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Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Rose Landry
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Summary

Shane getting his back blown out while wearing his boyfriends jersey, send tweet.

Notes

the heated rivalry worms that are eating my brain versus the inability to lock in. my unedited slop outcome

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

It had been Rose's idea.

Shane wasn't the type to talk about sex with people, always too embarrassed and never bold enough. He has a hard enough time even talking to Ilya about it when he's being teased or prompted.

Rose can be...nosey. She likes to poke and prod, squeeze every detail out of Shane that she can manage as one of his best friends. Shane doesn't have any issues initiating sex, especially with Ilya who is eager and ready to go at the drop of a hat. That being said, it's usually Ilya who controls the pace, the flow, and the outcome of their time together, and Shane doesn't take as much initiative during the act. They both like it that way, the give and take, the push and pull. The livestock guardian dog and his pliant, defenseless little lamb.

So when Rose asked Shane if he had ever worn Ilya's hockey jersey during sex, Shane was as embarrassed as he was intrigued. He hadn't ever thought about it, never thought there could be an appeal to something like that. It's for hockey, not for sex, and Ilya had never expressed any sort of desire to see Shane don his team's name or colors for any reason.

"Well, it's not really about the team. His last name is on the back, and hockey is something he has a lot of passion for and works hard at. It's a turn on for a lot of dudes to see their partner wear their last name, especially on a jersey they work hard for," Rose shrugs, flipping through the rack of clothes she's standing in front of.

"But I play hockey too," Shane still isn't convinced.

Rose smiles softly, looking up at him. "Well yeah, but that probably adds to it even more. It would be like he um...conquered you or something," she sees him frown, "Maybe that wasn't the best way to put it."

"It's like...Ilya loves you, but you're also a professional rival. Seeing you in his jersey as a rival who is also your boyfriend, he would probably feel like he just won something."

"I don't like when he wins, because that means I'm losing," Shane isn't trying to pout, but he's worried that's exactly what he's doing. He can't really help it, his competitive nature takes hold.

"Shane, babe, nobody is actually winning or losing. If anything, you're both winning. He gets an added turn on, and you probably get your back blown out extra good in return," Rose says it so casually that Shane has to take a second to make sure she actually said something like that out in public.

He blushes red and looks around the store before fixing his glare on her, "We're in public! You can't say stuff like that..."

Rose dropped it then, but her advice stuck with Shane for months until tonight. Always sitting in the back of his mind, wondering if Ilya would really like something like that. He could have asked at any point, but Ilya definitely would have just found a way to be an ass.

Shane had almost put the idea to use multiple times in those few months, backing out at the last moment each time. It felt strikingly similar to that first night they hooked up years ago, when Shane drastically overdressed just to change moments before Ilya arrived.

Tonight there was no backing out, considering Ilya could already tell he was up to something. After dinner, he made it a point to throw a bit of a fit over Ilya not having the right brand of ginger ale. Luckily, as Shane suspected and despite Ilya's suspicions, Ilya is whipped enough that he begrudgingly went out to get a different kind when he saw his boyfriend looking like a sweet little kicked puppy.

As soon as Ilya was gone, Shane dug around in the drawers and closet until he found one of his boyfriends jerseys. After putting it on, he sat awkwardly on the edge of the bed, standing and sitting a couple of times nervously before pulling out his phone.

Shane: Am I supposed to wear underwear?

Rose: What r u talking about?

Shane: With the jersey. Ilya's jersey, like you told me. What am I supposed to wear with it?

Rose: Nothing lol, it's all gonna come off anyway.

Shane absentmindedly chews on the nail of his thumb, tossing his phone aside and discarding his shorts and boxers. He hides himself under the covers while he waits, feeling more exposed than ever, even though he's still more dressed than usual at this point in the night.

When he hears the lock on the front door click, he fumbles out of the bed and moves to the doorway of the bedroom. Hockey jerseys are long by nature, meant to be tucked in and properly secured to avoid getting a fine. The fabric falls perfectly to cover him, only a sliver of his ass poking out the bottom.

"They did not have cold, so you should let sit in fridge for while," Ilya's voice isn't loud, so he must assume Shane is on the couch. When he doesn't respond he hears Ilya walking around.

"Shane?"

For some reason, Shane's throat feels sticky. *Oh God*, he panics, feeling his throat for some sort of allergic reaction. Fingers grip the doorframe so hard his knuckles turn white, eyes squeezing shut as he tries to take in a breath that just won't get into his lungs the way it should.

He's running through a mental checklist of everything he and Ilya ate or drank, wracking his brain for anything new he may have tried that he could be allergic to. Cold fingers touch his cheek, jolting him from his frantic thoughts. Ilya is in front of him, looking worried, arm outstretched to press the back of his hand against Shane's cheek softly.

"Shane, hey. What is wrong?" Shane wants to respond, he does, but nothing will come out. All he can manage to do is squeeze his eyes back shut and shake his head, a little whine in

the back of his throat.

“Okay, shh, shh. You are having panic attack, you are good,” Despite getting them all his life, Ilya was immediately better at recognizing Shane’s panic attacks than Shane himself was.

With his eyes still closed, Shane can feel Ilya gently pushing him further into the bedroom, rubbing his thumb against Shane’s jaw. “On your knees,” Shane doesn’t have to think for that one, and sinking to the floor comes easily. Taking a command from his Ilya is second nature, easy and grounding.

Hands settle on the back of his head, pulling him closer until he’s nuzzling his cheek against Ilya’s thighs and crotch. He wraps his arms around his boyfriend's legs, letting himself relax against him while he tries to straighten out his breathing.

Fingers tug gently at dark strands of hair, nails scrapping over his scalp soothingly, “I leave you alone for 15 minutes and you fall apart.” Ilya hums in the little way he always does before he says something he knows will make Shane roll his eyes, “Like puppy. Should keep you in kennel when I am away, yes?”

“You’re such an ass,” Shane’s laugh leaves him in a soft huff, breath finally settling and words coming back to him. Once more, he finds himself surprised how quickly Ilya is able to help him pull it together. It never ceases to amaze him.

“Maybe, but I know you like when I am mean. Better?” Ilya is toying with the hair just behind Shane’s ear, the other hand moving to his jaw to force Shane to look up at him.

Dopey and relaxed, Ilya can see it in the smile Shane gives him, “Better.”

“Good, because I would love to address what’s happening here,” Shane’s chin is resting on Ilya’s upper thigh, keeping his head tilted to see the exact moment Ilya’s gaze turns predatory.

Feeling shy, Shane clears his throat, “It’s stupid...Rose told me it would be a good idea.”

Ilya raises his eyebrows a little, nodding slightly, “She is growing on me, especially if she keeps putting my boyfriend up to such shameless schemes.”

“Schemes,” Shane echoes, “Did you learn that one from The New Yorker?”

“Of course not. New Yorker is boring. I learned from your dad, and *he* learned it from New Yorker,” Ilya jokes, taking Shane’s hand in his and helping him stand.

“Ha ha. I’m gonna tell him you think he’s boring...see if he still shares his Russian vodka with you then,” The threat of his words is not lost on Ilya, who opts to go in for a heated kiss instead of responding.

When Ilya breaks away, he gently pushes Shane back a bit so he can get a better look at him. His eyes are dark when he tells Shane to turn so he can see the back, and as soon as he does, Shane is suddenly free-falling onto the mattress in front of him.

Such an ass.

He's about to turn his head to tell Ilya just that, but is stopped by a hand pushing his head into the plush mattress below him, another hand squeezing his ass.

"Fuck, you are so perfect, makes me want to see you cry. So pretty when you cry, especially when is from my cock," Ilya can see the back of Shane's neck flush red and grins.

Ilya's hands find Shane's waist, lifting him onto his knees and then planting a hand on his back to keep his chest pressed into the bed. Shane wiggles around defiantly, whines muffled by the sheets as he half heartedly tries to get out of the position Ilya put him in.

"Crybaby, I bet you want me to suck your dick before we do anything. Is that why you are being brat now?"

Guilty.

Shane knows he's pretty submissive, they both do, but he does have the subconscious tendency to get all bristly when he isn't getting exactly what he wants. Ilya finds it endearing, loves when Shane gets desperate and teary eyed and pathetic.

Ilya relents, allowing Shane to flip onto his back because, above all else, he is a weak man who wants to give Shane everything he wants and more. Besides, he'll be able to stare at his last name branding his boyfriends back again soon when he's rearranging his guts, so he can be patient for now.

Surprisingly to many people in their life, Ilya was always the patient one in the relationship.

So he takes his time, spreading Shane's thighs so he can lie between them, peppering kisses over soft skin. Smatterings of freckles dot his inner thighs like flecks of paint, and Ilya always takes care to kiss as many as he can. Pushing up beneath the jersey, Ilya's hand finds purchase on the warm expanse of Shane's chest.

"Ilya, please...I've been—" Shane swallows, his throat feeling dry, "I've been so good. I need you."

Hot breath ghosts against his cock, and Shane's hips jump when Ilya tweaks one of his nipples sharply.

"He has been good boy, he says. I'm already giving you treat, no? Is not enough?" Ilya licks a broad strip up Shane's dick, clearing away the pre-cum that had been pooling around the head. "Be patient, Кисуня."

When Ilya finally wraps his mouth around the needy boy in front of him, Shane's head falls back with a pleased sigh. His hands scramble to ground themselves in Ilya's curly hair, trying to tug him impossibly closer.

Ilya's mouth is wet and hot and sinful, tongue flicking in all the right spots that make Shane see stars. The hand on his chest moves back to his lower belly to hold him still when his hips begin to meet Ilya's mouth halfway in shallow little thrusts.

You would think that after being together so many years, especially after moving closer together and seeing each other more frequently, that Shane would have outgrown how quickly he comes. But as his fingers curl tighter in Ilya's hair, and his whines suddenly change in pitch, he still comes just as fast the first time Ilya ever blew him.

There isn't a chance for him to catch his breath because the world spins and he's back on his stomach, Ilya's firm hands on his waist. His boyfriend leans over him to the bedside table where they keep the lube, and Shane wiggles his ass teasingly in the air.

He lets out a yelp when that earns him a sharp slap, a hand-shaped sting radiating on his ass.

"Asshole," Shane grits out, making Ilya laugh.

Ilya is meticulous about prep, as quick as he is thorough and just mean enough about it to keep Shane wanting.

"My last name looks good on you. Less boring than yours, should wear it all the time," Ilya whispers, kissing the dimple at the base of Shane's back.

"Ask me properly and I will," Shane's response is breathless, and his spine tingles when he feels the head of Ilya's cock press against his hole. Ilya's next words are in Russian, and too quiet for Shane to properly hear.

He grips the sheets beneath him, fighting the urge to beg for it because it would make Ilya insufferable, "You gonna make me wait all night? Got all dressed up in this terrible jersey for you, but if you're gonna dawdle I'll take it off."

Empty threat, and Ilya probably knows it too, but Shane is getting more desperate by the second.

"Dawdle," Ilya repeats, the word sounds jumbled, tangled in his accent, "I do not know this word. Don't take jersey off, is hot on you."

And then finally, *finally*, Ilya is inside him. Shane's mouth drops open as he presses his forehead into the bed, and god he feels like he could cry. No matter how many times it's been, it always feels like the first, always feels like he's going to split down the middle until his insides are molded into the shape of Ilya's dick.

"Shit, Ilya, oh god... Please—please move. You have to move," his voice wavers dangerously, jersey slipping up his back as Ilya's hands explore him.

Ilya's hands find their way to his dick, and only then does he start to move. He doesn't start slow or wait for Shane to adjust to a pace, and it feels like he's set out to re-write biology. It's not far from the truth, because what started out as a joke, a stupid way for Ilya to taunt him, eventually grew into a very real kink for both of them.

He was trying to be a little shit, telling Shane one day he would put a baby in him, usually said when Shane was extra needy and desperate. Initially it would get the desired response of

‘fuck you’ or ‘you’re an ass’, but somewhere along the way it became more of a turn on than anything.

Ilya’s unoccupied hand lands on the back of his neck to push him further into plush sheets, and Shane can’t help but whimper, arching his back more in an attempt to get Ilya even deeper inside him.

“Fuck, Shane. Shit, everything about you drives me crazy,” Ilya moans, his pace is bruising, stealing every breath out of Shane’s lungs until there are tears dampening the bed. Ilya’s forehead comes to rest on one of Shane’s shoulder blades, and he can hear Shane mumbling about how close he is.

Before he can even give warning, Shane is coming again, choking out a sob as he wills his legs not to give out. That’s all it takes to tip Ilya over the edge right along with him, pace faltering as he bites down on Shane’s shoulder through the jersey.

Shane can feel hot ropes of cum filling him in pulsing waves, and he whines softly as he tries to catch his breath. Blindly, he bends an arm behind his back, opening and closing his fist until Ilya latches on with his own hand and squeezes tight.

When Ilya finally rolls off him and onto the bed beside him, Shane shuffles onto his side to look at him.

“You definitely need to send Rose a thank you card,” Shane huffs, laying his head on Ilya’s chest.

When Ilya doesn’t give any sort of response, Shane tilts his head up to look at him, only to be caught in a kiss.

“выходи за меня,” Ilya’s voice is quiet, the softest he thinks it’s ever been in his life. He’s never been so sure of anything or anyone in his life as he is about Shane.

“What does that mean?” Shane has that dopey little smile on his face that makes Ilya’s heart feel like it’s going to burst at any given moment, and he has to make a conscious effort not to let his eyes water.

“Learn Russian and find out. I will even learn boring french language for you,” Ilya grins at the pouty little glare that gets sent his way, feeling incredibly fond.

“Fine, don’t tell me. I’ll figure it out,” Shane says, trying to commit the sound of the words to memory.

“надеюсь, ты это сделаешь, I love you,” Ilya kisses him again, thumb ghosting along Shane’s cheekbone.

“I love you. Now clean me up, please. You got the bed all dirty.”

And as whipped as he is, Ilya doesn’t hesitate to do as he’s told.

End Notes

i dont know russian and my only friend that does is tortured enough, im not asking my token straight boy to confirm or deny how correct these are because he's gonna wanna know why and I've put him through too much.

Кисуня - kitty

выходи за меня - marry me

надеюсь, ты это сделаешь - I hope you do

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