

Lights out, you don't tap out

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Lights out, you don't tap out

by [nhasablog](#)

Summary

What if the first time Shane says Ilya's first name was different?

Notes

Merry early Christmas, here's some tickle smut from yours truly. Minors do NOT interact!!

Warnings: Tickling, blow jobs, mentions of sex, language, tickle kinks. And spoilers for the show up until episode 5.

The name isn't unfamiliar on Shane's tongue.

He's said it once before, bodies still pressed close, though not in the same way, not really. He only remembers it much later, when he allows himself to think of that morning again. It's a weak moment, him letting his thoughts drift that way. He's been weak for a long time. Whatever fucking curse Ilya Rozanov's put on him has worked. His body and mind and soul can't seem to shake that Rozanov sized indent that's forever marked them.

Shane closes the fridge door. He's always more poetic in the mornings. Ilya might've teased him for it had he seen him more often when the sun rose.

Ilya. The way he remembers saying it, how easily it lined up with his own name said aloud. Only he now knows it might've been the first time Ilya said his first name, but it hadn't been Shane's. It doesn't occur to him to think that maybe Ilya heard him that time and remembered it, and that it made it easier to choke out Shane's name first as he fucked him on the couch. He's too busy freaking out over everything and trying to get himself to enjoy sleeping with a woman. Rose is gorgeous and funny and so fucking kind it makes him want to cry. And she knows, he will soon find out, that she's not doing it for him. Maybe it happens when he allows himself to picture Ilya rather than her. Maybe when memories of him start infiltrating other parts of his life. Maybe she would realize eventually anyway. She's clever enough.

He leans against the counter and tries not to think of that morning. That is how it starts, with him trying to redirect his thoughts but still being so stuck on Ilya that they find him anyway, in a memory he thought he'd forgotten. It's late in that memory, but they finished getting each other off a while ago. It's the earlier days, before Shane has allowed Ilya to fuck him. His first night not leaving immediately, though he will leave soon. He remembers that. That he walks through the hotel corridor with the feeling of hands on him still lingering.

Whatever Shane had said, because Ilya had reached out in playful exasperation, had left them tussling on the bed, with Ilya winning because Shane's not used to those things. And besides, it makes him feel strangely aroused to be manhandled like that. Ilya will notice, and maybe that is why he stops and doesn't ever mention the saying of his name. Shane remembers it now. How he waddles out of the hotel room still kind of hard, because Ilya refuses to do anything about it.

"Haven't I already satisfied you?" he says in that stupid fucking way he knows drives Shane crazy. "Why so greedy, Hollander?"

In retrospect, maybe using his surname was a way for him to reestablish the boundaries they never spoke about. Shane doesn't see that then, because he doesn't realize he's crossed them.

"Ilya," he remembers choking out. "S-stop."

And to his credit, he had. He'd not even teased him about it when he so easily could've.

Several months later, Ilya brings it up.

“I remember that,” he says as Shane slaps his hand away.

“You do?” He tries to will his blush away, but it only grows when Ilya grins.

“Yes. I found it cute.”

“Oh, shut up, you fucking asshole.” But he says it fondly, as he finds he’s been doing for the past few years.

“Come on. Don’t you agree that it’s cute?” He spiders his fingers down Shane’s chest, laughing when he tenses. “I can make you do anything with just a touch.”

“Oh, so you’re a sadist.”

“Only for you. I like seeing you squirm. And do as I say.” He pauses at Shane’s lower ribs. “And I like it when you giggle.”

“I don’t *giggle*.”

“Oh, you giggle very much but very rarely.”

“That makes no sense- ah, please don’t.”

“I remember you being ticklish,” he says as he curls his fingers over Shane’s ribs. “And I remember you liking it.”

“That’s a lie- Ilya, oh my god!” The laughter comes out easily, in a way it didn’t use to before, but now Ilya is laughing too. He hadn’t last time. It had been so quick, tucked between Shane rolling over and Ilya pinning him to the mattress. Lost between flying limbs and exclamations. Easy to miss had you not been paying attention.

Evidently Ilya had.

“I’m barely touching you,” he says, sitting up more properly so that he can maneuver Shane’s flailing hands. Shane can’t help it. It’s second nature to fight him off, to try to escape the sensation. It doesn’t come as a surprise when Ilya straddles him, having moved so quickly he hadn’t stood a chance. The sound that comes out of him does surprise him though. Something high pitched and panicked. Something he can’t control.

Ilya has his hands on his hips, as he’s done many times, but his thumbs are drilling into the bone in a way that makes him buck them, calling out his name over and over. Later, when Shane thinks back on this, he wonders if his doing that is what eventually made Ilya become tender with him. Things change, once someone’s had a mouthful of your name. Much more than having a cock in your mouth, they find out.

Shane grabs his wrists, but they merely work as handles as Ilya doesn’t move a single inch. Whatever evil thing he’s doing with his hands sends shocks through his body and it’s clear that Shane isn’t used to this, isn’t used to losing control in this way, and coupled with the laughter that surrounds his pleas it really isn’t a surprise that he becomes hard. Not when tickling is nothing but touching and toying and controlling. It will take him a long time to

realize that it's more, but this is what he tells himself when Ilya tuts at his dick, all the while continuing to pull him apart.

"Ilya, please, mercy, fuck-"

"Oh, but I haven't tried your thighs yet."

From the amount of times Shane's had them wrapped around him, one would think he wouldn't have been able to keep his sensitivity a secret, but he had and Ilya rips that secret out of his hands with a simple squeeze to his flesh that has him howling. It's that type of laughter when something kind of hurts and kind of tickles at the same time, and Shane feels his whole body jerk with each squeeze. Ilya managed to slip out of his grip easily, and now he finds he can't seem to grab him again, and so he tries to twist, he kicks, he and his hardening dick beneath Ilya Rozanov and his fucking muscles. He's all sweat now. Both of them are. The sheets are more of a mess than usual. Good thing he's not the one sleeping there tonight, only he's not sure if that's true anymore.

"You are going crazy," Ilya says with a laugh, almost sounding impressed. "Does it tickle that badly?"

"I will kill you, Rozanov."

"Oh, no, *Hollander*. I don't think you will. Who's gonna take care of *that* if not me?"

Shane slaps his hand away. "Don't point at my dick. You're offending it."

"Hah! He thinks he's funny, but he's the one giggling."

"For the last time, I don't gigg- ah!"

"I even have evidence and yet you still deny." Ilya leans forward suddenly, face first really, and knocks them both down onto the bed again, Ilya laying flat over Shane with his face pressed into the curve of his neck, and Shane nearly thinks it's over until he starts nuzzling him with a little *too* much vigor.

"*Ilya*."

"I always suspected your neck is ticklish."

"Oh my god, I'm gonna die."

"So dramatic."

"I'm gonna die tickled and *horny*."

"Mm, I can help you if you ask nicely. But I will keep tickling you."

"Fucking *sadist*."

“It’s cute that you think I don’t see that you like it.” He pulls away suddenly, leaving Shane’s body cold and lonely during the seconds it takes him to move downward. He does it slower than usual, with an expression Shane can’t read but that makes him blush anyway, and when he leans down again to take him into his mouth, he does so while curling his fingers over Shane’s waist.

“Ah, oh fuck, Ilya-” Shane grips the comforter tightly and leans his head back, his whole body on edge as Ilya does what he does best. The tickling isn’t constant, but frequent enough that Shane moans and laughs in tandem. It’s the sound that Ilya makes that has him coming. Something low and content, almost fond, which he does in response to whatever abomination of a noise Shane lets out. He’s not really sure what his body’s doing at that point, other than the fact that he’s dug his heels into the mattress and grabbed a hold of one of Ilya’s wrists again without stopping him. The tickling pauses briefly as he finishes in Ilya’s mouth, and then it returns, gentle and slow and way too much for him now.

“Don’t,” he says and finally pushes him off. “I can’t bear it.”

Ilya hums, that smile back on his face as he leans down and presses a kiss to his lower belly.

“I think we need to tie you up next time,” he mumbles into the skin and Shane gulps not out of fear and they both know it. “I want to see you lose control when I tickle you after you’ve come without you being able to stop me.”

Shane exhales loudly. “We can’t do that in a hotel room.”

Ilya looks up at him. Blinks innocently. “Good thing we both have houses then, huh, Shane?”

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