

problems of having a pretty boyfriend

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problems of having a pretty boyfriend

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Summary

“This is a little embarrassing but, would you happen to know if Shane is single or not? And you know, open to... someone like me? A man?”

Ilya felt his heartbeat speeding up, his breath rising. What the fuck.

Ilya gets very angry when a producer of an ad that Shane and Ilya have to film takes interest in his boyfriend.

Possessive Ilya!!!!

Takes place after cottage episode. They are boyfriends :)

Ilya was shooting for some ad, theatrically drinking a sports drink, while fake wind was blowing his hair back, and he couldn't wait for it to be over. Him and Shane were asked to do this silly advertisement video, the brand wanting to use their 'rivalry' as a way to sell the product.

Little did they know Shane and Ilya weren't rivals anymore (if they ever really were) in fact they were boyfriends now. Ilya still thought it was a crazy idea to grasp, having a boyfriend. But when he remembered that it also meant that it was Shane Hollander who was his boyfriend, he felt pretty content with the label. Shane had already left the set half an hour ago as he was finished with his scenes already.

Ilya knew the producer on the set quite well, Daniel, he was a few years older than Ilya, he was pretty sure he was 30 years old. Daniel was a handsome tall guy with dark brown hair and a thick brown beard. Shane and Ilya have worked with Daniel a few times over the years. Ilya liked the guy, he knew Shane did too, he was fun to work with. However, Ilya hadn't missed how Daniel and Shane had chatted earlier today. Daniel was standing a bit too close to Shane for Ilya's liking. He even noticed Daniel had touched Shane's arm, Ilya had to hold himself back to not push Daniel away with force. He never liked when others touched Shane outside of hockey. On the field it was fine, it was part of the game, but he didn't think there was any need for anyone to be touching Shane outside of games. But Ilya would almost consider Daniel as a friend, him and Ilya even went to the bar once after a shoot, so he had ignored his discontent with that unnecessary arm-touch for the moment.

"Okay I got your shot, thanks man," Daniel told Ilya. Ilya nodded, finally the shoot was done.

He was about to walk away from the set when Daniel suddenly stopped him. "Hey man, wanna get a beer after? We could watch tonight's game at the bar?" Ilya thought about it, he knew Shane wouldn't be home because he was going to have dinner with some family, so Ilya wouldn't be able to see him until after dinner meaning he had some time to kill anyway. So he didn't see why not. "Yeah sure, let's do it," he told Daniel.

Some time later they were at the bar, having a decent time, but he couldn't help but wish he was with Shane right now. Since they had spend the 2 weeks together at the cottage and become official, Ilya felt even more in love with Shane than ever. Which he didn't even think was possible. Now that he knew what it was like to spend everyday with him, every moment he didn't spend with Shane felt like a waste of his time. All that Ilya could do was look forward to the moment he would see Shane again. It felt like he was addicted to Shane. He craved him, constantly.

Daniel interrupted his thoughts, "Hey man, I have a weird question." Ilya noticed he looked a little nervous. "Okay." Ilya said, curious where this was going.

"So um, you're quite close with Shane right? Shane Hollander?" Daniel asked, looking at him expectingly.

"Well yeah, a little, I guess," Ilya lied. He wasn't sure if he liked where this was going. Was Daniel onto them?

“Yeah, exactly... So I was wondering...” Daniel stopped mid sentence. This drew Ilya crazy.

“What, wondering what?” he asked him.

Daniel continued, “This is a little embarrassing but, would you happen to know if Shane is single or not? And you know, open to... someone like me? A man?”

Ilya felt his heartbeat speeding up, his breath rising. What the fuck. He couldn’t believe what Daniel had just asked him. Or what the hell he would possibly answer to this question, so he just stared at his friend.

Daniel continued: “Because I’m going to be so honest with you man... I think he’s so fucking hot. Like Jesus... The things I would do to-“

“Okay okay. Enough. I got it.” Ilya cut Daniel off. What the fuck was happening. Ilya felt sick in his stomach. Daniel was trying to fucking hit on Shane. And Ilya knew that could absolutely never happen. Never. Shane was off limits. Ilya was livid. He frowned and rubbed his forehead with his fingers, unsure how to deal with this situation.

“Well? Do you know?” Daniel then asked, getting impatient.

“Do I know what?”, Ilya snarled.

“If he’s single or not?”

Ilya sighed, this guy is fucking annoying, he thought.

“I highly doubt it,” Ilya said, a little more angry than he intended.

Daniel nodded. “Yeah you’re probably right. I mean why would he be, right? He’s so good looking dude. Those eyes...”

Ilya was boiling inside. Who the fuck did this guy think he was? Shane was his. No one else could talk about him like this. Or even think about him like this for that matter.

“And that ass...” Daniel continued.

“Okay man I think you should stop talking” Ilya tried to interrupt him. He was so fucking pissed. He wanted Daniel to shut up.

“If I got the chance, I would fuck him so-“

That was Ilya’s last straw, before he could think, he punched his friend right in his face. Ilya saw red.

“Dude what the fuck,” Daniel groaned. Everyone in the bar gasped out of shock and that’s when Ilya realized what he just did. He quickly grabbed his jacket and ran out of the bar. He got in his car and drove home as fast as he could. He was still shaking with anger. He couldn’t deal with someone talking about Shane like that, his own friend at that. He couldn’t say he was exactly shocked though, he knew damn well that Shane was gorgeous. There were probably thousands of people out there that would do anything for a chance with Shane, and Ilya didn’t blame them. He hadn’t felt this jealous though since Shane dated Rose Landry,

Shane was the only person that had ever had this effect on him. The only person that could make him feel possessive.

When he got home, Shane's apartment, he realized the lights were on. This meant that Shane had gotten home earlier than he expected, suggesting he hadn't been to his parents house. He found Shane in the kitchen, cooking. And god, he looked so good. Ilya was so happy to see Shane, that was exactly what he needed right now. He never wanted to see or speak to Daniel ever again, he was already dreading the next shoot they would have with him.

"Aren't you having dinner with your parents?" Ilya asked Shane, trying to appear as calm as possible, like nothing happened. Like he didn't just punch their friend in the face because he had talked inappropriately about Shane.

"Hey, yeah I was on my way when I got a call from my mom that my uncle is feeling sick so we agreed it's better if we move the dinner to another day. And then, when I got home you weren't here yet, so I thought why not cook dinner and surprise you." Shane explained, looking a little shy.

Ilya's heart was exploding. He loved this man so much.

"Hey..." Shane continued, "Are you okay? You look a little... I don't know."

Ilya quickly walked over to Shane, closing the distance between them and grabbed his face with both his hands as he kissed Shane passionately. "I love you," he told him. "And you're..." he looked at Shane. At every feature on his face. "You're mine." Shane smiled but looked at him with a puzzled look.

"What's going on with you?" Shane asked. "You're tense." Ilya didn't want to explain, he just wanted Shane close right now. "Just shut up," he told Shane. Ilya started kissing all over Shane's face, his freckles, the ones he loved so much, his nose, his cheeks, his chin, his neck. He licked his neck, upwards towards his ear, where he sucked Shane's earlobe. Shane whimpered, which drew Ilya even crazier. Shane's moans were the best sound in the world, reminding Ilya that no one else was allowed to ever hear them. Shane was his. He loved him so fucking much and he was his. "Ilya, I'm cooking, we can't..." Shane groaned. "I know baby, but I need you so bad right now," Ilya said in between kissing Shane's neck and pulling on his shirt, motivating him to take it off. "Okay," Shane said while hastily taking his shirt off as he wanted this just as bad as Ilya. As Shane stood in front of him with his shirt off, Ilya wanted to touch everything he was looking at, Shane's pecks, his abs, his arms. He was going crazy, Shane was the most gorgeous person he had ever laid his eyes on, he felt so lucky that Shane was his. Ilya quickly took off his shirt and turned them both around so Shane was resting with his back against the kitchen counter, in this way Ilya could lift him up and make him sit on the counter. Ilya deepened their kiss, exploring all of Shane's mouth. The combination of Shane's moans and Shane's smell, made Ilya feel like he was high on something.

He lifted Shane up and carried him towards the couch while still kissing him. He softly dropped Shane on the couch. Shane was sitting up on the couch and Ilya stood in front of him looking down at his boyfriend. As Shane was looking up at Ilya with his needy eyes, Ilya felt like he could either float or faint right there. Shane was so sexy, and so unbelievably pretty.

He grabbed Shane's chin with his right hand, and he whispered "Tell me whose boyfriend you are." Shane gulped, for a second he seemed to consider how he should answer but then he told Ilya: "I'm yours. Your boyfriend. Yours, Ilya." Ilya leaned down, and as their face were just inches apart, he whispered "Yes. Good," before deeply kissing Shane again.

He dropped himself beside Shane and took his pants off, Shane knew immediately what to do; he took his pants off as well, and he climbed on Ilya's lap. Ilya opened Shane up with his fingers, fingering him while Shane moaned and whimpered until Ilya couldn't take it anymore. His fingers left Shane's hole and he quickly grabbed a condom that was in the pocket of his pants that was still laying next to them. He lifted Shane a bit by wrapping his left arm around his waist and dropped him softly onto his dick, which he put inside of Shane's hole with the help of his right hand. As his dick slid into Shane, Shane sexily moaned Ilya's name which made Ilya hungrily thrust up in reflex, causing both of them to groan loud in pleasure.

Shane was riding Ilya's dick with so much passion and Ilya swore he could see stars. This felt like heaven. With his hands he squeezed Shane's ass and thighs which were so soft and so gorgeous. All of Shane was so soft, Ilya wanted to embrace all of it. As Shane was riding him, Ilya couldn't tear his eyes away from what was in front of him. Shane looked like perfection, he was perfection. Shane sloppily kissed Ilya, which Ilya eagerly accepted, he felt if he didn't kiss Shane, he would starve of hunger. He needed him.

"Does it feel good?" he asked Shane. "Yes. So good. So good. The best," Shane moaned. Ilya thrust once more as they both came. They hugged, as Shane rest his head in Ilya's neck and Ilya rubbed Shane's back. Ilya felt completely at peace again, he wasn't thinking about what happened at the bar anymore. None of that mattered. All that mattered is where he was right now, with Shane. They were together, and he would never let that go. "I love you Shane." "I love you too, Ilya."

"I do think the food is burned though," Shane noted.

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