Date Night

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Date Night

by PeaceLilies

Summary

Shane and Ilya go on a date

Notes

Just an idea I had. I've been enjoying playing around with Ilya and Shane, figuring out their voices. I don't think I can nail Ilya's snark, it's not a strong suit of mine, and their sniping back and forth is tough, too. But I like these sort of sweet moments between them. They deserved a nice night out.
Enjoy! 💕

See the end of the work for more notes

“You ready for this?” Shane asked, adjusting the cuffs of his shirt and jacket, trying to look more relaxed than he felt.

“Of course,” Ilya replied from behind him, annoyingly calm. “It is just date night.”

Shane huffed, looking at himself in the mirror, turning this way, and that, perhaps being overly critical of the cut of his pants, and the way his hair looked down. He tucked his hair behind one ear, leaning back to smooth his hands down the front of his jacket.

This evening wasn’t just *date night* .

Previous date nights for Shane and Ilya had been watching movies in pajamas, which would then lead to making out, which would then lead to some very athletic sex, and then bedtime. There had been the one date with Ryan Price and his boyfriend, Fabian, and Fabian’s concert, the impromptu chicken parm excursion, but those had been before the public knew that Ilya and Shane were a couple.

Now they were out. Very out. And *married* .

It wasn’t unusual for a married couple to still go on dates. To go to dinner together and just enjoy one another’s company over good food and drinks. Shane had never had that before and he was both excited for and dreading the experience.

He wanted to go out with Ilya. To hold his hand and have dinner and laugh and flirt. He wanted anyone who saw them together to know how hopelessly in love Shane was with his husband. But therein also lied his anxiety. They would be *noticed* . It was impossible for them *not* to be. And while the press about them had been mostly positive, not all of it had been.

Shane had been doing his best to ignore negative things that were said about them online or in the media and Ilya was incredibly dismissive of it in general. But it was still hard. Sometimes the vitriol and blatant homophobia was hard to ignore.

Shane just didn’t know what to expect when they went out and he hated it. Would they be mostly ignored? Would people give them weird looks?

He was brought back to the moment as Ilya wrapped his arms around him from behind, his chin on Shane’s shoulder.

“Stop,” Ilya murmured. Shane sighed, resting his hands over Ilya’s.

“I’m trying,” he replied.

Ilya kissed his cheek. “You look very beautiful. We are going to go to a nice restaurant, with a private table, and everything will be okay. Maybe we sign a few autographs. No big deal.”

Shane met Ilya’s eyes in the mirror, his expression saying *but what if*...

Ilya smiled at him. “We are together, yes? You are not alone.”

Shane smiled back and nodded. That was true. They *were* in this together. “Yeah. You’re right.”

“I know,” Ilya chuckled and kissed Shane’s cheek once more before letting him go. “We should go. We do not want to be late.”

Shane chuckled. “Okay. Let’s roll.”

They had decided to use a car service as opposed to driving since both of them would be drinking and Shane liked the anonymity of a black SUV. They waited for the car and Shane let his eyes linger on Ilya.

He was wearing a very nice olive green suit jacket and pants, with a black turtleneck. The color made his hazel eyes pop, and the cut accentuated his broad shoulders and long, strong legs. He looked effortlessly handsome, his golden brown curls a bit neater after some proper attention and product. Shane was tempted to wrap some of the perfect curls around his finger.

Shane had opted for a simple slate blue suit jacket and pants, with a white collared shirt underneath, the top button undone. He’d left his hair down, where it brushed his chin, one side tucked behind his ear. Both he and Ilya wore similar style loafers, though Shane’s were pleather and Ilya’s were velvet.

“Ah,” Ilya said. “They are here.”

Shane took a steadying breath. Ilya rested a hand on the small of Shane’s back, a comforting touch.

“I am excited to take you out,” Ilya continued. Shane smiled, opening the front door. They said goodbye to Anya and headed toward the waiting SUV.

“Me, too,” Shane hummed and he meant it.

The ride to the restaurant was uneventful. Ilya held Shane’s hand, resting their tangled fingers on his thigh as he looked out the window. Shane watched him, taking in the handsome, masculine lines of his face and body. Ilya turned, smiling at him.

“What?”

Shane shook his head. “You look really, really nice.”

Ilya’s smile deepened, his eyes crinkling. Shane’s heart flipped in his chest. “Thank you, sweetheart.” He raised their hands, kissing the back of Shane’s and Shane smiled and blushed.

Their driver for the evening pulled up in front of the restaurant and Shane watched Ilya do a quick sweep.

“There are some photographers,” he said.

“Shit. Really?”

Ilya shrugged. “I am not surprised.” He turned to look at Shane. “Do you want to go around the back?”

Shane chewed on his bottom lip but shook his head, putting his game face on. “No. Fuck it. If they want pictures, let’s give them some good ones.”

Ilya brightened, always enjoying when Shane pushed himself to be brave. It was a challenge and Shane had no doubt Ilya would reward him for it. But beyond that… it felt like the right thing to do. He wasn’t ashamed to be with Ilya. As frustrating and annoying as it was to be in the spotlight and wanting privacy but not having it, this was something Shane didn’t feel like he needed to hide. Not any more. He was done with that.

“Okay,” Ilya said. “Let’s go.”

Ilya was out of the car first, carefully adjusting his jacket, buttoning it, before holding out his hand for Shane. Shane could hear the photographers calling to Ilya and saw the flash of their cameras. Shane took Ilya’s hand and slid out of the car, closing the door behind him.

“Shane! Ilya! Over here!”

“Nice night for a date, eh, fellas?!”

“C’mon, guys! Give us a smile.”

Ilya rested his hand back at Shane’s waist and they briefly acknowledged the photographers before Ilya guided them toward the restaurant, and then inside.

The staff at the host stand all looked slightly uncomfortable and sheepish.

“We’re so sorry,” a woman with a beautiful chignon and a dark pantsuit said to them.

Ilya waved her off, smiling charmingly at her.

“Is okay. Not your fault.”

The woman smiled, looking relieved, and gathered up menus for them.

“Welcome to Darq, Mr. Rozanov, Mr. Hollander. If you’ll follow me, please.”

The restaurant was an understated sort of upscale. Everything was dark and minimalist, with pretty mood lighting. There was the sound of conversation and silverware on plates but not so loud that you had to yell to be heard. It smelled amazing, too.

They were seated at a discreet table and given food and drink menus and then a wine list. Shane looked around. He didn’t think he’d been anywhere this nice. He had just never thought about it. It was… nice.

“Nice, yes?” Ilya asked, watching Shane from across the table.

“Yeah. It really is,” Shane replied. He blinked at Ilya. “You’ve done this before, haven’t you?”

Ilya’s brows furrowed, his lips quirked up slightly. “Done what?”

“Gone on dates? Wined and dined the people you’ve been with.”

Ilya tilted his head to the side. “A few times. Yes.”

“I’ve never been on a real date before. Like… with someone I loved. Besides that one time we went for chicken parm.”

Ilya’s expression went surprisingly soft and he chuckled fondly. “Yes. What about Rose?”

Shane smiled small. “I love Rose… but not like that.”

Ilya chuckled. “I am very happy to be your first.”

Shane’s cheeks pinked. Ilya had been a lot of firsts for Shane, and if he was honest, he loved that; loved how well Ilya knew him, how much they had grown together. Ilya smiled that sexy, crooked smile at him and Shane smiled back, before picking up his menu.

“What’re you getting to drink?”

“A martini, I think,” Ilya said.

Shane had no idea what any of the cocktails even were. The beer list was sparse but he knew what they were. He was less familiar with wine but more familiar with that than cocktails.

“Do not overthink it,” Ilya laughed softly, his foot knocking against Shane’s shin.

“I know, I know.”

Shane decided to go with a glass of wine.

“I’ll ask for a suggestion,” Shane decided.

Ilya nodded. “The server will like that. Helping NHL superstar Shane Hollander choose his glass of wine.”

Shane shook his head, smiling small. “Sure. Okay.” He reached his hand out and Ilya took it, rubbing his thumb over Shane’s knuckles.

Ilya winked at him and smiled warmly and Shane blushed and smiled back. In a previous life, this would have bothered him. Any sort of PDA or hint of intimacy would have spooked him, but he liked this. He liked the way Ilya was looking at him and holding his hand and being sweet with him. Shane hoped that whoever saw them could see how in love they were. He felt like it was practically oozing out of him.

Their server, Allison, arrived a few moments later and Shane resisted the urge to remove his hand from Ilya's. She greeted them warmly and welcomed them to the restaurant, giving them a rundown of the menu.

"I can take your drink orders or do you need a few more minutes?"

"I am ready," Ilya said and gestured at Shane.

"Could I ask for your suggestion?"

The server brightened. "Of course. Is there anything that you like or prefer?"

"I was looking at the wines. I usually like, I guess, bolder reds? Not too sweet."

"Okay. Were you thinking of a bottle or a glass?"

"Just a glass."

"You might like the Malbec or the Cabernet Sauvignon, both are pretty bold. The Malbec is probably a little sweeter than the Cab, but they're both delicious."

"I'll do the Cab then. Thank you."

"Of course. My pleasure. And for you?"

"A martini, please."

"You got it. I'll give you two a few more minutes to look at the menu. Please let me know if you have any questions."

They both thanked her and she whisked off to put in their drink orders.

"Not so bad, yes?" Ilya said, squeezed Shane's fingers.

"No. Not bad at all. Minus the paparazzi."

Ilya rolled his eyes, waving a hand dismissively. "It is annoying, yes, but so what?"

Shane looked at Ilya. He knew that Ilya was right. It didn't matter what anyone said or what people saw. They were just like any other couple, going out for dinner, and it felt *good* . Shane liked this. He liked seeing Ilya all dressed up, looking handsome and sexy, charming the pants off of everyone.

The food looked delicious, too, and Shane was excited to enjoy it.

"Should we get an appetizer?" Shane asked, releasing Ilya's hand to look at the menu.

"Whatever you like," Ilya replied. "I think it could be good."

"Let's get one. Anything else you want to split?"

“Dessert?”

Shane chuckled. “Sure.”

They talked about options and agreed on a burrata and prosciutto plate to share, then discussed entrees. They had both been interested in the steak but Shane decided to go with the chicken instead and they would try one another’s dishes.

Allison came back with Shane’s wine and Ilya’s martini, as well as a basket of bread, and asked if they were ready to order. Ilya ordered for them and they handed over the menus.

“Well,” Shane said, holding up his wine glass. “Here’s to our second public date.”

Ilya smiled, crooked and sexy, and picked up his martini. “To our date. And many more…”

Shane laughed, tapping his glass against Ilya’s.

“Oh. This is really good,” he hummed, sipping his wine. Ilya watched him fondly from across the table.

“Good.”

They traded glasses. Shane did not like most cocktails and the martini was no different.

“Bleh.”

Ilya laughed at his expression before he tried Shane’s wine, looking impressed.

“That is not bad.”

They switched glasses again and talked about random things they needed to keep track of: Shane’s mom’s upcoming birthday party, a regular vet appointment for Anya, making sure to pick up dessert for a BBQ at Bood’s.

Ilya took a piece of bread and Shane followed, the two of them talking shop and gossiping a little, jockeying over who got the butter first, with Ilya teasing Shane about making everything, even their romantic date, competitive. Shane just rolled his eyes and buttered his bread.

“Do you want to go to Japan this summer?” Shane asked Ilya, spinning the other half of his bread on his plate out of anxiety, avoiding eye contact for a moment, before glancing up at his husband.

Ilya tilted his head, looking at Shane curiously. They had talked a little about making the trip, since neither of them had been, and Shane had always heard stories about it from his mom and maternal grandparents before they had passed.

“I do not see why not,” Ilya replied. “Before the camps or after?”

“Probably after, since we’ll have to manage the playoffs and then winning the Cup.” Shane spoke confidently, knowing that they would make it to the playoffs, maybe even get far enough to be in active competition for the Cup. Maybe even *winning* the Cup. The Centaurs had really started making a comeback and Shane knew that he would be an asset to the team. He and Ilya were both powerhouses on the ice, absolutely unstoppable when they were together on a power play. The Centaurs had a real fighting chance this year.

Ilya smirked. “Yes. Well. We shall see.”

“We’re four and o so far,” Shane practically sang and Ilya was full on smiling.

“I know,” he replied, sipping his martini, and gestured at Shane with his glass. “Do not jinx it.”

Shane just chuckled. “Anyway. Japan. Yes? No? Maybe?”

“I am happy to go,” Ilya replied. “It would be very different. Fun. We do not have many reasons to go there, with hockey.”

Shane smiled warmly, pleased. Both Shane and Ilya had seen some of Europe because of hockey; international tournaments, exhibition games, the Olympics, their honeymoon, but there had never been any opportunities to see Asia.

Shane liked going on adventures with Ilya. He liked exploring new places with him and getting to have new experiences together. He liked the idea of visiting a place so completely different for them.

Their appetizer arrived, placed in the middle of their table. It looked delicious.

“Go for it,” Shane chuckled as Ilya gave him a look, picking up his knife. Ilya divvied up the burrata and they both scooped meat and cheese onto their appetizer plates. The food was just as good as Shane had expected, maybe even better, and he sighed happily.

“I love cheese,” he hummed and Ilya laughed.

“Yes. Is good.”

Shane chuckled. “Shut up.”

They ate their appetizer and talked a little about some of the articles that had been written about them at the beginning of the season. There was a lot of speculation about how the coach, management, and team would deal with a queer married couple playing together.

There had been a lot of doubt and disparagement, even before the season had started. It had bothered Shane at first, disappointing and frustrating him, and in a way, confirming his fears. But he and Ilya had talked about it at length amongst themselves, then involving Farah, their agent, and team management.

The last thing Shane and Ilya wanted was for attention to be taken away from the team and from their game. Everyone seemed to be on the same page, wanting to support them, and

Shane had appreciated Coach Wiebe the most.

Just play like you always do, boys. The team has your back, I have your back. You're both excellent hockey players. Let that speak for itself.

And he was right. Shane honed in on just playing his best, like always. Being a good competitor, a supportive and contributing teammate, and… soaking up the joy of getting to play with Ilya, because in all honesty, it was a shit ton of fun.

"I think people will change their tune," Ilya said, setting down his fork. "We are on fire so far. I think they will be impressed."

Shane leaned back in his seat. "Yeah. I hope so. We are kicking ass though. Just gotta keep that going."

"We will," Ilya replied.

Shane nodded, catching one of Ilya's feet under the table between his own. One of Ilya's eyebrows quirked up in question and he laughed, tapping his free foot against one of Shane's.

"I heard a rumor that they want to make a movie about us."

Shane's face scrunched unhappily at that.

"What? Like, a Hollywood movie?"

"Yes."

"I feel like that's weird," Shane replied. "Isn't that something they only do once people retire…?"

Ilya shrugged. "I don't know. It is only a rumor."

Shane wasn't sure if he liked the idea of anyone trying to tell their story. It felt… invasive.

"I don't like that."

Ilya's expression said that he was very aware that Shane didn't like it, though it was still fond. "I would be curious who would play me. Oh, maybe Bradley Cooper? But he is too old maybe."

Shane laughed. "Oh my god."

Allison returned to their table and Ilya and Shane both looked up at her.

"Your entrées should be out shortly. How's everything so far? Can I get you two more to drink?"

"Everything's been fantastic," Shane replied, glancing at Ilya. "I'll have another glass."

“Great. And for you?”

“Another martini, please.”

“Man, we’re really going hard,” Shane noted as Allison walked away.

“Oh yes. Two drinks. Wow. So bad.”

Shane kicked him playfully under the table and Ilya snickered. Shane shook his head. Things were going pretty well. No one seemed to have even noticed Shane and Ilya and despite the initial onslaught of photographers outside the restaurant, there hadn’t been anyone coming over to them to bother them, or even just be weird.

Shane had noticed other same-sex couples eating dinner. Maybe they were couples or maybe just friends, but everything was so… *normal* . He wasn’t sure what he had even been expecting. He felt a little ridiculous for having been so anxious about this.

Ilya, though teasing, hadn’t said anything else to Shane about it, though Ilya had been right.

A date is not a big deal, Hollander.

Their drinks arrived, followed by their food, and Shane was excited to dig in. He was starving.

“That looks good,” Shane said.

Ilya glanced up at him. “Do you want a bite?”

“Yeah.”

Ilya laughed. “Okay.”

He tried a piece first and looked pleased, which was a good sign. Shane tried a piece of chicken, smothered in potatoes and sauce, and it was fucking delicious.

“Holy shit,” he said, suppressing a moan. “This is *good* .”

“Yes. Very.”

Ilya cut a piece of steak for Shane and Shane cut a piece of chicken to exchange.

“Hold on,” he said, swiping the chicken through the potatoes and sauce and holding his fork out for Ilya, his hand cupped under his fork to catch dripping sauce. Ilya leaned over a little, taking the piece into his mouth. Shane watched the way Ilya’s lips closed around the fork, reminding him of all the times that mouth had closed around his dick.

Shane couldn’t help the flush of heat through him and he was so glad the lights were dim in the restaurant.

“Oh.” Ilya held his hand in front of his mouth. “That is good. Here.” He held his fork out for Shane with a piece of steak on it. Shane leaned in to take the bite. He wasn’t dramatic about it, but he did meet Ilya’s eyes, and then closed his own as he accepted the piece of steak. He was only trying to be a little sexy about it.

It was perfectly cooked and almost buttery. Delicious. “That’s really good.”

Ilya was watching him, eyes smoldering, and Shane preened just a bit.

They ate their food and finished their drinks, chatting idly, and flirting. Shane had been on the receiving end of Ilya’s flirting before but there was just *something* about the way he was doing it now that hit different.

Maybe it was because he was dressed the way he was, looking effortlessly handsome and stylish, leaning back casually in his seat, sexy, crooked smile on his face, his sparkling hazel eyes always meeting Shane’s, watching him. Maybe because they were in public, where it would be obvious what he was doing.

Their dishes were swept away and they were offered a dessert menu to look at.

“What looks good?” Shane asked. Ilya enjoyed sweets far more than Shane did, so Shane was happy to defer to whatever caught Ilya’s fancy.

“Hmm,” Ilya replied, scanning the menu. “Maybe the tiramisu?”

“That sounds good,” Shane replied. “I think I’ll get a decaf cappuccino.”

“No more caffeine,” Ilya teased, checking his watch. “Ah, yes. It is after six o’clock.”

“I would like to actually sleep tonight.”

Ilya smirked. “I will get a double espresso.”

“Ilya!”

He laughed, his eyes crinkling. Shane’s heart did a little flip and his dick became increasingly interested in the goings on. Shane tried to ignore it but it was difficult to do when his husband was smiling like that.

Shane reached out to rest his hand on Ilya’s wrist. Ilya’s expression softened and he slid his wrist from under Shane’s hand so that he could curl his fingers around Shane’s.

“This has been a really lovely night,” Shane said. “I’m really glad we did this.”

“Me, too.”

Ilya smoothed his thumb over Shane’s knuckles as they just looked at each other, speaking without words. The normality of all this, even the romance, was belied by the fact that Shane was seeing Ilya like this. His depression was well-managed but Shane wanted to appreciate every moment of seeing Ilya joyful and happy.

There would be days when he wasn't and that would be okay, because they would weather that storm together. It just made moments like this all the sweeter.

Allison returned to their table and Ilya kept a hold on Shane's hand as he ordered dessert and two decaf cappuccinos.

"Thank you," Shane said and Ilya tipped his head, eyelids lowering over his eyes in reply.

The cappuccinos arrived fairly quickly and Shane shook his head as Ilya emptied two sugar packets into the coffee.

"Heathen," Shane breathed.

"What?" Ilya asked, arching a brow at Shane.

"Like… a barbarian."

Both of Ilya's eyebrows shot toward his eyebrow. "A *barbarian* ? Why? Because I put sugar in my coffee?"

"Yes. It ruins the flavor."

Ilya's eyes narrowed and he switched to Russian. "I find it very interesting that you say that when you know so little about coffee."

"I know enough," Shane replied, also in Russian.

It was a silly, ridiculous argument about nothing, leaving the two of them laughing and shaking their heads at each other when their dessert was brought over. They thanked Allison, picking up their spoons.

"Your Russian has improved," Ilya said as he slid his spoon into his end of the tiramisu.

"I have a good teacher," Shane replied warmly, looking up at Ilya from under his lashes. He meant it, too. They tried to speak Russian as often as they could at home. Ilya expressed feeling better when he could speak his native language and it helped Shane improve his comprehension.

Ilya looked a little surprised to hear that and Shane was sure that Ilya was blushing. It was sweet. Ilya never blushed and Shane delighted in it. He loved surprising Ilya like this, though he deserved the praise.

"You are a good student."

Shane beamed. "I know."

Ilya laughed.

They ate their dessert, playfully knocking their spoons together as they "fought" over the last piece, but Shane let Ilya have it. They finished their cappuccinos and asked for the check

when Allison made another round.

Allison placed the check on the table for them and Ilya plucked the bill holder before Shane could reach it.

“Ilya,” he said, a warning in his voice.

Ilya ignored him, pulling out his wallet from the inside of his jacket, thumbing out his credit card, and sliding it into the pocket of the holder. Shane reached for it as Ilya went to place it back down and Ilya tilted it backward, out of Shane’s reach. Shane huffed at him.

“What’re you doing?”

“I am paying for our dinner, Hollander.”

“We can split it.”

“No.”

“Ilya.”

“Shane.” Ilya’s expression was one of challenge. Did Shane want to make a scene? Because Ilya would be happy to make a scene.

Shane pursed his lips and sat back in his chair. Ilya smiled, triumphant, and handed the holder to Allison when she returned. He looked at Shane and winked.

“Asshole.”

Ilya grinned. “You love me.”

Shane folded his arms over his chest. “You make it surprisingly difficult.”

Ilya shrugged and just smiled smugly.

Shane wasn’t really mad. He had liked that Ilya had ordered for both of them. He liked that Ilya wanted to pay for dinner. It was sort of silly, since they shared a bank account, but the gesture was nice. Shane liked the feeling of being wined and dined… and he was definitely going to get dicked down.

Allison brought back the check and thanked them before leaving. Shane watched Ilya sign the check, his scrawled signature as familiar to Shane as his own, before he slid his credit card back into his wallet.

“Ready?”

“Yeah.”

Ilya offered Shane his arm and Shane took it, his hand resting just below Ilya’s bicep. They called their car and stepped outside. A few people were mingling and recognized them. Some

approached them for autographs and pictures which they were happy to accommodate before their car pulled up to the curb. They said their goodbyes and headed home.

They held hands all the way to their front door, stepping into their home, greeted by a very excited Anya. She got pets from her dads and Ilya took her outside while Shane went upstairs to start taking off his suit.

He listened to the sound of Ilya's voice and Anya's excited feet and occasional barks. He paused, closing his eyes, his entire body warm. He had longed for this once, something that had felt like a dream, so far out of his reach that it was impossible.

But they had made it possible. Ilya was his husband. They had a dog. And a house. They played on the same hockey team. One day they were going to have kids. They had a wonderful future to look forward to together.

It was a good life and the reality of it hit Shane like a ton of bricks, making his eyes sting, and his chest get tight. It was so weird being overwhelmed by gladness. How did anyone get this lucky?

"Shane?"

Shane opened his eyes. "In here."

Ilya appeared in the doorway to the closet, peering in curiously as Shane slid his shoes back into their place on his side of the closet. Ilya joined him, standing before Shane, ducking his head to brush his lips over Shane's mouth.

"Hi," Shane sighed, sliding his hands up Ilya's chest, resting them on his pecs, giving the firm muscle a squeeze, which made Ilya smirk.

"Hi," Ilya replied.

They kissed again, Ilya's arms looping around Shane.

"I had a lot of fun tonight," Shane murmured against his husband's mouth. "Thank you."

Ilya smiled, pressing a little kiss to Shane's mouth, then to the tip of his nose. "Me, too. It was my pleasure."

They kissed, slow, adoring kisses, stoking the embers of the evening back into flames. Shane slid his hands under Ilya's jacket, carefully pulling it off his shoulders, down his arms, and off. He pulled away to hang it up, which made Ilya huff.

Shane smiled, stepping close again for more kisses, tugging the turtleneck out of Ilya's pants, then up and over his head, tossing it in the vague direction of their hamper. Ilya's hands worked at Shane's buttons, Shane unbuckled Ilya's belt.

They paused so Ilya could unbutton Shane's cuffs, chuckling about it, before Shane wiggled out of the shirt. They pressed together in nothing but their briefs, hands sliding greedily over skin as they kissed.

Normally Shane was pretty impatient for Ilya but things felt tempered now. He was horny as hell and he definitely wanted Ilya to fuck him but… they could take their time with it. Drag it out. Ilya seemed to be on the same page, not pushing anything, just letting things happen.

He cupped Shane's face with one hand, his thumb sliding over Shane's cheek, following the line of his freckles, his kiss thorough and heart stopping. Shane loved when Ilya kissed him like this, both filthy and tender at the same time.

Shane moaned softly against his mouth and he felt Ilya smile. They parted, looking at each other for a moment before Ilya kissed Shane's forehead and took his hand, tugging him out of the closet.

They wrapped around one another, a weird, four-legged creature stumbling toward their bed, falling into it, laughing softly. They crawled the rest of the way up the bed and Ilya pressed Shane into the mattress, propped up on one elbow, his other arm wrapped around Shane.

They looked at each other for a moment, knowing exactly what the other was thinking. Shane smiled, sliding his hands into Ilya's curls, pushing them back from his face, scratching his scalp, watching Ilya's eyes slide closed.

They kissed some more, Ilya between Shane's legs, dragging their cocks together in a slow, delicious grind that made Shane sigh. He wrapped an arm around Ilya's broad shoulders, his other hand sliding over Ilya's arms, curling around his bicep. God, his husband was so sexy.

Ilya trailed kisses down Shane's neck, leaving a mark by his collarbone, working his way down Shane's chest, pausing to nip and lick at his nipples, pressing warm, ticklish kisses to Shane's abdomen. Shane loved the way Ilya's stubble felt against his skin.

Shane slid a hand back into Ilya's hair, his other arm tossed back over his head. He watched his husband through half-lidded eyes, completely gone for him.

"Ilya," he murmured and Ilya lifted his head, long fingers sliding into Shane's briefs.

"Mm?"

"I love you."

Ilya smiled, pulling down Shane's briefs, then his own, tossing both offending garments over the side of the bed. "I love you, too."

He pressed a kiss to Shane's hip, then Shane's dick, licking him from base to tip, before sucking on the head of his cock.

"Oh fuck," Shane gasped, eyes sliding closed. "Love your mouth."

Ilya didn't spend too much time on Shane's dick, giving him enough stimulation to tease, then rolled Shane over. He grabbed the lube, giving Shane's ass some attention, taking his time in opening him up.

Shane didn't beg or whine. He let Ilya go slowly, let himself lean into the worshipful attention, feeling adored and cherished in only the way that Ilya made him feel.

"What do you want, my beloved?" Ilya asked in Russian, pressing a kiss to Shane's lower back. Shane looked over his shoulder and Ilya met his eyes.

"Like this," he said. Sitting up on his knees, reaching back for Ilya.

"Oh yes?" Ilya asked, his chest pressed to Shane's back, strong thighs bracketing Shane's. Ilya dragged his lips over Shane's shoulder, one large hand pressed to Shane's stomach. Shane loved how big Ilya's hands were, large enough to almost span Shane's entire midsection.

"Yeah," Shane replied, leaning back so his body was slightly arched, his head on Ilya's shoulder.

Shane felt Ilya shifting behind him, grabbing the lube again. They made a few adjustments before Ilya slid into Shane, the movement practiced and easy. Shane bit his lip, leaning back to feel Ilya pressed against him completely. He reached a hand up, tangling his fingers into the curls at the back of Ilya's head.

Ilya pressed their cheeks together, both of them breathing hard, in tandem, easing into the position.

"Okay?"

"Y-yeah."

Ilya gave a tentative thrust and Shane sighed at the movement. "Keep going."

They found a rhythm, Ilya adjusting his hips just so, sliding over Shane's prostate, making Shane cry out. He rested his free hand on Ilya's thigh, feeling the muscle under his palm, Ilya kissed his neck and shoulder and jaw, his hands sliding over Shane's torso, teasing his nipples, stroking over his abs.

He was babbling complete nonsense, totally lost in Ilya fucking him, in the way it felt to be completely covered by him in the way he loved so much. He turned his head for messy, uneven kisses, moaning long and loud as Ilya's hand wrapped around his leaking dick, stroking.

"Fuck. So good. Don't stop," Shane panted. His whole body was overwrought with sensation. Ilya fucking him so perfectly, his hands on Shane's chest and dick, playing him so expertly.

"So good for me, Shane. So beautiful."

Shane whined. "Yeah. Oh yeah. Ah—shit, Ilya. I'm so close. I'm gonna come. Fuck, I'm coming."

And he was, imminently, the build up so sharp and sudden, and then he was overflowing, coming all over Ilya's hand and his stomach, shuddering, his hand fisted in Ilya's hair, head

back on his shoulder.

“Yes, Shane. Yes. Fuck.”

Shane felt Ilya tense, emptying himself into him, his face pressed against Shane’s. They stayed frozen like that, Ilya sitting back on his heels, taking all of Shane’s body weight, before very carefully folding them forward, onto their sides.

Shane’s whole body was loose and relaxed, Ilya spooning up against him, holding him. Still inside him. He loved that feeling, just having Ilya there, the two of them sharing the same body.

“That was so fucking good,” he sighed dreamily, and Ilya pressed kisses to his shoulder, and the back of hs neck, making Shane shiver pleasantly.

“Yes, it was,” Ilya agreed.

Shane reached back to slide his hand over Ilya’s cheek, turning his head so they could kiss, and Ilya squeezed him close.

“I love you so much,” he sighed and Ilya smiled at him.

“I love you, too. Very much.”

Eventually Ilya slid out of him, kissing Shane’s cheek before he got out of bed, coming back with face clothes to clean them up. Shane rolled over onto his back, always feeling rather pampered any time Ilya did this, being gentle and thorough, stroking the cloth over Shane’s hole in the way Shane liked.

They tucked themselves close together under the comforter, sated and sleepy.

“We should make this a regular thing. Date nights,” Shane murmured.

Ilya chuckled. “Yes. Okay.”

FIN

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!
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