

Low Tolerance

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Low Tolerance

by [aerihidalgo](#)

Summary

Shane should be proud because he was the only one who put a ring on and locked the notoriously untamable Ilya Rozanov down.

Everyone knows. The world made it a big deal.

So why are girls still acting like his husband is someone available? Why do strangers still look at his husband like he's fair game? And why does he feel the pit in his stomach over some half-drunk thoughts of random girls in a bar or some girl's wandering hands on Ilya?

Maybe it's the alcohol. Or something else.

Either way, Shane decides to do something about it.

OR: Shane Hollander-Rozanov realizes he has a dangerously low tolerance for alcohol and for watching other girls flirt with his husband.

Notes

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

The night is still young when Shane first notices it from the bar; he's half-turned sitting on a barstool beside Luca, and there's a sweating glass of ginger ale held loosely in his hand. Across the room, Ilya is sprawled comfortably in the large booth with Bood, Harris, and Troy while they laugh at ridiculous jokes. He notices that Ilya is laughing in an easy way, almost carelessly, that always seems to pull people in.

That's when he also notices a blond woman—strikingly beautiful, the kind who looks like she belongs on a billboard or on magazine covers—standing too close in front of Ilya. She leans in as she talks, her hand settling on Ilya's shoulder way too comfortably, like it has every right to be there. The booth is big enough to keep a respectful distance, but she doesn't seem to be aware of it. She inches closer instead, drawn in, like everyone eventually is.

Shane looks away and focuses his attention on his drink, watching the condensation slide down the glass like it's the most mesmerizing thing as he lets the noise of the bar swallow the moment whole. He tells himself it's nothing. Besides, the entire table is laughing, the night is unfolding well because it's meant to be great. It's a celebration, after all.

They just came off a brutal win against the Boston Bears. It was exhausting, hard-fought, and it's the kind of game that is still ringing in every vein of their sculpted body. But it is also the kind of game that is the sweetest because when the final buzzer hits, the victory is theirs to claim.

The bar is packed, loud with locals and music and clinking glasses. Ilya had suggested it without hesitation, saying it used to be one of his favorites back when he played for Boston, and when he and Marleu were basically out every night when there were no games or practice the next day.

Around them, somewhere, Dykstra, Chouinard and Coach Weibe are already deep in conversation with strangers they had just met while holding their choice of drink. Overall, the whole place feels loose and unguarded—everyone riding the high of their win tonight. Alcohol seems to be overflowing but everyone already knows by now that Shane will stick to his ginger ale, and they don't seem to mind. Shane appreciated that more than he would like to admit. It's a quiet kind of respect he's grown used to with this team, a stark contrast to the Metros, where his refusal used to feel like he was somehow disappointing his team.

He pushes that thought away just as quickly as it comes because that's all in the past and he's now here, and he loves his new team.

"They look like they're having fun over there," Luca suddenly says, glancing toward the booth, his words slightly slurred at the edges. "I think we need to jump in."

Shane only glances at him and huffs softly. He can already tell that Luca is tipsy with the way he's flushed, cheeks beet red, and his eyes are a little too bright. Shane had practically dragged him to the bar earlier just to slow him down, worried he'd be completely gone before the night even hit its peak.

“You should go,” Shane says, finishing the last of his ginger ale in one go. “I’ll take a leak first.”

He slides off the stool before Luca can protest, weaving through the crowd toward the back. He was stopped from time to time as people who recognized him offered their congratulatory messages. He politely smiled and said his thank yous as he neared the comfort room.

The hallway leading to the restrooms is dim, the music is muffled just enough to feel distant. On the right side is the women’s, on the left the men’s, and between them a couple of sinks lined with mirrors that reflect the low, amber lighting.

He barely makes it halfway down before voices stop him.

“I heard Ilya Rozanov’s here tonight,” a feminine voice said, followed by a giggle.

There are a trio standing in front of the sinks retouching their already flawless makeup like it’s more of a ritual than an actual necessity.

“Do you think it’s a good idea to shoot my shot?” continued the brunette girl as she reapply her lipstick with familiar precision.

“Fuck, yes,” the blonde replies instantly, smirking at her own reflection as she runs a brush through her hair. “I bet he’s so good in bed, so go get it, girl.”

“Yeah, with a build like that, you’ll probably feel like a child relearning how to walk the next day.” The other girl with short hair said, which made them laugh altogether.

Shane only exhales quietly through his nose, rolling his shoulders back as if he can physically shake off the way his chest tightens. Then he continued his way to the men’s section like he heard nothing at all, like the sound of Ilya’s name and talk of sex with him didn’t snag somewhere under his skin.

It’s stupid.

They’re drunk girls in a bar, saying predictable things about a man who draws attention just by existing. Of course they would. Anyone with eyes would. It doesn’t mean anything.

When he comes back to wash his hands, the girls are nowhere to be seen. His expression stays neutral in the mirror as he rinses his hands, gaze fixed on his own reflection—steady, unimpressed, unaffected.

It definitely doesn’t mean anything to him. At least, that’s what he tells himself.

They’re happily married, for fucks sake. Besides, he already knows Ilya’s reputation ever since their rookie days. He’s so used to hearing how notorious he was and how both girls and men alike seem to worship him. Doesn’t matter whether this bar is probably full of Ilya’s past hookups because they probably know that he’s a regular here when he’s in town. Of course, Shane didn’t mind it. In fact, there’s a voice telling him that he should be proud because he was the only one to lock Ilya Rozanov down.

The thought comes with a flicker of something warm that grounds him for a moment but it still doesn't settle the way it should. If anything, it only makes the earlier image sharper in his mind: that woman leaning in too close, her hand on Ilya's shoulder, Ilya laughing like it's nothing.

And now, these girls talking about shooting their shot like it's the easiest thing to do. Shane suddenly remembers how anxiety or panic eats him whole when he thinks about secretly meeting up with Ilya in hotel rooms before. The way he couldn't get close to Ilya without fearing that someone might sense that something was going on between them. He was always walking on eggshells before. And now, he overheard some girls talking about their plans of wanting to fuck him and someone touching him without a speck of anxiety or thinking about the possible consequences. It's the kind of privilege he wasn't allowed to have before.

It is *nothing*. He shouldn't feel this way because it's all in the past, and it's pointless to compare it with half-drunk thoughts of random girls in a bar or some girl's wandering hands.

Shane dries his hands a little harsher than necessary and tosses the paper towel in the trash bin. By the time he steps back into the main room, the noise hits him all over again. He didn't pay attention to why he feels like it is louder and heavier now. The music, the crowd, the heat of it, everything. He scans the bar automatically and he finds the booth without trying.

The whole team is now there, having too much fun. Ilya's still there like he's the center of everything.

And that woman is still too *close*.

Shane exhales slowly, dragging a hand through his hair as he turns away before he can overanalyze everything. This is *ridiculous*. He knows it is. He's not the jealous type—never has been, never needed to be. Not with Ilya because he knows exactly where Ilya stands, and he always comes back to Shane.

They're married, openly, unapologetically, no longer something whispered behind closed doors or disguised as rivalry for the world to consume. There's no secrecy left, no lines to blur or hide behind. *Everyone knows*.

They are the '*first husbands of hockey*'. The first of their kind in a league that once only knew them as opposites. It's been a long and tough journey but at least it's all worth it.

That thought should have totally eased his suddenly tensed shoulders but he doesn't know why it is not enough. *Why is he even acting this way?* He shouldn't feel the unreasonable irritation he can't quite justify.

He suddenly feels immature and he worries that the team might notice it, or worse, Ilya might notice it because he can read Shane better than anyone else.

So he veers toward the bar instead of the booth to buy some time and to control his thoughts and whatever it is he's feeling.

“Hey, uh—” he starts, the hesitation barely there but still noticeable as he slips back onto the barstool, the leather creaking softly under his weight. He rests his forearms against the counter, fingers tapping once, twice, like he’s trying to settle into a decision he hasn’t fully made yet. “Can I get something stronger?”

He made a promise to himself tonight that he wouldn’t drink because he would drive them home and make sure they would get there safely. It was an easy promise then and it should still be easy now. But that doesn’t look like the case anymore.

The bartender raises a brow, glancing at the empty ginger ale glass like he’s double-checking, “You sure?”

“Yeah,” Shane adds quickly, already pushing past the hesitation in his own head. “A vodka, or—” he huffs a quiet breath, shaking his head. “Just...whatever. Something decent.”

The bartender studies him for half a second longer before reaching for a bottle, amber liquid catching the low light as he pours it neat into a short glass and slides it across the counter.

Shane doesn’t hesitate this time. He just wraps his fingers around the glass, the burn already ghosting up his throat before it even touches his lips, and then he downs the whiskey neat in one go. The warmth registered in his chest and it’s way too harsh than he remembers.

Good.

Because apparently, tonight, he can already feel the unwelcome edge creeping under his skin, and no matter how cold or crisp it was, a ginger ale isn’t going to cut it.

He downs another shot.

By the time he approaches the booth, there’s still a faint burn clinging to the back of his throat, it settles low and warm in his chest, which dulls the tension he’s feeling, just enough to take the bite off everything else he’s thinking.

It’s good enough to hide every unwelcome thought behind it.

The noise swells around him again as he gets closer, laughter louder here, brighter, and more familiar. The team spills across the seats, bodies leaning into each other, drinks in hand, voices overlapping. But above everything else, his eyes settled on Ilya.

He’s mid-laugh when Shane steps in, his head tipped back slightly, eyes crinkled, something unguarded and open in his expression that hits Shane square in the chest before he can stop it. The blonde is still there, perched closer than before, her knee nearly brushing Ilya’s as she leans in again, saying something that makes him grin.

Then Ilya saw him sliding into the booth beside Luca, directly across from Ilya, because he’s suddenly conscious that if he sits next to him, Ilya can see right through his demeanor. Besides, it’s already occupied anyway.

He notices that Ilya's attention is now all on him, and his eyes soften like he's looking at Shane for the first time all over again. He looks at him like he's the only person in the room.

Shane looks away.

"Hey," Troy calls out first, noticing Shane. "There he is! Took you long enough."

"Yeah, sorry," Shane mutters beside Luca, who immediately slings an arm over his shoulder, already too warm and too heavy. "I-uh...got distracted."

The conversation continues, and his eyes flick up despite himself. He can tell that Ilya notices something almost instantly because of course he does. His attention immediately shifts and his eyes are suddenly too aware like he's reading Shane at the very moment. The smile on his face doesn't fade but it just changes in a way that it's softer at the edges but also somehow sharper at the same time. Shane's probably the only one who noticed it or maybe he's just imagining it.

"Shane," Ilya says softly, like it's a greeting meant only for him.

The blonde glances over, following his gaze, assessing in a way that's quick but not subtle. Shane doesn't bother returning it and his focus stays on Ilya.

"Where did you go?" Ilya asked, tilting his head slightly.

"Restroom," Shane replies, shrugging one shoulder. Trying to be casual, easy. "And a drink."

"Finally," Luca cuts in with a laugh, squeezing him. "He's now evolving!"

"Shut up and try to regress a bit, Luca. You're practically a kid," Shane huffs playfully and Luca just waves a hand, dismissing the suggestion.

He tried to join the conversation about the highlights of their phenomenal game earlier but even as the conversation rolls on, even as the night keeps moving, he can still feel it—that low, stubborn flicker of something he refuses to name.

Jealousy doesn't suit him. He doesn't want to be *needy* and childish. At the end of the day, there's nothing to be threatened by. Nothing to question. Not when he already has everything that matters.

Shane felt Ilya tap his foot against his own under the table, and it made Shane's thoughts calmer.

So he continues to ignore the bitter feeling in his system.

After some time, the woman eventually slips away when she seems to finally notice that Ilya is not as present in their conversation anymore, she offers to grab another round for the table, her hand lingering on the back of Ilya's seat before she goes. The space she leaves behind should feel like relief but it doesn't.

Because the moment she's gone, Shane's gaze lands on the adjacent booth catering the same girls he overheard in the restroom.

The brunette with the lipstick and the blonde with the knowing smirk and the one with a short hair. They're not even trying to be subtle now, eyes fixed on Ilya like he's something to be admired up close, whispered about later. Desire is evident in their eyes like they're wanting to devour Ilya whole. One of them leans in toward the other, saying something probably dirty behind her hand, and they both laugh, glancing back again shamelessly.

Shane exhales slowly through his nose, jaw tightening for just a second before he forces it to relax. *This is fucking ridiculous. It doesn't matter. None of it does.* He tells himself again.

He downed the glass he's gripping, and he tasted the botanical burn of gin that cuts clean down his throat. He can feel Ilya's eyes piercing through him, searching for something. The kind that already knows something's off, even if Shane hasn't said a word. Shane only glanced at his breathtaking husband and slightly smiled at him. The kind that's meant to reassure, to say "*everything's fine, nothing to see here.*" Just to hide behind the lie a little longer.

The dim light and alcohol softened Ilya in a way that feels almost unfair—like the whole room has dimmed just to let him stand out. Breathtaking, always, but more than that—*his*.

Always mine, Shane thinks.

They can look because people *always* look. That's just how it is with Ilya because he's too bright and magnetic. The kind of man who's impossible to ignore. Shane's known that from the start, long before anyone else got close enough to realize it. Long before they were... *husbands*.

Then something clicked inside of him because the word settles heavier now in a way that's not comforting the way it usually does.

It's not complete *jealousy*. It can't be.

It's also...*annoyance*. Or maybe frustration. At the situation. It's not really a big deal but he's suddenly tired of the way people don't seem to understand boundaries even when they're obvious. Tired of how they act like boundaries are just suggestions instead of something solid, the evidence in their ring finger, visible to anyone who bothers to pay attention.

And *still*.

Still, people test it. Push at it. Pretend not to see. Even though it's obvious as hell.

Yeah. Maybe that's it.

Because for fuck's sake, their wedding was announced all over the internet. They were on the cover of multiple magazines. They were interviewed left and right. They even posted a statement and some of their photos together on their personal social media accounts. He's pretty sure it was big news because the world made it to be.

The *world* made it a *big deal*.

So why are they acting like his husband is someone *available*? Someone they can just run into and shoot their shot and completely ignore the wedding ring on his finger. Never even minding that he's married to him like Shane is just a nobody who they can overlook because they wanted to have sex with his husband for a night.

It's fucking disrespectful.

The thought lingers longer than it should, heavier now, muddled by the slow warmth of whiskey and gin settling deeper into his system. His head feels lighter, just enough that the usual restraint slips at the edges.

But that's not enough to cause a scene. And even when it is, he doesn't think that he can do it. It's only enough to make his jaw tighten, and leave a bitter taste at the back of his throat in a way that has nothing to do with alcohol.

Shane shifts in his seat, dragging a hand down his face briefly before dropping it back to his lap. He doesn't look at the girls again. He doesn't need to because he can still feel those eyes, their attention still orbiting around Ilya like moths refusing to burn out. He can almost feel it: the way they linger too long, the way they pretend they're not staring, the way they're just waiting for a moment that doesn't feel like an intrusion to step closer to their table. Like proximity alone is enough as an invitation.

Also, he can suddenly feel that his body feels wrong in a way he can't immediately name. Warmth continues to spread under his skin, crawling up the column of his neck until it reaches his cheeks, turning everything faintly too hot and too close. His eyes feel heavier with each passing second, lids dragging down like gravity has suddenly become personal. There's a floaty, detached quality settling into him now, like he's slightly removed from himself.

How much did he even drink?

He's sure it hadn't been much. A couple of glasses, maybe three at most. Nothing that should have done this to him. He also knows his limits well enough; he's not that light with alcohol. Or at least that's what he thought. *But why does he feel like this already?* Like alcohol is drowning his rational thoughts, like it's sinking instead of forming.

This is not intoxication, not really. He convinces himself.

Maybe it's just everything catching up at once, like his mind finally decided to stop cooperating. Or maybe he's more tired than he thought. Or maybe this is just what celebrating feels like when someone unintentionally ruined the night. No, he should stop paying attention to that and just focus on actually celebrating their win. He just scored a hat-trick, and he's sulking here like a possessive, childish teenager.

He leans back a little in his seat. No, it doesn't feel like he's retreating. It feels like he's recalibrating. Like he's deciding something without fully consenting to the decision-making process. His gaze keeps slipping back to Ilya anyway.

Mine.

And suddenly, he's tired of pretending that something isn't bothering him.

Fuck it.

He's Ilya Rozanov's *husband*, and it's about time he started acting like it in front of these people.

He knows he doesn't need to prove anything to anyone.

He also doesn't let himself overthink that they're in a bar with their teammates. He suddenly doesn't care if they're about to display too much public affection. He doesn't think about the agreement they made, about keeping things toned down in public.

Tonight, it doesn't matter because they just won a game, he scored a hat-trick, and he's annoyed by girls who gawk and touch his husband shamelessly.

Maybe it's the liquid courage talking but he doesn't care much about that either as he grabs another drink, something harsh and burning like tequila, downs it, then stands to sit beside his husband.

Ilya's eyes followed him, amusement written all over his face. His eyes twinkle as he looks up at Shane moving near him. His eyes catch the low light, glinting as Shane approaches, and without a word, he stretches his arm across the backrest of the empty space beside him. It looks like an invitation. But when Shane looks at his face, it's more like an expectation.

Like he knew Shane can't help it but come closer to him.

The team doesn't seem to notice, and they are still too absorbed, still enjoying some exaggerated story that's shared by Harris animatedly. No one in the team paid attention to them. Shane can see the girls in his peripheral vision, though.

They are always watching—*waiting*. Eyeing that empty seat beside Ilya vacated by another girl earlier. And now Shane slips into it like he's reclaiming a throne that was always his.

This is the seat they wanted, and now they can look how Shane settled into it comfortably.

He doesn't glance at Ilya as he sits beside him too close, their thighs are completely touching and heat seems to bleed through the fabric. It sends a spark up his spine.

He wants to kiss Ilya.

God, he wants to mark him right there and then.

But he's still not comfortable with that kind of public affection, yet. So instead, he tilts his head just slightly. It exposes his neck like an offering. And he's sure that Ilya would notice because it's the kind of silent language only Ilya has ever been fluent in.

He barely has time to breathe before he feels Ilya's arm slide from the backrest, wrapping it around his waist, grabbing him tightly, and pulling him closer like their distance is still not enough.

Then he felt a hot breath, a slow exhale against the sensitive curve of his neck.

"Mm. Is something wrong, *moya lyubov*?" Ilya gently asked, punctuated by soft kisses pressed just beneath his ear down to his neck.

Shane's eyes flutter, and everything else felt completely irrelevant now. The noise around them fades and he's suddenly too aware of how close they are and how the air is thick between them.

"No. Nothing's wrong,"

Ilya huffs out a quiet laugh against his skin. "You are still a really bad liar."

Then he placed another kiss. Then another. Then a few more. Lingering longer this time, tracing upward, unhurried, until he reaches the shell of Shane's ear like he's savoring him.

Something awoke in Shane that has nothing to do with what was bothering him earlier. Whatever had been bothering him twists, melts, dissolves into something heavier and warmer in his chest. His breathing is now ragged and uneven. His body is suddenly too aware of every point of contact and every inch of space that isn't close enough.

He scanned the team and the whole table once again and nobody seemed to mind at all.

Still nothing.

No one's looking.

No one cares.

"How many did you drink?" Ilya murmurs.

"Uh—I don't know. Three, maybe?"

"Got bored with stupid Canadian ginger ale?" Ilya teased.

"Fuck off, Rozanov."

"Mm. No."

Under the table, Ilya's other hand finds him. It rests on his thigh, slightly squeezing him before his thumb starts tracing lazy, absent circles that are anything but innocent. Which makes Shane's thoughts blur instantly.

God.

Ilya is all over Shane and he can feel him everywhere—crowding his space, his senses, like he's forgotten where they are entirely. Or worse—like he remembers and just doesn't care.

He slightly sucked Shane's neck just enough to make his breath hitch sharply. The alcohol made the sensation ten times more intense, and it went straight to the bulge that's now growing in his pants.

Fuck.

Shane's eyes drifted for a bit, seeking some kind of distraction, because if he lets his mind be engulfed by the way Ilya's hovering over him and making him lose his senses, it will all feel too much. And he'll probably do something stupid like beg Ilya to take him home.

So he just scans the room, trying to regain the last bit of control left in his body.

That's when he sees it again.

Six pairs of confused, disappointed eyes. The same girls with watchful eyes now murmuring some kind of disapproval.

Something flipped in Shane's chest and his lips slowly curled into a smirk.

Good. That's more like it.

Let them see. Let them understand who Ilya belongs to. How easily he can pull him in, bend him closer, with nothing more than a tilt of his head. How he could wrap him in his finger easily.

He's not like *this*—he knows that. He's not possessive and reckless and absolutely not irresponsible. Somewhere distantly, he is sure as hell that this could end up online. Someone will take a photo and upload it on the internet for everyone to dissect and talk about.

He should care. In fact, he usually would. His nervous system usually went all fired up with the mere thought of it, making him panic and overly conscious. But right now, his body and the heat in his veins tells him it doesn't matter.

It tells him that this is alright, so people can see and remember.

So he just leans into it.

He tilted his head further, baring his neck more, his expression heavy with something dangerously close to pride as Ilya continued to breathe him in, settling his chin on the crook of his shoulder.

Across the table, the girls avert their eyes, murmuring to each other with pinched faces. Maybe talking about how it's too late, or rethinking how to enjoy the night now that their fantasy is made short-lived.

Ilya's teeth graze his skin and nipped him slightly, sending sparks and goosebumps all over Shane's body. Then a low, satisfied chuckle follows.

“Ah. Now i see,” Ilya said knowingly.

Shane stiffens slightly and is suddenly pulled back from whatever it was he was thinking.

He seems to register the shift in Ilya’s voice because he looks at him and immediately comes to a damning realization that Ilya’s enjoying this too much and he’s relishing this exact moment.

“I like it when you are jealous and possessive, *kotyonok*.” Ilya admitted.

“No, I’m absolutely not.” He denied, but of course, Ilya immediately caught the lie before he even finished the sentence.

“I can fuck you while they watch, sweetheart.” The words are low, and dangerous in his Russian accent.

Ilyas's hand drifts higher along Shane’s thigh—just hovering—close enough he can feel his fingertips grazing near the bottom of his zipper, making him painfully aware of himself.

The outline beneath his jeans is becoming harder to ignore, even with the dim lighting of the bar, and he noticed that he’s not the only one. He can also see the tent in Ilya’s tight pants as he breathes through his neck.

Jesus Christ. They’re in a bar in front of his teammates. And even though they don’t pay attention to them, it still made Shane suddenly embarrassed, because now it feels like they’re both hiding a growing secret.

The thought forced him into sobriety.

So he pulled away slightly from Ilya’s grip, trying to pull back, to create even an inch of distance, but before it grew wider, Ilya pulled him again. His grip tightens—firm, unyielding—dragging him right back.

“Mm. No hiding now, *solnyshko*.” Ilya teased, but Shane only squirms, breath uneven, still trying—failing—to reclaim some space.

“You wanted them to see that I am yours, yes?” Ilya murmurs, voice velvet-soft and merciless. “So, stay put, or I will make you sit on my lap and make it very clear.”

“*Jesus Christ*, Rozanov,” Shane mutters under his breath, heat rushing to his face despite everything. “We’re in front of the team.”

Ilya only hums, still unconcerned as if that holds no weight at all. But he also doesn’t push further. Not here and not like that. Because he knew that any minute now, Shane would be uncomfortable. Besides, it’s kind of disrespectful with the whole team around them. He can wait for a little while, even though his dick disagrees.

“Okay, later then,” Ilya said followed by a wink.

Then, he just let his hand stay anchored on Shane's thigh, no longer climbing, just resting there... firm, possessive. His thumb resumes those slow, absent circles, like a quiet reminder rather than a provocation. It's the only compromise he could give. Well, at least for now.

Shane exhales shakily, some of the tension leaving his system. He doesn't move away again because the truth is he doesn't really want to.

So they stay like *that*.

Close and pressed together and existing in their own orbit despite the noise around them as time slips through their fingers.

They rejoin the conversation, the drinks come and go, and laughter rises and fall—but Shane barely registers any of it. Every now and then, Ilya leans in, brushing his lips against his temple, his jaw, nothing too malicious or overt. It's just enough to keep Shane grounded in him. Or maybe ungrounded. Either way, it works.

And even when Shane starts to feel the weight of the alcohol settle heavier in his system—his head a little light, his limbs slower—he doesn't miss the way Ilya's touch does something in his chest.

They stay until well past midnight, long after the first wave of people have left, long after the bar begins to wind down.

"Let's now go to a club!!" Luca suddenly suggests, his voice cutting through the lull, still carrying that relentless energy like the night hasn't even started for him, like a typical high performing athlete in his early twenties.

A few of the others perk up immediately, including Harris and Troy, groaning in agreement, already reaching for their things. Others push back, saying they've got a wife to please tonight, which earns a round of whistles, or a body to recover after the brutal game earlier, which draws a mix of understanding and teasing provocation.

But Ilya doesn't move. His hand tightens slightly on Shane's thigh before he finally speaks, calm and effortless.

"Sorry, boys, we will go now. Husband not feeling well."

The team turns toward Shane almost in unison, concern replacing the easy drunken laughter from seconds ago.

"Hey, you good?"

"You need something, Shane?"

"You should rest, champ. Tonight was brutal."

Shane blinks at them, momentarily caught off guard by the sudden wave of attention. He straightens a little, rubbing the back of his neck with a quiet, embarrassed huff.

“Just a bit dizzy, is all,” he reassures, offering a small, sheepish smile. “Probably had more than I should’ve.”

There’s a slight pause where they study him, weighing it or searching if something is really amiss, before the tension eases.

“Lightweight,” Bood mutters playfully, and the table breaks into teasing and laughter.

“Shut up, Bood,” Shane shoots back, but there’s no bite or real irritation to it—just tired amusement.

Beside him, Ilya finally withdraws his hand only to slide it around Shane’s waist instead, signifying that they are already leaving. He steadies Shane as he stands, even though it’s not really necessary.

Shane just lets him and doesn’t resist. He leans into him slightly as they say their goodbyes, the noise of the bar fading behind them with every step toward the exit—until it’s just the two of them again, stepping out into the cool night air, towards the far end of the dark parking lot, the world quieter, heavier, and somehow more intimate than before.

Before Shane can even reach for the driver’s door, Ilya shoves him back. His hand snaps up to Shane’s jaw—firm, claiming. And then his mouth immediately claimed Shane’s. It’s not gentle at all and he can taste the lingering burn of vodka in Ilya’s mouth.

Shane instinctively gasps as Ilya shoves his tongue into his mouth, invading it, tasting every corner like he’s been starving for it the whole night.

Fuck.

The parking lot is empty, swallowed by shadows and thick trees on all sides. But they are still in public—still dangerous—but no one’s there, no one to see the way Shane melts into Ilya. So he doesn’t hold back and returned his kisses with the same burning passion—hungry, reckless. He fists Ilya’s shirt, dragging him closer. Holding onto him like everything he held earlier finally breaking loose.

Ilya made a low sound of approval as he pressed his thigh in between Shane’s legs, directly pressing his hard cock. Shane groaned as he thrust his hip forward, seeking friction in Ilya’s thighs.

“Fuck, Shane. You are waiting for this the whole night, don’t you?” Ilya breathes. “So fucking ready for me,”

“Y-Yes...been waiting—for this,” Shane said breathlessly as he slowly grind against Ilya. His brain is in a haze and all he could think of is wanting more, more, more.

Shane kissed him again but Ilya pulled away slightly, Shane chased his mouth with a broken whine when Ilya pulled back, lips still parted like he could taste him there. But Ilya only smiled. “So impatient, *kotyonok*,” he teased. “Get in the car now, I will drive.”

“You better hurry the fuck up, Rozanov.”

He didn't wait for a response as he yanked the passenger door open and slid in, pulse spiking, and fingers twitching against his thigh, it's like every inch of him is fired up and restless. A second later, Ilya is beside him, shutting the door with a solid click.

The air inside the car suddenly felt tight and heavy. The tension almost feel suffocating.

Neither of them spoke. The only sound was the engine starting and their heavy breathing—too fast, too loud. Then Ilya's occasional glance toward him. Dark and hungry.

Shane swallowed, jaw tight. He could still feel Ilya's mouth on his, the heat of it, the way it had taken and taken until he'd forgotten how to breathe. His hands curled into fists against his jeans, trying to ground himself, but it only made everything worse.

The drive back to Ilya's apartment would take 15 minutes at most.

Fifteen minutes felt impossible. Shane doesn't know how long he can restrain himself from giving his aching dick some attention. His leg bounced uncontrollably, nerves lit up, body aching with anticipation he couldn't shake.

This is *torture*. He's fucking dying.

Ilya seemed to read his body and mind. He reached into the center console with one hand, fingers closing around the small bottle of lube before he pressed it into Shane's lap without taking his eyes off the road.

"Be a good boy and get yourself ready for me, Hollander." He commanded.

"Shit—uh...okay, *fuck*." Shane's hands fumbled slightly as he yanked at his belt, the buckle clinking too loud in the charged silence. He shoved the zipper down and shifted his hips, dragging his jeans low enough to free his throbbing cock, breath catching as the cool air hit overheated skin.

Ilya glanced at him, eyes dark with desire, heat flaring unmistakably at the sight. He let out a strained hiss, grip tightening on the wheel.

"Goddammit, Ilya—eyes on the road," Shane muttered, voice rough, already breathless as he slicked his palm.

He looked at Ilya as he wrapped his fingers around his cock, giving it a few lazy strokes. Ilya's breathing turned uneven, controlled only in theory now. A flush had crept up his neck, staining the skin there a deeper red, the veins standing out as his restraint slowly dissolved. His pupils were blown wide, focus flickering between the road and everything he was actively trying not to look at. His knuckles turned white as he gripped the stirring wheel, trying to calm his dick down.

Then Shane's head fell back as he slowly traced the rim of his hole. He sucked in a breath. He slowly added a finger, and an involuntary moan escaped his lips.

"Fuck, Ilya—" His voice cracked, breath hitching as his head fell back against the seat, chest rising and falling too fast.

“Jesus *fuck*. That’s it. My good boy,” the praise made Shane's cock twitch.

Shane added another finger and his other hand grabbed his cock. His mouth parted as his eyes fluttered. He moved slowly, crooking, scissoring, prepping himself efficiently as he listened to Ilya’s heavy breathing as he mumbled Russian profanity.

When he finally hit his prostate, Shane couldn't help but whimper.

“Fucking...*fuck!*” Ilya also exclaimed.

He wanted to pull up and just do it for Shane. He wanted to reach Shane and touch him until he quivers beneath him. He wanted to make him come already using his own hands. But no, he has to wait until they’re in his stupid apartment.

“Hollander, you better not come here.”

A warning. Or maybe a plea.

Shane let out a shaky laugh, dragging his hand at the base of his cock, already wrecked. “You’re the one who started this, Rozanov.”

The streetlights streaked across the windshield, flashing gold over Ilya’s face—over the sharp line of his jaw, the tension pulled tight in his neck, the way he was barely holding himself together.

“Fifteen minutes,” Ilya muttered, more to himself than anything. “You can wait fifteen minutes.”

Shane turned his head slowly, watching him—really watching him. The control. The strain. The way his composure was cracking at the edges. And Shane’s enjoying it.

“Can I?” he asked softly, biting his lip, as he continues to fuck himself with his fingers, torturing Ilya.

Ilya exhaled sharply through his nose, something dark flickering in his expression. His foot pressed harder on the gas.

“*Gospodi*. Keep talking like that,” he said, voice low and dangerous, “and we’re not making it to the apartment.”

Shane’s lips curved, “Then maybe,” he murmured, “you should drive faster.”

The engine only roared in response.

When they turned onto the familiar street, Shane hurriedly tried to pull himself together, tugging his pants back into place with shaky hands that weren’t quite cooperating. And Ilya barely slowed when he passed the gate—parking with impatient precision that said he was already past the point of restraint. The second the engine cut off, he was out of the car.

Shane didn't even get a full breath before Ilya was at his side, grabbing him and guiding him forward to the front door. Ilya typed the code with shaking hands, and as the door opened, he pushed Shane inside as he kicked the door closed.

Then Ilya had him against the wall.

He kissed Shane frantically like whatever patience he'd had left had finally given out. Shane answered it just as quickly, just as hungry, hands already at Ilya's shoulders, pulling him closer.

Clothes were shrugged off in restless, hurried motions, pieces falling away without care, discarded somewhere behind them. Then Ilya's hand cupped him raw, stroking him. Shane sucked in a sharp breath at the contact, his whole body reacting at once.

There's already a bead of precome and Ilya smeared it before pressing his thumb into his slit. Shane's head tipped back against the wall, a broken sound slipping out before he could stop it.

"So fucking wet for me," Ilya gritted out. "Get on your knees."

Shane groaned as he quickly slid down on his knees.

He wraps his fingers around Ilya's cock and gives it a few stokes before his tongue slides along the underside of his cock, hot and slick. Giving the tip a few deliberate licks before he takes it inch by inch in his warm mouth.

"Look at you," Ilya murmured, fingers tightening in Shane's hair, tugging it, slightly tilting his head back just enough to see him properly—to see Shane's plump mouth full of him, covered in spit and his own slick.

"They should see you like this," he said quietly, voice roughened by control he was barely holding onto. "Taking my cock so well because I'm yours, aren't I?"

Shane didn't slow down. If anything, he got bolder. He bobbed his head faster, hollowing his cheeks, letting his tongue sit perfectly under Ilya's cock. He took him deeper until he almost gagged. He looked at Ilya with glazed eyes, cheeks flushed with heat and effort. There was a challenge in the way he looked up at him like he was trying to prove something without a single word.

Ilya growled, "Fuck, *malysh*, so perfect for me. Your pretty mouth was made for this. Only for *me*."

Shane moaned and the sound reverberated in Ilya's cock. He hissed at the sensation then Ilya grabbed him up, hands on Shane's ass as he hauled Shane to his hips. Lifting him as if it took no effort at all. Shane gasped, instinctively wrapping his arms around Ilya's shoulders, legs locking around him out of reflex, breath uneven against his neck.

Ilya carried him down the hallway like it was nothing—like he didn't weigh a thing at all—kissing him between steps. He went straight to the bedroom, and Ilya dropped him and

manhandled him to the bed, putting him in a meticulous position.

He puts Shane face down, his head turned to the side and resting against the sheets, ass raised high, knees spreading wide open. Ilya grabbed a pillow to place it under Shane's hip, adjusting him carefully until the angle was just right. Then he turned without a word, opening the nightstand and reaching inside for the bottle of lube.

"Tell me what you want to be done to you," Ilya commanded, as he poured enough lube in his hand and began stroking his dick as he lined it up to Shane's hole.

Shane moaned from the contact, his voice somewhere between a whine and a plea. "I want—" he swallowed hard, breath shaking. "I want you to fuck me. *Please*,"

Ilya's grin turned sharp, almost dangerous.

"You want them to watch?" he murmured against Shane's ear, voice low enough to feel like it belonged only to him. His hand grabbed both Shane's wrists, pulling them together and pinning them behind his back.

"Show them how good you are for me?"

Shane squirmed, "Ilya—T-That's not—"

Before he could finish, Ilya slammed into him in one smooth thrust, pulling him in so sharply it stole the rest of his sentence. Both of them broke into rough, breathless curses, overcome with intense pleasure. The raw stretch turned Shane's knees into jelly. Ilya held his hip firmly, anchoring him in place as he sank to his balls, hips pressed flush, chest draping over Shane's back.

Ilya leaned in, breath ghosting over Shane's skin before he pressed a slow, grounding kiss between his shoulder blades—an intimate contrast to all the filth.

Then he started to thrust harder, the slap of skin loud in the room. "I'm going to fuck the jealousy out of you, Shane," Ilya said, voice rough, "I'm going to fuck you until the world hears you scream my name."

Shane panted as Ilya pounded into him.

"Tell me how it feels."

"G-good," he gasped, barely coherent, lips parted as he struggled to hold on to himself. "So good...Ilya...*please*—"

"Please, what?"

"Please, deeper. Fuck me harder...*please*. Please, Ilya—" Shane swallowed hard, embarrassment and need twisting together in his chest, making it impossible to think straight.

“Such a slut for it,” Ilya growled as he slammed into him in a brutal rhythm that had Shane rocking helplessly, the bed frame tugged the wall, and Ilya’s hips slapped Shane mercilessly. “Imagine it,” Ilya bent forward, whispering. “Fucking you like this while they watch. Hours of me pumping you and you will take everything I give you,”

Shane clutched tightly at the sheets, breath breaking apart, body overwhelmed by the pace, by the heat, by Ilya’s words, by the way everything felt too much all at once.

The only sound that came out of Shane was strangled moans.

“You’d love that, yes? Being seen like this? Fucked dumb like the good boy you are.” Ilya pounded harder.

Shane’s head spun. “N-No—oh fuck,”

Ilya felt him clench tightly around his cock. He let out a rough breath, something almost like a laugh, before leaning in again, voice dropping even lower. “Goddamn, you can’t even answer properly.”

Shane’s mind felt fogged, spinning—caught between protest and surrender, words dissolving before they could form.

“Fu—fucking hell, Rozanov. I—” he tried, but it broke apart instantly, swallowed by the intensity of it all.

“There you go,” Ilya cooed. “You like the idea. You pretend you don’t, but you love it when people see I’m yours. Jesus fuck, Hollander.” He fucked him harder, pounding Shane into the mattress.

“Unghh, Ilya!” Shane yelled, eyes crossing as his spine arched.

“My possessive slut,” Ilya growled as he thrust relentlessly. “Not even wanting to share,”

“Just want you for...*myself*,” Shane gasped.

Ilya almost shot his load right there. The words landed like a blow, making his rhythm falter. “*Gospodi*,” he breathed, nearly whimpering. “You’re going to kill me,” he adjusted the angle and slammed deeper, hitting Shane’s prostate in every thrust.

“I-Im gonna—oh—cum—ah fuck, Ilya.” Tears started to threaten Shane’s eyes. Overwhelmed, his mouth parted as his body betrayed him completely.

“No.” Ilya’s voice cut in immediately, “No coming yet.” Ilya abruptly stopped and manhandled him completely, turning Shane onto his back with a force that wasn’t rough, but left no room for argument. Ilya shoved the pillow away, then wrapped his arms around Shane’s thighs and pulled him close again. “I want to look at you when you fall apart.”

Then Ilya brutally thrust again into him.

Shane looked utterly wrecked but in a way that made it impossible to look away. His eyes were unfocused, glassy with overstimulation, his lips parted, panting, as he struggled to catch his breath.

“You are doing so well for me. Taking my cock perfectly.”

Ilya wrapped his hand behind Shane’s left knee and bent his leg forward, adjusting the angle of his dick inside him. He jackhammered him and Shane let out a noise that was almost a sob.

“This is all yours,” Ilya said breathlessly. “Take it. Take everything i give you.”

Shane let out a shaky exhale, blinking up at him like he was trying to hold onto the words. “*All mine*,” he repeated, voice unsteady, dazed.

Ilya groaned, fucking him mercilessly. “Say it again.”

“You’re mine. Mine. *Mine*.” Shane cried, voice cracking.

That was all it took for Ilya to lose his mind.

He slammed into Shane so hard the bed rattled. Ilya can already feel he’s on the brink of orgasm. “Look at me,” Ilya demanded, voice strained. “Don’t look away.”

Shane couldn’t. He was too far gone for anything but him. He tries to focus on Ilya anyway.

Ilya’s hand reached Shane’s cock, stroking it as he thrust deeper. Shane’s whole body convulsed from the dual stimulation. He was way too far gone to do anything with his own hands but grip the sheets tightly. He can already feel his orgasm, hot and pulsing in his stomach, in his spine, in his balls, in every vein of his body.

“You gonna come for me?” Ilya demanded.

“Ohgod–yes–ohfuck–”

“Yeah. That’s it,” Ilya urged, “Come from my cock. Give it to me.”

“Ah! Ilya!” Shane cried out.

Shane pressed the back of his hand to his mouth, biting down hard to keep himself from screaming as his cock spurted ribbons of cum. It shot up straight to his chest, painting his stomach and Ilya’s chest and fist, while his body shook from head to toe, tears streaming down his temple.

His body tensed violently, head tipping back as the sensation crashed through him all at once. The orgasm ripped through him like a lightning strike, almost blinding him, making his ears ring. He clenched around Ilya’s cock in tight, rhythmic spasms, milking him.

“*Blyad!*” Ilya growled, fucking him through it. “Gonna–fuck–”

Ilya's thrusts turned erratic. His breath ragged as he slammed deep one final time and shattered, spilling inside Shane, cock pulsing. He buried it deep inside Shane, breeding him, not wanting to see another drop of cum flow out of him.

His body tensed and then slowly unraveled, all strength draining from his limbs. He buried his face against Shane's neck for a moment, panting curses in Russian and English, as he held on to Shane's hips, nails digging in, enough to leave a mark.

For a few seconds, neither of them moved. Shane let out a broken, breathless whine, his body limp, arms and legs trembling under Ilya's warm body.

Ilya stayed buried inside him, and he didn't pull away immediately. He stayed close, chest rising unevenly on top of Shane as he tried to steady his breathing.

They were both wrecked in the aftermath. The room is filled with their heavy breathing and the air is thick with the scent of sex. Neither of them said anything yet.

Ilya collapsed on top of him. He's aware he's probably crushing Shane but he just stayed still.

Shane was left utterly spent, his body heavy and pliant against the sheets, skin warm and slick with sweat and his own come. Ilya is sweating bullets himself. Both of them are sticky with all the filth. They panted together.

"Hey," Ilya murmured, gently tapping Shane's cheek. "You still with me, *solnyshko*?"

Shane blinked slowly, "Yeah—just...it's a lot."

A soft laugh slipped out of Ilya, fond and breathless. "You are okay? Not hurt?" he asked again, quieter now, more careful in the way his hands stayed steady on Shane's waist, like he needed to be sure he wasn't missing anything.

"I'm fucking great, baby," Shane managed, a faint, dazed smile tugging at his mouth.

The endearment suddenly made Ilya's chest tighten, which made his entire expression soften. He leaned down, pressing a slow kiss to Shane's forehead, then the bridge of his nose, then each closed eyelid like he was checking in on him piece by piece.

Finally, he kissed his lips.

Shane sighed into it, fingers threading weakly into Ilya's hair. Ilya exhaled softly against his mouth.

He loves his beautiful husband so much.

They kissed for a while, then he carefully pulled back, brushing his thumb along Shane's freckles before finally shifting off the bed.

"I'll just get you water," Ilya said softly. "And hot towels."

He disappeared into the bathroom, cleaned himself up, the sound of running water filling the space for a moment. When he came back, he had several damp towels and a glass of water in hand. He sat beside Shane again immediately, setting everything within reach before gently wiping him clean.

He carefully wiped Shane's face first. He took his time cleaning and memorizing his husband's beautiful face, even though he memorized it all by now. Then he used another cloth for his chest and throat, then another for his ass, dick, and thighs. Ilya gently swipes the towel on Shane's slightly swollen hole, over and over again, to soothe his sensitive flesh.

Shane sighed happily and comfortably.

"Better?" Ilya asked.

"Yeah," Shane replied, smiling at his loving husband, his voice also lower now, softened by exhaustion that was finally catching up to him.

Ilya nodded once, returning his smile, then guided him up with steady hands. "Come. Sit here."

He eased Shane into a cushioned chair nearby, pressing the glass into his hand. "Drink," he instructed gently, waiting until Shane took a few sips before finally turning to the bed.

Without rushing, Ilya stripped the sheets and replaced them with clean ones.

"Okay," he said once he was done, settling in the bed and opening his arms for Shane. "Come here."

Shane didn't hesitate.

He drifted into Ilya's space like it was the most natural thing in the world, collapsing against him as the last of the tension left his body. His head found Ilya's chest immediately, the steady rhythm of his heartbeat grounding him, while his legs tangled lazily against him.

Ilya wrapped him up without a second thought, holding him close. His lips pressed gently to the top of Shane's head.

The room had gone quiet again, the intensity replaced by something softer—something almost fragile in its tenderness.

Ilya's hand kept moving over his back in slow, absent-minded strokes, like he was making sure Shane stayed exactly where he was. Here. Safe in his arms.

For a while, neither of them spoke. Just the quiet rustle of sheets, the fading warmth of skin, the shared aftermath settling into something deeper than silence.

Then Ilya shifted slightly, just enough to press his lips into Shane's hair.

"*Moya lyubov*," he said softly.

Shane hummed in response, eyes closed, not moving. Already drifting in sleep.

Ilya tightened his hold, “I am *yours*,” he said. “I want you to remember that, *solnyshko*.”

Shane didn’t respond, he only stilled slightly, as he breathed slowly. Like he’s trying to process and keep every word.

Ilya continued anyway, as if once started, he couldn’t stop.

“Even though the world makes it complicated. Even if people do not accept it. Even back then, when we were the only ones who knew. Even before I was brave enough to admit it to myself...”

His fingers grazed softly in Shane’s freckles.

“I am *forever* yours, my Shane.”

Then, quieter, like it was the only truth that had ever mattered:

“*Ya tebya lyublyu*.”

Shane’s chest is beating loudly. His heart is too full—achingly so—like his heart doesn’t know how to contain itself and something warm is pouring all over him.

Shane let out a slow, contented sigh, “I love you too,” he murmured softly, voice already heavy with sleep. “With all my heart, Ilya.”

He pressed his cheek more firmly against him, nuzzling into the warmth as if anchoring himself there. Shane let his eyes fall shut, his breathing evening out as exhaustion finally won.

Everything earlier in the night felt far away. The loud bar, the lingering alcohol in his system, the dizzy tilt of his thoughts, even the sharp little sting of jealousy or annoyance he hadn’t fully acknowledged earlier. He buried it all without thinking too hard about it.

He realized, drowsily, that nothing outside this mattered as long as he had Ilya like this. Not the noise, not the attention Ilya drew without even trying, not the girls who looked at him too long with too much confidence.

None of it truly mattered.

Because he’s here in Ilya’s arms, holding him closer without a word, like he’s Ilya’s whole world.

Shane exhaled again, slower this time, surrendering completely into the night, into the warmth between them, into this quiet certainty that he didn’t have to fight for.

End Notes

Thank you for reading this and thank you to my twt oomfs for supporting my silly lil concept hihi.

Also im deadass half dead from 2 hours of sleep and a broken back so tysm for bearing with my typos and errors. I have no intention of losing my last 3 brain cells over it. Lastly, if i forget to add any tags pls kindly tell me. Thank you!!

Anyway, I still hope you enjoy this fic!! LETS YAP ON TWT IF YOU WANT

@_aerihidalgo

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