

no easy ride

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no easy ride

by [TexasTeaparty](#)

Summary

"Hmm, what was that, Hollander? Were you trying to say something?"

Even though Shane and Ilya often only refer to one another by their last names, the way it sounds rolling off Ilya's sex drunk, accented tongue has Shane feeling tingles all the way down his spine.

"Fuck off—*jesus, ah!*—stop talking and fuck me already!" Shane finally snaps. His cheeks are ruddy, voice hoarse from moaning, and his legs are shaking.

(Or, Alternatively, friends with benefits hollanov in college, featuring anxious mess Shane and emotionally stunted Ilya - it's mostly pwp with happy ending)

Notes

This was a fic I had wrote years ago for a different ship, and I hated it there, but it was very fun to return to for hollanov. It's basically just porn, with some jealousy, and some miscommunication.

As always, come say hello on my [Tumblr](#) and I also made a twitter but dont go on it much (twit is very toxic) [here](#)

title from Hell or High Water by Bailey Zimmerman

I know it ain't gonna be no easy ride

And what doesn't kill you makes you stronger

But I'm running outta places I can hide

And every day, it's like the nights get longer

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



The table he's bent over makes a loud, rhythmic *thump thump thump* against the wall that he isn't sure can't be heard from literally anywhere else on the floor. Shane pants, sweat beading on his brow as Ilya's hip pound in to him from behind.

Ilya grunts, stance shifting ever so slightly and giving him the perfect angle to hit Shane's prostate dead on, making him cry out. His back arches, chest coming up off the desk and knuckles white as he grips the edges. He's pretty sure he's gonna have finger shaped bruises on his hips from where Ilya is gripping them, and *god*, does that make him shiver at the thought of the constant reminder he'll have later.

"*Fuck*," Ilya leans forward, chest to Shane's back, to whisper in his ear. "You sound so fucking sexy, Hollander." He feels Ilya pull back, then his palms move to each ass cheek, fingers digging in while he spreads them. Ilya sounds wrecked, and Shane can only imagine how it looks from his point of view—how it must look to see his own cock thrust in and out of Shane's asshole, to see Shane stretched around the girth of it.

"You moan so pretty. Is much better than hearing you talk."

Annoyed, Shane opens his mouth to fire off a retort, but it's cut off by Ilya snapping his hips in a hard, pointed thrust, nailing his prostate again with deadly accuracy. His cock hangs heavy and hurt between his thighs, sore from neglect but Ilya told him not to touch so he's had no reprieve. Sometimes, if he's lucky, when Ilya's thrusts pick up in speed, or if he's feeling particularly cheeky and will do these slow, hard thrusts, Shane's cock will brush against the edge of the desk, friction painfully delicious and makes him delirious.

"Hmm, what was that, Hollander? Were you trying to say something?"

Even though Shane and Ilya often only refer to one another by their last names, the way it sounds rolling off Ilya's sex drunk, accented tongue has Shane feeling tingles all the way down his spine.

"Fuck off—*jesus, ah!*—stop talking and fuck me already!" Shane finally snaps. His cheeks are ruddy, voice hoarse from moaning, and his legs are shaking.

Ilya chortles behind him, the sound light and airy filling the space seconds before the *crack* of a palm connecting with Shane's ass cheek, making Shane let out a startled, aroused shout followed by a quick, breathy moan.

"I don't know." Ilya's hips slow to a crawl, thrusts well aimed but not nearly enough stimulation. Shane can feel tears gathering at his lashes at the sinful torture. "You tell me to hurry up, but you squeeze around my cock when I slow down. Which is it, Hollander? Slow or fast?"

As if on cue, Shane could feel himself clench around Ilya, the sound of his raspy voice making his toes curl. With a whimper, he drops his head down onto the desk, his heaving breaths fogging up fake wood finish. Ilya taps his other cheek next, not as hard, but chuckles when Shane's ass cheek wiggles from the force, before gyrating his hips in a tiny circle. It forces the very tip of his cock so lightly against Shane's prostate that Shane almost wants to cry.

It's so frustrating and Ilya is being an asshole.

Fuck.

"*Ilya Rozanov*," resolve finally cracking, Shane plants both palms flat on the desk and presses his hips back, fucking himself on Ilya's cock. "If you do not get on with it, then I'm gonna kick you in the shin and ride you and your stupid dick *by myself*."

Silence.

Shane, panting and trying desperately to get any sort of friction, splits his focus on waiting to hear Ilya's come back and fucking himself on to Ilya. It's not enough though, the brushes against his walls aren't what he *needs*, not what he wants.

Then his focus is lost entirely because Ilya's grip on his hips tightens, thumbs right on the divots of his back dimples, and lifts him up a few centimeters, toes just barely brushing the floor, seconds before he pulls out straight to the tip. Shane whines at the sudden feeling of emptiness, trying to wiggle his hips to test Ilya's hold, to try and get his cock back in him.

Ilya shushes him seconds before slamming his hips forward, thrusting his cock back in, deep and hard.

Shane comes with a shrill, mewling cry, back arching off the desk and eyes squeezed shut. Ilya grunts behind him, panting heavily as he fucks Shane through the waves of his orgasm with reckless abandon.

Shane lays lax on the desk as Ilya chases his own release, the stimulation bordering on oversensitivity. He feels Ilya's cock twitch a second before Ilya groans, low and long, cock pulsing deep inside him. For a crazy, terrible second he wonders what it would feel like to have Ilya come inside him *without* the condom on. Would his cum be as hot as it feels even through the latex barrier? Would it be *hotter*? Would it be dripping out of Shane's loose, puffy asshole or would his body want to keep it inside him like some dragon with it's hoard?

God, he's always weird after a good orgasm.

Ilya practically collapses onto him, a mess of muscle, heat and size almost knocking the wind out of Shane. "Fuck, Hollander. You're not as innocent as people say, no?"

"Fuck off." He swats at Ilya, trying to push him away, or off, but from the angle and his tired, shaky limbs, he lacks the strength to more than brush his fingertips against Ilya's ribs. "And fuck you, asshole."

Ilya makes a muffled noise. "*For what?*"

"For stopping half way through! What the hell was that, anyway?"

"Wanted to see how desperate you would get." Ilya shifts and pushes up off Shane's back, his soft cock slipping out of Shane. In an insane reaction of overstimulation, lust drunk and no blood flow to his brain, Shane can't keep the involuntary sound at bay from the feeling, hole clenching around the wilting member like he's trying to keep it there. "Fuck, Hollander."

Ilya sounds wrecked.

It makes Shane flush crimson, from his cheeks to his neck to his chest. He can *feel* his asshole spasm and flutter when Ilya fully pulls out, and can't even begin to fathom what the sight of it looks like from Ilya's point of view.

Shane can't stifle the sudden moan that erupts when he feels Ilya's hips pressed flush against his ass. Ilya hums, a little breathless, as he ruts oh so gently against his exposed hole, and even his perineum with his soft cock. To his horror (and *joy*, but no one needs to know that) he can begin to feel Rozanov's cock starting to thicken.

"Ah fuck." Pushes back against the onslaught with complete disregard for oversensitivity. Ilya's cock is rapidly hardening as his ruts pick up in speed. Shane glances over his shoulder at him, batting his eyelashes and pushes his hips back ever so slightly. "Fuck me, Rozanov. *Ah! Come on, come on.*"

To drive his plea home, Shane plants his chest flat on the table, reaches back with both hands, and grips each of his ass cheeks before spreading them, wiggling his hips back and forth. He feels the inane desire to *giggle* when Ilya curses in Russian, and even though he can't understand it, it's easy to tell he's struggling for words.

Whatever noise he might've made was cut off by a loud, unfiltered moan when Ilya thrusts forward suddenly, pressing right into his gaping, loose hole.

Shane can do little but hold on for the ride.

Someone's knocking at his door.

It's Saturday, which means it shouldn't be anyone coming to yell at him for missing a class. And it shouldn't be Rose or Hayden, coming to drag him kicking and screaming from his studio (dorm room, but it's a single so it's practically a studio)—they usually only did that if he'd clocked more than 24 hours straight within the small room. Checking his phone for any missing calls or texts but all that's there is the group chat (with Ilya and Ilya's friends) and the group chat (without Ilya and his friends). Technically they were both muted since they were created, but he still sometimes back scrolls to find out any new information he may have missed.

"What the fuck." Another knock. Groaning, he stands and stretches, back cracking loudly from slumping over in his chair so much.

Maybe he has been sitting down too much. A break might do him well.

Until—

"What the fuck do you want?"

"You are hiding from outside world." Ilya pushes past him and steps into the room. "I am here to feed and water you. Like a house plant. A sad one." There's a paper bag at his side, and a tray of take away drinks in the other that he places down on the tiny side table before snapping his fingers and straightening, eyes bright. "OH! Or like a cat. You're the cat." Then he meows, because Ilya Rozanov is an asshole.

He stands near the still open door, glaring. "Who sent you?"

Ilya looks right at home as he flops down on to Shane's unoccupied chair. He watches as Ilya spreads his thighs wide, using his toes to spin him back and forth, back and forth. He looks totally at home in Shane's space, and he hates it.

Shane can't help but glance down at his crotch, cheeks flushing pink when Ilya snorts.

"What makes you think someone sent me?" Ilya smirks, sipping at what smells like a bitter black coffee and *god*, it smells so good. Same with whatever greasy thing is hidden inside that paper bag. His stomach growls audibly.

He doesn't actually remember the last time he ate something. Whoops.

Shane scoffs, shaking his head. He crosses the room and snatches the other drink, taking a much needed large pull from it. *Mocha*. His favourite. He eyes Ilya suspiciously. "You and I both know you'd much rather spend your days somewhere else that isn't with me."

"That is not true." Ilya says. His shoe makes a tiny squeaking noise as he continues to spin the chair side to side.

Ignoring him, Shane focuses back on his monitor and pretends the other isn't in the room. It's not the easiest task, since Ilya not only stole his chair, he's also making these obscene noises as he chews on something that smells divine. Technically, this project isn't due for another two weeks, so Shane has time to take a break, but he simply doesn't want to.

"Okay, it's *mostly* true." Ilya corrects. "But I also enjoy spending my days *inside* of you."

Ugh.

"Fuck you."

"I mean. If you want."

He wants to scream. Maybe also wants to rip all his hair out and cry. Or maybe he just really wants to bend over this desk and present himself like some bitch in heat, begging for it with big, glassy eyes. Because Ilya Rozanov is frustrating, and annoying, and such a fucking asshole, but he's also so damn attractive and Shane *knows* it's more than just frustration he feels towards him.

It had started when they first met. Technically, Shane had met Ilya *before* they were all introduced and became a pseudo friends group.

And, by fucking god, that first meeting was *atrocious*.

Shane was on a date. A date! With a boy! It was a very nice boy from his Cinematography class and it was going great.

Well. Mostly great.

Mostly decent, at least.

Josh was kind of annoying, and his jokes weren't the best, and Shane always felt the need to laugh even though they weren't funny. But he'd heard rumors around that Josh was a sex god, with a phenomenal sex drive to boot. So if he had to sit through two hours of bad jokes, awkward ice breakers and being called *Shawn* multiple times just to be fucked down like his god given right, then so god damn be it.

Shane wanted that d.

And, surprisingly, it was going semi well. Josh had just gotten up to go to the bathroom when it all went to shit.

"Oh my god! *Lyubimiy!* I have finally found you!" A deep, heavily accented voice that Shane has never heard before startles him from his side. Then a man plops down into the seat across from him and smiles. And good lord, he was a looker. Soft, tousled light brown hair that caught the sunshine from the windows and Shane's fingers twitched with the desire to see if the strands felt as soft as they looked. Hazel eyes swam with something, a kaleidoscope of green, blue, and brown flecks. He kind of looked like a greek god, the ones all those naked statues are made for.

Blinking, Shane remained silent. He opens his mouth but no words come out, closing it again. The pattern continues for another few awkward moments before Shane is just about to ask the guy who the hell he is and what he wants, when the stranger reaches out with his hands and catches Shane's idle on within his own.

Cheeks flaring up in embarrassment, Shane tries to act nonchalant and pull his hand free, but the stranger is persistent and stubborn, still grinning all smug like.

"Who the fuck are you—"

"*мой котенок.*" The stranger singsongs, voice lilting over the unfamiliar language. It sounds Slavic, and Shane's mind runs a mile a minute trying to figure out what this person just called

him. Then the stranger leans forward, like he's about to plant a kiss on Shane's cheek. Shane jerks back, gaping. The stranger just shrugs, lowering his voice a little. "Just go with it. I'm trying to *save you*."

"What?" Shane is so confused, and a little intimidated. "Save me? From what? What the fuck is going on?" He tries again to pull his hand away but the stranger is quite strong.

"Your bad date! Is this one of those apps? *Grinding?*" The confused scrunch of his nose as Shane almost smiling, because even though this man is a complete stranger and being kinda weird, he still looks adorably perplexed by the name of an app.

"Uh...Shawn? What's going on?"

Oh shit.

Shane winces, glancing to the side and spots Josh standing just to the right. "Josh! Hey. Uh, this is...a friend?"

Glancing between them, then down to their still connected hands, Josh frowns. Shane wants to tell him he has no goddamn idea who this guy is, where he even fucking came from, or why he's still *holding his hand*. But his tongue feels two sizes too big for his mouth and Shane can feel anxiety making the hair on his scalp prickle.

The stranger breaks the awkward silence with a gasp. "But *kotik*," Shane watches in horror as he stands, hand over his heart and *sniffing* (wow this guy was a terrible actor but shit, now people were looking at them! Dammit) "we are lovers, no? Why are you lying?" Then he points at Josh. "Are you cheating on me, babe?"

Poor Josh just looks sad and lost, and Shane can sympathize. He is also very fucking confused. Josh takes a few timid steps back.

"Oh Shawn, if you had a boyfriend already you should've just said so." Josh winkles his nose, then shoots a half hearted smirk. "If this was just some weird threesome attempt, please keep me out of it next time." And then he's gone.

Jesus.

The stranger sits back down in the chair, looking, for all intents and purposes, completely unbothered and cheeky. He grins and then points at the plate that holds Shane's uneaten bagel with raised brows. Shane is so tired and done with this shit show of a day just shakes his head and pushes it across the table for him, glaring hard.

Silence. Shane can feel his anger and frustration kicking into overdrive, but also just feels nothing. Just wants to go home and sleep. He sighs. "Listen, I don't know who you are, or what the fuck you think you're doing, but I'm done."

He half expects the stranger to apologize. To explain. To say...*something*.

Instead, the stranger *winks at him*. "You're welcome by the way."

"Excuse me?"

"For saving you! That man would have been the worst sex in your life." He gives a smooth, slow once over of Shane, before smirking, lopsided and sexy. "Like those people who save the girls who are getting bothered by creepy men at bars. You are like a princess! And he was evil man with bad jokes and limp dick." Shrugging and leaning back, he almost looks *proud* and Shane's anger ratchets up again. "So, you're welcome."

"I didn't give a fuck about his shitty jokes!" Shane snaps. "I was going to be fucked down like I damn well *deserve* and you ruined it! So fuck you." He's had enough, and really just wants to go wallow in his sexless dungeon of solitude, AKA his own damn dorm room.

A few people around give him dirty looks but Shane really doesn't give a fuck. Can't really find the energy to give a fuck. His sex drive is at an all time high at the moment and he's so horny *all the time*. And he's about to combust (not in the sexy way) from all the pent up energy. There's really only so much a dildo can help with.

The stranger looks surprised by his outburst for a few seconds, and Shane has the insane thought that he might actually apologize.

Instead, the stranger tips his head back and chortles.

Shane is going to commit a crime. A felony. He's gonna murder this fucking person, right here in this coffee shop.

"Well, if that's all it is you wanted."

Shane blinks. Is this guy serious? "What makes you think your dick game has any relevance right now?" He stands and grabs his jacket, ready to leave. He's already wasted enough time with this arrogant jerk and there's a headache jabbing at his temples now.

The stranger hums, head tilted ever so slightly to the side. He looks devilishly handsome and it aggravates Shane to no end. "I guess you will just have to find out for yourself, no?" And then he stands as well, and *holy fuck*, he's tall. And all hard muscles and broad shoulders. Damn, he's ethereal.

Weighing his options—go home alone and jerk off, sad and depressing. OR, go home with this asshole and possibly get fucked like he wants. Damn, there really isn't a competition between the two, is there? He huffs a put upon sigh, still glaring. "I swear to god, you better fuck me good." He waves a hand and heads to the door. "Whatever the fuck your name is. Hurry up. We got a long night and you have *a lot* to make up for."

Footsteps fall into rhythm beside him. "Ilya Rozanov, at your service."

It was safe to say that Ilya's dick game *was* out of this world. Not only because he kept finding himself sleeping with him, but because Shane couldn't walk without a limp the following day after their ridiculous first meeting.

(They'd actually end up meeting pretty much every day for a week straight after that first time.)

And then, because Shane's life was a shitty romcom, Rose had invited him out to a dinner with a few friends and low and behold, there was Ilya Rozanov. For lord knows what reason, Shane pretended like he'd never met Ilya before in his life, and Ilya had done the same.

And now, well. It was this.

"Shut up."

He ignores Ilya then, opting to focus on his assignment. There's a script for his screenwriting class that he can't seem to get right. Something just feels—off about it, and it's irking him so badly. Groaning, he lightly punches the desk.

"What's wrong?"

Startling at the voice, completely forgetting Ilya is even in the room with him, Shane glances to the side and finds Ilya right at his side. "Why are you so close?"

Ilya rolls his eyes. "You didn't answer my question." He jerks a hand at the screen, waving it around wildly. "What is wrong?"

"Nothing." But he's still glaring holes into his computer screen like it'll help him figure out the issue.

Ilya picks up on the tension and begins reading the words on the screen. Shane isn't sure he understands every single one, considering he still sometimes struggles with English, but he seems to parse the specifics easily enough.

"This is good. What is the problem?"

"Uh—nothing. It's just—something feels...off? About it." He frowns, realizing it makes no sense what he just said and feels stupid for even saying it. "Just, don't worry about it. I'm being stupid."

But Ilya isn't one to back down from a challenge, ever the stubborn dick.

And instead of making fun of him, or teasing him, or doing nothing—no, Ilya *helps* him.

Admittedly, it takes a bit of moving around the room and since Ilya is currently sitting in the only chair Shane has in his room, he ends up just planting himself in Ilya's lap. It's a bit awkward at first, with some shifting and nerves. Ilya is (mostly) a gentleman though, and only places one hand gently on Shane's waist to steady him.

Surprisingly, or maybe not, Ilya's insight is actually quite helpful. Shane is able to get the first draft done and saved.

Or, maybe he shouldn't be too surprised by the fact. He knows Ilya is captain of the hockey team, and, if Troy's complaining was any indication of how academically restrictive the

sports coaches can be, then he knows Ilya should also be quite smart. Definitely not studious, and absolutely slacks off. But has an above average GPA and definitely knows how to do well in his classes.

So it wasn't the fact that Ilya helped him that made him surprised that they finished.

It was because for the last 15 or so minutes have been *literal* torture in the form of Ilya's wandering hands. Maybe because Ilya got bored, or something. Who the hell knows. All Shane knows is that he was busy typing away and humming under his breath and paying Ilya little mind besides trying not to shift too much that his ass knuckles dug into Ilya's thighs too much.

And then Ilya went right for Shane's nipples—which are *incredibly* sensitive.

Like, zero wherewithal before he dove in. Hands straight up Shane's shirt, no dinner, no dining, just bonk time.

The first brush was so light he didn't even really notice it at first, too focused. Ilya seemed to take that as a green light to see how far he could get before Shane swatted at him or bent over. The next touch was a little rougher, ending with a sharp pinch that caused Shane to yelp in equal parts shock and arousal, jolting under Ilya's fingers and pressing himself further into Ilya's lap.

"Stop that. Fuck off."

Ilya chuckles, low and deep and breathy, against the shell of his ear. Shane shivers at the feeling. He can't see Ilya's grin, but knows what it looks like; the curl of his pink lips, one corner higher than the other, the slight showing of his incisors like he's some type of vampire waiting to bite.

In some wild attempt to regain control of the situation, Shane's bright idea is to grind his ass back into Ilya.

It goes about as well as expected.

(Which, never ends *horribly*, if you get the meaning.)

Ilya hisses, fingers gripping at his waist to hold him steady—or simply hold on, who knows.

"Someone is playful." Ilya nibbles on his ear. Snaking his arm around Shane's waist, Ilya fingers the waistband of his joggers with clear intent. "Do you want me to fuck you this?" Ilya's palms flatten against his thighs, spreading his legs a little wider. He rocks his hips up into Shane's ass, chuckling when Shane lets out a tiny whine.

"I'd rather—*ah god*, you're so hard already, fuck. *Fuck*." His cheeks are flushed, chest rising and falling rapidly as he pants heavily, head lolling back against Ilya's shoulder. He takes a deep breath, and turns to whisper right into Ilya's ear. "I'd rather you bend me over this table and fuck me slow, and deep, and *hard*." He reaches around with his right hand and snakes it up into Ilya's hair, tugging on the strands.

The reaction is instant.

Ilya inhales, sharp and quick, and Shane yelps as he's pushed forward, jsut barely bracing his forearms against the desk before Ilya is pressing himself flush against his back. He cages Shane against the hard surface, every single bit of their bodies touching and Shane feels his brain go blank at the feeling.

"Since you asked so nicely."

"Holy shit!" Hayden's shout startles Shane enough to almost drop his smoothie.

"What the fuck?!"

Hayden is waving his hand around wildly, eyes bulging. "What fucking *animal* attacked you?"

Oh.

He flushes pink at the reminder, ducking his head down slightly.

During their last, uh, *encounter*, Ilya had gotten a bit...feral. Possessive in a way that hasn't ever happened before. Which lead to very inane desires to cover Shane's neck, chest, ass and thighs with love bites. Most of them were a vicious, blotchy red in the shape of Ilya's teeth, and hurt whenever Shane touched them (which he found himself pressing down on some of them, relishing in the slight burn and enjoying it). His ass, too, was sore. His muscles ached for hours after, because of the positions Ilya had placed him in—his arms, especially, were like noodles and he could barely lift them above his head.

It was a whole ordeal.

And now *most* of them have faded to that ugly greenish yellow shade that's much easier to cover up (thank god for Rose) but there's a stubborn, huge one on the side of his throat that Ilya spent a decent amount of time making. It still makes his knees a little weak and his cock twitch when he recalls the feeling.

He would say it was torture, but if that is what the people in the dark ages were dealing with, *sign him the fuck up*.

"Fuck off." He tugs the hoodie up a little higher, burying his face in the neckline. It's soft and fluffy and smells like Ilya's cologne.

"Hey," Harris, ever the perceptive shit, smirks. "Isn't that Ilya's hoodie?"

Oh. That would explain why it smells like him then. Well, shit.

"Uh? Maybe? I have no idea." He can't think of a reason why Ilya's clothing would ever be in his vicinity without telling his friends the truth. Like, *oh yeah, Ilya left this at my dorm the last time he came over and fucked me over my desk for an hour straight. He must've forgotten it when he ran out for hockey practice.* Yeah. No.

Blame his sleep addled brain for snatching it up off the back of his chair this morning. He was gonna be late and it was comfy, sue him.

"I left it there when you sent me to feed and water him, like house plant." Ilya chirps.

Shane tenses at the sound of his voice, a weird mixture of frustration, anxiety and arousal boiling like a melting pot under his skin. Leave it to Ilya to always crack jokes. It must be nice, not having to worry about everything he says or does.

Why was he so annoyed though? It was just a silly comment. He's heard worse, both directed at him and at someone else.

Maybe he really does need to sleep more.

"But if I knew Hollander would steal it, I would not have left it." Ilya clicks his tongue, grinning and high fiving Troy.

Rude. It wasn't Shane's fault Ilya lost track of time because he wanted to spend more time teasing Shane than fucking. "Fuck off Rozanov."

Ilya snorts but says no more. Conversation falls into a steady rhythm after. Troy and Harris talk about their puppy and show Ilya all the new photos they took. Rose and Svetlana are cuddled up on the other side of the booth eating jell-o. Shane isn't even sure where they *got* the jell-o from, but they have it—and Rose is *chewing* it.

What in the ever loving *fuck*.

Hayden is ranting on and on about hockey, with Ilya and Troy butting in every few minutes to either agree, argue or yell. Harris gets Shane's attention and asks him for help with his next project—some interview he needs to write, film and edit and just wants to know if Shane would look it over for him before he send it in.

He's about to answer his approval when the sound of clicking heels against the linoleum flooring.

"Ilyaaa~"

All the heads at their table snap to the sound of the feminine voice. Just behind Ilya stands a woman Shane doesn't recognize, wearing the shortest skirt he's ever seen. Her voice is so high it's squeaky, and irks Shane irrationally.

When she places a perfectly manicured hand on Ilya's shoulder Shane feels himself stiffen.

The shoulder that Shane could *see* still has hickies on it.

Hickies from *Shane*.

Ilya turns in his seat and smiles up at the woman. To Shane's horror, it's the same smile he has only seen reserved for...him.

Does Ilya use this same smile with anyone he wants to sleep with or has slept with? Is Shane no different than this bubbly girl?

Back stiff and anxiety roiling through him, Shane can't help but watch as Ilya stands and hugs the girl. They talk animatedly about something that Shane can't hear over the din but he can't help but watch them. They look excited, hands waving and smiles big. Shane stares while shredding a napkin onto his plate, a little pile of paper that continues to grow while he grinds his teeth.

"Hey babe." Rose scoots forward, voice dropping. "What's going on? You okay?"

He shakes his head. Tries to smile but by Rose's reaction, he knows it's more of a grimace. But he can't help it. At least not when his attention is so focused on Ilya and the perky breasted woman, and her terribly shrill laugh. When she puts her hand on Ilya's bicep and he doesn't immediately shake it off, Shane feels his chest tighten like a vice.

Something dark and heavy settles in his stomach, and Shane has the sudden desire to flee.

So he does.

Standing, he shrugs off the barrage of questions, well wishes and boos and takes off. His breathing is a little erratic, heart hammering. The panic is so sudden and so jarring, Shane prays he can get back to his room before it truly gets bad, because panic attacks in public are so damn embarrassing.

(He's so busy trying to breath and not run into anyone he doesn't notice Ilya watching him leave with furrowed brows and a frown.)

Weeks pass.

Shane remains holed up in his dorm more often than not.

If anyone asked—mainly Rose or Hayden, and sometimes Harris—it's because finals were coming up fast and he needed to study. He had projects, assignments, readings, and countless other shit to get done.

It wasn't an excuse.

But it sure felt like one.

He wasn't *trying* to hide from the others. But he needed time to himself, and what better place for solitude than his own dorm where people wouldn't bother him.

Well, besides Ilya.

But Shane has only seen Ilya *twice* since lunch that day. Both of which were completely accidental and had nothing to do with sex.

One was in passing—Shane was rushing to class, he got a little too into his morning workout and it ran way over the designated time. So he was running late and rushing and ran into Ilya on the way to a shared class building. Ilya had looked like he wanted to say something, but Shane had ducked his head and scurried along.

The other was when he was leaving his dorm and spotted Ilya leaving a dorm down the hall, that sparkling, pretty smile and sex glow present.

(Before Ilya could turn and spot him, Shane had booked it back into his room and locked the door, breathing a little uneven and anxiety making his head spin. He didn't answer his phone for 4 days after that.)

And now. Well right now Shane was rushing back to his room to shower, change and *hopefully* get to class on time. He's been having these reoccurring night terrors the past week or so—all the same, just Ilya with a faceless, nameless woman at his side, on his arm, always laughing. Always smiling that post sex silky smooth grin. But it's never with Shane, or because of Shane, or even aimed *at Shane*. It's just, someone else. Always *someone else*.

So yeah, he's a little late, sue him. He's fucking tired. And he got a little lost in his workout this morning and just ran for almost 45 minutes consecutively.

It's really not his fault that he doesn't see the literal wall of muscle standing in his way until he runs directly into it and drops his workout bag. *Ugh*. He bends to grab it, praying nothing fell out. The last thing he needed right now was to have his sweaty boxers strewn about his dorm hallway. That would be embarrassing.

He doesn't notice the familiar pair of shoes until the owner of them speaks.

"It is usually a little harder to get you to bend over for me."

Fuck.

Shane stiffens. The hair on the back of his neck stands on end. *Danger. SOS. Run. Flee.* The very last person he wanted to see right now was Ilya fucking Rozanov. And now, because his luck is atrocious, here he was.

God dammit.

Straightening up, Shane dusts off his knees and tries to sidestep Ilya.

Ilya steps right into his path.

Shane is about to do something stupid like *growl*. "*Move.*"

"No." Ilya coos. "Where are you going so quick, hm?"

"None of your business." Sidestepping Ilya once more, Shane speed walks down the hall. His door is right there, he's so close to freedom.

Ilya and his long legs keep up with him easily. "Why not? Are we not friends? You hurt me, Hollander."

"I don't care, *Rozanov*."

Ilya overtakes him and puts himself right between Shane and his dorm door. Shane refuses to look up into his eyes, to see what expression is on his face—is it the shit eating grin he usually has on when he's teasing Shane? Or maybe it's the antagonistic, sharp smirk that he uses when he wants to get into Shane's pants. Or it's none of the above and he's, for some reason, *worried*.

Which is absurd, considering there's no reason for Ilya to be worried. Not about him. Not about anything when it comes to Shane. Because all Shane is to Ilya is just another person to fuck.

"Hollander."

"I can't." He shakes his head, panic bubbling up into his throat. His heart skips and stutters, picking up in pace as his hands begin to shake. This wasn't supposed to happen today. He was being so careful. Making sure Ilya wasn't anywhere he was, or where he would have to be. "I'm sorry, I just—I can't."

"Hollander."

His resolve breaks for a split second and he glances up.

Ilya looks guarded, shoulders tense and jaw clenched. But his eyes, *oh god*. His hazel eyes are devastated. Shimmering with a multitude of emotions that Shane couldn't even think to name.

Silence falls between them. Shane in his anxiety spiral and Ilya is what looks like a self destructive spiral. But none of them knows what to say.

What *can* they say?

They weren't in a relationship—defined or otherwise. They weren't even really friends. Shane has *no reason* to be this upset over the knowledge that Ilya is exactly like how everyone says he is: a campus slut. He isn't anything to Ilya. At least...not what he *wants* to be.

Fuck.

Shane sighs. "I gotta go."

Ilya lets him, stepping out of the way of the door without saying a word. Shane doesn't know if that makes it better or worse.

But he can't worry about that right now. He needs to get to class, and needs to focus on his school work. He doesn't need the extra stress of dealing with pseudo relationship drama or whatever is going on between them.

Shane goes to class. It's about as boring as he thought it would be, and his mind is constantly wandering. Back to Ilya's almost plea. To Ilya's expressive eyes, holding so many emotions it was like someone shook a snow globe full of every broken hearted emotion someone could feel and that's what was swimming in those hazel irises.

God, he needs to go home. Not his dorm. *Home* home. He misses his parents, and just wants to relax. To get away from school and people and Ilya.

Needs to have time to think about something besides what he wants with Ilya. Because he *wants*. Wants so much. Wants early morning cuddles, and soft, featherlight kisses just because they can. Wants late night dinners either with their friends or alone, feet connecting under the table, hidden from the public. Wants—*everything*. Wants Ilya.

He's walking back to his dorm, head down, when someone calls his name.

"Fuck." He mutters, hackles rising. What now? Looking up and around, there are people everywhere but no one is really paying him any mind. Who called him? No one looks like they even care who he is.

"Hollander!"

God fucking dammit.

Shane spins, glaring at Ilya.

Ilya, who is standing *on top of a fucking table*, and shouting at him like some stupid male lead in an equally stupid, cheesy movie.

Ilya, who is smiling at him like Shane had the sun shining out of his ass.

Ilya, who is *getting the attention of everyone in this square*.

"What the fuck?"

"Hollander! *мой котенок*." Ilya hops down off the table, sauntering over to Shane with a swagger built off years of perfected sex appeal and ego. "Light of my life. There you are."

Embarrassment makes Shane's cheeks flush. He glances around, looking around at the people who were fully engrossed in whatever the hell this was. "What is your problem, Rozanov?"

Ilya looks unperturbed. "Me? I am meeting my boyfriend for dinner."

If there such thing as a record scratch sound in ones brain, that noise would be going off in Shane's right now.

Boyfriend. Ilya has a boyfriend.

Oh.

Okay.

Shane nods. "Well, have fun with that." He's thankful, at least, that his voice doesn't waver. Even as his heart shatters in his chest.

Ilya's smile grows a little more fond, eyes brightening. "We will."

Not trusting himself to talk any more, Shane nods again, a little shaky, and goes to turn around. His eyes burn something fierce, and he knows the tears are threatening to fall. God, this hurts. He wants to leave, quick.

Until—

"Especially because he is so boring, and silly that he does not even know I want to be his boyfriend."

Uhhhhhh.

What.

"What?" He squeaks.

Ilya guffaws, spreading his arms wide. The entire crowd of people around them are enraptured with the whole ordeal. "You! Boring, plain, easy to make angry Shane Hollander. My boyfriend."

WHAT.

He blinks. He's pretty damn sure his heart is either going to beat out of his chest from how fast it's beating, or stop entirely. Because there is no way. No damn way. "B—boyfriend?"

"I think so, probably."

What.

A parade of things fly through his mind then. A chorus of *whatthefuck* and other confused exclamations. He's mostly just—surprised. Why would Ilya want to be with him? Of all the people on campus, that Shane has seen Ilya hang out with, and the many, many others he hasn't. There's probably (definitely) someone better, no? Someone more appealing. More fun, more entertaining.

Someone that isn't him.

So he can't help but get a little defensive. "Why?"

Ilya blinks. "Because I like you."

Error — Shane.exe has stopped working.

What the hell. "Okay...but *why*?"

Now Ilya looks equally as defensive. "What do you mean *why*. Why what?"

"Why me?" Shane almost shouts. Just barely keeps his voice level. "You could have anyone. Pretty women and handsome men all fall at your feet trying to get your attention! So what would someone like *you* want to be with someone like *me*?" He's mortified to realize there are tears gathering on his lash line, and he shakily wipes them away.

The crowd around them seems to hold their breath, and Shane is trying so damn hard not to freak out about all the strangers witnessing such a disaster. Is it fun for them? To see someone boring and plain like Shane Hollander get pranked in public by the great and sexy Ilya Rozanov?

Probably.

But...No. Ilya wouldn't do that. Shane is uncertain about a lot of things when it comes to Ilya Rozanov, but he isn't cruel and terrible. He's an asshole, sure. A jackass, absolutely. But he's not one to go out of his way to belittle and demean others for his own enjoyment.

It would be miles easier if that were the case though. Then Shane wouldn't have to think twice about the fact that this was all probably the product of some terrible bet.

"It is because you are boring that I like you." Ilya pulls him out of his thoughts, stepping closer. He reaches out a tentative, slow hand, like he's scared Shane will flee like a scared animal. When Shane doesn't move away, Ilya curls his hand around Shane's bicep, thumb rubbing soothingly over the muscles there. "I want boring, because it means having you."

Oh.

"Really?"

"*Da*. Obviously." Like it's the most normal thing in the world—the sky is blue, water is wet, and Ilya likes Shane *because* he's so quote unquote *boring*.

He's not given much a chance to say anything else before Ilya dips down, nose brushing against his cheek lightly. "Give me a kiss?"

It sounds like a question, a demand and a plea all in one and Shane is not a strong enough person to say no to any of that. So he nods.

The kiss is infuriatingly perfect. Gentle but firm, chaste only because of the cacophony of cheers that startle them out of it. Shane can already tell he's smiling, even if it's a little humiliating to have this whole conversation out in the open and with such grandeur. Ilya's grin is infectious, wide and bright like the sun shining.

"Can we *please* get away from all these people?"

Ilya kisses his cheek and nods. "Okay! Show is over! Any pictures you take will be deleted, yes? Thank you!" And then he's interlocking his fingers with Shane's and tugging him away.

Shane's back hits his dorm room door seconds after they make it into the room. Ilya's lip burn a trail from his cheek, to his neck, to his shoulder, teeth following right after with soft, gentle bites. Ilya's fingers are tangled in the hem of his shirt, tugging and yanking, like he's seconds from just tearing it off him completely.

With a breathless giggle, Shane pulls back from the kissing to take a breath and help Ilya not shred his clothes. "Don't ruin my shirt, dammit."

Ilya huffs, moving to suck a mark onto his collar bone. It rips a moan out of Shane, head thumping back against the door, eyes squeezed tight. "You are so pretty," Ilya breathes against his skin, bites down on the mark he just made. "Your freckles are stunning. *Stunning*. It's not fair."

Shane scoffs but doesn't argue, just tilts his head to give Ilya better access.

His pants come off next. Ilya drops to his knees as he drags them down, his big hands rubbing over Shane's exposed thighs, down to his calves. He slowly peels off Shane's pants one leg at a time, pressing a kiss to his inner knee, looking up through his lashes to catch Shane's heady gaze.

"That's not fair." Shane breathes, panting already.

Ilya's grin is predatory and full of intent.

Continuing with his ministrations, Ilya oh so slowly riles Shane up by simply removing his jeans and socks. Kissing all the skin that becomes visible, sucking a hickey right above Shane's inner knee that leaves Shane whimpering and weak kneed. Ilya finally takes pity on him (or gets too worked up himself, who knows) and stands up, grip tight on Shane's thighs to lift him as he straightens to his full height.

The tight coil of arousal at the visible display of Ilya's strength has Shane almost rutting against his tightly held core. *Fuck, this is hot.*

Ilya sets him on the bed gently, much more gentle than the multiple other times Ilya had come over to fuck him into the mattress. This time feels different though, with the gentle touches, the whispered praise, the indulgent atmosphere. Shane's cotton sheets are feather soft against his bare skin. Ilya's lips are placing delicate kisses to any available space that comes within his touch, stopping to suckle on his nipple, peeling back to smirk when Shane whines.

Shane's fingers itch to tangle in Ilya's messy curls, but has always held himself back from touching too much during their sexual escapades.

Ilya seems to clock what he wants easily enough, and reaches for Shane's hand, dragging it up onto his head. "You can be rough. I like it." He winks, smug as Shane inhales sharply.

Trying to get the upper hand, Shane gets a good handful of tousled curls and *yanks*. He grins, coy, when Ilya shoots him a heated glare.

Ilya kisses his sternum. "*Ya tebya lyublyu.*"

Another kiss to his lower belly, right over the tight coil of muscles. "*Ya tebya lyublyu.*"

Another kiss to the crease of his groin, followed by Ilya nosing along the line. "*Ya tebya lyublyu.*"

Shane moans, shifts and squirms under the touch and the whispered Russian words. He doesn't know what they mean, but it sounds like a promise.

Ilya eases his boxers down. Presses a kiss right to the very tip of cock, licks the bead of pre-cum at the slit, applies a tiny amount of pressure to the same spot with the tip of his tongue. It rips a loud, high moan from Shane's lips, head thrown back.

"You are so loud," Ilya sounds reverent, a little breathless. "So sexy." Then he wraps his lips around Shane's cock, lowering so slowly. Shane's muscles all flex and clench at the same time, white hot arousal pooling in his core when Ilya's tongue swirls around the head before applying slight pressure to the vein on the underside, making Shane's toes curl. The feeling is light, but enough to feel it.

"*Ah!* Please—Ilya, please. *Pleasepleaseplease.*" He begs, pleading breathlessly as he fingers claw at the bedsheets. Sweat pools at his brow, heart stuttering and staccato against his ribs. He wants to be ruined, wants Ilya to fuck him into the bed until he's a weeping, babbling mess.

But Ilya has different ideas, apparently, as he pops off Shane's cock and smiles up at him, eyes bright. "Shh, relax, *da?* I have you. Just breath, Shane."

Ilya fingers him open slowly. Really goddamn slow. Like he's preparing him for war, instead of simply taking a dick up his ass.

But every single time Shane tries to beg, to plead with Ilya that he's ready, that he's okay, that he really wants to be *fucked already*, Ilya shushes him with a kiss and gentle prodding at his prostate. By the time Ilya has four (FOUR! *good god*) fingers slick and settled inside Shane, does he finally pull away and gets a condom.

"I do not want to hurt you, *moya lyubov*. Shh, just breath for me, okay?" Ilya kisses him again. And again. Over and over. Everywhere he can reach. That same whispered, soft saying repeated like a mantra.

"*Ilya*—" Shane sobs, hips squirming down onto nothing. "Please. Fuck me, please. I need—"

Ilya moves to hover over him, covering his entire body with his much broader one. Shane isn't short, isn't small, but Ilya always makes him feel *tiny*. And Shane loves it. Shane isn't even sure when Ilya had removed his own clothes, just that he's suddenly there in all his naked glory, and Shane maybe goes a little lust drunk.

"What?" Ilya hisses as he rolls the condom on, using extra lube to coat his cock, pumping his fist a few times in slow, rough pulls. "What do you need?"

Shane watches Ilya's hand with unbridled hunger, mouth watering slightly. "You. I need you."

Cursing, Ilya shifts and lines up. He locks eyes with Ilya and nods at the obvious question.

And then Ilya is pushing inside with one, well aimed thrust. It's slow, so fucking slow, *too goddamn slow*. But it feels heavenly. Exactly what Shane needs. What he wants. It makes his back come off the bed, breath hitching.

"*Ya tebya lyublyu.*" Ilya says again, pressing his forehead against Shane's own. "I love you."

Freezing, Shane gapes. "Holy shit."

Did he just...? While they were...? Jesus.

Ilya looks equally embarrassed and bashful, cheeks pink and pupils dilated. "I mean—"

Shane cuts him off with a kiss, rough and demanding and all consuming. "I love you too. I love you so much."

Ilya makes a devastated noise before he snaps his hips forward, driving his cock deep inside him. Shane tosses his head back, shouting a loud, unfiltered moan. Ilya whispers the Russian again, between kisses. He sets a brutal pace—slow and deep thrusts, their hands interlocked over Shane's head, foreheads connected.

Shane locks his ankles over Ilya's lower back, moving along with the thrusts and helps Ilya get even deeper. Like he could get Ilya to live inside his body, under his skin. It's a terrifying, thrilling thought that has his orgasm cresting way too quickly. "*Ilya, ah ah, fuck.* Please. I'm close—right there! Right—*fuck!*"

He comes with a shout, head thrown back as he cries out. Coats his chest with his load, and Ilya hisses, cursing in Russian before he picks up the pace ever so slightly. Like he's warring with himself to speed up and chase his release but wants to drag out the feeling for as long as possible.

Shane kisses him. "Come for me, yeah? Come inside me, please."

Ilya is weak to Shane's begging, even now, and picks up the pace with a shaky grunt. Shane clenches around Ilya on one of his thrusts, playing innocent when Ilya glares at him, but keeps doing it. Ilya comes with a deep groan, muffled by his throat as he buries his face there.

Jesus. That was incredible.

It also...felt different. Felt less like a quick, manic fuck and more like—

"Making love."

Shane pauses. "What?"

Ilya kisses his cheek, lifting up to an elbow. "It felt like we were making love. This time."
And oh my goodness, Ilya was *blushing*.

"Are you blushing?"

"*Nyet*. Fuck you." Ilya swats at his hip, glaring.

Shane smirks. "Is that a promise?"

"Always." Ilya grins back, wicked and full of promise. "Forever, *moya lyubov*. Forever and ever."



End Notes

Russian Translations:

psa - I did a pretty extensive bout of research on these phrases so I knew they were mostly correct, but I am neither Russian nor a Russian speaker, so if they are wrong that is entirely on me.

мой котенок. - My kitten

kotik - kitten

Ya tebya lyublyu - I love you

Moya lyubov - my love

I think that was all of them, but in case I missed any feel free to point them out ❤️ thanks for reading

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