

In Dark, Secret

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76762091) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76762091>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Long-Distance Relationship , Angst with a Happy Ending , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , Breathplay , Impact Play , Spanking , Explicit Consent , Belts , Enthusiastic Consent , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Praise Kink , Orgasm Denial , Orgasm Edging , Rimming , Biting , Biting Kink , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Aftercare
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Stolen Moments
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-31 Words: 6,632 Chapters: 3/3

In Dark, Secret

by [northrow](#)

Summary

The house is completely dark when Shane arrives. Ilya never leaves the house dark.

He knows Ilya is upset - angry or sad is still to be discovered. But Shane doesn't know what he did wrong.

What he finds is candlelight. A belt. And fourteen minutes to account for.

Notes

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

Chapter 1: Late

Chapter Notes

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

Shane knew something was wrong.

He knew Ilya was upset but he didn't know if it was anger or sadness. His hands gripped the steering wheel of his rental tighter, guiding the car off the main road to a long driveway. He was 20 minutes outside of Boston at Ilya's home. The 20 minutes had felt like four hours.

What did I do?

He'd been laughing with Hayden about something stupid, some inside joke that should never have been funny in the first place, when he'd caught sight of Ilya stepping onto the ice for warm-ups. Shane had smiled at him before he'd been able to stop himself. Ilya's expression was blank. His jaw had gone tight as he'd yanked his gloves on with more force than necessary.

Shane had tried to catch his eye during warmups, but Ilya wouldn't look at him. So Shane had started talking during their face offs. "Let's wrap this up quick, Rozanov. Have a 9-day stretch on the road starting tomorrow." *I can't wait to see you tonight.*

"Mm." Ilya had hummed, eyes on the puck.

It was the most Shane got from him. He'd tried again later, losing all but two face offs while being ignored wasn't the best feeling he'd ever experienced. The Metros had lost 4-1. Ilya might not have wanted to talk to him but he sure as shit didn't let it affect his performance.

By the time Shane had gotten to his phone, Ilya's text was waiting: *11 o'clock.*

Nothing else. No *come over* or *miss you* or any of the things Ilya usually sent. Just a time. An order.

Shane had spent the last two hours since both teams had left the ice replaying the evening. The way Ilya's shoulders had tensed when he'd been laughing with Hayden. The twitch in his eye at the mention of Shane's away series. The stick Ilya had taken to the shin. The hit into the boards that had made Ilya drop to one knee for the longest 10 seconds of Shane's life. The way he'd avoided eye contact during the post-game handshake. The lack of arrogant taunting that his team had won decisively. Ilya always gloated when he won. Always.

Now, pulling up to Ilya's dark house, the anxiety had developed into something closer to dread. Shane parked his rental in front of Ilya's garage, cutting the engine. Silence pressed against him. Ilya never left the house completely dark. Shane's pulse jumped at the sight, adrenaline prickling down his spine. *Something is wrong.*

He glanced at his watch. 11:12. *Shit*

Shane pushed the car door open and stepped out into the cool night air, grabbing his duffel from the passenger seat. Gravel crunched under his shoes as he crossed the driveway. By the time he reached the front door, his skin already felt tight with anticipation.

He let himself into Ilya's house with a tap of the security code. He stepped into the foyer. *Why is it so dark?* In all the times he'd been to Ilya's house, there had always been light somewhere whether it was the fireplace, the kitchen or the den, or even the running lights in the hallway.

He dropped his duffel and kicked off his shoes by the foyer table before continuing through the house, searching for Ilya. Soft light flickered across the hardwood floor under Ilya's bedroom door. Shane pushed the door open.

Candles.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 2 contains explicit breath play/choking. All activities are consensual with nonverbal and verbal check-ins.

Chapter 2: The Belt

Chapter Summary

The Kink begins. Please check tags and do what's best for you.

Chapter Notes

Contains breath play, impact play, and emotional hurt/comfort.
All kink is consensual with check-ins.

The low, steady flames painted every surface, shadows moving like liquid across the walls. His gaze locked on Ilya immediately - bare chest catching the glow, muscles and shadows shifting under the light, a faint line of hair at his sternum begging for Shane's touch. Shane froze in the doorway, mouth dry.

Ilya's eyes met his, flicking down to Shane's pants, then back to his face. A corner of his mouth tipped up. He shifted his weight, chest flexing with the movement, and Shane felt it low and immediate, the want pulling tight in his gut.

"You're late." he stated. "11:14."

His voice was rough, low, almost dangerous.

Shane's cock jumped anyway.

"Not by much."

Ilya cocked his head to the side. "One second, one minute, one hour. You think it makes difference?"

Shane's mouth went dry.

"Come here, Shane."

He crossed to stand in front of him staring up into his face. "Ilya..."

"You wanna know what I've been thinking about since I saw you on the ice?"

"Tell me."

His fingers wrapped around Shane's throat, barely applying any pressure. "How I want to see your eyes roll back in your head while my cock is down your throat. Want to wrap something around your neck while you take my cock as far as you can." Shane's heart skipped. "You like that idea."

He wasn't asking a question, he knew Shane wanted whatever he was proposing but Shane nodded anyway.

"Take your clothes off."

He only released the hold on his neck long enough for Shane to pull his shirt over his head. Ilya's fingers flexed against Shane's skin with each article of clothing hitting his floor until he stood naked in front of him.

"Get on your knees and take my cock out." he ordered.

Shane pulled the belt buckle free, undid the button and zip, and Ilya's cock sprang loose. He wrapped his hand around Ilya's cock, nearly gasping at how dark his cockhead was. *He's been dying for this*, he thought, giving his cock a stroke.

"Did I tell you to do that, Shane?"

His eyes found Ilya's quickly. "No sir."

Blue eyes flashed in delight but Ilya's face remained hard and unaffected. "Hands on your knees."

He did as he was told, his gaze shifting to the cock inches from his face. Ilya's length throbbed and precum seeped from the tip. He licked his lips and took a deep breath as he stared at Ilya. *Gorgeous fucking cock*, he thought, hearing Ilya chuckle. He hadn't realized he'd spoken.

Shane watched Ilya's hands as he pulled the belt loose. He notices them tremble, just slightly, as leather slid through denim loops. Ilya's jaw was tight, his breathing measured like he was concentrating.

Then the belt slid around Shane's throat.

He jumped. Froze.

Leather, still warm from Ilya's body, settled against his skin. Not tight. Just there. A promise.

Shane's breath caught and held. His pulse hammered against the belt, and he wondered if Ilya could feel it through the leather. The weight of it, not heavy, but undeniable, made every nerve ending in his body light up at once.

The ends were in Ilya's hands now. Shane watched them, watched Ilya's fingers curl around the worn leather. Tension drawn, not tight. Not yet.

For a long moment, neither of them moved. Shane could hear his own breathing, shallow and quick. Could hear Ilya's, slower, more controlled. The candles flickered, shadows dancing across Ilya's chest, his throat, his jaw.

Shane swallowed. Felt the belt shift with the movement.

Oh.

"Shane." Ilya's voice was quieter now, almost gentle. Testing. "Look at me."

Shane did. The world narrowed to only Ilya's face. The sharp focus in his eyes, the slight part of his lips, the way a muscle ticked in his jaw. Those blue eyes searched Shane's face, looking for something. *What was he trying to find? Hesitation? Fear?*

Shane tried to steady his breathing. Tried to show Ilya what he needed to see.

Trust. Want. Yes.

Ilya's eyes were almost black. A corner of his mouth lifted, just barely. Recognition.

"You're so pretty like this."

Shane's hands fisted on his thighs without conscious thought. The praise hit him low and warm, spreading through his chest. A candle nearby guttered and flared, throwing Ilya's shadow huge against the wall behind him. Shane could smell the wax now, *vanilla, maybe, or honey*, something warm and domestic that didn't match the leather around his throat at all.

More precum leaked from his cock, and he knew Ilya saw it.

"Ilya... please. Let me suck your cock. Let me taste you."

Ilya's gaze held his for another beat. Then his hands moved.

Shane watched as Ilya looped the belt through the buckle. Metal clinked softly. The loop grew smaller.

Then Ilya pulled.

Cool metal kissed Shane's throat. The leather tightened, not enough to restrict but enough to make Shane feel it. Enough to know it was there. That Ilya controlled it. *Controlled him.*

Shane's eyes fluttered shut for just a second.

Sweet fucking Christ.

"So pretty."

Ilya's newly free hand cupped the side of Shane's face, thumb stroking his cheekbone. The tenderness of the touch against the constraint of the belt made Shane's head swim. Two opposing sensations, two different kinds of control, and both were Ilya.

Shane leaned into his touch, and felt the belt tighten ever so slightly as he moved. A reminder. An anchor.

His cock throbbed.

"Mouth open. Tongue out."

Shane smiled, feeling his chest flush in excitement. He followed the instruction and hoped his eyes were telling Ilya how desperate he was for him. Ilya grasped his cock at the base and pressed the head to his tongue. Shane curled his tongue along the ridge of the head. The candlelight flickered over Ilya's chest, shoulders, face - every detail carved into Shane's mind. He hummed around him, sucking, swallowing, trying to keep up.

"Beautiful." Ilya muttered, slipping more of his cock into his mouth. Shane closed his lips around him. "Suck twice if you want me to fuck your throat."

He gave two quick sucks, pulling more of Ilya into his mouth. Ilya groaned and the belt tightened again. Shane's nails dug into his thighs when Ilya started to fuck his face, drawing his cock to the edge before sliding back to his throat.

His vision darkened at the edges with every tightening of the leather around his throat. He dragged his eyes up to Ilya's hand above his head. He'd wrapped the other end of the belt around his hand, controlling Shane's oxygen with only the slightest movement of his wrist.

"If you only knew how fucking good you look like this." he grunted. Shane could only hum around him. "Hands. Use your hands."

Shane couldn't help but smile around his cock and closed his hand around Ilya, just under his lips. He swallowed as best he could every time his cockhead hit the back of his throat. The belt tightened and Shane needed to see Ilya's face again. He could have cum immediately at the sight above him. He looked wild, his eyes wide and lips parted, panting breaths escaping him.

"Stroke yourself." His voice broke through the blood rushing in Shane's ears. "Touch your cock. Let me hear it."

Shane dropped his left hand to slide down his chest, surprised to feel the spit covering his pecs. The spit eventually met precum smeared over his stomach, leaving his chest slick. Any other day he would hate the mess but knowing what the sight would do to Ilya, made it worth it.

He moaned around Ilya and the tension on his throat intensified. The tingle of an orgasm rushed through Shane's spine. One touch to his cock, a belt around his throat and Ilya's cock in his mouth and Shane was an inch from the edge. *Fuck how does he do this to me?*

The air was filled with the sounds of slick skin stroking slicker skin and slight gags from Ilya's cock slamming into the back of Shane's throat. The addition of Ilya's heavy breathing and moans of Shane's name only made Shane's cock that much harder. He swallowed around Ilya's cockhead, earning a deeper thrust into his throat.

Ilya wrapped another roll of leather around his palm, the belt closing even more. Shane's vision went blurry, the lack of oxygen making his head hazy. A new rush of adrenaline hit him and his hands started to tremble.

"I'm going to cum too fucking fast just looking at you." he growled. "Eyes rolling back, taking my cock so fucking good for me. So deep in that throat."

Shane tried to see Ilya's face but the growing lack of oxygen had him blinded. He sucked as hard as he could, hearing Ilya groan his name. The sound sent Shane flying towards the edge and suddenly the tension on his throat released and Shane flew into an orgasm that left him shaking at Ilya's feet.

Ilya pulled himself free of the hot confines of Shane's mouth and Shane sucked in beautiful, crisp air, his lungs expanding gratefully. The haze lifted just enough to see Ilya standing above him, chest heaving, cock still hard. Shane practically lunged forward, tongue rolling along the head in the way he knew made Ilya's knees weak.

"Fuuuckk!" Ilya grunted, fingers wrapping in Shane's hair. "Shane, baby, going to cum if you keep that up." Shane just sucked harder, his hands gliding over Ilya's thighs before sliding to his torso. He dug his short nails into Ilya's abs then found his waist and pulled Ilya forward, sucking more of him into his throat. "Shit, you're too good! Going to cum. Don't stop. Tongue right there, Shane!"

Shane flicked the tip of his tongue beneath the ridge of his cockhead, holding the suction tight as he stared up at Ilya's reddened face. Sweat beaded on his brow and Shane had to physically resist the urge to lick it off. Ilya's eyes fluttered closed and his head kicked back towards the ceiling.

Cum for me baby.

The first rope of cum hit the back of his throat and Shane moaned around him. "Hollander!" he groaned, head tipping forward to find Shane's eyes. Shane's cock screamed back to life, bouncing up towards his chest.. "F-fuck!" Ilya stuttered as he came and came.

Shane swallowed the load, sucking him until the fingers tangled in his hair yanked him off of Ilya. Ilya's face was a mask of possessive need and adoration that made Shane's head spin. He wiped his chin before Ilya scooped him up onto his feet, Ilya's lips crashing down onto Shane's. His long fingers dug into Shane's bare back, hauling him up onto his toes and flush to Ilya's chest.

Shane's legs trembled, knees aching from the hardwood. He'd been down there longer than he'd realized. For a moment his vision swam, blood rushing from his head. The room tilted, candles blurring into streaks of gold. Ilya's hands steadied him, grounding him, even as his mouth demanded more.

"Look at me, luchik. Eyes on me." he whispered. Shane grinned when he saw a touch of apprehension on Ilya's face. One hand slid up to Shane's chin, tipping his head to the side as Ilya's gaze dropped to the side of Shane's neck. His thumb traced a sore spot so gently it

barely counted as touch. Ilya's breath hitched. "I bruise." he mumbled. His voice was small, uncertain in a way Ilya almost never was.

"I love." Shane replied, sounding blissed out even to his own ears.

Ilya searched Shane's eyes before finally nodding. He kissed the tip of his nose before backing out of his arms. "Bend over the edge of the bed, onto your elbows."

Chapter 3: Time

Chapter Summary

The best use of time

Chapter Notes

CW: contains impact play (spanking), edging, and emotional intimacy. Tags updated

The duvet was soft against his chest, and for a split second Shane felt the exhaustion he'd been ignoring start to rest in his bones. Ilya's shaky breath shoved that exhaustion right back down.. He looked over his shoulder at Ilya to see his gaze shifting from his ass to his cock, which Shane knew was dripping precum onto the expensive fabric. The quick slap to his ass made Shane whine and push back against the warm hand now resting on his left cheek.

"You were 14 minutes late, my love." Ilya whispered, finally ticking his eyes to Shane's. "You had two whole hours to use to get here on time. 120 minutes and you were still 14 minutes late."

"I'm sorry, sir." Shane replied, slipping easily into the scene.

Ilya's sweet smile contradicted the smack to the back of Shane's thigh, the hit sending him jolting forward. "I'm going to spank this perfect fucking ass once for each minute you were late. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when I'm done, you're going to thank me for it."

His cock throbbed and his eyes darkened. "Yes, sir."

"Count them for me, gorgeous."

The first spank landed on his right cheek. He gasped, the sound ripped loose before he could stop it. His body jolted, then stilled again. "One."

"Good boy."

The next one hit his left cheek, harder. The sting bloomed hotter this time. "Two."

Ilya hummed what sounded like Shane's name under his breath then spanked the exact same spot again. Shane's breath hitched. "Three."

The fourth came quickly, no pause to recover. Heat stacking on heat. "Four."

Five landed before he'd finished saying the number, and Shane's voice cracked. "F-five."

Six hit low, where ass met thigh, and Shane's knees buckled slightly. "Six." The word came out thin, breathy.

"Breathe," Ilya murmured, his palm smoothing over the burning skin. His hand lingered, thumb stroking in small circles like he couldn't help the tenderness. The gentle touch somehow made it worse. Made Shane more aware of the heat, the sensitivity, how much he wanted more. "Talk to me."

"Keep going."

"Shane."

"Please, Ilya. Keep going. I'm good, I'm so good."

"Good boy. Halfway soon."

Seven came down harder than the others, and Shane's hands fisted in the duvet. "Seven?"

"Why a question?"

"Seven, sir."

The eighth spank landed on his right cheek again, directly over an earlier mark. Shane whimpered. "Eight."

"That's it, baby. Let me hear you."

Nine hit the same spot on the left. Shane was shaking now, his cock dripping steadily onto the bed. "Nine."

Ilya's hand rested on his lower back, warm and grounding. "More than halfway. You're doing so good for me."

Shane nodded, not trusting his voice. His entire world had narrowed to the heat spreading across his skin and the anticipation of what came next.

Ten through thirteen landed in quick succession - alternating cheeks, building rhythm, no time to separate one from the next. Shane's voice broke on each count.

"Ten, eleven, twelve, th-thirteen-"

The pause before fourteen felt like an eternity. Shane's body trembled, braced, waiting.

The final spank hit his hole directly, and Shane's entire body lurched forward with a broken cry.

"Fourteen! Thank you sir, thank you."

"Sweet fuck, you're dripping all over the bed." Ilya groaned. His body crowded Shane against the edge of the bed, his hands spreading over his ass.

Shane felt Ilya's cock throbbing against the seam of his ass. The heat of it, the hardness made him dizzy. Shane pushed back instinctively, chasing the pressure.

Ilya muttered something in Russian Shane could only guess was a cuss word. Those big hands gripped his hips bruisingly, moving him in tight circles, grinding on the cock that only got harder.

"Baby, Ilya, please, please don't make me wait anymore."

"Ah, but you still are getting your punishment, moy milyy."

Shane opened his mouth to protest.

Then Ilya's teeth sank into his back.

"Ilya-" Shane's words cut off as the bite deepened, not quite pain but pressure, possession, the edge of too much. His forehead dropped to his forearm, body going slack.

Perfect. It was perfect.

Ilya's tongue laved over the marks, soothing where teeth had claimed. He kissed lower, tracing the curve of Shane's spine with his mouth. Another bite at Shane's side, sharp and quick. Shane gasped. Another kiss. Another bite to the curve of his ass, right in the center of what had to be a forming massive bruise.

Each point of contact made Shane more desperate, more aware of how empty he felt.

"You are so lucky." Ilya whispered, spanning his warm hands over Shane's lower back and squeezing softly.

"I know." Shane replied, unthinking.

"Oh do you? Cocky. You know why you are lucky?"

Shane always loved when Ilya's accent got thicker. It happened when he was tired, drunk or hard. "Because my man is going to fuck me?" he asked hopefully.

Ilya's hand landed with a sharp crack on the side of Shane's thigh. It avoided any place he'd been spanked previously, clearly not meant to be part of that count, just a reminder of who was in control. "Mm. Because I need to feel this hole around my dick more than I want to punish my baby. Tell me you are lucky."

"So fucking lucky." Shane breathed out. "So lucky."

"Mhm." Ilya hummed, and Shane felt him shift back slightly, felt the loss of body heat.

Ilya's tongue, wide and flat, licked a slow stripe from Shane's balls up to his hole.

Shane stopped breathing.

"Oh fuck-" The words punched out of him when Ilya did it again, slower this time, deliberate. His tongue circled Shane's rim, teasing, not quite giving him what he needed.

"Tell me you need me too."

Shane's heart stuttered in his chest at the neediness in Ilya's voice. "I need you. I need you so fucking bad, Ilya."

Ilya's muffled moan vibrated against Shane's skin, and then his tongue pushed inside. Shane's thighs trembled, his fingers clawing uselessly at the duvet.

"Ilya, baby, please-"

But Ilya was relentless, working him open with his tongue, his thumbs spreading Shane wider. The wet sounds filled the room, obscene and perfect, and Shane couldn't do anything but take it.

Then the touch left him completely.

"No, hands! Need your hands!"

"I'm sure you fucking do." Ilya chuckled and Shane heard a drawer open, heard the click of a cap.

The absence of touch was torture. Shane could feel his hole clenching around nothing, could feel how swollen and sensitive his cock was, could feel the sweat cooling on his back.

"Tell me what made you late."

Shane blinked and lifted his head to look back at the blond man who was pouring lube into his hands, slicking his fingers deliberately, making Shane watch. "-what?"

"What made you late? Why you late?"

Shane couldn't remember. All of Shane's blood had abandoned the rest of his body and was sitting firmly in his aching cock. *Why was I late?*

Ilya's fingertips teased up the back of his thigh, leaving a slick trail of lube in his wake. So close. Not close enough. "Moyo serdtse, why were you late?" he asked, breath hot against Shane's back as he leaned over him again. The question wasn't just curiosity Shane realized. There was something raw in it, something that needed to know Shane had wanted to be here.

Shane opened his mouth to reply but only a shaky moan escaped his lips when Ilya's fingers - his oh-so perfect fingers - circled his rim, pressing but not entering. Just circling. Teasing.

"Answer me, Shane."

"I, fuck, I don't-" One finger pressed inside, just to the first knuckle, and Shane's brain short-circuited. "Oh, baby-" He choked on the words when the finger pushed deeper, finally giving him something. "Yes!"

"I'm still waiting." Ilya's voice was rougher, raspier. His free hand smoothed up Shane's spine, a contrast to the deliberate slowness of the finger inside him.

"Talking." Shane finally managed to spit out. *That's right. I was talking to Hayden and Jackie.* "I was talking."

"To who, lyubímyy?" Ilya pushed a second finger in, and Shane felt the stretch, the relief of it.

"Hayden!" Shane gasped.

Ilya sucked air through his teeth. "You never say his name like that again."

"You made me!"

A hard smack to his already-tender ass was followed immediately by a third finger pushing in. Shane cried out. The fullness, the stretch, the sting from the spank all blending together.

"You say my name. You say only my name for the rest of your fucking life." Ilya's touch gentled, his fingers working carefully now, opening Shane up properly. Twisting, stroking, finding that spot inside that made Shane see stars. "You hear me?" Ilya's other hand slid around to cup Shane's balls, rolling them gently.

"Yes, fuck. Fuck, Ilya!"

"Say again." Shane could hear the smile in Ilya's voice, could feel Ilya's fingers crooking inside him just right. "Keep saying my name while I get you ready for my cock."

Shane obeyed. Moaned it, grunted it, breathed it out, gasped it. Every syllable felt like a prayer, like giving Ilya exactly what he wanted to hear.

The fingers inside him worked steadily, patiently, no longer teasing. Building him up, getting him ready. Shane rocked back into the touch, chasing more, and Ilya let him, let him fuck himself on those perfect fingers.

"That's it. Show me how much you want it. Show me how ready you are for me."

Shane was babbling now, words tumbling out without thought. "Ready, so ready, please Ilya, need your cock, need you inside me-"

The fingers pulled out.

Shane whimpered at the loss, felt himself clench around nothing.

Then Ilya's cock, thick and blunt and exactly what Shane needed, pressed against his hole.

"Ilya!" Shane's thighs shook and his own dick bounced against his stomach when Ilya slid his full length in slowly, so slowly, letting Shane feel every inch. "Fuck, please don't stop, don't stop."

"Mm, that's it baby. Beg me for what you need." Ilya pulled his cock until just the head remained inside of Shane's hole.

"Fuck me! Fuck me, sir. Please, fuck me!"

Ilya's hand slid up Shane's back to curl over his shoulder pulling him back to seat himself on Ilya's thick length. A wail ripped from Shane's throat, his knees going to mush. Ilya's other hand shifted Shane's body onto the edge of the bed to keep Shane upright.

Once Shane was settled, Ilya set a brutal pace that left him unable to form coherent thoughts.

Each thrust punched the air from Shane's lungs. His fingers scrambled for purchase on the duvet, finding nothing, slipping on fabric made slick with his own sweat and spit. The obscene slap of skin on skin filled the room, punctuated by Shane's broken sounds, not quite words, not quite moans.

"Look at you," Ilya growled, his grip on Shane's shoulder and hip bruising, using Shane's body as leverage to fuck harder. "Taking it so fucking good for me."

Shane could only whimper in response. The angle had Ilya hitting that spot inside him with every thrust, pleasure building so fast and sharp it almost hurt.

"I feel you getting so close." Ilya's voice was strained, barely controlled. "You want to cum on my cock? Show me this body belongs to me?"

"Yes! Belong to you baby. Let me show you." Shane rambled. His cock was leaking steadily, untouched, so hard it ached. So close. Right there.

"Such a good boy."

Then Ilya stopped. Held himself at the hilt inside of Shane, completely still.

The orgasm that had been cresting crashed back down, unfulfilled. Shane's body clenched around Ilya, desperate, trying to chase what had been ripped away.

"What the fuck, Ilya?"

"Punishment, Hollander."

"But baby—"

"You think I forgot? You think fourteen spanks was all of it?" Ilya's voice was dark, amused. "No, my love. You don't get to cum until I say."

Shane made a sound that might have been a sob. His entire body was trembling, wound so tight he thought he might shatter.

"Color?"

"Green," Shane gasped. "Green, you bastard."

Ilya chuckled, low and pleased. His grip on Shane's waist shifted, both hands now, firm, grounding. "Good. Because I'm not done with you yet."

He started moving again, slower this time but just as deep. Each thrust deliberate, controlled, designed to keep Shane right on that edge without letting him fall over.

Shane was going to lose his mind.

"Ilya, please!"

"Not yet."

"I need -"

"I know what you need." Another slow, devastating thrust. "But you'll take what I give you."

Shane's arms gave out. He collapsed forward onto the bed, chest pressed to the duvet, ass still raised for Ilya. The new angle somehow made it worse, *better*, too much.

"That's it. Just feel it, baby. Feel me."

And Shane did. Felt every ridge, every inch, the drag of Ilya's cock against his walls. Felt himself clenching around it, trying to hold on, trying to pull Ilya deeper. Felt the sweat dripping down his spine, Ilya's fingers digging into his hips, the ache in his knees.

"Please," Shane whispered into the duvet. "Please, Ilya. Please."

"I love hearing you beg." Ilya's pace picked up slightly. "But not yet. Not until I'm ready." But Shane could hear it in his breathing, Ilya was close too. The thrusts were getting less controlled, less precise. He was torturing himself as much as he was Shane.

Shane whined, high and desperate. His untouched cock throbbed, precum pooling beneath him. He was going to die. He was going to actually die from this. *Can I die from this?*

Ilya pulled out completely.

Shane's hole clenched around nothing, empty, and he made a sound he'd be embarrassed about later. A keen of pure need.

"Need to see you," Ilya sounded wrecked. "Need, fuck, Shane, need your face."

Before he could protest, before he could even fully process the loss, Ilya's hands were on him. Gripping. Turning. Desperate and urgent, like Ilya couldn't wait another second.

Shane barely blinked and found himself on his back, staring up at Ilya's face. *Fuck he's beautiful.* Ilya's cock still hard and slick, pressing back inside before Shane could miss it.

But this time was different.

This time, Ilya moved Shane up the bed slowly, carefully, keeping their bodies connected. This time, when Shane was settled against the pillows, Ilya didn't immediately start pounding into him again.

This time, Ilya's hands came to rest on either side of Shane's head. This time, his weight settled over Shane like a blanket.

This time, their eyes locked, and something in the air shifted.

Ilya's hips rolled, slow and deep, and Shane gasped. Not from the intensity, but from the intimacy of it. From being able to see Ilya's face, the way his curls stuck to his forehead with sweat, the way his pupils were blown wide, the way his lips parted on a shaky exhale.

His head dipped until their foreheads were pressed together. Shane could feel Ilya's breath against his lips, could feel the tremble in Ilya's arms, could feel the rabbit-quick beat of Ilya's heart against his own chest.

"Shane," Ilya whispered, and it was reverent.

His lips crashed over Shane's, kissing him deep and thorough and almost desperate, like he was trying to crawl inside Shane's skin.

Shane's hands came up to cup Ilya's face, thumbs stroking over sharp cheekbones. The kiss broke and Shane opened his eyes to find Ilya staring down at him with an expression that made his chest tight.

"One of the things I love most about you," Ilya whispered, tracing kisses over Shane's freckles and jaw, "is how much you love being my sweet little whore. How you beg me to use this ass."

But his voice was soft now. Tender. The words the same, but the delivery entirely different.

Yes, please use me.

Ilya chuckled against Shane's cheek, clearly having heard him again. "Mmm, baby..."

His hips rolled again, and Shane moaned. Still deep, still hitting that perfect spot, but the frantic edge was gone. This was something else. Something that made Shane's throat tight and his eyes sting.

"Lemme hear you." Ilya's voice cracked slightly. "I need that voice, Shane."

The sudden vulnerability in those words vaulted Shane towards a soul-sucking orgasm.

"Take what you need from me, Ilya." Shane's hands slid into Ilya's hair, holding him close. "Fuck me deep. Make me take it, baby. Fuck yes, just like that! Love your cock. Stretches me so good. Going to feel you for days."

Ilya's rhythm picked up but stayed controlled, stayed connected. One hand slid between their bodies to wrap around the base of Shane's cock, and Shane's back arched high off the mattress, his hole clenching tightly.

"Fuuuck yes!" Ilya groaned, his hips snapping faster now, chasing his own pleasure. Shane scrambled to reach for him, wrapping his hands around Ilya's neck to pull him closer. Needing him closer. Needing all of him.

"Oh, oh fuck Ilya!" The orgasm built fast and devastating, different from before. Not just physical but something deeper, something that started in his chest and took over his limbs. He cried out when it hit, his entire body seizing up, clutching onto Ilya's shoulders. "Ilya!"

Ilya groaned into his ear. "Cumming!"

"Fill up my ass, baby." Shane whispered against the shell of Ilya's ear, his legs wrapping tight around Ilya's waist, holding him in. "It's yours. I'm yours."

"God-fucking-dammit!" Ilya growled, his entire body tightening against Shane's.

Shane arched into him, felt Ilya pulse inside him, felt the warmth spreading, heard Ilya whimper against his neck, felt Ilya's full weight collapse onto him as his orgasm tore through him.

They came together, voices tangled, bodies locked, Shane's cum trapped between their stomachs and Ilya's buried deep inside.

"Fucking hell, Shane," he whispered.

Shane settled into Ilya's arms, his legs tightening around the other man's waist. The flickering candlelight danced across Ilya's chest and shoulders, painting his skin gold and amber, shadows tracing the line of his muscles. "Forgive me for being late?" Shane asked, tracing his fingertips along Ilya's mouth.

Ilya chuckled, the sound low and warm, catching the light in his eyes. "You did good for me. All forgiven."

Shane laughed, running both hands through Ilya's curls. The glow of the candles flickered across Ilya's sharp jaw, the curve of his lips, the faint line knitting his brow. *Fuck he's gorgeous.* "Love to hear it."

"I wish I'd been aware enough to have taken a picture of you with my belt wrapped around your neck." He sighed, dropping his forehead against the middle of Shane's chest. "I'm going to be using that image to jack off when you have to leave me again."

"Glad I could add to your spank bank," Shane laughed, dropping a soft kiss to Ilya's forehead. They lay in silence, their heart rates slowly syncing, the quiet punctuated only by the gentle flicker of candlelight. Shane's fingers drifted through Ilya's hair, scratching lightly at the scalp, feeling the weight of him settle deeper with every pass. "These candles are romantic, baby."

"Mm." Ilya's voice was low, his thumb tracing a slow, deliberate arc over Shane's bicep where his hand rested on Shane's skin. "I don't treat you soft enough. Sweet enough. Don't have enough time to give you romance."

Shane's breath caught. There it was. The thing neither of them had said.

"Ilya-

"Is fine." Ilya pressed closer, face still hidden against Shane's chest. "We make it work. We always make it work."

"We do," Shane agreed softly. "But tonight at the arena, what was that really about?"

Ilya was quiet for a long moment. So long Shane opened his mouth to speak. "You were laughing. With fucking Pike. Was good to see. You were happy. Your face is so beautiful when you laugh." His fingers tightened on Shane's arm. "Then you say nine days. And I think that he gets you every day. Gets to make you laugh. Gets to-" He stopped. "He gets to be with you, even if you're just friends. And I get minutes, maybe if we're lucky hours, in dark. Secret."

Shane tilted Ilya's face up, forcing him to meet his eyes. "Hey. He gets my daytime. My work. You get *this*." He gestured between them. "You get all of this. And if we had the choice you would get the daytime too. I want daylight, I want bright rooms with you next to me. There's no competition, baby." Ilya's lips curved, a small, almost shy smile that Shane rarely got to see. "And you are romantic and soft and sweet with me."

"You mean with belt?" he chuckled, a teasing lilt in his accent.

Shane laughed, rolling his eyes and lightly swatting at Ilya's side. "Exactly. Candles and your belt around my throat. Romance."

"Was ok?" The shy look lingered, softening the edge of Ilya's intensity.

"Yes. So ok. Beyond okay." Shane leaned up, pressing their lips together in a long, warm kiss. "Loved it."

"You'd tell me if it weren't."

"Of course I would," Shane replied, his fingers tightening just slightly in Ilya's hair, anchoring them together in the soft glow. "You always know what I'll like though."

"You're my love." Ilya was starting to sound tired. "I know how to get you out of that head of yours. Good game by the way."

“You’d think so. You won.”

Ilya laughed and pressed another kiss to Shane’s chest. “Mmhmm. Won a few times tonight. In game, in your perfect body and now in your arms to sleep. Sleep with my baby, wake up with my baby.” He was starting to ramble.

“Before you sleep with me, we gotta blow out these candles, Ilya. Fire hazard. Massive fucking fire hazard.” Shane told him, earning an exasperated laugh.

“Yeah, yeah.” Ilya mumbled, pushing himself off of Shane. “Gotta clean us up anyway. Come on, Moyo serdtse. Up, up, up.”

Shane groaned but could suddenly feel every slick, drying and wet thing on his body. “Fine.”

Shane stumbled to his feet, still swaying slightly from the intensity of their earlier moments. Ilya’s hands were on his hips, steadying him, and Shane couldn’t help the shiver that ran down his spine at the contact. The candlelight flickered across Ilya’s chest and shoulders as he moved past Shane to the small table holding the remaining candles.

“You’re staring,” Ilya said, glancing over his shoulder with that teasing smirk that always made Shane’s heart race. “Eyes staying on me, not the flames you were so worried about being hazard.”

Shane chuckled, following him with slow steps. “Can’t help it. You’re... mesmerizing.”

Ilya’s lips curved in a softer smile, not mocking this time, just quiet. “Mm. That’s new.” He blew out the last of the candles, plunging the room into shadows with only the soft streetlight filtering through the curtains. “Now, we clean up.”

Shane’s brain was fuzzy in the shower, too lost in the sudden softness of Ilya’s features. But he remembered Ilya’s fingers carefully soaping his back, finding each bite mark and bruise with gentle precision. Remembered the sharp sting when warm water hit abraded skin, and Ilya’s whispered apology in Russian. Remembered nearly falling asleep standing up, Ilya’s arm around his waist the only thing keeping him vertical.

“We don’t get enough time like this” he murmured, voice low. “It feels like we’re always chasing time and it’s starting to get to me more.”

Ilya turned to look at him, thumb stroking the back of Shane’s hand. “Mm. Too busy. But we make more time. Better time. More calls, more FaceTime, more.” His accent was heavier now, his voice soft and intimate.

Shane’s chest tightened at the words. “You promise?”

Ilya pressed a finger to Shane’s lips, shaking his head as he drew Shane into his arms. “Promise. Every time I can. Even if impossible. I make possible.”

Shane smiled, leaning up to catch him in a slow, lingering kiss. “You’re tired. You’re losing your English.”

“Maybe we gain you Russian.” Ilya arched an eyebrow and pressed a kiss to the tip of Shane’s nose, then to each cheek to kiss his freckles. “Now, sleep with me. Maybe sneak breakfast tomorrow if we’re lucky.”

Shane laughed softly, letting himself be pulled back into the warmth of Ilya’s arms on his overly comfortable bed. “Breakfast sounds nice.” he murmured, resting his head against Ilya’s chest, listening to the steady beat of his heart as the shadows and quiet wrapped around them.

End Notes

Tags will be updated as chapters are added so keep a look out.

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