

We will give them everything

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We will give them everything

by [mae](#), [onthewaytosomewhere \(mae\)](#)

Summary

Actors Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov's new show is set to come out soon. The day the fans find that out is full of overwhelming support.

None of the fans know though that the leads in their new anticipated show are not just together on the screen, so they're quiet about their joy. Both for the show and for being together.

Of course, all the excitement of the day leads to another kind of excitement.

OR

the hollanov actors au no one asked for but i couldn't not write after the deadline article came out

Notes

so yeah... the deadline article came out and this is where my mind went

hope ya enjoy

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



The article drops before noon, and Shane's phone lights up like it's on fire. Notifications piling one over the other, messages from castmates, friends, family—everyone's seen it. The headline, the glossy stills from set, the breathless tone of the journalist calling it the most anticipated queer sports drama of the year.

He's on Ilya's couch when it happens, legs tangled with Ilya's, half a bag of chips crumpled between them. Ilya snatches Shane's phone out of his hand to scroll through, grinning wickedly. "They love us," he says, smug. "Of course they do. We are beautiful. They cannot resist."

Shane rolls his eyes, but his chest is buzzing, heart thudding like he just stepped onto the ice for overtime. He can't stop refreshing the feed, can't stop seeing his and Ilya's faces everywhere, looped gifs of the teaser moment they square off in the locker room, already spliced into edits with captions like *rivals to lovers supremacy*.

It's dizzying. It's terrifying. It's exhilarating.

By two, Ilya's already reblogged the article with a smirk and some cryptic comment about the "best enemies" trope. Shane waits until five, posting a still from the shoot with nothing but the flame emoji. Calculated distance, advised by their agents, who've been hammering the same point for weeks. Don't look like you're joined at the hip. Keep the mystique alive.

Ilya thinks it's ridiculous. He says so every time. "Why does it matter if they think we are together?" he argues now, sprawled across the couch, head tipped back. "The show is literally queer athletes."

Shane bites down on his lip and doesn't answer, because he doesn't trust himself not to spill. He wants to say *you're right*. Wants to say *it shouldn't matter*. But he also knows the truth of it, ugly and quiet. Actors who come out too soon end up shoved into a smaller box, their careers locked into one kind of role, if they're lucky enough to get roles at all. Neither of them has the clout yet to gamble with that.

Ilya tilts his head, studying him. "You are too careful," he says softly, with none of his usual teasing bite. "But maybe ... I like that about you. It grounds me."

Shane swallows, gaze flicking to the article still open on his phone. Their faces frozen there, side by side, a little unreal. He leans into Ilya, shoulder pressed against shoulder, thinking—not for the first time—that careful might not be enough.

The buzz doesn't slow down. Hours later, the article is still climbing, trending tags filling Shane's screen every time he opens any app. He and Ilya scroll through them side by side, phones almost touching, their knees pressed tight together.

"Look," Ilya says, shoving his phone under Shane's nose, nearly knocking his own out of his hands. "Someone already has edits. Very dramatic music, big text. They say we are the 'ship of the decade.'" He grins, triumphant, like he just won a medal.

Shane groans, half embarrassed, half charmed. "That's not even out yet. They're shipping us off a thirty-second teaser."

"That is power, Hollander." Ilya's smirk softens into something warmer as his thumb brushes across the screen. "We are dangerous together."

Shane wants to make a joke, something about rivals and danger, but the words stick in his throat. Because *together* isn't just for the show anymore.

By the time the sun dips low, they're curled against each other, still scrolling, still laughing at memes and theories. Some are ridiculous—claims that Shane and Ilya's characters have been in love since childhood, or that there's a secret kiss hidden in the teaser frames. But others hit a little too close, threading truth with fiction in ways that make Shane's skin prickle.

"Listen to this one," Ilya reads aloud, voice exaggerated and dramatic. "'You can just *see* in their eyes, the hate is actually love. No one glares like that unless they want to kiss.'"

Shane laughs, but it comes out a little shaky. Because he remembers those glares on set, remembers how much of it was wanting to kiss by the end. He shifts, presses his face into Ilya's shoulder, and mutters, "Maybe they're not wrong."

Ilya freezes for half a second, then tips his head so his cheek rests against Shane's hair. "Mm," he says, smug but soft. "Fans are very smart."

The notifications keep pinging, but neither of them bothers to check anymore. The screens dim, forgotten on the coffee table, while the glow of it all lingers between them.

Ilya tilts Shane's chin up, and the look in his eyes is the same one that makes fans scream in gifs and screenshots—sharp, hungry, inevitable. Only this time, there's no one else to see it.

The kiss is slow at first, almost lazy, like they've got all night—because they do. But the weight of the day, the article, the storm outside their walls, it all coils into something hotter, more urgent. Shane's hand fists in the hem of Ilya's shirt, tugging him closer, and Ilya laughs into his mouth, low and pleased.

"Careful," Ilya murmurs, lips brushing Shane's. "We are supposed to keep illusion, remember."

Shane's breath hitches, his answer a whisper caught between their mouths: "Screw the illusion."

And then there's nothing but the press of them, the kind of heat no camera could ever capture, no headline could ever explain.

Ilya kisses like he's trying to win. Teeth, tongue, hands everywhere at once, dragging Shane closer until there's no space left. Shane gives it back just as hard, nails digging into Ilya's shoulders, pulling him down until Ilya is sprawled half on top of him, the couch groaning under their weight.

It's messy, frantic, but the undercurrent is all want. Weeks of pretending it's casual, that it's just for fun, while they were on set, have been burned to ash since filming wrapped. Shane's heart is hammering, every nerve lit up, and still it's not enough.

Ilya pulls back, lips slick, eyes glittering. "You are needy tonight," he teases, voice low and ragged.

"Shut up," Shane mutters, but he's already dragging Ilya's shirt up, shoving it over his head. The shirt lands somewhere on the floor, forgotten, and Shane takes a second just to look at him. Chest rising and falling fast, flushed skin, that cocky smirk—God, it's infuriating how good he looks.

"See something you like?" Ilya grins, leaning down to nip at Shane's jaw.

Shane answers by grinding up against him, sharp enough to make Ilya gasp. "You tell me."

The shift is immediate, their banter melting into something else. Ilya's hips snap back, hard, and Shane swallows a groan. Their sweats are an unbearable obstacle, coarse and worn fabric rubbing where Shane wants smooth skin. He fists at Ilya's waistband, clumsy in his urgency, and Ilya chuckles against his mouth, dark and filthy.

"Impatient," he says, but his own hands are just as desperate, tugging Shane's shirt off his head, scratching down his sides.

It's an obscene amount of time getting each other out of their sweats, Shane shivering in it, his skin buzzing as if every nerve ending is wired to high voltage. Ilya's cock is hot against his thigh, thick and leaking, and Shane almost comes right there.

Ilya cups his jaw, making him look at him. "You want me to—?" His voice is rough, not as cocky now, like he's just barely hanging on.

Shane nods hard. "Yeah. God, yeah."

The smile Ilya gives him is a wreck. He shifts down, kissing his way across Shane's chest, nipping at his ribs, his stomach, before finally mouthing at the head of Shane's cock. Shane chokes on a noise, his hands clamping in Ilya's hair as his hips jerk up helplessly.

Ilya hums, pleased, and takes him in deeper, slow enough to make Shane swear. The heat of it, the fullness, the way Ilya looks up through his lashes—it's obscene.

“Ilya,” Shane gasps, voice cracking. “Fuck—don’t—just—”

Ilya pulls off with a wet pop, lips glossy, eyes glittering. “You want me to fuck you?”

The bluntness of it makes Shane’s whole body jump. He nods, hard, needy, too far gone to care about being shameless.

Ilya kisses him again, filthy, tongue and teeth, grinding their cocks together until Shane’s vision swims. “Say it,” he murmurs against his lips. “I want to hear you ask.”

Shane swallows hard, heat spreading up his spine. “I want you to fuck me.”

Something dangerous flares in Ilya’s eyes, and then he’s reaching for the drawer of the coffee table like he’s done it a hundred times, fumbling for lube and a condom. “Good boy,” he says quietly, and Shane’s whole body shudders.

Ilya’s fingers are slick when he presses against him, first teasing, just circling, and Shane can’t keep quiet. It’s too much, too sharp after all that teasing, but not nearly enough.

“Relax,” Ilya murmurs, leaning in close, lips brushing Shane’s ear. “I’ll take care of you.”

The first finger slips in, and Shane groans. Ilya kisses the side of his neck, slow and leisurely, like he has all the time in the world. By the time the second finger pushes deep, Shane’s hips are jerking helplessly, knees spread wide, wordlessly begging.

“You feel good like this,” Ilya says, his voice gone husky. “So fucking tight. Always so tight for me.”

Shane shivers, arching up, wanting more, needing it. “Ilya, please—”

“Please, what?” Ilya asks, twisting his fingers, dragging just over that spot that makes Shane see stars.

“Please fuck me,” Shane gasps, no pride left. “Now, please.”

That’s enough for Ilya. He curses quietly in Russian under his breath, rolls on the condom with shaking hands, and lines himself up. For a heartbeat, he just hovers there, eyes intent on Shane’s, searching.

Shane nods, breathless, and Ilya pushes in.

It burns at first, because Shane didn’t let him get to three fingers, sharp and overwhelming, but Shane forces himself to breathe, to meet Ilya’s gaze. And then—God—it’s good. Stretching, filling, the kind of good that makes his whole body sing.

“Fuck,” Ilya groans, pressing his forehead to Shane’s. “You’re—fuck—you’re perfect.”

Shane claws at his back, dragging him closer, grounding himself in the heat and weight of him. “Move,” he manages, voice wrecked. “I need you to move.”

Ilya obeys, slow at first, long, careful thrusts that build and build until Shane is shaking apart, clutching at him like he'll drown without it. Every drag hits deeper, harder, sparks of pleasure shooting up his spine. The noises he's making are embarrassing, loud and needy, but Ilya swallows them up with bruising kisses, hips snapping faster, harder.

It's too much. It's not enough. Shane can't think past the way Ilya feels inside him, thick and hot, the way every thrust grinds right against that spot that has him unraveling.

"Ilya—" His voice breaks, choked and desperate. "I'm gonna—fuck—"

"Yeah?" Ilya pants, driving harder, sweat slick on his skin. "Come for me, Hollander. Come on, let me feel it."

That's all it takes. Shane comes with a ragged cry, clenching around Ilya so hard he almost blacks out from the force of it, white heat spilling across his stomach. Ilya swears, loud and guttural, and buries himself deep, shuddering as he follows, his whole body going taut before collapsing against Shane.

For a long moment, there's nothing but the sound of their breathing, rough and tangled. Shane's body is shaking, every muscle wrung out, but he doesn't let go. He holds Ilya close, their foreheads pressed together, hearts still racing in sync.

Ilya laughs softly, breath warm against his cheek. "We are terrible at keeping to illusions."

Shane groans, too wrecked to properly answer, but manages a weak smile. "Worth it."

And when Ilya kisses him again—slow this time, lingering, tender—it feels like the only truth that matters.

They stay tangled for a long time, catching their breath, sweat cooling between them. Shane can feel Ilya's heartbeat thudding against his chest, strong and steady, and it grounds him, keeps him from floating off into the haze of everything they just did.

Eventually, Ilya eases out with a soft hiss, rolling to his side. Shane winces at the sudden loss, but then Ilya is brushing damp hair from his forehead, pressing a kiss to his temple like it's second nature.

"Stay here," Ilya murmurs, and slips off the couch, naked and unconcerned as he pads toward the bathroom. Shane hears the sound of water running, the rustle of a towel. When he comes back, he's carrying a warm cloth and a smug grin.

"You're ridiculous," Shane says, but his voice is soft, not accusatory.

"I am considerate," Ilya corrects, kneeling beside him to clean him up with surprising gentleness. Shane flushes, too wrecked to protest, and lets Ilya's careful hands wipe away the mess. It's tender in a way that undoes him more than the sex did.

When Ilya's finished, he tosses the towel aside and climbs back onto the couch, tugging Shane into his arms like it's instinctual. Shane curls against him, head tucked under his chin, listening to the slow rise and fall of his chest.

The room is quiet now, the glow from their abandoned phones lighting the coffee table with new notifications they ignore.

“You okay?” Ilya asks, his voice low, more serious than usual.

Shane swallows, nods. “Yeah. Better than okay.” He hesitates, then adds, “You?”

“I am perfect,” Ilya says, and Shane can hear the smile in it. But then he presses his lips to Shane’s hair and whispers, almost too soft to hear, “Because you are here.”

Shane closes his eyes, swallows hard, and allows himself to just feel.

Outside, the world is still screaming, the headline churning, fans poring over each frame of the teaser. But here, in the silence and with Ilya’s arms around him, it’s different.

Not tonight, at least.

The couch eventually ceases to be comfortable, even with Ilya curled around him. Shane elbows his side. “Bed?” he whispers, voice muffled and thick with sleep.

Ilya grumbles, but he pushes himself up anyway, hauling Shane up with him. They make their way through the ritual of teeth brushing shakily, their elbows colliding as they turn to face the sink, their smiles in the mirror groggy. It’s perfunctory, half-robotic, but there’s something grounding about it—something almost comforting about the fact that they’re handling it this way, that it feels as though they’ve done this a hundred times before and not like something still new and a little bit precarious.

They don’t bother to put clothes back on when they reach the bedroom, sheets being pulled back and pillows flung aside in a careless sort of way. They collapse onto the bed, skin to skin, and Ilya hauls Shane in close, an arm wrapped around his back, and their legs wrapping together without resistance.

Shane sighs and relaxes against him, his entire body uncurling. “You know,” he says, voice muffled against Ilya’s shirt. “I think the fans might actually be more excited about this show than we are.”

Ilya laughs, his chest shaking with the vibration of it. “Impossible. I am most excited. No one is more.”

“Huh. I think they would strongly disagree,” Shane says, smiling into the hollow of his throat. “They’re already up in arms over a thirty-second teaser. I think they’d riot if they knew what’s actually coming.”

Ilya tips his head back, kissing the hair behind Shane’s ear. “Let them riot. We will give them everything. And more.”

Shane huffs out a laugh, but there’s a weight to it, a knowledge that they’re standing on the precipice of something bigger than either of them are. He doesn’t need to say it out loud—he doesn’t have to. Not when Ilya’s thumb is tracing lazy patterns over his spine, not when the steady rise and fall of his chest is rocking him to sleep.

He lets his eyes fall shut and breathes in the scent of him, the warmth of him. And just before he sleeps, he hears Ilya say, low and certain:

“Fans will love us. But not as much as I love this.”

And Shane, already too far gone to respond, tightens his arms and allows the words to pull him under.

End Notes

i luv them

kudos and comments are luv
tell me what ya think  

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