

pretty in blue

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pretty in blue

by [masterassassin](#)

Summary

Shane huffs out a breath, drops his hands to his side. He nods at his own reflection, determined now.

“Just fucking do it, dude.”

or

Shane secretly wears a pair of pretty lace panties under his jeans.

Notes

It may be Hudson's birthday but you're getting the present!

Another fic written in a day because I'm still as insane about Hollanov as I was two weeks ago.

This fic is directly inspired by [this one post](#) I saw and couldn't stop thinking about. I hope you enjoy!

Shane doesn't know how long he stands in front of the full-length mirror, staring at himself.

His skin is flushed, right from the tips of his ears down to his bare chest. His toes curl against the cool tiles before he fans them back out again. He has to admit, he chose the colour well, even just from seeing it on the webstore page. The soft, powdery blue contrasts his skin very nicely, though he should have maybe gone up by at least one size. The band of the lace briefs sits quite low on his hips, the elastic stretched around his thighs.

Shane twists around to get a better look at his ass.

A fresh wave of heat swoops through him and makes his stomach flutter—whether with embarrassment or giddiness, he isn't quite sure—as he takes in the way the cutout in the back of the panties goes low enough to show about half of his crack. The tiny bow on the band placed right above it sits like the dot on an i.

The objective part of his brain tells Shane that yes, he does look good like this and when he slides one hand over the soft fabric, the swell of his ass and the bulge where his cock is just barely contained within the largely see-through material, the subjective half tries to join in before self-consciousness has a chance to take over fully.

Shane huffs out a breath, drops his hands to his side. He nods at his own reflection, determined now.

“Just fucking do it, dude.”

He grabs the jeans he brought to the bathroom with him and slides them on before he can change his mind. It's an old pair and maybe the rip in the material could be considered artful if it was anywhere else but right across his right ass cheek—a victim of a sharp-edged fence pole he leapt over one summer years ago. Maybe it's a good thing he never threw them away after all.

Again, Shane turns around to look at his backside in the mirror. The white-washed jeans fabric contrasts very obviously with the blue lace peeking through the gash right above the right back pocket.

“Shane?”

Ilya's voice startles him so bad, Shane actually jumps.

“Everything okay? Did you fall in the toilet?”

“Just getting dressed,” Shane calls through the door, hand pressed over his rapidly beating heart. He grabs the tee that definitely belongs to Ilya and puts it on quickly. It's an oversized fit and while it isn't quite long enough to cover his ass fully, it does hide most of the rip in the jeans. If he doesn't stretch. Or bend over. Or does anything a normal human would do while going about their day. Guess he'll just have to try and turn his ass away from Ilya if he wants to not immediately spoil the surprise. God, he hopes it's a surprise. A good one.

He opens the door and walks straight into his boyfriend's arms.

“For ten minutes?”

“Huh?”

Ilya grabs Shane loosely by the upper arms. “You were getting dressed for ten minutes?” A smile clings to the corner of his lips.

“Sorry,” Shane chuckles, purposefully makes it sound bashful as he ducks his head a little, “got lost in thought.”

Ilya hums, then pushes Shane away at arm’s length to give him a once over. “You haven’t worn these jeans before.” Trust Ilya to notice right away. Shane braces himself for his secret to be out after half a minute, but then Ilya steps back in again and nuzzles along the side of his neck. “I like it when you wear my clothes.” He presses a kiss to the top of Shane’s shoulder, right next to the neckline of his own shirt.

“Oh yeah?” Shane asks cheekily, “I hadn’t noticed.”

“I don’t believe you,” Ilya mumbles and kisses Shane’s jaw, his lips, lingering.

Shane trails his fingers down Ilya’s sides. “Breakfast?”

“Hmh.” But Ilya doesn’t let go of him, instead pushes his hands underneath Shane’s—*his*—shirt, fingertips moving along the band of the jeans, less than an inch away from the hidden lace.

Shane takes a step back, putting some distance between them with a smile. “Come on then.”

It feels like a miracle when, come early afternoon, Ilya still doesn’t seem to have noticed. Shane’s been overly conscious of his lacy secret all morning, to the point that during breakfast there was a moment when he had to very deliberately tense all his muscles to get rid of his semi. The later it got, though, the less careful he started to be about trying to hide his ass from Ilya. After all, the whole point was that Ilya would notice eventually and that it would then lead him to *hopefully* fuck Shane six ways to Sunday.

It’s not only the prospect of what Ilya will do once he finds out, though, that gets Shane a little hot all throughout the day; the feeling of the silk stretched taut over his skin, how it envelops his dick and balls, it’s nice. Shane had admittedly been a bit worried that the texture of the material would bother him too much to keep it on all day, but the opposite is true – the way the lace feels against him whenever he moves and just knowing that he’s wearing it, it turns him on more than he thought it ever could.

As a result, by the time it’s four, Shane is about ready to lose his damn mind. He’s almost sure Ilya has long caught on and is simply toying with him now; there’s just no way he hasn’t spotted the purplish-blue lace at this point.

Shane tells himself he’ll give it another half hour, then—well, he isn’t sure what exactly he’s going to do then, but it’s gonna be something. Else he’ll die. Or maul Ilya. Or at least come in

his pants and ruin a perfectly good pair of lace panties.

Or something.

Fuck.

As it turns out, Shane is saved from going completely mental about ten minutes before his self-imposed deadline.

Ilya is lounging on the couch and when Shane walks past him after returning the PlayStation controllers to their proper spots next to the TV, he catches Shane's hand and then gently pulls him into his lap.

"Hi there, beautiful."

It's a little ridiculous, but despite everything, hearing Ilya call him beautiful still makes Shane blush. He watches as Ilya's eyes follow the redness spread across his cheeks before he traces his thumb over his freckles, resting it against the high point of his cheekbone.

"Who are you calling beautiful?"

"You." The look on Ilya's face is so unabashedly tender Shane almost chokes on it.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

Ilya drops his hands to Shane's hips, and then, probably with the intention of pulling Shane closer, slides them over his ass, on top of his jeans.

The second Ilya freezes, Shane can tell that no, somehow his boyfriend didn't catch on until now to what Shane's done.

"Hollander?"

Shane swears he's *this close* to developing a Pavlovian response to the way Ilya says his last name sometimes.

"Hm?"

"What's this?" Ilya left hand is placed flat across the rip in his jeans. Shane can feel his fingers twitch.

"Don't know what you mean," Shane says, heat coursing through his veins like magma.

"Oh," Ilya says, head tilted up and to the side to regard Shane with a look, eyebrows raised, that just about kills him. He digs his fingers into the torn part of the jeans, hooks his pointer underneath the lace. "No idea, huh?"

“Fuck,” Shane gasps and drops his head on Ilya’s shoulder. His hips twitch, torn between grinding down on Ilya’s crotch and pushing back into his hands.

“Get up.”

“What?” Shane stammers, but Ilya is already pushing him off his lap.

“I said get up, Hollander. Come on, I want to see you!” The whine in Ilya’s voice is all Shane needs to get a move on.

As soon as he stands, Ilya says, “Turn around.”

Shane does.

“Fuck, Hollander.” Ilya’s voice goes straight to Shane’s dick, making it twitch in its confines. He pushes Shane’s shirt up his back at the same time as he hooks a finger into the middle belt loop of the jeans, pulling Shane back a bit. “Have you been wearing these all day?”

“Yes,” Shane chokes out. “Took you long enough to notice.”

Ilya yanks at the belt loop, making Shane flail with nothing to hold on to. Eventually he reaches back to brace himself on Ilya’s shoulder, knees buckling with the way Ilya forces the rough seam of the jeans against his aching cock.

Suddenly, Ilya is standing behind Shane, both hands already working on his flies and before Shane has time to even catch on, his jeans are shoved down to mid-thigh and Ilya is sitting on the couch again.

“Fuck,” Ilya drags out the word, then moulds both hands over Shane’s ass, fingers splayed wide. “That colour is pretty on you.”

“Pretty?” Shane chuckles breathlessly.

Ilya hums and wraps both arms around Shane’s middle. “And I love this part.”

Before Shane can comprehend what’s happening, Ilya’s tongue has found its way between his cheeks, right below the little bow.

“Holy fuck, Ilya!” Again, Shane tries to find purchase in thin air before grabbing on to Ilya’s arms and it takes all his strength to not crash into the coffee table as Ilya shoves his tongue even deeper.

“Ilya, Ilya, I need to—need something to—” Fuck, his knees are actually buckling, and his cock is so hard Shane has no idea how the lace is still able to contain him.

Luckily for the both of them, Ilya catches on to what Shane is trying to say and moves off him.

“Get on the couch,” he instructs.

Shane tries to step out of the jeans. They get stuck on his left foot and he simply leaves it, kneeling up on the couch, facing the back cushions. “Like this?”

“Yes, yes, good.” And then Ilya goes right back to exactly what he was doing before, except this time one of his hands is reaching around to Shane’s front, cupping his dick through the lace.

“Fucking hell,” Shane moans against the couch cushions. He’s leaked so much precome at this point the panties must be soaked. When he bows his head to check, the sight of Ilya’s large hand covering him above the blue lace nearly makes him come on the spot.

It feels like an eternity until Ilya finally tugs the panties down to get better access, but instead of taking them off fully, he just hooks them underneath Shane’s ass, leaving his poor cock trapped within.

“You can—you can rip them. I don’t mind,” Shane pants when Ilya pushes down on his back to make him arch lower, to get his tongue in deeper, and they hear a thread tear.

“I mind.”

“Hm?”

“I don’t want them to get destroyed.” Ilya’s voice has taken on that low, rough edge that always makes Shane’s toes curl, shoots arousal like liquid heat up his spine.

Shane laughs. “Then you’ll have to—have to get me out of them in about a fucking minute or so—oh fuck!”

“That so?” Ilya asks.

Shane moans and Ilya seems to take it as answer enough.

“Okay.”

He makes Shane stand up again, helps him get his foot untangled from the jeans and then slides the panties down his thighs with a look in his eyes like he wants to devour Shane whole. It’s only Shane’s own quick thinking and the ring of his thumb and forefinger squeezed hard around the base of his cock that stops his orgasm right then.

Shane has no idea when Ilya lost his tank top, but he’s left in sweats and nothing else, and if the enormous tent in his pants didn’t already betray his composure to a hilarious degree, the urgency with which he scrambles around the room for a condom and lube sure would have.

Once he’s found everything, he returns to the couch, shedding his sweatpants while walking before plopping down and pulling Shane back into his lap, face to face. Ilya doesn’t waste any time popping open the tube of lube. He coats two fingers and reaches around Shane, slick fingers tracing down Shane’s crack.

“Ready?”

Shane nods, “Yes,” and his moan as Ilya pushes the first digit in is swallowed by the near bruising, open mouthed kiss he presses to his lips.

Not daring to touch his own cock, Shane buries both hands in Ilya’s hair, carding his fingers through the blond curls. Their kiss only breaks for a moment when Ilya moves back to ask if he can add a second finger and Shane nods enthusiastically.

Eventually, Shane turns his head to the side, panting. Ilya keeps kissing along his jaw, his cheek, the side of his neck, and if Shane let himself, he knows he could come like this.

“I’m ready,” he says instead, wanting to finally feel Ilya inside. “Need you.”

“Okay.” Ilya presses another kiss to his lips and then gently removes his fingers.

Shane grabs the lube, squeezes some of in onto his own hand and slides back on Ilya’s lap to wrap his hand around his flushed cock.

The first touch of Shane’s fingers on Ilya’s dick draws a grunt from his lips and Shane watches as Ilya closes his eyes, teeth sinking into his bottom lip as Shane strokes him a few times.

“Okay, okay, is enough.”

Shane gets up on his knees, thighs quivering, Ilya lines them up and when Shane sinks down, he can’t help but tip his head back, drawn out moans echoing through the room.

“Fuck!” Ilya’s hands are on Shane’s hips and Shane leans forward, bracing himself on Ilya’s shoulders.

It doesn’t take long for them to get into a fast-paced rhythm, Shane’s forehead is now pressed against Ilya’s shoulder, he’s reduced to mumbling nonsense and when Ilya finally, *finally* takes hold of Shane’s cock, his hand is wrapped in silky fabric.

“Oh, fuck!” Shane curses, forcing his eyes open to take in the sight between them. “I guess that means you like my little surprise?”

Ilya groans. “Like? You’re killing me dead, Hollander. Fuck!”

Shane grins, his eyes following a drop of sweat roll down Ilya’s temple before he leans in, tracing after it with his tongue. “Come for me, Ilya.” He clenches his ass. “Please...”

“Fuck!”

Ilya comes almost on command, entire body shaking apart as he moans through his orgasm. All the while he never stops stroking Shane off with the briefs still wrapped around his fingers and it’s only in the very last second that he throws them aside, saving them from getting covered in Shane’s come.

“Holy fucking shit,” Shane mumbles five minutes later. Neither of them have moved even an inch and it’s only now that Ilya nudges Shane to lift his hips so he can slip out of him.

Shane grimaces when he hears Ilya drop the tied off condom to the floor without a care in the world.

“You’ll pick that up. And wipe the floor.” His words come out muffled, face still smushed against Ilya’s skin.

Ilya sighs fondly. “Yes, I will.” He can hear his exasperated eyeroll.

Shane hums, snuggling against Ilya’s chest even more. He could fall asleep like this. In fact, he’s already dozing off, happy, sated and warm.

“Hey.” A nudge. “Hollander.” Another one.

Shane grumbles, arms wrapping around Ilya like an octopus.

“You’re crushing me.”

“Am not.”

Ilya chuckles. Shane feels him press a kiss to the top of his hair. “Time for shower.”

“When have you ever been reasonable before? Ugh.” But Shane lets himself be pushed upright anyway.

“We are very sticky and I know you will be annoyed with me later if I let you fall asleep like this now.” Ilya catches Shane’s hand and presses a kiss to his palm.

“Okay. Fine. God, it’s like you know me or something.” Shane holds out a hand and pulls Ilya up as well.

“Hm, Mister Gentleman.” Ilya pecks Shane on the lips.

Shane closes his eyes, letting himself fall against Ilya. They sway in place for a moment, then Ilya squeezes Shane’s ass with one hand and takes a step back.

“Come.”

Shane grins lopsidedly at him, one eye still squeezed shut. “Already did that.”

“Oh my god, why do I love you? Remind me again.”

“I don’t know,” Shane sighs. “I’m handsome, talented, have good manners...”

Ilya pinches him in the left pec. “Don’t forget boring.”

Shane squirms away with a laugh. “I bring you great presents.”

“Oh hm, is that so?”

“Yes.” Shane draws out the s in a hiss.

“Like these?” Ilya is holding up the lace briefs.

“Exactly.”

Ilya rounds Shane until he’s standing right behind him and then starts walking them both towards the bathroom. “We better soak these in cold water right away then. Don’t want them to get ruined.”

Shane holds on to Ilya’s lower arms where they’re looped around him, head tipped back against his shoulder. “You can ruin me any day.”

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