

stay

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Summary

"No," Ilya said, when Shane took a first step in his direction. "You are dog. You have to... what's the word? Walk with four legs."

"Crawl?" Shane choked out, feeling his cheeks turn beet red.

"Yes, that. *Crawl*."

or, when Ilya gets Shane a dog collar, what can Shane do but prove he's a good boy?

Notes

Look, I'm gonna be honest. I planned on writing something cool and informative here but as per usual I have not prepared anything in advance and now I'm posting this fic like... 5 days later than I intended to, so... Yep.

Just a few heads up:

1. This is my first Hollanov fic
2. This show has truly taken over my life in the past few weeks but I didn't even know about the existence of the books until a month ago. I have read both HR and TLG but I have known these characters for like 4 weeks so please bear with me :)
3. I have been in a writer's slump for like two months so I'm definitely a little rusty, but I'm forever grateful for these guys to have brought back some much needed inspo.

That being said, I hope you enjoy!

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

It wasn't a good idea. Coming here—to Ilya's house—before a game. They never did that. They always met after. Because *after* was safe. There were no stakes after. One team had already won and the other had lost, and once they were in each other's arms none of that really mattered.

That was how it should have been this time as well. There was no reason to disrupt their routine. No reason at all. But a few hours before Montreal's game against Boston, Ilya had texted him asking him to come over and Shane...

Well, he had said *absolutely not*, of course. But he'd still put on his shoes and walked out his hotel room, and forty minutes later he was standing in front of Ilya's house waiting for the man to open the door.

Shane had meant to *at least* tell him, somewhat convincingly, that this could never ever happen again. That this was a one time thing—an extraordinary exception—and they would be going back to their regular schedule of post-game sex encounters. But then Ilya welcomed him in his usual attire, which was basically none at all—a pair of black sweatpants and no t-shirt—and Shane kind of forgot what he was going to say.

"Hey, Hollander." Ilya smirked.

Who was Shane trying to kid? He would come every time Ilya asked.

"Rozanov," Shane greeted back, letting himself in as Ilya shut the door.

The name thing was a complicated thing between them now. Ilya had used Shane's in Florida, at the end of the night. After they had kissed and touched for the first time in *months*. Shane had used it right back.

But a lot had happened that night—Shane had come out and Ilya had said it didn't really matter. Shane had said *I like you too much* and Ilya had said it didn't really matter. Shane had asked if he would like to be more if that was a possibility and Ilya had said it didn't really matter—and they were mostly back to Hollander and Rozanov after that.

Shane understood why Ilya needed to do that, but it still hurt.

"For you," Ilya said promptly, pushing a box into Shane's chest without preamble.

They were standing by the kitchen island and Ilya had reached over the fridge to retrieve the box that Shane was now holding.

"What is this?" Shane asked, eyeing it with skepticism. It was neatly wrapped and roughly the size and shape of a box of chocolates, but there was absolutely no way that's what it was.

"Present," Ilya said plainly, and then, upon Shane's continued suspicion, he added, "Christmas present."

Shane squinted, even more suspiciously.

"Why are you making that face? Is present, not bomb."

"We don't give each other presents," Shane reminded him. "And it's March."

"Are presents forbidden in March?"

"You said *Christmas* present."

Ilya rolled his eyes. "Christmas present. Normal present. Does not matter. Open it."

Shane eyed the box again. Maybe if he kept doing that, it would give him answers. It was definitely a better strategy than looking up at a bare chested Ilya. That was always too distracting.

"Jesus, Hollander," Ilya groaned. "Stop thinking so much, is not good for your head."

"I just don't get why— wait, is it a joke?"

"Oh my god, you are so *boring*. If you don't want it—" Ilya went to take the box from Shane's hands, but Shane quickly pressed it to his chest, clutching it possessively.

"I didn't say that!" he yelped, clearing his throat immediately after to regain some dignity, though the smirk on Ilya's face told him he hadn't done a good job at that. He relaxed his deathly grip on the box, smoothing a hand over the wrapping paper, and spoke calmly, "I was just surprised you got me something."

"I'm a good fuckbuddy," Ilya argued, almost offended.

The term *fuckbuddies* didn't even begin to cover what they were to each other, but Shane let it slide. Instead, with raised eyebrows, he asked, "Who's even teaching you these words?"

Ilya smirked, and Shane knew exactly what was coming.

"Don't say my mom," he warned.

"But it was your mom, Hollander!" Ilya said, throwing his hands up as he tried to keep a straight face.

Shane let out a tired groan. "God, I hate you," he huffed, turning his gaze up to the ceiling.

"No, you don't," Ilya said, and when Shane glanced back at him he was sporting an insufferably attractive shit-eating grin.

It was true. He did not. And that was exactly the problem.

"Go on," Ilya instructed, nudging his head towards the box.

Shane caved with a sigh and started unwrapping the gift. He took his sweet time with it, his fingers sliding gently across the box to find the pieces of tape holding it together and remove each one of them with utmost care before he started to peel the paper off.

This was mainly because he couldn't stand the possibility of ripping the paper—even though it was just a plain, dark red—but also because he knew how impatient Ilya would grow.

And sure enough...

"We do not have all day. You know this, yes?"

Here was the thing, Shane was not very good at reading people, but he was getting better and better at reading Ilya Rozanov, and there were a few things he'd picked up over the years.

This was one.

"We have game later. I have to kick your ass."

It was cute, Shane thought, how whenever Ilya saw his cool, unbothered demeanor being threatened by his own feelings, he attempted to deflect it by throwing seemingly rude, teasing comments.

Shane didn't mind, especially not when he was pretty confident about the reason behind Ilya's defensiveness.

He only needed to look up to confirm his suspicions. Ilya was staring at Shane's hands, following the movements of his fingers intently. That was another thing Shane knew about him: Ilya liked to watch.

And he seemed especially fond of Shane's meticulousness—whether it was folding his clothes pre-intercourse or unwrapping an unexpected present. Maybe he even liked it too much.

"What?" Ilya asked defensively, noting the stupid smile on Shane's face at the thought.

Shane shook his head. "Nothing," he said, clearing his throat before finally setting the paper aside and lifting the top of the box.

Inside there was a—

"Uhm," Shane started, looking down with a slight frown. He didn't want to seem unappreciative or rude, but— "I don't— I don't have a dog."

"I know."

Shane's frown deepened, not following where Ilya was going with this. The gift thing alone had already thrown him off and now this: a dog collar for a non-existent dog. Shane wondered if there was something he was missing—a joke, perhaps—but he could not recall a single conversation that could have prompted this.

Giving up, he dragged his gaze up, hoping he would find in Ilya's expression some clarity, but the only thing he found was that familiar crooked smile.

"Is for you," Ilya said, reading Shane's mind. "You are the dog."

Shane's eyebrows raised rapidly as Ilya's words sank in. "I'm the— What—" he sputtered, eyes going wide.

"Yes." Ilya nodded. "You put it on."

Shane scoffed, suddenly feeling too hot. "I'm *not* putting this on."

"Why?" Ilya asked, tilting his head. "You don't like it?"

Shane swallowed, letting his gaze drop back to the collar.

"Why would I like it?" he asked, like the thought alone was absurd, but the question came out in a thready voice and he was pretty sure he was blushing.

Ilya remained quiet for a moment, seemingly contemplating something, and then he said, matter-of-factly, "You are embarrassed."

"I'm not," Shane protested, but his tone wasn't too convincing and the way his eyes refused to meet Ilya's was not helping his case either.

"Is okay to like it," Ilya said. "I thought of you when I saw it. I thought: *Hollander will look good in this.*"

Shane huffed out a laugh, gaze still locked on the collar. "Oh, *really?*"

"Yes."

Shane bit his lip, shyly risking a glance up. "So what, you think of me whenever you see dog stuff? That's flattering," he teased, the corners of his mouth twitching in a barely held back smile.

Ilya shrugged. "I'm always thinking of you."

And *fuck*.

Ilya just *said* stuff like that. He said stuff like that like it was nothing, like it was easy. He looked Shane dead in the eye and said the most vulnerable, honest thing that Shane had ever been told. And every time— every single time— Shane was disarmed by that raw, unashamed honesty, and the only thing he could do was—

"Fuck," Shane breathed, and then lunged forward to capture Ilya's mouth with his. Ilya smiled against his lips, probably satisfied for having elicited such response in him. Shane didn't care, he kissed him fiercely and desperately, licking into his mouth like he'd been wanting to do since the moment he had stepped through the door some minutes ago.

Like he'd been wanting to do since the moment he'd had to step out of Ilya's room in Florida.

Maybe that was the one thing Shane always wanted to do—kiss Ilya.

For a while, Ilya kissed him back with as much hunger, just as eager as Shane was, but then he pulled back a little and asked, "This is a yes?"

"Hm?"

"You will wear it?" he added, brushing a thumb across Shane's neck to clarify further. And, fuck, how Shane wished Ilya would have used his name again, how he wished Ilya had asked him to wear it for him. If Shane made the effort he could almost hear it playing in his head in Ilya's thick, Russian accent.

You will wear it, Shane? For me?

Shane nodded faintly, biting his lip as he pushed those dangerous thoughts aside. Things had been different after Rose, they were no longer depriving themselves of each other and Shane was no longer lying to himself about his attraction to Ilya—or men, for that matter—but that didn't change a single thing. He had to respect Ilya's wishes, he was risking too much—not only his career but also his family, his country, his *life*.

Shane had no right to ask for more.

"Yes, I'll wear it," he said eventually, because Ilya always wanted Shane's verbal confirmation, his explicit consent.

Ilya smirked wider, reaching down between their bodies to take the collar from Shane's hands. He stepped back then, and nudged his head in the general direction of Shane's torso, looking at it like the mere presence of clothes on Shane bothered him. "Take it off. Everything."

"Yes, sir." Shane said, half-joking, but he noticed how Ilya's eyes darkened immediately. "Oh."

Ilya, unlike Shane, didn't blush. He was never shy when it came to sex. "Another time," he said, like it pained him to have to save that role-play for another day. "Strip."

Shane nodded and followed the instruction wordlessly, slipping out of the light jacket first and pulling the t-shirt over his head next. He had felt awkward and exposed those first times he'd undressed before Ilya, especially when Ilya had remained fully dressed and his eyes had raked Shane's body unashamedly and hungrily.

Now, it felt exhilarating, and Shane craved it as much as he craved a win on the ice.

"Keep those on," Ilya said, once Shane had stepped out of his jeans and was going to pull down his underwear. "Come here."

Shane stepped forward and Ilya lifted the collar, which he had managed to work open in the meantime. He wrapped it gently around Shane's neck and spent a few seconds adjusting the length before he finally threaded the end through the right loop and buckled it.

"Is good?"

Shane nodded, feeling a light constraint as he swallowed. It wasn't exactly unpleasant, but it was definitely something he wasn't used to. He never wore necklaces or bracelets or even rings.

"Not too tight?" Ilya insisted.

Shane shook his head lightly. "Nope, good."

Ilya hummed, hooking two fingers under it and tugging to test it himself despite Shane's confirmation.

Shane chuckled fondly, reaching up to wrap a hand around Ilya's wrist to get his attention. He gave it a little squeeze and said, "I promise it's good."

Ilya nodded, letting go of the collar. "Okay. If there is something you don't like you say 'pickle', yes?"

"What?" Shane huffed out a laugh, frowning. "Pickle?"

"Yes. Is safe word," Ilya explained. "If you are not comfortable, you say that. Is good to have one, just in case."

"Uhm, okay. Yes."

"You prefer other word?"

"No, no, that one's fine," he said, pausing for a second before chuckling to himself. "I was just thinking, Rose might've found it useful when we were dating, you know, because I was so bad at—"

"Please, do not talk about Rose Landry in my house," Ilya cut in dryly.

"Why? Are you jealous?" Shane whispered, fighting to repress a smile. Shane kind of loved when Ilya got jealous, even if it made no sense at all for him to feel like that about Rose. It made Shane feel all giddy, seeing Ilya being possessive over him.

"No. Never," Ilya said firmly, and then, leaving no room for Shane to call out bullshit, he leaned forward to leave a chaste kiss to the corner of Shane's mouth and said, "Stay," before pulling back to turn around and make his way to the couch where he sat down.

Once there, he spread his legs comfortably, and rested a hand on his thigh while the other patted the free spot beside him in what Shane assumed was a signal for him to join him.

"No," Ilya said, when Shane took a first step in his direction. "You are dog. You have to... what's the word? Walk with four legs."

"Crawl?" Shane choked out, feeling his cheeks turn beet red.

"Yes, that. *Crawl*."

Shane blinked at him, sort of taken aback by the instruction, and then he looked down at the polished cement flooring. Was he really willing to do this? Get down on all fours on this—possibly, definitely—dirty floor and crawl his way over to Ilya? Just because he asked? Shane couldn't deny the thought made his cock twitch in his underwear, half-hard already—though, truth be told, that was his natural state whenever Ilya Rozanov was around—but there was also... Sure, it looked clean. The floor. It looked clean but it was a *floor*, and Ilya never made Shane take his shoes off, which meant he probably never made other people take his shoes off, which *meant*—

Ilya's laugh snapped him out of his thoughts, startling him back to the present.

"What?" Shane asked, almost affronted, but when he met Ilya's eyes, his expression was nothing but fond.

"You are worried the floor is dirty."

For some reason, that made Shane blush harder. Ilya knew him too well.

"I wasn't thinking that," he lied.

"Is clean," Ilya said anyway. "I cleaned it before you came."

Strangely, Shane's heart skipped a few beats at that. It was the implication of the statement that set his body alight. Maybe he was reading too much into it, maybe it had nothing to do with Shane's presence, maybe Ilya just liked taking care of his house on his own—even if he could pay for a whole cleaning team to do it.

Maybe, maybe, maybe.

There were many *maybes*, and yet all those maybes vanished in the face of what Shane knew to be true, which was that Ilya had shown—not just once or even twice—that he *cared*. That, last time he was here, Ilya had handed him an ice cold ginger ale and made him a pretty decent tuna melt, which made it all the more likely that he had done this for Shane too. And it was fucking thrilling—the fact that Boston Bears' captain Ilya Rozanov had been mopping his own floor prior to Shane's arrival because he knew the state of it would be a concern for Shane's apprehensive nature.

It was fucking thrilling and so, so hot.

Shane dropped to his knees.

Across the room, he heard Ilya shift on the couch, uttering something under his breath that didn't quite reach Shane's ears. It sounded like Russian.

Leaning forward to plant both hands on the cold cement, Shane kept his eyes on the ground. He knew Ilya was watching, the weight of his gaze heavy on Shane as he advanced towards him. It made his whole body feel like it was on fire and Shane was sure that the heat he felt inside was just as evident on the outside, the deep blush of his cheeks having surely spread all the way down to his chest by now.

It was deeply embarrassing, to be in nothing but his underwear and a dog collar, dragging himself across the living room in all fours while Ilya simply sat back and watched, probably delighted with Shane's submission.

It was so humiliating and Shane was *so fucking hard*.

***"That's it, good boy" Ilya said as Shane finally crawled into the space between Ilya's spread legs, hand reaching over and finding Shane's head instantly, drawn in like a magnet. "So beautiful, Hollander," he whispered, his voice like a purr. "I should keep you always like this." He was petting his head reverentially as he spoke and Shane couldn't help but lean into the touch, eyes slipping close involuntarily.

"Hm," Shane hummed, in a daze.

When Ilya touched him like this, it was like a switch was flipped in his head. Shane went pliant, almost boneless; there was no overthinking, no anxiousness. He felt at ease. He felt safe. He didn't quite understand it, how Ilya was able to turn his brain off so easily, but he really fucking loved it.

Ilya guided his head closer to his lap and Shane went easily, resting his cheek against Ilya's thigh. Shane could see how hard Ilya was, his sweats tenting obscenely and his cock twitching with the knowledge of having Shane's eyes locked on it. Still, Ilya didn't do anything about it and instead remained motionless, save for the hand on Shane's head, which kept carding through his hair.

It would be nice and peaceful, to stay like this for hours on end. Shane wouldn't have any qualms about it any other time.

But not now. Now he was dying to put his mouth on Ilya.

He shifted closer and didn't wait a second before he started to nuzzle Ilya's crotch, nosing shamelessly along Ilya's length over his sweatpants and burrowing his face further down to sniff.

Ilya cursed under his breath, fingers curling around a handful of hair, but not quite pulling. "You are like puppy. So impatient."

"Hmm," Shane hummed as he continued to nuzzle, rubbing his cheek against Ilya's erection, eyes fluttering open to meet Ilya's gaze. "I want to suck your dick."

Ilya sucked in a breath, keeping his hold on Shane with one hand while he fumbled to push down his sweats with the other. The moment the tip of Ilya's cock was freed from the containment of Ilya's underwear, Shane lapped his tongue across it, not even waiting for Ilya to tug the boxers all the way down.

"Fuck," Ilya moaned, brow pinched as he looked down at Shane, who was looking right back at him as he flattened his tongue against the base of Ilya's cock before licking all the way up to the head, "That's very hot," he said, watching intently as Shane repeated the motion across

the whole length of his cock, giving it long, measured licks. "Yes, yes, keep doing that," he panted, visibly refraining from bucking his hips up. "*Fuck, Hollander.*"

"Hm?" Shane asked, batting his eyelashes innocently as he reached the head of Ilya's cock and flicked it with his tongue, refusing to do anything but give teasing licks.

"You want this, yes?" Ilya asked hoarsely, giving his cock a couple relieving strokes. He sounded a little desperate, his chest rising and falling rapidly with his panted breaths. Shane loved seeing him like this, looking so undone when Shane had barely done anything. "You want to be good boy and put it in your mouth?"

Shane gave a short nod, barely holding the pathetic whimper that the term ripped out of him. There was a part of him that felt deeply embarrassed about the unfiltered neediness he kept displaying, but Ilya seemed to love it, if the way his eyes darkened were anything to go by, so he was okay with it.

"You sound so pretty when I praise you," Ilya murmured, hand gliding down to brush Shane's cheek briefly before grabbing his chin. "You love it so much."

"Shut up." Shane blushed, trying to avert his gaze.

"Is true. You like being the best. At hockey, yes, but also..." Ilya brushed his thumb along Shane's lower lip. "At *this*." Shane's lips parted as Ilya pressed his thumb down, tongue poking to graze at the pad. "So..." he continued, just as Shane went on and sucked Ilya's thumb into his mouth. "*Eager.*"

Shane's eyes slipped closed as his lips wrapped around Ilya's thumb. He moaned contentedly, letting the soothing sensation wash over him as he sucked on it, cheeks hollowing with the suction and cock growing even harder in his underwear.

"You are dangerous, Hollander." Ilya grunted, low and hoarse, pulling his hand back until Shane was left with nothing to suck on.

He whimpered pitifully, leaning forward to chase after, but Ilya stopped him.

"I thought you wanted me to—"

"No," Ilya cut off abruptly.

"No?" Shane asked, a sliver of panic creeping into his voice. Had he fucked up? Had that been a test that Shane had failed? Was he not supposed to suck Ilya's thumb? Did that mean —

"Relax," Ilya said, caressing the side of his face and tipping his head up to make sure Shane heard him. "You are still good boy. And I'm still going to fuck you."

Something akin to relief spread through Shane's body. It wasn't— Ilya had never *punished* him before. He'd always given him everything that Shane had needed. Every time. But this was new and Shane did not know the rules.

"But I want you to... uhm," Ilya paused, looking past Shane with narrowed eyes like he always did when he was looking for the right word in English. "Hump," he settled for eventually. "My leg."

"You want me to— uhm, h-hump your leg?"

"Yes, you know, like, get off, fuck—"

"Yeah, yeah, I know what you mean," Shane cut in. He didn't need to hear all the synonyms Ilya could find for it. "I— uhm. Okay, I've never done that before."

"Really? I would never have guessed," Ilya said dryly.

"Fuck you."

Ilya sighed heavily, feigning exasperation. "Oh my god, I already said I would do that later. You are so greedy, Hollander."

"You're such an asshole," Shane said, but he was biting his lip to fight off a smile.

"Yes, yes." Ilya dismissed with a hand gesture. "Now, shut up and get on with it. You talk too much for a dog."

Shane opened his mouth to protest but his words were cut off when Ilya lifted his foot and pressed the bridge of it firmly against Shane's crotch, applying enough pressure on his erection that any possible objection died on his lips.

"Ah, fuck, Il- *Rozanov*," he gasped, barely audible, as Ilya slid his foot up in a slow motion. Shane squeezed his eyes shut, his forehead dropping on Ilya's thigh.

It was an awkward position. For one, it wasn't the right angle and there was also the fact that Ilya's foot was a good few inches off the ground, so he was barely able to hold it in place as Shane ground forward, searching for more friction. It was frustrating, and Shane couldn't help but let out a needy whine as he tried to roll his hips again.

"*Please*," he begged, not even sure what he was asking for, but Ilya understood anyway. He set his foot back down on the floor and offered Shane his bare shin. Shane started rutting against it immediately. "Fuck, yes, that's—" he panted, mouth parting in a silent gasp as he found a pace that gave him what he wanted.

He could feel Ilya's gaze on him, even if he was keeping his eyes shut. He knew Ilya was watching every second of it, watching as Shane desperately humped his leg like a dog in heat. God, he should feel ashamed, shouldn't he? He shouldn't like it so much—the thought of Ilya seeing him like this. But he did. He fucking did. The rhythm of his hips sped up, chasing his own pleasure, as he wondered what Ilya would say if Shane climaxed like this. *Bad boy, look at the mess you made*. Shane would still want him to fuck him even if he did. He would still want Ilya to take him and use him as he pleased. He would still want to prove he was a good boy.

"Okay, that is enough," Ilya said suddenly, tugging at Shane's hair. "Stop."

Even though the words had barely registered, Shane's hips came to an immediate halt. His eyes fluttered open in a bleary gaze. "What? What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong, sweetheart," Ilya said, running his fingers through Shane's hair gently, and if Shane hadn't been half out of it already, he might have noticed the pet name. "You are doing good. Come here."

Without questioning the instruction, Shane went to move, but his limbs felt heavy and his motions were too slow. Catching on it immediately, Ilya slid a hand down his arm and pulled him up, helping Shane climb onto his lap.

"Was that good?" Shane asked, a little shyly, though looking at Ilya now he could guess the answer. He looked *affected*, spit-slick lips and flushed cheeks. He was panting too, his chest rising and falling rapidly, like he was the one who had been on the verge of his climax.

"Yes, very good," Ilya murmured, grazing a finger down Shane's neck. "You are very good boy, Hollander." He hooked a finger around the dog collar and tugged, pulling Shane in. "And you know what good boys get?"

Shane shook his head lightly, forehead pressed against Ilya's. He caught Ilya's smirk in the periphery of his vision.

"Good boys get everything they want."

And then Ilya kissed him fiercely, moaning and grunting into his mouth as he stood up with Shane in his arms. He walked them to Ilya's bedroom, not breaking the kiss even for a second, and dropped him gently on the bed.

"This is exception," Ilya said, as he crawled his way on top of Shane. "Dogs don't go on bed."

Shane rolled his eyes, pulling Ilya in for another kiss as Ilya blindly reached for the lube in the nightstand. He uncapped it one-handedly and used his other hand to pull Shane's boxers down, all the while he kept kissing down his jaw and neck, licking a strip right above where the collar rested on Shane's skin.

Ilya took his time to work him open, starting with a slow circling motion around his entrance, rubbing his thumb over his hole for what felt like hours before he pushed the first lubed up finger in. It took him at least another three minutes before he worked in a second, and by the time he pulled his fingers out—three, for good measure—to finally fuck him, Shane was squirming and whimpering and on the verge of crying.

"Turn around," Ilya ordered into his ear, grazing his teeth across his jaw on his way back to Shane's mouth. "I want you on your hands and knees," he said, smiling against his lips before adding, with an eyebrow waggle, "*Doggy style.*"

"Oh my god," Shane groaned, dodging Ilya's try for a kiss. "You are the worst." But he was laughing and untangling from Ilya's embrace to turn around as he'd told him.

"Maybe." Ilya shrugged, finding Shane's hip with his right hand to help him into position as he slotted himself behind him. "But you love my cock."

You. Shane's brain corrected in a knee-jerk response. 'But I love *you*.'

The thought shook him wholly, crashed into him with the force of a tidal wave. It was not like he wasn't aware, but it was so sudden, so imperative, that he had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep the words from spilling out.

Thankfully, Ilya didn't seem to catch on the shift in Shane's demeanor, too busy lining himself up to notice Shane fighting the urge to spill out a terrible-timed love confession.

"*Fuck*," Shane breathed, every other thought pushed aside as Ilya pushed in, sinking into him one inch at a time.

They had done this quite a few times already—sure, not every encounter of theirs ended up with Shane being split open by Ilya's not-exactly-average dick, sometimes they just sucked each other off, or jerked each other off, or Ilya ate him out until Shane was a sobbing mess, grinding the mattress shamelessly until he was spilling on the very expensive bed sheets.

But yeah, by now Shane was well-acquainted with Ilya's cock inside him. Or he liked to think he was. And yet—yet, it still made his fingers curl around the bed sheets in a tight grasp, it still made him gasp for air as Ilya bottomed out, feeling him all the way up to his throat.

"You okay?" Ilya asked, all bravado set aside as he smoothed a hand over Shane's side, so unbearably gentle.

"Yeah," Shane said, a little breathless still, nodding as best he could while he made an effort to hold himself up. "You can— I need you to..." he trailed off, "*Please*."

Shane needed him to do something. He needed him to either start moving or to stop touching him with so much reverence. He didn't trust himself to not say the wrong thing when Ilya was being like this.

Ilya understood his unuttered demand and started fucking into him with slow, measured thrusts.

"Harder," Shane pleaded, arms trembling with the overwhelming sensation of being so fucking full, every crevice of his insides being filled by Ilya. "Harder, *please*."

It was pathetic, how whiny he sounded, how *needy*. But the truth was that Shane didn't care. He never really did when it was Ilya he was letting go with. He made it feel so good, so *easy*. Yes, Shane had been shy, he'd been embarrassed, he'd felt *shame*. But it had never—it had never had anything to do with Ilya. It was always something else—expectations, hockey, his own treacherous mind getting in the way. Ilya had never made him feel anything other than comfortable, safe.

"God, Hollander," Ilya grunted, picking up the pace. "You take me so well. Such good boy," he praised.

Shane simply hummed and moaned, It was really all he could do, his ability to speak foregone. It was so fucking much. With every brutal thrust, the air was knocked out of Shane's lungs, his ability to keep himself up rapidly diminishing.

And then, when Shane thought he could barely take it anymore, Ilya asked, "Is this okay?"

"Hm?"

"If I do this," Ilya started, and Shane felt a light pressure on his throat, right where the collar encased his neck, now tighter than before. The rolling of his hips had slowed down to a light sway. "Is okay?"

It took Shane one more second to understand, but then he noted Ilya's knuckles brushing against his nape and it immediately clicked. Ilya's hand was curled around Shane's collar and he was asking if... Fuck. Shane's head started spinning. Ilya was asking for Shane's permission to grab the collar as he fucked him from behind.

Shane nodded frantically, feeling the collar dug deeper as he swallowed.

"If it hurts, you will tell me," Ilya said, and Shane nodded once more but said nothing. "*Hollander.*"

"Yes, yes, I will," Shane promised impatiently. "Come on"

Ilya didn't waste another second before he picked up the pace again, hand tightly wrapped around the collar as he started pounding into him. Shane's head fell forward,

"Ah, god, *fuck*—" Shane panted, head falling forward. The collar dig deeper like this, barely allowing him to breathe with how much it pressed against his Adam's apple.

But it felt so fucking *good*.

Ilya set a brutal pace, not relenting even for a second, tugging at the collar to force Shane to keep upright while he kept snapping his hips forward. Shane's vision started to blur and his brain was all fuzzy with a mixture of overwhelming pleasure and oxygen deprivation. He could barely think, let alone speak, but his body was giving out on him and—

"Ilya, Ilya, I— I can't," he whimpered, his elbows finally giving up and making him fall forward.

Ilya let go of his grasp on the collar immediately, leaning forward to kiss between his shoulder blades. "Is okay, is okay. I got you."

Ilya went back to fucking him, his whole body blanketing Shane's like he was mounting him. Touching him everywhere, kissing him everywhere. And he never stopped talking either, alternating between English and Russian, driving Shane mad with his deep voice and his beautiful accent and the way he knew how to make Shane feel like he was the most precious thing in the world.

"Fuck, I'm— I'm—" Shane panted, mouth dropping open around a drawn-out whimper when Ilya nailed his prostate again.

"You can come," Ilya rasped behind his ear, his hot breath tickling Shane's sweaty skin as he drove relentlessly into him, hitting his prostrate with every other thrust. "You earned it. You did so good," he said, and then reached around to wrap a hand around Shane's neglected cock and started stroking.

"*IlyaIlyaIlya*—" Shane said his name like a chant as he came, spilling into Ilya's fist and the expensive sheets and— and he didn't really care. His body went limp, boneless, the orgasm almost knocking him over. He would have slumped down if it hadn't been for Ilya's arm holding him up.

"Oh God, *Shane*," he heard Ilya grunt behind him, his hips stilling a second later, his cock pulsing inside as he came too.

Some minutes later, after they had both regained their breaths and Ilya had handled clean up, rushing back into bed to pull Shane into a snuggle, Ilya's phone buzzed on the bedside table.

"My brother," Ilya explained, after seeing the caller ID and tossing the phone back on the bedside table.

"You can take it if you want to."

"No. I don't want to."

Shane hesitated for a second. "Is everything okay at home? Your father—"

"Yes. Everything's okay. Let's talk about something else. This is not interesting."

He was deflecting. Shane knew that's what this was. But he decided to let it slide this time.

"Oh, yeah? And what do you want to talk about, Mr. Interesting?"

Ilya hummed, pretending to think before he turned to look at him with a conspiratorial smirk. "We can talk about how much you were into the dog thing."

"Shut up."

"No, no, this is important conversation, Hollander. Next time—"

"Oh, next time?"

Ilya looked at him like he'd grown a second head. "Of course."

"Aha, of course," Shane conceded, fighting hard to repress a smile. "So, what are you thinking for next time?"

Ilya shrugged. "Maybe a leash."

"A leash."

"Yes. I could walk you in the garden. Then you sit next to me and I read the New Yorker." Shane gave him a light punch on the arm. Ilya didn't even flinch. "Maybe you could *woof* *woof*. Confuse the neighbors."

"*Woof, woof?*" Shane asked, laughing. "Do you mean 'bark'?"

"Yes, that. You will be good at that."

"I will be—"

"Maybe a bowl," Ilya went on. "Maybe you can drink my cum out of it."

"*Ilya!*" Shane gasped, mildly horrified.

Ilya frowned at Shane, looking very serious. "So, no bowl?"

"*No.*"

End Notes

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