Ilya Rozanov's #1 Fanboy

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Ilya Rozanov's #1 Fanboy

by WhatTheBodyGraspsNot

Summary

Ilya brings his phone closer to his face in spite of himself, heat licking up his belly. Because that's Shane. Wearing Boston merch. Face red and annoyed but unmistakably amused, his teammate's hands grabbing at his arms to keep him in the shot with his shirt dragged up - no, not dragged up - there's no bottom half. At all. Shane Hollander is in the Metros locker room right now wearing a Raiders crop top.

looks like your #1 fanboy got lost rozanov!!!

After winning a highly-anticipated night of faceoffs, Ilya receives unintentionally sexy photos of Shane completing a bet with his team. Obviously he's gonna tell him to bring the crop top over for their hookup tonight. Obviously Shane's gonna stumble his way through figuring out why they both find him wearing Ilya's name so hot.

Notes

hey. i saw an ad for this crop top, blacked out, and woke up 5k words later.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya’s flying high off adrenaline and sheer athletic cockiness.

They may have just lost to the Metros by one measly goal, but the real buzz was around the faceoff circles tonight - from players, invested fans, and chomping media coverage alike.

After getting his ass handed to him by Hollander during almost every single faceoff last game - after having to hear about for *weeks* - Ilya was back for blood, and everyone took notice, Shane included. It’s one of their favorite ways to play. To tease, safely and out in the open, before retreating and falling into each other behind closed doors.

Ilya loves that shit.

And he loves to fucking win.

Which is why it’s icing on the cake when the texts come in - gooey, drippy, decadent icing that he wants to lick off his fingers.

He’s still in the locker room but he’s zipping up his bag, ready to head out when his phone lights up on the bench.

Unknown number.

Three messages.

He might ignore it if things were normal, but Ilya’s high as a fucking kite, pride and endorphins rushing through him like crazy.

And then he opens the messages.

It takes a second to register what’s going on - to process the two blurry photos and the text underneath. A nasty, gorgeous heat kicks in his belly like his body knows right away - like it’s not waiting for his brain to catch up.

And then it does.

Ilya’s pulse thickens as he takes in the hastily snapped shot of a guy backing away from the camera, multiple hands grabbing at him to keep him in frame and document the moment - the drag of a black Raiders t-shirt riding past his abs and-

Ilya flicks his attention up, checking for any wandering eyes in his own locker room, before gluing them back onto the phone - the second photo specifically. It’s less blurred, like the resistance is still there but the guy's just kind of accepted his fate and Jesus Christ, that’s not just a guy - some rando...

That’s *Shane.*

Holy fuck.

Ilya brings his phone closer to his face in spite of himself, heat licking up his belly.

That's Shane.

Wearing Boston merch.

Face red and annoyed but *unmistakably* amused. His teammate's hands grabbing at his arms to keep him in shot. Shirt dragged up - no, not dragged up - there's no bottom half. At all.

Shane Hollander is in the Metros locker room right now wearing a Raiders crop top.

looks like your #1 fanboy got lost rozanov!!!

Ilya draws in a steadying breath through his nose before he can do something stupid like text back. Or tell this mystery sender to bring Shane here. Or save the pictures to his phone.

He can't do any of that.

…can he?

No.

Another peek, his stomach swooping with arousal at the tempting sight of Shane in such a state. There'd be more of a drive to go put a stop to the friendly bullying if it wasn't for that embarrassed little smile across Shane's scrunched up, motion-blurred face.

Ilya knows a lost bet when he sees one.

Almost as well as how he can spot an opportunity.

Someone slams a bag down hard enough to remind him that their team just lost - to get him moving again, swiping out of the unknown messages to open Jane's before heading out.

good game

bring shirt

It takes an annoyingly long time for Shane to get his ass over to the house, messages gone unanswered.

But Ilya is patient.

He's loose, muscles well-worked.

Anticipation swirls in that warm, thick way it does when things are especially playful between the two of them.

He pours himself a drink and only takes a couple sips from it, finding he prefers the heat pumping through him just the way it is. All he needs is to pull the texts back up, plenty of privacy now in the low light of his home to ogle that tight, slutty stretch of exposed waist.

It's where the transition finds him, Ilya's pulse thickening and gaze lifting at the sound of the doorbell.

Yes.

Finally.

After all these years, he knows Shane. Right now he's got enough of a high going off the game win to not be a sore loser about the faceoffs. Which works perfectly in Ilya's favor, his grin only marginally cocky when he greets him at the door.

"You don't need to say anything," is the first thing out of Shane's mouth as he pushes through. "It was a bet and I lost and that's it, alright?" His face is flushed - shoes toed off before he even turns to look and-

Ilya brings it all to an immediate pause, backing his disgruntled ass up until he can press him against the wall and swoop in close.

For the sheer amount of horny energy coursing through him right now, it's a remarkably gentle kiss. Ilya's not sure where it's coming from, but he likes it. And Shane likes it. And-

A breath as Shane leans back, head against the wall to fix him with a look. "You deleted them, right?"

Ilya seizes the opportunity. Maps the line of his jaw with his fingers now that he can finally touch, just like he's wanted to since their first meetup on the ice tonight.

"Rozanov…"

"Yes?"

"W-..." A blink, annoyed but fluttery. "The pictures. You deleted them."

It's less of a question now and more of an assumption. A hope.

"Of course," Ilya assures him, making the mental note to get back to his phone before Shane has a chance to.

There must be a way to keep them.

He'll figure it out.

Or maybe the novelty of it all will be quenched once he gets to see the real thing.

Ilya crowds against him again, hands and mouth making their way lower - kisses down the side of Shane's warm neck - fingers unzipping his jacket and hands helping themselves inside and-

Ilya leans back, just a touch breathless as he stares at the t-shirt he finds with disappointment.

"What's this?"

Shane swallows, trying to get his breath back too.

And Ilya's being very patient, he thinks. "Hollander, what is this?"

"I-..." With a huff, Shane knocks his hands away. "Jesus - what, you thought I was gonna run around town in a Rozanov shirt?"

"Rozanov *crop top."*

"I *know* what it is. That's not the point."

Ilya's patience is slowly draining. He likes Hollander so much, but he's too horny for this, he's realizing. It was too much too quick. Too good right off the bat - the powerful swoop of arousal that had taken over him in the locker room. And now he has to wait.

"Oh my god." Shane must be picking up on it because he rolls his eyes, shoving a hand behind himself to slip something free from the back of his waistband.

He holds it up, folded but obvious in the dim lighting.

There it fucking is.

Ilya's pulse kicks. Voice lowers. "Put it on…"

"Now?"

"Yes, Hollander, *now - Jesus Christ."* He can feel himself losing it. Like a hyena that's starting to lose patience with a fussy antelope. "What, are you waiting for whole team to get here or something?"

"No…" Shane insists, although there's a blush that rises to his face with the thought of it.

Something to consider later, apparently. Much later.

Like 'after Ilya takes this motherfucker apart with his teeth' later.

Stepping away is difficult, but he manages it, all at once committed to calming the fuck down.

He needs to keep a cool head. It's what won him all those faceoffs tonight. What got him back here without being stupid and blowing their cover over a prank text from a rival team.

What's gonna get him inside Shane - as soon as possible - as soon as he gets his ass to the bathroom to change.

Waiting is so unbelievably hard, though.

He shouldn't have to wait, Ilya thinks, walking back into the living room to swipe his glass from the table for a drink.

He contemplates bringing the photos back up.

Contemplates deleting them off his phone.

Maybe Shane wants to be here to see him do that.

Maybe he'll want to see him *keep them.*

No. He can't keep them. No matter how unintentionally hot they are.

Ilya draws in another long breath through his nose, a reminder that he's supposed to be calming the fuck down. He pulls another one into his lungs and holds it… Eyes closed… Seconds counting…

In the hallway, the bathroom door clicks open out of sight.

Ilya opens his eyes, ravenous and ready.

When Shane steps back into view, he's facing away from him, tracking back to where he had last seen Ilya by the door.

A moment, his step faltering when he's met with an empty room… Body stilling just long enough for Ilya to sweep his gaze up and devour, this deep, excited pulse of hunger working through him as he takes in the black boxer briefs that are clinging to him…the beautiful, gentle slope of his exposed lower back…all of it leading up to the shirt in question, loose black cotton draped perfectly over tight shoulders, gold lettering branded across.

Rozanov

81

Ilya is so fucking hungry his mouth waters with it.

All it takes is the sound of a step behind him for Shane to turn around, finally placing where Ilya is currently sizing him up.

And then everything sets into motion.

For Ilya at least. Shane stays glued to his spot, nothing more than awkward shifts of his weight as Ilya begins to slowly circle around him, taking in the view at his leisure now that it's being presented to him.

He grins, voice low. “You kept it…” An unneeded observation, but one that sends a shock of sneaky pleasure through him all the same.

Later, he’ll let himself imagine how that went down. How Shane managed to get away with it, all swept up in the spotlight of victory and falling victim to a lost, high-stakes bet. How his teammates even got him in this thing in the first place.

There’s a story in there somewhere. Forward thinking from the team. Ilya will get to the bottom of it eventually. “Where did it come from?” he asks now.

Shane attempts an unaffected shrug, and it does nothing but pull attention to the stretch of cotton over his shoulders, Ilya’s slow circle stalling to take him in from the front. “I dunno… Some website probably…?”

It’s not official merch. Nor is it form-fitting. There’s room to breathe. A space to slip a hand underneath before it cuts off to reveal creamy, golden-lit skin. And he’s not sure why, but Ilya finds that all the more tempting.

“You uh… You didn’t respond…” Shane fidgets. Filling space. “To the text…”

Ilya tilts his head a bit with interest. “Did you want me to?”

“No…”

Because that would’ve been stupid. They both know that. And yet…

The need to move closer finally swells into something unmanageable, desire dragging out Ilya’s movements at the thought of what could have been.

“Maybe I should have…” he considers, completing the circle he’s mapped around Shane’s stiff, gorgeous body. “Maybe I should have come gotten you. My *‘little lost fanboy…’”* What a thought. God, it’s good enough to eat, Ilya pressing in nice and close to say it behind him, lips to Shane’s ear. “They did very good job wrapping you up for me.”

The hitch in Shane’s breath is delicious. A clear attempt at keeping a cool head himself. It’d be much easier to pull off if he didn’t immediately press back into his body.

Ilya grins, not letting himself reach around and touch yet.

He’s gonna let Shane work himself up all on his own.

“You like this, don’t you…? Wearing my name…”

A huffy, shuddering laugh. “I fucking hate it…”

“No you don’t…”

“Makes my skin crawl…”

But, “No,” Ilya teases, and finally - *finally* - he lets himself indulge, drawing the lightest little touch up Shane’s bare stomach from behind. “I think it makes you *hot,* Hollander…” he grins. “I think it turns you on…”

He can hear it in the shakiness of his breath. He can see it in the heat blushing across the back of his neck. He can feel it - *Jesus Christ, can he feel it* - in the way Shane leans into him, like he’s begging Ilya to do something to him without having to say it - without having to *admit anything.*

Luckily for him, it’s time to eat.

“Let me see you.”

A moment of hesitation, and then Shane is turning as instructed, head and gaze lowered like maybe he doesn’t trust himself to look in the close space. He holds loose fists at his side, all while Ilya reaches down to frame his hips with his hands, eager palms sliding up the gorgeous curve of his bare waist.

Holy fuck, this is sexy…

“Rozanov…”

“Hmm…?”

But he won’t say anything. Won’t move. It’s just a loud, thick swallow, abs tensing in a shudder as Ilya stalls a palm on his stomach, the other coming to grab his shoulder, and then start walking him backwards with it.

“Where are we going…?”

A good question. And an easy answer. “I’m hungry, Hollander. To the victor goes the spoils.”

To his credit, Shane stays on his feet, blindly trusting Ilya’s steering despite the near-frantic desperation that begins to clip his tone, “Am…I the spoils?”

“Yes, Hollander…” Ilya grins, and then everything comes to a head as he backs him up, right against the edge of the kitchen island. “You are the spoils.”

The kiss is no longer gentle.

They left that shit at the door, trading in for something searing now. Something ravenous. Ilya licks into his mouth and Shane grabs at his neck and pulls him in closer, hungry for whatever’s about to happen to him.

And speaking of…

Without another thought Ilya zeroes in, both hands grabbing above his hips to haul Shane right up onto the countertop in front of him.

Shane lets out this little noise of surprise. Lets out this little breath of exertion as Ilya drags him across the marble until they're flush together, a big hand spread over his bare lower back.

"Jesus Christ…" He's winded. Flustered by the attention. *So* fucking turned on by it all, even though he's trying so hard to hide it.

Ilya's not gonna let him.

"Your team is fun," he admits between kisses down Shane's neck, "but they are stupid."

His lips travel all the way down past the gold Boston lettering, then back up again, keeping Shane winded. "…how's that…?" Morbid curiosity.

Ilya is more than happy to explain. "Putting you in my number… They think this is fate worse than death for you…" he says. "Little do they know you are *here* when game is done. In my home… In my kitchen… Waiting like good little fanboy to be fucked…"

He's not sure which part does it, but that's enough to get Shane's head falling backward, a curse falling from his mouth on a groan.

Ilya presses a grin to his throat and then dips lower - pushes Shane back by the shoulder but keeps his ass at the edge of the counter, opening him up so he can taste the warm, exposed stretch of abdomen without anything in the way.

Shane's muscles clench under his tongue…

Thighs squeeze around him…

Voice comes out in a struggle, as stubborn as it is delicious.

"I'm not…a *fanboy*..."

Ilya simply hums against him, curious how far he plans on sticking to that story. "No…?"

"No…"

"Mmm, I think you are…" He licks over trembling muscle… Sucks lightly at the warm skin just below his navel. "I think you are *dying* with excitement to be here…"

He can hear Shane breathe out a smile - the first crack in his stubborn facade. And once he finally gives in, a hand threading into Ilya's hair, *god,* it's fucking perfect. "Fuck you, Rozanov…"

"Mm… Only once I am done playing…"

He plans on taking his time, and take his time he does.

He lays Shane out over his expensive countertop - under the dim, honeyed lighting of the kitchen. Indulges in pretty, sweaty skin and pretty, nasty noises once he finally makes his way into those boxer briefs.

Shane's always been beautiful, but Ilya's fucking lost in it tonight, feeding off every little sound - every hitch of his breath and swear that falls from his lips as he threads his fingers in Ilya's curls, following the bounce of his head between his legs with both hands, knees bent and feet perched at the edge of the counter.

"Fuck…" like music to Ilya's ears. *"Fuck* Rozanov wait…! …wait wait wait wait…!"

It's a true test of self restraint, but Ilya takes pity on him, focusing instead on kissing back up his stomach and his chest and over his team name and-

"Oh my god…" Shane's really losing it up here, grabbing blindly for Ilya's hand where he slides it under the high crop of the shirt. "Oh my god, Rozanov…"

"You sound like I've fucked you already."

"Sh-...shut up," he squeezes his eyes shut, recalibrating, blinking them back open as he tries to catch his breath, "No- it's just-..."

"What?"

"Nothing," he defaults to. Then, "I dunno…" more honest, pretty eyes finally blinking up from where he lays. "This is hot, right…? Why is this so hot?"

Ilya holds himself off a second more, waiting impatiently for him to come to the obvious conclusion on his own.

No luck. Just blushy cheeks under the tiny hanging ceiling lamps. Parted lips, wet and waiting for Ilya to devour him again, chest heaving under rival colors.

Jesus Christ.

Ilya hauls him back up and into his arms until he's dragged him off the counter completely, heavy and perfect and *so* fucking oblivious - god, he's gonna have to fuck the understanding into him, isn't he?

"I can *walk,"* Shane huffs into his neck, but makes no attempts to do so.

And it doesn't even matter anyway because it's just a few steps more and then Ilya's bringing them both down onto his bed, following after without letting space in.

He reaches for the switch near his nightstand - more soft, sexy light that paints over Shane so perfectly that he's immediately back, pulling the drawer open for what they need.

The lube gets grabbed from him because it always does and tonight, for once, Ilya's not complaining. If there's one thing Shane knows how to do, it's get himself ready to be fucked like there's a world record riding on it.

Ilya pulls his own shirt over his head, lost in the unspeakably gorgeous sight laid out beneath him. "Christ, Hollander… You paint very pretty picture…" He knees out of his pants. Takes himself in hand, giving himself a few strokes before tearing open the condom with his teeth

and spitting out the corner. “Wearing someone else’s number… Getting yourself ready for my cock… What would your team think, I wonder…”

Shane’s eyes stay shut, but a furrowed line etches between his brows, voice straining as that very thing must play out for him in his mind. “Shut up…”

“I think you don’t actually want me to,” Ilya grins, because he’s not stupid like Shane must think he is. He can see it all, every little thing that Shane must think he’s hiding. “I think actually you are not such a good boy after all. Not so loyal to your Metros…”

“Rozanov…”

“Maybe much more loyal to the one who fucks you when they aren’t looking.”

Beneath him, Shane groans and it’s this interesting concoction of frustration and heat, his fingers slipping out so he can slide himself upward until he’s right where he needs to be to get this all going. Right where he needs to be to get fucked.

And suddenly, a wild and horrible air of playfulness works over Ilya. Like he’s being possessed by a demon. “Eager.”

“M’not…”

“No? Take off the shirt.”

Shane’s eyes immediately lock onto his - “What? No.” - something cornered flashing in them. Then defensiveness. “Fuck you.”

“You want to deny these things about yourself? Fine. I fuck you like normal - without shirt-”

“I’m-...” oh, the way Shane’s suddenly backpedaling down there is a thing of beauty, “Shut up,” arms pressing to his sides like he’s preparing for Ilya to manhandle him out of it or something. “Shut up. Fuck me.”

“Ahh…now you’re sounding like real Boston Raider…”

The huff that falls from Shane is more than frustrated. It’s impatient. It’s annoyed. It’s endlessly, breathtakingly turned on. “Why are you doing this to me right now?”

And that’s the point of it, isn’t it? That’s what he’s still halfway across the house trying to figure out, spread over Ilya’s countertop like he's about to be paired with fine wine. “Because, Hollander,” he says down to him, close enough to share breath, but not close enough to kiss. “Because you let me.”

He can feel the protest on Shane’s tongue, but it never sees the light of day. It gets lost in the thick, swirling space between them. The words that fall freely from Ilya’s mouth now.

“You will keep shirt on because you want to,” he murmurs, “...yes?”

The silence that follows is heavy, but when Shane's voice returns to him it's heady… honest…*low.* "Yes…"

Ilya nods, keeping things close but letting his fingers dance up the bare span of his waist. "You like wearing my number…"

"Yes…"

"Because you like that it is *mine.* And you like that it is on *you."*

A beat, weighed down with much more than they've ever had the nerve to reveal.

Slowly, Shane nods, the word barely over a whisper. *"Yes."*

Yes.

Finally, they get there.

With a new sense of determination flaring through him, Ilya swoops forward, taking Shane's mouth and taking Shane's wrists and helping them around until he's hanging on - until they're right where they need to be for-

Shane nods and pulls him in and Ilya sinks inside, burying himself with a groan that sounds way too heartfelt for how steamy this just got.

"Oh fuck-" Shane gasps and then it's all over. Any self restraint that was still clinging on snaps, relentlessly chipped away since the moment he saw those pictures in the locker room.

Ilya drags himself up, hips pumping, hand grabbing Shane's chest over the gold block-lettering that got them here in the first place.

He thought those photos were hot, but nothing can compare to this - cotton riding up in all the right places - muscles going into overtime as Shane fucks himself down onto Ilya's cock. Holy fuck, what he wouldn't give…

With a rush of inspiration - or maybe as a chance to fight back the orgasm trying *very* hard to build - Ilya pulls out and flips Shane over, immediately grabbing under his hips to pull him up.

Shane scrambles to his knees, chest still pressed to the mattress, and god the noise he lets out when Ilya fills him back up is delicious. *All* of this is. The feeling of Shane clenching around him. The satisfaction of seeing things through. The insanely sexy sight of Shane taking him in, warm light casting down the pretty curve of his spine, all the way to where Ilya's name is stamped across his back.

Holy *fuck.*

"Now this is good photo…" he can't help but tease, continuing the pump of his hips but unable to resist the urge to follow the curve with his hand - hot, sweaty skin under the wrong combination of colors. "Maybe I will take one myself…" He drags it all the way up to the

back of Shane's neck, holding him down into the pillow. "One for me…one for your Metros…"

A strangled sound gets buried down there, but no matter how hard he tries, Shane can never hide everything. Especially not the way he clenches around Ilya's cock at the thought.

"I felt that…" And the next one too. A feedback loop of pleasure that gets Shane's skin red hot. But… "Do not worry… I would keep for myself only…" He can feel his pleasure starting to build up again at the mere concept of something like this living in his phone - to look at whenever he wants. "Just for me, Hollander… Like my name on your back…"

"Fuuuck…" Shane moans out into the pillow and then he's dragging his face away, letting it all fall free as he starts chasing after his orgasm himself, fucking back on Ilya's cock like he's- "Fuck-...! Oh fuck, I think I'm-"

Ilya's eyes roll shut as Shane comes around him, the sudden intensity mixing with every other devastating detail and he tries to hold off - he really does - but it sneaks up on him, his hips pressing in good and deep as he follows right behind.

Underneath him, Shane lets out this broken noise, and for one blissed out, mid-orgasm moment, Ilya wonders if voice recordings would fly. You know…since photos obviously don't.

An insane thing to wonder and yet here he is, steadying them both with a rub of his hand down the curve of Shane's spine, waiting for a polite time to pull out.

When it comes, he still feels wired. Feels high, endorphins popping off in every corner of his body as he collapses onto the other side of his bed.

"Oh my god..." floats from the pillow next to him, frail but satisfied.

Before another breath can leave him, Ilya's unearthing Shane from it, dragging him across the mattress, bodily, until he's come to rest beneath his arm.

A sigh… Shaky…

And then.

More steady this time. *Astonished.* "Oh my god…"

Like Shane isn't shocked to be laid up in Ilya's bed, but he's definitely planning to go over every little moment that got him here once he's alone.

To each their own. Ilya's got some thinking to do himself.

"That was…different."

"Yes…"

"But…"

Ilya lets his eyes fall open. Lets himself take in the smile trying to be squashed down next to him. “But…?”

That was different, *but*...

Beside him, a sigh escapes Shane, that smile slipping out on the end of it despite his best efforts. Enough of that then.

He’s changing directions. “We don’t ever talk about this…”

Oh, on the contrary. “I will tell all in next interview.”

“You can’t even think about it.”

“I am thinking about it *now,* Hollander,” Ilya combats, delighted by the playfulness that just never seems to stop between them, no matter how *‘different’* the sex is - how hard they're still trying to catch their breaths. “I will think about it for weeks. Set it as reminder. Check in with my number one fanboy, Shane Hollander-”

“Fuck *off,”* he interrupts but the laughter behind both words softens the blow - both metaphorical and physical - his fist landing with far too much delight against Ilya’s chest.

None of that is true, of course. What happened tonight will never leave this house. Whoever messaged Ilya those pictures will never get a text back. This will stay buttoned up between them so tight that it cuts off their circulation.

Until the next time.

With a dramatic, heavy heart, Ilya makes a scene out of leaning over Shane to grab his phone out of his pants. But once he’s back…

“What’s that…?”

He can feel Shane watching him as he navigates back to the unknown sender. Casts a look his way to make sure he’s witnessing this, spotting how those eyes widen with mortification as he takes in the pictures of himself for no doubt the very first time - all their blurry, locker room wet-dream glory.

“Jesus *Christ.”*

“They are very good,” Ilya insists. “I want to keep them.” And then, with one last farewell, “But I won’t.”

He thumbs through the options and deletes the text thread, both of them watching it disappear into nothing.

Beside him, Shane quietly rests an arm around Ilya’s middle. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“What about your camera roll?”

Ilya blinks. Thinks to fix him with a look of exhaustion, but can’t blame the guy, he realizes. If something mattered to Ilya as much as this clearly matters to Shane, he would exhaust all possibilities too. So…

He opens up his camera roll, suddenly feeling in the spotlight for every picture contained inside, and not the very specific absence of two.

But Shane isn’t judging.

On the contrary, he’s heaving a sigh of relief, letting his head tilt in one satisfied, drawn out nod. “Okay.”

“Yes?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” Ilya shuts his screen off. Tosses his phone to the end of the bed. Can’t help but welcome the playful clutches as that demon seems to roll around above his head again. “You understand what this means, of course.”

“Do I?”

“Yes…” It’s actually quite simple. “You deny me these images,” he reasons, “you must make up for it in real life.”

The huff of laughter from Shane’s nose is as cute as it is instigating. “Oh is *that* what it means?”

“Yes - obviously. Many, many, many more viewings of you in your skimpy little crop top-”

“Okay-”

“Maybe I will get you more Raiders merch-”

“Definitely don’t have to do *that-”*

“Sign a special headshot for you so next time you’re away you can-”

“Hey.” The full weight of Shane coming to settle on his chest cuts off the rest, his tone calm but entertained as he speaks down to him. “I get it, okay? Message received.”

Satisfied with that, Ilya grins, looking forward to seeing his name across these shoulders more often. In privacy, of course.

“I’m gonna go take a shower,” Shane says then. Because of course he does.

“Put shirt back on when you’re done,” is Ilya’s caveat. Because of course it is.

It’s enough to get Shane laughing. To fire off an honest to god headshake at him as he lifts himself away and then off the bed.

Ilya follows with the movement, head in his hand, not hiding in the slightest how he eats up the sight of Shane’s retreating form as he walks toward the bathroom.

Because damn, he thought his name looked good across that back at first?

Obviously he hadn’t been blessed with the sight of this yet - that sweet, muscular waist narrowing down into the world’s cutest bubble butt, Ilya’s name proudly displayed above it all in huge gold letters.

Truly picture perfect.

Ilya’s number one fanboy.

End Notes

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