

so come over now (and talk me down)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75759461) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75759461>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Dom/sub , Subdrop , Hurt/Comfort , Subspace , Depththroating , Coming Untouched , Anal Sex , Aftercare , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Praise Kink , Kneeling
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-14 Words: 8,770 Chapters: 1/1

so come over now (and talk me down)

by [kurtstiel](#)

Summary

Ilya's hand wraps around his bare wrist and squeezes. Shane barely stops himself from collapsing to his knees.

The pressure lights up every receptor of his touch-starved nervous system, wrenching a small, pained noise from the back of his throat. Every muted sensation comes flooding back so intensely that it almost hurts. He needs Ilya to hold him down until there's nothing inside him but quiet. He wants to sink into him and disappear.

It takes Shane an entire beat to remember where they are. Fighting against the fog in his mind, he manages to drag his gaze up to meet Ilya's.

There's a slow-dawning horror and understanding on Ilya's face.

*

Or: Shane is in subdrop after their encounter in Vegas. Ilya fixes it.

Notes

Title from Talk Me Down by Troye Sivan.

This fic is set directly after episode 2.

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

We didn't even kiss.

Shane deletes the text. He feels needy for even thinking it.

Ilya kept him at a distance the entire time. Him in the chair, Shane on the bed. That calm, commanding voice undoing him effortlessly. Shane *begged* for it. Begged for Ilya to come closer and touch him.

And when Ilya did, it felt so fucking good. Ilya made him come so hard he almost blacked out, fucking Shane into the mattress with a ferocity that had him clawing at the sheets.

But then it was over, and they hadn't kissed once. Ilya had rolled over and immediately put space between them. Shane instantly felt cold without him.

Shane rests his forehead against the metal of the elevator, eyes closed. It shouldn't matter that they didn't kiss. It shouldn't matter that Shane has grown accustomed to the insistent press of Ilya's lips, grounding him as he takes Shane apart, keeping him tethered whenever he starts to drift away.

It shouldn't matter that it will be months before they see each other again.

See you next season, he types again. He hits send after a brief hesitation.

Ilya doesn't owe him anything. On the way back to his hotel room, he tries to ignore the emptiness blooming beneath his ribs.

Sleep does not come easily. Despite the warmth of the Vegas night, Shane feels oddly cold, hugging a pillow to his chest to stop himself from shivering. When he finally sleeps, it's fitful and uneasy, plagued by flashes of dreams he can't remember in the morning. He wakes to his hand stretched across the bed, grasping for a warm body that isn't there.

The journey home is mostly a blur. He's only able to tolerate the loud commotion of the airport by wearing headphones, which mostly prevents anyone from talking to him, including his mother. She's busy managing another brand deal on her laptop, but Shane can still feel her shooting glances his way the entire flight.

They make it all the way to his front door and into the kitchen before she cracks. "Are you feeling okay? You've been quiet all day. Even quieter than normal."

"I didn't sleep well last night. It's probably jetlag."

His mom frowns. "We're only three hours ahead."

Shane lifts a shoulder in a half-hearted shrug. “Maybe I caught something in Vegas.”

She reaches a hand out to touch his forehead. Shane flinches back from the contact. Her frown deepens. “Shane.”

Shane forces a smile. “I’m fine, Mom.”

“Are you sure?”

Shane is saved from another lie by her phone ringing. She looks like she wants to argue further, but relents after glancing at the caller ID. She goes to take the call in the other room.

Shane pulls out his phone once she’s out of sight. There’s no reply from Ilya—the same as the last three times he checked. The silence bothers him much more than it should. He’s gone much longer without hearing from him before, but this time feels different.

It will be next season before he even gets the chance to see Ilya again. The thought is a physical weight on his chest.

He opens Instagram and checks for any recent sightings in Ilya’s hashtag. There’s one photograph, taken by a fan at arrivals in Boston airport almost an hour ago; Ilya has his hood up, but Shane would recognise that intense face anywhere. He has his phone pressed to his ear.

So he does know how to use it, Shane thinks bitterly.

“That was the management team at Rolex.”

Shane jumps so violently he almost drops his phone. His mom doesn’t notice, her eyes still on her own device. She’s frowning slightly. “They’re making some last minute additions to the photoshoot in two days.”

“What does that mean?”

“No idea. They said they’ll give me further details tomorrow.”

Shane nods. He’s never taken much interest in his sponsors, having to mirror his mother’s enthusiasm and often ending up sounding slightly fake, but right now he cares even less. Eventually, his mom bids him goodbye and leaves to attend a meeting.

His exhausted body drifts over to the bedroom without his permission. The bed comes into view, complete with its mountain of pillows. Shane can still hear Ilya’s voice, mocking the sheer number of them, before he’d opened Shane up and fucked him so beautifully, his mouth barely leaving Shane’s skin; kissing him on the lips, between his shoulder blades, behind his ear as he came down. Shane didn’t realise how much he’d needed it.

Dragging himself from the memory, Shane turns and heads to his home gym. Exercise usually helps him decompress, but he only manages a few half-hearted sets before the fatigue slips in again like fog. After ten minutes, even breathing feels like effort. He sits on the edge

of the bench and stares at the floor, trying to fight the heavy, distant feeling creeping over the back of his neck.

The next day, Shane drags himself to practice. He's slow to change, slow to fasten his blades, slow to pull on his gloves. The background noise of the changing room feels piercing. Someone makes a comment and everyone jeers. Shane winces.

"You okay, man?"

It's Hayden. Peering at him with obvious concern.

Shane tries to answer, but finds his voice fails him. He swallows and tries again, "I'm fine."

Shane is not fine. He feels thin, like a piece of fabric worn down to its last threads. His hands won't stop shaking beneath the gloves.

"You don't look fine. Maybe we should let the medical team take a look at you."

Shane already has. He arrived early and went straight there, hoping they'd find a reason for the way he's feeling, but there isn't anything physically wrong. All his vitals are normal. He doesn't even have a fever. He just feels... empty.

"I'm fine," Shane repeats.

It's one of the worst practices he's ever had. He fumbles shots he normally could have made with his eyes closed. The rest of the team know it too, shooting glances his way as they leave the rink. Shane wants to shrink into himself and disappear.

Fate awards him a rare afternoon off at the worst possible moment. There's nothing to distract him—no practice, no meeting with sponsors, no promotional events.

It's just Shane, alone and empty. He crawls back into bed, securing himself within the blankets, clinging to their warmth like an anchor. His breathing is slow and shaky at the edges. It feels safer not to move, to lie still and pretend the feeling isn't pulling him under.

The sound of his ringtone is piercing in the silence. Shane fumbles to answer it without checking the caller. His voice is groggy. "Hello?"

"You're not going to believe this."

“Mom?”

“It’s Rozanov,” she says.

The mere mention of Ilya’s name makes his pulse spike. He sits up, blankets falling away.
“What about Rozanov?”

“*He’s* the last minute addition to the photoshoot tomorrow. They just signed him as an ambassador.”

Shane’s thoughts slip sideways. It’s hope that flickers first, like a pilot light in his chest. A kind of nervous warmth spreading gently outwards. His grip tightens around the phone, trying to steady himself. He realises she’s still talking and tunes back in.

“—why would they even want someone like Rozanov?”

Shane swallows and tries not to think about all the ways *he* wants Rozanov. “I don’t know, Mom.”

“Do you want to cancel?”

“No,” Shane says quickly. Too quickly. “It’s fine. Really.”

She sighs. “Okay. I can’t make it, so you’ll be on your own. Don’t let him get to you.”

Shane bids her goodbye and hangs up. He stares at his reflection on the screen.

Tomorrow. He thought it would be months, but he’ll get to see Ilya *tomorrow*.

Even as his pulse picks up in anticipation, everything else still feels slow, like wading through honey. The ache persists, but it’s shifting slightly to make room for something else; a nervous combination of longing and worry, wondering how Ilya will react when he sees Shane again.

He types out a message and hits send before he can overthink it.

Jane [16:35]: Rolex. Congratulations

Shane immediately puts his phone down and heads to the bathroom to shower. He needs a distraction, rather than sitting there waiting for Ilya’s reply. The hot water pounds down on his shoulders, doing nothing to thaw the numbness he’s been carrying around for days.

When he gets back, there’s still no reply from Ilya. Shane tries again.

Jane [16:58]: I’ll see you at the photoshoot?

Shane waits a while longer. His heart jumps when three dots appear in their chat. The dots disappear, then reappear, then disappear again as Ilya types and deletes. Shane watches in hopeful silence. In the end, Ilya’s answer is one word.

Lily [17:01]: Yes

After days of nothing, it's a tiny beacon of light in the darkness. Shane desperately clings to the thin thread of connection.

Jane [17:02]: Was this one your idea too?

Shane chews on his lip. Every unanswered minute weighs heavier and heavier, the flicker of hope slowly dwindling. Five minutes turns into ten which turns into thirty. His phone screen remains dark and silent. After an hour, he tosses the phone aside, pressing trembling hands over his eyes.

He feels stupid for even asking. Brand deals as big as Rolex don't just happen because a player suddenly decides they want it. He's grasping at anything to get Ilya to talk to him, even when Ilya clearly doesn't want to.

A miserable thought occurs to him, worming out of the pit in his sternum. Did Shane do something wrong the last time they were together?

It would explain why Ilya is avoiding him. The memory of that evening now felt hazy—blurred at the edges, as if viewed from a distance. He thought Ilya had enjoyed it, but maybe he was wrong. Maybe Shane hadn't been good enough.

The echo of Ilya's warm skin against his fades with every second that passes. Shane is left completely alone.

The backs of his eyes prickle with the sting of tears. He barely has enough energy to pull the covers back over his head, trying to shut out the entire world.

Shane moves through the next day on autopilot. He doesn't remember what he has for breakfast, only that it tastes like ash. The studio is in Ottawa. They send a car to collect him, but the journey is a blur. He feels as if he is viewing the world through frosted glass, muted and distant.

He's ushered into a dressing room. Someone tells him the shoot might end late and hands him a hotel keycard which he fumbles with clumsy fingers. He's dressed in a sleek black suit, an expensive watch fastened around his left wrist, then he's taken to the studio.

The room is empty save for a stark white backdrop, one camera, and ten people milling around. The bright studio lights make him want to cower away, but he's too numb to react. He poses when they say pose, turns when they say turn, smiles when they say smile. It all feels meaningless.

Time slips away from him. Shane doesn't know how long has passed until he hears the director call Ilya's name. He turns his head.

Ilya steps into view beneath the studio lights, familiar silhouette wearing an identical black suit and tie, familiar gaze scanning the room before settling on Shane. Their eyes lock and hold. That look would normally spark something inside Shane, but today, all he feels is a sort of static. His mind knows there should be a reaction, but he feels detached from his body.

Ilya's expression shifts, brow creasing, whether a hint of concern or annoyance, Shane can't tell. Nothing in him stirs. The absence feels like a bruise.

Ilya walks forward and joins him against the backdrop. As per the director's instructions, they turn to face one another. He senses Ilya try to catch his eye again, but Shane directs his unfocused gaze elsewhere, trying to concentrate on the director's words. They want the first joint shot to highlight the watch on Ilya's left hand by having Ilya hold up Shane's right wrist.

Shane stares absently at Ilya's hand. Three days ago, those fingers were gripped tight at the back of Shane's neck, holding him down as Ilya pressed his cock into him. Inch by perfect inch, until there was nothing else to think about, nothing Shane had to do but lie there and take it. Something inside him drifts further away.

Ilya's hand wraps around his bare wrist and squeezes. Shane barely stops himself from collapsing to his knees.

The pressure lights up every receptor of his touch-starved nervous system, wrenching a small, pained noise from the back of his throat. Every muted sensation comes flooding back so intensely that it almost hurts. He needs Ilya to hold him down until there's nothing inside him but quiet. He wants to sink into him and disappear.

It takes Shane an entire beat to remember where they are. Fighting against the fog in his mind, he manages to drag his gaze up to meet Ilya's.

There's a slow-dawning horror and understanding on Ilya's face. Shane is too far gone to interpret its meaning.

"Hollander," Ilya says, so quiet it's barely audible, even to Shane. Slowly, experimentally, Ilya squeezes his wrist again.

Shane's eyes slip closed. He sways towards the pressure, his other hand catching Ilya's shoulder to keep himself upright. Somewhere deep inside, he knows this isn't right, exposed under bright studio lights with an audience of ten people, but there isn't any worry. There isn't anything at all—there is only Ilya.

"Open your eyes, Hollander," Ilya whispers quickly.

Shane obeys. He registers a panic in Ilya's gaze he doesn't feel within himself.

"That's the shot. Hold it right there guys, that's perfect."

Shane barely hears the director. All he can concentrate on is the firm muscle beneath his hand and the firm grip around his wrist. Ilya's face has smoothed out into a regular expression for the sake of the camera, but Shane can feel how tense he is beneath his palm.

“Great, we got it,” the photographer says. “We can set up for the next shot.”

Ilya lets go and steps back. The absence is like being dropped into ice water. Shane is alone again, adrift in a sea of nothing. He takes an unsteady step back, putting more distance between him and Ilya, eyes on the floor.

Ilya steps casually in front of him, shielding Shane from view with his own body. “We will be taking a break,” he announces.

The whole room falls silent. The director stares at Ilya in incredulity. “That isn’t exactly your decision to make.”

Ilya’s shrug appears casual, but the lines of his shoulders are rigid with tension. “Feel free to do photoshoot without us. Your decision.”

Shane has a fleeting thought that he should chastise Ilya for being rude, especially to a sponsor as important as this one, but for once in his life he cannot make himself care.

He doesn’t want to be here. All he wants is *Ilya*.

“You have ten minutes.”

“Twenty,” Ilya says. The command in his voice makes Shane shiver. His mind latches onto that tone as the only thing keeping him tethered.

“I should have known you’d be a diva, Rozanov.” The director waves them both away. “You can have fifteen minutes and no more. I assumed you’d behave better than this considering this joint deal was *your* idea.”

Shane frowns, the significance of those words slipping through his grasp like smoke. Ilya looks back at him in an obvious instruction to follow. Shane convinces his feet to comply.

Ilya waits until they’re out of the studio and heading down the empty corridor to slide a guiding hand against the small of his back. It feels like a brand, the whole world narrowing to that single point of contact. Shane has no choice but to let himself be guided.

Ilya directs him to one of the dressing rooms and locks the door behind them. Without touching him, he backs Shane into the nearby wall, trapping him there between it and his own body, leaving only a few inches of space between them.

Ilya looks worried. Of all the expressions Shane has seen on him, he has never once looked worried. His hand comes up as if he’s going to touch Shane’s cheek. Shane’s eyes go heavy-lidded in anticipation.

Ilya pauses a fraction away from his skin, drawing his hand away with obvious effort. “Do you know what’s happening to you?”

“No,” Shane manages to say. He swallows thickly. “I thought I was sick, but—”

“Hollander, you are not sick. I think you are dropping.”

Shane doesn't know how he understands what that means; as soon as Ilya says it, he simply does. Ilya has put a word to the feeling—of sinking into a seemingly endless abyss, beginning the moment he walked away from Ilya, sitting oddly detached and silent, in his hotel bed.

Ilya searches his face. "How long have you been feeling this way?"

Shane can't meet his eyes. "Three days."

Ilya goes deathly still. "Since Vegas?"

Shane nods mutely. His resolve is gradually slipping away. With Ilya in front of him, firm and commanding and *safe*, he doesn't want to have to think anymore.

"You have been like this since we—" Ilya cuts off, his face twisting with a raw emotion that makes Shane ache. "Did I hurt you?"

"No," Shane says, because it's the truth. Ilya hadn't hurt him, he'd enjoyed every moment. Except for the part where it was over.

"What was it?"

Shane swallows down the words clawing to break free. He wants to back away and escape so he doesn't have to answer, but there's a wall at his back, and the intoxicating heat of Ilya in front of him.

"Hollander," Ilya commands softly, "tell me."

"We didn't even kiss," Shane says quietly. His throat goes tight in shame. It isn't Ilya's fault that Shane is craving affection where it isn't owed.

Ilya's face does something agonising. Like he's been cleaved completely in two. "Hollander," he rasps. Carefully, like he's approaching a frightened animal, he brings trembling fingers up to brush Shane's cheek.

Shane's breath shudders out of him, eyes closing, wanting to both sink into the contact and rip himself away. "When I left, you wouldn't even look at me." His voice goes even smaller. "Did I do something wrong?"

Ilya makes a desolate sound. He slides his fingers to the back of Shane's neck and kisses him, pressing the entire length of his body to Shane's, caging him against the wall.

It's like coming up for air when he's been drowning for days. Shane gasps and shudders into it, hands sliding desperately into Ilya's hair, his body a searing line of heat everywhere Ilya touches him.

It's *overwhelming*. Shane's senses are in overdrive—Ilya is the only thing he knows, the only thing he can feel, his hands clutching at his hair, his clothes, his neck. He can hear himself making desperate little noises into Ilya's mouth.

Ilya's hand strokes soothingly at the back of his neck, the other at the hollow of his throat, the tender pressure slowly gentling Shane's movements. He lets Shane lick into his mouth, suck slowly on his tongue, until Shane's desperation gradually begins to drain out of him.

Ilya separates their mouths only far enough to breathe. He's so close that their noses nudge, eyes closed. "I didn't say it then," he says quietly, lips brushing Shane's with every word, "but you were perfect, Hollander. You took it so well, begged for it so prettily. You didn't do anything wrong."

Shane's legs weaken. The praise alights the innermost part of him that only ever wants to please Ilya. To be *good* for him. It's instinct to try to slide to his knees, but Ilya catches him, gently hauling him back up against the wall.

"Not here," Ilya says, strained. "I'm sorry, Hollander."

Shane almost whines. "Please," he whispers, tucking his forehead down into the crook of Ilya's neck. He nuzzles the warm skin, fuzzily dragging the tip of his nose up Ilya's neck to inhale the scent of him.

Ilya swears above him. "You are so far down."

Fingers catch in the back of Shane's hair, tugging his head back with a gasp. Shane's eyes are half-lidded, brain sluggish, struggling to focus on the apologetic expression on Ilya's face.

"We can't do this here," Ilya says. "I can't give you what you need like this."

Shane wets his lips. Ilya follows the movement. "What is it that I need?"

Ilya's grip tightens. Shane watches the bob of his throat as he swallows, trying to retain control. "If you were thinking clearly, you wouldn't be asking me that here."

Shane shivers. Ilya feels it run through him and softens his grip. He shakes Shane's head very, very gently. "Is my fault you are like this. You will let me fix it?"

Ilya is asking him a question. Shane's desire to obey allows his mind to surface slightly, his focus sharpening enough to answer. "Yes."

"We will both finish this photoshoot," Ilya tells him, hand sliding to cup Shane's face, making him pay attention. "You will get in a cab and go straight to hotel room they gave you. You will wait for me there."

Ilya's thumb brushes slowly over his temple. Shane focuses on the gentle command in his tone, allowing it to lift him just above the surface of the fog. He becomes more aware of where they are, how anyone could walk in at any moment and see them like this.

Shane's eyes open fully. "Rozanov," he murmurs.

Ilya's next kiss is gentle, tender. Enough to comfort, not send him sinking. "You will do this for me, yes?"

“Yes.”

“You will be good.”

Shane shivers. That word, spoken low and firm in Ilya’s accent, curls warmly in his chest. It radiates outward throughout his entire body, causing him to melt further back into the wall.

Ilya watches his reaction with interest, eyes darkening. “You like that.”

Shane swallows, ears burning. “Maybe.”

Ilya looks like he wants nothing more than to find out just how much, but forces himself to step backwards instead. “Fifteen minutes is almost over.”

Shane nods. The press of Ilya’s body to his has tempered the ache, now receded slightly, but not gone entirely. It will be enough for him to focus on getting through the rest of the photoshoot, though he realises that leaves them with another issue.

“How are you going to explain the both of us being in here?”

“I’m not.” Ilya gestures behind him. “I will go through other door.”

Shane glances behind Ilya. He was so out of it earlier he didn’t notice. Their dressing rooms are joined together by another door, linking the two for ease of access for the staff members. Ilya will only have to go through the other door to be in his own room.

Shane’s face warms, embarrassed that he could be so affected that he didn’t notice something so simple. He expects Ilya to make fun of him for it, but when Shane looks back at him, all he sees is that unidentifiable raw emotion. It’s gone when Shane blinks.

Shane does exactly as Ilya said. He gets through the photoshoot, takes a cab to the fancy hotel, and goes up to the room. He takes a shower while he waits and doesn’t bother with clothes after, not even pulling on boxers. He has a strange desire to be kneeling when Ilya arrives and stamps it down. He’s unmoored again, all the peace from earlier eaten away. For a moment, he worries that Ilya won’t show up.

There’s a knock on the door. Then Ilya is inside, closing the door behind him. He doesn’t seem surprised to see Shane’s state of undress. His eyes rake slowly down the length of Shane’s body, then back up to his face. He slips out of his shoes, his socks, then tugs his shirt over his head, tossing it aside.

Shane *wants*. So badly he can barely breathe. He wants to close the gap between them, sink into Ilya, lose himself in him. But Ilya hasn’t told him to move, so he doesn’t.

Ilya takes something out of his pocket that Shane can't make out. He moves in Shane's direction, stopping in front of him. "I need to send you all the way back up so that I can bring you down carefully. Do you trust me?"

Shane doesn't even have to think about it, not when it comes to this. "Yes. I trust you."

Ilya lets out a soft breath, shoulders dropping, as if in relief. "If you want me to stop at any point, tell me to stop."

Shane nods. This close, he can see what Ilya has in his hand. A black tie, similar to the one Ilya was wearing in the studio. The material is soft, shiny—some kind of satin. Shane can't tear his eyes away from the possibilities it holds, what it represents.

"Did you steal that from the shoot?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to give it back?"

Ilya sighs quietly. "You are still thinking too much."

Shane looks away. He has yearned for Ilya for three days, aching from a distance. He wanted to submit to him in that dressing room, where anyone could have seen him. Now Ilya is here, they're alone, and his brain can't seem to let go.

Ilya tilts his chin up with a single finger. "Do not worry. The tie will help."

"Is it to cover my eyes?" Shane tries to keep the waver out of his voice. He needs to be able to *see* Ilya. Being deprived of that, not knowing where he is, would feel like being left alone. He doesn't want to be alone.

Ilya seems to see right through him, like Shane is a sheet of glass. "No. I would not take away the honour of seeing my face."

"Asshole," Shane says, but it's half-hearted at best. He's grateful for Ilya's perceptiveness.

"Give me your wrists."

Shane holds them up in offering. Ilya works slowly, carefully, winding the tie around both wrists with gentle hands. The material whispers against Shane's skin as it binds his wrists together, pressed together at his front. The moment the knot tightens, something inside Shane loosens. A warmth begins to spread through him, steady and grounding. Every muscle in his body begins to soften.

Ilya squeezes his bound wrists. "Okay?"

It feels like he is handing responsibility over to Ilya. Shane doesn't have to do anything else, not anymore. Not here. Everything fades away, replaced with the pressure around his wrists. His brain finally begins to quiet. "Okay."

Ilya tugs him closer by his bound hands. He kisses Shane, softly, once.

Shane tests the give of the tie, body loosening further when he meets perfect resistance. He's held, safe and secure. He exhales gently against Ilya's mouth. "Are you going to make me beg?"

Ilya pulls back to look at him. "No," he says quietly, something unbearably tender in his eyes. "I think you have waited long enough already."

Shane's eyes sting. The longing of the last few days, of trying to hold himself together alone, coalesces and overwhelms him. He's teetering on the edge of a precipice—wanting to let go, but not knowing if he deserves it. "Rozanov," he swallows, trying again, "Rozanov, I—"

Ilya shushes him softly. He cups his warm hand over Shane's cheek. "Stop thinking, Hollander. Let yourself have this."

Shane sinks gratefully to his knees. Down here, the world is quieter, more manageable. Ilya is a strong, steady presence towering above him. The unbalance is heady, settling something inside of him. This feels like where he belongs. Shane tilts his head back to look up at Ilya.

There is something awed and reverential in Ilya's expression. "I have you," he murmurs, still holding his cheek. "You don't have to worry about anything else. You can have whatever you need."

The noise that comes out of him is difficult to describe—a single, desperate sound distilling all the longing and loneliness of the past three days. Like this, Shane doesn't have to think. He just has to listen to Ilya. Shane can feel his cock hardening against his thigh, from nothing but being on his knees.

Ilya notices, his eyes going dark. "Fuck, Hollander. Always so easy."

Shane shivers, stomach clenching. "Rozanov."

"What do you want?"

Shane wants Ilya's cock down his throat until he can no longer think. "Let me suck you. Please."

Ilya makes a low noise, undoing the button on his pants, letting them fall. "You are talking so prettily today."

Shane stares at the growing shape of Ilya's cock with unrestrained hunger. Ilya cups the back of his head, guiding him forward; Shane goes willingly, nuzzling the hot bulge over the material of his boxers. He opens his mouth over it, hot breath ghosting along the length.

Ilya groans quietly, cock twitching, filling out completely. He tugs Shane away and shoves down his boxers, cock springing free. He's *huge*, Shane knows how huge he is, has felt how deep he can reach, but the sight of him is heady every time. It pulses directly to his brain.

Ilya traces two fingers over his bottom lip. Shane's mouth parts; Ilya slips them inside, pressing down on his tongue. Shane makes a noise, sucking gently, eyelashes fluttering, looking up at Ilya in supplication.

Ilya's pupils are blown, so dark they look bottomless. "I want to see how deep you can take me."

Shane moans around his fingers. Ilya pulls them free, replacing them with the thick head of his cock. "Get me wet first."

Shane licks a hot stripe up Ilya's slit. Ilya's hand twists into his hair, cursing softly. Shane does it again, then licks down the whole length of him and back up, coating him. He gathers spit on his tongue and opens his mouth, taking in just the head, sliding down until he meets resistance, then back up.

He gets Ilya as wet as he can, slicking his entire cock, wet sounds loud in the room. He makes a noise of protest when Ilya tugs him off.

"Easy," Ilya murmurs. "I'm going to fuck your mouth now. Okay?"

"Okay," Shane rasps.

"Keep your hands in your lap. Pinch my thigh if you want me to stop."

Shane melts further back onto his heels. The restraint around his wrists, the pressure on his knees, Ilya's deep, commanding voice. His mind is beginning to drift in the most perfect way.

Ilya holds Shane's hair in one hand and the base of his cock with the other. Shane's mouth drops open, allowing Ilya to feed him his cock, the glide of each inch made easier by Shane's spit. Shane's moan is muffled as his cockhead nudges the back of his mouth.

Ilya makes a satisfied noise. "I would keep you on your knees for hours. You wouldn't have to be anything but a warm mouth for my cock."

Shane shudders, begins to imagine it, kneeling with his head in Ilya's lap, the warm weight of Ilya in his mouth. He'd be so good, so still and quiet, for as long as Ilya wanted.

Ilya draws almost all the way out then back in, beginning to slowly fuck Shane's mouth. Shane takes shaky breaths in through his nose. There's spit leaking out of the edges of his lips. His cock throbs between his legs, untouched and aching.

Despite Ilya's steady thrusts, there's still a few inches of Ilya's cock he hasn't taken. He pushes his head forward, determined to be good, to take all of him—Ilya's cock nudges the back of his throat, immediately meeting resistance. Shane has to pull back an inch so he doesn't gag.

"Look at me," Ilya says. Shane blinks frustrated wet eyes up at him. "Relax your throat."

Shane concentrates, breathes. He swallows, once, feels his throat open, then the rest of Ilya's cock slides effortlessly down into the tight space.

"Fuck." Ilya makes a rough sound, hand clenching in Shane's hair in disbelief. He gives Shane a few moments to adjust before he steadily begins to fuck his throat, a perfect continuous drag, in and out. "You were made for this, Hollander."

Shane whimpers. His eyes are glazed, cheeks flushed, mouth stretched thin around the base of Ilya's cock. His cock is dripping, stomach clenching with every thrust down his throat. His bound hands drift down without his permission as his hips roll upwards, his cock catching on the underside of his arm; Shane whines at the friction.

Ilya thrusts in deep and stops moving, hand tightening in Shane's hair. "Are you touching yourself?"

Shane forces his hips still, making a needy sound in the back of his throat, struggling to look up at him. His eyes are pleading, a tear escaping one corner and rolling down his cheek, cock so hard it almost hurts.

Ilya pulls his entire length out of Shane's throat. Shane makes a ragged noise of loss, clutching at Ilya's leg. Ilya hauls him to his feet and kisses him silent, one hand holding his wrists, the other fitted to the hollow of his throat.

Shane's voice is hoarse. "Why did you stop?"

"Because you would have come too quickly and I want to fuck you. I want you to come around my cock, not all over yourself like the needy thing you are."

Shane's spine melts like liquid. "Please."

Ilya effortlessly picks him up and carries him to the bed, dropping him on his back. The casual manhandling leaves him dazed, blinking up at the ceiling. Ilya turns away briefly, bending down to the floor, then miraculously comes back up with a bottle of lube that he tosses beside Shane.

Ilya follows him down onto the bed. One hand pressing Shane's wrists to the mattress above his head, the other drifting down between his legs. Shane's entire body goes languid, thoughts slowing, his legs spreading automatically. Ilya's fingers brush his cock and he jerks, the wet tip smearing pre-come along Ilya's abdomen.

"You're so *wet*, Hollander," Ilya murmurs against his ear, beginning to fist Shane's cock. The wet sound of it is filthy. "You're making such a mess. Is all this just from sucking my cock?"

Shane moans, humiliation and arousal flooding through him in equal parts. "Shut up."

"I do not think you want me to shut up, hm?"

Shane can't deny it. He loves when Ilya talks like this, it makes him feel small and desperate in the best way. Ilya swipes up the excessive precome and presses wet fingers against Shane's hole.

Shane's eyes blow wide. "Rozanov."

"If you sucked my cock for long enough, I think we would not need lube," Ilya says thoughtfully, one fingertip pressing slowly inside. "You would be soaked."

"*Rozanov*," Shane chokes out. His entire body feels hot.

Ilya relents, removing his finger. He lets go of Shane's wrists so he can coat his fingers with lube. Shane keeps them where they are, obedient, without Ilya having to say a word.

Ilya leans down and swallows Shane's cock in response. Shane cries out, hips jerking, Ilya's hands pressing down on his waist to keep him still as he sucks slowly. Heat gathers in Shane's stomach, toes curling, and he's so distracted that he barely feels it when Ilya slides one slicked finger into his hole. There's only a faint intrusive pressure which he quickly adjusts to, and it rapidly becomes not enough. Shane spreads his legs wider in a silent plea.

Ilya pulls off his cock so he can watch as he pushes another finger in. His eyes are dark, flicking up to Shane's face as he crooks them, watches him jerk and whine as he repeatedly curls the pads of his fingers into Shane's prostate. His cock is leaking again, body trembling, hips bearing down to try to get more. Ilya fucks a third finger into him, the stretch radiating all the way up his back, but still *not enough*.

"Please," Shane begs.

"What do you want, Hollander?"

"Fuck me." Shane has lost all coherent thought, no longer able to be embarrassed at his desperation. "Please, Rozanov, fuck me."

Ilya removes his fingers. Shane is abruptly left devoid of any sensation, empty and breathing raggedly. He's on the verge of pleading again when he feels the blunt head of Ilya's cock catch on his hole.

Shane's vision blurs at the edges. With how long they usually go between seeing each other, it's easy to forget just how big Ilya is. It's only been three days since Shane was last pinned down on all nine inches of him but it still makes his stomach clench in anticipation.

Ilya has one hand on his thigh, keeping him spread open, as he slowly sinks inside. Shane's head drops back, mouth like an open wound as he's filled almost to the point of bursting, until Ilya is buried all the way to the hilt. Ilya groans, low and awed, like it's the best thing he's ever felt.

Ilya drops down to kiss him, the change in angle pressing him deeper. Shane kisses back as best as he can, wrapping his legs around Ilya's waist to anchor himself. That's all the time Ilya gives him to adjust before he begins to fuck him brutally, hips jackhammering against Shane's ass, the sound of skin on skin loud in the room as Shane makes helpless little sounds. He can feel his skin begin to redden at the force, bound hands curling desperately into the pillow above his head.

Ilya shifts his hands to the swell of Shane's ass, sitting back on his knees, tugging him back onto his cock like he weighs nothing. He digs his fingers into the dimples in Shane's spine, tilting his hips, changing the angle so that he's hitting his prostate with flawless precision.

The sheer strength of his thrusts makes Shane's eyes roll back. He shudders, heat flaring bright in his abdomen, fucking up into empty air, unable to get any relief on his cock. He feels as if he's been wound up for hours, coiled tight like a spring, in danger of coming too fast, too soon, but he doesn't *care* because Ilya's cock feels so good.

From the way Ilya is fucking him like he wants to carve out a permanent space for himself inside Shane, he isn't going to last long either.

Shane's face screws up in pleasure, moaning wildly whenever Ilya slams in deep, a mass of unbearable heat coiling in his abdomen. It's overwhelming; too much and not enough, all conscious thought collapsing, going slow and syrupy. He no longer knows anything but Ilya. He only exists to be a warm, wet place for Ilya to fuck.

Ilya looks down between his legs, where Shane is split apart, watching where his cock disappears into Shane's body, over and over. "Fuck, Hollander."

"Touch me," Shane whimpers. He's so close, orgasm yanked close to the surface, pressure building to intolerable levels. He just needs *something*, anything, to tip him over the edge.

"No," Ilya grounds out. "You come on my cock or not at all."

Tears leak out of the corner of Shane's eyes at the force of his thrusts. "Mean," he gasps.

"You like it when I am mean." Ilya uses the back of his thighs as leverage to pin Shane's knees by his ears into a mating press, changing the angle so that Shane can feel it in the back of his throat.

Shane feels more pre-come leak out of his cock as Ilya fucks him even harder. He feels like he's being turned inside out, tension in his belly winding impossibly tighter, balanced on a razor's edge. "Rozanov," he whines, "I'm so close—I'm gonna—"

"That's it," Ilya groans, low and satisfied. "Good boy."

Shane rears up and comes. It's vicious and brutal, torn from his body in pulsing waves, a blinding kind of relief as Ilya fucks him through it, spurts of come soaking his torso. His vision whites out, back arched in overwhelming pleasure.

"God, Hollander, you're fucking perfect," Ilya pants, "you're so good, such a good boy for me."

Shane's eyes squeeze shut, mindless with it. Ilya makes a sound that always indicates he's close. He's still hammering his prostate with laserlike precision, that pain-pleasure-pain streaking up his spine, making him cry out. The thought wells up unbidden—he wants Ilya to come inside him, make him take it, mark Shane as his.

“Come in me,” Shane gasps out. Once the admission is out he can’t seem to stop it, all control unspooling away from him, writhing with need, “please, come in me, fill me up, I need it—”

Ilya pounds into him with a ragged noise, pressing his bound wrists into the mattress, holding him in place, making him *hold still* and *take it*, and then he’s coming, hot and thick, filling him up. Shane isn’t aware of the noises he’s making, only the blistering pleasure crashing over him, the release of tension overwhelming, until his eyes roll back and then there’s nothing.

Everything is quiet.

Shane’s mind feels distant from his body. Not sinking, not dropping, but floating. Drifting pleasantly above the world. He’s warm and sated and safe. He doesn’t know how long he drifts for.

Eventually, he hears a voice, breaking gently through the bliss. “You were perfect, Hollander. So good. Come back to me. Open your eyes.”

Shane shifts, turning his head toward the voice. Awareness returns in soft layers rather than all at once. He gradually becomes more aware of his body. His wrists have been untied, his limbs curled safely into Ilya’s torso, head tucked carefully into the crook of Ilya’s neck. His eyes are heavy-lidded, dazed but no longer shut.

“Hollander,” Ilya calls softly. His hand brushes soothingly over his hair. “Are you with me?”

Shane hums. Ilya leans down and captures his bottom lip in a soft kiss. Shane kisses clumsily back, his hand coming up to rest on Ilya’s chest. Shane blinks when Ilya pulls back, the mist over his eyes clearing.

The corner of Shane’s mouth tilts up in a small smile. “Rozanov,” he murmurs.

Ilya kisses him again. Shane slides a hand into the curls at the back of Ilya’s neck, absently rubbing one between a finger and thumb. The soft, familiarness of it helps to anchor him further into awareness.

“How do you feel?” Ilya asks, searching his face for any signs of discomfort.

Shane slowly sits up, bedsheets pooling in his lap. Ilya must have pulled them over him when he was out of it. He wiggles his toes, places a hand over his chest, the emptiness nowhere to be found. “Much better.”

“Good,” Ilya says. “That is good. You were good.”

Shane’s ears warm. “You can stop saying that now.”

“You like it.”

“Shut up.”

Ilya huffs a laugh but ultimately drops the topic. He opens a water bottle that Shane didn't notice before, handing it to him. Shane takes it, considers only briefly that it may be poisoned, then drinks half of it in one go. Ilya looks pleased about this.

Now that his mind is clear enough for rational thought, Shane picks up the thing that's niggling at the back of his subconscious. “Where did the lube come from?”

Ilya blinks at him. “This is where your brain goes to. After all of this.”

Shane thinks the incident of the magically appearing lube is quite important. “Yes.”

“From my trouser pocket. I brought it with me.”

“From a store?”

“From Boston.”

Shane's eyes bore into his face. “You brought lube with you, from Boston, to a Rolex photoshoot.”

Ilya doesn't respond. He's looking at a vague point just past Shane's shoulder, avoiding his gaze. It doesn't take a genius to work out that he brought lube with him specifically to see Shane.

“What the director said,” Shane says. “The joint brand deal was your idea?”

Ilya's jaw clenches. He seems reluctant to answer. “Yes,” he admits.

“Why?”

Ilya finally looks at him. His eyes are bottomless, filled with that unknowable emotion that Shane refuses to look too far into. “I didn't like how we left things.”

Shane fights to keep the relief off his face. “Me neither.”

“I wanted to check you were okay. Is a long time between seasons.” Ilya gets that same agonised look from earlier. “If I knew you would drop this bad, I would never have—”

“Hey,” Shane interrupts gently, “you couldn't have known. *I* didn't know.”

“I should have,” Ilya insists, “I should have known. You go under easily, Hollander.”

Shane's face heats. Now that he feels better, he's finding it sort of embarrassing how badly it affected him. “Yeah, well,” he says awkwardly.

Ilya leans forward and grips Shane's chin, his eyes pinning Shane in place. “Is not a bad thing. Do not ever think that. Okay?”

Shane swallows. It's impossible to think otherwise when Ilya says it so sincerely. "Okay."

The hotel phone on the bedside table suddenly rings. Before Shane can move, Ilya picks it up, listening for a few seconds. Then he says, "Leave it outside," in what can only be described as the worst Canadian accent Shane has ever heard.

The disbelief carries through to his voice. "What the hell was that?"

"I thought it would be bad idea for hotel staff to hear a Russian man order room service to Shane Hollander's room."

Shane isn't convinced that Ilya's fake accent will have fooled anyone, but the consideration makes him feel warm and fuzzy regardless. "When did you order room service?"

Ilya heads off towards the door. "When you were unconscious."

"Oh," Shane replies stupidly.

A few moments later, Ilya returns to the bed holding a plate of chocolate dipped strawberries. There's also a spoon and a separate pot of melted chocolate that he offers out to Shane.

"What is that for?"

"Sugar," Ilya explains. "Aftercare."

"I can't eat that," Shane replies.

"Why not?"

"Chocolate isn't part of a macrobiotic diet."

"Is my come part of a macrobiotic diet?"

Shane stares at him in incredulity. "You are such an asshole."

Ilya shrugs. "I am just saying. Exceptions can be made, yes?"

Ilya is being quite serious, looking at him expectantly. It's clearly important to him that Shane eats something to help stop him from dropping again. Shane knows that Ilya wouldn't offer him food otherwise.

Fuckbuddies don't do that, Shane thinks, then shoves the thought away.

Glancing again at the melted chocolate, Shane hesitates. He realises, with an embarrassed flush, that he kind of wants Ilya to feed it to him. There is something seriously wrong with him.

"Here." Ilya lifts the spoon into his own mouth, making a noise that's borderline pornographic when the chocolate hits his tongue. Shane tries not to squirm. Ilya crawls over

to him, and Shane realises what he's planning a moment before he does it, lips parting to accept the deep kiss Ilya gives him.

Sweetness alights on his tongue as Ilya licks into his mouth. It's rich and moreish, his tastebuds lighting up, zinging straight to his brain and making him feel more alert.

Ilya pulls back. "Good?"

Reluctantly, Shane nods. It's been a long time since he tasted chocolate. He forgot how incredible it was. Entirely against his will, his eyes slide back to the plate of chocolate strawberries.

Ilya huffs a laugh. Shane's gaze snaps back to him. "If you want more, Hollander, you can have more."

Shane bristles. "I know that."

Ilya tilts his head, expression suddenly serious. "Do you?"

Shane pauses. His entire life is about restriction and routine. His performance diet, a strict number of calories, moderate exercise, hockey practice, time with his parents. Everything is planned out in advance, never in excess. He rarely allows himself to indulge outside of the stolen moments with Ilya. The voice in his head stops him from going outside of routine. Right now, with Ilya's eyes on him, those thoughts feel easier to ignore. Everything in him wants to comply.

There is something pointed in Ilya's eyes. "You can have more if you want it, Hollander."

Shane can no longer tell if Ilya is talking about the food. Their eyes catch and hold, neither of them saying a word, the moment stretching out between them like an elastic band. Heart pounding, overwhelmed, Shane looks away, and the moment snaps.

Ilya sits back on his heels. "You want me to feed you with my mouth? Like baby bird?"

There's a single beat of silence before Shane launches a pillow at him. Ilya deflects it, laughing, the tension broken.

Shane snatches the plate up defiantly. He *knows* Ilya is baiting him into it, but with Ilya's explicit permission and the absence of the voice in his head telling him he doesn't deserve it, he finds he doesn't care.

Ilya watches him eat three of the strawberries in a way that, if Shane didn't know any better, he would say looked protective. Once Ilya is apparently satisfied, he heads off to the shower, leaving Shane with the rest of the food.

Shane sets the plate aside and takes stock of himself. Every muscle is perfectly loose and there's a gentle, pleasant heaviness in his body. It's not the pressing, foreboding weight of earlier, but the type that comes after a satisfying release of tension. His mind is finally clear, like the sun has broken apart the fog. He tries not to think about how Ilya is that sun.

He pulls on one of the hotel robes and checks his phone. There's nothing of interest, just a text from his mother asking him how the shoot went. He doesn't think the brief incident at the photoshoot will reflect badly on him. Ilya was rude to the director on Shane's behalf, but people have come to expect that from Ilya Rozanov. He'd saved Shane from a lot of embarrassment with that move.

Ilya returns in less than ten minutes, fully clothed, his hair damp and curling endearingly behind his ears. He looks uncharacteristically apologetic.

Shane stands to face him. "What's wrong?"

"I have to go. I have practice tomorrow morning."

"When is your flight?"

"An hour ago."

Shane glances at the clock. "Fuck. I'm sorry." Ilya would have to get the next flight out in order to make it to Boston on time.

Ilya pulls him closer with one hand against his back. "Do not apologise. My choice."

Shane wants to argue, but he's thankful Ilya was here to help, even if that means being late for practice. He nods instead. "Okay."

"Besides, now you feel better, you can't use it as excuse for when you play bad."

Shane laughs. "As if."

Ilya kisses him, open-mouthed and filthy. Then he softens, kisses him again; gently, almost reverently. He kisses Shane's cheekbone, his cupid's bow, then across to the other cheekbone. Shane's eyelashes flutter. Ilya captures his lips again. He pulls away, catching Shane's eye. "This is enough?"

Ilya is making sure he's had enough kisses. He's so fucking earnest about it, with no sign of his usual teasing, that Shane's heart squeezes in his chest.

"One more," Shane says quietly, "just in case."

The next kiss is the gentlest they have ever shared. It's barely a brush of lips, but it runs through Shane's body from the top of his head to the tips of his toes. He exhales shakily against Ilya's mouth.

Ilya pulls back, slowly, reluctantly. "I will be more careful next time."

"Next time?"

"If you still want."

Shane smiles. "I still want."

Unable to resist, Ilya pecks him once more on the lips. “See you later, Hollander.”

“See you, Rozanov.”

The door closes softly behind him. Shane leans back against the wood, smiling faintly, feeling calmer and more fulfilled than he has in months. Everything that usually makes his anxiety spike feels far away, unspooled into the distance of his mind by Ilya’s hands.

When Shane sleeps, it’s immediate and uninterrupted. He dreams of soft curls and strong hands and lips against his. He dreams of *next time*.

End Notes

yes ilya was on the phone to rolex in the airport convincing them to make him an ambassador bc his dom instincts were tingling and he had to get to shane

if you enjoyed this, please leave a comment! fic is retweetable [here](#)

follow me for more hollanov: [twitter](#) / [tumblr](#)

Works inspired by this one

[\[Podfic\] so come over now \(and talk me down\)](#) by [Princess_Moonlight](#)

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