

Too ripe not to split

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76195351) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76195351>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Sex Toys , set during the sle4 fuck montage , Pining While Fucking , Podfic Available , Translation into Russian Available
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 2,595 Chapters: 1/1

Too ripe not to split

by [Charlotte Stant](#)

Summary

Ilya rocks his hips up. “No, Hollander. Keep up. I want to meet your dildo.” He enjoys enunciating the word. Tries to give it a bit of a whiny Canadian inflection. “You remember? You told me about him, back in Vegas.”

Hollander blushes beautifully and says, “That’s private.”

“Hollander. I know the taste of your ball skin.”

“That’s—Jesus, don’t say it like that. I can show you, but. Only if you promise not to be a dick.”

“Best behaviour,” Ilya promises. “Will say only nice things.”

Notes

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

- Translation into Русский available: [Too ripe not to split](#) by [masturblaine](#)

Hollander lunges at Ilya the moment they're over the threshold of his apartment, so needy he's almost clumsy with it, graceless the way he never is on the ice. The man can't dress, only eats boring food, and is Canadian, but where it counts he has impeccable taste: which is to say, he fucking loves Ilya's dick. It probably helps that he doesn't get laid enough. Ilya is still trying to work out whether he ever actually fucks anyone else, but if he does it can't be often. Witness, the way he's currently attempting to climb into Ilya's mouth.

Ilya is going to give him what he needs, but not before getting a joke in. He says seriously, "Poor Hollander. You have deadline? Need my cock by midnight or you will die?"

A complicated expression flashes over Hollander's stupid handsome face, easy to read. He's uncomfortable because Ilya caught him being needy, but Ilya chirping him is safe and familiar and he likes it, and beyond and above all that he's still overwhelmingly horny. Easy, easy, easy. Ilya kisses him, deep and filthy, and he kisses back as if—as if he had been drowning, perhaps, but now at last can breathe. What celibacy will do to a motherfucker. Soon he's sitting on the dining table, legs wrapped around Ilya, dick pressed against Ilya's stomach.

Hollander pulls away and clears his throat and Ilya bites back a protest; palms Hollander's pec, instead. "We should probably, uh," Hollander mumbles. "The bedroom." Of course. Most likely he was raised going to some boring Protestant church with a boring clean-shaven Jesus who cries if you fuck outside a bed.

"Yes, we should probably the bedroom," Ilya agrees, just to watch him flush. "Lead the way, Hollander."

Once in the antiseptically tasteful bedroom they undress and Ilya gets settled on the bed while Hollander, in his usual freak loser fashion, neatly folds his clothes. It's really not that charming. And anyway, Ilya definitely fucks people who are far more objectively attractive. Hollander is handsome but he's not special. Amazing tits, of course. Incredible ass, yes. The dip of his waist is lovely too. And there's something about his neck, the way it slopes to his shoulders as he turns towards the bed—

"I, uh. I like it when you do that," he says, shy and happy.

"When I do what? Lie on your bed? Your standards are too low, Hollander."

Hollander gives an impatient shake of his head. He's half-smiling. "When you look at me like that."

"Ohhhh," Ilya says. "No, I was not looking at you. Sorry. Was thinking about goal I scored tonight."

"Sure, Rozanov." Hollander looks amused, as he should. Ilya is very funny.

"It was a beautiful shot. From my stick right to back of net. I think your goalie cried a little."

Hollander gets onto the bed and straddles Ilya, pinning him down, hands on his shoulders. “Are you here to practise your chirping, or are you actually going to fuck me?”

Hollander’s ass on Ilya’s dick makes it slightly difficult to concentrate, but Ilya manages an equivocating little head motion as he pretends to consider. “Hmm. Actually, I want to meet him.”

Hollander’s beautiful transparent face fills with bafflement. “You want to... meet my goalie?”

Ilya rocks his hips up. “No, Hollander. Keep up. I want to meet your dildo.” He enjoys enunciating the word. Tries to give it a bit of a whiny Canadian inflection. “You remember? You told me about him, back in Vegas.”

Hollander blushes beautifully and says, “That’s private.”

“Hollander. I know the taste of your ball skin.”

“That’s—Jesus, don’t say it like that. I can show you, but. Only if you promise not to be a dick.”

“Best behaviour,” Ilya promises. “Will say only nice things.”

Hollander gives him a doubtful look, but climbs off the bed and vanishes into his walk-in closet. He emerges some time later holding a towel—it’s not endearing; Ilya isn’t endeared—and a plastic storage box. A surprisingly large plastic storage box, a good couple of feet wide and about as deep. There are jokes begging to be made, but Ilya is a gentleman and can see in Hollander’s face that he’s nervous, so instead he says “Good,” quiet and reassuring. Hollander’s shoulders relax a bit.

“Um, so.” Hollander sets the box on the bed with the towel next to it. “This is it, I guess.”

The box is labelled, neat permanent marker block letters on masking tape: “DENTAL RECORDS (OLD).” This time Ilya thinks he can risk the joke. “Wow,” he says. “Very clever. You are the James Bond of dildo hiding.”

Hollander shoots a look at him. “You said you’d be nice, Rozanov.”

“I am nice! Come on, open box for me.”

With the air of a man ripping off a bandage, Hollander clicks the plastic lid off. Ilya leans over to peer inside. And then he genuinely does have to take a moment to find his equilibrium again. With part of his mind he’s registering that Hollander looks worried and thinking about the best way to manage that, but mostly he’s mentally screaming delighted and incredulous epithets. “Hmm,” he says. “Come here.” He sits up against the headboard and gets Hollander between his legs, leaning against his chest. The box is in easy reach next to them. “Is very hot, Hollander.”

“What is?”

“You have not just one dildo. Whole—what is the word. Building where you keep horses.”

“‘Stable,’” Hollander says. “Fuck you, that’s not—I don’t have a dildo stable.”

Ilya hooks his chin onto Hollander’s shoulder so he can look pointedly back into the box. Indeed, still full. He kisses the side of Hollander’s face. “Is hot,” he says again. “We look at them now, hmm? You tell me which is favourite.”

Hollander makes a groaning little turned-on noise that Ilya knows indicates acquiescence. As a reward, he kisses the side of his neck. “Makes me crazy, thinking of you doing this,” he says. “Getting out your special box and deciding, which one you feel in mood for. Do you start with this little one, always?” He pulls out a plug no bigger than a thumb, and strokes his own thumb along it.

“Uh,” Hollander says. “Sometimes. Not usually. Usually I—” He swallows.

Ilya kisses behind his ear. “You can say. Is okay, Hollander.”

“Usually I just—my fingers first, and then. Whichever one I want.”

“So many good choices.” Ilya wants to take a photo of them all, so he can jerk off to it later, but knows better than to ask. “You show me how you do it, okay? I choose one for you.”

“I—fine. Okay, whatever.” Hollander is being very fidgety, but his dick is still hard, so.

“So good, Hollander.” And now, the moment. Ilya draws out the absolute battering ram of a purple dildo that nearly made him lose his composure when he first looked into the box. “I think this one, yes?”

Hollander twists around and mashes his face into Ilya’s neck. “I knew you’d pick that one,” he says, muffled. “It’s not—I don’t use it often, okay? Just, uh. Sometimes.”

“For special occasions,” Ilya says encouragingly.

“Right. Yeah.”

“Like tonight. Very special. You use giant dildo to celebrate my beautiful goal.”

“It wasn’t that great of a goal,” Hollander says. Ilya is surprised into a laugh.

“Fine,” he says. “We celebrate something else. Raiders making playoffs.”

Hollander lifts his head up so he can stare at Ilya. “You haven’t made the playoffs yet.”

“Is okay, we will. Here, let me start you.”

Something about the way Hollander reacts to sexual pleasure makes Ilya light-headed. It’s as if the man’s body is something wild and beautiful that’s happening to him, a gift he never

asked for, embarrassing in its extravagance, and even all of his polite good boy Canadianness isn't enough to make him turn it down. The only word for the way he looks now, on his back on his stupid fucking towel with his legs splayed open so Ilya can get between them, is "wanton."

"Rozanov!" he says, when Ilya has three fingers inside him and is considering the merits of a fourth.

Ilya recognises his too-close about-to-come voice but pretends not to. "Yes?" he asks solicitously. He kisses Hollander's thigh—Hollander's thighs are absolutely fucking gorgeous, it must be said, the soft skin of them, the way they alternately go lax and tense as Ilya works—and rubs his fingers over Hollander's prostate as he says, "Do you need something?"

"I don't like anything inside me after I've come," Hollander grits out.

"Yes, Hollander, I know this."

"So you'd better stop—"

Ilya stills his fingers and says, "All right, my eager one," but in Russian. For all Hollander knows he could be commenting on the weather. In English he continues, "I think, little moment to relax, then I see if I can add a fourth finger. So you are ready for your friend. Okay?"

Hollander flings an arm over his face. "Please don't call it that."

"No? Do you have a name for him?"

"Oh my god."

"Need strong manly name for such a fine fellow." Ilya kisses Hollander's thigh again while he considers the matter. "How about 'Sidney'?"

Hollander removes his arm so he can glare at Ilya. "We are not naming my dildo after Sidney Crosby."

"No?" Ilya gets some more lube onto his fingers. "Alexander, then. Nice strong Russian name."

"You're such a fucking asshole."

"Mmm," Ilya agrees. "Can you take in deep breath for me? Yes, just like that. And now let it out—so good, Hollander. Beautiful."

Ilya's dick is big, but not "requires four fingers of prep" big. He's never done this for Hollander before, never seen the delicate skin of his asshole stretched so thin. It's even hotter knowing that it isn't new for Hollander: that Hollander does this for himself. Ilya works his fingers in and draws them out, in and out, slow and careful, feeling Hollander's body slowly adjust around him. "Is okay?" he asks.

“Fuck you,” Hollander says, which is apparently how polite Canadian boys say *Yes* when they have four fingers in their ass. “More, I need—I’m ready.”

Ilya kisses his tightly stretched rim, just once, before pulling his fingers out. “All right. Show me.”

For some reason he was expecting Hollander to remain lying on his back, but instead he kneels upright and sits back on his heels, with a strange defiant glance at Ilya. “This is how I like to do it,” he mutters. “To get started, I mean.”

Ilya tugs lazily at his own cock. “Looks good to me.”

Hollander pours a frankly preposterous amount of lube over the tip of the dildo. Most of it is just going to slide off, surely. The towel will be earning its keep. Ilya watches as Hollander rises up off his heels and positions himself over his toy. He has his eyes closed. “Don’t talk to me,” he says. He seats himself with dildo snubbing up against his ass, and begins to work his way down along its length.

Ilya obediently keeps his mouth shut, even though there’s a lot he wants to say. Such as: it’s impossible to know where to look, because the sight of Hollander’s ass sinking greedily down onto the dildo is insane, but so is Hollander’s face, flickering between need and relief. Such as: he’s not going to touch Hollander until invited to but not-touching is impossible, is burning him up. Such as: Hollander is absolutely fucking beautiful like this. Ilya is always going to know, now, that this is a way he can look.

When Hollander has sunk all the way down, ass almost at his heels, base of the dildo peeking demurely out between them, he lets out a long exhale and opens his eyes and smiles dreamily at Ilya. “Okay, you can talk again now,” he says. “I know that was probably killing you.”

The problem is, Ilya can’t talk, because he has no fucking clue what’s going to come out if he opens his mouth. He gets up on his knees instead, and kisses Hollander until they’re both gasping.

“Will you fuck me,” Hollander says. “With, I mean—”

“Fuck,” Ilya says, and drops his forehead briefly onto Hollander’s shoulder. “Yes. Okay. Can you—on your elbows and knees?”

“Yeah,” Hollander says, and holds the dildo in place with one hand as he gets into position.

Ilya isn’t some stupid sheltered virgin, he’s hooked up with girls who like toys before. He’s had toys in his own ass before. This is nothing new or special. There’s no reason for his heart to be racing. He pulls the dildo slowly out of Hollander’s ass, feeling the drag of it, the resistance. Hollander’s back muscles flex as he adjusts to what must be a strange feeling of absence. When Ilya pushes the dildo back in, slowly, carefully, Hollander hisses.

Ilya pauses immediately. “You are okay?”

“I’m not going to break, Rozanov. Can you please just fuck me,” Hollander says. He is very whiny, for someone who is asking Ilya to be nice to him.

“So demanding,” Ilya complains. But he gets to work. At first he doesn’t have the angle quite right, which he can tell from the way Hollander’s shoulders twitch, like he wants to complain but won’t because he’s polite. But then—yes, that’s it.

Hollander turns out to be very vocal when he’s getting fucked like this. He says “Oh my god, Rozanov” so many times it starts sounding like a liturgy. Oh my god, Rozanov. Oh my god, Rozanov. Ilya likes it. He’s not touching himself, he is focussed fully on Hollander and the giant dildo in Hollander’s ass, but he thinks he could probably come if he just pressed a hand against himself.

“You are doing so well for me,” he says. “So good like this, Hollander.”

Hollander groans. “Harder, please.”

The man is a genuine menace. Ilya’s arm is going to be sore. “Like that?”

“Yes,” Hollander chokes out. He gets a hand around himself and a few seconds later he’s spurting all over the towel.

“Oh my fucking god, Hollander,” Ilya says, without meaning to. At least he only says it once. Part of him is aware enough to get the dildo out of Hollander’s ass, now that he’s come. The rest of him is melting down, babbling. “That was—here, can I—” He gets some of Hollander’s come on his fingers and uses it to slick himself up. “Fuck—” A sledgehammer hit of an orgasm, sensation rolling in waves out to every edge and border of his body. He collapses onto the mattress and burrows his face into the side of Hollander’s arm.

Time resumes. Hollander showers, and then Ilya showers. It’s all very civilised. And then they’re standing once again by Hollander’s no-sex-allowed dining table.

“We, uh. We don’t have to do that every time,” Hollander says. His shoulders are all hunched up. Probably having good sex is illegal in Canada and he’s feeling guilty.

Ilya says, “I liked it very much.” The words hang there, too sincere. He adds quickly, “I will think of it, next time I am lonely in some hotel room.”

Hollander’s expression communicates very clearly his doubt as to whether Ilya spends much time lonely in hotel rooms. “Great,” he says, with a face like a squash-faced cat. Anyone would feel fond, looking at him. It can’t mean anything: so it doesn’t.

End Notes

title from brenda shaughnessy's "This Person-sized Sky with Bruise"

thank you to angels [skeptique](#) and [YankingAwry](#) for very helpful comments and enthusiasm :)

✨[tumblr post](#) ✨

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