

a love like war

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a love like war

by [hollandertism \(floraphobic\)](#)

Summary

Shane's back arches up, and Ilya's hand presses him back down. Shane struggles against Ilya, but he knows that he doesn't really want to win. He wants Ilya to keep him pinned; to keep him in his control.

"Stay still," Ilya says. His hand presses down on Shane's chest a little harder each time he squirms.

Shane grunts something out that almost sounds like fuck you, Rozanov in between panting breaths. His head is buried in his arms, eyes screwed shut with effort, trying to keep himself still while Ilya fucks him.

Notes

this is my first foray into smut so you all have to be SO nice to me ok. if you see typos no you didn't

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

Ilya's voice brings Shane back from the fuck-drunk fog in his mind. He is on all fours, staring at the headboard of a very nice hotel room bed, being fucked by the man he's supposed to hate.

"On your back. Now." Ilya's tone leaves no room for interpretation, so Shane obeys. He rolls over onto his back and looks up at Ilya.

Ilya is focused, and *fuck* he looks good. Ilya doesn't spare a glance at Shane, just repositions himself, pushes Shane's arms up over his head, and fucks into him again as soon as he can line himself up. The slight stretch makes Shane cry out.

[It wasn't meant to end up like this. Shane has had just about enough of Ilya's shit, and he'd intended for this to be a confrontation. He'd intended to tell Ilya that they can't do this anymore; that it's too risky, that this isn't going anywhere, that they're meant to hate each other. Shane wanted Ilya to say that he *does* hate him, because then it would be easy. Shane wants it to be a clean break. He should know by now that nothing is easy when Ilya is involved.]

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"Good," Ilya says. He leans over Shane, pressing himself ever closer, and kisses up Shane's jaw until he reaches his ear. "Always so good for me. So fucking *pliable*."

The hiss of Ilya's voice in his ear sends a shudder through Shane, intensifying just how wrong this feels—and just how fucking good it feels. Shane feels his cock jump at the sound of Ilya's voice, something Ilya can't ignore.

"Mm, you like being talked to like this, da?" Ilya teases. "You want me to keep talking?"

Shane just nods weakly. His face is almost certainly flushed red, and he's thankful it's dark enough that Ilya won't notice.

Ilya's pace slows for a moment and he straightens his back, sitting back onto his shins. He wipes sweat from his forehead with one hand and uses the other to grasp Shane's face. "Open your eyes," Ilya beckons. "Look at me while I fuck you."

"Fuck, Rozanov," Shane whines. He obeys nonetheless, and Ilya's lip curls slightly at the sight of Shane's heavy eyes on him.

“Very good,” Ilya says. His tone is so thick with mocking that it makes Shane want to choke him.

“Fuck you, Rozanov,” Shane says. It’s almost instinct at this point, and he can’t think of anything else to say. “I fucking hate you.”

“Do you?” Ilya says far too gently.

“I—” Shane starts, cut off by Ilya thrusting into him roughly.

“Is that why you let me fuck you like this?” Ilya punctuates his words with thrusts into Shane—slow and deliberate. He still holds onto Shane’s face, squeezing his cheeks to keep his head straight, keeping Shane’s eyes on him.

Shane doesn’t dare close his eyes, but he can’t help it when his they roll back. He won’t respond to Ilya—he *can’t*, not with Ilya’s hand creeping closer to his neck and his eyes boring holes into him.

“Say it all you like, you *love* this.” Ilya’s touch betrays his tone, his fingers gliding over Shane’s neck and stroking his adam’s apple. He keeps a slow, steady pace. Ilya wants Shane to feel every bit of this; to hear every word he says.

“Fuck,” Shane gasps.

“You will always want more, Hollander,” Ilya says. He traces his fingers down Shane’s chest, grabbing at his pecs. “And I am only one who can give it to you.”

“Yeah,” Shane breathes. Every word from Ilya only giving him more to fantasize about when they were apart; every slow thrust giving him the aching need for *more*. “Faster, please...”

“Faster? No, I think I like this.” Ilya smirks and keeps his pace, ignoring Shane’s pleading.

“Oh my god,” Shane half sobs. “Please, Ilya, please, please, please.” Shane has already forgotten all the ire he felt toward Ilya only a moment ago, now he’s just desperate for Ilya to keep fucking him.

“Keep begging,” Ilya says. “Maybe I will forgive you.” He picks up his pace just slightly, encouraging Shane to continue.

“Fuck, Roz—Ilya, please, I need you, I need you,” Shane begs. His words are running together as he loses himself in the feeling of Ilya’s cock inside of him.

“That’s right, tell me how much you *hate* me,” Ilya mocks. He presses a thumb into Shane’s mouth, slowly pulling it out and pushing it in—commanding Shane to *suck*.

Shane’s head bobs as he greedily takes Ilya’s thumb into his mouth, sucking it as fervently as he would Ilya’s cock. He holds eye contact with Ilya, struggling against the needy, frustrated tears blurring his eyes. “Please,” he tries to say.

Ilya smiles down at Shane. “What a good boy,” he says. “So pretty, sucking on my thumb, taking my cock.”

Shane is rewarded with a quicker pace from Ilya, causing him to throw his head back and open his mouth to moan. Ilya pulls his thumb from Shane’s mouth, leaving a trail of saliva down Shane’s chin before raising his thumb to his own mouth and sucking Shane’s spit off of it. He replaces his hands on Shane’s hips, bracing him, and fucking into him faster.

Shane grabs onto the pillows around his head, his hands straining and nearly ripping the fabric. He moans out all manner of obscenities, begging Ilya and cursing him all the same. *Oh, god, Rozanov. Fuck—faster. Oh my god. I’m gonna—oh, fuck, Ilya. Fuck, just like that.* Shane’s back arches up as he nears his climax, and Ilya has to put some real muscle into holding him down.

“Stay fucking still, Hollander,” Ilya says through gritted teeth. He’s quickly approaching his own orgasm, but he needs to make Shane cum first. He *needs* to.

“I—I’m—fuck, oh my god—Ilya, I’m cumming,” Shane groans. He digs his fingernails into his hands, no longer grasping for sheets to hold onto. His neck is craned up to hide his face in his arms, and all he can imagine is Ilya’s determined expression as he fucks Shane into the newest best orgasm he’s ever had.

“That’s fucking right. Cum for me, Hollander,” Ilya praises. He takes Shane’s cock in his hand and strokes it once, twice—and Shane is gone. There’s no reason to keep him pinned, so Ilya lets Shane arch his back and buck his hips up into his hand.

Shane tenses every muscle in his body, then releases like a taut rubber band snapping. He cums onto Ilya’s hand, his own hands covering his mouth to quiet the near screams and shouts of Ilya’s name coming from him. Ilya does not fight him, just lets him chase his orgasm for as long as he can. When he is satisfied that Shane is finished cumming, Ilya groans, lays down over Shane’s chest and hides his face in the crook of Shane’s neck.

Ilya rolls his hips into Shane’s; his pace is not fast, nor is he rough, as Shane would expect. Ilya is sweaty and tired, but still so desperate for a finish of his own.

“You feel so fucking good,” Ilya says into Shane’s neck. He can almost taste the sweat on Shane, and it drives him crazy in a whole new way.

Shane is so sensitive that every bit of new stimulation feels like torture—but he fucking loves it. He leans his head down and kisses Ilya’s shoulder.

“So fucking good,” Ilya mumbles, his head fuzzy with want. He can feel himself losing his grasp on english, and he wants to rant into Shane’s neck in russian while he cums. “Fuck. You...you are too much, too good.”

Shane can't form a response; Ilya’s new position means that he's brushing against Shane's prostate again and Shane can't think for the way it makes him shake with half-pleasure, half-pain. Ilya is desperately reaching for his climax and mumbling into Shane’s skin; peppering him with kisses and feeling how Shane shakes as he pushes himself deeper into him. Ilya

feels his orgasm creeping up inside of his gut, and he feels his body try to fuck Shane faster, chasing after it.

As it grows closer, Ilya loses himself in wet kisses, pushing his tongue into Shane's mouth and gripping Shane's arm hard enough that he knows it will bruise. Ilya breaks from their kiss and presses his forehead against Shane's. "Fuck, Hollander, I'm so close."

Shane is pliant under Ilya, and feels a second orgasm crash into him as Ilya speaks. "Ah—I—fuck, oh my—" Shane slurs. He bucks up against Ilya's torso, his body searching for *more, more, more* as he cums onto his stomach.

That's all Ilya needs. He whimpers out a pitiful sound as he cums, pushing himself as deep as he can into Shane and letting his fingernails dig into Shane's bicep. He lets his eyes loll shut and slumps down onto Shane.

Shane lazily pets Ilya's hair; fingers curling into it, but not pulling. He's lost in a land of pleasure and desire, and he doesn't know how he'd ever even disliked Ilya. He is reminded when Ilya gets up and begins to clean himself, not saying a word to Shane as he walks into the bathroom and turns on the shower.

"What a dick," Shane mutters to himself. He repositions himself in the bed so the sticky mess on his torso won't stain the sheets.

Shane waits for Ilya to finish, watches him re-dress himself, and watches him go. Ilya doesn't say anything as he does these things, he hardly even looks at Shane.

When the door clicks shut, Shane pulls himself out of the bed, walks to the bathroom, and turns on the shower again. He looks at himself in the mirror and blinks hard. He certainly looks like he's just had sex, even if he doesn't feel like it. His hair is a hot mess, most of him is moist with a mix of sweat and saliva and cum, and his eyes are heavy. He steps into the shower, water still hot from when Ilya had used it, and sits down. The water washes over him, and he shuts his eyes. There's no way to tell the tears from the water running down his face, so Shane won't tell himself that he's crying over this.

Fuck, something about Ilya is so fucking addictive—the way he knows just the way to let Shane down so he'll always come running back. Even when Shane tells himself he hates Ilya, and even when he thinks Ilya has proven that to him, he just can't stop himself from going back. He won't stop going back, and he doesn't feel bad about that, he just wishes that Ilya would say goodnight.

He wishes, as his tears go down the drain, that Ilya would kiss him goodnight.

End Notes

whoopsie i gave shane feelings about this...surely this will have absolutely no consequences...

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