

matters of framing

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by [thathastu](#)

Summary

"Was this fun you planned for us to have at your cottage, Hollander?" he huffs. Shane doesn't even look up from his laptop. He has a fucking legal pad out and he's *taking notes*. "You brought me all the way out here to ignore me."

Without looking away from the screen, Shane replies, "You can survive a few hours without me entertaining you."

"I will not," Ilya grumbles. "I will die, and then charity won't even happen because I will be dead. You will wish you had not read these documents, Hollander, after I am gone."

Or; Shane is trying to get some reading done. Ilya is left to entertain himself.

Notes

I posted this unedited but i will go back and edit my stupid ass grammatical errors I promise

EDIT: hobby is the same word in russian as it is in english so I changed a bit to make more sense with this information

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

Despite only knowing the woman for less than a week, Ilya is certain he loves Yuna Hollander. And that's not because she's his boyfriend's mom. She's much cooler than his boyfriend, for one. She also makes incredible pasta, has better hockey instincts than half the coaches in the MLH, and is capable of the most bone-chilling death glare that Ilya has ever seen in his life. She's awesome.

However, she is also the proto-Shane Hollander. In that she is anxious, neurotic, and *obsessive*.

Shane came up with the idea about Ottawa and the hockey charity four days ago. They've had maybe two conversations about the matter. In their timeline, the charity won't be established for another two or three years. There was *no* reason for Yuna to send Shane an email with five attachments about starting charitable organizations in Canada. And there are even fewer reasons for Shane to be doing his assigned reading *right now*.

Ilya was actually encouraged to go through it as well—he was cc'd in the email, like he couldn't have just read over Shane's shoulder, which only further proves his point about Yuna and Shane being the same goddamn person—but he barely got five words in before being slammed with a wall of incomprehensible English.

"Ah, yeah, this is not doing it for me," Ilya had huffed, tossing his phone to the side. "Let's do something more... exciting."

And he pulled out all the stops on that move too. Leaning into Shane's side, whispering the words into Shane's ear before lightly nipping it, dancing a hand up Shane's chest. It was probably Ilya's greatest act of seduction yet. Anyone in their right mind would've dropped whatever they were doing, crawled into Ilya's lap, and begged him for all the fun he had to offer.

Unfortunately, Ilya chose to fall in love with stupid, boring Shane Hollander's stupid, boring mind. And while Shane's cheeks turned a pretty shade of pink and he shivered at the drag of Ilya's teeth on his ear, his voice was entirely even when he said, "In a bit, okay? Let me get through this first."

At first, Ilya thought they were playing a game again, like what they did when stupid Pike chose to ruin their day with his stupid phone call. So, Ilya smirked, put his hand on Shane's bulge, and *squeezed*.

To which Shane swatted his hand away and scolded, "*Knock it off*."

Thirty minutes of sulking later, Ilya sits at the other end of the couch, completely ignored. Entirely on his lonesome. Neglected. *Abandoned*.

"Was this fun you planned for us to have at your cottage, Hollander?" he huffs. Shane doesn't even look up from his laptop. He has a fucking legal pad out and he's *taking notes*. "You brought me all the way out here to ignore me."

Without looking away from the screen, Shane replies, "You can survive a few hours without me entertaining you."

"I will not," Ilya grumbles. "I will die, and then charity won't even happen because I will be dead. You will wish you had not read these documents, Hollander, after I am gone."

The corner of Shane's mouth twitches slightly. "Don't worry, I'll make my mom feel very guilty about it at your funeral," he jokes. "She's the one who wants me to 'get ahead' on this."

"You could say no," Ilya suggests. Shane looks at him. "I mean, you could. I do not know if you would survive but..."

There's a beat where Ilya starts to get hopeful, and then Shane just shrugs and turns back to his laptop. "She's not wrong, you know. It'll be a good idea to get a general scope of things before we start approaching lawyers."

"Does not mean you have to get scope *now*."

"I'd like to!" Shane insists, even with the slightly guilty expression crossing his face. He drops his hand down to Ilya's ankle and squeezes once, apologetically. "Sorry. Just... let me finish this one document and then I'll stop, okay?"

Ilya's eyes narrow at him. "How long?"

"Soon. No more than an hour," Shane promises, giving Ilya's ankle one final pat before turning back to his laptop.

They sit in silence for a little bit, Shane looking at his screen and Ilya looking at Shane. There's not much else that Ilya would rather look at. It's dark outside, the space illuminated by the golden glow of the lamps, but Shane's face is cast in the bright, pale light of his screen. Objectively, it's not very flattering, revealing every pore and cranny of Shane's face—not that there are many pores at all, that lucky bastard.

But every inch of Shane's body is beautiful. So he's happy to sit and stare. Even happier when he notices Shane shift a little in place, a bit of colour creeping into his cheeks.

"Stop staring," he mumbles, embarrassed. Emboldened, Ilya cautiously reaches out a foot to poke Shane's thigh, yanking it back when Shane tries to smack it with the legal pad. "That's not a yes, Ilya."

Ilya clutches his foot, betrayed. "You hit me," he protests. "You hit me like bug." Shane doesn't say anything. "Like little mosquito, you try to crush and *kill me*—"

"Ilya, for the love of *god*," Shane groans, looking up from his laptop to *glare*. "Just *one* fucking hour. That's all I ask for. *Fuck*."

He looks genuinely kind of mad. Ilya shouldn't find it hot, but he does. He still can't let Shane win. "Okay, I am leaving," he declares, standing and crossing his arms. "I will walk into forest. In the middle of night. *Alone*."

"Okay," Shane returns neutrally. He's already looking at his laptop again. "Can you refill my water bottle while you're gone?"

"No, because I will not be coming back. I will be letting bear eat me."

"Make sure you don't give them any garbage," Shane hums.

Ilya falters for a second, because he didn't think there were actually any bears out there—the Canadian wilderness is *very* strange—but he starts to loudly march up the stairs to the kitchen. But not before grabbing Shane's water bottle. "It will be painful and slow!"

Shane calls back, "Have fun!"

It's genuinely frustrating that Shane's clear dismissal is just as hot as his irritation.

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In the kitchen, Ilya finds David Hollander's contact in his phone and starts a new text thread. *Your son is terrible boyfriend. He is reading government of Canada website instead of kis*

Ilya pauses, considers it, and then backspaces. He doesn't know David that well yet. *Instead of entertaining me*, he decides instead. Innocuous, but still funny.

He starts to put his phone in his pocket, but David's reply comes surprisingly quick. First, just a cry-laughing emoji. Ilya painstakingly watches the typing bubble appear and disappear for over a minute before he gets the follow-up: *he gets it from his mother.*

A photo comes next: Yuna Hollander at the kitchen table, with a legal pad and laptop, chewing on the end of a pen as she looks at what Ilya is almost certain is the same website that Shane is going through now. It's grainy, taken from afar. There's a squarish-glow at the edge of the frame, likely the TV screen that's just out of view.

David sends another message. *The Game of Thrones season premiere started an hour ago. I didn't want to be spoiled but if I watch it without her, she'll be furious.*

Oh God, Ilya replies. *Is this what it's like?*

Another cry-laughing emoji. *Get used to it kid. Maybe pick up a hobby to pass the time.* There's a beat. *You might like knitting.*

Ilya feels himself grinning as he slips his phone into his pocket. Boring was not genetic after all. Shane Hollander must have invented it all on his own.

He turns David's message over in his head as he fills his water bottle in the sink. He never considered picking up a hobby before. The only thing that the word brings to mind is an embarrassing moment from his rookie year, when he took one of the hardest hits in his whole

career in a game against the Dallas Drillers. In the time it took Ilya to get back up off of the ice, Aaron Davies, the then-veteran and now-retired Raiders' right winger, was quick to leap to Ilya's defence. Literally.

"You sick fuck, he's a *rook!*" Davies had hollered, wailing on the Drillers' massive defenceman. "Quit touchin' our boys and get a fuckin' hobby, bud!"

Bleeding from the mouth, Ilya insisted, "I am man. Not boy." He paused, and then, probably because he was concussed, forgot that the word is the exact same in Russian and asked, "Also what is hobby."

They were both close enough to the ref's mics for the broadcasts to pick it up. The entire debacle is still considered one of the funniest MLH moments of all time. Ilya is quite fond of it himself. Davies was a good dude. Loud and funny and hospitable. He housed Ilya for his first year and a half in Boston. Ilya still gets Christmas cards from him.

He can't imagine that Davies expected Ilya to be the one touching boys and needing a hobby all these years later.

Ilya has hobbies. Sort of. He likes clubbing, he likes driving fast cars, he likes sex. All three are a little impossible at the moment—they're in the middle of the woods, the only car around is Shane's awful shitbox, and the only person that Ilya wants to have sex with is cruelly ignoring him.

Maybe that will be his topic of research for the night. Shane can read about starting charities in Canada, and Ilya will read about things he can do while his boyfriend is ignoring him. They'll do exactly what they did the other night, sit at opposite ends of the couch in complete silence with just their feet touching. They won't say or do or share anything except each other's quiet company.

"...fuck," Ilya mutters to himself after a moment, trying to scrub away the giddy smile that threatens to take over his entire face. Shane's boring might not be genetic, but it certainly seems to be contagious. Now, Ilya can't wait to research and find a hobby to do on uneventful nights like these.

Ilya returns to the sitting area in much higher spirits. "Here," he murmurs, mostly focused on his own phone as he sets the water bottle on the corner table. It's the one right next to the stairs, with the lamp that they almost knocked over on their first day at the cottage.

It's right next to where Shane has shifted to, for some reason, his laptop sitting in his crossed legs and his back pressed against the wood half-wall that separates the kitchen from the sitting area. Ilya looks up from his phone to ask about the change in position, and then almost drops it on Shane's head.

"Jesus—!" Shane splutters, flinching back in alarm. "Ilya, what the fuck?"

"Shane," Ilya croaks back, staring at him with betrayed arousal. "Why would you wear those *now?*"

Shane ducks his head, self-consciously pushing his glasses up his nose. "To read this, dumbass," he mumbles. "They're reading glasses."

The explanation doesn't clear the obstruction in Ilya's throat. "Where did you even get those from?" he wheezes.

"I dunno, from my glasses case?" He picks the case up and waves them in the air. "Is there a problem?"

Vaguely, Ilya does remember Shane bringing the plain black case into the living room along with his laptop earlier that evening, placing it on the table by the lamp but quickly being distracted by whatever bullshit Ilya was teasing him with at the time. Ilya curses his prior ignorance and lack of preparation for this truly devastating sight.

Even with all his focus on the stupidly nerdy yet obnoxiously sexy frames, Ilya still catches the nervous bob of Shane's throat as he swallows. Leering, Ilya starts to lean in. He purrs, "I think you know what my problem is..."

He closes his eyes, expecting to land on soft, pliant lips and trembling breaths. He thuds into rough cardboard instead. "Not yet," Shane insists from behind the legal pad, held in front of his face like a shield. Ilya can hear the gentle quiver in his voice, flustered and trying to be stern in spite of it. Shane sucks in a breath and says, steadier, "I told you, just give me a bit."

Ilya grumbles and pulls back, flopping into the corner where Shane was sitting before. It's still warm from Shane's body, but warmer still is Ilya's blood and desire. He doesn't even know where his phone is anymore, doesn't even care about it or any of the hobbies he was supposed to read about. He can't stop staring at Shane's face, at the way his square half-frames sit on his nose and compliment his features.

The glasses have been suspiciously absent for the entire time that they've been at the cottage. Ilya hasn't given Shane a lot of time for reading, so they haven't been needed until now. What a torturous occasion—Ilya finally gets to see Shane's handsome, spectacled face in person, and he's not allowed to do anything about it.

Wait a minute, he realizes suddenly. *I can do whatever the fuck I want.*

So Ilya pulls down his shorts and takes his cock in hand.

It takes Shane a moment to notice what's happening. When he finally registers what Ilya is doing out of the corner of his eye, his double-take is glorious. "What the *fuck?!?*" he splutters.

"What?" Ilya asks back, maintaining the steady rhythm of his strokes. "You look sexy wearing your glasses."

Shane looks like a deer in the headlights. It's quite erotic. "I'm reading about *tax forms!*"

"In your sexy glasses."

It's hard for Ilya to hold back his grin at the sudden redness that blooms across Shane's face. He's barely able to wrangle it into a smirk as he tips his head back and twists his wrist around

the head of his dick. The dry slide of Ilya's hand is a bit uncomfortable, admittedly, but it slickens with the pre that spits out in response to Shane's gaze.

Shane swallows, his dry mouth betrayed by the click of his throat. "This..." he starts breathlessly. He shakes his head to try and clear it, eyes snapping up to glare at Ilya's face. "Ilya, I told you—"

"You told me to *entertain myself*," Ilya hums. He kicks off his shorts and briefs the rest of the way, pushing up his t-shirt to palm at his chest with his free hand. He bites his lip at the feeling and then sighs out, "See? Entertained."

"I..." Shane's words, whatever they were, fade into a shaky breath as Ilya takes his balls in hand and squeezes them. It feels nice, but he does it more for the visual—his big hand cupping and supporting his length from underneath, letting his hard length twitch against his belly. Shane's eyes are locked onto Ilya's fingers as they drag a light, teasing path up the veins of his member, trace a circle around his belly button, and then come up to Ilya's mouth.

Ilya waits for Shane's breathing to hitch with anticipation before he spits into his palm. Shane *whimpers* at the sound.

"Don't get distracted," he chides in return, relishing the way that Shane flinches. "Do your reading."

"W-What?" Shane stammers. His glasses have slid down his nose. His pupils are blown so wide that they almost eclipse his irises.

"Tax stuff, or whatever." Ilya jerks his chin dismissively, like he's not grunting through the spit-slick glide of his own touch. "Go on."

Shane doesn't. Hardly louder than a whisper, with the barest hint of defiance, he protests, "You're... distracting me."

His little pink tongue darts out to sweep over his lips. Ilya's thighs clench at its appearance. "Not my problem," he manages. He works himself with a quick, steady rhythm. He's not trying to last. "You want to join? Hurry up and finish."

If Ilya wasn't so turned on, he'd laugh at the way that Shane's head snaps back to his laptop. Even funnier is Shane's blatant lack of focus. Ilya can see him scrolling through the webpage in the reflection of his glasses, but his pupils remain fixated on the same place. Shane's eyes are foggy, almost glazed over, approaching that cockdrunk look he gets when he has Ilya's dick in his mouth.

Ilya grunts, thumbing his head over his leaking slit. He watches, delighted, at Shane's little twitch, the wholly unsubtle way that he tries to sneak a glance at Ilya's dick. At the way it's flushed and full, at the way that Ilya brings his other hand down to cradle his balls and squeeze.

When Shane's eyes dart away, Ilya catches something glistening at the corner of Shane's slack mouth. Bemused, he huffs, "You're drooling."

"F-Fuck you—" Shane snaps, spraying his screen with a bit of spit. Ilya *laughs* as Shane's entire neck goes red, fumbling with the bottom of his shirt to rub at the screen. "Shut up!"

"Poor little Hollander," Ilya coos. "You want to suck my cock so bad, don't you?"

Shane's jaw clenches. The paper of the legal pad crumples in his white-knuckled hold. Ilya continues, jeering, "Such a *good* little boy, focusing on studies instead of getting throat fucked like he wants." Shane's eyes burn holes into the screen of his laptop, but his hand is still on the trackpad. "Why don't you read to me, hm?"

Ilya doesn't say it seriously. He's just trying to harass Shane a little, same as he usually does. He doesn't expect Shane to swallow and say, in a breathlessly embarrassed voice, "A p-precatory trust is actually not a trust at all—" He twitches and squirms when Ilya cuts him off with a deep moan. "...but only a nonbinding request of the donor."

Not for the first time, Ilya looks upon Shane Hollander with lustful disbelief. Shane reads this stupid fucking tax document like he's being fucked, his breathing heavy and the ends of his sentences shaking apart. He's the colour of a tomato, his lips shake around every word, his highs squeeze together as he speaks. He's fully clothed and still, it's the most erotic thing that Ilya's ever seen.

The mundanity of what he says almost makes it sound more obscene. "Since a precatory trust is a m-misleading term in that it is not in fact a trust, it is more useful to describe such a gift as... as an unrestricted gift that is accompanied by a nonbinding design—" his voice fails as his eyes briefly squeeze shut, an honest to god *whimper* tearing free from his throat. They stay closed as Shane shakingly grinds out "...designation."

Ilya's core clenches as he shoots to his feet, hand never stopping as he storms to stand in front of Shane. "Look at me," he demands, rough and shaking.

Shane's eyes fly open and he *gasps* at the sight of Ilya standing above him, jerking himself over Shane's face. "I-Ilya," Shane breathes. His eyes are so bright behind his glasses, so fucking *needy*. His lips part as he strains his neck upwards.

"No," Ilya orders. Shane falls back onto the couch, even as he whines in protest. "You will—*fuck*— you will watch."

The cottage is so quiet, their heavy breathing barely permeating the oppressive silence. It leaves Ilya's blood feeling electric, makes his toes curl in the carpet—the loudest thing in the room is his own soft grunts and moans, which means he *finally* has Shane's undivided attention.

And god, it's *agonizing*. It takes all of Ilya's resolve not to give into Shane's slutty, needy expression. He's drooling again, lips slick and shining with his hunger, his thirst. Every inch of his freckled face is flushed with desire, with *shame*. Ilya can see his own reflection in Shane's glasses. Behind the image of Ilya's hand working over his weeping cock, Shane's eyes are almost entirely black with desperate, tearful want.

Ilya's blood thrums with the thrill of Shane's gaze turned up towards him. It feels like reverence, like worship. It makes Ilya feel like a fucking *god*.

Shane's lips move silently, maybe even without him knowing. They shake around the soundless word: *Please*.

The silence is broken with Ilya's ragged groan as he cums across Shane's face. It streaks over his parted lips, flushed cheeks, his askew glasses. Behind them, Ilya watches Shane's lashes flutter, eyes almost rolling back at the feeling of Ilya's release hitting his skin. He looks blissful, as if he's found salvation, absolution.

"*Fuck*, Shane," Ilya pants, fist slowing as his balls pulse with the tail-end of his climax. He rocks his hips forward, smearing his softening cock through the mess of Shane's mouth. Ilya's thighs twitch at the bump of Shane's glasses against his sensitive head, but doesn't falter, entranced at the way his dick nestles in the dip of Shane's cupid's bow.

Shane whimpers against the underside of Ilya's cock, and presses the flat of his tongue to a vein.

"Ah, no," Ilya hisses, pulling back entirely. "You still have your work to do, remember?"

Shane blinks, and then splutters, "W-What?"

He looks kind of like an angry puppy. Endeared, Ilya rustles his hair and then turns to grab his discarded pants and misplaced phone. "You said you wanted to finish them tonight, yeah? I am bored now, so I will go find something else to do."

Ilya almost flinches when he turns back around and meets Shane's murderous glare. But he shoulders through his genuine concern for his safety, smiling sweetly and saying, "Good night, Shane."

And then he leaves without another word. He hums on his walk to the bedroom, stripping his shirt to toss in the hamper along with his shirt. Then Ilya climbs on top of the bed, folds his hands on his stomach, and waits.

After a few minutes, he realizes, *ah. I should probably be more clear*. "That was invitation to join me *in* bed, Shane."

He bursts into laughter at the loud bout of cursing from the living room, and only laughs harder at Shane's subsequent irritated shout, "You could've been more clear about that!"

He's still laughing when Shane storms into the room, but it's quick to fade into a smile at the sight of him—shorts tented with his erection, neck flushed with arousal, his face *still* streaked with Ilya's cum.

His glasses sit crookedly on his nose. "You're an asshole," Shane snaps. "That was *disgusting*."

Ilya bares his teeth in a grin. "Let me clean you up," he offers.

Shane swears and lunges. Ilya catches him with open arms.

End Notes

terrible glasses pun for the title. don't ask why my need for a fic where ilya jerks off onto shane's glasses needed so much build up. I just really enjoy david and ilya commiserating in their "misery" (abject delight) about their bossy, neurotic partners.

the document I quoted was something I found after I searched "starting a charitable trust canada 2017", clicking the first link, and then scrolling down and stopping at random. I was going to use the government of canada website about this but I realized it was (1) from 2019 and (2) actually much shorter than I thought. and I care *way* too much about period typical legal documents & their continuity in my pwp.

anyways can someone get me out of this fucking cottage already ive been here for weeks.

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