

blame it all on the weather

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by [hnjsngluvr69](#)

Summary

This thing with Rozanov – it's gotten a little out of hand. It started years ago, when they were both new on the job and stupidly nervous. They'd ended up at the same hotel during a series of clippers somewhere in Ontario, and somehow a night of griping about the realities of field reporting ended with Shane spread out in Ilya's bed.

or, Shane and Ilya are field reporters for rival weather channels who keep ending up in bed together.

Notes

first and foremost, it's really important to me that you know this is historically accurate weather-wise. there were corresponding big weather events at these times in these cities. and i'm crazy because i sat here and made sure it all lined up. sorry it's not all in canada but i wanted hurricanes and those don't impact canada as severely as the united states. also i don't actually think there's any weather channels that report on both canada and u.s. weather but in this universe there are two.

second, i don't think i used too much broadcast journalism lingo, but here are a few terms that you may need defined:

a HIT is a live appearance by a reporter. so if shane says "i have a 7:30 hit" it means at 7:30 he's going to be standing in front of the camera talking to the studio about the weather he's seeing lmao

GOING UP just means what time you are first going to be set up and broadcasting for your hit

being CLEARED means you are no longer on air

p.s. the title is from "unfamiliar sun" by twin peaks which is the song of all time

NOVEMBER 2012 - WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY, UNITED STATES

A flash of lightning illuminates the room. Outside, the wind was howling, thunder clapping at a terrifying rate.

Inside, all Ilya could hear were Shane's broken moans.

"Look at you," Ilya murmured. "Made to take my dick."

"Fuck— you," Shane says, but it's so breathy that Ilya cracks a smile.

"Don't think you'd like that. You seem to prefer being fucked." Ilya redoubles his efforts, fucking into Shane at a torturous pace. Shane is so fucked out that he can't even fathom a response.

"Was originally category 3 hurricane, yes?" Ilya asks, as if he doesn't know. "So you come three times?"

"Fuck you, Rozanov. I - *fuck* - I can't come three fucking times," Shane grunts out.

Ilya hums disapprovingly. "We will see, weather boy."

FEBRUARY 2013 - HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA

Lily: Wanna warm up later? ;)

Lily: I have own hotel room

"Stupid fucking Rozanov is here," Shane grumbles, locking his phone. Hayden stops setting up the camera and stares at him.

"Why is he always fucking at the same places as us?"

"Well, I mean. It's both of our jobs to go to severe weather events. So, like, obviously there will be a good deal of overlap," Shane explains, even though he knows Hayden is well aware of this.

"Still. NA Weather has got to have another fucking person they could send. Jesus," Hayden says, going back to setting up their equipment.

"Whatever. My first hit is at 7:30, so pick up the pace."

“Did they want—“

“A look live, yeah. We can feed that after, though. I already wrote the script.”

Shane wonders where Ilya has set up for his hits this morning. Then he reminds himself he doesn't care.

NOVEMBER 2013 - PERRYSBURG, OHIO, UNITED STATES

It's been a rather calm year for weather overall, but a strong storm system in the Midwestern United States seems determined to upend that before the year ends. Shane and Hayden got in late at night, their flight miraculously landing without issue despite the increasingly concerning tornado warnings.

Shane deplanes and waits by baggage check with Hayden. “Think Rozanov's gonna be here?” Hayden asks.

Shane is counting on it. There's not much else to do in fuckass Ohio, anyway.

JULY 2014 - KAMLOOPS, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

Water is up to Shane's calves as he stands in British Columbia getting drenched by rain. His boots are filled with water, and it's disgusting. This is simultaneously the best and worst part of the job: he loves being part of the action, experiencing the weather firsthand and reporting on it. He loathes how quickly it gets uncomfortable, though.

“Well, Rose, as you can see here - the rain keeps coming. And this rain is causing the river levels to rise. The atmospheric river is causing record amounts of rain to fall in the Northwest, and we've had over 25 millimeters of rain in Kamloops in the past hour, and flooding was inevitable since there is nowhere else for the water to go.”

He talks with Rose about the rain for a minute, then patiently waits for the associate producer's voice in his ear telling him he's clear.

Once they're clear, Hayden climbs back in the truck to get the camera out of the rain. Shane idles behind for a moment to check his phone.

Lily: Take off your jacket for next hit

Lily: Want to see your nipples through wet shirt

Lily: Will make broadcast less boring

Me: Fuck you

Lily: Room 1232

When Shane is finally cleared for the day, he finds himself at Rozanov's hotel knocking on room 1232, like a fucking idiot.

NOVEMBER 2014 - OTTAWA, ONTARIO, CANADA

Shane stares out the window at the snow falling outside. He's lucky to be at home in Ottawa for this lake effect snow event, cozy and warm in his parent's house instead of freezing his ass off while he waits to do a hit every half hour.

He mindlessly flips through the channels on the television. He gets to his own, stopping briefly to see what they're covering. His urges to critique the show are innate, and he can't help but form a list in his mind of things they could do better. He makes a mental note to suggest they toss directly from field reporter to field reporter, and then resumes channel surfing.

It's only a matter of seconds before he lands on Ilya, who looks almost angelic in the snow. He's bundled up in an NA Weather-branded coat, his curls tucked into a nondescript toque. His nose is pink from the cold.

Shane thinks he looks cute.

And then Shane reminds himself he doesn't think things like that.

This thing with Rozanov – it's gotten a little out of hand. It started years ago, when they were both new on the job and stupidly nervous. They'd ended up at the same hotel during a series of clippers somewhere in Ontario, and somehow a night of griping about the realities of field reporting ended with Shane spread out in Ilya's bed.

And then it just... kept happening. Whenever they ended up in the same city, which was *a lot*, they found their way to each other. It was inevitable.

If there was severe weather, then Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov were there to report on it for their respective channels. And after the cameras stopped rolling, they were having sex.

They're not dating. They're not exclusive. Not that Shane is sleeping with anyone else, but he's sure Ilya probably is. They're not *always* in the same city, after all. Ilya has to have contacts he hits up when Shane isn't there.

Shane has thought about breaking it off. Sometimes, when Ilya is particularly soft with him and Shane fears real feelings are going to get involved, he imagines telling Ilya this is the last time. Or, better yet, saying nothing. Just... cutting him off.

But he never can. It's like that damn cowboy movie. He just can't quit Ilya.

Shane isn't stupid. He realizes he has something of a crush at this point. But he also realizes that's not what this thing between them is, and he's not so stupid as to believe that Ilya would actually *reciprocate* this crush.

So he swallows down his feelings, focusing instead on getting fucked into the mattress in whatever city they're in that night.

The worst part is, Hayden, his field producer, has no fucking idea any of this is going on. He knows Shane disappears often when they're out in different cities, but he doesn't know *where* he's going. And he's respectful, so he never asks. He just gives Shane a *look* that shows that he knows something is up.

It had been difficult at first, when he had to share a room with Hayden in every city. But then he got a few more years of experience under his belt, and he was able to negotiate a contract where he gets his own room.

If only they knew he wanted a solo room so he could get fucked into oblivion by a field reporter for Weather TV's rival channel, NA Weather.

Right now, Shane is feeling a little reckless, so he opens his phone and sends Ilya a text.

Me: See you're stuck reporting all day.

Me: Bet you wish I was there, too.

Ilya answers as soon as he's off air.

Lily: You are right

Lily: Everything is cold. Even my cock

Lily: Would be much warmer if I was in your ass

Shane blushes. He'll never get how Ilya can text like that so casually.

Me: Are you implying my asshole is the equivalent of a winter coat?

Lily: No. Is more like glove

Lily: Because it hugs me so tight

If Shane was less awkward and had an easier time tapping into his sexy side, he would probably say something very hot in response. Instead, he types the first thing that comes to mind.

Me: That's crazysauce.

Lily: I will give you some crazysauce next time

Lily: My cum

Me: I will block you

Lily: No you will not

Lily: What city are you in

Me: Ottawa

Lily: Damn. I am in Quebec

Lily: Too far for booty call?

Me: Yes that is too far oh my god

Lily: Shame. I would make you feel so good

Me: Aren't you supposed to be on air right now?

Lily: Probably. Will be thinking of your cute cock for my next hit

Lily: Just so you know

Shane doesn't reply. Instead, he takes a shower, jerking off furiously under the hot water while wishing Ilya was there with him.

FEBRUARY 2015 - SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA

New Brunswick is seeing record snowfall, so it's only natural that both Shane and Ilya are in Saint John to report on it. Four consecutive storms have hit over the past eight days, and a state of emergency has been issued.

It's record-breaking news, and Shane knows he should be more focused on that, but he can't right now. Not when he's on his knees in his hotel room with Ilya's cock pressing at the back of his throat.

“Good boy,” Ilya groans, his fingers lacing through Shane's hair. It's gotten a little long, undoubtedly because he's been so busy over the past few months with so much snow, but Ilya doesn't seem to mind. If anything he seems to be a fan, considering he's been tugging on it non-stop since he first got his hands on Shane tonight.

“You will think of me tomorrow, *da?* When your throat is sore during hits. Only I will know truth,” Ilya says, and there's something possessive in his voice.

Shane comes in pants seconds later.

JUNE 2015 - CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA

Wildfires have been spreading like crazy. It's been unusually dry in Canada this year, and the resulting drought-like conditions combined with the wind and warmer weather has made for a prime breeding ground for fire.

They started in Alberta in the spring, but they've since spread throughout the surrounding provinces as well. Shane hates dealing with severe weather events like this, much prefers when they're in peacetime. The air is so heavily polluted by smoke that it's unsafe even just being in some cities, and he's been seeing more and more evacuations being issued every day.

But here he is, donning a respirator as he braves the smoky air of Calgary. He's acutely aware that Ilya is 150 kilometers north of him right now, reporting on the similarly smoky conditions in Red Deer, but he wishes they were closer. It's not *that* far, and the drive would be under two hours, but it's too far to justify a meet up, especially considering they're both working around the clock.

Shane has just finished his 1:00 hit when his phone vibrates in his pocket. He checks it, expecting a text from his mom reminding him to be safe.

Lily: You are cute in mask

Lily: But I miss freckles

Suddenly, Shane is *very* thankful for his mask. Not only is it protecting him from all of the harmful particles in the air, but more importantly, it's hiding the embarrassing blush that's spreading across his cheeks from Ilya's texts.

MARCH 2016 - MONTREAL, ONTARIO, CANADA

Shane's flight was delayed for six hours trying to get to Montreal from Virginia, where his last hit was. And then he missed his connecting flight, obviously, so now the field production team had to scramble to get him and Hayden on a new flight out of Chicago.

Luckily, they did. Unluckily, Ilya fucking Rozanov is on this flight, too.

Shane can feel Ilya's eyes on him, his own cheeks heating up at the feeling of being watched.

He pointedly refuses to look up, focusing on his notebook in front of him where he's writing out ideas that probably make little to no sense. He's so focused on focusing that he almost misses it when Ilya walks past him, letting his hand linger on Shane's shoulder as he walks to the bathroom.

Shane turns his head and catches Rozanov looking back at him, nodding his head as if to signal that Shane should join him in the bathroom.

Which would be a terrible fucking idea. Hayden is right next to Shane, and Rozanov almost definitely has a field producer with him, too. Not to mention all the other fucking people on the plane.

"I'm gonna go to the bathroom," Shane says tightly, not waiting for any confirmation from Hayden before he unbuckles his seatbelt and walks tensely down the aisle.

"Ilya," he whispers, knocking lightly. The door opens and Shane is quickly pulled inside.

"Look so fucking good today, Hollander," Ilya groans, his lips on Shane's neck immediately.

"This is a terrible idea," Shane says, because he can't help it.

"Mm, probably. Good thing you come quick, no?" Ilya asks, dipping his hand into Shane's sweats and wrapping his fist around Shane's cock.

"Do you have any hits today?" Ilya asks.

"No, just planning with Hayden. I go up at 7am tomorrow."

Ilya sucks in sharply through his teeth. "Fucking early. Come over tonight anyway. I have big cabin all to myself."

“What about your-*fuck*-your crew?” Shane is having a hard time formulating sentences considering Ilya is working his cock in all the right ways.

“They are on flight tomorrow. Tonight is just me. And you, I hope.”

“I really shouldn't...” Shane says hesitantly.

“Mmm, but you will. You want me to fuck you, yes? Lay you out on bed and have you screaming?”

Shane shivers at the concept. “Fine. But I can’t stay long. I’ll text you.”

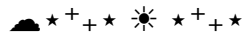
“And if you do come over, I’ll take care of *this* for you,” Ilya says, emphasizing the word *this* by lightly squeezing Shane's cock. And then he just... lets go. Pulls his hand out of Shane's underwear, where his pathetically hard cock is aching for more.

“You're not seriously going to leave me like this,” Shane says, less of a question and more of a demand.

“Hmmmm, I think I will,” Ilya smirks back, leaning in to ghost his lips over Shane's ear.

“Will make it so much better when you come over tonight.”

“Fuck you, Rozanov,” Shane says, but there's not a lot of heat behind it.



After Shane gets settled in his hotel room, he has to come up with a reason to go out for a few hours. He has no fucking clue what to say, so he decides to keep it vague in hopes that Hayden won't push for more details.

“I'm, uh. I'm gonna go out. I should be back in a few hours.”

Hayden doesn't even look up from his phone. “Mmkay, bud. Tell your girl I say hello.”

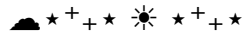
Shane blanches. “I– there's no– what?”

“Whatever girl you've been texting ever since we landed. You've been, like, glued to your phone. It's pretty obvious,” Hayden says with a boyish grin.

“Um. Okay. Well.” Shane feels incredibly awkward and has no clue how to proceed. “Bye.”

He leaves the hotel room and feels like he's going to pass out. Hayden is, like, two steps away from figuring out he's fucking Ilya Rozanov, which would probably piss him off beyond compare.

Shane takes a steadying breath, and then he makes his way to his rental car, walking briskly. Ilya's cabin is 21 minutes away, so he's 22 minutes away from getting Ilya's tongue in his mouth. He puts his foot on the gas pedal and starts his drive.



Whatever Shane was going to say dies in his throat when Ilya answers the door. He has sweat pants hanging low on his hips, his hair is a mess, and he's fucking shirtless.

“Like what you see, Hollander?” Ilya says with a crooked grin.

“Shut up,” Shane snips back, pushing forward to kiss Ilya. He kicks the door shut behind him, opening his mouth to let Ilya slip his tongue inside.

“Been waiting for this all fucking day,” Shane groans, his hips already grinding against Ilya's thigh.

“So patient,” Ilya breathes against Shane's mouth. He uses his hands to guide Shane's hips against his thigh, and his mouth starts to trail kisses down Shane's neck.

Shane is letting out a litany of whimpers as he feels himself getting close so pathetically fast. And he knows Ilya can tell, because he can feel that telltale smirk against his skin.

“Look at you, humping my thigh. So desperate, going to come in your pants for me like a good boy?” Ilya asks, and the words flow so naturally that Shane shivers. And then Ilya nips at the skin on Shane's neck, nothing too hard (they absolutely *cannot* leave marks), but it's enough that it has Shane's hips jumping as his cock spills into his track pants.

“Good boy,” Ilya murmurs, helping guide Shane through the orgasm.

When Shane comes back to, he sinks to his knees. He's still in a bit of a daze, but it doesn't stop Ilya from pulling his own cock out and stripping it quickly until he's coming in spurts across Shane's face.

“Love seeing my cum on your freckles,” Ilya says as he drags his finger through the mess on his cheeks. He slips his finger into Shane's mouth, repeating his actions until he's fed all of his cum to Shane.

“Come. I make you hot chocolate,” Ilya says, helping Shane rise to his feet. “You change into new pants.”

“Um. I don't— I didn't bring any other pants.”

“That is okay. You can wear mine,” Ilya says casually, tossing a pair of joggers at Shane.

When Ilya leaves the room, Shane steps into the ensuite bathroom and peels off his disgusting pants. He gently cleans himself off before pulling Ilya's pants on. He feels a little dizzy when he has to roll the waistband a few times due to the size difference.

When he makes his way to the kitchen, he steps into a sickeningly domestic scene. Ilya stands there humming to himself as he stirs chocolate into a cup of warm milk.

Sitting at the counter, Shane finally has a moment to take in his surroundings. The cabin is quaint, decorated just as he would have imagined a winter cabin would be. He idly thinks it would be a good place to do hits from, and makes a mental note to suggest something like this to his producers.

“Here,” Ilya says, sliding a mug of hot chocolate across the counter to Shane. It's got marshmallows stacked on top, and Shane can't help but be endeared by the fact that Ilya thought to bring those along with him.

“Drink up, Hollander. You will need your energy for what I am going to do to you tonight.”

“Can you go two minutes without talking about fucking me?” Shane asks, voice equal parts exasperated and fond.

Ilya smiles. “*Da*. But what is point of that?”

Shane huffs, but he still sounds far too fond. “So. Montreal is under a blizzard warning in March. That's crazy, right?” Shane says, trying to make small talk.

Ilya nods and takes a sip of his hot chocolate. “Was thundersnow in February, too. I did report on it.”

Embarrassingly, Shane already knows that. He saw it. “I think there's supposed to be, like, over 25 centimeters of snow tomorrow.” Shane feels remarkably stupid. He's slowly realizing he has no idea how to talk to Ilya when they aren't fucking or flirting. Ilya will be balls deep in him within the hour, but Shane still doesn't know how to talk about something other than the weather.

They sit in silence for a few minutes. It's tense, but not uncomfortable, creating a weird mix of feelings for Shane.

“Okay, I fuck you now?” Ilya asks, taking Shane's empty mug and sitting it in the sink.

Shane blushes but lets Ilya take his hand, lets himself be guided back to the bedroom.

“You look good in my clothes, Hollander,” Ilya remarks, dragging his eyes up Shane's body shamelessly. “Sadly I now take them off.”

Ilya leans forward and kisses Shane gently, starting soft before slipping his tongue into Shane's mouth in a way that can only be described as filthy.

Guiding Shane to the bed, Ilya kisses up Shane's neck and toys with the hem of his shirt. When he finally pulls it off, he sits back to admire Shane's naked torso.

“My favorite nipples of all time,” Ilya says.

“Um... thanks?” Shane replies, quirking his head. He doesn't have much time to focus on the strange comment before Ilya's lips are back on his.

Shane is powerless to do much else but lay there while Ilya kisses him into next week. Ilya's hands drag up Shane's sides, his fingers tweaking at Shane's nipples. When Shane lets out a pitiful moan, he feels Ilya smile against his mouth.

Shane gasps when Ilya starts kissing down his chest, swirling his tongue around each nipple only once before continuing downwards.

Teasingly, Ilya kisses around the base of Shane's cock, but he's careful to avoid any actual contact. Instead, he continues downwards, folding Shane's legs up so he has easy access to his hole.

Leaning in, Ilya licks lightly around the rim and starts pressing open-mouthed kisses on the sensitive skin.

And then his tongue is *inside*, and Shane thinks he sees heaven. Ilya's hands are spreading him open obscenely, but he doesn't even care because Ilya keeps licking and kissing and sucking, and Shane thinks he might come even faster than he did in his pants earlier.

When Ilya finally relents, Shane's cock has leaked an ocean's worth of precum onto his stomach.

“Your hole is so pretty, so tight,” Ilya marvels, his hands still spreading Shane open as he stares at Shane's most intimate spot. He feels extremely vulnerable like this, but he also feels safe. Because it's *Ilya*.

“Cannot wait to fuck you, *moy lyubimyy*.”

Shane whines when Ilya pulls away completely, but it's just for a moment, just to grab lube and a condom.

Shane is already loose, relaxed from Ilya eating him out. It takes no time at all for Ilya to work three fingers into him, focused more on scissoring and stretching than finding Shane's prostate.

Finally, after what seems like years, Ilya is rolling on the condom and slicking up his cock.

“Please,” Shane whimpers. “Need you.”

“*Ty - moy*,” Ilya responds, and Shane has no idea what it means, but it sounds beautiful. Anything sounds beautiful coming from Ilya's mouth.

Ilya pushes inside slowly, inching in at a torturous pace that has Shane squirming on the bed. “*Fuck*,” Shane groans, letting out a downright pornographic moan when Ilya finally bottoms out.

“So good for me, Hollander,” Ilya says, a little breathless. And then he's pulling out, out, out – until just the tip of his cock is seated inside Shane. In one fell swoop, he presses back in, smoothly, rhythmically.

He starts fucking into Shane at an unrelenting pace, his hands gripping at Shane's hips to keep him in place.

Leaning forward, Shane captures Ilya's mouth in another kiss, this one sloppier and full of unspoken emotion. Their tongues slide against each other, and Shane's eyes roll back from the onslaught of pleasure.

When Ilya pulls back, he brings one hand to Shane's face, cupping it gently. Slowly, he inches his thumb towards Shane's mouth, slipping it inside. Shane accepts it greedily, sucking on it immediately.

Pulling his thumb back, Ilya uses his grip to prop Shane's mouth open. And then he leans over and lets a heavy drop of saliva drip from his mouth into Shane's. Without breaking eye contact, Shane swallows it, his hole clenching as he does.

“My good boy,” Ilya murmurs, his hips picking up speed, his tempo getting a little less precise. He wraps one hand around Shane's cock now, stroking it in time with his thrusts. “Want you to come for me, make a mess.”

Shane can only nod in response, and within seconds he's spilling into Ilya's fist. Shane's eyes shut as he crashes over the edge, the most obscene moans being ripped from his throat.

Ilya isn't far behind him, and feeling Shane coming on his cock is all it takes to send him hurtling towards his own orgasm, filling the condom. There's a part of Shane that wishes there was no barrier, that he was feeling *everything*.

After they catch their breath, Ilya cleans them both up. He's gentle as he tends to Shane, even brings him some apple slices and water.

They sit in comfortable silence while sharing the apples. Ilya's hand mindlessly plays with Shane's hair, and it's so sweet that Shane almost feels sick with it.

“I should, uh. I should really go,” Shane says, but he makes no move to get up. The thing is, he doesn't *want* to go. But he knows he *needs* to go. So he will force himself to get out of this bed, to peel himself from Ilya's warm embrace, because it's what he *needs* to do.

“Or you could– you could stay.” Ilya almost looks shy as he suggests it.

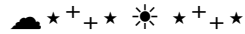
“I can't, I'm going up early tomorrow.”

“You can leave in morning. Just sleep here. Is late already, anyway. Snow doesn't start for long time, you can leave when it is light outside.”

Shane really should argue more. In fact, he should outright say no. He should slip on his shoes and stumble out to his rental car and drive back to his hotel.

But instead, he sighs and lets himself sink into Rozanov's arms. They fall asleep like that, tangled together in a way they haven't been before.

It somehow feels more intimate than anything else they've done so far.



“Uh. Hollander. We have problem,” is the first thing Shane hears when he wakes up the following morning. He wipes the sleep from his eyes, swinging his legs over the side of the bed.

“What?” Shane asks, voice still thick with sleep. He wanders through the hallway until he finds Ilya staring out the window. When he glances outside, he wakes up very fast.

There’s easily a foot of snow outside.

“It wasn’t even supposed to start snowing until later in the morning!” Shane says. He pulls his phone out and sees he has twelve missed calls from Hayden, and about seventy missed texts. Not to mention a handful of work emails from the producers.

“Well, it snowed early,” Ilya says simply with a shrug.

“How the hell am I supposed to get back to my hotel?” Shane groans.

“Probably impossible. You will have to stay with me.”

Shane glances nervously at a satisfied-looking Ilya. It’s already bad enough that he’s probably going to be in trouble at work, but now he *also* has to stay in this stupid (kind of romantic?) cabin with *Ilya fucking Rozanov*?

This is hell (or maybe heaven, but Shane doesn't let himself linger on that thought).

“Fuck, Rozanov. I can’t fucking—“ Shane pauses and tries to take a deep breath. His chest feels tight, and is this what a heart attack feels like? This has to be what a heart attack feels like. “FUCK! I’m, just. I need to find a way to get back to Hayden so we can film our hits and I don’t lose my fucking job.”

“Hollander, you are having panic attack. Take deep breath. You are snowed in. Not your fault. They cannot fire you for that.”

Shane rolls his eyes. “I should have just stayed at my fucking hotel, so they can fire me for *that*. Especially if they find out I left to have sex with someone who works for a different channel. That’s probably against my noncompete clause, or something!”

“You worry too much, Hollander. Let me make you come. Will feel much better after,” Ilya says, crowding Shane against the wall and nosing at his neck.

Shane almost lets him, but then his work phone rings with a call, snapping him out of it. He brings his phone to his ear and hears Hayden's panicked, tinny voice immediately.

"Shane! I've been calling you all morning! Where the hell are you?"

Shane feels sick, probably looks it, too. He tries to sound casual when he says, "Well, buddy, I've got bad news. I'm at a cabin like twenty minutes away from the hotel you're at right now."

Hayden pauses, undoubtedly confused. "Why?"

"Uh, long story. Point is, I don't think I can make it back to you for our hits today."

"Dude, please tell me you're kidding. I have so many texts from JJ already. Have you checked the work slack? They're freaking out."

Shane rubs his hand over his face. "Maybe if they clear the roads near me soon, I can head over? I don't know when that would be, though. It's pretty remote here."

"Where the fuck are you, man?"

"It's just a little cabin."

"Again I ask, why?"

Shane looks panicked. "I was... meeting someone."

Hayden is quiet for a moment. "Oh. *Oh!* Wow, dude. I didn't expect you to be sneaking off for illicit affairs the night before a work thing."

"That's not. It's not like that."

"Uh-huh. Sure." Hayden does not sound convinced. Probably because it's not the slightest bit convincing.

"Maybe this can be your big break! Set up the camera and do hits on your own or something," Shane suggests half-heartedly, trying to change the subject.

"I know you're kidding, but JJ already suggested that and I'm getting increasingly afraid that it's going to have to happen."

"I'll keep an eye on the roads and the minute they're clear, I'll drive back over."

Shane hangs up the phone and lets out a distressed sigh. "I guess I can prep for my future hits, at least."

Ilya stands there and stares at him like he's crazy. "Why?"

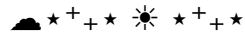
"How are you not more stressed?"

Ilya shrugs. "Harris and Troy's flight got delayed. I can't do my hits anyway."

Shane groans and rolls his eyes.

“Well. You can work, if you want. Or we can see how many times I can make you come before the roads are cleared. Your choice, Hollander.”

Shane knows he should work. But his dick twitches at Ilya's proposition, and he has no choice but to lean in for a kiss.



By 10AM, Shane has come four times, and the roads are finally cleared. As soon as he realizes that, Shane starts gathering his things to leave.

“Leaving so soon?” Ilya asks. He’s still shirtless and it’s driving Shane crazy. There’s a hickey right above his left nipple, a hickey *Shane* left. If he looks at it too long, he might get hard again.

“Obviously. I have to go.”

“Mmm. Will miss you,” Ilya says. Shane doesn’t let it affect him, because he really, *really* just wants to get back in bed with Ilya. He’s having a hard time resisting as it is.

He looks down and realizes he’s wearing Ilya’s clothes.

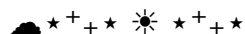
“Um, can I borrow these? I’ll wash them and give them back.”

Ilya waves his hand dismissively. “Keep them, just boring pants and shirt. Perfect for boring you.”

The air is tense. Shane doesn't know how to actually leave.

“Well. Bye, I guess,” Shane says awkwardly.

It almost seems like Ilya is sad to see him leave, but Shane can’t let himself think that way. Because this is just sex. Sure, he has a little crush, but that’s normal, and that’s *it*.



Once he’s finally back with Hayden, they decide to sit in the hotel restaurant for a bit to get caught up before they go live.

Shane is writing out a script on his phone when Hayden grabs his attention.

“Dude, don’t you have a sweater like that?” Hayden asks, motioning to the TV on the wall. The TV where Ilya is reporting on the snow, and he’s *wearing Shane’s sweater*.

He must have forgotten it in his haste to get out once the roads were finally cleared. Of course Ilya would be wearing it on air, just like the asshole he is.

Shane pointedly ignored the possessive tug in his gut that flares up every time he thinks about the fact that Ilya is wearing *his* clothing.

He’s live on television, and no one but Shane knows where that sweater came from. It’s intoxicating.

JULY 2016 - ESTEVAN, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA

The rain has been pouring for hours now, and there's flooding throughout Estevan. Roads are closed, power is out, trees are down – all the classics.

Somehow, Ilya found himself a flooded basement to report from. It's a crazy interesting shot, and Shane kind of feels like anything he has to say is pointless now. Who wants to watch the boring reporter out in the rain when Ilya is sifting through the damage of a basement swamped in water?

It almost felt obscene, watching the way the wet clothing was clinging to Ilya's body. Shane could see every crease and crevice, and he wants to trace the lines of Ilya's body with his tongue.

When Shane gets back to his hotel that night, he jerks off while burrying his face in the t-shirt from Ilya that he still hasn’t given back.

FEBRUARY 2017 - NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, UNITED STATES

Fifteen tornadoes had touched down the day prior in a small but incredibly damaging burst of severe weather. Shane was here now to report on the damage. He stood awkwardly next to a church that a tornado had torn through yesterday. There was rubble all around him, and it was going to be a poignant shot.

And then fucking Ilya Rozanov drove up.

“Woah, no way. We got here first. This is our shot,” Hayden snapped as soon as Ilya got out of the car.

“Is big area. We can also go here,” Ilya responded simply.

“No, it will complicate things! Man, just go somewhere else,” Hayden whines, looking to Shane for some back up.

Ilya purses his lips, also looking at Shane. He’s clearly waiting to see what side Shane will choose.

“Yeah, Rozanov. We’re already set up. Just go somewhere else,” Shane manages.

Something flashes across Ilya’s face, but it’s too quick for Shane to take it in.

“Okay. Will find better spot. You will be jealous,” Ilya remarks, piling back into his car and driving off.

Shane refuses to acknowledge the fact that he kind of wishes Ilya had stayed.

SEPTEMBER 2017 - BIG PINE KEY, FLORIDA, UNITED STATES

Shane is in Florida. He *hates* being in Florida. He rarely has to go to America, but when there are huge hurricanes like the one hitting right now, he has no choice.

Hurricane Irma is a Category 5, and the flooding is astronomical. He's been out for hours, and he's absolutely soaked at this point.

He's also acutely aware that Ilya is set up not too far from him, enduring the same conditions. In between hits, he's been streaming Ilya's channel on his phone to keep up with what he's doing.

Because, yeah, Shane is fucking worried for him, okay? Conditions are brutal. He doesn't even know if Ilya can swim!

“Dude, are you watching fucking Rozanov right now?” Hayden asks, and the disgust is evident in his voice. Shane feels his ears heat up.

“Uh, yeah. Just seeing what he's reporting on,” Shane says, and he's being partially honest. He genuinely *is* seeing what Ilya's reporting on, he just has an ulterior motive for why he's doing so.

“Look how fucking boring that screen is. No graphics, no movement, nothing catching your eye. *NA Weather* is a fucking joke compared to us, man,” Hayden chirps. It's something *Weather TV* comments on a lot – the comparison between their visuals and the visuals from their competitors. It's not really a competition, except for the fact that *NA Weather* currently has a soaking wet, insanely muscular man doing the reporting, and there are no graphics that can compete with that.

Shane hears JJ's voice come through his IFB, telling him they're not going to take him at the 30 minute mark this hour, so it'll give him a bit of a break. Shane is thankful, because he's

been reporting nonstop for the past five hours, all while getting pounded by rain and wind.

He relays this information to Hayden, who decides he'll shoot some B-roll while Shane rests in their makeshift shelter.

As soon as Hayden walks away, Shane is glued to his phone again, watching Ilya with rapt attention.

"There is child nearby who is calling for help. I called EMS but no one has come," Ilya says. He seems stoic, but Shane knows him. He can sense the worry in his voice.

"I am going to see if I can help him," Ilya says, taking out his IFB and passing the earpiece and his microphone to the producer behind the camera.

And then Ilya is wading out into the water. He had been set up somewhere with a little elevation, so the water wasn't quite waist deep. But now he's walking into this disgusting flood water, and it's getting higher and higher.

Shane's heart is in his throat. What if something happens to him? This is incredibly dangerous.

The camera zooms to follow Ilya as he makes his way to the stranded child, and even from a distance, Shane can see the way Ilya is trying to calm the crying kid. The anchors of the show are making commentary about Ilya being a real life hero, but Shane is barely listening. He's too focused, his eyes tracking Ilya's every move.

Ilya may be a bit of an asshole, but he's kind of amazing with kids. This is no exception. He pulls the kid, who looks to be about ten years old, onto his back, making sound effects as he wades back through the water to the higher ground.

Finally, Ilya makes it back. It's only then that Shane realizes he's been holding his breath this entire time.

Ilya acts incredibly nonchalant about the whole thing as the anchors praise his actions.

"Is nothing. I saw kid who needed help, so I help. Simple," Ilya responds, but Shane can tell he's a little shaken.

Shane himself is a little shaken. But even worse, he's *horny*.

What kind of pervert sees someone save a life and immediately gets hard? Shane Hollander, apparently, because he's got a tent in his pants that will be incredibly damning on camera. He's going to need to focus to get it down before he has to go back on air.

He's suddenly very thankful for the waist-deep water he's about to re-enter, because at last it means his boner won't be visible to their viewers.

When Shane gets back to the hotel that night, he's bone tired. After he showers, he knows that he should go to bed. He has to be awake early the next morning for another long day of reporting. But he's itching to see Ilya. He needs to hold him in his arms, feel that he is okay.

He distantly registers that he shouldn't feel that way about his long-term hookup, but he doesn't have enough energy left to care about that right now.

Ilya had sent his room number earlier, told Shane he could stop by to *worship his heroic cock*, which at the time had made Shane roll his eyes and lock his phone.

Now, though, he's standing outside the door to room 836 and working up the nerve to knock. He finally does, and he hears some shuffling in the room before the door swings open to reveal a delightfully soft looking Ilya.

"Hollander, I did not think you were going to come," Ilya muses. Shane pushes past him, letting Ilya close the door.

"You saved a freaking kid today," Shane says, feeling kind of frantic.

Ilya shrugs. "You would do same."

"But I didn't. *You* did. And I was... fuck, Ilya. I was fucking scared. I didn't want to be scared. Because this is just sex, right? Except I was sitting there in my stupid tent and I was thinking that I couldn't go on air until I knew you were alright."

"Hollander," Ilya says with a smirk, "You are saying you have crush on me?" He moves closer, wrapping his hands around Shane's waist, pulling him in possessively.

"Yeah, I do. More than a crush. I'm realizing I'm, like, in love with you. Which is so stupid, but—"

Before Shane can go into the extensive list of reasons why this is a bad idea, Ilya is kissing him.

"Been waiting to hear you say that for years," Ilya whispers.

"What?" Shane croaks, and he's thankful for Ilya's hands on his waist, because otherwise his knees might have given out.

"You are hard man to lock down. I try to flirt, to ask you on date, and you say it's just sex. So I let it be just sex, and I wait for you to get there."

Shane feels... completely oblivious. He's been fighting these feelings for years, and all this time, Ilya felt the same way? So much time has been wasted, all because Shane is a big fucking insecure idiot.

He's suddenly overcome with the need to be kissing Ilya, so he surges forward.

It's overwhelming, kissing someone you know you're in love with. It feels like everything, but somehow it's still not enough, not for Shane. He needs *more*.

His fingers tug at the hem of Ilya's shirt. "Off, off," he whispers, and Ilya listens. Shane's lips find their way to Ilya's neck, sucking marks down his chest as he sinks to his knees.

He nuzzles against Ilya's clothed cock, intoxicated by the smell that's so distinctly *Ilya*.

Ilya's hands find a home in Shane's hair, lacing through the locks and gently tugging so that Shane has to look up at him.

"*Moy lyubimyy*, so beautiful," Ilya says. It's softer than anything else he's ever said before, and he runs his thumb against Shane's cheekbone in awe.

Shane tucks his fingers under the hem of Ilya's sweats, pulling them down his thighs. He pulls Ilya's cock out and laps at the tip.

Holding eye contact with Ilya, Shane takes his cock into his mouth inch by inch, only stopping when it nudges the back of his throat.

His tongue runs along the underside of Ilya's cock, causing Ilya's hands to tighten almost imperceptively in Shane's hair.

"You like sucking my cock?" Ilya asks, voice equal parts fond and horny.

Shane nods as best he can with a cock in mouth, and then starts to bob his head. He goes slowly at first, enjoying the way Ilya's thighs tense as Shane teases him.

He slowly builds up a rhythm until he is finally sucking Ilya's cock with determination and purpose. His head bobs quickly, his throat making clicking noises with every stroke.

All too soon, Ilya is pulling him off. Shane whines a little, missing the heavy feeling of a cock in his throat already.

"Need to fuck you," Ilya rasps, pulling Shane off the ground. "Get naked for me."

Shane clumsily undresses, carefully folding his clothes and stacking them in the chair in the corner. When he looks back up at Ilya, he looks so fond of Shane that it's almost sickening.

But then his eyes catch sight of Shane's cock, red and leaking and desperate, and he manhandles Shane onto the bed, face down, ass up.

Ilya's hands palm Shane's ass possessively, pulling him open and exposing his hole to the cool air. "Look at your pretty hole, practically begging to be stuffed."

Shane whines, partially from embarrassment but mostly from horniness. "Please, need you," he groans before pressing his face into his upper arm.

"Do not worry, I will give this hole what it wants."

Ilya spits onto his hole, and Shane can feel it dripping down his balls obscenely. And then Ilya's thumb is pressing at his rim, ever so lightly, just to see the way Shane's hips twitch at the tease.

"Give me your hands," Ilya says, and Shane obeys, unsure of what he's going to do. Ilya places each of Shane's hands on his own ass. "Hold yourself open for me," he says, pressing at Shane's hands and forcing him to expose his most intimate spot.

It's a little humiliating, and Shane's cheeks burn as he lays there, his upper body slumped forward while he presents himself for Ilya.

"Stay. I will grab lube," Ilya says.

It's somehow worse staying like this with Ilya walking away, because it shows just how *desperate* Shane is. He'd do anything Ilya asked, and Ilya knows that. Delights in it, even.

It feels like ages before Ilya finally returns, the sound of the lube cap opening deafening in the otherwise silent room.

Ilya's slick fingers find their way to Shane's hole, still on display just as Ilya had commanded.

When Ilya finally pushes in his pointer finger, Shane lets out the most pathetic whimper. It's a stretch, it always is when they first start, but Shane knows what is in store and his body thrums with excitement.

"Sucking me in already," Ilya murmurs, watching with rapt attention as he pumps his finger in and out.

"More, please," Shane gasps. "Can take it."

He knows it's probably too fast, but he wants it anyway. He holds his breath when he feels Ilya nudge a second finger in, stretching him even more.

"You are opening up so beautifully for me," Ilya says lowly, watching intently as his fingers slowly thrust into Shane's hole.

Shane readjusts his grip on his asscheeks, intent on being *good* for Ilya and keeping himself spread.

Ilya fingers him efficiently, focusing more on stretching him than pleasuring him; he only brushes against his prostate a handful of times, but it's enough to have Shane's cock leaking into a puddle on the hotel sheets.

Ilya works him up to *four* fingers, which Shane thinks is excessive. He's been ready for Ilya's cock since finger two, even though it would have been quite a stretch then. But finally Ilya is pulling his fingers out, and Shane is so glad that it's finally time.

Ilya reaches for a condom, but Shane stops him. "Um. I want to feel you. Please."

There's a sharp intake of breath, and then Ilya asks, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, 'm clean, haven't slept with anyone else. Ever."

"Fuck, Shane. My perfect good boy, saving himself for me," Ilya groans. He pauses, and then adds, "I am clean as well. I have not been with anyone else in... a year. A little longer, actually."

Shane is shocked. When they started, he knew Ilya had been sleeping with other people whenever they weren't in the same city, but he had no clue that Ilya had long since stopped that.

Shane cranes his neck to look at Ilya. "Really?"

"Not since before the cabin in Montreal."

Shane feels like he could come from the admission alone.

"Fuck. Need you inside me now, please."

Ilya slicks his cock up, nudges Shane's hands away from his ass and then makes quick work of lining up with his hole. And then he's *finally* pushing in. When their hips are finally flush together, Shane hangs his head and lets out a low moan. He's propped up on his elbows now, back arched with his ass in the air, and he feels like every nerve in his body is on fire.

And then Ilya starts thrusting. He starts slow at first but wastes no time in building up to a punishing pace.

Shane feels a mix of shame and pleasure creep up his spine as he realizes he's shockingly close to an orgasm already.

But Ilya knows him so well, can already tell that Shane is moments away from coming on his cock, so he reaches one hand around Shane's waist and starts jerking his cock in time with his thrusts.

Shane's entire body liquifies as he crashes over the edge. He knows he's making an absolute mess in the sheets but he's too blissed out to really care.

Ilya doesn't stop fucking him, though. Sure, he slows down for a moment, but his thrusts are still deep and punishing, and Shane is shaking like a leaf from the onslaught of pleasure.

He can't decide if it's more painful or pleasurable, and he weakly whines, "Too much, Ilya, please."

"You will take it for me, because you are my good boy, *da*?"

And, well, Shane is Ilya's good boy, so he does. He takes it. He lets Ilya fuck him relentlessly, and Shane's cock has barely calmed down from his first orgasm when it starts thickening up again. He vaguely registers the tears running down his face, but he's so overwhelmed with pleasure that he can't even find it in himself to focus on it.

He feels Ilya run his thumb along his rim, rubbing at the place where they're connected.

“Love this fucking hole,” Ilya groans, and then he applies the lightest pressure on Shane's hole, almost as if he's going to push his finger in. He gives Shane a chance to say no, to tell him to stop, but all Shane can do is whimper out a broken, “Please.”

Slowly, carefully, Ilya slides his finger in alongside this cock. Shane feels the stretch, and even though it's just one additional finger, it feels like he's stretched to the brim.

“This greedy hole will take anything I give it, yes?” Ilya asks, and the combination of sensations and words is enough to speedrun Shane's second orgasm. Without even touching his cock, Shane is spurting out a pathetically small amount of cum. His body goes taut and his hole clenches tight around Ilya, which is what sends Ilya over the edge just moments after Shane.

The feeling of Ilya's cum filling Shane up is almost enough to make Shane's cock try to fill out again, but he's too spent for anything more than a pang of arousal.

Ilya hisses as he pulls out of Shane, but before he goes too far, he pulls one of Shane's asscheeks to the side, exposing his ruined hole.

“Fuck, could take picture right now, set this as my wallpaper,” Ilya groans, rubbing his thumb along Shane's puffy, fucked out hole. Shane shivers as he feels Ilya's cum dripping out of him. “Next time we get you plug, so you can keep me inside.”

Shane whines, and he's a little embarrassed at how bad he wants that. It seems like Ilya can tell, because when he flops down next to Shane, he's grinning knowingly. But Shane can't even process that, because he feels boneless in the bed, so boneless that he doesn't even care that he's currently laying in a pile of his own cum. He's been fucked so well he can't even care about the mess.

“Come, let's shower,” Ilya says, gently pulling Shane out of the bed. He guides him to the bathroom, where he somehow had already started the shower. The water is blissfully warm as Shane steps under the spray, and Ilya joins him in the spacious hotel shower.

Ilya is so tender in the way he cleans Shane, attending to his every need. He scrubs him carefully, cleaning him of the sweat and cum and tears, and he feels so taken care of that it's dizzying.

“You are too good to me,” Shane murmurs, pressing his forehead against Ilya's chest. “I love you.”

Ilya smiles and places a soft kiss to Shane's wet hair. “You deserve the best, *moy lyubimyy*. I will give you it, if you let me.”

Shane feels shy as he looks up at Ilya, gathering the courage to ask, “Does this mean we're, like... boyfriends?” His voice is so full of hope that it's endearing.

“For now, *da*.” Ilya says. Shane feels a bolt of worry run through him, because what does that even mean? Is Ilya only waiting to find someone else, someone better?

“For now?” Shane asks nervously.

“*Da*. One day we will be husbands. So boyfriends for now, husbands for future. I have known this for years.” Ilya says this so matter-of-factly that Shane has to lean forward to kiss him, because otherwise he thinks he might cry.

“We'll have to find a way to work for the same channel. A set of husband co-anchors could be a great pitch for a weather show,” Shane says, since he's always thinking of the next step.

“Maybe. I kind of like competition with you. It is fun to be better,” Ilya says with an infuriating grin, one that Shane has no choice but to kiss off his face before they get in an argument over who is the stronger reporter right here in the shower.

End Notes

this fic is dedicated to the very real work friends i have made because of heated rivalry. some of you might be cowards but i'm at work talking with my boss about ilya and shane and idgaf! idk how freaky my work friends are but if you read this and think it's me then i'm sorry you know this about me now. hope you can still look me in the eye on monday

i hope everyone enjoyed!! i am like shane in that i love being praised so feel free to tell me nice things <3 hehe

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