everything's easier way out west

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76504531.

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:	PWP, canon divergence the tiniest bit, Top Ilya Rozanov, Bottom Shane Hollander, Oral Sex, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Dom/sub, Honorifics, Shane calls Ilya sir and he is Cool About It, Ilya Speaks Russian During Sex, author has not and will not read the books and therefore does not care about canon or details, author also does not know russian, the bellboy scene, the cottage episode, service top ilya lowk
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-27 Words: 2,751 Chapters: 1/1

everything's easier way out west

by rabidrozanov (strangersatellites)

Summary

"This is awkward. This room isn't available to the guests." He's holding back a giggle and can see in the twitch of his lips that Ilya is too. They're never played around like this. Never been comfortable enough to have fun instead of just sex.

Ilya nods, solemn. "Hm. That is disappointing."

God he's so handsome. Shane's eyes drift to his lips and he gets an idea.

"I'm sorry, sir. We'd really like to accommodate you-"

But then the expression on Ilya's face shifts and suddenly it's not a game anymore.

It's a split-second of fear that he missed the mark. He only barely even remembers that conversation.

"Maybe you could teach me Russian?"

"Only important phrases. Like 'yes, sir' and 'harder, please.'

Ilya had been joking but... there had been a note of earnestness to his voice. Right?

or: A rewrite of the bellboy scene where Shane calls Ilya "sir" and a puzzle piece clicks into place.

Notes

hi!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

hi heated rivalry nation, I'm gin!!!! this is my first rodeo in a new fandom so be nice or go home!!! I am excited to be here and hopeful that the writing bug sticks with me because it has been a whiiiiiiile since something has gripped me in its claws the way hr has.

This is just a shorty little one-shot, for me at least. But I could NOT get this idea out of my head after I watched this scene!

title from michelle pfeiffer by ethel cain btw :)

have fun & enjoy!!

xoxo, gin <3

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane doesn’t really know what he expected to feel.

To be honest, he’d been high out of his mind on painkillers when he made the suggestion, and he'd *felt* like he was when Ilya’d agreed to come.

Typically, when he comes out to the cottage he feels at peace. Detached. Isolated in a way that is more comfortable than it is lonely.

He’s never invited anyone here. Especially not someone he’s been fucking for 10 years and in love with for at least half as long.

He imagined the drive back from the airport would be tense. Air so thick you could cut it with a knife.

He’s done this with Ilya before. Knows this dance by heart. He imagined wandering hands and hot breaths between mouths, whispered words that would be forgotten in the daylight.

This *should* be familiar.

What he actually feels though, is light.

He feels playful, giddy in a way he hasn’t in years.

He’s giving Ilya the house tour and smiling so hard his cheeks ache, trying so hard to keep it cool.

Ilya’s hand is warm in his though, so it’s easier said than done.

“Shall I show you to your room?”

He leads him toward the back hallway, tries to ignore the way Ilya's thumb rubbing over his skin makes his heart speed up.

“There are two guest rooms downstairs, so, plenty to choose from.” He’s glad he’s facing away from Ilya right now because he can feel his cheeks flush just *thinking* about how badly he doesn’t want him to choose a guest room.

Ilya hums. “Hm. I will need a king-size bed.”

He could lie. He could lie through his teeth and tell him that the only room in the house with a king-size bed is his and that this just means they’ll have to share. He doubts Ilya would call him on it.

He goes with honesty. Decides to give him an out if he wants it. Shane cocks his head, can already hear the ribbing he’s going to get for this, “Mr. Real Estate” and all that.

“They all have a king-size bed.”

Hook.

Ilya's smile quirks at the side. "And a view," he says. And now that flush is back with a vengeance because he's *saying* he wants a view, but he's giving Shane this *look* when he says it. Shane isn't sure what he's supposed to do with that. But the feeling bubbling up in his chest has him feeling brave.

He takes a step towards Ilya. Tilts his head to the side the way that always distracts him. "They all have a view, too."

Line.

Ilya pouts his pretty lips and hums again and Shane wants to kiss him. Feels his body sway forward on its own volition. "Hm. And I will need a.." he trails off, snaps, trying to find the word. "What do you call? An en-suite bathroom."

"Well, that might be a problem."

Ilya's hands slide around his waist, warm and familiar. His smile is soft. "Why is that? Hm?"

Shane wraps his fingers around the wrists at his waist. Tugs Ilya down the hallway with a smile. "There's only one with an en-suite." He can't see it, but he knows Ilya has that pretty smile. "And its mine."

"Ahh."

That's it. No argument. No compromise on a different room. No nothing.

Sinker.

Shane pulls him down the hallway toward his bedroom and decides to take it up a notch. Now that he knows he has Ilya where he wants him, he can feel himself start to let loose. Wants to play a game.

He spins on his heel with his hands behind his back. The picture of innocence. He puts on his best performance.

"This is awkward. This room isn't available to the guests." He's holding back a giggle and can see in the twitch of his lips that Ilya is too. They're *never* played around like this. Never been comfortable enough to have *fun* instead of just *sex.*

Ilya nods, solemn. "Hm. That is disappointing."

God he's so handsome. Shane's eyes drift to his lips and he gets an idea.

"I'm sorry, sir. We'd really like to accommodate you-"

But then the expression on Ilya's face shifts and suddenly it's not a game anymore.

It's a split-second of fear that he missed the mark. He only barely even remembers that conversation.

“Maybe you could teach me Russian?”

“Only important phrases. Like ‘yes, sir’ and ‘harder, please.’

Ilya had been joking but... there had been a note of earnestness to his voice. Right?

He doesn’t have time to backpedal before there are hands on his waist and he’s falling backwards into the mattress.

Ilya’s crawling over him, draping his body along Shane’s own and pinning his wrists above his head, smiling. Shane guesses he wasn’t too far off.

“Sir please! I’m just a bellboy! You can’t treat the staff like this!”

Ilya leans down to nose his way up his throat and drag his teeth along the shell of his ear.

“Oh, I think I know how the staff likes to be treated after all these years, yes?

And oh, now *Shane* is the one caught off-guard. How does he always *do* that?

Shane takes in a shaky breath, nods his head once.

Ilya arches an eyebrow. “Try again.”

His thumb soothes over Shane's skin where his hands are still trapped above his head but it does nothing to calm the noise that’s starting to take over his brain.

He furrows his eyebrows. “Wh-what?”

Ilya's smile is soft but there’s still an edge there. The one that makes Shane go weak at the knees. Most times, literally.

“This is how you treat your guests, dorogoy?”

Shane can’t even begin to think about what that might mean right now. Not with the way Ilya’s shifted his hips to drag slow, sultry against Shane’s own. He can feel where he’s hard against him. His breath hitches.

He shakes his head. “No. I’m sorry.”

Ilya drags his lips against Shane’s jaw. Drags his hips, hard and heavy. Drags a whimper from Shane’s throat.

“No, who?”

He feels like the air has been punched out of his lungs. He knows he walked himself right to the precipice, albeit 50% unknowingly. But still, it feels like one final puzzle piece shifts into place when Shane whispers, “*No, sir*.”

Before he can even think to blush, Ilya's hands are scrambling at his clothes. Peeling his shirt over his head and yanking his shorts down his legs. He's biting his way back up Shane's chest before he drags him into a filthy kiss and speaks into his mouth.

"There is my good boy."

It's a feat that Shane doesn't come in his pants like a fucking teenager.

But what he *does* do is let out a whine that he will deny to his grave.

Ilya's chuckle makes Shane want to kick him.

He's grabbed by the hips and all but tossed onto his stomach. Lands with his face in the pillows with an "oof."

Ilya grabs him by the waist and drags him up onto his knees.

"Come on dorogoy. Up you go."

Ilya's hands are warm where they drag down the backs of his thighs and Shane hums as he lifts himself up onto his hands. Before he can get purchase in the sheets, Ilya grips the back of his neck and shoves his face back into the pillows. He's suddenly right behind him.

"No. I want you ass up, da?"

Shane's throat is dry but he somehow finds the words, "Yes, sir."

Ilya drops a kiss to his cheek. Much too tender for the situation. "Okay?"

It will be a miracle if Shane makes it out of this cottage without telling him he loves him. Hell, it will be a miracle if he makes it out of this bed.

He nods once. Smiles soft back at him. "Yes, Ilya. So okay."

"Good." Another kiss. Mumbled Russian. Fingers slipping under the waistband of his briefs. "Off?"

Shane wiggles his hips in response. Smiles at the huff it gets from the man behind him.

He lifts his knees so that Ilya can slide his underwear off. Looks back at him, still dressed. "You?"

Ilya tilts his head and smiles at him. "No. Not about me. I am trying to bribe the staff into free upgrade."

Shane shoves his face back in the pillows with a laugh.

He's stopped short when he feels teeth graze his asscheek. His whole body pulls taut like a bowstring.

"Ilya.." he breathes. "What are you doing?"

Ilya just soothes over the bite with his tongue and shushes him. “Shh, dorogoy. I’ve got you. Let me make you feel good.”

And it's a true testament to the fact that Shane trusts Ilya with his life, because slowly, and despite his initial discomfort, he relaxes back into the pillows as Ilya nips at his skin. Hands soothing over his cheeks, just barely missing where Shane wants him to touch most.

“Oh! Fuck, Ilya,” he’s jolts at the feeling of Ilya’s tongue, hot and wet dragging over his hole. Why the fuck does that feel so *good*? His face burns with the thought, with the picture this must paint. As Ilya kitten licks at his hole and drags his teeth over his rim with Shane’s fingers twisting in the sheets, he knows he must look at least half as debauched as he feels.

They’ve never done this before but Shane thinks that he never wants to stop. His cheeks flame with humiliation. Just the idea that Ilya’s face is buried between his cheeks makes a shiver roll down his spine. Let alone the fact that it's *happening*. When Shane’s breathing has finally evened out enough that he feels less likely to black out or start crying, he feels Ilya’s tongue pressing at his hole, forcing his way in, in, in. He gasps out an, “oh fuck, please,” and drags his knees together to try to stave off his rapidly approaching orgasm.

Ilya lands a smack to his ass and he yelps. The sting *surely* enough to leave behind a welt.

“Ah ah. Legs open, malysh,” he grumbles.

Shane’s brows furrow.

“What?”

Another smack, lighter this time. His dick leaks under him nonetheless.

“Legs. Open. Let me in. Not difficult.”

Shane’s head is a little fuzzy but he knows that now Ilya’s just being a jackass.

“No.” A whimper as a finger slips inside him, “- oh fuck. No. What did you say?”

Before he’s had time to adjust to the sensation, a second finger is slipping inside him and he’s losing his breath.

“Malysh. *Baby*.”

Shane feels himself clench tight around Ilya’s fingers, barely hears the gasp he lets out over the rush of blood in his ears.

“Da? You like. Okay, baby.”

Shane thought for *sure* that that thick Russian accent saying his name was his favorite sound in the world. But he may have just been proven wrong.

He turns his face out of the pillows as Ilya gets him stretched out on his fingers. “Yes, sir. Love it.”

Another kiss gets dropped to his ass and this time instead of an embarrassed blush, his flush is pleased.

Ilya pulls his fingers out and Shane only just now wonders when he got lube. He hears rustling behind him and goes to direct a pout over his shoulder that he's been left hanging. But instead of a distracted Ilya, he sees him in all his naked glory, sweat glistening on his skin, cock hanging heavy and red between his legs, lower half of his face, humiliatingly for Shane, wet.

Shane always feels most desirable when he sees how Ilya is affected just by looking at him. Despite the fact that he is hard and leaking, borderline desperate, he arches his back deeper, stretches his body out as lithe and sultry as he can. Licks his lips when he looks down at Ilya's dick.

"I thought this was all about me? Something about bribing the staff?" He purrs.

Ilya steps back toward him, two big, calloused hands landing on his cheeks and spreading him apart. He hums. "It is. I was just going to eat you out. But you want your ass filled, yes?"

Shane buries his face in the sheets.

Yes, but fuck, does he have to read him like a fucking book.

He chooses defiance. Looks over his shoulder with an eyebrow raised.

"So are you going to just stand there? Or are you going to fuck me?"

Ilya crosses his arms over his chest and doesn't move.

"What happened to my sweet boy, huh? Where are your manners?"

Shane bats his eyelashes. "Please? Will you put it in me?" He's past the point of desperation now, and he wants to play dirty. So he wiggles his hips back and clenches his hole, knows he caught his attention based on the way Ilya's eyes dart down and his nose flares.

"Again."

He doesn't know if he means his manners or his butt, so Shane wriggles his arms around to tug his own cheeks apart and put on his poutiest voice, "Ilya, please sir. Please put your dick inside me. I *need* it."

Ilya's sliding in to the hilt before Shane even notices he's moved. He wraps a hand around Shane's throat and purrs in his ear, "Breathe, malysh. You have to breathe."

And Shane doesn't realize he was holding his breath until he lets it out in a heaving gasp. A whimper follows after.

Ilya sets a bruising rhythm. One hand around his throat, the other squeezing bruises into his hip. He's trying his best to hold it together, Shane can tell. But he wishes he wouldn't.

He reaches up to wrap his fingers around the hand at his neck. Gasps between thrusts as best as he can. “Tell me. Please. Ilya, tell me how it feels.”

Something in Ilya breaks just then, his forehead drops down to land between Shane’s shoulder blades.

“So fucking good, dorogoy. Sweetheart. Baby. Moya lyubov.”

She squeezes his eyes shut, feels tears spring up behind them. Feels himself barrelling toward his orgasm. He turns his head to the side just enough that Ilya gets the hint. Drops down beside him and catches his lips in a kiss.

When Ilya draws away, he presses their foreheads together and meets Shane’s watery eyes. “Come on, baby. Let go for me. I have got you.”

Shane feels his orgasm crash over him like a tidal wave, it takes his legs shaking, his tears spilling over and his voice breaking with it.

There is nothing but ringing in his ears and Ilya’s muffled voice. Muttering Russian he can’t bother to ask about right now.

Despite his overstimulation, Ilya is still pounding away at his prostate. He whimpers and tries to squirm but gets stopped by two hands clamped shut around his hips.

“Ah ah ah. You’re almost done dorogoy. Just let me use you a second.”

If he hadn’t just come his brains out, that would be enough to send him over again. He nods and squeezes his eyes shut and wills himself not to get hard again, unsure if he would survive another orgasm this soon. He feels the static in his head and lets himself ride it out until he feels Ilya’s hips start to stutter, and he feels him still. Hears him groan, mutter something else in Russian.

Ilya soothes his hands down his sides. Gives him a second to come down before he pulls out. It never fails though, Shane hates the feeling of him pulling out. Ilya always chases it away with sweet words and sweeter kisses. Today is no exception. He catches Shane’s lips in a kiss and whispers, “Moya lyubov.”

Shane still doesn’t know Russian, but that one always makes him smile.

Ilya flops down beside him and drags Shane’s body up and over his own. Shane tries to synchronize their breathing as fingers drag idly up and down his spine.

“So? What about my upgrade?”

Shane snorts a laugh and props his chin on his hands against Ilya’s chest. Admires his smile for a second. Doesn’t think he’s ever seen him this relaxed.

“I’ll talk to the front desk. See what they can do about your room.”

Ilya wraps his strong arms tight around Shane's waist and flips them back over. Nips at Shane's jaw with a smile.

"Good. See to it that the bellboy is included."

End Notes

you can find me several places honestly,
my hr content lives over on Tumblr @rabidrozanov
my main/st account lives on Tumblr @strangersatellites
my st ao3 is @strangersatellitees
and my two is @strngrsatellite

come hang out!!! yell at me to write more!! or maybe less!!! whatever you see fit!!!

thank u for reading! mwah! xoxo

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!