

Honeymoon

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Honeymoon

by [dazedilemma](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya have just gotten married. It is the morning after their wedding and they celebrate the best way they know.

Or

Shane and Ilya have soft, playful sex with a lot of back and forth teasing and flirting.

Notes

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

Shane woke up with a new coolness at the base on the third finger of his left hand. He was completely enveloped in Ilya's strong, yet gentle and familiar hold as the blond snored into his hair. Shane quickly conceded to the smile that threatened his features and pressed the curve of his spine impossibly closer to Ilya. His now husband. Shane was convinced he'd never get accustomed to it, to truly wrap his mind around how Ilya Rozanov was his to love until their dying day. They would die, after several happy decades, together. Like The Notebook.

Just as Shane shook the thought of their demise, although sweet but far too soon, he was brought back to earth. To his reality, Ilya's left arm snaked around him and locked Shane closer to his chest. There was a small glint of Ilya's wedding ring, the morning sun peeking through their curtain that made Shane's stomach flip. Holy shit. How is this real?

"Mister Hollander-Rozanov," A regularly smooth, now thick with sleep voice rang through Shane's every nerve.

"Mister Rozanov-Hollander." Shane tried, reaching to spin Ilya's ring on his finger.

"Mm." Ilya's lips brushed Shane's nape, "I think Hollander-Rozanov."

"It is alphabetical." Shane arched his back slightly, the tickle of Ilya's breath making it involuntary.

"That's not why I like it. It sounds better. Hollander-Rozanov." Ilya's right hand released his own left and slid to Shane's hip tugging it toward him.

Shane obliged to the silent request and turned toward Ilya and nearly burst into tears at the sight of his husband. Ilya's curls were falling into his eyes and his skin was blotched with redness as their body heat mixed together. Neither of them wanted to move away all night. Shane smiled, his usual warm, blushing smile and reached up to push Ilya's hair from his face, pulling them together.

"You are so beautiful Ilya Hollander-Rozanov." Shane leaned in to breathe against Ilya's lips.

Ilya's cheeks warmed, Shane could feel it against his thumb. "That. I like that very much." Ilya melted against Shane's hand.

"I love you," Shane breathed out, pressing a gentle kiss to the corner of Ilya's lips.

"We haven't brushed our teeth." Ilya mumbled as he chased Shane's lips.

"When have you ever cared?" Shane asked softly, his nose nuzzling against Ilya's cheek.

"Never, but my husband, he always cares." Ilya's tongue dragged along his bottom lip to stop himself from pulling in Shane for the kiss he was teasing him for.

"Mm, now he doesn't." Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck, his triceps pressed into Ilya's shoulder and his fingers in his hair. "Especially if you keep calling him your husband."

Ilya could see that Shane's eyes were heavily lidded, his cheeks were reddened and he was drawing slow breaths between parted lips as his eyes stared at Ilya's lips. Those lips curled into his crooked, playful smile and Shane's heart quickened.

"I think my husband is still, drunk, on sex." Ilya grazed Shane's bottom lip with his.

"Uhh,"

"We were up late." Ilya pressed a slow kiss to his cheek.

"Were you?" Shane's eyes fluttered closed.

"Mm, celebrating." Ilya kissed his jaw, then he nipped his earlobe, "He fell asleep on my dick."

The snap of the 'k' rattled Shane's senses and he opened his eyes, wanting to see the teasing look he knew was in Ilya's eyes.

"Did he?" Shane asked, locking their eyes, gaining his composure. He wanted to keep what little power had now.

"Oh yeah, fell asleep with cum all over his stomach." Ilya traced a finger along Shane's abs, allowing him to see that they had been wiped clean.

"His or yours?" Shane asked, his breath drawn out of him as Ilya's tongue pressed into the dip of his throat, followed by his tongue.

"Who knows." Ilya offered a feigned bored shrug, Shane tugging at the base of his neck.
"His."

"Mm. Such a good husband." Shane dipped down, pulling Ilya's face up and pressing a kiss to his lips. "You must've been tired."

"Mm, I was." Ilya stole another kiss, "I wish I could have fallen asleep just like that. But-"

Shane kissed his cleft chin then dragged his tongue along his jaw. "But?"

"He would never forgive me." Ilya turned his head as Shane wetly kissed a trail along his neck, toward his bare chest.

"True," Shane whispered, his tongue swirling around Ilya's nipple.

"Shane." Ilya breathed out, his fingers tangling in his brunette locks.

"Ilya." Shane pressed his hands against Ilya's hipbones and rolled him onto his back, fitting himself between Ilya's legs.

"And your husband's mouth..." Shane kissed along Ilya's deeply defined muscles in his stomach as they flexed from each kiss, "does it feel nice?"

Ilya let out a silent gasp, his shoulders rising slightly as Shane's lips brushed against Ilya's slit, now slick with lust. Shane smiled, catching the bead of cum on his tongue before carefully wrapping his lips around Ilya's throbbing head. Ilya dropped his head back against the plush pillow under it.

"Fuck. Shane." Ilya gripped the sheets, gritting his teeth to temper the whine that threatened. He forced himself to swallow hard before answering Shane's question, "Out of world."

"Mm?" Shane hummed around him, sending electricity down to Ilya's toes.

"Why I married him." Ilya was grasping at any semblance of power as Shane tortured the vein that ran along the underside of dick with his tongue.

"Is it now?" Shane tugged at Ilya's length with his left hand as he let himself drool slightly as Ilya leaked, "Nothing else?"

"No, he is boring." Ilya gained some of his sense and most of his voice as Shane planted lazy kisses along his happy trail and his hand moved along his length.

"Asshole." Shane murmured, squeezing Ilya's shaft as he brushed his thumb over his slit, licking up Ilya's cum quickly. He pulled out his thumb out of his mouth with a pop.

"Mm and his asshole." Ilya nodded, the throbbing of his understimulated dick making his head spin. "Fuck, I love it."

"Hm," Shane hummed, dipping down to Ilya's balls, taking one into his mouth and rolled it over his tongue, his hand returning to slow pump.

"A-ah, fuck Shane." Please. Ilya screwed his eyes shut. No. He ran his fingers through Shane's overgrown hair, his ring catching and tugging.

"Mm, ouch," Shane pulled away, a smirk giving way to a pout he was attempting to maintain. He had liked the feeling and Ilya ached to fuck the smirk off his face.

"The ring is new." Ilya admitted breathlessly as he looked down at Shane, his fingers rubbing against his scalp. "Didn't mean it."

"Take it off then." Shane leaned into the touch, his eyes shutting as if he were a cat.

"Fuck you." Ilya leaned down, whispering it. "I will never take it off."

That made Shane smile, his unguarded smile that made Ilya's lust almost melt into sheer love. But Shane made sure to bring him right back, dragging his tongue up from his base to his tip again, focusing it along the vein and then taking Ilya completely into his mouth with ease.

Ilya's back arched and fought the urge to buck his hips as Shane only held him in his mouth and adjusted to the slip down his throat. Ilya let out a breath when Shane swallowed around him, he was going to squeeze Ilya's orgasm out of him.

When Shane finally bowed his head and began dragging Ilya in and out of his throat, it felt like hours had gone by. Ilya's vision had whitened as he absorbed the absolute bliss of having Shane Hollander-Rozanov sucking him dry.

Shane gripped Ilya's strong thighs as he slowly ascended up his length to allow himself room to breathe but maintained his pace and teased his tongue. Ilya shook his head, feeling how Shane had yet to swallow much and the drool that was drawn from Shane's warm mouth was sliding down to Ilya's sac and wetting the sheet below them.

"Fucking- Fuck Shane." Ilya's fingers tightened in Shane's hair as his orgasm hit him like a wall, "I'm coming!"

It was meant to be a warning, it was rare that Shane enjoyed having Ilya cum into his mouth. Though he enjoyed the taste, he'd instantly feel the weight of the load on his tongue and want to brush his teeth. But now, Shane was pulling off and fervently jerking at Ilya's slick dick and...

"Shit, Shane." Ilya's eyes widened at the sight of Shane, sticking out his tongue out flat to catch Ilya's load which Ilya happily proved.

Ilya's breath caught and his orgasm rang through his every limb, involuntarily tugging at Shane's hair as he unloaded on his tongue. Ilya's eyes remained unblinking as he devoured the view of Shane catching all of it then shutting his mouth and rolling his load over his tongue then swallowing. Shane smiled, too innocent for what he had just done, then stuck out his clean, pink tongue again. Holy fuck.

"Holy shit Shane." Ilya was gulping in air.

Ilya hadn't noticed his mouth was hanging open as Shane pulled his tongue back into his mouth and sat up. Ilya could see how rigid Shane's cock had become. He had been so good, kept his hips above the sheets but the medium wet spot that his precum had created gave him away. He was aching for release but he only moved up and kissed Ilya's mouth and shadowed jaw.

"So, was I good?" Shane asked softly, his fingers kneading Ilya's stomach as he kissed the blonde, his swollen cock pressed against Ilya's pelvis.

"Shane Hollander." Ilya breathed out, "I wish I could fuck you but I think you broke my dick."

"Hollander-Rozanov," Shane corrected as he smiled, slowly pressing himself along Ilya's left side. "And you have fingers don't you?"

Ilya's hand was already on Shane's ass, kneading his ass cheek absentmindedly as he stared down at Shane, who was rosy cheeked and smiling. Ilya had done nothing but received glorious head but Shane smiled up at him.

"I'm going to pull you apart and put you back together until I can fuck you the way you deserve." Ilya tugged Shane closer, Shane's eyes lit up and Ilya ran his tongue over his teeth as he built the courage, "After you brush your teeth. Your breath of dick."

Shane's eyes flicked to what was most familiar to Ilya, the pure love sick look was newer, but the look of annoyance but unbridled lust. That was the look he loved to see, especially as his middle finger grazed Shane's entrance. Shane squirmed against Ilya's hold and pushed off of him.

"I fucking hate you." Ilya knew Shane didn't mean it, his face was split into a wide grin as he shook his head. "And its dick breath."

"It's okay, I still love you," Ilya teased, "even with dick breath."

Shane turned to him, "Your dick is on my breath. You don't like the smell, that's you."

"Mm, I much prefer the smell of your dick." Ilya sat up to join Shane, resting his left hand behind Shane's back and reaching for his dick.

Shane jolted at the sudden contact then melted into Ilya's broad shoulder and shut his eyes. Ilya kissed Shane's shoulder, his stroking slow as he lapped up the soft sounds of Shane's pleasure.

"My love," Ilya whispered in Russian, "lube."

Shane wasn't entirely fluent in Russian but he had learned this vocabulary first and he leaned away from Ilya and his touch to reach for the bedside table drawer. He opened and extracted a bottle almost blindly before leaning back toward Ilya who took the bottle and slicked his finger with a healthy amount.

"On your back," Ilya softly commanded, "please." He added to further soften it.

Shane nodded, tucking a pillow under his head and readjusted his hips to be centered on the bed. Ilya discarded the bottle beside Shane's left hip and kissed his knee before circling Shane's entrance. Shane's back arched at the sensation, immediately overwhelmed by the pleasure that Ilya was so easily able to elicit in Shane.

"Fuck," Shane's eyes fluttered shut as he pressed his head into his pillow, trying to repress his moans as if there were necessary to hide.

Even after over a decade and now marriage, Ilya being aware of his control over Shane still made the brunette feel coy, as though Ilya would find it stale. Shane knew the truth, that his lust and pleasure only ever fed into Ilya's and Ilya's. But Shane couldn't let him win, though the blonde had never once lost their push and pull.

Ilya continued to work against Shane's tense entrance, he could tell that Shane was in his head. He smiled softly up at Shane, taking in the tension between his eyebrows as he mulled over god knows what in his mind rather than letting Ilya take what he knew Shane most

desperately wanted. Ilya moved up, sticking out his tongue against Shane's hipbone and breathed against his now wet skin.

"Relax, my love," Ilya purred in Russian, "Or I will never get to fuck you."

"Hm," Shane's head rocked to the side slightly as he opened his eyes, "Sorry."

"Don't be," Ilya spoke softly, "I love you."

It was times like these where Shane was reminded of how loved and known he was by Ilya. Not that he had ever doubted it. But Ilya was ensuring that he loved him, not in spite of how Shane was, but because of who he was. To his deepest core, Shane was anxious, neurotic, most times too literal and missed countless clues. He had always known he struggled to let go of what control he had. He hadn't changed, only adjusted. Where he had grown to learn that that came with rolled eyes and huffed breaths, is where Ilya met him, and made it his life's work to reverse those lessons. To have Shane know that control could be taken, when he wanted it to be and that he would be safe without it. As long as he had Ilya, he would be safe.

"I love you too." Shane mumbled, his cheeks warming below his freckles.

"We can stop," Ilya planted another kiss just above the neatly trimmed patch of hair at Shane's pelvis, "if you rather we..."

"Ilya," Shane stopped him, "My dick looks like it's holding your head up."

"So, you want this?" Ilya's voice was soft but his fingertip pushed past the resistance to his first knuckle.

"Oh! Fuck yes." Shane breathed out as he squirmed, his hips chasing the newfound intrusion.

"Then fucking relax." Ilya laughed, "I'm getting...uh...impatient?"

"Mm big word for you." Shane tried to tease through gritted teeth as he relaxed, allowing Ilya's finger to slide in further.

"Fuck you, Hollander." The last name rolled off Ilya's tongue as it had since their first meeting but he so rarely used it anymore.

"Mm, you plan to." Shane struggled to smile, his mouth wanting to naturally hang open with Ilya's finger slowly pumping in and out of him as he surrendered more and more to Ilya.

"Should I suck your dick? Or do you want to show me your trick? Hm?" Ilya quirked his brow at Shane's strained expression, he was fighting an orgasm already.

"N-no," Shane nearly whines, "You said you'd, mmph, fuck me. I want you to fuck me."

Ilya couldn't help but smile. It had been years of whatever it was they had been doing, pretending to not love one another, of Shane's aversion to demanding what he wanted. He had always begged, even been very good at it. But to have him so plainly, without a second thought, tell Ilya what he wanted, knowing that Ilya would always give him exactly that, had

been a reward for Ilya. Something they had worked toward together and no matter how many years it will be, Ilya would relish in that victory.

“I will, малыш*, anything you want.” Ilya worked a second finger into Shane, his real work now beginning.

Ilya’s eyes stayed glued onto Shane’s expression as his expert fingers worked Shane open, grazing his prostate just so often enough for the brunette’s hips to jolt and a long drawn out moan to spill out of his mouth as he unravel and lost more of his mind as each stroke. Ilya dragged his tongue along the side of Shane’s cock, taking pity on the visible throb of it being left untouched. Shane’s hands shot from where they were gripping the sheets at his hips, into Ilya’s hair and tugged his face away.

“No, no, baby, please.” Shane shook his head, “Don’t, or I’ll cum.”

Ilya nodded, turning his face to kiss Shane’s palm, savoring the flavor of his lust that he had caught. Shane looked down at him and looked almost apologetic.

“I just want to cum from you fucking me.” Shane’s eyes softened, “We have all day for you to taste me.”

“We have our whole lives.” Ilya nodded, “But yes, today, probably in the shower.”

Shane’s lips cracked into a wide smile and he nodded, “Okay, if I can get it up.”

Ilya rolled his eyes, biting the pillow of muscle at Shane’s stomach. “You never have to struggle with that.”

Shane shook his head and rocked his hips toward Ilya’s fingers, asking for him to continue. Ilya obliged and focused his wanting tongue to carving a hickey on Shane’s protruding hipbone. Neither of them had ever fallen into the habit of marking one another up, but this claiming of Shane, though mildly juvenile, felt like another victory. Though no one would ever lay their eyes on Shane’s bruised hip except for Ilya. A secret he was happy to keep.

Ilya worked Shane until he was tensing around him, his hips uncontrollably rolling to ride Ilya’s fingers. He was close and too mindless to remember what he had wanted. It was up to Ilya to remind him, and though he so desperately wanted to watch Shane’s orgasm coat his belly and chest without a single touch to his cock, he withdrew his fingers. Shane let out a loud, frustrated groan, a closed fist coming down against the plush sheets as he was brought to the edge and denied the tip off.

“Mm, n-now. Please Ilya, please.” Shane’s hips bucked up, trying to search for any sort of friction.

“Yes, my baby,” Ilya hummed, finally addressing his angry hard-on as he applied lube along his length and slowly dragged his hand along his length to make it slick, “Like this?”

“Mm. Mhm,” Shane whispered, receiving Ilya who lifted himself up and pushed toward Shane, “Just like this.”

Ilya leaned down and kissed Shane deeply, not with any dominance or fight, he had him just as he wanted him. But with tenderness, it teemed with love and lust. Shane welcomed it, as he always did, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck and keeping him in place, wanting to suffocate on his kiss before thinking of pulling away. Shane allowed Ilya to bend his left knee and lift it, giving Ilya enough room to fit between his muscular and taut thigh muscles.

"I love you," Ilya whispered as he used his right hand to align his dick with Shane's ready entrance.

"I love you too," Shane returned against his lips.

Ilya pushed into Shane, slowly, though he knew he was accustomed to his size. Shane crooned out a moan, his chin lifting as he arched toward Ilya, their sweat salted skin touching and shooting electricity through them both. Ilya tucked his face into Shane's, resting his forehead against Shane's jaw and breathing in his natural scent that was now laced with his sweat. Ilya panted against Shane as he snapped his hips against Shane. His strokes were impatient, desperate but consistent and soft in comparison to most nights. He kept himself deep in Shane, not wanting to detach from him even a centimeter.

Shane had hooked his leg around Ilya, keeping him as deep as he wanted him as his body rocked with Ilya's thrust. To be whittled down, taken apart to just a vessel of lustful stimulation, a tool for Ilya to reach the highest peaks of pleasure, drove Shane insane. He loved being rendered speechless, too overwhelmed by the fill of Ilya's cock to think of anything else but the unrelenting grazing of his prostate and the tightness building in his stomach that reached his throat.

"Can I touch you now?" Ilya softly asked, "Please let me touch this beautiful-"

"Yes!" Shane managed, "Please!"

Ilya took hold of Shane's cock and the roughness of his palm, the awareness of its size and knowing that Ilya had every intention to beg to touch it made Shane erupt. His orgasm peaked and he unloaded onto Ilya's fist and his own stomach as Ilya pumped his hand, wanting to work out every drop Shane could muster. Ilya's hips relented, though notably a bit sloppier now that Shane had reached his orgasm and Ilya was nearing his own. Ilya panted.

"W-where should I?" Ilya asked, cumming inside of Shane just once was rare, twice was unheard of.

"Inside, where you want." Shane muttered, cupping his face and kissing Ilya's forehead.

Ilya nodded in reply and pressed impossibly deeper into Shane before releasing into him, his hips stuttering from the intense orgasm. Shane sighed out at the delicious sensation of being filled then swallowed hard, the feeling immediately overwhelming him. Ilya carefully pulled out, and rolled onto his back, his hand blindly searching for Shane beside him. Shane reached for his hand and intertwined their fingers, kissing Ilya's knuckles as the blonde screwed his eyes shut and focused on steadying his breathing.

"You can go," Ilya panted after a few breaths. "I know you want to shower."

“I do,” Shane rolled over, molding himself to Ilya, “But with you. I will wait.”

“I need to do the bed.” Ilya absently waved his hand that was now wrapped around Shane.

“We can do it together, after our shower.” Shane shrugged against him, humming at Ilya’s large hand returning to his hip and squeezing.

Ilya lifted his head slightly and cracked open his eyes, still obviously out of breath, “Who the fuck are you? Surely you cannot be Shane Hollander.”

“Hollander-Rozanov.” Shane amended, “And I have turned a new leaf.”

“What is that leaf bullshit?” Ilya’s accent thickened slightly, “You are bullshitter Shane!”

Shane laughed softly and kissed Ilya’s collarbone and nodded, “For today, I don’t give a shit. I just want to be stuck to you.”

Ilya took Shane’s hand where it rested on his chest and brushed his lips along the cool ring on his finger and kissed his knuckle.

“I will test that.” Ilya pressed more kisses on his knuckles, then turned his hand over to kiss from his palm to his wrist.

“Do not be disgusting just to test me, Rozanov.” Shane weakly tried to pull his hand away.

“I will do exactly that,” Ilya admitted with a smirk growing on his lips, tugging Shane’s hand back to his lips.

“Shut up,” Shane pressed his hand against Ilya’s lips, earning him a light bite on his wrist. “Let’s go.”

“Mm.” Ilya nodded and sat up, helping Shane up and walking into their shared bathroom.

The rest of the day consisted of Shane’s wildest dreams. Tasks he had never dreamed of doing with Ilya. Taking a slow shower elongated for wet soapy kisses, replacing the sheets and melting into the freshness of the new set while Ilya put the ruined ones in the washer. Shane faded into a light sleep, only stirring to shift into Ilya’s arms when he joined him. And they slept, holding one another, with nothing weighing down on them. No fear, no timelines, no anxiety, just them and time. All the time in the world.

End Notes

A/N:

Hi, Heated Rivalry has consumed every fiber of my being. I have rewatched countless times and read both Heated Rivalry and The Long Game as fast as I could. But I still am itching for more. So I wrote this. I tried my best to take inspiration from Rachel Reid's writing style, overall tone and prose because it's like a fun little challenge for me. Hopefully it feels reminiscent of her writing but not a copy cat thing.

Anyway, Happy Holidays! You will probably see more of these two because I never stop thinking of them. Thank you forever and always for reading (and commenting if you do)!

- Dazed

(P.S. This was mainly written at 2am, on my phone, in my notes app and then transferred to google docs and finished there. Also my shit is never beta read so I apologize in advance for any wonky business)

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