

You're where I wanna be, my darling, can't you see?

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You're where I wanna be, my darling, can't you see?

by [mickeysmyheart](#)

Summary

Shane's so cute when he's upset and all Ilya can do is tease him some more. He loves to tease him, he's so easy to rile up.

"Admit it, you missed me," he teases more, grabbing at his soft blue hoodie.

"I fucking didn't," Shane says, annoyed but he knows Shane did miss him, because Ilya really missed him.

OR

Ilya fucks Shane's tits during their first time together

Notes

hiii i'm back with another hollanov fic hehehe

since i saw the first episode at the mtl premier i can't stop thinking about how much ilya loves grabbing onto shane's tits so i decided to write about him doing it during their first time at shane's mtl property. there were a couple cuts during that whole scene so one of those, this happens.

hope you enjoy this! ♡

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

Not seeing Hollander for so long has felt like pure agony. Not being able to hold him, kiss him, *fuck* him— it's been Hell. What's even worse is accepting the fact that he is also in love with Shane and he can't do anything about it.

Ilya's never fallen in love before. It took him a minute to figure out that it was love but when he did he knew he was completely fucked.

He was not supposed to fall in love with fucking Shane Hollander, boring Canadian with the cutest freckles. *Fuck*.

Hooking up with Shane was supposed to be fun because it was dangerous. Two male NHL players who are supposed to be rivals, fooling around— Ilya couldn't think of anything hotter. He didn't think that this sweet Canadian with his cute nose, enchanting smile, insane body, and neurotic personality would bewitch him in this way.

He's completely head over heels for Shane but he can't tell him that. He thinks Shane might feel the same but it doesn't matter if he does or not, either way, they can't be together. Not in the way Ilya's been dreaming about— not for real.

So what's the point of telling Shane if they can't ever be together for real?

They are finally in the same city again— Montreal. Ilya never does this but he texts Shane before the game and *fuck*, is he hard thinking about them meeting up after.

Shane doesn't answer him but he knows he's hard too— that's something Ilya doesn't worry about is how hard he can get Shane in such a quick time.

Montreal won so Shane texts Ilya an address. He smiles as he looks at it, anticipating what's to come.

In the cab ride to the address Shane sent, Ilya can't help but think about how the Olympics are creeping up, and with it being held in Russia this year, it has him on edge. Seeing Hollander right now is exactly what he needs, even though these feelings for him are tearing him up inside. He continues to shove them deep down inside.

Ilya teases Shane about how he's going to murder him once he's standing outside a creepy building near downtown Montreal. They go inside and Shane pushes him against the wall, which surprises him as Shane isn't usually the dominant one. It's really hot.

Shane's so cute when he's upset and all Ilya can do is tease him some more. He loves to tease him, he's *so* easy to rile up.

"Admit it, you missed me," he teases more, grabbing at his soft blue hoodie.

"I fucking didn't," Shane says, annoyed but he knows Shane did miss him, because Ilya *really* missed him.

He races Hollander up the stairs and inside a spacious living space. Shane's yapping away about the building that Ilya didn't ask about even though he's already decided for himself that Shane bought this building solely so he they have a place to fuck and Shane won't have to show Ilya where he actually lives. He doesn't let it bother him even though it does. He finds himself picturing what Shane's real apartment looks like and if he decorated it instead of the designer he hired for this place.

He easily walks up to Shane and kisses him. God, he missed this. He trails his lips over to Shane's ear and says teasingly, "Where do you want me? In the kitchen? On the floor?"

"Fuck off," Shane laughs, shoving at his chest. Ilya lets the smile spread across his face. He follows Hollander into a horribly decorated bedroom and can't help but tease him about the hundreds of pillows on the bed.

After a bit of back and forth, he finally has Shane in his arms again and his tongue in his mouth.

Ilya easily picks Shane up into his arms, carrying him over to the bed where he drops him on it gently. They both strip down to nothing as Ilya then lays between Shane's open legs, kissing his lips and down to his jaw and to his neck. He kisses down to his chest and circles his tongue around his right nipple.

"Holy fuck," Shane moans.

Ilya nips at it, causing Shane to moan out again. "You have sensitive nipples," he notes, looking up at him and meeting his eye.

"Shut up," Shane says shyly.

"Is good," Ilya reassures. He sucks on the left nipple now before pulling away to look at him. "You have perfect chest," he tells him, squeezing his tits in his hands as he sits on his knees in between Shane's legs.

"Fuck," Shane moans, looking up at him, he reaches up to grab Ilya's chest too. "You do—tits are so fucking big."

Ilya smirks. He loves when Shane sounds wrecked like this and he hasn't even really touched him yet. He squeezes Shane's tits again, pushing them together and moaning at the sight.

"I want to fuck your tits," he says, not being able to hold back on this thought anymore.

"Fuck, yes," Shane moans.

"Yes?" Ilya asks, just to be sure.

"Yes," Shane smiles softly.

Ilya leans over him and kisses him hard on the mouth, shoving his tongue inside again, needing to taste him.

Ilya pulls back so Shane reaches into his nightstand drawer and pulls out condoms and lube. Ilya can't help but tease him about all the condoms.

Ilya slicks up his cock, stroking it a couple times as he hovers over Shane's torso. "Hold them together," Ilya instructs and Shane is quick to obey— taking his perfect chest in his hands and pushing them together.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya moans as he slides his hard cock between Shane's tits. He fucks his tits slowly and steadily until he looks at Shane who's intently watching Ilya's cock move in between his pecs and poke out towards his chin. He opens his mouth, tongue hanging out wanting any sort of taste. "You're such a cock slut," he teases him, pushing into his tits harder so the tip of his cock pokes out hitting Shane's tongue.

Shane moans, licking at the slit. He does it a couple more times, each time hitting Shane's waiting tongue, each lick more eager than the last.

Ilya needs to stop before he paints Shane's pretty face and all his beautiful freckles with his cum. He pulls away and settles back in between Shane's legs, kissing him hard on the lips.

He kisses back down his body and takes Hollander into his mouth, finally giving his cock some attention.

"Fuck, Rozanov," Shane moans as Ilya deep throats him. He reaches his arm back up Shane's body and grabs his tit in his hand. He then lifts Shane's legs up and licks at his waiting hole.

Shane's a whimpering, moaning mess above him and Ilya's never seen anything more beautiful. He works Shane open with his fingers and tongue, needing him ready for when he can finally enter this beautiful man.

Finally, he pulls away and settles back in between his legs. Ilya takes a condom and puts it on his leaking cock, pressing himself against Shane, looking down into his eyes.

He slowly pushes inside of him and asks, “Is okay?”

Shane nods, a soft, “Yeah,” escapes his lips.

Ilya pushes into him more, bottoming out, and Shane throws his head back on the pillow, moaning softly. Ilya rests his head on his face, not being able to pull away any contact from him. He moves his mouth over to Shane’s neck, kissing him softly as he slowly starts to move in and out of him.

Ilya fucks Shane but for the first time in his life— it feels like Ilya is making love. He keeps asking Shane if he’s okay, if it’s okay— needing to know if he’s enjoying it and still wants this to happen. He very much does and is pushing back into him harder and harder with every one of Ilya’s thrusts.

They switch positions with Shane getting onto his hands and knees and Ilya entering him from behind. Shane’s moaning loudly and *fuck*, he sounds so good like this. Ilya’s so fucking close but he needs Shane to get there first.

“Are you—“ he moans out.

“I’m coming,” Shane says breathlessly and *fuck*.

“*Oh God— Hollander,*” Ilya moans loudly as he pounds into him, chasing his own release. He leans over Shane’s body when he’s done and kisses between his shoulder blades and his hand reaches out to stroke his hair.

They're just laying in bed after and it feels so fucking domestic and normal and *safe*. Ilya's never felt this comfortable with anybody and it absolutely fucking terrifies him— especially when Shane is kissing his so softly before kissing his forehead tenderly.

“I should go,” Ilya finds himself saying. He's afraid and so his instinct is to run away from this— from Shane.

Shane doesn't say anything if he's disappointed, just gets up and the two of them get dressed.

In the stairwell, Shane is sitting and clutching Ilya's jacket in his arms as Ilya fixes his shoes. Shane's talking about the Olympics but Ilya doesn't want to think about that right now— can't— not without feeling agony deep inside of him.

He changes the subject, choosing to tease Hollander because that's safe, easy territory for them. Shane blushes and tells him his cab's definitely here.

Ilya can't help but lean in slowly and kiss him softly on the lips. It's so sweet and soft and unlike any of their other kisses. It almost feels like a real goodbye kiss because they both know they can't be anything while they're in Russia, and yet Ilya knows this should just end now because his feelings have gotten too deep and complicated.

He pushes all those thoughts away as he kisses Shane softly, tenderly, the way he deserves to be kissed all the time. He pulls back softly and says softer than he's ever spoken before, “Bye,” as he takes his jacket and leaves the building.

In the cab, Ilya allows a tear to slip down his cheek before wiping it away and looking out the window. The building— Shane— is no longer in view but Ilya's mind is back there with him.

End Notes

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