

lay me down on the altar, and forever's what i'll vow

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by [justhockey](#)

Summary

“Am I too boring for you?”

He doesn't mean to ask. Doesn't mean for those words to come out. They fall from his lips before he has a chance to stop them, and the second they're out there he wants to take them back. He wants to swallow them down so they can't hurt anyone but himself.

Because Ilya...Ilya *flinches*.

“What.”

Notes

Title from *Religion* by Ella Red.

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

The problem with being married to Ilya Rozanov is that he's very fucking attractive.

He's tall, and strong, with fuck-me eyes and a halo of blond curls on his head. His accent wraps around his words so enticingly that he could read an instruction manual and it would be a turn-on. He's charming, and charismatic, and his hockey is as smooth as melted butter. It's not a surprise that he was Luca's and - okay, fine - *Shane's* gay awakening.

It's also not a surprise that people still flirt with him, even with a wedding ring on his finger. It is very fucking annoying, though.

Look, Shane knows his husband is hot. He loves it, honestly. There's something very satisfying in knowing Ilya could have chosen just about anyone in the world, and yet he chose *Shane*. It feels powerful, to know everyone wants him but he only has eyes for Shane. It gives him a rush he can only compare to the feeling of scoring a game-winner.

But still. It brings out a side of Shane that he never even knew existed before Ilya. With his high school girlfriend and with Rose, Shane didn't know the meaning of the word jealous. It didn't even cross his mind that he *should* feel that way when other people flirted with them. It's not like they *belonged* to him.

Which - that was probably as much about the fact that he's gay, as it was about the fact that he doesn't get jealous.

With Ilya, though?

With Ilya, Shane gets so jealous he wants to fucking break things.

The first time he witnessed someone flirt with him right in front of Shane, he'd pulled Ilya away by his belt loop and held onto him the whole way home. Then he rode his husband until they were *both* close to tears, and he sucked and bit at every inch of Ilya's skin. He was marked up for weeks after.

Shane had kept repeating *mine, mine, mine*, under his breath, and the only thing that settled him was Ilya whispering *yours, yours, yours*, back to him.

He's not sure where it comes from, the possessiveness, but he just can't seem to control it. It's not like he doesn't trust Ilya, because his faith in his husband is unwavering. It's just that he doesn't trust everyone else; Shane knows better than anyone how unbearably irresistible Ilya is. He knows what that face, and those eyes, and his voice can do to a person.

He just...he doesn't want anyone else even *looking* at his husband.

And Ilya likes it when Shane gets like that, because of course he does. Just like Shane enjoys when Ilya is the one who gets all growly and possessive. So it's not a problem, exactly, it's just. For someone who likes order and routine, Shane doesn't love feeling so out of control.

They're out at a bar after a huge win.

It's not Shane's favourite place to be, not when he could be at home, getting fucked through the mattress by his husband. And it's not Ilya's favourite place to be anymore either, now that his partying days are all but behind him.

But Ilya is just about the best captain that has ever lived, and Shane takes the *A* on his jersey as seriously as he'd taken the *C* back in Montreal.

They have a couple of new kids on their team. Baby-faced rookies who are just barely touching nineteen. Mihail Kalniņš - Kally - from Latvia, and Leo Peterson - Petey - from Regina, Saskatchewan, of all fucking places. They're good kids. Fucking good players, too. Shane wouldn't be surprised if they were the new Hollander and Rozanov in a few years time.

Maybe in more ways than just one, given how they're joined at the hip and can't take their eyes off of each other.

They're still riding the ultimate high of making it to the big leagues, though, and they can get a little rowdy when they have unrestricted access to alcohol and ELC's fattening their bank accounts up.

So, Shane and Ilya are at the bar with the team. And it's fine, mostly.

It's a little too loud, after dealing with the roar of the crowd and the hum of the arena lights already tonight, but it's not unbearable. Shane can stand to last a little longer before he starts to get antsy, and Ilya notices and drags him home.

Ilya had already pulled him down so he was half sitting on his lap, one of Shane's thighs thrown over Ilya's, and Ilya's arm firmly wrapped around his waist. His presence - his touch - keeps Shane grounded, and he leans into him eagerly. He doesn't even yell at Ilya when he begins to mouth at Shane's neck.

"You're insatiable," Shane teases, pressing in close so Ilya can hear him over the music and the chatter.

Ilya gives him a wolfish grin. "Yes, well. My husband is very sexy. Is a big problem for me."

Shane snorts out a laugh, rolling his eyes as he lightly slaps Ilya's chest. "Behave, you animal. Save it for the bedroom."

Raucous laughter explodes opposite them, and Shane and Ilya both glance over to see who the culprits are. Unsurprisingly, Luca, Kally, and Petey are all doubled over, tears in their eyes as they try to catch their breath. Petey has his forehead pressed against Kally's shoulder, and Kally rests his head on top of him.

"You can't - you can't do that," Luca gasps through the laughter.

"Why not?" Kally asks. "I don't see what problem is?"

“Oh, Kals,” Petey sighs fondly.

Then he laughs even louder at the expression Kally makes, and he reaches up a hand up to affectionately pat the side of his face.

It’s unbearably sweet, even if it is blindingly obvious. Shane kind of gets the appeal, though. Not that he’s attracted to Kally - *god, no*, he’s basically an *infant* - but because he reminds him a little bit of a young Rozanov. Thick accent, clumsy English, and more talent in his pinky finger than most teams have on their entire roster. A bucketload of charm, too.

He understands why Petey is smitten; Shane’s been there, done that, got the husband to prove it.

“Should we ask what they’re talking about?” Ilya wonders aloud.

Shane shakes his head. “I think it’s best we don’t know, honestly.”

Ilya nods in agreement. He does that a lot, when it comes to Shane. Rarely questions his judgment because he knows Shane is always right. Or because he’d do whatever Shane told him to do. Honestly, he doesn’t particularly mind *why*, as long as Ilya keeps doing what he’s told.

“I should get them some water,” Ilya says, observing the concerning number of empty glasses on the table.

The rest of the team are spread out around the bar, except for the handful that didn’t come out or have already gone home. So while the tower of shot glasses aren’t *all* the rookies’ - plus Luca’s - water is definitely still a good shout. Shane nods in agreement.

“Good idea,” he says.

But he still grumbles as Ilya slides out from beneath him, even when he bends down to press a kiss to the top of Shane’s head.

“I’ll be quick.”

“You better.”

Shane is so spoiled now that he’s almost forgotten what it used to feel like when he lived for stolen hours with Ilya every few weeks.

It seems like a lifetime ago now, thankfully, because it had been nothing short of agony. After years of *this* - years of being completely inseparable, at home, and at the rink, and on the road - he’s not sure how he ever survived being away from Ilya.

Their team - especially Bood, Hayes, and Troy - love to make fun of them for being codependent. It’s a running joke at this point, that if one of them is spotted without the other then someone asks if they need to call in a missing persons report. It’s all good-natured ribbing, and Shane doesn’t mind it because it’s true.

He hates being away from Ilya because he spent a decade having no say in the matter.

They haven't spent a single night apart since they got married; two and a half years of falling asleep together, and waking up beside each other.

When Ilya had his appendix out during the summer after Shane's first season with Ottawa, he'd kicked up such a fuss at the hospital that they begrudgingly allowed him spend the night in the chair beside his husband (though Ilya had tugged him into bed in the middle of the night, when they realised neither of them could sleep without touching each other).

Dykstra had once asked them if they ever got tired of each other. If they ever just needed a break for a while.

Shane couldn't even imagine a world where that would happen.

He loves his husband. He's loved him for a very long time, and for most of it, it was done in secret. They've done time apart, they've done space, why would he ever want to do it again? It doesn't make sense.

"Where's your guard dog?" Wyatt asks, dropping down into the seat across from Shane.

He snorts. Ilya had dropped the gloves earlier when a Vegas player had landed a dirty hit on Shane. Safe to say that guy won't be back in the lineup for a while.

"He's gone to get these idiots some water," he says, gesturing towards the rookies.

Luca has wandered off, so it's just Kally and Petey now. They're still giggling, pressed so close together that it's almost indecent.

"Do they know it's legal?" Wyatt jokes, loud enough for Shane to hear but not the kids.

He chuckles. "Leave them be. They'll figure it out."

They will. Or he hopes so, at least. Because they really are sweet together.

Ilya's pretty certain they haven't crossed the line yet, and with his elite levels of perception Shane is inclined to agree. There's definitely something there, though. Something blooming between them.

It's nice to watch it happening, though it makes Shane feel a little jealous all the same. Not in a malicious way, of course. But because he and Ilya never got to be like them. They never got to be carefree kids crushing on someone, because it had to be a secret from the moment their fingers touched in that hotel gym in LA.

Shane's happy it will be different for them.

Petey says something that makes Kally howl with laughter, and Shane finds himself missing Ilya. It's embarrassing, probably, given that it's been less than five minutes. But he doesn't have to hold himself back anymore.

He stands up, and Hayes grins at him knowingly. Shane flips him off, then heads towards the bar in search of his husband.

The bar is heaving, so it's no surprise it's taking Ilya a while, but it doesn't take long at all for Shane to find him. It's like they have some kind of sixth sense - a compass inside of them that only points to each other. You could place a blindfolded Shane in a room with a thousand people, and he'd find Ilya in an instant.

He's about to approach him when he notices that the guy beside Ilya is talking to him.

It's nothing, the guy probably isn't even flirting. It instantly sparks a flare of jealousy inside Shane, anyway. He wants to snatch Ilya away, wants to lay claim to his husband. But Shane holds back for a moment - not wanting to look completely insane - and he lingers out of view, but just close enough to listen to what is being said.

"I'm just saying, that goal in the third was really impressive," the guy compliments Ilya.

He's got a head of long, dark curls, and his hands are tattooed, Shane notices, as he reaches out to touch his husband. Ilya chuckles, but slides his arm out of reach.

"Thank you," he says, polite but dismissive. No room for more conversation. Except-

"Someone should probably reward you for that."

Shane wants to kill him. Wants to actually, genuinely murder this guy.

"Yes, well. I have very beautiful husband, so..." Ilya says, holding his left hand up to show off his wedding ring.

It makes Shane's heart sing. Makes his cheeks start to burn with the blush he knows is flooding them. It's a reassuring thing to hear, especially when Ilya doesn't realise that Shane is listening.

The guy with the curls and hand tattoos laughs far too loud, tipping his head backwards and playfully shoving Ilya's shoulder.

(Shane briefly wonders if he could get away with breaking his hand.)

"Shane Hollander, I know," he says. "But I think you deserve a little more fun than that, don't you?"

"Excuse me?"

"He's so...boring. So *vanilla*," he elaborates with a wave of his hand. "I could keep things exciting for you."

Shane feels his blood run cold.

Boring. Boring. Boring.

Ilya calls him boring all the time, but it's different hearing it from this stranger's mouth. There's none of the softness Ilya says it with. It cuts, deep and long and painful, like a knife right in his heart.

I could keep things exciting for you.

Is Ilya bored of Shane?

Of course not. Shane knows this. Just because his life looks different now that they're married, it doesn't mean Ilya doesn't enjoy it. They're happy. Their *marriage* is happy. Ilya has never once complained, and Shane has no idea why he's letting some random guy in a bar have any kind of effect on the way he feels. It's ridiculous. *Shane* is being ridiculous.

"Do not talk about my husband," Ilya warns menacingly. "You should leave. Now."

"Oh come on, I won't tell anyone. We could--"

Ilya holds a hand up to silence him. "*Enough.*"

And then - almost as if he can sense Shane's eyes on him - Ilya glances around the room.

Shane moves slightly, just into Ilya's line of sight, and when he spots him the smile that stretches across Ilya's face is nothing short of stunning. It steals Shane's breath from his lungs.

Ilya reaches a hand out towards Shane, beckoning him to come closer. He doesn't hesitate. He meanders through the crowd and, as soon as he gets close enough, he takes Ilya's outstretched hand. He allows himself to be pulled into Ilya's side, shuddering as his arm winds around Shane's waist and grips him tightly.

"Hello, sweetheart."

"Hi," Shane replies, then kisses him softly. He feels, more than hears, Ilya sigh into the kiss.

Out of the corner of his eye, he watches the wannabe-homewrecker give up and walk away.

Shane sighs in relief, sinking into Ilya's hold and letting himself be kissed. He gets lost in it, letting Ilya's tongue soothe the panic building inside of him until a throat being cleared startles them. They pull apart to find the bartender - a woman with leopard-print dye on the shaved half of her head - smirking at them.

She's holding up the three bottles of water that Ilya had originally come to the bar to order, shaking them slightly.

"Sorry for the wait."

"Thank you," Ilya says, taking the bottles from her hands. When he turns back to Shane, he says, "Once I've taken these to the babies, can we go home?"

Shane nods his head so quickly he almost gives himself whiplash. "Yes. Please."

He wants to get the fuck out of this bar. He wants to go home with his husband, and kiss him deeply, and be made to forget all about arrogant guys with tattooed hands and unfairly beautiful hair.

Neither of them really drink all that much anymore, but Shane always sticks to ginger ale when they're out with the team. So once the kids are thoroughly watered - with Troy and Harris promising to see them home safely - Shane hops behind the wheel of his jeep and begins to drive them home.

The radio is playing quietly, Ilya is holding his hand on his lap, and Shane kind of wants to cry a little bit.

He knows he's being weird. Too quiet, too distant. Only replying to Ilya with brief, clipped responses. He knows that *Ilya* knows that something is wrong.

He's being ridiculous.

Ilya hasn't done anything wrong. He'd barely engaged with the guy, and immediately shut him down when the flirting became obvious. Shane isn't *mad* at him. He's just - he's really fucking...*something*. Not sad, that isn't the right word. He doesn't really know how to name what he's feeling.

It's just this hollow, sinking feeling inside of chest. A mix of panic, and insecurity, and shame.

It follows Shane all the way home, through the house as they let Anya out to stretch her legs, as they lock up, as they head upstairs to their bedroom. And Ilya keeps flashing him concerned, kicked-puppy looks, but he doesn't say anything. He gives Shane some breathing room. Until-

"Shane, what's going on?"

"Nothing."

"Something is bothering you."

Shane goes still where he's standing. He can't look at Ilya, who is sitting down on his own side of the bed. He's wearing a pair of Shane's sweatpants and no t-shirt, and he's watching Shane with big, worried eyes. If Shane looks at him, he'll give it all away.

He doesn't want Ilya to feel bad when he hasn't done anything *wrong*.

"I'm fine."

"Sweetheart, please. Talk to me."

Shane whips around to face him. "Am I too boring for you?"

He doesn't mean to ask. Doesn't mean for those words to come out. They fall from his lips before he has a chance to stop them, and the second they're out there he wants to take them

back. He wants to swallow them down so they can't hurt anyone but himself.

Because Ilya... Ilya *flinches*.

"What."

Shane can't stop himself. The panic, the fear. It's all spiralling inside of him, getting tangled and twisted and knotted beyond anything recognisable. He can't hold it back. He needs to know.

If - if something is wrong, he needs to know so he can *fix* it. He'll do anything.

"Am I too boring? Too vanilla?"

"Shane-"

"Are you - are not satisfied with-"

"*Shane*." Ilya's voice breaks, a fractured sound that cuts right into his heart.

Shane is standing in just his underwear, clutching a t-shirt to his chest and watching Ilya - his husband - as his face crumples. He shifts like he's about to stand, about to cross the distance between them, but he doesn't. He remains seated on the bed. And Shane wishes it didn't sting so much.

"You heard him," Ilya states. "The guy at the bar."

Shane nods. "Yes."

He knows he's being insane. Knows everything about his behaviour is unreasonable. But it all feels like it's spinning too far out of control for him to grab back hold of it and rein it in.

"I wasn't, like, spying on you."

"My love, I do not care about that," Ilya says. And his voice is soft, but it's so, so sad.

Maybe he's hurt that he thinks Shane is doubting him. But, more likely, he's hurt that Shane is doubting *himself*. That's the kind of person Ilya is, after all. He loves Shane more than anything; Shane has never questioned that. And he's never had to question if Ilya was satisfied before, either.

But there was just something about that man and what he said. Something that has stuck.

"Shane, he is nothing. A stranger. He doesn't know us."

"I know. I know, but. *God*, Ilya," Shane sighs, digging the heels of his palms into his eyes. "I don't have the same level of experience as you. You're the only guy I've been with, and if you need - if you need *more*..."

"Shane, *please*. Stop it," Ilya begs. "You're fucking killing me."

Humiliatingly, Shane feels his eyes welling with tears. His whole body feels hot with shame, except for his chest which is ice cold.

“I’m sorry.”

“I love you.”

For the first time in their entire relationship, those words make Shane wince.

“I know you *love* me, Ilya. But...but am I-“

“Do not.” Ilya’s voice is firm. Unwavering. “Do not ask if you are enough for me, or I will die.”

He looks like he means it, too. His own eyes are red, like he’s holding back tears, and his chest is heaving like he’s just pulled a double shift in OT. He’s only ever seen Ilya look like this twice before: that day in Boston, when Ilya begged him not to go but Shane still ran away, and the time when Shane questioned if Ilya would choose him.

He looks heartbroken.

Shane suddenly feels terrified. He’s not sure how they got here, how this has snow-balled into something so big, so out of control, that they’re standing on opposite sides of their bedroom as if they are strangers.

“I just want you to be happy,” Shane whispers desperately.

“I *am* happy, Shane. You *make me* happy.”

Shane knows that. He does. He has no idea how this fucking stranger has managed to cut him right to the bone with a stupid, ignorant comment that Ilya immediately shut down.

It’s just - maybe, deep down, it’s something Shane has worried about for a long time.

Ilya was such a playboy before they were official. A new person on his arm every night, so many rumours, so much experience. Shane has had sex with exactly three people, and of those three Ilya is the only man. There are undoubtedly things that Shane doesn’t know how to give Ilya - things he used to enjoy, before they became exclusive.

And Ilya would never complain because he loves Shane more than anything in the world, but that doesn’t mean he’s not thinking it. It doesn’t mean he isn’t missing it.

“I’m sorry,” he whispers again, because he doesn’t know what else to say.

“Shane,” Ilya says, and Shane looks at him. He’s holding his hand out. “Come here. Please.”

There isn’t a moment of hesitation. He rushes forward, taking Ilya’s hand and letting himself be pulled down onto his lap. Shane sits on his thighs, his knees on either side of Ilya’s hips as he straddles him. Arms wrap around his waist to hold him close, and he shudders as he burrows his face into Ilya’s neck.

For a moment, Shane just breathes. One of Ilya's hands swipes up and down his back, while the other cradles his head. He's shaking; he didn't realise until he collapsed into his husband's arms.

"You are *so* hot, Shane."

"Ilya--"

"No. Listen," he insists. "You don't seem to understand how obsessed with you I am, and that is my fault."

Shane pulls back from his hiding spot against Ilya's neck, shaking his head vehemently so Ilya knows that isn't true.

He *knows* Ilya loves him. Knows Ilya is obsessed with him, in fact.

He's possessive, and clingy, and he makes Shane feel treasured beyond his wildest dreams. Ilya hasn't failed in any aspect of their marriage. None of this is on him; it's on Shane's own insecurities, and that's stupid fucking guy with long curls and tattooed hands.

"You remember last week, when you were organising the closet?" Ilya asks.

Shane had been reordering everything. Their clothes are separated by type and then, even further, by colour. It looks good in their closet and it makes it easier to put an outfit together quickly. Sometimes, though, Ilya puts things back in the wrong place, and it ever so slightly messes up the colour scheme. He'd been redoing it all on one of their rare days off, when-

"Yes. I *was*, until you carried me to bed and--"

"-see. Exactly," Ilya says. "I was so turned on watching you organise our clothes that I couldn't wait a second longer to have you."

Shane's breath catches in his throat. He tangles his hands in Ilya's hair and tugs, tilting his head backwards so he can look him squarely in the eyes.

"You also remember when we got the new bookcase, and you wanted to use the Douglas system?"

Shane laughs, knocking their foreheads together as he corrects Ilya: "*Dewey*. The Dewey Decimal System."

He rolls his eyes and huffs. "Yes. That. Whatever."

"I remember."

"You also remember what happened after, yes?"

Shane feels his skin begin to warm as he recalls what happened. The way Ilya had stood in the doorway to their home office and listened to Shane explain what he was doing, and then - in less than a second - he was on his knees in front of Shane, all but begging for his cock.

He nods his head, bites his lip, whispers, “I do.”

Ilya presses a kiss to the underside of Shane’s jaw. It’s soft, sweet, and it makes Shane tremble in his husband’s arms. He leans into it, lets Ilya kiss him again and again, all along his jaw until he reaches his mouth. And then he kisses him there, too. Quick and chaste, but still enough to set Shane on fire.

When they pull apart, Ilya is smiling up at him. The sadness in his eyes has faded away, and now they’re sparkling with so much love. And it’s all for Shane.

“Every single thing you do is so attractive to me, sweetheart. Fuck, you only have to yell at me and I get hard.”

Shane snorts, because he knows that it’s true. He’d gone off on Ilya once, because he’d forgotten to put the cap back on the toothpaste *again*, and halfway through his tirade he’d realised that Ilya’s cheeks were flushed, and his eyes were glassy, and he was looking at Shane like he wanted to eat him.

He’s banned from yelling at Ilya at work, now, too. The last time he did - well. Luca couldn’t look either of them in the eyes for a week afterwards.

“I love you, Shane. So fucking much,” Ilya says. “And I love our marriage, and our life, and every single second that I spend with you.”

“I know. I love you, too,” Shane promises him. “I just don’t ever want you to get bored.”

“*Bored*,” Ilya scoffs. “Sweetheart, have I *ever* seemed unsatisfied when we have sex?”

Shane squirms. “Well, no. But-“

“Uh uh,” Ilya silences him. “*No* is the end of that sentence. No buts, not even your very sexy one.”

His hands wander to Shane’s ass and squeeze, making Shane squeak in surprise and then both of them laugh. It knocks something loose in Shane’s chest, something that had been tightening around his heart like a noose.

“Just - if we’re too vanilla, or whatever...”

Shane isn’t expecting Ilya to laugh, but that’s exactly what he does. It’s loud and startling, and when he tilts his head back and exposes his throat, Shane can’t stop himself from leaning in and *biting*.

Ilya groans, his hands tightening on Shane’s ass.

“*Vanilla*, he says...” Ilya sounds breathless. “Kótik, do you even realise what you are saying? Yesterday I held you down and fucked you until you cried. The night before you tied my hands to the bed and rode my face until you came on my tongue.”

Shane feels his cheeks turning crimson as Ilya lists the details of their latest exploits.

He wriggles on his husband's lap, gasping as his half-hard dick rubs against Ilya's. Those had been really, *really* good orgasms, and he feels himself starting to leak into his briefs at just the memory of them.

"We do not have vanilla sex, sweetheart," Ilya explains, chuckling softly.

Oh.

Shane had thought, well. He's not really sure *what* he had thought.

He'd never considered their sex life in terms of vanilla or not - not until tonight, at least. For him, sex with Ilya has always been a revelation. From the very first time they slept together, it had felt groundbreaking. Earth-shattering. Entirely life-changing. It had woken something up inside of Shane that he hadn't even known existed.

The only good - read: fucking *exceptional* - sex Shane has ever had has been with Ilya, so he'd kind of just assumed it was the standard. He hadn't realised, well. He hadn't realised they were especially - god - *kinky*, or anything.

"Hey," Ilya murmurs, drawing Shane's attention back to him.

He looks so beautiful that Shane simply has to kiss him again. Ilya laughs, his hands sliding up from Shane's ass to his waist as he pulls him closer, pressing their chests together.

"Even if we *did*, Shane, there is nothing wrong with that," Ilya assures him. "Our sex isn't good because it is kinky. It is good because it is *us*."

Shane whines.

He wants his husband. Needs him.

He feels suddenly, blisteringly desperate for him. Like a wild thing that has finally been freed from its cage. He grinds down onto Ilya, presses their dicks together until Ilya lets out a loud, low groan. It only serves to make Shane hungrier.

He bumps their foreheads together, gasps into Ilya's open mouth, tugs on his hair. And then Ilya is kissing him.

There is nothing chaste or reserved about this kiss. From the moment their lips touch, it is hungry. Filthy. Debauched. All tongues, and wet heat, and sharp teeth biting down into pillowy soft lips. Ilya forces his tongue into Shane's mouth so he sucks on it, moans around it, savours the taste of his husband.

It makes him feel feral. Unhinged. Like he's vibrating with too much energy and he needs Ilya to fuck it out of him. Fuck him until the only thing he knows is the feel of Ilya inside of him, and the sound of his name on Shane's lips.

"Please. Ilya, baby. *Please*."

"You need something?" Ilya taunts, sucking Shane's bottom lip into his mouth and biting.

Shane whimpers. "You. Please. Just need you."

He needs Ilya to own him tonight. To possess him. To take him so far out of his head that all he can do is cry for him.

"Anything, sweetheart. Anything," Ilya vows.

And then they're shifting, Ilya moving beneath him as he rolls Shane onto the bed. Onto his back. He pulls himself up so he can rest his head on the pillows, and he watches with wide eyes as Ilya kicks off his sweatpants and crawls between Shane's legs.

He looks like a man starved. His mouth is open as he pants breathlessly, and his pupils are blown so wide that his eyes look black. He looks at Shane like he's going to eat him whole.

Shane can't wait to be devoured.

Ilya starts at his thighs, biting and sucking and kissing until Shane is trembling and whimpering beneath him. Then, slowly, he works his way upwards. He sucks a hickey onto his hip, just above his briefs, and then nips at the skin stretching over his ribs, and he bites Shane's rosy pink nipples until he lets out a wounded cry.

Borderline delirious already, Shane grabs Ilya's face between both of his hands and yanks him up into a kiss.

It's ragged, and hungry, and uncoordinated - more punched-out breaths and biting teeth than anything else. It's perfect. It drives Shane crazy. He winds his legs around Ilya's waist, rocks his hips upwards to grind their cocks together.

They both gasp, overcome with the pleasure.

"Please. Ilya. *Please.*"

Ilya's mouth travels away from Shane's, across his jaw and down his throat, leaving filthy, wet kisses everywhere he can reach.

"You're mine," he says. "Tell me."

"I'm yours," Shane gasps, right as Ilya bites down on his collarbone. "Only yours."

Ilya pull back, frames Shane's face with his hands and looks deep into his eyes. He looks feral, like a man possessed. "Who am I?" He demands.

Shane whines. Grinds their hips together again. "My husband. You're my husband, Ilya."

He kisses Shane again. A claiming. Then his hands are at Shane's waist, fingers scratching down his stomach and hooking beneath his briefs, tugging them far enough down his legs so Shane can kick them off. He feels exposed, lying here beneath Ilya, but only in the very best of ways.

Because he knows Ilya is going to take care of him - knows he's going to take Shane apart and then carefully put him back together again.

"Turn over."

Shane follows the order instantly. He rolls onto his stomach and then pushes up onto his knees, bowing his chest down onto the bed in a filthy imitation of one of his yoga poses. Ilya groans behind him.

"Fuck. Look at you, sweetheart. So fucking perfect for me."

"*Ilya.*"

His hand flies through the air, connecting with Shane's ass in a way that makes him groan. The sound of skin on skin is loud, and erotic, and it makes Shane drip onto the sheets beneath him.

Ilya spans him once more, on the other side, and then he rubs his hockey-calloused palms over Shane's ass to soothe the sting. Shane arches his back, whimpers, silently begging Ilya for more. For his mouth, or fingers, or cock. He'd take anything at all, so long as Ilya is touching him.

He feels movement behind him, then there's a mouth on the back of his neck.

Ilya kisses him there, and then makes his way down Shane's back. Like he'd done with his chest, he licks and sucks and bites his way down, his hands and mouth never straying away from Shane's skin.

"Gonna taste you, angel," Ilya murmurs.

And - *oh*.

Shane bites down on the pillow to stop himself from crying out.

Ilya flattens his tongue against him, licking a long stripe over Shane's hole. He groans, and Shane can feel the vibrations travel all through his body. Ilya is, *fuck*, so fucking good at that. He works Shane over so agonisingly slowly that he finds himself grinding his ass back onto his face, desperate for more.

Ilya's hands find their way to Shane's waist to hold him in place, right as his tongue burrows inside of him.

He cries out, the pillow not doing much to muffle the sound, and he hears - and feels - Ilya's quiet laughter.

"So sweet for me, aren't you?" Ilya asks, and Shane nods his head but he can't find the words.

He surrenders to the sensation, his body and brain so fuzzy that he almost feels outside of himself. Every time the tip of his dick brushes against the mattress he whines, and Ilya

groans, and the pleasure increases exponentially.

“Ilya. Baby, please, I need - more. Give me more.”

Ilya pulls away, his hands moving to Shane’s lower back to massage it. “What do you want, my angel?”

Shane whines. “You know what I want.”

There’s laughter, then a firm, heavy weight on his back as Ilya leans over the top of him. Shane looks up, sees Ilya’s face hovering above him with a devious glint in those beautiful eyes of his. He takes Shane in - his bleary eyes, and flushed cheeks, and the drool on the pillow from where he’d bitten it - and he smiles.

Ilya leans in to kiss Shane’s freckles, and then his nose, and then his mouth.

“I’ll give you anything if you ask me for it.”

“Please.”

“Use your words, kótik.” *Kitten*. It makes Shane want to bite.

He pays attention to Ilya - the way his hard cock is pressed between Shane’s crease, the way his lips are bitten pink, the way his pupils fill his entire irises. And yet he’s still looking at Shane so softly, like he’s the most precious thing in the entire world.

“Your fingers. Need your fingers.”

“Where?” Ilya presses, because he loves to make Shane ask for what he wants. Loves the way Shane’s cheeks burn with the most delicious kind of humiliation.

“Inside me. My hole,” Shane pleads.

Ilya grins and kisses Shane again, slow and languid and absolutely filthy. “Good boy, Shane. So good for me.”

Shane doesn’t remember Ilya getting the lube out of the bedside drawer, but suddenly his slick fingers are pressing at Shane’s hole. He’s already been softened - carefully opened up by Ilya’s mouth and tongue - but the stretch when he slips two fingers straight inside...*fuck*, Shane almost comes.

“That’s it, sweetheart. Feels good, yes? So perfect for me. So fucking good.”

God, Ilya’s mouth. It’s lethal, in more ways than just one. He can bring Shane right to the edge with his words alone, sometimes.

“Baby. Baby - I think I’m gonna-“

“No.”

His words are a command. An absolute. Ilya said no so Shane can't, won't, isn't *allowed* to come. He whimpers, pushes back on Ilya's fingers, trembles as his cock brushes against the damp sheets beneath him.

Shane feels debauched. Absolutely filthy.

Coated in sweat, and spit, and pre-come, he should be vibrating with the need to wash himself clean. Instead, he just wants Ilya to dirty him up even more.

Ilya takes his time working Shane open. He kisses the small of his back, whispers toe-curling praise to him, tugs on Shane's cock to keep him teetering right on the edge. He slips a third finger in eventually, and then finally a fourth, and only when Shane reaches back to still his hand - when he begs and begs for Ilya to fuck him - does he finally remove his fingers.

"Turn back over, my love," Ilya murmurs. "Need to see my husband's pretty face."

Shane obeys.

He loves being fucked on his hands and knees - loves it when Ilya drills into him so thoroughly that he feels it for days afterwards. But there's nothing like being on his back, having Ilya lock eyes with him as he sinks inside.

Ilya grins when he rolls over. He immediately touches his stomach, the tips of his fingers brushing against Shane's leaking dick as he pushes his hands up to his chest. He squeezes Shane's pecs like they're a pair of tits, then dips down to kiss him. His mouth, his jaw, his throat, his collar bones.

Shane gasps when Ilya sinks his teeth into his chest. "*Ilya*."

"It's okay, sweetheart. I'll take care of you, yes? You can be good for me, I know you can."

Shane nods his head. Yes, *yes*, he can be good for Ilya. He can be whatever Ilya needs him to be.

Two arms loop around his thighs, pushing them towards his chest to expose his hole.

Through bleary, tear-filled eyes, Shane looks down between his legs. He wants to watch - wants to see as Ilya lines his cock up and pushes inside of him.

Shane whimpers. The pressure is divine. Ilya goes so slow that it feels torturous, burying himself into Shane inch by glorious inch. When he finally bottoms out, when his hips are flush against Shane's and he's panting into his open mouth, Shane feels so perfectly full. It's like there's no room left inside of him for anything other than Ilya. His husband.

"Shane. Fuck."

"Move, baby. Please. I need you."

Ilya kisses him again, sloppy and lazy and delirious with pleasure. It makes Shane's toes curl, makes him rock his hips upwards to jostle Ilya inside of him. Both of them groan at the feel

of it.

“I’ll give you what you need, Shane. Do you trust me?”

Shane nods. “Yes. Yes, of course.”

“Good boy,” Ilya whispers.

Then he sits back on his heels, repositions Shane’s thighs, and really starts to fuck him.

He begins slow, pulling almost all of the way out before carefully pressing back in. The pace is torturous, and only when Shane is close to tears - when he’s begging for more - does he pick it up.

He curls his hand around Shane’s leaking cock, stroking him as he fucks into him, and the pleasure is so absolute that - for a moment - Shane can’t breathe. He whines, cries out, begs even though he doesn’t really know what he’s asking for. Just harder, deeper, *more*. More of Ilya, always, however he can get him.

Shane’s hands are everywhere - in Ilya’s hair, on his face, scratching at his chest and back and shoulders. His husband is going to look like he’s been mauled, and Shane is glad for it.

Proud that everyone will know Ilya is owned.

When Ilya lets go of Shane’s dick he whines like he’s going to die. Ilya just laughs, low and mean, as he folds his body over Shane’s and burrows even deeper inside of him. Shane groans, something deep and guttural, and Ilya takes hold of his wrists and presses them down on either side of his head.

“Don’t move,” Ilya tells him. Shane just nods in understanding.

“Ilya,” he says, just to say it. Just to taste his husband’s name in his mouth.

And then it’s Ilya’s tongue in his mouth, and his hand around Shane’s aching cock, but only for a moment. Ilya pulls back far too soon, and Shane goes to reach for him before he remembers that he was told not to move. He slams his hands back down on the pillow, glancing up at Ilya with wide eyes.

He grins. “Good boy, Shane. So perfect for me. You listen so well, my love.”

The words drip from his mouth like honey, sliding over Shane’s skin hot, and sweet, and sticky.

He rocks into him hard, deep, and Shane arches off the bed with a gasp as Ilya hits that perfect spot inside of him. Shane’s vision goes blurry around the edges, and his mouth drops open as he babbles incoherently.

“Look at me,” Ilya tells him.

Shane hadn't realised he'd closed his eyes, but they fly open at the command. Ilya is smiling down at Shane as he rubs the tip of his dick with two of his fingers, and then swipes them through the pre-come that has pooled on Shane's trembling abs.

"Open up for me, angel."

He brings his fingers up to Shane's mouth right as he drops it open, tongue out, waiting. He touches the tips of his fingers to Shane's lips first, then his tongue, and Shane hums contentedly when he tastes the mix of Ilya's skin and his own flavour. Then Ilya pushes down harder and further, sliding his fingers back into Shane's throat as he continues to nudge against his prostate.

It's all too much.

The pleasure of Ilya stretching him open and the weight of his body pressing down on Shane. The way his head goes fuzzy when he suckles on Ilya's fingers. The way he feels so entirely, completely surrounded by his husband. The love of his life.

Tears leak from the corners of his eyes and roll down his cheeks as the world around him disappears, narrowing down to just this very moment - just the two of them.

Ilya's fingers slide out of Shane's mouth. He whimpers and tries to chase them, tries to take them back inside, but Ilya curls them around Shane's throat instead. Not squeezing, just holding. He leans close - Shane's cock trapped between their chests - and he looks Shane right in his eyes as he takes him apart.

Shane sticks his tongue out like a dog, and Ilya dips down to suck it into his mouth.

He's so close. So fucking close he feels like he's floating.

"Let go for me, angel. I've got you," Ilya murmurs. "You're mine, yes? My sweet boy."

Shane cries out. "Yes. Yes, m'yours, Ilya."

"That's right, sweetheart. You are mine, and I am yours."

And that does it.

Those words - *I am yours* - slip from Ilya's lips, and send Shane straight over the edge and into oblivion. It's white-hot heat, and screaming pleasure. Ilya fucks him all the way through it, muttering dirty praise to Shane as he follows him into bliss, trembling as he spills inside of Shane.

For a moment, his vision goes white.

He feels Ilya's hand stroking his cheek, his lips peppering tiny little kisses over every inch of Shane's face. It makes him smile, and he turns into the affection to savour it.

When he finally opens his eyes, Ilya is looking down at him like...*fuck*.

He's looking down at Shane like he's just found god. Like he's found the only thing on this earth worth worshipping, and he never wants to let it go. It's a heady feeling, to be looked at like that - like you're the most important person in the world to someone. Shane loves it. He feels honoured that Ilya thinks he's worthy of that kind of devotion.

"You with me, kótik?" Ilya asks softly.

Shane nods his head and hums quietly. "Always."

Ilya's face lights up with a smile so beautiful it makes Shane's chest ache. He reaches up a hand, brushes the curls out of Ilya's eyes, then pulls him down for a kiss.

"You're okay?"

Shane laughs, wincing slightly as Ilya's softening dick moves inside of him. He doesn't want him to pull out yet, though. Wants to keep him close just a little longer.

"I'm perfect, baby. Thank you."

Ilya kisses his nose, and Shane scrunches it up as he laughs.

"I love you," Ilya says, his eyes sharp and his tone serious. "So much, Shane. More than I even know what to do with sometimes."

"I know. I love you, too," he promises. "And I'm sorry for earlier. For--"

"No. No, is okay. You don't have to apologise."

"I was a little crazy," Shane confesses with a grimace. Ilya laughs, quiet and carefree.

He likes jealous Shane. Likes it when he gets possessive, and stakes his claim, and lets everyone know who the fuck Ilya belongs to. But...but tonight wasn't that. It was Shane getting in his head about something stupid - a problem he'd made up and bought into, all because a complete stranger hit on his husband.

And, worst of all, his doubt had hurt Ilya.

"I like you crazy," Ilya says, nipping at Shane's jaw. "I just don't like it when you doubt yourself."

"I don't know where it came from, just. You always call me boring and--"

"*Shane*," Ilya says, devastated. Absolutely heartbroken.

"No, no, baby," Shane says instantly, cupping his cheek to soothe him. "I like it when you say it."

He does, because he knows what Ilya means when he calls Shane boring. It means he's steady, safe. It means Ilya never has to doubt Shane's love for him, or worry that it could be taken away. Boring means their beautiful, happy, *secure* life together. Boring means forever.

“He just...said it different.”

Ilya frowns. Shane rubs at the furrow between his eyebrows.

“No more listening to what people say about our relationship. Especially strangers.” He kisses Shane sweetly. “And no more talking about other men when I am still inside you. Or ever.”

Shane laughs, easy, and honest, and the most relaxed he’s been since they walked into that bar. Because Ilya knows him better than anyone - knows what winds him up and what stresses him out, what makes him laugh, what makes him preen. He knows Shane inside and out, and he’s loved every single version of him since they were nineteen years old. So he thinks, maybe, he’s the luckiest person in the world.

To love, and be loved by, Ilya Rozanov? It’s a pretty special thing.

“Deal,” he agrees, and seals it with a kiss.

Later, when they’re showered, clean, and tucked up in bed, Shane rests his head over Ilya’s heartbeat.

It’s his favourite way to fall asleep.

It’s been years, now, since the Centaurs’ plane almost went down with Ilya on it. Years since Shane felt like his heart was being ripped out of his body by the bony hands of grief. It still haunts them sometimes, though. It still makes them appreciate everything that they have built together - everything they have fought to keep - and reminds them to never take it for granted.

Shane listens to the steady thrum of his heart as Ilya cards his fingers through Shane’s hair. The moment is as perfect as it gets, and Shane still feels so overwhelmingly in love with him, even after all this time. Still catches glimpses of his husband and almost loses his breath. Still watches him in awe while he sleeps, or as he wakes, or when he grumbles about the rookies’ memes in the groupchat that he doesn’t understand.

And yeah, Shane thinks, Ilya was right: every single thing his husband does is attractive.

He’s obsessed with him. An embarrassing, insane amount. He can’t wait to spend forever loving him.

“I love you, Ilya,” he whispers into the quiet.

“I love you, too,” Ilya promises. “You were made for me. You could never not be enough.”

End Notes

a rare smutty fic from me to you

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