

Lady-Like

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Lady-Like

by [Slagathor99](#)

Summary

“Y-you want me to be a girl?”

Ilya rubbed the base of one of his thumbs with the other. Seeing Ilya’s shyness so plainly made Shane’s nose twitch.

“No, not all the time,” Ilya said after a moment. “And not if you don’t want to. Never if you don’t want to. I just . . . I think about it, sometimes.”

Ilya loves his life and his husband. But lately, he's found himself missing girls. Luckily, Shane is happy to indulge this fantasy.

Notes

Thank you for reading!

This is the first thing I've written for this fandom, so I'm sorry if it sucks. It's kind of a mix of book and show canon based solely on vibes, and I apologize for any resulting confusion.

I hope you enjoy!

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

Something was wrong with Ilya.

He'd been weirdly quiet for days, not making any jokes about Shane's yoga routine or his protein smoothies or even his attempt to forgo coffee in favor of green tea (not that it was working, but still). Ilya was still doting on Anya, of course, but had given up his three-month-long quest of finding a handbag that she'd be willing to sit in so Ilya could take her to the movies or to dinner or wherever else. Weirder still was that Ilya'd been waking up earlier than Shane, running longer than him, and heading to bed hours earlier than Shane's admittedly stupid 10 p.m. bedtime.

The sex was still perfect, of course. Shane was pretty sure he hadn't come so much, so regularly, since he and Ilya had first gone to the cottage together. This summer, Ilya was propositioning Shane two, three, sometimes four times a day. On the porch, in their living room, in the attic while Shane was trying to find an electric kettle, in the goddamn backseat of Ilya's new Aston Martin.

But something was wrong, still. Ilya was so quiet when they fucked, not making any noises until he came with quiet grunts. It wasn't like Ilya was usually a screamer or anything, but he generally at least sighed or groaned or teased Shane.

"Everything okay?" Shane asked, late one night in the stickiest week of August. Ilya'd just finished cleaning him up, running a warm washcloth between his legs, over his stomach, around his chest where Ilya'd finished.

"Why wouldn't it be?" Ilya said lightly. "Was good, yes?"

"Course. You're just . . . quiet." Shane pushed himself onto one elbow to try to look at Ilya, but Ilya was already standing, wiping his softening cock up with the same cloth. A curl was stuck to his forehead with sweat, and Shane couldn't help but smile lazily at him.

"I'm fine," Ilya shrugged. "Preseason starts soon. In my head, maybe."

Shane pushed himself up into a sitting position, trying to keep his expression smooth. "You're talking to Galina, right?"

Ilya rolled his eyes and leaned down to smack a kiss on Shane's forehead. "Yes, Mother, I am. I'm fine. Is not anything."

Shane swallowed, not missing how Ilya's eyebrows were knitted together.

"Okay," Shane finally decided. "Let me know, okay?"

Ilya sighed through his nose. "I know. Stop worrying, *moy pchelovod*. Now, I'm going to shower. Join me?"

Something was wrong with Ilya.

His life was as perfect as possible. He was in the cottage with Shane, like he'd been almost all summer. They'd fixed the A/C so Ilya wasn't sweating through his boxers anymore. Shane had been getting into stir-fries, and they were pretty good. Better than his kale phase, at least. Shane's hair was long enough for Ilya to try (and fail) to braid, now, and he was wearing his glasses more. Ilya'd found a new running trail, he'd taught Anya to shake hands, and he could almost swim to Yuna and David's cottage without needing a break to back float.

His meds were working, his weekly video calls with Galina had become monthly at her suggestion, and he'd stopped dreaming as vividly and violently about his mother.

Things should have been perfect.

But they weren't, because Ilya was greedy. Shane was a walking fucking wet dream in every sense. Plush ass, eager mouth, wanting hands, vibrant blush, and those fucking freckles. And Ilya loved fucking him beyond any sense of reason, would never stop if he didn't need to do stupid things like eat or drink or piss.

Yet Ilya still *wanted*. He hadn't wanted like this since before Shane was his, when he'd had to endure headline after headline about Shane and Rose fucking Landry. He wanted Shane now, of course, but lately, Ilya's fantasies had become . . . different.

Shane's thick thighs attached to wider hips. His generous chest filled out a bit more, enough to make the already nice handfuls overwhelming. His smooth belly giving way to a slick opening, wet and ready for Ilya.

It was horrible, plainly. Ilya loved how masculine Shane was, loved the scrape of stubble when they kissed before Shane shaved for the day. Ilya loved the breadth of his shoulders, the cording in his forearms. He loved Shane's dick, how it would go such an angry red when he wanted Ilya. Fuck, Ilya loved Shane's balls, how well they fit in his mouth, how they would draw up tight when he was close.

And Ilya was bisexual, yes, but he was (very fucking happily) married to a man. He shouldn't want women, still. He shouldn't think about eating them out, the way his tongue could slide so fucking wetly between waiting lips. He shouldn't think about watching tits jiggle in his face as a woman rode him.

He shouldn't wake up in the middle of the night, panting and achingly hard, from a dream about a woman with long, dark hair and a smattering of freckles, rubbing her clit as she pushed Ilya's cock between her thick thighs.

Ilya'd been trying to get it out of his system. He loved *Shane*, damn it. So they'd been fucking somehow more than they would normally, Ilya dreamily losing himself in Shane's gorgeous fucking body. And it was plenty of fucking fun, of course it was, having Shane anywhere and everywhere.

But tonight, the way Shane had looked so fucking *sweetly* at Ilya as Ilya cleaned him up, asking what was wrong and what Ilya needed, had him feeling fucking nauseated with guilt.

Even now, the spray of the shower beating down on him and Shane plastered against Ilya's front, face tucked into Ilya's collarbone, Ilya's stomach was clenching. These fantasies weren't fair to Shane, to all that Shane had sacrificed for Ilya by coming out and leaving his team for Ilya's, risking all of his acclaim and brand deals. It was horrible for Ilya to miss women when Shane was so perfect and so lovely and had risked letting his world be wrenched away from him just by virtue of being a man in love with another man.

Yet Ilya couldn't help it when, early the next morning, he woke up sticky and sweaty and so far from sated, the lasting image from his dream tattooed behind his eyelids.

The woman straddling him in his dream was strong, muscular and thick, with tits just big enough to be a nice handful. She was naked except for a pair of white, lacy panties that did nothing to hide her plentiful ass and dripping pussy. Ilya could see every single one of her sweet freckles and dark eyelashes as she bent to take Ilya in her mouth.

"Fuck," Ilya had moaned in the dream as the girl swallowed him down to the root. "Yes, sweetheart, just like that. Fuck, *Jane*."

Ilya's side of the bed was cool when Shane woke up. There was a towel over it, too, and a scribbled note in Ilya's horrible handwriting.

On run. Will wash when I'm back.

Shane smiled fondly and rolled his eyes. It was ridiculous that Ilya could manage to have a wet dream despite pounding Shane senseless last night. Scientists should study his husband's dick – they could probably solve erectile dysfunction within the year.

Shane stretched lazily, rolling over and rubbing his hand down his face as he padded over to the bathroom. He went through his morning routine half-asleep, peeing and brushing his teeth through cracked-open eyes.

He was pleasantly sore, thighs and hole aching gently as he slid on a pair of sweats and a hoodie. Anya started barking at the front door as Shane rounded the landing to head downstairs, and he smiled. Ilya was home.

Ilya was in the kitchen, leaning over the sink, chugging water straight from the tap. His bare back was sweat-slicked, his hair messy, his skin flushed pink from exertion. Shane watched the loon tattoo on his arm flex as he held himself up over the sink, Shane's cock starting to fatten up against his thigh at just that simple sight.

"Hi," Shane murmured.

Ilya still had his headphones in, and he didn't twitch. Must've had them loud – he hadn't even turned at the sound of Anya's barking.

Shane still shuffled as quietly as possible before throwing his arms around Ilya's waist and pressing his forehead to the nape of Ilya's neck.

Ilya startled badly, nearly bucking Shane back into the island.

“Fuck, Hollander,” he said, too loudly, spinning around. His mouth was sopping wet from drinking from the tap, and beads of sweat were getting caught in the hair around his bear tattoo.

Shane couldn’t keep the shit-eating grin off his face.

“So it’s ‘Hollander’ when I scare you, huh?” Shane said, tucking some hair behind his ear. It was annoying to have it so long, but Ilya liked it, so Shane was happy to keep it.

Ilya’s eyes went wide as he tracked the motion of Shane’s hand, clumsily slamming his hand against the counter when he reached to take his Airpod out.

Shane winced in sympathy. “You okay?”

“Fine,” Ilya said thickly, shaking his hand out. “I wasn’t scared.”

Shane smirked. “You sure?”

“Yes. Russians don’t get scared.”

“Could’ve fooled me,” Shane mumbled, just loud enough for Ilya to hear him. “You want tea?”

Ilya shook his head, sweat-slick curls bouncing. God, he looked so nice like this, all golden in the morning light.

“So,” Shane asked lightly, going to turn on the kettle. “Sleep well?”

Ilya was still panting from his run, but that didn’t hide his sharp intake of breath.

“Fine,” Ilya said stiffly.

“Any dreams?” Shane was all but waggling his eyebrows.

“No. Why?”

“Saw your note about the sheets. You don’t need to be shy, Ilya.”

Shane turned back to see Ilya white-knuckling the counter behind him, his expression eerily still.

“I’m not shy. Was just sweaty since your stupid heat pumps do nothing. I’m used to cold, you know.” Ilya’s voice was sharp, but he was backed against the counter like Shane was cornering him with a knife.

“I thought you liked the heat pumps,” Shane said mildly, holding his hands out like he was demonstrating he wasn’t a threat as he took a half-step toward Ilya. “You picked them out.”

“Should’ve just gotten A/C. We can afford it,” Ilya rumbled, side-stepping away from Shane’s careful approach.

“Are you okay?” Shane asked stupidly. It wasn’t just being startled. Ilya looked . . . nervous, almost.

“Fine. Sweaty.”

Shane decided to let it go, keeping his pace slow as he went for the silverware drawer behind Ilya. His hand brushed Ilya’s bare hip as he reached for the drawer pull, and Ilya recoiled so hard, he kicked Anya’s water bowl halfway across the room with a loud clatter.

Anya started barking as water splattered her, getting Shane and Ilya’s sweats as well. In the midst of the cacophony, Shane caught Ilya swallowing and clenching his fists.

“Jesus,” Shane started, but Ilya was already scooping Anya up and hurrying to the backyard.

“I’m going to put her out until she calms down. I come back to clean,” Ilya said over his shoulder, so brusquely that Shane felt freezing despite Ilya’s complaints of the high temperature.

It felt worse when Ilya was like that the rest of the day, jumping when Shane touched him, twitching when he didn’t. They’d barely made it to two in the afternoon before Shane started to get pissed off.

He’d leaned past Ilya to grab his water bottle from the table, and the contact of Shane’s tricep on Ilya’s knee made him kick so hard he stubbed his toe, hard, on the coffee table.

“*Cyka blyat!*” Ilya cursed, holding his toe. “Fuck!”

“What’s your problem?!” Shane yelled back.

“I stubbed my toe, idiot,” Ilya spat back.

“No,” Shane corrected. “You’re acting fucking weird, man. You’ve been avoiding talking to me for, like, weeks now, and all today you’ve been jumping out of your skin whenever I so much as touch you. What did I do?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Ilya said stubbornly.

“Did I do something wrong?”

“No, Shane, is nothing.”

Shane swatted Ilya’s arm lightly. “Shut up with that shit. What is going on?”

“Nothing. Russian stuff.”

Shane’s stomach clenched. He should have cottoned on – Ilya was always nervous and testy when it came to his family. “Your brother?” Shane prompted.

“He is fine. Is not my family.”

“Then what is it, Ilya?”

Ilya crossed his arms stubbornly. “You wouldn’t understand. It’s cultural.”

Shane rolled his eyes. Ilya only brought up culture stuff when he wanted to obfuscate.

“Ilya, stop being an asshole.”

“Stop being annoying.”

“Fuck off. What’s wrong?”

“You are annoying me.”

Shane could feel a frustrated flush on his cheeks, and he dragged a hand down his face to cool it. It wasn’t working – Ilya’s eyes were locked onto Shane’s ears, his cheekbones, the way he always did when Shane blushed. It was like a homing device for him.

“Sorry,” Ilya said after a moment, tucking his knees up to his chin, childlike. “You just care. That is okay. Is good.”

Shane reached his hand out slowly, deliberately, telegraphing his movements as obviously as possible before wrapping his hand around Ilya’s ankle. Ilya didn’t jump this time, but rather placed his own hand over Shane’s. It was nice, or at least nicer than Ilya recoiling from every touch.

“What’s wrong?” Shane repeated gently.

Ilya smiled weakly. “What’s that phrase? Is not you, is me?”

“Is this your way of asking for a divorce?” It wasn’t a good joke, was one Ilya might make better than Shane, but Ilya still appeared to appreciate it, his smile growing a touch wider before his expression settled into something stormy, his eyebrows all knitted together.

Ilya sighed, running tense fingers through his hair. “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Shane murmured, trying to keep concern from wrinkling his face and worrying Ilya. “You can tell me whatever’s wrong.”

“I know. I know.”

“You don-”

“You are a man,” Ilya interrupted, quiet but very firm. “I like that about you. I like your cock, and your come, and your body.”

Shane snorted despite himself. “Ditto.”

Ilya was unphased, continuing, “But sometimes I miss . . . other stuff. Stuff you don’t have. I don’t care that you don’t have it, and I don’t need you to have it. But I’ve been missing it. And that makes me feel awful. Because you are perfect. I don’t want you to think you’re not, because you are. I am selfish for not appreciating you enough.”

“What do you mean?”

Ilya ducked his head, mumbling something into his knees.

“Huh?” Shane prompted quietly.

Ilya looked up, face writ into a deep scowl.

“Girls, Shane. I sometimes miss girls.”

“Oh.”

It was all that there was to be said. Shane silently probed himself, waiting for something internal to sting or to kick or . . . something, but everything inside was neutral. The same quiet acceptance as when Ilya said he missed Russian vodka or real winters.

“I’m not going to cheat on you,” Ilya said stiffly, narrowing his eyes at Shane’s blank face. “I would never hurt you.”

“I know,” Shane said quickly, scooting closer. The thought hadn’t even crossed his mind. “You’re allowed to like things that aren’t me.”

Ilya shook his head. “I can’t stop thinking about it. Is horrible. Is unfair.”

“Why?” Shane asked, gingerly moving his hand from Ilya’s ankle to drape it around his shoulders. Ilya melted into Shane, tucking his face into Shane’s neck, his shins pressed to Shane’s side.

Shane was grateful for it, for how Ilya was letting himself be open for Shane. It was sweet.

“You gave up so much for me. I’m being . . . ungrateful.”

“Baby, no.” Shane sighed, feeling Ilya twitch. He fucking loved when Shane called him ‘baby.’ “You’re allowed to have fantasies. It’s good for you, probably.”

“Not like this.”

“You can’t miss girls? I mean, it makes sense. You love girls, and you haven’t been with one in a long time. I can’t say I, um, get it, but it makes sense.”

“No,” Ilya said, thunking his forehead into Shane’s collarbone. “I sometimes . . . I’ve been dreaming of Jane.”

Jane.

Now Shane felt adrenaline kick his heartrate up, his palms starting to sweat of their own accord. It felt like the room was wobbling, just slightly, like a top about to lose its momentum.

Because that was different. That wasn't a formless, shapeless desire for a woman. That was a desire for one woman in particular. Shane knew Ilya'd had plenty, but, other than Svetlana, he'd never heard specifics. Never heard names.

Shane swallowed. "Do you want to, like, reach out to her?"

Ilya pulled back, eyes narrowed like Shane was stupid.

"I'm not saying go sleep with her or something, but, like, maybe talking would help. Where does she live?"

"No," Ilya said sharply, shaking his head like Shane had suggested electroshock therapy or something.

"I know you wouldn't cheat or anything. I'm not worried. I just think maybe it would help get closure. I don't mind, I trust you-"

"No," Ilya said stiffly. "*Jane.*"

"Did you hook up with her a lot?" Shane asked through a dry mouth.

"*Moy slaboumnyy, Jane!* Do you not remember?" Ilya huffed, running a hand through his curls.

Shane wracked his brain. *Had* he met her?

The only time Shane had seen one of Ilya's hookups other than Svetlana was at that club when he was still with Rose. The woman with Ilya had been so gorgeous, it had made Shane sick. Still did a bit, frankly.

Shane had thought it was just a one night thing, but maybe Ilya'd been with her for a while. She could have lived in Montreal, too, for all Shane knew. Maybe Ilya'd put her up in a hotel near Shane, saw her when they were done. Shane had figured Ilya always left so quickly after to avoid getting caught, but now . . .

"You are panicking," Ilya noted drily.

"Thanks," Shane replied distantly.

"Sweetheart," Ilya sighed, leaning in and tucking Shane's hair behind his ears. "Not a girl. *Jane.* You. From before."

"Oh. *Oh!*"

If Shane's heartrate had spiked earlier, now it suddenly stopped, as if he'd been injected with fucking morphine. There was a ringing in his ears, and he distantly felt the tips of his fingers

tingling.

Jane.

The stupid name they had used to make it seem like Ilya was texting a girl, back when they were sneaking around and pretending they weren't head over fucking heels. That name was always about hiding, about hating each other, at least ostensibly. Of course Shane had put it out of his mind in the three years since they'd come out, since Ilya had slipped a simple, hammered silver band around Shane's ring finger.

"Oh," Shane said again. He had nothing else to say.

"Yeah, 'oh,'" Ilya snorted.

"Y-you want me to be a girl?"

Ilya rubbed the base of one of his thumbs with the other. Seeing Ilya's shyness so plainly made Shane's nose twitch.

"No, not all the time," Ilya said after a moment. "And not if you don't want to. Never if you don't want to. I just . . . I think about it, sometimes."

"W-what do you think about?"

It was a point of pride for Ilya that he never blushed, but the tips of his ears turned pink nonetheless. He wet his lips with his tongue, buying himself time. "I think about how sweet you'd be. How wet. How you'd open up for my fingers."

Shane exhaled sharply.

"I'm sorry. We don't need to talk about this," Ilya muttered, stiffening against Shane's side.

"No," Shane said unthinkingly, perhaps too quickly. "No, we should."

"Is stupid."

"It isn't. Talk to me."

"Shane . . ."

"It's okay if you're embarrassed," Shane said in what he hoped was a soothing way. "I'm not judging. I'm just curious."

"Okay. Okay," Ilya said, jaw setting like he was steeling himself. "I think about how pretty you'd be."

Shane nodded in what he hoped was an encouraging way.

"I-" Ilya stopped himself, rubbing a hand over his face. "This is stupid, Shane."

"Maybe it is. I don't care, Ilya."

And Shane meant it. Deep in his belly, there was a coil of syrupy warmth. Shane wasn't sure why it was there, but it was. And Ilya's quiet, nervous voice was making it thicken and churn.

"Please, Ilya." Shane dusted his fingers over Ilya's tensed jaw. "You can tell me."

Ilya swallowed, throat corded with anxiety. "I think about your smell. You smell so pretty already, and I think about you wearing perfume over it. I think about sticking my nose into your throat and just breathing it in."

Shane's eyes slipped closed. His stomach was warm, the heat dripping down into his groin.

"I think about how soft you'd be. How smooth."

"Yeah?"

"Not your . . . Not down there. I like some hair there. But your legs, maybe. Your stomach."

Shane swallowed without meaning to. The way Ilya was hinting at it, at . . . *that*, had gooseflesh prickling up Shane's arms. His cock was starting to grow warm and heavy. There was no reason for it. Shane didn't like girls. He didn't like pussies. He shouldn't have been feeling like this, all slow and syrupy.

But he was. And Ilya was still talking.

"I think about your nipples. They would be so sensitive, Shane. You ever sucked a girl's tit? Probably not."

"Fuck off," Shane huffed, even as he was feeling more loose and aroused with every word.

"Makes them scream. I would make you scream."

"Jesus." God, Shane's mouth was dry, his palms sweaty. He wasn't quite nervous, but he was definitely not relaxed.

"I would buy you nice clothes. Stupid ones with all the straps. Then I'd rip them off you. I'd fucking ruin them."

"Expensive," Shane muttered.

The comment made Ilya press a light kiss to the top of Shane's shoulder. "Nothing but the best for you."

Shane didn't know what to say to that at all. It shouldn't have been hot. It really shouldn't have been. None of this should have been, yet Shane was slowly, steadily thickening in his sweatpants.

Shane blinked his eyes open, meeting Ilya's gaze. It was careful, dark, devouring. Starving for Shane.

“What do I look like?” Shane asked when the weight of Ilya’s stare started to make his stomach flip. “As a girl, I mean.”

Ilya nodded, considering. “You’re pretty, just like you are now. Freckles. Gorgeous tits. Long hair.” He paused to lean over and tug at Shane’s hair. It was almost at his collarbones now.

“Is that why you wanted my hair longer?” Shane’s tongue felt clumsy in his mouth as he asked.

“No, *moy Ilyubov*. I just love your hair. Of course my Jane would have even more of it.”

My Jane. Shane felt like his cheeks were on fire, the heat spreading up to his goddamn belly button, starting to seep more furiously into his cock, his hole. He was well on his way to hard now, lightheaded from it, just because of a few choice words about Ilya wanting the girl version of him.

“Oh,” Shane breathed after what was probably too long a pause.

“You like?”

Shane struggled. His throat was so dry, his tongue so thick. “Yeah.” He nodded. “I think so. You can tell me more. If you want, I mean.”

Ilya’s smile softened, becoming gentle as he leaned forward to thumb over Shane’s heated cheeks. “You’d be so fucking wet for me. Sopping. Even before I rip off the pretty panties I buy you, you’d ruin them yourself with how wet you’d be.”

“Panties?” Shane squeaked. The word felt alien, awkward on his tongue, like when he was practicing Russian and Ilya asked him anything more complex than the weather.

“Yes, Shane. That’s what girls wear.”

Fuck. Shane’s cock pulsed as he struggled to say, “What kind of, um, panties would you buy me?”

“All sorts. Lacy. Silky. Edible.” Ilya grabbed Shane’s hand and punctuated each word with a quick kiss to the knuckles. “Whatever I want.”

“Do I ever get to choose?”

Ilya snorted, like the idea was patently ridiculous. “No, sweetheart. Do models pick their clothes?”

Shane nodded stupidly, ears filled with cotton. He was only distantly aware of the fact that his cock was starting to ache.

“What would you do with me?” Shane asked, voice thick. “After you rip the panties off.”

Ilya smirked, as if pleased with Shane’s participation. “Good question. I’d start by eating you. For hours. After a while, your legs would start to shake- You know how girls get all wobbly

when you eat them, right?”

Ilya knew just as well as Shane that Shane had never been exactly successful with that, so to speak. Had never been patient enough, for one, and was too shy. He didn't like the wetness, necessarily. It wasn't gross or anything, it was just . . . fine. He didn't have enough enthusiasm to keep going after a few minutes, and the only time he'd gotten a girl to come through cunnilingus was when Rose had a vibrator pressed to her the whole time. It wasn't bad, it just wasn't for Shane.

“N-no,” Shane stammered, tongue thick. “I don't.”

“Oh, Shane, you're missing out,” Ilya said convivially, as if they were two colleagues discussing vacation plans, not talking about the filthy things Ilya would do to Shane if he were a girl. “When girls feel good, their legs wind around your head, and they *squeeze*. You can't breathe, and you don't want to. They soak you, down to your chest, up to your eyebrows.”

Shane hiccuped on an inhale.

“And the taste, *moy llyubov*. Almost sweet. Like oysters. There's a little tang to it sometimes, keeps it tasting nice and fresh. Addictive. You drown in it. You get drunk on it. You crave it.”

Shane nodded, struck fucking mute by Ilya. His dick was starting to leak in his pants.

“Sometimes you get so greedy, you stick your tongue into her, far as it can go, just to try to lick up every drop. The taste is so strong there, Shane. It's hot and slick and you can't help but lick. It makes her twitch, can make her buck into you. Riding your face like she needs it to live.

“And when she comes, sweetheart, it dribbles out all over you. So *fucking* wet, and you can't help but lick it up, you're so desperate. And girls can come again and again and again.”

“Oh,” Shane said eloquently.

Ilya grinned, wolfish. “With you, I'd eat you for hours, until you came so much you were begging me to stop. You know what I'd do then?”

“No,” Shane choked, tongue-tied.

“*Keep fucking going.*”

Shane's hand flew to his crotch of its own accord. Shane didn't even try to stop it; it was either massage his cock or die, right here on their couch, pinned beneath Ilya's words and piercing gaze.

It was nonsensical. Shane was a man. He had never, ever questioned it, or even thought about it. Pussies did nothing for Shane, despite his best efforts – but the way Ilya was speaking so *reverently*, so devotedly, had Shane sure he was going to crumble apart immediately if he didn't have some sort of relief.

Ilya didn't miss it, fucking beaming at Shane's hand planted on his dick.

"You're already so easy. Don't even know what it'd be like if you were a girl, if you could come so many times. You'd probably fucking cry. You'd beg for my cock. Say your pussy aches without me in it. You'd take me so easily, like you're made for me. Won't even need lube, you'd get so wet."

Shane could see it vividly. Him, on hands and knees, face shoved in a pillow while Ilya took him. His hair, loose and wild, Ilya's fist wrapped up in it, pulling his head up so Ilya could see the pretty tears making tracks down Shane's face. Shane was wearing mascara in this fantasy, and it was smudging as he sobbed from overwhelmed pleasure. The outside of his knees were being rubbed raw by the lacy panties Ilya had so hastily shoved down so he could sink his face into the dripping, aching, swollen pussy between Shane's spread legs.

And, in the fantasy, it was good, but not enough. Because all Shane wanted was Ilya's cock. To be filled and full forever.

And if Shane didn't get it, it would probably feel like this: almost sick with arousal, so desperate he was practically humping the heel of his hand, sweat beading at his temples and cheeks blazing with heat.

Ilya noticed, of course, eyeing Shane's crotch with a raised eyebrow, as if he was surprised Shane was aroused, as if it wasn't all Ilya's fault.

"I thought you were gay, Shane. Why are you getting all hard for me talking about pussies?" Ilya asked without a hint of irony.

Shane licked his lips. He was so hot all over, he felt like he was going to die. "Um," Shane started, mouth feeling too weak to form proper words.

"What?" Ilya chided. "Is this sexy for you or something?"

Shane nodded jerkily, not capable of defending himself, of even ceasing the frantic way he was gripping his cock through his sweatpants.

"Tell me," Ilya prompted. "Does this get you off?"

If it were any other time, Shane would take the words as teasing. He'd either laugh or tease back or even ignore it. But he could see the question also in Ilya's words, in the way Ilya's eyebrows were drawn together.

Was Shane into this? Could Ilya do this with him?

"Yeah," Shane breathed, overwhelmed. "Yeah, this gets me off."

Ilya visibly relaxed, the tension in his shoulders easing, his face smoothing. He reached his hand down to Shane's thigh and squeezed, inches short of where Shane was massaging himself. Shane choked on his tongue, still moving his hand in jerky strokes.

Ilya just looked at him, wild-eyed, smiling toothily.

“Please,” Shane whispered hoarsely.

“You seem like you have it handled,” Ilya said with a pointed glance at the wet spot on Shane’s pants.

“Fuck off. N-need you. Please.”

Ilya’s face softened into something saccharine. “You ask so nicely. You want me to keep talking?”

“Mm-hmm,” Shane moaned, choking on his tongue.

“Anything else?” Ilya asked innocently, squeezing Shane’s thick thigh.

“Touch me. Please.”

“I am,” Ilya said with a pointed squeeze of Shane’s thigh.

“No!” Shane cried. He couldn’t even bear taking his hand off himself to shove it into his pants properly. He needed Ilya, needed him now.

“You want me to stop, then? I’m confused.” Ilya asked, so purposefully blasé that Shane wanted to cry.

“Please,” Shane sighed again, scrunching his face with the effort of trying to be comprehensible when he was this turned on.

“So stupid when you want me,” Ilya sighed lazily. “Cock-dumb. You’ll be even worse as a girl.”

Shane choked on air, a blurt of precome wetting his underwear worse.

“Ilya.” Shane was *aching*. “Help me.”

“You ask so sweetly,” Ilya murmured, finally taking pity on Shane and wrapping his hand around Shane’s. He gave him a hard squeeze, and even through Shane’s hand and his pants and his boxers, it was so much relief that Shane went fucking liquid, flopping back against the arm of the couch like’d fainted.

“You already want it all the time,” Ilya continued, voice rough. “If you were a girl, you’d probably tug up your skirt and make me pull your panties to the side to fuck you wherever you can. In the car, at dinner, the bank. Is embarrassing, really.” Ilya’s voice somehow remained completely steady despite Shane’s high keening sound as Ilya slipped his hand under Shane’s sweatpants and began to pump him properly.

Fuck, it felt perfect. Even without lube, Shane was so fucking wet that Ilya’s hand began to glide easily, tugging Shane’s foreskin up and down over his sensitive cockhead.

Maybe, Shane thought wildly, he *was* like a girl.

He was sopping for Ilya, ruining his underwear, like a girl would. Was on the verge of tears, like a girl. Was aching where he wanted Ilya inside him, like a girl.

God, Shane's head was fucking swimming, his stomach flipping.

Ilya seemed oblivious to it, yanking Shane's pants and boxer briefs down, letting Shane's cock rise free. He was already so red and leaking, just from Ilya's dry hand, and Shane felt hot embarrassment coil around his belly, his thighs.

It wasn't even that Shane was ashamed of how hard he was, but rather because his cock was so . . . obvious. So clearly masculine. Even with as wet as it was, it wasn't anything like the pussies Ilya had described so reverently.

It was almost humiliating, how different Shane's body was to the one Ilya was craving. To the one Shane could imagine himself having. And Shane found himself wanting to bridge that gap desperately. Hungrily.

"Gorgeous," Ilya said softly, like he could read Shane's panicked mind and wanted to soothe him. "So ready for me."

"Always," Shane stammered. "I'm your girl."

Ilya made some sort of high-pitched sound that could almost be a howl if not for how Ilya viciously bit it back. He shoved his own pants down, freeing his blood-hot cock, and started to pump himself in time with his rhythm on Shane. Shane would try to help, but his whole body was pins and needles. He couldn't turn a doorknob right now, much less give a handjob.

Besides, Ilya had it well under control, gripping them both, rubbing his thumb over Shane's slit and smirking at the clear fluid the movement coaxed out.

"You'll love it," Ilya said through gritted teeth. "You will beg me. You will want it again and again, until I need to beg for mercy."

"Fuck, Ilya," Shane gasped as Ilya tugged Shane's foreskin over the head again, overwhelmed with heat and pressure and pure Ilya.

"By the time you're sated, my jaw is sore, my face is soaked, my cock is raw. You'll need me like water."

"I do, fuck, I do."

Ilya twisted Shane's dick viciously, and it punched out a moan from deep in Shane's belly.

"You'll moan so pretty. All high-pitched and breathy. And your tits. *Fuck*, your tits. Perfect handfles. Want to fuck them, your thighs, your face. You'll want my come everywhere, like lotion." Ilya inhaled sharply, rocking into his own hand.

The images flashed through Shane's mind like sparks. Ilya grabbing Shane's chest, the muscle topped with soft buds of fat, enough for him to fill out a bra. Shane's hips, wide

enough that his thick waist seemed narrow. So many new, soft places, jiggling as he rocked back and forth on Ilya's cock.

Shane keened at the mere idea.

On their couch, Ilya pushed himself up so he leaned over Shane, taking his hand off his own cock and bracing it against the arm of the couch. Ilya rutted into Shane's hip before grabbing them both in one hand, pressing their cocks together. Shane's flesh was boiling, enough that Ilya's dick felt almost cool by comparison when he squeezed both of their cocks in his huge hand.

Shane couldn't help it as he whimpered pathetically, all squeaky and overwhelmed.

"Yes, sweetheart, that's how you'd sound. Perfect."

Shane's orgasm hit without warning, an overflow of feeling from Ilya's words and hurried pumps on Shane's cock. Heat flooded Shane, leaving him gasping and shuddering, streaking come over Ilya's hand, his shirt, his stomach. It was like a knot had been cut in half, leaving him loose and pliant.

Ilya pulled back, releasing Shane's dick, and sat on his heels, using Shane's come to slick his own orgasm, gritting his teeth with it.

"Fuck," Ilya breathed as he shot off over Shane's still-sweatpant-covered thighs, painting him with thick, hot ropes. Ilya's forearm, so thick and muscled, flexed as he squeezed his cock one last time, almost viciously, before he let go of it, panting as it softened slowly with his heartbeat.

"Jesus, Ilya," Shane muttered, voice all thin and reedy. He swiped his hands over his face like that would make him function again.

"Was good, huh?" Ilya asked gruffly as he peeled off his shirt, swiping it perfunctorily over their cocks, Shane's stomach, their thighs. It was no use – Shane was going to have to wash the couch cover, himself, and his clothes – but the gesture was sweet and sexy nonetheless, and Shane's chest clenched.

"Was very good."

"Good." Ilya studied Shane's ruined sweats like he was trying to analyze his own come stains, his jaw twitching, his brow furrowing again like it had earlier. "Thank you."

"Thank you?" Shane laughed breathlessly.

A muscle in Ilya's jaw jumped again. "I know is not your thing. So thank you for letting me."

Shane grabbed Ilya's wrists. His grip was weak, but his hands could well have been manacles for how quickly Ilya's hands went limp.

"I liked it," Shane clarified.

“Okay.” Ilya nodded, expression still stormy.

“No. Ilya, I *liked* it.”

Ilya went very still, eyes darting up to Shane’s.

“Is okay-”

“Ilya, shut up. It was hot. I . . .” Shane swallowed, trying to pick his words delicately through his orgasmic brain fog. “I’d love to be your girl sometimes.”

“Oh.” Ilya pulled his hands back, wiped them on his thighs, smearing more come without him noticing.

“Is that okay?” Shane asked, suddenly nervous himself.

“Yeah. Yeah, is very okay.” Ilya swallowed, throat working. “But we should talk about it more. When you are not . . .” Ilya waved a hand over Shane, still flushed and covered in their shared mess.

“Yeah,” Shane agreed. “But I want to.”

Ilya ducked his head. “Okay. Okay, maybe.”

Ilya was a coward. He wasn’t afraid to fight someone on the ice, or complain at a restaurant when his order was made wrong, or even to discuss his finances with Yuna Hollander (though that was a close one). He wasn’t afraid of Russia anymore, of going home or staying away. Wasn’t afraid to love Shane fiercely, publicly.

But, *fuck*, was Ilya scared of talking to Shane about the . . . thing.

He couldn’t even name it in his own head. It was like thinking it would poison him.

Because it wasn’t fair. Ilya wasn’t a stereotype of a bisexual man who wanted to cheat. He didn’t. He just wanted Shane, *and* he wanted tits in his face.

But the two happened to be mutually exclusive, and Ilya didn’t mind. He loved Shane, and he didn’t care that sometimes he woke up aching after dreaming of Jane’s pussy.

So Ilya didn’t talk about it. He could tell Shane wanted to, by the stupid, lingering gazes Shane was giving him all the time, the way Shane paused, just briefly, every time they had sex, as if waiting for Ilya to say something. But Ilya was stubborn, and had a good poker face, and was getting remarkably good at icing Shane out about this.

By the time September arrived, the evenings finally cool enough that Ilya wasn’t sweating in their bed, it was almost easy to pretend that the hot, messy conversation on the couch hadn’t happened.

Well, not easy. But possible, at least. And Ilya was doing it.

When Ilya thought about bending Shane over and fucking him quick and hard and dirty, then pulling the covers over his head and sleeping, it almost felt normal. The pit in his stomach barely hurt.

And that was a victory.

Today, it hardly pinched at Ilya's insides at all.

It helped that Shane had been gone all day, running boring errands like the bank or the grocery store, or, God forbid, the dry cleaners. Ilya would've gone, just to keep his boring little husband company, but when Shane started getting excited about asking the bank if they had any thoughts on retirement savings accounts, Ilya'd had to plead mercy.

So he'd hung out. He'd cleaned their toys from the other night, taken Anya for a walk, made a grilled cheese, watched a documentary on panthers. He was half-considering opening Pornhub just for something to do when the front door eased open.

Ilya twisted around to watch Shane in the late afternoon light as he toed off his sneakers and juggled a half-dozen shopping bags.

"Hey," Ilya said, propping himself up on an elbow.

"Hey," Shane said hurriedly, like he was in a rush or something. Ilya knew he wasn't – they shared a Google calendar. Not that Ilya checked it regularly, of course. He was married, not old.

"How was shopping?"

Shane shrugged without looking up from where he was setting down a bag of groceries on the counter.

"So quiet," Ilya mused, pushing himself to his feet and loping over to Shane. "Bad day? Bank people too busy to talk retirement?"

"Long term savings," Shane corrected as Ilya draped himself over Shane's back, kissing the side of his neck.

God, Shane was boring. Ilya had no choice but to redirect the conversation, grabbing Shane's hips and murmuring into his ear, "You look pretty."

Shane went suddenly stiff under Ilya's hands, taking a jerky half-step away from him.

"I, uh, need to put the dry cleaning away," Shane said quickly. He was almost clumsy as he walked away from Ilya, making a beeline for the stairs with his hands still full of shopping bags.

Ilya shrugged; Shane probably just needed a piss and didn't want to say because he was a shy little thing about that stuff sometimes. Ilya dutifully put away the groceries, rolling his eyes at the six pounds of boneless, skinless chicken breast and smiling at the Smarties Shane knew Ilya loved. He'd make sure to thank Shane properly as soon as he came back down.

Except Shane didn't. Not for ten minutes, or twenty, or thirty. It was preternaturally quiet, too, no sound of water running as Shane flushed or washed his hands. The last of the afternoon sun was starting to fade when Ilya finally heard a sign of life.

"Ilya?" Shane's voice finally called, sounding weirdly . . . small. "Come up here? I'm in our room."

Ilya felt his eyebrows furrow. Ilya knew Shane's voice well, could tell when he was happy or upset or horny. But Ilya didn't know this voice. It was quiet, and pitched high.

Ilya headed up the stairs, ready to alternatively kill or kiss whatever Shane needed. But Ilya didn't even make it past the open door.

Because there was a reason Ilya hadn't recognized Shane's tone. Because this situation was entirely fucking foreign to him.

Shane was on the bed, leaning on one elbow, legs curled to one side, which made sense. But after that . . . fuck.

Shane's bare chest was covered with a scrap of soft pink lace. A scrap that wound over his shoulders, around his ribs. Ilya could barely even think its name.

A bra.

A fucking bra. A pink, lacy one, through which Ilya could just barely see the shadow of Shane's nipples.

Ilya's eyes dragged down the flat plane of Shane's stomach to his crotch. There was a matching scrap of lace there, hugging Shane's hips and cupping his cock. It was undeniable that Shane's dick, more than half-hard, was tucked in there, but the way Shane was laying, the way the panties wrapped around him, made his thighs look thick, his hips wide, his waist tiny.

It was Shane. It was a girl.

A fucking beautiful one.

Ilya's gaze flickered up to Shane's face, almost of its own accord. And if he hadn't already, Ilya would know he was fucking gone for his husband, because somehow Shane's expression was the best part. His cheeks were fucking neon with color, his freckles stark against the flushed skin. And he was *smiling*, all sweet and coy and inviting.

Ilya couldn't do anything but watch Shane blink. His eyelashes were even longer and darker than usual, his lips a shade pinker than they ought to have been. Because Shane was wearing makeup. Not a lot, not anything garish or obnoxious. But enough that Ilya could tell.

"*Iisus*," Ilya breathed without meaning to. "*Chto za chert?*"

Ilya tracked the line of Shane's throat as he swallowed. It was alight with a blush that went all the way to his tits, disappeared into his bra.

“I-is this what you imagined?” Shane asked. “For your Jane?”

It’s a testament to years and years of being a professional athlete under the tightest microscope in the world that all Ilya did in that moment was sway slightly instead of fainting. He felt almost sick with how fast his cock had filled, his balls drawing up tight and desperate already. His palms were sweating, his breath was coming in pants, and Shane hadn’t even moved.

“I-” English had failed Ilya. So had Russian. Ilya was going to die. He was going to die right here, and he didn’t mind.

“I got a couple colors,” Shane was saying, as if these weren’t his last few precious moments with Ilya before he collapsed and died. “But I thought you might like the pink.”

Ilya had been with many, many women. He’d fucked them while they wore lingerie fancier than this, with bows and stockings and straps everywhere. He’d fucked them in sweats and T-shirts. He’d had them naked, and fully clothed, and everywhere in between. He’d fucked them in beds, in closets, on the St. Louis Arch observation deck.

But Ilya’d never felt like this. Like his knees were weak and his mouth was watering and he was going to fall over. He was sick with it, with the open, sweet way Shane was looking at him, and they hadn’t even touched.

Shane’s eyebrows quirked up in the middle at Ilya’s extended silence. “What do you think?”

“I am going to die.”

Shane’s head quirked to the side, adorably confused.

Ilya swallowed dumbly. He didn’t even know what to say. “Shane-”

“Jane,” Shane corrected, with just the lightest bit of a wobble to it. “I want to be your Jane tonight.”

Now Ilya really was going to die.

He stumbled over to the bed, going for Shane’s bare thigh, but he pulled himself back before he could touch, like he’d been burned by the mere idea of laying a hand on the warm expanse of Shane’s creamy skin.

“You can touch,” Shane prompted.

“No,” Ilya managed to say, voice thick.

Ilya had never had to work this hard to speak coherently in any language, not even the first few English conversations he’d had with Canadian scouts when he was hardly 10. But Ilya needed to in this moment, because Shane’s perfect fucking face was wrinkling in confusion.

“Is e-”

“I can’t touch yet. You should never touch a woman immediately. Is . . . improper.”

Shane hiccuped, his cock noticeably jumping in the lace.

Ilya was sweating through his fucking T-shirt.

“Need to be gentle with girls. Especially if she looks like you.” Ilya delicately, so fucking delicately, brushed Shane’s hair behind his ear. Shane went even fucking pinker, if that were possible. “Woman like you needs to be treated nicely. Specially.”

Shane smiled, all teeth, and even as Jane that expression was so unmistakably Ilya’s husband that another wave of sweet heat washed over Ilya.

“Treated nicely how?” Shane asked.

“Kissed first. Touched later.”

“Promise?” Shane’s voice was so fucking breathy.

Ilya couldn’t take it anymore.

He dove forward, pressing Shane into the mattress with his whole body, attacking Shane’s lips so hungrily, so clumsily, that if Ilya’d been in his right mind he’d be embarrassed. As it was, Ilya just grabbed at Shane’s sumptuous thighs and tugged Shane into him.

The lipstick tasted slightly plasticky, but it didn’t even matter. Shane’s mouth was hot and wet and willing, opening for Ilya in a soft moan that made Ilya shudder. Shane’s hands were moving, rapid and sweaty, yanking at Ilya’s curls, cupping his chin, squeezing his ass and encouraging Ilya to get somehow closer.

And Ilya needed to. He needed Shane against his bare skin, needed to feel the scrape of the lace. So Ilya sat back on his heels, scrambling to get his shirt off and throw it somewhere behind him.

Below him, Shane was a vision. His lips were already going swollen, his lipstick smeared halfway up to his nose from one fucking kiss. Jesus.

Shane tracked the hunger in Ilya’s stare and smiled, commenting slyly, “If that’s how you kiss, I wanna see how you touch.”

Ilya didn’t even respond, just collapsed fully on top of Shane again. The angle was horrible. Neither of them had any leverage, and Ilya didn’t give a single shit as he licked into Shane’s open mouth.

Ilya’s hands were everywhere, on Shane’s sides, his hips, dipping his fingers into the tops of the panties. The lace of the bra scraped on Ilya’s bare front, rubbing his nipples in a pleasurable agony. He could only imagine how it felt all over Shane.

And Ilya needed to know. He needed his hands on Shane’s tits.

Ilya braced his weight into one forearm and lifted the other to the bra, cupping Shane's breast. The muscle was so solid, so strong under Ilya's careful fingers. He squeezed once, relishing in the way it drew a gasp out of Shane's sweet lips.

"Pretty tits," Ilya murmured against Shane's mouth, angling his wrist back so he could rub Shane's nipple with his thumb in quick circles.

"*Oh*," Shane murmured, arching into Ilya's touch.

Ilya squeezed again. Shane was so strong, his chest so large, that it really wasn't that different from a breast. His breast gave way almost the same. It made Shane squeak and groan the same, too.

Ilya switched hands, massaging Shane's tit with the left and leaning on the right. The lace felt so good on Ilya's sweaty hand, scratching the palm, a reminder this was real, not a fantasy. That Shane was real and his, Ilya's perfect girl.

Shane, meanwhile, was so sensitive that he was hardly kissing back, more just twisting into Ilya's grip. Fuck, he was so gorgeous, so willing, so *perfect* that Ilya was blurting precome into his pants without even being touched.

He was *aching*, leaking with how much he needed Shane. And Ilya would shove his hand down, get some relief, but he forced himself to hold back, to concentrate on Shane instead. It's what Ilya would do with a girl. It took them longer to start, but once they did, it was easy to keep going, to goad them on until they were exhausted and shaking and so, so spent they were ragdolls when Ilya wiped them up after.

It was Ilya's job to make his girl feel good. And, fuck, he planned to.

So, instead of touching himself like his cock begged him to, Ilya jammed a thigh between Shane's legs, grinding it forward as he would with a girl.

Shane gasped against Ilya's mouth at the contact, and Ilya tilted his face back a fraction. "Is okay?" Ilya panted, petting Shane's hair back even as he kept his thigh pressed to Shane's groin. "Feel good?"

Shane nodded. His lips were shiny, his eyes dark and open as they stared at Ilya.

"Good," Ilya said, ducking down to press a quick, chaste kiss to Shane's lips. "Cocks, you know, pretty easy. Stroke, stroke, whatever. Clits are more complicated. Do you know what yours likes?"

Shane made a choking noise that would be vaguely concerning if not for the way he was driving his hips into Ilya's quad.

Ilya sighed, feigning a patience he didn't feel, and stroked his hands up Shane's sides. It was ostensibly to soothe him, but really it was just another chance to feel all that lace on Shane's sweet, soft skin, the way his perfect tits arched up into Ilya.

“Jane?” Ilya prompted when it was becoming clear that Shane wasn’t going to answer, was instead content to hump absently against Ilya’s leg. “Do you touch your clit ever?”

Shane inhaled sharply, teeth sinking into his bottom lip. “S-sometimes.”

“What do you like to do with it?” Ilya slid a hand to the top of Shane’s thigh and swiped his thumb along the crease of Shane’s thigh, the edge of the panties. “Tease it, maybe?”

Shane squeaked.

“Maybe tap it?” Ilya jammed his hands between their bodies and used the flat of his middle finger to lightly, so lightly bump the head of Shane’s cock where it was leaking into the lace.

Shane jerked. If Ilya weighed any less, or was any less thoroughly pressed into Shane, he’d be bucked off.

“You rub it?” Ilya switched to the heel of his hand, grinding it down dirtily so that Shane’s dick was trapped between his stomach and Ilya’s palm through the lace as Ilya rocked his wrist back and forth.

Shane’s body bowed under Ilya, driving his hips into Ilya’s thigh, his cock into Ilya’s hand.

Ilya would slide back, make Shane answer the question, but he wasn’t cruel. He simply used the hand not grinding over Shane to push his hips back down, steady him.

“Jane,” Ilya said softly. “Answer me. I can’t make you feel good if you don’t tell me how.”

God, Shane was flushed, the lingerie pale in comparison to his heated skin. He bit his lip, shuddering as he exhaled, his hands clenching at their duvet, eyes looking anywhere but up at Ilya.

It really was a convincing impression of some of the girls Ilya’d had, the ones who couldn’t believe they were going to get fucked by *Ilya Rozanov*, much less that he gave a shit about their pleasure.

As if the only reason women had kept coming back was Ilya’s looks.

“Come on,” Ilya prompted. “Tell me how you like to be touched.”

Shane’s tongue wet swollen lips. “I don’t know,” he finally managed.

Ilya smirked. “You never touch it?”

Shane shook his head slowly, teeth sunk into his plush lower lip.

If it was Shane that Ilya was fucking, Shane who was pretending to be a blushing virgin, Ilya would tease him mercilessly. Tell him he must be a monster, neglecting his poor, pretty cock like that.

But this was Jane. A sweet girl, who might have been embarrassed to touch herself, or ashamed. Ilya couldn't contribute to that.

"That's okay, *krasivaya devushka*. Let's figure it out together." Ilya pressed a slow, close-mouthed kiss to Shane's lips before sitting back.

Shane made a choked sound of distress at Ilya's thigh no longer pressing between his legs, but Ilya shushed him, soothing.

"You're okay. We'll start gentle, sweetheart," Ilya told him, hovering his fingertips over the tented panties. There was a wet spot on the front that made Ilya swallow, hungry.

Later, he told himself. Once she's more comfortable.

Instead, he ghosted his touch over the creases of Shane's hips, his Adonis belt, tracing the triangle of the panties without venturing anywhere near where Shane was straining, begging to be touched. Shane thrust his hips up, and Ilya immediately retracted his hand.

"No," Shane gasped.

"Is too much?" Ilya asked, barely managing to keep himself from grinning at the intentional misunderstanding. "Can be very sensitive, first time."

"No," Shane repeated, all forceful and pink. "More."

"Oh," Ilya said like he was an idiot. "Sorry, just being careful."

He replaced his fingertips with the palm of his hand again, pressing down over Shane's cock, the way he would with a girl's mound. Ilya wrapped his free hand around Shane's hip, simultaneously holding himself up and feeling the lace over Shane's perfect skin.

"Pressure okay?"

Shane nodded mutely. His eyes were halfway to closed, hips making aborted little jerks up toward Ilya's hand.

"Is good? I won't move unless you tell me."

"Move?" Shane asked blearily. It was a testament to his husband that Ilya couldn't tell if he was playing into the bit or just honestly confused.

"Move my hand," Ilya explained with the patience of a schoolteacher of the very, very dumb. "Lots of girls like it, but plenty don't. Clits are tricky."

"You, uh, you can move."

Ilya didn't do much at all, just started grinding the heel of his hand back and forth the way he had earlier, but Shane *whined* at it, hands scrabbling along the bed like it hurt.

"How is it?"

Shane's muscles, so strong and proud despite the delicate lingerie, corded up, pressing back into the mattress, his head tipping back and mouth stretching in a groan. "Ilya," he gasped. "I can't. I'm going- *Nnngh!*"

"Shhh," Ilya soothed. "You think you will come?"

Shane nodded desperately, as if Ilya's gentle condescension was a lifeline.

"That's okay, sweetheart. Go ahead."

"No, Ilya-"

"It can be scary if you haven't before. Feels like too much all over. But you're okay. I'm here. I take good care of you."

It hardly took three more rocks of Ilya's hand before Shane gasped, high pitched and lovely, and released into his panties. His back bowed, his fingers clenching, his mouth open wide in a soft gasp. Ilya felt the slick heat as Shane's come soaked into the fabric, his body limp and breathless. The fluid wet Ilya's hand through the lingerie, leaving it all shiny and sloppy.

Ilya had barely fucking touched him, and Shane had already come. Sweet thing.

"So wet for me," Ilya murmured, gently retracting his hand and lifting it to Shane's parted lips. "Taste yourself, sweetheart. So good."

In his right mind, Shane would have been shy about being made to lick up his come, call it gross, even. But as Jane, Ilya's sweet Jane, Shane just let his tongue loll out of his mouth and waited patiently as Ilya swiped his palm over it, cleaning himself up.

"Do you want more?" Ilya asked. "Maybe you are too sensitive, and that is okay. We can be done."

"No!" Shane cried, startling Ilya with his intensity. He shoved himself to his elbows, staring Ilya down in a concentrated, focused way that was all Shane. "More. I want more. Please."

The desperate, tacked-on please should have been enough to make Ilya laugh, and it would have any other time. But now, for some reason, Ilya's pulse kicked so hard in his cock that he had to squeeze it viciously over his sweats to keep from passing out.

"Okay," Ilya said thickly. "Okay, turn over."

When Shane flipped over on to hands and knees, it was all Ilya could do to keep himself from diving forward and devouring Shane's hole.

If Shane's lingerie was a vision from the front, the ensemble was even better from the back. The panties were cut high, and Shane's ass hung out from them obscenely. The bra clasped right under his shoulderblades, showing all of his muscles, making his waist look almost dainty.

Ilya wanted to shove three fingers into him without warning, bite his plush ass cheek.

But, Ilya reminded himself as he admired the stretch of the lace, this wasn't Shane. This was Jane, who didn't even know how she liked her clit touched, who'd never touched it. Ilya needed to be slow and gentle. He needed to take care of this sweet girl spreading her thighs and sticking her ass in the air for him.

So Ilya adjusted himself in his pants, and curled his legs up so he was kneeling behind Shane's pert ass, almost like he was going to pray to it, to supplicate himself to it.

"You've had your pussy eaten?" Ilya asked, gliding gentle hands over Shane's thighs.

"No," Shane said, voice muffled by how it was pressed into the bed.

"Oh," Ilya said with a pat to the outside of Shane's knee. "Why? You are shy?"

A pause, heavy and weighted, before Shane's voice came again, quiet. "A little."

"Is okay. Want to stop?"

Ilya waited, his hands cool on Shane's heated skin, letting him think.

"No. I'm okay. Just . . . be gentle."

Ilya huffed through his nose. "I would never hurt my Jane."

"I . . . it's not that exactly."

"What is it, then, *moy devochka*?"

Shane wriggled his face further into the bed. Ilya was sure he was ruining his makeup even more, and he couldn't wait to see.

"It's nothing," Shane muttered into the covers.

"Lots of girls are shy, especially first time."

"Jesus, Ilya," Shane sighed, muffled. "It's okay."

"You are worried about taste? I love how it tastes. It's fucking delicious."

"No," Shane insisted. His cock, despite having just come, was heavy between his legs, cupped by the now-damp lace. "Just . . . start."

"I will go slow. You tell me what feels good," Ilya reminded Shane, ducking down to nip at the sensitive place where thigh turned to buttock before hooking his thumb into the gusset of Shane's panties and tugging them to the side.

And Ilya got Shane's nerves now, because *fuck*.

Ilya had been ready to eat Shane's hole, make the tight furl all nice and wet and messy. It wouldn't have been a real pussy, but it wouldn't have mattered to Ilya. With Shane's makeup,

his lingerie, his sweet nervousness, Shane was doing far, far more than enough to satisfy the itch for women that Ilya had been avoiding scratching.

It wouldn't have mattered that it would have been Shane's hole, not a pussy, because Ilya was fucking *devoted* to Shane's hole.

But Shane's hole wasn't the tight button Ilya was ready for. Rather, it was wet and sloppy, open like a pussy that was begging to be fucked, shiny with arousal. Shane's hole was loose, covered in so much lube that it was dripping down his cleft.

It wasn't quite the soft, fucked-out thing it was after Ilya had finished. Rather, it was open just enough to be welcoming, wet enough to be feminine.

It was a pussy. One Shane had created for Ilya.

"Oh, sweetheart," Ilya sighed without meaning to.

"What do you think? I know it's not perfect, but I wanted it to be like a real pus-"

"Shut up. Is perfect. My girl has the prettiest cunt I've ever fucking seen."

It was true. Ilya'd seen, eaten, fucked, fingered dozens, if not hundreds, of pussies. None were like this. None were made specifically just for Ilya's enjoyment. None were dripping, not just because Ilya was so sexy, but because they wanted Ilya to satisfy himself. None made Ilya feel sick and tingly and so, *so* aroused all at once.

None. Just his Jane's.

"I am going to eat you now," Ilya announced and, without any further preamble, ducked down and licked a wide stripe up the very center of Shane, right over his hole. It meant Ilya had to taste some of the lube Shane had spread over himself, and while it wasn't as sweet, as rich, as a girl's wetness, it was perfect nonetheless.

Shane made a low noise in the back of his throat, and Ilya grinned into him, shoving his face as deep as it could go without suffocating himself, then deeper still.

Shane smelled different as Jane, even here, in his most intimate place. It was . . . sweeter, somehow. Richer. It could've just been Ilya's imagination, overwhelmed with lace and cunt, but Ilya didn't think so. Shane was so perfect – of course he smelled how he wanted.

"Oh," Shane sighed as Ilya wrapped a hand around Shane's thick thigh and tugged Shane further down the bed, further into Ilya's mouth.

Ilya let his tongue slip into Shane's stretched hole, swiping it around Shane's inner walls. Shane's breath hitched, and Ilya shoved his tongue in harder, making it a sloppy, nasty kiss to Shane's sweet cunt. Ilya's tongue wasn't quite long enough to rub on Shane's spot, but that wouldn't stop Ilya from trying.

It was a perfect pussy, as far as Ilya was concerned. He was suffocating in sweet, wet heat, while the love of his life was groaning, hands scrabbling at the bedsheets. Wetness was

dripping down Ilya's chin, painting his face sloppily. He could get lost in it for hours, for days. Forever.

But this wasn't about him. This was about his sweet Jane.

Ilya pulled back, inhaling sharply through his nose and pressing quick, chaste kisses to the curve of Shane's ass, the smooth skin of his cleft.

Shane was breathing shakily, his legs twitching. It was so strikingly similar to how a girl would tremble that Ilya's breath caught.

"Comfortable?" Ilya asked, voice rough. "Feels good?"

Shane responded with a choked, high-pitched noise of what Ilya hoped was affirmation.

"Tell me. Pussies are complicated, sweetheart."

"It's good," Shane said thinly into the mattress.

Ilya smirked against Shane's skin. His thumb, still clutching the gusset of the panties, rubbed a soft stripe into the meat of Shane's ass. "Need anything?"

"More."

Ilya wanted to tease desperately. Wanted to make Shane spell out exactly what he wanted, and how, and where, until he flushed so hot with embarrassment that Ilya couldn't even see his freckles.

But Ilya'd had a first time before. And, granted, he didn't have a pussy, so it wasn't quite the same, but he knew how embarrassing, how exposing it was to be on your knees for someone for the first time while they took your most intimate, fragile parts into their mouth, their hands, and did what they wanted.

So Ilya took pity, plunging back in with confident, steady licks, losing himself in the rhythm of it.

It was like riding a bike, or, more aptly with how good Ilya was at it, skating. It didn't matter how long it had been, or how new the partner was. Didn't matter the venue, if it was natural or artificial, if it was a sedate, frozen pond or an NHL rink, if it was any girl's cunt in front of him or his sweet Jane's.

And maybe that was mixing metaphors, but the point stood: Ilya knew what he was doing.

He knew to use his hands to spread Shane wide, to dip his thumb into Shane's hole just shallowly enough for Shane to remember where Ilya was hoping this evening would go without pushing him. Ilya knew how to suck on the rim, making filthy, sloppy sounds until Shane keened.

And if Ilya was jamming a knuckle into Shane's taint to work his prostate from the outside rather than rubbing at a clit, that was just details.

It helped that Shane was a fucking miracle. Any other time Ilya'd rimmed him, Shane had begged for more, for hands on his cock, for Ilya to suck on his sweet balls. This time, though, as Jane, he was just whimpering, gasping pleas for more, fucking back into Ilya's face. Thighs shaking, chest heaving, face buried in the mattress.

When Shane made a choking sound after Ilya nipped at his rim with his teeth, Ilya pulled back, sitting on his heels and admiring his work.

Shane's pussy was somehow wetter than it had been when they'd begun, dripping with Ilya's spit down the insides of his thighs. His legs, for all they were strong and thick and hockey-trained, were shaking, his hole winking at Ilya as if begging for more.

Ilya, for his part, was soaked. There was lube and saliva caught in his chest hair, in his fucking eyebrows. Beyond just the wetness on his face, his cock was dripping enough to make a dark patch on the front of his tented sweatpants, sweat beading around Ilya's hairline and under his arms.

He wanted Jane *badly*.

"Come back," Shane whined.. "M-my . . . It hurts."

"What hurts?" Ilya said, wiping ineffectually at lips numb and swollen from overuse.

"My . . . all of it."

Ilya exhaled sharply, rubbing a hand down Shane's thigh. "Your arms?" Ilya prompted ignorantly.

"No, my-" Shane cut himself off with a painful-sounding groan as Ilya squeezed the thick, solid muscle of his quad.

"Need to tell me," Ilya corrected, as if he didn't feel almost nauseated with his own arousal. "Can't help if I don't know how."

"My pussy!" Shane finally cried, still hiding his face as if he had anything to be ashamed of. "And my clit. It's *aching*."

"Poor baby," Ilya said with a sympathy he felt deeply, given that he hadn't been willing to let go of Shane for even a second to squeeze his own ache. "Let me help you."

Ilya released his hold on the gusset of Shane's panties, letting himself mourn the sight of Shane's pretty pussy as the lace covered it back up. Ilya could have pulled the panties down, but he didn't want to. He wanted the dirtiness of shoving the panties aside, the scratch of them against his hips when he fucked into Shane. Which he would in short order.

But for now, Shane needed some attention on his clit.

His cock was full again, straining the front of his panties. It couldn't have been comfortable, the lace rubbing up against his sensitive length without any pressure to soothe it, given how Shane's hips were canted back.

Ilya slid his hand between Shane's legs, grabbing it and squeezing over the lace. Shane made a sound like a hiccup, twitching under Ilya's ministrations.

"How is it?" Ilya asked casually, as though his mouth wasn't wet with want, his palms sweating with the urge to grab Shane's wide hips and drive home over and over and over again. "Am I helping?"

Shane made a pitiful half-sound, and Ilya's chest ached.

He needed to remember that this wasn't his husband, who begged so eloquently, who could be goaded so effectively. This was Jane, who was probably terrified to ask for more, to tell Ilya that his clumsy kneading wasn't enough.

"Still hurt?" Ilya asked, saccharine.

"Yeah," Shane panted. "In m-my pussy."

"Is okay," Ilya soothed. "I will make it better."

Shane nodded as well as he could, face down, ass up as he was.

"Is a bad hurt? Want me to stop?"

Ilya could hear Shane swallow, every drawn out second becoming agony in Ilya's own cock and fire in his own chest.

". . .no," Shane finally said, finally looking over his shoulder at Ilya. His makeup was ruined like Ilya'd imagined, the neat lipstick and mascara smeared to his cheekbones, his temples, his chin. His eyes were so huge and shiny.

Fuck, Ilya couldn't do this anymore. He was hurting himself, and he needed relief *now*. Not his hand over his sweatpants, not rubbing himself on the bed or the back of Shane's thigh as he focused on eating him out.

No. Ilya needed Jane's cunt on his cock.

"Okay," Ilya managed, throat thick. "There's a few ways to do this. I can fuck you like this, from behind. I can flip you over. I can pick you up. What does my perfect Jane want?"

Shane blinked at Ilya as if he couldn't comprehend Ilya's words. Ilya was half-worried he had been speaking Russian or something when Shane moved of his own accord, flipping onto his back and wrapping his legs around Ilya's waist.

"Like this," Shane murmured, voice tiny, hands going to Ilya's bare shoulders. "I wanna see you."

"Good girl," Ilya said hurriedly, shoving his hand down his pants and giving himself some much, much needed relief, rubbing his foreskin hurriedly across the head. Ilya groaned at the feeling, his blood practically singing as he finally worked himself. "Let me get a condom, okay?"

“No,” Shane gasped the word, hands flying to Ilya’s wrists like he was going to physically restrain him from grabbing a condom. “Please. I want all of it.”

Ilya’s cock throbbed so hard at the desperate words that he almost choked on air. He dipped his head back to give himself a second to catch his breath, exhaling sharply through his nose, before focusing back on Shane.

“You don’t even know if I’m clean, sweetheart.”

“Are you?” Shane asked it so innocently, his eyes so open and gentle, lips slightly parted, that Ilya almost howled like his fucking loon tattoo.

“I am,” Ilya said stiffly. “I would always check before having something so precious.” Ilya lowered his thumb to Shane’s hole, tracing the wet of his pussy through the lace, the panties truly filthy at this point.

“Then it’s okay.” Shane released his grip on Ilya’s wrists and slid his hands up Ilya’s forearms, his shoulders, palming at his chest with a near-manic desperation.

“You could get pregnant,” Ilya said through a mouthful of sand.

It was stupid to talk like this; it was fucking roleplay, not a real cunt, but Ilya couldn’t not. He couldn’t treat Jane’s pussy like anything less than the perfect, near-sacred gift it was. He had to care for it.

“M on the pill,” Shane said shyly. Even with his smeared makeup, he was somehow managing to look so demure and innocent. “It’s okay.”

“*Fuck*, Jane,” Ilya sighed, squeezing the tops of Shane’s thighs like a lifeline. “You are on the pill for this? For me?”

Shane nodded mutely, gravely.

Ilya swallowed, almost dizzy from the sheer mental image of Jane going to her doctor and requesting pills, all for Ilya. Taking them every day, just so Ilya could safely come deep inside her. Forming this one small part of her routine just to ready herself for Ilya’s body, for his hot come.

Not for anyone else. For Ilya.

“Okay,” Ilya said thickly, willing the words to be coherent. “Okay. You ever try this yourself? With fingers?”

Shane shook his head, mussing his hair even worse. “Not really. Wanted you to be the first.”

Ilya sucked in a desperate breath. “It could hurt. I’m not small, *moy devochka*.”

Shane visibly shuddered, hands flexing on Ilya’s chest. “I know. Go slow?”

“Of course.”

Finally, *finally*, Ilya freed his dick, shoving his sweats down around his thighs; he couldn't bear to make Shane unwrap his legs for even a second.

Shane's gaze locked on Ilya's cock as soon as it was exposed, eyeing the angry redness of the head, the way the foreskin was already pulling back just from how hard Ilya was, the pearly bead of precome dripping from the tip.

Ilya wanted to drive home so fucking bad, grab Shane's hips and fuck into him until he was coming in a heap of limbs. And Shane would want that, would beg for that.

But the sweet, aroused girl in front of Ilya had never been fucked. Had never been touched. Ilya couldn't just start rutting in, all animalistic and desperate, no matter how frayed his nerves were. So he soothed gentle hands over Shane's knees, his thighs, breathing steadily.

"Is okay if you're scared."

"I'm not." It would have been believable if Shane's voice didn't tremble just a fraction. But Shane's next words were steady. "I trust you."

Ilya smiled far more gently, indulgently than fucking your husband in lingerie would call for.

"Okay. Okay, sweetheart."

Ilya lifted one hand from Shane's knee to lower back down to his pretty pussy, hovering over the filthy fucking lace that covered it. Ilya watched Shane, waiting for a breath of hesitation, a shiver of indecision.

But there was nothing. Just stability and excitement, in a way that was pure Shane.

So Ilya dipped his fingers into Shane's panties, gathering the lube and spit that was still soaking and hot, and brought it to his own cock, smearing the fluid and his own precome around to slick himself. Ilya didn't even consider going to get proper lube. Shane's cunt was still so glossy with wetness, Ilya could've slid in dry if he wanted.

"Okay," Ilya said again, as if he forgot every other word he knew. He held the base of his cock in a vice grip, his spare hand hooking the gusset of the panties and tugging them to the side, tucked into his thumb. Ilya's grip stretched enough that he could hold the panties out of the way and still cup Shane's hipbones with his fingertips. "Deep breaths, my Jane."

Ilya watched Shane's chest strain against his bra as he inhaled deeply, the sight making Ilya's mouth water. He swallowed and leaned himself forward, pressing his thick cockhead to Shane's wanton cunt, his own breathing stuttering at the sopping wetness on his dick. Ilya was so tense, every muscle bulging with the effort it took to make this slide easy, slow, gentle for Ilya's sweet girl.

"Ilya?" Shane said softly, hands sliding up to grip Ilya's straining biceps. "I'm okay. I want this."

Ilya couldn't help it anymore, not with Shane's gentle words, the way he was looking up at Ilya like Ilya hung the fucking moon. Ilya had no choice but to let himself sink fully into

Shane's sloppy, begging cunt, inch by succulent inch, until his hips bumped Shane's ass, his pelvis scraping the lace of the panties.

Shane's pussy was incomprehensible. So wet and open for Ilya, yet so tight, so new. It sucked Ilya in deep, desperately, greedily. A perfect hole for Ilya, a pussy made for him and one that wanted him so much that Ilya was dizzy.

"*Fuck*, Jane," Ilya sighed, feeling the sweetness of how Shane's pussy gripped him, gave way for him.

"It feels okay?"

"No," Ilya said stiffly, wrapping a hand around Shane's waist, made to appear slim by the lingerie, but thick and solid in Ilya's hand. "No, sweetheart, no."

Shane looked so stricken that Ilya couldn't help loosing a wild, high-pitched laugh.

"Feels *perfect*." Ilya swallowed, wondering if there was a single word in any language that could come close to describing the silken, velvet feel of Shane's cunt. "Feels better than my dreams about it. I don't even want to pull back enough to fuck back in."

Color spread along Shane's cheeks like dye into water.

"Oh."

"Yeah, '*oh*,' " Ilya ducked down and kissed the tip of Shane's nose, relishing his smile at it. "How do *you* feel, sweetheart? First time can hurt. Cunts are so small, especially when they're not used to dicks like this."

Shane sighed, considering, and Ilya appreciated the thought behind it, even as his own cock was begging for him to move.

"Feels good. I want . . . I'm ready. Please."

The "please" had Ilya holding back another hysterical laugh, but he was happy to comply.

"Okay, baby, okay. Tell me if it hurts."

The first thrust wasn't even a real one, just Ilya canting his hips back and then relaxing, but Shane squeaked like it was a hard jackhammer, his hands squeezing Ilya's shoulders.

Ilya groaned. The excitement, the tension, the pressure of Shane's gripping cunt all made it feel like a real pussy, one getting fucked for the first time. Ilya was indescribably keen to make it a good one.

He began to set a rhythm of slow, shallow thrusts, more humps forward and back than anything proper, rocking into Shane. Shane was twitching and gasping at each movement, but he was still coherent. Ilya wanted him to lose himself, the way Ilya was starting to. He wanted Shane to be stupid with arousal, for this first time to be one he begged to repeat over and over.

So Ilya started to work harder, pulling his hips away as far as Shane's twined ankles around his lower back would allow, and pushing steadily back into that exquisite heat.

"*Hnngh-*" Shane sighed desperately.

"Good girl," Ilya muttered. He wasn't sure his words were at all comprehensible with how distracted he was by the satin pleasure of Shane's cunt, but Ilya said it anyway. He needed Shane to know, needed his sweet girl to understand how much Ilya loved her, her pussy, her desperate gasps. "My perfect Jane."

Shane groaned, voice cracking as Ilya thrust in. His makeup was running again. Ilya wasn't sure if it was sweat or tears or both, but he just kept his rhythm, kept his grip on Shane's hip, his waist, using it for leverage as he tugged Shane back to meet his thrusts.

"Is good?" Ilya asked, panting despite himself. "You feel your G-spot?" Ilya paused, halfway out, and just rocked for a minute, rubbing his cock inside Shane, hips angled toward the sky so the head could press Shane's sweet prostate.

Shane nodded frantically, messing his hair into a rat's nest behind his head.

"My clit," Shane groaned. "Please."

Ilya nodded, obedient for his girl, moving the hand on Shane's waist to his cock. The panties were still soaked, yet Ilya could feel the warmth of fresh dribbles of precome through the lace as he cupped Shane, squeezing almost meanly.

Shane's reaction was immediate, a relieved sigh leaving his swollen pink lips, his pussy clenching tight, as if Shane was overwhelmed with feeling and needed to let it out somehow, and this was the only way, immobilized as he was with Ilya over him.

"*Moy llyubov,*" Ilya breathed, ducking down to capture Shane's pretty mouth.

The kiss was not a thing of beauty, was just tongue and teeth and breath as Ilya fucked into Shane, feeling the give of his firm cunt, the wetness of their coupling soaking the front of Ilya's thighs, his pelvis, the poor fucking panties.

The lace was starting to sting Ilya's hips; he couldn't even imagine how red and well-fucked Shane's whole crotch would look after, especially with the vicious, desperate way Ilya was rubbing his clit.

Despite the slight discomfort, though, pleasure squeezed at Ilya's cock, his hips, his whole body, like his thrusts were wringing arousal out of every pore.

"Ah, ah, ah, *ahhh,*" Shane cried in time with Ilya's thrusts, his furious kneading at Shane's straining, weeping cock.

"You feel so good," Ilya told him honestly, gritting his teeth through the tight clutch of Shane's cunt. "You are such a good girl. Your body is perfect. Your clit is perfect. Your pussy is *perfect*. So lucky. I'm so fucking lucky. Because. It. Is. All. Mine." Ilya punctuated each word with a sharp thrust so deep into Shane that Shane was hiccuping.

“Yours,” Shane agreed, drool leaking out of his mouth, he was so gone.

“All mine. My perfect girl. A girl only for me. Only because she wants to be. Mine. My Jane.”

Ilya squeezed Shane’s cock one more time, and Shane cried out wordlessly, back bowing, clipped nails digging into Ilya’s shoulders as he came. The fabric of the panties was so wet already that the release had nowhere to soak into. Ilya watched greedily as Shane’s come slid down his cock, down the crease of his spread thighs.

Ilya’s mouth watered as Shane’s come dribbled down to wet his pussy, to coat Ilya’s still-driving cock. Shane’s muscles clenched around Ilya, and the renewed tightness, the fresh bout of slick wetness, had Ilya gasping into Shane’s mouth and shooting deep inside him.

The bloom of pleasure was deep, aching. It made Ilya’s fucking teeth hurt with its intensity. He couldn’t help himself from groaning some mix of Shane and Jane and yes, his every muscle taut and shaking and desperate. Ilya squeezed Shane’s hip under him, as if that was his only anchor, the pleasure making him half-worried he was going to float away entirely, overwhelmed with orgasm, with the feeling of Shane’s willing body milking Ilya’s come from him.

Shane gasped under Ilya, and Ilya thumbed over his hipbone weakly, trying to soothe him while Ilya was still shuddering apart himself.

“Good girl,” Ilya muttered. “Such a good girl.”

Ilya stayed like that, laying over Shane, for far too long. Shane’s release was drying stickily between them, Ilya’s come dribbling out of Shane and running in rivulets down their still joined bodies whenever they shifted.

Yet Ilya had no intention of moving. He had just taken a sweet girl’s virginity, had just fucked his husband to incoherence. He had nowhere else he wanted to be. Even Shane, usually such a stickler for cleanliness, didn’t move, seemingly content to graze his hands up and down Ilya’s back and pant steadily with the comedown.

“How do you feel?” Ilya finally asked, once Shane’s leaking started to feel uncomfortable rather than hot.

“Guh,” Shane said eloquently, tucking his face further into Ilya’s chest.

“You want to wash up? Get these panties off?”

“Mmm,” Shane hummed without moving.

“We should maybe change sheets, sweetheart.”

“Hmm.”

Who was Ilya to deny Shane anything? He was more than content to stay here, still joined, until they starved to death.

But Ilya knew, once Shane came back to himself, in a minute or an hour or a day, he'd be grossed out by his ruined lingerie, the messy bedsheets. So Ilya kissed his temple and squeezed his waist and began to tilt his hips back to pull out.

"*Nngh-*" Shane cried out at the sensation, and Ilya cringed.

"Is okay, *moy llubyov*. You are safe, you are okay." Shane didn't need such saccharine words, not really, but Ilya couldn't keep himself from murmuring them, anyway. They fell from his lips, unbidden, just like the soothing kisses he planted over Shane's sweaty hairline as he slid himself out fully.

Ilya sat back on his heels, taking in the vision that was Shane. His hair was tangled into a rats' nest, makeup smeared beyond reasonability, bra twisted so that his nipple poked out. His chest was lit up with red, his stomach heaving as he caught his breath, his panties sopping and stretched and ruined.

"Can I clean you up, sweetheart? Get you comfortable?"

Shane wiped his palms over his face, tracking makeup onto his hands, but nodded as he did so.

"Okay. Okay, *moy lyubimyy*." Ilya stood up, finally shucking off his stretched-out, still-damp sweats and tossing them mindlessly behind him. Shane would have a conniption about it later, but right now Ilya needed to focus on Shane himself, not his obsessive cleanliness.

First things first. The panties had to be dealt with. Shane's skin was delicate – Ilya attributed that to being Canadian, which never failed to piss Shane off – and leaving the panties on was certain to give Shane a rash if there wasn't one already starting to bloom under the scratch of the lace.

Ilya tucked his fingers into the top of the damp material, businesslike and efficient, tugging it down and off Shane's muscled legs to throw it in the growing pile with his sweats.

Shane's newly revealed skin was all pinked up, from his hips to his taint to even his cock, not to mention his hole. It was so puffy, pink and shiny and exhausted-seeming. Ilya's cock gave a valiant attempt to kick at the sight, but Ilya was too spent for it to be anything more than that.

"So pretty," Ilya said anyway, bending forward to unclip the bra and slide it down Shane's limp arms. The lingerie had left its imprints in red bands around Shane's ribcage, his shoulders. Ilya rubbed at them with his thumbs, feeling the indents on Shane's sweet skin. It wasn't bad enough to bruise or anything, but Ilya knew how nice it was for girls to take off their bras at the end of the day, get blood back in their skin.

"Ilya," Shane said quietly, gaze unfocused.

"You are lovely. Come. Let me clean you."

Ilya scooped up as much of Shane's heavy frame as he could, half-walking, half-carrying him to the ensuite. Ilya flicked the shower on as hot as it could go, letting Shane press into his side as he did so. Ilya leaned their weight on the sink as he waited for the shower to heat, trying to give Shane as much support as possible so he didn't need to hold himself up much at all.

Shane's face was a mess, and Ilya ran the tap over his fingers before wiping them over Shane's face, cleaning up the smeared makeup perfunctorily. A washcloth would've worked better, but Ilya was unwilling to move Shane even an inch more than he had to.

Shane twitched under Ilya's hands, and Ilya hummed low in his chest, trying to soothe. The source of the discomfort was clear: come was still dribbling out of Shane's hole, dripping down the insides of his thick thighs.

"I know, Shane, I know."

Once Shane's skin was mostly clear and the bathroom mirror started to fog, Ilya kissed Shane's temple, guiding him into the hot shower.

"You are perfect," Ilya murmured into Shane's hair once they were situated, feeling the water soak them, holding Shane's hips for extra stability, just in case. "My gorgeous Shane."

"Ilya," Shane said again, tilting his head back into the spray.

"I'm here, Shane. You are okay."

Ilya let himself get lost in washing Shane, in the tiny twitches of his hips when Ilya scrubbed a washcloth over his hole, his stuttered breaths when Ilya soaped up his soft cock, his gentle sighs when Ilya massaged his fingers into Shane's hair.

As Ilya cleaned him, he watched Shane's eyes become slightly more focused, less glazed, while he came back to himself. Became Shane, hockey extraordinaire and perfect husband, instead of Jane.

"Shane," Ilya said quietly, tilting his head up to kiss his forehead. "My beautiful husband."

Shane smiled dopily, mutely tucking his face into Ilya's neck.

"So lovely," Ilya murmured. "You feel good?"

Shane nodded into Ilya's neck. "Was it okay?" Shane asked almost shyly. "Did you like it?"

Ilya snorted. He couldn't help it. "Was *so* good. So perfect, sweetheart. Was sexy, sweet, lovely. Of course I liked it."

Shane leaned back to look at Ilya, so visibly pleased at the compliments that Ilya's sides clenched. "Did you like the lingerie? Bought it today."

"I forget how to speak, and you ask me if I liked it?" Ilya grabbed Shane's chin and tugged him forward for a sloppy kiss, water running warm into their mouths. Ilya pulled back just a

hair, their foreheads knocked together, noses brushing. “So stupid. So stupid you ask like this.”

“The lady at Sephora color-matched my skin,” Shane said through a laugh.

“She did a good job.”

“You liked the perfume?”

“Shane,” Ilya said, almost scolding. “I liked *all* of it.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. Even though you are a naughty boy.” Ilya pinched Shane’s hips gently. “Telling me your errands are boring. Liar.”

“Worked, though,” Shane said through a shade of smugness. “I’ve never seen you so shocked.”

Ilya made a quiet sound of annoyance, angling his head to tug at Shane’s earlobe with his teeth. “Of course I was. It was fantasy, and you made it real.”

Shane bumped his forehead into the side of Ilya’s neck. “It doesn’t have to be a fantasy again. I liked it.”

Ilya stiffened, banding his arms around Shane’s back, bracketing him in. “You know I love *you*,” he said thickly. “I do not need you to be a girl.”

Shane pulled back to look at Ilya, his eyes more focused than they’d been all evening as they stared Ilya down. “I know. It was just for fun.”

“You do not need to pretend for me.”

Shane didn’t say anything, just quirked his head to the side like a confused dog, and Ilya swallowed thickly.

“You have . . .” Ilya swallowed, distracted by the hot spray, the curious frown on Shane’s face. “You have dealt with so much hardship being a man who loves me and being a man I love. I do not want you to think I am . . . ungrateful. Or regretful.”

Shane’s eyebrows drew up in the middle, his arms coming to drape behind Ilya’s neck, his fingers finding the base of Ilya’s skull and rubbing it, winding the wet curls around his fingers, water falling in rivulets over his shoulders.

“I don’t think that, baby.”

Ilya’s chest squeezed at the endearment, but he stayed quiet.

“I don’t think anything like that.”

“You were upset, when I brought up Jane,” Ilya said, almost too quietly to be heard over the shower.

Shane blinked like he was surprised Ilya had noticed. “I was upset because I thought you wanted *someone* else, not *something* else.”

Ilya stayed silent, watching water catch on Shane’s long eyelashes.

“It’s different to miss girls as a whole rather than one girl. But the fact that the girl you missed was *me* . . . It was so sexy, Ilya.”

“But I don’t need you to be a girl,” Ilya repeated plaintively.

“I know.” Shane’s face was so serious it was almost funny. “The things that get you off aren’t always the things you value.”

“But-”

“I love being a man, but this got me off.”

“Did it?” Ilya asked oafishly, all trepidation and shy.

Shane nodded slowly. “It did, yeah.” He swallowed, the line of his throat so shiny with the water.

“You don’t need to like it for me.”

“Fuck off, Ilya. You don’t need to worry if your kinks are fair to me. I’ll tell you if I don’t like them. And I liked them. It’s just for fun. It’s okay.”

And Ilya knew that he should’ve been the one being all stoic for Shane, seeing as Shane just debauched himself in lingerie for him, but Ilya couldn’t help himself. He collapsed forward into Shane, mouthing at him, squeezing him almost painfully tight as he kissed his cheeks, his nose, his eyebrows, anywhere he could reach.

“Was good?” Ilya asked between kisses.

Shane exhaled heavily. “Was *so* good, Ilya, fuck. The way you were treating me . . . you treat all girls like that?”

“Treated,” Ilya corrected firmly against Shane’s jaw. “Past tense. And no. No one was special like you, *moy llyubov*.”

Shane smiled as he tilted Ilya’s chin up for a proper kiss, slow and aching.

“Is always you,” Ilya said as seriously as he could bear with the water slicking Shane’s hair down and Shane’s hands in Ilya’s curls. “You could be boy or girl or fucking New York Admiral. I do not care, so long as it’s you.”

When Shane flushed under his perfect constellation of freckles, it just solidified Ilya's words as even more true. Shane was just *right*, the same way some goals were, some games.

Ilya bumped the tip of his nose against Shane's, just relishing in it, in the warm glow of being loved by his perfect girl, his perfect ex-rival, his perfect teammate.

All parts of his husband, and all Ilya's.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Comments and kudos are so appreciated :)

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