

The Piercing

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The Piercing

by [dntat](#)

Summary

After a night of drunken shenanigans with Rose, Shane wakes up with a horrible hangover, a Page Six feature, and a ring in his face.

Thankfully, Ilya is ready to sooth his embarrassment away. Kind of. Sort of. Mostly. Not really.

Notes

Thank you to the HL discord for letting me run with this idea!

Shoutout to [shanehollandertwentyfour](#) and [princebutt](#) for your suggestions and cheering in the docs and a massive thank you to [EchoOfaWind](#) for diving in deep to help with flow and structure and wrangling my excessive use of commas.

And of course no studio would actually allow a drunk client to get a piercing, but this is ~fanfiction~

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

SUNDAY MORNING

Shane came back to the world slowly.

There were several sensations all warring for his attention, and none of them were good. He had a massive headache. His mouth was a dry, disgusting wasteland. There was an overall feeling of nausea and discomfort running throughout his body. And perhaps most alarmingly, his face was pressed against some sort of horrible, scratchy material of unknown origin and unappealing smell.

He pried his eyes open and immediately regretted it, letting out a low groan as the sun's hateful rays stabbed directly into his retinas. The act of looking, however, did allow him to discover that he was currently lying shirtless on the floor in what appeared to be a hotel room, with his legs tangled in a duvet. That was as much as he could take in before he closed his eyes, succumbing to the sweet relief of darkness once more.

As he lay there, he heard another groan. That got him to open his eyes again. Wincing, he attempted to angle his face in the direction of the noise. The movement made him want to throw up. Really, every breath he took made him want to throw up.

"Rose? Is that you?" he finally rasped out.

"Unfortunately, yes," Rose replied. Her usually melodic voice was rough and scratchy, like she had swallowed gravel.

"What *happened* last night?"

"I have no memory of it," Rose groaned. She really did sound terrible. Shane felt a flicker of petty comfort knowing that he wasn't suffering alone, which was quickly drowned out by the dread pooling in his gut.

"I can't remember anything either," he replied, his voice rising with his anxiety. "What was in those drinks?"

They'd attended the premiere for Rose's latest summer blockbuster together. Shane hadn't wanted to go to the afterparty, but Rose had insisted they show face. Vague, blurry memories came to him, of one drink turning into two, then three, then... whatever this was.

"Based on how I'm feeling now, apparently a lot of fucking alcohol," Rose replied.

Shane attempted to sit up. That sent a fresh wave of nausea coursing through him, so he immediately laid back down. This was bad. His face was pressed up against the carpet again and he couldn't even summon the energy to care. And the carpet was where people pressed their shoes! Shoes that stepped in who knows what? Dirty, disgusting things, that was what.

"Do you know where we are?" he asked desperately, needing something to stop him from spiraling about the fucking carpet.

Rose pushed herself up on the couch's armrest and squinted around at the decor. "I think we're still at the hotel where the afterparty was," she said. "The studio probably booked a suite of rooms."

"At least that means we didn't go out into public completely wasted," Shane said, relieved. The last thing he needed was more media speculation about their relationship.

The silence from the couch after that statement should have been his first warning that something was amiss. But instead of heeding it, Shane attempted to force his body to get up and drink a glass of water. He was usually very good at making himself do things he didn't necessarily *want* to do. One did not have Ilya Rozanov in their bed and still leave to go on runs every morning without a certain level of discipline. Although he would grant himself some leeway for not hitting his usual standards today, the situation being what it was.

He was so focused on this monumental task that he almost missed Rose saying his name.

"Shane? Shane, are you listening? You're going to want to see this. It's funny but also... not funny."

The sentence was unnerving enough to give him the strength to roll over. Rose was staring at him from the edge of the couch. Her hair, Shane was vaguely amused to see, was in complete disarray, sticking out in all directions. He was so used to her looking extremely put together; it was kind of nice to see the other side. Blinking away those distracted thoughts, he met her eyes. "What? What is it?" he croaked.

Wordlessly, she handed her phone over to him. It was open to the Page Six website. Shane stared, momentarily unable to comprehend what he was seeing. He blinked, and it clicked into place. There he was, out on the streets of LA with a barefoot Rose on his back, her heels clutched in her hand. Shane could vaguely recall thinking, early on in the night, that her shoes had not looked comfortable. He supposed he was right on that one. Looking back at their faces, he sighed. They were wearing identical, undeniably wasted grins. The headline, boring in its predictability, screamed: *ROSE LANDRY AND SHANE HOLLANDER - OFF AGAIN... ON AGAIN?* Beneath, in smaller text, read: *And what about Ilya Rozanov?* This was followed by an old photo of Shane and Ilya glaring at each other at a press function. Shane squinted at the photo. That really hadn't been his best haircut.

"Shane?" Rose's voice cut through the useless fog of thoughts crowding his brain.

"Fuck, yes, sorry. Goddamnit," he groaned. "I'm sorry, Rose. I didn't want to get this started up again."

"It's okay," Rose said. "All press is good press and all that. And it isn't terrible to be linked to a gorgeous hockey player." She hesitated. "Do you think Ilya's already seen it?"

Shane groaned again. "I'm sure he has," he said.

He sat up again, this time ignoring the pain in his head as he began to look for his phone. It took him a moment to realize he still had his pants on. And then, yes thank god, his phone was in his pocket. Unlocking it, he frowned at the screen. It was open to his call log, where

he saw several outgoing calls to Ilya, all unanswered. Ignoring that for the moment, he swiped to his messages. Just as he feared, there they were. Texts from Ilya. Laying back down, he braced himself for the inevitable teasing that would come from his husband.

[Sunday, July 20, 8:02am] Ilya: Sounds like you had a very good time last night.

[Sunday, July 20, 8:07am] Ilya: I have already sent the photos to the team group chat. They are all very impressed to learn that I am in a throuple with Rose Landry.

[Sunday, July 20, 8:12am] Ilya: You are probably dying right now.

[Sunday, July 20, 8:13am] Ilya: Get up and drink water.

Well. That wasn't so bad.

Then Shane Hollander, top-scoring NHL center, three-time Stanley Cup winner, once-in-a-lifetime generational talent, dropped his phone on his face.

“Ow, fuck,” he whined. He brought his fingers to his throbbing nose.

Wait.

“Rose!” He called, panic spiking in his voice. “What is wrong with my nose?”

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MONDAY AFTERNOON

Shane had never truly done a walk of shame before. Sure, he had scurried out of Ilya’s hotel rooms, or apartment building, more times than he could count, but this – trudging through the airport terminal with his baseball cap pulled low and sunglasses on – felt very close to finally checking that square in his list of life experiences he had never quite gotten around to completing when he was supposed to.

The sight of Ilya in the arrivals bay sent a wave of relief through him. Pulling his sunglasses off, Shane fell into his waiting arms and pressed his cheek into the familiar, solid warmth of his husband’s chest. He was too exhausted to care that people were staring, and taking photos. He just needed a hug.

Ilya’s broad frame enveloped him, and his hand ran across Shane’s back and up his neck, gently tangling into his hair. “How are you feeling, moya lyubov?” he asked, a teasing lilt in his voice.

Shane just buried his face deeper, inhaling the familiar scent that was purely Ilya. “Please,” he mumbled. “Can we go home?”

“Of course,” Ilya soothed, stroking his hair. Shane removed his face from his husband’s wonderfully muscular chest and gave him a weak smile.

Staring up at him as he was, Shane had a front row seat to watch Ilya's expression shift from fond amusement to something entirely darker as his eyes narrowed in on the change to Shane's face.

Shane could feel the blush starting to take over his cheeks. "Oh. Right. That. I, uh... didn't know how to tell you this." He took a breath. "Apparently, at some point, I... got my nose pierced." The hot flush was reaching his ears now. "I want to take it out but I need a professional to open the hoop and I couldn't face the world yesterday, and then this morning I had to catch the flight. I'll get it taken out as soon as possible."

Ilya raised a hand, his finger hovering for a moment before he gently traced the small silver hoop. His eyes met Shane's again as he shot him the crooked half-smile that never failed to devastate him.

"No," Ilya said. "Do not take it out. I love it."

Shane's eyes went wide. "Really?"

"Yes, really," Ilya confirmed. His gaze went back to the small decoration. "Now, let us go. There are too many people watching, and many things I want to do to you."

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MONDAY EVENING

Although his brain was very interested in learning more about what Ilya wanted to do to him, Shane's body won out. He was asleep in the passenger's seat before they hit the highway and only stirred awake when the car came to a stop in their driveway.

Ilya grabbed Shane's bag, ushering him towards the door. "Go. Take a shower."

Shane gave him a kiss on the cheek, relieved. Though he didn't like to think about it, he *was* getting older, and on the rare occasion he overindulged, the hangovers were getting longer. And this had been an overindulgence of massive proportions. The impromptu nap had chased away most of the final aches, but some painkillers and a shower would be just the thing to get him back to normal again.

Normal, besides the hoop through his nose.

Under the shower's hot spray, he cleaned himself everywhere he wanted to be clean and almost forgot about his new decoration. But as he stepped out of the shower, he caught sight of his reflection in the steamy mirror. The small silver ring was all he could see. He leaned closer, going slightly cross-eyed as he tried to get a better look at it. The hoop sat snugly against the right side of his nose. It wasn't... terrible. It actually kind of complimented his face, if he was being honest with himself. He never would have done it sober. But it wasn't terrible.

Wrapped in a towel, he stepped out of the bathroom and was surprised to find Ilya laying on their bed, his back against the headboard. He seemed to be... waiting.

“Everything okay?” Shane asked hesitantly as he stepped closer.

Ilya twisted, taking his feet off the bed and planting them firmly on the floor. “Da. Yes.” He patted his thighs. “Come here.”

Shane went willingly, straddling Ilya’s lap. He gently nuzzled into Ilya’s neck, mindful of his nose ring (His nose ring! His brain was still having trouble processing that) and breathed deeply. This was it. He was finally, truly home.

As Shane cuddled into him, Ilya ran his hands up and down Shane’s arms, into his hair, and across his back. The touch felt different than usual. Intense. Focused. Shane stilled.

“Ilya? You’re sure you’re alright?” he asked tentatively. He knew Ilya liked Rose, and had no problem with their friendship, but the occasional strand of jealousy did pop up every once in a while, even if Ilya would never admit to it.

In one smooth motion, Ilya flipped them so Shane was pinned beneath him on the soft duvet. “I am more than alright,” Ilya murmured in a tone that went straight to Shane’s dick. “It is your nose ring. Is making me very horny for you.”

Shane could feel his body immediately respond to Ilya’s words. The towel between them did nothing to hide his rapidly growing erection, and he knew Ilya could feel it, too.

“I’m... open to hearing more about this,” Shane breathed, his voice already shaky.

“I cannot believe my boring husband got wasted with his movie star girlfriend and got his nose pierced,” Ilya said, lowering his head to kiss the hinge of Shane’s jaw lightly.

“Ex-girlfriend,” Shane corrected weakly.

“Ex-girlfriend,” Ilya murmured as he hovered above Shane, continuing to kiss along his neck. “Although the internet is convinced you have, what is the word? Rekindled your romance.”

“They’re forgetting the minor detail that I am very gay,” Shane managed, twisting to give Ilya more access.

“And that you are very married to me,” Ilya growled, finally grinding his hips down. The sudden friction drew a groan of relief from Shane’s throat.

In one sharp motion, Ilya pulled the towel away, tossing it blindly towards the hamper before grabbing Shane’s cock in one large hand. Shane immediately thrust into his grip, only to let out a whimper when Ilya kept his fingers loose.

“Ilya, please,” Shane whined. He was a little embarrassed to be begging already, but it *had* been days since he’d last seen his husband. The contrast of his own naked body pressing up against Ilya’s fully clothed one wasn’t helping either. It made Shane feel wild and desperate and vulnerable all at once.

Ilya must have seen some of those emotions in Shane’s eyes because he took Shane’s wrists in his other hand and pinned them above his head as he continued his maddingly unsatisfying

handjob.

“Please what, Hollander?” he asked silkily.

“Please, I need more,” Shane gasped out. “Please, Ilya. I need to feel you.”

And what could Ilya do with that request, other than give his husband what he wanted? He crushed his mouth against Shane’s, kissing him deeply. Shane met him with equal fervor, arching against him and rutting his already straining cock against Ilya’s thigh. When they finally broke apart, Ilya quickly pulled off his clothes, throwing them on the floor without care. His eyes never left Shane’s as he grabbed the lube from the nightstand and slicked up his fingers.

Settling himself in between Shane's legs, Ilya allowed himself to take his time preparing his husband, rubbing gentle, teasing circles around his rim even as Shane both cursed and praised him. When Ilya finally slid his first finger in, Shane let out a long, low moan of relief. Much to Shane's frustration, Ilya ignored his aching cock entirely as he continued his slow work, alternating between pressing open mouth kisses and sucking bruises into the apex of Shane’s thighs until he slowly slid another finger in.

Ilya kept them like that for several torturous minutes, until Shane was rocking on his hand, open and desperate, begging and pleading with broken phrases that finally shattered the last thread of Ilya’s tenuous resolve.

Gently pulling his fingers out of Shane, he quickly slicked his cock with more lube before pressing in, sheathing himself in one smooth thrust. He paused for a moment to allow them both to catch their breaths as the back of Shane's thighs met the front of his own.

It was always overwhelming entering Shane. Always so hot and tight and perfect. Sometimes Ilya still had trouble believing that Shane would allow him this intimacy. That he would grant him this closeness. It was the greatest gift he had ever been given. He didn’t think he would ever get used to it. He never *wanted* to get used to it.

As he waited for them both to adjust, he touched Shane’s nose ring once more. “Takovoy krasivyy,” he murmured. *So beautiful*. “My rebellious Shane.”

After a few slow thrusts, Shane’s heels began digging into his back. Spurred on, Ilya obeyed, setting a fast rhythm, and their world narrowed down to how their bodies worked together.

Ilya couldn’t tear his gaze away from the beautiful man beneath him. His eyes moved across Shane’s face, from the sweat beading on his temple, to where he was biting his lip, to the scattering of freckles across his cheekbones, to his dark eyes, hazy with need and lust, and between it all, returned over and over to the small silver hoop in his nose.

The intense, focused attention set Shane on edge, pushing him to the brink faster than he expected. “Oh god, Ilya. Holy shit. I’m so close. I’m so fucking close. Please, Ilya,” Shane cried, wrapping a hand around his cock.

“Yes, come for me,” Ilya gritted out. It only took a few strokes of his hand before Shane was coming, shooting across his stomach and chest. He clenched around Ilya, who followed him over the edge moments later with a groan of Shane’s name as he spilled deep inside him.

They lay tangled together as their breath slowly returned to normal.

“You’re amazing,” Shane murmured, enjoying the comforting weight of Ilya on top of him. “I missed you. You always know how to make me feel so good.”

Ilya, always reluctant to separate, waited until he began to grow soft before he pulled out. Sitting back, he gazed down at Shane’s spent form before running a hand down his chest, clearing away some of the evidence of his release. Wiping his palm on the bed, he cut Shane off before he could say anything. “I will wash it later, Hollander. I am not done with you yet.” And then he was moving down the bed, pushing Shane’s thighs apart.

Shane, boneless, spent, and reassured about the situation with the sheets, watched through half-lidded eyes as Ilya stared down at him. There was a time when he had been embarrassed to be seen like this. To be so utterly exposed. But now he knew how much the sight of him, fucked out and leaking, riled up a possessive passion in his husband. So he simply relaxed as Ilya stared, intent and captivated, at his own release spilling out of Shane and onto the rumpled sheets.

“Fuck, Hollander,” Ilya breathed. And then before Shane knew what was happening, Ilya bent his head and licked a broad, hot stripe through the mess.

“Holy shit, Ilya,” Shane gasped, his hips jerking involuntarily. The feel of Ilya’s tongue on his sensitive hole was almost overwhelming and wrenched another weak twitch from his spent cock. Ilya shot Shane a quick grin before he licked him again, and again, cleaning Shane slowly. Shane couldn’t believe how much he liked this. How much he *loved* it. He gasped and squirmed under Ilya’s touch, letting his legs fall wide as he surrendered to the feeling of being completely known and fiercely, fiercely loved.

When Ilya finished and shifted back up the bed, Shane grabbed him and kissed him hard. He tangled his fingers in Ilya’s curls, pulling him closer, enjoying the taste of Ilya in his own mouth.

“I fucking love you,” Shane gasped when they finally broke apart.

Ilya gently kissed Shane’s cheeks and forehead and eyes. “I love you too,” he said. He kissed the tip of Shane’s nose, then added conversationally: “Did you know that this is the least embarrassing thing you did on your trip?”

Shane gave him a confused look, and Ilya grinned. “You called me many times, and left me many voicemails, Hollander. Apparently you missed me very much.” His lopsided smile widened as horror dawned on Shane’s face.

“Oh my god.” Shane was turning a spectacular shade of pink as the memories flooded back.

"I have them all saved," Ilya said. "We can listen together. My favourite one is when you yelled to all of LA about how much you love my cock."

A strangled groan escaped Shane, and he dragged a pillow over his face. "I did not."

"Do not worry, moy malen'kiy krolik," Ilya laughed. *My little bunny*. He pulled the pillow from Shane's face. "Is cute how happy you are to be married to me."

Shane rolled his eyes with a huff. "It's so great to have such a loving and supportive husband."

Ilya kissed Shane's nose once more. "I know," he said. "You are very lucky." He brushed his thumb across Shane's freckled cheekbone. "But," he added, a faint grin touching his lips, "I am still keeping the recordings. Will be fun to play for your parents during our next visit."

Shane glared at him. "You wouldn't."

Ilya's grin only grew wider, and Shane sagged back against the pillows in apparent defeat. "I'm going to get cleaned up," he muttered.

Ilya's smirk was instant. "What is there left to clean?"

Ignoring him, Shane pushed himself off the bed. But instead of heading to the bathroom, he spun on his heel and lunged across the bed, reaching for Ilya's phone. It was a desperate move, but he was a desperate man.

Laughter filled the room as Ilya easily intercepted Shane, catching him around the waist and hauling him back down onto the bed. He pinned him firmly and smiled down at his squirming husband. "Just for that," he murmured, "I will share them with the team, too."

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[Sunday, July 20, 12:23am] Ilya's voicemail: Ilyaaaaa! It's me. Your husband. Shane. And guess what I did? I just got my NOSE PIERCED! Rose says you're going to eat me alive if I get it done so I HAD to do it cause I LOVEEE when you eat me out. *(There is the muffled sound of Rose screaming with laughter in the background)* And Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, I am so glad you're my husband. I still can't believe you're mine sometimes. I mean, you're Ilya fucking Rozanov. I bet everyone is so jealous that I get to suck your beautiful, perfect dick— *(There is more screaming from Rose, then: "SHANE, WE ARE IN PUBLIC!" and the call cuts off)*.

End Notes

Kudos and comments are like skating on fresh ice. Nothing feels as good.

You can also shout about Hollanov with me on [tumblr](#) or [Instagram](#).

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