

Good Problems

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Good Problems

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Summary

Svetlana is a problem. Shane could jump through every hoop to shake her, but she remained. Now, he had Ilya all to himself, and Ilya was talking about marrying her?!

Or, a fill-in because Shane looked mad as hell when Ilya mentioned marrying Svetlana, and I just wanted to write about him being a possessive, angry little cat.

Notes

My first Heated Rivalry fic! There aren't enough Possessive Shane Hollander fics, and I'm ready to fix that.

Svetlana is a problem. She was everywhere. Shane could win and win, but she'd be lingering somewhere. In every new paparazzi photo Shane pored over before bed. Her name casually slipped from Ilya's mouth in conversation. As if Shane wanted to hear about her. Shane liked to believe that when it was just them, no one else existed. *Svetlana* found ways to break through his fantasies. She existed in the form of the white toothbrush, neatly tucked next to Ilya's yellow one. He wasn't sure what came over him when he threw it away; it was unwarranted. She reappeared in new ways, though, now, she was the silk hair ties Ilya kept on his nightstand. Svetlana, who was beautiful. Svetlana, who could latch onto his arm in public, danced with him under the heavy strobes of flashing lights. *Svetlana*, who could lick salt off his neck, posted it online for the whole world to see. She could hold his hand, she could marry him, even. The world would keep spinning if they loved one another. The thought made Shane sick.

It was safe to say Shane was a bit obsessed with Svetlana. Did Ilya love her? Was he *in love* with her? Shane spent many nights flipping this question through his mind. The glow of his phone was ruining his retinas by the hour as he scrolled through blog after blog. It was weird, he knew. Casual fucks shouldn't warrant a nightly foray into invasive gossip blogs. It had gotten to the point where it was a ritual; typing in *Ilya Rozanov* in an incognito tab in bed. If he could spot Ilya, the brown-haired woman was only a glance away. Her arm wrapped around Ilya's waist or head on his shoulder. He hated knowing what she looked like and couldn't help but imagine her in Ilya's bed. In *Shane's* spot. At one point, it was irrational to think like that. Solidifying his spot in Ilya's life as if he were as important as *Svetlana*. He couldn't leave a toothbrush or an extra shirt. He came, literally, and went.

That was before, though, before tuna melts and a failed attempt at not needing Ilya Rozanov. Before phone calls in stairwells, and thumbs brushing on beaches. Things had changed. Ilya wanted to be with *him* this summer, in *his* cottage. Not Svetlana in butt-fuck Russia or wherever. For now, for these two weeks, Ilya was his.

It was bliss. If Shane didn't know he loved Ilya before, there was nothing like having him all to himself. No distractions or time limits, just each other to fill the space where the other always belonged. Suddenly, there was another plate, where there was usually one. Now, next to his blue toothbrush is Ilya's yellow one. Ilya's clothes mixed into his; it made sense to slip into Ilya's discarded t-shirts when he felt too lazy to get his own. He had never noticed how cold his toes felt until he felt Ilya's pressed up against his. This was bliss.

"I could marry Svetlana," Ilya said, wiggling his bare toes against his clothed ones. His eyes never left his phone screen, "She's American, would be easy citizenship. She would do it. Her father is goalie Sergi Vitov."

There she is again. *Svetlana*. Even here, she's made space for herself. Shane inhaled, trying to control his facial expressions as he looked up from his phone.

"Yeah, you've told me."

"She would help me," Ilya sang.

Shane stared at Ilya, wondering. Why now? Why her? As horrible as it sounds, he'd rather Ilya marry anyone but her. Svetlana already has so much of Ilya's heart. Someone else wouldn't get so much of him. Greedily, he thought, Ilya should marry *him*. He didn't want to even imagine him with anyone else, now that he had him all to himself. He felt that familiar mixture of jealousy, rage, and sadness jump around in his chest.

"Is she... I don't know, someone you'd want to marry?" He finally asked, the words tripping out of his mouth.

"We're friends. We would be fine," Ilya answered, as if he wasn't talking about fucking marriage. "And it would be for the passport."

"OK, but—" Shane stared off to the side, willing his heart to stop beating so fast. In his mind, he could see the headlines, the elaborate wedding. They'd probably have their own fucking magazine spread. It wouldn't be Shane. He'd marry Svetlana, and maybe years would pass, and it wouldn't be just for a passport. They'd fall in love, have babies. Ilya probably wanted babies. Already, he could feel tears swelling, and he did not want to cry.

"But what?"

"But you like women," Shane breathed. "You could find someone you want to marry for real, and still get the passport."

Ilya sighed, dropping his phone onto his chest, "Maybe, but— I have this problem."

It was Shane's turn to urge him on, to get those words out. "But what? What's the problem?"

Ilya sat up, propping his head up on his hand, staring into Shane's eyes in a way that made him feel naked. As if in that moment, Ilya could feel all the sadness, the jealousy settled on his chest.

"I like women, yes?" Ilya started, his eyes trained on him.

"Yeah, I know."

"And everywhere I go, I'm surrounded by beautiful women, and they love me."

Shane bit at his tongue, grasping at his phone a little harder than necessary. "Sounds rough," he snarked, averting his gaze. Ilya pressed his toes harder against his, and if Shane was stronger, he'd pull away, but the pressure felt so right.

"Yes, it is. Listen, these women are so sexy and fun, but I am always thinking about this— slow fucking hockey player with beautiful freckles."

Shane swallowed, finally looking at Ilya. The green-eyed monster in his chest had been defeated, and overtaking it was none other than this feeling he could only call joy. Elation, even. He couldn't help the smile that took over his face, as the jealousy simmered away.

"And a weak backhand," Ilya added.

“A weak backhand,” Shane chuckled, scoffing at the audacity Ilya still had during a moment like this.

“Yes, very weak. And he’s so boring, and he drives this terrible car.” Ilya ranted, lying back down.

“It’s a normal car,” Shane defended, not for the first time since Ilya had joined him.

“I am always wishing that these women were him. It’s a terrible problem, huh?” Ilya sighed, his voice soft now. The playful lilt was now gone, and there was weight in this moment that Shane much preferred to any other pressure he’d had to endure.

Shane swallowed, hopefully holding back the tears that burned behind his eyelids. He geared himself up for this next question. This was scarier than any face-off, any match point.

“Do you want that problem to go away?”

Ilya looked at him in an indescribable way. Shane wanted to bury himself in Ilya’s mind, uncover all his secrets. He wanted to know everything, everything—the good, the bad, the ugly. In that moment, what was he thinking when he looked at him? The options that presented themselves to him.

Ilya shook his head, “Mm mm. I don’t ever want that problem to ever go away.” The admission came with an exhale as if Ilya, too, had just accepted something that had tormented him.

Shane’s vision was getting blurry, and he knew he was losing this battle.

“Don’t marry Svetlana,” he swallowed, waving away visions of Ilya with anyone else but him. “Just don’t. I know it wouldn’t be for love or whatever. Just don’t. We can figure something else out, okay.”

He wanted to reach out to Ilya, to climb on top of him and wake up in a world where nothing else mattered but the fact that Shane loved him. He loved him so much.

Ilya nodded, letting out a soft, “Okay.”

That was all Shane needed for now.

In bed later, Shane wanted to consume Ilya. He couldn’t describe the feeling Ilya had awoken in him. His words replayed in his mind on loop, and Shane never wanted it to end. They had just showered, and what Shane wanted would surely undo all that work, but he couldn’t care less. He settled between Ilya’s legs, kissing up his calves and knees, nipping at his thighs, and running his face across the hair that was there. This was a place Shane always wanted to be, a feeling he always wanted to feel. His eyes closed at the feeling of Ilya’s fingers running through his hair, as he nuzzled into the tent in his black briefs, happy with the heat of Ilya radiating against his face. He pressed kisses up Ilya’s happy trail, taking a nipple in his mouth as he reached his chest. Ilya groaned, pressing a kiss to his forehead.

“You need something, Hollander,” Ilya sighed into his ear.

Shane moaned at the sound of his voice, pressing kisses up his neck, along his jawline. “Just you,” he said, brushing their lips together.

Ilya grabbed his jaw, staring at him with a heat in his eyes that Shane was sure was mirrored in his own. Shane straddled his lap, running his hands through Ilya’s curls, moaning into his mouth. He wanted to be absorbed into him; he wanted to exist in a universe where there was only him and Ilya. He wanted Ilya to be all his, and maybe with their mouths tangled together and their cocks rutting against one another, Ilya would know that Shane was all his. They both were dressed only in their briefs, and with some quick shuffling, they discarded them. Shane shivered as fingers danced down his spine, and he stuck a blind hand out, reaching to grab the lube from the nightstand, as he lavished Ilya’s neck with attention.

He needed Ilya inside him, an aching space that only he could fill.

He popped open the lube cap, ready to drizzle some on his fingers, before Ilya stopped him, taking the bottle from his fingers.

“Favorite part,” Ilya explained with a lazy smile, capturing his lips again.

Ilya opened Shane up with his fingers, holding him close with an arm wrapped around his waist as he spread him open. Shane rutted back into the feeling, huffing into Ilya’s ear as he worked him open. One finger, then two, mouth pressing kisses across his chest. After he was stuffed with three fingers, he couldn’t take any more.

“I’m ready,” he said, fighting at the whine that tainted the edge of his words.

Ilya nodded, looking at him as if he could see that he was ready. As if he knew that all Shane needed was him. Ilya reached for the condoms on the night table, and Shane stopped him.

“Maybe not this time,” Shane whispered, looking into his eyes.

Shane wanted to bathe in the way Ilya’s breath hitched. The way his irises bloomed under the soft glow of the warm lamp.

“Okay,” Ilya swallowed, nodded. Shane smiled, nodding with him as he took his mouth again, licking into his mouth like a man starved.

Shane guided Ilya into him, sinking on him with a loud moan, tired of holding back. Shane held him by his hair, pressing their foreheads together as he bottomed out.

“*Fuck*, Shane,” Ilya groaned, cursing in Russian as he pawed at his ass.

“Feel good,” Shane moaned, beginning to lift himself up and down, whining at the drag of his cock between their stomachs. Ilya was staring at him with hazy eyes, rocking up into every time he lifted, and groaning every time Shane took him to the hilt again. There wasn’t a part of him that Ilya’s hand hadn’t touched as he watched him. He was lost, and Shane was his anchor. No one else could do this to him; Shane could. Shane, and Shane alone, was a problem Ilya wanted. There would be no more scrunchies in his nightstand, or a glaring white toothbrush. Shane tugged at Ilya’s head of curls, “Answer me.”

Ilya nodded, thrusting up into him. “Good. *Da*. So good.”

Shane's hand clutched at the wall as he rolled his hips, capturing Ilya's panting lips in a filthy kiss. He pulled Ilya's head back, licking at his open lips, and spitting on his tongue. He stared into his eyes as he swallowed it. Shane's vision blurred at the sight, his orgasm cresting. Throwing his head back, he worked hard to meet Ilya's sloppy thrust

“Beautiful...” Ilya groaned, muttering in Russian as he licked up the sweat on his neck. “Shane,” he huffed, snapping his hips up into him at a damning speed.

“Ilya,” Shane whined. “Need you.”

“All yours,” Ilya whispered, pressing kisses along the blooming hickies on his throat.

“*Mine*,” Shane whimpered as he came between them, gasping at the feeling of Ilya's stuttering hips and the warmth that burned inside him as he came inside.

The mess was a problem, but he was too tired to move. He'd rather lie like this in Ilya's arms until morning. Deal with the crusty aftermath after he'd slept like a baby. Ilya was the first to move. Shane wouldn't admit it, but he pouted, making grabby hands at Ilya as he padded to the en-suite bathroom. He emerged with two towels, using the damp one to wipe them both down. He unfolded the other towel and placed it over the proof of their coupling.

“Dirty sheets,” Shane mumbled, throwing an arm over his eyes.

“I will wash in the morning,” Ilya whispered, pressing a wet kiss to his stomach.

Shane accepted this with a nod, moving his arm to look over at Ilya. He met Ilya's gaze with a small smile, reaching out to play with his curls. Ilya didn't look away until he dozed off, and his eyes shut to rest.

Shane turned off the lamp before fixing his gaze on the ceiling. He needed to plan.

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