You get a different type of nasty when you know it's all yours

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/80678576.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Wyatt Hayes, Troy Barrett, Harris Drover, Luca Haas
Additional Tags:	Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers), Husbands, Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Established Relationship, Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Celebrations, Limousine Sex, Kissing, Rough Kissing, Neck Kissing, Drunken Kissing, Shane straddles Ilya, Grinding, Twerking, Dancing, Dirty Dancing, Dirty Talk, Idiots in Love, Semi-Public Sex, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Riding, Public Display of Affection, Drunk Sex, Drunken Flirting, idiots who can't keep it in their pants, Not Beta Read, Post-Stanley Cup Win, POV Alternating, Twitter, Ilya has a burner where he has notifications on for anything Shane related
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of In a world post TLG
Stats:	Published: 2026-03-05 Words: 4,872 Chapters: 1/1

You get a different type of nasty when you know it's all yours

by mickeysmyheart

Summary

After nearly two hours there, Ilya can confidently say that his husband— the one Shane Hollander— is drunk. Shane who doesn't usually ever drink. Shane who usually opts for just a ginger ale. Shane who has had far less drinks than Ilya has, or most of the team for that matter. Shane who is definitely drunk but a very cute drunk.

He knows Shane is drunk because at some point he came over to Ilya and hasn't left his side since. That alone doesn't tell Ilya that Shane is drunk but what does is that Shane has been super clingy and touchy with him all night.

OR

Shane gets drunk at the Centaurs Stanley Cup win party and is not shy with the PDA— or the dance moves he apparently possesses.

Notes

hiiiii i'm back with a new fic!!

my trip to thailand was so lovely, spent the past two weeks home trying to get back to east coast time and get my motivation back to start writing again and tackling the long list of wips i have.

thanks to bestie hannah for this fic idea

enjoy! ♡

See the end of the work for more notes

“They won. They actually did it. The Ottawa Centaurs have won the Stanley Cup!”

After scoring the winning goal, Shane is attacked by his team, all jumping on top of him— the first of course being his husband.

Shane feels on top of the world right now.

It was not an easy transition to leave Montreal— the team that he’s given his life to for a decade, especially his teammates that he considered to be brothers to him. He left the team on bad terms though, especially with those guys, but it was still not as smooth or easy as he would have hoped it would be to leave it all behind.

He’s happy he’s in Ottawa, the city he grew up in, with his husband, and he loves building this new life with him. He also really loves the Centaurs. It was just a really tough loss for him but this right now, right here, winning the cup with his new team, it makes all the shit he endured last season worth it.

When everyone suggests that they go hard to celebrate this win, Shane’s the first to agree, shocking Ilya slightly. He likes to celebrate with his team and has been all season for their wins, but he’s never been the type to stay long or even really drink, but *this* win? Yeah, Shane is celebrating.

They plan to go out the following night to celebrate, giving Ilya a bit of time to get something planned. Even though Ilya’s the captain of the team and Shane’s husband, he doesn’t tell Shane anything about what he’s planning for them to go out and celebrate. He enlisted Troy and Harris’s help but he didn’t want Shane to plan anything and instead, just enjoy the festivities.

The following day does come, and a huge limo pulls up outside of Ilya’s— *their*— home in Ottawa. He still is getting used to thinking about Ilya’s house as their home since Shane moved in.

“You’re kidding,” Shane comments, seeing the huge white limo. “What are we going to prom in this thing?”

Ilya wraps his arms around Shane’s waist from behind and puts his chin on his shoulder. He says, “Will you go to prom with me, Shane?”

“Shut up,” Shane laughs when Ilya kisses a ticklish spot near his neck. He turns around in Ilya’s arms and kisses him softly on the lips. “I would have loved to go to prom with you— if that was ever a possibility.”

Ilya smiles at him sweetly before kissing him once more. Shane wraps his arms around Ilya’s shoulders and deepens the kiss as he feels Ilya’s body pressed up against his. Ilya moans deeply into the kiss, getting Shane a little hard, but then Ilya pulls back from the kiss and smirks at him.

“We can do much more of that later, moya lyubov’,” Ilya teases before letting Shane go and walking over to the driver who Shane now sees has been standing by the limo waiting for them. Shane blushes deeply.

Anya is already at Shane’s parents house and they’re keeping her an extra night so they can celebrate properly tonight. Shane’s thankful that they all live in the same city, it makes everything so much easier, and it’s nice being able to have quality family time all together. He knows Ilya loves it the most.

Shane and Ilya are both wearing suits tonight as all the guys will be wearing. Ilya’s in a dark grey suit that’s fitted to his body perfectly and he doesn’t have a shirt underneath with his signature crucifix chain around his neck. Shane is wearing something a bit out of his comfort zone but he trusts his husband and this is what he wanted him to wear. He’s wearing black dress pants, with a loose fitting white dress shirt that is buttoned just up to his chest, and he’s wearing a white suit jacket on top of that. He’s wearing a gold, dainty, serpent necklace, and Ilya could barely keep his hands to himself when Shane was getting dressed.

They get into the limo and Shane sees that it’s well stocked with a lot of liquor and mixes for them, as well as a few party snacks. They’ve already eaten dinner as Ilya’s plan for the night does not involve eating food until later in the night when they’re all drunk and hungry.

Ilya slides into the limo first, moving towards the little window that connects them to the driver and so that he's close to the drinks. Shane goes in after him, sitting right by him. Ilya wraps his arm around Shane's waist and pulls him closer to him.

Shane's heart skips a beat. He never gets tired of having Ilya wrapped around him.

Ilya keeps his hand on Shane's hip, moving his thumb up and down gently. He leans his face close to him, breathing in the scent of his cologne on his neck, before he leaves a small kiss to his pulse point.

"You look so beautiful tonight," Ilya tells him softly right into his ear.

Shane shivers at his words but he feels extremely hot right now. Shane turns his head and captures Ilya's lips in a searing kiss. Ilya's hand tightens on his hip as his other hand comes up to caress the side of Shane's face. Shane slides his hands into Ilya's suit jacket so he can feel the bare skin of his shoulders.

The limo starts moving, which knocks Shane into Ilya even more, making them both start giggling into the kiss. Shane moves to straddle Ilya's waist, kissing him deeper as he grinds his ass down against Ilya.

"*Fuck*, Shane," Ilya moans before Shane shoves his tongue into his mouth. Ilya's hands are moving up and down Shane's body from grabbing his ass to pulling him harder down onto him to trailing up his back to pulling at the long strands of hair at the back of his neck.

Shane's hard as a rock and he knows they should stop but he just can't help it.

He barely even registers that they've come to a stop until he hears, "You owe me ten bucks."

Shane gets out of Ilya's lap and sits back down next to him. He sees Ilya laughing softly before he adjusts himself, and then he notices Wyatt making his way into the limo with Luca behind him.

Shane readjusts himself as the two first members of the team settle into the limo. Luca hands Wyatt a ten dollar bill and Ilya laughs. "Sorry, Luca," Ilya tells him with a wink, making the poor kid blush.

"Told him that you two have no self control, but hey, it's my gain," Wyatt tells them. "Now which one of you homos is going to make me a drink?"

Ilya starts laughing even more and Shane just rolls his eyes.

Ilya picks up the magnum bottle of vodka and starts making them drinks— vodka straight for Ilya, with ginger ale for Shane and Luca, and a beer for Wyatt with two shots that he takes right away.

Ilya puts his right hand on Shane's thigh and sips from his glass with his left as they make more stops to pick up some more teammates before joining the rest of the team that said they'd make their own way at the venue.

Shane loves seeing Ilya's hand sitting in its rightful place on Shane's thigh— in front of other people— but it took a lot of getting used to. Shane finally is starting to feel a lot more comfortable with PDA now that they've been out for a year and he's only seen support and love from his new coach and his new team.

He's even gotten really turned on over seeing Ilya be a little possessive with the PDA— his hand in Shane's back pocket, holding his hand or leaving his arm draped over his shoulders, or when he sees someone try to flirt with Shane and he comes right over and kisses him in front of them. Yeah, that gets Shane *going*.

He didn't know he had this side of himself. This side that loves being claimed by Ilya. He loves knowing that Ilya wants everyone to know that Shane is his and he is Shane's. It makes

Shane feel desired, which after over a decade together, he's glad they don't lack in that department.

Shane has two drinks in the limo on the way, deciding to let loose tonight and actually enjoy yet another win under his belt— and his first win *with* his husband.

*

Rolling into the venue Ilya reserved for them tonight and seeing how fast everyone worked to get this place put together, gives Ilya a moment of pause to take it all in.

"Wow," Shane says by his side, already a little tipsy from the two vodka ginger ales he had on the ride here. "This place looks so cool."

Ilya smiles. "It does," he agrees. He rented out a hall typically used for weddings or sweet sixteen parties. He didn't go with a club because it wouldn't be private to just the team and their significant others, so this was the first thing he thought of and was able to make it work on such short notice.

They decorated the space to really feel like they just won the Stanley Cup but without it looking too cheesy or childlike. It was perfect for Ilya and Shane seems to like it too, which makes him happy. And from the sounds of the others strolling in, they like it too.

There's appetizers and finger food that'll be going around or set up for the night as well as an open bar, which the majority of the guys go to first. There's a DJ there already playing some hits, and Ilya immediately pulls Shane with him to the dance floor.

"What— no, no, no, Ilya," Shane tries to protest but makes no real move to let go of Ilya's hand as he's being pulled along.

Ilya wraps Shane up in his arms and dances with him— well, sways them side to side.

Shane laughs, wrapping his arms around Ilya's neck. "I don't like to dance," he tells him.

"Just for a minute, sweetheart," Ilya says, kissing the tip of his nose, then his cheek where he has a splattering of cute freckles.

Shane blushes and Ilya knows he'll indulge him for now so he continues to sway them even though the song playing is not a slow song. He just wants to hold his husband in his arms.

They're interrupted by more of the team making their way in so they take each other's hand and walk over to greet everyone.

After nearly two hours there, Ilya can confidently say that his husband— the one Shane Hollander— is drunk. Shane who doesn't usually ever drink. Shane who usually opts for just a ginger ale. Shane who has had far less drinks than Ilya has, or most of the team for that matter. Shane who is *definitely* drunk but a *very cute* drunk.

He knows Shane is drunk because at some point he came over to Ilya and hasn't left his side since. That alone doesn't tell Ilya that Shane is drunk but what does is that Shane has been super clingy and touchy with him all night.

Ilya made sure that this venue could provide some comfortable seating apart from just chairs, so they had set up an area with some couches and loveseats. Ilya made his way there with a beer in hand, joining some of his teammates who were sitting there. He sat down next to Wyatt and on one of the other couches sat Troy, Harris, and coach Wiebe who joined them right after Ilya sat down.

After just a few minutes sitting there, Shane strolls over and he's no longer wearing his suit jacket, and it looks like the loose button down that was already quite unbuttoned might have been unbuttoned at least one more button. He looks fucking hot and Ilya can't help but check him out as he walks right over to Ilya and sits in his lap. Ilya huffs out a laugh as Shane shifts to sit properly on his husband's lap.

Ilya's starting to get hard just with Shane sitting on his lap looking this good, he needs him to stop moving now. He puts his drink down on the table next to him and puts both hands on Shane's hips, stilling him.

Shane looks at him, eyes dilated and his cheeks bright pink from the liquor and the heat in this room. "Hi," he says softly, blushing, making his cheeks even more pink.

"Hi," Ilya says back, eyes trailing down to his lips.

Shane licks his lips and Ilya can't help the small whimper that escapes his lips.

"Yeah, that's my cue," Wyatt says, as he gets up from the couch that now occupies Ilya with Shane on his lap. Neither of them can look away from the other.

Ilya closes the distance between their lips. Shane immediately shoves his tongue in Ilya's mouth, deepening the kiss.

Ilya moans into the kiss, his hands gripping onto Shane's hips harder, holding him in place. He can feel Shane nipping at his neck, surely leaving him a hickey. He brings his right hand down to Shane's crotch when he hears, "Oh my God," from Harris, loudly enough to break through to both of them.

They look over at Harris and Ilya sees Shane flip them off before putting his face back in Ilya's neck, nipping at him lightly. Ilya smirks at Harris and Troy over Shane as he kisses his neck, his hands all over him. Harris laughs as he looks over at Troy.

Harris takes Troy's hand and they stand, walking away from what's going on right now, but as they go Troy says teasingly, "Get a room." Both are still laughing and shaking their heads as they go.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya moans just for Shane's ears when they're alone, ignoring their friends. "Do you want me to fuck you right here on this couch in front of all our teammates?"

Shane's head snaps up, his eyes locking in on Ilya's. He doesn't look offended, but he does look intrigued. Shane giggles, reminding Ilya just how drunk his husband is. He smiles at Shane fondly, bringing his right hand up to caress his cheek.

"That would be really hot but no," Shane says, smiling softly.

Ilya can hear the song work by Rihanna starting to play before Shane says, "But we should go dance."

He climbs out of Ilya's lap but takes his hand and pulls him off the couch. For someone who's drunk, he's still very strong and capable of throwing Ilya around. *Fuck*. Ilya tries to adjust himself as he's being pulled towards the dance floor.

They get to the middle of the dance floor, joining Wyatt, Luca, Troy, Harris, and some of the other guys' girlfriends or wives are all on the dancefloor, moving their hips to Rihanna.

Shane starts dancing, turning around to press himself back against Ilya. Ilya's hands instinctively grab Shane's hips, holding him close to his body, grinding up against his ass.

Shane's hands come up and drag themselves through Ilya's once neat curls, and move down to touch his neck. Ilya moves his face to Shane's neck, kissing him softly as he grinds into him, the liquor in his system fuelling him even more to not give a shit who's watching them grind on the dance floor. *Finally.*

Finally Ilya's able to dance with Shane in public. He finally gets to be *free* with him. And if Shane wants to throw that ass back into Ilya, well, he sure as hell won't stop him.

The Rihanna song ends and a Cardi B song starts, which makes Shane bend over in front of Ilya, his ass pressed up against his crotch, and starts twerking.

“Oh my God,” Ilya says to himself as he watches his husband fucking *twerk* on him. This is the hottest thing Ilya has ever seen.

He looks up and sees everyone’s watching them, cheering Shane on, and whistling. Ilya has a firm grip on his husband's waist— he hopes he leaves some light bruises, he loves seeing his marks on Shane’s body, Shane loves it too. Ilya watches as Shane grinds his ass against him, moving it like water— *seriously how is he doing this*— and moves his right hand to the small of Shane’s back.

Ilya’s so fucking hard right now. He would fuck Shane right here, right now. *Fuck, that would be so hot.*

Ilya smacks Shane’s ass and everyone cheers— they’re all eating this up. Shane laughs but he also pushes his ass back into Ilya harder at the smack. Shane liked that.

Ilya drives into him harder, playing into the intense twerking and grinding show they’re putting on.

Shane stands back up, turning around in Ilya’s arms, and throws his arms around his neck. Ilya holds Shane to his body, hugging him tight.

“You will murder me,” Ilya says into his ear, making Shane laugh softly.

“Maybe,” he teases, thinking back to their first time together. He puts his head in the crook of Ilya’s neck and says, “I’m so hard, Ilya.”

Fuuuuuuuck.

Ilya’s cock twitches at that, letting out a bit of pre cum. God, Shane must be leaking so much, he always gets so wet.

“We need to leave soon,” Ilya tells him. Shane stands back up fully, facing Ilya and getting a bit of distance between them. He takes Ilya’s hand and walks them off the dancefloor. Ilya brings them over to the bar where he asks for two water bottles.

They take one each and drink some of it. Two of their teammates' wives come over to the bar to get a drink.

One of them— Ilya doesn’t remember her name— says, “Shane, you killed it out there!”

The other says, “I didn’t know you got down like that. I see you.”

They both laugh as Shane looks at them, smiling awkwardly. Ilya chuckles and says, “If you’ll excuse us,” as he takes Shane’s hand with his free hand.

People have already started to leave, leaving not many behind so Ilya knows they can make an easy exit. He needs to get them back into the limo that he rented to stay to bring the two of them back home.

They say goodbye to those that stop them on their way out and then Ilya gets them outside with Shane back in his suit jacket.

The limo driver will be there in a minute, Ilya texted him to let him know they were coming outside since the driver went to park.

Shane leans into Ilya, looking up into his eyes softly. “Tonight was so fun, baby,” he says, smiling.

Ilya looks at him so fondly— *God*, he loves this man, and says, “It was. I’m happy you had a good time, sweetheart.”

Ilya kisses his forehead softly and Shane smiles at him. He sees the limo pull up to a stop in front of them. Ilya opens the door and ushers Shane inside. He gets in after him and the two of them settle there, closer to the door.

The little window in the limo opens and the driver asks, “Ready, sir?”

“Yes, we can go,” Ilya tells him.

The driver nods and closes the window. Ilya turns to look at Shane who’s already looking at him. Shane climbs right back into Ilya’s lap, straddling him in the back of this limo.

Ilya’s hands move to his ass. Shane settles on his lap and takes his jacket off, letting it fall behind him on the floor of the limo— not giving a shit to fold it right now. Ilya’s hands trail up Shane’s back, pulling him in closer to him. He kisses him hard on the lips, Shane’s tongue slipping inside of his mouth.

Ilya moans into the kiss, his hands back down to Shane’s hips, grabbing them tightly.

“*Fuck, Ilya*,” Shane moans, arching his back as he looks at him with big dilated eyes and swollen lips.

“You’re so beautiful, moya lyubov’,” Ilya tells him, his eyes raking over his face. “So sexy, *fuck*, I’m so fucking hard for you.”

Truthfully, he could probably get off just by having Shane grind down on his cock for a few more seconds.

“I want you to fuck me right here,” Shane tells him, catching him off guard.

“What?”

Shane blushes. “You heard me,” he says back. He tilts Ilya’s head back and says, “I want you to fuck me right now, before we make it home.”

“Is that a challenge?” Ilya asks, smirking up at him.

Shane pulls Ilya’s mouth to his and kisses him hard. Ilya moans into the kiss as he wraps Shane in his arm and flips them to get Shane on his back on the seat without either of them falling over.

Ilya works on getting Shane’s pants open and off before grabbing the lube he brought in a small bag with essentials in case anyone needed anything— lube, condoms, gum, floss, bandaids, you name it.

Ilya slicks up his fingers and brings his finger to Shane’s hole, circling before he slips it inside of him. Shane moans, taking the finger easily before Ilya adds another.

Shane moans softly, trying to keep himself quiet since the driver might be able to hear them — though there is music playing that Ilya isn’t paying any attention to.

Ilya works Shane open until Shane tells him, “You don’t have much time left.”

Ilya leans over Shane and sucks his bottom lip into his mouth, biting it softly. Shane smirks at him as Ilya grazes his fingers over his prostate.

“*Fuck, Ilya,*” Shane moans into his mouth. “Please fuck me.”

“No,” Ilya tells him. Shane meets his eye and Ilya adds, “You’re gonna get back on top of me and fuck yourself on my cock.”

Ilya slowly pulls his fingers out as Shane says, "*Fuck."*

Ilya sits back down on the seat and Shane immediately gets on top of him. Ilya slicks up his cock before Shane lines himself up and slides down Ilya's big cock.

Shane moans deeply into Ilya's neck as he bottoms out. Ilya holds Shane close, kissing him softly on the cheek, his nose, and his lips when he finally lifts his face.

Ilya licks into Shane's mouth as Shane slowly starts moving up and down his cock. Ilya holds onto Shane's hips, helping to guide him up and down, leaving how fast and hard it is up to Shane.

Ilya moans into the kiss as Shane starts riding Ilya harder, faster, deeper. His hands on Ilya's shoulders as he moans into his mouth.

"*Fuck, Shane*," Ilya moans, throwing his head back on the seat. "I'm so close."

Shane moans and Ilya can see it on his face that he's also very close.

"Come for me, baby," Ilya tells him in a low voice before he feels Shane come hard between them, his face in Ilya's neck.

Ilya comes hard inside of him, bringing his hands up to take Shane's face in his so he can kiss him.

Shane climbs off Ilya's lap and Ilya grabs some wipes from the bag and cleans them both up. Shane puts his pants back on and settles back into the seat next to Ilya, both of them looking at each other and letting out a soft laugh.

The limo comes to a stop and they can hear the driver get out of the car. He opens the door for them so Ilya climbs out before he holds out his hand for Shane to take to help him out of

the limo.

They thank the driver and Ilya gives him an extra hundred dollar tip before they head inside and upstairs to their bedroom.

They strip down and take a quick shower before getting right into bed. Ilya pulls Shane close and Shane curls up into his side, his head on his chest.

“Thank you for tonight,” Shane tells him softly, looking up at him with his chin on his chest. “I had fun with everyone— and the limo home with you.”

Ilya laughs softly, leaning forward to kiss Shane’s head. “You are so cute when you are drunk,” Ilya tells him.

“I’m not drunk,” Shane pouts. Ilya gives him a look and Shane says, “Okay not as much anymore.”

Ilya laughs. “Get some sleep, moy kotenok,” he says, before kissing him again softly on the cheek.

“I’m not a kitten,” Shane says, putting his head down on Ilya’s chest. He kisses his chest before Ilya starts to hear Shane’s breathing even out as he’s falling asleep.

“Goodnight, Shane,” Ilya whispers.

“Goodnight, Ilya,” Shane mumbles before completely knocking out. Ilya kisses his head before leaning his head against his, falling asleep with the love of his life in his arms.

The next morning, Ilya wakes up to find himself spooning Shane who is still asleep. Ilya slowly removes his arm from around him without waking him. He reaches over for his phone on the bedside table.

He sees some notifications about how Shane Hollander has been trending. He sits up in bed and looks over to see Shane still sleeping. He looks at his phone and checks twitter on his private burner account.

NO WAY DID I WAKE UP TO SEE SHANE HOLLANDER TWERKING????

video attached

Ilya makes sure the volume's off before he clicks on the video. It's from last night of Shane grinding on Ilya before Shane bends over and starts twerking. The video pans to everyone watching then back to Shane still grinding and Ilya smacking his ass.

Ilya laughs softly as he watches the video. Shane stirs next to him, turning onto his back and looking up at Ilya.

"Morning," Ilya says, smiling softly.

Shane sighs, stretching as he turns to lay his head in Ilya's lap. Ilya brings his hand down to run his fingers through Shane's long hair.

"What were you laughing at?" Shane asks.

"Uh, nothing," Ilya says lamely.

Shane sits up and asks, "What is it?" Ilya hesitates and Shane adds, "I'll see it anyway, show me."

He's right. Ilya hands Shane his phone, showing him the video that's been circulating. "Oh God," Shane says. "Who posted it?"

“I didn’t check that far yet,” Ilya tells him, taking the phone back from him. He looks at more tweets and sees— “Harris posted it.”

He goes over to Harris’s instagram and opens his story. It’s the video they just watched and it’s captioned: *And that’s how you celebrate Centaurs style* 💖

He shows Shane and the two of them start laughing. “What are people saying about it?” Shane asks. He can tell he's starting to overthink it and get anxious about the outside noise.

Ilya goes back to Twitter and starts scrolling.

holy shit i didn’t know shane could throw it back like that

Shane Hollander: bottom of all time

WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT THE ASS SMACK HELLO??????

i need to fuck shane hollander so bad it’s not even funny anymore

the way he can MOVE… ilya rozanov can you fight???

oh i just know he’s good in bed

ilya if you see this are you looking for a third?

Ilya laughs. “You are bottom of all time,” he tells him.

“Wh— what?? What does that even mean?” Shane asks, looking at Ilya.

“Oh you know,” Ilya teases. “They are all confused that you can throw ass but also very horny over it.”

Shane blushes. “Fuck off,” he says.

Ilya shows him the tweets he just saw and watches as Shane’s cheeks get even redder. He hands the phone back to Ilya and says, “Okay.”

“My husband is too desired, I don’t like it,” Ilya tells him, sighing.

“You jealous?” Shane teases.

“Only I can say such filthy things to you,” Ilya says before pressing Shane back into the mattress, hovering over him.

Shane smiles up at him, wrapping his legs around him. “I’m yours, Ilya,” he says, looking into his eyes.

Fuck. Ilya presses his straining cock up against Shane’s ass, both of them in just their boxer briefs. He leans down and kisses Shane on the lips, his tongue slipping into his mouth gently. He pulls back just enough to say, “Only I get to fuck the bottom of all time.”

Shane smacks his chest as Ilya starts laughing. Shane can’t help but also laugh. Ilya leans in to kiss Shane again, deepening the kiss when he feels Shane tighten his legs around him.

Ilya loves Shane so much, he pours all of it into this kiss and makes sure he pleases his husband just the way he likes, making him forget about a video of him twerking being all over the internet.

If winning the Stanley Cup with your husband means that you'll get drunk together, have crazy hot sex in a limo, and then fuck again the next morning to celebrate then Ilya hopes they win many more cups together.

End Notes

if you liked it, pls hit the kudos + leave me a comment ♡
come find me -
twitter + tumblr: @mickeysmyheart

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!