

Holding Patterns

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/74941796) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/74941796>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Sub Topping , Topping from the Bottom , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Bottom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Light BDSM , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , terms of endearment , Praise Kink , Orgasm Delay , Rivals With Benefits , Canonical Yearning , Top Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-11-29 Words: 5,892 Chapters: 1/1

Holding Patterns

by [thecouchsofa](#)

Summary

“Do you want to know how it feels?”

Shane let his hand fall back to the couch. He pushed himself up onto his elbows and lifted a brow at Rozanov. “What – holding the Cup? You’ve already made that joke once.”

“No.” Rozanov’s fingers encircled Shane’s wrist and then he was pulling Shane’s hand between his legs.

Or: Shane tops.

Notes

Set during the events of Heated Rivalry, sometime after the tuna melt incident (no actual spoilers for currently unreleased scenes of the show). Feat Rozanov’s canonical ‘sweetheart’ that nearly killed me.

Approved Russian translation available [on Ficbook](#).

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

You in Boston tonight?

Shane had agonised over sending the message. He'd typed and deleted it more times than he cared to admit, even in the privacy of his own head. At first it had felt powerful, like he was taking control of his own destiny. Fuck Rozanov – he didn't need to see him. He didn't. They could spend one night in the same city and not fall into bed together. Better still, he could pull on a ball cap, find some out of the way bar in a dilapidated suburban strip mall, and hit on someone else. Maybe take them back to his hotel and fuck them over the end of the bed.

But then he thought about it some more, and sent the message anyway. Because he was weak and he knew it. *That* he could admit to himself.

It was embarrassing how quickly he reached for his phone when it buzzed, the plastic casing scraping at the scuffed wooden coffee table.

No, was Rozanov's reply.

Shane let his head drop backwards, hitting the firm headrest of the hotel couch. He filled his cheeks with air, then let it out in one long exhale.

Fuck. Ok. He'd blown off dinner with the team, claiming he was expected at a birthday party of some second cousin once removed. Maybe he could say they'd died? No, the team would be concerned and definitely ask questions. A fire at the restaurant where he had reservations? No, that would make the news. He could say he'd been catfished? They might believe that, actually.

His phone buzzed again.

Shane dropped it in his lap in his haste to open the message.

Got traded to Los Angeles. Did you not hear?

Shane furrowed his brows. Then he read the text again and rolled his eyes.

Fuck you, he typed.

I am home, Rozanov said. A photo popped up: Rozanov's bent knee, the end of the couch in his living room, the lights of Boston in the background.

I didn't need proof, Shane replied. He didn't put the phone down.

The next picture was of the city lights again, but broken in two by Rozanov's middle finger.

Shane grinned and slid the phone into his pocket.

I feel, Shane thought to himself, *like a hooker*.

He stood at the door to Rozanov's building, pressing his finger against the metal buzzer. It rang and rang, emitting that grinding noise that suggested the mechanism inside was far older than it looked. He held the button down longer than was polite, grinning when the intercom finally crackled to life and Rozanov let out a tinny stream of Russian that probably consisted entirely of expletives. He hunched his shoulders as he pushed the door open and stepped into the brightly lit lobby. The doorman glanced up only perfunctorily before turning back to his computer. Shane nodded at him anyway, as was polite.

He didn't need to ask Rozanov for his apartment number – he'd memorised it last time. Which Rozanov must have expected, since he didn't offer up the information. It would have been embarrassing, if Shane had any gas left in the tank when it came to being embarrassed about what he and Rozanov were doing. But that ship had long since left its home port and he was slowly becoming resigned to the inevitability of it.

The elevator opened onto the landing, and Shane rapped his knuckles against the only door there. He rubbed his hands down his arms as he waited, checking from side to side – you never knew when a pap might jump out from behind a fake plant in the corner. He ducked his chin when he caught sight of the blinking red light of the security camera; it was mounted to the wall beside the stairwell door, its lens pointed at the elevator.

He was still rubbing his arms when Rozanov opened the door. He narrowed his eyes, looking at Shane with concerned interest. "Are you cold?"

Shane glanced down at his jacket and thick sweater, confused. "No?"

"Then why are you pawing at yourself?"

"Fuck off," Shane said, and pushed his way past. Rozanov took only a small step to the side, letting his chest rub against Shane's shoulder as he moved. Maybe one day he'd get tired of the power play. But today wasn't that day.

Rozanov's apartment looked like a high-end hotel room, all sleek lines and laminate surfaces and moody accents. Which, actually, was rather like Rozanov himself.

Shane turned, preparing to push Rozanov against the wall, but he was already walking toward the kitchen.

"Are you hungry?" The white light of the fridge flashed across Rozanov's face, highlighting the cut of his cheekbones. "I have..." He paused, considering. "We can order in." He stood and closed the fridge, before tossing something to Shane. It was a can of ginger ale, ice cold.

Shane rubbed his finger across the aluminium. He glanced up, meeting Rozanov's eyes. There was something buried there, below the surface, that he couldn't read. He quirked a brow, asked, "No tuna melt this time?"

Rozanov shrugged. "I was not expecting you." He moved past Shane to the couch, flopping down on it. He picked up his abandoned glass of what was most likely vodka and ice and

took a sip.

It took a moment for the words to register.

I wasn't expecting you.

Yet Shane was standing in the middle of Rozanov's kitchen, holding an unopened can of ginger ale – something that Rozanov did not drink. He complained that it was too sweet, too coarse, too *American* – despite the word 'Canada' being clearly printed on the side.

So you went to the store last time because of me? Shane wanted to say. *Because you wanted to keep things here that I might like, even though I'm almost never here? Am I reading too much into this?*

He was definitely reading too much into it. Rozanov didn't do that kind of stuff. He was rough and sarcastic and grating, and all those things could still be true even if he kissed Shane softly on the forehead after he fucked him on sleep-warm sheets. But he still wasn't the type to keep Shane's favourite snacks on hand, on the off chance he ended up in Boston.

But Shane could count on one hand the number of times he'd been to Rozanov's apartment, yet the ginger ale was still fresh. He turned the can, checked the best before date; it didn't expire for months.

"Are you having crisis?" Rozanov drawled. He tipped his head back to look at Shane. "You always look like you are having crisis. Were you born that way?"

"I'm not having a *crisis*. I—"

"Sit."

Shane did. He sunk onto the soft cushions beside Rozanov and popped open the can.

"Your last game was sloppy." Rozanov nodded at the TV; on it, there was a montage of recent NHL goals. The volume had been turned right down so Shane couldn't hear what the commentators were saying, but he'd put money on their tone being the opposite of Rozanov's.

"It wasn't," Shane replied. As he lifted the can to his lips, he smiled. "But *yours* was."

Rozanov exhaled sharply through his nose. He let his head loll towards Shane, an unimpressed expression on his face. "Never sloppy."

"You were," Shane insisted. "You let Tipman get around you how many times? And you missed that last shot."

"Because I had a twig in my ribs."

"You did," Shane agreed, still ginning. "But you still missed the shot." Rozanov's wince had been visible through the TV screen as the stick had jammed into the side of his torso. He'd already been lined up for the shot, but it had thrown him off. Uncharacteristically so.

“Who won last MVP?” Rozanov asked.

Shane swallowed. He set down the can, his fingertips sliding through the condensation. “You did.”

Rozanov raised his eyebrows, infuriatingly cocky. “So...?”

“So what? You still missed that shot.”

“What are you, my coach?” The last of the clear liquid disappeared between Rozanov’s lips. He set the glass down, the cubes of ice clinking together. “Don’t lecture me about hockey, Hollander.” His face was much closer now, his whole body turning towards Shane. One hand came up to trace the side of Shane’s face. “I cannot move well.”

“In general, or...?”

“Fuck you.” Rozanov glanced down, his gaze falling to Shane’s lips. It stayed there as he spoke, his fingers dragging across Shane’s jaw. “I have bruised rib. Not bad, but...” He waved his hand in the air; Shane couldn’t see it, but he felt the movement of air on the side of his neck. “...not good. For this purpose.”

That explained the vodka then. But not the ginger ale. Which Shane was still trying not to think too deeply about.

Rozanov leaned in, his lips brushing Shane’s as he spoke. “You should get on your knees.”

Shane nodded. He licked his lips, letting his tongue press Rozanov’s apart as he did it. It never really felt like an order, not when he already wanted to do it.

Rozanov’s legs were already spread, his cock a thick line against the soft material of his sweats. His knee bumped against Shane’s shoulder as he turned, preventing Shane from dropping to the floor. One foot slipped off the couch; he planted the other on the cushions, let his leg press against the backrest. He lifted an eyebrow at Shane, nodding down at his crotch. He lifted his hips when Shane slid his hands up them, Shane’s fingers digging into the elastic waistband. His skin was hot against Shane’s knuckles, as though he’d just gotten off the exercise bike before answering the door.

“Are you sick?” Shane asked. He fought the sudden urge to press the back of his hand to Rozanov’s forehead. Instead, he channelled the energy into yanking down Rozanov’s sweats.

“Terrible dirty talk,” Rozanov drawled. “You speak worse than you sext.”

“Fuck off.” Shane rubbed his hands up Rozanov’s thighs, feeling the hair tickle his palms. “I’m not going to hurt—”

“Why are you still talking?”

Shane pinched the skin of Rozanov’s thigh, feeling satisfied when he let out a shocked bark of laughter. He leaned in, pressing his mouth to the bulge in Rozanov’s underwear. When he moaned, Rozanov shuddered.

“Take it off,” Rozanov hissed. His arms were folded behind his head; he looked relaxed, clearly expecting Shane to do all the work. He raised his eyebrows when Shane pulled off his underwear; he nodded at Shane, drawled, “You as well. Give me something nice to look at, yes?”

The fabric of the couch was rough against Shane’s cock when he laid back down, sans clothes. Without meaning to, he thrust against it.

“Careful, Hollander.” Rozanov’s fingers carded through Shane’s hair. He cupped the back of Shane’s neck, guiding him closer to his cock.

Shane bent his knees, angling his ass upward. It provided some relief, but now he was incredibly conscious of how he looked, of the show he was providing to Rozanov. Of how slutty he must seem, arching his back as he rubbed his mouth over the head of Rozanov’s cock. He probably should have minded that. But he didn’t, not really.

The velvety skin of Rozanov’s cock shifted as Shane sucked on the side, a tease. He pressed the flat of his tongue to the spot under Rozanov’s crown, where the foreskin bunched. The taste of it was different – more chemically than usual. He pulled back, lifting an eyebrow as he licked his lips. “Did you just get out the shower?”

Curls tumbled over Rozanov’s forehead as he looked down at Shane. “Why?”

“No reason.”

Rozanov shook his head, the corner of his mouth lifting. He spread his legs wider, breaths coming faster when Shane took him into his mouth. “Fuck.”

The slit of Rozanov’s cock parted around the tip of Shane’s tongue. *That* tasted the same, at least. He kissed down the side of Rozanov’s cock, not stopping until the wiry hairs on Rozanov’s balls ticked his lips.

“Come here,” Rozanov muttered. He tugged at Shane’s hair, exhaling loudly when Shane pressed his hands to Rozanov’s thighs and spread them wider.

Then, a glisten. Between Rozanov’s legs, something caught the light.

Shane leaned in, ducking his head to get a closer look. The skin around Rozanov’s ass was shiny; when he rubbed a thumb across it, it was slick. He sat back – the surprise must have been clear on his face because Rozanov laughed.

“What?” Shane asked.

“You are having another crisis?”

“Did someone fuck you?” *I don’t want to know the answer. Don’t tell me.*

Rozanov rolled his eyes. His hand dropped from Shane’s hair to his neck; there, his thumb rubbed at Shane’s skin in soft, soothing circles. “No.”

“Then...” Shane ducked his head again, shouldering his way between Rozanov’s thighs. “Did you...?”

“What – you think it is only you who enjoys it?”

Yes, Shane wanted to say, even though it wasn’t true – he’d thought about it, especially early on. About how he didn’t want what they did to change, because he loved it when Rozanov took charge. But now, seeing the slickness on Rozanov’s reddened asshole, he wasn’t quite as sure.

Shane swallowed. He rubbed his thumb over Rozanov’s perinium, pressing the pad to his hole. “What did you do?”

“Touched myself – what do you think?”

When Shane pulled his thumb away, the pad was slick. It was definitely lube, not come. He stared at it for a moment before bringing it to his mouth. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Rozanov’s lips part in surprise.

Then, in thickly accented English, “Do you want to know how it feels?”

Shane let his hand fall back to the couch. He pushed himself up onto his elbows and lifted a brow at Rozanov. “What – holding the Cup? You already made that joke once.”

“No.” Rozanov’s fingers encircled Shane’s wrist and then he was pulling Shane’s hand between his legs. “Me. Around your cock.” He clicked his tongue as he said *cock*, sounding every bit like the sarcastic asshole that Shane knew and—

Swallowing, Shane traced the pad of his index over Rozanov’s hole. When he pushed, it slid inside easily, right to the first knuckle. He knew his eyes were widening, could feel the sudden dryness in them, but he hadn’t expected it to be that ... easy? But Rozanov was already slick inside, wetting Shane’s finger as he pulled it out and pressed back in. When he slid in to the second knuckle, the muscles in Rozanov’s thighs tensed.

Shane glanced up, concerned. “Did I...?”

“You did not hurt me.” Rozanov cupped the side of his face, his thumb rubbing at Shane’s cheekbone. “I am sensitive. I was doing ... for a while. To take edge off.” He grinned. “You were not here.”

He was staring. Shane knew he was. He had a finger in Rozanov’s ass and he wasn’t moving, frozen in place.

Rozanov had fingered himself for *a while* because Shane wasn’t there? Since when did he do that? Since when was he *admitting* to doing that to thoughts of Shane?

With difficulty, Shane swallowed. He began to rotate his finger in a circle, rubbing against Rozanov’s velvety soft skin. “Where did you do it?”

Rozanov threw him a sarcastic look. Dryly, “In my ass, Hollander.”

“No, I mean ... were you out *here* while...” Shane glanced at the TV. The volume was still low, but the broadcast still showed an image of him, skating in circles on the ice.

Rozanov let out a soft laugh. “Memories are better, no? Come.” He pushed at Shane’s shoulder. Shane’s finger came free with a quiet squelch that made his cock twitch. He followed Rozanov into the bedroom – or he assumed that was where they were going. He wasn’t looking up, was completely fixated on the sight of Rozanov’s ass. It jiggled with every step, impossibly round yet muscular. He wanted to touch it, so he did, taking two big handfuls and pressing his mouth to Rozanov’s bare shoulder.

They stopped in the bedroom doorway, Rozanov letting his head tip back as Shane kissed his shoulder. He turned, pressing Shane back against the frame as he ground their cocks together. The length of him rubbed against the head of Shane’s cock and he shuddered, hands gripping Rozanov’s arms.

“You will not last,” Rozanov murmured. He cocked his head to the side, his gaze assessing.

“I will,” Shane protested. “Maybe.”

“You are a bad liar,” Rozanov whispered, and suddenly it was 2010 and they were in a locker room in Toronto, and Shane didn’t know what he was supposed to do with everything he was feeling. Where to set it down, when to pick it back up again.

Shane dropped his hand to fist their cocks, rubbing his thumb over Rozanov’s crown. His next exhale was shaky, his thoughts a complete mess.

“It is ok.” Soft lips touched the side of his jaw, the vibrations of Rozanov’s deep voice zinging down the side of his neck. “I will teach you.”

“You don’t need to *teach* me – I’ve fucked girls before.”

He felt more than saw Rozanov smirk. “But you haven’t fucked *me*. Get on the bed.”

There weren’t enough pillows – there never were. Shane was used to the mound his designer had insisted on; he liked sinking back into them, feeling like he was sitting on a tiered cloud rather than a mattress. But Rozanov had only four, which was comparatively spartan. But he didn’t say that, because Rozanov would get that *look* on his face that made Shane want to push him down and choke on his cock. Which wasn’t on the current agenda. And Rozanov got pissy when he didn’t get to set the agenda.

Muscle memory was Shane’s biggest downfall. He went down on his back, spreading his legs automatically. He took his cock in hand, stroking it as he watched Rozanov climb onto the bed. Then Rozanov winced, and Shane paused, remembering. He scrambled to the side, making room for Rozanov to lie in his place in the centre of the mattress. He hovered, eyes darting across Rozanov’s bare torso. He couldn’t *see* any bruising, but he knew from experience that that didn’t mean it wasn’t there.

The drawer of the side table creaked open and then a bottle of lube and a shiny foil packet landed in Shane’s lap. Rozanov laid back, upper body propped against the pillows, and

spread his legs.

Shane swallowed. Then he stared. The space between Rozanov's legs was pink, shiny, and he wanted to kiss it very, very badly. He looked down at himself, his fingers circled loosely around his cock, then back at Rozanov's ass.

"It will fit," Rozanov drawled. He tugged at his cock, swiping his thumb across the head. "Mine does, yes? And you are much smaller."

"I'm not," Shane replied.

Rozanov grinned. "What are you doing?"

"I don't fucking know," Shane muttered. But he slicked up his fingers, so that was progress. He shuffled forward on his knees until he was touching the soft skin of Rozanov's hole. He swallowed, trying to remember exactly what the process was here. He'd done it to himself many times – it wasn't unfamiliar. Yet it *felt* like it was.

Rozanov clicked his tongue. His foot dragged down the outside of Shane's thigh. Sarcastically, he said, "Oh, Hollander, I am injured. My cock is very hard. If I ask nicely, will you—"

Shane leaned forward, kissing Rozanov to shut him up. It drove two of his fingers into Rozanov's ass and they both gasped, lips parting and breaths puffing into each other's mouths.

"*Fuck*," Rozanov muttered. His fingers pressed into Shane's bicep; his other arm was thrown over his head, clutching at the pillow. "I do not need this. Fuck me."

Shane looked down at his cock. Then, because this wasn't something he was going to argue about, "Ok."

"Good."

Rolling the condom on *should* have dulled the sensation of Shane's hand gripping himself, but it didn't. The lube certainly didn't help, and neither did the way Rozanov was looking at him.

"Come here," Rozanov said, so Shane went. He laid between Rozanov's legs and kissed him, let Rozanov lick into his mouth until he was panting. He couldn't help but thrust, rubbing his cock over Rozanov's tight balls, getting the underside of them slick from the contact.

"Good," Rozanov said, his fingers tight around the back of Shane's neck. "You will not come, yes?"

"Yes," Shane whispered.

"You will fuck hard and you will not come."

"Yes."

Rozanov's voice dropped low, his lips brushing Shane's ear as he murmured, "Good boy."

Shane's hips thrust forward involuntarily. He groaned, closing his eyes as he fought to control the sudden wave of heat that prickled at his skin. He had the urge to keep thrusting, to bury himself inside Rozanov and refuse to come out. To crawl under his skin and stay there, hiding from the world until he was told it was safe. He reached down to angle his cock, the head rubbing at Rozanov's hole.

"What do you say?" Rozanov drawled. He raked his fingers down Shane's back, making him arch into the contact.

"Please," Shane groaned.

"Again."

"Please."

"Good boy, Hollander," Rozanov whispered, and then he was spreading his legs wider and the tip of Shane's cock sunk inside.

It was ... it was better that Shane stopped thinking altogether, or he might actually prove Rozanov right. Which was the last thing he wanted to do.

"Hmm." Rozanov ran his hands up Shane's arms and down his chest. "What do you think?"

"What?" Shane asked, his voice pitched higher than normal. He hung his head when Rozanov tightened around him, muscles rippling.

"It is tighter than a girl, yes?"

"Yeah," Shane said, but it was more an exhale than a proper word. *God*, this wasn't good. It wasn't good at all. He was going to come in thirty seconds flat. He needed to distract himself, think about something that would irritate him and make him feel nauseous in equal measure. Scrambling, he let his brain take hold of the first thing that came to it. "Did you do this with your coach's son?"

Both of Rozanov's eyebrows rose. He looked a bit like he wanted to laugh, and a lot like he wanted to tease. Cocky, even in this moment. "Are you jealous, Hollander?" He bent his legs, pulling them back toward his chest. It made Shane's cock slide deeper, that tightness increasing twofold.

It was impossible to stay still. His willpower wasn't enough to overcome the sheer amount of *need* that was washing over him.

Shane thrust in the rest of the way, and Rozanov's head snapped back. Shane pressed his elbows closer to Rozanov's body, trying to get as many points of contact as possible, hoping it would dispel the need to fuck, to come, to *beg*.

It didn't.

A whine slipped from between Shane's lips and then Rozanov was kissing him, guiding him closer. It made Shane's head spin, how close they were. It was only his dick that was inside Rozanov, but it felt like more – it felt like they were occupying the exact same space in the universe, that their atoms had fused together and they might just—oh fuck, he wasn't going to be able to do it. Rozanov's lips were against his jaw, his ear, his hands on Shane's back.

"Hold it," Rozanov whispered. "You can."

Shane nodded. He closed his eyes, then opened them again when the sensitivity ramped up, too much of his attention rushing southward. He focused on the wooden headboard in front of him, his eyes tracing the pattern of the grain. How many lines were there? At least ten, but he could probably get an exact number if he focused. Which he should do.

"*Shane*," Rozanov groaned, the word a rumble that came from deep in his chest.

Shane felt his cock twitch. He stared at line number sixteen.

Rozanov swore under his breath. He squeezed around Shane; when he exhaled, the warmth of it washed over Shane's face. "You are good boy. Yes?"

Shane shook his head.

"No?"

"I..." Shane swallowed.

"Ah," said Rozanov. He rubbed at Shane's lower back, using his hand to press their stomachs together. "But you will hold it, yes? Because I have asked you."

Twenty-one, Shane thought to himself. *Twenty-two. Twenty-three.*

Rozanov's thumb pressed against Shane's lips. He dragged the bottom one down, pressing the pad to Shane's tongue. "What are you whispering?" His hand slid into Shane's hair, and he tugged Shane's head down. His foot dragged up the side of Shane's leg as he said, "Counting? Am I too..." He clenched down around Shane, a deliberate power play.

"Stop," Shane whined.

Rozanov did it again.

Shane clenched his own ass, trying to keep himself together. It didn't help much.

"Hmm," Rozanov murmured. He slid a hand between them to fist his cock; he gave it only a few tugs before releasing it. "Hard, Hollander. Do it now."

And Shane did, because he was weak and he wanted to anyway. He plunged his cock in and out of Rozanov's body and did his best not to focus on the sensation too much. Not when Rozanov was making those noises, ones Shane had never heard before. They came from low in his throat, right near the base, a deep whine that cut itself off whenever Shane pressed himself in to the balls. He wanted to swallow that sound, so he pressed his mouth to the

hollow of Rozanov's throat and held it there. He could feel himself getting wound tighter and tighter, but Rozanov's words kept playing through his head.

You will fuck hard and you will not come. Hold it.

A whine slipped from between Shane's lips. He could feel his hips jumping with every thrust; he kept going harder, deeper, wanting so badly to push inside Rozanov just a little more, but it wasn't possible.

"Fuck, Shane," Rozanov groaned. He rubbed his hands over Shane's shoulders, then down his chest; he pushed Shane back a bit, enough to look him in the eye. "You are shaking."

Shane knew he was panting, could see his chest rising and falling, could feel it whenever he inhaled and it pushed against Rozanov's body. He nodded, swallowing loudly when he didn't close his mouth in time. "It feels ... *fuck*."

"Good boy." Rozanov rubbed at Shane's chest, his back, his shoulders. "You like this?"

Shane nodded.

Rozanov guided one of Shane's arms lower; he bent his leg, hooking it over Shane's elbow, wrapping the other around Shane's waist. "It feels good? For you?"

"It—"

"Do not move."

Air entered Shane's lungs in a rush as Rozanov started to fuck himself on Shane's cock. The movement squeezed him tight, tighter than before, which shouldn't have been possible. But it was, and Shane was shaking again, his cock twitching and leaking so badly that the condom was going to end up being absolutely useless.

"Oh fuck," Shane whimpered. He tensed his fingers, watched as the bones on the backs of his hands became visible. "Oh god, Ilya, I can't—"

Suddenly, Rozanov stopped. The tensing of his abdominals had probably been aggravating the bruise on his ribs, but the timing of it was notable enough that Shane decided to try again.

"*Ilya*," he whispered again. "Fuck, please. Please let me."

Soft lips pressed to his cheek, even gentler fingers cupping the back of his neck. Rozanov's legs tightened around him, holding Shane close with every part of his body. He was saying something in Russian, and Shane cursed the fact that he'd never thought to learn it. He tilted his chin up, trying to meet Rozanov's eyes, but then his head was being guided back down. Rozanov caressed the sweat-damp skin of his back, whispering the words, "Good boy, Shane," into his ear. "*Fuck*. Go on."

Shane kept his face there, feeling Rozanov's heartbeat against his lips, his tongue, his own heaving chest as he began to fuck. It was loud, the sounds of their bodies meeting rising

above the drawling Russian words and the bitten-off whines. Shane's thrusts began to stutter, every muscle tensing as the pressure built and built at the base of his cock.

Whimpering, he said, "I can't hold it for much longer. Please, can I—"

Rozanov's hand slipped downwards and then he was stroking his cock in time with Shane's thrusts. He kept his hand steady even when Shane faltered – trying his best to keep going, to do as he was told.

When Rozanov came, Shane felt it in every part of his body. They were pressed so close together that he felt the tensing of Rozanov's abdominals against his own, heard Rozanov's breath stutter against his ear, felt the drag of Rozanov's nails as he clenched his hand into a fist against Shane's back. He squeezed Shane's cock like a vice, the muscles of his ass rippling as he worked himself through it.

Shane's face was still pressed to Rozanov's shoulder, but he didn't need to see in order to know what Rozanov looked like when he was coming. He always clenched his jaw, his brows drawing together in a frown, his movements turning quick and jerky. He could *feel* all of that, the undercurrent of *I did that, he's coming because of me* ever-present under the overwhelming desire to let himself go, to allow himself to finally tip over the edge.

Rozanov's softening cock was pressed between them, his come drying on their skin. It was jostled by every one of Shane's thrusts; it would have bounced, if there was any room to. Rozanov was touching Shane everywhere, his hand moving constantly. He was back to whispering in a scattered combination of Russian and English. The words "*Good boy. Keep going. Let me feel you come*" swirled in Shane's ears. His vision had grown spotty; the only real thing in the room was Ilya's skin, and every spot where it met Shane's own.

Ilya's leg dropped from Shane's elbow to wrap around his waist, his ankles crossing behind Shane's back. It was the same position that Shane liked, and he wondered if right now Ilya felt like Shane did when they fucked. If he felt safe, like nothing in the world could touch him, so long as they didn't leave the bed.

Fingertips dragged over Shane's nipple, tugging gently. They went up until they reached Shane's neck, then threaded into his hair. There wasn't much to grip – Shane preferred to keep it short, couldn't stand the feeling of it touching his eyebrows or the shell of his ear – but there didn't need to be. When Ilya rubbed his hand up and over the crown of his head, Shane knew that meant he needed to raise it. Knew that Ilya wanted to look at him. So he did as he was told, not needing words in order to take direction.

Ilya pressed a soft kiss to the corner of Shane's mouth. "Is it good? My ass?"

Shane nodded. He wanted to kiss back but couldn't, his lips slack and unmoving. There was a ringing in his ears, a buzzing in his head, and his skin felt like it had been set alight.

"You are so good," Ilya drawled, his deep voice carving through the fuzziness. "Making me come like this. Would you like to?"

It was no use trying to speak. Shane let out a whine on his next thrust in. At some point, he'd curled himself over Ilya, the tops of his thighs tight against Ilya's ass and legs. He was barely thrusting anymore – it was closer to rutting than anything with finesse.

“Say please.”

Shane groaned.

Ilya's fingers caressed his nape, his lips against Shane's face. “Ask nicely.”

“*Please*,” Shane whimpered.

“Good boy.” Ilya kissed Shane's slacked lips, biting down on the bottom one before gently tugging at it. Accent thicker than usual, he whispered, “Sweetheart. Come inside.”

The ringing in Shane's ears intensified, blocking out whatever sounds were coming out of his mouth. He knew they were loud, his chest and throat vibrating. Ilya kissed him through it, murmuring things that Shane couldn't catch, couldn't process, because he was finally allowed to let go. He untensed his muscles, grinding deep into the soft warmth of Ilya's body, as he emptied himself. It was more intense than anything he'd ever felt. The hair on Ilya's thighs and above his cock tickled Shane's oversensitive skin, sending aftershocks through Shane's body. It didn't seem like it was ever going to stop, and then it finally did.

With a groan, Shane let himself fall atop Ilya. He panted against what he thought was probably Ilya's clavicle, but he couldn't stand to open his eyes yet. Then he felt a wince below him and he remembered the bruised ribs. He made to move away, arms shaky as he pushed himself up, but then Ilya was rolling them onto their sides. One leg stayed wrapped around Shane, while the other slid between Shane's thighs. With gentle hands he pulled off the condom, and the sudden rush of air on the wet, hypersensitive skin of Shane's cock made him whimper; it was swallowed by Ilya's lips, passed from one loving mouth to another.

“Do not move,” Ilya murmured. He turned, lobbing the condom at the wastepaper basket in the corner.

“I can't,” Shane replied. He cleared his throat, wincing at the dryness of it. He angled his upper body closer, pressing his face to Ilya's throat; it blocked out the light of the lamps, which suddenly seemed too bright, too similar to the inevitable daylight that would bring shame, realisation, and the adoration that seemed infinite in source and impossible to harness.

The leg between Shane's twitched. Ilya's fingers combed through Shane's hair, pushing damp strands off his sweaty forehead. His knuckles grazed Shane's back, grounding him. “You are ok?”

“Yeah,” Shane replied. He pressed a kiss to Ilya's throat. “I'm ok. Are you?”

“I am always ok.”

Shane ran a hand over Ilya's chest; he splayed his fingers over Ilya's heart, his thumb brushing the golden crucifix that Ilya never took off. “Should I...”

“Stay,” Ilya said.

“For a bit,” Shane agreed. “I told the team I’d be back tonight.”

“They will not check.”

“They might,” Shane said, though he didn’t think it was true. Nobody ever visited his room without texting first.

Ilya’s next kiss was lighter, in contrast to the tightening of his arms around Shane’s body. He caressed the nape of Shane’s neck as he whispered something in Russian. He ducked his head to press his mouth to Shane’s again, in the kind of long, deep kiss that made Shane’s toes curl. That made him want to break the rules he’d set for himself so many years ago and finally stay. But it was the one directive that he always broke. Every time, no matter how much he didn’t want to.

And Rozanov never asked him twice.

So maybe that was an answer to a question that Shane was too afraid to voice.

Stay, Rozanov’s eyes said.

And Shane did.

But only for a while.

End Notes

I'm on Tumblr at [thecouchsofa](#) if you want to freak the fuck out alongside me

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!