

A Study in Devotion

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75073341) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75073341>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , 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:	Porn with Feelings , Porn With Plot , Dom/sub Undertones , Jealousy , Insecurity , Smut , graphic smut , Aftercare , Coming Untouched , Face-Fucking , Deepthroating
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Cross-Checked & Kissed (smut oneshots)
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-04 Words: 3,188 Chapters: 1/1

A Study in Devotion

by [ThePromptWasntThisLong_\(shredded_potato\)](#).

Summary

Shane, prickling with insecurity after seeing paparazzi photos of Ilya with an ex, tries to pick a fight.

Ilya disarms him completely by sitting in an armchair and calmly ordering, “On your knees.”

When Shane hesitates, Ilya adds, “You want to prove you’re better than a memory? Show me.”

Or,

Shane is jealous. Ilya is more than ready to fuck him out of it.

Translated in [Russian](#)

Notes

Choosing to add a note bc the ratings and content warnings aren't enough for some people lmao:

Please don't read my works (especially smut) expecting Vanilla. The 'explicit' tag/rating is used FOR A REASON

The silence in Ilya's penthouse was thick enough to choke on. Shane stood by the floor-to-ceiling windows, the glittering Montreal skyline a blur behind him, his phone screen burning a hole in his palm. The photo was everywhere—Ilya at some charity gala two nights ago, leaning in close to talk to a guy, *Dominik*, his hand resting lightly on Ilya's forearm. It meant nothing. Logically, Shane knew that. But logic had packed its bags and left the moment he saw the way Ilya's head was tilted, the private curve of his smile—a smile Shane had stupidly started to think belonged only to him.

He'd been stewing for hours, a slow boil of insecurity masquerading as cold anger. When Ilya finally walked in, smelling of night air and expensive cologne, Shane couldn't hold it in.

"Had a nice time reminiscing?" The words came out brittle, sharp as broken glass. He didn't turn around, just kept staring at the city lights, his reflection in the window showing a tight jaw and shadowed eyes.

Ilya didn't answer immediately. Shane heard the soft thud of keys on the marble console, the rustle of a coat being shed. Then, calm as a frozen lake, Ilya's voice cut through the tension. "Turn around."

Shane did, crossing his arms over his chest, a defensive posture he instantly hated. "What?"

Instead of engaging, Ilya simply walked past him and sank into the deep leather armchair by the fireplace. He looked utterly relaxed, one ankle propped on the opposite knee, his gaze steady and unnervingly patient. He studied Shane for a long moment, taking in the rigid shoulders, the flushed neck, the way Shane's fingers dug into his own biceps.

"You're upset," Ilya stated, no judgment, just fact.

"I'm not upset," Shane snapped, the lie transparent. "I just think it's interesting how quickly you jump back into your old life when I'm not around."

Ilya's lips twitched, not in a smile, but in something more knowing. He leaned forward, elbows on his knees. "Come here."

"No."

"Shane." The name rasped like a warning. Then Ilya's voice dropped several octaves. "On your knees."

The words struck like a body check, slamming into the most stubborn part of Shane's psyche. His breath hitched. He'd expected shouting, maybe a slammed door. Not *this*.

Submission.

"Fuck you," Shane whispered, but there was no heat left.

Ilya's eyes never wavered. "You want to prove you're better than a memory?" he asked, his voice dropping to a velvet murmur. "Show me."

The challenge was a masterstroke. It bypassed Shane's anger entirely and went straight for the competitive, desperate core of him. *Better than a memory*. He could win this. He *had* to win this.

His pride made him move slowly, each step toward the chair feeling monumental. When he reached Ilya, he paused, looking down at him, trying to find any hint of mockery. All he saw was intense focus. Swallowing hard, Shane lowered himself to the plush rug, kneeling between Ilya's spread legs. The position felt simultaneously degrading and right. He kept his back straight, his hands clenched on his thighs, waiting.

Ilya didn't touch him at first. He just looked down at him, a king surveying his most treasured, troublesome subject. "Hands behind your back," he instructed softly.

Shane obeyed, lacing his fingers together at the small of his back. It made him feel even more exposed, his chest open, his posture perfect and vulnerable.

Only then did Ilya unbuckle his belt with deliberate slowness. The rasp of the leather, the click of the buckle, were loud in the quiet room. He freed himself, already half-hard, and Shane's mouth watered traitorously. Ilya wrapped a hand around the base, giving himself a slow stroke, his eyes locked on Shane's face.

"Open."

Shane parted his lips. Ilya didn't immediately push in. Instead, he leaned forward and tapped the broad, plum-dark head against Shane's bottom lip, once, twice—a teasing, almost condescending gesture. Then he dragged the slick tip slowly across the pad of Shane's tongue, from back to front, painting it with the bitter-salt of precome. Shane shuddered, a full-body tremor he couldn't suppress.

"Taste that?" Ilya murmured. "That's for you. He never got that first taste. He was too busy looking at the cameras."

The comparison was a masterful cruelty. Jealousy flared, hot and acidic, but it was instantly weaponized by Shane's need to dominate this invisible rival. He leaned forward, chasing the retreating tip, but Ilya pulled back, holding his cock just out of reach.

"Ah-ah," Ilya chided softly. "Show me what you do with it."

Understanding dawned. Shane closed the small distance and, without taking the head into his mouth, extended his tongue. He flattened it and licked a long, wet stripe from the base all the way up the thick vein on the underside to the crown. He swirled his tongue around the swollen head, collecting the bead of moisture that had gathered at the slit, sucking it clean with a soft, deliberate pop.

Ilya's breath hissed between his teeth. "Good. Again."

Shane obeyed, his technique shifting from tentative to devotedly filthy. He lapped at the head like it was a precious delicacy, his tongue flicking rapidly over the sensitive slit, dipping

inside briefly before sealing his lips around the corona and sucking hard, hollowing his cheeks. He pulled off with a lewd, wet sound and looked up, his eyes dark and challenging.

“He never took his time,” Ilya said, his voice dropping to a gravelly rumble. He guided himself forward, not pushing into Shane’s mouth, but rubbing the slick, hot head back and forth across Shane’s waiting tongue. The friction was exquisite torture for both of them. “He wanted it over with. You... you savor it. You make a fucking meal of me.”

Emboldened, Shane opened wider. This time, when Ilya pushed forward, Shane took him deep in one smooth, practiced slide, his throat opening willingly until his nose pressed into coarse hair. He held, breathing harshly through his nostrils, letting Ilya feel the constricting, fluttering pulses of his swallow.

“Fuck,” Ilya groaned, his hand fisting in Shane’s short black hair. “He never took me this deep. Couldn’t. His gag reflex was pathetic.” He pulled Shane back until just the head rested on his tongue. “You have no gag reflex for me, do you, *solnyshko*? You were made to choke on my cock.”

The praise, wrapped in comparison, was a drug. Shane whined around him, the vibration making Ilya jerk. But it was more than the sound. Ilya watched, rapt, as Shane’s entire body reacted to the words. His hands, clasped behind his back, clenched into white-knuckled fists, the tendons in his forearms standing out like cables. A tiny, unconscious jerk rocked his hips forward, seeking contact he couldn’t get. His throat convulsed around nothing, swallowing hard, as if trying to physically ingest the affirmation. His eyes, which had been narrowed in competitive focus, softened at the edges, the brown irises seeming to melt. And beneath him, Ilya saw the first telltale shift—the subtle press of Shane’s trapped, aching cock against the dense weave of the rug, a helpless grind for any friction at all.

Ilya began to move, establishing a rhythm that was both worshipful and voracious. He’d plunge down, throat working, then pull back to lavish attention on the head—licking, sucking, nibbling gently at the frenulum. He’d take Ilya deep again and swirl his tongue along the underside as he retreated, a corkscrew motion that had Ilya cursing in Russian.

“Your mouth is a fucking miracle,” Ilya panted, his hips beginning to lift minutely, meeting Shane’s bobs. “See how you need it? How you chase it?” He pulled Shane off completely. A thick rope of spit connected Shane’s lower lip to the glistening tip. “That’s why you’re still here. He got bored. You...” Ilya used the head of his cock to tap against Shane’s swollen lips, smearing precome. “You get addicted.”

At the words, Shane’s eyes, already glassy, squeezed shut for a second. A sharp, needy inhale whistled through his nose, flaring his nostrils. His hips gave another aborted thrust, his neglected cock visibly twitching against his stomach, leaving a fresh, glossy smear of wetness. He made a tiny, choked sound in the back of his throat—*mnghhh*—that was pure, desperate *wanting*. His shoulders hunched forward slightly, a physical cringe of overwhelming need that also brought him closer to Ilya’s cock, a subconscious plea for more. And below, his knees shifted minutely, allowing his hips to rut down against the rug in a slow, shameful circle. He wasn’t touching himself—the rule was implicit, he wouldn’t dare—but he was grinding against the floor like an animal in heat, seeking relief through the rough fabric.

Ilya saw it all. The physical manifestations of Shane's hunger for validation were more intoxicating than any technique. He fed it deliberately, making each praise a specific trigger to observe Shane's unraveling.

"Look at you," Ilya chuckled, the sound punched out of him, raw and reverent. His grip in Shane's hair loosened, his hand sliding down to cup the fever-hot line of Shane's jaw. His thumb found the sharp crest of his cheekbone and stroked it, a shocking counterpoint of tenderness to the obscene wet sounds filling the room. "So pretty for me. All dazed and gone."

Shane's eyes, which had been screwed shut in concentration, fluttered open. They were unfocused, swimming with a sheen of tears and pure, mindless need. He stared up at Ilya through his lashes, not seeing, just *feeling*—the thumb on his cheekbone, the thick weight on his tongue, the brutal, delicious friction between his hips and the rug. A ragged, broken moan vibrated around Ilya's cock.

Ilya rubbed his thumb back and forth, mesmerized by the slack, beautiful ruin of Shane's expression. "Watching you rut against the rug like you can't help it... fuck, you can't, can you? Look at you. My pretty captain, reduced to this. Humping the floor like a bitch in heat while you suck my cock."

Each filthy, praising word was a brand, searing away the last of Shane's control. His hips stuttered then drove down harder, a frantic, shallow pumping motion. The damp patch on the pristine wool darkened further, the sound a wet, rhythmic *shluck-shluck-shluck* that underscored every suck and swallow. Tears welled and spilled over, cutting tracks through the flush on his cheeks, dripping onto Ilya's thigh. He was crying from the sheer overwhelming force of it—the pleasure, the humiliation, the devastating rightness of being seen and praised precisely for his loss of control.

Shane surged forward, taking him deeper with a desperate, hungry noise that was half-sob. He was lost in it now, the structured technique dissolving into pure, slavish instinct. He bobbed his head frantically, lips stretched taut, drool and precome mixing and dripping freely.

"Yes, just like that," Ilya growled, his own composure fracturing. His hips began to piston up in short, sharp thrusts, meeting Shane's descent. "God, your mouth... fuck, that's right, look at me. Keep those pretty eyes on me."

Shane's response was a guttural, continuous keen—*mmhhhggg-nnhh!*—muffled by flesh. His throat clamped in rhythmic spasms. Behind his back, his interlocked fingers were twisted so tightly the joints ached, a stark contrast to the utter abandon of his hips. The muscles in his ass and thighs were rigid, trembling with the effort of his frantic rutting. He was a symphony of contradictory tensions: clenched fists and a loose, willing mouth; a bowed, submissive spine and aggressively thrusting hips.

"Better than anyone," Ilya snarled, his own control slipping as he felt the telltale tightening in his gut. He slowed Shane's head, forcing him to take long, dragging pulls. "So much better. He never looked like this. He never needed it like you do. Never got this filthy. Never got this *pretty*."

The word did it all. *Pretty*.

Shane let out a broken sob around Ilya's cock. Tears, which had been welling, finally spilled over, tracing hot paths through the flush on his cheeks. His movements became less precise, more frantic—a hungry, clumsy pistoning that was somehow more erotic than any skilled technique. He was coming apart, and every piece of him was screaming *more, tell me more, please*. His hips were now rocking in a constant, desperate rhythm, fucking the rug with abandon, his own arousal a painful, ignored throb that he was simultaneously stoking and denying. His breaths through his nose were ragged, wet snorts. The wet spot on the rug beneath his groin was spreading, a dark, damning stain of his desperation.

Ilya could feel his own orgasm building, a coil of heat in his belly. He wanted to drag this out, to catalog every single one of Shane's reactions. He pulled Shane off again, his cock slipping free with a slick, obscene noise. Shane gasped, his head hanging forward, chest heaving. He looked destroyed and ethereal, tears and spit shining on his face. His hips didn't stop their grinding; if anything, deprived of the distraction of Ilya's cock, the motion became more focused, more frantic. He was panting, a wrecked, beautiful thing humping the floor like he'd die without the friction.

"Look at me," Ilya commanded, his voice hoarse.

Shane's head lifted slowly, with immense effort. His eyes were red-rimmed, pupils blown so wide they were almost black. His gaze was unfocused, swimming with need. His lower lip quivered.

Ilya stroked his own length, smearing the combined wetness. "You want to hear it again?" he asked, his thumb circling the leaking slit. "You want me to tell you how much better you are? How he was nothing compared to this? How watching you rut against my floor like a desperate little thing is the hottest thing I've ever seen?"

A wounded, wordless cry tore from Shane's throat. He nodded frantically, his whole body leaning forward. His hands, still trapped behind him, were now pulling against each other so hard the muscles in his shoulders stood out in stark relief. He was trembling violently, a fine, constant shake. His lips formed the silent word 'please.' And his hips, as if responding directly to the observation, stuttered in their rhythm, a flush of shame darkening his neck, but they didn't stop. They couldn't. He was too far gone.

"Then show me one more time," Ilya said, his voice dropping to a dark, tender whisper. "Be good for me. And I'll tell you."

It was all the permission Shane needed. He lunged forward, taking Ilya back into his mouth with a fervor that bordered on violence. But it wasn't violent. It was devout. He took Ilya deep, to the root, and held, his throat working in slow, deliberate swallows, milking him. He pulled back and swirled his tongue around the head with a reverence that made Ilya's vision blur. He took him deep again, his nose buried, and this time, he hummed—a low, sustained, worshipful vibration that traveled straight up Ilya's spine.

"*Bozhe moi*," Ilya snarled, his head falling back against the chair. "Yes... that's it... you're perfect. You're the best thing I've ever felt. The best I've ever had."

The effect on Shane was instantaneous and total. His eyes rolled back, showing the whites, his body seizing as if electrocuted by the praise. A guttural, continuous moan was ripped from him, the sound distorted around the flesh in his mouth. His hips jerked in frantic, abortive spasms against the rug, his cock dripping a steady stream now, utterly untouched by hand but thoroughly used by the rough weave. The muscles in his neck stood out like cords. He was floating in a feedback loop of pleasure and validation, each feeding the other until he was mindless with it. The sounds of his mouth and the sounds of his desperate grinding created a obscene symphony.

Ilya was right there with him. “Going to come,” he warned, his voice a guttural snarl. He tried to pull Shane’s head back, but Shane resisted, sinking down to the root and holding, his throat working in open, eager invitation. “Fuck—*take it then*. Take all of it. Gonna milk me dry, don’t you? You fucking drive me *insane*.”

It was the final trigger. As Ilya’s release jetted hot and bitter down his throat, Shane’s body betrayed him completely. A full-body convulsion wracked him, his back arching despite his kneeling position, a silent scream stretching his features. His throat clamped down in rhythmic, milking pulses around Ilya’s cock as he swallowed greedily, desperately, gulping audibly. A continuous, low, wounded moan hummed from his chest, punctuated by those wet, swallowing sounds. His eyes, screwed shut, leaked tears freely. His hips slammed down against the rug in one final, brutal thrust and held there, vibrating, as his own orgasm was torn from him *untouched*, soaking into the wool beneath him with hot, silent pulses—*hhh-ah! Hhh-ah!*—his entire body seizing in a climax of pure, overwhelmed submission.

He continued to lick and suck softly, cleaning him with a tenderness that contrasted wildly with the frenzy of moments before, until Ilya was oversensitive and tugged him away with a shuddering gasp.

For a long moment, Shane stayed on his knees, head bowed, panting. He was wrecked—face flushed and tear-streaked, lips bruised and shining, chin slick with spit and spend. His entire frame quivered with residual tension, his hands still locked in a death grip behind his back. The front of his thighs and the rug beneath him were a soaked, filthy mess. He looked utterly spent, yet still thrumming with unmet need, every muscle twitching with aftershocks.

Then Ilya’s hands were on him, not pushing, but gathering. He gently pried Shane’s hands apart, rubbing the deep red marks left by his own fingernails. He hauled him up from the floor and into his lap, wrapping strong arms around him, crushing him against his chest. Shane went boneless, burying his face in the curve of Ilya’s neck, inhaling the scent of sweat, sex, and *him*. A final, hiccupping sob shook his shoulders.

Ilya held him through it, one hand cradling the back of his head, the other stroking slow, soothing circles on his bare back. He could feel the frantic hammer of Shane’s heart against his own, could feel the fine tremors that still coursed through him.

“My jealous, perfect captain,” Ilya murmured into his damp hair, his voice rough with spent passion and startling tenderness. He kissed his temple, his damp cheek, the shell of his ear. “There is no competition. There never was. You have all of me. You are the best.”

The words, whispered against his skin, vaporized the last remnants of doubt. Shane trembled, not with jealousy, but with the sheer force of the feeling crashing over him. He nuzzled deeper, his body finally relaxing, the desperate clenching and twitching subsiding into exhausted, pliant stillness. He was a vessel emptied of everything but a warm, heavy certainty.

In the warm, possessive darkness of Ilya's arms, Shane finally understood.

He wasn't just better. He was the only one who existed.

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