

i'm so into you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76937416) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76937416>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Anal Sex , Rough Sex , Dirty Talk , Porn with Feelings , Porn With Plot , Idiots in Love , Oral Sex , Blow Jobs , Fluff and Smut , Shameless Smut
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of hollanov
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 6,425 Chapters: 1/1

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by [cchaostude](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya attends a Japanese wedding ceremony. Ilya wears a traditional kimono. Shane proceeds to froth at the mouth.

Notes

I thought about the plot of this fic while washing the dishes. I needed to write it or I'll go crazy. The effect of these two on me needs to be studied. Also please forgive me if this doesn't reflect any traditional Japanese ceremonies or clothing. Google is the only source I have. Happy reading!

The Ottawa winter was a brute, howling outside the double-paned windows of the Hollander-Rozanov home. Inside, a different kind of tempest swirled—one of silk, muttered protests, and Yuna Hollander’s serene, unstoppable focus.

“Ilya, sweetheart, hold still. The fold must be perfectly level.”

Yuna knelt on the plush cream carpet of their living room, a pincushion strapped to her wrist, her expression one of artistic concentration. Before her stood Ilya Rozanov, six-foot-tall of coiled Russian hockey muscle, looking like a wolf trapped in a waterfall of vibrant, cobalt-blue silk patterned with delicate white cranes.

“I am not moving,” Ilya grumbled, his voice a low rumble. He held his arms slightly out, as if the fabric were electrified. “But is... constricting. Like being hugged by a very polite anaconda.”

From the oversized armchair by the fireplace, David Hollander peered over the top of his newspaper, a grin spreading across his face. “Think of it as advanced goalie padding, son. Nothing’s getting through that.”

They were deep in preparations for the wedding of Kenji Tanaka, Yuna’s nephew—Shane’s cousin. A full, traditional Japanese ceremony. Kenji, marrying his Canadian fiancée, Sophie, had insisted on authentic attire for the immediate family. Yuna, with the fervor of a master curator, had decided that Ilya—*her* Ilya, the man she’d folded into her heart as seamlessly as one of her origami cranes—required a level of sartorial perfection that would honor the tradition.

Shane had been strategically dispatched hours ago on a “groom’s party” errand with Kenji, a maneuver Yuna had orchestrated. “It’s a surprise for Shane,” she’d told Ilya, her eyes gleaming with quiet delight. “He won’t see you until the ceremony. The impact will be greater.”

“Yuna, Shane and I are already married.” Ilya is confused why this should be a secret to Shane. But there’s no stopping Yuna Hollander. David just smiles and reads his newspaper.

Yuna laughs while tapping Ilya’s cheek in awe. “When I am done with you, Shane will lose his mind once he sees you.”

Ilya, who faced down blistering slap shots without flinching, felt a bead of sweat trace his spine. The intensity of her attention was a force of nature, but it warmed him in a way the Russian winters of his youth never had. This meddling, this fussing, was the language of belonging. Even if the vocabulary involved twelve feet of obi cord.

“Alright, off with this mock-up,” Yuna commanded, her hands deftly unwinding the sample kimono. “Now, we address the hair situation.”

“Hair?” Ilya echoed, running a self-conscious hand through his perpetually windswept, dark blond locks. “What is wrong with my hair?”

“It’s perfect for the ice beast,” Yuna said, patting his cheek affectionately. “Less perfect for *montsuki haori*. We require sleekness. Architectural.” From a nearby bag, she produced a jar of high-hold pomade with the solemnity of a surgeon selecting a scalpel.

An hour later, Ilya stared at the stranger in the hall mirror. Yuna’s work was transformative. His hair, usually a chaotic frame for his sharp features, was swept back from his forehead, damp and severe, every strand tamed. It carved his face into something new. High cheekbones thrown into stark relief, the intense blue of his eyes almost startling. He looked less like a hockey star and more like a figure from a vintage film—all stark lines and silent intensity.

David let out a low, appreciative whistle. “Well, I’ll be damned. You clean up into someone intimidating, kid.”

Ilya scowled at his reflection. “I look like villain in spy movie. The one who owns casino.”

“You *are* the villain in a spy movie,” David chuckled. “To every other team in the league.”

The day of the wedding arrived, the city draped in a fresh blanket of quiet snow. The ceremony was at a cultural center in the Glebe, its main hall transformed into a serene Shinto space. Shane, kept successfully in the dark, was already there with his father, dressed in his own elegant black *montsuki haori hakama*. He looked effortlessly handsome, comfortable in formal wear in a way that was uniquely Shane. He caught Ilya’s eye across the room as Ilya entered with Yuna—a quick, warm glance that asked *you okay?* Ilya gave a nearly imperceptible nod. *Da. Surviving.*

Then Shane was swept into the pre-ceremony formalities, and Ilya was ushered into a side room for the final act of dressing.

The full ensemble was itself a ritual. The crisp white *nagajuban*, the stark black *haori* coat bearing the family *mon*, a subtle, elegant crest Yuna had designed that cleverly incorporated a maple leaf and a hockey stick), the wide, pleated *hakama* that whispered with each step. Finally, Yuna secured the stiff, formal *obi* around his waist, her movements precise and final. She stepped back, her hands clasped together. Her eyes were bright, her smile soft and full.

“There,” she said, her voice thick with emotion. “My son.”

Music from the main hall shifted, a cue. It was time.

Shane stood at his designated spot, feeling a calm, happy anticipation. He thought he knew every version of Ilya Rozanov—the fierce rival, the passionate lover, the grumpy morning person, the loyal teammate. Then the side door slid open with a soft *whoosh*.

All the air left Shane’s body in a soundless gasp.

Ilya stepped into the hall, and for Shane, the world narrowed to a single point. The severe, slicked-back hair was a shock, transforming his husband’s face into a masterpiece of stark, beautiful angles. The formal kimono didn’t conceal his powerful physique, it exaggerated it.

The black silk of the *haori* sat on his shoulders like a mantle of authority, the stark white of the obi cinching his narrow waist. The hakama flowed around his legs, turning his athlete's stride into a stately, graceful procession. He looked ancient and untouchable. A samurai lord. A myth made flesh.

Their eyes locked across the incense-heavy air. Ilya, seeing the stunned, utterly wrecked expression on Shane's face, felt a surge of hot, triumphant pride cut through his nervousness. A faint, familiar smirk touched his lips—the only crack in the majestic facade.

The priest began the sonorous chant, but Shane heard it as if through water. The entire ceremony—the symbolic purification, the slow, measured steps, the sharing of the three sake cups in the *san-san-kudo*—passed in a sublime blur. His consciousness was tethered solely to Ilya. To the way the candlelight gleamed on the disciplined sweep of his hair. To the focused, reverent care with which his large, battle-scarred hands handled the delicate lacquer cups, following Yuna's gentle guidance with the concentration of a student mastering a new play.

This man, his once-sworn enemy, his constant anchor, was allowing himself to be woven into the deepest fabric of Shane's heritage, stitch by intricate stitch.

After the final bow, as they processed out to the melancholy song of the *shakuhachi*, Shane finally managed to slip close to him in the transitional quiet of a hallway.

Shane's fingers reached out, brushing against the cool, heavy silk of Ilya's sleeve. "Ilya..."

Ilya turned. His eyes were almost violent in their clarity against the formal black and white. The smirk returned, wider now, edged with relieved mischief. "So? Is good surprise, *zaichik*? Or do I look like fancy furniture?"

Shane shook his head, words still tangled in his throat. He leaned in, his voice a raw, husky whisper meant for Ilya alone. "You look... you look like I should be kneeling. Or surrendering. Or writing terrible poetry. You look impossible."

Ilya's laugh was a soft, warm exhale. "Is just costume, Shane. And too much grease in hair. It is... unpleasant."

"It's not," Shane breathed, his hand sliding up to cup the nape of Ilya's neck, his thumb stroking the pristine hairline. "It's a part of you I didn't know existed." He leaned his forehead against Ilya's, risking the perfect styling. "My mom is a visionary."

"Yes," Ilya murmured, closing his eyes for a second, grounding himself in Shane's touch amidst the overwhelming novelty. "Your mother is... formidable artist. But it is good." He pulled back slightly, glancing down at the flowing sleeves with a look of comic despair. "Now, please, tell me at reception there is normal food. And vodka. And that I can take this off. It is beautiful prison."

Shane laughed, the sound echoing softly in the tranquil hall, and finally kissed him—a swift, hard, promise-laden press of lips against the surprisingly smooth plane of his husband's cheek. "Later," he vowed. "First, you have to go out there and ruin everyone else's night by

being the most breathtaking thing they've ever seen. My cousin Kenji is already giving me the death stare."

Ilya straightened his shoulders, the regal, impassive mask settling back over his features. A glint of the old, competitive fire shone in his newly framed eyes. "Good," he said, the Russian accent wrapping around the word like a challenge. "Let him stare."

The transition from the serene, incense-scented hall to the bustling wedding reception was like stepping from a sacred grove into a vibrant, sun-drenched garden. The venue was a beautiful fusion—modern glass walls looked out onto snow-dusted Japanese maples, and tables were adorned with both elegant ikebana arrangements and cheerful centerpieces of red and white roses, the Centaurs' colors.

When Shane and Ilya entered together, a palpable wave of silence, followed by a collective, soft gasp, swept through the room. It wasn't just the dramatic contrast of Ilya's formal wear against Shane's own; it was the sheer, unexpected power of the image they made. The sleek, severe lines of Ilya's appearance, the way he carried the ancient attire not as a costume but as a second skin of formidable grace, commanded absolute attention.

At the head table, Shane's *sobo*—his grandmother—a tiny woman with a spine of steel and eyes that missed nothing, put a delicate hand to her mouth. Her gaze, sharp and assessing, locked onto Ilya. As they approached to offer their formal greetings, she reached out, not for Shane, but for Ilya's hand. Her fingers, light as bird bones, traced the heavy silk of his *haori* sleeve.

"Ilya-san," she said, her voice like dry leaves, but her eyes were alight with fierce approval. "You wear the tradition well. It suits your spirit." She nodded once, decisively. "Yuna has done well. You are a credit to the family."

It was the highest praise. Ilya, understanding the gravity, bowed slightly at the waist, a movement that flowed naturally in the clothes. "Thank you, *obasan*," he said, the honorific careful and correct on his tongue. "Is great honor."

Shane watched, a lump in his throat. His *sobo* was notoriously hard to impress.

The spell broke, the room erupted into quiet chatter and movement. Relatives—aunts, uncles, cousins Shane only saw at weddings and funerals—drifted over, their awe transparent.

"Shane, he looks incredible," whispered his cousin Mari, her eyes wide. "Like a *noh* theater god or something." An uncle clapped Ilya on the shoulder, then pulled his hand back quickly as if surprised by the solid muscle beneath the silk. "That's some getup, son! You clean up better than my entire draft year!"

Ilya handled it with a mixture of awkward humility and that innate, unshakeable poise he possessed. He nodded, offered a tight smile, muttered "*Spasibo*," or "Was Yuna's doing." But Shane could see the faint pink tinge high on his cheekbones, the slight clench of his jaw. He was holding himself together under a microscope, and it was doing things to Shane that were profoundly inappropriate for a family wedding.

Because Shane wasn't just proud. He was utterly, desperately *affected*.

Every time Ilya turned his head, the candlelight caught the slick, dark gold of his hair, highlighting the severe line from temple to crown. It was a hairstyle that begged to be ruined, for fingers to plunge into it and drag it back into its usual chaotic state. The kimono, which disguised so much, somehow hinted at everything—the breadth of his shoulders under the stiff black, the narrow taper to his waist defined by the stark white obi, the suggestion of powerful thighs beneath the flowing hakama. It was modesty as the ultimate provocation.

They mingled. They smiled for photos—Kenji and Sophie beaming, Yuna looking triumphantly maternal, David grinning beside her. Ilya stood rigidly polite, a beautiful statue. And Shane, standing beside him, felt a slow, hot coil of desire tightening in his gut.

He found his opportunities for subtle sabotage.

As they stood in a receiving line, Shane let his pinky finger brush against Ilya's where their hands hung at their sides. A ghost of a touch. Ilya's hand twitched.

When they sat for the first course, Shane leaned over ostensibly to point out a relative across the room, his lips grazing the shell of Ilya's ear. "The *obi*," he murmured, his voice barely a breath. "That's all I can think about untying. Layer by layer."

Ilya stiffened, his chopsticks pausing halfway to his mouth. He didn't look at Shane, but a muscle feathered in his jaw. "Shane," he warned, the single word low and strained.

"What?" Shane asked innocently, pulling back, a bland smile on his face for his Aunt Keiko as she passed by.

The reception has loosened its tie by the time it happens.

Shoes are off under tables, jackets draped over chair backs, laughter rising and falling in easy waves. Someone has started a careful negotiation between jazz standards and Japanese folk music on the sound system, and the bar—mercifully well-stocked—has been generous with Shane's glass.

He's not drunk. He's... buoyant. Warm around the edges. The sharp lines of vigilance that usually hold him together have softened just enough to let something reckless breathe.

Ilya, meanwhile, is thriving.

Shane watches him from across the room with a mix of pride and mounting irritation. Ilya stands near one of the low cocktail tables, posture relaxed, one hand resting lightly at his side, the other gesturing as he speaks. His English is a little more broken now, rhythm tilted by excitement and wine, accent thickening in a way that makes people lean in rather than away.

He laughs—open, unguarded—and the sound carries.

The woman he's talking to isn't family. Shane clocks that immediately. She's maybe mid-thirties, dark hair pinned neatly, dresses elegant without being formal. A friend of the bride, perhaps. Canadian, judging by the easy familiarity, the way she nods along even when Ilya's sentence structure goes sideways.

She laughs at something he says, bright and genuine—

—and then she touches him.

Just a hand, light, fingers resting briefly on his forearm as if to emphasize a point. It's casual. Probably unconscious.

Shane feels it like a flare going off behind his eyes.

His first thought is uncharitable and immediate. *Absolutely not.*

His second thought, trailing close behind and fueled by sake, is *who the hell do you think you are.*

He takes another sip. Sets the glass down with deliberate care. He tells himself he's just going to join the conversation. Be normal. Smile. Introduce himself.

He does none of those things.

He steps in close enough that his shoulder brushes Ilya's, close enough that his presence is unmistakable. He slips an arm around Ilya's waist with easy familiarity, palm warm and possessive against silk, thumb pressing just slightly as if to remind both of them where it belongs.

"Hey," Shane says, cheerful and unmistakably tipsy. "There you are."

Ilya startles—just a fraction—then relaxes immediately into the touch, body responding before his brain catches up. He turns, smile blooming when he sees Shane, eyes softening.

"Oh," he says. "Hi."

The woman blinks, recalibrating, her hand dropping away as if it's suddenly remembered gravity.

Shane grins at her, all teeth and charm and just enough edge. "Sorry to interrupt," he lies, "but I was looking for my husband."

There's a beat.

Her eyebrows lift. "Oh! I'm so sorry—I didn't realize—"

"It's okay," Ilya says quickly, accent thick, smile apologetic but fond. "He is... very married to me."

Shane squeezes his waist, pleased despite himself. "Wildly."

The woman laughs, a little flustered now but good-natured. “Well, you’ve clearly done something right,” she says to Shane. “He’s been charming everyone all night.”

Shane hums, leaning in closer, lowering his voice just enough. “Yeah. He does that.”

Ilya tilts his head, suspicious but amused. “You are drunk,” he murmurs.

“I am socially lubricated,” Shane corrects, pressing a kiss just shy of Ilya’s temple—public enough to be acceptable, intimate enough to make a point. “You were gone for a while.”

“I was, what you call it, mingling,” Ilya says, eyes dancing. “Like a normal person.”

“With hands?” Shane asks mildly.

Ilya snorts, then catches himself, glancing around. “She touched my arm. Is friendly.”

“I know,” Shane says. “I’m still interrupting.”

The woman smiles, gracefully retreating. “I should go find my seat anyway. It was lovely to meet you, Ilya.”

“You too,” he says sincerely.

She nods to Shane.

Shane watches her go, then exhales slowly, the tension bleeding out of him now that the threat—imagined or not—has passed.

Ilya turns fully toward him, one eyebrow raised. “You are jealous,” he remarks.

Shane shrugs, unapologetic. “You look like that. In front of people. I’m only human.”

Ilya studies his face, then smiles, warm and unmistakably his. He reaches up, straightens Shane’s collar with gentle fingers. “You are very obvious.”

“Good,” Shane says softly. “I want to be.”

They stand there for a moment, pressed together amid the hum of the reception, behaving just enough to pass, desire coiled tight and patient beneath it all.

During a slow, traditional dance performed by Kenji’s sisters, they stood at the back of the crowd. The room was dim, music swelling. Shane shifted behind Ilya, close enough that the flowing hem of Ilya’s *hakama* brushed against his dress pants. He let the back of his hand rest against the small of Ilya’s back, right where the stiff knot of the *obi* sat. He pressed, just slightly, feeling the solid warmth of him through the layers of silk.

Ilya inhaled sharply, a quick, silent intake of breath. He tilted his head back a fraction, his voice a gravelly whisper meant only for Shane. “You are... terrible. Are you trying to kill me in front of your whole family?”

“Just admiring the architecture,” Shane whispered back, his thumb making a tiny, circular motion against the silk. “My grandmother’s right. It suits your spirit. All this control... makes me wonder what happens when it breaks.”

Ilya turned his head then, just enough for Shane to see the blaze in his blue eyes, the want that mirrored his own, sharp and hungry beneath the veneer of ceremonial dignity. “Later,” Ilya promised, the words a vow and a threat. “You will see what breaks.”

The promise was a live wire between them for the rest of the evening. Through the speeches, through the cutting of the cake, a beautiful matcha sponge, through the shift to more contemporary music where relatives began to dance. Shane watched Ilya laugh at something David said, the stern lines of his face softening momentarily, and the coil inside Shane tightened another notch.

Finally, as the festivities began to wind down, Yuna appeared at their side, her eyes soft with happiness and fatigue. “You two were perfect,” she said, squeezing both their arms. “Go. You’ve been patient long enough. We’ll handle the rest.”

It was a dismissal and a blessing. They said their final, somewhat hurried goodbyes—another deep, approving nod from *Sobo*, a back-slap from David, a radiant hug from a tipsy Kenji.

The cold night air hit them like a physical shock as they stepped outside, the silence after the hours of noise a ringing void. Their town car idled at the curb. Shane held the door open, and Ilya slid in, the silk of his *hakama* whispering against the leather seat.

The moment Shane followed and the door shut, enclosing them in the dark, intimate capsule, the carefully maintained control snapped.

Shane didn’t reach for him. Not yet. He just looked, his gaze devouring the sight of Ilya in the passing streetlights—the elegant dishevelment of the outfit now, the stubborn strand of hair that had escaped its pomade prison near his temple.

Ilya met his stare, his chest rising and falling a little too quickly. The regal pretense was gone, stripped away by the privacy and the tension of the long night. In its place was a raw, familiar need.

“So,” Ilya said, his accent thicker, rougher with exhaustion and desire. He gestured vaguely at his clothes. “You enjoy your surprise, *milyi*?”

Shane finally moved, one hand coming up to cradle Ilya’s jaw, his thumb stroking over the sharp cheekbone. “Ilya,” he said, his voice rough. “I haven’t thought about anything else all night. I’m going to take this apart,” his fingers trailed down to the knotted *obi*, “so slowly. And then I’m going to mess up this perfect hair.”

A slow, predatory smile spread across Ilya’s face, the one that used to haunt Shane’s nightmares and now lit a fire in his blood. He captured Shane’s wandering hand, bringing it to his lips and pressing a hot, open-mouthed kiss to the palm.

“Good,” he growled. “Then we are even. Because all night, all I think is how you look at me... and it is only thing keeping me from kissing you.” He leaned forward, his forehead resting against Shane’s, their breaths mingling in the dark space between them. “Now drive fast.”

The door to their home clicked shut, and the world sealed away. The only sounds were their mingled breaths and the soft *shush* of silk as Ilya moved.

The grand, ceremonial poise was gone, shed in the private elevator ride up. In its place was a simmering intensity, a focus that had been banked for hours and now glowed white-hot. Shane leaned back against the closed door, just watching him. Ilya stood in the center of their dimly lit entryway, a statue carved from shadow and moonlight, the elegant lines of the kimono making him look both alien and devastatingly familiar.

Ilya’s eyes, dark and hungry, held Shane’s. He didn’t speak. Slowly, deliberately, he raised his hands to the knot of the *obi* at his waist. His long fingers, usually so sure and swift, worked with a deliberate, tantalizing slowness. The stiff, wide belt loosened. He didn’t remove it; he simply let it hang open, the two ends trailing down like dark waterfalls against the white under-robe.

It was an invitation. A silent command.

“Come here,” Ilya said, his voice a low, gravelly rasp that vibrated in the quiet space. No accent could disguise the raw want in it.

It was all consent, all the initiation Shane needed. He pushed off the door and crossed the space between them, his own movements hushed, reverent. He stopped just inches away, close enough to feel the heat radiating from Ilya’s body through the layers of silk, to smell the faint, clean scent of the formal fabric mixed with Ilya’s own skin.

Ilya’s hand came up, not to pull him closer, but to cradle his jaw, his thumb brushing over Shane’s lower lip. “All night,” Ilya murmured, his gaze dropping to Shane’s mouth. “You look at me with these eyes. And your freckles. Fuck.” His thumb pressed slightly, insistently. “Get on your knees, Hollander.”

A shiver, hot and liquid, shot down Shane’s spine. He didn’t hesitate. He sank to his knees on the polished hardwood floor, the position one of utter submission, his eyes level with the loosened *obi* and the promise beneath.

From this vantage point, Ilya was a giant. Black haori silk fell around him like wings. Shane looked up, meeting that blazing blue gaze. Ilya’s expression was a masterpiece of controlled hunger—lips slightly parted, nostrils flared, every line of his face taut with anticipation.

“Hands behind your back,” Ilya instructed softly.

Shane complied, lacing his fingers together at the small of his back. It made his posture straighter, more vulnerable, his chest open and offered.

Ilya rewarded him with a slow, approving hum. He reached down, and with a whisper of fabric, he finally untied and removed the *obi* completely, letting the heavy cord of silk drop to the floor beside Shane's knee. Then, his hands went to the front panels of the *haori*. He didn't shrug it off. He parted it, like opening a curtain.

Beneath was the crisp white *nagajuban*, and beneath that, the unmistakable outline of his arousal, straining against the fine cotton. Shane's breath hitched, a soft, desperate sound.

Ilya's fingers went to the tie of the under-robe. He loosened it, letting the garment fall open just enough. He wasn't fully exposed, not yet. The white fabric framed him, a stark contrast to the flushed, heavy weight of his cock. The precome already beaded at the tip, glistening in the low light.

"You see what you do?" Ilya asked, his voice thick. He wrapped his hand around himself, giving a slow, firm stroke, his eyes locked on Shane's face. He guided himself forward, the head brushing against Shane's parted lips. "Suck."

The first touch of skin to his mouth was electric. Shane's eyes fluttered closed as he leaned in, taking Ilya into the heat of his mouth with a deep, grateful groan that vibrated against him. The taste was salt and musk and pure Ilya, overwhelming and perfect.

Above him, Ilya hissed, a sharp intake of breath that ended in a choked-off curse in Russian. One of his hands came to rest on top of Shane's head, not forcing, but anchoring, his fingers tangling in the blond strands. He didn't thrust. He let Shane set the pace, let him explore, let him savor.

And Shane did. He lavished attention with his tongue, tracing the prominent vein on the underside, swirling around the sensitive head, taking him deeper until his throat relaxed and accepted. He worshipped with every part of himself—the eager suction, the hollowing of his cheeks, the soft, needy sounds he couldn't suppress. His own desire was a painful, throbbing ache, but it was secondary. This was the culmination of the night's exquisite torture. Serving, pleasuring, belonging to this man in the most primal way.

Ilya's control began to fray. His breathing grew ragged, the hand in Shane's hair tightening its grip. His hips gave tiny, involuntary jerks. "*Bozhe moy...* Shane... so good," he gasped, the words a broken litany. "Your mouth... *tak khorosho...*"

He let it go on until Shane was dizzy with it, until his jaw ached and his own need was a screaming fire. Then, with a gentle but firm pressure on his shoulder, Ilya pulled him off.

Shane looked up, dazed, lips swollen and wet. Ilya's face was a mask of fierce, beautiful agony. He was breathing hard, his cock glistening and utterly hard.

"Enough," Ilya growled, his voice wrecked. He reached down, his hands under Shane's arms, and hauled him to his feet with effortless strength. Before Shane could regain his balance, Ilya spun him and pushed him firmly against the nearest wall, his broad chest pressing against Shane's back.

Ilya's mouth found the side of Shane's neck, teeth scraping over the pulse point. His hands made quick, ruthless work of Shane's belt and zipper, shoving his dress pants and briefs down to his thighs in one rough, urgent motion.

"You want this?" Ilya breathed against his skin, one hand palming Shane's aching cock, the other pressing insistently between his cheeks. "You want me to fuck you here, against the wall, while I am still in this?"

The sensation of the cool, smooth silk of Ilya's clothing against his bare back, the brutal contrast of the rough demand in his voice—it shattered the last of Shane's coherence. "God, yes," he panted, pushing back against Ilya's hand. "Please, Ilya. *Now*."

Ilya's answer was a low, triumphant sound. He fumbled for a moment in the pocket of his discarded clothes, producing a small packet of lube he must have stashed there before the wedding, a man prepared. The tear of foil was obscenely loud.

The first slick, cool press of Ilya's fingers was a shock and a relief. He was impatient, stretching him quickly, efficiently, his own need too great for prolonged gentleness. It was almost too much, a delicious burn that made Shane cry out, his forehead pressing against the cool wall.

"Ready?" Ilya's question was a growl against his ear, his body a line of tense heat along Shane's back.

"Yes. *Now*."

Ilya didn't need telling twice. He positioned himself, the head of his cock nudging insistently, and then he was pushing in, a slow, relentless invasion that stole the air from Shane's lungs. The fullness was breathtaking, a perfect, stretching ache. Ilya was still mostly clothed, the silk of his under-robe whispering against Shane's skin with every minute shift, the formal trousers and *hakama* pooled at his own ankles, a ridiculous and unbelievably hot tangle.

He paused once he was fully seated, buried to the hilt, both of them trembling. Ilya's arms came around Shane's chest, holding him crushingly close. He turned his face into Shane's neck, his breath coming in hot gusts.

"*Moy*," Ilya whispered, the possessive Russian word a prayer. "Mine. All night, in front of everyone... but really, only mine."

Then he began to move.

The slow, deliberate push became a rhythm—deep, claiming strokes that drove Shane further up the wall with every thrust. The initial stretch bloomed into a consuming fire, a perfect friction that lit up every nerve ending. Ilya's pace wasn't frantic; it was relentless, each movement measured and devastatingly thorough, as if he was determined to imprint himself on Shane's very bones.

A high, broken whimper escaped Shane's throat, muffled against his own arm braced on the wall. It was a sound of pure surrender, of pleasure so acute it bordered on pain.

“I hear you,” Ilya growled into the sweat-damp skin of his shoulder, his voice thick with satisfaction. His hand slid from Shane’s chest down the quivering plane of his stomach, fingers splaying possessively before wrapping around Shane’s neglected, leaking cock. The touch was electric, a direct circuit that made Shane jolt violently, a full-body shudder wracking him. “You make such pretty sounds for me, *zaichik*. Let me hear more.”

He timed his strokes perfectly, his fist moving in counterpoint to the deep, driving rhythm of his hips. The dual sensation was overwhelming, a feedback loop of pleasure that short-circuited Shane’s ability to think. He was reduced to sensation. The burn of silk against his back, the solid, unyielding heat of Ilya filling him, the tight, perfect friction of Ilya’s hand on him.

Another thrust, harder, angled just so, and Shane cried out, a raw, unfiltered sound. “Ilya—*right there*, oh god—”

“*Da*, I know,” Ilya panted, his own control visibly fraying. His thrusts lost a fraction of their precision, becoming harder, faster, driven by the sounds Shane was making. “I know where it makes you fall apart.” He punctuated his words with a series of sharp, brutal drives that had Shane seeing stars, his knuckles white where they pressed against the wall.

Shane’s body was trembling violently, a live wire about to snap. The coil in his gut was wound impossibly tight, a screaming pressure building with every slide of Ilya’s cock inside him, every stroke of his clever, calloused hand. Pleasure mounted in dizzying waves, each crest higher than the last, threatening to pull him under. He was babbling, a stream of desperate, half-formed pleas and praises. “Please... don’t stop... so good, you feel so... I can’t...”

“You can,” Ilya insisted, his breath hot and ragged against Shane’s ear. His movements became punishing, a final, furious race. The slick, wet sounds of their joining filled the air, obscene and perfect. “You take me so well. Now come for me. Come all over my hand. Show me what I do to you.”

It was the command, the filthy, possessive order, that shattered the last of Shane’s restraint. The world dissolved into white-hot static. A broken scream was torn from his throat as his orgasm ripped through him, violent and all-consuming. His body convulsed, back arching wildly as he spilled over Ilya’s fist in hot, pulsing stripes, his vision tunneling to nothing but the feel of Ilya buried deep within him, milking him through it.

The clenching, fluttering tightness of Shane’s climax was Ilya’s undoing. With a guttural, choked-off roar—Shane’s name, or a curse, or both—Ilya slammed home one final, shuddering time and held there. Shane felt the hot, sudden rush of his release, the pulse and throb deep inside him, and the sensation dragged a second, weaker wave of pleasure from his oversensitive body, leaving him gasping and boneless.

For a long moment, they stayed locked together, braced against the wall, the only sounds their ragged, synched breathing and the slow drip of cooling *come* onto the floor. Ilya’s forehead was pressed between Shane’s shoulder blades, his entire weight a heavy, comforting anchor.

Slowly, carefully, Ilya pulled out. Shane whimpered at the loss, the sensitivity, his legs buckling. Ilya caught him before he could slide down the wall, turning him gently and gathering him into his arms. The formal silk of what he's wearing was now hopelessly stained and crumpled, sticking to both their sweat-slicked skin.

Ilya looked down at him, his face softened, the fierce intensity replaced by a sated, tender exhaustion. He brushed the damp hair from Shane's forehead. Shane could only stare up at him, utterly wrecked, his eyes glazed, lips kiss-swollen and parted.

"Mess," Ilya stated softly, a trace of smug awe in his hoarse voice. His thumb wiped at a stray tear or sweat track on Shane's cheek. "Beautiful mess."

He bent, and with a grunt of effort, hooked an arm under Shane's knees, lifting him clean off the floor. Shane, too spent to protest, let his head loll against Ilya's shoulder, nuzzling into the ruined silk as Ilya carried him, with surprising steadiness, away from the wall and toward the sanctuary of their bedroom, leaving the elegant trappings of the wedding night in a heap on the floor behind them.

Ilya carried him through the quiet dark of their house, past the scattered evidence on the floor. Ilya will take care of it in the morning. Shane, boneless in his arms, felt the world narrow to the steady beat of Ilya's heart against his ear and the secure strength of the arms holding him.

He was laid down on their bed with a gentleness that is a contrast to the ferocity of minutes before. The cool, clean sheets were a shock against his heated skin. He watched through heavy-lidded eyes as Ilya moved around the room in the dim light from the ensuite bathroom—a familiar, domestic silhouette shedding the last remnants of the ceremonial costume. The stained white under-robe was dropped to the floor. Ilya stood for a moment, naked and uninhibited, before disappearing into the bathroom.

Shane heard the soft rush of water, a cabinet opening. When Ilya returned, he carried a basin of warm water, a soft cloth, and a towel. He sat on the edge of the bed, his movements deliberate and focused.

"Here," he murmured, his voice a low, soothing rumble, the edges of his accent softened by exhaustion and care.

He started with Shane's face, wiping sweat and faint salt tracks with the warm, damp cloth. The touch was achingly tender, a world away from the possessive grip of earlier. Shane sighed, his eyes drifting closed, surrendering completely to the ministrations.

Ilya worked his way down, cleaning the sticky evidence of their passion from Shane's stomach and thighs with the same meticulous attention. There was no hurry, no awkwardness. It was a ritual of putting Shane back together after taking him so thoroughly apart. The cloth was warm, the pressure firm and comforting.

When he was finished, Ilya dried him with the soft towel, patting gently. Then he stood again, returning to the bathroom. Shane heard the click of a tube opening. Ilya came back with a

familiar jar of muscle balm, the one they used after brutal games. He warmed a dollop between his palms.

Without a word, he began to massage it into the small of Shane's back, where the tension of being braced against the wall had gathered. His hands were magic—strong, knowing, working out the faint tremors and knots with a pressure that was both deep and infinitely gentle. He moved to Shane's shoulders, his thumbs digging into the tight cords along his spine, easing the last vestiges of strain from the long, emotionally charged day.

A soft, involuntary groan of pure relief escaped Shane's lips. It was a different kind of vulnerability, this being cared for. It reached a place even deeper than the physical joining had.

Finally, Ilya pulled back the duvet and guided Shane beneath it, tucking the covers around him. He circled the bed, slid in on the other side, and immediately gathered Shane against him, skin to skin in the dark. He arranged them so Shane's back was flush against his chest, his arm a solid band across Shane's waist, holding him close. His lips pressed a soft, lingering kiss to the juncture of Shane's shoulder and neck.

The silence was full and peaceful, broken only by their slowing breaths. The scent of sandalwood from the ceremony was gone, replaced by the clean smell of soap, the menthol hint of the balm, and the essential, comforting scent of *them*.

Shane lay there, wrapped in warmth and absolute safety, feeling the profound rightness of it settle into his marrow. The intensity of the evening—the awe, the desire, the explosive release—had melted into this. A profound, quiet certainty.

He shifted slightly, turning his head just enough to speak into the darkness, his voice hoarse but clear.

"I still can't believe you're mine."

The arm around him tightened, just for a second. Ilya's breath hitched, a soft, almost wounded sound. He nuzzled his face into the back of Shane's hair, his reply a whisper breathed directly into his skin, the words shaped by an accent that would always mean home.

"I'm yours, *lyubimiy*," Ilya said softly, his voice thick with an emotion too vast for any language. "*navsegda*."

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