

If You Wanna Come to My Bedroom

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If You Wanna Come to My Bedroom

by [PeaceLilies](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya run a small errand for Yuna and decide to have some fun

Notes

Writing Ilya and Shane having sex in Shane's childhood bedroom wasn't on my bucket list for 2025, but here it is! Been feeling down about my writing in general lately but this felt like something sweet and easy.

Thanks to [bubbleomatic](#) for mentioning it in one of their very sweet comments.

Hope you enjoy this silly little bit of fluff 💕

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

“What was Yuna so worried about?” Ilya asked fondly as he drove himself and Shane to Shane’s parents’ house on a day off.

Yuna and David were on a trip to the Netherlands and Yuna had called to ask Shane to check something at the house for her. Ilya had been outside with Anya at the time and hadn’t heard the entire conversation.

“She thought she left the lights on in the basement,” Shane chuckled. “I’m sure it’s fine but I told her we’d check.”

Ilya hummed, smiling fondly at the similarity between mother and son, worrying about all kinds of small things. He turned onto Yuna and David’s street, the same street that Shane had grown up on, a fact that always made Ilya weirdly warm and fuzzy.

It was nice, living so close to his in-laws. He had enjoyed it, feeling better about having them nearby after he’d first moved to Ottawa. Ilya had never minded spending time with Shane’s parents on his own; it had always felt comfortable, being with them, and he loved getting to look at all the pictures of Shane from newborn to teen that they had all over the house.

It had been a little weird at first but Yuna and David had made him feel right at home immediately, wanting him to feel welcome, and making sure he knew that he could come by any time.

Sometimes Ilya still went over to their place, without Shane, if he and Shane needed some time apart. Shane enjoyed being alone more than Ilya did and Ilya didn’t mind giving him his space when he required it.

It had been something new to navigate, since so much of their time had been spent apart. Being together almost twenty-four seven was a whole new dynamic and they had needed to calibrate. It had been a surprisingly easy fix and it was good to have figured that out.

Ilya pulled up into the Hollanders’ driveway and they both hopped out of the Mercedes, Shane with his keys in hand.

“You know,” he said as he opened the front door. “I’ve had this key since I was ten years old.”

Ilya chuckled, following his husband into the house, closing the door behind him. “Your parents never changed the locks?”

“They never needed to,” Shane said, a smile on his face as he slipped off his shoes in the foyer. Ilya took off his own shoes and then followed his husband into the house, smelling vanilla and cedar, one of Yuna’s favorite candles.

“I’ll be right back,” Shane told Ilya as moved through the house toward the basement.

“Do you need help?” Ilya asked teasingly. “Someone to help scare away the monsters?”

Ilya had loved being able to ask Shane's parents about all the embarrassing and adorable stories they could tell about their son. Ilya had found it so endearing to learn that Shane had once been terrified of their basement, fearful of the "monsters" (their boiler) that were down there.

Shane paused, looking at Ilya over his shoulder, and rolling his eyes. "I'm not four, I can handle it."

Ilya held up his hands. "Okay. If you say so."

"Shut up," Shane huffed, but he looked and sounded fond about it. Ilya blew him a kiss and Shane laughed, making his way to the basement door, and opened it.

"No lights. She turned them off."

"That was easy."

Shane shook his head and closed the door. He came back to stand by Ilya, looking up at him. Ilya looked back, smiling.

Shane's cheeks were pink, which meant he was thinking about something filthy, or embarrassing, possibly both. Ilya tilted his head, intrigued.

"What?"

"You know, I've never brought a boy home before..."

Ilya looked at his husband, confused. "You bring me here all the time."

Shane chuckled softly. "I mean like... when I was a kid. I never brought home a boyfriend or anything..."

He went soft, self-conscious, looking away from Ilya's eyes, his cheeks growing a darker pink.

Ilya knew this about Shane but he was interested in seeing where this was all going, because obviously Shane had something on his mind.

"It wasn't something I thought about, growing up, not consciously. I loved hockey and that was my focus. I didn't think much about being gay or sexuality in general. I just thought... everyone likes girls and if you don't, that's weird. So even though I didn't like girls, I thought it was only because I hadn't met the right girl."

He looked up at Ilya, his expression one of guilt.

Ilya reached out a tentative hand, brushing Shane's hair behind his ear, and smoothing his fingers over Shane's cheek.

Shane had come a long way where his sexuality was concerned. They had talked, at length, about a lot of things between them over the summer. It had been good for them and Ilya was

proud of how far they had come, how much their relationship had grown, now that they were out.

Ilya understood, as well as he could, how Shane was trying to break down his own internalized homophobia. It had gotten much, much better over the years since they had been a couple, but it pained Ilya to see him still feeling badly about something that he obviously hadn't understood as a kid.

"Anyway," Shane said, shaking his head a little. "What I mean to say is... I think about what it would have been like to bring a boy home, when I was younger. To have him over when my parents weren't home and have sex in my bedroom. Just like... teenager stuff, I guess."

His exposed ear was red and he looked up at Ilya with his rosy, freckled cheeks, fluttering his long lashes. Ilya smiled and chuckled lowly, heat pooling in his belly at that flirty look.

"Is this a weird way of telling me you want to role play?" Ilya asked, resting his hands on Shane's hips, and stepping closer.

"Not really," Shane replied, looking away for a moment.

Ilya dipped his head, kissing his neck.

"Do you want me to fuck you in your childhood bedroom, Hollander?" he murmured, breath ghosting against Shane's skin, making him shiver. His fingers curled around Ilya's biceps and Ilya pressed slow, soft kisses up his neck. "Do you want to pretend I am a boy you brought home while your parents were away?"

Shane sighed, tilting his head, giving Ilya more access. Ilya kissed the hinge of his jaw and nipped his earlobe.

"I wish I'd been able to bring you home when I was seventeen," Shane murmured and Ilya looked at him, smiling softly. He cupped Shane's face in his palm, brushing his thumb over his cheekbone.

"But we are here now."

Shane smiled softly and leaned into his hand, letting his eyes fall closed. Ilya just looked at him for a moment, completely smitten. He loved when Shane was like this, asking for what he wanted, even if he was going about it in a weird way. It was so very *Shane*.

Ilya shifted his hand, index finger tucking under his chin, thumb pressed just under Shane's bottom lip. He held his husband's face just so, leaning in to kiss him. Shane melted into him immediately, kissing him back, arms wrapping around Ilya's neck.

They kissed in the hallway, next to the staircase, wrapping around one another, indulging in just kissing.

They had been living together for seven months now and while their life together had settled into something familiar and routine, nothing else had changed. Ilya's blood still heated at the

sound of Shane's voice. Perhaps it was a bit more tempered, grown more tender, rather than the ravenous feeling he'd always had, their time always too short... too precious.

Now they had infinite hours spread before them. A whole lifetime to spend together. Time apart was necessary, at times, but that hadn't changed how much Ilya loved Shane, how much he desired him.

He was no longer starving for touch, for attention, for time. They could be together whenever and however they wanted and the freedom of it was exhilarating.

A whole new dimension to their relationship had been uncovered and Ilya was enjoying this journey of exploration. He wished to cultivate this new dynamic, to see it grow. More layers and more depth to loving Shane, to being loved by him.

"Come upstairs," Shane breathed against Ilya's mouth and Ilya smiled.

"Okay."

Shane took his hand and tugged him to the stairs, starting to climb. They both laughed and Ilya paused them on the landing to kiss Shane some more, making him giggle breathlessly, his hands scrunching into Ilya's curls.

Shane tugged Ilya down the hall to his room, glancing over his shoulder, biting his bottom lip. And for a moment, it felt like they *were* seventeen, sneaking around together while Shane's parents were out.

Shane opened the door to his bedroom and turned on the light. Ilya had seen his room a few times over the years since he had been coming to Shane's childhood home.

He had made a comment once, on their first Christmas together, that he could fuck Shane here. It was nice that he could make good on that.

The room was not very changed. The bed was still made, Shane's medals and trophies all around. A few things his parents had stored here in boxes, posters still on his wall. Ilya looked around, taking it all in. He pulled a packet of lube out of his pocket and tossed it on the bed.

"Oh my god," Shane said. Ilya laughed.

He pulled his husband close, Shane's hands landing on his chest, shamelessly feeling him up. Ilya laughed some more.

They kissed again, hands roaming. Ilya snuck his hands into the back pockets of Shane's jeans, squeezing his perfect ass, sliding his hands up, and under Shane's shirt, touching the warm, smooth skin of his back.

Shane's hands were pushing Ilya's shirt up, fingers brushing over his abs, to his chest, over his nipples, making him moan. He was fucking sensitive there.

They pulled clothing off, barely allowing themselves to break apart. Ilya reached down, cupping Shane's erection in his hand, squeezing. Shane moaned, pressing against him, his own hands on Ilya's ass.

They moved to the bed but had to be strategic about it. Shane's childhood bed was... tiny.

They crawled into it, Ilya on his back, feet hanging off the end. Shane straddled him, his knees only barely on the mattress.

They started laughing.

"Oh god," Shane wheezed. "Why did I think this was a good idea?"

Ilya smiled up at him and Shane shook his head. Ilya ran his hands up Shane's sides, then back down, over his waist, and back to his butt.

"Is fine. Come on."

Shane sighed, resting his hands on Ilya's chest, splaying his fingers out. He slid his teeth over his bottom lip, hair tucked behind his ears. He leaned down, hair falling around them like a curtain as they kissed

"Did you think about boys?" Ily asked, kissing the corner of Shane's mouth when they broke apart to breathe. "When you were jerking off in here?"

Shane sputtered a laugh. "I mean... sort of..."

"Sort of?" Ilya asked, one brow arched in question.

"It was more like..." Shane sighed, running a hand through his hair. He looked at Ilya. "This is a very unsexy conversation."

"No!" Ilya replied. "Is very interesting... and I want to hear about what you thought about when you jerked off. That is very sexy."

Shane rolled his eyes and Ilya laughed, reaching down to tease his fingers over Shane's cock. Shane's eyes fluttered closed for a moment and he hummed, biting his bottom lip again.

"What did you think about then...?" Ilya asked again, using a featherlight touch, running his fingertips up and down Shane's shaft.

"I thought about, um," Shane sighed, his breathing heavy. "Fuck. I thought about... being blown... by someone. No specific features, just, the ah—, sensation of having someone's mouth on me..."

"Really?" Ilya asked, honestly intrigued. "There was no one you were thinking of...?"

Shane huffed, trying to push into Ilya's fingers, seeking more friction, but Ilya didn't change his touch. He brushed his thumb lightly over the head of Shane's cock and Shane gasped, squirming.

“N-no,” Shane replied, honestly. He opened his eyes. “Not until you.”

Ilya growled at hearing that. It was something Shane had expressed before, that he hadn’t really considered his attraction to men until Ilya, after their night in the gym after the draft.

Ilya teased Shane constantly about ruining Shane but Shane had ruined Ilya, too. It was such a fucking turn on and an ego stroke and heart-wrenchingly romantic to Ilya that *he* had been Shane’s gay awakening.

And that they were here. Now. *Married* .

Eleven years later...

Ilya pressed up, kissing Shane hungrily, wrapping an arm around him as he pushed himself into a sitting position, Shane in his lap.

Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya’s neck and Ilya kissed him, fishing for the lube. He found it, opening it without breaking his kiss with Shane, and slicked his fingers. He pressed one finger against Shane’s rim, circling carefully.

Shane shivered and sighed. “Yes...”

“What would seventeen year old Shane think of this?” Ilya asked, slowly sliding his finger into his husband’s familiar tight heat.

Shane gasped, head tilted back just a little.

“He’d,” Shane breathed. “Be embarrassed. Self-conscious. Turned on...”

Ilya watched Shane’s face for a moment, before leaning in to kiss his clavicles, his sternum, tugging at a nipple lightly with his teeth.

“Fuck...”

Ilya dragged his finger in and out of Shane with the familiarity of many years of practice. He lifted his head to watch him again because he loved watching Shane as he did this. He was so expressive; the way his kiss-swollen lips would part, his brows furrowing, his cheeks flushed, eyes dark with desire.

Ilya loved how sex made him, how everything about him was just... *more* . More open, more beautiful, more *everything* .

“So stunning, Shane,” Ilya praised. “So good for me.”

Shane mewled softly and Ilya added a second finger, seeking out Shane’s prostate, rubbing up against it.

“Oh fuck. Ilya. Shit.”

Ilya made a pleased noise, pressing more kisses to Shane's chest, teasing his nipples with his tongue, making Shane whine and pant. He reached down with his free hand to tease Shane's cock, feeling how wet he was.

Ilya added a third finger, curling and stretching and twisting, opening Shane up. Shane had a little smile on his face and Ilya knew he was enjoying this. He loved how easily Shane opened for him, how trusting he was.

Ilya always wanted him to feel that way. To know that Ilya would always keep him safe. Would always take care of him.

"I love you," Shane breathed, resting his forehead against Ilya's. Ilya smiled, brushing their noses.

"I love you."

"I'm ready. Come on."

Ilya withdrew his fingers, finding the lube again, and slicking his cock. Shane bit his lip, looking eager, hungry for it, which only turned Ilya on more. Shane shifted back onto Ilya's dick, sitting down on him.

They both groaned and Ilya loved the sensation of Shane sinking down onto him, of being pressed so close, of how tight and warm he felt, surrounding Ilya.

He smoothed his hands over Shane's ass as Shane found a rhythm. It was so easy to get lost in it, in him, and how incredible he felt. Ilya loved feeling Shane like this, having him fill every sense. He loved being this close.

"Don't break the bed," Ilya managed to scrape out and Shane laughed, though it was broken up by his moans.

"God, Ilya. Feels so good."

"Yes," Ilya breathed. "Perfect, Shane. Keep going."

Shane whined. "Want you to come in me. Fill me up."

Shane rode Ilya in earnest, slamming his perfect ass down on Ilya's lap over and over, head tossed back, hands on Ilya's shoulders for leverage. The old bedframe groaned and squeaked in time to their fucking. Ilya had a fleeting worry that they might actually break it.

Ilya reached a hand down to feel where his cock met Shane's ass, swearing under his breath. Shane felt so fucking incredible and he was so fucking perfect and Ilya made sure he knew it.

He watched Shane's eyes roll back at the praise, making the most delicious noises, his dick bouncing in the space between them.

“Stroke yourself,” Ilya said and Shane obeyed, wrapping a hand around his cock, making the most delicious little plaintive noise. Ilya watched, enraptured. He loved watching Shane stroke himself. He loved seeing those pretty fingers curled around himself, the way Shane’s face morphed into pleasure, head tossed back, eyes closed, lips parted, the gorgeous noises he made.

“Are you going to come for me?” Ilya asked, smacking Shane’s ass.

Shane made a helpless noise and swore. “Fuck, Ilya, I’m —” The sentence was cut off as Shane started to spill all over his hand, body spasming around Ilya. It was exquisite, just like it always was.

Ilya emptied himself inside his husband, giving him exactly what he wanted. He let himself drift on the wave of pleasure, ridiculously satisfied.

“Holy shit,” Shane breathed, one arm splayed out over Ilya’s shoulder, his free hand resting against the back of Ilya’s neck, their foreheads pressed together.

“Yes,” Ilya sighed. “That.”

Shane laughed and Ilya chuckled, running both his hands up Shane’s back and then back down, making Shane hum.

He lay back on the bed and Shane folded forward, tucking himself under Ilya’s chin, Shane’s hand resting on his chest, brushing back and forth over his pec.

“That was hot.”

Ilya laughed, holding Shane close. “Mm. Teenage Shane would be impressed, no?”

“About what? Me marrying a super hot Russian hockey player?”

“Exactly.”

“Eh.”

“That is insulting,” Ilya said flatly, pinching Shane and making him squirm, then laugh.

“I think he’d be surprised... but yeah, probably impressed.”

They both chuckled and Shane shifted, Ilya’s softened dick slipping out of him.

“We should probably get home.”

“Probably.”

Shane leaned down, pressing soft kisses to Ilya’s face; over his forehead, his left eyebrow, his eyelids, his cheeks. Ilya’s heart fluttered in his chest at the sweet kisses and Shane’s gentle attention.

“Thank you,” Shane whispered.

“For what?”

Shane kissed Ilya’s mouth; his top lip, then his bottom lip, then both together. “For indulging me.”

Ilya opened his eyes to look at Shane, smiling adoringly up at him, reaching up to stroke his cheek. “No problem.”

They got up and went to the upstairs bathroom, cleaning up as best they could, Shane sure that they left behind as little evidence as possible, making Ilya laugh.

They got dressed and Ilya waited by the front door while Shane gave the house a once over before they finally left, hand in hand.

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

You can follow me on [Tumblr](#) or [Bluesky](#) to get updates on what I'm working on!

Every kudo and comment is so greatly appreciated and treasured! Thank you for your support! <3

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