

## Jitterbug

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| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Fandom:          | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Moth</a>                                                                                                                                                                                |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Crack Treated Seriously</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Smut</a> , <a href="#">Attempt at Humor</a> , <a href="#">Crack</a> , <a href="#">Bugs &amp; Insects</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov is Scared of Bugs</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Series:          | Part 4 of <a href="#">Hollanov one shots</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 2,035 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |

# Jitterbug

by [SpaceWaffleHouse](#)

## Summary

*Footsteps come running over, Shane grasping at Ilya's face, his shoulders, worry in his eyes as he looks him up and down as if making sure he's okay. "What is it? What happened?"*

*"There's a fucking creature on your mirror, Hollander," Ilya tells him, gesturing far wider than he needs to. "This big. Is enormous."*

*"It can't be that big," he mutters, then he opens the door, and starts laughing. "Oh my god."*

*"Close the door, Shane, we can't let it out!"*

*"What?" Shane opens the door even wider, the creature now fully visible in the light. It's just as terrifying from far away, the eye spots making Ilya feel like it's staring at him. It sees into his soul—it's going to come for Ilya in the night and crawl all over him. Disgusting. "It's just a moth, Ilya."*

A bug has entered the cottage. Shane is totally cool about it. Ilya is not.

Summer is peaceful, quiet. At least, this one is. Ilya's never had a particularly quiet summer before—always home in Russia tending to his toxic family, taking care of his father, drinking away the time.

Here, at the cottage, with Shane, he's finally content with his life, and how impossibly boring it's become.

Moments like this, where he and Shane are in bed together, naked and sex drunk, make him realize all his suffering was worth it. Well, maybe not entirely worth it, but it didn't amount to nothing. He's not trapped in Moscow mourning his awful father or constantly fighting his brother, he's home, safe, with a boyfriend he loves and a life planned together he thinks will be all too worth living.

Now he's kissing Shane, the Metros' captain straddling his hips as they kiss slowly, lazily, almost casually, like they can take their time. They have all summer, after all, maybe they can take their time. Shane tastes like warmth and lake water, and he knows they showered after their latest swim, but it still lingers on his tongue.

Tilting his head back, he allows Shane to drag his kisses onto his neck, tugging the skin between his teeth as he sucks a bruise there. Since no one will be seeing him in the coming weeks, Ilya figures one little hickey is harmless. Well... maybe there are several between the two of them.

A soft moan parts his lips, his lover's name on his tongue as he buries his face in Shane's hair. It's a little longer now toward the middle-end of summer, but it's still soft and smells of Shane so Ilya loves it. He especially loves it when he tugs on those dark locks, earning a soft little whimper from his boyfriend.

*His boyfriend.* It still feels surreal to think that after all this time, after all the pining and heartache and hoping beyond hope that this is real, that Shane loves him, too. Sometimes, Ilya thinks he might be the luckiest man in the world... if only their circumstances weren't so unlucky. If only they could actually, properly, publicly be together, but they can't.

It'll be years before Ilya can kiss him in the daylight, but that's a problem for future Shane and Ilya. Present day Ilya is currently enjoying a hickey, and plans to return the favor momentarily.

As Shane kisses his handiwork, Ilya flips them over, attacking his boyfriend with a series of kisses that leave him laughing breathlessly. The sound makes him feel euphoric—it also makes him hard. He feels like he could go another round, though they've already had sex twice that evening, but from the whimpers coming from Shane and the wetness he feels against his belly, Ilya doesn't think he'd mind.

“Already hard for me, Hollander?”

“Fuck you,” Shane grumbles, but he doesn't protest as one of Ilya's hands reaches between them, gently stroking his cock. “Oh, fuck.”

Ilya grins against his boyfriend's lips as he swipes a bead of precome over Shane's tip, using it to stroke him in earnest, both of them panting slightly. Shane's cock is soft to the touch, even though he's painfully hard. The good thing about Shane coming so quickly, is he always comes *back* just as fast.

Stroking him a little bit faster, Ilya plants kisses along the edge of Shane's jaw, breathing in the scent of him as his rival begins to pant a little harder, a soft moan leaving him a moment later. "Oh fuck, Ilya," he whimpers, head arching back into the pillow. "*Fuck...*"

He spits into his hand, then resumes stroking him, going at a swift pace as Shane becomes a mess beneath him. There's still come on his belly from earlier, and already, Ilya can tell there will be more soon. "You like that?" he asks, then he kisses Shane before he can answer, the response cut off as a moan into his mouth.

Clearly, Shane does like it. He likes it so much his hips buck into the touch, his body leaning into Ilya's, like he craves him.

Ilya runs his thumb over Shane's slit, earning himself another drawn out moan. "Oh god, Ilya," he breathes. "I'm gonna—fuck—I'm gonna come."

"Come for me, Shane," Ilya tells him, kissing his jaw again as he strokes him a little faster. "Come for me."

And he does. Shane comes apart with a sharp cry, oversensitive and overstimulated, and he spills all over Ilya's hand, over his own stomach, onto Ilya's chest. He kisses him after, rolling on top of Ilya so that he can kiss him deeply, hands wound tight in his hair as he shivers through the aftermath.

"I love you," Shane whispers, and it's the fifth time he's said it today alone, almost like he can't get enough.

"I love you, too." Ilya moans as Shane kisses him again, the two of them grinning as they rest their foreheads together. "I should clean you off."

"What a gentleman."

Smacking him lightly on the chest, Ilya pushes Shane off of him, making his way into the bathroom as the other man wolf whistles behind him. Eyes rolling, Ilya flicks on the bathroom light, ready to grab a wash cloth for Shane, but he immediately screams instead when he sees what's sitting on the mirror.

Right in front of him on the reflective glass, is the biggest bug he's ever seen. Its wingspan is enormous, easily seven or eight centimeters, brown and black coloring the edges of said wings, with two little black and white eyespots on the corners. Ilya runs back out of the bathroom as soon as he sees it, the towel forgotten in the name of running from the nasty ass bug that's made Shane's bathroom its temporary home.

Ilya has seen bugs before, seen cockroaches in Moscow and Boston, seen spiders and butterflies and beetles, but none of them have been this fucking big. This is easily, by far, the

biggest creature Ilya has ever seen, and he thinks he is, reasonably, terrified.

He almost doesn't want to move, but he steps back out of the bathroom, letting the door close as he covers his face. *What the fuck? What the fuck? What the fuck?*

Footsteps come running over, Shane grasping at Ilya's face, his shoulders, worry in his eyes as he looks him up and down as if making sure he's okay. "What is it? What happened?"

"There's a fucking creature on your mirror, Hollander," Ilya tells him, gesturing far wider than he needs to. "This big. Is enormous."

Brows furrowing, Shane moves past him, heading into the bathroom to inspect the creature at large. "It can't be that big," he mutters, then he opens the door, and starts laughing. "Oh my god."

"Close the door, Shane, we can't let it out!"

"What?" Shane opens the door even wider, the creature now fully visible in the light. It's just as terrifying from far away, the eye spots making Ilya feel like it's staring at him. It sees into his soul—it's going to come for Ilya in the night and... *crawl* all over him. Disgusting. "It's just a moth, Ilya."

"It's fucking huge!" Ilya peers over Shane's shoulder, hiding behind his boyfriend as Shane approaches the mirror. "What are you doing?"

"I'm gonna let it out," Shane tells him, and Ilya hangs back with his hands clasped over his mouth as he watches his partner place a hand above the moth. "It just got lost, Ilya. They like light so it probably just wanted to hang out with us for a little while."

Ilya scoffs. "Well, it can 'hang out' outside!" He backs further away, watching in horror as Shane encourages the bastardly creature to crawl onto his hand. What the fuck? *What the fuck?* "Don't touch it! What if they bite?"

"It's a moth, babe, they don't bite." Shane coos at the creature, a finger stroking its wing with a featherlight touch as he brings it out to where Ilya stands frightened, hands still hovering in front of his face as if to shield himself from the horror. "Look at her. She's kind of cute."

"What do you mean it's a 'her?' Shane it's an 'it!'" Ilya's features cinch in disgust. "You're acting like it's a baby."

"Well, it's not a precious baby, but it's not a vicious, man-eating monster." Shane laughs at him as he heads out of the bedroom, the moth's wings fluttering as it sits on his hand. "And I don't know if it's a her, but I feel it in my soul."

"I feel it in my soul," Ilya says mockingly. "Is a bug, Shane, is a fucking bug!"

Ilya follows at a distance—a *far* distance. The moth may be harmless, but if that thing starts flying, he's going to scream again and he doesn't know if his pride can take it. "I did not know you like bugs."

“I don’t, but they’re part of life out here, and I do like moths and butterflies,” Shane explains, then he opens the back door, and sticks his hand out, encouraging the moth to fly free. “I just think she’s beautiful.”

Beautiful is not how Ilya would describe a bug, but sure, Shane, who is actually beautiful, can find beauty in whatever he likes. He watches Shane blow on the bug’s rear end, the creature’s wings fluttering as it takes flight into the starry sky, leaving them behind.

Once it’s gone, Shane turns back, laughing as Ilya runs a hand through his hair, a flush of embarrassment coloring his cheeks. “So, you’re afraid of bugs, huh?” Shane asks.

“So you’re not.”

“No,” Shane replies, walking back to his boyfriend before taking his face in his hands, and placing a short, sweet kiss to his lips. “I am not. But it’s so cute that you are.”

Ilya shakes his head, but pulls Shane in by the waist until their bodies are touching. “I am not cute.”

“You’re so cute,” Shane whispers, kissing him again, their lips parting and moving together as Ilya kisses him back, one of his hands digging into his ass as he pulls him in. “I love how cute you are.”

“No, I love how cute *you* are.” Ilya kisses him again, moaning as Shane tugs on his lip with his teeth. “You looked at the bug like it was precious.”

“It was a Polyphemus moth, it *was* precious.” He kisses him again, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s shoulder as he deepens the kiss.

“You know what kind of moth it is?” Ilya asks, moaning as Shane places a kiss to his neck. “That’s so fucking stupid, I love you so much.”

“I love you, too,” Shane replies, resuming his ministrations on Ilya’s neck. Just as Ilya starts to moan, starts to try and escalate this further, his boyfriend pulls away, resting a hand on his chest. “But you need to clean me off, I’m disgusting.”

Though his eyes roll again, Ilya nods, taking Shane’s hand in his. “As long as there is not a fucking spider in the bathroom, I will clean you off.”

“That was our first bug together,” Shane says, leading Ilya back into the bathroom. “I guess we know who gets rid of them and who cowers in fear.”

Grumbling under his breath, Ilya grabs a wash cloth off the nearby rack, and begins to rinse it beneath the faucet. “Shut up, and let me clean you off.”

Shane just laughs as Ilya wipes him down, then he pulls him in for another kiss. “For the record, I love that you’re scared of bugs. You’re adorable when you’re scared.”

“I am not.”

“It’s like with the loon, you were terrified,” Shane says, imitating a loon call.

“Okay, that’s it,” Ilya replies, lifting Shane into his arms, his boyfriend laughing as he wraps his legs around his waist, leading him back to their bed and the still filthy sheets. They can clean those later, for now, Ilya still hasn’t come—a third time, at least—and he intends to make Shane pay for calling him scared and cute.

He intends to make him pay all night.

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