

Not like the real thing

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Not like the real thing

by [galaxo](#)

Summary

“Boring?” Shane asked, heart in his throat. The wet thumb on his chin stroked his bottom lip lightly, almost reverently, and Shane tried not to feel too light-headed from that simple touch.

“No,” Ilya finally replied quietly, his gaze melting into something unbearably warm as it took Shane apart. “Boring is better.”

Fuck, who let him *say* things like this? “I’ll find you one. A good replacement. No more smoking.”

“Hollander,” Ilya deadpanned. “I will not suck your dick every time I want cigarette.”

Shane made a show of rolling his eyes, trying—and failing—not to blush at Ilya’s crude language. “Fuck you. I wasn’t saying that.”

Or, Ilya starts smoking again, and Shane suggests lollipops to help him quit. It might be the best and worst idea he's ever had.

Notes

hello, im back with a silly prompt as an excuse to tease shane for 10k <33 (did I obsessively spend 15 minutes re editing this fic so the word count would be perfectly round? yes. it's called free will.)

massive thank you to frosty, light of my life, who always betas whatever I hand them and makes me feel 10x less shit about my writing every time. love you to pieces, couldn't do this without you xx

all the kudos to butterfly_cosmos for helping me with the russian!!

=> if you're on mobile, just click on the russian and the translation will appear, and if you're on computer just hover with the mouse and it'll pop up! you have to keep creator's style on for this to work tho :)

i have read the books and watched the show, but this happens... somewhere after the tuna melt scene and before the cottage ig?? I wrote it on a whim so it's not rllly precisely set in the timeline idk do with that whatever u want lmao.

edit: I've been made aware canadians use the word suckers for lollipops so I switched it up!
just a lil heads up for those who might not know abt it :)

and without further ado, enjoyyyy

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

Shane has officially died. Cause of death? Ilya. Triggering event? Suckers.

It figures that this would end up biting Shane back in the ass—and not even literally, unfortunately, though Ilya does love to worship that part of his body and sink his teeth into the soft flesh atop firm muscle to leave his mark, possessive as he is. (Shane can't say he doesn't love it just as much). But in that case? It very much does the opposite. Never mind that it was *Shane's* idea in the first place. All because he fucking cares about Ilya's health. Because he *worries*.

Stupidest idea he's ever had, really, but it's not like he's able to control it even when he poorly attempts to disguise it under competitiveness. He has some pride left. Kinda.

"You've been smoking," he blurted out two days ago after Ilya had backed him up against the hotel room's door and slotted their lips together quickly, forcefully, like a magnet to a fridge, cutting off his airway and effectively letting Shane lick into his mouth and taste the disgusting smell of tobacco.

Ilya groaned, pulling back from the wet kisses he'd been littering over Shane's jawline. "So?"

Shane swallowed. Ilya's eyes dipped towards the movement, sliding back up to meet his gaze. His pupils were huge. Shane was swelling in his pants, aching empty, aching hard from the need to pull Ilya back in, but for some reason, this bothered him.

He thought Ilya had quit.

Ilya *had* quit. Something had made him pick it up again. Something probably was bothering him.

"It's bad for you."

Ilya raised an eyebrow suggestively, his lips curling up into his smirk. One hand came up to cup Shane's cheek, thumb tracing the edges of his mouth as he leaned back in, and faintly rocked their hips together. Shane couldn't stifle the soft moan that spilled from him, his cock throbbing at the instant relief of friction.

"But I like what is bad for me." He punctuated the statement with a kiss to the corner of Shane's lips. Teasing asshole.

Are you suggesting I'm bad? Shane wanted to ask, but the thought of getting a *yes* back made his stomach sink in an unpleasant way, so he shut his eyes and bit back the question, focusing on the grounding heat of Ilya's body close to him. On the fingers sliding underneath the hem of his shirt to graze along his belly button, sending pebbles of goosebumps up his skin. The sharp teeth wrapping around his earlobe, firing up his nerves.

Yeah, this was better.

"Your lungs will deteriorate," he struggled to say amidst labored breaths, letting a finger toy at his waistband. "Then it won't be a real win against you if you're at a disadvantage."

Ilya huffed. “Thinking you will win, already.” The thumb hovering on Shane’s bottom lip forced it open, slipping inside. Shane instinctively swallowed around the digit, an embarrassingly soothing wave washing over him. “*Cocky* is word for that, yes?”

“Mhm,” Shane merely moaned unintelligibly, the outline of Ilya’s dick through his jeans pressing up against his.

“I am addicted to bad things,” Ilya murmured, pushing Shane’s tongue down with the pad of his thumb. God, this was hot. Unfairly hot. Ilya’s voice was rough but controlled, and his eyes were like a laser prying Shane apart, shaking up every pitiful cell inside of him with want. Shane relaxed his throat and hollowed his cheeks around the intrusion. “Hard to stop once I start. Does not mean I lose, though.”

Shane glared at him to translate the words caught on his tongue. Ilya just smiled at him before releasing his mouth.

“You manage to stop sometimes,” Shane replied defensively. “You have... long periods without—” *me*, he wanted to spit bitterly. *Long periods without me where you bring other men and women into your bed.* Long periods of time in which it’s easy not to crave Shane, easy to replace him. “—cigarettes.” He took a deep, shaky breath. “You find replacements.” (Girls. Lots of girls that Shane couldn’t help but internally seethe at.)

Ilya shrugged lightly. “Not like real thing.”

“Boring?” Shane asked, heart in his throat. The wet thumb on his chin stroked his bottom lip lightly, almost reverently, and Shane tried not to feel too light-headed from that simple touch.

“No,” Ilya finally replied quietly, his gaze melting into something unbearably warm as it took Shane apart. “Boring is better.”

Fuck, who let him *say* things like this? “I’ll find you one. A good replacement. No more smoking.”

“Hollander,” Ilya deadpanned. “I will not suck your dick every time I want cigarette.”

Shane made a show of rolling his eyes, trying—and failing—not to blush at Ilya’s crude language. “Fuck you. I wasn’t saying that.”

“Mhm. Sure. Could be fun, not very practical though.” He made a show of pretending to think about it before shaking his head. “No, I think your dick would fall off. Do not want that.”

That weirdly felt like a challenge, and Shane did not like the implication that he could lose. “Stop making this about my dick.”

“Ah, but is *begging* for attention,” Ilya said through a grin, his right hand sliding down to cup Shane firmly through his pants and prove his point.

Shane cursed, his treacherous dick jumping at the contact, and filling up in Ilya’s hold as it was bound to do. “I was thinking,” he started, panting heavily as that palm started stroking

him, sweat beading at Shane's forehead as his body fired up, "maybe a lollipop."

Ilya stilled briefly, squeezing Shane's erection, and making him choke on a high-pitched moan. "What?"

"Like, as a replacement. When you crave a cigarette. There's sugar in it, so it's not ideal for your teeth, but still less bad than smoking." A smile broke over Ilya's face, and he resumed his teasing, cupping one of Shane's balls. The electric tingling spread like molten lava throughout his body. "I've heard people do this," he added, feeling more and more embarrassed by the second. His freckles were probably completely covered by his blush, now. "It works. I think." God, what was even saying anymore? The only thing holding him up was Ilya's firm grip on him. It felt good. Safe. Shane felt like he *could* turn to a puddle, he could leak from his pores and just slide right into Ilya.

That image was oddly soothing.

"Lollipop," Ilya repeated, pressing a slow, languid kiss to Shane's barely responsive mouth. "Cute. Let me practice, right now."

And Shane really had no time to make fun of his shitty innuendo before Ilya sank to his knees and started mouthing at Shane's cock through the fabric, looking up at through half lidded lust below eyes that had Shane nearly coming right here and then before making a hand gesture at the erection pressed against his nose and mouthing *lollipop*.

He forgot all about his brilliant plan to get Ilya to stop smoking two and a half orgasms later, satiated and fucked out of his mind to the point where he allowed himself to stay over, falling asleep against a warm chest and the faint feeling of a kiss on his forehead.

Ilya though, had *not* forgotten it.

Hence the fucking suckers.

Hence, the Ilya now sucking on those candy sticks at every opportunity, looking like for all the world like the dirtiest, hottest pornstar Shane could ever imagine every time he pops one into his mouth, and at this point, doing it so frequently, Shane wonders if he's doing it *just* to fuck with him. Not that much of a reach, considering Ilya's shameless taste for driving Shane *crazy* and their competitiveness constantly adding fire to the heat sparking between them. Almost feels like foreplay, at this point.

Shane really should've thought this through.

His balls clench at the sight of those cheeks hollowing in every single fucking time, pretty plump lips wrapped around the head in a very similar way to all those memories that keep Shane company when he's pushing himself over the edge with his right hand. His brain wants out. His body is weak, and has turned against him, begging for the opposite. It's a battle; one that Shane's libido is, unfortunately, winning.

It starts out rather innocently. The first time Shane sees him do it is actually online. A photo circulates of Ilya walking around with a lollipop in his mouth, and even sending a wink to the

camera when he realizes he's being caught. The internet, evidently, loses its collective shit. And Shane can't really blame them.

The second time is just three days after that, and it's a selfie of Ilya on his instagram, with a lollipop bulging obscenely on his cheek paired with the caption : *one week sober*. It doesn't take him long to figure out that's exactly the time since they've been apart. Which means—okay. Ilya actually went through this. Ilya quit.

Jane : Taking me up on my advice?

Lily : Stalking my instagram?

Jane : You wish.

Lily : I'm too handsome for you to resist, I know.

Jane : I wasn't. Just stumbled upon the picture, that's all.

Lily : I can give you better picture if you want...

Shane, sprawled on the couch at his family's house right now, and not that keen on suffering through dinner with his parents with a hard-on, quickly types out another message before Ilya follows up on his proposition.

Jane : Not now.

Jane : I'm with my parents. Anyway, congrats on quitting smoking.

Lily : Thank you. Am I going to get reward for being good boy?

And there it is. The flirting. Shane weakly fights off a blush as he huffs.

Jane : Shut up.

Lily : How? Mouth is so empty right now :((

Jane : Oh my god. Just take another lollipop, then.

In hindsight, Shane thinks this might be the moment when he accidentally set the bomb off. It's like the more Shane tries to filter his mouth and fight his feelings and emotions so they're locked tightly at the back of his head, the more they pour out of him, an easy catalogue for Ilya to read through. He says, *don't*, his brain screams *please*, and Ilya catches the latter.

Lily : Not like real thing.

Lily : [picture attachment : The upper half of Ilya's face is off screen, only the lower half and a bit of his naked torso and collarbones showing through. His cheekbones are sunken in, lips slick and wrapped around a lollipop, only the stick coming through. There's a faint stubble he hasn't shaved on his chin, and the prominent bob of his Adam's apple. The photo cuts short of showing his nipples.]

Shane notes with a giddiness he doesn't want to explore that there are no hickeys in sight. Fuck, even just this cropped photo is enough to turn on his nerves, a strange heat seeping through him. He wants to mouth all that unmarred skin, tongue at the curve where chest meets shoulder, burn his cheek against the faint stubble and taste those lips to satisfy *his* cravings he can't seem to replace with anything else.

Jane : Feeling better?

Lily : Would prefer something else in my mouth...

Jane : Cigarettes are bad for you. Your lungs will thank me.

Lily : Cigarettes, lollipops, does not matter. Is replacement. *Real* thing is much better.

Shane stares confusedly at his screen for a few seconds. Cigarettes as a replacement? He's not making any sense. Whatever.

Jane : What flavor did you pick?

Lily : Cream.

Jane : You mean strawberry and cream?

Lily : Maybe. Is the cream I want, though.

Lily : Even if taste is boring.

Shane's brain finally catches up on the innuendo and he groans, cheeks flushing, a unique surge of confidence racing through his heart.

Jane : You like boring.

Lily : Eh.

That's as good of an admission as it gets with him, which Shane's stomach catches up on, fluttering stupidly.

Jane : See you in three weeks.

Probably better to end the conversation there before Ilya sends another picture, he reckons. His mom has started setting the table and has been sending him pointed glares for not helping her for the past five minutes. Right before he scrambles off the couch to join her, he checks the last *ping* his phone makes.

Lily : Three weeks until I can suck on *real* lollipop ;))

Jane : Omg, you're impossible.

Lily : [song attachment : [Lollipop - MIKA](#)]

Lily : Thinking of you until we meet again :)

Jane : Goodbye, Lily.

Shane evidently does not listen to the song until later, well settled in his bed, half expecting a dark, maybe sexy lustful song to get him going considering Ilya's taste in music and taste for *sex* in general only to be thoroughly surprised when welcomed by a very upbeat pop song. About...lollipops. Evidently. Shane snorts, brows furrowing slightly when the fun lyrics about liking candy shift to *oh, love's gonna get you down!*

One second it's about enjoying suckers, the next it's about love. This is why Shane doesn't really do music. The lyrics rarely make any sense.

Jane : Who is this artist?

Lily : God you are adorable.

Lily : He is gay icon. Almost as cute as you.

Jane : I thought Bowie was the gay icon?

Jane : And fuck off, I'm not cute.

Lily : Blasphemy!!!

Lily : Bowie is greater than that. *Bisexual* icon.

Jane : Oh.

Lily : What did you think of lollipop song? ;)

How was Shane supposed to ask in a smooth way if this was Ilya's twisted way of saying he wanted to let Shane down? Maybe, perhaps, Shane's brain had latched on to *if she loves you, let her go*, a bit too quickly. But maybe the point was just to reference lollipops. Shane doesn't fucking know, is the thing, and it gets exhausting trying to puzzle things together sometimes.

Jane : He agrees with me that too much candy is bad for you.

Lily : Mhm. I disagree. I think the more candy, the better. Life is too short.

God, and life really was short if Ilya craved those suckers that much, because the pictures only multiplied after those instances. Did Ilya really smoke that much? Were the cravings *that* bad? Shane had never really noticed before.

(Actually, bold lie.

He did notice because he's always been very bothered by the confusing reaction of his body at every sight of Ilya popping one of those sticks between his mouth, cupping his hands around it to light up a flame that reflected warm light on his golden skin, enhancing the shadows on his sunken cheekbones before breathing out a cloud of smoke effortlessly. There was something frustrating, annoying even, at Ilya blatantly disrespecting the rules that first

day they met, then every other day in which Shane realized he was the type to take up all the space and make *his own* rules, something about him not giving fuck about his *body*, about conventions, and the world, eating whatever he wanted and smoking wherever, yet weirdly arousing for that fact, too.)

But God knows it wasn't as bad as *this*.

Thankfully, Shane gets to put a stop after those torturous weeks apart, days of being edged by flirty texting back and forth.

“Do you have to be so... *loud?*” Shane asks the night they reunite, once they're both lying on the bed, skin damp with sweat from a very intense round of Ilya pinning Shane against the dark tainted windows of the hotel and fucking their cocks in a tight fist before they could get any words between them. Lots of pent-up tension to get rid of, first.

Tension that crawls back through Shane's body at the sight of Ilya popping a Chupa-Chups in his mouth right after having had Shane's *fingers*, mouth, and come there.

Ilya has been popping suckers in his mouth all day. All month, actually. It's gotten to a point where Shane is going to be pavloved and get hard at the mere sight of them.

Shane himself can admit he *is* keen on putting things in his mouth. It's an unconscious thing, but a soothing one nonetheless. He's always done that. Sticking fingers, necklaces, sweater laces, thumb, and whatever he could find in his mouth.

And—well. It certainly ended up extending to Ilya as well. And Ilya had definitely noticed that strange habit, not even teasing him that much about it, though he'd grinned at Shane's flustered reaction and glare once he pointed it out one day. But it hadn't mattered much when he'd wordlessly guided Shane's head to his lap then, but with a pinning gaze that had Shane slipping into an obedient state, sliding down his waistband and making sure Shane was okay before allowing him to mouth at his soft cock.

It had been instant bliss. Like all the loud buzzing in Shane's head, the constant background noise, the incessant thoughts rattling around like bees in his brain, the strain of keeping on a mask, controlling his face, his reactions, his emotions, trying to step into the ideal *Shane's* shoes all day long—it all slipped away.

Shane just laid there, mouth adjusting to the weight of Ilya, not hard yet, not really halfway there, and not particularly keen on *sucking* but just on resting. Fingers gently carded through his hair, paired with soft Russian words Shane couldn't understand but that felt like honey on a sore throat, and really nothing else mattered. He relaxed.

There had been no conception of time. Ilya had put on something on TV, made sure they were both comfortable, and let Shane use his cock however he enjoyed, until so much time passed that Shane's jaw ached pleasantly and his brain had turned to mush. Drool dribbled everywhere down his chin, past his lips, the hand tightening at the root of his hair, sparking an arousal that had him sucking instinctively, causing Ilya to harden. No less than five minutes later Ilya had come with a loud groan, filling up Shane's mouth with Shane's nose pressed against his pelvis and breathing in that deep musky scent.

It had felt like a reward.

It had felt like the highest high Shane had ever reached, and somehow much filthier and dirtier than the most explicit sex they'd partaken in before. Enjoying getting pounded was one thing, but enjoying just... laying there, cock warming Ilya for no other reason than because the weight of his dick, and the taste of it made him want to stay on his knees forever, get *used* by him without getting anything in return? God, Shane was so fucking gay.

Just thinking about it has him squirming with a mixture of shame and *want*. The good type of shame. The bad kind hadn't even settled in when it happened, because Ilya had brought him up on his lap like a doll and kissed every inch of his face muttering endless praise as Shane came down to earth, realizing only when he was conscious enough to kiss back that he had stained his own pants in the process.

Ilya arches an eyebrow, now, sticking the lollipop between his left cheek and his teeth. The more prominent bulge is not helping with Shane's problem at all. "How else do you want me to suck it?"

Shane groans, covering his eyes. "I don't know, maybe you don't need to take that many a day."

"Is your idea. Good one, has been very helpful."

"That's great," Shane replies, mouth drying up. It's been just about the opposite of helpful for him, but who cares, right? "You should slow down, though. You'll get cavities."

Ilya makes a show of sighing in the most dramatic way possible. "Hollander. There is no winning with you."

"Sorry," he mutters stupidly.

"No, is cute."

"Fuck you."

Ilya smirks. "Ah, so you admit it, then."

"Admit what?"

The lollipop slides out of Ilya's mouth in a loud *pop* that shouldn't be nearly as attractive as it is, before Ilya points it towards Shane with a sparkle in his eyes. "You, Shane Hollander, are jealous." Then he twirls the lollipop in his fingers and licks a stripe across the globe. A rush of heat pools beneath Shane's navel. The fucker has the audacity to let his eyes flutter shut sinfully and kiss the candy around a breathy moan, before licking his lips. "Of lollipop," he finishes, gaze snapping back to Shane's crimson red face.

This is a nightmare. Shane could quite literally murder him. His pants are fighting for dear life, and his sanity has already given up.

Ilya doesn't have mercy on him, though. Because he interprets Shane's glare and furrowed brows as approval to keep going, and crawls towards him, a devastatingly handsome dimple popping at the corner of his smile. When he's at Shane's feet, his hand grabs at his ankle and slides the clothing up until it's bunched up at his knee, before pressing a reverent kiss to his calf.

Shane sucks in a deep breath. His heart is hammering, that faint kiss traveling through his nerves like fire, sending all the blood to his dick—which has never been this hard before, he's pretty sure).

"You are lucky you are pretty, you know, because you are also..." His nose scrunches up in a feigned condescending way that mostly ends up looking adorable. "Little bit stupid."

"Are you done?" Shane mutters, his stomach flipping unhappily. He hates how receptive he is to criticism sometimes, even with Ilya's teasing which he never knows if he should take literally or not.

Ilya never leaves him in the dark long enough to get a crisis over it, though. This time is no different. He pushes Shane's body down the mattress, leaning up so he's trapping Shane's body underneath, his knees barricading Shane's thighs, and that goddamn necklace dangling dangerously close to Shane's mouth. The urge to tug Ilya down to him with his teeth around that cross is nearly impossible to resist, but he manages just so, by biting his bottom lip.

Ilya throws the lollipop away carelessly. "I don't care for candy sticks, Hollander," he says much more seriously, those eyes burning with the type of fondness Shane isn't sure he's imagining. "Only one thing I'm addicted to."

"Oh," Shane whispers, breath hitching as Ilya's fingers gently run up his Adam's apple. The tension is so thick he could suffocate. Fragile with something new this time, a pearled diamond hidden underneath all that dirt they toss to cover up the truth, branding their relationship with soil, calling it *sex*, or *fucking*, just a couple of *one night stands*, or whatever the hell they're failing at pretending it is the more they meet up. "What's that?" Shane asks, heart racing with exhilaration.

Those infuriating lips curl into the most attractive smile, dipping down to make Shane's skin electrostatic with bliss. A kiss on his chin. The curve of his jaw. Ilya's teeth graze at his pulse point.

"Taking you apart," he replies hoarsely, before sucking on the skin above his collarbone. Shane gasps, legs wrapping around Ilya's waist instinctively when his hand, resting on Shane's neck, fully curls around his throat. The hint of pressure is intoxicating. The underlying subtext of power is nearly blinding in pleasure.

"*Fuck*." Shane's eyes roll to the back of his head as his fingers automatically sink into Ilya's hair. Pleasure fires down his spine in one throbbing line, trapped against the hard planes of Ilya's stomach. "Yes," he exhales shakily, hips bucking up into the tone muscles keeping him flat on the bed.

The hand around his throat squeezes, and Shane nearly blacks out. Oh, *god*. Shane had no idea he was into that. His body feels like one wired neuron, oversensitive to Ilya's touch.

"Is okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, *god*, it's good," he blabbers, delirious, his hands scrambling for purchase, finding it in Ilya's hair, in those broad shoulders, greedy fingers coming up to cup Ilya's face with more tenderness than he'd normally allow himself. "You're good, *Jesus*."

And even that slip up feels like it pales to what Ilya looks like.

A God.

A deity gazing down at him like Shane *is* his own personal savior too.

They're in it so fucking deep, and Shane wants to stop pretending they're not, he wants Ilya to make *love* to him, and he wants to stay afterwards and thank him with his touch, with his kisses, he wants to make him *his* just as badly as he wants Ilya to call him *mine*—yet the mere thought of it sends shivers of anxiety through his skin that has him rocking back against Ilya to chase them away.

Heat is good. Sex is. Rutting mindlessly like a dog in heat while Ilya just mutters rough, dark praise in his ears could be enough to tip him over right now, if it weren't for—well.

The only reason Shane can't fully slip out of his body just *yet*.

"What is problem?" Ilya groans, already so attuned to every one of Shane's micro expressions and needs before he can even name them, pulling back from the hickey he was sucking just under Shane's collarbone.

"Ah, it's just..." Fuck, this is even more embarrassing than when Ilya asks him to strip and he ends up standing, stark naked, with suddenly no idea how to exist in his body. "The lollipop."

(It'll stick to the ground and make a mess, glue to the nice wooden floor, and Shane is not keen on scrubbing that roughly for hours when it could be prevented by taking it off right now with some hot water maybe. He definitely won't stay hard as long as it's still lying there. The poor hotel staff shouldn't have to bother with their mess considering the state they'll already leave the sheets in.)

Ilya seems to know that because an exasperated sigh slips from his mouth. "Hollander, I will murder you one day."

"No, you won't," he replies through a shy smile.

Ilya kisses him quickly—a wordless agreement, though Shane deepens it right as he seems to pull away, his own silent thank you that makes those lips stretch into a smile he wants to bottle up in his memories forever.

Ilya finally gets off the bed and bends down to the floor, back flexing in all his glory, and ass so fucking tightly wrapped in his boxers it's a miracle they're hanging on. He retrieves the lollipop with a sigh, glaring at it like it's his one personal enemy, before swiftly throwing it in the trash. Shane tries, and fails not to stare too much at the casual display of muscles, and just the ease with which Ilya moves, spit pooling in his mouth.

It's hard to explain it, but Ilya *owns* a room with his presence. The way he moves. The way he stands. It's commanding—downright *magnetizing*.

Where Shane feels like he doesn't really know how to exist in a closed off space, how to stand or use his body in a way that is natural, Ilya embodies confidence. Shane doesn't really know how much eye contact is okay and often ends up distracted by a conversation with the conscious effort of maintaining a 70% eye contact, and 30% casually letting his gaze drift off somewhere, forcing his body to relax and not stay completely still, but also not moving so much that he'll appear uncomfortable—it's a headache—Ilya is the opposite. He radiates ease and charisma in a way that is borderline arrogant and would make Shane actually unnerved if it weren't so attractive.

Still, to have Ilya climb back onto the bed seamlessly with a condom and a pack of lube, crawling over Shane's body with a lazy eyebrow raised and that sexy smirk dangling off his lips is a power trip unlike any other.

"Time to get my treat," he says, Russian accent thick in the way that gets Shane going.

Instinctively, Shane parts his legs. "How do you want me?" he whispers, trying to appear at least somewhat seductive, and hoping it doesn't come across as just straight up awkward and insecure.

Ilya's pupils crush that thin brown ring away as he takes in every line of Shane's body, assessing, licking his lips, making Shane's dick rise under the attention, so Shane thinks he manages to make it somewhat compelling.

"I will suck you off. Then you will last longer when I fuck you."

"I want to fuck you," Shane rushes out. Ilya cocks an eyebrow, surprise written plainly over his face, but interest still clear. "I mean—I want to be on top, I don't wanna..." *put my dick in you*. Kinda crass, and not entirely true either. There's nothing he wouldn't like with Ilya, he thinks, even topping him. Maybe.

It's only that the idea of fully taking control is too anxiety-inducing to make him really *want* this. Unless Ilya could stay in charge, maybe whisper orders on *how* to fuck him and directing him how he wanted it, which is a possibility Shane hadn't really entertained before and might be worth exploring some day, but for now, Shane quite likes *receiving*, and feels comfortable enough in bottoming that he's keen on switching things up a bit and being the one to take Ilya apart for once. By riding him until dawn, essentially.

"Is okay, I know what you mean." Ilya kisses him softly, and very quickly his tongue teases at the seams of Shane's mouth, licking inside and pulling back before coming back with his lips pressed more forcefully, deepening the kiss until Shane is left panting, and clutching at

Ilya's hair while he just lies there, and *takes* it, fucked by Ilya's mouth. When Ilya finally frees him, Shane has to blink a few times to land back to earth, and finds that the heat between his thighs *aches*. "I'd like that."

"Okay," he replies uselessly, voice rough. "Yeah, okay."

Ilya makes good on his promise of sucking Shane like it's the treat he's been promised and deprived off for three weeks which quite literally ends up with him sucking the very *soul* out of Shane until he's whimpering, thighs locked way too tightly around Ilya's head. He's probably suffocating him, though he can't bring himself to care right when he finally comes in Ilya's mouth with his fingers tightly wrapped around those curls, one of Ilya's wandering hands kneading at his pecs, thumb teasing his nipple in a way that makes Shane's toes clench with pleasure.

Sometimes, Shane thinks Ilya invented pleasure. Nothing compares to this. Nothing could ever top this, not even when he jerks off on his own.

Ilya pulls out in a loud pop—louder than those damn suckers, his face red and swollen, lips slick with spit and come, eyes glazed over, and a triumphant cock-drunk smile on his face. He looks wrecked, and happier than ever about it.

Talk about an addiction. Cigarettes and lollipops have nothing on *this*.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Shane mutters in a loud exhale, progressively coming back to earth. He might have died for a moment there.

"Not Jesus. Just me, sweetheart."

Sweetheart? Oh, fuck him. Shane's eyes screw shut as another wave of pleasure crashes into him. This one is less forceful and violent as his orgasm, but no less intense. It's steady, like slipping into a warm bath after his limbs have gone numb with cold, it fizzles and tingles at his fingertips. It's one that has his pitiful heart *hope*. He wants this forever, he realizes dizzily.

"Sorry for..." Shane makes an awkward hand gesture as his thighs slump off of Ilya's shoulders.

"Choking me?"

"Uhm. Yeah. Couldn't really help myself." Though, now that Shane thinks about it, Ilya would have had the strength to pin his legs down if he'd wanted to. Perks of dating a beefy guy. (Dating? God, that blowjob really scrambled Shane's brain up.)

"Hot," Ilya says hoarsely, pressing a kiss to Shane's hipbone and resting his head there, close to the dark patch of curls trailing down his belly button. "You have strong, thick, muscular thighs. Is heaven to be between them."

The flush on Shane's pecs rises up to his ears. "You're ridiculous."

“But you are going to ride me anyway.” If that’s the last thing, he does, hell fucking *yes*, Shane will. The smile Ilya flashes him is all too knowing and amused. “Turn over.”

Shane does, flipping on his stomach and bucking his hips back with maybe a bit too much enthusiasm. It’s been *three* weeks, whatever. There’s the sound of lube, and Shane’s hole already clenches with anticipation as he imagines those fingers finally sinking into him, and startles with a choked off gasp when a wet heat finds its way on the tight ring of muscle instead.

“Oh.”

This night will kill him. Maybe Ilya does have an oral fixation, too, though it manifests in different ways than Shane. Mainly manifests into fucking him open with his tongue and teasing his balls with his fingers, while the other hand traces the line of Shane’s spine, pressing into the knots of tension to turn them liquid with pleasure. Shane’s dick is still sensitive and satiated from the blowjob, but Ilya takes his time opening him up, and after a moment, time stretches out, sizzling to bliss, the happy chemicals turning Shane’s brain to honey again, sending all the blood back to his cock.

God, this feels wonderful. Without realizing it, Shane starts humping the bed, little bunny thrusts against the pillow Ilya provided for his hips that get him a sliver of friction where he’s the most desperate and swollen again.

“Ah, ah, ah,” Ilya tuts from behind, pulling out of him. Shane whines at the loss, clenching around air, and turning his head towards the source of his frustration. He meets Ilya’s heated gaze. “You only come on my cock, or not at all.”

Shane’s eyes slip shut. “Fuck.” He *feels* the zip of pleasure that fires up the throbbing vein on his hard on, a pearlescent drop beading at the slit. “Okay.”

When the lack of heat to his touch-starved body snaps him out enough to catch the rustling of bed sheets and the dip beneath him, Shane allows himself to glance again. He finds Ilya laying next to him, lazily stroking his cock as his eyes drink in the sight of Shane’s body, mouth half parted open, one hand on a nipple, playing with himself and occasionally biting his bottom lip to let out the most sinful sounds.

It brings Shane back to that first time Ilya ordered him to touch himself for him. To put on a show, make himself hot and bothered for Ilya, except he doesn’t even *have* to do anything here, Ilya is just getting himself off to the *sight* of him and if that isn’t one of the most arousing things that’s ever happened to Shane, he doesn’t know what is. It makes him feel powerful. Beautiful.

When Ilya’s eyes flicker back to meet him, probably finding all the shame and desire braided so tightly together they only fuel the fire of Shane’s desire, he raises an eyebrow, wrist still lazily flicking between his thighs.

“You said you wanted to fuck me. Yes?” He winks at Shane—fuck him, why is that hot?—and squeezes the base of his cock before letting it rest against his steel-cut abs. “Come on, then. Is waiting for you.”

Shane's mouth dries as it fixates on *it*. Angry red, veins bulging and tip already glistening, taunting Shane and his sudden urge to swallow it whole.

He kneels, legs shaky, and fits himself onto Ilya's lap. With trembling hands, he reaches for the cock brushing his ass, giving it a few strokes and wishing he could take the condom off. (Maybe next time.)

"Mhm, gorgeous," Ilya groans, hands fitting onto Shane's thighs and squeezing the flesh appreciatively.

It's all the incentive Shane needs to fit the crown between his cheeks, and press it past the tight ring, slowly sinking down his length, gasping on a breath he can't quite catch. As loose and prepped as he is, it's always a *challenge* to take Ilya, one Shane has never lost before and doesn't intend to, now.

He stops halfway through to breathe and adjust around the intrusion. A kiss lands on his jaw, then his throat, his ear, and his eyelashes flutter open, muscles melting into the soft touches.

"You always take me so well," Ilya whispers, teeth grazing his neck. Shane wants them to bite into his beating pulse. *"Ты такой... Ты просто совершенство."* ("You are so... You are perfection.")

The Russian slides along the praise like a drug, enhancing every sensation until Shane can only whine as he finally slides all the way down, flushed and *filled* to the brim in the way that feels so right it brings a lop-sided smile to his lips. "Fuck, that feels good."

While winning gets him pumping with adrenaline, makes him thrum with energy and a feeling of *worthiness*, being this close to Ilya—as close as they can get, is a feeling of completion unlike anything else. It's the feeling of taking a deep breath after being underwater for so long, the feeling that he doesn't even have to perform or *be* anything to be accepted, but that he just *fits*. Right here, right then, as he is.

With Ilya.

In the moments where he's the most high with endorphins and delirious with passion, he wishes he could yank out some of his ribs to make space for Ilya, tear open his skin, fit him inside, and stitch it back over his body. He wishes he could take him deeper, still, as close to his heart as he can—he'd create a home out of those sore muscles and pitiful organs he has if he could, bear all the stretch marks in the world to accommodate him. He thinks it would feel like coming home. Like getting back a piece of himself he has to get rid of every now and then and feels the loss of each time like a phantom limb.

He looks at Ilya when he starts moving. Up, and then slowly, back down. He drinks in every micro expression. The stuttering breath he takes, the teeth clamping down on his bottom lip like they'll shatter if he doesn't muffle that soft wounded noise when Shane clenches around him. The slight furrow between his brows, nostrils flaring, and those golden lashes dipped low, casting shadows over his sharp cheekbones.

"Is—is this okay?" Shane asks, breathless, shaky with need. *Am I okay?*

“Is more than okay. So good for me.” Ilya nuzzles into Shane’s neck, his breath warm and his tongue like a searing heat as it traces the path of his jugular. “But you can take more. I know you can.”

“Yeah, I—”

“Go on. Fuck me, sweetheart.”

The world falls apart, and Ilya kisses him, catches him right when Shane thinks he’ll crumble to pieces.

He kisses Shane like he *owns* him, swallowing every breath, licking inside, leading the kiss like a storm. And Shane is whining into the mouth that picks him apart as he obeys, fucking himself onto Ilya’s cock like it’s a sexy toy, up and down, making space for Ilya inside him, and it’s so *hot*, it’s devastating. Shane would shatter if he weren’t kept upright by strong knuckles at his jaw, hands on his hips, and teeth nibbling on his bottom lip just as he whimpers on a particular thrust that hits right where it should.

Sparks and stars assault his vision. Before he thinks it through, one of his hands snakes down his chest to wrap around his throbbing cock, but a grip around his wrist stills him before it reaches it.

“Mhm, remember rules?” Ilya croons into his ear.

Shane falters, gives a broken little whine that spills across his tongue and splashes against the wet heat of Ilya’s tongue, his whole body thrumming with pleasure. “No touching myself,” he pants after steadying his heartbeat enough to speak. “Just you.”

“Good boy, *любовь моя*. ” (*my love*. ”)

The praise fuels him like alcohol over a fire. It burns him up from his belly to his cock, his balls, spreads up his spine and curls around his neck like a hand forcing his head back as he moans, loud and unashamed, throat bared for the taking. And boy does Ilya *take*, probably too hard, too lost in the moment for either of them to care about the blooming bruise he sucks onto that feverish sweaty skin. Worse than all, Shane’s heart kicks with ecstasy at the thought. His hand keeps Ilya’s head there as he resumes his pacing.

Let them see, he thinks.

Let them see who he belongs to. He’d paint it high up in the sky with his blood for the world to see if he could, he’d ink it in Ilya’s blood and have him write *mine* deep inside his own veins so no one could take him away, not even those greedy hands and wandering eyes, the fans, and the paps, and the interviewers and the publicists—all of them who just want to pry into their private lives and take what they want, chew them up before spitting them back out. They’d see the scars, then.

They’d see Ilya and Shane, Shane and Ilya, like a heart and the blood it’s pumping, two entities bound together.

They'd see the irrevocable truth that thrums even in secret: they belong to each other, only.

"I'm close," Shane whispers brokenly.

Ilya peers up at him through hooded eyes, and pink cheeks. "Get yourself closer. Get yourself off with my cock, Hollander."

This is possibly one of the only men that can compete with Shane, the only one that matches him, hockey wise, personality wise, this is the self-assured, cocky, arrogant, sexy, thirsted over man that everyone fantasizes about. This is a God and only *Shane* gets to have him like this.

Only Shane gets to turn that self-confident grin into a choked off moan, that lazy prying gaze into half black moons of pure *anguish*, of tension, sweat pouring from his brows and clinging to his darkened lashes, as his mouth blindly searches for Shane, hands gripping at the meat of his ass with each thrusts, and whispering, *fuck, you take me so well, perfect—for me, just for me*, and Shane can't help but agree.

Just for you, when he wants to say, *just yours*. As he slams up and down, thighs clenching with exertion and abs already begging for relief, his own hard cock untouched and hitting his belly button to smear precome on it with every rocking, every crashing wave of pleasure.

Shane has ridden Ilya before, not nearly as many times as Ilya has fucked him, but still. Most of the time, what gets him off is the idea of Ilya using his body for his own pleasure, taking what he wants from Shane, or trying to find every spot in his body that will make him scream just so he can grin and go *yeah, right here*, while Shane moans and falls apart.

But there's also something incredibly exciting about being on top.

It doesn't last long, and usually Ilya takes over, stills his hips halfway up and starts thrusting in and out to a ruthless pacing, slamming into Shane so hard the sounds of his balls slapping against Shane's damp skin are wet, and *obscene*—but that little window before that is pure bliss.

It's like opening up a part of Ilya that he would probably never let anybody else see. That shadow of vulnerability when pleasure and surrender crack onto every line of his face. When tears pool into his eyes, and that sexy bedroom talk morphs to slurred praise and endless pleas.

Shane stands no chance. He kisses him roughly, sloppily, trying to crawl inside Ilya's mouth, hands palming at his face while he keeps riding him, keeps forcing their bodies towards higher highs while Ilya whines into the open-mouthed languid kiss Shane offers as reprieves, tells him how good Ilya's cock feels inside him—like that space was made just for him.

And, *fuck*, Shane is so close he's trembling, but there's an ache deep in his belly, brewing, *begging* for relief, so he caves, and tries to get closer to Ilya, close enough that his dick rubs against Ilya's belly with each thrusts, the mere sliver of friction enough to break him.

“Look at you. So desperate, you try to cheat, mhm?” Ilya teases, palms digging into Shane’s hips to angle him away. The lack of touch has him whining again, so desperate he’s past caring how pathetic he sounds.

“I can’t, Ilya, *shit*—I’m so close, but I *need*—I just—”

“You trust me, yes?”

“Yes,” Shane breathes out instinctively, eyes screwed shut as he focuses on the pleasure going haywire in his body, like if he focuses hard enough he could come, just like this, just with Ilya’s cock driving into him.

A soft touch around his throat forces his eyes back open. Shane’s breath scatters.

“Okay?” Ilya asks, palm just shy of closing around Shane’s neck, eyes blazed with desire. The power trip flares through Shane like a shot of morphine, blasting off his nerves and short-circuiting to ecstasy. He nods eagerly, dumbly probably, because he can’t speak, because the thought of completely surrendering to Ilya is so hot it has his balls drawing up and his jaw falling open. “I’ve got you,” Ilya murmurs hoarsely. “You’re doing so good, sweetheart.”

The fingers curl around his throat, squeezing once, and Shane’s body gives out in a deafening scream.

His vision whites out, muscles clenching as a searing line of pleasure burns from his belly to his cock in spurts of come, spreading through the rest of his body until he feels like every single cell has been seized by his orgasm. The force of it is so intense it knocks the breath out of him. Knocks everything out.

He slumps over Ilya’s body like a puppet with its string cut when his high unhooks him, whimpering through each wave of bliss, spilling and spilling and making a mess out of both their chests, but too far gone to register anything but *Ilya*. Bliss has become him, and this euphoric, blinding high is so tightly intertwined with Ilya, his name is the only thing coming out of his mouth in sluggish moans.

“God, you are so perfect, *любовь моя*, ” (*my love*, ”) comes through the low buzzing in his ears.

Shane stays there, his body being fucked into until Ilya stills, groaning low and deep, teeth sinking into the thick skin where Shane’s shoulder meets his neck. Every one of his senses is muted, attuned only to the thick heat inside of him, the press of a hot mouth on his skin, the hands rubbing at his sides, kneading at his ass.

Shane hums, blinking lazily. He wishes he could feel Ilya marking him up from the inside. Wishes he could keep his come inside—even if his future self would probably grumble at the mess, the idea of being marked that way incredibly intoxicating. Of keeping a part of him inside. Reality is still a touch away, but this feels good. Lying there, making love without fucking, just letting their bodies be one while the world stays fuzzy and far away, the phantom memory of a hand around his throat tethering him to pleasure.

When Ilya pulls out, Shane makes a soft strangled sound that earns him a chuckle.

“Miss me already?”

“Shut up. *You* miss me,” he mumbles back, sighing pleasantly as soon as Ilya cards a hand through his hair, rearranging their bodies so he can wrap his legs around Shane.

“Nah, never.” *Liar*, Shane thinks fondly. Ilya sighs dramatically, still petting Shane’s head before he adds cheekily, “I miss smoking, though.”

Fucker. Shane huffs. “Thought the suckers were helping.”

“Mhm not *that* kind,” Ilya says through a teasing grin. When Shane stares back at him blankly he settles on a more serious face. “Hollander. You did not think song was actually about lollipops, yes?”

Shane blinks, his cheeks firing up. “I mean—” He stops. Ilya’s eyebrow raises higher. “I didn’t,” he lies, not convincingly. Ilya makes a cock sucking gesture, mouthing *lollipop* and Shane groans. A burst of laughter erupts from Ilya’s mouth. God, he’ll never hear the end of this. “Shut up,” Shane mutters because he’s never really nailed the comeback thing down.

Ilya just shakes his head, still smiling. “*Господи, я тебя обожаю,*” (“*God, I adore you,*”) he murmurs to himself.

The use of his mother tongue always hits Shane in a specific way. This time is no different, and he feels his chest unwind from the tone, the rough, deeper tune of a voice eroded by years of never learning how to filter emotions through, of speaking before taming the turbulence of emotions. Instinct above translation. It’s a primal truth that comes out in the most beautiful, freest way when Ilya’s speaking Russian.

Shane hates how difficult it is to read people sometimes, even harder when that language isn’t his—it feels like he doesn’t have access to a part of Ilya in a way, yet somehow, he feels as though he’s never been understood so easily as he has with Ilya, language be damned. Maybe it’s like music, in a way. He can’t understand the words, but he can hear the melody and he feels the emotions pouring through down to the very marrow of his bones.

“What does that mean?” he whispers, shooting his shot because though he’s secretly been playing that Russian lesson CD in his car the past few years, he’s not really fluent *yet*.

“Nothing. Just you are adorable.”

“Adorable kicked your ass at the game tonight, so.”

“And *I* have ruined Mr. Adorable’s ass tonight, so. We are even.”

Shane is helpless to the exasperated fond smile stretching his lips. He pinches Ilya’s side for good measure but accepts the attack of kisses it gets him in return with breathless laughter. When they slow down, mouths meeting each other slowly, and pulling back without straying far away, Shane asks, “Why did you start smoking again?”

Ilya shrugs, nosing at Shane's jaw to avoid his gaze. "To annoy you. Is fun."

"Ha, *ha*," he deadpans with an unamused smile, then nudges Ilya. "Tell me."

"Just good for stress." He settles back on his side, still pressed against Shane, folding his arm to rest on his elbow, his free hand connecting Shane's freckles under his collar bones.

"Not really. The nicotine gets you high, and it's the withdrawal from it that makes you anxious and tricks your brain into thinking that smoking relaxes you. But it doesn't. The cigarettes are the ones creating this cycle and keeping you addicted."

There's a beat of silence. Way to get Ilya to *open* up. His cheeks flare up when he meets Ilya's flat stare.

"Hollander, you talk so much."

"Sorry," he replies embarrassedly.

Ilya makes some sort of noise, a cut off displeased sound that resembles a wounded animal, and immediately turns around to cup Shane's chin. "Mhm, no. Don't stop."

His lips find Shane's with a tenderness that dispels any ounce of shame from his body. It's nearly overwhelming with gentleness, slow, and purposeful in a way they so rarely allow themselves to be—the only times when their bodies speak louder than their minds, with no sexual filter to hide behind.

"Ilya," Shane whispers, voice cracking on his name.

"*Мне тебя не хватало,*" ("*I missed you,*") Ilya finally replies when they part. "I started smoking again because I missed you." His voice is barely louder than a whisper, nestled in the space between Shane's chin and his throat. It slips inside, right into his heart and travels through his carotid artery so fast, pumped with life, that Shane can't help the way his hands squeeze Ilya's neck instinctively, like it's too much to contain the magnitude of such a confession. It bursts out of him, thumping madly against his temples.

"Me too," he says after a beat, throat tight. "I always miss you."

"Shane," Ilya whispers roughly, testing the name on his tongue, or maybe trying to pour every bottled up thing they've never allowed themselves to say aloud into one word.

It's not the first time they've used each other's first names, including that one time Shane had panicked and bolted right after, but it's the first time that feels purposeful. Like they're both meeting halfway, *Shane*, and *Ilya*, and it sounds like *fuck are you deep in this, too?*

But god, if he thinks about it too much, his mind hurts—because he can't deny it's there anymore, except it's terrifying to admit it, to admit that they might be in love, to realize that if they are, they might not have a shot, and how would they even get to be together? How would that even work when they've been pitted against each other for years? When the world would take one bite out of them? How would Shane's team react—and his parents, *fuck*, Shane's parents don't even know he's not *straight*, and Ilya—Ilya's façade to maintain to his

family might be even more necessary than Shane's for his own *survival*—and all they get together anyway are a few hours, a couple of nights, with the windows closed, and the sun asleep, and it hits Shane so deeply just how unfair this situation is, and just how *fucked* they are.

There's no pretending left to save them.

His panic must be written all over his face, pooling in his eyes, because Ilya shushes him and cups his face with both palms. Shane blinks, vision blurry, and accepts the tender kiss with numb lips.

“Hey, is okay, I got you, *счастье моё*. (*my happiness*.) We're okay.”

Shane nods, stealing another desperate kiss from Ilya and letting the tension ebb off of him the more he sinks into the touch, the hands that can be so violent on the rink, yet so skilled at taking him apart, and so gentle now.

A thumb rubs his cheekbones, while the other one scratches at his scalp, kneads the knots at the nape of his neck until Shane has swallowed back his tears and managed to let his muscles unwind.

“Okay,” he whispers.

“Come here,” Ilya says, opening his arms. Shane goes into the embrace with a sigh of relief, burrowing his head in Ilya's chest and letting his whole body rest on top of his. The arms wrapping around him and pulling him in tighter only serve to chase more of his anxiety away. “We will figure it out, okay?”

“Yeah, m'kay,” Shane mumbles. “I'm glad you're here.”

“Me too.”

There's a moment of silence merely filled by their breathing and the low distant hum of the electric lamp at their bedside table. Shane could fall asleep like this. Lulled by the quiet and the soothing patterns Ilya traces over his back, his other fingers resting in his hair.

Then, Ilya says, “Was getting tired of those Chupa Chups, anyway. So fucking *sweet*.”

“Oh my god.” Shane laughs, pressing his nose into Ilya's sternum before looking up at him. Ilya is smiling back, and fuck that smile is like a direct shot of dopamine straight through Shane's system. “You didn't have to eat that many.”

“Yes, I did. Had to keep you entertained.”

“So you *did* do it on purpose.” Ilya's eyebrows raise teasingly and Shane has to bite his bottom lip to tame the grin threatening to split his face in two. “You asshole.”

“Did you jerk off to pictures of me sucking on lollipops?”

“Fuck off.”

“Ah, that's a yes, then.”

Shane hides his blush in Ilya's chest, taking the opportunity to nibble on the nipple against his lips, flicking between his tongue and sucking it to wipe that grin off Ilya's face, that laugh morphing into a moan and deep, rumbled, *fuck, Hollander*.

“Shane,” he corrects, before kissing the nub again, now fully erect and bright red.

“Shane,” Ilya repeats quietly, tugging on his hair to pull him up in a kiss, another admission in and of itself. A conversation they aren't ready to have, but a milestone they've reached anyway and don't intend to back away from this time.

“No more suckers. And no more cigarettes,” Shane mumbles when a yawn cuts off their lazy making out session, forehead resting against Ilya's. *No more fucking other people*, he thinks just as strongly.

“Fine. But I get to fuck you with your glasses on tomorrow morning.”

Shane huffs out a laugh. “Alright, if you want.”

“Mhm, I want, yes.”

Ilya takes his lips again, seals them with his like an envelope, a love letter to their uncertain future, and Shane believes in it, kissing back with all his being, holding onto Ilya's grounding touch and teasing smile to avoid drifting off and letting his spiraling thoughts lead him astray.

Even if in the dark, they have each other, and that's all that matters. Shane keeps a white knuckled grip to this promise as their precarious time together slips by.

They take a shower together, grinding against one another and pulling out another release with Ilya's cock tightly wrapped between Shane's thighs when soaping each other up turns into groping and moaning, their bodies still not tired of each other yet. They order some room service, *boring* food for Shane as Ilya puts it and a pizza for him—that Shane eyes both with disgust and envy—before bickering over what to watch, and finally falling asleep, limbs entangled.

Shane wakes Ilya up with his mouth around his cock, then makes good on his promise to let Ilya fuck him with his glasses on. It's always bittersweet, when they have to part ways, even after nearly twenty four-hours spent with each other non stop, and mostly with their bodies as tightly connected as physically possible.

But it's easier this time, with the curtain lifted off, the truth of *them* undeniable even with the moon as their only witness to this love they're nurturing. Shane keeps a secretive smile on his face for days, high as a fucking kite, so high *nothing* could bring him down.

Almost... nothing.

Until a week later. A new pap photo of Ilya drops, showcasing him in casual clothes, a black tank top showing off his broad shoulders and back muscles, tucked into low waisted baggy

brown pants, and—

“Oh, seriously, *fuck* him.”

Rings.

He’s wearing rings.

A couple of them, silver, and paired with two bracelets on his left wrist, and what looks like a very expensive watch on his right one. He’s smiling at the camera, like a guy who *knows* he’s hot, because he *is*, he might be the most attractive man on the planet and Shane hates him so *bad*, but what he hates most is how pathetically quick his cock has already filled in his pants. How personally offended and worked up he is about simple jewelry.

Shane slams his phone down, taking a deep breath and staring at his crotch with resignation. Then he picks up his phone again.

Jane : Seriously?

Lily : Like it?

Jane : No.

Lily : You are bad liar.

Lily : Maybe I could finger you with rings on next time.

Shane’s cheeks flare up as he blows out a rattled breath. His mind jumps embarrassingly fast to that image, picturing those deft, muscular, long fingers fucking up inside of him with the rings on. How it would feel. The cold metal. The intrusion. The *filth*. His pants tighten and he groans.

Yeah. This is going to be the longest wait of his life.

End Notes

shoutout to my friend's bf a couple of years back when we went to see mika live and before singing the song, and mika went "ok so obviously this song is not about lollipops..." and everyone laughed but this poor guy turns to us, all wide eyes and looking betrayed as he goes "what? what is it about, then???" absolutely precious. so cute. also I apologize if now that song is stuck in ur head, but it's so ridiculously in line with that fic, that I couldn't betray 11 yo me who was a huge mika stan and not use it...

i ADORE shane to pieces, so getting inside his head was very fun!!! I just wanna squish him. writing ilya the other time made me feel so bittersweet meanwhile writing shane just makes me wanna tease him so badly. like he's just. he's adorable. I adore him. ilya adores him too. these two are the worst idagfer ever, I swear. sirs, your situationship has been a sickeningly romantic relationship from the start wtf!! those damn eyes don't lie, chico. the way they say each other's names??? MARRIED.

(did i potentially plant a seed for a future top shane fic for a sec there... maybe... perhaps...)

anyway, hope you all enjoyed this one!! if you did, just know that leaving a comment might have side effects, like activating my praise kink and making me want to write more... 0:)

come say hi on [tumblr](#)!!

-iris

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