

who cares about breaking the internet

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by [mae](#), [onthewaytosomewhere \(mae\)](#).

Summary

the boys break the internet by posting a seemingly innocent picture from out at the cottage while also getting a lil smutty time ...

Notes

okay so it had been a bit and i was all oh i need to write some more hollanov the other day after the pics of the boys came out and well ... started this when i should have been sleeping and now here we are lolz

hope ya enjoy!!

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



Shane doesn't even think about it when Ilya posts the picture and tags him. It's nothing special or much to look at. Just them on the deck of the cottage, the late summer sun blazing down on their bare feet kicked up, on the half-empty glasses sweating on the rail beside them. Nothing dramatic, nothing glamorous. Just quiet and ordinary, the kind of moment Shane never thought he'd get to capture for so long, let alone the sort of moment he thought would matter to anyone else.

Apparently, it does.

They only find out hours later, because right after Ilya had taken that picture, he'd yanked Shane off the deck, laughing in Russian under his breath, into the bedroom. And Shane—well, Shane had ridden him, like he'd been starved for it for years, like he needed Ilya's hands on his hips like the rest of him needed oxygen. Sweaty and slick and so thoroughly, blissfully wrecked he could barely move, Shane had let Ilya half drag, half coax him into the big clawfoot tub after. Skin to skin, in the hot water, the world slipping away until all that was left was Ilya's arm draped heavy across his chest.

Now they're on the deck again, hair sticking to the backs of their necks from still being wet. Shane's phone buzzes in his pocket with a text from Harris: *Congrats on breaking the internet.*

Shane blinks down at the screen, snorts, and holds it out for Ilya to read over his shoulder. He thinks it's funny—hilarious, actually—that something as mundane as sitting on his own damn deck with the man he's been in love with for years could cause social media to implode. But what does he know? He's just a hockey player.

Later that night, the phone rings again, this time it's Farah, their agent, voice crackling with excitement, rattling off some offer for the two of them to be in an ad campaign together. Shane tries to listen, to keep up, but he's already half out of the conversation because Ilya is at it again, fingers hooked in his belt loop, tugging him back toward the bedroom like he's on a mission.

Shane mumbles an "uh-huh" into the phone, promises he'll check his email she's sending them tomorrow, and hangs up just as his back slams against the wall. Ilya's mouth is on his in

the next breath, needy, hungry, like he can't wait even another second.

"We're going to do it, da?" Ilya breathes against his lips, voice low and rough.

Shane nods, barely registering the words, because it doesn't matter right now what it is. He'll figure that out tomorrow. All that matters is Ilya pressed up against him, kissing him into breathlessness for not-the-first time that day.

They don't so much walk to the bedroom as stumble their way there, mouths locked together, Ilya's hands already sliding beneath Shane's shirt. By the time Shane's back hits the door, his shirt is gone, tugged off with quick, sure movements, and Ilya is kissing down his throat like he's starving. Shane's laugh melts into a groan when Ilya's teeth graze his collarbone, when hands grip his waist hard enough to leave warmth behind.

But then the pace changes. Once the clothes are gone and they tumble onto the bed, it shifts—no more frantic tugging, no rush to reach the end. Ilya covers him with his body, weight comforting, kisses having slowed to something deliberate, tender. Shane feels it in every unhurried press of their mouths, in the way Ilya's palm strokes across his chest, pausing over his heart like he's grounding them both.

Every kiss feels like a promise. I love you. I have you. You are mine.

Shane clutches at his shoulders, pulling him closer, giving back what he can. He kisses Ilya until his lips are swollen, until his lungs ache, until he's drunk on the taste of him.

Ilya trails lower, dragging his mouth across Shane's jaw, down the line of his throat, nipping gently before soothing with his tongue. His hands roam—over his ribs, brushing his nipples, down his sides, teasing along his thighs. Every touch is maddening in its slowness. Shane arches up, silently begging for more, but Ilya only hushes him with another kiss, murmuring something low in Russian that Shane doesn't fully catch but understands what it must mean all the same.

By the time Ilya finally settles between his thighs, Shane is trembling, restless under the deliberate care. Ilya slicks his fingers and touches him, teasing first, just circling his rim, pressing lightly without giving him what he needs. Shane gasps, hips jerking, a plea falling from his lips before he can stop it.

"Please," he whispers, raw and breathless, pressing his face into the pillow.

Only then does Ilya ease a finger inside, slow, steady, curling just enough to make Shane whimper. He takes his time—too much time, Shane thinks, though his body sings with every careful stretch. One finger, then two, working him open inch by inch until Shane is panting, fisting the sheets, trying not to beg again. By the time a third finger presses in, Shane's whole body feels strung tight, wound so close to breaking he could cry.

"Ilya," he gasps, hips rolling helplessly. "I need you."

That earns him a kiss, soft and lingering, before Ilya finally slicks himself and presses forward. The first push inside is slow, excruciatingly careful, and Shane's breath stutters. The

stretch burns, but in the best way—it's overwhelming, grounding, everything he's been aching for. Inch by inch, Ilya fills him until Shane can't do anything but hold on, clutching at his shoulders like he might fly apart.

It's victory and surrender all at once. Like scoring the winning goal for the Cup in overtime, the crowd on their feet, but also like coming home to the only arms he's ever truly belonged in.

Ilya moves with a patience that borders on torment, slow rolls of his hips that make Shane gasp and shudder. He isn't teasing—just savoring, drawing every second out. Shane tries to meet him, to quicken the pace, but Ilya holds steady until Shane is nearly incoherent with need. Only then does he give him more, thrusts deepening, sharper, hitting that spot inside him again and again until Shane feels his orgasm coil tight, hot, and unstoppable.

When it breaks, it's devastating. Shane comes with a ragged cry, his body clenching around Ilya, dragging him over the edge too. Ilya's hips stutter, a low groan caught in his throat as he spills deep, his whole body shuddering against Shane's.

They stay tangled, mouths finding each other in messy, desperate kisses, riding the aftershocks together. When Ilya finally slips free, they both whimper at the loss, clutching closer as if to make up for it.

They clean up just enough before collapsing under the light covers. Ilya pulls Shane against his chest, and they kiss lazily in the dark, unhurried, soft. The kind of kisses that could stretch on forever. One of them drifts first, the other follows soon after, still wrapped up in each other, sleep pulling them under like a tide.

End Notes

well ... what do we think?

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