

Out of Frame

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Out of Frame

by [LeCheesie](#)

Summary

Shane does a photoshoot for an athletic magazine. Ilya is not in fact okay about it.

Notes

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

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

Shane Hollander has done a *lot* of stupid shit in his life. It's kind of how he ended up playing hockey in the first place. You don't really fall into playing a full contact sport without being just a little bit stupid. Or reckless. Maybe a little bit of both.

He's intelligent, sure, but he also has a habit of making some not-so-smart decisions.

He's gotten into a full on fight with Scott Hunter in the middle of a game. He fought on the ice with Cliff Marlow after taking a stick to his ribs (they broke). He's tried getting into a tequila drinking competition with Hayden, that he still refuses to talk about to this day. Mostly because he doesn't really remember it. He lost, though.

Agreeing to do this photoshoot might rank in the top three stupidest things he's ever done.

His mom pushed him into it. He could've said no, but he figured it couldn't hurt. The cameras love him even if he doesn't love them.

"Relax," The photographer says, for the sixth time in only two minutes. "You're doing a great job, but you're way too stiff. You need to loosen up. Do you need to take a break?"

Shane is not at all relaxed. It's hard to be with a room full of strangers and a camera pointed at him. His mom is sitting just in his line of sight with a smile, both thumbs up. Yeah, that's definitely going to help him relax.

Shane takes a deep breath and tries again. He's sat on a stool in some converted warehouse that smells like old wood, coffee, and sweat. There's a tinge of expensive cologne in there and every time he inhales too deeply he has to fight the urge to sneeze. The lights are too goddamn bright, they're hot, he's sweaty, and his hair is sticking to the back of his neck.

He's shirtless, barefoot, and wearing black slacks that fit him a little *too* well. He knows this only because the stylist made a sound when he stepped out of the dressing room. He'd checked himself out in the mirror beforehand, too, if he's going to be honest.

This is for some athletic magazine with a spotlight on hockey players. *Player*, really, he's the only one being featured this time around. He's already done the interview bit where he answers questions about his teammates, his life as a hockey professional, and of course, as always, his rivalry with Rozanov.

It's supposed to be a tasteful piece. Classy, even.

At least, that's what his mom had told him. She might as well be his agent at this point with the way she's always trying to find him new sponsors or photoshoots or advertisements to be a part of.

So far, he's been photographed with his shirt off, leaning against a concrete wall with water sprayed all over his collarbones to make him look sweaty. He's not even sure the water is needed any longer, because he's actually fucking sweaty.

"Undo the button," The stylist says, crouched just in front of him with her fingers hovered over Shane's waistband like she's trying not to touch him.

"Which one?" Shane asks, looking down at her hand with a frown.

"Hm.." She taps her lips with her other hand. "The top one. No, wait," She pauses. "Both of them."

Shane exhales loudly through his nose before unbuttoning both of the buttons on his slacks. The click of the camera picks up again after he poses.

He's not an idiot. He knows what he looks like. He sees his face in the mirror every morning. Sometimes on billboards, often in magazines. He's attractive. People look at him, and not just because he's a famous hockey player. Maybe besides that fact, considering not *everyone* is a hockey fan to begin with. He sees the way people's eyes linger on him. The way they drag down the length of his body.

So doing a photoshoot like this shouldn't feel strange. It does, though. Having so many eyes on him while he poses and tries not to sweat all over the stylist is beginning to feel a bit awkward.

He feels exposed. More so than he usually does.

"Chin down," the photographer says, knocking Shane back out of his thoughts. "Eyes up. I want you to look at the camera like you hate it. Like it's your rival. Like it's Ilya Rozanov."

Shane draws in a breath, and now he's thinking about Ilya. The memory flashes unbidden: Ilya's grin across the faceoff circle, sharp and infuriating. The way he moves like he knows exactly where Shane is at all times.

The camera clicks.

"Perfect," the photographer says. "Amazing. That's exactly what I wanted."

Shane swallows, hard.

Speaking of Ilya, he'd told him about this photoshoot. Well, kind of. He'd mentioned he had some "media thing" to go to in New York City during the off-season. He didn't specify what exactly the "media thing" was. It didn't seem very important to lay it out, honestly.

Now that he's sitting half naked under hot, bright studio lights, Shane is getting the feeling like the omission is going to come back at some point and bite him in the ass.

Ilya Rozanov finds out about the photoshoot on a Wednesday afternoon.

The fact that it's a Wednesday afternoon already has him in a terrible mood.

He's back in Moscow, as he always is during off-season, when he gets a text message from one of his teammates. That's not the abnormal part about it. They always text him during off-season to ask him stupid fucking questions or show him some article that Shane did where he mentioned Ilya again.

This time, though, it's just a simple link with no context other than "lol".

He squints and sits up on the couch he had just been lounging back in, feet up on the table. He opens the link.

The page loads, slowly.

Then there is Shane fucking Hollander.

He's shirtless, covered in sweat, leaning against a concrete wall. His hair is stylishly mussed, his mouth is open slightly, and his eyes are dark in a way that Ilya has only ever gotten to see when they're alone.

The breath is punched out of his lungs.

"What the fuck," he says to an empty room.

He scrolls further down the page, through the interview that he only halfheartedly reads. Yada yada, Shane is very particular with his diet, blah blah his best friend Hayden..

There's another photo. Shane's seated on a stool with his legs spread, forearms braced against his thighs and his head tilted back like he's daring the viewer to come closer. The light catches on every muscle in his arms, his naked chest, and the line of his jaw.

Ilya is even more baffled to find that there's a *third* photo.

This one is in black and white. Shane's got his hand hooked into the waistband of his slacks, his thumb pressed into his skin. His expression is entirely unreadable, intense, intimate in a way that makes Ilya feel sick. His heart feels like it has leapt up into his throat, and his throat feels tight, and his fingers are gripping his phone so hard it hurts.

He drops his phone onto the couch and stares up at the ceiling.

"What. The. Fuck."

He picks his phone up again, scrolling back up to the headline.

SHANE HOLLANDER: THE WEIGHT OF EXPECTATION

He scrolls back through the interview again, skimming it. It's vulnerable. Quote-worthy. Holds a lot of insight into Shane Hollander's life, on and off the ice. Sans Ilya, of course.

He talks a lot about how hard it's been for him to stay in shape. How hard it's been for him to stay disciplined. Mentions Ilya once or twice, and their very publicized rivalry.

Ilya doesn't care enough to read it. His eyes keep catching on the photos scattered between the text.

The world is seeing Shane like this.

The entire world.

His fans, his teammates, reporters. People who do not deserve to see him like this. People who will zoom in on every photo and let their eyes wander and linger and imagine scenarios that they have no right to be imagining.

Ilya's eye twitches and his pulse roars in his ears.

He opens Shane's text message chain on his phone.

Stares at it. Closes it again.

He opens Instagram instead, like an idiot, just to find the photos on Shane's profile. He sees the amount of comments and likes the post has already received. He sees the way people are objectifying him in the replies.

His eye twitches again.

Respectfully, I would let you spit in my mouth and then thank you for it.

Oh my god, look at his thighs...

This should be illegal.

"Absolutely fucking not."

Ilya generally doesn't get jealous. Not really. He's never felt real jealousy before, even when he knows Shane has been with other people.

Okay, that's a bit of a lie. Ilya has felt jealousy. Quite often, actually, he's just become very good at hiding it. This thing, with Shane, should've ended a long time ago before it even got to this point.

He calls Shane.

It rings once, twice, and then Shane answers.

"Hey," Shane says. "You caught me right when I was about to leave. Is everything okay?"

Ilya closes his eyes.

"Why," he says, picking his next words carefully, "Is entire internet allowed to see you like this?"

There's a long pause. He can almost hear the gears turning in Shane's head as he tries to figure out what exactly Ilya is referring to.

"Oh," Shane says.

Oh.

This single syllable does something horrific to Ilya's blood pressure.

"You did not tell me," Ilya says.

"I said that I had a media thing."

"This is not *a media thing*," Ilya snaps. "This is.. This is pornography. You made pornography. And then they put it on the internet."

Shane laughs. Ilya's nostrils flare and he makes a sound that could be considered a snarl.

"Do not laugh," Ilya says. "I am serious."

"Ilya.."

"I am offended," Ilya says. "I am, how do you say.. Being victimized."

There's a pause again.

"You're being victimized?"

"Yes."

"By my half naked body."

"No," Ilya replies. "By everyone else seeing your half naked body."

Shane exhales, sounding amused. Ilya tries not to throw his phone. He's calm. He's collected. Shane's done photoshoots before, it's fine. No, he was never half naked in them. Glistening. Sweaty. Horny looking.

Ilya pinches the bridge of his nose and closes his eyes. "This is a big deal."

"Are you angry?"

"Yes."

"Are you.."

"Yes."

"You sound almost jealous."

"I am many things right now. Jealous is possibly one of them."

There's a beat of silence, and then Shane's voice goes all soft. "Do you like them?"

Ilya swallows. He thinks of the photos. The shadows, the cut of Shane's abs. The lines of muscle on his arms. The way Shane looks like something dangerous but sacred. The way he's basically eye fucking the camera.

"Yes," he says finally. "I like them."

There's a silence that settles between them. He hears Shane breathing into his phone. Ilya wants to touch him, suddenly.

"But I do not like sharing."

Shane spends the rest of his day pretending like he isn't thinking about what Ilya said.

Ilya *never* calls him without texting first. He picked up so quickly, assuming something awful had happened because Ilya never calls him. It's not something they do. They don't talk on the phone, they text. They text as Jane and Lily and it has always been that way and it might always be that way.

It's hard, though. He's definitely thinking about it the rest of the day.

He replays the phone call over and over in his head, parsing the tone of it, picking apart Ilya's word choice. He caught the way Ilya's voice was sharp, tight around the edges. The jealousy laced in his words was undeniable.

It shouldn't make Shane feel warm, but it does.

He hadn't expected *that* reaction.

He'd expected Ilya to tease him for taking those photos. Maybe an eye-roll and a "you look ridiculous in those." Ilya does that a lot. He pretends not to care and covers his affection up with mockery. Shane has gotten used to it over the years, but he's also learned how to decipher it. Ilya likes to mock him, but Shane knows it's covering up something else entirely.

This was not that at all.

This was raw, unfiltered jealousy that Ilya openly admitted to.

This is new territory.

He's been very careful over the years, making sure only the things he wants the public to know about are seen. He's locked a part of his private life up so tightly and thrown away the key. His relationship with Ilya already exists in a strange, liminal space. It's known by them and them only, but it's not acknowledged. It's visible, but it doesn't have a label. He's used to compartmentalizing that bit of his life.

It's later in the evening when his phone buzzes.

Lily

People keep sending me this

He blinks, and then taps on the screenshot Ilya sent him. It's the black and white photo from his article. Someone drew a circle around Shane's hand at his waistband and added a flurry of heart emojis with the caption *I would commit crimes to be that hand*.

Shane tries not to laugh. He's been mostly ignoring all of the comments on his Instagram post. He really only keeps up with it because his mom forces him to. She tells him he needs to keep in contact with his fans, needs to be the public figure he is.

Jane

Sorry?

Lily

Why do you let them talk about you like this

Shane gnaws on the inside of his lip, fingers hovering over his phone. He thinks of what to say. What can he say? It's an article. They're pictures. He's an attractive hockey player and people oftentimes comment on it. This isn't new.

Jane

They're just pictures

Lily

You are not just pictures

Shane stares at his phone.

There's something vulnerable in Ilya's words. Something unguarded. Ilya doesn't usually talk like that unless he's tired or upset or both.

He didn't expect this kind of response from Ilya at all, even when he chose to omit what exactly the "media thing" he was doing actually was. He expected teasing. He expected eye-rolls. He expected Ilya to maybe comment about how hot he looks or make a remark about how he knows what's under those pants.

He's not really used to Ilya showing any form of emotion, even if it is jealousy.

Jane

I didn't think it would matter this much to you

You do photoshoots all the time!

Lily

It matters to me

I do not like the way people are talking about you

Jane

I did not mean to upset you

Lily

I am not upset

I am offended

You did not show me these before they went public

Jane

Of course you are, that sounds more like you

Lily

And angry

And something else

Jane

Something else?

Lily

You look very hot

Pretty

I am distracted

Jane

:)

Lily

I am jealous because I like to be the one who gets to see you that way

I want everyone to close their eyes

Jane

They don't get me like you do

Lily

I know

Shane smiles at his phone. There's the Ilya he knows. Confident, unwavering, definitely not jealous of some stupid photoshoot Shane did for a magazine.

Shane's trending on Twitter. Really, he's kind of just trending everywhere.

Ilya doesn't read any of it.

He tries very hard not to look, but he fails.

Everywhere he looks, Shane is there, with his shirt off and his muscles bare making his intense fuck me eyes at the camera. He's on Ilya's phone, on the goddamn television, even on the magazine rack at the grocery store when Ilya goes to get a bottle of vodka.

He buys a copy of it, for personal reasons.

But he's very mad that Shane's body is all over the damn place.

And *super* mad that Shane didn't think to send him the pictures first, before they ended up all over the damn place. Everyone got to see Shane, *his* Shane, before he did.

Maybe that's what he's really mad about.

Maybe not.

The thing about the photos that really sets Ilya on edge is how good Shane looks. Not just attractive or handsome. There's an ease to him in those photos, a quiet confidence that feels intimate. Too intimate for the cameras. Too intimate to be on the front of an athletic magazine.

When Ilya gets home, he throws the magazine down on the table. Shane looks up at him with his heavily lidded eyes, his pouty lips. Ilya frowns.

He looks at the clock. It's around noon for Shane.

Lily

Can I call you?

There's a few moments where Shane doesn't respond, and Ilya almost turns his phone off for the night.

Jane

Okay

He calls, and Shane answers immediately.

“Hey.”

“Are you alone?” Ilya asks.

“Yeah.”

“Good.”

He hears Shane shift and draw in a breath. “Is something wrong?”

Ilya stares at the offending magazine on the table in front of him, next to the brand new bottle of vodka he bought and the glass he grabbed from the kitchen. He mulls the words over in his head, not really quite sure how to phrase it.

“I need you to explain something to me and then I will drop it.”

“Okay.”

“Why,” Ilya begins, “In the third photo are you looking at the camera like that.”

“Like what?”

Ilya rubs his forehead with his hand. “Like you are thinking about someone.”

“I was thinking about you.”

Ilya tightens his grip on the phone.

“You are lying.”

“I’m not.”

“You expect me to believe this?”

“Yes.”

“You did this photoshoot,” Ilya says, voice low, “While thinking about me?”

“Yeah.”

“This does not make me feel better, actually.”

“Sorry?”

“It means the world is seeing you like that because of *me*. Only I should see you like that.”

“I know.”

“You are dangerous,” Ilya says. “Bad for health.”

“You love it.”

“Yes,” Ilya says, still rubbing his forehead. “That is the problem.”

“Come see me,” Shane says.

Ilya freezes. “I cannot.”

“You can. You can come to New York City. I’m still here for another week.”

“I do not think this is a good idea.”

“Maybe you just want to visit New York City.”

“You want me to come because you did a photoshoot while looking like sex.”

“I guess so.”

“Are you going to make this up to me? I have heart palpitations now.”

“You’re being dramatic.”

“Does not matter. I am weak. Frail.”

“Come visit, then.”

Ilya drops his hand from his forehead. He takes a deep breath and then blows it out through his nose. “Fine.”

“Yeah?”

“But understand this. When I get there, you are reminding me who you belong to.”

He hears Shane’s breath catch. “Looking forward to it.”

Chapter End Notes

I’ll probably post the second chapter within the next week - it will be 100% smut though.

Also I was definitely inspired by those GQ photos.. don’t @ me but I’ve been thinking about them all day.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Ilya stopped pretending this was normal hours ago.

People do not usually get on a plane without a plan to fly across the ocean. They do not abandon schedules and sleep cycles because their situation looked too good in a handful of photographs. They do not sit rigid in an airplane seat, surrounded by sleeping strangers in the dark, heart knocking painfully against their ribs because they were feeling too many things at once.

So why *is* he here?

Why is he on this plane? Why can't he sleep even though it's been nearly twenty-four hours since the last time he rested? He's been running on adrenaline, cigarettes, and caffeine, and he knows the moment he sees Shane Hollander his brain is going to shut down completely.

How is this supposed to work?

He presses his tongue to the roof of his mouth and stares at the seatback in front of him. The cabin is quiet, his ears feel stuffed, and his thoughts are sprinting in circles.

The answer is simple.

Shane posed for the world to see and briefly forgot to keep his bedroom eyes in the goddamn bedroom.

This is just a correction. It's just sex. Ilya is flying across the ocean in sweatpants and a hat to correct the problem and nothing more.

He will *not* be talking about his feelings.

He's hoping the airport is busy when he lands, busy enough that no one looks twice at him. Sure, being a famous hockey player doesn't put him on the same level as being Brad Pitt, but people recognize him when he goes out in public. They always do. Sneaking around is never easy.

Why is he flying across the ocean just to get laid?

The question comes uninvited, sharp as a blade. Ilya almost laughs. It *is* stupid. He never travels just to get laid. If it were true, and he was flying across the ocean simply to get laid, it would be easier. He has done reckless things for sex in the past. He's ruined relationships and reputations for it.

But this thing with Shane, this bottomless yearning hollowed out behind his sternum. It's more than that.

He didn't look at the magazine again before he left. But the pictures are still burned into his mind. Shane's body caught in stillness, all unguarded confidence in his own skin.

Maybe that's what makes Ilya's blood boil. He's seen that face a few times, that unwavering confidence when Shane finally looks him in the eyes. The trust in the way he loosens up around Ilya after all these years.

He's *pissed* that the world is getting to see this. To see Shane the way he sees him.

If there is one thing about Ilya that is always certain, it's this:

He does not like to share Shane Hollander.

The thought has crossed his mind more times than he'd ever admit. Every rumor, every article, every whisper about someone else's hands on Shane. It hit him with brutal clarity after Shane's brief thing with Rose Landy.

It still shocks him sometimes, that he's found someone, *one* person that he doesn't want to share. Someone who fills him with a possessiveness that sometimes scares him.

By the time he steps off the plane, carry-on tucked under his arm, he's already sliding his sunglasses on. He keeps his head down through the terminal, half imagining a phone lifted, a photo snapped, a tweet posted about how Ilya Rozanov is in New York City where Shane Hollander just happens to be.

He knows there is a whole world out there that believes he and Shane are together, but they've always laughed it off if anyone ever brings it up.

God, if only they knew.

The taxi ride is a blur. He's done this city enough times to move through it with his eyes closed. Within an hour, he's outside Shane's hotel room, bag under his arm, shoving his glasses into the pocket at the front.

He knocks on the door only once, and it opens.

Shane's standing there in nothing but a jersey.

Ilya's gaze drops immediately to the number on the front.

His.

The world narrows down to a little pinpoint and Ilya almost has to reach out for the door frame to keep steady.

"Where did you get that?"

Shane snorts out a laugh. "The internet. You can buy jerseys for anyone there. I bought it a couple years ago because I went as you for Halloween." Shane pauses, and Ilya feels his eyes

on his face, but he can't look up from the number on Shane's jersey. "I did almost go as Hayden, though."

Ilya's eyes flick back up to Shane's. "You would not dare. Hayden is bad player. Better you went as best player."

"Get inside," Shane says, a smile already on his face. "Before someone sees you."

Ilya pushes into the room. Shane opens his mouth to say something but Ilya's dropping his bag to the floor and crowding him up against the wall as the door slams shut.

"Do you know what you are doing to me?"

Shane's lips curve into a smile, slow and smug. "You *like* me wearing your jersey. You're such a narcissist."

Ilya blinks at him, and he almost corrects him, *almost*. But admitting otherwise would be too honest, and Ilya isn't ready for honesty. So he lets it slide.

He doesn't say that seeing Shane in his jersey isn't helping his possessive streak. He definitely doesn't say that it almost feels like marking his territory.

"Fuck," Ilya mutters. His fingers grip the jersey in tight fists as he presses against Shane. "You drive me insane."

"I know."

He doesn't, really. He doesn't know what he's doing to Ilya.

Ilya shuts him up by pressing their lips together. Shane is quick to part his lips, melting into Ilya's embrace when Ilya's tongue slides into his mouth. Ilya feels dizzy with want, with a need so intense that every nerve in his body feels like a live wire.

His mouth moves from Shane's and down, leaving hot, open-mouthed kisses along the edge of his jaw. Shane tips his head back when Ilya's lips touch against the pulse point in his neck, and one of Ilya's hands moves to slide up inside of Shane's jersey.

He pauses.

"You're not wearing underwear."

Shane shakes with quiet laughter. "I wanted to make it easier for you."

"Hmm," Ilya noses at his neck, his fingers curling around Shane's already half-hard cock. "And you're already hard for me."

Shane's hands move, knocking Ilya's hat off his head to tangle in his curls. "Been waiting for you," he says breathlessly. "For two days."

Ilya pulls back to look him in the eyes. "Did you touch yourself?"

“No.”

“So this will be quick, then?”

Shane pulls his hair. “Fuck you.”

“Mm,” Ilya murmurs, squeezing his cock. “Yes.”

“Stop doing that,” Shane says. He sounds very much like he doesn’t want Ilya to stop doing that at all.

Ilya moves his hand, stroking Shane's cock between them, under the stupid jersey that has Ilya’s stupid number and name on the back. He’s ignoring the reason why his head goes all empty at the thought of Shane coming on his jersey.

Ilya keeps his face pressed into Shane’s neck, inhaling the scent of his soap and the smell that is so uniquely *Shane*. His hand moves quickly, stroking Shane to the sound of his voice breaking. “If you don’t stop..”

“Come for me,” Ilya says, his lips brushing against Shane’s skin. Shane’s body tenses up as he comes over Ilya’s hand and inside his jersey. Ilya strokes him through it until he tries to wriggle out of Ilya’s touch. “Good boy,” Ilya says, pressing another kiss to Shane’s pulse. “Such a good listener.”

Ilya thumbs over his tip, relishing the way Shane jerks against him with a gasp. The yelp he lets out when Ilya strokes him again is like music to his ears.

“Stop, *stop*,” Shane gasps, trying to push Ilya off of him.

Ilya nuzzles his neck with a smile, keeping him pinned against the wall. “Maybe next time you will think before taking sexy photos for everyone.”

Ilya hears the faint crack of Shane’s head hitting the wall before he’s trembling in his grasp, choking out a moan. He pulls his hand out from under Shane’s jersey, his other hand half holding Shane up so he doesn’t slide down the wall and onto the floor.

Shane is sweating, his face is red, and his hair is sticking to his forehead. His eyes are closed, but he opens them when Ilya gently says his name. “Shane,” he says pointedly. “You have made a mess.”

Shane’s eyes drop to Ilya’s hand in front of his face, and Ilya sees his tongue peek out to run over his bottom lip. He doesn’t seem able to form any words, but his eyes lift back up to Ilya’s face again as he tries to regain his composure.

Ilya lifts his eyebrows. “Well?”

Shane’s nostrils flare like he wants to fight back. He *loves* fighting back, but he’s so far gone that he doesn’t. Instead, he leans forward and swipes his tongue over Ilya’s fingers, slowly and shamelessly. Ilya watches him with a heavily lidded gaze, the way he laps up every last bit of his own come from Ilya’s hand.

Fuck.

“You are so beautiful,” Ilya says when Shane sucks one of his fingers into his mouth. “But I am still mad at you.”

Shane closes his eyes, swirling his tongue around the digit in his mouth. He doesn’t respond, but Ilya strokes his face with his other hand. “From now on, you have to send me the pictures first.”

Shane only nods. Ilya pulls his finger out of Shane’s hot, wet mouth to press a kiss to his lips. It tastes like Shane’s arousal, salty and bitter on his tongue. He licks the taste out of Shane’s mouth, grasping his chin with one hand. His skin is soft and warm, and he digs his fingers into it to hold Shane in place.

Shane’s all too willing to let Ilya’s tongue wander, whimpering into his mouth as their bodies press together. He knows Shane can feel the hard line of his cock.

“Tell me what you want,” Ilya says against his lips. “I will give it to you.”

Shane is quiet, but his breaths have slowed down. He’s still hot against Ilya’s body, sweaty and overstimulated. Ilya wants to pick him up and bring him to the bed, so he does. He loops his arms under Shane’s legs and carries him over to the bed. Shane will usually argue at this, but he doesn’t. He holds onto Ilya like a lifeline.

Ilya lays him down on the bed and stands back up, looking down at Shane like a conquered prize. Ilya’s overwhelmed with the desire to kiss him, every inch of him. His jersey is rucked up, exposing the soft plane of his stomach. He’s looking at Ilya with literal hearts in his eyes, and his lips curve into a smile when Ilya’s eyes land on his face.

“I want,” Shane says. “You.”

Ilya blinks. “You will have to be more specific.”

His eyes trail down, finding Shane’s soft cock. That won’t do.

“I want you to fuck me,” Shane says. His voice is low and sultry in a way that makes Ilya’s own cock throb in his sweatpants.

“Hm,” Ilya says. “Good, so you do remember who you belong to.”

Shane stretches out like a cat, his back arching ever so slightly up off the bed. His arms stay raised over his head, and Ilya watches as his fingers grip the comforter there. “Maybe I did the photoshoot just to upset you.”

Ilya narrows his eyes. “You would not.”

Shane’s cocky little smile makes his chest hurt. “I would.”

Ilya contemplates leaving him here on this bed and going back to Russia because this is stupid, all of this is stupid. His heart’s in his throat and Shane’s laid out on the bed like a

sexual feast, and all Ilya wants to do is climb on top of him and devour him whole.

“You are dangerous,” Ilya says, repeating his own words from their phone call only two days before. “Very, very bad for my health.”

Shane lifts his foot and places it on Ilya’s chest. Ilya grabs his ankle and presses a kiss to it as Shane says: “Teach me a lesson, then.”

Ilya nips the skin at his ankle before stepping back, letting Shane’s foot drop back down onto the bed. He quickly pulls his sweatpants down with his briefs, watching Shane carefully as he tugs his shirt off over his head. Shane looks sated already, like he could roll over and go to sleep, but he’s watching Ilya with an intensity that makes his head hurt.

Ilya takes his time climbing onto the bed, touching Shane’s ankles, lingering on his calves. He presses a kiss to the inside of Shane’s knee as his legs fall open to make space for him. He fits perfectly, like they’re two pieces of a puzzle slotting together. He tugs up on Shane’s jersey with exploring hands, touching his stomach, feeling goosebumps rise in their wake.

“Gorgeous,” Ilya says quietly, watching Shane’s face as his fingers brush over one of his nipples. “Perfect.”

Shane arches into his touch, still gripping the comforter over his head. Ilya leans down and kisses him, sliding his tongue between Shane’s lips. He parts them readily, making a soft little sound into Ilya’s mouth when Ilya rubs his hard cock against Shane’s inner thigh.

Ilya pulls back just enough to ask, “Condom?”

Shane shakes his head, flushing red. He turns his face into his arm. “Lube is on the nightstand.”

Ilya draws in a breath through his nose. They’ve never done this without a condom. They’ve spoken before about it, about their strange exclusivity that has recently taken shape. Ilya doesn’t remember the last time he had sex with anyone who wasn’t Shane, and Shane’s told him the same.

There’s some quiet, unspoken trust being given to him here, and it makes his heart clench.

He reaches out over Shane to grab the small bottle off the nightstand and then settles back into place. His gaze drifts down the length of Shane’s stretched-out body, stopping on his half-hard cock lying against his abdomen. Ilya licks his lips and sets the bottle down on Shane’s stomach.

He moves down, hooking Shane’s knees over his shoulder before grabbing his cock with one hand, running his tongue up the length of it. He feels Shane shudder beneath him, but he doesn’t push Ilya away when he sucks his cock into his mouth.

“Oh,” Shane says breathlessly. “Fuck.”

Ilya knows exactly how Shane likes to be touched. He knows exactly where to swipe his tongue, where to suck hard enough to make his toes curl. He knows Shane’s body better than

his own, he thinks, and it's shown in the way Shane is squirming and panting and letting out breathy little words that Ilya can't quite make out.

He reaches up for the bottle of lube, pops it open with one hand, his mouth still enveloping Shane's cock which has quickly hardened on his tongue. He pushes Shane's legs up towards his chest and pulls back, only to watch as he pours some of the lube on his fingers.

Shane makes a startled sound when Ilya rubs over his hole. He sounds absolutely debauched when Ilya pulls his cock back into his mouth. He curls his fingers inside of Shane, humming around his cock when Shane moans out a half broken *oh god*.

Ilya stops, letting Shane's cock fall out of his mouth before pressing a kiss to the tip. He looks up at Shane's face, at his reddened cheeks and his parted lips.

Ilya doesn't want to talk about the way the sight makes him feel.

He pushes his fingers deeper inside of Shane, watching the way Shane's brows furrow. "Tell me again," Ilya says. "What you want."

Shane isn't a verbal person in bed, not usually. But sometimes it gets to a point where he doesn't shut up, where the words seem to fall out of his mouth before he can filter them away. Ilya likes that, he likes it a lot.

"I want you to fuck me," Shane says, his voice soft. "Please."

Ilya curls his fingers again. "Since you asked nicely."

He pulls his fingers out, slowly, deliberately, enjoying the way Shane clenches around him with a soft moan. He wants to be inside of him so badly his teeth ache.

He's easy to open up for Ilya, all relaxed, soft muscles. Ilya presses against Shane, who wraps his legs around his waist before opening his eyes. "Are you sure you do not want me to use a condom?" Ilya asks.

Shane shakes his head.

Ilya runs a hand up the length of his arm, pinning one of his wrists to the bed as his other reaches down, guiding his cock into Shane. He moves slowly, allowing Shane to adjust to the stretch. Shane's staring up at him like he can't look away, and Ilya watches him as he slides inside.

"You feel so good," Ilya says, his free hand moving to touch Shane's face. He brushes his thumb over Shane's lips, spit-slicked and soft.

Shane's fingers flex, and he moves his other wrist into Ilya's grasp. "Come on," Shane says impatiently. "Fuck me."

Ilya tightens his hold on Shane's wrists before shoving the rest of the way inside of him. Shane lets out a little noise of surprise, but he rocks against Ilya as if trying to force him even deeper. Ilya gets the message and moves, fucking into Shane with hard, fast thrusts.

Shane keeps his eyes on Ilya, which is not something they usually do. They don't look at each other while they fuck. This feels.. Different. Like Shane wants to catalog every face Ilya makes. Ilya doesn't look away either, watching the little wrinkle between his brows deepen as he gets fucked.

Shane's body jerks beneath him, and the headboard thunks against the wall with every brutal thrust of Ilya's hips.

"Mine," Ilya says through gritted teeth.

Shane only moans in response, tightening his legs around Ilya's waist. He sucks Ilya's thumb into his mouth, pulling it between his teeth.

Ilya chances a look down, finding Shane's hard cock bouncing against his own abdomen. "Can you come like this?" Ilya asks, looking back at Shane's face.

Shane doesn't say a word, maybe he's not sure. Though he knows Shane's pulled off the trick of coming untouched at least once throughout the years.

"I think you can," he says. "I think you can come untouched for me."

Shane *whimpers* and Ilya moves back, his one hand still pinning Shane's wrists to the bed, his other still gripping Shane's face.

"Come on," Ilya says, punctuating his words with a thrust. "Come for me, I want to see."

Shane closes his eyes and *yells*. Ilya looks down to find him coming across his own stomach, ropes of it reaching the jersey hitched up under his armpits.

Oh fuck.

Ilya follows soon after, his hips stuttering as he groans, gritting his teeth. He buries himself deep inside of Shane as he finishes, spilling inside of him.

"Fuck," Ilya says again.

Shane shifts underneath him, and Ilya lets go of his wrists. Shane's hands immediately move to Ilya's face, dragging him down into a wet, messy kiss.

"That was hot," Shane says against his mouth. "I think I'm going to do another photo shoot if this is what I get as a reward."

Ilya huffs.

He thinks, hazily, deep inside of his sex-drunk mind that he's madly in love with this man who is wearing his jersey number.

Consider this: Shane drags this jersey with him everywhere and absolutely sleeps in it because it makes him feel closer to Ilya.

End Notes

None of my friends are into Heated Rivalry so I have no one to yap about it/Connor/Hudson with so I just write fanfic to channel my hyperfixation frustration

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