

i just thought you might like it

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by [ghosttotheparty](#).

Summary

“Did you... Did you get a whole roll of wrapping paper for it?”

“Yes. And ribbon.”

“You’re cute.”

“Shut up.”

// shane’s birthday is next week. ilya has gifts for him.

Notes

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

He's nervous.

It's stupid that he's nervous, but he's nervous nonetheless.

He's got his duffle bag, crammed with his gym clothes and running shoes, and he's holding the other thing, strings dangling from his fingers. It's obvious, the gift bag sparkly and shimmery, the tissue paper fluttering every time the bag swings in the air. He feels fucking stupid, carrying it like he's headed to a fucking birthday party and not a dick appointment.

He also feels fucking stupid walking up to the door of Hollander's apartment like he lives here, opening the door without even a knock, without a pause, like this place is familiar to him. It is, he supposes. He knows the echo of his footsteps up the stairs, the swing of the door — far lighter than he expected the first time he opened it himself— and the dim glow of the kitchen light over the stove because the overhead light is too bright, too glaring. Especially since Hollander's concussion.

Hollander is in the kitchen like he usually is, tidying up from his sad, boring dinner.

Ilya is being mean— Shane's cooking isn't so bad. He uses actual seasoning, unlike a lot of the guys on Ilya's team, who seem to think that the infinitesimal amount of calories from spices and herbs will ruin their careers. The kitchen smells good.

"Hey," Hollander says lightly, glancing over his shoulder at Ilya. His sleeves are rolled up. He's washing dishes. "You're earlier than I expected."

"Ah, team went to party," Ilya says, dropping his bag by the stairs, swinging the gift bag in the air. "I did not feel like joining."

"You tell them you were on your way to get laid?" Hollander says.

"Assumptions are made."

"Ooh, *assumptions*."

Hollander turns, reaching for a hand towel to dry his hands, and he's smiling a little, amused. He looks good like this, tired and domestic, the front of his shirt splashed with water, his hair falling into his face.

Ilya sets the gift bag on the island and leans against it, propping his chin on his hand casually, watching as Shane's eyes find the sparkly gift bag. He freezes, holding the towel to himself, eyes scanning the cartoony text reading *HAPPY BIRTHDAY!* surrounded by stars and smiley faces. It's absurd.

"That's..."

He trails off, blinking. He comes to a stop on the other side of the island, leaning against it like he's mirroring Ilya.

“Is birthday gift,” Ilya says stupidly.

“I can see that,” Hollander says dryly. “My birthday is next week.”

“I will not see you next week,” Ilya says, gesturing with a toss of his hand. “We celebrate now.”

Hollander stares at him.

For a while.

Ilya waits, tilting his head as Shane takes it in, eyeing the bag like it’s a live explosive.

“...Why?” Hollander asks finally.

“Birthday,” Ilya says. “Special occasion. You will like it, trust me.”

“I don’t know if I do,” Hollander says, looking up at him suspiciously. Fair.

Ilya waits again, and then Hollander finally snatches the bag closer, holding it in his hands for a moment before he opens it. Removes the carefully fluffed tissue paper. Reaches into the bag and removes it.

“You are...”

Ilya grins, watching as Shane stares at the hoodie and then looks past it, eyes glistening at Ilya.

“...such an asshole.”

“You don’t like it?” Ilya says brightly, leaning on his elbows over the counter.

“I don’t even...” Hollander trails off again, quiet before he lets out a glorious laugh, dropping his head so it rests on the hoodie that’s unfolded and crumpled. His forehead presses to *BEARS*. “I can’t believe you.”

“You did not even look at back.”

Hollander lifts his head slowly, eyes narrowed at Ilya for a long moment before he stands up straight and turns the hoodie over.

“You fucking...”

Ilya giggles, watching Hollander’s head drop again, this time on *ROZANOV*.

“I can’t stand you.”

“Is special-made,” Ilya defends, gesturing toward it. “Is very soft, no?”

Hollander sighs heavily, lifting his head like he has to force him to.

“I guess,” he says begrudgingly, holding the hoodie between his hands like he’s testing it.
“It’s kinda nice.”

“Try it on.”

Hollander glares.

Ilya waits.

He raises his eyebrows expectantly. Hollander looks annoyed in that way he often does when Ilya’s looking at him. Pink-cheeked and disgruntled.

And then.

Then.

Hollander lifts his head and sets his jaw like he’s defiant. He’s suppressing a smile, staring at Ilya like it’s a challenge before he’s reaching up and pulling at the collar of his shirt, tugging it off over his head.

Ilya is unaffected. Not really. He wishes he was, wishes he was unmovable and stoic. Apathetic. Disinterested. But Shane Hollander is a fucking force to be reckoned with. Every inch of his skin that’s exposed makes Ilya’s entire body ache, makes him feel like he’s on fucking fire.

And Hollander knows it. He’s smiling, *smirking*, looking away as he folds his shirt neatly in spite of the water stain. He sets it on the counter, and then he’s pulling on the hoodie, mussing his hair.

And maybe it’s stupid that Ilya thinks he looks beautiful like this, in black and yellow with *Boston BEARS* on his chest and *ROZANOV 81* on his back, but Ilya can’t help it.

He’s a deeply flawed man.

He’s possessive, and he’s controlling, and he likes the idea of Hollander wearing his name and his number. He likes the idea of Hollander being his.

He swears under his breath as Hollander is fixing his hair like it matters, like Ilya isn’t going to fuck it back up the first chance he gets.

“This is a gift for yourself,” Hollander says. “Isn’t it?”

Ilya shrugs, looking Hollander up and down.

“It is... What is word?” He gestured vaguely. “Accident that works?”

“A coincidence?”

Ilya nods slowly, watching Hollander’s mouth move around the word. He wouldn’t say it, but he likes it when Hollander provides words for him. Like his own personal dictionary.

“Da,” Ilya says softly. “You get nice, stylish hoodie, I get eye-candy. Coincidence.”

“Oh, *eye-candy* you know?”

“I know what is relevant.”

“Asshole.” He says it like it’s a compliment. Like he’s fond. “So are you gonna take this off of me?”

Ilya pauses to ponder, eyeing the logo on Hollander’s chest.

“Hm. No.”

“No?”

Ilya hums, looking him over once more.

“No,” he says again. “This is your best look.”

“You’re an asshole.”

“Keep it on for me,” Ilya says firmly. He’s never been good at being gentle with his words, at being *subtle*. “I like it. Come.”

He grabs his bag and makes his way to Hollander’s room. Hollander follows, like it’s not his fucking apartment. Ilya ignores the way the duffle bag feels heavier than it should right now, the other, smaller, delicately wrapped box weighing it does like it’s a bowling ball or something.

He drops the bag by the door of Hollander’s bedroom. He’ll deal with it later.

Hollander follows him, meandering, walking slowly like he’s wasting time. Ilya looks at him, smiling because he can’t help it, not when Hollander looks all shy and sweet, when he’s got Ilya’s name on his back.

“You look like fan,” Ilya says lightly, watching Hollander sit on the edge of the bed. Ilya leans against the dresser, keeping the distance between him even though he hates it. “My fan.”

“Like I’d be a Bears fan.”

“I did not say Bears fan,” Ilya says slowly, pointedly. “I say *my* fan.”

Hollander looks at him. He looks small like this, looking at Ilya across the room, feet hanging from the bed that’s too high for him to sit properly. He looks cute. Ilya kind of wants to bite him. He looks at him instead, eyes scanning over his pretty face, his hands tangled in his lap.

“Tell me,” Ilya says finally, gesturing with a tilt of his head.

“Tell you...”

“That you are fan.”

Hollander scoffs, shaking his head.

“You’re an ego-maniac.” He must see the blank confusion on Ilya’s face. “Arrogant.”

“Ah. Yes.”

“I’m not saying that.”

“So this is... false advertisement?”

“*You* made me wear it.”

“Yes?”

“...I’m not saying that.”

Ilya sighs, eyeing him. His cheeks are flushed, and he’s flustered.

“I can make you,” he says, watching the way Hollander’s eyes flash with something that he recognises.

“How?” Hollander asks softly.

Ilya hums lightly, standing up casually, making his way over to him. His legs spread like it’s instinct, like it’s a reflex, and he’s so fucking perfect for Ilya that it makes him ache.

“I just have to make you squishy,” Ilya says. Hollander blinks, tilting his head like a curious puppy.

“Squishy?”

“Yes, your brain.”

“All brains are squishy,” Hollander says. “That’s how they work.”

Ilya wants to bite him.

“Yes,” he says with a sigh. “But you get extra squishy. Soft.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

“I just have to...” Ilya steps closer to him. Hollander’s hands untangle as he glances down, like he’s going to reach for Ilya’s hips and pull him in, like he’s going to unbutton his jeans. “Open your mouth.”

Hollander’s eyes flutter up at him. His jaw drops, and Ilya suppresses a smile. Easy.

He reaches for Hollander’s face, stroking his cheeks lightly before he slides his thumb into his mouth gently. Hollander takes it, closes his mouth around it and sucks gently like he isn’t

sure if he's allowed to or not. Ilya nods, curling his fingers under Hollander's chin and watching him tilt his head down, sucking Ilya's thumb like he's trying to give it a blow job.

"Like that," Ilya murmurs, nodding, watching. Hollander's eyes are steady on his, but they're already glassy and glazed over. "See? You get squishy."

Hollander laughs. His eyes close under his smile, and Ilya lets him pull away. He's nodding.

"Yes?"

"Yeah, I..." He swallows, blinking hard. "I feel... fuzzy."

"*Fuzzy*," Ilya repeats, nodding, cradling Hollander's face with both hands now. "Yes, good word. Fuzzy."

Hollander's head falls back. He looks up at Ilya with a pretty smile on his face like he's proud of himself, and Ilya can't help but run his fingers through his hair, ruffling it.

"Like puppy dog," Ilya says lightly. He expects a slap, an eye roll, something snarky and bitchy, but Hollander must be *fuzzier* than he thought, because he smiles, his nose scrunching preciously. Or maybe he just *likes* that. "Hm?"

"Mm."

"Yes?"

"Roz..."

"You want to play with me?" Ilya asks, leaning down close enough to nudge their noses together. "Hm?"

"Yeah," Hollander says, his voice small. "I wanna play."

Ilya hums again, scanning Hollander's face. His freckles are so pretty. Ilya wants to lick him.

"Then play with me," Ilya says softly.

He steps back, leans against Hollander's dresser again. And he waits.

He can see the moment Hollander settles into it, into whatever game this is. His eyes shine playfully, and he's smiling like he can't stop.

"I'm a huge fan, Mr Rozanov," he says, and yeah, it feeds Ilya's stupid ego, but it also...

He emphasises the right syllable. He doesn't say it the way other Canadians and Americans say it, pushing the first syllable like it starts with *Rose*. And Ilya can't really tell if the pronunciation is for the game, to pretend he really is such a *huge fan* that he even says Ilya's name correctly, or if it's just how Hollander says it. If he just knows.

"Yeah?" Ilya says, his mouth suddenly dry, his throat suddenly tight.

“Mhmm,” Hollander hums. He tucks his hands against the sides of his legs, looking at Ilya like he’s still looking up at him, like he’s soft and innocent and shy. “I even have your name on my hoodie.”

“Oh, do you?” Ilya says, watching Hollander’s face gleam with amusement. “Show me.”

Hollander stands, popping the hood not his head before he turns, holding his arms out like he’s going to do a spin, like he’s showing it off. Ilya’s chest aches.

“Oh, you *are* big fan,” he says, leaning back on the dresser, letting his arm rest over it casually. Hollander turns again, grinning. The hood frames his face, and he looks warm and cosy and sweet, and Ilya wants to keep him like this.

“The biggest.”

He tucks his hands into the front pocket of the hoodie, coming a little closer. Meandering. Linger. Ilya’s hands itch to grab him, to snatch him up and throw him on the bed, but he refrains.

“I’ve heard rumours about you, Mr Rozanov,” Hollander says, eyes flickering over Ilya’s face like he’s looking for his reaction.

“Rumours,” Ilya repeats, watching him come closer. “What kind of rumours?”

“That you’re easy.”

Ilya blinks. Whatever his face does must be amusing, because Hollander beams, laughing brightly as he finally comes close enough to touch. Ilya grabs his waist absently.

“*Me?*” he says, pointing to himself with his free hand. “*I am easy?*”

“That’s what they say,” Hollander says with a shrug. He touches Ilya’s chest, traces his collar lightly, teasingly. “Is it true?”

“No,” Ilya says firmly, but Hollander stares at him, eyebrows raised. His fingers dance on Ilya’s chest. “...Maybe it’s little true.”

Hollander grins. Waits.

“Okay, I am whore,” Ilya breaks, already taking a breath to defend himself, but Shane is laughing, *cackling*, his head thrown back, and Ilya can’t say anything. He’s laughing too, and it occurs to him as he’s watching Hollander like this, like he’s gleeful, that he’s *having fun*.

He likes sex. He’s known this for a long while. Sex is fun, and it feels good, and he’s good at it. But *this*. Ilya supposes it’s foreplay, but it’s also just *play*. It’s not the first time they’ve been so silly and stupid with it, roleplaying characters or teasing each other until they’re giggling.

It’s fun, and Ilya *loves* it.

“*But,* ” he says pointedly, holding a finger up. “*But* you are the one asking for sex from me —“

“I didn’t *ask* for anything,” Hollander says, still laughing, his hands pressing into Ilya’s chest now. “I *asked* if it’s true—“

“And if it was true,” Ilya says, throwing a hand. “Now what?”

Hollander gives him an exaggerated shrug, leaning closer.

“Well, I wouldn’t pass up the opportunity to bed my favourite player,” he says shyly, tracing some invisible line on Ilya’s chest. “What about you?”

“What about me?”

“Would you let a fan down?”

Ilya looks away, up at the ceiling.

“Jesus.”

Hollander is laughing, pressing a hand against Ilya’s chest and leaning up to nose at his jaw. Ilya grips the edge of the dresser, ignoring it, fighting it, resisting as much as he can until he *can’t*. Hollander’s head falls back as he laughs again when Ilya grabs at him, snatching him and lifting him into the air. Their mouths crash together, and Ilya can feel Hollander grinning like he’s proud, like that stupid English idiom about a cat and his milk.

Ilya holds him for a few moments, gripping his hips as his legs wrap around Ilya’s hips, and he kisses him. His head tilts back and Hollander’s arms wrap around his neck tightly. The fabric of the hoodie is soft on Ilya’s neck and ears and he can smell it— it just has a plain factory, new-clothing smell, but he wishes it smelled like Hollander. Or like Ilya, though he supposes he wouldn’t recognise his own smell anyway.

Hollander kisses him. He hugs Ilya’s neck before his hands slide to hold his face like he’s holding Ilya in place, fingers pressing under his jaw and behind his ear. Ilya likes it when Hollander holds him like this, like he’s just as possessive and desperate as Ilya is.

He loves how Hollander kisses. He isn’t sure how experienced he was before he and Ilya started whatever this is, but Hollander is fucking *good*. It’s like he knows exactly what Ilya likes, what makes his nerves light up, like he has the same taste. They just work together, tongues sliding like it’s choreographed, biting each other’s lower lips like they’re taking turns. *совместимый*.

Hollander pushes a hand into Ilya’s hair, fingers curling and tightening until he’s pulling at it, tugging in a way that makes Ilya groan. He carries Hollander over to the bed, sets him down and leans over him, holding himself up so he can look at him. He’s flushed, lips shining.

“What do you want?” Ilya asks. His voice is rough. Hollander squirms a little, pulling Ilya’s hair again.

“Whatever you wanna give me, Mr Rozanov,” he says smoothly. Ilya can’t help but laugh—he’s good at this, at pretending, playing, acting up this seductiveness that’s equally sexy and silly.

“Yeah?”

“Mm.”

Ilya kisses him again. His lips are already parted, chin tilted up like he’s trying to give Ilya easy access to his mouth. Ilya hums, dropping to rest on his forearm as Hollander pulls him in tighter, lips closing around Ilya’s tongue and sucking. It takes them too long to separate again. Ilya doesn’t even know how long they’re there, just kissing, but he knows they have time. No one is waiting for them. And even if they are, he doesn’t care. Let them wait. He wants to take his time.

When they part, there’s spit between their lips in strings. Ilya swallows back a moan.

“Can I... Can I eat you?” Ilya asks roughly. “Your ass?”

Hollander groans, writhing under Ilya.

“Fuck, yeah. Yes.”

He’s already reaching down, fumbling with the waistband of his pants, nodding clumsily. Ilya grins. He pushes himself up, leans back, and he pulls at Hollander’s pants and underwear, pulling them down together. Hollander reaches for the end of the hoodie. Ilya slaps his hands away.

“Leave that on. Turn around.”

Hollander laughs. He goes easily, moving so he’s on the bed properly, pulling a pillow so he’s hugging it to his chest as he kneels and falls over it. He’s on fucking display for Ilya, back arching like he’s showing off for jim, and Ilya stares.

“Fuck.”

Hollander hums breathily into the pillow, waiting while Ilya touches himself over his pants, hissing.

“You are so fucking beautiful,” Ilya says, coming closer, kneeling behind him and running a hand over Hollander’s ass. “You know that?”

Hollander doesn’t answer. Ilya squeezes his ass, rubbing it like he’s reassuring him, and maybe he kind of is—he knows Shane Hollander doesn’t admire himself the way he should, doesn’t see himself the way the rest of the world does.

“So pretty,” Ilya murmurs, leaning down as he pushes the end of the hoodie up a little to expose Hollander’s back.

He loves Hollander's back. He's got dimples just above his ass that are fucking made for Ilya's thumbs to press into. He wants to leave marks here, scattered across the soft meat of his hips and just above his ass, but he knows it's a bad idea. The guys see Hollander's body in the locker room, which Ilya has tried to not be jealous of. He wants to see Hollander like that, so casually, so easily. He wants to admire him.

Hollander hums softly when Ilya squeezes his ass, spreading him open.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya breathes. "You're fucking delicious."

"Eat me, then."

Ilya laughs.

He loves the sounds Hollander makes when Ilya has his mouth on him. He muffles himself in the pillow he's hugging to himself, but Ilya can still hear him.

Ilya scatters kisses across Hollander's lower back, across his ass, squeezing and kneading, kissing his hole softly. Hollander moans, his back arching again, pressing back against Ilya's face. Ilya grins, kissing again, opening his mouth.

Hollander mumbles something into the pillow, probably something along the lines of *Oh, fuck, Rozanov, that's so good*. That's the kind of stuff he usually says.

Ilya moves lower, reaches down to unbutton his jeans to loosen them so he can spread his legs, leaning down. He tongues at Hollander's hole, kissing it messily the way Hollander likes— wet and slick, sliding with spit.

He hears a muffled, groaned *Oh my god*. And it's stupid, but he's pleased with himself. He likes doing this, and he likes doing it well. He likes making Hollander feel good, likes eliciting reactions from him, reactions that are rough and sloppy and so, so different from the way he always is, so pristine and proper and camera-ready.

But when Ilya is good to him, when he touches him like this, when he's got his *mouth* on him, Hollander flushes with colour and his eyes get glassy. He turns into a wreck. Ilya loves him like that.

Ilya fucks his tongue into him, groaning, pressing his fingertips into the meat of his ass. Hollander is moaning, squirming, and he pushes himself up on his hands, gripping the pillow tightly.

"Holy— *fuck*, Rozanov, that's..." He's panting, breathing so hard his voice is rough. "That feels so... That feels so good, *fuck*, your mouth is..."

And then he's reaching back, burying a hand in Ilya's hair and squeezing his fingers in it, pulling like he's trying to get Ilya closer. Ilya moans, letting his eyes flutter shut, letting Hollander move him like a toy. He likes it when Hollander does this, when he loses himself to it, the pleasure coursing through him, and he takes over. Even when he does that, when he

grabs Ilya and moves him how he wants, he stays the same sweet disaster that only Ilya can make him— soft and begging and teary-eyed.

Ilya pulls back, forces Shane's fingers tighter in his hair, and he gasps for breath.

"Fuck, Hollander, come here."

Hollander lets go of him, whining pitifully as Ilya moves to lay down, reaching for Hollander, pulling him.

"Come here."

"Where?" Hollander pants, looking at him blearily, like he's just woken up, like he's disoriented, "What are you..."

"I want you to sit on my face," Ilya says, gesturing vaguely. "Duh."

"I don't..." He hesitates, glancing over Ilya's body, eyes lingering at the bulge of Ilya's cock under his pants. "I'm kind of... heavy."

"Yes," Ilya says. "I want it. Come sit on my face."

Hollander pauses, expression lightening a little as he scoffs, and then he cedes, nodding, shifting, crawling closer. Ilya beams, opening his arms for him, and Hollander swings a leg over Ilya's head to straddle his face. Ilya wraps his arms around his thighs, looking up to admire the curve of his spine, the dimples above his ass. He mutters something about how beautiful Hollander is. Hollander doesn't respond.

Ilya can feel the tension in Hollander's thighs, can feel the hesitation, the lingering doubt, and he pulls him down, holding him down tightly.

"*Sit.*"

He lets go of Hollander's thighs to grab his ass, spreading him open, sliding his tongue over Hollander's hole. He can hear him like this, his face uncovered.

"Oh... *fuck.*"

Ilya groans, pressing his tongue inside him. He feels Hollander's hands land hard on his legs like he's holding himself up, like he can't do it himself.

"Fuck, Roz, that— that feels so good, oh my— *fuck*, yeah—"

He's gasping for breath, hands tightening on Ilya's legs, and he shifts, hips moving a little. Ilya moans, grabbing at his hips, pulling, and Hollander takes the hint. He moves again, rolls his hips, shifting until he's moving more confidently, riding Ilya's face. Ilya is moaning, fingers digging into Hollander's hips so hard it might leave marks.

"Holy shit," Hollander gasps, moving firmly against Ilya's mouth. "God, I— I love your mouth so fucking much, oh my god—"

Ilya hums. He writhes a little, cock twitching under his pants, and Hollander lets out a soft, delirious laugh. His hand slides over Ilya's leg before it finds his dick, rubbing it over his pants before his fingers slide under the fabric. Ilya groans, hips jumping. Hollander is gentle in how he touches Ilya.

Ilya can't talk with Hollander on him like this, but if he could, he would tell him how good it feels. He would tell him how good he is, how sweet he is, how perfect he is for Ilya. He likes saying stuff like that to Hollander. It makes him get fuzzy.

Hollander is distracted. His hand keeps stopping, pressing and lingering, and Ilya doesn't even mind. It feels good, just having Hollander's hand on him, even unmoving, and he likes knowing that Hollander is affected.

"Fuck, Rozanov."

"Mm."

"I want... I want you to fuck me, sir, please—"

Ilya groans, sliding his hands over Hollander's hips, pushes them under the hoodie to grab at him, to grope his chest.

"Fuck, Roza— *Fuck*, fuck me, sir, *please*, please—"

It's kind of funny, Hollander begging like this even as he doesn't get off of Ilya's face. Hollander seems to realise it after a moment, and he forces himself up with a sharp groan like it hurts.

Ilya opens his eyes and stares at the ceiling as he catches his breath. He laughs, almost hysterical. What a life he's living.

And then Hollander is kissing him, straddling his hips and holding his face, licking into his mouth like he doesn't care that Ilya's tongue was just in Hollander's actual asshole. He's moaning, kissing Ilya so deeply their noses are pressed into each other's cheeks, so deeply Ilya's eyebrows furrow. He might get a headache.

"Please," Hollander mumbles. "Please, please, please—"

Ilya swears under his breath, grabbing Hollander by his hips to roll them over. Hollander goes easily, sighing, melting into the bed as he pushes the pillow out of the way clumsily.

"Stay," Ilya says firmly, slapping a hand on Hollander's stomach. Hollander hums, and Ilya gets up to open the bedside drawer and fumble through it.

"You're taking too long."

"You're annoying."

"Get over here."

He goes over there. Drops the lube and a strip of condoms next to Hollander, who glances and lets out a laugh that's so cute Ilya has to kiss him about it. Hollander lets him, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck.

Ilya is gentle. Of course he is.

Hollander doesn't let him away from the kiss while Ilya opens him up, hands buried in Ilya's curls, tugging and pulling as he moans into Ilya's mouth. He sounds so *fucking* good, voice weak and whiny, whimpering as Ilya's fingers push inside him, scissors apart.

Hollander groans, hugging Ilya to himself, face tucked into Ilya's neck.

"I really like your hands," he whispers.

"Yeah?"

"Mm, Feels so fucking good."

"You want more?"

"Probably need more, don't I?" Hollander mumbles, fingers scratching at Ilya's scalp. "For your massive fucking dick— *Oh, fuck—*"

Ilya laughs, jamming his fingers into the spot that makes Hollander's entire body jolt. He likes when Hollander holds him like this, hugging him so closely, so desperately.

"Fuck, give me— give me another one," Hollander says weakly, breathing hard. "One more, please."

"Call me that again," Ilya says roughly.

"Hm?"

"You know."

Hollander gasps for breath, hips rolling, moving against Ilya's hand.

"Mr Rozanov," he chokes. His voice is tight, like he's going to cry. "Sir. Please. Can I have more, please, sir?"

Ilya swears under his breath, reaching for the lube, pulling his fingers out of Hollander's ass to douse them again before he pushes them back in with one more, pulling away to watch the way Hollander's face shifts like he's blissful.

"You like that?" Ilya asks softly.

"Yes, sir—"

Ilya sits up, kneeling between Hollander's legs, watching his fingers disappear into Hollander's body, watching him writhe and squirm and clutch at the blanket he's on top of.

“*Fuck*, yes—“

“You’re so beautiful,” Ilya murmurs. “You know that?”

“Roz...”

“Tell me you know it,” Ilya says, opening his fingers, watching Hollander’s eyebrow furrow. “Tell me and I’ll fuck you.”

“I don’t... Rozanov, I’m...”

“Beautiful,” Ilya says softly, reaching with his other hand to caress the inside of Hollander’s thigh, tracing a light line over his stretch marks. “You’re so beautiful.”

“Roz...”

“You are so beautiful.”

“I...” He’s quiet for a moment, panting, hips rolling. “I’m beautiful.”

“Tell me again.”

“I’m beautiful.”

“Again.”

”Fuck, Roz, I— I’m *beautiful*. ”

Ilya hums softly, rubbing his thumb around Hollander’s rim gently like he’s testing it, like he’s going to press his thumb in too, and if he’s honest, really honest, the idea does appeal to him. They haven’t done that before, haven’t tested Hollander’s limits like that, but Ilya would love to— they’d need more time, maybe a whole night set aside just for Ilya to play with him, to get him all fuzzy and soft and pliant and relaxed.

He pulls his fingers out gently, sliding his hand over Hollander’s thigh gently. He’s so soft. Ilya loves it. He leans down to kiss his thigh, lingering to bite as softly as he can, resisting the urge to sink his teeth into him and not let go until he’s drawn blood.

“Turn around for me,” Ilya murmurs. Hollander groans, rolling onto his front, rising to his knees with his chest against the bed. He looks so fucking good like this, like some debauched whore, waiting for Ilya to take him. “Fuck, Hollander.”

He’s quick with it. Stripping and rolling the condom onto his cock, spreading lube over it, pausing before he lets some drip over Hollander’s hole. Hollander flinches back from it, back arching, before he pushes back toward Ilya like he’s begging.

“Okay?” Ilya asks quietly, pressing the head of his cock to Hollander’s hole.

“Yeah,” Hollander sighs, nodding into his arms, folded under his head. “Please.”

“Breathe for me,” Ilya murmurs, running a hand over the small of Hollander’s back where the sweatshirt has ridden up. Hollander takes a slow inhale, and Ilya pushes in. “...Fu-uck.”

“Oh my fucking *god*,” Hollander mumbles. “You’re so...”

“Breathe,” Ilya says softly. He runs his hand up Hollander’s back, pushing under the hoodie. He watches his own name rumple around his wrist, pressing down as Hollander exhales slowly. “That’s it, baby.”

Hollander moans beautifully, shifting back against Ilya’s cock, pushing himself back, and Ilya hums, falling forward and catching himself on a hand that lands next to Hollander’s waist.

“Fuck me,” Hollander says weakly, whining, pleading. “Come on—“

”You are so needy,” Ilya says, rolling his hips.

“Yeah,” Hollander gasps, nodding into his arms. “I need it, sir, I—“

Ilya groans, fucking him slowly, pressing him into the bed with a hand planted on Hollander’s back, and he closes his eyes. Hollander is still so tight around him, clenching like he knows how it’s fucking Ilya up, like he’s trying to fuck him up.

“Fuck, you’re so deep,” Hollander gasps, pushing himself up against Ilya’s hand. He likes it, Ilya can tell, the way Ilya makes him take it, the way he pins him in place. “So fucking— big —“

“You know flattery works on me,” Ilya says breathlessly, laughing weakly.

Hollander laughs too, giggling lightly, and Ilya finally lets him up, reaching for his hips as Hollander holds himself on his hands, head falling forward. Ilya moves faster, thrusting hard into Hollander’s body, listening to the pretty sounds of their skin slapping, of Hollander moaning.

“Fuck, that feels so good,” Hollander whines. His voice sounds tight, like he’s going to start crying, like he’s *already* crying. “Fuck, *Ilya*—“

“Yeah,” Ilya gasps, nodding even though Hollander can’t see him. “That’s it, come on—“

He pulls at Hollander’s hip, and Hollander follows, pushing himself back against Ilya. Ilya loves it when he does that, when he works for it.

“Fuck, good boy,” Ilya coos, pulling Hollander closer, wrapping an arm around his hips and sliding his other hand around to his chest, pushing under the fabric of the hoodie to grope his pecs. Hollander sits up, kneeling, falling back against Ilya’s chest. His hands find Ilya’s, sliding over his arms until their fingers tangle.

Ilya slides his hand up Hollander’s chest until he reaches his neck, the fabric of the hoodie bunched around his arm as he wraps his fingers around Hollander’s throat.

“Is that good?” he asks softly, whispering in Hollander’s ear. Hollander nods.

“Yes, sir,” Hollander chokes, pressing his hand over Ilya’s like he’s trying to keep it in place.
“Yes, it’s so— so good.”

“God, you feel so good,” Ilya says softly, nosing at Hollander’s ear before his mouth finds it.
“You take my cock so well.”

“You’re gross,” Hollander says around a soft laugh. Ilya hums, sliding his tongue over the shell of Hollander’s ear.

“You like it,” Ilya teases, kissing his ear wetly. “You’re gross too.”

Hollander moans, hands falling to hold Ilya’s hips as they rock together. The bed creaks. Thumps.

“I love it,” Hollander breathes, head falling back to Ilya’s shoulder. Ilya mouths at his neck, moaning against his skin. “Feels so fucking good, *fuck*.”

“Mm, come on,” Ilya gasps, falling back to rest on his heels, pulling Hollander with him.
“Bounce on it.”

Hollander lets out a breathy moan, nodding, reaching to hold onto Ilya’s wrists. He moves, fucking himself back on Ilya’s dick. He’s breathing hard, moaning roughly, whimpering like he’s in pain.

“Tell me,” Ilya gasps, fingers digging into Hollander’s flesh. “Tell me how it feels.”

“Feels so good,” Hollander groans, gripping Ilya’s wrists tightly. “Feels fucking amazing, sir, it feels so fucking good—“

“Mm.”

He loves when Hollander talks, when he gets all breathy and whiny and desperate. He sounds so pretty. Ilya closes his eyes, letting his head fall to rest on Hollander’s shoulder, his forehead pressing to his skin— they’re both sweaty, sticky, and Ilya can’t help but let his mouth fall open, let his tongue slide over Hollander’s skin. He savours the salt on his tongue.

Hollander tightens around him.

“Fuck, baby,” Ilya gasps. “Come on, sweetheart—“

”Ilya, I’m gonna come—“

”Mm, I know,” Ilya coos, sliding his tongue over Hollander’s shoulder blade. “Come for me, baby, come on.”

”Fuck, Ilya, fuck, *fuck*—“

Hollander lets out a rough moan, hands squeezing Ilya’s wrists so tightly it hurts, hurts so badly Ilya loves it, and he moves minutely, pressing down so Ilya is as deep as possible and just shifting, rolling his hips. Ilya pulls him down harder, moves him so he can see over his

shoulder, so he can watch as he comes. He doesn't even touch him, grinning, watching Hollander's come drip.

"That's it," Ilya murmurs, thrusting up into him, sliding a hand to his stomach. He feels it clench, feels his muscles tighten, and he buries his face in Hollander's neck, moaning softly. "You're so perfect, Shane."

"Come in me," Hollander breathes, moving against him, squeezing his wrists. "Please, come on."

"Shit, Hollander."

"Come *on*—"

It's too much for him, Ilya can hear it, the overstimulation in his voice, and he can feel it. The way he's tensed, the tightness on his hands around Ilya's wrists.

"*Fuck*—"

Ilya comes, thrusting tightly into him, hugging him, gasping into his neck. Hollander swears softly, head falling back to Ilya's shoulder.

"Yeah," he breathes, like he can feel it, like there isn't a layer of plastic keeping it from inside Hollander. "Mm."

Ilya gasps for breath, panting, clinging to him, and Hollander holds him back, like he feels it too.

"Okay?" Ilya asks softly. Hollander hums, squeezing his forearms.

"Just... Just wait here a moment."

"Okay."

He waits here a moment.

Hollander feels like he falls asleep, melting against Ilya's body, his breath slowing. Ilya would let him, really, would let him stay here all night if he wanted. He doesn't even have to ask. Ilya waits, and he waits, and he waits, pressing a hand against Hollander's stomach and stroking his thumb back and forth over his skin until Hollander takes a slow, deep breath, lifting his head.

"Fuck."

"Mm."

"That was..."

They separate slowly, unsticking their skin, and Ilya mourns it. He wants more.

“Amazing?” Ilya says, voice soft. “Remarkable? Brilliant?”

“Fuck off.”

“I get you water,” Ilya tells him, pushing gently at his hip so he gets up, falling forward with a groan, collapsing in a heap. Ilya laughs, running a hand over Hollander’s ass. He pushes it a little, looks at the way his hole clenches around nothing, and he can’t help but lean down, spreading Hollander’s ass open just to slide his tongue over his hole slowly.

“Fuck,” Hollander groans, back arching beautifully. “What are you...”

“Can’t help it,” Ilya murmurs, humming as he presses his tongue inside.

“Mm. Go get me water.”

Ilya laughs lightly, stopping to kiss it lightly.

“Pretty.”

“Get out of here.”

Ilya gets up. He throws the condom away. He goes to get a glass of water, and he stops at the fridge to scan what’s in there— he grabs a bag of grapes that he knows have already been washed, that he knows are being consumed *in moderation*, as per Hollander’s macrobiotic fucking whatever. Hollander probably won’t want to have any, but if he’s still fuzzy, maybe he won’t protest.

Hollander is sitting up when Ilya gets back, the hood up over his head again, one of the strings hanging from his mouth. He’s pulling on a pair of boxers, much to Ilya’s dismay, and Ilya doesn’t fight back the anguished sound that escapes his throat. Hollander laughs. His face scrunches up when he giggles like this, and it’s so cute Ilya wants to bite him.

Ilya gives him the water carefully. His hands are shaking a little.

“Eat,” Ilya says firmly, putting the grapes in front of him, and he turns away, glancing over his shoulder to see Hollander hesitating, looking at the grapes like he’s debating with himself before he reaches for them, letting the string fall from his lips. He nibbles one like a bunny, drawing his knees to his chest as he watches Ilya lift his duffle bag.

“What are you doing?” Hollander asks, tilting his head curiously as he watches Ilya rummage through it.

“Uhm, I have...” Ilya hesitates, glancing up at him. “I have another gift for you.”

“What?” Hollander says, grape stopping on its way to his mouth. “You...”

“Yes,” Ilya says. He finds it, fingers wrapping around it, and he hesitates once more. “Real gift.”

“Can I still keep the hoodie?”

“You want to?” Ilya says, dropping the bag. He sees Hollander’s eyes drop to the gift in his hand, wrapped neatly, wrapped with a simple gold ribbon. Hollander shrugs lightly, eyes lingering before they meet Ilya’s.

“It’s soft.”

“Is yours.”

Hollander smiles. It’s cute.

Ilya tosses the gift to him, and he rummages through Hollander’s underwear drawer. It’s neat, like everything else is, every pair folded and lined up. They’re all plain. He’s joked about getting Hollander silly pairs, something with bananas, or maybe unicorns or something. Hollander didn’t see the appeal.

Hollander is still holding the box when Ilya finishes pulling on a pair of boxers and closing the drawer. He’s looking at it like he’s trying to see through the paper. It’s plain paper, striped navy and pastel blue, tied with a smooth gold ribbon that Hollander touches, running a finger across it.

“Did you wrap this yourself?” Hollander asks lightly.

“...Yes,” Ilya says, moving to sit on the bed across from him, cross-legged. He pulls the bag of grapes closer to himself, grabbing a few and dropping two that are soft.

“Did you... Did you get a whole roll of wrapping paper for it?” Hollander asks, looking up at Ilya through his eyelashes. Ilya’s face flushes with warmth.

“Yes,” he says begrudgingly. “And ribbon.”

Hollander beams, face scrunching up again.

“You’re cute.”

“Shut up.”

Hollander flips the box over, analyzing it.

“How did you know my birthday was coming up?” he asks. He’s procrastinating. Wasting time. He’s nervous. Ilya bites a grape in half, shrugging carelessly like he isn’t nervous too.

“Does not matter.”

Hollander stares at him for another moment, suppressing a smile like he knows the truth, which is that Ilya really knows more about him than he should, and he has a Twitter account that nobody knows about, and that account follows the official Shane Hollander Updates account, like he’s some fan.

Shane opens the gift slowly, carefully, untying the ribbon and setting it aside like it’s delicate, unsticking the tape like he’s worried about ripping the paper. He’s biting his lip. Ilya eats

another grape, watching him fondly.

He's quiet, setting the paper aside, looking at the black box, running his thumb over the seam of it. Ilya's stomach twists. Hollander opens the box, and Ilya watches his face shift, relax, eyes widening and softening. He releases his lip from between his teeth.

"Oh."

Ilya rubs his cheek awkwardly.

"Just... You always play with my necklace when we..." He trails off, gesturing vaguely.

"And you—you play with hoodie strings and you bite your fingers, and I thought... The edges are—are sharp, I thought you might like it to touch."

He watches as Hollander pulls the necklace from the box, lifting it into the air between them. He can hear the chain sliding from where it's clipped into place, can hear the charm shifting on the chain, quiet and metallic. Hollander is staring at it, setting the box aside absently.

"It's..."

He's quiet, eyes suddenly glassy as he watches it hang in the air like a pendulum. Rectangular and sharp, *engraved*, which Hollander notices after a moment, eyes blinking, head tilting to look closer.

"What's... 105?"

Ilya's face burns. He stares at him, watches as Hollander's eyes lift and find his, waiting, and he gestures vaguely between them, silent. He sees the moment Hollander understands it, sees his eyes widen in realisation, sees his lips part as if in awe.

"Oh."

Ilya nods, rubbing his face again, looking away until Hollander is quiet for too long.

"...Put it on me?"

Ilya blinks, looking at the way Hollander is holding the necklace out to him like he can't put it on himself.

"Yeah," Ilya says softly. "Yes. Of course."

He takes it. Unclasps it with trembling fingers, reaches up as Hollander lowers the hood and leans forward, eyes downcast like Ilya is bestowing something upon him, like he's knighting him or something. Ilya talks.

"It's— It is very good quality," he says nonsensically, fumbling with the clasp a little. "It will not, uhm..."

"Tarnish?" Hollander provides when Ilya trails off, lifting his head, touching the charm that hangs between his collarbones.

“Yes,” Ilya says, nodding. “Tarnish. Uhm, you can wear it if you are— are swimming or showering or...”

He stops again, looking at the necklace. It slips under the fabric of the hoodie, hidden away, and Ilya’s eyes linger before he finally tears them away to look at Hollander’s face. He’s smiling, eyes soft and sweet, and then he’s leaning forward, reaching for Ilya’s face, and he’s kissing him.

It’s sweet. Ilya’s eyes flutter shut and he exhales, shoulders falling. Hollander hums, hands sliding to cradle Ilya’s face, nose mashing into Ilya’s cheek. He rises onto his knees, hovering above Ilya, who tilts his head back, hands rising to reach for Hollander’s waist.

They separate slowly, lips sliding, lingering. Hollander’s forehead presses to Ilya’s, and they breathe together.

“I love it,” Hollander whispers.

“Yeah?”

”Yeah,” Hollander says. He laughs, and he snuffles, and Ilya opens his eyes to look at him. He’s crying.

“Hollander,” Ilya says, pulling at his waist gently. “Baby?”

”I’m fine,” Hollander chokes, laughing again, hands holding Ilya’s face almost tenderly. “Sorry.”

”Is okay,” Ilya murmurs, reaching up to touch his cheek, to wipe away his tears. “You are pretty crier.”

“Shut up,” Hollander says. “I like it a lot, I really do.”

“Yeah?”

Hollander just laughs, nudging his nose into Ilya’s, and Ilya’s chest is tight, and his throat is tight, and his eyes sting.

”Happy birthday,” Ilya says softly, pushing a hand under the hoodie to slide across Hollander’s skin. He’s so warm. He always is. Ilya tugs a little at the small of his back, and Hollander comes easily, falling onto Ilya’s lap, settling between his legs.

“Thank you,” Hollander whispers. He looks at Ilya’s face, one of his hands falling to his chest, sliding over his skin. Ilya savours it, exhaling slowly, closing his eyes. He loves Hollander’s hands. “You’re so sweet.”

“No,” Ilya says firmly, shaking his head as he slides his hands across Hollander’s waist. “I am not sweet.”

“Yes, you are.”

“Mm-mm.”

“You’re a sweetheart,” Hollander says, almost sing-songing. “You’re considerate, and you’re kind, and you gave me a pretty necklace for my birthday…”

“No one will ever believe you.”

Hollander laughs, bumping his nose into Ilya’s, wrapping his arm around Ilya’s neck as his other hand trails lower. Ilya bites his lip, suppressing a smile.

“What are you doing?” he asks lightly.

“Nothing…”

“Is this you thanking me?” Ilya asks, head falling back as Hollander’s hand reaches his dick, sliding between their bodies.

“I already thanked you,” Hollander murmurs. “You don’t think words count?”

“Words are good,” Ilya says quietly. “You could show me also.”

Hollander hums, brushing his nose against Ilya’s, burying his other hand in Ilya’s hair. He pulls it, tugs at his curls the way he knows Ilya likes, firm and long pulls, fingers curling into the strands and tightening until it aches. Ilya moans softly, holding Hollander’s waist firmly.

“Can you kiss me?” Hollander whispers, brushing their noses again. “Please?”

“You like it when I kiss you,” Ilya murmurs. Hollander nods like it was a question, pulling his hair again. “Mm.”

Ilya lifts his chin, hugs Hollander’s waist as their mouths meet, already opening like they’re starved for each other. Hollander catches Ilya’s lower lip in his mouth, sucking on it, and he releases Ilya’s hair to reach down, fumbling with the waistband of Ilya’s (Hollander’s, really) underwear. He pushes his hand under the fabric. Ilya isn’t hard yet, not completely at least, and he sighs, letting his tongue fall for Hollander to suck on. Hollander is smiling as he does, hand sliding to roll Ilya’s balls gently.

“Fuck,” Ilya breathes, sliding a hand down to Hollander’s waistband. “Yeah?”

”Yes, please.”

He shifts to let Ilya pull the waistband of his underwear down, to let him reach for his dick. It’s already wet. Hollander shudders when Ilya’s fingers wrap around it, exhaling shakily.

“Mm, fuck.”

“Pass me lube,” Ilya says softly, breaking the kiss. Hollander reaches away, his hand still under Ilya’s underwear before he attempts to multitask— which, admittedly, he’s better at than Ilya— tugging Ilya’s underwear down to pull his cock out, grabbing the bottle of lube from where it’s laying on the bed next to them. Ilya takes it. They both look down, heads

ducked to watch as Ilya shifts so their cocks line up, so they rub together, as Ilya drizzles lube over them. Hollander gasps, shuddering again.

“Is good?” Ilya asks softly, looking up at him. Hollander nods, humming, burying a hand in Ilya’s hair again.

“Fuck, yeah, it’s good,” Hollander groans. “It feels really good, thank you.”

“You are so…” Ilya trails off, gazing up at him. “Fuck, you’re so hard.”

“Yeah,” Hollander gasps. “Kiss me.”

Ilya reaches up. He draws Hollander down into a clumsy kiss, moaning against his mouth as he slides his hand over them. Hollander is shaking, holding onto Ilya’s hair, letting out mumbles sounds against Ilya’s lips. He’s swearing, nodding, shifting in Ilya’s lap like he’s trying to fuck his hand.

It’s quiet. Ilya can hear the slick slide of his hand over their dicks, wet and slippery like Hollander likes, and he can hear Hollander breathing. He likes to hear him breathing, especially like this, rough and panting like he’s running for his life.

Hollander whimpers weakly, sliding his tongue across Ilya’s mouth clumsily. Ilya moans, opening his mouth wider, humming when Hollander’s hand grabs his jaw, holding him like he’s going to pry it open if Ilya dares let it close. Hollander’s tongue slides in and out of Ilya’s mouth like he’s fucking it, and it’s filthy. It’s disgusting. Ilya loves it.

He sucks, tightening his hand around their cocks, listening to the sweet sound it elicits from Hollander’s throat.

His chin is wet with spit, sliding across Hollander’s when he kisses him slowly. There are strings of spit hanging between them when they part. Ilya squeezes again.

“Fuck, right— right there,” Hollander chokes, nodding, pulling Ilya’s hair. “Yeah—“

Ilya looks at him, gazes at the way Hollander’s eyes are almost closed, barely open, blissful. His lips are glistening, flushed red and kissed swollen. Ilya’s hand tightens again, pressing just under the heads of their cocks, rubbing, squeezing.

Hollander whines, his head falling back, and Ilya gazes. He pauses before he reaches for the end of the hoodie, shoving it up so he can mouth at Hollander’s chest. Hollander gasps, nodding, lifting the fabric higher and holding it out of the way as he cradles the back of Ilya’s head.

“Oh, *fuck*, yes—“ Hollander gasps. His shoulders push back, pushing his chest toward Ilya. Ilya moans, grabbing at Hollander’s pec, sliding his tongue across his nipple before he sucks it between his lips. Hollander whines, fingers tightening in Ilya’s hair.

Ilya groans, savouring the salt of Hollander’s skin, sliding his hand up and down the lengths of them together. When he glances up, there’s a gold chain hanging from Hollander’s mouth.

His head is tilted back like he's in ecstasy, and the chain shines, almost sparkling. It looks beautiful—the gold glittering with his pale skin flushed red and pink, the soft shapes of Ilya's fingers that will fade before the sun rises. Hollander looks fucking *unreal* like this, like a painting, something displayed in the fucking Louvre or something, something timeless. Something studied and analysed by artists for centuries, something aspired to and impossible to recreate.

Ilya reaches up and grabs Hollander by the back of his neck, jerking him down into a kiss. The sharp edge of the necklace bites into Ilya's lip, and he doesn't think he'd mind if it broke his skin, if their kiss tasted of metal in more than one way.

Hollander moans into Ilya's mouth, holding his jaw tightly, and his tongue pushes the charm into Ilya's mouth. It's warm. He can hear the sound of it clattering off his teeth, falling into the dip under his tongue.

“Ilya—“

“Fuck, yeah—“

His voice is garbled, spoken around the chain that's pressing into his lips. Hollander nods, clinging to him.

“I'm gonna come,” he chokes. He's watching Ilya, staring at his mouth, at the chain of his necklace hanging between them. “Fuck, I'm—“

“Yeah,” Ilya breathes. The necklace falls from his mouth back to Hollander's chest. The hoodie falls down again, but Ilya shoves a hand under it, reaching for Hollander's pec, his nipple. “Come for me.”

“Fuck, Rozan-ov—“

He yelps, hand flying to catch Ilya's wrist, but he doesn't try to move it away, doesn't pull or push at it. He holds it.

“Come for me, baby,” Ilya says breathlessly. He does that thing Hollander likes so much, rubbing just under the head of his dick. “My sweet boy, come on.”

“Fuck, *Ilya*...”

He loves the sound of his name in Hollander's mouth, maybe even more than he likes hearing Hollander call him *sir*.

Hollander's eyes squeeze shut, and he squirms, writhes on Ilya's lap, clutching at his hair and his wrist, fucking into Ilya's wrist desperately. Ilya's eyes burn.

“Shane.”

He breathes it. Whispers it. He doesn't even mean to.

He feels Hollander come, feels his cock twitch, feels the warmth dripping over his fingers, and he swears loudly, eyes squeezing shut.

He knows he's being loud, knows that Shane is too, but he also knows it doesn't matter. Not here, where no one can hear them, where no one is close enough. There's a certain pleasure in the way he sometimes has to put his hand over Shane's mouth, or the way Shane buries his face in a pillow to muffle his moans, but he likes this more. Being able to hear it all, being able to be as obvious as fucking possible that they're *having sex*.

They have to catch their breaths again. Ilya sets his hand aside, lets it flop upside-down on the bed so he doesn't get come on the blankets, so Shane doesn't get annoyed.

Shane holds onto him, arms around his neck, face buried in his hair as his breathing slows. And then he's laughing, and it sounds almost delirious, hysterical, but Ilya gets it. He laughs with him, closing his eyes and letting his face press to Shane's shoulder as it shakes.

"Fuck," Shane says after a minute. "Jesus."

"You're a monster," Ilya says roughly. "What is word? Unsatisfied?"

"Unsatisfied..." Shane repeats softly, pulling away to press their foreheads as he thinks. "Uhm. Insatiable?"

"Mm." Ilya smiles. "In-satiable. That is good word."

"S what you fucking do to me," Shane mumbles. "Can't get enough."

Ilya laughs a little, sliding his clean hand over Shane's back gently.

"Flattery."

"Mm."

They're quiet until Shane finally moves. Ilya wasn't going to make him. He would have been content to wait all night.

Shane goes quietly, lazily, watching Ilya reach for the tissue box on the nightstand. He eats a grape as Ilya cleans himself up. It makes Ilya smile.

Ilya cleans him up too. He tosses the spent tissues to the floor, ignoring the way it makes Shane's nose wrinkle.

Shane pulls at him when he finishes, holding him by his shoulder and waiting as Ilya pulls the waistband of his underwear back up gently, tenderly.

"C'mere."

Ilya collapses next to him, falling onto his front with an arm already wrapped around Shane's waist. Shane sighs, his hands running across Ilya's arm, squeezing.

They're quiet.

Ilya gazes at him. His eyes are closed, his eyelashes fanning across his freckles, and he looks peaceful. Sweet. He looks like a fucking disaster, really, cheeks flushed all the way down his neck, hair tousled, lips swollen, and he's so beautiful it hurts.

Ilya tucks his fingers under the hoodie, glancing at the logo on Shane's chest. He suppresses a smile, brushing his thumb back and forth over Shane's skin.

Shane sighs.

"Can you..."

"Hm?"

Shane takes a slow breath, eyes opening and looking at Ilya, but he doesn't meet his gaze. He reaches up to toy with a curl, wrapping it around his finger.

"Can you please... please, *please*, spend the night here?"

He asks it shyly, voice soft. As though Ilya could refuse him.

"It can be my birthday party," Shane adds lightly, lips quirking into a smile as his eyes finally find Ilya's.

Ilya is smiling. He thinks he might have been smiling all the while.

He nods. Of course.

Shane smiles brightly. It gives Ilya a sunburn.

"I have already had cake," he says, closing his eyes and exhaling like he's falling asleep, suppressing a smile when Shane immediately pushes him away.

"Nevermind, you can leave—"

Ilya interrupts him with a laugh, pulling him in tightly as he rolls away, wrestling him into place when he tries to escape, laughing brightly. Happily. Ilya loves hearing him like this, joyful and carefree.

He thinks he might love him full stop.

He doesn't say that.

Instead, he pulls him firmly against his chest, hugging him tight, grinning at the sweet sound of his laughing until he stops fighting it, relaxing against Ilya's body.

Ilya's arm is across Shane's chest. Shane hugs it to himself like he wasn't just fighting to get away from it.

"Okay?" Ilya murmurs. Shane hums.

“...I like it when you call me baby,” he says after a moment. Ilya buries his nose in his hair, taking a breath.

“You are my baby,” he mumbles. He hears Shane exhale slowly, his hand running over Ilya’s forearm. “What else do you like?”

“Uhm.” He’s quiet again. “I like... I like messing with your hair. And I like when you kiss my ears, and my— my chest.”

“Your nipples,” Ilya says pointedly. Shane scoffs. Ilya smiles.

“Yeah,” Shane says begrudgingly. “That. And I like... I like when you talk to me.”

They’ve never talked like this after sex. Maybe it’s only happening now because they can’t see each other, because Shane’s back is to Ilya’s chest. Maybe it’s because they’re spent, so exhausted they can’t fight it off, whatever it is.

“I like when you tell me I’m okay,” Shane continues softly. His hand finds Ilya’s and their fingers lace. Ilya squeezes. “When you call me a good boy.”

“You are good boy.”

“Fuck off.”

Ilya jostles his hand teasingly, squeezing his fingers.

“What do you like?” Shane asks, squeezing back.

“Hm.” Ilya sighs. He might be falling asleep. “I like how you sound when you get close.”

Shane is quiet. He’s embarrassed. He always gets embarrassed.

“I like when you say please,” Ilya says. “And when you call me sir.”

“You like when I use my manners,” Shane says. Ilya hums affirmatively.

“Yes. And I like when you pull my hair.”

“Mm.”

“I like your spit.”

Shane lets out another scoff, tightening his grip on Ilya’s hand, shifting closer.

“Gross.”

“Yes. I like gross.”

“Mhmm.”

“I like when you take what you want,” Ilya says. “When you ride me or grab me or something.”

Shane hums softly. Sleepily.

“I like when you say my name.”

“Ilya.”

“Yes.”

“...Ilya,” Shane repeats, almost pointed.

“...Shane.”

Shane hums again.

“...And I like this,” Ilya says after a moment, quietly. “Just this.”

He brushes his thumb over the side of Shane’s hand. Shane squeezes, and then he lets go, and for a brief moment, the sky is collapsing and the world is ending and Ilya’s body is imploding.

But Shane is just turning around. Pushing Ilya’s arm into place, moving so his own hands are tucked against Ilya’s chest, so their faces are close.

Ilya exhales slowly, scanning his face. He’s close enough to see his freckles.

“Me too,” Shane whispers.

Ilya blinks the sting out of his eyes, swallows the sudden tightness in his throat, and Shane just looks at him. He blinks as he processes the sudden emotion on Ilya’s face, frowning a little, and it’s so cute that Ilya smiles. His eyes flutter again, suppressing tears, and he lifts his hand to touch Shane’s face, caressing his cheek where it’s spotted with freckles. Shane lets him, his eyes soft on him like he’s gazing, like Ilya is something worth gazing at.

His eyes flicker down Ilya’s face.

Ilya’s breath stills in his chest, in his throat, and his eyes are drawn to Shane’s mouth when his tongue slips across his lips. Ilya resists, eyebrows furrowing a little, anguish flashing across his face, and Shane nods, shifting closer.

Ilya’s eyes burn. He cradles the side of Shane’s face, holding him tenderly, closing his eyes to focus on the feeling of Shane’s hands on his chest, pressing firmly before one slides up to his neck.

And then they’re kissing, soft and close-mouthed. Slow. Sweet.

It lingers, and then Shane is pulling away, and Ilya is chasing after him, following desperately, and Shane is smiling against his mouth, moving to lean over him. Ilya hums,

pulling him closer.

Shane moves on top of him, holding his face, kissing him, and kissing him, and kissing him, and Ilya cries. Shane lets him.

He wipes the tears away gently, his fingers light on Ilya's skin like he's scared of breaking him, like Ilya is fragile. He kisses his mouth, lingers to tongue at his lips, and he lifts his head to press his mouth softly to Ilya's face, his chin and cheeks and nose and forehead.

Ilya is drowning. He might not survive.

But Shane knows what to do— some weird kind of CPR or something that could only save Ilya, only now. He peppers kisses across Ilya's face quickly, the switch almost instant from soft and slow and tender to borderline obnoxious. Ilya is laughing, turning his face away from him, but Shane has the upper hand from above him, and it's impossible.

Ilya doesn't think he would really want to get away. He loves this.

At some point Shane lets up. He tucks his face into Ilya's neck, and Ilya lets him, sighing.

"I like this," Shane mumbles, his voice muffled and almost unintelligible. He tucks himself into Ilya's side, resting his face on Ilya's chest, and Ilya glances down to watch as Shane finds the necklace under the hoodie again, pulling it to his mouth.

"Me too," Ilya whispers, He runs a hand through Shane's hair. Their legs tangle, skin sliding. Shane sighs.

It's all they say.

Ilya doesn't think they need to say anything more. Not right now.

End Notes

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