

shed some light on me, please

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by [FlowerCitti](#)

Summary

“Well?” Shane’s voice catches, teeth gritting as his fingers clench into unforgiving porcelain.

Ilya breathes out. “I can smell you from all the way down the hall.”

Shane swallows, rolling his eyes as his head drops. “Fuck off.”

Ilya pushes himself off from the wall, the heels of his shoes clicking against the tile. Shane doesn’t even fight it when Ilya takes his chin between his fingers, blissfully suffocated by the alpha’s proximity.

Or, a Las Vegas heat fic.

Notes

second time ever writing proper a/b/o and its because of Hudson Williams and his scrappy coyote comments. Amazing.

Hope you guys enjoy!

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

Chapter 1

Shane has been wired and buzzing all night, his head foggy like he's had a little too much to drink, the nape of his neck damp with sweat. He fumbles with the collar of his dress shirt again, fingers picking absently at his tie. He's breathless, sucking in an inhale that seems to catch somewhere between his ribs. He's burning up from the inside out, squinting even in the low light.

There's too many people around. There's *always* too many people, but it feels as if tonight especially leaves Shane clumsy and unmoored. Listless, with no explanation seeming to make any sense. He can hear laughter and applause and chatter that feels like nails grating on the inside of his skull.

And then he smells Ilya—dark sandalwood and dewy lilies. His nose attunes itself to the scent so quickly that it leaves him dizzy, blinking past the wetness that instinctively clings to his lash line.

Rozanov hasn't said a word to him in six months, the fucking asshole. Shane wants to be annoyed, he *is* annoyed—but beyond that he's... achy. Sweaty palms rub down the front of his thighs, catching on the material of his slacks.

"Wow, nice watch. They give this to you for free or what?" His voice is the same deep drawl it always is, stuck annoyingly between mocking and sexy.

Shane fidgets, looks at Ilya long enough to see the blue lights cut sharp lines across his cheekbones, and abruptly looks away again. His chest feels too tight to contain his heart, suddenly racing.

"Uh—where the fuck were you? We're on in five seconds." His voice is low and trembling, the sound of his breaths making him clamp his mouth shut around the sound, suddenly so aware of Ilya's proximity that it *burns*.

What the hell is wrong with him? He woke up this morning and took his suppressants the same way that he always does. He had the same breakfast, let his mother fuss with his hair and wish him good luck before the awards. He hasn't had anything to drink, nothing but a can of ginger ale with lunch several hours before, and yet his head is swimming like his brain might be melting.

And Ilya is here now. Ilya always seems to somehow be there when he's feeling at his lowest.

"Twenty-five seconds," Rozanov corrects smugly, leaning just barely into Shane's space. He can practically taste his scent on his tongue, sharp and overbearing, a distinct reminder that Ilya was an *alpha*. And he was right *there*, just teasingly out of reach. Shane blinks through another wave of incessant tears, shaking his head past the fog that's trying to invade every corner of his skull.

“Hollander?”

He blinks back to reality, Ilya’s face casted dark with shadows, eyes shining with something Shane has no mind to decipher.

“Where were you?” The words are clumsy, sticking in his mouth like he’d swallowed a whole bottle of glue, and starkly pathetic.

Ilya doesn’t have the time to answer before they are being called up on stage. Shane’s body moves on its own, still vaguely aware of Ilya’s eyes on him and his scent burning its way through his nervous system. He feels like he’s going to pass out. *What is going on with him?* He feels like he could turn around to kiss Ilya right there, and hope he can find a good answer somewhere behind Ilya’s teeth and the generous bow of his lips.

The light feels too hot against his skin, too oppressive. People are clapping, Shane winces at the feedback of the mic, and Ilya is right next to him. Steady and firm and over-warm.

He plucks the script from somewhere in his head, focusing on the shapes of the words in his mouth, swimming teleprompter screens steadying his thoughts. It is easier when he does not have to come up with it himself, even if it falls from his mouth all stilted and awkward. No one seems to mind.

He can hear Ilya’s voice, deep and impossibly charming. Effortless in front of a crowd.

And then Ilya is touching him. A hand on the back of his neck, his thumb brushing the soft underside of his ear, and Shane feels his knees threaten to wobble. He dazedly finds the phone camera, looking at the wideness of his own eyes and the ruddiness of his cheeks. Fingers trail down his spine and Shane wonders if Ilya can feel the way he trembles, how warm he feels beneath his suit.

The hand falls away. Shane feels like he could so easily fall with it.

The moment that they are ushered off stage Shane practically clamors away from the crowd, unsteady on his feet and breathless. He can still smell Ilya when they part, even as he rushes far down the hall, his teeth aching. His stomach feels tight, his tongue too dry in his mouth. Skin still buzzing like fireworks dancing across his body, a starburst memory of Ilya’s touch.

He shoves into a bathroom with heaving breaths, giving the stalls a cursory glance as he pants into the open air. He pulls at his collar, trying to relieve the suffocating pressure that’s taken a home in the hollow of his throat.

He leans against the sink, swallowing thickly and just barely counting the measures of his breath. Blood feels like it’s rushing to his head, his palms damp with sweat, spit pooling in the corners of his mouth and—

He’s wet. He blinks down at his hands, thighs trembling minutely, fingers clenching over the rim of white porcelain. There is slick sticking to the swell of his ass, right between his thighs, uncomfortably damp.

“Fuck,” he gasps to himself, his mind immediately racing a mile a minute, a nauseating cocktail of panic and confusion. He tugs at his hair, just enough for it to sting, his eyes darting over his own reflection. His cheeks are red behind his freckles, dark eyes teary and a tremble to his mouth that has him pressing his lips tightly together.

And then Ilya pushes past the door just moments later, a swirling wave of his scent hitting Shane’s nose like a slap to the face. His head lolls up mostly by instinct, chasing the invisible line that goes taught between them every time they’re in the same room. A lure that he can’t see, but can inexplicably *feel*. A tug at his heart, a cleave right between his ribs.

There’s distance between them, Ilya’s brows drawn and cobalt eyes dark in the low light.

“Hollander?” The same voice as before—deep and laced with something unreadable, only seeming to swim in the cacophony of Shane’s senseless thoughts.

He can see a bead of sweat in his periphery and he swipes it away, his head hanging as he tries to catch his breath. Ilya is still too far away.

“What the fuck do you want, Rozanov? You haven’t even answered a text from me in like six months.” There is anger mixed with panic. Or maybe it is only the hurt that stings, a sharp blade of confusion as to why Ilya keeps finding him. Again and again—the boring, uninteresting Metro that Ilya can’t even give the time of day when they’re not in the same room.

“You won’t even acknowledge I exist unless there’s a fucking camera pointed at us, and then it’s for some fucking *clown* show.” His voice is stronger than it has been for the past hour, even if it shudders around the edges, his hand coming up to wipe away another line of sweat from his lips.

He musters the ability to lift his head again, Ilya’s face carefully neutral, lips just barely curved. It makes him huff, a tumbling mix of annoyance and sheer unbridled *want*. “So yeah, what the fuck do you actually want from me?”

Rozanov is watching him, the smallest crease between his brow. Shane still hasn’t let go of the corner of the sink, not even trusting himself to stay standing if he backs away now. Ilya takes a long, slow breath in, pupils like glittering black pearls.

“Well?” Shane’s voice catches, teeth gritting as his fingers clench into unforgiving porcelain.

Ilya breathes out. “I can smell you from all the way down the hall.”

Shane swallows, rolling his eyes as his head drops. “Fuck off.”

Ilya pushes himself off from the wall, the heels of his shoes clicking against the tile. Shane doesn’t even fight it when Ilya takes his chin between his fingers, blissfully suffocated by the alpha’s proximity.

“I think what you are looking for is *fuck me*, hm?”

Shane's lashes flicker down, a wave of heat hitting him so suddenly he almost perches forward, tears prickling in his eyes. He's overwhelmed and hot and Ilya's thumb is resting at his cheek, brushing along the swell of the bone.

"You are an *asshole*—"

"Ah, but if you ask nicely maybe I would consider bending you over this sink." Warm breath against Shane's ear, ruffling the dark hair at the base of his neck as he squirms. "So you can see what you look like when I make you come."

Shane whimpers low in his throat, face burning a deep scarlet that races all the way down to his chest. "Please?" A soft sound, wet eyes meeting glacier blue, and Shane can feel the heat between his thighs.

Their forehead's brush, noses just barely touching. He can feel Ilya's breaths, Shane's mouth parting to chase his scent. He inhales, close enough that he can imagine the taste of Ilya's skin against his tongue, his head lolling until he's nearly falling into him—

"Hollander?" All teasing is sharply sucked out of Rozanov's tone, as if the game they had been playing is suddenly ending.

Shane makes a nonsensical noise, caught between a hum and a mowl, one of his hands curled in the corner of Ilya's elbow and the other desperately gripping the edge of the sink. The scratch of Ilya's shirt against his face is almost enough to make him flinch, the apex of his scent strongest where neck meets shoulder.

Rozanov practically peels him away, grabbing Shane's jaw so that he can force their eyes to meet. Ilya's gaze is wide, a Russian curse on the tip of his tongue. Shane is only thinking of the inconceivable distance that is between them now, and his weak attempts to fix it.

"What are you—" Ilya pauses, blinking as his hands flex, a realization that Shane can see shudder over his face. "You are in heat." It is not a question, said so plainly that it makes something inside of Shane stumble back down into reality. "Why the fuck are you here, Hollander?"

That finally has Shane jerking away, tears stinging in his eyes and his heart beating hard and heavy in his chest. The warmth in his gut turns sour, the bathroom lights buzzing and too bright. Ilya looks confused and uncomfortable. It's like ice cold water has been poured down his back, something tight like *rejection* thorny in his throat.

He's about to go into heat.

Some part of him hadn't wanted to even consider the idea, because then it would mean that something was *wrong*. He's never forgotten to take his meds before. Were they expired? Was his dose getting too low, now? Surely Shane was smart enough to notice, or keep up with his refills. Had Hayden managed to switch them out by accident with something else? Shane has never—

“Hollander, you are thinking too hard,” Ilya’s voice is closer again, deep and warm and settling. Shane is nearly panting, looking up at the blurry lines of Rozanov’s face through a budding sheen of tears. “You are panicking.”

“Yeah, no shit!” His voice is a weak gasp of breath, strained and discordant. “I wasn’t supposed to... I’ve never...”

Ilya is still too far away, the floor beneath him feels like gelatin, and he’s about to have a panic attack in front of Ilya *fucking* Rozanov. He wipes away the tears on his cheeks, sniffing into the sleeve of his shirt, tasting his own sweat on his tongue. He’s shaking, looking at the ceiling tiles so he doesn’t have to see the man’s face.

“I don’t—I don’t know what...”

“*Shh*,” Ilya hushes, large hands settling again on his shoulders, then down his biceps. “Is alright, it will be alright. We will figure something out, but you cannot stay here. Too many people around who do not know you are omega, yes?”

Shane nods, the franticness of his thoughts already slowing just from Ilya’s touch, the proximity of his lily-vanilla scent. He swallows several times, trying to find a coherent thought to clasp onto. His status as an omega wasn’t exactly meant to be a *secret*, but it certainly wasn’t information that Shane offered up easily. People didn’t need to know, so he never shared.

“Hayden is in my room,” He says miserably, head lolling down, as if his body was slowly getting too heavy to stand straight. He can smell Ilya—distressed, unhappy. He bites at his bottom lip, a fresh wave of tears making his face burn. “I don’t want—don’t want him to see me like this.”

He doesn’t want Rozanov to see him either, too close and yet so far away. They haven’t even talked in six months. The reminder makes his gut tie up in knots, tongue going dry in his mouth. *God*, Rozanov probably doesn’t want to have to deal with him.

“You—you can leave. *Fuck*. I’ll call my mom, I don’t know, I’ll...” He pushes at Ilya, trying to put space between them even as something inside of him desperately protests against it. He’s not even sure he can hold a coherent conversation, let alone walk out of here on his own.

But he would do it if it means he doesn’t get Ilya Rozanov’s pity. He can’t even acknowledge Shane’s existence when he’s just a phone call away. Shane wants him so badly that he feels sick from it, but even in his heat haze he has some amount of respect for himself. And forcing this onto Rozanov made him want to die from the humiliation alone.

Then Ilya’s hold on him tightens, pulls him back, crowds back up into Shane’s space before he can manage to step away. He shivers, vision bleary and Ilya’s blue eyes fixed on his own, pinning him to the spot. His scent is strong, pervasive enough that Shane wants nothing more than to bury his head in Ilya’s throat and wish that this was so much simpler.

“Do you want me to leave?”

“No, ” a trembling whine, a truth that falls from him so quickly that it’s pathetic, as if he couldn’t lie even if he wanted to. A weak hand shoves at Ilya’s chest and it does nothing, not even causing the alpha to sway. “Fuck, don’t make fun of me. I know you don’t want this—don’t fucking lie—”

“Who says I am making fun?” Ilya’s voice takes on a sharp note, almost hurt. Fingers grasp his chin, a warm hand at the curve of his waist. “Don’t be idiot, Hollander. If you can not go back to your room, go to mine.”

The thought alone makes him shiver, a wracking tremble that floods down his spine. "You don't have to," A weak protest, Shane can barely remember a good reason the moment it leaves his lips.

"How could I not?" A thumb against his lips, just barely hooking behind Shane's teeth before sliding back out. "When you smell like this, when you look this pretty. And leaving you to Hayden fucking Pike—" Ilya makes a face, mouth twisting before it smooths back out. "Seems like worse idea, no?"

“We shouldn’t.”

“When have we ever done anything that we were supposed to?”

Ilya’s hand is on the back of his neck and Shane can’t stop himself from going limp this time, his head falling forward onto a broad shoulder. He grasps at Ilya’s suit jacket, two large fistfuls right over his shoulder blades. He can feel Ilya’s breaths against his ear, lips gently brushing over the shell. His knees threaten to give out, trembling enough that he's sure Ilya can feel it.

“You are going to leave here. I will make some excuse for you, and I will sit here through boring award show with boring people.” A nip of teeth, nails biting into his scalp. “And then I will come find you. Okay?”

Shane’s nose digs into his throat, taking in a greedy lungful of sweet sandalwood scent. “I don’t know. I can’t—” He huffs, a desperate sound that catches on a whine, his thighs sticking with his own slick. He's maybe just a minute away from humping at Ilya's leg, his cock half-hard in his slacks and practically leaking on himself.

“Mm, you can.” Ilya’s voice is deep, squeezing over the back of Shane’s neck, pressing their foreheads together. “And you will, because you are going to be good for me, and you are going to *wait*.”

Shane swallows, once and then twice, his throat going tight and dry. His fingers clench into Ilya’s suit jacket, panting unabashedly in the air between them. “Okay. Fine, *fuck*, okay.”

“Good boy.” Ilya kisses him, quick and tender and unforgiving as Shane tries to chase him once he pulls away. He whispers the room number, a secret just between them both. “I will go first. You will wait a few minutes before leaving. Then I will come to you later tonight.”

Shane nods, focusing on Ilya's words enough to clear his head, grasping on to any coherent direction that he can. *Just wait for Ilya*, all he had to do was wait for Ilya and he would be alright. He kisses him one last time, wet and clumsy and breathless, but Rozanov voices no complaints. Only touches a thumb to his pulse point, skating right over his scent gland with dulled nails.

Ilya pats his cheek, teasing, achingly familiar. "I will not be long."

Shane snuffles and desperately hopes that he is not lying.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

this is like. 6k of pure smut. ummm enjoy? xoxo i hope it makes up for the wait !

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

Ilya's penthouse is spacious and covered floor to ceiling in windows, soft lines of moonlight spilling out across hardwood. A glittering chandelier dangles over the living space, Ilya's favorite pack of cigarettes still sitting on the coffee table. Shane falls back against the door with a heaving sigh, his head just barely clearer than it had been back in the bathroom with Ilya. Fresh air and distance seemed to have helped, but only by so much.

And now he was surrounded by Ilya's scent again, seemingly clinging to every corner of the room, so overwhelming even while just standing in the entryway. He fishes for his phone with clumsy fingers, nearly throwing it to the floor from jittery hands, slowly typing out a coherent message.

Jane: made it back u have too many windows

Shane only has to wait a few moments before three dots bubble on his screen, instinctively holding his breath as he anticipates a response.

Lily: Good

Lily: Lay on the bed for me

Lily: Be there soon

Shane huffs at Ilya's gall to throw orders at him from several miles away, shoving his phone into his back pocket. He'd be annoyed if he didn't scramble to obey them.

Shane gives a stumbling push forward, tugging off his tie and suit jacket as soon as he fumbles his way into the bedroom. He tosses them on the bed, the pillows and blankets rumped from use. Shane crawls onto the mattress, inhaling Ilya's scent with a broken noise

low in his throat. Heat curls in his gut, spiking so harshly that it's painful, bitten nails clawing uselessly at Ilya's sheets.

He kicks his shoes off with far less care than he has ever granted them, falling distantly with a thud to the floor. He doesn't even have the mind to flick a light on, the city lights producing enough of a technicolor glow to see, clear windows offering a view of twinkling stars and a full moon. It could be romantic—except Shane was distinctly the only presence in the apartment.

He whines, still so starkly aware of how alone he was—even if that was what he was used to, holed up in his cottage during the summer, riding out his heat somewhere that he would go unbothered. But now that he had Ilya's bed covers right underneath him, Ilya's cologne and his natural scent so pungent that it makes his head swim, it only left him *aching*.

He fumbles with the buttons on his shirt and pants, shoving them away from his overheated skin as soon as his fingers start cooperating, pushing them up into a makeshift nest on the bed. It's small and not enough, wadded up into a sad little pile. He catches sight of Ilya's suitcase, propped against the far wall, and rifles through it with hardly a second thought. He throws half of the luggage over the sheets, clumsily crawling into the center, feeling just a little more content—a little more safe.

He tugs one of Ilya's hoodies on, burying his face into a soft sleeve, his thighs pressing together against the wave of slick that gushes out of him. He turns onto his side with a groan, curling up against the cramping low in his gut, teeth sinking into dark fabric. He can smell traces of cigarette smoke on the hood, a scent that would have had his nose curling if it didn't feel so comfortingly *familiar*.

He wants to touch himself. He can feel the way he is only getting wetter, cocooned in lily and sandalwood, sweat pooling in the curve of his back. But Ilya had told him to wait. He didn't have permission, because Ilya was not here, and Shane was supposed to be *good*.

He stretches out to try and relieve the ache, shoving his face into a pillow that smelled like Ilya, and told himself that he only needed to wait a little while longer. His leg curls up, arms folded beneath a pillow and soaking up a fresh trickle of tears. Rozanov said that he would come, if only Shane would *wait*. He whines, a pillow case in between his teeth, cock straining and trapped against the mattress.

"*Ilya*," he whimpers, and it feels wrong to say it aloud, even when the man is not present to hear the slip. It feels too close, too *much*.

He grows teary-eyed at even the thought of being left here alone for the rest of the night, a pathetic knot of longing that sits heavy right at the center of his chest. The panic could so easily settle in if he let it, thorns slipping between his ribs, a lump in his throat. A dogged repeat of *he's not coming* wearing deep tracks in his mind. He's light-headed, sniffing pathetically in Rozanov's bed and his clothes shoved up beneath his head.

But the pain finally begins to wane, cresting before it tentatively fades back out, slipping away to the deep recesses of Shane's head like a dull hum. Ilya's scent lulls him into a precarious doze, his breathing slowing and his eyes flickering closed. Time drips away from

him, his head thick as honey, his thoughts focusing on what was soon to come. He doesn't know how much time passes. It doesn't seem to matter quite as much after a while, boneless and curled up in himself.

Shane doesn't realize that someone else is even in the apartment until there is a hand on the small of his back, pressed against the clammy skin where the hoodie has rode up from his briefs.

"Hollander. How are you feeling?" Ilya murmurs, Shane's spine bowing up into his touch with a delicate gasp, sucked back down into reality.

"Rozanov." He blinks his eyes open, bleary with tears and spit pooled in the corners of his mouth. Distantly, he sees Ilya place both a bottle of water and a box of protein bars that Shane likes on the bedside table.

"Fine. Um, better."

Ilya's thumb brushes a dimple on the small of his back. He seems to go quiet for a long moment, Shane's head floating away the longer they settle into the silence.

"This is mine," he says softly, a huff of an almost-laugh, curled with amusement. His fingers pluck at his hoodie, Shane's mouth opening around a nonsensical grumble.

"Smells like you. It helps."

Ilya breathes out, his thumb swiping back and forth absently over the base of his spine, a steady point of contact. Not enough, not nearly, but—nice. Ilya is warm, and his hands are big, and Shane feels a little sick with relief that he's even close enough to *touch* now. He feels like he could doze for a little longer like this, drifting into a place far simpler.

"Are you still certain of this?" Ilya's tone takes on an uncharacteristic waver, a soft sort of hesitance that Shane has never seen on him before.

Even with his face smushed by pillows and his eyes glinting with tears, he manages to look back at Ilya. "Yeah. Yeah, I want you to stay."

"Is not just heat talking? I would not want—"

Shane groans loudly. "God, Rozanov." He props himself up on his forearms, even trembling and drooling, and gives him a glare. "You think I'd just let anyone—you think I'm like that?"

Rozanov looks at him, cast in shadow and always so tight lipped. Shane can barely read him when his mind is in the right place, let alone through a heat haze, hardly able to even keep his eyes focused. He swallows, anxiously shifting against the sheets, feeling cold again. Overexposed.

"Listen, I said... I said you didn't have to, alright? This is, um, probably the best time for you to back out now if you don't want me—"

“No,” Ilya’s voice, quiet but firm, interjects before Shane can dig himself a bigger hole. Nails scratch at the base of his skull, fingertips gentle on the nape of his neck. “No, is not like that.” A thumb brushes under his earlobe, squeezing lightly, and Shane moans unabashedly.

“*Fuck*, I want you to touch me.”

Ilya pauses, palm warm at his neck, and Shane is worried that he isn’t going to continue. That maybe he *will* just walk out here and now, leaving him to writhe alone in bed. The thought makes him go a little breathless, tongue unsticking from the roof of his mouth, searching for something that might make him *stay*—

“Mm, say it nicely.”

Shane’s face falls back into a pillow, Ilya’s hand trailing away from his nape, sitting still right at the dip of his spine. Relief floods him, a head rush that likely would have sent him stumbling had he been standing.

“Please. Come on—*please*, I’ve been waiting for so fucking long. I need—” He groans, hips wriggling and blissfully unaware of Ilya’s expression, the only thing abating his embarrassment. “I need you. *Please?*”

It feels like an admission—it feels like a promise.

Rozanov breathes out audibly, the bed dipping underneath his weight as he climbs up behind him. Warm hands find his waist, thumbs tracing a long line up his spine, fingers splayed over his ribs. He shivers, pressing into the touch just as much as he shies away from it, desperate and overwhelmed. It doesn’t feel quite as different as Shane might want it to be—the *wanting* that opens up inside of him, an ache that seems to go beyond the rush of his heat, a festering bruise that has been a part of him for far longer.

There’s a kiss pressed to his nape, warm breath and soft lips. Fingers teasing at his nipples before sliding back down, cupping the meat of his ass, curving over his hips like Ilya didn’t know where he wanted to start first.

He wants to see Ilya’s face.

“You call this nest?” He snarks as Shane rolls over onto his back, blissfully stuck underneath Ilya’s weight.

“Fuck off.” He chews at his bottom lip, flushing hot as he feels himself practically drenched in his own slick. Ilya is still dressed, even with his shirt unbuttoned and hanging open. His hair is pushed back from his face, blue eyes swallowed up by fathomless black.

Shane’s hands can’t help but reach out, resting in the dip of Ilya’s collarbone, thumbs following the flex of his throat. His skin is warm too, even if it’s nothing compared to the sweltering heat of Shane’s own.

Ilya looks down to his soaked briefs, fingers hooking over the hem. There is a small furrow to his brow, a knuckle tracing along Shane’s outer thigh. “You did not touch yourself?”

Shane swallows, squirms against the mattress with a breathless sound, feeling his cock twitch just from the weight of Rozanov's gaze. "You didn't say I could." His voice is thick, looking wide-eyed up at Ilya's face.

Rozanov's jaw tenses, audibly inhaling a shaky, deep breath. "*Fuck*," he drawls and then he is at Hollander's neck, teeth scraping over soft skin, nails biting into the swell of his hips.

Shane arches into him, hands scrambling for any part of Ilya that he can grasp onto, breathless and whining. Every touch makes him shudder, so wet that the mattress beneath him must be damp. He had never dripped like this before in all of the heats he had spent by himself, every memory an impression marked mostly by pain and discomfort.

But Ilya mostly just makes him feel *warm*, molten honey coursing through his veins, his head floating somewhere high above his body. His thoughts circled back only to his touch and his mouth and his teeth, seemingly everywhere all at once.

He scents him, nosing at Shane's pulse point, lips pressing into his skin. He'll probably smell like Ilya tomorrow, and Ilya will smell like Shane. It makes him shiver, fingers curling and legs bracketing Ilya's hips. He arches up into him, canting his hips as Ilya tugs his briefs down trembling legs. He gasps at the first touch of cool air, baring his neck to the sting of Ilya's teeth.

"You are so good," Ilya breathes, one hand unabashedly parting Shane's thighs. "Mm, and so wet."

Long fingers press over his dripping hole, catching on the rim, Shane's teeth digging into the soft skin of his bottom lip to muffle a whimper. They don't dip inside, only circling his entrance in slow rings, easily gathering slick with a curl of his fingers.

Without an ounce of shame, Ilya brings his wet fingers to his mouth, a tentative lick that has Shane mewling at the sight. "You taste sweet." His tongue darts out across his bottom lip, a flash of white teeth and a sharp grin.

"Oh my god." Shane palms at his eyes, turning his head to the side. He's overheating, a knot pulling tighter low in his gut, and he wonders if he might come before Ilya can properly even touch him.

A hand grasps his wrist, pulling his arm far above his head. "Ah, no, I do not like it when you hide from me. Let me see you."

Shane looks up at him, breathing labored, and Ilya's fingers find the seam of his lips. Tears prick hotly at his lash line, mouth parting with hardly a second thought, a whine building somewhere in the base of his throat. Rozanov looks transfixed, two fingers pressing down on the flat of Shane's tongue, hooking behind the straight line of his bottom teeth. He can taste himself on Ilya's fingers, a garbled exhale that leaves him trembling, drool slipping past the corner of his lips. He licks them, sucking his fingers just a little further down, feeling the way his muscles flex and constrict when they bump the back of his throat.

“*Fuuuck*,” Ilya drawls, deep and breathless. “What do you want, Hollander?” His fingers slide out, leaving a wet line of spit across his cheek when his hand turns to grip his jaw instead.

Shane already feels dizzy from the loss, his head spinning with a sudden rush of possibilities. He wants Ilya to knot his mouth. He wants Ilya inside of him until he doesn’t know what it feels like to be empty anymore. He wants to ride him until he’s sore and aching, watching every shift of Ilya’s face, every pleased gasp that makes him feel *wanted*.

“Do not overthink,” Ilya reminds him, a slight squeeze to his jaw that has Shane settling again. Tears are a salty tang on his tongue, his throat feeling thick against a hard swallow. “You have been very patient, and very good.”

Their foreheads brush, sharing the same air again. “Just tell me what you need.”

Shane breathes out, shaky and weak around the edges, his free hand palming at Ilya’s shoulder. He only wants him closer, wants him to touch him, to ground him. The answer seems to come easily.

“Kiss me?” A murmur, teeth catching on his bottom lip, vision wavering as he catches Ilya’s gaze.

He looks down at him, a sigh that almost sounds surprised falling from his mouth, a thumb tracing the sharp line of Shane’s jaw. His lips find a stray tear, warm against Shane’s skin, and then they are finally kissing. Shane makes a broken, satisfied sound that seems to wrack through his entire body, ankles hooking behind Ilya’s hips. He melts back into the sheets, mouth opening for the tender intrusion of Ilya’s tongue, the sheer *heat* that he manages to press into his entire being.

Their chests are touching, one of Ilya’s legs propped under Shane’s thigh, his leaking cock grinding against the soft material of Rozanov’s slacks. His teeth are a dull nip at his bottom lip, every press and pull of his mouth an aching familiarity. His fingers find blond curls, the other hand trapped above his head, caught underneath Ilya’s unyielding grip.

Shane’s making a mess of his sheets, pressing up into the firm pressure of Ilya’s body, feeling the way he drips all the way down the length of his thigh. Ilya must be able to feel how wet he is even through a layer of clothes, Shane’s lips going slack and clumsy, mouth falling open around a litany of soft moans. He’s whining into Ilya’s mouth, panting into every press of their lips, his hips weakly rocking up against him.

Ilya meets him in long, sinuous rolls, so impossibly soaked he can hardly feel the chafing of his pants against bare skin. Ilya always kisses him a bit like he’s trying to devour him, tongues and teeth and hot murmurs of breath. Shane can hardly keep up, tears on his tongue and Ilya’s hand holding his jaw.

“Roz—” He gasps, fingers tightening into Ilya’s curls, heels digging into the small of his back. He feels like he’s buzzing, sparking like a live wire, and Ilya is still kissing him. “Rozy—fuck, *fuck*, I—”

Ilya's teeth sink into his bottom lip, fingers tightening over his wrist, tonguing at the roof of his mouth. His hand slips just that much lower, a firm pressure that finds his throat, and it's enough to have Shane coming with a smattering of starbursts behind his eyelids. He chokes on a long, desperate noise, arching up into Ilya and pulling him closer all at once. His head falls back, pressing into Ilya's palm, feeling the way his throat constricts and bobs on his next swallow.

Rozanov has pulled away, his lips slick with spit and the high points of his cheeks flushed red. There's a curl to his mouth already, eyes wide and looking down at the mess Shane has made. The front of Ilya's pants glints with slick, white streaks of come climbing up his navel, caught on the open lapels of his dress shirt.

"Sorry," he murmurs out, fighting the temptation to cover his face again, blood flooding his cheeks so quickly that it stings.

Rozanov's breaths are heavy, dark pupils eating away the blue of his irises. "What for? Is not like you can't come again, yes?" Ilya teases, leaning forward to crowd back into Shane's space, but he does not remove the hand from his throat. His hold is gentle, just the barest hint of pressure, but Shane's breathing goes a little shallow regardless.

Ilya kisses him, a lingering peck that has the embarrassment melting out of him, sighing quietly even as they part. "Is good?"

"Yeah, yeah." He nods a little dumbly, swallowing thickly past the spit pooled in his mouth. "It's still good."

Ilya pushes himself back up onto his knees before he slips out of bed, tugging off his shirt before tossing it on the sheets with all of his other clothes. Shane watches muscles ripple with every movement, eyes following the constellation of moles and freckles that trail down his torso, already missing the overwhelming heat of having Ilya close. When Ilya works at the button of his pants, Shane is crawling to the edge of the bed.

Distantly, he can hear a soft, hitching breath, his nose finding the hard outline of Ilya's cock. Shane moans, inhaling the scent of them mingling, Ilya's hand in the short strands of his hair. His lips meet damp cloth, right where the head of his cock must be, and he can still taste himself when his tongue darts out.

"Hollander?" Nails bite into his scalp, the sound of Ilya's voice wringing down his spine like a strike of lightning, deep and breathless.

He looks up, Ilya's lips parted as Shane's fingers find his waist band, pulling pants and underwear away until his lips can find the bare tip of his leaking dick. He hums, tonguing a vein that follows the line of his shaft, his mouth pursed in a kiss when he reaches the slit again. Ilya's fingers tighten in his hair, a blissful sting that has Shane wanting to take more into his mouth.

He swallows, sucking Ilya's cock down inch by inch past the seam of his lips, throat hollowed out. He can hear Ilya curse, fingers scratching from the nape of his neck, then up into his hair again and back down. "Fuck, Hollander, you are made for this."

Shane whines, grasping at Ilya's hips, almost suffocated by the tip of his cockhead brushing the back of his throat. But he doesn't pull away, swallowing past the drool that floods his mouth, breathing harshly through his nose. He's heavy on his tongue, hot and hard, and Shane sits with the weight of him in his mouth for one long moment. He thinks he could sit there for a very long time with a hand petting its way through his hair and the heat of Ilya in his mouth, his scent clogging his senses until all he could think of was his alpha's touch.

"So pretty. Such a good boy," Ilya praises, thumb catching on a tear that slips down the swell of his cheekbone, and then further down still. Fingers press to his throat as Shane swallows, a shallow thrust making his breath stutter and catch in his chest. Ilya sighs, one hand tight in his hair and the other tracing the outline of himself down Shane's throat.

He barely moves when Rozanov begins to thrust in earnest, long and deep pulls that bump the back of his throat with every push forward. The tears come in waves, grasping at Ilya's hip and the bedsheets underneath him. He's leaking again, wetness on the insides of his thighs, his cock aching between his legs. He doesn't even have the mind to touch himself, whining with the constrict of his throat, tongue laving over every piece of skin that he can reach.

He can feel drool on his chin, bubbling past the corner of his lip. Ilya's hand squeezes against his throat, a gentle pressure that makes him choke on a mewl, hips shoving forward into soft sheets. He can't even think, cotton stuffed between his ears, focusing only on the drag of Ilya's dick across his tongue. His lashes are clumped and wet, fluttering closed with a relaxed moan, lax and melting into Ilya's touch.

"*God, Hollander—*" Rozanov's pace falters, muscles twitching and leaking into the flutter of his throat, a salty tang at the back of Shane's mouth. His scent spikes, warmed sandalwood and fresh lilies.

"Could knot your mouth," Ilya breathes out a long, groaning sigh, the sharp sting of his hand in his hair yanking Shane back down into his body. "You would let me, wouldn't you, Hollander? Could keep you here for hours, lips around my cock."

Ilya's voice makes him shudder, lashes flickering at the thought alone, tears burning in his eyes. He can't answer, but Rozanov never expects him to, fucking into the hollow of his throat with stuttering thrusts. Shane sucks a little harder, hips rolling into the mattress, whining at the tightness in his gut. He's shaking, hardly able to even feel the ache of his neck craning to meet Ilya's rolling hips, nails biting desperate indents into the meat of his thigh. Ilya is cursing, thumb swiping through the drool that has dripped down Shane's jaw, trailing gently across his slick bottom lip.

Ilya's thumb presses into his mouth, right beneath his cock, and Shane moans as the pressure suddenly releases—coming hard into the sheets below him in thick spurts. He sobs, mouth full and drooling, Ilya's thumb propping his jaw open wide.

And then Ilya is pulling out, Shane's breath catching on a trembling whine at the loss, lips puffy and sore and panting.

"*Roz—*"

He can't get a word out with Ilya's mouth on his, a soft and grounding kiss, wiping at the tears on his flushed face. Ilya kisses the breath back into him, wet and warm and slow, holding his jaw between two large palms. He licks into Shane's mouth once and then twice before they're parting again, Ilya's face blurry through a sheen of tears. He blinks past them, trying to find his way back down into something that resembles reality.

Ilya's hands find his waist, his hips, gripping and squeezing. He looks down, Shane's cock already half hard again. "You came from just me fucking your mouth? Did you like it that much?"

Shane breathes out, caught somewhere between embarrassment and the urge to beg Ilya to knot him. He settles somewhere in the middle, bottom lip tucked under his teeth. "Need you. Please, please Ily—I need you." He's whimpering, propped up on his knees and *drenched*. Shane distantly thinks they will have to replace the hotel mattress the moment he can think coherently again.

Rozanov pets him, as if soothing an agitated animal, lips on the corner of his mouth and the ridge of his cheekbone. "Alright. Alright, sweetheart." Ilya kisses him properly on the mouth, soft and lingering as he pulls his hoodie up over Shane's head. He tosses it at the headboard, eyes dark when their gazes next meet. "I'll give you what you need. Lay back for me."

Shane pushes himself back up the bed on trembling hands, sinking down into the nest of pillows and Ilya's clothes. Rozanov finally kicks his pants all the way off and follows after him, cock hanging hard and heavy between his legs, blond curls damp with sweat. Shane goes slack, sinking back into someplace warm and fuzzy, shivering at the feeling of Ilya's hands on his hips. He drags him closer, teasing fingers finding his hole, prodding and rubbing at the wetness there.

"You are so beautiful," he says softly, breathless in a way that makes Shane think he hadn't even been meant to hear it, Ilya's lips pressing a kiss to the curve of his knee.

Shane shifts beneath him, pushing his hips up into the touch of Ilya's fingers, just barely dipping past the ring of muscle.

"Rozanov, please." The next breath punches out of him, tongue thick in his mouth and his body aching, a leg weakly nudging at Ilya's hip.

Ilya looks down at him, warm palms smoothing down the sensitive skin of his inner thighs. "I want to taste you."

"*Fuck—*"

"Mm, yes, is the idea."

And then Ilya's tongue is on his hole, lapping at the slick that leaks out of him with a groan that Shane can *feel* against his skin. He gasps, Ilya's hands hooking behind his knees and unabashedly spreading his legs, licking a long stripe up his entrance. Shane jerks, whining loudly into the open air, arching up into the press of Ilya's tongue. He pushes inside, an

obscene squelch that makes Shane go hot all over. Rozanov hums, lips pursed against his rim before he licks back inside, fingers squeezing into the meat of his thighs.

“Rozy—Rozanov, fuck—*please*—” his voice cracks, unaware of what he’s even begging for, his cock curved hot and full against his navel. He clutches at Ilya’s hair, grasping at his shoulder, barely able to see the bob of his head past the tears that spring to his eyes. “Need you, *ah*, I need you.”

He bites back another whimper, his head falling back into a pillow, shivering at the wet wounds of Ilya’s face in between his thighs. He’s warm, too warm, like honey pooling into the circle of his hips. He’s gasping at every swipe of Ilya’s tongue, over-sensitive and squirming. And Ilya is holding him still, pulling Shane into the thrust of his tongue, nosing into soft skin and sucking at his rim.

No one makes Shane feel the way Ilya does—the center of a universe, the only thing that matters even if it might last for brief moments, for one senseless night.

Shane goes tense, choking on breathless sounds that barely sound like Rozanov’s name—and then he is pulling away, panting with Shane’s slick glinting on his chin. Shane gasps, clenching around nothing and blinking past the fog in his head. Ilya’s crawling up his body, their foreheads brushing as they both catch their breath.

“I want to fuck you.” Ilya’s noses along his cheekbone, inhaling at the crook of his neck, a deep lungful of Shane’s scent. He groans, arching up into Rozanov’s body, ankles locking again behind his back.

Ilya’s fingers find his entrance, working inside easily with how wet Shane has been for the past hour.

“I want more,” he breathes out, already rocking himself down on Ilya’s hand, aching for something bigger.

“Patience. I will take care of you.”

“I’ve *been* patient—” He gasps when Ilya bites him, a sting right at the corner of his jaw that has his cock jumping, Ilya’s fingers pressing hard and deep inside of him.

“Mm, do not ruin it now by being such a brat, Hollander. You were doing so well.”

Ilya Rozanov wants to kill him.

Shane bites his lip and nods, tears curving down his temples, clenching around Ilya’s thrusts. He feels like he’s melting, trying to remember how to breathe as Ilya’s fingers curl up, mouthing kisses at the dip of Shane’s collarbone. He wants Ilya’s cock in that moment probably more than he’s ever wanted anything else—but the urge to follow orders seems to outweigh that, throat tight and going a little more lightheaded at the thought of Ilya whispering *good* into the crook of his neck.

His head turns with the slide of Ilya's mouth, kissing down the line of his neck. Shane is almost overwhelmed by the need to feel his teeth inside of him, marking him and claiming him, so close to where Shane needs him. He whines, baring his throat, canting his hips. Rozanov doesn't bite him, his breaths hot against clammy skin, but his teeth nip at the hollow of his shoulder. It stings, likely a bruise will be left there the next morning, and that satisfies something inside of him.

He relaxes back into the sheets, moaning softly as Ilya's lips take a nipple into his mouth, licking at the pebbled skin. "You are so perfect, Hollander." A kiss right to the center of his sternum that makes him whimper, three fingers deep inside of Shane. "Put your hands above your head."

Shane does so without a second thought, grasping at his own wrist, fingers trembling and palms sweaty. Something glitters in Ilya's gaze, mouth parting around a pleased sound that goes directly to Shane's dick. His hips rock into the press of Ilya's fingers, breathing through the shivers that wrack through him.

"So obedient." A teasing smile, fingers slipping out of him, slick where they move to grab onto Shane's hip. "Could you come again without me even touching your cock?"

Shane is almost certain that he absolutely could, swallowing a desperate whine that climbs up the column of his throat. "Please. *Please*, I need your knot. Need you to fill me up—*fuck*, plea—"

Lips clash harshly into his, a clack of teeth that Shane can barely even feel, and Ilya's cock is finally bumping against his hole. He moans, long and loud, arching into the kiss and the press of his dick slowly slipping inside of him. Shane melts, their kiss turning into little more than wet breaths and open panting. Ilya is cursing, eyes falling closed and his hips moving in slow, rolling circles. Shane's hands clench and shake above his head, tense with the urge to reach out and *touch*.

But he doesn't, whining as he arches and wriggles beneath him, so overwhelmed and so *full* that he doesn't know what to do. The ache inside of him finally feels quelled, a pit of warmth that eases through him in waves, buzzing all over.

"You feel so good, Hollander." A warm whisper pressed into the curve of his mouth, and then Ilya pulls away, only to thrust back inside.

Shane yelps, legs tensing and his mouth dropping open, his entire body jolting. Rozanov takes his jaw in a firm grip, thumb hooking behind his teeth. He can hear the slap of Ilya's hips against his ass, picking up speed quickly, as if he has been just as desperate for this as Shane was. And he can't do much more than take it, Ilya's thumb flat on his tongue and every breathy sound he would normally hide unabashedly making its way out of his throat.

Ilya is watching him, a vice grip on his hip, cursing on every other breath. He can feel the sting of his nails, the shove of his cock, hitting the deepest parts inside of him. His thighs are tensing and trembling, heels digging into the small of Ilya's back so hard that it must hurt. But Rozanov makes no protests, the force of his hips hitting hard and deep, a hand finding Shane's throat again. It feels perfect—like exactly what Shane needs, and Ilya is beautiful

above him. His curls damp and his face flushed, lips slick with spit, his face softened by pleasure.

Shane made him look like that. The thought swells inside of him, almost giddy, rushing straight to his head.

"You take my cock so well," Ilya whispers, almost as breathless as Shane feels, his fingers tightening at his throat. "Look at you—so pretty, so good. Do you feel full? Is this what you needed?"

Shane nods, dizzy and gasping, his face wet with tears and tacky with sweat. "Knot me," his voice sounds wrecked, cracking with something needy and pitched. "I need it—*ah*—need you to fill me up, I'll be good. *Please*, fuck it into me—"

He gasps, sucking in a wet breath when Ilya pushes one leg up close to his chest. The new angle makes him cry out, fingers clinging on to a pillow above his head. He arches up into Ilya's grip, meeting every thrust with a trembling whine.

"You will come, and then I will knot you." His lips kiss his knee, warm and lingering, his voice going breathy and deep. "Be good for me, Hollander."

Shane whines, pressing into the heat of Ilya's palm, his throat raw. His chest is heaving, their scents so heavy in the air that it burns through his senses. Ilya is kissing him and Shane can do nothing but pant, body jostling with every thrust of his hips. He's leaking between their bodies, toes curling over Ilya's shoulder, vision whitening out around the edges. He knows he's close, nerves buzzing, every touch like a fire scorching its way through him. He wants to pull Ilya closer, wants to keep him buried inside of him for a small eternity, choking on tears and gasping whimpers.

"Are you going to come?" Ilya's breaths are hot against the shell of his ear, an open-mouthed kiss. "I want you to. I can feel you clenching down around me. You are so *good*, I want you to come for me."

The muscles in Shane's thighs tense, his chest stuttering as Ilya's grip tightens around his throat, thrusting hard and deep. Whispering low words into Shane's skin that he can't understand, kissing the crook of his neck where his scent is strongest. Shane gasps, a string pulling taught, and he comes with the push of Ilya's hips. His head falls back, nails digging into the meat of his own palms, moaning so loudly that his voice cracks. He's gasping, body rocking when Rozanov does not stop, fucking him through it. He curses, a strangled moan caught in his throat, panting wetly through a smattering of tears.

"Turn over." Ilya's voice is strained, flipping Shane onto his stomach before he can process that it's even happening.

His cock is finally verging on oversensitive, a gasp falling past his lips as it rubs against the sheets beneath him. "*Please*," he whispers, pushing his hips back into Ilya, face tucked into a pillow. "So much—it's so much—"

A hand circles his nape and Shane goes limp, Ilya's lips at the top of his spine, boneless underneath his weight. Shane keens, high and incoherent, fingers clenching into soft sheets. Ilya rocks into him in long, slow drags of his cock that leave every breath punched out of him. It sparks, a fine line between pain and pleasure that Shane could beg for. His tongue lolls, drool sticking to the side of his face, weakly pressing back into the length of Ilya's cock.

"God, Hollander," Ilya sounds wrecked, his face resting against Shane's shoulder, pinning him down to the sheets. "I'm close."

Shane can feel it, trembling as Ilya's cock swells, catching on the rim of his drenched hole. He's breathless, the salty tang of tears on the tip of his tongue and Ilya's fingers lacing with his own. He can do nothing but take it, tensing and trembling, all thoughts slipping out of his head like grains of sand. He can feel it at the back of his throat, an overwhelming sort of pressure, his gut going tight. Ilya's hand squeezes his own, breath hot against overheated flesh, legs propped under Shane's thighs. Keeping him open, pressing into him, relentless. Shane is whimpering, soft noises that barely make it past his heaving gasps.

And then Rozanov is coming, a breathless sound, teeth scraping over his spine. His hips thrust until they can't anymore, Shane's mouth open around a soundless yelp as he comes again, squirming beneath Ilya's weight. The fullness makes his head go numb, a sudden and complete sort of contentment racing through him. He lays there beneath Ilya, their overwhelmed pants mingling in the air between them, blinking past one last wave of tears.

Shane can do nothing but breathe for several long moments, sweat beading over his lashes, his mouth going dry. He's buzzing, face buried in a pillow that still smells like Ilya. He wants to stay in this moment—where nothing outside of this bed seems to matter. A constant track of *Ilya, Ilya, Ilya* the only thing that he would ever need to think about.

A thumb smooths over his hip bone, a lingering kiss finding the base of his skull. "Are you okay?"

Shane takes a moment to answer, scraping together a coherent thought. "*Mm-hm*." His eyes flutter back closed, giving a slow nod. Ilya is warm, knotted inside of him, and Shane feels like he's floating.

"We will be stuck together for a while." Ilya doesn't sound particularly bothered, his breaths slow and deep.

Shane gives another nod of agreement, already caught somewhere between awake and dozing. He feels good, and full, and *wanted*. It won't last forever, the moments that they share never do, but Shane can't seem to think past the fuzzy warmth in his head.

He gives Ilya's hand a weak squeeze. It feels like enough.

Chapter End Notes

i have no excuses. pls leave a kudos or comment if you enjoyed! tysm to all who have already subbed so far. Feel free to leave a prompt in the comments or on my tumblr if you wanna shoot me ideas of what i might write next. love you guys

my tumblr : ([flowercitti](#)) (for requests or if you wanna talk abt gay hockey players <33)

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Sorry to break it up into parts, but it should hopefully be up before too long <3 let me know what you think, or consider leaving a kudos xoxo

these guys have consumed me, feel free to send any prompts my way here or on my tumblr ([flowercitti](#))

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