extra credit

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extra credit

by berrycluv

Summary

Ilya steps into the room and closes the door behind him. “Sorry I took long. I had hockey practice.”

“I know. Don’t worry about it. Please, have a seat.”

Shane allows himself a small, private smile as Ilya approaches and drops into the chair in front of him. His hair looks slightly damp as runs a hand through it, a blond curl falling back over his eyes.

Shane crosses his legs beneath the desk and swallows.“So," he mumbles, suddenly unsure how to begin. This is already harder than he thought it would be. "How are things looking this season?”

Ilya shrugs. "Good. We fuck now?"

“Ilya!” Shane blurts, yanking his glasses off and dropping them onto the desk with a clatter.

So much for a night of roleplay.

--

or where shane wants to try being more dominant, and ilya lets him think he'll allow it

Notes

timeline is fuzzy but this happens between heated rivalry and the long game. i needed more time w them at the cottage...

this fic has been translated to russian! click here to read :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya knocks on the door, even though it's already open.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Hollander?" he asks, glancing warily around the room.

He’s been here before, of course, though that doesn't make it any less impressive. The small study feels carefully curated. Bookshelves line two of the walls, crammed full of hardcover volumes with titles Ilya wouldn’t even dare try to pronounce. Framed puzzles hang beside a tall window, covered by a sheer white curtain that filters the afternoon light into something soft and academic.

At the far end of the room, behind a beautiful mahogany desk, Shane Hollander sits. He appears to be grading a stack of papers–posture straight, expression neutral. Professional.

The moment he hears Ilya’s voice, Shane looks up. He adjusts his glasses on the bridge of his nose before gesturing him inside.

“Ah. Rozanov. Yes, come in.”

Ilya steps into the room and closes the door behind him. “Sorry I took long. I had hockey practice.”

“I know. Don’t worry about it. Please, have a seat.”

Shane allows himself a small, private smile as Ilya approaches and drops into the chair in front of him. His hair looks slightly damp as runs a hand through it, a blond curl falling back over his eyes.

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“*Ilya*!” Shane blurts, yanking his glasses off and dropping them onto the desk with a clatter.

So much for a night of roleplay.

“What?” Ilya asks, all false innocence, the grin tugging at his mouth ruining the act entirely.

He knows what he's doing, of course. Testing the limits, as always. Pushing, watching. Trampling on Shane's attempts at trying to lead for once.

Because it's not like they *need* this. Even after more than a year together as an official couple, their sex life is still just as alive and satisfying as the day it first started, the summer before their rookie season. They're familiar with each other in ways that are hot and safe. Ilya wouldn't change a thing about it, and neither would Shane…

But still.

God forbid a man wants to try spicing things up a little.

"You promised you wouldn't be a dick about it," Shane complains, folding his arms across his chest. A soft, pink flush spreads over the freckles on his nose, and *fuck* Ilya almost feels bad.

Because even though they don't need this, even though it's kind of embarrassing, trying to force himself to be more dominant, Shane's eyes are bright. Nervous. Hopeful.

He seems to wants this. And that pretty little pout on his lips right now is making Ilya want it, too.

So he exhales deeply and puts both hands up in surrender.

"You're right. I'm sorry. I behave," he says and means it, at least the apology. Then he ruins it again by saying: "I just don't see how boring talk gets me inside you."

Shane throws a pen at him.

"I told you, we have to build up the scenario," he complains, gesturing around him like that explains everything. "That's the whole point of foreplay."

"I thought the name was roleplay."

"Are you going to take this seriously or not?"

Ilya leans back in his chair, knees spreading as his hands grip the armrests. "Yes. Sorry. But put glasses back on."

Shane rolls his eyes, but he reaches for them immediately, sliding the frames back into place. "Thank you," he says, then takes a deep breath.

He closes his eyes for a brief moment to focus on letting the room settle back into place around him; the study becomes an office, the cottage becomes a campus, and Shane becomes someone who is supposed to be in control.

Okay.

He's got this.

When Shane opens his eyes again, his voice is calm again. Firm.

"Do you know why I called you here, Rozanov?"

Ilya straightens slightly, something sharper flickering in his gaze. "No, sir."

"Well... Finals are coming up and I've noticed you're not taking your classes as seriously as hockey practice. My class, specifically."

"Is that so?" Ilya stretches, arms lifting above his head, hoodie riding up just enough that Shane catches a glimpse of skin. A trail of fair hair leading down to his… Shane curses in his

head. He's doing this on purpose. “What makes you say that?”

Shane shifts uncomfortably in his seat. He hates that his body reacts faster than his resolve, that desire floods him hot and immediate, knocking the breath from his lungs.

This wasn’t how it was supposed to feel. He was meant to be observing, assessing. Above it.

Instead, he feels watched. Measured. Like Ilya is waiting to see how long it’ll take before Shane cracks.

Shane won't stand for it.

“For starters, you haven’t turned in any of the papers I’ve assigned. You barely show up. And when you do, you don’t seem to be paying attention.” he pauses. “Is there a problem?”

Ilya shrugs. "Maybe your class is just boring."

Shane has to fight the urge to throw another pen at him. He takes a deep breath and continues, "What I *mean* is, is there something distracting you? Or do you just have no idea what I'm saying half the time?"

Ilya leans forward, elbows resting on his knees. The expression on his face is unreadable– serious, but intense, as his eyes stare down at the desk between them. Hunched forward, the cross on his mother's necklace swings slowly between them, back and forth, back and forth. The room is so quiet Shane can hear his own breathing loud in his ears.

Shane’s confidence wavers.

For a split second, he wonders if he went too far. He's about to give up, interrupt the scene to apologize, tell Ilya he didn't really mean it, that they don't have to do this if he's not into it.

But when, Ilya looks up at him through his lashes, Shane forgets how to breathe.

"There *is* something very distracting in your class," Ilya finally says, voice deep and heavy with something.

Shane takes a second to find his own voice back.

“W-What is it?” he asks, voice thinner than he intended.

Ilya's fingers close round the cross dangling from his necklace,dragging it slowly along the chain. It’s so quiet in the room, Shane can hear every swipe of the pendant over the metal. The sound of it makes him shiver.

“Is…” Ilya licks his lips once more, voice barely above a whisper. “You. *You* distract me.”

And oh, *what the fuck?*

Shane knows this was, technically, his idea; his one-in-a-lifetime attempt at taking control during sex, at being the one giving the orders. He'd chosen this role carefully, with authority,

structure. He'd imagined himself steady and composed, imagined Ilya reacting to that, responding to it. Letting Shane lead for once.

So why does Shane feel like he's being cornered?

He clears his throat, adjusting the frames of his glasses. Refusing to lose control of the scene. "I distract you. How so?"

Ilya spreads his legs further, and Shane has to look away, afraid to get caught staring at Ilya's bare thighs under his shorts (which are *definitely* too short. Shane shouldn't have let him pick his own outfit for this).

"By just standing there. In your fitted shirts and stupid tight dress pants," Ilya's hips jerk upwards. Whether it's intentional or not, Shane curses at him silently. "Every time you turn to write on board, I can't stop staring at your ass."

Heat blooms fast and sharp beneath Shane's ribs. He shakes his head, clinging to the role. "You shouldn't speak to your professor like that."

"Well," Ilya shrugs, standing now, chair scraping against the floor, "you did ask, Mr. Hollander."

He circles the desk slowly, deliberately, until he's close enough that Shane has to tilt his head back to look at him.

Ilya watches him desperately try to reclaim the reins. He sees the way Shane straightens, the way he pushes back on the chair, the way he tightens his face to hide his arousal.

It's adorable. Earnest. Completely ineffective.

Because Ilya isn't even pushing. He's letting Shane come apart all on his own.

And Shane has no idea that this was always how it was going to go.

"As for your other question," Ilya continues, leaning over Shane, caging him by holding onto the armrests of his chair. "No. I have no idea what you say half the time. I have no interest in boring words that come out of your mouth."

Time slows to a crawl the moment Ilya reaches a hand to cup Shane's cheeks, thumb pressing just enough to make him pout. A pathetic little whimper escapes Shane before he can stop it.

Ilya smiles.

"I just look at these lips, and picture how pretty they'd look wrapped around my cock."

Realization hits Shane all at once, sharp and humiliating.

This was never about indulging him.

Ilya had seen straight through the plan from the beginning. Had let Shane build his little illusion of authority, had watched him settle into it, comfortable and hopeful… Only to reach in and dismantle it piece by piece.

The worst part is the way Shane's body reacts to that truth. The way frustration twists into want, heavy and undeniable.

He should be angry.

Instead, he feels lightheaded.

"You really need to watch your tone, Rozanov. This kind of behavior is unacceptable," Shane chokes out, shoving Ilya's hand away, stubbornly holding onto his role. "Even for you, this is inappropriate and– "

"What's *inappropriate*," Ilya rolls his eyes, pronouncing each syllable of the word carefully. "Is you pretending this is not what you called me here for. You want an exchange."

Shane adjusts his glasses, swallowing. He knows he shouldn't, but he asks, "An exchange? What could you possibly give me?"

And oh, the moment he sees Ilya's smile, he knows he's walked right into it.

Ilya reaches out to hold Shane's ridiculously cute tie and yanks him closer, earning another sweet sound. "I can give you the best fuck of your life, right here, right now, over this desk. I make you come untouched. And you help me pass your boring class. Call that extra credit."

All the blood in Shane's body rushes through his ears, and, *fuck*, all of his clothes feel tighter than before. This close, he can smell coffee from Ilya's mouth, can feel the warm breath filtering through his nose. Ilya is staring straight at him like he wants to devour him whole.

Shane swallows. "You've got quite the mouth on you, huh?"

"Maybe you can help me put it up to good use."

"That's a generous offer," Shane forces himself to say. His voice sounds thin and there's suddenly a large lump in his throat. "But I'm afraid I must decline, Rozanov."

Shane usually does this; tries to stand his ground long after it's already gone, chin lifted, spine straight, pretending dignity can hold back desire.

Ilya adores him for it.

He adores the stubbornness, the way Shane keeps trying to claw his way back to control even as his body betrays him, even as his voice softens and his breath comes quicker.

Ilya doesn't need to take anything.

Shane is giving it to him, inch by inch.

So when his eyes dart down, towards Shane's very obvious, very painfully restrained bulge, Ilya smiles again. “Your body does not agree with that, I think."

He lifts up a knee, resting it on Shane's chair, between his thighs, barely brushing against Shane's erection. Shane makes the most beautiful sound known to men, and Ilya grows so desperate he pushes his knee against him again and leans down to press their lips together. It's fast and hungry, all tongue and teeth and Ilya's hand squeezing his cheeks.

Shane whimpers against his mouth.

This isn’t how it’s supposed to go.

I was supposed to lead.

I should stop this.

"Say yes, Mr. Hollander. I will make you feel so good."

God, I don't want to stop.

That's all it takes.

Shane nods, the action completely shifting the dynamic. Ilya sees it immediately–the shift from resistance to allowance, from tension to something like anticipation. Not defeat to Shane, but *choice*, he'd like to think. He lets go of the script, the plan, the authority he thought he wanted, and something in him finally exhales.

Take it, he seems to say.

Take me.

Shane nods, and Ilya knows he is free to do whatever he wants with him.

Just the way he likes it.

Shane melts into the kiss, trembling hands trying to bring Ilya close, closer, until their bodies can merge into one. The bridge of Shane's glasses slides up his nose and digs into his face, and he tries to remove them but Ilya stops him, shakes his head no.

Right. This was part of the deal.

"On the desk," Ilya orders, pulling back.

Shane trails after him, close enough to not miss much of the kiss, close enough so Ilya can hoist him by the ass and set him on the desk. The thought of sitting over all those blank pieces of paper he'd laid over the desk as props bothers Shane, but not for long.

He can never think of anything else when Ilya starts kissing and licking down his neck.

Shane spreads his legs to pull him closer, give him better access. Ilya takes his place diligently, reaching for Shane's waist, pulling at the soft cotton of his shirt to untuck it from his trousers, cold fingers smoothing over warm skin.

“Look at you,” Ilya murmurs, thumbs brushing the inside of Shane’s thighs, making him shiver. “You put so much resistance. But it all disappeared the second I touched you.”

Shane’s hands curl in the fabric of Ilya’s hoodie, knuckles white. “Shut up,” he says, but it comes out breathless, ruined.

"See how I can make you feel good?" Ilya whispers against the curve of Shane's neck, sucking on a particularly sensitive spot that always makes his boyfriend squirm.

This time is no exception.

"You better live up to the expectation, Rozanov," Shane mumbles with less bite than he meant to.

Ilya smiles as he nuzzles his face at the base of Shane's throat and starts to nip at the skin over his collarbone.

“Of course,” he says, then lets his hand wander further down, cupping Shane over his pants. “After all, I need to pass your class, yes?"

Shane curses under his breath.

It isn’t long before Ilya is unbuckling Shane's belt with surprisingly skilled hands, tapping impatiently at Shane's hips as he sucks on the pressure point of his neck.

Shane barely even lifts himself off the desk before Ilya is practically ripping his pants and underwear off all in one go, tossing it into heap on the floor. Shane's dick bobs against his stomach, leaving dribbles of precome along the front of his shirt that he will definitely nag Ilya about when they're finished.

For now, Ilya claims his mouth again and Shane gasps, their actions becoming more heated and desperate by the minute, clawing and breathing each other in until Ilya breaks off the kiss.

His fingers work their way in between them, quickly unbuttoning Shane's shirt and leaving it hanging open, his body now completely exposed before Ilya, skin warm to the touch as Ilya caresses his hips and brings his hands up to pinch at his nipples avoiding where Shane wants to be touched the most.

Breaking the kiss, with a frustrated groan, Shane gasps into Ilya’s ear. “Take off your clothes,” he begs.

"Is this how you usually handle problem students?"

"Oh, fuck off."

Ilya smiles to himself, throwing his hoodie over his head and onto the floor, and slips out of his shorts while Shane fully removes his shirt and hurriedly folds it before throwing it onto the floor.

The sight of him–spread naked before Ilya, glasses slightly askew–makes Ilya groan.

“So pretty,” is all he can say before Shane pulls him in by the neck to kiss him again.

Not for long, though.

Ilya cards his fingers through the hair at Shane's nape and pulls him back.Shane swallows down a lump of anticipation bobbing in his throat as Ilya brings a hand up to trace the outline of his mouth with his index and middle fingers, before pushing them into Shane's mouth.

Shane closes his eyes and parts his lips instantly. First, he presses a kiss to his fingertips, slow and deliberate. Then, he flicks out the tip of his tongue to take them into his mouth, wasting no time to lap his tongue around them, breath coming out his nose in shallow huffs as he hallows his cheeks around the length of Ilya's fingers. The sight of it is filthy, the sound he makes around them even more.

"*Fuck*," Ilya curses, sliding his fingers out from Shane's mouth with an obscene pop, then slaps him on the cheek twice, softly. “Lie on your stomach.”

He moves to digs through the desk drawer to pull out a small bottle of lube and a strip of condoms they prepared before hand. As he flips open the cap to pour some lube over his fingers, he turns to find Shane carefully gathering the papers that were on the desk and setting them aside.

God, he's so fucking cute.

Ilya pushes him down the moment he's finished, Shane finding himself face to face with the wooden desk, his ass up in the air and exposed.

"Roz–*ah*!”

His words die on his tongue as Ilya wastes no time in pressing a lube slicked finger past his rim, the muscle sucking onto his finger as he presses it in knuckle-deep. Shane gasps at the feeling. It’s always a hundred times better when it’s Ilya’s fingers inside of him and not his own.

“Fuck, Rozanov. M-More,” Shane begs, clawing at the desk as Ilya adds another finger and begins thrusting in and out of his hole, scissoring his fingers.

It isn’t long before Ilya finds the spot that has Shane crying out, skillfully pressing onto his prostate and rubbing gently against it, while lovingly sucking at the sweat covered skin of Shane's back, painting it with reddening bites in his wake.

“You look so good like this, professor,” Ilya whispers once he's back against his ear, biting on his lobe. "Coming apart for me."

Shane groans, moving his hips against the desk, looking for friction.

Ilya snaps his tongue and drags his fingers slowly in and out of Shane's hole, making him whine. "Now, now. We said *untouched*, Shane."

"I- It's… Mr. Hollander," Shane breathes out. "Have some respect, you brat."

"Oh? But right now you're not in a very respectful position, not with my fingers inside of you."

"Rozanov…"

"*Shane*," Ilya insists, swiftly adding a third finger that makes Shane sob against the desk.

"Fuck. *Ilya*, please."

The sound of his name is music to Ilya's ears.

He works Shane open into a frenzy, admiring the soft whimpers and declarations of pleasure whirring through the office.

“I’m ready,” Shane says between gasps. “Come on, come on.”

Without warning, and when Shane feels so so close to the edge, Ilya abruptly stops, pulling his fingers out of Shane's ass and manhandling him onto his back so he can face him.

Shane lets out a confused whine at the movement, his mind turning to slush at the sudden pause, shivering despite himself when his heated back hits the cold desk. His hair sticks to his forehead, his chest heaving, and his hands drape above his head–a picture of lust that makes Ilya groan.

With clumsy fingers, Ilya opens and rolls on a condom over his hard cock.

Shane has just enough time to see Ilya’s eyes darken with lust before he lifts Shane’s hips with a bruising grip and slides his cock straight into Shane's hole.

“Shit,” Ilya whispers.

Shane's head slams back against the desk with a loud thud and a moan. “Oh my god,” he whines.

A gasp escapes his lips as he arches his back from the desk, his mouth open in a breathless scream as Ilya holds himself completely still inside Shane, panting heavily as his boyfriend spreads out for him, adjusts to his size.

There's a moment where everything seems to stop and go quiet, excluding the heaving panting from the two and the rapid heartbeat that thunders in their chests as they drink each other in.

“*Ilya*,” Shane croaks hoarsely, arms wrapping around Ilya's back to pull him closer. “Move.”

The command is enough.

Shane barely says the words before Ilya suddenly pulls out almost completely, the tip of his cock barely in when he thrusts back in, filling Shane again as he buries himself to the hilt in the warm slick heat.

Shane's mouth falls open at the force that Ilya drives into him, bucking his hips forward in a brutal rhythm, the sound of skin slapping against skin joining in with the pleasurable moans as Ilya pounds into Shane with an unrelenting intensity, grunting above him, his throat hoarse.

“That’s it, Ily–a*h*. Yes!” Shane cries out, tossing his head back in pleasure. Sweat drenches his skin, turning it slick as their bodies collide and slide against each other.

Ilya thrusts into him with unrelenting force, leaving no time for his mind to catch up as he blurts out praise. "You love it, don't you, Mr. Hollander? You love having a dick inside you? Or is it just my dick? Have you been waiting for this?"

There are things Shane can't bring himself to say, not freely, not without wanting to die as soon as he says them. But if it's not directly *him,* if he's speaking through a character… Then it's not so embarrassing to say things such as:

"I-I've been waiting. For you. Only you. Fuck, you feel so good, Rozanov. You're fucking me so good, please don't stop."

"Is this the best fuck of your life?"

"Y-Yes."

"Tell me," Ilya mumbles, breathless.

Shane whines. "This is the best fuck of my life. Oh my god. Fuck. I love this so much."

Letting out a growl that sends every nerve of Shane's body alight, Ilya grabs at his legs, pushing them up over his shoulders to get a better angle, causing Shane to gasp at the new position as Ilya’ cock hits his prostate directly, almost bending Shane in half.

Shane claws at Ilya’s back, dragging his nails across it, no doubt leaving red scratches in his wake, not that Shane cares, especially when Ilya is pounding into him with such ferocity that makes the desk creak and move slightly across the floor.

"*Fuck,* Ilya," Shane cries, an actual tear rolling down his eye. "I'm so close. I'm so, so close."

Ilya groans at the tightening of Shane's ass around his cock, and he dips down to kiss Shane–his wet cheeks, his nose, licking at the seam of his lips until they open and allow him entry, plunging his tongue hungrily into Shane's mouth.

"Ah–Ah–I'm coming, *holy fucking shit*, Ilya."

The feeling at the pit of Shane's stomach grows, burning from a light fire to an intense blaze that consumes him, bringing him to the edge of ecstasy with a loud cry, his back arching in pleasure, eyes rolling to the back of his head and his mouth slack as he comes untouched, spilling all over his stomach.

"*Chert voz'mi*, Hollander."

Ilya keeps thrusting into him, chasing his release, causing Shane to mewl at the sensation. Ilya draws out cries of oversensitivity from Shane as he clenches around Ilya's cock, feeling the condom fill inside him as Ilya finally comes.

They stay like that for a while, tangled together in the quiet of the study, breathing slowly coming back into sync. Ilya's weight is warm and familiar where he's collapsed against Shane, cheek pressed to his chest, hands holding onto his waist like he belongs there. Shane lets his fingers drift through Ilya's hair, unthinking, affectionate, tracing the shape of him the way he always does when words feel like too much.

The room smells faintly of books and sweat and something sweeter, something spent.

Ilya shifts just enough to press a lazy kiss to Shane's mouth, then another. Slower now. Softer. The kind of kiss that isn't trying to prove anything.

Shane hums into it, smiling despite himself, letting himself be kissed without overthinking it for once.

When Ilya finally pulls back, he cups Shane's face in both hands, thumbs warm against his jaw, and rests their foreheads together.

"That was," Shane pants, still catching his breath, "fucking incredible."

Ilya grins, eyes bright and lazy and so pleased with himself it almost makes Shane laugh.

"Though it wasn't…" Shane starts, but the words falter when Ilya kisses him again, deeper this time, like he's gently stealing the rest of the sentence. Shane exhales into it, gives up on fighting the pull of him entirely. "It wasn't how this was supposed to go."

Ilya smiles against his lips. "I know."

The words land heavier than Shane expects. He pulls back just enough to look at him properly, glasses crooked, face flushed, in an awful attempt at looking upset. Ilya thinks he looks adorable.

"You were supposed to listen," Shane says, weak but earnest. "You were supposed to—"

"Let you be in charge?" Ilya murmurs, thumb brushing slowly along Shane's jaw, tilting his face up again until he has no choice but to meet his eyes. There's no teasing in his voice now. Just warmth. "Is that really what you want?"

Shane swallows. Thinks about it. About how tightly he'd held onto the plan. About how easily it had slipped through his fingers. About how good it felt when it did.

"Shut up."

Ilya's laugh comes out soft and breathy, more fond than mocking. He leans in until their foreheads touch again, steady and grounding.

"Nice try," he says quietly. "You were brave. I liked that."

Shane's face heats instantly. He opens his mouth to protest, but Ilya kisses him again. Slow and unhurried. The kind of kiss that makes Shane melt without realizing he's doing it, shoulders relaxing, lips parting on a quiet sound that Ilya catches with a smile.

"No matter the part you're playing," Ilya murmurs against his mouth, biting just enough to make Shane gasp, "you always end up listening to me."

Shane groans, half-mortified, half-devastatingly content. He doesn't argue. Doesn't correct him. Just exhales and lets his forehead fall back against Ilya's shoulder, fingers curling into the fabric of his shirt.

"…Yeah," he admits softly. "I know."

And somehow, that's okay.

It feels right.

Ilya hums contentedly against him, fingers idly tracing shapes into Shane's side. Then, like it's just occurred to him, he lifts his head.

"So," he says casually, lips twitching. "I get that extra credit, yes?"

Shane lets out a startled laugh, shoving weakly at his shoulder. "Get off me," he says, fond and breathless. "You're impossible."

"Ah! Not a no."

Shane rolls his eyes, but he's smiling. Ilya just grins and settles back in anyway, utterly shameless.

End Notes

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