dip you in honey

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dip you in honey

by moonsock

Summary

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“I hate you,” he says.

“No,” Ilya says. He looks unfairly handsome in a linen beach shirt and his flamingo-patterned board shorts Shane bought him last summer. “You do not.”

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(it's the honeymoon fic)

Notes

help!!! i’m being controlled by remy the rat & i can’t stop writing hollanov!!! here’s some honeymoon bliss (read: fucking)

title from daylight by harry styles :) enjoy

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane wakes to sweet pressure on his shoulders, kisses raining down along the line of his neck.

He slept like a rock, worn out from the Spanish sun and activities that kept him up until the early morning. Their honeymoon, so far, has been a dream; his only regret is how little they leave the (frankly ridiculous) suite, but he can't *really* regret that. Not when he's the one jumping Ilya half the time, and not when he wakes up like this, deliciously sore.

"Good morning," he says, pressing back into the solid warmth of his husband– *husband!*- and smiling at the familiar hardness that meets him halfway.

"Good morning," Ilya purrs, kissing him firmly on the back of his neck. His hands, naturally, start inching downward until he's gripping the front of Shane's thighs. "Did you want something?"

Shane pretends to think. "Mmm, nothing off the top of my head."

Ilya begins to grind lazily against him. "Nothing?"

Shane's blood rushes south. He shifts so that he can look Ilya in the face– and God, how he loves that face. He wants to see it every morning for the rest of his life. "It's too early to tease me."

It's actually pretty late for him, far past his usual alarms and run and breakfast. But time is watery here, bleeding and stretching until his only constant is Ilya; the taste of him, the smell.

Ilya's eyes crinkle– how he looks so handsome after hours of drooling onto a pillow, Shane will never understand– and he reaches up and holds Shane's jaw in his big hand, thumbing at the space under his ear. "No more teasing," he says, faux-solemnly, kissing the tip of Shane's nose.

"Teeth," Shane reminds him, tilting his head away. Ilya's morning breath is *not* something he wants for the rest of his life.

"I *know*," Ilya grumbles in Russian, switching to nip at Shane's collar bone. Then, in English, "Let me ravish you."

He makes a compelling argument.

"Fine," Shane sighs, like it's a chore to have this beautiful man in his arms. Ilya drags his thumb over Shane's bottom lip, smirking when his mouth falls open automatically. Shane closes his eyes and pulls it into his mouth, sucking gently and feeling along the whirls of the pad. He hums around it and when he opens his eyes again, Ilya's face is pure desire.

"Look at you," he murmurs.

"Want you in my mouth," Shane says, releasing Ilya's thumb to move down the bed. The sheets are kicked-down because Ilya is a furnace and Shane clings to him like a limpet in the

night, which makes things easier for him.

“I do not understand how my tongue in your mouth is gross, but not my dick,” Ilya says, pushing his hips up as Shane wraps his hands around his thick, hairy thighs.

“Are you complaining?” Shane asks, mouth hovering beside Ilya’s hard length. He bites his lip and looks up at Ilya through his lashes to hammer the point home.

“I did not say that,” Ilya says, and then his head falls back onto the pillow when Shane takes the head of his cock into his mouth. Long fingers curl in his hair as Shane plays with his slit, tongue rolling around the underside of Ilya’s dick. He licks up the prominent vein and then goes to work.

Shane’s eyes flutter shut and his mind goes blank, solely focusing on rhythmic bobbing and taking Ilya as far down his throat as he can manage. He could do this forever, sucking away blissfully. He’s obsessed with it: the sounds Ilya makes, the heady smell of him, strongest between his thighs. His nose touches Ilya’s pubic bone, nestling in curly, coarse hair, and he moans happily. Drool slides out of the corners of his mouths, making a mess of things, but it just slicks the way for him. He hums, throat clenching, and Ilya's breath hitches loudly.

“*Hollander*,” he hears, and then the fingers in his hair start squeezing; he’s a little disappointed to pull off, but he’s not really in the mood to swallow. He suckles one more time on the weeping, red crown of Ilya’s cock before giving it a parting kiss.

“You gonna come for me, Rozanov?” he asks, taking over with his hand. It’s only a few seconds later that Ilya curses loudly and spills over his stomach, body a spectacular curve as he tenses and arches with pleasure. The most beautiful sight in the world.

Shane kisses Ilya’s happy trail as he comes down from his high, running his fingers up through the dark brown hair on his chest. He awkwardly shuffles back up the bed and smiles down at his husband’s blissed-out expression. “Good?” he asks.

“Meh,” Ilya says, making a so-so motion with his hand.

Shane hits him on the pec. “Like you can do better.” It’s a flimsy challenge, but Ilya’s eyes still heat.

After, with his chest heaving and his calf cramping from squeezing around Ilya’s head, he can’t bring himself to be embarrassed about it.

“Now I do not need breakfast,” Ilya says smugly, mouth shiny and wet.

“*Ew*,” Shane shoves at him. “You’re disgusting.”

His husband just laughs, golden and magnificent in the late morning light. Shane can’t help it: he reaches down to trace the sharp line of Ilya’s jaw, dragging his palm across the scratch of lazy stubble he loves so much.

“You’re the only man I’d blow with morning breath,” Shane tells him, stroking his cheekbone. He means it sarcastically, but it comes out earnest.

Ilya's eyes narrow. "The only man you blow, period."

Shane smiles innocently at him before rolling off the bed and heading to brush his teeth and scrape his tongue and gargle mouthwash. It's not, as Ilya claims, that "extra" of a routine. As with everything else, he works for his teeth, and he dreads the day he loses one. Unlike Ilya, he doesn't get punched in the face all that much.

He patiently waits for Ilya to brush his teeth, too, and then leans forward to kiss him against the sink. They spend long minutes lost in eachother. It's his favorite thing to do, other than play hockey. What's fifteen more minutes of kissing? He's never been this unhurried in his life; the loose itinerary he made before their trip often goes ignored in favor of exploring each other again and again.

Ilya's stomach growls abruptly, and he looks at Shane sheepishly.

"Brunch?" Shane suggests.

"Mmm," Ilya hums, nosing at his cheeks.

"We could do tapas and beach," Shane adds. Ilya pulls away, then, hazel eyes creasing with excitement.

"I will make a sandcastle."

"Okay."

"And you can wear your little shorts."

"Okay." Ilya does love those shorts.

"Well, come on. Let's go," Ilya says, rushing out of the bathroom to raid his suitcase. Shane just sighs.

The walk to brunch is less than a block away, and their hotel– resort, really– has a private stretch of beach that they haven't utilized as much as they should. Shane gets pleasantly tipsy on Spanish wine– it's past noon, so he doesn't feel bad about indulging– and plays footsie with Ilya under the table as they people watch. There's something incredibly thrilling about being able to be in public together, touching each other. Shane will never be that comfortable with PDA, especially back in North America, but the big hand draped casually over his own as they peruse the menu is something precious. He strokes the ring on Ilya's finger absentmindedly and turns his face up into the sun.

Their waitress is kind enough to let Shane practice his clumsy Spanish with her. He pointedly does not look at Ilya after ordering, but he's known him long enough to know when he's laughing at Shane's expense (which is unfortunately a lot of the time).

"I hate you," he says.

"No," Ilya says. He looks unfairly handsome in a linen beach shirt and his flamingo-patterned board shorts Shane bought him last summer. "You do not."

They order too much food and laugh about it, cheers-ing probably more times than necessary. By the time they're done a few hours later, Shane's a little lightheaded. It's a clear, sunny day, and the brief walk back to the hotel and beach is lovely, made all the more remarkable by the 6'3 man clinging to him. He never thought he would be able to use the word "care-free" to describe his life, but now would probably be the time.

"I am with my husband Shane Hollander on our honeymoon. I cannot believe it. I am too happy." Ilya pulls Shane closer to him, squeezing him into the space under his arm. Shane can smell the wine on his breath, sharp and sweet, and underneath that the smell of just Ilya. Skin and sweat and something addictive. "Should I show you how happy?"

"No way," Shane says, squirming away. They're in *public*. Spain public, but still. Ilya bites at the shell of his ear in retaliation.

"Ilya!" he squawks, which turns into a breathless laugh as his husband moves his attack toward his neck. He's short on air, dizzy with happiness. And maybe a little sun drunk. And also normal drunk.

He knows how much being out together means to Ilya. It means a lot to him, too, but Ilya is the one who likes to take him out, treat him to nice dinners. In his words, he loves to show Shane off. It was a large part of why Shane picked Ibiza (thank you, Scott Hunter).

The beach is crowded with other hotel-goers, but they manage to find a semi-secluded spot along the edge of the property. Shane sets down their towels and forcibly applies sunscreen to Ilya's skin. He decides that he'll finally get through this book; he's been chipping away at it for several months now, never seeming to find the energy to sit down and read it all the way through. Jackie had recommended it to him enthusiastically, but she's enthusiastic about most things and he should have known better.

He gets maybe five pages in before he gives up.

"How's the book?" Ilya asks snidely when Shane joins him in the water.

"Shut it," Shane grumbles, half-assedly splashing at him.

Of course Ilya splashes back, much more aggressively. Before Shane can even fight back, Ilya splashes him again, right in the face for good measure.

"Oh, fuck you," Shane says, and tackles him. They wrestle in the water for a good few minutes, calling it a draw when they both get a little too into it.

"You cannot go for armpits," Ilya says, glaring at Shane. "Is cheating."

"You can't fucking bite me," Shane snaps back. He steps on a particularly sharp shell and yelps. "I'm leaving."

"Okay. Bye cheater."

"*Bye*," Shane says over his shoulder. Before he leaves, though, he spins to point at this incredibly hot, infuriating man. "You have to reapply sunscreen," he says sternly. "I'm taking

a nap and I can't remind you."

"I will," Ilya says unconvincingly, eyes trained below Shane's belt. "Nice shorts."

Shane looks down to see they're practically pasted to his thighs and hanging from the V of his hips, rivulets of water running down. *Horny bastard*, he thinks fondly, even as he rolls his eyes. He walks to their towel to lay on his back, covering his face with a ball cap. He'll never be like Ilya, who literally tans naked, but he does roll up his already-short shorts a bit. He's Vacation Shane, now.

He drifts off to the sound of the waves and comes to some time later, blinking blearily in the sun. He's cognizant enough to spread another heavy layer of sunscreen on himself, then turns onto his stomach to even out the tan. His freckles multiply and darken every summer, and by the end of the honeymoon he imagines they'll have exploded all over him.

The second time he wakes, it's to Ilya shaking him gently. "Hollander," he says softly, fingers dancing along Shane's arm. "Is getting late. Do we want to shower, then find dinner?"

"Hm?" Shane mumbles, squinting at the skin-colored blob in front of him. "What time is it?"

"Almost five," Ilya says. "I made an epic sand castle. Way better than the kids next to us."

"Oh my God, Ilya," says Shane when he can see again. He's disappointed but not surprised. "You look like a lobster. I told you to reapply."

It's true: his face is mostly okay, protected by that stupid fucking bucket hat he borrowed from Dad, but his shoulders and half of his back are bright red, no doubt from when he was crouched over building his so-called epic sand castle.

"Wow, thanks. I did not think of that."

Shane ignores him. "I brought aloe, thank God. Go rinse off before we leave and I can pack up."

Ilya kisses him quickly – with tongue! – and laughs when Shane flushes. "Now you are red, too."

He sticks out his tongue in response. "Go."

When they've made it back in the room, mostly free of sand, he spends a little longer than he needs to rubbing in the sun relief gel onto Ilya's stinging shoulders and all the way down that broad back. He's just so fucking muscular. Those arms…

"Better?" he asks as Ilya sighs in relief. He's going to be a pain tomorrow, once he starts peeling. He peppers the red skin with light kisses, a mirror of how he woke up this morning. It's nice to feel useful.

"Yes, moya lyubimyy," Ilya says, voice a low, delicious rumble. "That feels nice."

"Good," Shane says, squeezing his hand. "I'm going to shower for real."

Ilya plops down on the bed on his stomach. “Okay. I will find us dinner.”

Shane rinses off quickly; the truth is, he has other plans. Fun, sexier plans, courtesy of Vacation Shane. He gets himself clean everywhere he needs to be clean, and then grabs the lube he snuck in his board shorts. Hopefully Ilya will think he’s being fastidious like usual instead of up to something.

“I am looking at a restaurant down the street,” Ilya says when Shane leaves the bathroom sometime later. He doesn’t look up from his phone. “Is only a ten minute walk. They have lamb shank.”

“Right,” Shane says, and drops the towel. Ilya’s head shoots up at the sound. “I was kind of thinking we could do something else.”

“Oh yes?” Ilya says, voice like gravel. The phone falls to the floor, forgotten. Shane swallows as heat pools in his stomach.

“Yeah,” he manages. It’s hard to think with Ilya’s full concentration on him, gazing at him with dark, hooded eyes. He walks toward him, already half-hard from anticipation, and then fully hard the moment Ilya’s skin presses against his own. He never said he wasn’t easy.

Ilya sheds his own clothes, leaning back against the bed once he’s naked. He palms Shane’s ass appreciatively. “How do you want it?”

Shane doesn’t bother answering, straddling Ilya’s hips with his thighs spread wide to pin him in place. He reaches for the lube on the bed, slicking Ilya’s cock in a swift motion.

“Shane,” Ilya starts, confused. Shane cuts him off with a dismissive sound, then sinks down on him in one decisive move until he’s fully seated.

“*Fuck*,” Ilya yells in Russian, eyes wide. He stares at Shane uncomprehendingly. Shane squeezes around him, adjusting to the feeling of being impaled on his cock. It’s just so *much*. “How--? What–-?”

“Got myself ready in the shower,” Shane says, circling his hips experimentally. “Couldn’t wait.”

Ilya’s fingers are white as they bruise Shane’s hips with the force of his grip. “Fuck,” he repeats faintly, and Shane starts to speed up.

He bounces on it mercilessly, setting an aggressive pace that burns his thighs but has Ilya falling apart beneath him, babbling and begging in incoherent Russian. Just how he likes it. Shane can’t translate most of it, but he doesn’t need to. He loves this, the stretch, the power. He loves what his body can reduce Ilya too– most of the time, it’s Shane pleading. It’s so much fun to flip the script. He pounds his ass down onto Ilya’s lap over and over, keeping him trapped with a solid grip.

“Ah,” Ilya cries from under him. “Chert voz’mi, I can’t–”

Shane switches to a slow grind, rolling his hips. “Like that?”

Ilya's eyes are glazed over, pupils blown with wanting. "Shane," is all he rasps out, reverently, before dissolving into breathless Russian again. His mouth is hanging open.

Shane knows what Ilya looks like when he's about to come. He tries to ignore the ache from exertion, riding him harder, but as strong as his legs are, they have their limits. "Shit," he breathes, trying to push through. He's faltering, losing his grip as his thighs shake. He just can't get where he wants to be.

Without warning, Ilya grabs him and rolls them both until Shane is on his back without slipping out. He dips his head to sloppily kiss the hinge of Shane's jaw, sucking a harsh mark before licking the spot in apology.

"That was fun," Ilya says, pinning Shane's arms above his head. "Very sexy." He grins down at him predatorily. "But is my turn now."

Oh, fuck.

Ilya slows the pace again, laughing when Shane tries to push back against him to inspire more urgency. "You surprised me," he says, wonderingly. "I'm trying to find us dinner and you are in the shower with your fingers up your ass."

"Well, I didn't want lamb shank anyway," Shane says, with the few remaining braincells he has left. He can't *think*, Ilya intentionally teasing his prostate every few strokes. His crucifix chain dangles between them, scraping Shane's chest as he thrusts.

"Such a slut for it," Ilya muses as if Shane didn't say anything. His rhythm is erratic, unpredictable. Meant to keep Shane on his toes. All he can do is fist those golden-brown curls and try to hang on.

"You love it," Shane gets out, moaning after a particularly hard thrust. If Ilya's trying to admonish him for backtalk, it's not working. And it's not like he has much of a defense, anyway– he *is* a slut.

"Of course I love it," Ilya scoffs, folding Shane in half. He may make fun of the yoga and meditation, but he never seems to complain about how flexible Shane is. "You are spoiling me. So good for me. My sweet, bratty husband."

"*Bratty?* " Shane echoes, indignant. It's his last articulate word before Ilya starts pounding at that spot inside him with unerring accuracy, sending sparks of pleasure up his spine and whiting out his brain. "Ungh," he whimpers, and then, "Ilya, *Ilya*, so good. Holy shit. Harder." His volume is rising, reedy sounds wrung out of him that he didn't even know he could make. It would be embarrassing if he were capable of rational thought, or of wanting anything but the perfect fullness of his husband's thick cock inside him. He can't focus his eyes on anything.

"I know," Ilya grunts, any semblance of control gone. "You are taking it so well. So beautiful." His hair is sticking to his face and his neck is corded as he throws it back in pleasure. Shane lets out a little squeak on the next stroke, his cock bouncing in the space

between them. He pushes up to rub the leaking head of it along the ridges of Ilya's abs, chasing that high. "Give it to me, Shane. Come on."

Shane keens at that, and pulls him down for a desperate kiss, all tongue and teeth. Ilya manages to get a hand on his drooling cock, twisting it once; Shane can only barely moan, "I'm coming," before he explodes, gasping as his body spasms around Ilya's cock. It feels endless, painting ribbons up to his neck.

"Just like that, sweetheart," Ilya praises, voice tight, and then he's coming too, spilling hot and messy inside Shane.

He drops to his elbows over Shane and they bring their lips together easily. Automatically. Shane breathes into Ilya's mouth as he sinks into the mattress.

Ilya flops over next to him. "I am dead," he sighs. "You killed me."

Shane tucks into him, smiling. He adjusts Ilya's crucifix, moving it from under his neck to rest in the middle of his chest. "Yeah? It was good?"

"Da, it was good. I cannot move. Let's get fucking room service."

Shane wiggles happily. He likes doing a good job. "We can order in," he agrees. "But tomorrow we should explore, for once. It's been three days. We can't be the people who go to Spain and never leave their hotel."

Ilya hums his assent and directs his attention to Shane's cheeks, no doubt dark with new freckles. He kisses them adoringly, tickling the skin with the faint press, and then moves on to Shane's hair, his ears, his temples. Shane smiles, pecking Ilya's chin in return, and suddenly they're kissing again, leisurely, drawn together like magnets.

"I love you," Shane says in Russian. The first time he's said it all day, technically, but it feels like the thousandth. All he does is love Ilya; it overwhelms him. He didn't know feelings could be this big.

It's been an incredibly difficult year, for both of them– but they're here, and happy, and everyone gets to see how perfect they are for each other, now. Shane of three years ago could never even dream of this. There's so much he has to look forward to: his new team, his marriage, the rest of his life. Ilya will be with him for all of it.

"I love you, too," Ilya says in English.

They're not going to get anything done tomorrow, he already knows. Ilya's going to cite his sunburn as an excuse and they'll roll around in bed some more. They're totally going to be those people who stay at the resort the whole trip– but it doesn't matter. They have time.

They have this forever.

End Notes

shane stop climbing ilya like a tree for literally five seconds challenge: failed

i want them to be happy & obsessed with each other forever. thank you for reading <3 let me know if you liked it! i live for your thoughts!

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