

Sit Tight, I'm Not Far Out From You Tonight

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Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
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Sit Tight, I'm Not Far Out From You Tonight

by [hudsinnmonger \(louislittletomlintonum\)](#)

Summary

"Is this like - a prank?" Shane finally asked, looking down at the underwear again. For such a small piece of fabric they felt like they were drawing their own gravitational pull in the room, had their own centre of gravity. There was a little heart charm on them, sitting in the middle front hem as a decoration.

"No," Ilya answered steadily, and when Shane looked back up his eyes were still locked on him.

"Then what is it?" Shane asked, touching the fabric again and dragging them a little to the side, like maybe they were hiding something that would make him understand.

"A present. For you," Ilya explained, in that bored tone like he'd said it all before. Which technically he had, but it didn't make Shane understand it any better.

Shane must have looked even more confused, because Ilya tutted and spoke up again.

"To *wear*, Shane, you have heard of underwear, yes?"

or the one where ilya buys his fwb, totally casual situationship shane a pair of panties to try

Notes

hello!!!

yes i am still in the fever dream of writing hollanov. the idea of shane wearing panties came to me as divine inspiration and i worked tirelessly until it was a reality.

special thank you to my lovely pal [loueh__tommoo](#) for the russian assistance!!!

title is from [california rain by james marriott](#)

hope you enjoy!!!

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



"I have present for you," Ilya announced once Shane slipped in through the hotel door. Shane was busy trying to force the door closed, but it had that weird air pressure issue where it refused to shut unless you really pushed on it.

"A present?" Shane asked distractedly, sort of half assuming it would be something along the lines of 'my dick' so he ignored Ilya for the moment, turning to properly shove the door the last few centimetres. Unfortunately, instead of achieving that, he just got his sleeve caught on the lock.

"Yes," Ilya answered, stepping in closer behind him. He reached around Shane, unhooking his sleeve from where it was caught before pressing on the door like the air pressure didn't mean anything and slipping it fully shut. "Pay attention,"

"I am," Shane replied, even though he wasn't. He turned in place, now that Ilya was crowding him back against the door, his raised arm still pressing against it and half trapping Shane in. He didn't mind, though. He was right where he wanted to be.

"No you're not," Ilya taunted, but he had that hint of a smile on his face. Shane couldn't help but grin, feeling somewhat giddy to be back in Ilya's orbit again. He forgot what it was like - how he just melted the minute he was near, turned his legs into jelly.

It was unfortunate, really.

"I am now," Shane insisted, shifting his hands so they were behind his body, flat against the wall and then pressing his ass on top of them for good measure. Pinning them in place so he didn't break first, and so Ilya had to be the one to cross the threshold this evening.

Shane watched Ilya's eyes flick down towards his lips, then lower, perhaps seeing he had his hands tucked back. They then dragged up, pressing Shane to the wall as much as Ilya's body language was despite the fact there was no physical contact.

Ilya raised his other hand, breaking the tension to brush his fingers under Shane's chin and tilting it up a fraction. "Is on the bed," he announced.

Shane hardly wanted to look away from Ilya right then, but he *was* curious, now that it was clear the present wasn't physically attached to Ilya's body. He glanced to the side, seeing a small, wrapped package sitting on top of the mustard coloured throw.

With his head turned, Shane felt Ilya lean in and press a kiss to his cheek. His lips grazed his skin and then trailed down, hitting his jawline then sinking lower onto his neck. Once he got there Shane tried to steady his breathing, because it had been *months* since he was kissed like that and it felt so fucking good. He really shouldn't be so easy for Ilya that he got *hard* in the first five minutes of being there, from a few neck kisses no less.

"You want to open it?" Ilya asked him quietly. Shane felt the slightest tease of Ilya's tongue on his skin and decided it was in his best interests to get away from him before the starts of a semi got any more serious.

"I guess," Shane muttered, somewhat dismissively but really only picking that tone to bother Ilya.

"You guess!?" Ilya repeated, and Shane could almost feel his eye roll. Ilya's mouth opened wider and he bit him on the neck, not anywhere near hard enough to leave a mark but it was clear he was telling him off.

Shane just laughed, brushing it off and shrugging before yelping when Ilya's arms came up to grab at his waist. He could feel it was in a rough-housing way, so freed his own hands to halfheartedly defend himself as Ilya pulled him away from the wall and shook him side to side.

Ilya then turned him around, crowding behind his back and tucking him away before giving him a proper push forward, sending Shane stumbling. The smack on his ass hardly helped him but it did feel good, so he tried to push his smile down as Ilya rounded him and flopped himself down on the bed.

Shane perched on the end of it instead of relaxing back against the headboard like Ilya, eyeing the tissue paper curiously before picking it up. It was a deep maroon colour, only just bigger than his hand.

"What is it?" Shane asked, turning it over and seeing it was sealed with a sticker.

"If you open it, you will see," Ilya explained with a little circular hand gesture, using his other one to prop his head up. His ankles were crossed and his posture was relaxed, angled towards Shane in an attentive way that made him feel like the focus was on him.

Normally, he hated getting presents. Having everyone look, expect his reaction. It made him nervous because he knew no-one wanted to give a bad gift.

This felt like lower stakes, though. He knew Ilya wouldn't really mind if he actually didn't like it. He didn't know *why* he knew that, but he just felt it somehow.

"Did you go out and buy something?" Shane asked as he finally tore the sticker away, accidentally ripping the delicate tissue and trying to minimise the damage so he could unfold it properly.

"Hollander. Too many questions," Ilya insisted. "Get on with it,"

"Okay," Shane laughed, pulling the paper away until he found a scrap of fabric. Like, so little fabric at first he wasn't entirely sure what it was. Only that it was black, and like, ruffly or something.

As he picked it up it became immediately clear that this was underwear. *Women's* underwear. Panties, maybe.

Shane's thoughts immediately turned to them belonging to one of Ilya's previous sexual partners. That this was some sort of weird, braggy, display of conquest or assertion of dominance or something. Something ugly swirled in his gut - jealousy, hurt, some sort of outrage and he almost opened his mouth to blow up at him for being a fucking asshole before he noticed one small detail.

There were tags attached. They were new, unworn.

Not a past lover, then.

Confusion then set in, wondering why the hell Ilya was gifting him *new* panties. A joke, maybe?

Shane laughed nervously, realising he was still pinching them between his fingers so dropped them back on the tissue paper, looking at Ilya to see if he could get any clues about how he should be reacting.

His face was steady, though. Like always. Shane had come to understand his micro expressions the more time they spent together, but a lot of the time he was still kind of unreadable. He seemed calm, though, analytical. Kind of like how he looked on the ice sometimes when he was really invested in the game.

Ilya then raised his eyebrows, pointing down at the panties with his eyes then looking back at Shane, asking him a question - though he wasn't entirely sure what it was.

"Is this like - a prank?" Shane finally asked, looking down at the underwear again. For such a small piece of fabric they felt like they were drawing their own gravitational pull in the room, had their own centre of gravity. There was a little heart charm on them, sitting in the middle front hem as a decoration.

"No," Ilya answered steadily, and when Shane looked back up his eyes were still locked on him. Ilya was always looking at him - it used to make him uncomfortable, but now that he was used to it he actually kind of liked it.

"Then what is it?" Shane asked, touching the fabric again and dragging them a little to the side, like maybe they were hiding something that would make him understand. The fabric was silky, quite soft to the touch.

"A present. For you," Ilya explained, in that bored tone like he'd said it all before. Which technically he had, but it didn't make Shane understand it any better.

Shane must have looked even more confused, because Ilya tutted and spoke up again.

"To *wear*, Shane, you have heard of underwear, yes?"

Shane looked up at Ilya in a moment of shock, eyes searching his for any sign of a joke but it wasn't there. Once he realised Ilya was serious Shane's cheeks burned, the most embarrassed he'd felt in a long time at the mere idea of putting on *panties*.

"I-" Shane stammered, jerking his finger away from them like they might bite him. "Well - yes, I have-" he fumbled some more, clearing his throat and tucking his hand under his thigh for safe keeping. "Of course I've heard of underwear. These are for *girls*, though,"

"No," Ilya shook his head, leaning forward on the bed enough that he could reach the underwear and picked them up from their bed on the tissue paper, like it was just nothing to handle them. "For men, look. This part is bigger to fit your cock and balls inside,"

Shane watched as Ilya held them out properly, seeing that the front of them did seem to have extra room that someone with a vagina may not necessarily need. Shane stared wide eyed for a moment, yelping when Ilya turned them into a slingshot and flicked them at him.

Carefully grabbing them from where they landed after they hit him in the face, Shane returned them to their respectful position on their tissue paper, trying to lay them neatly without touching them too much.

"That's weird, Ilya," Shane finally said, though the idea of putting them on was doing something very strange to his stomach.

"No," Ilya shook his head, just like it was factual. "Is sexy. Ugh - would be a dream."

Shane flushed more, not entirely sure the initial blush had gone away but it felt like it got more intense. He didn't know what to do with himself, but he knew he felt squirmy and

completely unsure.

Did Ilya want him to wear them *now*? He didn't know if he could - if he could be comfortable wearing something like that. If he ever could. They were just - it was really strange.

But was it offensive not to? Ilya bought them for him as a present, it seemed. Like, maybe *specifically* for him. Or maybe he kept a supply for all the men he fucked. Shane wasn't really sure if he fucked other men like he did women, but the thought of it always lingered at the back of his mind and made him feel sick if he indulged in it too much.

"Hey," Ilya said, his voice breaking through the noise in Shane's brain, grabbing his attention. "You don't have to wear them. Just thought it might be fun,"

Shane studied Ilya's face for any signs of disappointment if he were to agree to not wearing them, finding none but still feeling a little guilty about it.

He tried to consider if he actually could put them on, looking at the pair of them again and immediately getting nervous. He shouldn't do it. It was weird.

"Um - thank you," Shane replied, as he realised he hadn't thanked Ilya for the gift, regardless of whether he wanted them or not. He reached out and tucked the waistband neatly underneath them, making sure they were kind of how they looked when he received them.

Shane then hesitated, gnawing the inside of his lip before ultimately deciding to fold the tissue over and cover them away.

"I think I-" Shane began before he realised he wasn't sure *what* he thought. "Uh-"

"Relax, Hollander," Ilya coaxed, making a 'come here' gesture with his hand to get Shane up the bed. "I still want to fuck you - even in your Calvin Kleins,"

Shane giggled, hesitating before shifting so he could crawl up the bed. He carefully took the tissue paper and wrapped it properly, knee walking himself closer to Ilya but leaning over so he could place the present safely on the side table. Out of sight, out of mind.

He felt Ilya's hand wrap around the backs of his thighs, pulling him closer until he almost lost his balance over Ilya's face, having to brace himself on the wall above him.

"Are you sure?" Shane asked. He was just a little worried he'd disappointed Ilya by not putting them on, but when he looked down at Ilya's light eyes looking up at him, his mouth just inches from his clothed cock, he thought maybe it was okay.

"Yes," Ilya assured, patting his bum firmly before hooking his finger in the waistband of his sweats. "Let me see them,"

Shane released one of his bracing hands to help Ilya push his sweat pants down to his knees, enough to expose his underwear. And, slightly inconveniently, the state of his cock.

Ilya definitely noticed it was at least half hard. If he asked, he was ready to defend himself. He was already turned on when he came to meet him, because it had been months since he'd

done anything with Ilya. Or maybe he shouldn't say that, because Ilya should probably think that he was hooking up with other people, so Shane didn't seem so desperate, or committed. Because he wasn't committed, actually.

"Hm," Ilya murmured, raising his eyebrows pointedly as he leaned in closer. Shane couldn't help but reach out for Ilya's hair as he got that close to him, feeling the warmth of his breath through the fabric as he drove him wild with how slow he was inching.

Once Ilya finally pressed his lips against him Shane let out a relieved breath, his fingers carding through Ilya's curls as he started to nuzzle against him, his lips brushing as his mouth stayed open to allow him to lazily mouth at the outline Shane's cock made through his black underwear.

Shane curled his toes as he kept his eyes locked on Ilya, feeling the pleasure just from the slight pressure he was applying by using his face as a tool for it. His cock started to fill up a bit more, jerking when Ilya pulled his face back and dove lower, his mouth open wide as he started to mouth at what he could of his balls.

A small breath of a moan escaped Shane at the imagery, and he swallowed another down when he felt Ilya press his tongue against the fabric so the wet would seep through. He expertly wound his tongue around them, like he would if they weren't separated by a layer, the whole time keeping his eyes on Shane's.

It was mesmerising.

Ilya seemed to tire of that after a few moments, gripping the back of Shane's thigh tighter to press his face in against his crotch, then take a deep inhale. The idea of Ilya smelling him that intimately sent sparks of arousal through his chest, like it did every time Ilya surprised him with something new and erotic that he'd never really considered doing.

"You want me to suck your dick, Hollander?"

"Yes," Shane agreed quickly, because really, if Ilya was offering him anything he would take it.

"Then what will you do for me?" Ilya asked, his hand sliding up to Shane's ass and squeezing the cheek of it.

"Whatever you want," Shane murmured, carding his hand through Ilya's hair slowly as he kept nuzzling against his crotch.

"You suck my dick?" Ilya prompted.

"Sure," Shane agreed. He'd come to like sucking dick - liked how it made Ilya moan, how he could tell he was enjoying it. How his cock would twitch in his mouth or his fingers would tighten in his hair. How he looked just before he was about to come with his eyes half lidded and mouth ajar.

"Same time?" Ilya added, pulling back just enough to look up at Shane properly.

Shane took a second to consider exactly what that meant, realisation blooming across his features before he nodded eagerly.

"Yeah, okay. How-" Shane asked before Ilya flopped onto his back, adjusting so his head was on the pillow in a more comfy position. He looked at Shane expectantly before patting his bare stomach, never having had a shirt on since Shane had arrived.

"Hop up," Ilya instructed, and Shane caught the hint of a smile when he started to undress himself in preparation. He sat to the side so he could get his sweats off, haphazardly folding them along with his shirt before adding his underwear to the pile, leaving him completely bare.

Ilya made no move to remove his own loose sweatpants, so Shane supposed maybe that was his job as well, but he was pleased to see the tent of his cock protruding underneath them.

Shane moved towards Ilya before hesitating, realising he'd have to get over him on all fours, which felt a little bit awkward. He procrastinated by leaning in and giving Ilya a kiss, realising he hadn't got one the whole time he had been here.

Ilya kissed him back, immediately cupping his face like he usually would and tilting his head up to lean into it. Shane still got those little tingles of enjoyment when they smooched - even now, after they'd done it so much. It was just electric.

Eventually Ilya caught onto his plan, though, patting his face firmly and pulling back.

"You are worried," Ilya decided.

"No," Shane scoffed, looking between his eyes before pecking him again. "Fuck off,"

"Mm," Ilya smiled, looking smug.

Shane furrowed his brow, gripping Ilya's pec which just so happened to be where his hand landed before using the grip to push himself up. He decided it was best to just go quickly, so turned himself around and swung his leg over Ilya's body, feeling him lift his arms so Shane's legs could slot in either side of his torso.

Ilya's hands wandered over his thighs, and Shane deciding sitting on his chest made the most sense as he tried to sort himself out before Ilya rudely yanked his hips up in the air.

"Rozanov," Shane muttered, trying to tell him off but it was halfhearted. He felt somewhat self conscious that his ass was just in the air right in front of Ilya's face, but Ilya didn't seem to really mind with the way he was groping at him.

"What? I am enjoying my view," Ilya insisted tapping his ass a few times before he earned another hearty squeeze. "You think you will be able to concentrate? With my mouth on your dick? You will do a good job?"

"Yeah? Of course," Shane dismissed, bracing himself on his hands as he just slightly arched into the touches. "Shut up."

"Start, then. My dick is about to fall off," Ilya insisted, smacking Shane's hip a bit firmer.

Shane grumbled, trying not to be so appeasing but he did grab at Ilya's clothes to at least work them down his thighs. He pushed them away as Ilya moved underneath him, his cock popping out to slap against his stomach once his confines were out of the way.

As he lowered himself down to his elbows Shane flushed, knowing he was exposing himself more to Ilya but he tried to put it out of his mind as he took a hold of his dick in one hand and braced himself up with the other.

Shane ran his lips over the tip of it, noting it was slightly wet already as he pulled his foreskin back to properly expose him. He licked his lips - partly to wet them, partly to taste - before he wrapped them around the tip of his cock and ran his tongue over the slit.

Ilya's cock twitched in his grip and he heard a small, self-satisfied noise from Ilya that really stirred him to keep going. He'd read online (in incognito, on hotel WiFi) some techniques that he really wanted to try, so swirled his tongue around the head nice and slowly and maintained a consistent suction as he did so to put his first tip into action.

"Oh *fuck*, Hollander," Ilya moaned, squeezing his ass cheek tighter and shifting beneath him. Shane started to stroke his hand up and down Ilya's cock, pressing firmer with his thumb on what was the top side of it for Ilya as he slightly bobbed his head.

He only pulled off to adjust his grip, dribbling spit onto the tip to ensure a good slide before going back down. He sunk deeper than before, letting the head of it slide along his tongue as it curved up into his mouth and towards his throat.

This angle was almost better, Shane thought to himself, giving the slight upwards curve it usually maintained. It was more ergonomic to his mouth, or at least it felt that way as it sunk in deeper and deeper.

He wasn't super confident with his deep throating yet, so kept it firmly in his mouth, starting to suck and bob and make sure he used his tongue and his hand simultaneously. He always found it was a bit hard to try and remember everything at first, but once he got going he was really into it. He wanted to be the best, after all. Better than Ilya.

Shane reached his other hand up to brace on Ilya's thigh, positioning it there so he could grab his balls and massage them at the same time, really wanting to blow his mind. It meant he had to brace himself on his chest more, arching down somewhat but Ilya's hands were doing a great job of propping him up.

A quick lick on the tip of Shane's cock surprised him out of the flow state he had reached with his dick sucking, making him want to inhale sharply but his nose was preoccupied with steady breathing to allow him to have Ilya's dick in his mouth for longer.

His body jerked forward in shock, pulling off of Ilya's cock and curling inwards to look back at him between the spread of his legs.

Ilya was grinning fiendishly, giving him a look that said 'what?' as he grabbed Shane's dick.

"Keep going. I did not tell you to stop," Ilya insisted as he stroked him slowly, opening his mouth wide with his tongue out only to showily wrap his lips around the tip of his dick. He made a somewhat ridiculous slurping noise, but the sound of it shot straight through Shane's body and to his cock.

"Okay," Shane said, but it was a little shakier than it had been before. He took a deep breath in to focus, trying to adjust to the sensation of Ilya sucking on his cock before he went down again to suck on his.

Shane guided it back into his mouth and tried to get back to what he was doing, closing his eyes like that might help him focus more as he latched on again. He started to get back into it, albeit a bit more distracted because every time Ilya did something enjoyable to him it made him want to moan and breathe and pull his head away.

He decided the best way to overcome this obstacle was to fight fire with fire, so doubled down on his efforts and sunk himself lower on his cock. He sucked harder, ran his tongue more firmly around the head and really put his all into it.

The only problem was Ilya seemed to double-down in turn. The attention to his own cock got harder to ignore, like Ilya was sucking his attention span directly out of his dick. There was just something about his mouth, the way he used his tongue. How it was always so wet and so warm.

Ilya unexpectedly pulled off for a second, maybe to catch his breath, but Shane tried to use it to his advantage and increased his efforts, really stroking and sucking to his hearts content. If he could just get Ilya to come first, he would have succeeded in his battle that he wasn't sure if Ilya was even taking part in.

Shane felt like he almost got him there with the loud moan Ilya made when he pressed his tongue against the ridge where the head of his cock met the shaft of it, but all of a sudden the tables turned.

Ilya had obviously been making use of having his mouth free to wet his finger, because suddenly there was a firm, wet pressure against Shane's hole. He moaned unexpectedly, pulling off of Ilya's cock to whine loudly about the sensation and gasping when it quickly turned to Ilya pressing it inside of him.

Shane had a brief moment of feeling relieved that he douched before his mind was taken over with pleasure again, Ilya's mouth latching back onto his cock as his finger worked its way inside of him.

"Good boy," Ilya praised, starting to thrust his finger slowly in and out of Shane's hole as he sucked on his cock. Shane rested his cheek on Ilya's thigh, trying to get his breath back and aimlessly licking at his balls before groaning when Ilya angled his finger just right.

He stopped thrusting, and Shane knew that Ilya could tell he'd found his prostate. He massaged the tip of his finger around it, and that combined with the way he was swirling his tongue around the tip of his cock had Shane steadily hurtling towards his orgasm.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane moaned, letting go of his cock so he didn't squeeze it too tight and instead gripping his thigh, knowing the meatier muscle could handle it if he dug his fingertips in and gripped hard.

"M gonna come," Shane warned, since he generally liked to give Ilya warning - not that it really made much of a difference, since he'd always swallow. Ilya made a noise of acknowledgement and increased the speed of his finger, pressing deeper inside of Shane and making his eyes roll back.

The pressure built up until it was too much, and with a whimper of a moan Shane started to shoot ropes right into Ilya's open mouth. He gasped and moaned a little louder, turning his head to the side as he squirmed and gently bit Ilya's thigh to ride himself through his pleasure.

The insides of his thighs shook a bit with the pressure of his orgasm, Shane only just managing to catch his breath after a few long seconds had passed and the fresh intake of air allowed him to release a residual moan and a bit of a shudder.

"Fuck," Shane whispered, kissing Ilya's thigh a few times to say sorry for biting it as he tried to centre himself. He found it hard, though, given Ilya was still lazily stroking his cock like he wanted every last drop of his come.

"Ilya" Shane mumbled, attempting to tell him to stop but not caring enough to push it. Eventually Ilya took his finger and mouth off, pushing Shane onto his side and off of the top of his body. Shane landed with a slight thud, looking at him questioningly as Ilya shrugged and licked his lips.

"Wanted to see your pretty face again. Suck me so I can see it," Ilya insisted, patting Shane's thigh warmly and giving the back of it a squeeze.

Shane huffed, thinking it was hardly fair to expect him to move when he'd just come but he supposed, if he were in Ilya's position, he'd want to come too. He was annoyed that he'd lost the random battle he had decided to have in his own brain, but elected not to tell Ilya about it so he couldn't hold it over him.

He pushed himself up onto all fours again and turned around, ridding Ilya of his sweats and folding them up to put aside as he crawled in between his legs. He leaned over his body, getting a few kisses in before he started to work lower. He smooched over his pecs, enjoying how his skin tasted as he trailed his abs and licked the smattering of hair on his abdomen before he got back down to his cock again.

Shane's hand shot up his body, reaching out for Ilya's chest like he was pretty sure he liked before getting his mouth back on his cock.

He was more tired, now, but nowhere less determined to give him an amazing blowjob. He just had slightly less stamina than he had when he started.

Shane put in the effort, thinking that maybe it *was* a lot easier when he wasn't having to try and divide his brain between his own pleasure and the work he was doing. He pulled out all

the new tricks he'd read about and kept flicking his eyes up to see how Ilya was taking them, finding that for the most part they seemed to be inciting good reactions.

He could tell Ilya was getting closer when his abs started to tense, his wandering hands that were carding through Shane's hair starting to shake and grip much more firmly, almost pulling. Shane quite liked that, though. Maybe enough to get a bit of a semi going even though he'd only just come.

"Yes, Shane. Solnyshko," Ilya hissed, his body arching into Shane's mouth. He was determined to swallow tonight, mentally prepared, so when he didn't pull off he saw the realisation and slight shock in Ilya's eyes the second before his come hit the back of his throat.

Shane's eyes watered but he persevered, sucking Ilya through it and eventually finding his way as he felt Ilya's cock twitch in his mouth. It felt so much more intimate, swallowing his load and feeling his dick throughout the entire thing.

Once Shane was sure that Ilya was through the peak of it he pulled off slowly, sucking as he did so and then using his hand to see if he could stroke out any more come. He pressed his thumb against his shaft quite firmly as he stroked upwards, getting another little drop that he benevolently leaned down to lick away to keep him tidy.

Shane tipped his head up to see that Ilya was looking at him with dark eyes, his chest rising and falling as he tried to get his breath. He looked gorgeous in this half light from the lamp - the slightest sheen of sweat glowing on his muscles, the rise and fall of them, the definition.

If only he could run his tongue over each and every one of them.

"Come here," Ilya coaxed, reaching his hand out. Shane clamoured forwards, Ilya's hand grabbing the back of his upper arm as he shifted until they were face to face.

"You are getting better at that, Hollander," Ilya praised, pushing Shane's hair back from his face as he held him firm with the other. Shane relaxed against Ilya's body, sharing the intimacy of them having a fully nude embrace, where all their skin could touch one another.

"Was I bad before?" Shane asked curiously.

Ilya smiled and kissed him, a soft, sort of lingering one that their lips popped back from.

"No. This is just improvement," Ilya explained, his fingers sliding down to Shane's cheek and brushing it with his thumb. "You have been sucking other dicks?"

Shane hesitated, wondering if maybe he was meant to lie before ultimately deciding he didn't want to do that and shaking his head. "No."

"Hm," Ilya replied, his hand skirting lower. His thumb ran over Shane's bottom lip now, so Shane allowed it to go slack so he could do what he liked with it. Ilya smoothed it back and forth, feeding it inside for a second or two before Shane pretended to nip at it.

Ilya pulled his thumb away quickly, smiling at him before cupping his cheek again and pulling him into another kiss.

"Good. I will shower," Ilya announced.

Shane nodded, starting to push himself off of Ilya's body before he was pulled back down by the grip on his arm. Ilya kissed him again, a bit slower, before gently pushing him over and climbing on top of him. It never failed to impress Shane how smoothly Ilya worked with him, like they weren't two admittedly slightly large - or at least muscly - men.

"You will wait here until I am done?"

"Sure," Shane agreed. He hardly felt like getting up immediately, so if Ilya was inviting him to stay for a few minutes, he'd take it.

"Good," Ilya murmured, kissing him a few more times before getting off the bed.

Shane eyed his ass as he walked towards the bathroom, admiring how perfectly shaped it was until the door shut and he was left alone. He couldn't help but smile to himself about how good it felt to hook up with Ilya and be with him in those intimate moments. Even if a lot of the stuff surrounding it made his life a million times harder.

He glanced to the side to check what the time was before getting immediately distracted by his present sitting there, unassuming and covered so you wouldn't even know what it was. He stared hard at it, letting his mind wander again to what putting them on would actually mean. If that was like, possible.

The shower turned on and Shane pushed himself to sit up, moving on autopilot as he reached for the tissue. He unwrapped it carefully, pulling out the underwear and holding them gently, like they might break if he was too rough.

It was just clothing. Fabric, or whatever. It didn't actually have to *mean* anything. And maybe they were like - a little pretty, or something. As far as those things went. Shane flushed and shut his eyes, thumbing over the soft fabric contemplatively and getting lost in thought before he was pulled out of it by the shower shutting off.

Damn Ilya and his quick post sex showers.

Shane made a split second decision to bunch them in his fist, refolding the tissue paper and putting it back on the side table before stuffing the underwear into the pocket of his folded sweats that had ended up on the floor, making sure they were properly hidden before jumping back into the same place he was when Ilya had entered the bathroom.

As the door opened and Ilya stepped out, dripping wet with a towel slung low around his waist Shane oogled him for a moment before he met his eyes.

"Why are you looking guilty?" Ilya questioned, coming closer and undoing his towel to give himself a light brush over to get the worst of the droplets off of him.

"I'm not," Shane replied, shaking his head and watching Ilya expose himself. He was pretty sure it was just to be naked in front of Shane again, but it wasn't like he was complaining.

"You are," Ilya asserted, loosely wrapping his towel again before laying on the bed, half draping across Shane. "I think you are worried you are too good at blowjobs now. You are feeling guilty because you are going to go and suck *so* many cocks you will forget about mine. You *should* feel guilty about that."

Shane giggled, shaking his head and trying to push Ilya away from him but without much force. Ilya just caught his hand, bringing it closer to kiss the palm of it.

"I'm probably not," Shane answered. It was hard enough sneaking around with Ilya, let alone if he started hooking up with other men. Besides the fact that he didn't really want to, it would be so hard to try and keep like, a roster or something.

"Probably?" Ilya replied, his lips popping on the b's and p's in such a pleasant way.

Shane shrugged, trying to play coy but he knew Ilya had his number. It was hardly worth it to keep up the act, but he would. It just seemed like what he was meant to do.

"Probably, yeah," Shane agreed, watching Ilya groan and flop onto his back, his head resting right on Shane's stomach.

"Mr. Big Shot now. Mr. Blow Job," Ilya insisted. Shane loved when he was a bit of a drama queen. He actually found it quite funny - maybe too funny, all things considered.

"I should go," Shane mumbled. He didn't want to, but. If he stayed he might never go, and if he came out of Ilya's hotel room tomorrow morning, people would definitely notice. Or it was at least a lot higher risk. "Early flight,"

"You should, yeah," Ilya agreed, turning his head to look at Shane. He wasn't entirely sure what he was expressing, but he was at least nice to look at. Ilya then tipped himself up again, leaning in to press another kiss on Shane's lips. "Three weeks?"

Shane mentally checked his schedule, thinking about it for a few seconds before nodding in confirmation. That was when they'd be in the same city again - Montreal, actually, which was quite convenient. It meant they didn't have to sneak around in hotel rooms.

Just in back alleys instead.

"Three weeks," Shane echoed, giving Ilya a few last kisses before he pushed himself up, hopping out of the bed to get redressed. He made sure to be very careful with his sweatpants, instantly shoving his hand in the pocket in case Ilya saw the outline of them and called him out.

"Goodnight, Ilya," Shane murmured, looking at Ilya lazing in the bed. He really was a sight - barely covered by the sheet, post-sex rumpled, clean from his shower. He forced himself to look away so he didn't linger.

"Goodnight Shane," Ilya replied, his tone actually quite soft.

Shane smiled to himself as he turned around, allowing it to creep across his face in private as he wandered to the door. He pulled it open, checking the coast was clear before looking back for one last time.

Ilya waved cheekily, a little twinkle of his fingers, and with that Shane slipped out the door and back into the night.

It was just this time he had a burning secret in his pocket.

★ ° ◎ ° ★ ° ★

A week or two later Shane was home between games, slightly bored of mooching around his apartment alone so he'd retired to reading in bed. It was late - not too late, otherwise he'd be asleep, but it was later in the evening. His phone buzzed next to him, and like he normally did, he quickly checked it to see if it was from *Lily* or not.

If it wasn't, he didn't really care. If it was, he usually wanted to reply instantly.

Lily: *Did you see my goal tonight?*

Shane rolled his eyes, but he turned his book over to hold his place so he could use two hands to type quicker.

Jane: *Yes I did.*

Lily: *And what did you think?*

Jane: *It was nicely scored.*

Lily: *Thank you.*

Lily: *I think I should get a reward for it.*

Jane: *You did. You won the game.*

Lily: *Another reward, then. From my biggest fan.*

Jane: *Who is your biggest fan?*

Lily: *A girl named Jane. She has amazing ass. I don't even have one photo of it, though.*

Shane scoffed when he read the most recent text, rolling his eyes again at his gall. Ilya had been trying to get a picture of Shane for weeks, but he had *no idea* how someone was meant to take pictures of their own butt and somehow make it sexy.

Jane: *What a shame.*

Lily: *It is. If she would send one, then I would send her a picture of my cock. To thank her.*

Shane flushed at the idea of getting a dick picture from Ilya. He bit the inside of his lips, hesitating before swiping to open Google. He switched to incognito, typed in 'how to take ass pic men' and hit search.

The first few results were Reddit threads, asking for tips on how to take 'tasteful' ass pics or what angle was best. He scrolled further, eyes widening when he saw there was an article on how to get the *perfect, succulent flesh spread* to take the 'best hole pic imaginable'. Shane flushed and locked his phone, throwing it down beside him and taking a breath.

He was pretty sure Ilya didn't mean he wanted a *hole* picture. That would be *really* weird.

After a few moments of quiet contemplation Shane opened his phone again, clicking on the 'tasteful' thread and looking through the various pose suggestions users had. He then contemplated how embarrassing they were, eventually deciding he could *maybe* try one.

It wasn't like he had to send it if he didn't want to.

The suggested pose was pretty simple, get on his belly, tuck his knees, and stick his ass up in the air. He then just had to take it over his shoulder. Apparently it 'drove tops wild', and he supposed Ilya *did* in fact top him, so maybe it would work.

He put his bookmark in his book and placed it on the side table, shuffling around on his bed as he pushed his pyjama bottoms down and took off his shirt since he supposed that looking at his back might be nice for Ilya too.

Once they were safely aside he laid on the bed, getting into position and opened his camera.

As he looked at himself he flushed, angling around until it seemed right and he could see the swell of his ass alongside the dip of his waist. He supposed he could *kind of* see the appeal, how it might work for someone. He shuffled around some more until he was pretty sure he had it as good as he was going to get it, snapped a few photos, and quickly redressed.

Shane sat back in place once he was settled and reviewed the photos, his cheeks burning as he looked at himself like that. He'd have to delete them immediately. And tell Ilya to, if he even sent one. They were - well. Not what a straight guy would take, that was for sure.

After a few more long moments of contemplation he opened his texts with Ilya, checking about five times that it was *actually* the one with Ilya and he hadn't had some sort of moment where he'd accidentally clicked on his Mum or his coach or something. Once he was sure it was the right chat he attached the best photo and hit send, immediately regretting it as he watched it disappear into the ether.

Just as his thoughts were racing about how it was going to be pasted all over news outlets by morning his phone buzzed erratically, snapping him out of it.

Lily: *Fuck.*

Lily: *Holy shit.*

Lily: *I did not think you would do it. Holy shit.*

Shane couldn't tamp down the smile that spread across his face - and he supposed he didn't have to. No-one was looking. Having Ilya react like that was golden. Maybe it was worth it having his ass posted on every hockey blog known to mankind.

Lily: *You are killing me. I am dead.*

Lily: *I will come first though. Then I am dead.*

Shane was just starting to craft his reply when another message came through, but this time it was an image.

Of Ilya's cock.

Hard, and proud. Bigger on camera, somehow, but he supposed Ilya must be practised in the art of a dick pic.

Lily: *You did this to me.*

Shane flushed, starting to feel his own cock fatten up just at the sight of Ilya's in such a state. He contemplated sliding his hand under his covers before he jumped as his phone started to ring.

Once he saw it was *Lily* he settled, waiting one more ring before answering it and putting it up to his ear.

"Are you touching yourself, Hollander?"

Shane laughed quietly, biting his lip.

"No."

"You should be. I am," Ilya answered, his mouth so close to the receiver Shane could hear his breath. "Thinking of your picture. I will put you on speaker so I can look at it again, actually."

"It's not *that* good," Shane dismissed as his free hand crawled under the covers. Just to hold his dick - for now.

"You have no idea what you are saying. It is a masterpiece. I will frame it and put it above my fireplace."

"You have to delete it after this, Ilya," Shane warned, but it was light hearted. He knew Ilya would - he had to keep the secret just as much as Shane did.

Ilya groaned dramatically, tutting a bit at him. "Maybe I will put it on billboard. Times Square."

"Shut up," Shane whined, but he *was* laughing at how Ilya was carrying-on. Had he known he could have this affect on him he might have done it sooner.

"Where are your hands?" Ilya asked, his tone shifting in just the slightest way that had Shane's body reacting near instantly.

"On my phone," Shane replied.

"Both of them?"

"No."

"Then where is other hand, Hollander?" Ilya prompted.

Shane bit the inside of his lip, clearing his throat. "On my dick."

"So you *are* touching yourself?"

"No. Not really. I'm just - holding it." Shane replied, furrowing his brow as he considered if that was maybe a bit strange to admit.

"Are you waiting for me to tell you that you can touch yourself?" Ilya asked. Shane could hear the grin in his voice, knowing just how he would look as he was asking it. A bit smug, caring... intrigued.

"Uh," Shane responded, because he didn't know if that was what he was *waiting* for necessarily, but it seemed as good of a reason as any. "Maybe."

"Start to stroke it for me. Are you wearing your glasses?"

Shane curled his toes and did as he was told, running his fingers along his semi leaning back against the headboard and his pillows. "Yeah, I am."

"Mmm," Ilya hummed, a borderline moan. "Are you naked?"

"No."

"You took your picture and got dressed again?"

"Well- yeah?"

There was a pause at the other end of the phone line before Ilya spoke up again.

"Get your dick out, Hollander. You want to get off with me?"

Shane shuffled himself around so he could push his pyjama bottoms down along with his bed sheets, exposing himself like that as he gripped the phone against his ear.

"Yeah. Please."

"Fuck," Ilya muttered, and Shane could hear him breathing. He felt like, if he really tried hard enough, he could hear the wet slide of Ilya's hand on his cock. He didn't know if he was imagining it though. "What are you thinking about?"

"Uh," Shane began, because he wasn't really thinking about anything. He lightly stroked his own cock, contemplating what to say because this was kind of new for him. They'd never gotten off over the phone like this, and usually when they were in real life he kind of just said whatever was on his mind.

Concentrated dirty talk - if that was what this was - didn't come as naturally to him as it did to Ilya. Maybe being honest would just be best.

"You, um. I'm thinking about you. And what you'd - like - what you look like right now."

"And what do I look like right now?"

"Well I guess you're home, so you're probably in your room. Or maybe on your couch. I guess you'd have your shirt off, at least, or maybe you're completely naked. And you'd be um- touching yourself,"

"I am naked, yes. On my couch. My cock got so hard when I saw your picture I could not waste any time," Ilya explained. "Does thinking of me make you harder?"

"Yes," Shane answered honestly, swallowing thickly as he stroked himself with just a bit more intent.

"Is this what you think of when you jerk off alone? Me jerking off?"

"No," Shane replied, clearing his throat. "I think about-" he started, then cut himself off because he thought it might be revealing too much.

"You think about what, Hollander?"

Shane sighed, tipping his head back and drawing his knees up. He didn't stop stroking, though, the sensation too good to resist.

"Us together," Shane finally admitted, thumbing his own tip. "Stuff you do to me."

"Fuck," Ilya moaned, sending shivers down Shane's spine. "I am going to fucking ruin you when I come to Montreal."

Shane giggled, parting his lips and gasping quietly as he felt himself draw closer. "Yeah?"

"Yes," Ilya confirmed. "You will be *so* bad at hockey afterwards. Your legs will be jelly."

"No way," Shane replied, letting out another small noise.

"Louder. Let me hear you," Ilya prompted. At first Shane thought he was referring to his speaking voice, but quickly cottoned on to the fact he meant his... noises.

"Ilya," Shane objected with a little laugh, feeling somewhat shy about projecting them.

"Shane," Ilya mimicked. "They are sexy."

"Ugh," Shane mumbled, quiet for a few seconds before clearing his throat. "I can't just like, do them on command."

"Hollander. Just don't - when they happen, do them properly. Stop trying to be quiet."

"Okay," Shane replied, since that felt a bit more doable.

"Okay," Ilya replied. "How close are you?"

"Pretty close. Are you?"

"So fucking close. I am thinking about how fucking *good* your ass feels when I fuck it. How you get so tight just before you come."

Shane moaned, doing his best not to clip it off since Ilya had specifically asked. The back of his head fell against the headboard, his body arching into his hand.

"What else?" Shane prompted, since Ilya was better at all of this stuff anyway.

"How I want to bite you. Pin you to the bed. Fill you up."

Shane drew in a shaky breath at the idea of Ilya doing that to him, the way it came across so possessive sending butterflies through his stomach.

"I want you to do that. Please?"

"Yes. Yes, I will. You are close?"

"Yeah," Shane breathed, his hand whipping over his dick now, unable to stop his oncoming orgasm. "I am."

"Let me hear you come," Ilya insisted. Shane could hear how his breathing was ragged now, dragged into his lungs instead of flowing steadily. He could just imagine his face - the way his lips would be parted, his brow furrowed in concentration. Ilya always looked so hot just before he came.

Shane nodded, though Ilya couldn't see it, and concentrated on getting himself there. He let his mouth hang open so his noises weren't filtered, letting Ilya hear each pitch of his breath and every little moan or whimper that felt natural.

If he was alone he wouldn't make noise like this, but there was something addictive to how every time he *did* make a noise, Ilya seemed to respond in turn. Then Ilya's noises turned *him* on, so it was kind of a never ending circle.

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane whined as he started to come into his hand, choking out a last moan as he made a mess of his belly - thankfully not on his shirt since he'd pushed that up - and his hand.

"Ugh, fuck. Shane," Ilya moaned back to him, and Shane was at least 99% sure that he was coming too. It was the same noises he usually made, so it would make sense. He stroked himself through Ilya's orgasm, eventually letting his hand come to a stop as he felt like they both settled.

"Did you come?" Shane asked, just to be sure.

"Yes, Hollander. I did," Ilya replied. His voice had a slightly huskier edge to it now, a bit worn. "You were good for me. Good boy."

Shane giggled, his cheeks flushing. "Shut up."

"No," Ilya replied, clipped in that way that left no room for any arguments. "Go have your shower. You're all messy."

"You don't know that," Shane muttered, but he was absolutely going to do just that as soon as he hung up the phone.

"Yes I do. I know everything," Ilya replied, then sighed loud and long. Relieved. "I book my tattoo for tomorrow."

"What tattoo?" Shane asked.

"Of your ass. On my thigh, so I can look at it when I jerk off."

"Fuck off," Shane laughed. "Delete it."

Ilya groaned petulantly, and Shane could just imagine the way he was tipping his head back.

"Goodnight Shane," Ilya replied instead.

Shane sighed, not really wanting to hang up but knowing he should. It always felt like it was missing something - not that he was going to say something like L word, but... he always longed for some sort of affectionate thing to wrap it up with. He could just never find the right words.

"Goodnight Ilya," Shane responded, trying to inject the feeling he wanted to convey into the bland words.

Shane didn't want to hang up first, so waited, listening to Ilya breath for a few moments before he finally ended the call. He sighed and threw his phone down next to him, trying to recenter himself after the unexpected interaction.

He went through the motions of getting in the shower and cleaning himself up, just a quick one before he came back into his bedroom. He'd spent the time under the water thinking about how much of an affect the picture had on Ilya, and how he could maybe get more of that, somehow.

The answer was obvious. It was scary, of course, but obvious.

All thoughts led to his drawers. The top left one, where his usual boxers were neatly folded and placed, but something else was secretly stashed at the back.

Getting the panties home had actually been somewhat of a nightmare. Shane imagined all sorts of scenarios where he'd have to empty his bags, for some reason, at the airport or some sort of drug test or something. How people might discover them. He'd try and claim they were a girls, of course, but if anyone looked properly and saw the way they were stitched he'd be in a situation he didn't know how to get out of.

It didn't happen, though. And they were safely tucked away.

Until now.

Still with his towel wrapped around his waist, he wandered over to the drawers and pulled it out, picking through until he found the black fabric stashed at the back.

In the safety of his own home, all alone, they were slightly less intimidating. It was *just* underwear. People wore them all the time, probably. If they were making them like this they had to have a market for it.

He made a deal with himself to just try them on. Maybe they didn't even fit, and any idea of wearing them for Ilya would go right out the window because Shane sure as hell wasn't buying any himself.

Shane set them on the bed and towelled himself off properly, making sure he was completely dry before picking them up again. He cleared his throat, taking a few breaths before quickly stepping into them. He just needed to rip the plaster off.

Once they were up his legs and settled on his hips he adjusted himself, making sure they were sitting properly before sighing. They fit. That was one excuse out.

He closed his eyes for a few seconds, pushing through the swirling feelings of embarrassment before opening his eyes again and tentatively glancing at the full-length mirror he had in the corner of his room.

Shane saw a nervous man, his shoulders hunched and his hands awkwardly at his sides. He cleared his throat and stood up straighter, curling his toes in discomfort as he let his eyes drift lower and looked at the panties on himself.

It was... weird. That's what he kept telling himself, but there was something lying a bit lower in his brain that was telling him he felt otherwise about the situation. The concept that maybe it was a bit... hot. Just a little bit.

Shane turned to the side, adjusting where the band of the underwear sat on his hips and pulling them just a little higher, like he'd seen girls do and hummed at the way it cut his frame. It sort of accentuated the muscles he had on his lower stomach, the ones that joined up with his groin.

He turned further, seeing how they looked on his ass and blushing at the sight. Objectively, he thought that maybe he looked... good. That maybe Ilya would think so too, since he liked to look at his ass. Apparently.

Shane felt his dick start to stir again, much too close to his previous orgasm that he wanted to nip it in the bud. After one last look to ensure they actually *did* fit he quickly took them off, stuffing them back in the drawer and getting dressed in his pyjamas again.

Maybe. *Maybe* he could wear them, for Ilya. Just once. To see.

Maybe.

★◦◎★◦★

It was finally the day that Ilya was coming over.

They'd played an evening game, Montreal won, so Shane was feeling just a little bit smug. He didn't plan on hiding that from Ilya either, because whenever Ilya won against him it was always a topic of conversation.

This time Shane had given him the code for the front door and instructions on how to find his place, rather than making Ilya go through the alley. He wouldn't be getting there until late, anyway, so it wasn't like anyone would just be roaming the halls.

He just hoped Ilya would dress discretely.

Shane adjusted the dining room chair one more time as he waited, unable to settle at all when he knew Ilya was close to arriving. He'd sent him a text letting him know he'd left his hotel, so it was only a matter of time until he got there.

He still jumped at the soft knock on the door, even though he was expecting it. Shane tried not to go too eagerly towards it, but equally, didn't want Ilya hanging out in the hallway for any longer than he needed to.

"Your elevator is slow," Ilya announced the minute Shane opened the door for him, looking him over before stepping inside. "Would have been faster to take the stairs."

"No its not," Shane snipped back, because he'd never noticed. He was about to ask Ilya to take off his shoes before he noticed he was doing it already, so he bit his tongue and studied the shape of his back through his hoodie.

"Yes it is," Ilya replied. "I will have to start coming to your back alley again."

Shane smiled, because Ilya was smiling at him, but he didn't pay much attention as to why.

"Would you like some food? Are you hungry?" Shane asked, starting to walk backwards towards the kitchen but not taking his eyes off of Ilya, because Ilya hadn't taken his eyes off of him. "Or a drink? I have coke."

"No," Ilya answered. He walked towards Shane, almost step for step. Shane knew he'd be caught eventually, but maybe it was fun to have a tiny chase. "I can think of something else I want, though."

"What's that?" Shane asked, knocking into one of the dining chairs and scooting it along the floor. He looked back, grabbing it to stop himself from stumbling and giving Ilya the advantage in catching him up.

"Oh, I think you know," Ilya answered. His hands fitted on Shane's waist, holding him steady before one raised up, cupping Shane's chin with his thumb on one side and the rest of his fingers on the other.

Shane felt mesmerised by the touches, staring up at Ilya for a few moments with a giddy grin before flushing up on his cheeks. More than usual, and he knew that Ilya knew that too because he saw his expression change. Shane tried to look away, but Ilya was holding him firm enough that all he could do was avert his eyes.

"What was that?" Ilya asked him.

"Nothing," Shane responded quickly, looking at Ilya's lips. He tried to lean forward, just getting one peck in before Ilya gripped him firmer and held him back so he could see him.

"Is not nothing. You are... what is it? Wriggling," Ilya accused.

Shane giggled, moving his hand up to grip Ilya's arm, but not really trying to push it away. He just needed to hang on.

"It's nothing, Rozanov," Shane dismissed, trying to school his face to be more serious. "I'll get you a water," Shane added, because he needed to catch his breath. Escape for a bit. He just felt *so* nervous, and it was hard not to let that show.

He managed to scramble away from Ilya and head into the kitchen, grabbing a glass before getting his filtered water from the fridge. If his hands were shaking he wasn't going to say anything about it, but he did feel somewhat more settled when he felt Ilya had followed him and crowded in behind his back.

"You are acting strange. Stranger than usual," Ilya murmured into his ear. He kissed behind it, his hands sliding around Shane's middle and touching his stomach as he fit himself against Shane's back. "You think I don't like you anymore because you beat me in hockey?"

"You wouldn't like me at all if that was the case. I always beat you," Shane replied as he poured the glass.

"Not always. Sometimes I beat you. It was a good play, that last goal. You should maybe uh... try playing professionally sometime?" Ilya suggested, his hands sliding up to Shane's

chest. He squeezed one of his pecs before pinching his nipple, just touching over him as Shane started to melt back into his arms.

It was easier when he wasn't looking at him.

Shane set the jug of water down and sighed, bracing his hands on the counter top for a few moments before turning around in Ilya's grip.

He could see that he looked a little concerned, and Shane hardly wanted that, so he lifted his hands to hold either side of Ilya's neck so he knew he was okay with touching. He looked between his eyes, stroking the soft skin and finding a little patch of hair he had obviously missed when he was shaving.

"I have a present for you," Shane managed to choke out, because that was what he had planned on saying when he opened the door before Ilya started complaining about the elevator.

Ilya looked confused, which wasn't really part of Shane's plan. So he tried again.

"Uh - you know? Like a *present*?" Shane added, blinking a few times.

"I know what a present is, yes," Ilya replied, his hands slowly rubbing over Shane's sides. Shane was a bit stuck for how else to subtly hint before he saw the moment of recognition in Ilya, his hands tightening on his sides quite considerably. "What kind of present?"

Shane laughed nervously, looking down at Ilya's lips because his eyes felt like they were x-raying him. "Um. One I think you'd like,"

"Is it something to do with you?"

"Yes," Shane replied, daring a glance at his eyes before averting his lips again. He thumbed at the little patch of hair again, almost feeling like it was the only thing keeping him sane.

"Can I look at my present?" Ilya prompted.

"If you can find it,"

Ilya hummed in intrigue, his hands starting to wander over Shane's body. At first he took a gratuitous grab at his chest again, before sliding his hands under his shirt and rucking it up as his hands ran over him in a slow grope.

"Hmm. Not here, I don't think," Ilya decided, but he still made quite pleased hums as his fingers ran back down Shane's back, over his lats and around to his stomach. "Its lower, yes?"

"Yes," Shane agreed. His heart felt like it was about to beat through his chest. What if this was a *really* elaborate prank? Ilya hadn't pranked him before, but, there was a first time for everything. What if he was going to find the panties and then just like, laugh at him or something?

"Mm," Ilya hummed, his fingers sliding around the waistband of Shane's sweats. He dipped them in lower, tucking under the elastic until his fingers clearly hit the fabric of the panties Shane had on.

Ilya mumbled something in Russian, his fingers actually quite light and delicate for all they were usually roughhousing.

"What does that mean?" Shane asked quietly.

"It is like, ehm... same as holy fuck," Ilya told him, leaning in just enough to kiss Shane quickly before focusing back on the task at hand. "You are okay with this?"

Shane shrugged, looking away because he wasn't entirely sure.

"Hey," Ilya murmured, removing one hand from his sweat pants and tapping Shane's chin lightly with his fingertips. "I don't want to do this if you are not okay with this."

"I'm okay with it," Shane answered with a little shrug, but he couldn't help but smile at Ilya's care. "It's just - I'm nervous I guess."

"Nervous I will come before I can fuck you? You should be," Ilya insisted, thumbing at Shane's chin. "What are you nervous about?"

Shane sighed, swallowing thickly. "That you like, thought it would be hot, or whatever, then you just think it's weird when you see them,"

Ilya stared hard at him for a few moments, clearly thinking before Shane got a short peck. Ilya then stooped to kiss his neck, dropping lower and lower until he was on his knees, thighs spread around Shane's feet.

"Hollander. I am willing to beg on my knees. I need to see you in these panties. If your only worry is about me, then there is *no* worry. Understand?"

Shane looked down at the sight, not one he saw nearly as often as the reverse. Ilya seemed to be being truthful. Earnest, even. To have him begging on his knees made Shane's toes curl.

"I understand," Shane agreed.

Ilya nodded, pushing himself up from where he was resting on his heels and lifting Shane's shirt, pressing a kiss just below his navel before standing up. As he did he wrapped his arms around Shane's middle, squatting down before lifting him up and over his shoulder - much to Shane's distress.

"What the fuck are you doing, Rozanov? Put me down," Shane complained, not wiggling too much in case he really did throw him off and he actually fell and hit his head. He held on to Ilya's hoodie tightly, like maybe that would help him balance.

"Will you let me fuck you on your nice couch?" Ilya asked instead of acknowledging him, smacking his ass as he wandered through the apartment.

"I don't have any lube down here," Shane warned as Ilya groaned, wandering to the stairs which really did set Shane scrambling.

"No fucking way. Stop," Shane said sternly, sighing with relief when Ilya squatted again and shifted his weight to set Shane's feet back on the ground.

"You are so boring, Hollander," Ilya whined, stretching the 'o' in boring dramatically.

"Sorry if I don't want to smash my fucking head open on my stairs," Shane grumbled. "Its dangerous, Ilya."

Ilya just rolled his eyes, smacking the side of Shane's hip. "Go first then. At least least me have a view while I am walking up,"

Shane rolled his eyes, smacking Ilya's hand away from him as he turned to walk - safely - up the stairs on his own two feet. He felt Ilya hot on his trail but didn't bite, not turning around at all and just walking directly to his own bedroom.

"Can I fuck you on the bed? Or are you wearing the uh- what is it called? The no sex ring?" Ilya asked once he joined him, crowding behind him and pushing Shane's t-shirt up his body.

"Purity ring," Shane answered. "Or promise ring, I think."

"Yes, that," Ilya agreed, getting his shirt off and tossing it aside. He then scooped up Shane's hand, inspecting how all of his fingers were jewellery free and smacking a kiss to the back of his neck. "Ah, none."

"You're so annoying," Shane complained, but he hummed happily when Ilya started dragging his mouth across Shane's shoulder, nibbling just a bit.

"I am sure you are so annoyed," Ilya mumbled back, kissing on Shane's shoulder and giving it a nip. "Get on the bed. I want to see you. Take these off."

Shane felt Ilya pull at his sweats and give him a light push on the back, so he decided to move along with it and crawl on. Ilya walked around the bed and sat on the chair his designer insisted looked great, even if Shane felt like it made the room look like a hotel.

"You're just going to watch me?" Shane asked, kneeling on the bed for the time being.

Ilya shrugged, spreading his legs. "You said it was my present. I want to enjoy it."

Shane let out a nervous laugh, swallowing and blinking a few times before hooking his thumbs into the sides of his sweats, to push them down his legs. He decided it was now or never, so he supposed he had to pick now.

He couldn't help but close his eyes as he pushed them lower, exposing himself and getting them off his body. He remained kneeling, shifting his weight to tuck them underneath his knees and pull them off, eventually forcing himself to open his eyes since Ilya hadn't said anything.

"Put those down," Ilya instructed, since Shane was still hanging onto his sweats. He rolled them and then lightly tossed them on the blanket box, setting back onto his heels and looking down to make sure the panties weren't sitting weird.

"Is this okay?" Shane asked, unable to stop his anxiousness from leaching out.

Ilya hummed, his jaw clenching enough to twitch his cheek. "Hard to say, yet. Need to see all angles."

Shane rolled his eyes, adjusting the waistband of them so they were even and looking down again. He was just slightly more comfortable than he was last time, when he'd put them on. Maybe feeling just a little more familiar with them.

"That means turn around, Hollander. Let me see the other side," Ilya explained.

Shane gave him a look to try and tell him off before shifting, moving so he was kneeling facing the other direction, his ass to Ilya. He pulled at the waistbands again, setting them at an angle like he had when he'd been experimenting with them earlier.

"Bend over,"

Shane flushed, but he did it, rising up enough to get his elbows down against the duvet and stick his ass in the air. He at least felt protected, since the panties covered everything - or at least his hole - but he was somewhat shocked to hear the noise that came out of Ilya.

Something mumbled in Russian, a grunt. As Shane turned to look behind himself he could see that Ilya was gripping the arm of the chair so hard his knuckles were turning white.

Shane swallowed, deciding that maybe he had the power to fuck with him, just a bit. He rocked forwards, bringing his crotch slowly down towards the bed before arching back up, spreading his legs a bit further before gasping when he felt Ilya grab his ankle.

Ilya held his legs spread and knelt on the bed behind him, his other arm coming around Shane's chest to bring him up and pin him in place.

"You *like* wearing them, don't you?" Ilya whispered in his ear, grabbing his pec and pinching his nipple. Ilya's hand that was originally on his leg slid down Shane's torso, feeling along until he grabbed him over the panties.

"Maybe," Shane replied, letting out a little moan and tilting his head back against Ilya's shoulder.

"Your cock is hard. I think you do," Ilya muttered, stroking him through the fabric. The silky slide of them was admittedly quite nice, so Shane pressed his hips forward into the sensation and nodded.

"Yeah," Shane breathed, one of his hands shooting back to hold on to the back of Ilya's head, for lack of anything else to grab.

Ilya's hand that was pinning him came up, grabbing his chin and forcing him to twist his neck enough that he could kiss him deeply. It was deep, wet, forceful. Shane was pretty sure it was Ilya telling him just how much he was enjoying this without having to use his words.

Shane could feel Ilya's cock pressed against his ass. It was firm and hard, and he thought that maybe he should get around to putting it inside of him, if he was this worked up.

Ilya pulled his lips away and pressed his thumb into Shane's mouth, biting his cheek simultaneously in a move that made Shane melt. Shane eagerly sucked on it and moaned as Ilya stroked his cock a few more times, really gripping him before unceremoniously letting go. He smacked his stomach, shoving his side and just generally manhandling him like he normally would.

"On your back," Ilya instructed, waiting for Shane to comply before grabbing him roughly by his hips and pulling him closer.

Shane just went along for the ride, his hand shooting to Ilya's hair to grab as he watched him dip between his legs. He wasn't entirely prepared when Ilya slid his fingers under the panties, pulling the fabric to the side so he was decidedly *unprepared* when he leaned in and licked directly over his hole.

A moan escaped his lips before Shane could help it, his back arching as he pulled his knees up higher, giving Ilya better access.

"That's it," Ilya coaxed, his free hand that wasn't holding the underwear sliding up the back of Shane's thigh and gripping it firmly. His mouth returned to Shane's hole, starting to lick over him rhythmically, only taking a pause to bite his arse cheek roughly before getting back to using his tongue.

The first time Ilya had done this, Shane had felt so uptight it was hard to relax into. But now that it wasn't new he found he actually quite enjoyed it - it was an amazing way to get him wet and ready for his cock, and Ilya seemed to enjoy himself... for some reason - Shane was just glad Ilya wasn't interested in the reverse.

As Ilya continued to pleasure him Shane felt himself grow harder and harder, eventually starting to squirm when Ilya was really getting his tongue as deep inside of him as he possibly could. He knew he'd start leaking precome soon, so grabbed at his curls to give him the lightest tug of awareness.

"Ilya, Ilya. Need to take them off. Don't want to make them messy," Shane warned.

Ilya shook his head, making a ridiculous, slightly obnoxious slurp against Shane's hole as he raised his head up.

"No," Ilya answered, looking him in the eyes as he kissed up his inner thigh. Shane resisted the urge to clamp his legs together and trap him there.

"What do you mean no?" Shane replied. "I'm gonna like - you know. Get precome on them."

Ilya pouted at him somewhat mockingly, shifting over to the other thigh and grazing his teeth along the sensitive inner skin.

"You are going to come in them, Hollander," Ilya explained, pressing his nose against Shane's balls and nuzzling before mouthing at them with his lips.

Shane felt a flip of arousal in his stomach, and his heart rate picked up.

"What?" Shane asked, with an awkward laugh.

"I am going to fuck you while you're wearing them. Then you are going to come in them. That is what I bought them for," Ilya explained, nudging at his cock now.

Shane let out a shaky breath, blinking a few times before nodding enthusiastically. The idea of Ilya making him come in his *panties* was almost making him do exactly that right now. He was too horny to care, passed the point of rationalising with himself and instead just giving in to instinct.

He *wanted* to do that.

Ilya grinned up at him, a bit wolfish as he pressed himself forward and hovered over Shane's face.

"Maybe you are not so boring after all," Ilya smirked, giving Shane a kiss and reaching over him, towards the side table drawer when Shane kept his lube. *Not* his dildo, much to Ilya's dismay when he'd come over the first time and hoped it had been in there.

"I'm not boring," Shane defended, but it was half hearted as he took advantage of Ilya being up near him. He cupped his cheeks and pulled him into a kiss, wrapping his legs around him to try and pin him there.

"Not right now, no," Ilya agreed when he could get a breath in, clearly grabbing the lube as he adjusted himself back but he kept kissing Shane, starting to rock his hips in between Shane's legs and grind on him.

Shane could feel his cock pressing against his wet hole, separated by his panties and Ilya's sweats but firm and warm all the same. Ilya was wearing entirely too many clothes, actually, so Shane tried to edge them down with his heels until Ilya took over and reach behind himself to get rid of them.

Ilya's cock slapped against his own as he sprung free, Ilya grunting into his mouth and kissing him dirtier when he started to slide it against the soft fabric. Shane pressed up to give him more resistance, sliding his hand up to grip Ilya's hair in his fist.

"Fuck me? Please?" Shane begged after a few more deep kisses, feeling like he might burst if Ilya didn't get to it.

Ilya nodded, looking half drunk already as he haphazardly sat back from Shane and got some lube on his fingers, getting them coated before tugging his panties to the side and slipping a finger in easily.

The way the fabric pulled against his cock was actually quite enjoyable, so Shane let out a harsh moan and arched as Ilya immediately started teasing the second finger.

"You look fucking amazing," Ilya complimented, his spare hand spreading Shane's thigh's wider and gripping it firmly.

Shane raked his eyes over Ilya, taking in how fucking good he looked with his fingers working inside of him like that. His cock was hard and bent up against his belly, his balls perfectly proportioned.

"I want to lick you," Shane admitted before he could think any better of it, watching the surprise come over Ilya's face as he grinned and raised his eyebrows. Shane realised what he'd said and covered his face, keeping his hands there even when Ilya leaned forwards and tried to tug at them.

"No, no. Let me see you. Need to see your tongue so you can lick."

"Fuck off," Shane mumbled, only dropping his hands so he could moan when Ilya got his second finger inside of him.

"Lick me. Lick my tongue," Ilya insisted, sticking it out of his mouth.

Shane hesitated for a moment before deciding that was kind of what kissing was, really, so licked up Ilya's extended tongue before moaning when Ilya easily transitioned it into another deep kiss.

Ilya then sucked his tongue out of his mouth as he curled his fingers inside of him, shifting to bite his bottom lip when Shane moaned and squirmed about it. His third finger was easier to get in, now that he was stretched, and soon they were thrusting in and out of him pretty comfortably.

"You feel ready?" Ilya asked, resting his forehead against Shane's and kissing him a few more times, messy and wet.

"Yes, please," Shane moaned, gasping when Ilya knocked his prostate with his fingers. Ilya's grin grew devilish, fingers rubbing insistently against that spot and making Shane melt into himself.

His back arched uncontrollably like a tight string was drawn, his jaw dropping open as all he could make were stilted and clipped moans because the pleasure was so intense.

"Il- stop," Shane whined, shooting his hand down to grab Ilya's forearm, only because he hardly wanted to come before he was even fucked.

Ilya waited half a second before actually stopping, giving him an innocent pout. "What?"

Shane panted, but he was smiling, giving Ilya a kick in his side. "You *know* what,"

Ilya shrugged, but Shane caught the wink he directed at him as his fingers pulled out.

"Roll over. Ass up."

Shane took a deep breath, because he was somehow already exhausted, but managed to push himself up enough to roll onto his stomach. He started getting his knees under him when Ilya pulled him up anyway, and he felt Ilya land a good smack on his ass cheek before his cock was sliding between them over the fabric.

"I am a genius," Ilya muttered, his hand gripping and grabbing at all the parts of Shane that were able to be held.

"You're such an asshole," Shane muttered, earning another smack to his cheek.

"More interested in yours," Ilya replied, and Shane felt the fabric of the panties being pulled to the side again. Ilya's cock head snubbed against his hole, forcing Shane to relax to allow any intrusion.

"Fuck. Rozanov," Shane muttered, pillowing his head against the back of his hands and arching down further. "Please,"

"Yes," Ilya responded, and Shane felt him grab the back of the panties in his fist. It pulled them tight on his balls and cock, but in kind of a delicious way, and then as his cock started to slide inside of him Shane started to moan.

It felt just right, like it always did. Fitting perfectly. Like they were made for one another.

Ilya mumbled in Russian again, like he often did when they were fucking, and Shane gripped his bed sheet like it was a lifeline. He really needed to look up some Russian phrases so he could maybe decipher what was being said.

Eventually Ilya's hips hit his ass, bottoming out and fully inside of him in that deliciously overwhelming way.

"Fuck," Shane whined, arching and clenching just to get used to it.

"Okay?" Ilya asked him, the hand that wasn't death gripping the panties smoothing over his ass cheek, in that soft way he would normally do while Shane was adjusting to the stretch of taking him.

"Yes," Shane assured him, his voice breath and his tense muscles relaxing somewhat when Ilya bent over to start kissing over his back.

"Good. Good boy. Fucking - drive me crazy," Ilya told him, his lips dragging over Shane's skin before he was upright again.

Before Shane could respond Ilya pulled out a fraction before pressing in again, starting off slow and steady which Shane always appreciated when it had been a while since he'd been fucked. It was still overwhelming, making him screw his eyes up and bury his face in his sheets for a few seconds to deal with it.

As Ilya built their pace he started to move with him, pressing back against him for resistance and spreading his legs wider so Ilya had better access. A light sheen of sweat started to develop over his body, his balls drawing tighter as he got closer to wanting to come.

Shane could feel his cock shifting against the panties, slightly restrained because Ilya still wasn't letting go of the panties and the soft silk shifting against the head of his cock was tantalising. They were definitely wet with his precome now, and though he wasn't entirely sure if that would ruin the fabric, he was sure that Ilya knew where to procure more.

Just as Shane felt like he was close enough to warn Ilya he was shocked to feel him pull out, the sudden loss making him shudder and lose strength in his thighs. Thankfully Ilya was holding his hips, so gently lowered him before manhandling him onto his back.

Shane went easily with the move, spreading his legs around Ilya again and shifting up when he grabbed a pillow to stuff under his hips. Ilya then coaxed his legs back towards his chest, pulling the panties down off his arse but leaving his cock trapped inside of them, his thighs bound from spreading too wide if he didn't want to stretch the the fabric.

Ilya seemed mesmerised, his thumb sliding over Shane's hole as he stared down at him, enough to make Shane blush but not enough to ask him to stop, because there was something so thrilling about how unreserved Ilya's enjoyment of him was.

"Боже, какой же ты красивый," Ilya muttered, almost like he was saying it to himself.

Shane bit the inside of his lip before giving him a gentle nudge with his foot. "What does that mean?"

His words seemed to break Ilya's spell, his eyes flitting up to Shane's face and cracking a somewhat amused smile as he reshuffled himself to line back up.

"I bet you would like to know," Ilya replied as Shane felt the blunt press of his cock against his hole again.

"Well yeah," Shane muttered, his breath catching as Ilya pressed inside of him again. It was easier this time, quicker since he'd already been fucked for so long.

"How are your hip flexors, Hollander?" Ilya asked as he bottomed out, then used his hands to press along the back of Shane's thigh and force them against his chest. He wondered how Ilya even knew the English word for hip flexors, but figured it might have been through working out or physio.

"They're fine," Shane muttered, since he was able to get his knees to his chest pretty easily.

Ilya hummed in response, leaning his weight down on Shane's legs and bracketing them in, wiggling until Shane's knees were tucked over Ilya's shoulders.

"Not too bad," Ilya agreed, leaning in to give him a peck. "You are comfortable?"

"I guess," Shane answered, not sure he was entirely as the weight of Ilya on him alongside being folded like a pretzel was maybe compressing his breathing. He was about to comment

further as Ilya pulled out and fucked into him again, immediately losing his thought as he hit directly on his prostate with the newly improved angle.

"Holy shit," Shane moaned, taking a deep breath in anticipation of what was to come.

Ilya smirked, rolling his hips another time, a bit firmer so there was a smack of their skin at the end of it.

"Put your hands above your head, against the headboard," Ilya instructed.

Shane complied quickly, watching as Ilya turned his head to kiss on the inside of his knee.

"No, no. Your hands. Push against it. I'm going to fuck you hard, need you to push," Ilya explained, so Shane quickly swapped his hands around so they were bracing his body down towards Ilya.

"I might die," Shane warned, because if he was planning on hard *and* he was hitting his prostate, he'd be a goner.

Ilya shrugged, patting his side comfortingly. "Good way to go, yes?"

"I suppo-" Shane began, cutting himself off with a shocked moan as Ilya started to fuck him, immediately beginning with a punishing pace and force. Shane was lost for words, and he'd rather not think about the noises that were leaking out of his mouth.

Ilya wasn't kidding when he said he was going to fuck him hard. Shane was sure that by the end of this he'd feel like he would have had an arm work out, with the effort he was having to put in to not be fucked up into the headboard by Ilya's hips.

He rolled his eyes back in his head because each thrust felt hypnotising, and there was barely any time in between them for him to catch his breath. It just felt like he was inhaling and inhaling, getting light headed and feeling his balls draw tight as his orgasm came at him like a freight train.

Shane couldn't even form words to tell Ilya he was about to come before it was happening, his moans getting more dramatic and his body literally jerking with the force of it. He hardly noticed he was coming into the panties, the pleasure definitely coming from his prostate and somehow all across his body as he clenched down hard on Ilya's cock.

He barely registered Ilya's stuttered pace as he was too wrapped up in his own pleasure, blinking a few times as stars clouded his vision before he started to fully relax. Aftershocks shot through him as muscle twitches, Ilya's last few thrusts really prolonging the sensations before he came to a stop too, panting and trying to catch his breath.

Shane blinked again, bringing a hand down to rub his eyes with his thumb and forefinger before looking at Ilya properly, seeing he looked satiated - if a little worn out.

"Holy shit, Rozanov. That was-" Shane panted out, unable to find the right words to describe how he basically felt mind blown.

Ilya let out a breathless laugh, cocking his head to the side as he patted his hip. He then hooked his finger into the waistband of the panties, easing them up Shane's legs slowly until they were off of his body.

Shane let his legs fall to the side then, tired from crunching them up and sighing with relief when he was able to relax. He furrowed his brow when he saw Ilya bringing them closer to his mouth, parting his lips in shock when he flicked his tongue out and licked them.

The inside of them - his come. He'd just licked his come off of the panties.

"Ilya," Shane whispered, his cock giving a weak twitch of interest at the sight of it.

Ilya chuckled to himself, screwing the fabric up in his fist and leaning forward over Shane, pressing a kiss on his lips that Shane was a second or two too late in reacting to.

"What?" Ilya asked innocently, kissing him again.

"You're so..." Shane mumbled, trailing off as he brought a hand down to cup Ilya's cheek. He always looked so soft after he'd come, his eyebrows somehow relaxed.

"So what?"

"I dunno," Shane mumbled, because he didn't really have a good answer to tell Ilya. Everything, he wanted to say. You're so everything, so nice, so lovely. So perfect.

"So good at fucking me," Shane settled on, eventually.

Ilya huffed a laugh out of his nose, kissing Shane again. "I know this one."

Shane rolled his eyes, patting Ilya's cheek as if he was imitating slapping him. Ilya turned his head and kissed Shane's palm, then pretended to bite it.

"I will shower now," Ilya told him.

Shane nodded, stealing one last kiss before Ilya shifted to brace himself and reached down between them. As he pulled out Shane made a little noise, just at the shock of the loss even though he knew it was coming. Ilya grunted too, and Shane absently wondered how it felt as Ilya moved off the bed.

"Do you want to come?" Ilya offered.

"To the shower?"

"No, to France. *Yes* to the shower," Ilya replied.

Shane was nodding before he really made his mind up, wanting to spend any second longer with Ilya that he was willing to give him. Ilya had his hand extended out so Shane took it, wincing as he shuffled around onto his ass before getting to his feet.

"You are sore?"

"It's not too bad," Shane deflected, smiling down at his chest when Ilya didn't drop his hand to head to the en-suite. "You can just drop those in the hamper," Shane added, gesturing to the panties Ilya still had gripped in his fist.

Ilya looked over his shoulder at him, confused for a second before he realised what Shane was referring to.

"Maybe I will keep them. Frame them," Ilya countered, giving Shane a look before doing as he'd suggested and dropping them with Shane's other laundry.

"That's gross, Rozanov. They're dirty," Shane complained, walking ahead of him to get the shower set up to the temperature he liked before regretfully letting go of Ilya's hand so he could grab some towels.

"I like dirty," Ilya shrugged, leaning against the doorway and studying Shane as he moved around. "Well?"

"Well what?" Shane asked, laying the towels down before looking at Ilya for clues. He didn't seem to have any, so he moved into the shower, leaving the door open for Ilya to follow him.

"How did you like wearing them?" Ilya prompted, as though that should have been obvious.

Shane flushed, sticking his head under the stream so he could at least blame it on the hot water. He ran his fingers through his hair before moving aside, letting Ilya get under the spray too.

"It was okay," Shane finally answered.

"Okay?!" Ilya responded, shaking his head and giving Shane a light push against his shoulder. "Tell me truthfully,"

Shane sighed, watching the water run down Ilya's chest as it hit against him.

"I guess it was hot," Shane admitted. It at least seemed to have driven Ilya wild, which was the main point of it all.

Ilya pushed his own hair off of his face before turning to Shane, reaching for him by his waist and getting him under the stream again.

"It *was* hot," Ilya assured him, sliding his hands up to Shane's shoulders. He forced some eye contact, giving him an affirming look before pecking his lips again.

"Well yeah. It was obvious you liked it," Shane deflected.

Ilya rolled his eyes and reached for the body soap, coaxing Shane's hand up to squirt some of it into before taking some for himself.

"Would you wear them again?" Ilya asked curiously, starting to scrub over his own body. Shane shifted a little to do the same with his own, sort of rudimentary for the most part aside from what really needed attention.

"Would you want me to?" Shane asked back, turning the tables to Ilya's wants.

Ilya seemed to consider for a moment before nodding, stroking his cock which drew Shane's attention even if it was only to clean it. "Yes. If you feel sexy in them. I very much enjoyed it."

Shane nodded, reaching behind himself and sort of hesitating at the intimacy of the cleaning he would have to do for his hole because Ilya was standing right there, and it was hardly that attractive to do.

"Here, come. I do it," Ilya muttered, tugging Shane closer to his body.

"Ilya," Shane complained, but Ilya was quick to grope his cheeks and give them a good squeeze before running a finger between them.

"I made the mess," Ilya bargained.

Shane sighed in defeat, deciding to just relax into it as he slipped his arms around Ilya's waist and hooked his chin over his shoulder, flushing as he actually quite gently slipped his finger back inside of him to clean the come out of him.

Ilya turned his head and kissed his neck, his finger slowly doing the job as his other hand skirted over his ass cheek to grab at. Shane was pretty sure that Ilya was only doing it just so he could get inside of him again, but it was still nice. Intimate, actually.

"Maybe I could wear them again. *If* they clean up okay, now you made them messy," Shane muttered after a few moments, his fingertips tracing the dip of Ilya's spine and feeling the ridges of his back muscles.

"*You* made them messy," Ilya replied. "I can buy more, if you think they are too dirty."

Shane hummed noncommittally, but the idea of Ilya getting him more made him smile.

"I'll let you know," Shane decided, so the ball was in his court.

"You let me know," Ilya murmured, sliding his finger deeper inside of Shane and gripping his ass cheek firmer. "How long until your cock gets hard again?"

"Ilya," Shane complained, trying to get out of his grip. "I *just* came,"

Ilya shrugged, sighing as he let him go, acting all reluctant. "How is this my problem?"

"*You* just came too,"

"So boring," Ilya whined. "Seriously, how long usually?"

Shane shrugged, not sure he'd ever timed it. "I dunno. Like half an hour? Forty-five?"

"Hm. Interesting," Ilya noted, getting some more soap on his hands. He then felt over Shane's body, starting on his chest and squeezing at his pecs before moving down over his torso,

actually cleaning him even if it was disguised as him feeling him up.

"Why is that so interesting?" Shane asked, letting Ilya do as he pleased with him.

"Maybe I have half an hour or forty-five minutes free," Ilya shrugged.

Shane felt some butterflies in his stomach. Ilya staying a bit longer? It was probably a bad idea, but that didn't mean he was going to say no.

"When's your flight?"

"Afternoon. Can sleep in," Ilya answered, guiding Shane under the stream again so the soap suds were rinsed off.

"That's nice," Shane answered. "I guess you can stay for a little while. We can watch the recap of me beating you,"

"If that would help you get hard faster then yes, we can watch," Ilya shrugged, reaching behind Shane to turn the shower off. "Where do you keep your awards? We can look at them too."

"Fuck off," Shane scoffed, giving Ilya a push to get him out the shower.

"Ooh, Shane Hollander. King of Hockey," Ilya moaned facetiously, taking one of the towels and starting to rub himself thoroughly. "Prince of NHL. Let me get on my knees to worship."

Shane was trying his absolute best to keep the grin off of his face, trying to frown but it just wasn't happening, his lips twitching as he grabbed his own towel.

The only retaliation he could think of was winding his towel up into a tube, circling it just enough so he could whip it at Ilya and let it lick the side of his thigh with a little crack, knowing it wouldn't be that sore since the towel was dry. He wouldn't see it coming, either, since his towel was currently over his head.

Ilya gasped, bringing his towel down from his face and staring at Shane in shock.

"Hollander. Did you just whip me?"

"No," Shane giggled, attempting to do it again before running into his bedroom to escape before Ilya could get him back.

This was fine, for now. Shane could live in this moment of bliss. Being wrapped up in Ilya, playing house for an evening.

It was all he could ever ask for anyway.

End Notes

thank you for reading!!! i reply to every comment and appreciate every kudos 🧡

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