

I Can't Hardly Wait

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77502276) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77502276>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Shibari , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , Communication , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , Kink Negotiation , if you squint i guess - Freeform , Light BDSM , Subspace , Hand Jobs , Sexually Experienced Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Today I Fell, and Felt Better
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 2,770 Chapters: 1/1

I Can't Hardly Wait

by [peehtree](#)

Summary

“So... you’ve tried stuff. Stuff *we* haven’t tried yet...”

There isn’t a clear question in any of this, yet. Ilya has never thought Shane was the type to care about body count, so he assumes this is about something other than his past proclivities.

“Shane. Is there question in there, somewhere?”

“I’m just curious! Like, were you, y’know, bossy with other people?”

“Usually. If that’s what they wanted. I have always liked it,” Ilya shrugged.

Shane took a moment, visibly digesting that in his head. Eyebrows scrunched, eyes locked onto the crease between the couch cushions. Ilya pats his knee, giving him a moment.

“Have you tied someone up?” He finally asks, quietly.

Shane is just trying to get used to asking for what he wants, alright?

Notes

NO BETA IDGAF!!!!!!!!!!!!

title is a Bright Eyes reference is anyone else a fucking loser or what
it should go without saying but for emphasis

MINORS DNI

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

Ilya is deeply blessed. He knows it. Across the many years he has had the great privilege of bending Shane Hollander over (over hotel beds, desks, the marble island in the cottage, most recently) he has been in plenty of positions that drove him to look skyward, just for a moment, sending a silent ‘thank you’ to whoever was looking out for him. Because he doesn’t recall doing anything in his life that has made him deserving of Shane sitting in front of him on his stupidly expensive couch, red in the face, clearly trying to segue into a steamy topic of conversation.

“You’ve had sex with other people,” Shane starts.

Ilya looks back at him flatly.

“A lot,” Shane clarifies.

“Not for long time now,” Ilya defends himself.

“So... you’ve tried stuff. Stuff *we* haven’t tried yet...”

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Ilya’s smirk grows slowly on his face. “*Shane Hollander!*” He gasps, mockingly flabbergasted.

“Stooooop,” Shane whines, huffing a laugh. Ilya can’t believe that big, ominous build up was all for that.

“I have tried. Nothing elaborate. You have been thinking about this?” Ilya grants Shane the reprieve.

“I think I’d like to try,” he says, still quiet, “nothing elaborate. If you wanted.”

Ilya was grinning. The cat that got the cream. His phone was already in his hand.

“We will need to order some things.”

Shane knows he must have done something very right in a past life.

They had been eating breakfast in a peaceful quiet, both scrolling absentmindedly on their phones, when Ilya said “package arriving this afternoon.” He had left it at that.

Ever since, Shane has felt like a family dog waiting at the window, anticipating the mail man with his tail in a perpetual wag. Ilya kept smirking at him. Knowing and smug. On his fifth or sixth subtle (not so subtle) glance at the front porch through the window, Shane spotted a small cardboard box. His stomach *swoops* as he opens the door and retrieves the parcel, setting it on the living room table. Ilya looks at it from his spot on the couch. Shane hopes Ilya says something first.

“Nice box,” Ilya giggles.

“You are so fucking immature,” Shane laughs.

A beat of silence. Then two.

“Well? Are you going to open it?” Shane asks.

“Mm, no,” Ilya denies casually. He’s scrolling on his phone absentmindedly.

“What?”

Ilya looks up at him, cooing. “Poor *solnyshko*. You will practice being brave. When you want me to tie you up, you open it and ask.”

Shane buffers. He feels his ears heat up and his stomach do a flip, but he smiles. This is Ilya telling him the game is starting, and the ball is in Shane’s court. There is an order in Ilya’s statement, while still giving Shane time to anticipate and prepare. He takes a big, deep breath, nodding.

“Right, okay. I’m going to shower, real quick,” he leans down to Ilya’s level on the couch, giving him a quick peck, “I love you.”

Ilya grins up at him, “I love you, Shane. Wash up now.”

— — —

Shane hurries through his shower. The soap on his washcloth suds up thick as he *scrubs scrubs scrubs*. He *needs* to feel squeaky clean going into that sort of activity, but he wastes no time. He’s a little bit nervous, but mostly just excited. Over the course of these first few days at the cottage Ilya has made Shane more comfortable in trying new activities together than Shane could have ever thought possible. There was always a sense of shame within Shane, when he thought of his fantasies that some may consider odd. Those thoughts aren’t gone entirely, he thinks it will be a while, if ever, before they are. But in just a few days Ilya’s radical casualness around these intimate topics has driven a tank through the front lines of Shane’s mental blocks.

He just really, really needs to get tied up and railed.

And right now, that feels pretty damn simple.

He keeps getting dressed easy, not wasting time with any clothes except boxers. Shane ruffles his hair nearly-dry with his towel, brushes his teeth, peacefully bracing himself. His feet carry him out of the bathroom, stopping in the kitchen to grab some scissors.

The scissors clatter quietly as Shane drops them on the table next to the package. He plops down on the couch, draping his upper body over Ilya, laying a soft kiss on his shoulder.

“You smell good,” Ilya compliments.

“Thanks. I washed up just for you.”

A few quiet minutes, snug in each other’s arms. Shane wishes Ilya was shirtless too, he’d love to be skin to skin right now. They’ll get there, he’s sure.

“Okay, okay, let’s do it.” Shane sits up. Under the watch of Ilya’s supportive smile, Shane grabs the package and the scissors.

The rope is a classic red, Shane sees as he moves the packing paper aside. He was going in blind; knowing very little on the subject of ropes and brands, he had entrusted Ilya with the whole ordeal of placing an order. He runs his fingers up and down the length of the bundle, surprised at how soft the fibers feel.

“Bamboo,” Ilya explains, “very soft, for your soft skin. Expensive.”

Shane nods, pulling the bundle out and dropping the box back on the table. He just stares at the rope for a few moments before he has it in him to move.

“Ilya,” Shane prompts, rubbing his face across Ilya’s (ridiculous) jawline, “will you use the rope on me, please? In the bedroom, not out here, *please?*”

Ilya grins at him, ear to ear. “Of course.”

— —

“Up on the bed and kneel, pretty boy,” Ilya demands as soon as they’re through the doorway. He waits for Shane to begin complying before continuing, “I will only tie what we talked about, remember, yes? Just arms, a little bit of chest. No ‘sir’s for now, need you here with me to tell how your arms feel before you go floating off, hm?”

Shane nods, thankful for some level of structure to keep track of as he dives headfirst into something so novel to him. Ilya gets on the bed as well, still clothed, walking himself on his knees right up to Shane to give him a deep kiss. He cups both sides of Shane’s face with his hands, making sure to look right in his eyes as he speaks.

“Stopping would not be big deal. If you want to, then just say. I will do the same. Easy, simple.” He pulls back, looking Shane up and down intently for a moment before deciding, “boxers off. Easier than trying to get them off when you are bound, your balance will be different.”

Ilya unwinds the bundle as Shane follows his order, returning to his kneeling position. He eyes his canvas. Sends a quick mental prayer of thanks to whatever celestial being is overseeing him. He sets the unraveled rope next to Shane's thigh before he leans in, kissing Shane hot and wet. He kisses down his jaw, nips gently as he moves lower, savoring the goose bumps he feels raising up all over Shane's skin. *Sensitive*, and Ilya hasn't even begun with the rope. He says as much to Shane, who shivers at the words in his ear.

"My pretty boy," Ilya coos. He arranges Shane's hands together in front of him, palms together, beginning the tie on Shane's right wrist. He carefully arranges the beginning of the tie, doubling back the rope to form a starting loop. Ilya had spent the night online reminding himself of the minutia of tying, not wanting to rely on muscle memory alone. Going into tying Shane Hollander up rusty was absolutely not an option.

"Now it goes back and forth a few times," Ilya explained, weaving the doubled up rope back and forth between Shane's wrists to form a ladder up his conjoined arms. He glances up at Shane, but Shane doesn't look back at him, he's staring at his own wrists with blown out pupils and a red face. Shane seems to, after a moment, sense he is being looked at and averts his gaze to Ilya. Shane smiles sweetly at him.

"This is really hot," is all he says.

Ilya laughs, surprised by the candor. "That is good, *solnyshko*. Now, hands behind your head." He guides Shane's hands, helping to arrange them until his hands are at the back of his neck, elbows in the air. The stretch highlights Shane's chest, his collarbones, his *muscles*. Ilya takes a moment to stare.

Luckiest man on Earth.

He shuffles behind Shane until he's facing his back. He tugs the tail of the rope down a bit, forcing Shane to stretch back maybe half an inch more. Shane gasps quietly. Ilya runs his hands up and down Shane's back, kneading the muscles as he goes. "Next part ties around your chest. Not too tight. Snug. Enough to keep these pretty arms up while I touch you. Sound okay?"

Shane nods vehemently.

Ilya pinches his hip, smiling when he hears the hiss Shane squeezes out between his teeth. "Words for now, pretty boy."

"Sounds more than okay," Shane corrects himself. And that's all Ilya needs to carry on, wrapping the rope around Shane's chest, right under his pecs. He speaks softly as he arranges his work neatly across Shane's skin.

"Sitting so good already. My pretty, good boy. Mm, the red is perfect on your skin. Matches your blush, hm? Are you excited to be bound? Helpless? It's easy to be good when you cannot do much else."

Shane whimpers, so, *so* quiet, easy to miss. Easy to miss if you are not Ilya. He would never miss that little sound out of Shane. He leans back, admiring his handiwork. Shane's back

muscles look simply *delicious*, flexing under the slight stress of the stretch Ilya has tied him in. He circles back to kneel in front of Shane, grabbing both of his pecs harshly.

“Spread your knees apart. More... Ah, so pretty. Did getting tied up get you hard, pretty?” He clucked his tongue, “Little rope and my hands on your chest and you just start dripping for me. Tell me where that head is, Shane. How are your arms?”

“Really good, Ilya, promise,” he pants out, “please touch me. *Please.*”

“Am I not touching you?” Ilya rubs both his thumbs over Shane’s nipples, teasing. Shane nods fervently, leaning into the touch. His arms flex under the rope at the sensation. Ilya could watch Shane tied up, twitching under his touch, for the rest of his life.

“My— ah!” Shane mewls, cut off by Ilya suddenly pinching his nipples. “My dick, please, please, please.”

“Oh, sweet boy, I know,” Ilya coos, “you are *dripping*. I think you can ask me properly, now, tying is all done. How should my good boy ask?”

With his right hand, Ilya thumbs a tear away from Shane’s eye as they look at each other. He can tell that Shane is right on the precipice, that cliffs edge over the floaty headspace Shane hits when their dynamic and the physical sensations crest at the same time.

Shane maintains eye contact when he finally speaks, quiet and desperate.

“Will you *please*... touch my cock, sir? I’ll be good. *So good.*”

“So pretty, with your manners,” Ilya praises, moving his hands back to Shane’s chest. He plays with Shane as he kisses him, licking behind his teeth. He runs his fingers over Shane’s nipples, pinching and kneading until Shane starts mewling out those little whines that drive Ilya crazy again.

“I should keep you stretched like this all the time. Your muscles look *so* good, sweetheart. Do you like having nowhere to go? Hm?”

He trails his hand down, wrapping a loose fist around Shane’s cock. “Oh, you *do*. My pretty slut *loves* being bound for me.”

“*Fuck,*” Shane gasps. He’s letting loose a litany of quiet curses, bucking his hips forward, searching for friction.

“Mm, I like that. You want to fuck my hand? Let’s see it.” He tightens his hand a bit, but keeps it entirely still. Shane looks at him, blush traveling down to his shoulders. “Go on,” Ilya urges.

Shane shifts up onto his knees more. With a deep breath, he slowly starts thrusting into Ilya’s hand, catching a rhythm.

“Good boy, Shane. Look at you. Pretty and obedient, all for me, hm?” Shane speeds up his hips. “All for you, all for you,” he pants. Ilya wishes there was a tripod with a camera

capturing high definition footage right now, so he could relive this over and over. Something to revisit, he notes in the back of his mind.

“You are taking this so well, baby. I think next time we can tie you some more, yes? Maybe something on your legs? Could even be to the bedposts. Keep you nice and open for me.”

Shane moans like the sounds are being punched out of him. He’s hit the point where all reservations and shame are way behind him. His hips are bucking, quickly, building speed as he nears orgasm, egged on by the utter helplessness of his upper half.

“You’re close already? How sweet.” Ilya grips the hair at the nape of Shane’s neck, pulls, and tightens the hand on his cock. “You have done so good for me, sweet boy. Why don’t you make a mess on my hand and tell me how grateful you are?”

Shane nods as best as he can with Ilya’s grip on his hair, and speeds up his hips to a last few punchy thrusts, gasps out a “*thank you, thank you, thank you,*” and spills onto Ilya’s fist.

— —

Shane cums until he feels *empty*. His soul returns to his body as Ilya peppers kisses all over his face, arms still tied.

“So sweet. So pretty. Mine, mine, mine,” Ilya murmurs.

The affection put a sweet smile on Shane’s face. He loves the way Ilya pampers him after sex. Ilya slides off the bed with a whispered ‘*one moment*’, grabbing a wet rag from the en suite bathroom. He makes quick work of them both, gently cleaning with the warm rag.

“Better. Let’s get your arms free, hm?”

Obviously, Shane knew he would have to be unbound eventually. Nevertheless, he’s surprised to find he’s a little disappointed by the prospect. The rope just feels so *nice*. It’s squeezing him just right, keeping him tethered down in the safety of his bedroom. And he just... feels pretty. He’ll be remiss to see it go. Ilya is behind him, undoing the chest portion of his tie. Shane feels the constriction around his chest ease off, and pulls his arms down in front of him.

As Ilya circles back around in front of Shane to get the next column undone, Shane tucks his tied hands into his lap before he could think better of it.

“Can we uh— can we leave this part on for a little bit... please?”

Ilya looks at him, softly, thinking for a few moments before he concedes.

“Okay. A little while. You should not lay down for too long with your wrists bound together so tight. Is anything... ‘buzzing’? No...” He searches for the word for a moment. “Tingling? Any tingling?”

Shane is head over heels. He shakes his head. Ilya nods.

“Okay. We can lay down for a bit, before rope comes off.”

“Um... lay down? You don't want me to return the favor?” Shane asks, gesturing to Ilya's still hard cock.

Ilya shook his head, content. He stretched out onto his back, head on the pillows, before patting his shoulder, encouraging Shane to cozy up.

“Later. I got everything I needed for now,” he sighs happily.

Shane does cuddle into the crook of Ilya's arm, laying his bound wrists across Ilya's chest.

“I love you,” Shane whispers, closing his eyes.

“I love you, too, *solnyshko*. Rest for a few.”

End Notes

is this the freaky wavelength everyone is on for this series or am i misreading the room.
there's a couple hints built into this about what other kinks i want to hit in this series, if
anyone is picking up what i'm putting down.

find me on tumblr at peechtree101

make requests, yell at me, talk about the show. i want to hear it all

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