

call out my name

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76496236) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76496236>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Canon Compliant , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Episode 5 , i've gone insane because of them , Coming Untouched
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-27 Words: 1,927 Chapters: 1/1

call out my name

by [LetMeDown](#)

Summary

He leans closer and squeezes around Ilya's cock, nudges his nose against his jaw. "It's okay, you can say it. I won't freak out, I promise. I won't run."

Ilya looks at him like he doesn't trust him fully, like he's searching for the truth in Shane's eyes. He licks his lips and blinks, barely nods, like he always does when he makes up his mind about something. One of his hands finds way to Shane's nape.

"Shane."

Notes

haha, hello. new fandom. i am losing my mind a little. that handjob scene where ilya moans shane's name was the hottest thing that's happened to me. this takes place during episode 5, after their coming out/my family sucks talk. full disclosure i've only seen the show, haven't read the books so i am basing them off of that portrayal of characters. also, it's 2am, so

hope you enjoy<33

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

“Like that.” Ilya breathes into his face as Shane drops down, circles his hips in a way that has him moaning way too loudly for this hotel room.

“Ah, fuuuck—” he presses his forehead against Ilya’s.

His curls stick to his skin with sweat. He’s so beautiful. The way he looks up at Shane, how his hands never leave his waist and how Shane can feel his thighs on his ass so he can lean on them.

“Missed this.” He quietly admits in the secret space between their noses, where their lips touch just enough to tease.

Ilya groans, shutting his eyes. Shane can feel him twitching inside him. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

It feels crazy, to admit it, just like it’s always felt crazy to speak anything that’s on his mind all these years when they meet up, but it’s also... easier, now. That conversation with Rose really helped, it felt like she got in his chest and cleared out his lungs so he could breathe properly.

He’s admitted he’s gay, to himself and to Ilya and he’s admitted to liking him, which is scary and Ilya spoke to him about his life, his family, he said more than he’s ever said to Shane. He didn’t say the exact words back but he let Shane hold him and he cried in his arms and that speaks volumes. Things changed. Something shifted. He’s allowed to say some things out loud now.

“It wasn’t—it was different? With...” Ilya looks at him, searches for his eyes. Doesn’t say her name.

Shane can’t believe he even has to ask.

He felt his stomach do an excited little flip when Ilya asked about Rose. Shane didn’t understand at first what he was hinting at, but once he got there, he felt giddy. This was still going on. There was still something here. When Ilya said he looked up the word ‘compatible’ to be sure, Shane almost cried at the beach.

“No.” he chuckles, slowly moving, fucking himself. They’ve changed the pace now. “Yes, it was different. No, it wasn’t what I wanted.” *what I needed*. “Kept thinking of you the whole time.” he swallows and looks away. “Pretty unfair, she’s great actually, I just—”

“Hey, hey.” Ilya grabs his chin and brings him back. God, Shane’s missed how he does that too. He has this presence around himself that puts Shane’s mind at ease. Slows down time. “It’s okay. You’re not bad for it. She is... not it. That’s all.” He presses his thumb to Shane’s cheek. “Not your fault.”

Shane sighs. He nuzzles into his hand and nods.

“Not compatible, yes?” Ilya asks, with a small smile.

Shane smiles back. “Yes.”

“I think of you, too. It’s okay.”

Every time? Shane aches to know, but he thinks it would kill him. Details would be too much. He swallows his masochistic questions and starts moving again. Doesn’t think about Rose or Ilya with other people. Just right here, right now. Just the two of them. Like always.

He’s missed feeling full like this. No toy in the world comes close, it’s never enough, it always feels like something is missing. Ilya’s rough hands on him, his soft lips, his sweet, insane mouth. How he throws his head back when something feels really good and Shane can watch his Adam’s apple bob with each swallow.

“That’s it, Sh—*mmm*.” He cuts himself off, bites his lower lip and turns it into a moan.

Shuts his eyes even tighter like he regrets letting it slip out, but Shane is not who he was when he walked out of his place last time. Things changed. Something shifted.

He leans closer and squeezes around Ilya’s cock, nudges his nose against his jaw. “It’s okay, you can say it. I won’t freak out, I promise. I won’t run.”

Ilya looks at him like he doesn’t trust him fully, like he’s searching for the truth in Shane’s eyes. He licks his lips and blinks, barely nods, like he always does when he makes up his mind about something. One of his hands finds way to Shane’s nape.

“Shane.”

It hits him way harder than he expected. Last time Ilya moaned it, Shane thought he was going to lose his mind. He felt panic rush through his veins as soon as they were done, like the walls were closing in on him. He couldn’t get up fast enough, he felt like he was gonna trip over nothing. The pain in Ilya’s eyes as he said *Hollander* twice afterwards to convince him to stay has followed Shane in his nightmares ever since.

This time, it feels right. It makes him feel light, like Ilya is reaching into his chest, making it even easier to breathe now. This is how it should be. He shouldn’t call him anything else.

He nods and his knees slide further apart on the bed, sinking deeper, taking him whole.

“Mhm, yeah, again. Again, please.”

Ilya rubs down his back, raising goosebumps in his path, squeezing his ass. “Shane. Shane, Shane, Shane.” He likes how much Shane likes this.

Shane wonders if he’s only doing it for his benefit or if he’s enjoying it just as much.

“Ilya.” He moans, feeling so good, so close, so hopeful. They can figure something out. Shane can think about it later, he doesn’t have to know everything now.

“Pretty.” Ilya kisses his neck.

“You keep saying it.” he tries to laugh through the words but Ilya starts matching his rhythm, fucking into him and his voice breaks.

“It’s true. You are.” Shane’s always liked how his accent wraps around the r’s. “Pretty. Beautiful. Hot.” He presses against his stomach. “Good.”

“Ohhh, fuuck.” Shane feels like he’s gonna collapse. His thighs are burning. He’s sweating so much, but he’s never minded it when it’s with Ilya. It’s like when he’s playing – it’s worth something. “I’m close, ‘m so close, shit.”

He goes to wrap a hand around himself, but Ilya catches his wrist. “No.” he looks at him. “No hands. You can, yes? You still can, for me?”

Shane’s pretty sure there isn’t anything he wouldn’t do when he asks like that. He nods and lets his hand fall next to his body, focuses on how stretched he is right now, how Ilya is hitting that spot that makes Shane’s eyes roll back.

“Good, I know you can. Of course you can. Come here, come on.” There is some urgency in his voice now as he spreads his legs and gets more stability to fuck Shane better.

“Ah, ah, please, yes, please—“ he grabs Ilya’s hair, he’s pretty sure he’s drooling a little.

“Mmm, yes. So *whiny*.”

Shane huffs. “Fuck you.”

“Learned that word for you. Because you do it so much. You whine and... what was it? The other one... Whimper? You whimper, yes?”

His whole face must be on fire. “Oh my god.” he hides in Ilya’s neck and refuses to entertain this.

Ilya gropes at his chest and god, Shane missed that too, so much. He squeezes and teases around his nipple, gentle at first, then harsher, pinching. Shane does whimper at that. His whole body twitches on top of him but Ilya keeps him steady, keeps fucking him.

“Love when you do that.” He mumbles against the salt of Ilya’s sweat, presses his face under his jaw.

“I know.” Even if he can’t see it, he can imagine the satisfied smile on his handsome face. “I know everything you like. I now know you like when I call you Shane too.”

He’s flipping them over. Shane’s always loved this part too. Too tired to keep moving, he just wants to lie down and take it. Ilya knows. He’s always given Shane what he needed. He always knew, even without Shane saying it. Even without Shane knowing it himself, sometimes. He pins Shane’s hands above his head and holds him down.

Shane loves how strong he is. He's never wondered who would win in a playful wrestling match because he knew, deep down, he'd want to end up on the ground.

Ilya looks at him and leans in for a kiss. It's hungry and deep, like he's trying to leave a trace in the back of Shane's mouth.

"You can." His voice is rougher now, he's panting. Shane keeps looking at him. "You're good, you can. So good, Shane. Will you cum for me? Just for me, yeah? Yes?"

Shane nods, feeling the pressure build up, his whole body like a string waiting to snap. He closes his fingers around Ilya's hand where he has his wrists pinned and feels him squeeze back.

"*Ilya*." He moans, high pitched and way too loud, as he cums. He feels it on his stomach and chest, feels himself riding it out as Ilya stops holding him down.

Shane wraps both his legs and arms around him, trying to catch his breath but trying to kiss him more. "Fuck me, fuck me through it, don't stop, don't stop, ah, fuck me—"

Ilya stops talking whenever he's close, when he's chasing his own pleasure and Shane feels like his brain is floating in that blissful state, but he can't shut up. He remembers that night when Ilya won MVP, when he made Shane get naked and touch himself. Put on a show, while he watched him from the chair. He remembers himself saying that—

"I need you. Need you, please, like that, Ilya, ah, fuck me, I want it, I want you, I need you —"

"Fuuuuck, fuckfuck, oh my god—" Ilya is staring at him so intensely Shane feels like he could burn holes in his skin.

"Yes, yes, need it, need you, please Ilya, please, ohh shiiit—"

He feels it when he cums, when he fills out the condom, burying himself deep inside Shane, getting as close as possible. Ilya tries to keep himself up but Shane pulls him down, takes all of his weight and stays wrapped around him like a koala. They're both breathing so loudly in an otherwise empty room now.

"You hate mess." Ilya reminds him and kisses under his ear.

Shane giggles. "Yes. I just..." he's not sure. He doesn't know how to articulate it, feels like all the words have escaped him now.

Ilya slowly moves, pulls out and ties the condom. Shane is pretty sure he throws it on the ground but he's too tired to comment on it. With his eyes closed, he feels Ilya cleaning up his stomach with tissues and cracks them open.

"It's okay. Shower later. I promise." He throws the tissues away too and turns Shane on the side to hug him from the back. He pulls the sheet over them and pulls Shane into his body. "You're okay?"

Shane lets himself relax. “Yeah. You?”

“Not too much?”

He snorts. “We’ve done more than this.”

Ilya kisses his shoulder. “Yes. But this is... different.”

Shane’s stomach does a small flip again. He covers Ilya’s hand resting on his chest. “Not simple?”

He’s quiet for a few seconds. Shane feels him exhale against his nape. “No. Not simple.”

That feels like enough. Shane is not alone in this, he’s not delusional, he’s not losing his mind. Ilya might fuck other people but he doesn’t tell them about his dad, he doesn’t let them comfort him, he doesn’t talk to them how he talks to Shane. He knows he doesn’t. They will figure it out.

“Not simple.” Ilya repeats, squeezing him closer. “But good. And okay.”

Shane smiles and breathes out.

End Notes

thank you for reading, comments make my days if you liked it, especially for a thing i'm writing for the first time

come be friends on [twitter](#) if you want, i scream about kpop and as of recently, these two

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