

look how far we've come, my baby

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look how far we've come, my baby

by [omis](#)

Summary

It's worse these days—his reaction to Shane looking at him or being in his presence. Ilya thinks it's just his body's natural reaction to Shane, but recently Shane's hair has been littered with graying strands and Ilya finds it harder and harder not to drop to his knees every time Shane enters a room.

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Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander love each other, love their daughter, and thank all heavens that Svetlana Vetrova is in their lives.

Notes

i wanted slightly old man yaoi, girl dads hollanov, svetlana being an important family friend, and shane to get fucked down. so i wrote this. sorry if it's terrible but i hope it's not too terrible.

title from still the one by shania twain

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

Ilya couldn't begin to explain the sheer amount of stunning views he's been afforded throughout the many years of his life as a professional hockey player. The beauty of the world, both people and places, is not new to Ilya's eyes.

Yet crystal blankets of snow in Boston, soft yellows and reds of the sun rising behind Moscow's pointed buildings, turquoise waves crashing over glistening sand...

None of it compares to the awe-inspiring, heavenly, ravishingly irresistible view of Shane Hollander's ass in form fitting sweatpants.

Years have passed since Shane Hollander's perfectly plump ass has graced Ilya's life with its presence. It still makes his mouth water uncontrollably.

"Jesus, Ilya. Relax for a day," Svetlana scoffs next to him, chastising him in their native language. They both lean against the outside wall of the rink, keeping careful eyes on Shane and the hoard of kids he's leading through drills.

Ilya smirks, eyes closing briefly behind the glasses perched on his nose. "Jealous?"

They both pause, watching as Shane corrects the stance of one of their youngest players with a gentle hand.

"You have to shift your angle, Jamie, or you'll lose momentum. Like this," Shane says, voice kind, sweet, and full of experience, carrying towards them.

His husband has made leaps and bounds in his coaching journey. Ilya sees no more of that earnest yet jumbling coaching from their first summers of hosting training camps. He's so passionate about coaching these kids, and he delivers with an undeniable ease, the product of years of dedication to these summer training opportunities.

Svetlana hums, bringing Ilya's attention back to her, and he can see her eyes tracking Shane's form across the ice as he moves on to help his other players. "Of course I'm jealous," Svetlana murmurs, "Still don't want a third?"

A cackle erupts from Ilya's throat, turning the eyes of thirty kids and his husband.

"Coach Ilya!" echoes throughout the rink before he can respond to Svetlana, and all thirty kids abandon their drills to crowd against the wall where they stand.

Tiny voices blend together as they all clamber for his attention. Ilya looks towards Shane, abandoned in his drills and crossing his arms with a put upon face of disappointment. With just one wink, his husband's face melts into a gentle smile and an eye roll as he makes his way towards the crowd of players.

"Yes, yes," Ilya says, calming the kids' voice down. "Your favorite coach has returned. So sorry to abandon you with Coach Shane's terrible drills."

The kids giggle, and Shane rolls his eyes again. His beautiful husband. He'll have to remind Shane that rolling his eyes too much might lead to his eyes permanently stuck that way. No matter, Ilya will love him anyway.

"You and I came up with these drills together, Coach Ilya," Shane responds, laughter in his voice.

"Lies! Coach Ilya only plans fun drills that make you better players. One day you'll all be drafted and you can all thank me," Ilya dramatizes with a hand clutched to his chest as the kids laugh at him.

Svetlana gently backhands him, bringing Shane's attention to their guest.

"Alright, everyone," Shane leads, "Back out there. You all know what to do, run through the drills without me for a bit."

The kids groan and drag their skates, but follow Shane's instructions immediately.

"Svetlana," Shane says gently, skating towards them to lay a gentle kiss on her cheek. "Flight was okay?"

Svetlana smiles and grasps Shane's hand. "Was perfect, Shane. Though the pick up service could use some work."

Ilya scoffs. "Yes, well, next time you can walk. My husband and best friend, so ungrateful."

Ilya watches the two of them make eye contact, silent conversations between them from years of dealing with Ilya's personality. He should be annoyed, but really, all he feels is a deep sense of affection for two people that mean the world to him.

"Hmm," Shane says, eyes finally turning towards Ilya. Maybe one day his heart will understand that he has this for life, but today is not that day. His heart nearly beats out of his chest as soon as his husband glances his way.

It's worse these days—his reaction to Shane looking at him or being in his presence. Ilya thinks it's just his body's natural reaction to Shane, but recently Shane's hair has been littered with graying strands and Ilya finds it harder and harder not to drop to his knees every time Shane enters a room.

Point proven: Shane's eyes trail over him. Ilya's knees shake. Sirens flash in his head. There is a very real chance his heart may fall to the floor from his chest. He grasps onto Svetlana's unsuspecting hand and squeezes.

"God, you're annoying," Svetlana says, shaking his hand off and walking towards the seats closer to where the kids are running drills. "See you later, Coach Shane. Come find me after, Ilya."

Ilya sticks his tongue at her and turns towards his husband. His husband who is watching him with a knowing look, eyes crinkled behind those sexy black rimmed glasses he wears more often than not these days. Ilya has to force himself to limit his glance to just his eyes. If he

looks up towards slightly graying hair or down towards the perfect way Shane's dri-fit shirt clings to his body, Ilya might have to leave the rink early.

“Hi,” Shane says.

“Hi,” Ilya replies, voice soft and just for them. As much as he wants to reach out and trace his fingers along the freckles of Shane's cheek, he holds back. Shane likes to keep the affection minimal during practices. Ilya understands, but he wishes so badly that he could pull his husband into his arms and keep him there eternally.

“You hopping on the ice with me today or sitting with Svetlana?” Shane asks, fingers drumming against the plastic wall, skates shuffling on the ice in constant movement. His dedicated, sexy athlete husband, so unable to stop moving his body.

Ilya runs his eyes over Shane's face and dons a smug little smile. “I will sit with Svetlana and observe your form, Coach Shane. Was very distracting earlier. I don't think I can be on the ice with you without swooning. Is a hazard.”

“Hmm,” Shane says again, one of his favorite responses to Ilya's melodramatic words. “Well, make sure to keep an eye on me then, since you're so worried about my form.”

“Always, moya lyubov,” Ilya responds and he can't help a quick pat against his husband's cheek, fingers caressing his favorite freckles, before backing away to find Svetlana in the chairs.

“Coach Shane said he'd buy everyone ice cream if you all do the drill perfectly in the next five minutes!” Ilya shouts, grin lighting up his face at his husband's exasperation. The kids cheer, energy tangible now with the promise of ice cream.

“Let's show Coach Ilya how well these drills improve our skills, since he thinks his are better. Jamie, set up,” Shane instructs, used to Ilya's taunts.

Love of my life, Ilya thinks to himself, and squeezes himself into a plastic seat next to Svetlana to watch his beautifully confident and kind husband create a hockey environment that he wishes he'd had growing up.

Shane opens the door to their home and feels the weight of the day slide off his shoulders. He carefully takes his shoes off, stacking them on the rack and slips on his My Melody house slippers. The matching Kuromi pair is gone from the rack, which means Ilya got home before him. Not surprising, given the amount of ice cream Shane had to buy for the kids after practice.

Shane glances towards his feet, snug in the pink monstrosity that are his house slippers. Yuna and David had returned from Japan earlier this year with gifts, including a matching Kuromi and My Melody headband set. Ilya had taken one look at the two Sanrio characters and became obsessed. Shane eventually grew used to seeing random cutesy Sanrio items pop up around their home. His husband, so sweet Shane hardly knows what to do.

As he walks further into their home, he hears Ilya's deep tone, Svetlana's smooth cadence, the gentle clacking of Anya's nails on the tile, and a third voice that makes his heart leap.

"Ba ba ba ba ba," Ilya says, just as Shane turns the corner into their kitchen. "You say ba ba ba so well, my baby, how about we say papa now? Yes?"

"Ba! Ba! Ba! Ba!"

"Two stubborn parents, of course she won't listen to you, Ilya," Svetlana says in Russian from where she's sitting at their kitchen bar. Shane would not say he's fluent, but after all of these years, he understands more than most.

"She's obsessed with him," Shane cuts in, stepping into the kitchen and heading towards his husband and his daughter. "I think she refuses to say it because it keeps Ilya's attention on her."

Ilya and Katerina whip their heads towards him, twin wide eyes latching onto Shane. His chest caves in and any stress that might've remained from the day is forgotten. He's home, his family is here, and his heart is settled.

"Shane!" Ilya calls.

"Ba!" Katerina yells, tone nearly identical to her father's.

Shane hums as he reaches the two of them, left arm wrapping snugly around Ilya's waist to pull them into the shelter of his body. His free hand reaches up to gently pat down Katerina's unruly hair.

"Hi, my Rina," Shane says softly, hand falling from his daughter's hair to her chubby cheeks, spotted with freckles. Ilya had cried when he first saw them.

These days, as her freckles become more pronounced, Ilya's favorite morning activity is to place Katerina on the bed next to Shane to hover over the two of them and place kisses on both of their cheeks, where their freckles are most prominent. It always ends in the three of them giggling uncontrollably.

"Hi," Ilya responds.

"Ba," Katerina repeats.

Shane loves his life.

"You're always so sweet with each other," Svetlana interrupts, just as Shane leans in to press a gentle kiss to Katerina's cheek and a firm one to his husband's. He likes the way his daughter giggles and the heat under his lips when Ilya blushes. Shane won't mention it, though, since Ilya is adamant that Russians don't blush. Still.

"You are jealous. I have beautiful husband and daughter," Ilya glares half-heartedly towards Svetlana, who grins and takes a sip of whatever is in her glass.

Katerina squirms in Ilya's arms, hands reaching towards Shane, who immediately takes her into his arms. Her head plops towards his chest and Shane's heart skips a beat.

His sweet daughter, just barely over a year old, has changed his life for the better. She is everything he didn't know he and Ilya needed. Her playful babbling, the gummy smiles, and her tiny giggles make his and Ilya's world turn round.

Ilya runs a large hand over Katerina's back and smacks a kiss against Shane's temple. "Abandoning me, my baby. I would be mad but your dad is irresistible. I know it."

Shane glances up towards his husband's face, framed by newly acquired glasses that sharpen his features and remind Shane how many years have passed since they first met. It's hard not to look at Ilya and remember the 17-year-old he met in a Saskatchewan parking lot, but these days, Shane is overcome with how *manly* his husband is.

Shane had always feared aging. Any professional athlete would. It wasn't until he saw Ilya's graceful aging, silver hair sneaking in both in his hair and beard, wrinkles around his eyes from laughter, that Shane began to find some joy in the concept of getting older. Then, they had retired together, and Shane was able to appreciate Ilya's signs of aging quite often and quite physically.

He doesn't realize how lost in his own head he is until Ilya's hand trails down his back and squeezes his ass. Shane doesn't jump, too used to Ilya's wandering hands, but he does turn an unimpressed look towards his husband.

Ilya doesn't spare him a glance, but Shane can see his smug satisfaction reflected in his eyes.

"Svetlana, are you still okay taking Rina tomorrow? I know you're here to visit, so if you have other things to do, don't worry about it," Shane says, ignoring his husband.

"Shane, I came here specifically to see my niece. She needs my influence to counteract Ilya's... Ilya," Svetlana responds, also ignoring Ilya's scoff. "She and I are having a girls day. Breakfast, the zoo, walks in the park. It'll be fun."

Shane smiles down at his daughter, whose head pops up at hearing Svetlana's voice. "You hear that, my love? Ready to spend the day with Aunt Svetlana?"

"Ba!" Katerina says.

"Ba!" Ilya and Shane say back to her, startling a burst of laughter from their daughter.

"Sounds good," Shane replies to Svetlana. "I'll have her bag ready for tomorrow."

"And make sure you speak to her in Russian. She will be smartest girl in her class when she is older," Ilya adds.

Svetlana rolls her eyes and pushes herself off of her chair and walks towards them. "Yes, I will. I've got some work to catch up on, so I'm going to head to the room. I'm thinking we'll take off at around nine."

Shane hums in agreement as Svetlana approaches the three of them.

She presses a kiss to Katerina's head. "Sladkikh snov, Rina."

With one more kiss to her head, she heads down the hall towards the guest room. The gentle click of the shut door echoes softly towards them.

"I'll clean kitchen and get her bottle ready, moya lyubov," Ilya says, already moving to do Shane's required nightly reset. "Bag for tomorrow is already packed and she is bathed. Put her down and I'll bring her bottle?"

Shane sways in the warm, dimmed light of their kitchen, watching as his handsome, capable husband provides for their family so efficiently. "Thank you, baby," he says.

"Of course," Ilya replies, voice fond as he gathers dishes and loads the dishwasher. "Ten minutes. Be right there."

With a small nod, Shane moves down the hallway towards Katerina's bedroom. Her head is back on his chest and she's gone quiet. It'll be easy putting her down tonight.

He steps into her room and settles into the cushioned rocking chair set in the corner of her room. When they'd designed the room, both he and Ilya had agreed to ensuring it was a calm and loving space. The walls are painted a soft purple, with twin windows framed by pale, fluttering curtains, and a bookshelf lining one side of the room.

The bookshelf is nearly full, stocked with books in four different languages. When he and Ilya had first talked about becoming parents, raising her in a multilingual household was a must for both of them. They decided that they wouldn't worry too much about it, but that they'd expose her to all of their languages as much as possible.

At the moment, it doesn't seem to matter. All their sweet daughter says is "Ba!". Shane tries not to worry. His mother had already assured him many times that Katerina is still young and that she has time to grow into her words. Even if she doesn't, Shane knows he and Ilya would do anything to support their daughter.

"Okay, my love," Shane says, cradling Katerina to his chest with one arm and opening a book from the side table to its first page with his free hand. "Want to read while we wait for your dad to bring your bottle?"

Katerina remains silent, happy to be held in Shane's arms and gently smack her small fist against his chest.

"Let's hope he hurries," Shane whispers. "I miss him already. I bet you do, too."

Shane takes the way she squirms as agreement and starts to read. Katerina settles, always comforted by the rumble of either of her dads' chests as they speak. It's as Shane is finishing the first book about ducks that Ilya walks in, bottle in his hand.

"Here, moya lyubov, move up a bit," Ilya says, and Shane sits forward so Ilya has room to squeeze behind the two of them into the chair. Shane leans back until he is cradled against

Ilya's strong chest, his husband's arms wrapped around both him and their daughter.

Ilya hands Shane the bottle and he presses it to Katerina's mouth, watching fondly as she latches on and her eyes flutter closer and closer to sleep.

As Ilya rocks them gently in the chair, Shane leans his head back, resting against Ilya's shoulder, and keeps an eye on Katerina. The three of them remain that way until Katerina finishes her bottle and drops off into a deep sleep.

"Ya lyublyu tebya," Ilya murmurs. Shane knows he's saying it to both of them. "I love our life, Shane. I love you."

Shane sucks in a quiet breath. "Ya lyublyu tebya. You are everything I need in life. You and Rina. I want to spend the rest of my life like this."

Ilya pulls the two of them closer. "Always, moya lyubov."

Ilya wakes the next morning feeling extremely well-rested. When he glances at the clock, it's ten and he knows he slept through their entire morning routine and the girls leaving for the day. He pouts into his pillow, thinking of his daughter leaving without telling him bye, even if it's just for a few hours.

He can feel warmth emanating near his feet and when he looks up, he sees Anya curled up against him.

"Hi, my baby," Ilya murmurs, voice rough from such a long sleep. "Come up here."

Anya jumps up and settles closer towards him, rolling onto her back for a tummy rub.

"You are so sweet! You are best dog in the world," he states, hands curling around his dog and squeezing her to his chest. Just as he's scratching behind her ears, their bedroom door clicks open and his insanely gorgeous husband walks in, sweatpants low, shirtless, with that specific pair of glasses that make Shane even more sexy than he usually is. Life is wonderful.

Ilya props himself up on his elbow and pats Anya's back. She jumps off the bed and slips between Shane's legs to busy herself somewhere else. Smartest dog in the world, his Anya.

"Morning," Shane says, eyes trailing over Ilya's chest and towards the sheet that's barely covering his bottom half.

Ilya smiles inwardly. His Shane, so predictable. Ilya is going to dick him down so hard. Life is so, so great.

"Come," Ilya says, patting the free space in front of him where Anya was.

Shane steps towards the bed and sits at the edge so that his back is cradled against Ilya's stomach. Ilya stays propped on one elbow and lets his other hand drag along his husband's spine.

“Why didn’t you wake me up? I could have helped this morning,” Ilya starts, then puts on a pout. “Should have woken me up to say bye to Katerina.”

His husband glances down at him, unimpressed. “We tried to wake you up before Rina left with Svetlana. She was doing some very enthusiastic “ba”s and you barely moved.”

Ilya knows it’s fine, but his heart still hurts. He can’t believe he missed saying goodbye to his baby. No matter if it’s five minutes or three hours, Ilya always wants his daughter to know that he’ll miss her.

Shane must see his inner turmoil, because he presses a hand to his hair and runs gentle fingers against his scalp. Ilya’s eyes close out of habit.

“Don’t worry, baby. Svetlana was up early and helped with Rina. She was very adamant that she wanted to spend as much time as possible with her,” Shane explains. “Rina was very excited to go with her aunt. Lots of “ba”s and clapping.”

Ilya loosens up a bit and rolls over to his back before pulling at Shane’s waist until he gets the hint. Shane moves over Ilya, dropping his weight entirely onto him, face shoved into Ilya’s neck. What a smart husband. This is exactly what Ilya wanted.

They lie in silence for a bit, Shane’s breath against the sensitive skin of Ilya’s neck while Ilya continues to draw his hands over his husband’s firm, sculpted back.

As they lie there, Ilya thinks about how far they’ve come with their daughter. At the beginning, she could never be out of their sight, the anxious parents that they were. It took many months of careful planning and challenging themselves to let even David and Yuna take Katerina for a day.

The first time Svetlana visited, Shane and Ilya had hovered around her every time Katerina was in her arms. It was embarrassing and Shane knew it, but they couldn’t help it. Katerina was everything to them.

It took several months of Shane’s parents visiting and taking Katerina for occasional nights for Shane and Ilya to loosen up. Svetlana had also made the trip over to Ottawa many times to visit them, easing the two of them into who they are today, two parents who let their daughter go on a girls day with their aunt without having panic attacks.

“You’re a really good dad,” Shane mumbles. Ilya’s hand pauses, stomach fluttering with Shane’s compliment. “You’re the perfect husband. The exact partner I need. You’re everything to me, Ilya.”

Ilya’s eyes go misty. As he gets older, it’s harder to control his body’s physical manifestation of his emotions. The other day Katerina hit a mini puck with her mini hockey stick and he burst into tears. Shane’s words make him feel like he’s having a heart attack.

“That is you, moya lyubov,” Ilya responds, squeezing Shane closer towards his body. He wants to melt them into a singular being. “Perfect husband. Perfect father. Perfect coach and leader. You are everything I need in my life.”

Shane pulls up from where he had been pressed into Ilya's neck and brings their faces closer.

"Love you," Shane says, eyes roaming Ilya's face for a few seconds before dropping down to kiss him, sweet and soft.

When Shane draws up, Ilya follows him, puts a hand against his neck and drags Shane's mouth back towards his own, greedy for more.

Their lips meet, slick and heavy. Shane lets out a whimper that has Ilya yanking his husband's body closer until their bodies are connected at every point.

Ilya licks at Shane's bottom lip, pulls it between his teeth before pressing another kiss to his open mouth. When Ilya's tongue pushes into his, Shane finally collapses his full weight onto Ilya, letting loose so Ilya can do with him as he wants.

They kiss for a while, experts in each other after so many years. Ilya grips Shane's soft hair, just as he likes it, and lets his other hand grip Shane's ass to start a slow, dragging grind of their clothed dicks, hard and hot.

"Been thinking about getting my hands on you, sweetheart," Ilya murmurs, low and deep, directly into Shane's sensitive ear. "Can't stop thinking about getting you into my lap, pulling your hips until your perfect ass grinds onto my cock. You'd let me do what I want, right, baby? You'd just take it?"

Shane whines and presses his clothed crotch against Ilya, dick hard and wanting so badly to be touched. He grinds against Ilya and Ilya lets him, waits for his response before anything.

"Why does your English get so good when you talk dirty?" Shane whines, head back in the crook of Ilya's neck, hips making slow and dirty movements until their hard cocks line up perfectly. Shane's hips stutter and he chases the pressure. Ilya wants to flip him over, hold him down, and make him come. He decides to be patient, instead, no matter how much he wants to hurry this up.

"I have a lot of practice," Ilya responds. "My husband always tries to sleep with me. I am irresistible."

Shane groans and slaps Ilya's bicep. "Your husband wants you to use all that practice to make him come, please. It's been too long."

Ilya can't argue against that. It has been a while and Shane has been walking around like Ilya's dream come true, taunting him with his round ass and sexy biceps, black and slightly silver hair and hot glasses. Ilya needs his husband coming on his cock immediately.

"Clothes off and turn over, sweetheart," Ilya says, delivering a quick smack to his husband's ass. Shane does as he says, shedding his sweatpants and underwear before collapsing onto his front. Ilya keeps an eye on him as he pulls the bottle of lube from their bedside table, watches as Shane rubs his cock into the bed in small little circles of his hips. Fuck.

Ilya pulls his underwear off and straddles the back of Shane's legs, pulls his thighs further apart before gripping both his cheeks with firm hands. "Want me to fuck you, baby?"

Shane whines again, high and needy. Ilya's dick is so hard he feels lightheaded. His husband is so fucking dreamy.

"Yeah, please, please, want you to fuck me, please," Shane begs, ass tilting up towards him, trying to entice him into fucking him faster. No problem for Ilya. He rubs the head of his cock against Shane's hole, just because he knows Shane likes it. Shane lets out a stream of pleas that has Ilya smirking. His predictable husband.

Ilya pulls back, ignoring Shane's complaints, and slicks up his fingers. As soon as something's pressed back against Shane's hole, he's quiet, completely focused on getting fucked. God, Ilya is so fucking lucky. When he finally pushes a finger into Shane's hole, he's awarded with Shane's moans, deep and high-pitched emerging from his throat.

"Like this, sweetheart? Being full? Taking what I give you? I bet you were thinking about this for a while, yes? My fingers, my mouth, my cock. You need it, don't you?" Ilya leans over to murmur into Shane's ear, first finger followed by another, stretching Shane.

His husband whines, breathless and turned on. Not enough for Ilya, though. He adds a third finger and crooks them towards Shane's prostate, rubs right against that spot, and feels Shane shaking underneath him. "Mm, is that it? Feel good, baby?"

Shane nods erratically, face pushed into the pillow. Ilya can't have that. He grasps Shane's chin with his free hand and turns it towards the side.

"Don't hide. Let me hear you. Let me see your beautiful face," Ilya says, tracking the tears leaking from Shane's pretty eyes, leaving trails against those freckles that Ilya loves so fucking bad. Shane breathes out when Ilya pulls his fingers nearly out and gasps when Ilya slams them back in, continuing that pace relentlessly, brushing against Shane's prostate every time.

Shane has gone nearly silent, eyes glazed and mouth open, drool pooling against their sheets, his soft exhales and groans his only sounds. Ilya is so fucking hard he can't breathe.

He removes his fingers and trails a firm hand up and down Shane's back, letting him breathe for a second as Ilya slides a condom over his cock. "Ready, Shane?"

Shane says nothing, but he tilts his hips off the bed, an offering that Ilya will never refuse. "So sweet, baby. Relax and I'll take care of you."

Ilya sees Shane's head nodding against the sheets, new tears streaming down his face. Ilya loves Shane's voice and he always wants to hear it, but there's always something so satisfying about him going silent like this when he's so turned on. It makes Ilya feel good, that he's still able to bring his husband pleasure like this, even after two decades of being together.

Ilya drags his cock over Shane's hole a few times, can't help but tease his husband just a bit. Shane frowns and tilts his hips up even further.

"Please," Shane says.

Ilya is a simple man who loves his husband. If he asks for anything, Ilya will make sure he gets it. He slides one more time over Shane and slips the head of his dick into him.

He takes his time fucking into him, mostly because if he goes any faster he might come too soon. Shane is so tight, gripping him just the way he likes, hole fluttering and pulling him deeper.

Shane groans and lets his hips fall against the mattress again as he rubs his cock into the sheets. "Wanna fuck yourself on my cock, sweetheart?" Ilya asks, and watches as Shane does just that.

It starts slow at first, short grinds into the mattress only to lift back up to sink deeper onto Ilya's cock. Eventually, Shane wants more and Ilya lets him. It's hard, not moving, not fucking deep into his husband, but Ilya's much more motivated to see Shane work for it.

Shane gets impatient and starts moving his hips faster, two deep grinds into the mattress and then his ass is up to shove back onto Ilya's cock, before repeating the process again. Ilya can only watch for a few minutes before he gets just as impatient as Shane.

"Okay, enough," he says, shoving Shane's hips back into the mattress and thrusting deep into his husband. Shane lets out a long, low moan, back shuddering and fingers gripping their sheets. Ilya presses his entire body into Shane's back, cock grinding deep into him, pressing hard and perfect into Shane's most sensitive spots, body weight rubbing Shane's dick firmly into their bed.

Ilya's chest is completely attached to Shane's back, sweat sealing them together tightly. He pushes his arms under Shane's biceps and hooks his arms back towards his own shoulders, forcing Shane's hands to the side. Ilya's knees push against Shane's thighs up, stretching him wide and changing the angle of his thrusts. Then, he starts up his slow, deep, grind into Shane.

"There we go, I got you, sweetheart," Ilya rasps into Shane's ear, kissing his wet cheeks, his closed eyes, his slack mouth. "Take it, baby. You're so good."

Shane's hole pulses at that and Ilya smirks. "I know, my love, you like being good, yes?"

Shane nods frantically. "Yes, yes, yeah, I'm good, please, Ilya, please."

Ilya groans and bites at Shane's shoulder. He wants to fucking devour this man. "Gonna make you come, yes? You deserve it, you're so good, sweetheart."

Shane shudders, and Ilya can tell he's close by the way his fingers curl towards his palm and his toes flex. "You can come whenever you want, moya lyubov."

It's the only permission his husband needs. Ilya knows Shane is coming before his body reacts, can hear it in his breath and see it in his wide eyes.

"Ilya," Shane gasps out, hole clenching Ilya's cock so tight as Ilya keeps up the short, hard thrusts into Shane, right against his prostate. "Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, Ilya."

Shane's body convulses, hips pushing up before falling down, twitching into the bed as Shane gets their sheets even more wet than they probably already are. That's what Ilya dislikes about this position—he can't see how wet Shane gets.

Once Shane collapses fully into the bed, Ilya can't hold on any longer. He's been hard for so fucking long and his husband is the sexiest person he's ever fucking seen in his life. He pulls out of Shane, rips the condom off, and gets his hand on his dick. He's close, so fucking close.

It's when Shane turns his head back towards Ilya and tilts his ass ever so slightly towards him, an obvious invitation, that Ilya comes, streak after streak painting his husband's firm, perfect ass with his come.

Ilya thinks he might've blacked out for a bit, with how hard his orgasm hit him. By the time he blinks back into focus, he's collapsed against Shane's back and he's gasping in breaths.

"Fuck," Ilya says.

Shane laughs and says, "Nice."

"What the fuck do you mean nice? Was not nice. Was fucking life changing. Best sex you ever had. Three languages, pick a better word than nice, Shane Hollander," Ilya pants, still out of breath from coming so hard but refusing to let Shane's comment pass. Unbelievable, his husband.

Shane giggles and flips over to look Ilya more directly in the eyes. "Pretty good?"

Ilya guffaws at his husband's audacity and turns his back towards him. "You are bane of my existence, Shane Hollander."

More laughter, then Shane's hands sneak around his body, chest pressed to his back and a hand grasping at his pec.

"You are outstanding," Shane starts, "Brilliant. Extravagant. Extraordinary—"

"Okay, enough, now you are being silly," Ilya interrupts, but the smile on his face is unstoppable. "I will lie here and think about how my husband thinks our sex is bad."

Shane pats his chest and leans up, pressing kiss after kiss to Ilya's face. "You know it's the best, Ilya. You always make me come so fucking hard."

Ilya grins, triumphant. "Yes, remember that. You have a very hot husband who is good in bed. When all the parents pick up their kids from practice and try to hit on you, remind them of that."

Shane scoffs. "I'll be sure to tell that to the parents who decide to make moves on me. Which is no one, by the way."

"You are too distracted by your hot husband to notice them," Ilya says smugly. "Don't worry, I'll make sure they know you are perfect with me."

"Yeah," Shane replies, voice soft and sweet and everything Ilya could ever want. "You're perfect with me, too."

Warmth travels through Ilya, and he pulls Shane's arms so that he's spooned against his husband's chest. Soon, Shane will complain that they're dirty and will force them to get up, shower, and change the sheets. They'll go to the kitchen, clean up breakfast, and start on lunch for the girls' return. Svetlana will show them pictures of their daughter, who will be in her high chair throwing snacks on the floor towards Anya, the vacuum of a dog that she is. Their afternoon and evening will be full of sweet laughter and an undeniable warmth.

For now, though, Ilya pulls Shane's hands up towards his mouth to smooth a lingering kiss to his palm while Shane presses his lips to the back of Ilya's neck. In the protected comfort of his husband's embrace, Ilya lets his eyes close and thinks, *My love, look how far we've made it.*

End Notes

if you liked it i love you. if you didn't like it pls don't tell me im sensitive. happy heated rivalry episode six week!

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