**all eyes on you**

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# all eyes on you

by lanallite

Summary


Since Shane's Calvin Klein campaign dropped, it somehow escaped the hockey bubble entirely and spilled into the general public. There are countless TikToks now—not even from hockey fans, just regular people—posting about his husband in tight white briefs that leave very little to the imagination. Every sports show seems obligated to mention Shane Hollander's Calvin Klein campaign. It's inescapable in a way neither of them had expected.

At first, Ilya thought it was fun. He was glad the world finally saw his husband as the sexy, talented man he'd always known him to be. He liked interacting with fan posts and edits, even sending them to Shane just to watch the way his face would immediately redden.

But now, the public reaction is a little… much.

or; Shane's Calvin Klein campaign goes viral, not only in the hockey sphere, but all over the internet. Ilya tries (and fails) to not show his jealousy.


Notes

written out of my obsession with shane hollander (and hudson williams), especially pictures where he's in submissive positions and halfway undressed. i assume i'm not alone in that, but i also couldn't stop thinking about how ilya would feel about all the extra attention on his husband...

there are twitter posts included in this fic, so make the creator's style is on so you see it properly. the credit for the workskin goes to Twitter Work Skin: Tweets & Profile by starskin. all usernames were made up by me, so if any of them exist in real life, they have no relation.

all that being said, enjoy the fic :)

See the end of the work for more notes

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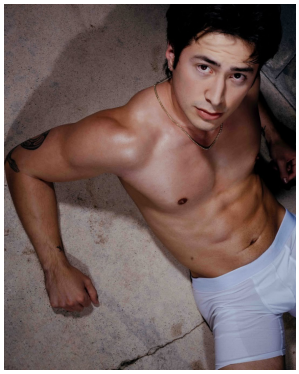
**Ottawa Centaurs Updates** @CentaursUpdates
Shane Hollander stuns in a new Calvin Klein underwear campaign!



*Replying to @CentaursUpdates*
**> jenna²⁴** @H0LL4ND3RS
UMMM HELLO???

*Replying to @CentaursUpdates*
**> m** 🏒 @captainroz
SHANE HOLLANDER? AS IN HOCKEY GOLDEN BOY SHANE HOLLANDER FOR CALVIN KLEIN?? Holy shit

*Replying to @CentaursUpdates*
**> paulie** ☆ @troyschiron
do NOT ask me the color of anything right now

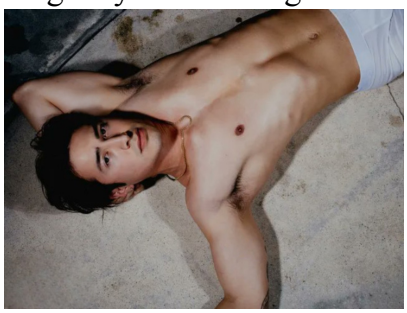
*Replying to @CentaursUpdates*
**> matt** @puckbrain
i did not see this coming but i am absolutely not complaining!!

**m** 🏒 @captainroz
what did men do to deserve shane hollander

*Replying to @captainroz*
**> adrianna !!** @shanescup
what did ILYA ROZANOV do to deserve shane hollander

*Replying to @shanescup*
**> > m** 🏒 @captainroz
like yes i am grateful he brought ottaw's princess back home, but DAMN. PLEASE SHARE

**jules ⋆˚ʚɞ** @hollanbrina
Girl ain't nobody looking at that damn beach background

> **hollanov's #1 defender** @hollanovsdog
> omg why is the background so boring
> 

**lyssa** @forgoods
ok so who was going to tell me that shane hollander the HOCKEY PLAYER is hot

*Replying to @forgoods*
**> paulie ☆** @troyschiron
we've KNOWN hollzy is hot

*Replying to @forgoods*
**> jenna²⁴** @H0LL4ND3RS
that's three-time Stanley Cup winner, all-star athlete, former captain, number one hottest man in the NHL (per Cosmopolitan) Shane Hollander to you, excuse me

**daisy** @rozynov
i would like to formally send out a thank you letter to yuna hollander for whoring out her son to the public… the people appreciate it

**matt** @puckbrain
ok but why is holly lowkey going viral right now

*Replying to @puckbrain*
**> jess** @roseey
VIRAL??

*Replying to @roseey*
**> > matt** @puckbrain
THERE'S A TIKTOK OF THE SHOOT THAT HAS NEARLY 1 MILLION LIKES

*Replying to @puckbrain*
**> > > jess** @roseey
HOW DARE THEY PERCEIVE MY OTTAWA PRINCESS NOOO

**jenna²⁴** @H0LL4ND3RS
there's a tiktok of shane that has 1.1 million likes… name five of shane hollander's best hat tricks right now

*Replying to @H0LL4ND3RS*
**> adrianna !!** @shanescup
REAL we need to gatekeep

*Replying to @shanescup*
**> > Michael R.** @montrealmike
Imagine trying to "gatekeep" the best and most famous hockey player in the world right now 💀💀

*Replying to @montrealmike*
**> > > adrianna !!** @shanescup
and i will continue to keep trying until it works thank you very much

**paulie ☆** @troyschiron
ilya rozanov can NAUGHT handle all that

*Replying to @troyschiron*
**> cece <3** @cenilyas
real @rozanov81 can you fight?

*Replying to @cenilyas*
**> > paulie ☆** @troyschiron
PSSSH not you actually tagging him

*Replying to @troyschiron*
**> > > cece <3** @cenilyas
it had to be said!

“Well, if it isn’t the world’s most sought-after man!”

Shane flinches slightly when Bood’s hands land on his shoulders in the locker room, squeezing hard enough to startle him. Ilya chuckles low and gives Shane’s hand a reassuring squeeze of his own. Shane glances at him, offers a small smile, and laughs it off.

The response to Shane’s underwear ad was… unexpected, to say the least. He’d been doing cologne and sportswear campaigns since his rookie season, so having so many sponsorships had long since become second nature. Still, stripping down to nothing but briefs and putting practically every inch of himself on display had made him hesitate. He’d nearly turned Calvin Klein down.

Surprisingly, Ilya had been the one to convince him.

Ilya knows he’s possessive. Shane, after all, is the one person in the world he guards most fiercely. But Shane is shy—too shy, sometimes—and it hurts Ilya to watch him struggle to love himself the way Ilya loves him without question.

So yes, Ilya is a little jealous that the entire world now gets to look at his husband’s gorgeous body. But it’s hard to stay mad when every compliment makes Shane’s ears burn pink. Besides, he knows who that body really belongs to.

“Shut up,” Shane mutters, shaking his head as he heads for his stall.

“Your commercial came on while I was watching the news,” Wyatt says from across the room, tugging on his gear. “The *news*. Not ESPN. Not a sports channel. The news.”

“You’re just jealous Shane is more popular and successful than you,” Ilya replies easily, grinning as he gets dressed. “Very tragic. Sucks for you.”

Shane laughs, swatting Ilya lightly with his shirt. Ilya’s found that joking about the campaign makes it easier for Shane to handle—turns the attention into something manageable instead of overwhelming.

“Hey, Holly knew doing this ad would get some chatter,” Bood says. “I just don’t think any of us expected it to *leave* the hockey world.”

“Holly’s going global,” Wyatt sing-songs.

Shane winces. “Global?”

Troy snorts. “Harris says that all the comments on the social media accounts are about you. At least it’s good exposure for the team.”

“They’re calling you Canada’s finest export,” Wyatt adds.

Shane wrinkles his nose, looking like a deeply offended kitten. “That makes me sound like a product.”

“I thought you liked being treated like an item, *da?”* Ilya murmurs, stepping closer until his lips brush Shane’s ear, his voice pitched low enough that no one else can hear.

Shane’s face immediately flushes. Ilya has always enjoyed making him blush—both on and off the ice—and he knows exactly which words cause which shade. This one is his favorite, a light pink that creeps up fast and warms Shane’s ears.

A hockey glove smacks into Ilya’s chest, forcing him back a step. He looks up to find Bood scowling from across the room.

“The fuck was that for?”

“No inappropriate talk in the locker room!” Bood exclaims.

“You didn’t even hear what I said!”

“I don’t need to,” Bood shoots back, gesturing at Shane’s still-flushed face. “Holly’s red enough to tell me it wasn’t workplace appropriate.”

“What I said is true.” Ilya shrugs. “I can repeat it aloud if you are all curious.”

A chorus of immediate no’s and protests fills the room, and Ilya laughs. The Centaurs adore both Ilya and Shane, and they’re happy their marriage only sharpens their chemistry on the ice—but they’ve endured enough PDA to know better than to challenge their captain.

Ilya’s always liked the Ottawa team, even when they were undeniably awful in the early days. After years with him at the helm, they’d finally found their rhythm—working harder, showing up earlier, taking pride in the grind. On practice days, most of the team arrives early to stretch and warm up so they can spend the bulk of their ice time actually running drills. It warms Ilya’s heart to know he helped build something solid, something Shane would come to love just as much when he joined.

Shane’s always liked to be the first one on the ice, however. Ilya watches him skate lazy loops around the rink, settling into his stride alone in the vast white. Ilya joins him, striding over.

“If the teasing is too much,” Ilya says quietly, “tell me. I’ll stop doing it in public. I do not want to… embarrass you.”

“It’s fine,” Shane says, squeezing Ilya’s arm reassuringly. “Everyone teases.”

“Sometimes they go too far,” Ilya replies. “Say the word, and I’ll stop. They’ll follow.”

Shane smiles at that, lips pressed together, eyes soft in a way meant only for Ilya. His heart flutters stupidly at the look—one that used to be reserved for private moments. Even here, with teammates filtering onto the ice, it feels like they’re alone. It means more than Ilya can say that Shane can look at him like this in public now, unafraid of judgment.

Shane leans in just enough to steal a brief kiss.

“Thank you,” he whispers, fingers lacing with Ilya’s. “It’s not needed, though. The guys don’t mean anything by it. If that changes, you’ll be the first to know.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

Shane gives his hand one last squeeze before letting go, straightening with a smug tilt to his mouth. “Besides, they can tease all they want. I’m still the one cashing the paycheck.”

“Mr. Business Man,” Ilya purrs, eyes dragging shamelessly over him.

Shane scoffs, blushing, and shoves Ilya lightly before skating off.

By the time the rest of the team joins them, the underwear campaign is *still* the hot topic.

“How many sponsorships do you even have?” Dykstra asks. “Seven hundred players in the league, and somehow *Shane Hollander’s* the only one every brand wants.”

“What, jealous?” Shane shoots back.

“I remember seeing his ads when I was a kid,” Luca says, laughing. “I begged my mom for Reeboks because Shane Hollander wore them.”

“Hey, don’t you still wear Reeboks to this day?” Wyatt asks, narrowing his eyes at Shane.

“Holly only wears clothes he’s sponsored by,” Troy adds.

Everyone turns to stare at him. Troy raises his hands defensively. “What? I only know because Harris keeps complaining about having to blur out Shane’s logos in videos!”

“You’re telling me you’re a *fucking millionaire* and you still only wear free stuff?” Bood asks, eyes wide. “That’s insane!”

“It’s efficient,” Shane protests.

“It’s boring,” Ilya cuts in cheerfully. “He wears the same outfits like he’s a sitcom character.”

“It’s called having a brand.”

Luca pauses. “Wait—does that mean you’re wearing the underwear right now?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” Shane responds with a smirk before skating away.

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Ilya has always liked social media. Even back in his rookie season, when it wasn’t nearly as prevalent as it is now, he enjoyed being able to see the public’s opinions on just about anything.

There are always niches and communities within the hockey sphere, and Ilya keeps track of most of them—usually discussions about different teams, playoff chances, and league drama. He and Shane have always been popular subjects: the two best players, the rivalry-turned-romance, the husbands playing on the same team. Ilya knows he's popular. He knows Shane is popular.

He just didn't realize Shane was *this* popular.

Since Shane's Calvin Klein campaign dropped, it somehow escaped the hockey bubble entirely and spilled into the general public. There are countless TikToks now—not even from hockey fans, just regular people—posting about his husband in tight white briefs that leave very little to the imagination. Every sports show seems obligated to mention Shane Hollander's Calvin Klein campaign. It's inescapable in a way neither of them had expected.

At first, Ilya thought it was fun. He was glad the world finally saw his husband as the sexy, talented man he'd always known him to be. He liked interacting with fan posts and edits, even sending them to Shane just to watch the way his face would immediately redden.

But now, the public reaction is a little… much.

Other players—both Centaurs and opponents—haven't let either of them hear the end of it. Shane takes it better; whenever someone makes a quip or fires off a joke, he just shakes his head and ignores it. Ilya, on the other hand, usually strong-headed and unwavering, can feel his blood boil every time a rival chirps about "keeping his husband on a leash."

Why does it matter that people thirst over Shane? He's Ilya's husband. *He* was the one who told Shane to take the ad.

And with the sheer volume of tweets pining after Shane, there are even a few asking if Ilya could fight. He hadn't understood it at first and had to ask Harris what it meant, but the idea of strangers asking him to fight over his *own* husband is ridiculous.

(Which he can. He's a hockey player, and he's Russian. And when it comes to his husband, Ilya is confident he could beat *anyone* in a fight.)

Ilya is pretty sure Shane has noticed how his mood surrounding the campaign has soured. He no longer sends Shane funny posts and grumbles every time someone in the locker room brings it up.

When Shane finally tries to confront him about it, the conversation quickly devolves into playful banter, which then turns into Ilya pinning Shane to their bed, making Shane forget what he was going to say in the first place. Ilya isn't too upset about that.

Now, Shane is lounging on the bed, tucked against Ilya's bare side as Ilya idly plays with his hair in one hand and scrolls through his phone with the other. Shane is well-fucked and boneless, clinging to Ilya, utterly content with nothing more than the warmth of his husband's skin.

*“Centaurs on a good win streak right now—but I bet that’s not the hottest thing about that team everyone’s talking about.”*

On-screen, three men from some random hockey podcast banter back and forth. It’s a clipped segment from a longer episode, posted to the podcast’s main account, with *Hollander Still Making Headlines??* splashed across the screen in bold. Harris had texted it to Ilya earlier.

*“We’re talking about this again?”* one of them groans.

The third guy laughs. *“I swear, you’re more obsessed than any teenage girl.”*

*“You didn’t even let me finish!”*

*“Because I don’t have to! You guys don’t see it, but every time we mention the Centaurs, Pat brings up Hollander completely unprovoked. Someone scores? Calvin Klein. Power play? Calvin Klein. It’s scary.”*

*“Okay, but can we just pull up the picture one more time? Just in case someone in the chat somehow missed it?”*

*“I’m pretty sure everyone in the world has seen Shane Hollander’s abs!”*

*“Alright, fine—just once more for me. Come on, man, look at that. Swear he could’ve been a model in another life if hockey didn’t work out. Imagine being Shane Hollander: arguably the best player in the league, in a hockey power couple, and built like that. I mean, I’m straight and happily married, but Hollander’s got me feeling a certain type of way—”*

“What are you watching?” Shane finally asks, lifting his head from where it’s been tucked against Ilya’s arm.

“Just some hockey clip,” Ilya says dismissively. He doesn’t scroll away, instead reading the comments.

“That doesn’t sound like sportscasters.”

“It is just a podcast.”

Shane makes a face. He likes podcasts—liked them, anyway, before he’d stopped listening for the sake of his own mental health. He’d assumed Ilya had done the same. “*Man in the Crease*?”

Ilya scrunches his nose. “No. Not that awful show.”

“I thought you liked that one because they also hate Scott Hunter,” Shane says. “Didn’t you send them submissions just so you could listen to them trash him?”

“Beside the point.”

“I heard what they were saying,” Shane continues, sitting up and swinging a leg over Ilya’s hips, straddling him. He plucks the phone from Ilya’s hand, forcing him to look up. “You

didn't fuck *all* the sense out of me."

Ilya sighs, letting his head fall back against the pillow. He lets Shane look at his phone, his dark eyebrows knitting together once he sees what's on his screen.

"You have TikTok?" asks Shane.

"Harris sent them to me," Ilya says. He keeps his eyes on the ceiling. Even though Harris isn't solely in charge of social media anymore, he insists his doomscrolling is relevant—something about tracking how the public views the Ottawa Centaurs. "I have a burner account."

Shane pauses. "A burner account."

"Yes."

"You?"

"Yes."

Shane exhales a laugh despite himself. "Did Harris teach you that word?"

Ilya hums noncommittally. His hands stay at Shane's waist, thumbs digging in just enough to remind himself that Shane is there. The possessive urge sits ugly and hot in his chest, unwelcome and embarrassing. He doesn't like it. He doesn't like that strangers can look at Shane and talk about him like that, like he's public property, like they're entitled to want him.

"So what?" Shane says after a moment, head tilting. "You jealous?"

Ilya snorts. "Of what?"

"Obviously of everyone losing their minds over me."

Ilya freezes, heat rushing to his cheeks. His tongue twists, words tripping over each other as they try to get out.

"It is not that—"

But Shane laughs. "Oh, I know," Shane says with a wide grin, pinching his sides playfully. "You're just not used to *not* being the hot one."

Ilya almost laughs again. Almost. Because Shane isn't wrong—not about the dynamic, anyway. Ilya has always been the one people noticed first. Loud. Charming. Reckless. Shane had liked that. He'd liked being slightly to the side of it all, tucked into Ilya's orbit, uninterested in the attention.

It would be easier if that were the truth now.

No—he *is* jealous of everyone losing their minds over Shane. But only because Shane is his.

“Tragic,” Ilya says instead, dryly. “My legacy, overthrown by a pair of underwear.”

Shane smiles, visibly relieved, taking Ilya’s lie easily. “I thought you supported my modeling career.”

“I assumed it continue to stay tasteful. Like watches. Or suits. Now you are doing *actual* model shit.”

Shane laughs, crinkles creasing around his eyes. “You know I don’t care about any of that, right?”

“I know.”

That’s the problem. Shane doesn’t feel the eyes on him the way Ilya does. Doesn’t hear the hunger in strangers’ voices. Doesn’t feel that sharp, territorial flare every time someone talks like they’d get a chance if Ilya weren’t in the way.

Shane shifts closer, leaning down to press a kiss along Ilya’s jaw. “I just figured it might be weird for you. Going from everyone obsessing over you to—well.”

“To you,” Ilya finishes, a lump rising in his throat.

It’s easier to let Shane think it’s envy. Easier than admitting it’s something darker, something that might sound like he wants to cage Shane in and keep him hidden from the world.

He doesn’t want Shane to think he’s too much.

“Don’t worry,” Shane murmurs, pressing a soft kiss to Ilya’s jaw. “You’re still the NHL’s bad boy. They’ll forget about me soon enough, and you’ll get all the attention again.”

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Shane sips his beer as he watches his teammates make absolute fools of themselves on the dance floor, celebrating their win. Usually, he can’t be bothered to go out, but Ilya had convinced him—mostly because they’re in Boston, and Ilya wanted to grab drinks with some old teammates he’s still on good terms with. Shane can’t really complain as he watches from afar, seeing Ilya laugh loudly and clap Marleau on the back at another table, deep in conversation with a handful of Boston players.

Loud places, especially clubs, have never been Shane’s things. Sometimes he can loosen up when he’s drunk enough and glued to Ilya’s side, but tonight he doesn’t want to interrupt Ilya’s catching up. He knows Ilya wouldn’t mind him joining the Boston guys, but he’s also aware that some players still see him as *hockey rival Shane Hollander*, not *Ilya’s husband Shane*.

Shane had hung out and chatted with his teammates for a bit before they decided to take to the dance floor. A few of them tried to drag him along, but he waves them off. He’s not interested in making a public embarrassment of himself. People-watching suits him just fine, waiting until someone inevitably gets bored—or too drunk—and decides to head back to the hotel with him.

He takes another sip and realizes his glass is empty. With a small sigh, Shane heads to the bar and asks for a ginger ale, hoping it'll cut through the alcohol. The bartender gives him an amused look, says he'll try to find one, and disappears.

Shane leans against the bar, eyes drifting back to the dance floor and then to Ilya, still laughing with the Boston guys. He smiles to himself at the sight of Ilya's wide grin, the dimples that appear whenever he smiles with his teeth.

He's so caught up in it that he doesn't notice when someone slides into the seat beside him.

"Holy shit, you're *that guy*," the man says, nudging Shane with his elbow.

Shane flinches and turns to find a burly man with brown hair, roughly his height, staring at him a little too intently. "Shane Hollander, right?"

Shane shifts back, irritation flickering at the unsolicited touch, but he forces a polite smile. He's used to being recognized, but the way the man's gaze drags over his face, his body, his arms, makes it clear *how* he recognizes him. It isn't the first time someone's known him from the ad, and it won't be the last.

"Yeah," Shane says shortly, hoping the conversation will end quickly. "That's me."

The man doesn't take the hint. He scoots closer, close enough that Shane can smell the alcohol on his breath.

"I'm Dean," the man says, holding out his hand.

"Shane," he replies, shaking it briefly before pulling away and wiping his hand on his jeans.

Dean keeps staring, an almost predatory look in his eyes, his breathing heavy as his eyes openly scrutinize Shane. Shane drums his fingers against the counter, willing the bartender to come back faster. Even with the music pounding around them, the silence between them feels loud, charged, and deeply uncomfortable.

Shane clears his throat. "You, uh… a hockey fan?"

Dean laughs. "Ha! Sorry, no. But I'm a fan of very fit, hot men who pose in just their underwear."

Oh. So *that's* what this is.

Shane closes his eyes for a brief moment, wishing he could teleport back to the hotel room and be done with this entirely. He wonders if the ginger ale the bartender is getting even exists, and if it's worth waiting for at all.

"Oh," Shane says, deliberately ignoring the rest of Dean's comment. "That's… alright."

Dean must be really drunk, or really into Shane, because he doesn't even seem turned off by Shane's awkwardness. "So, you in Boston for a game?"

“Yeah. Just won against the Bears,” Shane says, gesturing vaguely toward the dance floor. “Out with my team to celebrate.”

Dean’s eyes follow the motion before snapping back to Shane’s face. He leans in closer, and it takes every ounce of Shane’s restraint not to recoil.

“Doesn’t really look like you’re celebrating with them,” Dean says, voice dropping.

“Oh, uh, yeah. Partying’s never really been my thing.”

“Well,” Dean says, reaching out to brush his fingers against Shane’s hand, “we could celebrate somewhere else. Somewhere a little more private.”

Shane jerks his hand away, eyes going wide. His brain blanks completely.

“What? No, I’m—I’m married,” Shane stammers.

Dean shrugs. “Don’t see him around.”

Shane stares at him, stunned. “To Ilya Rozanov,” he says sharply. “Captain of my team. He’s here. Right now.”

Dean rolls his eyes, sending Shane a smirk that he probably thinks is charming, but Shane thinks it’s gross. “I’m sure he wouldn’t mind sharing.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

“Any married man who lets his husband pose practically naked for the whole world to see must not mind someone else joining in,” Dean says with a smirk. “Probably gets off on it.”

“*What?*”

Shane opens his mouth, not even knowing what he’s going to say—only that he’ll say *anything* to get out of this situation, his pride and ginger ale be damned.

His thoughts are still spinning when a familiar warmth presses in behind him, soft lips brushing his hair.

“Sweetheart, I’m getting tired,” Ilya says, wrapping his arms around Shane’s body and interlocking his hands, effectively trapping him in his embrace—protective without apology.

Shane immediately relaxes, closing his eyes as he leans back into his husband.

“You must be,” he says, smiling as he grips Ilya’s strong arms, letting Ilya’s lips linger possessively against his skin. “I saw you take five shots.”

Ilya pouts at his ear. “Don’t make me sound like an alcoholic,” he murmurs. “I *am* tired. I forgot how boring Boston is. Want to go, *kotenok*?”

Shane's face flushes at the nickname, and he's instantly grateful for the club lights hiding it. He flicks a glance at Dean, who's now watching them with a sudden, wary tension, like he's trying not to provoke a territorial animal.

Ilya lifts his head, turning his attention away from Shane and fixing Dean with an amused, razor-sharp look. His eyes narrow slightly.

"And who's this?" he asks lazily.

"Just… a fan," Shane says.

"Ah." Ilya's gaze doesn't waver. "Do we have a problem here?"

Shane bites the inside of his cheek, fighting a smile as Ilya stares Dean down—his eyes piercing, his tone cool and unmistakably contemptuous. He keeps quiet, letting the moment play out on its own.

Dean backs away, hands lifting slightly. "No problem."

"Okay. Bye now," Ilya says, flicking his hand in dismissal.

Dean doesn't hesitate—he's out of the seat and gone in seconds. Shane lets out a quiet chuckle as Ilya watches him retreat, eyes still hard until he disappears into the crowd.

Once Dean is fully gone, the discomfort leaving with him, Shane finally laughs. He buries his face into Ilya's bicep, shoulders shaking.

"Really?" Shane asks, amusement lacing his voice.

Ilya scoffs, jaw set. "Don't act so smug."

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Ilya's been keeping his cool about it all. Or at least, he's been pretending to.

The questions always start the same way—harmless, almost playful. Reporters grinning as they ask Shane how it feels to "break the internet," to see his face plastered across billboards and timelines. Shane handles it the only way he knows how: polite and short, deflecting with a joke about "just doing his job" or crediting the photographer, the brand, the team.

At first, Ilya had found the whole thing amusing. One ad campaign and suddenly the world had discovered what he already knew. But the amusement wore thin faster than he'd expected. Fans started recognizing Shane on the street, stopping him mid-conversation. Posters showed up at games, some subtle, some not, all referencing the ad. Each time, Shane flushed and smiled awkwardly through it, and each time, something sharp twisted tighter in Ilya's chest.

They hadn't really talked about it. Ilya knew, logically, that nothing had changed between them. Their relationship was still the same. But logic didn't do much when strangers looked

at his husband like he was something newly discovered, something public. So Ilya ignored it. Let it fizzle out. Ads fade. Hype moves on. It was only temporary.

It comes to a head in New York.

Ilya has always liked playing against the Admirals. Mostly because they're undeniably a good team, fun to play against. And partly because Ilya enjoys terrorizing Scott Hunter.

The first period is tight, full of many attempts but no goals. Ilya gets a few solid chirps in at Hunter anyway, earning himself glares from the Admirals' captain and a couple of checks. Shane tells him to knock it off more than once, but Ilya knows by Shane's smirk that he's thinking the same thing. It's worth it.

The score stays locked at 0–0 when the final TV timeout of the first period hits. Both benches look tired, restless, coiled tight with frustration. The coaches pace and mutter, clearly itching for the intermission so they can reset and come back swinging.

By then, Ilya's on the bench, half-resting, half-talking through options with his line. Shane's still on the ice—he'll be taking the faceoff once play resumes—standing off to the side by the net with Wyatt Hayes, chatting idly as they wait for the whistle.

Ilya is in the middle of planning a breakout with Troy when music suddenly blares from the jumbotron. The roar of the crowd cuts him off mid-sentence. His eyes snap upward just as the screen fills with the Admirals logo and bold lettering beneath it: *NYC CELEBRITIES.*

"Time for New York to show off how much more popular they are," Bood grumbles beside him, eyes already fixed on the screen.

Playing in Madison Square Garden has its perks—it's one of the most iconic arenas in the world, and being in the heart of New York City means it's always packed. It also means celebrities. Lots of them. During every TV timeout, there's an extended segment where the Admirals proudly parade famous faces for the cameras.

A movie clip transitions into a live feed of an actress in an Admirals jersey, waving enthusiastically and pointing at the logo on her chest. Ilya recognizes her from some superhero movie he and Shane had half-watched on a plane once. On the ice, Hayes is probably losing his mind over it.

The segment rolls on. A music video clip, followed by the rapper who made it. A highlight of a touchdown, then a New York football player grinning and pumping his fist. Actors, athletes, influencers, each one met with cheers as they flash Admirals colors and play to the crowd.

Then the screen cuts to a singer mid-performance, sequins glittering under stage lights. The reaction is immediate—louder than anything before it. Ilya squints. He's never been good with pop stars, but judging by the volume of the arena, this one is a big deal.

"Holy shit, that's Xavier Hart," Troy says.

"Who?" Ilya asks.

Troy blinks at him. “He’s, like, the most famous male pop star of this decade. He just did like a million shows here, broke some record or whatever. His music’s extremely pop, but it’s not that bad.”

“Yeah, my daughters love him,” Chouinard adds with a grin. “How do *you* know who he is?”

Troy flushes. “Harris likes him. And not a lot of pop stars are openly queer.”

The video fades into a live shot.

A decently attractive man with curly hair and a wide, practiced smile waves at the camera. Text flashes beneath him: *XAVIER HART. SINGER.* The crowd gets even louder as Hart blows exaggerated kisses, then stands up to show off his jersey.

It isn’t Admirals red.

It’s black, with red accents. For a second, Ilya doesn’t understand what he’s looking at. Then Hart turns around.

HOLLANDER arches across the shoulders, Shane’s 24 stamped bold beneath it.

Hart points at the name, flashing a wink at the camera, and then, deliberately, he turns and points to the ice.

Towards the Ottawa end, towards the goal, where Shane is still standing with Wyatt.

The camera catches it. The crowd catches it. A fresh wave of noise crashes through the arena, louder and sharper than before, edged with laughter and catcalls.

*Oh.*

It clicks all at once, ugly and sharp. Hart isn’t wearing the jersey because he’s a Centaurs fan. He’s wearing it because he’s a *Shane* fan.

Or, more like a fan of a certain Shane Calvin Klein ad.

A collective, sharp inhale ripples down the Centaurs bench. Ilya feels heads turning toward him—players, coaches, everyone gauging his reaction.

But all he can hear is the blood rushing in his ears.

“That’s… bold,” Chouinard says carefully, forcing a nervous laugh.

“Understatement,” Bood mutters, visibly irritated. “Guy needs to read the room. Have some decorum.”

Ilya tightens his grip on his water bottle, lifting it to his mouth and taking a long drink he doesn’t need. He keeps his gaze forward, jaw locked, hoping the motion disguises the heat flaring through his chest.

The video finally fades back to the Admirals logo, but Xavier Hart is still there—front row, center ice—laughing with whatever entourage he's brought along. And his eyes never leave Shane.

Shane, still lingering near the net with Wyatt, looks rigid. Even from the bench, Ilya can see the flush creeping up beneath his helmet. Shane worries his mouthguard between his teeth, chewing at it absently as he stares down at the ice.

Ilya knows the broadcasters are probably feasting on Shane's awkward reaction, on the way Ilya must look downright *murderous*—but he doesn't have it in him to care.

The horn sounds, signaling the end of the TV break.

Players hop over the boards and enter the ice, refs skating back to their spots. Ilya's attention locks onto Shane as he pushes toward center ice, shaking his head the way he always does when he's trying to focus, to block everything else out. He glides into position across from Hunter, settling in for the draw.

Shane crouches low at the dot. He's never been one to chirp for the sake of it, and being on good terms with Hunter, Ilya expects him to stay quiet.

So it catches Ilya off guard when he sees both their mouths moving.

He can't read lips well at all, but it doesn't look heated. Just casual. Like they're killing time while the wingers set and the defensemen back up, like two guys making conversation instead of squaring off under center-ice lights.

As the referee steps in, hand ready to drop the puck, Hunter says something quick.

Shane's eyes widen. Color floods his face, bright and unmistakable. He shakes his head, lips quirking into a brief scoff.

The puck hits the ice.

Shane snaps it clean, and he's off.

⌞ + ⌝

They beat the Admirals by one point. Ilya doesn't score—he spends a frustrating amount of the game in the penalty box instead, serving time for unnecessary checks and poorly timed chirps that do little for the score but takes the edge off the anger burning under his skin. It isn't his best showing as captain, and he knows it.

Shane, however, scored a hat trick and an assist. Ilya was only on the ice for one of them, but when Shane skates by the bench afterward, breathless and flushed, Ilya grabs him by the collar and plants an exaggerated kiss on his cheek.

The crowd howls. Shane turns red to the tips of his ears.

By the time they do the post-game press in the locker room, the adrenaline has worn off just enough for Ilya to feel bone-tired and keyed up all at once. As expected, Shane's stall is the busiest, everyone hoping for something they can use.

"Shane, can you walk us through the second-period goal there—what opens up for you?"

"Shane, how important was it to get momentum right after that TV timeout?"

"Did you feel the energy in the building tonight?"

Ilya listens, jaw tight, hands folded neatly in his lap. Shane answers smoothly, defaulting to instinct and training.

"Just trying to get pucks to the net. I'm lucky that my line helped me get good shots in."

"Yeah, the timeout didn't really change much. The game was tough."

And, with a polite smile, "The crowd's always great here. It helps."

Then, inevitably—

"Shane, there's been a lot of attention around your Calvin Klein campaign lately," a reporter says. "Do you think that's brought some new eyes to the game?"

Shane's smile tightens a fraction. "I mean, if it gets people interested in hockey, that's a positive," he says carefully. "But tonight was about the team and getting points."

Another reporter jumps in. "Did you notice Xavier Hart in the front row tonight, wearing your jersey?"

Shane blinks, expression even.

"I didn't really notice anything like that," he says. "I was focused on the game."

"Did it feel distracting at all?"

Before Shane can answer, Ilya speaks up.

"He scored three goals and had an assist," Ilya says evenly. A few heads turn his way. "We can talk about hockey, not about any distractions that could have affected our game. That is why we are here."

There's a murmur, a shuffle of feet.  Shane sends him a small, grateful smile. Ilya doesn't return it, his gaze fixed forward, unyielding.

"Okay," the reporter says, after a beat. "Shane, what was working for your line tonight?"

Shane exhales, shoulders easing. "We were moving our feet," he says. "Winning draws helped. Everyone committed to playing the right way."

Another hand goes up. “Ilya, can you talk about how composed Shane’s been handling the spotlight this season?”

“He’s a professional,” Ilya answers without hesitation. “He shows up, does his job, and competes. That hasn’t changed.” He glances briefly at Shane before looking back at the room. “My husband played really good hockey tonight. That is the story.”

Shane ducks his head, grinning despite himself, and shoots Ilya a fond look that takes some of the edge off the anger coiled in his chest.

The Centaurs are buzzing afterward, rightfully so. The Admirals are a brutal team to play, and the win feels earned. Usually Ilya would be in the middle of it, keeping the energy high, but tonight he sticks close to Shane, arm firm around his shoulders like he’s anchoring him in place.

“You okay?” Shane asks quietly, concern softening his voice.

Ilya’s jaw tightens. “We will talk about it back in the hotel room.”

Once they’re back at the hotel, Ilya’s halfway to hauling Shane straight down the hall before he remembers the rest of the team exists. The elevator ride up is quiet, Ilya glued to Shane’s side, until Troy’s voice cuts in.

“I was catching up with Hunter,” Troy says, holding up his phone. “He and a few of the Admirals are heading to Kingfisher. Some of the guys are going, too. You two in?”

Kingfisher is the gay sports bar Scott Hunter owns, a well-known postgame meet-up for queer NHL players and their friends whenever teams are in New York. It’s also the last place Ilya wants to be right now.

Before he can answer, Shane flushes and shakes his head quickly. “I went out in Boston,” he says. “Not really feeling it tonight.” It’s a believable excuse—Shane never likes going out twice in one week.

Troy shrugs and looks to Ilya. “Cap?”

“No,” Ilya says, already tugging Shane forward as the elevator doors open on their floor.

Shane shoots Troy an apologetic look but doesn’t resist, letting himself be pulled along, Ilya’s grip firm and unmistakably possessive as they disappear down the hall toward their room.

Ilya waits impatiently while Shane fumbles with the keycard, glaring at the door like sheer willpower might make it unlock faster. Shane finally gets it on the third try, and Ilya’s already moving, following him inside and locking the door behind them with a sharp click.

Shane leans back against the wall, watching as Ilya stalks across the room and dumps his bag and coat onto the spare bed. He doesn’t look at Shane once.

“What’s wrong?” Shane asks, after a beat.

Ilya scoffs and drops onto the edge of the bed, finally turning an unimpressed look on him.

“Was it anything I did?” Shane asks.

Ilya shakes his head. “You did nothing.”

“Then why are you in such a pissy mood?” Shane throws his hands up, sighing as his head thumps lightly against the wall. He runs a hand through his hair. “You’re being impossible.”

“It’s not you,” Ilya says. “It’s *him.*”

“Him?”

Ilya groans, dragging a hand down his face. “Xavier Hart! That stupid pop star with the stupid hair.”

Shane bursts out laughing. “That random celebrity at the game?”

“Yes,” he replies through gritted teeth.

“Oh my God,” Shane says, incredulous. “You’re mad about *that*?”

Ilya nods, jaw tight.

“Because he wore my jersey?”

“Yes. He should not have done that.”

“Why not?”

“Because.” Ilya makes a low, frustrated sound. “It is your number. Your name. He didn’t earn it.”

Shane exhales sharply. “People wear my jersey all the time.”

“But he is not fan like others,” Ilya snaps. “He is—” He struggles for the word. “—fake fan. Trend chaser.”

“Jumping on the bandwagon?”

“Yes! He does not care about the team. He sees you, thinks you are hot, and wants your attention.” Ilya scoffs. “Probably does not even know you have a husband on the roster.”

“Jesus Christ,” Shane mutters, rolling his eyes. “I don’t care about some popstar. I didn’t even know who he was until Scott told me—”

Suddenly, Shane cuts off. Color creeps up his neck as his eyes drop to the floor, suddenly fascinated by absolutely anything but Ilya.

“Told you what?” Ilya asks.

“Nothing.”

“Oh, it was something,”

Shane sighs. “It’s… stupid.”

Ilya studies him—the way his foot taps against the wall, the way he refuses to look up. He tilts his head. “Come here.”

Shane goes without hesitation, lips quirking despite himself. He settles into Ilya’s lap, close enough that they can see each other clearly in the dim hotel light. Ilya’s breath catches, hands sliding instinctively to Shane’s waist, holding him there.

*Mine,* his mind supplies, unhelpfully. *All mine.*

“What did Hunter say?”

“Ilya…”

“Tell me.”

Shane bites his lower lip, hard enough to leave it pink. Finally, he exhales and looks down at the sheets.

“Scott said Xavier Hart’s team reached out to Kingfisher before the game, asking for, I guess, some privacy. Like he planned to go tonight. Hunter didn’t get it at first, but when he saw Hart wearing my jersey on the ice—it must’ve… clicked for him.”

Ilya goes very still. The room feels smaller all of a sudden, the air tighter, like it’s been pulled taut between them. His hands flex once at Shane’s waist, thumbs pressing in, grounding himself.

“They planned,” he says slowly. “Ahead of time.”

Shane nods, still not looking up. “Seems like it.”

Ilya huffs. “But you have husband. You have me.”

“Ilya, come on, I don’t *care* about this random guy.”

“I know.” Ilya’s grip firms without thinking, fingers curling. “That is not the problem.”

Shane’s breath stutters, just barely. He shifts closer in Ilya’s lap, knees pressing in, chest almost touching his. “You’re… really bothered by this.”

Ilya lets out a short laugh, amused despite himself. “You think?”

Shane finally lifts his gaze, eyes dark, intent. “I’m yours, Ilya. No matter what. Nobody else matters.”

The words barely leave Shane's lips before Ilya's hands clamp around him, pulling him flush against his chest. He crushes their mouths together, hard and claiming, urgent and unrelenting. He parts Shane's lips with his own, sliding his tongue inside, tasting, claiming, making Shane melt against him. Shane gasps, shivers, claws at his biceps, and Ilya only holds him tighter, pressing him closer, feeling the heat of Shane's body fuse with his own.

Every motion is heavy, possessive, as if he's trying to imprint himself onto Shane. He revels in how Shane folds into him, how every gasp and shudder only pulls him further, drives him harder. Shane whines against his lips, hips pressing down against their hardening bulges, practically begging for *more.*

Ilya grins as he pulls back, a thin line of spit stretching between their mouths before it breaks. He squeezes Shane's ass, a low groan slipping out of him when Shane instinctively presses closer.

"You like this, huh?" he murmurs, voice rough with heat. "Like being put in your place."

Shane whines softly, chasing Ilya's mouth. "Ilya, I—"

"Ilya?" Ilya cuts in, lifting an eyebrow as he tilts his head, gaze sharp and intent. "Tell me. Who am I?"

Shane swallows, squirming under the weight of that look. "My husband."

"Close," Ilya says, lips hovering just shy of Shane's. "I am yours," he corrects quietly. "And you are?"

The air between them is tight, electric, humming with want. Ilya aches to press him down, to lock them together, to erase every lingering thought of anyone else who's ever looked at Shane like that, to leave his mark so deep there's no mistaking it. Let them look. They should still know.

"Yours," Shane whispers.

Ilya's mouth curves, satisfied but dangerous. "So you do know," he says softly. "All these people want a taste of Shane Hollander—forgetting that you already taste like me. Because I am the only one who gets to hold you. You understand that?"

Shane nods, breathless, eyes dark. "Yeah," he says. "I do."

"Take off your clothes and get on your knees."

Shane obeys without hesitation, a smirk playing on his lips as he rises from Ilya's lap. He removes his game suit jacket with deliberate slowness, the fabric sliding off his shoulders as he maintains eye contact. His dress shirt follows, his movements smooth and seductive. He folds the garments meticulously, placing them on the spare bed before kicking off his shoes and socks. The care he takes only heightens Ilya's impatience—the urge to tear the clothes away and push Shane onto the bed is almost overwhelming. But restraint is part of the game, and Ilya grips the sheets, savoring the tension.

When Shane lowers his trousers, the white briefs beneath hug his thighs, the Calvin Klein logo stretched across the waistband. Ilya's breath catches at the sight, his gaze lingering on the familiar fabric, the way it clings to Shane's body. A groan threatens to escape, but he bites it back.

"Keep them on," Ilya commands, just as Shane's fingers hook into the waistband of his briefs.

Shane's hands hover above the waistband, fingers curling around the letters, before he lets go. He grins and kneels at the edge of the bed, settling between Ilya's knees.

"Look at me," Ilya murmurs, voice rough.

Shane lifts his chin, a blend of obedience and defiance in his gaze, his smirk never fading. Ilya reaches out, two fingers tilting Shane's face up, studying the flushed cheeks, the parted lips glistening with anticipation. The sight of Shane like this—hands resting lightly on Ilya's thighs, eyes wide and waiting—sends a thrill through him.

Ilya undoes his pants, his cock springing free, flushed and heavy against his stomach.

"You want this?" he asks, watching Shane's reaction.

Shane nods, silent but eager.

"Words."

"Yes."

"Go ahead. Take it."

Shane doesn't hesitate. His tongue glides up the underside of Ilya's cock in a slow, deliberate stroke, earning a sharp hiss from Ilya, whose fingers tighten reflexively. Then Shane's lips close around him, hot and slick, his tongue working in practiced motions that drag another ragged groan from Ilya's throat. Hands bury in Shane's hair, urging him on, though Shane hardly needs direction—he knows exactly how to unravel him.

"Fuck, baby," Ilya pants, hips twitching. "Yes, just like that."

The angle accentuates the curve of Shane's back, the dimples above his ass, the way the white briefs cling to him, framing him perfectly. Ilya's fully clothed while Shane's just in the briefs, the same outfit he wore in all those viral Calvin Klein videos. Now, in the same outfit, he's on his knees for his husband, just him. He almost comes at the thought. He knows he's close, but he doesn't want to come like this.

"Enough," Ilya grits out, tugging Shane's hair to pull him back.

Shane obeys with a wet gasp, lips slick, eyes watery. He looks wrecked already, breathing hard, his own arousal undeniable.

Ilya beckons him closer, and Shane rises instantly, stepping into the space between Ilya's legs. Ilya drags him down into a bruising kiss, groaning at the taste of himself on Shane's tongue. His hand slides between them, palming the damp spot on Shane's briefs, making him jerk against him.

"You're leaking so much, *malysh*," Ilya says. "I get you this wet?"

"*Ilya*," Shane whines, arching into his touch.

"Stupid Calvin Klein briefs," Ilya mutters, fingers tracing the waistband. "Show off to whole world. But whole world does not get to see how you ruin them for your husband?"

A breathless laugh escapes Shane. "You're the one who told me to take the sponsorship."

"Little brat," Ilya growls, gripping his ass hard before flipping him effortlessly onto the bed. The briefs are gone in one smooth motion, tossed aside as Ilya drinks in the sight of Shane beneath him—bare, flushed, his body a map Ilya knows by heart.

Shane's grin fades into a gasp as Ilya looms over him, one hand pinning his hip to the bed. "Open yourself," Ilya orders, nodding to the bedside table. "Now."

Shane reaches for it, fingers brushing the bottle just as Ilya strips off his shirt, muscles flexing with deliberate slowness. The air between them crackles—Shane's attempt to tease is undercut by how eagerly he slicks his fingers, how quickly he presses one inside himself with a bitten-off moan.

Ilya watches, slowly taking off each item of clothing, as Shane arches into his own touch.

"Another," he rasps, and Shane obeys, adding a second finger with a shaky exhale. His thighs tremble, his movements growing erratic—less about preparation and more about chasing the friction he craves, wanting Ilya inside of him.

"Ilya, please," Shane whines, pressing down desperately, his cock leaking onto his stomach.

Ilya steps closer, dragging a thumb over Shane's bottom lip. "What is it? Tell me."

"Fuck me," Shane begs, voice wrecked. "I need your cock."

"Greedy," Ilya teases, but there's no heat in it—just amusement as he replaces Shane's fingers with his own, crooking them expertly. He watches Shane's back arch off the bed, how his body yields so beautifully around him. "That's it. You take me so well, *solnyshko.*"

When he withdraws, Shane whimpers, but Ilya takes his time slicking himself up with deliberate strokes. He settles between Shane's open legs, dragging the broad head of his cock through Shane's cleft, teasing his entrance until Shane's cursing, hips jerking up in demand.

"Look at you," Ilya growls as he pushes in, slow and inexorable, until Shane is panting beneath him, nails scraping down his back. "Always so fucking perfect."

The first thrust punches the air from Shane's lungs, the pace immediately punishing—deep, rolling strokes that have Shane's moans dissolving into wordless sounds. Ilya swallows them with a searing kiss before trailing his mouth down Shane's throat, biting hard enough to bruise, marking him thoroughly.

Shane's thighs clamp around Ilya's hips, his body tightening like a vice as Ilya fucks him harder, their sweat-slick skin sliding together with every snap of Ilya's hips.

"Close—*fuck*, I'm close," Shane chokes out, and Ilya drives into him harder, chasing the way Shane's body flutters around him.

"Come for me," Ilya demands, and Shane shatters with a cry, spilling hot between them. His body clenches so tight around Ilya it nearly whites out his vision.

"*Blyat*," Ilya swears, wrenching himself free at the last moment. Shane whimpers at the loss, but Ilya's hand is already stroking his own length, hovering over Shane's bliss-drunk body. He comes with Shane's name on his lips, painting stripes across Shane's trembling stomach, mixing with his own release.

For a moment, the only sound is their harsh breathing. Then Ilya collapses beside him, dragging Shane into his arms. Shane nuzzles into his chest, pliant and sated, as Ilya presses a kiss to his damp forehead.

"Okay?" Ilya murmurs.

"You killed me. I'm dead," Shane slurs, letting his head thump back against the pillow, chest still heaving.

Ilya's laughter is warm against Shane's skin as he kisses him again—softer now,, not wanting to let go even as he forces himself up to fetch a damp cloth and water. Shane drinks greedily, watching Ilya through heavy-lidded eyes as he cleans them both with surprising tenderness.

This is what no one else sees—Shane like this: soft and vulnerable, his defenses stripped away. It steals Ilya's breath every time, this privilege of seeing the man behind the fame, the quiet moments that belong only to them.

"*Ty moy, ya tvoy,*" Ilya murmurs, stroking Shane's cheek.

Shane's brow furrows. He knows Russian well enough, but it still takes him a moment to translate. "I'm yours?"

"That's right," Ilya confirms, pressing another kiss to his slack lips. "You are mine, I am yours. *Ty moy, ya tvoy.*"

"Say it again."

"*Ty moy, ya tvoy.*"

Shane surges up for one last kiss, slow and deep, before collapsing back with a contented sigh. Ilya holds him tighter, listening to his breathing even out, memorizing the weight of him

in his arms. There's nowhere else he'd rather be.

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**Ottawa Centaurs Updates** @CentaursUpdates
Ottawa wins over Carolina, 5–2!

*Replying to @CentaursUpdates*
**> m** 🏒 @captainroz
well obviously!!

*Replying to @CentaursUpdates*
**> paulie** ☆ @troyschiron
MY TEAM IS FINALLY GOOD AGAIN I PRAYED FOR TIMES LIKE THESE!!

*Replying to @CentaursUpdates*
**> q** ⋆.˙ @censontheice
WOOO LET'S GO CENTAURS!!

**jenna²⁴** @H0LL4ND3RS
The way Ilya always smooches Shane's helmet after he scores a goal… i love my parents

**adrianna !!** @shanesup
the way ilya talks about shane in post-games interview are so sweet

*Replying to @shanescup*
**> jess** @roseey
love is real

*Replying to @shanescup*
**> jenna²⁴** @H0LL4ND3RS
i'm so glad holly is now on a team with the love of his life and people who actually appreciate him… floptreal could NEVER

**matt** @puckbrain
is anyone gonna talk about the MASSIVE bruise on shane's neck??

*Replying to @puckbrain*
**> jess** @roseey
i saw that too! it looks pretty intense, i hope he didn't get too roughed up at the game today!

*Replying to @roseey*
**> > matt** @puckbrain

bestie i don’t think that bruise came from a hockey related injury…

*Replying to @puckbrain*
**> > > jess** @roseey
… OH

*Replying to @puckbrain*
**> > > jules ⋆˚ʚɞ** @hollanbrina
i mean you could say it’s hockey related… after all, i think a certain captain gave it to him

**freddie || au pinned!** @ottawins
no people DEFINITELY want to take him away from roz… i think ROZ just won’t let anyone take holly from him

> **q ⋆.˖́** @censontheice
> .@Rozanov81 relax bro no one’s gonna take him from you

*Replying to @ottawins*
**> freddie || au pinned!** @ottawins
BYE WHY DID ILYA ROZANOV LIKE THIS 😭😭

˪ + ˥

End Notes

i was gonna have ilya stuff the underwear into shane's mouth but decided shane would not appreciate that LOL

comments and kudos are always appreciated! also i'm active on twitter if you want to talk about anything, including upcoming fics. thanks for reading :)

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- my tumblr
- twitter fic post
- tumblr fic post

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