intimately. Ilya didn't want to interrupt. It was cute to watch Shane brush away the overwhelmed tears from Hollander's face.

"Can I..." Hollander began to sheepishly trail his hand down Shane's stomach towards his own half-hard cock, but Shane lightly batted him away with a fond grin.

"Don't worry about me. I'm gonna have a shower, I'm kinda...dripping all over the bed." It was fun to finally see his husband blush, Shane hiding it by tilting his chin down as he got up from the bed. He held a hand to his hole as he hobbled off and disappeared into the hotel bathroom.

Now it was very quiet, and Ilya didn't know what to do. The intense arousal had simmered, and now Ilya couldn't help but stare at Hollander differently.

Not in a bad way. But as Ilya stared across the bed and started to count the pronounced freckles upon Hollander's cheeks, he realized just how young this version of Shane was.

Young, naive, and extremely confused. He and Shane spoke about this a lot now that they were married and had been out for a few years. They spoke about their feelings and what went through their minds during their rookie seasons or their years when they were drafted to Boston and Montreal.

Young Ilya was a dick; that was one of the painful memories Ilya could recall. It was his biggest regret: how badly he treated Shane when they were younger.

This Shane that Ilya was looking at right now had an asshole of a fuck buddy who didn't have his own identity yet, who was scared of love and commitment. This poor, younger Shane, was dealing with heartbreak.

"Don't give up on him," Ilya blurted out. He regretted the words immediately, but there was no turning back now.

"Hm?" Hollander had closed his eyes, but reopened them to furrow his brows Ilya's way.

"Nothing," Ilya got up and shook his head. He wasn't going to repeat himself. Shane deserved to stew in this bliss before he had to go back to a grumpy and strange version of Ilya.

Hollander sat up and leaned against the headboard. He curled into himself and hid his nakedness as if Ilya hadn't licked at his hole moments ago. The position made him look more vulnerable, and Ilya had to turn away and occupy himself by shuffling on some sweatpants.

"You're kinda an asshole right now," Hollander's voice was very delicate, and his eyes widened a bit before he quickly rephrased. "Not you like...right now. I mean...*my* Rozanov."

He must've processed what Ilya had said, and was now answering. Ilya didn't dwell on his mistake too much, instead engaging as much as he could since he started this.

"I know. And I will regret that." Ilya answered honestly, and he felt his heart quiver at the sight of Hollander's eyes sparkling all hopeful and pained at the same time.

A drawn-out silence, the shower turned off and signified the end of Shane's routine. Ilya was opening his mouth to offer Hollander a shower next when he got the question of a lifetime.

"Do you love him?" Hollander asked, one of his hands was fisted into the sheets beside him.

Ilya didn't have to think about that answer, but he paused and allowed the question to hang in the air for a few moments. He analyzed Hollander's expression, how his eyes had that look in

them where he was trying not to cry. He was so stiff on the bed, and didn't move a muscle as he waited for the reply.

Ilya walked over and sat himself down close to Hollander. He placed a hand delicately on his knee, and looked Hollander right in the eye as he answered.

"Yes. With all my heart."

Shane nodded and blinked away the tears. The bathroom door opened and steam trickled into the room. Shane looked as sexy as ever only wearing a loose towel around his waist as his little hips swung while he walked.

"Go shower. We will be here." Ilya patted Hollander's cheek, swiping quickly across his freckles before allowing Hollander to scramble out of the bed and into the washroom next.

"What did you do to me?" Shane asked once the door was closed.

Ilya shrugged and began to take off the sheets. Shane helped him from the other side of the bed.

"If he is going back to younger me, then I need to apologize."

Shane chuckled, which was nice that they could laugh about these things now. They took off the rest of the sheets in silence and bundled them in the corner. It was the least they could do for the poor cleaning staff.

"Is this like...a time travel thing? Cause I don't remember any of this." Shane had a good point, but Ilya didn't want to think further about that. Hollander looked fine, and for some reason, Ilya didn't feel any concern about him getting back to his version of Ilya.

"Don't worry about it. You got fucked, he got fucked, you are both happy." Ilya teased, earning a smile from Shane as he wiggled in some pyjama pants and got an extra pair out for Hollander.

The shower turned off, and as they waited, Shane pulled Ilya in so they were chest to chest in the middle of the hotel room. They stared at one another with stupid smiles on their faces.

"Are you happy?" Shane asked just as his younger self appeared from the bathroom. More steam curled out, and Hollander had a towel wrapped around his waist like Shane had. He looked ravishing.

"Mm, very. Even though I thought my heart would stop a few times." Ilya patted Shane's hip and then passed Hollander to shower himself. He snuck a sloppy kiss on the young one's cheek to catch one more rosy blush before he closed the bathroom door.

Ilya showered quickly and walked out of the bathroom. He left the towel and decided to waltz out as naked and damp as ever.

Both Shanes looked up, and Ilya felt his heart swell at the sight. They were cuddled into one another like two sleepy kittens; every piece of their bodies was touching in some way. It was very amusing to watch their expressions shine with interest, and two pairs of identical brown eyes raked down his body to admire it.

But they were all exhausted, and Ilya's fantasy was to have a mind-blowing threesome with two Shanes, not break them. So, he shuffled into bed still naked and eagerly welcomed between the two. Now he was in a Shane sandwich, and it didn't take long for Ilya to close his eyes and pass out.

-

Ilya awoke to his cheek smushed into the mattress and drool underneath him. It felt like he was hungover, the way his muscles ached, and his brain felt so foggy. But it was in a good way.

He remembered everything, and the memories from last night caused him to jerk up and scan the room.

Just one Shane now, which broke his heart the slightest bit. Ilya had to tell himself that this was good, that this younger version of Shane was back with his Ilya. Ilya knew himself, and even if his younger self was acting like he didn't want Shane around, he was lying.

"Mhm, he's gone?" Ilya heard from beside him. Shane spoke groggily but with sadness laced in his tone, and Ilya hummed disappointedly in response.

Shane's frown was obvious, and Ilya cooed as he shuffled back down to cuddle into his husband. Shane greedily buried his way into Ilya's chest, his arms tight around Ilya to keep him close.

"I wasn't done with him. I promised him he could make me cum again, did you know that?" Shane grumbled. He looked up to meet Ilya's eyes, and it was then that Ilya clocked the morning wood between them.

"Oh, then you must tell me all about your plans as you ride me through the mattress, sweetheart." Ilya kissed Shane hungrily before shifting onto his back. He made a show of flexing his arms and lacing his hands before his head, his cock was tenting across the sheets already.

Shane licked his lips and didn't hesitate to kick off his sweatpants and straddle Ilya. He prepped himself lazily, Ilya watching his face scrunch from below. It didn't take long at all due to last night's activities, and swiftly Shane had sat himself down on Ilya's cock.

"So full, fuck," Shane whimpered and rolled his hips to chase the feeling. After he adjusted, he placed his palms upon Ilya's pecs for support. Once Shane had the balance secured, he rode Ilya *hard*.

"Tell me," Ilya started, his breath already leaving him. Shane was ruthless, changing his

movements from slapping down hard against him and swivelling his hips roughly. "Tell me what you wanted to do with him."

"I wanted us to use you," Shane moaned through puffed breaths as he bounced. "Have him sit on your face. Us face to face with me riding you like this."

Ilya groaned loudly, the image easy to produce in his mind. He'd take Hollander apart with his tongue, spread his cheeks wide and encourage him to lean back onto his face. Poor Hollander would be cautious and unsure, but once Ilya's tongue was inside of him, he'd give in completely.

Shane leaned down to give Ilya a wet kiss. It was sloppy, and they barely met on the lips due to Shane's continuous and brutal pace on top of him.

"We'd make out on top of you while little old me suffocated you." Shane kept the fantasy going, his hand moving to Ilya's throat as Ilya had done earlier. Ilya fucking loved when Shane was dominant like this, it was rare, but when Shane got like this, it had Ilya seeing stars.

Shane squeezed his throat and leaned into it, cutting off the circulation slightly. Ilya's moans grew louder and louder, his gut twisting. The sensations fully took over, and now all he could feel was Shane's tight hole around his cock and the tightness of his hand around his throat.

He could tell Shane was close; his bouncing got more erratic, and he lost his rhythm. Now it was just the pure hunger to chase his orgasm, and when Shane got hungry enough, he began to ramble.

"Your cock is so good. So deep inside me. Oh, *fuck* I'm gonna cum on your cock...I'm gonna...*nughh*," Shane whined high as he finally came. His hand left Ilya's throat to grab at his shoulders instead, and Ilya was surprised by the viscous tremors that shook through Shane as the orgasm began to wear off.

"Fuck sweetheart, that was a good one," Ilya praised with his hands coming out to settle around Shane's shaking thighs. Shane's hips jerked and spasmed, the orgasm rocking through him like never before.

"Holy shit," Ilya moaned in surprise when he orgasmed next. The sight before him was just too good. He tightly held Shane's hips and dug his nails in; he tried to keep his own hips from twitching upwards as Shane attempted to come down from his high.

They marinated in post-orgasm bliss. The memory of a younger Shane with them settling in their brains. It was nice to know it didn't leave them overnight, and that they could keep it for their wet dreams.

"You okay, *moya lyubov*?" Ilya checked in, seeing the way Shane's eyes closed and his body swayed. Ilya's cock had softened and fallen out of him, and now Shane was sitting on his lap and recovering.

“M’fine just...*fuck*, last night was hot.” Shane leaned down to kiss him again, and then, with trembling thighs, got off of Ilya to fall boneless on the bed again.

“We removed the sheets just to get the mattress dirty,” Shane pointed out, because of course he did.

Ilya turned to face him and pressed their foreheads together. They were both sweaty and needed another shower, but he didn’t care; this feeling was worth it.

-

Shane Hollander woke up to knocking. It was loud throughout the room, and it made him groan and curl into himself. It felt like he had run a marathon, and the wet dream he had just gone through made his cock impossibly hard and his body sweaty all over. It was as if he were a cat in heat.

“Shane?” A hiss from the other side of the door, and the accent was unmistakable. Shane jolted up, a moan passing through him as his cock jostled at the movement.

He was in the same hotel room he booked for his time in Boston during the away game. It was booked specifically far away from his teammates and Ilya’s, all so they could fuck as loud as they wanted.

And Shane was starving. He strode towards the door and flung it open. It revealed the always cocky and very bold Ilya Rozanov, the Russian man looking a little distraught at being forced to wait longer than he wanted in the hallway.

Ilya shoved his way in, his eyes scanning over Shane’s form in a quick sweep before he began to shrug off his jacket.

“You leave me there for five minutes. What the fuck?” Ilya grumbled and tossed the jacket on the chair. He stood at his full height and tightened his jaw. He looked intimidating, and it made Shane’s gut stir.

“I’m sorry, I just-I fell asleep.” Shane shrugged shyly. He scratched nervously at the back of his neck, not knowing how to continue. What he really wanted to do was jump Ilya and climb the Russian like a tree, but Ilya had been off lately, ever since the Olympics; he barely responded to his texts. It was a miracle the man was here in front of him.

But then Ilya’s eyes trailed down to zero in on his bottom half, and those hazel eyes sparkled with curiosity and arousal. A shiver worked its way down Shane’s spine, and he couldn’t help but enjoy the feeling of embarrassment while Ilya stared at his obvious hard-on.

“Good dream?” Ilya teased as he walked over. He waltzed towards Shane with his chin held high, and he made sure to flicker his gaze from Shane’s tent to his face.

“Yeah, really good,” Shane chuckled. He recalled his dream in tiny snapshots. Here and there, he’d remember things, but most of it had evaporated or was blurry. He remembered

there being two of him; that was for sure.

“Was about me, of course,” Ilya’s cocky tone and sneer required a heavy eye roll from Shane. A blush began to spread on his cheeks, which betrayed him.

“Fuck off,” Shane decided to go with that as a response.

Ilya grabbed him by the hips, tugging Shane in so his hard-on was pressed against Ilya’s. The sensation caused a moan to escape Shane’s lips, and in turn made Ilya smile with his teeth.

“No, tell me. Maybe we recreate it for real.” Ilya massaged Shane’s hips, his fingers toying with the hem of his sweatpants. His hands were cold against Shane’s hot skin.

Shane didn’t look Ilya in the eye; he felt ashamed of this dirty dream. He’s never had one like this before, one that felt so real to the point he broke a sweat and almost busted all over the hotel bed. And now he had to stand here and spill the details on it in front of the guy who was the main event of said dream.

“It’s too much...” Shane fumbled with his words. He didn’t know what to say with Ilya so close and fondling him. Shane just wanted to be fucked so badly, and he could see that Ilya understood that as well.

But Ilya was a stubborn man, and that was one thing Shane could understand through the thick walls Ilya had built around himself. He raised a brow at Shane and didn’t look impressed.

“The man who says he has a dildo is telling me his dream is too dirty. You are kidding?” In the middle of those words, Ilya stuffed a hand behind Shane’s sweatpants to cup heavily at his ass. It was rough enough that Shane was forced onto his tiptoes, and he leaned into Ilya with a breathless moan.

“There was-“ Shane cut himself off with another breath of air when Ilya’s fingers brushed across his hole. His body was flush with Ilya’s, and he barely had room to lean back and look the other man in the eye. “There were two of me...sharing you.”

All movement quickly paused. Ilya’s fingers halting their pumping, and his other hand froze mid-squeeze. It gave Shane the opportunity to step away, the embarrassment overwhelming him.

But he didn’t get far; Ilya’s fingers only slipped from his hole before Shane was being crowded into the wall by a very aroused Ilya Rozanov.

“Two of you...with me?” Ilya frantically searched Shane’s expression, and Shane knew he couldn’t escape this now. But it was working in his favour by how hard Ilya was against his hip as he pinned him to the hotel room wall.

“Y-yeah. Me and...an older version of me. I guess.”

Ilya never broke eye contact with him, and Shane could see his rival's imagination run wild in an attempt to picture it.

“Did I enjoy myself?” Ilya asked, even though he knew the answer. Shane played the game and pretended to think really hard; the pause he knew was killing Ilya.

“I mean, yeah. You fucked me and him back to back. I think I ate my older self’s cu-“

Shane couldn’t finish. He was thrown onto the bed, causing him to gasp in shock at the sudden movement. Ilya stood at the end of the bed, staring down at Shane, ready to jump and devour him.

“You are going to kill me,” Ilya announced as he fumbled to take off his shirt. The words sent a shock of electricity down Shane’s spine, and he didn’t understand why. Maybe because it was hot to know Ilya was this aroused due to the imagination of two Shanes getting fucked by him.

Shane scrambled off and fell to his knees, helping Ilya shuffle out of his pants next. Ilya barely got them past his ass before Shane was swallowing him down.

“Oh,” Ilya gasped, thighs tensing and a hand cupping the back of Shane’s head.

Shane felt eager to please him, the flashes from his dream of him on his knees with his older self licking and sucking at the other Ilya’s cock. How he was taught to suck the tip, to roll his tongue, and to make those obscene noises.

He didn’t get to do much. Ilya’s breath hitched, and he tugged Shane off of him. A trail of spit connected Shane with Ilya’s head, and in a moment of defiance, Shane poked his tongue out to lick a dribble of pre-cum.

“*yebat*’...I need to fuck you,” Ilya tugged at Shane’s hair again to beckon him upwards. They made out filthily, their tongues mixing together and swallowing one another’s moans.

“On your stomach,” Ilya shoved him towards the mattress gently, but as Shane scrambled into place, another flash from his dream made his stomach curl.

“Can we do it like this?” Shane flipped himself around, this time with his back on the bed, ready for a missionary position. It was hard to explain what he wanted, and even though he knew Ilya was horny due to his imagination, Shane felt strange being so dirty. He was usually quieter and allowed Ilya to take the lead; he wasn’t one to complain because it felt good no matter what.

But if Ilya wanted to recreate pieces of this dream, Shane needed him to follow.

“Was that in your dream?” Ilya smirked devilishly, and it only grew when Shane rolled his eyes.

“Shut up and come here,” Shane’s legs opened in an offering, and Ilya happily began a slow

crawl towards him, his eyes locked on Shane's cock.

"Mm, now what?" Ilya kissed up Shane's stomach and sucked at a nipple. Shane tried to find his next words as the feelings flowed through him.

"Now you bend me in half and fuck me until I cry," Shane answered breathlessly.

Ilya growled, another Russian curse word twisting under his breath before Ilya got to work. He grabbed under Shane's knees and swiftly brought them so they were resting just below his ears. The angle was orgasmic, one that he remembers watching from a different angle in his dream.

Now he was living it, and it sent him into a spiral of moans as Ilya bent down to lick and suck at his hole. Shane helped by hooking an arm below his knees and pressing them together, allowing Ilya to finger him easily.

He couldn't see what Ilya was doing down there, but the licking was in quick swipes, his tongue dancing around his fingers as they scissored him open.

Then Ilya was up and taking over again, and he moved his knees so they were back near his ears. It allowed Shane a good view as Ilya lined himself up with sweat already building at his brow and between his pecs.

Shane could only grip harshly at the pillow on either side of his head as Ilya leaned into him and bent him impossibly more while his cock slowly entered him.

"Oh my god," Shane gasped, his eyes blown wide as overwhelming tears already started to well in his eyes. He kept his composure and felt the moment, each harsh thrust sending him further up the bed.

"Not god, just Rozanov," because of course Ilya had to remain quick with his witty responses as he was pounding Shane into another dimension.

"Fuck...you," Shane fumbled, the thrusts so hard and the feeling so good that his words meant nothing anymore. He wanted to scream Ilya's name; he wanted to react like the flashes he saw of his own self. How he looked so relaxed even when getting fucked through the mattress.

Shane refocused and distracted himself by making Ilya meet him for a sloppy kiss. His thighs burned at the stretch, but it felt delicious in the moment. He was definitely going to be sore tomorrow when he went for practice.

"You take me so good, so flexible *malysh*," Ilya's hands tightened and his sweat dripped into Shane's face. Shane couldn't care less. Both of their mouths were hung open in ecstasy, and now all they could do was breathe into one another as their orgasms grew to their peaks.

"I'm gonna cum, don't stop," Shane cried as the tears fell, and Ilya straightened and fucked him as deep as he could with his teeth bared. He looked feral and greedy.

“Fucking cum for me,” Ilya hissed. An erratic amount of thrusts occurred, and Shane saw white as he threw his head back and screamed.

“Ilya!”

More deep thrusts, then Ilya groaned deeply.

“Shane...” he heard Ilya purr faintly.

He knew what had just happened, and Shane was sure Ilya was aware as well. Neither addressed it as they breathed through their highs.

Ilya slowly lowered his knees. And Shane thought this was going to be it, he was sure Ilya would swiftly detach himself from him and snake away, so he could never be seen for another couple of torturous weeks. He’d forget Shane existed, and Shane would have to pick up the pieces of his broken heart once again.

But Ilya stayed, and not only that, but the Russian began to massage his shaking thighs, the feeling immediately relaxing Shane out of his anxiety. He couldn’t suppress the deep sigh.

Ilya continued to massage his muscles, going up his thighs to his knees and calves and then back down. If Shane wasn’t so blissed out, he was sure he’d be concerned about how domestic this was.

But they had also screamed each other’s names, and now Shane had a list of questions he needed answers to.

“I-“

“Shhh,” Ilya cut him off gently, and suddenly had a wash cloth in his hand. Shane didn’t even notice the other man had gotten off the bed. But he was back now, and Shane felt his heart squeeze.

“We talk later, rest now,” Ilya knuckles brushed away the tears, and then sloppily threw the dirty wash cloth beside the bed on the floor. Shane grimaced, which earned him a chuckle from Ilya, the laugh vibrating through his back as Ilya cuddled up behind him.

“Sleep now, talk later?” Shane asked with a hopeful tone in his voice. He stared off towards the hotel wall, too afraid to turn and look Ilya in the eye.

Ilya breath was hot against his ear, the other man so close as he lay behind Shane under the covers.

“Sleep now, talk later,” he reassured. And then Shane closed his eyes and dreamed.

End Notes

So yeah that was crazy.

I don't write fics with pure smut, I'm an angst girl all the way. But I decided to dabble in the genre for some fun. Don't be too harsh on me, this was honestly self-indulgent and fulfilled my desire for Ilya Rozanov to lose his mind over two Shane's at the same time.

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