

Down Bad

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Down Bad

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Summary

“I could, though,” Shane said, not willing to give up just yet. “Seduce you. If we were meeting for the first time right now. As adults, I mean.”

“You want to try?” Ilya asked.

“If you think you can handle it,” Shane said. His blush was only getting darker, but the set of his shoulders was determined.

Ilya smiled at him, helplessly charmed. Shane was such a competitive little shit, and he loved him so much.

“What did you have in mind?”

Notes

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

“So how does the mind-reading work?”

The question was out before Shane had even realized he wanted to ask it. Ilya glanced up at him from his barstool. He’d been looking over the menu at the tapas place they’d chosen for dinner, one hand resting on Shane’s thigh as he tried to sort through the foreign words.

“What?” Ilya’s brows knit together in confusion. Shane reached out and smoothed his thumb over one of them, because he could. Because nobody cared about them here. People spoke in rapid Spanish around them, the words quick and dancing. The Ibiza coast stretched to the horizon out the restaurant windows and the world blurred at the edges in the soft light of early evening. It was like being inside an old photograph.

“It’s like you can see inside people’s heads,” Shane said, trying to explain what he meant. Ilya’s eyes danced, too, and it was distracting.

“Like, um, somehow you just know things without anyone telling you? It’s weird,” Shane added. It was also a strange combination of hot and annoying, but most things Ilya did fit that description.

“I am perceptive,” Ilya said. He purred the last word and brought his face close to Shane’s. Closer than he probably should in a very crowded, very public place. But, then again, *no one cared*. Spain was fucking awesome.

“That’s it?” Shane asked. He felt a little cheated. Ilya’s Jedi mind trick was just noticing things?

Ilya shrugged. “It helped when I played for Boston. If someone said something I did not know, I could guess, maybe.” He looked at Shane through his eyelashes in an exaggerated flirty gaze. “Is good for other things, too.”

Shane snorted. “That’s your secret weapon? An eye for detail? Not very sexy-and-mysterious of you.”

“Sure, because you are an expert in seduction,” Ilya huffed.

Shane frowned. “I know how to seduce someone.”

“I believe you,” Ilya said in a dismissive tone that made it clear he did not, in fact, believe Shane.

“I do!” Shane insisted.

“Sure,” Ilya agreed.

He chuckled and took a sip of his margarita. It was bright pink and looked more like candy than alcohol. Ilya licked his lips to taste the sugar from the rim as Shane took a pouty swig of his beer. This was a dumb conversation, but Shane wouldn’t just sit here while Ilya acted like he’d invented the concept of having game.

Shane's frown deepened. He crossed his arms over his chest, and the silk shirt he was wearing bunched up. If the fabric wrinkled, he'd blame Ilya for being a shithead.

"I could absolutely seduce you," Shane said.

"I know."

"I *could*," Shane said again.

"You did!" Ilya said, his hands raised in a *calm down* gesture. "We are married! It worked."

Shane pointed an accusing finger at Ilya. "You think I'm some prude, but I'm not. Maybe when we first hooked up, I was inexperienced, but we were teenagers. If we were in a situation like that now, I'd absolutely make the first move. And I'd do it better than you did."

Ilya raised his eyebrows at the challenge. "Oh, you think so?"

"I *know* so," Shane answered. "Your go-to flirting strategy was standing naked in front of me in the shower."

Shane ignored his cheeks flushing as he remembered that first commercial they had shot together at a dingy rink in Toronto. How handsome Ilya had been, even under the harsh fluorescent lights in the locker room, and the way the water had slid down his body, over the slope of his shoulders and back and down to his ass –

"You think I should have worn clothes in the shower?" Ilya asked, interrupting Shane's unsurprisingly horny yet oddly nostalgic spiral.

"No. Shut up," Shane said. "I mean it's not hard to beat someone who tried to get into my pants by showing me his dick after we filmed an ad for hockey gear."

Never mind that Shane had really liked seeing Ilya's dick or that he had been ogling him in the shower the whole time anyway.

"Tried," Ilya repeated with a scoff. "I *did* get into your pants."

"I'm just saying it wasn't the most, you know, sophisticated way to hit on someone."

"*You* came on to *me*," Ilya said.

"No, that is not what hap—"

"Yes, it is."

"Nuh-uh," Shane said, and then immediately regretted it. He could definitely come up with a better point than that, but he was also 100 percent correct, so fuck it.

"Yeah-huh," Ilya said back, an immature little smirk on his face.

"Nuh-uh," Shane responded instinctively.

“Yeah-huh.”

The childish bickering made Shane feel like one of Hayden’s kids, but he was right, damn it. Ilya just needed to stop being so stubborn.

“Nuh-uh.”

“*Yeah-huh*,” Ilya said with emphasis.

“*Nuh-uh*.” Shane decided he would rather die than let Ilya win this argument.

Ilya sat up on his barstool. He tapped his chin thoughtfully and rubbed a hand over the stubble on the lower half of his face like he was reconsidering. Ilya leaned forward, placing one elbow on the bar, and rested his chin in his palm.

He brought his lips next to Shane’s ear, and in a quiet, serious voice, like he was telling Shane a closely guarded secret, Ilya whispered, “Yeah-huh.”

“Oh, fuck you,” Shane said with a laugh. He shoved at Ilya’s chest and pushed him back into his seat.

Ilya took another drink of his cocktail and waggled his eyebrows at Shane over the rim.

“I could, though,” Shane said, not willing to give up just yet. “Seduce you. If we were meeting for the first time right now. As adults, I mean.”

“You want to try?” Ilya asked.

Shane glanced at the wedding ring on Ilya’s finger. “What, like pretend we don’t know each other?”

“We could, um, what is the word? Not the thing that Wyatt does with the superhero costumes.” Ilya twirled his hand between them as if he could pull the word he was thinking of out of thin air. “When you act like someone you are not?”

“Cosplay?” Shane guessed. Then he snapped his fingers. “Oh! You mean roleplay.”

Ilya nodded.

Shane met Ilya’s eyes and refused to look away even as his cheeks turned red.

“If you think you can handle it,” Shane said. His blush was only getting darker, but the set of his shoulders was determined.

Ilya smiled at him, helplessly charmed. Shane was such a competitive little shit, and he loved him so much.

“What did you have in mind?”

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And that was how they had gotten to where they were now, standing outside of a lively nightclub nearby. Upbeat EDM music drifted out to the street, and Shane could see people packed tightly together inside, drinking and dancing and making out. Shane was sure that if you were the type of person who enjoyed having other strangers' sweat plastered to your skin in loud, dark places, you'd be ecstatic. Which was probably why Ilya had suggested it. This was basically his natural habitat.

"Of course," Shane said. He nudged Ilya in the side. "Where else would I expect to find Ilya Rozanov in the wild?"

"I am helping you," Ilya said. "There is no better place to seduce me. Other than locker room showers, maybe."

Ilya shot him a private little smile and tugged him along. Once they were inside, Shane dropped Ilya's hand and pushed him away.

Shane had a knot in his chest, but it wasn't the oh-my-god-I-hate-this-and-want-to-leave-right-now type of anxiety he usually felt in clubs. This was I'm-going-to-kick-Ilya's-ass-at-flirting-and-I-can't-wait-knock-the-smug-look-off-his-face excitement.

"I'll come find you," Shane shouted over the music. And with that, he turned and trotted off into the cavernous interior of the club. The timer on his phone was set for 20 minutes.

**

Ilya reclined against the bar and ordered another vodka. He'd thrown the first one back immediately after Shane had disappeared into the crowd to calm himself down. This game they were playing was doing it for him, and he needed to settle his nerves, or he'd basically be handing Shane the win.

Ilya missed clubs sometimes, missed the way the beat of the music thudded through his body and being surrounded by the ambient joy of people partying late into the night.

He absolutely did not miss sleeping with strangers, though. Not when he had Shane at home.

The bartender placed a glass with clear, cold liquid in front of Ilya. Ilya took the vodka and headed to the upper level of the club. It was quieter there, and he wanted to be able to hear Shane. He wanted to see if Shane would trip over his words out of nervousness, if the tips of his ears would turn pink out of embarrassment. Ilya hoped so.

He leaned against the railing overlooking the dance floor beside a massive steel pillar. The lights above him sent wild flurries of color scattering across the room. Streaks of blue, purple, and pink momentarily illuminated random spots. The seat at the bar downstairs Ilya had just left, vacant for only a moment before someone claimed it. A leather couch in the VIP area with a couple on it, making out. Two women in ripped jeans standing against the wall, their heads bent together. A group of friends circled around a table, about to do a shot. A handsome man with long black hair and dark eyes, watching Ilya from across the room.

Ilya bit back a smile and turned his eyes to the glass in his hand. Honeymoons were so fucking fun. So was being married to Shane.

Ilya felt a presence at his shoulder, but he ignored it. This was Shane's game. He would have to take the first shot.

"Hi," Shane said. His voice didn't waver or anything, so that was a good start. "Would you like some company, or would that ruin the whole brooding heartthrob thing you have going on here?"

Ilya gave Shane a pointed once-over, eyeing him from head to toe.

"Depends," Ilya said with a shrug. "On who the company is."

"My name is Shane. I'm in Ibiza on vacation." Shane smiled, but something about it was predatory. Ilya felt his stomach flip pleasantly. "I'm looking for something fun to do. Or someone."

"Shane?" Ilya repeated, like he'd never heard it before. He ignored the obvious pick-up line. Shane would have to do better than that. "Is a good name."

"Oh, you like that?" Shane asked. "You should hear my phone number."

Ilya choked down a surprised – and delighted – yelp of laughter. Okay, maybe Shane wasn't as bad at this as Ilya had thought he would be.

"I bet you say that to all the boys," Ilya said, pretending to be coy.

Shane shook his head. "Just the tall, sexy ones."

Ilya grinned.

"You know," Shane took a step toward him and placed a hand on Ilya's forearm. Ilya felt his whole body responding to Shane, turning toward him and opening up like a flower to sunlight. Maybe the extra vodka hadn't been a smart move. "It's not fair that you know my name, but I don't know yours."

Holy shit, Ilya thought. Where did Shane learn how to do this?

"Is it?" Ilya said dumbly.

"I want to know if it's as pretty as you are." Shane's dark eyes were focused and intent. It seemed like they absorbed the low light and sent it dancing in different colors.

Where the fuck is my uptight dorky husband? Ilya thought in a panic.

Shane traced a finger up and down Ilya's arm. He looked up at him through his lashes – an imitation of the exaggerated look Ilya had given him earlier, the only still-operational part of Ilya's little lizard brain noted unhelpfully.

“Will you? Tell me?” Shane prodded when Ilya just stood there like an idiot, not saying anything. Shane said it in a breathy whisper.

“Ilya,” he said. His voice was thick, and every part of his skin Shane had touched felt like a livewire.

Shane slid between Ilya and the railing. He wrapped a hand around Ilya’s waist and lifted the other one to play with a button on his shirt. It was already open far enough to reveal his crucifix and most of his chest, even part of his bear tattoo. Hours earlier, when they had been getting ready to leave their beachfront villa to go to dinner, Shane had teased Ilya about it.

“You do know the rest of the buttons aren’t just for show right?” Shane had joked, the spark in his eyes giving away his interest.

“*This* is the show,” Ilya had said, gesturing to the visible planes of his chest, and Shane had laughed and kissed him.

Now, Shane traced the outline of Ilya’s bear tattoo. “I knew you’d have a nice name,” he murmured.

“Why? Because you think I am a nice guy?” Ilya asked.

“No,” Shane said flippantly. “But I don’t like nice guys.”

“What do you like?” Ilya didn’t know how he conjured up the words, much less summoned the wherewithal to say them out loud.

“Handsome men, obviously. Big men, too.” Shane fit his hips against Ilya’s and linked his hands behind Ilya’s neck. He played with the curls at Ilya’s nape. “I might have a thing for curly hair, but I haven’t decided yet.”

Shane leaned in and brought his mouth to the hinge of Ilya’s jaw. He brushed a soft kiss over Ilya’s stubble and then moved a little lower, sucking gently on his throat. He was going to give Ilya a hickey. In *public*. In this overheated, loud, sex-drenched club.

Ilya wasn’t exactly sure what language he was thinking in at the moment, but if he had to guess he would say his thoughts probably translated to something along the lines of “ohhhh my god, oh my goood o h myyy g od o h m y god, oh my – ” and then a bunch of unintelligible numbers and symbols. He imagined his brain looked a lot like his iPhone had that one time Marlow had dared him to microwave it and they’d set off every fire alarm on their hotel floor.

“And I can be competitive, so I like a challenge,” Shane said, his voice low and sexy.

Ilya was nearly vibrating out of his skin.

Shane pressed himself against Ilya’s chest. He stood on his tiptoes and whispered in his ear, “It’s no fun if I don’t have to work for it.”

And Ilya's resolve snapped. He hoisted Shane up against the pillar and kissed him hard. Shane wrapped his legs around him and tangled his fingers in Ilya's hair.

"I love you," Ilya said against Shane's lips.

"Kind of a weird thing to say to someone you just met."

Instead of answering Ilya just worked his tongue into Shane's mouth and tightened his grip on his ass. He ground their crotches together and groaned at the friction.

"I had more pick-up lines to use on you," Shane said in between gasps when Ilya dropped his head to kiss his neck. "Really good ones, too."

Ilya hummed in acknowledgment. He was more interested in giving Shane a hickey of his own, one to match the bruise he was sure Shane had left below the scruff of his stubble. Shane squeaked when Ilya started sucking on his neck.

As much fun as this little charade had been, Ilya doubted Shane would be okay with actually hooking up in public. He put him down on the floor and Shane tried to readjust himself discreetly. Ilya figured he was a lost cause so they should just get back to their bedroom as soon as humanly possible.

"Tell me on the way to the villa," Ilya said. He moved toward the stairs, but Shane didn't follow.

Shane had a smug expression on his face that made Ilya want to shove his tongue down his throat again. "Admit it."

Ilya was too horny to think critically right now. "What?"

"Admit I won. I'm a better seducer than you."

Ilya scoffed. "Making me want to have sex with you does not mean you are *better* at flirting than me. It just means you are good enough at it to get laid."

"Fine, then admit that I'm good at flirting."

"You are very flirty, Shane. Very cute," Ilya said placatingly. Shane rolled his eyes.

Ilya reached for Shane's hand and squeezed it. "But, to be fair, it does not take a lot to make me want you."

"I like when you have heart eyes for me. It's sweet." Shane squeezed Ilya's hand back. "And it's proof that you have a big, lame crush on me."

Ilya's mouth fell open. "Is not lame!"

"The great Ilya Rozanov, legendary ladies' man," Shane said with a grin, "down bad for Shane Hollander."

“I am not down bad!” Ilya lied. “You don’t even know what that means!”

Shane headed toward the exit, pulling Ilya behind him. “Harris told me,” he said over his shoulder. “And you definitely are.”

Ilya said something about Harris being a traitor and grumbled some more denials as they made their way outside, none of them convincing.

“It’s okay,” Shane said as they walked up the street in the moonlight. Everything was cast in silver and lovely. Shane’s eyes were as bright as the streetlamps and his freckles scrunched up when he smiled. “I’m down bad for you, too.”

Ilya had the distinct sensation that his heart might break through his ribs, it was beating so forcefully.

There was being down bad, and then there was whatever Ilya was for Shane.

End Notes

Down bad: To be so extremely eager, horny, and/or desperate it's borderline embarrassing.

This was kind of a stretch, but there are no rules, so GCU bingo prompt: cosplay

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