

You're mine

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You're mine

by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

When the Peloton ad that Shane does drops online, Ilya has a lot of feelings about it— and maybe too many words for the fans online

Notes

hiiii

so like all of you, im feeling insane about hudson's peloton ad so i decided to write a fic about shane doing the same ad and ilya losing his mind.

all the twitter replies & text messages have been generated and posted to twitter so if you'd like to see them follow the link i'll leave in the fic. sorry idk how to code to add them in here.

thank you for all the love and support as always! thank you to those who let me use their usernames for this fic (there's also a few i made up but might belong to someone who knows). and thank you to my bestie hannah for being the best beta 

i hope you enjoy this! 

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

March

Ottawa played against Toronto last night and they won by one goal, putting them another step closer to getting to the playoffs again. Now that they have some Cup wins, the team is a lot more in sync. They've got a good rhythm going and hopefully they can get another win this year.

The team flew home this morning but Shane and Ilya didn't fly back home with them. Yuna booked Shane a partnership with Peloton and the filming for that advertisement is taking place today so they will fly back to Ottawa early tomorrow. Shane asked Ilya if he'd stay with him during the filming of the ad and who is Ilya to say no to his beautiful husband? Actually, since they've been married, Ilya finds it even harder to say no to Shane and might be realizing that he very rarely ever denies him anything he asks for— except maybe to orgasm when he's trying to edge him.

Shane and Ilya actually have one of the Peloton treadmills in their home gym so he's very happy for his husband to have this deal with them. They usually partner with sports personalities so Shane is definitely the perfect fit for them— especially since he's gotten a lot more muscular, which Ilya has absolutely no issue with. His arms in particular have been driving Ilya crazy.

They arrive at the location in Toronto early— too early considering the late and strenuous game the night prior— and are met by a very excited team of people. Shane introduces him to everyone by saying, "This is my husband, Ilya," making Ilya feel dizzy. He loves hearing Shane call him his husband. He knows he's his husband but hearing it still makes him so giddy even after these past few years.

Yuna is also there so they both give her big hugs, even though they saw her the night before at the game. She didn't technically *need* to come for this trip but she's so used to going to every one of Shane's projects that she decided to come to this one. She says it was to meet the team and maybe get a treadmill out of it from them— like they couldn't just buy her one if she really wanted it— but they know it's because she's having a hard time stepping back from going to every shoot or endeavour. Now that she is managing them both and getting them both different brand deals, she's trying to lessen the amount of trips she does come on with either or both of them since they do have each other to publicly go to these things with now.

He's happy she did come to Toronto though. David stayed in Ottawa with Anya while the three of them came to Toronto for the game and this shoot. Because of how long of a shoot day it's going to be, Yuna booked their flight home for six thirty in the morning the next day, however she is heading back to Ottawa this evening and won't be staying for the entire day of filming. Thankfully they don't have a game tomorrow but Ilya's still captain and he can't just miss practice, especially not when this deal isn't even his, it's Shane's, but he wasn't going to miss it, not when Shane so sweetly asked him to be there with him.

Shane's groomer and stylist show up together shortly after they arrive and Shane hugs both women as Ilya stands there before they each take turns to hug him too. Ilya with the rest of Shane's team sit off to the side, away from the cameras and away from the area of the space they're going to be working with. He watches as they explain the concept to Shane and Yuna before Yuna comes to sit by his side and the choreographer starts to work with Shane.

They put Shane in the shortest, sluttiest, white shorts and white tank top and Ilya feels like he's going to lose his mind. He watches as Shane learns the moves from the choreographer who wants him to do some little dance moves— even on the treadmill. Ilya doesn't know what this all has to do with workout equipment but he's not complaining, he loves to see Shane dance. He doesn't do it often but when he does, his man can really move. He's a natural even though he hates to dance.

They give Shane a few minutes break after an hour, so Ilya goes over to him, running his hand down his back. "You okay, moya lyubov'?" he asks him.

Shane swallows his long gulp of water before nodding. "Yeah, I'm fine. Didn't realize I'd have to dance," he says.

"You're doing great," Yuna tells him, joining them. "Right, Ilya?"

"Yes, of course," he smiles. "You are a great dancer even though you hate it," he teases.

Shane rolls his eyes and Ilya wants to spank him. He tries to ignore the dirty thoughts, especially right next to his mother-in-law.

“Thanks,” he tells them.

They ask Shane if he’s ready to start again so Ilya and Yuna go back to their seats to watch with everyone else behind the scenes.

Ilya spends the majority of the day sneakily snapping pictures and videos of Shane, and even takes a really cute one of him sitting on the floor when they take a break for a quick bite.

When they’re alone for a moment a little later, Ilya tells him, “Did I tell you how good you look in this outfit?”

Shane blushes, “No.”

“Hmm,” he hums. “Well, you look so good, sweetheart, I’m having trouble staying in my seat and not just devouring every inch of you.”

“You can’t say shit to me like that, not right now,” Shane says, blushing even more.

“Why not?” he smirks, before he leans in and kisses Shane’s lips in a quick peck.

Shane rolls his eyes again and says, “You know why.”

“But you are wearing booty shorts, moya lyubov’,” Ilya says, stopping himself from moaning.

“Shane? We’re ready when you are.”

“Get back in your seat,” Shane tells Ilya and Ilya just smirks at him.

Shane gets back to work and Ilya does as he’s told— sitting in his chair and watching his husband move around. He sees Yuna hovering around where the cameras are so he decides to go join her, curious to see what it looks like on the camera.

Shane looks incredible.

His skin is glistening with the fake sweat that his groomer keeps spraying him with, his hair falls perfectly on his face like a 90s heartthrob, and his body is just out of this world. Ilya’s finding all his strength to *not* get extremely turned on.

Shane stops the dancing moves on the treadmill and they ask him to get into some yoga poses next. Ilya watches the monitors for a while before Yuna pulls him towards the exit. She gives him a hug and tells him to hug Shane for her too before she heads to the airport to get back home to David and Ilya’s precious baby girl, Anya.

The shoot day is long but Ilya is having a lot of fun watching Shane work out and get fake sweaty. He looks like he’s having a great time too. He’s joking around with his groomer turned friend, Aisha. They met on Shane’s first photoshoot since coming out about his and Ilya’s relationship and they clicked instantly and became fast friends. He decided to hire her to do his grooming for any of his public appearances going forward.

Ilya loves to watch Shane just be himself and it’s nice to see it in public especially with some new people but the Peloton team seems lovely. He’s very much enjoying watching his husband work.

He’s broken out of his reverie when he hears, “Okay, next, we’re going to have you do some boxing.”

This instantly gets Ilya’s attention, standing by the monitors as he watches Shane start to throw punches. Ilya can feel his dick twitch in his jeans as Shane punches the air like he’s a professional MMA fighter. Ilya films him, needing physical proof of this on his phone for personal reasons.

Their workouts usually consist of weights and cardio— and for Shane there's also yoga— but he's never seen Shane do any sort of fighting moves. There's that one time on the ice when he got into it with Scott Hunter but Scott's like a hundred, Shane could have easily taken him if he wasn't being held back.

But how did Ilya not know that Shane knows how to throw some crazy punches?

Shane is being praised by the director and the choreographer and the trainer that are there to help him through their vision for this advertisement. Ilya knows Shane loves the attention and validation that he's doing a good job. He's so unassuming but he's a little freak and Ilya loves that about him. He loves how desperate he becomes when Ilya is the one praising him and giving him so much attention and validation.

Fuck, he's so hard, he can't think like this right now, going back to his seat to try and conceal himself from anyone noticing anything they shouldn't.

Shane does the boxing moves for a few more minutes until they ask him if he's good to keep going. Shane agrees, and they go into some of the dance moves that he learned earlier. Ilya watches Shane dance around and do this whole little shaking movement. It's so adorable and even that isn't making Ilya less hard.

When they're finally done shooting, they do an interview with Shane, asking him about his workout routine, what he likes to do to stay active outside of hockey, and what it takes physically to be a professional athlete. A lot of the questions they've been asked before from what Ilya listened in on, only really tuning in to try and hear Shane speak.

When they're finally done for the day— the sun already set— Shane grabs his bag with his clothes inside and heads for the washroom across the hall to change. Ilya catches up next to him and smiles at him not so innocently. "What?" Shane asks him.

"Nothing," he says, smiling.

They exit the room and before Shane goes to the washroom says, “You’re not coming in here with me.”

“Oh, yes, I am,” Ilya says before taking a step forward, making Shane step back. He walks Shane back into the door then opens it. They walk in the room and Ilya closes and locks the door. Shane lets his bag fall to the floor when Ilya takes him into his arms and kisses him hard on the mouth.

Shane moans into the kiss deeply and Ilya licks into his mouth. He walks Shane backwards to the sink, pressing him up against it. Ilya’s hands roam all over Shane’s body as Shane’s hands move into Ilya’s hair, pulling him closer by his neck.

Ilya kisses his way to his neck as Shane tries to keep his moans quiet. Ilya drops to his knees and looks up at Shane while he hooks his fingers into the waistband of the sluttiest shorts Ilya has ever seen on someone.

“You’re so desperate for my cock that you’re on your knees on the bathroom floor,” Shane says, taking Ilya’s face into his hand gently. Ilya can see how hard Shane is in his tiny little shorts. He’s as desperate as he is, which makes Ilya salivate.

Ilya pulls the shorts all the way down, letting Shane’s erection spring free before he says, “This must be your lucky day,” then he wraps his mouth around his cock, making Shane moan softly.

Ilya doesn’t have time to waste, they all saw them leave the room together. Ilya works his mouth on Shane the way he knows always gets Shane off fast. He runs his hand up Shane’s body and grabs hold of his pec through his thin tank top, squeezing it gently. He moans around his cock, working his mouth up and down, swallowing around him.

“*Fuck, Ilya,*” Shane moans softly, his hand in his hair, definitely messing it up.

Ilya reaches around to Shane’s ass and presses his finger against his hole, making him come hard down his throat, a deep grunt as he tries to keep from moaning loudly. Ilya swallows everything he gives him before he stands, leaning into Shane’s space.

Shane kisses him deeply as he reaches for Ilya's jeans. He gets Ilya's cock out of his jeans and strokes him until he comes hard in his hand, moaning into Shane's mouth. Ilya hasn't come from a handjob in such a long time and he came so quickly. He feels like he's a teenager again even though he's far from it.

They clean themselves off and Shane changes back into jeans and an Ottawa Centaurs crewneck. Once they say their goodbyes to everyone and Shane thanks them for a great experience, the two of them head back to their hotel, where Ilya would like to get his husband in bed and properly devour him before they get some sleep.

Back in the hotel room, they're all over each other as they make their way inside, clothing being pulled off and tossed aside before dropping onto the king size bed. Ilya gets in between Shane's legs, leaning on him as he kisses him. His fingers trail across his face down to his jaw, holding him in place. Their cocks are hard and pressed against each other, Shane's already leaking on them both.

"Fuck, Shane," Ilya moans into Shane's neck, kissing his way back up to his mouth. He pulls back to look at him and say, "You were so sexy today, moya lyubov'. It was very hard to not get hard."

"You failed," Shane teases.

"Mmm, yes, and how happy I was to fail," he smirks, thinking about how good Shane tasted in his mouth. Now he needs more. A quick handjob got him off but he needs to get inside of Shane now.

Ilya trails his hand down to Shane's big bicep, squeezing it, he says, "I did not know you knew how to throw your hands like that."

"Throw my hands? Oh, the boxing," Shane realizes. "Yeah, I, uh, also really liked watching MMA fights when I was younger but mom hated it so didn't really keep up with it until I got older and started training a lot. Around when I got into yoga, I ended up passing by a martial arts gym and went in. I started taking a few private lessons with an MMA trainer who taught me some things. Haven't done it in so long though."

Ilya watched him with fond eyes and a soft smile. “Mmm, well, you looked so fucking hot. I wanted you to crush my head with your arm like a watermelon,” he tells him.

Shane laughs softly, leaning up to kiss him on the lips. Ilya deepens it, getting them back in the mood. He kisses his way down Shane’s body as he compliments every single part of him, making Shane blush from head to toe. He takes Shane’s leaking cock into his mouth as Shane moans loudly, “*Fuuuck, Ilya.*”

Ilya releases him after a few moments then pushes his legs up so that Shane holds them in his arms so that Ilya can get his tongue inside of him. He works him open with his tongue and finger, as Shane moans out his name. Ilya’s leaking on the mattress as he devours his husband.

“*Baby, please,*” Shane moans, “*Fuck— need you.*”

Ilya removes himself from him and Shane lets his legs go. Ilya leans down and kisses him hard on the mouth, making him taste himself, grinding himself against him so their aching cocks could rub against each other. Shane moans into his mouth before Ilya pulls away and says, “Turn around, get on your knees.”

Ilya moves to let Shane get on his knees, leaving his upper half of his body pressed into the mattress. Ilya looks at Shane presented to him and caresses his hips, down his thighs, and his ass. He’s the only one who ever gets to see him like this and he always feels like the luckiest man in the world because of it.

“Beautiful,” he says, before he reaches over for the lube on the bedside table. He slicks himself up and presses himself deep into his husband.

They moan deeply as Ilya bottoms out, his hands gripping onto Shane’s hips. He pulls almost all the way out before sinking back into him. Shane moans as he starts to thrust back into him, chasing his cock.

“You’re perfect, my— Shane, *fuuuuck*,” he moans as Shane thrusts back onto him harder. “Greedy little cock slut tonight hmm?” he hums.

“*Yes*,” Shane moans.

Ilya pulls out and Shane whimpers loudly. “Take it then,” Ilya tells him before he moves to lay down on the bed. Shane immediately climbs on top of him and sinks down onto his hard cock. Ilya moans as his hands grab onto his waist and Shane arches his back, throwing his head back as he moans.

“*Fuck*,” Ilya moans as he helps Shane move up and down his cock. Shane doesn’t need his help, he rides him like a pro and Ilya is hanging on for the ride.

So what he does is continue to compliment and praise Shane on how sexy he is and how the ad is going to break the internet with his beauty and that he’s— “*Mine— fuck, Shane, you’re mine.*”

Ilya holds Shane in his arms and flips them over so he can drive into Shane. Ilya buries his face in Shane’s neck and Shane comes hard between them, untouched, as Ilya comes deep inside of him.

Ilya kisses Shane’s face a few times before he slowly pulls out of him and lays down next to him. They laugh softly when they look at each other, before silently agreeing to get up and shower quickly. They can still get a few hours of sleep before they have to leave for the airport.

April

Ilya wakes to the feeling of Shane in his arms trying to quietly remove himself from him.

Nope.

Ilya tightens his arms around him, hugging him tight to his body. Shane laughs softly, “Morning,” he tells him in a soft voice.

“Good morning,” Ilya says in a slightly rougher voice, heavy from sleep. “Where are you trying to go?” he asks before kissing Shane’s shoulder before Shane turns around in his arms.

“I was gonna go for a run. Do you want to join me?” Shane asks in that cute little way he does when he knows Ilya will say no.

“Hmm, no,” Ilya says, because of course he does. He doesn’t want to go on a five kilometer run with Shane at whatever time this is— too early is what it is. Shane smirks at him and Ilya adds, “I think you should stay here with me in bed.”

“We have the rest of this day off to do that,” Shane tells him, kissing him softly on the nose, like how Ilya usually does to him. He frowns at him and Shane just smiles sweetly.

“Fine,” Ilya says, letting him go but not before he quickly kisses Shane’s lips. Shane rolls his eyes at him before getting out of bed.

Ilya gets out of bed too because now he has to pee thanks to Shane waking up early— too early. Shane got dressed while Ilya used the bathroom then Shane used it. By a little after eight in the morning, Shane was heading out the door on a run and Ilya was making himself a coffee.

One of them would normally walk Anya or let her out in their yard but she’s staying at Yuna and David’s since they’re flying out first thing in the morning tomorrow and they had an overtime game last night against New York.

Ilya takes his coffee with him to the living room and gets comfortable on the couch. He's wearing black sweatpants and nothing else as he sits back and pulls his feet up on the sofa. He takes his phone out of his pocket and opens up his Instagram account that he should probably post something to— it's been a little while.

He starts to scroll for a few minutes until he gets a notification for Shane Hollander and sees that Peloton has dropped the ad they filmed three weeks ago. He puts his coffee on the coffee table before sitting back and opening Twitter. He doesn't even have to go to the right page because the tweet he was looking for is the first thing on his *for you* page.

[Peloton](#)

@peloton

Let yourself go. Starring NHL Superstar Shane Hollander.

There's a one minute long video as well so Ilya clicks on it so he can see it fully on his screen.

The ad starts and Ilya watches it mesmerized and immediately so turned on, his cock hard before the minute is up. He takes his cock out of his sweatpants and hits play again on the video with his other hand holding his phone. Ilya jerks off to a video of his husband— his beautiful, silly, enchanting, and *very fucking sexy* husband— working out and dancing around.

He's throwing MMA style punches, he's *winking* at the fucking camera— Ilya doesn't remember seeing that on film day— and he's completely drenched in fake sweat. Ilya strokes himself hard and fast and comes before the video ends for the second time. Barely two minutes.

"Wow," he says to himself, taking a breath. Ilya cleans himself up and tucks himself away before opening his phone again and going to his text conversation with Shane.

My Shanya 🐰❤️

Today 8:18AM

When will you be home?

Like 15 minutes

You miss me already?

Yes

Why didn't you tell me the Peloton ad was coming out this morning???

Gotta warn a husband first

I nearly had a heart attack 🤔

You're so dramatic

I didn't know it was coming out today

How is it?

HOT

Wayyyyy too hot

I have the hottest husband in the world HOT

Shut up

Idk how it turned out, they sent the final version to mom

YUNA SAW THIS????

You're ridiculous

I'm trying to run here

No wait

There are 6 of you in the video

6 Shane's to try to get pregnant

6 times I want to cum for you, moya lyubov'

You're going to rub yourself raw doing that

No not like that

I already came twice that day you filmed this

I remember

And once just now when I watched the video

3 more to go... 🍆

You jerked off to the ad???

Yes...

How long is the video?

I minute

But I watched it twice before I came

And you say I come fast

That's hot though

Don't touch again. I'll be home soon.

Hurry

I want to do dirty things to you

Shane doesn't reply so Ilya goes back to Twitter on the Peloton tweet again. He likes it before he sees how many replies the tweet has so he opens it so he can read some of the comments. It's not something he usually does but he's curious to see what people are saying about his husband because he knows what he has to say about it— things he could never post online, not with his actual account. As he starts reading some of them, he begins to seethe. How dare they all say such things about a married man? *His* man.

Ilya leaves his own reply under the tweet.

@ilyarozanov81: my husband is the sexiest man ever. everyone else look away. this is for my eyes only.

Ilya opens his text conversation with Shane again and sends him another text.

Sweetheart, do not look at the replies

Wasn't going to but why not?

People are saying filthy things about you

I must defend your honor, moya lyubov'

Ilya don't

Ilya goes back to Twitter and starts replying to some of the comments under the Peloton tweet.

@multifandomsgal: *THIS IS FOR MEEEE*

- **@ilyarozanov81:** *no it's not*

@falafel_waffle: *Pit content at 8am, today is going to be a good day*

- **@ilyarozanov81:** *a good day for HIS HUSBAND. ME.*

@djobuddie: *@ilyarozanov81 next @Peloton I will beg*

- **@ilyarozanov81:** *i would not do it better than my husband*

@itsameevie13: *Shane is SO FINE* 🙄🙄

- **@ilyarozanov81:** *stop perceiving him*

@the118shollanov: *Can Ilya Rozanov fight???? He can't take all of us...*

- **@ilyarozanov81:** *yes and i have many hockey sticks to beat you all with* 🏒

@ilyashollander: *@ilyarozanov81 i'm coming for your man*

- **@ilyarozanov81:** *i will block you*
 - **@ilyashollander:** *omg????* 😭

@par_snaps: *just one chance oh my GOD*

- **@ilyarozanov81:** *not going to happen*

@ilyasdumtruck: *are he and @ilyarozanov81 looking for a third?*

- **@ilyarozanov81:** *NO* 🦉

@falafel_waffle: I NEED TO GET HIM PREGNANT

- **@ilyarozanov81:** that is my job, go away

@TroyBarrett: Damn, Hollzy! 🤔

- **@ilyarozanov81:** @HarrisDrover come get your man out of my husband's replies
 - **@HarrisDrover:** Now you want to talk?

@HaydenPike35: This goes hard bro! 😎 @ShaneHollander24

- **@ilyarozanov81:** no one asked you 😞
 - **@multifandomsgal:** Not Hayden catching strays 😭😭

@OttawaCentaurs: Wow! This is so good @ShaneHollander24 🔥

- **@ilyarozanov81:** he is perfect as always ❤️
 - **@OttawaCentaurs:** @ilyarozanov81 stop replying to people but ignoring my DMs

@LucaHaas: looking strong! 💪

- **@ilyarozanov81:** his thighs tho 🤔
 - **@porschepacharas:** did not expect to see ilya thirsting over shane's thighs under a reply from luca haas but here we are
 - **@ilyarozanov81:** they are so big and perfect, i will fuck them
 - **@hollandershole:** help?????? 😭😭😭
 - **@ilyarozanov81:** hollander's hole is next
 - **@OttawaCentaurs:** I'm seriously suspending you
 - **@whimsykinsey:** notice how ilya gives shit to everyone but luca #whatdatmean
 - **@ilyarozanov81:** he has done nothing wrong unlike the rest of you

He leaves Twitter to open his text with Shane.

Too late

Oh God, what did you do?

Nothing, don't worry about it, my little bunny 🐰

ILYA WTF?????

Harris will get you suspended again

You cannot tell the world you are going to fuck my thighs!!

But I will

Ok but you can't TELL the world that!

But they must know who they belong to!

ME!!!

Also... ok? You will let me fuck your thighs?

Only if you apologize on twitter for all your tweets

But they say dirty things only I can say about you

It doesn't matter!

You're the only one who gets me anyway

You are right, my sweetheart ❤️

Opening Twitter back up, Ilya tweets out an apology that's hopefully good enough to allow Shane to let him fuck those big thighs of his.

Ilya Rozanov

@ilyarozanov81

I apologize for the replies I made under the video of my husband's Peloton ad. He is the most beautiful man in the NHL and I needed to make sure you all knew he was MINE.

- ***@WyattHayesOfficial:*** *this is so funny*
- ***@ShaneHollander24*** *This isn't what I meant but this is probably the best I'll get.*
 - ***@ilyarozanov81:*** *so i can **** * *****???*
 - ***@ShaneHollander24:*** *You need to be stopped*
 - ***@ilyarozanov81:*** *and you need to be topped. by me. now. 🍆*
 - ***@HarrisDrover:*** *You need to delete*
- ***@hollanovsbaby:*** *some of you need to get more normal now*
 - ***@ilyarozanov81:*** *i like your username, i will try to put many babies inside of Shane like he is male seahorse ❤️*
 - ***@HarrisDrover:*** *You're going to give me an aneurysm*
- ***@djobuddie:*** *Tell 'em! Some of you need to watch how you talk about his husband*
 - ***@911hollanov:*** *like ur not constantly thirsting over roz 😞*
 - ***@ilyarozanov81:*** *you can thirst over me. never my husband.*
 - ***@ShaneHollander24:*** *No, you can't*
 - ***@ilyarozanov81:*** *my baby ❤️*

— ***@ilyarozanov81:*** *my baby ❤️*

- ***@OttawaCentaur:*** *NHL's first husbands ❤️*
 - ***@theroselandry:*** *my favs ❤️*
 - ***@LucaHaas:*** *same*
 - ***@ilyarozanov81:*** *our son ❤️*

—@911hollanov: is no one going to talk about ilya calling luca his and shane's son????

- @LucaHaas: they're so weird
 - @ilyarozanov81: you love your papas
 - @LucaHaas: stop referring to yourself as papa
 - @ilyarozanov81: no ❤️
 - @911hollanov: HELLO??????

Ilya closes out of Twitter and sees five new texts from Shane.

Not what I meant

The asterisks are you fucking kidding me, Ilya?

Ilya, stop replying to people!!!

Male seahorse??? What is wrong with you!

We're gonna owe Harris so many favors because of you

Get home so I can put some babies inside you

You're an idiot

I'll be home in less than 2 ❤️

Hurry before I watch the video again

I came quicker than 2 minutes

Fuck that's hot

You're hot



Ilya does start watching the video again because he has no self control but he doesn't touch himself, waiting for his husband like he was told to. He's hard again though and needs him to get home *now*.

He realizes that Shane is about to come home sweaty from his five kilometer run. The thought of tasting Shane after his run, all sweaty and musky, makes his cock twitch. He squeezes the base of his cock through his sweats, trying to stop himself from getting too close without even really doing anything yet.

The door flies open and Ilya turns to see a very sweaty Shane walking back into the house. He's wearing shorts and a long sleeve compression shirt. His hair, which is the perfect length right now, is kind of wet from the sweat and his cheeks are all pink. It's still pretty chilly out for mid-April in Ottawa but not enough to make Shane wear pants on his run now that there's no more snow out.

Ilya gets up from the couch and makes his way over to him.

"You're a fucking menace you know that," Shane tells him before Ilya pulls Shane into a very wet and messy kiss.

Ilya's hands are grabbing him anywhere he can as Shane's hands find their way into his hair like they usually do. Ilya moans deeply into the kiss, pressing his hard cock against Shane who he can feel is hard now too.

Shane pulls back slightly to say, "Just let me shower and—" Ilya interrupts him by taking his hand and pulling him with him. "What are you doing?" Shane asks, but follows him anyway.

"We can shower after," Ilya tells him before opening the door to their home gym.

“But I’m all sweaty and gross,” Shane tries to argue, still willingly following Ilya into the gym.

Ilya can see right through his husband. He acts like he doesn’t like to be dirty but look at him, following him anyway. He’s going to tear him apart.

“You are perfect,” Ilya tells him. He puts his hands on Shane’s shoulders once he finally stops and pushes on them as he says, “Sit.”

Shane sits down on the weight bench that Ilya’s forcing him onto before he sinks to his knees in front of his open legs. “You’re going to watch yourself in the mirror while I suck your dick,” Ilya tells him while he works on pulling Shane’s shorts and briefs off, tossing them on the floor next to him.

“Is this about you wanting to come six times for the six of me that’s supposedly in that video?” Shane asks but his cock is hard and leaking already.

“You haven’t watched it yet?” Ilya asks, running his hands up and down Shane’s big, muscular thighs. They’ve gotten so much bigger recently and Ilya can’t seem to act normal whenever he sees them— even when they’re changing in the locker room with all the guys.

“When would I have watched it? I was on a run and trying to stop you from being a Twitter menace,” Shane says, annoyed, even though he’s smiling at him fondly.

“Oh, we will watch together later then,” Ilya says, delighted by this news. “And yes. I will come six times because of you and this ad. I already have three times, so…” he smirks at him.

“Three?” Shane asks, confused.

“Twice the day of the shoot, once today,” Ilya reminds him.

Shane blushes, “Oh, right.”

“Are you embarrassed that you came down my throat in that dressing room?” he asks, still touching Shane’s thighs and squeezing them.

“No,” Shane tells him.

“Good boy,” Ilya smiles before he leans down and bites Shane’s thigh hard, making Shane yelp. Ilya kisses the spot before kissing his way up to Shane’s cock, still waiting for some attention.

Ilya looks up at Shane who's watching him and says, “Look in the mirror, sweetheart.”

Shane rolls his eyes earning him another bite on the thigh before he looks at the giant mirror across from them. Ilya then nuzzles his face into Shane’s crotch, inhaling his scent as he moves Shane’s shirt out of the way— *why is it even still on?* Shane smells like sweat and musk— everything he thought he’d smell like and it’s incredible.

Shane takes the hint and pulls his shirt over his head. Ilya takes Shane’s cock in his hand and looks up to see Shane eyes back on the mirror after he removed his shirt. Ilya smiles before taking Shane’s cock into his mouth, moaning loudly around him like it’s his last meal ever as he swallows him whole.

“*Fuck, Ilya,*” Shane moans, his hand coming down onto his head, gripping onto his hair.

Ilya’s hands grab onto Shane’s big thighs as he moves his mouth up and down Shane’s cock. They’re both loudly moaning, filling the quiet gym with their sounds, especially the noises Ilya’s mouth is making on Shane’s cock.

“Fuck, fuck— Ilya,” Shane moans, making Ilya look up at him. Shane’s still looking at the mirror and he’s biting his perfectly plump bottom lip.

Ilya brings one hand down to cup Shane’s balls in his hand, playing with them as he continues to work his mouth on Shane.

It’s not long before Shane’s moaning, *“I’m so close, baby.”*

Ilya keeps going until Shane comes hard down his throat as he hunches over Ilya, his hand deep in his curls, moaning deeply and loudly. Ilya swallows it all before pulling off his softening dick. He keeps his face buried in his lap for a moment and looks up at him. They both laugh softly when they make eye contact.

Shane caresses Ilya’s face and Ilya kisses Shane’s palm before Shane says, *“Switch,”* and motions for him to get up. Ilya lets Shane help him up and sits on the bench as Shane does exactly what Ilya just did to him. Ilya helps Shane get him out of his sweatpants before Shane’s mouth is on him. Ilya’s already so close from watching that video again and getting Shane off that it’s embarrassing.

Shane’s eager to get him there quickly, he can tell. He’s deep throating Ilya and moaning obscenely, and it’s driving Ilya crazy. He grabs some of Shane’s hair tightly which makes Shane moan again.

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya moans, looking down at his husband with his mouth full of his cock. *“Look at me,”* he tells him and Shane’s eyes snap up.

He looks up at him with those *fuck me eyes* that drives Ilya insane. Shane rolls Ilya’s balls in his hands the way Ilya did to him and tightens his throat around him before Ilya’s moaning, *“Shane,”* loudly as he comes down his throat, holding his face gently in his hand.

Shane slowly pulls off of him before he gets up and sits down on Ilya’s lap, Ilya immediately wrapping him in his arms. He can see that Shane’s semi-hard again just from sucking Ilya off. *That’s so fucking hot,* he thinks.

Ilya puts his face in the crook of Shane's neck and breathes him in, kissing all over him.

Shane giggles, his own arms around Ilya. "Can we please go shower now?" he asks him.

"Yes, but I am not taking care of *that*—" he emphasizes looking down at Shane's semi-hard dick, "—until after we shower and eat, because now I'm hungry and you haven't eaten either," Ilya tells him, kissing him softly on the lips.

He can see Shane chase his lips for a second before he stays where he is and laughs softly. "Fine, c'mon," he tells him, making the move to get up. Ilya lets him up then follows him upstairs to their bathroom to shower.

*

Shane loves the attention he's getting from Ilya today. He gets a lot of attention from him every day but this is something that doesn't happen all the time, where one of them will set some crazy goal to accomplish sexually and then do it.

Today it seems as though Ilya set a goal to cum for every version of him in the video and that was six. He's counting the two times the day of the shoot which is probably a good thing because six times in one day isn't impossible but it is very draining.

They're on the couch together after they've eaten lunch, both of them dressed in loose shorts and Centaurs t-shirts. Being married for a few years, their clothing is all mixed together, neither knowing whose clothing belongs to who. It's all just *theirs*.

Shane's laying down comfortably with Ilya laying on top of him between his legs and his head on Shane's chest. Shane absentmindedly runs his hand through Ilya's hair, massaging his head as they watch Bob's Burgers reruns on TV. Ilya turns his head slightly to kiss Shane's chest before lifting his head fully to kiss Shane softly on the lips. Shane kisses him back, humming softly into the kiss, his hands coming up to hold Ilya's face.

Ilya deepens the kiss, slipping his tongue into his mouth. Shane can feel himself getting hard and so is Ilya on top of him. He grinds up into Ilya and he laughs softly into the kiss before pulling away. He softly pushes Shane's head back, giving himself access to his neck. Shane lets his head fall back onto the pillows as he feels Ilya suck on his neck, leaving behind what's definitely going to be a hickey right on his pulse point. Ilya holds his arms down as he works on his neck before he starts to push Shane's shirt up.

Shane sits up a bit to help Ilya get his t-shirt off before Ilya's mouth is on his chest, sucking his nipple into his mouth. Shane moans, laying his head back again as Ilya sucks another mark on his nipple before kissing his way down his body. Ilya pulls Shane's shorts down and as he gets himself out of them, Ilya takes his own clothes off quickly before getting between his legs. He drops a small bottle of lube onto the couch with them and Shane laughs softly.

"Where the hell did you have that?" Shane asks him.

Ilya smirks. "My pocket," he tells him. "I needed it handy," he adds before kissing Shane's stomach, then down to his hard, leaking cock.

He kisses around him, moving his lips over to Shane's thighs, kissing them both before taking Shane's cock into his mouth. Shane moans deeply, his hand in Ilya's already messy curls, bucking his hips up into his mouth. Ilya moans around him before he slowly pulls off.

"I was serious earlier," Ilya says, looking up at him before kissing his thigh again. Shane looks at him confused and a little pissed that his mouth isn't filled by his cock right now.

"About what?"

"I *really* want to fuck your thighs, *Shane*," Ilya tells him, kissing his thigh again and looking up at him through his lashes.

It's very hard to say no to his husband.

Not like he even wants to say no. He's very intrigued by the thought of Ilya fucking his thighs.

"Okay," he tells him.

Ilya grins at him before kissing back up his body until he reaches his mouth. "I love you," he says between kisses, making Shane giggle. Ilya maneuvers them so that Ilya can lay with his back against the back of the couch and Shane laying on his side with his back pressed against Ilya.

Ilya slicks up his cock then lifts Shane's right thigh up a bit so he can slide his cock in between his thighs. He keeps his hand on Shane's thigh as he starts to fuck Shane's thighs, his mouth in the crook of his neck, kissing him and moaning softly.

"You feel so *fucking good*, Shane," Ilya moans hotly into his ear, sending heat through Shane.

Shane wonders how it feels for Ilya because for Shane it feels a little weird but not in a bad way. He isn't getting much out of it as Ilya is until Ilya reaches between them and presses his finger against Shane's hole, before pushing it inside of him with a slick finger.

Shane moans as Ilya fingers him as he fucks his thighs, moaning into his neck. "*Fuck, baby*, your thighs are perfect. I love how big they've gotten— they're so sexy. Been thinking about this since you shot the ad," Ilya says. *Baby* isn't really a pet name that Ilya uses often— Shane's more likely to use it when they're together— but when he does use it, he knows how blissed out Ilya is.

"You been wanting to fuck my thighs, baby? Why didn't you say—" he starts to ask but then Ilya slips another finger inside of him, making Shane moan loudly, and he presses back against Ilya's fingers.

“Hmm, I don’t know,” he hums as he kisses all over his shoulders. He moves his cock between his thighs harder as he works his fingers inside of Shane, hitting his prostate.

Shane moans loudly, wrapping his hand around his cock and stroking himself to Ilya’s movements, not wanting to make a mess everywhere by coming untouched again. “*Fuck*, right there, baby,” Shane moans as Ilya rubs his fingers against his prostate.

“Come, baby,” Ilya moans into his ear before Shane’s moaning, “*Ilya*,” and coming all over his hand.

Ilya’s coming hard between his thighs, moaning into his neck. He bites Shane’s shoulder gently when they both finish and Shane smacks his arm lightly with his clean hand. They carefully get up, not to get anything dirty before cleaning themselves off with some tissues. They put their clothes back on and get back to cuddling on the sofa, enjoying their day off together.

Shane climbs into bed after Ilya, getting in and immediately being pulled closer to him. He smiles, allowing his husband to hold him, kissing him softly.

“Mmm,” Ilya hums before pulling away. “You have not watched the video yet,” he says, just realizing this.

Ilya reaches over for his phone on the bedside table and opens it up. He saved the video to his phone so that’s where he opens the video. “You saved it?” Shane laughs. “Freak,” he teases.

“Yes,” Ilya agrees, kissing him on the cheek. “Now shh my show is on,” he says before hitting play on the video.

Shane watches himself do everything he remembers doing but it all looks so effortless and fun. He has to admit he looks really good. Ilya agrees because he moans softly, “*Fuck*, this

video is making me hard again.”

Shane tosses the phone aside and climbs into Ilya’s lap, feeling his erection press against him through his briefs—the only thing he has on. Shane removes his shirt before he kisses Ilya, both of them moaning into the kiss as Shane grinds down hard against him, his own cock filling quickly in his pajama pants.

Shane grinds hard on his cock, dry humping like their teenagers in high school. He feels a buzz running through him as Ilya kisses his neck, fucking up into Shane through their thin layers. “*Fuck, Shane,*” he moans, licking up his neck and taking his jaw in his hand, kissing him hard on the mouth. “Ready for number six, *moya lyubov*?” he teases before flipping them, getting Shane onto his back.

They strip down and Ilya’s quick to prep Shane as he’s still somewhat loose from today and too desperate for Ilya inside him to care. Seeing how quickly Ilya got hard was so fucking hot. He loves seeing how obsessed Ilya is with him because it makes him feel like he’s not the only obsessed one in this relationship. He loves him so much, he always has this light buzz that simmers with a need for Ilya to be inside him at all times.

Ilya fucks him hard and fast, going deeper, and showing him just how badly he wants him. “Tell me how much you want me, baby,” he tells him, letting go and asking for what he wants.

“*Fuck*, so badly, sweetheart,” Ilya moans, leaning down to kiss him. “You’re so sexy, so beautiful,” he says between kisses from his lips to his jaw. He says, “You make me feel like horny teenager again,” before kissing his neck. “I always want you. Want to be inside you forever,” he says before Shane’s moaning loudly, leaking profusely between them.

“*Ilya*, I’m so close,” he moans, pulling Ilya’s face to his. He shoves his tongue in Shane’s mouth and fucks him harder, right into his prostate. Shane throws his head back into the pillow as he moans loudly, coming hard between them. Ilya moans into his neck as he comes inside of him.

When their orgasms subside, Ilya kisses him sweetly before slowly pulling out of him. He gets out of bed and gets a warm washcloth to clean Shane up. Ilya gets right back in beside

him and Shane cuddles up against his chest as Ilya reaches underneath himself to pull his phone out.

Shane kisses Ilya's chest before looking up to see Ilya typing away on his phone. Before he could ask what he was doing, he could hear his phone buzz on his bedside table.

"You should check that," Ilya tells him, smirking at him.

Shane furrows his brows, raising them questioningly before he decides to just reach for his phone. He sits beside Ilya, unlocking his phone to the new mention he got on Twitter from Ilya.

Ilya Rozanov

@ilyarozanov81

Taken by ME. His HUSBAND. He is MINE.

Ya tebya lyublyu @ShaneHollander24 ❤️

- *@ShaneHollander24: You're mine. Ya tebya lyublyu* ❤️

Ilya smiles at his phone when he sees Shane's reply. Ilya likes it before turning to him and kissing him softly on the lips. Shane hums softly into the kiss, feeling so very happy and tired after this intense but amazing day off.

Shane tweets a behind the scenes photo of himself with the trainer he worked with, the choreographer, and the director, thanking them for a great time on the shoot. He sees Ilya like the tweet then replies to Peloton who has already replied to Shane as well. They plug their phones in to charge, ignoring social media for a while now, until people stop talking about their presence on the app that day, then Ilya closes the lamp and wraps Shane up in his arms.

Shane wiggles his way deeper in Ilya's arms, his entire back against Ilya's body. Ilya kisses his shoulder and says, "Goodnight, moya lyubov'."

“Goodnight, my baby,” Shane says back softly, kissing Ilya’s hand that’s holding his hand by his chest.

They get some much needed rest before their early flight to New York to defeat The Admirals. Shane hopes he won’t be too sore tomorrow.

End Notes

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