

too much (is never enough)

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too much (is never enough)

by [buckdogbuckley](#)

Summary

Ilya often enjoys teasing Shane with a certain concept, but Shane knows Ilya is far too jealous of a man, actually, to commit to this idea he likes to throw around, and Shane would never agree to it because he only has eyes for one man.

A threesome.

The idea is a threesome.

Or: how hollanov can ethically, monogamously, have a threesome.

Notes

title from 'never enough' by one direction <3

english isnt my first language, but i tried!

written by an asexual virgin, can u tell?

enjoy

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

Shane Hollander is a satisfied, happily married man.

Yes, Shane and Ilya are finally married. *Legally* married, of course, because as The Pike twins know and will never stop reminding them, they've been married ever since the girls officiated their ceremony with a pair of plastic rings and an audience of fluffy stuffed animals. It was lovely. Mr. Whiskers shed a tear.

But still, legal. binding marriage. Big step, though a very natural one for them. They can't get enough of each other, they're playing for the same team, living together, they spend a good chunk of the twenty-four hours in a day being attached at the hip, as every centaur will be able to tell you with *great detail* and a twinge of trauma, like he's seen something he shouldn't have.

Shane has planned their Honeymoon. Not that there was much to plan—flights, accommodation—that's it. Their schedule was sparsely sprinkled with easily cancellable activities, because Shane knows his husband (and, really, himself) well enough to know more often than not they would find themselves a messy tangle of naked limbs, sweaty and panting and spent. Not that Shane's complaining; he packed the lube.

Even though he planned meticulously, Shane had underestimated how horny finally being married would make Ilya. He made sure to bend Shane over every surface of their honeymoon cottage and have him in every position he could think of. Shower sex, wall sex, mirror sex, everything under the sun. Also, literally under the sun. Out in the pool, on the private beach, in the ocean. You name it, they did it. *Everything*.

Well, almost everything.

Ilya often enjoys teasing with a certain concept, but Shane knows Ilya is far too jealous of a man, actually, to commit to this idea he likes to throw around, and Shane would never agree to it because he only has eyes for one man.

A threesome.

The idea is a threesome.

Easy to see why it wouldn't work. Ilya would never share, and Shane would never agree to even look at another man, not even remotely close to how he looked at Ilya. Neither of them would ever think to seek pleasure with anyone other than each other. They love their monogamous lifestyle, and they wouldn't change it, but sometimes the dirty talk Ilya whispers in his ear gets to Shane, and he starts to think about it more.

He finds it very difficult to imagine anyone else but Ilya.

But if he had two of him...

If Shane had two Ilyas, then every dirty promise Ilya whispered to him during that honeymoon, every fantasy, every wild and ridiculous idea Ilya had uttered could come true. He fantasizes about everything he could have with two Ilyas.

He thinks about being rimmed by one of them while the other sucks his dick. He dreams about taking two cocks in his mouth, just the tips, licking them, swirling his tongue, and swallowing everything they give him. He thinks about being stuffed from both sides, sucking a cock, and taking another up the ass. Fantasizes about the two Ilyas taking turns fucking him, leaving him exhausted, spent, and cockdrunk, with cum spilling from his used asshole. He spins stories in his mind about how the two would fight over him, because Ilya is not above being jealous of himself.

It doesn't bother Shane that they'll never try a threesome. Where would they even get another Ilya? And as previously established, they are very happily, monogamously married. *No sharing.*

Still, it's fun to daydream about. Sometimes Ilya tells him to pretend the fingers in his mouth are another cock, while he's taking Ilya's in his ass. Gets his blood to run hot, his thoughts to run wild, and most importantly, makes Ilya drive himself to jealousy over a nonexistent man born of his own imagination, which gets him to fuck Shane even better, so there isn't a loser, usually.

Now, it's the end of August. Shane and Ilya have recently returned home from their *hot, sultry, passionate* honeymoon. Shane can still feel Ilya's phantom touches all over his body, leaving bites and bruises, the red-purple-yellow marks of his fingertips, the perfectly round indents of teeth. Some of the marks remain still, and Shane likes to press on them from time to time, as a reminder, as a tether, something physical of Ilya's doing he can carry on his person, just one look, a light poke, and he's back on that beach in Ibiza.

He's in the shower; he and Ilya just got done going at it for the whatever-who's-counting time since they came back from their honeymoon. He's rubbing at his bruises, his dick twitching in interest. He doesn't touch himself yet; he's waiting for Ilya to join him. He stands under the warm spray of water, eyes shut, breathing deeply and slowly. He's too aware of their dwindling time together. In just less than a week, they're back to practice, to hockey, to the NHL. And he loves it, he really does, but he has grown to love being fucked down six ways to Sunday at the hands of his sex god husband.

After a few more minutes under the running water, the shower door opens and his beautiful husband steps in, gloriously naked. Ilya wastes no time, spinning Shane around so he faces away from him, with two practiced hands on his hips, fingers digging into the sore spots they left there just days ago. Shane hisses at the contact, his dick quickly filling.

"Hello, husband," Ilya murmurs in his ear. He's obsessed with calling Shane that. Shane won't ever get sick of hearing it.

"Hi," Shane chuckles as Ilya's hands start to travel all over his wet body, one of them sliding down to his thigh, the other moves the opposite way, up to his chest, to grab at a tit and squeeze it. Shane gasps, arching his back a little to grind on Ilya's hard, waiting cock. Ilya grinds against him in return, cock sliding between his round cheeks.

Shane turns around in his lover's arms. He's still disgusted by that word, most of the time, can't hear it said out loud. But privately, secretly, that's how he thinks of them. Lovers. How precise. They love each other, don't they? So much. Too much, some would say. Not enough,

Shane would answer. Shane always feels like he loves Ilya more and more every passing day, and he always wants even *more*. He gazes at Ilya with burning desire. “Touch me,” He pleads.

“Of course.”

Ilya, his devoted, attentive husband, materializes a bottle of lube out of thin air, or maybe he walked in with it, or perhaps it was here, hiding among the shampoos and body washes. He doesn’t even lather his fingers with the liquid, opting to immediately slick up his cock, since Shane’s hole is still relaxed and pliant from their previous escapades.

He slides in gently, lazily. Shane’s body accepts him easily, his slow grinds, his open-mouthed kisses on his nape. Shane sighs dreamily and drops his head onto Ilya’s shoulders, hips working in tandem with Ilya’s languid thrusts. Ilya cranes his head and licks into Shane’s mouth, hot and filthy.

Ilya’s hands roam Shane’s torso and thighs, and again, one goes south while the other goes north. One palm strokes Shane’s dick in a light, teasing motion while the other is up by his face, shoving two fingers into his mouth. He sucks on them instantly.

“Ah, good boy,” Ilya praises, “dying to have your mouth filled. Your hole is not enough; you need some attention here, too, don’t you?” He forced his fingers slightly deeper, almost choking Shane, toying with that edge. Shane can take them deeper still, but the fact that he can use his fingers to press down on the back of his tongue, to spread them and curl them, that’s where he loses all his cock-sucking expertise.

“Look at you,” he hums, “you look like you could use another cock right here,” he says and accentuates with a press of fingers against tongue.

Shane nods. Simple, honest. Because in theory, he does. He wants his ass and mouth both stuffed full of Ilya, he wants to swallow his cum, and for Ilya to finish inside of him at the same time; he’s greedy like that. So he nods, and Ilya suddenly no longer likes it.

“Oh? You think another dick can give you what you need?”

He’s angry. Not really, but Shane got him going, walking this tightrope he’s so familiar with, somewhere between enraging his husband and getting him going. Whatever Ilya feels, though, whether it’s anger or jealousy or blind rage, it always means one thing: getting fucked down extremely well.

“No,” Shane tries to voice around the intruding digits in his mouth.

Ilya’s thrusts are starting to speed up; he’s hitting his prostate head on, unforgiving and forceful, and so goddamn hot. “No one can treat you like I can, no one can keep up with your needy hole, with your stamina, with your perfect body,” he insists, and he’s right. Shane nods. The hand on his dick tightens, gripping him good, stroking him fast. “You’re mine.”

Shane moans, a broken stream of “yeah, Ilya, yeah,” and Ilya begins to pump the fingers in his mouth in time with his other movements. If Shane could think straight, he’d surely

appreciate the complicated multitasking of it all.

“Mine, Shane, you are mine,” Ilya repeats like a mantra, jerking Shane off and abusing his prostate with the head of his dick, until he reaches completion.

Shane cums with a silent intake of air, watches his load wash away with the water. Ilya fucks him somehow harder, faster, chasing his own release, which comes soon after. With a grunt, he spills into Shane, taking his hands out of his mouth and off his cock to hug him tightly, staying as close as he can before he has to pull out of Shane’s heat.

He does, though, pull out. He cleans the cum with practiced ease, with soft touches, quickly and precisely. They wash up, tired limbs knocking into each other as they both lather themselves up with body wash and shampoo, causing them to giggle, low and exhausted. After they’re done, Ilya leads them back to the bedroom in fluffy bathrobes he laid out beforehand, and Shane finds that the dirty sheets from earlier have been stripped and thrown into the washing machine, and a new set awaits them, clean and fresh-smelling.

“Is this why it took you so long to get in the shower?” Shane asks as he gets under the cover, watching Ilya with his big brown eyes.

“Pffft, long,” Ilya blows a raspberry, “in record time!” He gets into bed, facing Shane. His eyes are already starting to droop sleepily, but he holds himself awake for a few more seconds with Shane.

“What, are we competing over who can change the sheets faster?” Shane questions, voice low and quiet, a calming essence.

“Obviously,” is the answer Ilya gives and raises a palm to caress Shane’s cheek.

“Obviously,” Shane whispers back, his heart growing in size with all the love he harbours for the other man. Sometimes Shane thinks he has *too much* love to give and not enough space to store it. Ilya is so loved, and it makes Shane so happy; he always wants to love Ilya even more. He’s not really sure how to explain himself, though, so he sticks to a simple, “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Ilya yawns, and promptly falls asleep. Shane gathers him into his arms, tucking Ilya’s head under his chin. If all he could do with Ilya until the end of time was hold him, he’d still die a happy, fulfilled man. He tries to pour all of his love and affection into the touch, to send it into Ilya’s dreams. He’s certain the adoration he feels in moments such as these could possibly fill two of his husband, if not more.

Shane closes his eyes, and he can’t stop thinking about how well his husband knows him, to have changed the sheets and put the pillows back in the right order, put the right blankets for the weather they’re having on the bed. He closed the blinds, the curtains, turned on the diffuser, and did everything Shane needed before bed. Shane can’t believe sometimes how well his husband knows him. Maybe it’s right, what they say. To be loved is to be known.

Shane feels exceptionally known tonight. He sticks his nose into Ilya’s hair, inhales the scent of coconut shampoo, and lets it lull him to sleep.

Shane shoots up in bed, suddenly. He's awoken by a noise coming from downstairs, and it immediately sends a feeling of dread coursing all throughout his body. He squints, trying to see better into the darkness.

His dreams must have done a number on him, because a sense of disorientation accompanies that uneasy feeling. He's kind of confused, groggy in a way he usually isn't when he wakes up. His limbs are heavy, and a buzz flows all over him. He shudders, somehow too hot and too cold at the same time. Just then, after wallowing in the weirdness of his body for a minute or two, does he realize the bed is empty. Usually, he knows before he even wakes up, having developed a sixth Ilya sense over the years. A little abnormal, though, for his partner to leave bed before him.

So Shane wakes up in the middle of the night to an empty bed and a distant thud. He catches some Russian. Mostly curses. He should probably go see what's up with Ilya. He rubs at his eyes—sleep still clinging to his eyelashes—and stretches, long arms shooting upwards as his back curves, a few joints pop, achingly good. He rolls his shoulders a couple of times. Then, he makes his way downstairs dressed in only a pair of soft cotton boxer briefs.

Downstairs, in the living room, gently illuminated by the streetlights and the full moon, is where he finds Ilya Rozanov. He seems to be recovering from where he rolled off the sofa onto the hard floor. Shane watches as he stands up slowly, turned away from him. Ilya groans again, a little like a petulant child, a very Ilya sound to make.

Shane walks up to him silently and hugs him from behind, chest flush to his back, craving warmth and intimacy.

“Suka blyat!” Ilya screams and moves away from Shane's touch violently, accidentally knocking Shane off his balance. He lands on the sofa with a chuckle. He didn't expect to scare his husband like that.

Suddenly, the pitter-patter of bare feet on hardwood floors catches him off guard. Then, a voice. Two voices? Two of the same voice? Shane is so confused right now. Because the man in front of him turns to face him and yells, in perfect unison, with another voice coming from upstairs.

“Hollander?” yelps one Ilya Rozanov, the one right in front of him.

“Shane?” calls a second one, somewhere out of view but still in earshot.

The thumping of feet stops, and Ilya Rozanov, the Husband, flies in from around the corner. Ilya Rozanov, the Stranger, is looking at him with big, wondering eyes, frozen.

“What the fuck,” Husband Ilya states. Shane knows it's that one that says it because out of the two Ilyas in his living room, one is covered in marks from last night, wears a ring, and lets his curls grow wild. The other one, the Ilya he has not taken his eyes off for the last

minute, is not covered in marks, he's not wearing a ring, and his hair is shorter. His face looks younger. Like, considerably younger.

Oh, and he called him Hollander, which Ilya has stopped doing as much as he used to in private about three or four years ago.

Young Ilya Rozanov's gaze is flickering between Ilya and Shane. His jaw is hanging open, and no sound is coming out; he's been rendered speechless. Rare occasion.

Shane tries to make sense of everything around him. The man looking at him is Ilya Rozanov for sure, but... he also isn't. He seems to recognize Shane, eyes roaming appreciatively over his body. Definitely Ilya Rozanov-like behaviour, but he has one already, so who the hell is this?

"Ilya Rozanov?" Shane asks hesitantly, because his eyes must be deceiving him, there is simply no way two Ilya Rozanovs are standing in his house right now, and he simply has to check. The question seems to snap Young Ilya out of his trance.

"Shane Hollander..." he purrs, taking Shane in with a smirk and a scanning gaze. Shane is wearing nothing but underwear, leaving all of his bitten, bruised skin in full display. He starts taking a step towards Shane, but Ilya intercepts.

Ilya shoves the other man. "Who the *fuck* are you?" he demands, squinting his eyes, suspicious.

"Ilya Rozanov," answers Young Ilya Rozanov, with all the cockyness and bravado of a twenty-year-old Ilya Rozanov. He shoves Ilya right back.

"I think I'm dreaming," Shane says faintly. He feels dizzy; he's lucky he's sitting. He's looking between the smug look on Rozanov's face and the concerned look on Ilya's. Yeah, that's a great way to tell them apart.

"Of course you are thinking that, *I'm* here," smirks Rozanov, and Ilya frowns. Shane notices the way Ilya catches on to the fact that his doppelganger has been ogling his husband for a little while now.

Shane recalls part of a dream he had last night, all of a sudden.

Much like the fantasy they voiced aloud in the shower before bed, Shane was sandwiched between two carbon copies of his husband. Had his dream somehow... willed a second Ilya into existence?

No, that's impossible.

But the fact is, that while he's sitting on the sofa, two Ilya Rozanovs are standing above him and fighting over him in Russian. Which is certainly unsurprising. Then, Husband Ilya is suddenly getting a bit more violent with Rozanov, and Shane decides to step in. After all, aren't they technically *both* his husband?

He rises to his feet, extends an arm between the two identical men, and pushes Ilya backwards until he lets the other go. They are still arguing in Russian.

What the hell is he supposed to do? How can he take two of them?

Well, Shane can actually think of *several ways* to take the two of them, but he means more like, how can he handle them? Will they try to kill each other as soon as he takes his eyes off them? Rozanov looks young; he can't have that on his conscience.

Shane gives Ilya another small push, face serious, so Ilya understands and falls silent, his arms finally dropping at his sides. Rozanov's eyes widen comically. "Ah. What, you take it in ass now?" he taunts his counterpart, obviously surprised at how instantly he did exactly what Shane wanted him to.

Ilya is starting to fume again, and Shane can see he doesn't know how to handle this situation. It's not like Shane does. This was never the part his fantasies focused on. He figures he'll try anyway.

"Sit down," he commands. Ilya sits his ass on the sofa. Rozanov is still looking at him weirdly. He decides to try some of his Russian on the guy, something simple. "Bystryy," and that does it; Rozanov sits down on the other edge of the sofa.

"I'm going to make us coffee. Do not kill each other. Better yet, don't even talk," he shoots them both a glare and makes his way to the kitchen. He glances back at them once in the kitchen and catches Rozanov's quick turn away, like he doesn't want to get caught staring. Shane smiles. Rozanov is endearing like this, now that he knows it's all an act. He can't help but look at him fondly, bursting with love.

He returns to the kitchen with three mugs, one made the way Shane likes, two the way his husband does. Ilya brings his mug to his lips, takes a sip and sighs deeply, relaxing against the backrest of the couch.

Rozanov is a little more wary of the cup, like someone has poisoned it while he wasn't paying attention. He puts it to his mouth and takes a tiny sip. Then, he melts, eyes closing as he allows himself to sink a little deeper into the cushions.

"Rozanov," Shane calls softly, and the man turns to look at him. "What are you doing here?"

"Don't know."

"How did you get here?"

"Don't know."

"So what *do* you know?" Ilya intervenes hotly.

Rozanov lets out a stream of Russian, too fast for Shane to understand. Ilya looks *very* unhappy with it.

Shane sighs dramatically.

“Ilya, stop that,” Shane admonishes. “What’s the last thing you remember?”

“Ah, party with team. Very good party.”

Unhelpful to Shane, so he narrows it down. “What’s the last thing you remember of *us*?” he gestures between them.

Ilya smirks, eyes half lidded and lustful. All of their interactions for a good several years warrant this reaction, so he waits for more clarification. “Let’s see, I remember you, on your knees, begging for it—”

“Oh my god. What year is it?” Ilya pipes up.

“Ah. Easy. 2013.”

Shane is sitting between the two of them, drinking his coffee as casually as he can muster, while his brain is going a mile a minute. Is this a very vivid dream caused by fantastic sex and loving his husband too much? A wish come true? Is this magic, or time travel, perhaps? What is he meant to do in this situation? 2013. What the hell. A million questions flock to Shane’s head, like a wake of vultures.

On his right, Ilya is inching closer to him. On his left, Rozanov has stretched his arm over the backrest, fingers tracing the short hairs on his nape, lightly, barely there. He shivers. Ilya notices, inches even closer, and places a calming palm on his thigh. Pretty high up his thigh. He sighs at the attention, inhibitions slowly leaving his body, and he feels like he’s being carried away by a current. Rozanov’s hand is now fully gripping the back of his neck, up into his hair, pulling and tugging. Ilya’s fingers duck into the waistband of his pants, stopping just short of his quickly hardening dick.

Shane’s breathing hitches. Is this happening? He’s been fantasizing about this for weeks.

Fuck it.

He doesn’t know how long this situation will last. So what if he makes the most of it?

He throws his head back, mouth open in a quiet moan. Rozanov has closed the gap now, tonguing and mouthing all over his neck, one hand tangled in his hair, the other roughly playing with a pec, squeezing it, pinching a nipple, enjoying himself while fondling Shane.

On his other side, Ilya is palming his dick, making Shane arch into his touch, not giving Shane a second to breathe, teasing all of his most sensitive spots on purpose. He knows them well by now.

Shane’s breathing heavily, and he’s kind of uncertain how to keep going from here. Not only is this uncharted territory, but he doesn’t know which of the men he should pay attention to first.

Well, he has two hands.

He grabs Rozanov's head, forcing him harder into his neck, encouraging him to bite. He takes Ilya's wrist in his other hand and brings him closer to his crotch, grinds against it, and moans even louder. His back arches beautifully, flexed and taut.

Heat begins to build in his lower belly, arousal flooding over him in warm waves of pleasure. He exhales, long and focused, and decides to fully let go. He really wants to see what can come of this situation. Or who. Hopefully him.

To stir the pot and to spur his lovers on, he mewls and says, "fuck me..." to neither of them in particular. Or maybe to both of them.

After that, everything happens too quickly. One of them pushes him down onto his back so he's no longer sitting, the other pulls and adjusts him on the couch so he's sprawled out, his underwear is gone. Who? When? How?

Blinking the shock away, he finds himself lying under Rozanov's toned body, Ilya looking down on him, predatory. Shane grins up at him, ready for whatever Rozanov has in store for him.

"Gonna fuck you better than that grandpa," he promises with a sensual grind of his still clothed dick against Shane's naked one.

"That boy could never fuck you like I do," his husband murmurs in his ear, "he doesn't know you like I do, all your soft spots and weaknesses, everything that makes your body curl..."

"Isn't it almost your bedtime?" Rozanov directs at Ilya.

"Aren't you late for school?" Ilya returns.

And while Shane is entertained by their stupid banter, he's much rather be entertained by their cocks. So he decides to interrupt.

"Boys," he starts, "either you fuck me right now, or you don't--"

They don't even let him pretend to come up with his terrible bluff.

Rozanov has him by the thighs, folding him in half. It punches the breath out of Shane, who gasps even more at the first sensation of tongue lapping at his hole. Rozanov teases, tongue licking slow, passive stripes over his hole, not yet penetrating. "Fuck, Rozanov."

Ilya has started playing with his chest, grabbing his pecs and pinching his nipples, making him let out short, broken moans. One of his hands retreats, then, to grab Shane's chin and tilt his head towards him, craning his neck back at an awkward angle. Shane is quickly distracted when Ilya leans down and licks a hot, filthy stripe over his open mouth, before kissing him sloppily upside-down.

Shane's eyes flutter closed as he basks in the two men's undivided attention. He feels his mind begin to float as he concentrates on the wet, hot feeling over his hole, finally turning into penetration, Rozanov's tongue pushing inside him. He lets himself be rimmed, ass eaten,

and lets himself be kissed wildly and possessively. This is so much better than any stupid fantasy.

He lies there on his back, eyes shut, mind drifting, just taking whatever the two are willing to give him. He's feeling great until he hears a groan, and Rozanov's off him abruptly. Opening his eyes, he realizes Ilya had pushed his clone away from Shane.

"Hey!" Rozanov yells, clearly annoyed.

"My fucking turn," Ilya growls and, without another word, takes Shane's cock into his mouth. Shane inhales sharply, shallowly thrusting into his mouth, which he knows Ilya likes. Ilya shows his appreciation by humming low, sending jolts and vibrations to his dick, thrill and pleasure coursing through his spine. He grabs a fistful of hair and yanks Ilya even deeper on his cock, until his entire length is resting in Ilya's warm mouth, tongue swirling, head poking at the back of his throat. Ilya sucks and swallows around him, Shane moans loudly, thrusting a little harder into him.

Rozanov, upset at being neglected, places a palm on Shane's cheek to get his attention. Shane's head turns to him, finding him standing in front of the couch, hard cock leaking slightly above him. Shane takes his hands out of Ilya's hair—to which he protests with a whine, but keeps drooling on Shane's dick—in order to prop himself up on his elbows, so his face is crotch height. Rozanov grabs the back of his head to bring him closer, and Shane nuzzles his dick, licking and kissing the head at first, not taking him in fully. He likes to tease, to get them impatient, to make them really lose it. In return, he usually gets some of the best fucks of his life.

A filthy swirl of the tongue from Ilya makes Shane cry out, mouth hanging wide, and Rozanov doesn't miss the opportunity to drive his cock inside. Shane hums around it in muffled surprise. Rozanov takes Shane's face in his hands and guides him on his dick, gently now, in a way that Shane doesn't expect to see from the 22-year-old.

Shane's two lovers continue to shower him with attention, and he feels like he's drowning in it. Strong arms, warm palms, mouths, tongues, teeth, everything is overwhelming him at once; he feels like he's been swallowed whole. He can't even focus his vision, or make any sounds voluntarily, everything his body gives and does now has been reduced to sheer instinct as he lies there and lets his lovers please him and be pleased by his body. Heavy breaths, shallow thrusts in front of him, long, unpausing laps of tongue below him, he feels like he's surrounded by mounds of soft cotton candy, covering him on all sides, protecting him, leaving him in this state of cloudiness.

"Fuck, Hollander, did I teach you how to suck cock like this?" Rozanov takes a jab at him, somehow masterfully turning this into a stroke to his own ego. *What an asshole*, Shane thinks fondly. He suctions around Rozanov's tip for good measure; the pull and the heat must be driving him insane. Good.

The movement of cock down his throat starts to get frantic, and the grip Rozanov has in his hair tightens. Ilya's tongue is zeroed in on his prostate, and Shane starts to wriggle in their hold. He feels toyed with, like a game in the hands of two skilled players, a puzzle they're both racing to solve.

Ilya pulls his tongue out of his hole and moves quickly to straddle Shane's thighs, naked. His cock is resting right beside Shane's, weeping and throbbing and so, so close to the edge. Ilya's hand flies to his and Shane's cocks, aware that they're both seconds away from cumming, to stimulate him there as well, to the point where Shane feels a little like he's losing his mind as he's cumming. Ilya groans, low and sultry, and cums just a few seconds after, his seed mixing with Shane's on his belly.

"Mmmn—" Shane drools around the cock in his mouth. Rozanov curses in Russian, which is all the warning he gives before he spills down Shane's throat. Ten years ago, which is when this guy seems to be from, Shane didn't possess the cocksucking skills he demonstrated on Rozanov today. A small, pathetic voice in the back of his brain wonders if he's impressed with him.

Shane falls flat on his back, thumping on the couch, sweaty and messy and covered in his own cum. "Fuck."

"Fuck, Hollander, looked so good," Rozanov compliments, ducking down to peck at his lips. Shane instinctively chases his lips, but he has already pulled away. A sad little sound escapes him, and Rozanov takes pity on him, probably, because he leans down to kiss him properly, tasting himself on Shane's tongue.

A cold, moist feel on his stomach startles him. Ilya wipes him off with a washcloth. Shane didn't even notice that he went to get one. Shane keeps his eyes closed and tries to come to terms with whatever just happened to him—what he took a pretty active part in. Happily. When Ilya's done, he kisses Shane as well, possessive and dominant and every bit jealous as Shane knows he is, even though he was definitely the one who drove Shane to such a satiating orgasm.

A cough.

Both Shane and Ilya turn to face the sound. Rozanov's there, suddenly not looking a second over the age of twenty in a young, innocent, clueless kind of way. Shane wants to hold him tight and never let him go, wants to kiss him all over, trail soft, adoring touches all over his body, push and force every bit of fondness he has into his hard, closed-off body and soul, so he knows he's loved by someone in this universe.

Rozanov stands there, pants back on but no shirt, and he looks like he's lost. "Ah, I should... go..." he says, uncertain. His eyes shift around the room, his fingers tug at the waistband of his pants, restless.

He's not used to staying after a hook-up, Shane remembers. But where would he go? He's literally not from here, or whatever. Did they even know where he came from? Does he?

"Do you know where we are?" Ilya beats Shane to asking.

"No..."

"Do you know how you got here?" Ilya asks impatiently.

“Woke up here. Poof.”

Wow, great explanation. Very informative.

Shane decides to take matters into his own hands. “Stay,” he all but demands, voice slightly stern. “You can sleep on the couch,” he offers.

Rozanov looks unconvinced.

“I’m not done with the two of you,” Shane adds.

It has the desired effect. If Rozanov had ears, they would perk up. If he had a tail, it would start wagging. He nods once in a sharp motion. Shane gestures toward the sofa, and Rozanov sits down quickly.

“If you’re good, you might get to fuck me,” Shane casually remarks as he’s pulling his briefs back on, sliding a seductive hand over Rozanov’s shoulders, catching his gaze with a wink. He notices Rozanov adjusting himself in his pants.

—

Upstairs, alone in their bedroom, Shane and Ilya finally share a look of utter befuddlement.

“What the fuck?” Ilya is the first to break the silence.

“Dunno,” Shane answers casually.

“Why did you—we don’t know—who even is he?” Ilya stammers uncharacteristically.

“He’s *you*. What was I supposed to do, throw him out?” Shane has his arms open in front of him, body language confused and questioning.

“That pathetic little boy is a poor excuse for me.”

“Come on, he’s what, twenty-two? That’s an adult.”

Ilya groans. “Barely.”

“Stop it, he’s literally you.”

Ilya looks at him, skeptical.

“Trust me. *All* you,” he says suggestively.

“I am much better. Don’t forget which one of us made you cum.” Ilya puffs his chest a little, posturing big and tall. He is *still* jealous of himself, it would seem.

“As if I could forget,” Shane sighs and rolls his eyes adoringly. This might be unhealthy, but that sort of buzz he feels when Ilya gets all possessive like this... well. Let’s just say Shane likes it.

Ilya claps his hands together, as if an agreement was reached. “Good. Can we get rid of him, then?”

Shane throws his hands out in disbelief. “Ilya! That’s literally you!”

“Eh. I am Russian. Big and strong, I will survive.” Ilya responds offhandedly, crawling into bed and under the covers. Shane follows suit.

“Oh, now you admit that’s you?” Shane demands, facing Ilya in bed.

Ilya tugs Shane closer, arms circling his back tightly. “How you say in French? Comme ci, comme ça?”

Shane pushes him away just far enough to look him in the eyes. “Who taught you that?” he questions, and a surprised chuckle escapes him.

“Does not matter. What matters is that he might be me, but I am much better version. Look better, cook better, play hockey better,” one of his hands trails down Shane’s body to grab his ass and squeeze playfully, “fuck better.”

“Oh my god, you’re still such an asshole. Are you seriously jealous of yourself?”

“What? Don’t like sharing my beautiful husband with anyone else, is that a crime? Should we call police? Mounties?” Ilya jabs. “Help! Crime scene! Local man wants to be loyal to his devoted husband! Is emergency!”

“Fuck off, you are such an asshole,” Shane laughs. In his head, he makes sure to tick off that Ilya is indeed jealous of his younger self. He doesn’t want what they just did to be a one-time thing, though, if they wake up and find their *guest* still here. “Also... he gave it to me pretty good. Might be our only chance to... try *it*.”

Ilya’s hands stop in their tracks, no longer petting him all over. “Try what?”

“You know.”

“Do I? Tell me, Shane, try what?”

Shane rolls his eyes at him, but still answers, “A *threesome*. I also don’t want anyone else, but, like, that’s *you*. What other chance do we have?” Shane caresses Ilya’s face with his hand, loving and gentle, to remind him what this really is. A chance to love each other better. A chance to do something together that they otherwise won’t. A chance to be themselves, freely.

Ilya melts at the touch, eyes softening, and a smile takes over his face. He’s shining like this. The most beautiful man in the world.

“Okay. If he is still there tomorrow, we can do that again. I will have to teach him how to do it right,” he winks at Shane.

Running a palm up and down Ilya’s broad back, Shane sighs. “Okay, calm down.”

“Good night, moy lyubov’.”

“Good night,” Shane returns with a hushed tone, burrowing into him and promptly falling asleep.

—

Shane wakes up again. Much slower this time around, his warm, clingy husband wrapped all around him. Then, he remembers last night. Was it all a dream? Hell of a dream, if true, but Shane has a feeling this is somehow his reality. He’ll make his way downstairs and find a perfect clone of his husbands, and they’re going to fuck about it.

Is it weird that he’s excited about it?

Nah.

He takes a look at the clock and finds that it’s much later than he’d usually let himself sleep in for. Nearly noon. Fuck, he must’ve needed the sleep. His body feels well-rested, though, so he allows himself to enjoy this guilt-free.

He makes a move, trying to get out of bed, but Ilya’s arms constrict around him, pulling him closer, his chest to Shane’s toned back. Shane laughs quietly. “Ilya, I need to pee.”

“And I need you to be just mine, for a few more minutes,” he mumbles against his neck, lips tickling him, whispers of a kiss at his nape.

Who’s Shane to refuse such a pure request? He stays in Ilya’s arms until it’s impossible for him, biologically. He’d do everything in his power to keep having these sweet, private moments every day of their life together, he promises to himself. Then he returns to Ilya’s embrace for a few more minutes. He likes to spoil his husband.

Later, they go downstairs holding hands, because Ilya still needs some point of contact to anchor him, and, yup, there he is. Their unannounced houseguest is crouched by the kitchen entrance, amused voice cooing in Russian at their dog. “Moya devochka... Ahh... Krasivyy,” *my little girl, beautiful*, and other compliments fall from his mouth quietly, all directed at an excited and wriggly Anya.

He’s honestly kind of cute. Shane is flooded with relief at Rozanov’s presence; he knows he would’ve been pretty disappointed to see him gone.

“Anya,” Ilya calls. She turns around, looks at him, and crooks her head to the side, one of her ears flopping on top of her head, as confused as an animal can look. She pauses her wagging, and her eyes flicker between the two identical copies of her owner. She stays by the younger man’s side. Ilya glares at her. “Traitor.”

Rozanov stopped his petting and cooing. He looks like a deer in the headlights, until he schools his face into a more presentable, stoic face. Shane kind of hates it, how closed off and isolated he keeps himself from the world, a distance well-maintained, always at arm’s length. Shane knows there’s nothing he can do for him right now; Rozanov wouldn’t accept empathy

at his current (past?) age, his kind words, his welcoming arms. It's something he needs to work on alone, grow and understand and bloom into his Ilya.

Shane is too busy staring at Rozanov. He's focused, like a sighthound, like a stalking tiger, eyes on his unassuming prey, trained on his target, planning. Calculating. Lusting. He's so set on Rozanov, Ilya's movements are lost on him, until he's already bridged the gap between them with his arms, thrown around his waist, clasped together at his stomach, and his mouth, softly occupying his neck, nape, shoulders, anything in reach.

Shane gladly accepts the touches, and he's also calmer now that Ilya initiated the interaction. He hangs his head back onto Ilya's chest, allowing him more skin to work his tongue and teeth across. Then, a voice.

Against his skin, Ilya beckons his counterpart. "Idi syuda." *Come here.* Said sternly, directly.

Shane keeps his eyes closed, listening to the slow, uncertain steps of the third man in the room. He wants Ilya to take charge of this scenario, lead them through it, at least at the beginning, so he can float safely and satisfactorily, without worrying about the little details. His only job right now is to receive pleasure, and boy, he's the employee of the year.

"Kiss him," Ilya switches to English from his spot at the junction of Shane's shoulder and neck. Seconds later, a tentative kiss is placed on his lips, so unlike Rozanov, too innocent and virginal, even their first kiss had been... *more*. When Rozanov pulls back, Shane's eyes snap open. That kiss was barely tickling the edge of enough, if even that. His hands reach for Rozanov, grabbing him by the hair, claiming his mouth fervently, encouraging him to take him like he's used to, to lick into his mouth filthily.

It takes Rozanov a second, but then he gets *going*. He hums hungrily into Shane's mouth, taking over it completely. He doesn't hold back, hands mapping Shane's body, tongue exploring Shane's mouth, hot and demanding and everlasting. One of his hands sneaks underneath Shane's shirt to grab at his pec, kneading and massaging it like a very content cat. He almost purrs like one, too, a warm and fuzzy sound emanating from his core.

While Rozanov attacks him from the front, Ilya keeps sucking bruises into his sensitive skin from the back. Shane's drunk on every spark of sensation, on their unrivaled attention, on the expectation of what's to come. *Hopefully, all three of them*, he thinks.

Suddenly, Shane and Rozanov are pulled apart.

"Enough," Ilya's voice booms.

Before Shane can speak up and protest the abrupt pause, Ilya continues. "Bedroom."

Oh, right. Smart. Good call.

Once in their room, Shane decides he's let Ilya control enough of the situation. This is *his* fantasy, and he gets to choose the outcome. He sinks down onto his knees, looking up expectantly at the two men, already panting slightly. "Come on."

The lust in their eyes is unlike anything he's seen in them before. They both step forward towards him, then pause. They look at him, then at each other, and Ilya frowns. "He's fucking *mine*," he growls. Seems like the jealousy is here to stay.

"No, both of you," he corrects.

"Ha!" Rozanov smirks, annoying and cocky. Ilya shoulders him a little roughly, but then straightens with one stern look from Shane. The two Russians stand in front of him, now, a visible tent in their pants.

Shane leans forward to nuzzle his husband's crotch, attending to Rozanov's clothed erection with his hand. He's the first to shed his layers, and Shane takes his bare cock in his hand, keeping his strokes loose and infuriating. He then takes Ilya's cock out himself, admiring both of the men in front of him.

"You want our cocks, don't you, kotik?" Ilya teases.

Instead of replying, Shane's mouth falls open, tongue out. He hopes they get the hint.

"Of course he does," Rozanov chuckles, talking about him like he's not even enough to address directly, stepping forward to tap the head of his dick on Shane's tongue. "Fuck."

Shane's lips close around it, and he bobs his head up and down the shaft a few times before turning and giving Ilya's dick the same treatment. He switches out the cock in his mouth every once in a while, stroking the other one so no one goes neglected. He gives a mean suck to the tip, or a particularly talented swirl of his tongue, moans around the intrusion that's filling his mouth, and swallows when the head hits the back of his throat.

"Look at you," one of them says.

"Such a cockslut."

"Dying to have your mouth filled."

"Go on then. Take your fill."

The hand in his hair, he's not sure whose, grips him tight. He pulls off for a second before he makes his lovers stand closer, close enough that their cocks almost touch. And then they do, because Shane jerks each dick in each hand, and he's sucking both tips into his mouth, licking at their slits, driving them insane. The noises filling the room are lewd, wet sounds of mouthing and tonguing, absolute filth. It's so hot.

Shane knows his husband is *incredibly* obsessed with his mouth, and now there are two of him, so his mouth stays pretty busy. There's a hand on his head again, entangled in his dark locks, pulling moans and mewls from him as it holds him so tightly, then forces him off their cocks entirely.

Shane tries looking up at them, but his eyes are glassy and unfocused, and his head is too full of lust to even think straight. He probably looks wrecked, lips and chin covered in his spit and their precum, lips gorgeously plump and pink. He fights against the hand in his hair, a

little, trying to dive back into their crotches, but it holds firm and doesn't let him. He whimpers, a pathetic little plea for their attention.

Ilya coos at him, "Oh, my little kotik. Still not enough for you?"

Shane shakes his head. "Need you to fuck me."

Rozanov immediately steps forward, only to be intercepted by Ilya, sending an arm out in front of him. He looks to his older counterpart with defiance.

"You," Ilya nods at his clone. "You follow *my* orders, you get to fuck him. Bare."

That seems to convince Rozanov to behave. He waits for instructions.

Ilya helps Shane up to his feet, leading him to the bed. Rozanov follows. Ilya manhandles a pliant, ragdoll Shane onto his stomach, head in Ilya's lap. Shane sighs, reorganizing his limbs so his ass is in the air.

Rozanov gets behind him, eyes transfixed on his fat ass, his leaking cock, dutifully awaiting orders.

A bottle of lube is tossed over Shane.

"Get him ready. One finger," is all Ilya graces him with, for now.

Rozanov doesn't fuck around. The only guy better at stretching Shane than he is literally is himself from the future. He lubes up his finger, waiting for the lube to warm up a little, and slowly, knuckle after knuckle, makes his way into Shane's tight heat.

Shane sighs into Ilya's crotch, who guides him onto his dick again. Shane begins to suck, but Ilya tuts at him. "Don't suck, kotik. I will not last. You want me to fuck you, yes?"

Shane nods.

"Then don't suck. Just hold. Warm my cock until it's my turn to take you." He cradles Shane's head. "I will do *much better* than this guy."

"Fuck you," Rozanov replies.

"See if I even let you fuck him," Ilya threatens. "Shut up and finger him."

Rozanov falls quiet, dutifully pumps his finger in and out of Shane, prodding at his prostate.

"Mmm, mmng—" Shane whines. He's opening up easily, quickly. He's impatient. Ilya seems to notice.

"Second one," Ilya allows.

Rozanov listens. Two fingers toy with Shane's hole, making him moan around his husband's cock and squirm a little. He's kind of at his wits' end, not yet overwhelmed, but getting closer

by the minute. Rozanov's large fingers play with his ass, going from pumping to stroking to scissoring with no warning.

Shane remembers how much Rozanov enjoyed opening him up on their rare hook-ups, back when they would see each other every once in a long while. Back when Shane was much more rigid, wound up and stressed before every secret meeting, and Rozanov had to really get him ready.

Now, Rozanov fingers him open, and Shane is putty in his hands, ice cream on a hot day, sweet, melted, sticky. Shane loves feeling like this, and he loves Rozanov's fingers in his ass. He wants more.

Rozanov starts to get a little mean with it, curling his fingers over Shane's prostate over and over again. Every head-on hit makes him squirm and push back against the intrusion, begging to be fucked properly.

"Mnn! Mnng!" he tries to convey his needs, tries to make Ilya see he's ready, to give him a third finger at last. He sets his big, pleading eyes on his husband's, looking every bit of needy as he feels.

Obviously, it works.

"Third. Make him ready for us."

Shane melts a little. Ilya understands his body so well.

Just like that, a third finger enters his hole. He's used to it, for sure, but this, paired with the cockwarming that threatens to turn his brain off, he's just itching for a cock in his ass. Wants it now, hard and fast and relentless. He sways his ass a little to get the point across, his burning hot need to be stuffed full at both edges. He moans loudly, something that could have turned into a scream if not for his mouth being preoccupied.

This must do something to Ilya, because his next line comes with a twinge of hurry in his voice, a hint of impatience. "He's ready for you." As if he can't believe Rozanov couldn't sense it himself.

Shane whines as the fingers leave his hole, but then two heavy palms grab his cheeks to spread him open, and Rozanov's cock punches all the air out of his lungs as he finally takes Shane in one swift thrust.

His pace is punishing, and the sound of skin slapping skin echoes in the room obscenely. He pistons his hips, his fingernails carving imprints into his skin, sharp and so invigorating.

"Mnng, mnng, mnng," Shane drools in time with his thrusts, head bobbing from the force.

"Fuck, Hollander, so good for us, our good boy. Fuuuck, you are such a whore for it, you were dying to have one of us in here," he accentuates with a slap to Shane's ass, making him squeak. "Fuck, Hollander, gonna fill you up, cum in your hole."

Shane's dick is leaking uncontrollably, swinging between his thighs, useless and throbbing. Shane lets Ilya's dick out of his throat to whine, "more, please, ha-harder!"

Rozanov's hips snap so hard, so quick, it's almost impossible. "Yeah, harder, you fucking *slut*, take my cock." Rozanov fucks him so hard that he's making Shane headbutt Ilya in the stomach.

The skin against skin, the slap, slap, slap echoing in the room rhythmically, the scent of sex in the air, they're all mixing together, taking over his senses, clouding his vision and bringing Shane closer and closer to the edge.

"Ah, ah, ah-yes! Fuck, so goo-ood!" The words are knocked out of his body with each precise jab of cock to his prostate. "Cum in me, please, oh my god-!"

Rozanov goes a little insane with it. He's certainly not used to hearing Shane talk like this, open and horny and gone with it, cockdrunk and free in a way he didn't really let himself show outwardly before. "Perfect, ah, little cumslut, take it, I'm, fuck, Hollander!" his hips start to stutter out of pace, and with one long, hard thrust, he buries himself into Shane and spills inside. Rozanov leans forward, biting hard into his shoulder, then into his neck, causing Shane to scream again, but not cum. He's waiting for Ilya.

"You're done. Get off," Ilya announces firmly. He slithers out from underneath Shane's head, letting him fall gently onto the mattress with a tiny exhale.

Rozanov doesn't budge, just sucks more bruises and elicits more whines from Shane, pointedly ignoring the demand.

Ilya makes his way over to them, grabs his clone by the back of the neck, and yanks him off Shane. Scruffs him like a naughty pup. Rozanov moves, ego slightly hurt, and lies down beside Shane, cupping his cheek and overtaking his mouth with filthy, open-mouthed kisses.

Behind him, the wet, slick sounds of Ilya lubing his cock barely reach his ears. He then drives his wet, throbbing cock into Shane's used hole. Unlike Rozanov earlier, Ilya takes his time, favoring long, slow thrusts over short and fast ones.

Shane's on cloud nine, his hole filled with cum and lube, his head feels like it's full of soft, white cotton, rendering him mindless, a creature of pleasure, taking, being taken, warm and fuzzy all over.

"Fuck, you're so wet," Ilya praises. "Clenching so tight, as if you didn't just have another cock in you. But he just wasn't enough, no? It's *me* you need. *My* cock you can't live without."

Shane's broken. He can't even form sentences anymore, reduced to one or two syllable words, "yes, yes, ahh-Ilya! Only you, you, yo-ah!"

"You. Are. Mine. Drolling for *my* cock, dying to have *my* cum in you," then, turning his attention to Rozanov, who's lying there, eyes transfixed on the two of them where their

bodies connect, where his cock slides in and out, he says, “watch how well I fuck him, watch how he falls apart in *my* hands, on *my* cock. You are lucky I even shared.”

Ilya pulls out, much to Shane’s vocal dismay, but he’s only upset for a few seconds. Ilya flips him over on his back, so he can look him in the eyes, then he begins to fuck into him mercilessly, now barely letting him breathe, not letting up for a second. One of Ilya’s hands starts playing with Shane’s tit, teasing his nipple, rubbing and rolling and pulling until he arches his back so, so beautifully, accompanied with a truly lewd moan.

“Fuck, Shane, gonna cum, fill you up like you’ve been dying for. He was not enough, you can only be satisfied with me, yes? *My* cumslut,” he coos. “Look at him,” he tells Rozanov, “look how done he is, useless and broken. I did that. That is how you fuck him right.”

Shane preens under the attention, under the unmistakable display of possession. He always knew who he belonged to, but a reminder every now and again sure doesn’t hurt. “Ah, ah, ah! Fu-fuck, mmng!” he whines incoherently, the ability to form sentences far, far beyond his reach.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Rozanov whispers, in awe. “You are so drunk on cock.”

Shane feels his orgasm barrel into him like a freight train. He can’t even give a warning before he cums, hot white ropes shoot out from his dick. He cums so hard it hits his chin. “Ah! Fuck!” he screams as he’s being fucked through his orgasm. Neither of them even touched his dick.

“Beautiful, Shane, so pretty for me...”

“Yeah, for you! Ah—Ilya! Want your—want—!”

“Want what, kotik?” Ilya asks, all innocent, hand petting Shane’s head, completely contrasting his hard, punishing thrusts.

“Cum in me! Ruin me, claim me, fuck!” he shouts.

“Wow, you are *gone*, Shane, fucked you stupid,” he smirks, “My stupid cockslut.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” he repeats, drunk on overstimulation.

“Fuck, there you go, take it!” Ilya groans as he spills into Shane, his cum mixing with Rozanov’s cum and the leftover lube. He waits a few long seconds for Shane to calm down before slowly backing up, watching Shane’s abused hole ooze out cum, staring as it trickles slowly down his thigh.

Ilya throws himself down next to Shane, finger tracing shapes onto his back. “Go shower,” he offers Rozanov. “This one still needs time.”

Rozanov goes without a fight. Ilya has Shane to himself.

The room is silent. Shane and Ilya lie in bed together, dirty and spent and so, so satisfied, listening to each other breathing. Eventually, Shane speaks up. “Thank you.”

“No need, kotik, did it for you.”

“Even if you were jealous?”

“Ugh, is it criminal to want to stay loyal? Sorry for only wanting my beautiful husband all to myself,” Ilya complains heartily.

“And yet, you shared,” Shane sighs fondly. “So, thank you.”

“Anything for you.”

When Rozanov comes out of the shower, Ilya instructs him to clean up, change the sheets, and so on. He groans until Shane looks at him with big, wet, pleading eyes, and he relents, grumbling as he begins to strip the bed of the dirty sheets.

Ilya and Shane take their turn together, simply showering. Ilya washes Shane’s hair like the attentive, loving husband he is. When they exit the en-suite, they find Rozanov struggling with the fitted sheet. Shane gives him a hand before Ilya can even bark whatever command at him.

Shane gets into the bed, Ilya in tow. Rozanov, however, hesitates.

“Get in here,” Shane whispers, listing the covers on the side without Ilya. Rozanov climbs in, swiftly gets pulled in by Shane for a cuddle. Shane tucks Rozanov’s head under his chin, one arm under his neck, and the other thrown over his waist. Rozanov closes his eyes and breathes deeply, lulled to sleep by the thumping of Shane’s heartbeat.

“Can’t believe you let him in *our* bed,” Ilya protests.

“Can still kick *you* out,” Shane threatens.

Immediately, Ilya’s arms circle Shane in a literally breathtaking embrace. “No, thank you.”

“Then calm down, go to sleep.”

“Yessir.”

Ilya falls asleep before Shane does, and Shane uses the quiet time to appreciate his husband, past and present. Takes his time pushing his thanks into the universe, hoping whatever he did to deserve this, whoever he impressed out there, knows how grateful he is for this gift, this blessing. He hopes their future will be full of surprises like this one, and that they’ll always, always have the chance to experience them together.

With one final prayer sent out into the unknown, he falls asleep, surrounded by love.

—

Shane, like always, is the first to wake up. Their post coital nap was just what he needed, but he finds himself missing someone, again. Ilya is still holding him like someone might steal

him in the middle of the night, but Rozanov is nowhere to be found. Carefully, Shane extracts himself from Ilya's embrace, making his way around the house. Rozanov truly is gone.

Shane is making a snack for Anya in the kitchen when a grumbling Ilya wraps around him from behind, displeased at being alone in bed. Shane gives Anya her snack before he's thrown over Ilya's shoulder and carried back to bed.

"You asshole, I still can walk, you know."

"Fuck. Means I did a bad job. Well, can always try again."

"Fuck you," Shane giggles. "Whoa!" he yells as Ilya deposits him on the bed.

They get under the covers again, just to cuddle for now. Amid the silence, Ilya has an epiphany.

"Oh. Ohhh," he voices. "Wasn't a dream, then."

"Of course it wasn't, we were both there, what are you talking about?"

"No, not now. Or maybe, yes now," he confuses Shane further.

"What, Ilya?"

"Many, many years ago, I had a *very* sexy dream," he starts telling, but his words hang in the air, sentence unfinished.

"Uh-huh. And this is the part where you explain," Shane inquires.

"No need. *We were both there*, as you said."

"What?"

"Hollander, you need me to spell it out?"

"I don't understand, so, yeah," Shane sighs, exasperated.

"When I was younger, I had a dream. About me, and you, and... me. And in the dream, you liked it very much. Jerked off to that dream for months, after," Ilya reminisces.

Shane blinks at him.

"Shane. The other me really was me. It wasn't a dream."

Very long pause.

Then, Shane connects the dots.

"What?!"

End Notes

Ilya Rozanov, 22 years old, waking up with the worst hangover known to man: ...hot.

hi everyone i really hope u enjoyed my second ever foray into writing smut!

feel free to point out typos and such if u catch anything, leave a comment if you liked! i know i did :p

i'm on [twitter](#) say hi :3

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