

i'm waiting for it (that green light, i want it)

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by [sevendawn](#)

Summary

“Three weeks ago, I sent a message that says you need to wait to come,” he says, leaning down to nip at Shane’s earlobe, kiss his chin and neck.

“I knew you would do it, because you are perfect. I did not doubt this for a second.”

Ilya props himself up on his knees and one arm above Shane so that he can worm his hand into the waistband of Shane’s boxers. Shane squirms slightly, reaching up to try and capture Ilya’s lips with his.

“So now I will give you a reward. You will come until you feel like maybe you will never come again, and when we are done, I will wash you and tuck you into bed.”

OR

Ilya tells Shane not to come until they see each other again in three weeks.

Notes

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

Ilya sends the text as soon as his plane touches down in Boston from a weekend trip to Montreal.

Lily

I do not want you to come again until I see you

He smiles to himself as the three bubbles pop up immediately, disappearing and reappearing four times before Shane sends a message back.

Jane

Are you crazy???

We won't see each other for three weeks

And don't text me that stuff out of nowhere- what if someone was looking over my shoulder????

Ilya's grin widens at Shane's aggravation and he tips his head down to hide it, entirely conscious of the fact that he's still in public, still seated on the plane. He had been thinking about sending the message the entire flight, about what Shane would say and his inevitable outrage. He hadn't been able to force himself to wait until he was safely home to send the message.

He still forces himself to wait to respond until he's in his Uber home, a little spike of excitement rising in his chest at the thought of Shane waiting anxiously for his message. He makes it halfway home before he starts typing.

Lily

Shane Hollander, king of self control, cannot wait three weeks to get off?

You eat like a rabbit and wake up at 6am the day after games to run, but you are this desperate to touch yourself?

Jane

This is different and you know it.

I do those things so I can play better. You think I'll be able to play my best if I'm pent up?

Lily

Will be worth it

I will give you a very, very good reward

It takes Shane a minute to respond to that. When the message finally comes through, Ilya's stomach jumps a little.

Jane

Fine. I hate you.

This better be the best reward I've ever gotten.

Lily

Everything I give you is the best reward you've ever gotten

Otherwise you would not always come so fast, yes?

Shane leaves him on read for that, which is probably deserved. He tucks his phone away as his house comes into view, thankful that he has no obligations for the rest of the day. He's been half hard since the plane ride, and he wants to get off thinking about how Shane's going to suffer for the next three weeks just because Ilya told him to.

The first week carries on as usual. Shane is busy with games and practice, so he probably doesn't have much time to think about getting off. Ilya knows he usually goes four or five days usually anyway, something that Ilya himself could never do. He starts getting antsy after a day, so he has no idea how Shane does it, but three weeks is pushing it even for Shane.

Ilya watches him destroy the Admirals 4-1, forcing himself to only celebrate the trouncing of Scott Hunter a little bit. Hunter had gotten Ilya to the cottage, and Ilya had an incredible amount of respect for what he'd done with Kip, but Ilya still had to hate him at least partially, just on principle.

He watches Shane take his helmet off and shake his hair out, camera zooming in on his face, flushed red with exertion and a huge grin plastered on his face, and then he opens his phone and shoots him a text.

Lily

You say no to a threesome, but you are fucking Scott Hunter?

He plays around on his phone, idly watching the end of the game before he gets a notification.

Jane

I wouldn't call it fucking. He played pretty well, all things considered, especially since he just got back from his leg injury.

Lily

He is old. Brittle bones

It's ok. I will let you fuck him like this. If I did not, maybe he would get the cup again.

Jane

He's not getting the cup again. There's no way I'll let that happen.

Are you saying you think he's going to beat you?

Lily

Of course not. My team is the best in league, but maybe there is a freak accident.

Jane

You wish you were the best, but the stats don't lie.

Ilya rolls his eyes fondly. It's true, the Voyageurs record this season is just slightly better than the Bears, but nothing that can't be fixed in the next few games.

Lily

Let's get back to the part about the fucking.

You are keeping your promise, yes?

Jane

Don't you have some practice or exercise to do or something?

Yes, I've kept my promise.

I haven't even had time to think this week.

Lily

Good. Keep this up and you will get your reward

After we destroy you in game

Jane

In your dreams.

Ilya smiles as he clicks his phone off.

It takes until halfway through the second week for Shane to start struggling. They've been texting intermittently throughout the day every day, updating each other on all the little

details of their lives. It's one of Ilya's favorite things about their dynamic after years of barely any communication.

He's toweling off his hair from his after-practice shower when his phone buzzes. He sets his towel down and picks his phone up, Shane's contact lighting up his screen.

Jane

Are you sure I have to go the entire time?

It's vague, but Ilya knows what he's talking about instantly. Heat pools in his stomach thinking about Shane, alone in his hotel room, thinking about getting off. *Asking* Ilya about getting off.

Lily

Yes. Three weeks.

You are giving up already?

He can imagine Shane's little huff of indignation. Shane Hollander has probably never given up on anything in his life.

Shane

No.

Ilya waits for his next message, but it doesn't come, so he sets his phone down and finishes getting ready for bed. When he tucks himself under the covers and picks his phone back up, there's another message waiting for him.

Jane

But I'm not allowed a pass?

Lily

Are you taking a pass on your rabbit food when I tell you I am making real food?

Jane

Well, you're always trying to get me to take a pass on that.

So maybe I can take it on this instead.

Ilya laughs to himself under his breath. He can picture Shane tucked into bed, thinking about how he can best convince Ilya that letting him get off is the same as having a cheat meal.

Lily

No pass.

It's only a few more days.

Jane

Easy for you to say.

At the end of the week, after Shane's third consecutive win, Ilya knows he must be losing his mind. The adrenaline of winning always makes Shane horny, and the knowledge that he isn't allowed is probably making it even worse. Shane has been texting him less at night, which Ilya assumes is because he's trying to avoid falling into temptation, or worse, begging Ilya to relent.

Shane's pride doesn't allow him to beg until he's at the absolute end of his rope, but the downfall always starts like this; forced distance as a desperate attempt to keep himself from falling far enough that he has to beg.

The fact that he's at this point and there's still a week left makes Ilya almost lightheaded. He's been jerking off twice, sometimes three times a day every day just thinking about it. He almost feels bad that he's getting off so much when Shane has nothing, but he really does plan to reward him massively the next time he sees him.

He would probably reward Shane regardless of if he failed or not, especially since he's trying so hard, but he knows Shane will only let himself truly have the pleasure if he feels he's earned it.

Three days into the last week, on game day, Ilya wakes up at six in the morning to the buzz of a message from Shane. He furrows his brows; Shane always runs at six.

Jane

Ilya

Heat stabs Ilya in the stomach and he breathes in deeply. For Shane to send just his name, no explanation and no punctuation, he must be really struggling.

Lily

You are texting me during your run?

Must not be running fast enough

The typing bubbles pop up immediately.

Jane

I went earlier. I couldn't sleep.

Ilya plays dumb.

Lily

Why not?

Jane

You know why.

Lily

What are you doing now?

Shane

I'm going to go to the rink early to get some extra practice.

I don't know if I can be home alone right now.

Ilya had woken up hard, but now he was almost throbbing. He pushes his left hand against his erection through his sleep pants, typing one handed.

Lily

You are scared there is a monster in your house?

Maybe your pillow collection will come to life

He knows it's a little mean to tease Shane when he's like this, but he can't help himself. Shane ignores it completely.

Jane

I've been having to go home to shower after practice so I don't embarrass myself.

Ilya groans, pressing down harder before pulling his pants down just enough to take his dick out. He quickly spits on his hand, tipping his head back at the friction as he starts to jerk himself off.

Lily

I am sure Pike is disappointed

Jane

I think he's starting to realize something is up.

I had to tell him I wasn't feeling well yesterday so I could leave fast.

Ilya moves his hand faster, twisting his wrist just the way he likes it, not bothering to tease himself. He's already breathing heavy, Shane's words hitting him with waves of heat. It takes a few minutes for Shane's next message to come through, and Ilya is dangerously on edge.

Jane

I didn't think this would be this hard

The admission slams Ilya in the gut, and his orgasm crashes into him, catching him off guard. He groans as he works himself through it, and as soon as the pleasure starts to turn to overstimulation, he snaps a picture of his hand, covered and sticky, and sends it to Shane.

It only takes a few seconds for his phone to start ringing, and he grabs a tissue off his nightstand to wipe his hands off as he presses accept. As soon as the call goes through, Ilya can hear Shane's breathing, rapid and uneven, but he doesn't say anything.

"You need something?" Ilya says nonchalantly.

"Ilya," Shane says, and his voice is thready and weak. "You seriously can't- you can't do that. It's not fair."

Ilya smirks.

"It's not fair for me to show you how I feel about your messages? Maybe I was having trouble thinking of the right words to respond."

Shane makes a frustrated noise.

"You're such an asshole. I'm really- I'm trying," he says, his voice breaking slightly at the end.

Ilya's heart softens at the clear need in Shane's voice.

"After we play the game, I will give you your reward, and we will do whatever you want. I will even make rabbit food and we can watch the dumb movie you like where they talk about all the different birds," he says, keeping his voice soothing even as he teases.

"It's called a documentary. It's not dumb, it's National Geographic," Shane says, and his voice is a little steadier.

Ilya rolls his eyes. Only Shane would fight him about a movie even when he's so desperate to get off that he can barely hold a conversation.

"In three days, sweetheart. Will be worth it. You are Shane Hollander. You can do this."

"Three days. You're right," Shane breathes out slowly. "Okay. Three days. I'm gonna go to the rink. I love you."

"I love you too. Tell Pike I said fuck you."

Shane laughs as he ends the call, and Ilya's heart feels light.

The next few days are touch and go. On Wednesday, Shane texts Ilya all day, mundane little updates about Rose or Hayden or whatever he's doing. On Thursday, they both have a game. Both teams win their respective games, but it's a close call for the Voyageurs. When Ilya watches the game back, he can tell Shane is a little off.

Ilya spends all of his time either at the rink or thinking about Shane, which isn't unusual, but the dial has been turned all the way up. He's thinking about Shane the whole time he's at the rink too, missing easy shots in practice because he's distracted. When it gets so bad that Marleau asks him if there's something wrong with him, he realizes that this is getting to him just as much as it's getting to Shane.

On Friday, the day before their game in Boston, Shane sends him a good morning message but nothing else until he's boarding his flight at 8pm. Ilya knows there's no chance of Shane getting away to see him once he gets to his hotel, and it would probably make the challenge infinitely harder anyway, so he just sends back a heart and lets Shane be with his team.

When he wakes up the next morning, he sends Shane a quick text before he starts getting ready for morning skate.

Lily

Ready to eat shit?

Jane

There is absolutely no way I am letting you win after this

Ilya knows "this" means their little game, and he grins thinking about how Shane's going to be riled up on the ice, playing twice as hard. He will probably be a little mad at Ilya too, which just makes him play harder, which is just how Ilya likes it. There is nothing in the world Ilya enjoys more than true competition between him and Shane, with both of them absolutely hellbent on winning.

He knows if the Bears win, Shane will be even more frustrated, both with Ilya and with himself, but Ilya's going to provide him a reward that will relieve him of all his frustrations.

When he steps onto the ice that night, Ilya is buzzing with anticipation. The Voyageurs are on a winning streak, meaning the Bears haven't quite been able to catch up to their lead, but a win during this game would set them even.

Beyond that, Ilya feels like he's buzzing out of his skin with Shane so close to him for the first time in weeks. He skates towards Shane, who is stretching near center ice while talking idly with Hayden. He stops just short of purposely crashing into Hayden.

"Pike," he says, looking the man up and down. "I was hoping they would announce your retirement before game, but you are still here."

Hayden rolls his eyes. "In what world would I retire? I'm literally your age."

“You have enough kids to start a team. You have heard the phrase ‘Coaches don’t play?’ But maybe you would not be a good coach. Maybe you can only beat Centaurs. If you are lucky,” Ilya says.

Hayden rolls his eyes again with a scoff and skates off. Ilya smirks to himself before looking down at where Shane is still stretching, making little thrusting motions with his hips. Ilya chooses to avoid making any ill-timed comments about the stretches because he values his life, and instead settles on safer territory to start the conversation.

“I am still not sure why you choose him to be best friends. He is boring. You have this in common, but you are Shane Hollander, the second best player in the league, and he is irrelevant,” he says.

Shane rolls his eyes as he pushes himself to his feet.

“I still don’t know what your problem is with him. Maybe you’re jealous,” Shane says, raising an eyebrow.

Ilya feels a little rush of adrenaline at Shane’s words. Clearly, he isn’t too out of it if he can still go back and forth with Ilya like this.

“This is ridiculous. I do not get jealous. Pike is just very irritating, like a small dog. His only accomplishment is nice wife and many kids.”

“You don’t get jealous?” Shane says incredulously. “Maybe your team doctor should check you for a concussion.”

Ilya grins obnoxiously as he skates away, back over to his teammates.

“What was that about?” Marleau says, looking back and forth between Ilya and Shane, who has now reunited with Hayden.

“It’s polite for me to give condolences to the captain. When this game is over, Voyageurs win streak will be dead,” Ilya says, still grinning.

Marleau grins back at him and reaches over to clap him on the back, shaking his head fondly. Ilya follows him towards the locker room, buzzing with excitement.

As soon as he gets to the locker room, it falls silent, everyone prepared for his usual pre-game speech. He positions himself in the middle of the room.

“I want to leave here tonight and every single player on the Voyageurs is crying. They are good, but we are best,” he says aggressively. “This will be a crime scene. We will kill them.”

He pauses to look around the room.

“Now get the fuck out and do not come back until Montreal is destroyed,” he says, his voice almost a shout, and the team yells back its assent before everyone gets up to head towards the ice.

Marlow hangs back, sidling up next to Ilya as the team filters out.

“Hollander has been on fire lately. We’re good, but I don’t think his team has ever been better. Do you think we’re taking this?” Marlow says, his voice almost a whisper.

Ilya stares him straight in the eyes.

“Shane Hollander,” he says, his voice deathly serious, “will get fucked tonight.”

The game goes into overtime. Both teams lay absolutely everything out on the ice, even though it’s not a championship game. It’s personal, Rozanov versus Hollander, Montreal versus Boston.

In the last thirty seconds, Shane backhands the puck into the net so hard that Ilya doubts his goalie even saw it before it passed him.

Shane throws his hands into the air as his teammates swarm him, and Ilya feels pride swell in his chest even as his stomach churns with disappointment. As Ilya makes his way back to the locker room, the only thing he can think of is how grateful he is to be able to love the best player in the league.

As soon as he pulls his shirt over his head, hair freshly wet from the shower, Marlow is at his side, punching his arm lightly.

“Coach wants to see you in his office. Didn’t tell me why, but I think the Voyageurs coach and Hollander are in there too,” Marlow says.

Ilya’s brows furrow in confusion, but he nods and turns towards the office.

When he opens the door, Shane is sitting across from both of their coaches. Despite just coming off the ice from a win, he looks tense, wringing his hands in his lap. Ilya sits slowly in the chair next to him, making eye contact with his coach and nodding his head. His coach nods his head back before he starts to speak.

“Rozanov. Hollander. I know this is unexpected. Sorry to pull you in here like this, I’m sure you have things to do and people to get home to, but Commissioner Cromwell just sent an email out and he needs the two of you to attend a charity party that the league is hosting tonight. Go home, get changed into something nice, and transportation will be sent to pick you up. Sorry for the last-minute notice, but Cromwell decided he needed actual representation from the players,” he says.

With every word spoken, Ilya has been watching out of the corner of his eye as Shane gets tenser and tenser. By the time the coach is finished talking, he’s sitting up stock straight. Ilya turns to look at him, and his face is straight and gives nothing away, but he refuses to look in Ilya’s direction. He also doesn’t offer any sort of confirmation to the coach.

Ilya clears his throat. “I will be there, and I am sure Hollander has nothing better to do.”

Shane nods, dropping his chin to stare at his lap. If the coaches think his behavior is odd, they do nothing to show it.

“Great,” Ilya’s coach says. “Now get out of here.”

Ilya stands instantly and Shane follows slowly. Ilya holds open the door to let Shane through first, and smiles placatingly at his coach on his way out. The second the door shuts behind him, he grabs Shane’s wrist, ignoring his noise of protest, and drags him all the way into the now empty locker room.

Shane shakes off Ilya’s hold on his wrist and takes a step back, his back hitting the lockers. His face is still worryingly flat.

“Shane,” Ilya says gently. He doesn’t step any closer, giving Shane a little bit of space.

Shane’s face crumples and he drops his chin.

“Ilya,” he whispers, so brokenly that Ilya’s heart hurts.

Ilya slowly steps closer, close enough to kiss him on the head and put his hands gently on Shane’s waist. Shane tenses slightly, likely because they’re still in public, but quickly melts into the touch, putting his head on Ilya’s shoulder.

“Moya lyubov. A few hours. You have been so good, so perfect for me. You did very well in the game,” he says quietly.

Shane starts trembling slightly, and after a few seconds he pulls his head back up so he’s making eye contact with Ilya. He looks miserable. Guilt stirs in Ilya’s stomach at his part in putting Shane in this position. He reaches up to cup Shane’s jaw and Shane tilts his head into it.

And then, before Ilya can process anything, Shane is shoving him backwards, turning him until his back slams into the lockers, and crashing their lips together. Ilya makes a shocked little noise as he kisses back.

Shane kisses like he’s desperate, like he’s angry, like he’s trying to swap weeks’ worth of frustration into Ilya’s body from his. Ilya rests his hands back on Shane’s hips, not willing to put them any higher or lower, unsure of what Shane wants or what he can take.

Shane makes a frustrated little noise, and then he’s jerking his hips forward, pressing his crotch against Ilya’s thigh, and Ilya breathes in sharply, drawing back from the kiss for a second to look downwards.

Shane is hard. Not just a little hard, but *so* hard, just from 30 seconds of kissing. He’s clearly trying his best to keep his lower half still, but his hips are twitching forward even as he recaptures Ilya’s lips with his.

Ilya lets it continue, lets him drink his fill, until he feels his own cock start to fill out in his sweatpants. He pulls back, tipping his head back against the locker and breathing deeply before he lightly pushes Shane’s hips away from his.

Shane makes a noise of indignation but he dutifully steps back. Ilya watches as he runs his hands through his hair, his face flushed, before making eye contact.

“Go get dressed. Go to the stupid party. When you see me, don’t talk to me. Don’t come near me, don’t even- don’t breathe in my direction. And then get a cab back to my house, and the second the door closes behind you, I want your clothes on the floor,” Shane says, breathless but leaving absolutely no room for discussion.

Ilya’s jaw drops slightly, and before he can even think of a response, Shane whips around and leaves the locker room. Ilya stands with his back still against the lockers, breathing heavily, eyes wide at Shane’s tenacity.

In the less than five minutes that they were kissing, Shane somehow turned from looking like he was about to cry to the side of him that Ilya only sees when they’re paired up for the face-off before a game.

Ilya feels like he has whiplash, but he’s also more than half-hard in the confines of his sweatpants. He sighs to himself before making his way out of the locker room.

When he enters the venue, it takes him less than 10 seconds to spot Shane. He’s wearing a new, expensive suit and fidgeting with his Rolex, standing idly at one of the tables, not really talking to anyone.

Ilya knows he has a difficult time with these events, especially when he’s only around people he doesn’t know. He debates with himself for a second about whether he should go over, remembering Shane’s warning, but Shane looks so uncomfortable and out of place that Ilya can’t help himself.

He walks over to Shane’s table, grabbing a glass of champagne from one of the waiters on his way over. When he gets to the table, he takes a sip from the glass, nodding in Shane’s direction without directly looking at him.

“Hollander. Glad you made it,” he says, his voice neutral.

Shane tenses before making a visible effort to relax his shoulders. “Ilya,” he says quietly, and Ilya’s eyes widen. Shane never calls him by his first name in public, not even in the tiniest whisper he can muster. Ilya opens his mouth to ask if he’s okay but promptly slams it shut again when a man walks over to their table.

“Gentlemen,” he says politely. Ilya recognizes him as one of Cromwell’s executives.

“Lovely party. Many people. Very nice,” Ilya says, taking a sip of his drink. Shane stays quiet beside him, his grip just a little too tight on his own drink glass.

The executive nods. Ilya racks his brain, but he can’t remember what his name is.

“You boys have been doing exceptionally this year. The game tonight was one of the best of the season. The Voyageurs have never been better,” he says.

Shane says nothing. Ilya turns toward him and nudges him, and he shakes his head slightly as if forcing himself to focus.

“Thank you. We try our best,” Shane says, his voice just a little bit off. “We hope to continue doing as well for the rest of the season. I know we would all love to bring home another cup.”

The executive nods appreciatively, polishing off his drink.

“I didn’t realize the two of you were friendly, especially after the trouncing the Voyageurs gave you today,” the man says, directing his attention to Ilya with a teasing smile.

Ilya smiles back, trying his best not to be distracted by how close Shane is to him and how anxiety is starting to swirl in his gut.

“No hard feelings. We will get them back next time. Was just lucky,” Ilya says, nudging Shane again, who nods. Ilya turns toward him slightly, watching him smile the artificial smile that he always has at these events.

Ilya sets his own drink down. “We will go to talk with donors. Enjoy the rest of the party,” he says politely, and the executive nods at him again. Ilya grabs lightly onto Shane’s arm. Shane stiffens at the contact, but lets Ilya lead him across the room.

Ilya looks around when they get to the opposite wall. When he confirms no one is looking at them, he pulls Shane towards the door to the roof. They climb the stairs quietly, and when they exit into the chill of the night, Shane takes a deep, shuddering breath.

Ilya walks over to the corner of the balcony, so that they can’t be seen by anyone coming up the stairs. Shane follows him, rubbing his arms as if he’s cold, placing himself right in front of Ilya.

“Solnyshko. You are doing okay?” Ilya says, brushing a piece of hair out of Shane’s face.

Shane looks up at him, studying his face for a second. Ilya scans his face but can’t tell what he’s thinking.

“m’okay. It’s a lot,” Shane says, his words quiet and slightly slurred together.

Ilya frowns. “You can go home if it is too much. I will tell Cromwell you were sick, and I will talk to people and meet you later,” he says.

Shane’s eyes widen and he grabs onto Ilya’s arm.

“No, no, don’t- I don’t want you to leave me,” he says, a hint of panic in his voice. Ilya’s frown deepens. What Shane is saying doesn’t really make sense; if he were to go home, he would be the one leaving, not Ilya.

Ilya grabs Shane’s chin and tilts it so that he can look straight into his eyes. Shane lolls his head to the side slightly, his eyes heavy lidded, and Ilya feels realization slam into his gut.

Shane's eyes are blown and hazy, and he's letting Ilya be close to him in public, around important people they don't know.

"Sweetheart," Ilya says, impossibly soft. "Come back. Be here with me, just for the party. We will talk to most important people and then we will leave."

Shane stares at him for a second, a dopey look on his face, before he blinks hard a few times and pulls his head up, away from Ilya's hand. His eyes clear slightly.

"Just for a little bit," he says, as if he's assuring Ilya.

Ilya nods reassuringly, stroking his knuckles lightly across Shane's cheek before kissing him, sweet and chaste.

"Follow my lead. I will do the talking, yes?"

Shane gives him a hum of agreement.

"Ya tebya lyublyu. One hour," Ilya says.

Shane hums again. "Love you," he mumbles.

True to his word, Ilya leads Shane back downstairs. He seeks out the most important donors and Cromwell's closest associates, because he knows Shane won't be able to handle talking to Cromwell himself. They need to establish rapport to prove that they were there as requested, doing their jobs, so Ilya works as efficiently as possible.

All in all, it takes just a little less than an hour for the two of them to circle the party, talk to no less than twelve different notable partygoers, and for Ilya to decide that they've done enough. Shane has been doing his part, paying attention to the conversations and nodding along, responding where he should with some prompting from Ilya.

When their last conversation partner walks away, Ilya turns to Shane and gestures towards the exit. Relief falls over Shane's face. Ilya prays that they don't run into anyone else on the way out that might trap them in an ongoing conversation.

Luck is on their side, and they make it out uninterrupted. Ilya had anticipated that Shane might be having trouble by this point, so he refused the driver that the league had sent him, opting to drive his own car. He hands his key to the valet, praying that they don't make any comments about Shane and him leaving together.

As soon as the valet attendant pulls the car around, Ilya opens the door for Shane, shuts it behind him, and then gets in his own seat. He had his windows tinted, limousine grade, just in case, so as soon as his own door is shut, he reaches over and puts his hand on Shane's lap.

Shane flinches slightly before relaxing into the touch and looking over at Ilya.

"You did so good. So perfect for me. Rest, and when we get home, you will get reward," he murmurs.

Shane blinks slowly. “Kiss?” he says, his voice small.

Ilya’s chest hurts. He leans in, pressing a kiss to Shane’s mouth. Shane gives him a pleased little smile when he pulls away.

Shane is quiet the whole drive home, and Ilya drives much gentler than usual, knowing he’s got the world’s most precious cargo in his passenger seat. When they make it to Shane’s house, he parks the car and gets out to open Shane’s door and help him out.

Shane fumbles with the keys when he gets to the door, his hands shaking, but he manages to open it on its own. As soon as they’re both inside and the door is shut behind them, Ilya is kissing him, pushing him gently back against the door.

Shane melts into it instantly, soft and soupy, making tiny little noises of want. He grabs at Ilya’s shirt and pulls up until Ilya pulls it over his head and helps Shane get his own shirt off.

“Want you,” Shane says breathily into Ilya’s mouth. “Please.”

Ilya feels like he’s going to explode. “Anything,” he breathes. “You can have anything.”

They make their way slowly towards the bedroom, unwilling to separate from each other for even a second, and somewhere along the way they lose their shoes and belts. When they get to the bedroom, Ilya walks Shane to the bed and lightly pushes him back onto it.

Shane makes a little noise at the impact, staring up at Ilya with his eyes impossibly wide and wanting.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” Ilya murmurs. “Pants off. I want to see you.”

Shane immediately pulls his pants down until they’re around his ankles, kicking them the rest of the way off before scooting backwards on the bed, wearing nothing but his socks and light grey boxers.

Ilya looks at him and swears again; there’s a wet spot on the front of his boxers, turning the light color dark, and he’s hard. Judging by the size of the wet spot, he’s probably been hard for some time. Ilya all but rips his own pants and socks off before climbing onto the bed to hold himself over Shane.

“Three weeks ago, I send a message that says you need to wait to come,” he says, leaning down to nip at Shane’s earlobe, kiss his chin and neck.

“I knew you would do it, because you are perfect. I did not doubt this for a second.”

Shane makes a cracked little noise, and Ilya sucks at the delicate skin on his neck before soothing it with his lips.

“And then we go to a party, and you listen perfectly.”

Ilya props himself up on his knees and one arm above Shane so that he can worm his hand into the waistband of Shane's boxers. Shane squirms slightly, reaching up to try and capture Ilya's lips with his.

"So now I will give you a reward. You will come until you feel like maybe you will never come again, and when we are done, I will wash you and tuck you into bed."

Shane makes another little noise, his breathing rapid, eyes shifting rapidly around the room.

"I will do all the work. You will do only one thing. Every time you come, you will tell me the number, how many times it has been. Maybe you come once, maybe you come one hundred times. Count," Ilya says.

Shane nods eagerly, and then Ilya is ripping his boxers down, kissing down his stomach, taking him into his mouth.

Shane yelps and arches off the bed immediately, his thighs already shaking. Ilya isn't teasing, isn't trying to draw it out at all; he does it exactly as he knows Shane likes, lets him thrust lightly into his mouth. It takes less than a minute before Shane is breathing so fast that Ilya worries he might start hyperventilating, and he starts fisting his fingers in Ilya's hair, pushing his hips back.

"Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, m'gonna- I'm s'close, please, please," he chokes out, his voice absolutely wrecked. Ilya swallows pointedly, humming in acknowledgement, and Shane gasps before frantically pulling Ilya back up off of him. Ilya obliges immediately, unsure what's wrong, unwilling to do anything that might hurt Shane when he's in this state.

When he looks up at Shane's face, he has his eyes pressed shut so hard it looks like it hurts.

"Shane?" Ilya says, tapping on his thighs lightly but hard enough to pull him back to reality. Shane swallows and looks at him.

"I forgot," he says, his voice higher pitched than usual and breathy. "Almost- I almost messed up."

Ilya furrows his eyebrows, rubbing Shane's thighs soothingly.

"You have done an amazing job, moya lyubov. Nothing to mess up," he says, confused.

Shane shakes his head. "What time's it?" he says. Ilya's brows furrow further, but he obligingly reaches over to the nightstand and grabs his phone. When he presses the power button, 11:48pm flashes back at him. He tilts the phone towards Shane, who's already looking and makes a little sound of confirmation when he sees it.

"You said- the challenge was to wait three weeks, but you asked me on Sunday. It won't be Sunday for- until midnight," Shane says, taking little breaks between every few words to take little breaths.

Ilya puts his phone down and moves until he's at eye level with Shane.

“Sweetheart. Three weeks was just the best way to describe time until we meet again. You have waited so long. So good,” Ilya says.

Shane huffs discontentedly, shaking his head slightly.

“’M gonna wait, s’only a few minutes,” he says.

Ilya sighs, knowing it’s useless to argue. “You want me to get water cup, or snack? We will wait fifteen minutes.”

Shane shakes his head again.

“The whole point is for you to edge me. You have to touch me, but don’t let me come until midnight,” he says, his ears starting to blush at his own words.

Ilya’s jaw drops slightly. “I have already done it once. You have waited three weeks. Usually takes less than fifteen minutes even for round two,” he says.

Shane sets his face, trying to look determined, but his pupils are so blown and his eyes are so hazy that the effect is mostly lost. “I’ll make it. Promise,” he says.

Ilya drops his chin in defeat, loath to deny him anything. “Okay. You tell me if it is too much, and we stop.”

Shane nods and wiggles his hips a little bit. Ilya bites his cheek as he takes him in hand, watching as his eyes widen instantly and he makes a noise so loud that Ilya is infinitely glad they’re not in a hotel room.

Shane’s hips jolt hard and he hisses, gritting his teeth.

“Shit, shit, shit,” he says, pushing his hips back as if he’s trying to get out of Ilya’s hold. Ilya starts stroking him slowly, spreading the precome leaking generously from the tip. He continues with his slow strokes, carefully watching Shane for any sign that it’s too much. After what can’t have been more than three minutes of the slowest handjob ever, Shane’s whole body is shaking and his abdomen is tensing. Ilya slows even further, waiting for Shane to tell him to stop before he falls over the edge.

It takes thirty more seconds before Shane yelps and reaches down to grab Ilya by the wrist and yank his hand away. He slams his eyes shut and tips his chin down towards his own cock where it’s leaking so heavily it almost looks like he already came.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, no,” he breathes frantically, his muscles tensing. Ilya doesn’t move at all, not wanting to accidentally send him over. It takes another thirty seconds for Shane’s breathing to become more measured and for him to slowly ease his eyes open. He looks at Ilya, unmoving and silent, before breathing in deeply through his nose.

“Okay,” he says, his voice barely audible. “Okay, you can keep going.”

Ilya stares at him. “Solnyshko. This is- you do not have to keep doing this. You already finished the challenge.”

Shane blinks at him. Now that he's not in active danger of coming before he wants, it's clear again that he's gone somewhere inside his own head that only Ilya can take him to and pull him out of.

"M'good," he says. "I wanna be good. I have to wait till it's time."

"You are so good. You are so perfect, so beautiful. Listen so well," Ilya says, and Shane shivers, sucking in a breath.

"Your body is always responding so perfectly to me. And you are always making me so happy, and when I am away, I am always thinking about you. About your smile and your freckles and your glasses," he says.

Shane whimpers. Usually, it's hard for him to accept outright compliments, but when he's in this headspace, Ilya knows it hits him differently, makes his head swim with pleasure.

"Ilya," Shane says, for the umpteenth time that night. Tears are forming at his waterline and his lip is quivering. "Love you, love you, love you. Please."

Ilya reaches quickly for his phone on the nightstand again, turning it over, stomach flooding with relief when it reads 12:01. He shows it to Shane before dropping his phone onto the bed and capturing Shane's lips in his.

"Perfect," he says against Shane's mouth. "So perfect. Good, Shane."

He wraps his hand around Shane's cock, which is impossibly red and hard and angry, and it takes less than five strokes before Shane is coming all over himself, making destroyed little noises, sobbing with relief.

Ilya works him through it, stroking him just the way he likes, before reaching his clean hand up to wipe at the tears starting to run down Shane's face.

When Shane starts to whimper, Ilya's touch making him oversensitive, Ilya lets go and grabs a tissue from the nightstand to wipe his hand off. Shane stays still against the headboard, breathing quietly. His face is wet, tear tracks shining in the light, but he's relaxed, no sign of the day's tension in his body.

Ilya feels himself relax too, even as he forces himself to ignore his own cock, throbbing in his boxers.

"Shane," he says gently. "That was one. Count, yes?"

"Yes, sir," Shane whispers, and there's a clear joking tone to his voice, but Ilya feels like he's been punched in the gut with arousal. He breathes in through clenched teeth before reaching over to rummage through the bedside drawer until his hand closes around the bottle of lube. He takes it out, sitting back so that he can pour a generous amount across his fingers before positioning himself over Shane.

Shane's eyes are still closed, but they flicker open as Ilya rolls the lube in his fingers, letting it warm up a little bit.

“Gonna- you’re gonna fuck me now?” he says hopefully, voice cracking around the beginning of the sentence.

Ilya shakes his head. “Next one is just fingers,” he says, before moving his hand down and letting one finger circle Shane’s rim, noting how Shane’s dick is already starting to fill out again against his thigh. He presses in slow, knowing it’s been at least three weeks since Shane has done this, and Shane gasps lightly at the intrusion.

It doesn’t take him long to adjust, so Ilya adds a second finger, scissoring them together, as Shane moans and rocks his hips back, trying to get Ilya deeper. Ilya purposefully avoids Shane’s prostate, wanting to draw it out just a little bit.

When he gets to three fingers, Shane is basically whimpering, his cock fully hard, so Ilya takes pity on him and presses right where he needs it.

“Shit,” Shane gasps, fingers scrambling for purchase in the sheets. “It’s so good, it’s so good.”

Ilya breathes slowly through the heat slamming into him, feeling his cock kick hard in his briefs. He speeds up his fingers until Shane is white knuckling the sheets, but when Shane reaches to touch his dick, Ilya bats his hands away.

“You are doing nothing but counting, remember? No touching,” Ilya says, voice steadier than he feels.

Shane whimpers desperately, but he keeps his hands at his sides. Ilya’s cock throbs, and he shakes his head to stay focused. He’s determined to get Shane there with just his fingers inside him, with not even a brush to his swollen dick. He’s done it before, and he’s confident he can do it again.

It takes much less time than Ilya expected for Shane to be on edge again, his cock leaking so much that it’s making a little puddle on his skin. His fingers are twisted so tightly in the sheets that Ilya is briefly worried they might rip.

Ilya twists his fingers again, changing the angle so he can get a little deeper, and Shane starts making panicked little noises.

“Come, moya lyubov,” Ilya says, his voice leaving no room for argument. Shane instantly gets louder, his back arching impossibly hard against the mattress as his cock kicks and he spills over his stomach, completely untouched.

“Fuck,” Ilya whispers.

“Two,” Shane says in response after a second. His voice is clearer than it’s been all night, and something deep inside Ilya’s chest unknots in relief. Every release seems to be pulling him closer to the surface, and it lets Ilya breathe a little easier.

Shane pushes himself up and back on the bed until he’s leaning against the headboard. He looks at Ilya, tilting his head like a puppy, and clears his throat.

“It’s gonna- it might take me a little longer. To get hard again. If you want to keep going,” he says, voice a little rough.

Ilya shakes his head. “Until you think you will never come again, remember?”

Shane rolls his eyes fondly, rubbing his palms up and down his own thighs. Ilya hops off the bed and walks towards the en suite, washing his hands quickly before grabbing a glass and filling it with water, as well as wetting a washcloth with warm water.

Before he returns to the room, he takes a deep, steadying breath, readjusting himself slightly in his briefs. He grits his teeth at the light contact, tilting his head back to collect himself. He walks back to Shane, handing him the glass before perching at the end of the bed, watching Shane take small sips.

Once he’s done with the water, Ilya moves forward and gently wipes the lube and come off of Shane’s skin. Shane makes a little appreciative noise and Ilya leans forward to kiss him before putting the cloth on the side table.

“How should I do it this time? Maybe I will find the dildo of mysterious color that you will never show me,” Ilya says, smirking.

Shane rolls his eyes again, shoving lightly at Ilya’s chest in rebuttal.

“Fuck me,” he says, his voice quiet but firm. Ilya kisses him again, stomach pulsing at Shane’s willingness to voice what he wants, which only happens after he’s wrung out and satisfied.

“With the dildo?” he says, just to tease.

“With your stupid dick, moron. Come on, I don’t have all day,” Shane says.

Ilya raises his eyebrow, suppressing a smile at the return of Shane’s banter. “What else would you be doing? Your life is very boring.”

Shane scoffs. “Maybe I’ll just use the dildo myself. At least the dildo is quiet.”

Ilya grins, sitting back to feel around the blankets for the bottle of lube he’d dropped earlier. “Fine, Hollander. I will give you my amazing dick and blow your mind as reward for winning the game. It will be celebration for your last time beating me.”

Shane opens his mouth to say something, probably to tell Ilya to go fuck himself, but he cuts himself off when Ilya pulls off his boxers, freeing his dick. It’s shiny from leaking, and Shane stares as Ilya slicks himself up, unable to stop himself from letting out a low groan at the friction.

“Condom?” Ilya says, taking his hand off of his dick. Shane usually doesn’t like the clean-up process without one, but sometimes he wants to feel Ilya come inside of him. Shane shakes his head.

“Hayden was just telling me how he wants us to have kids,” he says, voice full of humor.

Ilya wrinkles his nose in disgust. “Do not ever mention Pike to me again while we are in bedroom. I am never going to be able to get hard again.”

Shane starts to say something else, but Ilya growls, moving forward until he can press his dick against Shane’s ass.

“Shut up and let me fuck you,” he says, and Shane nods quickly. Ilya lines himself up, and they both groan loudly as he slowly pushes in. When he’s all the way to the hilt, Shane tilts his head back against the pillow, his mouth open.

Ilya leans down to kiss him and then he starts thrusting slowly, letting Shane adjust. Shane makes a little noise of discomfort, probably slightly overstimulated from already having come twice, but Ilya can feel his dick between them, more than halfway hard.

Ilya himself can barely hear anything over the blood rushing in his ears, his dick pulsing as he thrusts in and out. He locks his mouth on Shane’s again to distract himself from the fact that if he pays too much attention to it, he could be very close way too quickly.

Shane makes little *ah, ah, ah* noises with each thrust, trying to keep kissing Ilya and mostly failing, just pressing their mouths together sloppily. Ilya speeds up and Shane tips his head back, moaning loud enough that if they were in a hotel room, Ilya would be seriously concerned about them being discovered.

Ilya reaches down to wrap his hand around Shane’s cock, and it jerks hard in his grip.

“Holy shit,” Shane gasps out. “Holy fuck, I love you, don’t stop. *Ah*, you’re so good, fuck, you’re perfect.”

Ilya grits his teeth hard, flicking his wrist fast over the head of Shane’s dick, determined to get him off despite the pressure building in his own body. Shane’s words drop off into just noises, and Ilya strokes him hard and fast, trying to keep his thrusts from stuttering.

“Give me three,” he says, before bringing their lips together again, nipping at Shane’s lip. He kisses down his neck, biting at the hickey he made earlier before starting to suck another one a little lower.

“I don’t- know if I can,” Shane chokes out, breathless. “It’s so much, *ah*, so much, please.”

Ilya noses at his shoulder. “You are going to come for me, Shane Hollander,” he says, and then he bites down hard on Shane’s shoulder.

Shane makes an absolutely shattered sobbing noise as he comes across Ilya’s fist, his cock pulsing in Ilya’s grip. Ilya fucks him through it, unable to swallow down little groans in response to Shane’s sobs. Ilya thinks Shane might be crying again, but he refuses to look because he knows he won’t be able to hold on.

When Shane makes a pained little noise, slipping too far into overstimulation for Ilya to continue, Ilya pulls out slowly, hissing quietly. He chances a look at Shane’s face, and sure

enough, there are fresh tear tracks on his cheeks. Ilya clenches his fist and swallows hard. He pushes a stray piece of hair off of Shane's sweaty forehead.

For a minute, they both just breath, quick and heavy, and then Shane groans, opening his eyes to look at Ilya. His eyes run down his body and he frowns when he gets to Ilya's dick, still swollen and dripping.

"You didn't-" he starts, but Ilya shakes his head.

"This was about you, sweetheart. Your reward. Your challenge," he says placatingly.

Shane's face softens and he looks up to meet Ilya in the eyes.

"Baby," he says, voice full of affection, "I want you to feel good too. Let me give you something, please."

Ilya swallows hard. "It's okay. I need to get something to clean."

Shane makes a frustrated noise. "Ilya. Come here."

Ilya takes a breath, and then nods slightly, moving forward. Shane moves to sit up, and they adjust until Ilya is almost in Shane's lap, and they're both staring down at his dick. Shane looks up at him, a question in his eyes, and Ilya nods his consent.

Shane wraps his hand around Ilya's dick, and Ilya jolts so hard he almost falls over. Shane smiles but says nothing as he starts to move his hand. Ilya's heart is beating so fast he feels like he's going to go into cardiac arrest.

"Shane," he says, his mouth dry. He opens his mouth to continue, but Shane shushes him lightly, speeding up his hand, his grip firm and assured.

Ilya feels like he's on fire. "Shane," he tries again, "I will be- *fuck*- way too fast if-" he cuts himself off with a groan as Shane tightens his grip. He gives up on trying to talk, instead kissing Shane hard, hoping he can convey all of his pleasure and need with just his mouth against Shane's. Shane kisses back, and Ilya can feel him smiling into the kiss.

"Ilya," Shane says, "I love you. You're it for me. Forever. *Ya ne mogu bez tebya zhit.*"

Ilya gasps like he's been punched and then his orgasm hits him like a train. He all but collapses into Shane as Shane works him through it, feeling himself spill hot over his fist. Shane gives him one more gentle kiss before releasing him.

Ilya breathes hard, still shaking a little from the aftershocks. He can feel Shane tensing up, getting uncomfortable with the mess, and he looks up at him in silent question. *Shower?*

Shane nods in response. Ilya still feels a little dazed as they head to the en suite, but as he steps under the spray, he feels his head start to clear. He watches as Shane wets his hair, rinses his body.

Ilya grabs some shampoo, reaches up to lather it into Shane's hair. Shane closes his eyes with a little smile, humming happily.

"Remember," he says, "you still have to make my food and watch my documentary with me."

Ilya groans, but there's no real frustration behind it; in fact, he feels a happy swelling in his chest at the domesticity.

After he finishes with the shampoo and Shane rinses it, Shane cracks one eye open, water still running down his face. Ilya isn't sure what his own expression looks like, but Shane tilts his head.

"Is everything okay?" he says, his forehead crinkling in concern.

Ilya smiles, moving forward to press their foreheads together.

"Esli ya znayu, chto takoye lyubov', to tol'ko blagodarya tebe," he whispers. "I love you.

End Notes

yayyyy we made it! i've never rlly done anything like this b4 so lmk what u think. i also dont speak russian so if any native speakers want to let me know if i messed up that would be awesome!

translations:

“Esli ya znayu, chto takoye lyubov’, to tol’ko blagodarya tebe”: what i know of love i know from you

"Ya ne mogu bez tebya zhit": i can't live without you

solnyshko: sunshine

will possibly be active on my new twitter @7timesovr or tumblr @sunonurface !

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!