

Not Casual

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Not Casual

by [HateItHere_00](#)

Summary

Ilya shows Shane who he belongs to.

Notes

I actually started writing this before the newest episode, but I got the urge to finish it after that ending. Needed a happier ending after a club setting. My poor babies:(

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

Ilya had gone off with some of their hockey friends, partying one night, but Shane was in a mood and decided not to go. He wanted to see if Ilya would still go without him, and to Shane's dismay, he did. Kissing him on the forehead and saying "don't wait up" as he walked out the door.

Shane saw the tabloids the next day, showing him cozied up with famous men and women, and he couldn't help but feel a tiny bit jealous that he'd had that much fun without him.

The jealousy really hit when he saw him dancing with his ex fling/childhood friend, Svetlana. The dancing seemed harmless but still, that was someone from his past! He knew if the roles were reversed Ilya would be *pissed*. Regardless of if he chose to be verbal about it.

Shane texted some friends, telling them that he wanted to go out for a night, choosing a somewhat popular club.

When Ilya got back from his jog Shane told him that he was going out with some friends later on. Rozanov simply raised a brow, drinking from his water bottle. "You? At club?"

"Yes, I've been to clubs before Rozanov." Shane sighed, eliciting a laugh from the other.

"Okay. Have fun."

He didn't even blink an eye at the thought of Shane partying without him, and Shane felt a small amount of shame about his jealous thoughts.

How come he cared so much? Were his own feelings stronger than Ilya's?

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Oh Ilya cared.

He's been an athlete long enough to know how to save face when he's unnerved and the idea of knowing Shane is in that environment without him, did not make him happy.

But, he's no hypocrite and Shane's usually good. *Loyal*, Ilya thinks. He shakes away the doubt in his head and continues on.

Shane went about his day normally as well, not being overly sweet with Ilya, but sweet enough that he didn't suspect his mood.

When it came nighttime Shane finally got dressed, and when Ilya saw him, he immediately got that predatory look in his eyes.

"I'm not sure you will make it out of here with that on.", he said playfully, coming to kiss him.

Shane heard a car horn, his head turning towards the noise and forcing Ilya to kiss his cheek instead. He grabs his wallet quickly, "I'm sure I will. Don't wait up!", as he walked out the

door, mimicking Ilya from last night.

Ilya stood there confused as he watched him leave, but tried not to question it much, accepting this as another one of Shane's quirks.

Arriving at the club, Shane immediately heads towards the bar ordering two shots for himself. This worries his friends due to the fact that Shane isn't big on alcohol, but he brushes them off, needing the distraction. He was in his head about him and Ilya again and he just wished the other could know how he felt.

Shane went to the middle of the dance floor, beginning to dance with strangers.

One in particular had gotten a bit close, moving her hands around Shane's neck as they danced against each other. He politely removed her arms from him, excusing himself to the restroom.

It was harmless, the dance, and yet Shane still feels bad. Like he's stepped out on Rozanov even with the slightest action. He rinses his face with cold water, ignoring his scolding internal monologue due to him restricting himself for a guy who probably doesn't even care.

After swallowing down his feelings once again, he returns to his friends.

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Back at the apartment, Ilya is bored.

He's used to time alone, but he craves *Shane*. He misses the other man's ability to fill the silence of his penthouse and quiet the commotion in his mind.

Idly checking his phone he sees the headline for one of those messy tabloids, one that even he had been featured in before. This thumbnail catches his attention though, a familiar face with an unidentified woman wrapped around him.

A new feeling erupts within him, presenting as a sort of fire in his chest. Ilya wasn't jealous, at least that's what he was going to tell himself for now.

He was simply bored and the best way to cure his boredom would be to go see Shane. He threw on a t-shirt and some jeans, grabbing his car keys without even thinking.

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Shane had forced himself to enjoy the rest of his time, but overall grateful when the night came to an end.

Cigarette smoke assaulted his nostrils upon exiting the building and he coughed, turning to the source.

"Rozanov.", Shane speaks before he thinks, the name falling from his lips in a shock. He's stopped in his tracks, unbeknownst to his friends who've continued walking through the crowd.

"Oh, you do remember who I am? I could not tell.", he says as he blows out more smoke, Shane still standing there dumbfounded.

"Let's go.", The Russian commands. He begins to walk, knowing that Shane would follow soon after.

Ilya barely acknowledges him, saving his words for the car ride. He did enough damage by coming out here, risking being spotted.

Shane follows behind Ilya, trying to not trip over himself as he shoots a text to his original ride.

"What the fuck are you doing here? Are you crazy? Someone could have seen us leave together.", Shane starts the minute the door shuts.

"Did you have fun?", Ilya ignores Shane's panicking with his own question.

"What?"

"*Did you have fun?*", he repeats slowly, pulling out of the parking lot. "With new girlfriend."

"New girlfriend?", Shane scoffs before he realizes who Ilya is referring to. "You were watching me?"

"No.", he answers curtly. "Internet watches you."

It's not long before Shane is aware of what Rozanov means, annoyed that the blogs had made a scandal out of an innocent moment.

Shane groans, "Rozanov whatever you saw was grossly exaggerated I'm sure."

"Don't want to hear it.", Ilya says.

Shane's taken aback by his tone, and he thinks he may actually be upset.

"Ilya-"

"What part of 'don't want to hear it' means to keep talking?", he asks sarcastically, his voice never raising and his head staying straight the whole time.

Shane feels almost ashamed at the way he's attracted to this menacing demeanor, the way Ilya's jaw clenched and his eyebrows furrow, his arms flexing as he drives home.

The ride is silent, and when they get home it's no different. Ilya takes off his shoes at the door, hanging up his keys before he says, "Go wait in room."

"Rozanov listen-"

His eyes snap up to Shane's before he takes on an incredulous look, "Something is wrong with your ears?"

"What?"

"It's just," he starts, walking towards him, "you are having hard time *following instructions*.", he stops in front of Shane, overwhelming him with the warmth and closeness of his body.

Shane wouldn't consider himself still tipsy, but there's that pleasant buzz around him, and Ilya's dominant persona is only adding to it.

When there's no response, Ilya grabs his chin, "Okay?!", he checks in searching Shane's eyes for any sign that he's not.

"I'm fine.", he responds, bringing his thumb up from the firm grip on his chin, to his mouth, sucking on it.

Ilya watches as he swirls his tongue around his thumb, treating it as though it was his dick. The way Shane looks at him with those seemingly innocent eyes, but he knows that he is far from it.

Shane can't help but relish in this moment, the assumed jealousy exuding from Ilya was enough to feed his fantasies for months.

Ilya removes the digit from Shane's mouth, bringing his hand up to the side of his face. The gesture seems lovingly, but his grip is harsh and Shane can feel his own spit against his cheek.

"I am disappointed Hollander. Going out there, letting her touch what doesn't belong to her.", he says, his voice barely above a whisper but his tone harsh.

Shane's eyebrows raise a bit at his wording, but Ilya does not notice.

It's like the more he talked about it, the more angered he got, "Go. To the room, and strip.", he finally says, releasing Shane's face.

He obeys this time with no backtalk, going to the room and following his orders. He's just about to pull the last piece of clothing off when Ilya comes in.

Turning to face him, Shane is only in his boxers, "I ask you to do one thing Hollander, and you can't even do that.", Ilya tuts, stalking towards him. He knows Shane would have been done by now had he not had the affinity for folding his clothes whenever they come off him, but he likes to tease.

"Asshole. You didn't give me enough time!", Shane complains, feeling slightly self conscious under Ilya's gaze, arms crossing over his chest.

Rozanov rolls his eyes, "Don't you dare hide from me."

His hand traces over Shane's body, light touches to his chest before establishing a nice grip on his throat, "I think, you need to be fucked.", Ilya speaks directly into his ear. "Would fix your behavior, da?"

He laughs darkly when Shane nods his head as best as he can in Ilya's hold, eyes fluttering shut.

"Is no fair though.", he pretends to pout. "For me to fuck you after you betray me."

"I did not.", Hollander grits. Although he knows Ilya is joking he still feels the need to verbalize it.

Hollander's knees nearly give out when Rozanov's unoccupied hand slides into the back of his boxers. Shane wishes he was recording the interaction when Ilya lets out a low groan, fingertips tracing over the plug Shane had put in earlier.

"You are going to kill me Hollander."

Shane does his best to keep his balance and his *sanity* while Rozanov mumbles Russian against his cheek.

With every passionate kiss Rozanov is applying pressure to the plug, drawing desperate sounds from Shane as he ruts against the muscular thigh slotted between his.

Equally affected, Rozanov releases his hold on Shane's neck, simply holding his chin between two fingers.

"Can not wait to ruin you.", he states, lips pressing against Shane's.

He doesn't even give Shane a chance to respond, picking him up and placing him on the bed, before starting to undress himself.

His mouth waters at the sight of Ilya's muscled figure, eyes following his hands as they unbuckle his belt.

When he's stripped down completely he turns his attention back to Shane, joining him on the bed.

Ilya is quick to attack him with a kiss, letting his hands stay busy ridding Shane of his underwear, mindlessly tossing them.

Everything is in a hurried movement, the adrenaline from the night leaving them in a frenzy.

After removing the plug, Ilya wastes no time sliding into him, groaning at the feeling.

Usually he paces himself, giving Shane time to adjust to his girth, but today he wants to make it hurt. Wants to make sure he feels it the next day with every step taken.

Ilya mouths at his neck as he pounds into him, and Shane can feel the cool metal of his necklace on his chest.

"Rozanov!", Shane moans when the man in question angles his thrusts to hit his prostate.

"Could she make you sound like this? Hm?", Ilya asks, making Shane look at him.

Shane's eyes are rolling back in his head, not from the smug question thrown at him, but from the relentless pace Ilya was setting. His mouth dropped open as moans poured out, unable to answer Rozanov, who was not happy with the lack of response.

Disappointed isn't the word for how Shane feels when Ilya slides out of him, quickly rearranging their position on the bed. When he looks up, he's staring right back at himself in the mirror.

Shane's eyes are wet per usual, a few tears having fallen and he attempts to rub them away. He then gazes lower, his neglected cock harder than ever, but he does not touch in fear of further irritating Ilya.

Not wanting to look at himself anymore, Shane lets his head hang. It's not long before Rozanov is seating himself back inside him, yanking Shane up by his hair forcing and forcing him to face the mirror.

"Keep your fucking head up.", Ilya growled into his ear, pace painfully slow.

He lets go of Shane's hair, sticking three of his fingers into the man's mouth, and he's eager to receive, immediately sucking on them.

"I'm going to fuck you in front of the mirror, I want you to see how pretty you look when you come for me."

Shane whines around his digits, Ilya's words only making him harder.

Rozanov starts to fuck him again, the weight of his fingers on Shane's tongue increasing and he's unable to keep the saliva from spilling from his mouth.

"Look at yourself. Such a *slut*."

Shane shakes his head as best as he can at the accusation, making Rozanov chuckle, "No? You're *drooling* over my fingers as we speak, Hollander."

He pulls Shane up so that his back is against his chest. The new angle causes Shane to cry out and Ilya removes his fingers from his mouth, wet hand reaching around his cock, other arm wrapping around his throat in a headlock manner.

Shane's hands fly up to grip at the bicep restricting his breath, Ilya's last name forced from his mouth repeatedly.

His hold on Shane's neck forces him to stare at the scene in the mirror, eyes traveling down to where Rozanov is languidly stroking him compared to his thrusts. Shane watches as Ilya shoves into him, *over* and *over* again. The way Shane sucks him in has Ilya groaning and Shane's eyes rolling back once again, tears flowing.

"No. Keep your eyes on mirror.", Ilya murmurs in his ear, "Look at how messy you get, with me. Perfect little Shane Hollander, crying on my cock. ", he sucks his teeth.

Ilya swears as he removes his arm from Shane's neck, angling their heads into a kiss.

"You are *mine* Hollander, say it."

Shane whimpers at his request, the validating words bringing him closer to release. "*Yours.*", he chokes out.

The russian rewards him with a string of kisses, pausing only to moan into each other's mouths.

Ilya thumbs at Shane's tip and Shane just can't take it anymore. "I'm- I'm close. Can I?", he pleads, making eye contact with him in the mirror.

Rozanov would be crazy to say no, his own orgasm rapidly approaching. "Yes, do it now.", he commands, Hollander's head falling against his shoulder as he works him through his loud release. Curses fall from Shane's lips along with Rozanov's name, his mind blank of all other words.

Ilya is no better, grunting out a deep "*Hollander*" as he paints the arch of Shane's back, panting against his neck.

He lifts his head, finding Shane's eyes in the mirror as they catch their breath. "Whole neighborhood probably heard you.", he teases and Shane elbows him slightly.

"You asshole."

## End Notes

Hope yall enjoyed !! I have another hollanov fic planned soon..  
Anyways feedback is always welcome and appreciated love ya

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