

**See you in two months (or not)**

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| Relationships:   | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander &amp; Rose Landry</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Rose Landry</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Shane Hollander &amp; Rose Landry Friendship</a> , <a href="#">Good Friend Rose Landry</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander Needs a Hug</a> , <a href="#">Clubbing</a> , <a href="#">Jealous Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Jealous Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Lace Panties</a> , <a href="#">Shane Hollander in Panties</a> , <a href="#">why isn't that a tag..</a> , <a href="#">Possessive Behavior</a> , <a href="#">Possessive Sex</a> , <a href="#">Possessive Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Possessive Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Top Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Bottom Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Dom Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Sub Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Kissing</a> , <a href="#">Hair-pulling</a> , <a href="#">Choking</a> , <a href="#">Spit Kink</a> , <a href="#">Manhandling</a> , <a href="#">Protective Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Face-Fucking</a> , <a href="#">Rimming</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Soft Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">Hand &amp; Finger Kink</a> , <a href="#">Praise Kink</a> , <a href="#">Degradation</a> , <a href="#">they r in love and freaks what can I say</a> , <a href="#">Feminization</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence</a> |
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# See you in two months (or not)

by [youwillnevaknow](#)

## Summary

The girl pulled away from Ilya just for a moment, down his neck while whispering something Shane didn't want to know.

And Ilya. Ilya was happy. He raised one of his hands to tuck a strand of hair behind the girl's ear as he laughed at something she said. He kissed her cheek one more time before she strutted away to her friends. Then, Ilya looked up. Straight at him.

Or

After two months of no contact, Ilya and Shane reunite. In a club.

## Notes

This was so rushed so sorry if there are spelling errors.

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

# Chapter 1

Recently, Shane has found himself in this situation more often than he wants to admit.

“Oh please! Shane, we do this every weekend! I beg you to come out, you say no, come up with some lame excuse and then come out anyways, come on it will be fun!” Rose exclaimed as she flopped next to him on the couch. “Plus, I heard tonight will be extra fun.”

She was.... right. That is how it usually went. Shane would never admit it but going out with Rose was fun, honestly. Being at the club made it more exciting.

“What's so special about tonight?” Shane sighed, finally turning his head to look at her.

“Well I read online that tonight is ‘be wild night’, the club encourages people to wear something out of their comfort zone, like makeup, crop tops, crazy outfits, you get the idea.”

The reluctance must have been evident on his face because Rose spoke again.

“Plus, Ilya Rozanov was spotted by the club earlier.”

That caught Shane's attention. Him and Ilya hadn't spoken in over 2 months, he stopped responding to Shane's messages and eventually Shane gave up.

“Who did you hear that from? How did you even know that's true?” Shane began questioning.

“Shane, do you know who I am? Not a lot gets past me.”

“I thought you hated him and 'never want me to speak to him ever again’”

“He's not my favorite person, but I know how much he means to you and I know how much you like him, so I can learn to tolerate him.” Roses' tone grew soft as caressed his hair. Shane swallowed hard as he felt his cheeks heat up.

He did. He did like Ilya Rozanov a lot. What was supposed to be rivals with benefits turned into more, way more. At least for Shane.

“Okay fine, I'll come out with you.”

“Yes!! I knew that would get you up. Come on, you have to look good tonight. Ilya won't know what hit him!” Rose squealed, grabbing Shane and dragging him to her room.

“I'm not going for him! I'm going to have fun with my friend.”

Rose rolled her eyes as she began digging through her clothes. “Sure you're not, and you totally are not gonna make him jealous with this.” Rose pulled out two clothing items, one that looked to be a white shirt and the other one...

A white thong. A white lacy thong. A white lacy thong that had red accents on it.

Shane immediately felt himself blush. “Where did you get those?! I'm not wearing that!”

Rose just shrugged casually. “I saw them at the mall and thought of you. You like them?” Rose threw them at him. Shane caught them, almost scared of it. He gently ran his fingers over the lace. It was soft, almost like silk. Shane had always thought about trying panties, more than thought. He craved to know what it felt like, what laced panties would feel like wrapped around his cock. Shane took a shuddering breath.

“Hey Shane, you don't have to wear them if you don't want to, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable,” Rose said gently as she approached him.

“No, no, no, you didn't do- I'm not uncomfortable, I just wasn't expecting it, that's all, I appreciate you buying them for me.”

Relief settled on Rose's face. “So, you're gonna wear them? I think they'll suit you.”

There was a moment of silence before Shane slowly nodded, grabbing the white shirt from Rose's arms as well. Rose couldn't stop hysterically giggling as Shane went to change.

Shane slipped the white shirt over his head, realizing it was cropped and rose when he moved his arms around, revealing not a lot, but some of his stomach.

Shane was not nervous when he slid off his pants and boxers and picked up the thing, and his hands were definitely not shaking as he slid into the red lace.

Shane looked in the mirror for a moment. The color stood out on his light skin and hugged his hips just tight enough to emphasize his curves, and hold his cock gently.

He looked..... really good.

A sudden wave of confidence washed over him, he felt *excited*.

He stepped out of the bathroom to Rose touching up her makeup.

“Okay sexy! Lemme see that lace!”

Shane reached in his jeans to pull the panties high enough for Rose to see.

“Ilya is gonna lose it, you look so good. I hope you find some sexy man to dance with tonight!” Rose giggled as she handed him his gold chain he left on the counter. “You’re being dramatic, I’m literally just wearing a plain t-shirt and jeans,” Shane grumbled as he grabbed the chain and clasped it behind his neck.

“Yeah, a t-shirt that’s cropped and shows your sexy abs.” Rose winked at him. “And a sexy chain, sexy matching earrings, your hair is freshly cut, and the, y’know.” She said, gesturing downward. Shane had already forgotten about the thong, it didn’t feel weird to wear, it felt natural if he was being honest. He wondered what Ilya would think about them. Would he love them? Hate them? Call Shane disgusting and kick him out? That idea alone made his stomach churn.

A gasp brought him back from his thoughts. “I know exactly what you’re missing!” Rose grabbed him, causing him to fall on his knees next to her vanity chair. She quickly grabbed some blush, eyeliner, and lipgloss and started gently applying it to Shane’s face. She rubbed some blush on her fingers and patted the orangey pink into his cheeks, then gently drew some of the eyeliner in his lower lash line, smudging it on his eyelids as well, and finally put some gloss on his lips to finish it off. She quickly ruffled his hair and adjusted it as she liked. “Ta-da!”.

Shane looked in the mirror. The blush on his cheeks wasn’t evident a blush, but rather gave him a light flush on his cheeks, the liner made his eyes pop and the gloss felt smooth on his lips. Shane was anything but new to makeup, he wore it for interviews, commercials, on the red carpet, sometimes he dabbled in it on nights like these with Rose, but tonight, he looked, well, slutty.

“You look hot,” Rose smirked as she finished putting away her makeup. “Keep the gloss, something tells me you’re gonna need it.” She winked at him

“Alright don’t get ahead of yourself, come on, I don’t wanna be out too late like last time,” Shane smiled at her as he walked out of her room.

Shane tucked the gloss in his back pocket.

...

Shane was drowned in loud beats as he stepped into the club. The smell of sweat, alcohol, and lust filled the air while he followed Rose to the bar. She quickly ordered two rounds of shots which they both downed in an instant. They had also pregamed a little before leaving, so let's just say Shane was beginning to feel his body heat up.

After a while, the song quickly remixed into a different one, grabbing a gasp from Rose. "I love this song! I'm gonna go dance, do you wanna come?" Rose yelled over the music. "No, I'm gonna grab another drink, you go though, I'll be here." Shane yelled back. Rose gave him a smile before running over to dance. Shane turned back to the bar, his face feeling funny as the alcohol began to take its effect. He ordered another drink while contently watching the dance floor, smiling every so often as he watched Rose dance with another girl, whispering and kissing her ear. Then someone caught his eye from the corner.

Ilya Rozanov. Ilya Rozanov dancing on the floor. With another girl. Shane felt his stomach drop.

He couldn't see the girl's face, instead was faced with an open back dress, big, strong hands running their fingers up and down her back. It was almost worse than seeing her face. The

face that was being kissed by Ilya.

It was definitely worse.

Shane forced himself to tear his eyes away from Ilya's hands to look at his face. He was sticking his tongue down her throat, pulling her hair, grabbing her ass. All the things that he used to do to Shane. Shane felt nauseous just looking at them, yet he couldn't look away. He caught a slight glimpse of the girl's smile as she slipped a piece of paper into the small pocket of his shirt.

The girl pulled away from Ilya just for a moment, down his neck while whispering something Shane didn't want to know.

And Ilya. Ilya was happy. He raised one of his hands to tuck a strand of hair behind the girl's ear as he laughed at something she said. He kissed her cheek one more time before she strutted away to her friends. Then, Ilya looked up. Straight at him.

Shane physically felt all air leave his body as his eyes met blue ones. Those beautiful, soft, blue eyes. Ilya was wearing dark blue jeans with a plain black t-shirt and a brown leather jacket, that gold cross splayed perfectly in the middle of his chest. His curls were messy from being played with, and even though it was dark, Shane could see the light flush on his face. He looked good. He looked so fucking good, it infuriated Shane. He watched as Ilya's face dropped slightly at the sight of Shane. He looked sad almost.

Shane didn't care. He didn't care at all. He felt tears burn in his eyes as they kept looking at each other. He saw Ilya begin to make his way over to him and Shane was not having it. He hopped off of his stool and turned to leave. He'll text Rose when he gets back to her apartment. He wiped his eyes and was headed to the exit when he bumped into a chest.

“Woah, I'm so so- oh my god Shane Hollander?!”

Shane looked up from the ground to see a really blonde man standing in front of him. He was tall, had green eyes, and long hair. He was smiling at Shane.

“Uh, yeah, hey man, sorry about that,” Shane mumbled. His mind was still jumbled from seeing Ilya.

“Holy shit, dude, I’m such a huge fan! I’m Dominic, but you can call me Dom. You’re an amazing player,” Dom offered Shane a warm smile as he held his hands out. Shane saw the blush creep up the other man’s neck as he stumbled over his words a little.

Shane relaxed a little bit. “Well, it’s nice to meet you Dom, I appreciate it.” Shane said, smiling back. He firmly shook Dom’s hand back.

“Uhm, this- this might be weird but can I buy you a drink? I mean it’s not everyday you meet your favorite hockey player and celebrity crush at your favorite bar,” Dom laughed, shying away a little.

Shane was about to say that he’s had a long day and was gonna call it a night, but then remembered the big, blue eyed Russian. He slightly glanced over to the side to see that Ilya was still standing there, still staring at Shane, an angry look overtaking his face. Shane saw his fist balled at his side and smirked.

Two can play this game, Rozanov.

“I would love that, let’s go,” Shane smiled, walking back over to where he was sitting.

...

Dom was a nice guy, he truly was. He was very sweet, also very evidently nervous, he kept complimenting Shane’s makeup and hair. He was a good guy, but it wasn’t doing anything for Shane. Shane wasn’t super interested in what Dom had to say, something about his four

sisters and growing up in Montreal. There was a lack of flirty smiles, a lack of sarcasm, and a lack of teasing missing from their conversation. Shane tried to ignore it.

Shane also tried to ignore the very obvious glares he was receiving from the crowd. He could feel Ilya's eyes all over.

“Shane?”

Shane snapped out of his thoughts. “What?”

“I was asking if you wanted to dance, just a little to let loose.” Dom was already standing up, offering his hands. Shane knew it was a better idea to say no and just end this, but he was feeling petty and had a lot to drink. He smiled and took Dom's hands, guiding him to the floor. They started off kinda awkward, Shane didn't really know what to do with his hands, but slowly things got easier.

Dom slowly traced his hands down Shane's waist, grabbing his butt as they moved to the rhythm. Shane blushed, holding the other man's shoulders. Then Dom was leaning in, kissing Shane. It felt off. Dom was kissing him gently, lightly protruding his tongue into Shane's mouth.

Shane on the other hand didn't know what to do. He tried to kiss back, but it felt difficult? He had to move his lips a lot to try to encourage Dom, let him know Shane wasn't made of glass. His hands reached up to the other man's hair, and he tried to ignore the pit in his stomach when he felt straight, blonde hair.

*Not curls.*

Dom pulled away and began kissing Shane's neck. Dom's hands moved back to his waist, lightly feathering over it. Shane tried not to groan in frustration. He felt very...

*Shane Hollander did not wanna be in control.*

He opened his eyes, and saw him. Ilya was sitting on a coach, a different girl from earlier, kissing down his neck as she straddled his lap. *That should be him.* They locked eyes once again, Ilya didn't push the girl off.

Shane wanted to cry. He wanted to break down sobbing right then and there.

It hit him. Shane didn't want this. Shane didn't want Dom, he didn't want his gentleness, he didn't want his stupid straight blonde hair, he didn't want his stupid green eyes.

He wanted his curls, his roughness, his blue eyes. He wanted *Ilya*. Shane felt sick. He broke eye contact, blinking his tears away as he pushed Dom's hands off of him.

"I'm so sorry, I'm feeling really sick suddenly and have had a really long day. Thank you for the drinks, sorry again man." Shane stumbled away before Dom could say anything. He could faintly hear Dom calling out his name over the loud music, that was a mess he was gonna let his team handle.

Shane genuinely felt sick, could feel his stomach churn, he didn't know whether it was the alcohol, seeing Ilya with someone else, or both. Probably both.

He found the nearest bathroom and burst in, thankful no one was in there. He let the tears he had been holding all night come out as his vision blurred.. He went to the sinks and began washing his hands, scrubbing so hard, it hurt. He prayed for it to wash away the feeling of Dom's hands on him, the sight of Ilya with that girl. Ilya caressing her back with his strong hands, letting her kiss his neck, letting her tangle her fingers in his curls.

*Shane's curls.*

The door suddenly swung open, then slammed shut, and was locked. Shane gazed up into the mirror to see Ilya standing against the wall by the door, looking right at him. Shane didn't want to hear any of his bullshit or teasing right now. He barely glanced at him as he dried his

hands and tried to push past him to leave quickly, Ilya was quicker, grabbing Shane's waist and pushing him back.

Shane's reaction was immediate. "Get off of me! What are you doing?!" He was furious, he didn't want those filthy hands on him. Ilya, now, stood silently against the door, leaning his head back, looking at Shane with *those* eyes.

It took everything in Shane to not drop down and suck his dick.

"Move out of the way I'm leaving," Shane mumbled, trying to move past Ilya, he wouldn't budge. Shane was so angry, Ilya ignored him for two months, suddenly is making out with different girls and now he wants to act like this?

"What is your fucking problem? Get out of my way, I have to go find Dom." That was a fucking lie, Shane was actually gonna go get water to sober up and go home. As soon as his name left Shane's lips, Ilya's eyes darkened. He wrapped his hand around Shane's throat, turned him, and slammed him against the wall.

"Don't say his fucking name around me," Ilya growled. His hand was not squeezing but was holding Shane's neck, holding Shane in place. Ilya pupils were blown wide, lips parted, curls messy. Shane squeezed his legs together, trying not to cum on the spot. Shane's eyes traveled down to his neck, seeing lipstick smeared on his neck. Shane remembered how angry he was.

He shoved Ilya once. "You fucking asshole." He shoved him again. "I hate you, you fucking piece of shit. You don't get to just make out with whoever you want and then act all possessive!" He kept shoving and hitting Ilya's chest, it didn't do much as Ilya just stood there, taking the punches. He was barely affected by Shane's hits, just allowing Shane to release his anger, staring deeply at him. Shane hadn't even realized he was crying until he felt a tear drop down his cheek.

Ilya gently lifted his chin so Shane had to look up at him. He wiped the tear away with his thumb before tucking his hair behind his hair. Ilya was being so gentle with him, it almost made Shane forget everything he had just done. Ilya stroked his cheek gently, admiring Shane's beauty. Shane allowed Ilya's thumb to run across his cheek and stroke his lower lip. Slowly, Ilya took a step into Shane's space, leaned in and planted a gentle, singular kiss on his lips.

And Shane, well, Shane was a weak, weak man.

Shane immediately wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck, engulfing him in the kiss. Ilya immediately responded, hugging Shane's waist so tightly. Shane pushed forward until Ilya slammed on the opposite wall. They kissed and kissed and kissed. All the anger, yearning, and love that had been pooling up inside Shane Hollander over the last two months was being poured into this kiss.

Shae moaned as Ilya shoved his tongue in his mouth. Ilya was devouring him alive, he wanted this so bad, but...

Shane pulled away and pushed himself away from. His mind was foggy from the kiss.

"No, no, we aren't doing this right now, I- I have to go." Shane mumbled, turning away from Ilya, trying to leave the bathroom. He didn't make it far as Ilya grabbed his arm, and pulled him back so that his back was against Ilya's chest. Shane gasped as felt Ilya's strong arms wrap around his waist.

"Come on Hollander, what are you doing?"

Shane turned in his arms, his brows scrunching in anger. He shoves Ilya back again. "What am I doing? What are *you* doing?!"

"Shane, why are you acting like little brat?"

"Fuck off," Shane grumbled as he stormed out of the bathroom. Shane stormed all the way over back to the bar, sat on a stool, and asked for water. The bartender quickly filled up a glass and handed it to Shane, which he downed in seconds. As he finished, Ilya approached him and stood close, right in front of him.

Shane and Ilya both knew it was risky as hell to be acting like this public, but honestly, Shane could not give a fuck. He can't decide whether he wants to fuck the man in front of him or just cry.

“Shane, we were not done.”

“Okay, well I was, I don't want to talk to you anymore, so fuck off.”

Just as Ilya was about to snark something back, the girl from earlier approached the two of them, the one who was sitting in Ilya's lap. Shane could barely hold back an eyeroll.

“Ilya, I thought you said you were coming right back,” the girl whined, Shane was holding back strangling her.

Ilya cleared his throat before speaking. “Emma, uhm, stuff has come up, I'll be there later.” Ilya was barely paying any attention to her, instead staring Shane down.

The girl, Emma, whined again, before shuffling her attention to Shane. “Who's this? Is this that guy you were talking about? The boring hockey player you hate? Why are you talking to him? Come back to me.”

Shane's heart cracked. Of course, because that is all he and Ilya ever were. He felt that stupid lump form in his throat as he stood. “Yes, that's me, I'm leaving now, so he's all yours.” Shane's voice cracked on the last word. *Yours. He's yours.*

“Shane wait-”

Shane knew in his soul that Ilya was following him, he could feel him hot on his trail. “Shane, please wait”. He ignored it. Shane pushed past the two of them towards the exit. The cool night air hitting his body like a wave.

For it being LA, it was pretty fucking cold.

Shivering, Shane pulled out his phone to grab an uber and saw a text from Rose:

Rose: girl invited me back to her apartment, make yourself at home you know where everything is! btw I give you permission to have a certain man in your bed tonight 😊😊

Shane smiled sadly at the text and looked up at the sky. Yeah it's just gonna be him. His hands were shaking so badly from how cold he was, which being drunk probably wasn't helping.

“Shane!”

Shane groaned as he turned back at Ilya. Ilya grabbed Shane's arm and dragged him to an ally behind the club, pushing him up against the wall. Shane didn't even fight it.

“Shane, do you really think that I want to be with her? Be with this girl? I have been looking at you this whole night Hollander! My eyes have on you since you walked in with Rose fucking Landry.”

“Oh right, I saw you fucking making out with that girl Ilya, girls for that matter! And I don't care! You can do whatever you want, it's not my problem!”

Ilya groaned in frustration. “Shane, why are you doing this?!”

Shane reached into Ilya's front pocket on his shirt and pulled out the small piece of paper the girl had given him earlier, he opened it to see a number on the paper. “Stop acting like I have no reason to be mad, you dick!” Shane threw the paper at Ilya's face and crossed his arms.

Ilya looked at the paper, now on the ground, unamused. “Shane, do you really think these girls mean anything to me?” Ilya picked up the piece of paper, tore it up into pieces, and placed it in Shane's hands. Shane just stayed silent and gazed at the paper in his hands. “Мальш, you are the only one on my mind, why are you so worked up over some girl?” Shane took a shuddering breath before looking at the sky, he was crying, again.

“It's not just that! Ilya, you've ignored me for two months! Do you not understand how that felt! All I had wanted for the last two months is you, all I have thought of for the last two months is you, and here you fucking are, making out with whoever you want, so yeah Ilya, I don't really know what to think.” Ilya suddenly looked guilty. Shane didn't want him to feel guilty, he just wanted to know why.

Ilya sighed. “I will not lie to you. I was cutting off ties with my brother, we, how do you say, will not speak anymore. I don't want him in my life anymore, so I was making sure my niece would be safe and have good future, and then I stopped talking to him. We do not speak.” Ilya admitted, not taking his eyes off Shane.

Well great now Shane felt like an asshole. “I'm- I'm so sorry, I didn't know.” Ilya just shook his head. “How could you have known? I'm sorry, I should have told you, I shouldn't have ignored you for the two months.” Ilya whispered into the space between them. He gently moved strands out of Shane's eyes. Shane leaned into the touch, before slowly opening his eyes to look back at Ilya.

He was looking at him, so gently. There was no anger in his eyes.

Shane scoffed. “Well I feel like a fucking idiot now.” Ilya was quick to shake his head. “You are not idiot, you missed me.” Ilya said, a smirk evidently growing on his face. Shane just shook his head, trying to hold back a smile.

He physically couldn't hold back anymore.

Shane practically threw himself at Ilya, burying his face in his neck, wrapping his arms tightly around Ilya's neck. He missed this, he missed this so fucking much, he feels like he can finally fucking breathe. Ilya caught him immediately, wrapping his arms around him and rubbing his hand up and down his back.

“ I missed you мой ангел,” Ilya murmured in his ear, planting a gentle kiss below Shane's ear. He melted as he pulled away just to look at Ilya.

“Next time, just come talk to me, don't ghost me for two months, and definitely don't go fucking kissing girls in front of me,” Shane whispered, his thumb gently stroking Ilya's cheek. Ilya smirked. “You are jealous, Hollander?”

He *was* jealous. Of course he was. How could he have not been? Ilya was fucking sucking souls out of girls, through their faces!

Ilya tilted his chin up, and Shane found himself feeling floaty. “Then shouldn't I be jealous too? Shamelessly flirting and dancing with another man?” Ilya said quietly. In all honesty, Shane forgot all about Dom, he wouldn't have Dom anything with him anyways, but Shane saw this as a lead.

Shane smirked. “Oh yeah, Dominic? He was hot right?” Shane felt Ilya's hands tighten on his waist. He kept going. “He was my biggest fan, was telling me how good I was, you think he's still in there? He asked me to come home with him, I mean hey he was a pretty good kiss-” Shane was cut off by Ilya's lips. Shane immediately moaned into the kiss, gripping the other man's curls. Ilya pressed him back into the wall, Shane whined at the cool bricks against his skin.

Shane couldn't get enough. The way Ilya was kissing him, he was starving. So was Shane. He arched into Ilya as the blonde man's hands wandered down to his ass and squeezed. Ilya pulled away. “He was a good kisser? Hm? Tell me Shane, was it better than me?”

Shane immediately shook his head. He kissed Ilya's lips once more, then again. “No, no, not better than you, Ilya please.” Shane whined. You could hear the shudder in his voice, they were still outside, in the open.

Eh, later problem.

They kept kissing and kissing and kissing, Shane was addicted to the way Ilya pulled Shane's hair back, adjusting him to how Ilya wanted him. He loved it. Shane whimpered as Ilya shoved his tongue into his mouth and pressed him into the wall harder. Shane was shivering from how cold it was but he couldn't seem to care too much. "Ilya, Ilya, please, please I need-" he was silenced with a squeeze to his cock.

Ilya got the memo, and pulled out his phone from his jacket, pulling up the uber app. He then took off his jacket and wrapped it around Shane. As if Ilya Rozanov couldn't get any fucking hotter. The black shirt hugged his muscles perfectly, and Shane could see the abs through the shirt. He clasped his arms back around Ilya and began kissing all over Ilya's neck, pulling him closer and closer as he kept pulling Ilya's hair.

"Shane, Shane, baby, come on, I'm trying to get ride, be patient ," Ilya spoke as he wrapped one arm around Shane's waist, steadying both of them when Shane kept falling into Ilya. Who could blame him? Shane's mind just mushes when he's with Ilya and he loves it.

"Don't wanna be patient. Ilya, cmon, take me home, I need you so badly, please." Shane whined into Ilya's ear, kissing his cheek. He knew exactly what he was doing to Ilya and that's what made it so exciting.

"моя отчаянная ебаная шлюха, трахни меня," Ilya slammed his lips back onto Shane's, swallowing the whimper the brunette man let out. Shane lost track of time, he was too busy being devoured by the Russian. Ilya must have called someone to come and get them because soon he pulled back.

"Baby, cmon sweetheart we are going, we are going to mine, let's go," Ilya used all of his strength and pulled away from his boy. Shane looked over at the car waiting for them then grabbed Ilya by the chin. "Will you fuck me when we get to yours?" He asked all innocently, batting his lashes. Ilya groaned and cursed in Russian again.

"Ты меня убьешь. If we go now, I will fuck you so good baby," Ilya breathed down Shane's neck. Shane gently pushed him away. "Then let's go, Ilya." He teased before strutting away to the car. He felt Ilya right behind him. He pulled out his phone to text Rose.

Me: I'll be at his 😊



## Chapter 2: Ilya Rozanov Airbnb

### Chapter Summary

the smut after so long im so sorry this is bad dont get ur hopes high i got lazy

### Chapter Notes

they fuck

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

The driver who picked them must have been someone Ilya knew or someone from his team because as soon as they were in the car, Ilya was on him.

Shane barely had time to settle down before Ilya grabbed his throat and pulled him into a bruising kiss. Shane immediately melted and arched up into Ilya, he didn't even care that the driver could see them. He grabbed at the golden locks, pulling Ilya closer. Ilya let out a deep noise in her throat and hauled Shane in his lap. Shane will never get tired of the way Ilya handled him like he weighed nothing. He whimpered as Ilya's had traveled from his waist, up to his hair, yanking his head back before Ilya began the attack on his neck.

"I-Ilya, we can't, this isn't safe, we aren't wearing seatbelts," Shane tried as Ilya bit down on his neck.

"Don't worry, I will protect you, is fine," Ilya whispered, chasing Shane's lips. Shane just smiled down at him before climbing off his lap and sitting next to him. "I would rather us not die right now, especially not sitting in your lap." Ilya just rolls his eyes before wrapping his arm around Shane's shoulders so Shane was leaning against Ilya.

"But Hollander, you belong in my lap, no?"

Shane just giggled, music to Ilya's ears. "I think you can wait 7 minutes until we get to your place." His words were slightly slurred, he ran his fingers up and down Ilya's arm as it was wrapped around his chest.

"You are still drunk? Wow, I didn't know Shane Hollander had it in him to drink so much." Ilya teased into his ears. Shane smiled at the comment. "Well I wasn't planning on it, I was just gonna have a few with Rose but then Dom was kind enough to buy me a few more," Shane grinned as he looked up at Ilya's expression. Ilya's hand immediately wrapped back around Shane's throat and yanked him upwards for another kiss. "Don't say his name Shane." His tone was deep, slicing through Shane's whole body. Shane just rolled his eyes and smiled, leaning up to peck him once more before resting his head back on Ilya's chest.

Soon enough, they were at Ilya's Rozanov's Airbnb. Shane barely had time to shrug Ilya's jacket off before strong hands grabbed his waist and slammed him into the door, lips attacking his. Shane gasped into Ilya's mouth, allowing a familiar tongue to slip inside.

Their hands were everywhere. Shane's hands found themselves massaging Ilya's shoulders, wrapping around his neck, stroking Ilya's face, tracing his moles, tugging at the curls at the base of his neck. Ilya's hands were glued to Shane's waist, trailing down to his hips, then his ass, and back up to his waist. Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane's waist, dipping his body down a little to deepen the kiss and engulf Shane in his embrace.

"Missed you малыш, missed you so much. Missed this fucking ass," Ilya muttered into Shane's neck, delivering playful slaps to his butt. Shane just rolled his eyes. "Clearly not too much if you were kissing other girls." Shane teased, leaning his head back against the door. Ilya paused, glanced at him with a knowing look. Shane was feeling bratty, so he just turned his head away from Ilya and let out an exaggerated sigh. He heard Ilya let out a mimicking sigh, before picking Shane up and carrying him over to his bedroom. Shane felt his face heat up, in embarrassment and being turned on, as he tucked his head into the crook of Ilya's neck. As they entered the bedroom, Ilya placed delicate kisses all over Shane's face. As the back of his legs hit the bed, Ilya sat down, Shane in his lap, again.

"Forgive me, sweetheart, I'm sorry, they mean nothing," each of Ilya's words came with a kiss, one on Shane's neck, many planted on his face, his hands, anywhere Ilya could reach. Shane couldn't help but lean into the kisses, fighting the smile that was growing on his face. "Just teasing now are you? непослушный мальчик," Ilya muttered, his own smile rising on his face. He quickly flipped the two, playfully tossing Shane onto his back. Shane couldn't hold in his giggles as Ilya met his lips again. It felt gentle, it felt relaxed, they were just basking in each other's touch and presence.

It was sweet, but Shane didn't want sweet. Shane pulled Ilya as close as he could while Ilya swallowed each whimper and whine Shane let out.

Their kiss became heated once again, Ilya was pressing Shane further and further into the mattress. Shane suddenly bit Ilya's lip and tugged at Ilya's hair, hard. "Ilya, need you to fuck me, fuck me fuck me fuck me," Shane whined as he dragged Ilya's lip out. All Shane got in response was a growl as Ilya began to strip his clothes. Shane quickly ripped his clothes off, before finally reaching his pants. The alcohol seemed to wear off for a quick moment as he remembered what he was wearing underneath. His reluctance must have been evident to Ilya, as the older man was fully naked, urging Shane to match him. "Shane, what is wrong?" Shane looked up at him, before pushing Ilya down to sit on the bed while he stood on shaky legs.

"I have to show you something, but promise me you won't laugh," Shane said, wiping his sweaty hands on his pants. Ilya could sense the tension in Shane, so he simply just nodded while sitting up. The brunette man took a few steps back, before slowly unbuttoning his pants and sliding them down his ankles, revealing the lace. Shane took a few steps forward into Ilya's space, unsure at how the man was going to react. As soon as he was in reach, Ilya stood up and yanked Shane in by his neck. Shane could taste the need in Ilya's kiss. Ilya's hands quickly traveled down, feeling all over the lace, fingers slipping down to trace Shane's hole.

"Черт возьми, ты что, пытаешься меня убить? You wore this? All night sweetheart?" Ilya muttered into Shane's mouth. "You wore this for everyone to see? Hm? You wanted all the men in that club to see this? What's mine? Da?" Ilya growled. Shane's head shake was immediate. "No, no, I wore them for you, I wanted you to see, I wore this for you, sir," Shane spoke out. He couldn't even find himself to be embarrassed, he was too aroused. Ilya groaned at the name. He brought one hand up and shoved two of his fingers into Shane's mouth, Shane sucking greedily. Ilya always felt flushed when he saw Shane sucking on his fingers or his cock, and you couldn't blame him. Shane sucked on his fingers like he *needed* it, eyes rolling back, breathing heavy.

Shane pushed Ilya down onto the bed, before quickly sitting on his knees, in between Ilya's legs. Ilya's cock was right there, laying heavy on his stomach as Ilya leaned back on his hands. The tip was red and leaking precum onto the ground. Shane's mouth actually watered, it took everything in him to not shove it down his throat right then and there, but Shane knew better. Shane was good.

“Well? Are you just going to sit there looking at it? Or will you be good and ask nicely?” Ilya questioned in that low tone that made Shane shiver. Usually Shane would protest, roll his eyes, but not tonight. “Please Ilya, please let me suck your cock, I want it so bad,” he whispered. Shane could see the restraint slowly slipping in Ilya's eyes, yet the blonde man looked unamused, but Shane knew this trick. Shane shuffled forward, just enough to be face to face with Ilya's cock, looked up at Ilya with the best puppy dog look he could, and rested his head on one of Ilya's thighs. “Please sir, I need you to fuck my face, I want to choke on it, please sir?”

Ilya Rozanov was a weak man, can you blame him?

With a deep groan, Ilya fisted Shane's hair, pulling his head up right, and shoved his cock down Shane's throat, groaning again at the tight heat. Shane on the other hand, moaned at the familiar taste. He immediately started bobbing his head up and down as fast as he could, savoring every last taste of Ilya's cock, he would never get enough of it. It was definitely not the best blowjob that Shane's ever given, Ilya could tell you that, but the desperation in that way he sucked and sloppiness alone almost cum. Ilya grabbed Shane's hair once again, thrusting hard and fast.

“Как мне так повезло, Иисус, you fucking love that cock?” Shane nodded the best he could with his mouth full. Ilya chuckled. “You fucking slut, love having your face fucked and throat stuffed, hm?” Shane pulled off, saliva dripping down his chin, spitting some out as well. “Love it so much sir, fucking love your cock,” was all Shane got out before going down on Ilya again. Ilya tapped the outline of his cock bulging against Shane's cheek with a smirk. Ilya loved Shane like this, loved when Shane let go, to know Shane felt comfortable enough to let go around him made his heart stutter.

Ilya looked down to meet Shane's eyes, looking right up at him as he sucked on the tip.

“Fuck, sweetheart, you're so good Shane, fucking love this mouth,” Ilya gritted out, breathing becoming rapid. Shane pulled his cock out, just for a moment to catch his breath. “Best you've ever had?” Shane smirked up at Ilya, only imagining what he must look like. Lips swollen, tears streaming down his face, cheeks flushed, lips red. A wet dream, in Ilya's opinion.

“Fucking minx, the best mouth of my life baby, fucking mine,” Ilya muttered, fixated on the way his thumb traced the swollen lips. Shane grinned wider. “Do you wanna cum on my face,

sir? Or down my throat?” This boy was sent to kill Ilya. Ilya pulled his head back before aggressively stroking his own cock. “Going to cum on your pretty face, Hollander, paint you mine, for everyone to see. My fucking mouth.” Shane whined, gaze fixed on the fast strokes. “Yes, yes, on me Ilya, I'm yours sir.” Ilya came fast with a growl, cum landing on Shane's cheek, tongue, neck, and hair. Ilya quickly stood up, dragging Shane up with him by his hair, and into a bruising kiss. Shane could feel the smile on Ilya's lips, one starting to appear on his face as well. Ilya surged down, lifting Shane in his arms, Shane practically jumping, pulling Ilya closer. Shane can't tell who started it but they soon found themselves in a fit of giggles as they kissed, giggling more when Ilya tossed them on the bed, towering over Shane.

God Shane, Shane was so in love. He was so terribly in love with Ilya Rozanov, it was sickening. He missed Ilya even when he was laying on top of him. Shane needed to be in his skin forever. He had been building up his need over the last couple of months and now that he can finally have it, oh Shane is fucking ecstatic. One of Ilya's hands snaked up to wrap around his neck, moving Shane however he pleased, Shane just whined into the kiss. Ilya began to kiss his way down, all over Shane's neck, across his chest, making sure to kiss each tit, and finally down to where Shane had wanted him all night.

“ебать, you're beautiful baby, Я не могу насытиться тобой,” Ilya muttered as he planted kisses all over Shane's hip. “What do you want Shane? Use words.”

Shane whimpered. “You. I just want you, Ilya please touch me, I need it.” Ilya chuckled, pulling the lace off Shane delicately, before discarding it somewhere behind him. “Wear those more often, nice on you,” Ilya muttered. Shane didn't even have time to respond before Ilya finally wrapped his hand around Shane's weeping cock. The movement alone made Shane jolt up, head thrown back against the pillow. Ilya smirked before setting in between Shane's legs, pushing them up to bend them. Ilya loved eating Shane out, he would be lying if he said it wasn't his favorite place to be. He gently pressed kisses into Shane's thighs, fingers sliding towards his hole, teasing and circling. “Fuck, I missed this fucking pussy, I miss you baby,” Ilya whispered, kissing each word into Shane's thighs. Shane could only whimper and run his fingers through Ilya's hair, urging him to do something, anything.

Finally, Ilya dived in, licking and protruding into the tightness. Ilya ate Shane pure like his life depended on his, sucking and licking, hands squeezing bruises into Shane's hips and thighs. Shane, on the other hand, was having the time of his life. His back arched as Ilya pushed his tongue in, thighs squeezing together, crushing Ilya's head, though Ilya didn't seem to mind much. “Fuck you taste so good Shane, you missed this, da?” Shane nodded so fast. “Yes sir, FUCK, missed it so much, holy shit Ilya, yes oh my god! Keep doing that!” Shane practically screamed. Ilya loved it. He loved that he could make Shane feel floaty, let go. “You touched my pussy? Hm? Tell me Shane, did you let your slutty fingers touch what's mine?” Ilya said before diving right back to sucking. His fingers slowly trailed up to meet his

tongue, slowly pushing two fingers in. "I did! Oh my god! I-I did, holy shit Ilya, fuck! It's too much!" Shane was writhing at this point, legs shaking from how sensitive he was.

But Ilya wasn't letting up. Shane tried to push Ilya off and up by his hair, squirming and wiggling up the bed trying to escape Ilya's grip, but Ilya's grip on Shane's thighs remained strong. "I'm not finished yet, ангел, stay." Ilya murmured, voice low, before diving back in, all Shane could do was agree. The stretch of Ilya's fingers, the grips on his thighs, the feeling of his tongue all over him, it made Shane dizzy and flushed.

It felt like hours before Ilya finally, finally, began to kiss his way back up to Shane's mouth, while Shane physically shook in pleasure. "Hi sweetheart," Ilya said delicately, pressing kisses all over Shane's face. Shane immediately wrapped his arms around Ilya's neck, pulling him down for a kiss. The kiss was gentle, contrasting all their previous kisses from tonight, just laid on the bed, basking in each other's presence before Shane pulled away deliriously.

"Will you fuck me now? Please, Ilya I need your cock in me now. Please Ilya." Shane whined, kissing and mouthing at the other man's neck. Shane was fully gone at this point and Ilya could only hold back a groan at how needy Shane was. He quickly wrapped his arms around Shane before flipping them over, Shane on top.

"Смон baby, ride my cock, хочу шоу от моего мальчика" Ilya smirked up at Shane, hands crossed behind his head, flexing his biceps. Shane did not need to be asked twice. He scrambled to spit on his hand and grab Ilya's cock from behind him and line it up with his hole. Slowly, Shane began to sink down on Ilya's cock, feeling every bit of air leave his body as he settled down. Ilya's hands moved to rub up and down Shane's waist soothingly. "Move when you're ready малыш," Ilya gritted out. All Shane could do was nod. "Fuck, you fill me so good sir, love your cock," Shane mumbled out as he began bouncing up and down. Ilya chuckled. "Yeah? You love it baby?" Shane whined at the tone. He moved faster up and down as his body began to relax, moving his hips however he could.

Ilya surged up to kiss Shae on the mouth, devoting his tongue as he used his hands to guide Shane's hips. Shane kept moving, no matter how much his thighs burned, he kept a fast pace. Eventually, Shane dropped his head into the crook of Ilya's neck and whined, all the signal Ilya needed to take over. A small smile crept his face as he wrapped his arms around Shane's body and maneuvered him to his back. Ilya took a second to admire his boy. Shane was flushed from head to toe, hair messy and ruffled, lips swollen and red from his kisses, bruises all over his body. He looked like, well, Ilya's. Shane's whine broke Ilya out of his trance.

“Sorry ангел, I'm here baby, my pretty baby, look at you Shane, you look, god. You feel incredibly sweetheart” Ilya couldn't even begin to describe what sex felt like with Shane, it was something

he had never experienced before. It opened his eyes to a whole new perspective “Tell me, tell me what I look like.” Shane managed to get out in between moans. Ilya growled. “You look like mine, you hear that sweetheart? Mine. Look at you , all fucked out.” Shane whimpered and dragged Ilya down to meet his lips.

They kissed. They kissed. They kissed. It was addicting. “I'm yours Ilya, I'm yours, fuck my pussy, please, please.” Shane didn't even register the words that were leaving his own mouth, Ilya sure did. He picked up his pace, one hand holding a death grip on Shane's hip and the fisting Shane's hair to tug his head back. His head snapped back, mouth agape, eyes open wide, pupils blown. Shane stuck his tongue, waiting for Ilya to acknowledge his need. Ilya spat straight into his mouth, the saliva landing perfectly on his tongue, Shane swallowing it greedily.

“Fuck, you're so fucking tight моя любовь, love this fucking pussy, who's pussy is this Shane? Tell me.” Ilya asked in that tone that made Shane flush inside and out. Shane could tell Ilya was getting close by the way his breathing got heavier and his hips began to stutter. Ilya delivered a light slap to Shane's cheek, to bring him back to focus, before wrapping his hand around Shane's throat and squeezing. “Tell me Shane. Who's pussy is this?” Ilya gritted out as his pace increased again, hitting Shane's prostate directly. “FUCK, it's yours! It's yours! YES OH GOD! Right there, Ilya shit!” Shane babbled, hand wrapping around his weeping cock.

The room was filled with sounds of skin meeting, heaving breathing, and moans. “Come inside me, please, fill me up Ilya, do it. I want your babies, fucing want your babies.” Shane mumbled as his orgasm approached. “Shane, are you sure? I will pull out, you don't like mess.” Ilya grunted out as he began to pull out. Shane immediately grabbed Ilya's shoulder to pull his Dow for a kiss, before locking his legs around Ilya's waist. “No no no, please come in, please sir, don't you wanna knock me up? Don't you want me to carry your babies? Of the Ilya Rozanov?” Shane knew what he was doing, Ilya was right, he did hate the mess, but right now, he *needed* Ilya's come. Shane physically saw Ilya's restraints snap. “чертова непослушная девочка, such a slut for me. You want my baby Hollander? I will give you, will fucking knock you up so everyone knows you're fucking mine. Dominic will see you and know you're mine, gonna fucking fill this pussy. Fucking, Shane I'm coming!” Ilya grunted out as he spilled deep inside Shane, Shane coming soon after.

After a quick moment, Ilya immediately sprung into action. He gently pulled out, wincing at the whine Shane let out, hurried to the bathroom and grabbed towels, then came back and gently began wiping Shane down. Shane felt dizzy, the good dizzy, floaty, and very fucking tired. He stroked Ilya's back as Ilya wiped himself and Shane down. Ilya quickly put the towels in the laundry before plopping down onto the bed, grabbing Shane and pulling him on top of his chest.

“Shane, baby, how do you feel?” A mumbled in response, Shane was falling asleep.

“Baby, hey cmon, Shane-”

“I love you.” Ilya froze immediately. Shane hadn't even fully registered that he had just said that to Ilya Rozanov, but his body was too tired to even stay awake, so he just mumbled goodnight before slowly shutting his eyes.

“Я люблю тебя, мой милый мальчик.” Ilya muttered with a smile, tears dwelling in his eyes.

## Chapter End Notes

SO SORRY FOR THE DELAY I lowk got lazy but her ya go it's not good but thank you for reading 🙌🥳

## End Notes

smut in the next chapter get excited hoes (don't actually I'm not a good smut writer)

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