Just Desserts

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Just Desserts

by Sallsmum

Summary

Shane wanted to get Ilya something special for his birthday, but what did you get someone who bought himself everything he wanted? he was also determined to let his boyfriend know how much he meant to him and that his birthdays were worth celebrating.

It was the day before Ilya's birthday and Shane's anxiety was trying to get the best of him. He had been thinking about this day for weeks now. Birthdays had never been a big deal to Ilya before he and Shane became a couple.

Shane felt his heart ache for his boyfriend at the memory of him recalling what his childhood had been like after his mother had died. He had never had a party or even a cake to celebrate let alone a gift of any kind.

"If I was lucky, my father would say happy birthday to me as he left for work but that was all." He had said as they had sat on the dock at the lake cottage, Shane leaning back against his strong warm chest with his head under Ilya's chin.

"I'm so sorry it was like that for you. Everyone deserves to celebrate their birthday." He said, turning his head so he could put a soft kiss on his left pec, over his heart. He felt Ilya shrug.

"Is no big deal. Not important."

Shane leaned up and turned to face him, placing his hands on either side of his man's face.

"It is important and it definitely is a big deal. I only wish that your mother was still here so I could call her and thank her for bringing you into the world and my life."

In the late afternoon sun, he saw the way Ilya's beautiful blue eyes glinted and his cheeks colour. He leaned in and kissed him making sure he knew he meant every word of what he had said. It was so tempting to tease him about the blush but he knew he would only deny it and give him the standard answer of "Not blushing, Russians do not do this."

"Ah, Hollander, you are becoming, what is the word….a big sap lately. What is next, will I see you reading romance novels?" Ilya said when they broke apart. He obviously had no problem
Stirring Shane as usual.

Shane shot his boyfriend a hard look but it was difficult to stay mad at him when the mischievous look on his face never failed to make his heart beat faster.

"You're such a dick." Shane said, poking a finger into Illya's bicep before turning back around to lean against him once more.

His skin tingled when he felt his lips brush against his ear. "You love my dick, you cannot deny this." He purred, his lips brushing the shell of Shane's ear.

Shane felt his own cheeks heating as he remembered what had followed. Ilya had always downplayed
his birthday every year but Shane always made sure he had a cake and a gift. The trouble was, it was getting increasingly harder to buy the guy something. What did you get someone who had enough money to get whatever he wanted?

Shane knew that Ilya didn't have the same problem because Shane tended to be more pragmatic with his spending. The trouble with that was, Ilya would go overboard with his birthday and Christmas gifts. He always grumbled at him for spending so much but he secretly loved each and every one of the gifts he received.

Ilya's birthday had been on his mind for months now and slowly, he had formed a plan and he was quite pleased with himself. He knew Ilya had been more than a little suspicious a few times but he had managed to distract him to get his mind off the subject. Now it was the next day and Shane found his excitement for what he had planned had grown into the anxiety it would all go as he hoped and that Ilya would love it.

Ilya had played an away game the day before and flown back on the first flight the next day. He got the first taxi he could see as he raced out of the terminal, lugging his gear. He hated not seeing Shane for days on end when their teams had out of town games but the best thing about it was the reunion sex when he came back home. His whole being was screaming for it.

The ride was maddening slow, the cab being swallowed up by the early morning commuters. By the time the car pulled up to the front of Shane's apartment, Ilya was ready to explode. He threw money at the driver, not caring if it was too much or not and grabbed his gear and took out his phone.

L: Open the fucking door, Hollander

J: Well, good morning, birthday boy. Something wrong?

L: Yes, I need to see you naked and in that bed. RIGHT FUCKING NOW

Ilya had reached the door and heard the lock disengage. He thought about taking the lobby lift but he wasn't going to risk having to wait for it so he started up the back stairs, taking them two at a time.

He got to Shane's apartment door and lifted a fist to pound on the surface but he tried the knob first and it turned freely. He entered the apartment's spacious open living area, dumping his gear before heading straight for the bedroom.

He paused at the door. Shane was laying on the butter soft linen sheets, leaning up against the pillows and padded head board. Wearing only a soft smile.

"Hey, did you miss me?" He purred, running his fingers up the full length of his already hard cock.

Fuck, this man was such a work of art.

Ilya groaned as he began tearing off his clothes, not taking his eyes off Shane's for an instant. Then he was on the bed, looming over his boyfriend and taking his mouth in a kiss that had them both breathless in seconds.

"I'll take that as a yes." Shane breathed when they finally broke apart.

It was almost midday before Ilya let Shane finally get out of bed long enough to shower and get something to eat. Shane had originally planned a breakfast of ricotta pancakes with blueberries and strawberries along with freshly squeezed organic orange juice but he could deal with this type of deviation from his masterplan.

“So why is it that I feel like I just got the present and it’s your birthday?” Shane said, as he sipped a glass of the juice while Ilya had a can of coke.

“No, Hollander, you most definitely were the gift. You gave me exactly what I wanted. So thoughtful of you.” Ilya said, turning to press his lips to his. Shane felt his heart skip a beat. How many years did they have to be together before he didn't react like that all the time?

“So, I have made reservations at a very nice restaurant for us tonight so I hope you have a good jacket and pants with you.”

Illya’s eyes went wide and his brows shot up. He shook his head.

“Are you serious? Shane Hollander superstar is willing to be seen with his arch rival out in public? Did you hit your head while I was gone?”

‘No, smartass. You need to be nice or you won't get your present later. Oh and your special dessert.” Shane said, giving him a playful shove. “Yes, it is in a restaurant but they have private rooms so we can celebrate your birthday in peace.”

Ilya rolled his eyes and leaned back against the pillows.

“How many times do I have to tell you, birthday is not important.”

Shane rose to his knees before straddling Ilya’s hips. He leaned in and kissed him hard before coming back up.

“Yes, it is. I love you and want to show you how much today should be celebrated.”

When he saw Ilya’s eyes soften and a small smile play on his lips, he knew he had him. Ilya put his hands on Shane’s thighs, gently kneading the muscles that bulged under the skin. “You kill me, Shane. You need to stop making those, those doggie eyes at me. It gets me hard too fucking quick.” He said in a grumble that Shane knew full well he didn't mean. And he was well aware of his effect on him by the way his hard length was poking into the top of his ass, begging for entry.

“Doggie eyes? What are you talking about… oh, ha ha, I think you mean puppy dog eyes. I love your take on the english language.” Shane said, grinning from ear to ear as he let his man roll him sideways and cover his body with his own.

“I love you, Shane Hollander.” Ilya said softly and with those few words, Shane happily surrendered any sign of control to the man he adored.

“I wish you had let me at least press that shirt for you. It has wrinkles from being in your bag.” Shane said, his brow furrowed as he adjusted Ilya’s collar.

“Who will see it under this jacket? Besides, I hear the rumpled look is very in right now.” Ilya stated, brushing his boyfriend’s hands away from his clothes.

“Is that right? And who said that?” Shane asked, his arms crossing over his broad chest.

‘I did. We leave now. If I have to keep looking at you in those clothes, we will miss reservation.” Ilya said, giving his man an impish grin and a wink.

Shane smiled. He had bought himself a new pair of navy blue pants that fitted perfectly and a light blue button up. He already owned the jacket and was contemplating wearing a tie but he decided to leave the top few buttons open at the neck. Seems having that stylist had paid off.

Shane had ordered them a limo and driver and both were waiting for them as they reached the street. A bottle of chilled champagne and two crystal glasses waited for them when they sat in the back seat and the car pulled out smoothly.

“Damn, Hollander. You surprise me. Where is the ginger ale?” Ilya said as Shane carefully poured them both a glass of the wine.

“I told you, tonight is special. Here.” He handed over the glass to him and they clinked the rims delicately together. “Happy birthday to the man I love. I hope you enjoy your night.”

Ilya took a small sip of the bubbly liquid before leaning in to kiss Shane, loving how he could taste the wine on his lips.

“Any night I am with you is worth celebrating, Shane.” He said softly, threading his fingers with Shane’s on the soft leather of the seat.

Shane was very much afraid he was about to cry. God he loved this man. But he decided on taking a play from the Ilya Rozanov play book.

“Now who is turning into a sap? When we get back, do you want to watch Sleepless in Seattle?"

“No idea what you are talking about, Hollander, but do not cry, you will smudge your eye liner.”

Shane wanted to be mad at him but it was impossible. He shook his head. “You are such an asshole.”

“You love me anyway.” Ilya replied matter of factly.

Twenty minutes later, they pulled up to a back entrance to a building. Shane took a card out from his top pocket and then pressed a set of numbers into the pad beside the door. It opened and they both entered, greeted by an older man wearing waiter attire.

“Good evening, Sir. This way.”

The followed him down a hallway and then faced a door that their host opened and waved a hand towards the room.

They walked into the room that was decorated in deep royal blue with gold accents. The walls were deep blue with softly glowing wall sconces at regular intervals. Dark enough to feel intimate but light enough to see what you were eating. Perfect. A fireplace complete with a mantel sat on one wall, the flicker and glow of the flames giving the room a feeling of cosiness.

A table set for two sat in the middle of the room. A white table cloth with two gold chargers and gold silverware graced its surface. Crystal water glasses sat at each place setting, the soft lighting picking up the faceted designs making them twinkle light stars. Even Ilya had to admit it was a magical setting.

They ordered drinks and of course, Ilya couldn't help teasing Shane about not ordering ginger ale instead of the wine. The food was wonderful and they each sampled the other's choices. They both found themselves lost in the experience, holding hands across the table between courses and there was something so fucking hot about feeding each other.

After they finished their main course and their waiter had cleared the table, Shane reached into the pocket of his jacket and laid a neatly wrapped package between them.

"Happy birthday, Ilya." He said, smiling softly at his boyfriend.

The first thought Ilya had was to make some wise crack about it but the look on Shane's face and the way the golden light shone in his eyes stopped him. God, he was so beautiful. How had he been so lucky to call this man his?

"You spoil me. I don't deserve it." Ilya said, his deep voice wavering just a little. Old insecurities were very hard to overcome and he still wrestled with them from time to time. He felt Shane grab his hand from across the table and squeeze it. He knew him so well now.

"Open it." He said, and Ilya could tell he was anxious for him to do so.

Ilya took the small square package and carefully removed the red bow and the red and gold striped wrapping paper. A plain white box not giving away what could lay inside sat before him. Ilya could feel his heart beating that bit faster. Too big for a ring, but he would bet his hockey stick it was from a high end jewelry store.

He raised his eyes to Shane who looked like we hadn't taken a breath in forever. He needed to put the guy out of his misery,

Ilya took the lid off the box and a thin veil of tissue paper covered the contents. He swallowed and then removed it. His breath caught.

A gold bracelet sat in a perfect circle nestled in a bed of deep red velvet. A gold plate broke the thick gold links of the band. Ilya gently picked it up and saw that there was something engraved in cursive writing on its shiny surface. His heart stuttered and he felt his eyes prick with tears.

Moya lyubov navsegda

My love forever.

There weren't too many times that Ilya Rozanov had been rendered speechless but this was definitely one of them. He looked up at his boyfriend who was still looking at him like he was about to pass out.

“Fuck Shane. You leave me breathless.”

He got to his feet and went around to the other side of the table, still clutching his gift. He reached out a hand and Shane took it and stood before him before Ilya took him in his arms and kissed him with such tenderness and raw emotion, Shane felt his own eyes tearing up.

“So, you like it then?” He said, his voice wavering a little when Ilya finally raised his head.

“I love it. The best gift I have ever received apart from you.” He said, his own tone clearly affected.

“Turn it over. There's more on the other side.” Shane told him and Ilya smiled as he raised the bracelet to the light. On the other side of the plate, were simply two initials. A stylised ‘I’ and ‘S’ inside a heart.

“Is perfect.” Ilya managed to say before Shane took the bracelet from his hand and clasped it around his wrist, holding his hand in both of his own.

“I’m glad you liked it.” He said, leaning in to kiss him once more.

Ilya felt like he was about to burst from the depth of the emotions he was feeling right now.

“You kill me, Hollander. Just so you know.” He reached up and cupped Shane’s face in his hands, brushing his thumbs over those sexy as fuck freckles. He smiled widely as he saw the skin pink beneath him.

“You need to stop that or I will not be responsible for what I do to you here. And we haven't even had dessert yet.”

Shane gave him a grin. “I have dessert covered but we have to go back home for you to have it.”

Ilya’s eye brow raised. “For me to have it? Why not you?”

“Oh I think I have broken enough rules of my eating plan for one night without adding sugar laden dessert as well.”

“Come to the dark side, Hollander, it is so much more fun.” Ily grinned as he began to place small kisses up the side of Shane’s neck and along his jaw line. Instantly Shane felt his knees weaken and his cock harden. They really needed to get out of here and back home or things were going to get messy fast.

The car ride back home was torture. It didn't help that Ilya was palming his cock through his pants in the back seat and had a hand inside the open front of his shirt, fingers worrying the

small hard bud of his nipple.

“Maybe we can skip dessert for later. I need to feel your ass squeezing my cock.” Ilya purred as he ran the tip of his tongue around the shell of his boyfriend’s ear.

Shane was sorely tempted to bypass his plans but he was determined to follow through with them.

“Dessert will be worth it, I promise.” He rasped. His voice breathy from how fucking turned on he was right now.

They shot out of the car’s back seat the second they pulled up in the driveway. Shane was so grateful that he had repaid for the ride. They managed to keep a normal pace as they walked up to the front door until they were sure the car had gone and then Shane grabbed Ilya’s hand and they ran the rest of the way.

It took more than a few attempts to get the key in the lock and then disable the security system. Everything was infinitely harder when your boyfriend had his hand down your pants and grinding his own hard length into your ass.

They got to the living room and then with more restraint than Shane thought he could possess, he put his hands on Ilya’s strong chest and gave a gentle shove.

“You have to wait here. When I call you, you can come into the bedroom, okay?” He said, trying not to give in to the fire that was burning behind those beautiful blue eyes.

“You have one minute, Hollander, no more. I will be there, ready or not.” He growled and Shane knew full well that he wasn't joking. Besides, he didn't think he could last much longer either.

The second Shane disappeared into the bedroom and the door closed, Ilya began timing him. He had no idea what his boyfriend might be up to in there, but whatever it was he was down to forty seconds. He started pacing, toeing off his shoes and then tearing off his clothes.

Thirty seconds.

He walked to the closed door but couldn't hear anything that might be going on behind it. His beautiful gift glinted in the soft lighting of the living area. He ran a finger over the engraving. He had never owned such a precious object apart from his mother’s cross that he never took off. Forever with Shane Hollander was too short a time span.

‘Ten seconds, Hollander, then I’m coming through that door.” He called.

Just as Ilya had his hand on the door knob, when there was only five seconds to go, Shane’s voice came from within the room.

“Okay, come in.”

Ilya turned the knob and pushed open the door. He’d had every intention to just barge in, go straight to the bed, or wherever Shane had been and take him in his arms. But the sight before

him had him stunned.

Shane was laying on the bed, propped up with pillows, gloriously naked. The whole bed was covered in a heavy looking material and nearly every piece of furniture had a candle on it giving the room an intimate glow. As he stood there admiring the view, Shane reached under the pillows and brought out a can.

At first, Ilya thought it was lube but as he watched, Shane took off the cap and pressed a small nozzle as he held it over his body. A thick stream of whipped cream began to streak over his abs and then over his pecs. Ilya felt his cock twitch inside his underwear. He grabbed himself through the tight fitting cloth feeling the large wet spot being created. Jesus, his dick was actually drooling over this.

Shane brought the nozzle down to where his own cock was laying hard and thick against his belly and squirted a line of cream from the base to the tip. Ilya made a move to start towards him but Shane held up a finger.

“Uh ah, just wait.” He said, his voice deep with his own need.

Ilya actually whined. He couldn't help himself.

Shane placed the can on the bedside table before reaching under the pillows again and this time bringing out a large dark coloured plastic bottle. Ilya felt his breath hitch.

Shane flipped the top and squirted a thin stream of chocolate topping over the cream.

“Welcome to your special birthday dessert, Ilya. I love you, moy lyubimy.” He said softly, smiling up at him.

Ilya couldn't help the tears that were running down his face as he shook his head.

“How did I become so blessed to have you in my life, Shane Hollander.”

Now it was his turn to tear up as Ilya didn't waist another second and taking off his underwear, went to the bed.

Ilya moved over Shane’s body and then dipped his head to take a long lick of cream and chocolate off his left pec, making sure he sucked the firm little nipple revealed under the cream.

Shane groaned and arched into the touch.

Ilya hummed and smiled as he saw how glazed over his boyfriend’s dark eyes were getting. His eyelids were lowering and Ilya knew he was only minutes from coming.

“A Shane Hollander flavoured dessert. Hmm, my new fucking favourite.” He growled as he worked on removing the rest of the cream and chocolate from his other pec. He made sure his lips were covered in it before reaching up to take Shane’s mouth in a kiss that set them both on fire.

Shane shook his head when they finally broke apart. “You don't play fair, Rozanov.” He said as he slowly licked the remains of the cream off his mouth, the sweet chocolate waking his tastebuds up. Damn that tasted good after months of sensible eating.

“Now where would be the fun in that?” Ilya replied as he positioned himself over Shane’s abs.
With each stroke of his tongue and each playful nip of his teeth, Shane was going out of his mind. He was determined not to come until he felt Ilya’s full hard length buried deep inside him but fuck he was begining to think he wasn't going to make it.

Ilya had made it down to the base of Shane’s cock and he gently cupped his balls before smiling down at what lay before him. One dark brow shot up.

“Seems you’ve added a third ingredient to my dessert. I love how you’ve saved the best for last. My Shane.”

Shane gripped the heavy cloth he had draped the bed in. Fuck, he was going to explode if he kept saying things like that.

Ilya lowered his head and took Shane into his mouth, letting his full length slide down his throat before, agonisingly slowly, he tightened his lips and sucked the remaining cream, chocolate and now steady stream of leaking precome from him.

Shane cried out as he arched his back off the bed’s surface. His breathing ragged and fast as he fought the orgasm that was beginning to build not only in his tightening balls but his core,

“I need you inside me, now.” He managed to get out his voice strained. He started to turn over but Ilya stopped him.

“No, my beloved, I want to see you come apart around me.”

Ilya raided one of Shne’s legs as he handed him the lube. He took a good hand ful and then began smearing it over his boyfriend’s puckered entrance before adding a finger and watching as Shane fisted the drop cloth and bucked into his touch. He didn't think there was any greater sight than Shane Hollander on the brink of coming.

He added a finger before squirting more lube on his own weeping cock. He knew neither of them were going to last long tonight. But, they had the whole night to make up for it.

Ilya positioned himself between Shane’s thighs and his leg came up to rest on his other shoulder as he pressed into the delicious tight heat of his body.

Within minutes they were both moaning and ramming into each other, Shane;s fingers digging into Ilya’s back.

“Fuck, come for me Shane, right now.” Ilya gritted out as he felt his body tensing as his own release teetered on the edge.

“I love you, Ilya.” Shane squeaked through clenched teeth and then with a final thrust he felt himself shatter in a million pieces as the small space between them filled with his release in

hard spurting waves that took his breath.

Ilya roared as he flew over the edge, pouring himself into the man who he loved with his whole being. He lowered himself down so that they were now skin to skin, just the way he liked it.

It was several minutes before either one spoke but Shane broke the silence.

“I hope you enjoyed your birthday, Ilya.” he said, sounding spent but extremely happy.

His boyfriend raised his head from his chest long enough to kiss him gently.

“Thank you for making my birthday worth celebrating, my beloved.” He said softly. ‘Also, I think we should have this dessert every time we are together from now on.”

Shane laughed and kissed his shoulder.

“Only if you do the cleaning up.”

Ilya leaned up and grinned at him. “As long as I get to lick this dish clean.” He poked Shane’s ribs making him squirm.

Damn, what had he started?

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