

cut through all the noise

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76244011) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76244011>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Light BDSM , Handcuffs , Light Bondage , Subspace , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Oral Sex , Oral Fixation , Face-Fucking , Sexual Overstimulation , Multiple Orgasms , Rimming , Anal Sex , POV Shane Hollander , Praise Kink
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-23 Words: 2,735 Chapters: 1/1

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Summary

Ilya leaned down and pressed an almost chaste kiss to Shane's lips. "Stay." Shane dutifully stayed still on the bed as Ilya went to the other side of the room, rummaging in the drawer for longer than usual. Shane fought the urge to turn and see what Ilya was doing until the other man came back, crouching down in front of him. He was holding lube, a condom, and—to Shane's surprise—the pair of leather handcuffs that usually sat in the back corner of their drawer.

They didn't use the cuffs often, maybe a handful of times ever. Shane didn't usually like not being able to touch Ilya. But Shane felt something warm and eager stir inside of him. He wanted Ilya to make the choices tonight. He was tired of thinking.

Shane has a lot on his mind. Ilya gets a few things off it.

Shane frowned at the pot of rice as the water splashed out cloudy again. He wasn't counting how many times he washed it, but Ilya was stirring the saucepan on the stove, and the rice wasn't going to be ready at the same time. Shane had been moving slowly, distracted. He turned on the tap again. At the same time, his phone buzzed in his pocket. The Rolex rep, confirming what time the shoot was tomorrow. Or his mom. Or Hayden, or JJ, or someone else wanting to talk about the shitshow last night.

He swirled his fingers through the rice grains impatiently and poured the water out again. It ran clear enough. *Buzz*. Tap back on, cold water up to the joint of his finger. *Buzz*. Three texts meant it was probably Hayden. Shane didn't want to talk about the game. If the Rolex rep hadn't sent the time yet, he didn't know how early he was getting up in the morning. They couldn't shoot too late, because Shane had to be back at the rink for video review, which was going to suck. Theriault was pissed.

He set the pot back into the rice cooker, closed the lid, and frowned again. Nothing happened. He pushed a button, but nothing lit up. "Fuck," he muttered. "Piece of--"

"Shane." Ilya put his hand on top of Shane's gently. His tone it wasn't the first time Ilya had called his name. "Is not plugged in."

Shane took a deep breath.

"What's going on?"

"Nothing. I'm just distracted."

Ilya's hand trailed up Shane's arm, and Shane turned a little to face him. Ilya brushed his fingertips across Shane's temple. "Where are you?" Shane leaned into the touch and Ilya flattened his hand against Shane's cheek. Shane closed his eyes. "Pittsburgh."

"Pittsburgh sucks. Montreal is much nicer."

Shane let out a little huff. "You didn't get shut out by them."

"No. But half your team has the flu."

"I don't have the flu. I played like shit."

"Ah, and hockey is individual sport, yes? You can do everything by yourself?"

Shane turned his head and pressed a gentle kiss to the palm of Ilya's hand instead of responding. He let out another deep breath.

"Shane. Sit. I will finish dinner."

Shane didn't feel like arguing. "Okay," he mumbled into Ilya's palm. Ilya took his hand away, and Shane missed it immediately.

“And give me your phone.”

“Why?” Shane was already handing it over.

“Because you will look at it and be more stressed.” Ilya slid Shane’s phone into his pocket.
“Sit.”

Shane wandered into the living room and sat on the couch. He looked around, picked up the book on the end table he had been ignoring for weeks, and stared blankly at a page until Ilya came back in with two bowls. Shane ate listlessly. When they were done, Ilya pulled him back against his chest and Shane let himself relax a little into the other man’s arms. They stayed like that for a while, Ilya’s breath soft against the top of Shane’s head and his arms strong around him.

“You are stressed,” Ilya said into his hair eventually.

“Very observant,” Shane said quietly, no real bite to it.

“Mmm. Nothing gets by me. Like Pittsburgh goalie.” Shane turned to complain, but Ilya kissed him gently. “Still. You are very stressed lately. You are thinking too much.”

“I’m sorry. We haven’t seen each other in weeks, and I’m-” Shane gestured with one hand, and Ilya caught it in his firm grasp.

“No apologizing. Come to bed. You need to relax.”

Shane reluctantly stood up from Ilya’s embrace. “The dishes first.”

“Yes, yes, dishes. Then bed.”

Ilya had already loaded most of the dishes into the dishwasher. Shane rearranged them properly and slotted their bowls and forks in. Ilya kissed him again as soon as they made it into the bedroom, backing Shane up until the bed hit the back of his knees. They stayed like that for a while, kissing gently and then deeply, until Ilya pulled back and his eyes searched over Shane’s face. Shane made a frustrated little sound and leaned back towards him, but Ilya put his hands on Shane’s shoulders and guided him down to sit on the bed.

“You are thinking too much. Let me make your brain quiet, yes?” Ilya said. His voice was even, but Shane could see he was half-hard in his sweatpants. Shane was almost embarrassed at how quickly he nodded. He didn’t want to think anymore. His whole body, tired and tense, craved Ilya.

Ilya leaned down and pressed an almost chaste kiss to Shane’s lips. “Stay.” Shane dutifully stayed still on the bed as Ilya went to the other side of the room, rummaging in the drawer for longer than usual. Shane fought the urge to turn and see what Ilya was doing until the other man came back, crouching down in front of him. He was holding lube, a condom, and—to Shane’s surprise—the pair of leather handcuffs that usually sat in the back corner of their drawer.

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"Okay?" Ilya asked gently, and Shane nodded. Ilya raised an eyebrow, one hand on Shane's knee and his thumb caressing Shane's skin. "Okay," Shane managed. He wanted more contact. Ilya gave him that crooked smile and leaned in to kiss him, long and slow, before guiding Shane's wrists behind his back and closing the cuffs firmly around them. The leather was cool against Shane's skin, and he was surprised at how he immediately felt more grounded.

Ilya leaned back, looking him up and down in a way that still made Shane feel warm and tingly all over. His gaze was intense and hungry. In the back of Shane's head, he knew his own face betrayed a level of longing that would have once embarrassed him. "On your knees," Ilya said, guiding Shane down from the bed. Ilya stepped back and began undoing his pants. Shane leaned forward, struck with a wild desire to pull his zipper down with his teeth, but Ilya took another half-step back out of his reach. Shane whined a little, and Ilya laughed. "Not tonight. No thinking, Hollander."

Ilya stepped out of his pants and underwear, back into Shane's reach, but Shane obediently stayed still. Distantly, he noted he was trembling a little bit. "Open," Ilya said, and Shane opened his mouth, his gaze flicking from Ilya's already-hard cock up to his face. Ilya was looking down at him with an expression so fierce and warm that Shane's heart flipped. They held each other's gaze for a moment before Ilya schooled his expression into something a little more controlled. "Good," he said, and Shane was already moaning a little when he wrapped his lips around the head of Ilya's cock.

"If you need to stop, knock on the bedframe," Ilya said tightly. His hands found Shane's hair and he guided Shane into a slow pace. It would almost be lazy if Shane wasn't thrumming with need. He closed his eyes and flattened his tongue, letting Ilya's cock, warm and heavy, rest in his mouth. Ilya moved in and out slowly, languidly, almost reaching the back of Shane's throat but not quite. Shane could take more. But Ilya kept both hands in Shane's hair, anchoring him. Shane focused on his senses - the taste of Ilya against his tongue, his smell, the carpet under his knees, the leather on his skin.

He felt everything else start to melt away as Ilya finally pressed deeper into Shane's throat. He breathed sharply through his nose, his eyes watering a little. His nose pressed against Ilya's pelvis. Ilya held them there for a moment until Shane moaned quietly around his cock. Ilya groaned in response and started moving again, a little faster and deeper. Shane kept his jaw slack and his head still as Ilya gradually increased the pace.

"God. Fuck. So fucking pretty like this," Ilya gritted out, and Shane moaned louder.

Ilya was fucking his face properly now, and Shane felt like his brain was melting, sinking down into a pleasant haze where he was only aware of Ilya. His eyes were still closed as Ilya's cock pumped in and out of his mouth. Ilya's hands tangled in his hair, tugging a little. Ilya was moaning, loudly, and Shane thought he was too.

"Fuck, Hollander-" Ilya's hips paused for a fraction of a second, his grip on Shane's hair loosening, letting Shane pull back if he wanted to. But Shane leaned forward eagerly and Ilya came down his throat, swearing in a garbled mess of Russian and English. Shane swallowed around his cock before finally opening his eyes. Ilya looked down at him adoringly. Shane hummed and rested his head against Ilya's hip, breathing deeply.

"So good for me, Hollander. On the bed."

Ilya helped Shane to his feet, sat him on the bed, and readjusted Shane's arms and the cuffs so Shane was laying back with his arms stretched out above his head. Ilya kissed him deeply and Shane kissed him back with the taste of his spend on his tongue. His brain was floating along somewhere just out of reach. His cock was hard and aching, leaking precome. Shane almost sobbed when Ilya reached between them and wrapped his hand around it. Ilya stroked him gently, kissing his neck, scraping his teeth against Shane's skin. "More," Shane choked out, and felt Ilya smile into his shoulder. But Ilya didn't change his pace at all, barely teasing. "Ilya, please-"

"Shh. Good boy."

Ilya's lips crashed into his and Shane kissed him wildly, trying to communicate how desperate he felt. The only thing he could think about was badly he needed more friction. Ilya's tongue tangled with his before Ilya started kissing his way down Shane's body, lingering at his nipples, his stomach, the curve of his hip bone. "Keep still. Don't move your hands," Ilya ordered and Shane actually did sob with relief when Ilya finally took him in his mouth. "Fuck, Ilya," he panted. Ilya reached up with one hand and slid two fingers into Shane's mouth. Shane sucked at them gladly. He felt like he was on fire. He was keenly aware of every place where Ilya's body touched his, like the entire world had shrunk to just their two bodies in this bed. He needed more, needed Ilya inside of him. Somewhere very far away he was moaning and begging around Ilya's fingers.

Shane was aware of his impending orgasm barely seconds before it hit him. "Ilya-"

When his vision cleared, he raised his head and saw Ilya smirking at him with an impish look in his eyes. Shane sighed and let his head fall back to the mattress. Ilya slid his fingers out of Shane's mouth, and rubbed his thumb along Shane's cheekbone while they both caught their breaths.

Ilya pressed a wet kiss to Shane's groin, just next to his cock, and Shane jerked in surprise. He started to sit up, but Ilya pressed his hand firmly to Shane's chest, pushing him back down onto the mattress.

"I didn't say you could move, Hollander"

Shane opened his mouth, but could only let out a strangled sound as Ilya licked around the base of his oversensitive cock.

"What-"

"I am not done with you. I think you have one more in you."

"I can't-"

"I think you can."

Ilya licked and sucked at his balls. Shane closed his eyes tightly and fought every instinct to move his hands and push Ilya's face away.

"Good." Ilya bit at the inside of Shane's thigh, drawing out a whimper. Shane could feel Ilya smile against his skin before he let go and licked a soothing swipe over the mark. "You are so pretty like this. So beautiful just for me."

Shane felt like his mind had slipped a tether and floated away.

Ilya continued his gentle teasing, never quite touching Shane's cock. He caressed Shane's pec with one hand and pressed a finger against his taint with the other. His mouth left little bites and kisses anywhere he could reach. Shane wanted to pull away from the overstimulation. Shane would do anything for Ilya to keep going.

He had no idea how long Ilya teased him until the other man kissed his way back up Shane's body. Ilya tapped his shoulder and Shane blinked at him. Ilya pulled at his shoulder a little more. "Turn over," he ordered. Shane's hazy mind caught up and he twisted in Ilya's grasp. Ilya helped guide him onto his knees and elbows, whispering gentle things into his ear as Shane trembled. He caught *good* and *beautiful* and *perfect*. Shane rested his head on his forearms and buried his face in one bicep, his eyes squeezed close. "Okay?" Ilya asked softly. Shane nodded desperately. Ilya chuckled, and Shane felt him moving away. Shane barely had time to process how much he needed Ilya to keep touching him before Ilya was circling Shane's hole with his tongue and Shane let out a choked-out moan.

Ilya worked Shane open as slowly and gently as he had their first time. Shane grabbed at the bedsheets and tried his best to keep still. He didn't realize he was grinding back against Ilya's tongue until Ilya grabbed his thighs. He couldn't think about anything except Ilya's hot mouth on him, his fingers digging into muscle, the brush of his hair against his skin. When Ilya finally slipped a finger inside of him, he continued his biting and kissing while Shane practically wailed.

After an eternity, Ilya straightened behind him. Shane felt Ilya's cock brush against Shane's thigh. Ilya was hard again. They were both hard again. "Pleasepleaseplease," Shane begged, incapable of coherent thought.

"I'm here, my love."

Ilya lined up his cock and pressed inside of him. Shane cried with relief. He tried to move his hips but Ilya kept a bruising grip on them, setting his own pace. The perfect pace. Ilya knew exactly what he needed; how hard, how fast, perfectly in sync with Shane's body. Ilya took care of him. He always took care of him. Shane didn't need to ask for anything.

"Gonna come," Shane mumbled. Ilya reached around and stroked his cock twice before Shane was coming. He saw white as he sank his teeth into his own arm. Ilya continued for

another few thrusts before pulling Shane back hard against him. Shane could feel his cock pulsing inside of him as he came.

The room was quiet except for both of their labored breaths. Ilya pulled out slowly and Shane groaned. He was dimly aware of Ilya moving somewhere behind him. He heard the sound of Ilya slipping the condom off and tossing it away. Ilya crawled back onto the bed beside Shane and pulled Shane down against his chest. Shane went without resistance. It was difficult to focus on moving any of his limbs. His mind was completely, blessedly empty.

"You were so good for me," Ilya whispered into Shane's hair. "So patient. You were perfect." Ilya wrapped his body around Shane's and Shane relaxed into the weight.

"Thank you," Shane whispered, exhausted.

Ilya undid the cuffs and rubbed Shane's wrists, checking them both and then pressing soft kisses against them. Shane needed to touch him. He twisted in Ilya's grasp and reached up to cup his face with one hand. Ilya's expression was so wrecked and adoring that Shane could only pull him into a long, slow kiss. He wanted to stay there forever.

"Better?" Ilya asked when they finally broke apart.

"Much better." Shane closed his eyes and rested his head against Ilya's chest. He was unimaginably tired. Ilya's embrace was warm and safe.

Shane drifted. At some point, Ilya left the bed and came back with a warm washcloth and a glass of water. Shane hummed contentedly as Ilya gently cleaned him up and bundled him back into the sheets, snug in his arms again.

The last thing he was aware of before he slipped into sleep was Ilya's gentle kiss on the top of his head.

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