

Do Not Disturb

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77856791) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77856791>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Blow Jobs , Riding , Ball Gags , Sex Toys , Teasing , Rough Sex , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sub Shane Hollander , BDSM , Hurt Shane Hollander , Misunderstandings , Hurt/Comfort , Angst , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Subdrop , Subspace , Aftercare , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , And Gets One , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Weight Issues , minor/briefly mentioned - Freeform , Insecure Shane Hollander , Self-Esteem Issues
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-18 Words: 5,381 Chapters: 1/1

Do Not Disturb

by [teeveeactress](#)

Summary

Shane waits for Ilya's arm to curl around his waist, for the familiar weight of his body to press in close and ground him again.

Except it never comes.

He was gone. Ilya left.

Notes

shane thinks pretty bad about himself for a second so fair warning. nothing that dark and deep but yk. and ilya comes to save the day.

The hotel room air was thick, stale with the scent of sex. Shane's world had narrowed to the taste of salt and skin, the heavy weight of Ilya's cock on his tongue, and the relentless, rhythmic push of two thick fingers inside him. He was on stomach, laid out between Ilya's spread thighs, his own need a dull, throbbing ache between his legs that he was only allowed to ignore.

Ilya's hand was a firm cradle on the back of his head, *guiding*, setting a punishing pace that Shane followed with a desperate, worshipful hunger. He hollowed his cheeks, his throat working to take him deeper, the occasional choked gasp the only sound besides the wet, obscene slide and Ilya's low, approving grunts.

His own fingers were white-knuckled where they gripped Ilya's muscular hips, holding on as he was used, melting away under the sheer physical dominance of the man above him.

Ilya's other hand worked inside him, crooking his fingers just so, and Shane's vision sparked white behind his closed eyelids. A sharp, choked cry was muffled against Ilya's length.

"That's it," Ilya murmured, his Russian accent a low, gravelly caress. "Take it. You need it, don't you?"

Shane could only nod, a frantic little movement, his lips stretched and burning. He did. God, he did. This was his only release valve, the only time the tightly wound coil of his nerves could completely unravel, and only because Ilya held the end of the string.

Then the buzzing started.

It was a violent, angry vibration against the cheap nightstand. Shane felt Ilya tense, the fingers inside him stilling. The phone buzzed again, insistent.

He expects Ilya to decline whoever was calling, throw his phone across the room and focus on him and *only* him.

Ignore it, Shane pleaded silently, his mouth still full, his body clenching helplessly around the sudden stillness inside him.

Ilya's hand left his hair. Shane whimpered at the loss. He looked up, his dark eyes wide and pleading, glazed with tears from the vigorous face-fucking. Ilya's face was a mask of irritated concentration, his blue eyes flicking from Shane's ruined mouth to the buzzing device. With a frustrated sigh that wasn't part of the game, he gripped Shane's chin and pulled him off his cock with a soft, wet *pop*.

"Wait," Ilya commanded, his voice rough.

Shane laid there, breathless, lips swollen and slick with spit, his own arousal a painful, leaking demand. He watched, heart sinking, as Ilya reached for the phone.

But then Ilya did something unexpected. He turned the screen towards Shane. The caller ID glowed in the dim room: a teammate's name. He answered.

"*Umo?*" Ilya barked, but his eyes were locked on Shane's.

Shane can just about hear the muffled sound of someone on the other side of the phone, along with a few other voices in the back. Still with no clue what was being said.

Ilya's thumb stroked almost absently over Shane's wet, parted lips. The contrast between the crude touch and the mundane conversation was dizzying. "And this is my problem because?"

"*Come on...*" he just about makes out before a few more words and then a slightly more clear, "*Are you in your room?*"

Shane held his breath. Ilya's gaze traveled slowly, possessively, down Shane's form.

"I am busy," Ilya said, his voice dropping into a lower, more deliberate register.

His eyes light up with a new idea. As his teammate grumbled on the other end, Ilya moved. In one smooth, powerful motion, he hooked his hands under Shane's arms and hauled him before depositing him squarely in his lap. Shane's front was to Ilya's chest, his legs splayed over Ilya's muscular thighs. Before Shane could even process the shift, he felt the blunt, hot press of Ilya's cock, still slick from his mouth, nudging against his entrance.

"No, I'm alone" Ilya said into the phone, his tone conversational, even as his hands gripped Shane's hips, "But busy..."

No, Shane thought, a spike of pure panic and electric arousal shooting through him.

"What are you...?" Shane whispered, but Ilya's large hand clamped over his mouth, silencing him.

"*Quiet*," Ilya breathed directly into his ear, the word a hot, threatening promise. Then, into the phone, "I'm not in the mood..."

His hand left Shane's mouth only to circle his throat. He pulls the phone away from his ear once again, letting his teammate murmur on the other side of the phone.

"You hear that?" Ilya murmured, his lips brushing the shell of Shane's ear. "I lie to my team to stay here with you. You owe me."

With that, he lifted Shane's hips just enough and, with one unyielding thrust, sheathed himself fully inside. Shane's back arched, a strangled gasp tearing from his throat as he was suddenly, completely filled. His breath caught as he then falls forward, forehead brushing against Ilya's chest.

“Here are the rules,” Ilya said, his voice a low, controlled rumble against Shane’s spine. He began to move, a slow, deep, devastating roll of his hips that had Shane seeing stars. “You take what I give you. You do not make a sound. If my teammate hears you, or suspects for one second I am not alone...” Ilya’s hand slid from his throat down to his abdomen, pressing possessively over the taut, trembling muscles. “You do not come. Ты понимаешь?”

Shane nodded frantically, his head falling back against Ilya’s shoulder. He was already trembling, the effort to stay quiet turning the pleasure into a sharp, agonizing edge. Ilya set a ruthless, steady pace, each deep stroke dragging against that perfect, maddening spot inside him. Shane bit his lip until he tasted blood, his fingers digging into Ilya’s thighs, his own cock weeping untouched against his stomach. The room was silent except for the soft slap of skin, the ragged hitch of their breathing, and the faint, tinny sound of music from the room next door.

It was torture. He was shaking, every muscle taut. Shane became a vessel for sensation, a tightly-strung instrument Ilya was playing with masterful, cruel precision.

He buried his face in the crook of Ilya’s neck, smothering his sounds there. His fingers clawed at Ilya’s broad back

Ilya cursed, a sharp, beautiful stream of Russian.

“*Ilya...? Hello?*” the almost inaudible voice from the abandoned phone perks up again. Still persisting from the other line.

His rhythm faltered for only a second, his hand snaking out to grab the phone while the other kept Shane’s hips pinned, still moving inside him with shallow, persistent thrusts. He answered, putting it back on speaker.

“I am...watching a movie,” Ilya gritted out, his voice remarkably steady despite the strain Shane could feel in the muscles coiled beneath him.

Shane was losing the battle. A high, thin whine escaped his clenched teeth as Ilya angled his hips and thrust particularly deep.

There was a pause on the other end of the line. “Man... is there someone there with you?.”

Shane froze. Ilya’s thrusts stopped. The silence in the room was absolute, suffocating.

Ilya leaned down, his lips brushing Shane’s ear, he breathed, a thread of amusement in the strain of his voice. “What should I tell him?”

Shane could only shake his head, a frantic, desperate motion.

“Dude, you could’ve just said—”

“No,” Ilya said, his voice flat, final. “You are hearing things”

He ended the call and dropped the phone. For a long, terrifying moment, he didn’t move. Then, with a growl of pure frustration, he lifted Shane off his cock and stood up from the bed

in one fluid motion, leaving Shane cold, empty, and shuddering on the rumpled sheets.

“Enough of this,” Ilya muttered, striding to his discarded gym bag. He unzipped it, rummaged inside, and then threw a small, black duffel onto the bed beside Shane. “Front pocket. Take it out.”

Shane’s hands were shaking so badly he could barely manage the zipper. He fumbled, his breath coming in short, needy pants. Finally, his fingers closed around cool, heavy silicone. He pulled it out.

A ball gag. Black, with a solid rubber ball and sturdy leather straps.

Ilya watched him, his expression unreadable. “Put it on.”

Shane stared at the gag, then up at Ilya. He lifted it, his hands fumbling with the buckle behind his head. He couldn’t get the strap through the catch.

A shadow fell over him. Ilya sighed, a sound of feigned, theatrical annoyance. “Need me to do everything for you, hm?” He took the gag from Shane’s unsteady hands. His touch was surprisingly gentle as he guided the ball between Shane’s lips.

The taste of rubber filled his mouth. Ilya pulled the straps tight behind his head, the buckle clicking securely into place. He leaned in, his lips a hair’s breadth from Shane’s ear, his whisper a warm, shocking contrast to the restraint. “Tap my leg three times if you need to stop, yes?”

Shane nodded, the movement small and jerky.

Ilya nodded as well, seemingly satisfied. He reached back into the black duffel. This time, his hand emerged holding a sizable, realistic dildo, with a distinct base. Shane barely had time to register it before Ilya’s hand was on his shoulder, shoving him down face-first into the mattress.

The sheets were cool against his flushed cheek. Ilya’s weight settled over him, a knee between his legs to spread them. One large, warm hand pressed against the back of his head, holding him down, pushing his face deeper into the fabric until his world was dark cotton and the scent of laundry soap.

He felt the blunt, slick head of the toy nudge against him. Ilya didn’t hesitate. He pressed in, the stretch a familiar, breathtaking burn. Shane groaned, the sound muffled and distorted by the gag. Ilya began to fuck him with it, deep, punishing strokes that had Shane pushing back against the pressure, seeking more, seeking friction, seeking *anything*.

Just as a rhythm was building, just as Shane was teetering on the edge of a precipice, muscles coiling tight, Ilya stopped.

Shane whined, a desperate, pathetic sound. He needed to move, he needed friction, he needed...

A low, electronic *buzz* filled the silence.

The vibration started deep, a bone-rattling hum that resonated straight through his core. Shane's entire body jerked as if electrocuted. A ragged, broken wail tore through the gag. It was too much. The relentless internal stimulation short-circuited his muscles and he collapsed forward, his arms giving out, his face buried completely in the mattress as his hips twitched and jerked helplessly against the sheets.

He was rutting against the bed like an animal, shameless, mindless with a pleasure so sharp it bordered on pain.

And then, as if choreographed by a cruel god, the phone on the bed began to buzz again.

Ilya swore, another vicious Russian curse. Shane heard the rustle of sheets as Ilya reached for it. He couldn't see, couldn't think, could only feel the maddening, buzzing fullness inside him and the desperate, rubbing his aching cock against the bed in frantic, useless circles.

He was so close, teetering on an edge so fine it felt like agony.

"What?" Ilya snapped into the phone, his voice tight.

The teammate's voice was a distant, tinny buzz. Shane couldn't make out the words. All his focus was inward, on the scream building in his chest, on the trembling in his thighs.

With a Herculean effort, he turned his head, pulling his face from the suffocating sheets. He looked over his shoulder, his vision blurred with tears.

Ilya was kneeling on the bed, phone to his ear, but he wasn't listening. His eyes were fixed on Shane. And Shane knew what he must look like: face flushed and tear-streaked, eyes wide and black with desperation, drool slicking his chin below the gag, his body writhing in a futile search for release.

Their eyes met. The look he gave Ilya was one of utter, shattered desperation.

Ilya's breath hitched. The phone dropped from his hand, thudding softly onto the carpet. In the next instant, his hands were on Shane, flipping him onto his back with effortless strength. The dildo was pulled out, the sudden emptiness almost as shocking as its presence. Ilya loomed over him, bracing himself on his arms, his blue eyes blazing with a feral, possessive light.

He looked down at Shane, at the tears leaking from the corners of his eyes, at the heaving of his chest.

"I think you deserve a reward now," Ilya said, his voice thick. His own painful erection pressing insistently against Shane's thigh.

Shane nodded, frantic, the movement making the strap of the gag dig into his cheeks.

Ilya's thumb swiped gently at a tear track. *"You think you deserve the real thing, hm?"*

Another desperate nod. A sob shook Shane's chest.

A slow, deeply pleased smile spread across Ilya's face. "I agree." His voice dropped to a murmur, intimate and warm, a thumb gently caressing his boyfriend's cheekbone. "You have been so good."

With careful, deliberate fingers, Ilya unclipped the buckle at the back of Shane's head. He eased the ball from between his teeth, the cool air a shock to Shane's abused mouth. The ball falling from Shane's mouth with a gasp and a string of saliva.

Before Shane could even take a full breath, Ilya leaned down and kissed him. It was possessive and deep. Shane kissed back, his hands coming up to clutch at Ilya's broad shoulders, his body arching up into the solid, familiar warmth above him.

Ilya broke the kiss, his forehead resting against Shane's. "Now," he whispered, his accent a soft caress. "Where were we?"

He shifted, his hands sliding under Shane's thighs, lifting them up and pushing them back towards his chest, folding him in half with an easy, dominating strength. Shane went willingly, his body pliant, his eyes locked on Ilya's face. He was glad, so profoundly glad, to see that focus, that intensity, directed solely at him again, without interruption.

Ilya positioned himself, the head of his cock nudging at Shane's oversensitive, slick entrance. He didn't thrust, not yet. He just held there, watching Shane's face.

"Tell me," Ilya commanded, his voice a low rumble.

"Please," Shane gasped, the word raw and ragged. "Ilya, please."

A dark satisfaction glinted in Ilya's blue eyes. "Please, what?"

"Fuck me." The plea was a broken whisper. "Just... fuck me. I need you."

With a groan that sounded like it was torn from his soul, Ilya obliged.

Then he was moving, his hands gripping Shane's thighs. He pushed back inside, and this time, it was everything. The live-wire heat of him, the perfect, familiar stretch, the intimacy of skin on skin. Shane cried out, a raw, unfiltered sound of relief and ecstasy.

"You really want your neighbours to hear you, hm? Your teammates?"

Shane head rolls back and all he can manage is a desperate mewl.

Ilya set a new pace. It was deep, *so deep*. He hooked Shane's legs over his shoulders, pushing deeper than ever before. The change in angle made Shane see stars.

"The beautiful sound of their honorable captain getting fucked so hard. They are lucky."

"Stop..." Shane whines, face only getting impossibly redder as he turns his head to the side. Eyes now screwed shut.

"Look at me," Ilya commanded, his voice a rough scrape.

Shane's dark, tear-blurred eyes fluttered open, locking onto Ilya's intense gaze. He could see everything there. He held the look as Ilya fucked him, each thrust a deliberate, worshipful claiming. The world narrowed to the slick, driving rhythm, the slap of skin, the symphony of their ragged breaths and Shane's broken, pleading sounds.

Ilya's pace began to stutter, his own composure cracking. "*Moy...* Shane," he grunted, the Russian endearment catching in his throat. "Now. Come for me."

It was all the permission Shane needed. The coil that had been wound impossibly tight for what felt like hours finally snapped. His orgasm tore through him, violent and blinding, wracking his body with wave after wave of pure, mindless pleasure. He screamed Ilya's name, his back bowing off the bed, his vision whiting out.

The feel of Shane clenching around him, the broken cry of his name, was enough to send Ilya over the edge. He drove in one last, deep time, burying himself to the hilt as he came with a guttural shout, his own release pulsing hot inside Shane.

For a long moment, there was only the sound of their heaving breaths. Ilya collapsed forward, bracing his weight on his forearms on either side of Shane's head. He was still inside him, still connected. He pressed his forehead to Shane's, their sweat-slicked skin sticking together.

Slowly, the world filtered back in.

The frantic energy that usually buzzed under his skin was gone, replaced by a soft, syrupy stillness. His thoughts were cottony and slow, his body a pleasantly weighted thing. The heat of Ilya still resting inside him, to the gentle hand that came up to brush damp hair from his forehead.

The afterglow shattered as quickly as it had built, leaving Shane adrift in the heavy, satisfied weight of Ilya on top of him.

Ilya's cock slipped free with a wet slide, pulling a shiver from Shane's oversensitive body.

"Shh," Ilya murmured.. His voice was a low, rumbling vibration Shane felt in his own chest. "I know."

Cum oozed from his stretched hole, warm and sticky, trickling down his inner thighs to pool on the sheets beneath him. Streaks of his own release smeared across his abdomen and chest, cooling rapidly in the stale air, while Ilya's seed lingered hot inside.

Ilya eased himself off Shane, settling him on the pillows by the headboard with a firm hand on his shoulder.

Shane rolls over onto his stomach, lazy and completely worn out. His ass clenched around nothing, the void where Ilya's thickness had been a throbbing ache that pulsed against his insides.

Cum continued to leak out, each dribble sending fresh sparks of overstimulation through nerves already frayed to the edge. It felt too full yet achingly vacant, the slick warmth contrasting the chill seeping from the cool air into his bare back.

Shane waits for Ilya's arm to curl around his waist, for the familiar weight of his body to press in close and ground him again. He gives it a few seconds, counts them, and his heart stutters painfully when nothing comes. A shaky breath slips out of him before he can stop it.

"Ilya?" he calls out

His hand drifts weakly across the bed, fingers searching the space beside him.

For a moment, he thinks he feels the mattress shift.

There's movement somewhere in the room. Shuffling. The sharp edge of a curse muttered from the bathroom. His mind is too fogged to make sense of it, the details blurring together like sound underwater.

He just wants Ilya back.

Ilya says something, he hears the cadence of his voice, not the words. It sounds distant, distorted, like Shane's head has been plunged beneath the surface of a pool and Ilya is calling to him from the other side.

"Hm?" The sound barely leaves his throat.

Then the hotel door clicks open.

And closes.

The sound rattles through the room, clean and final. Shane's body goes cold all at once.

With what little strength he has left, he props himself up on shaking arms, scanning the room. His heart sinks hard when he notices the empty floor; no discarded clothes, no shoes.

Gone.

He left.

Why would he leave?

The thought spirals immediately, fast and merciless. Shane pushes himself back against the headboard, breath coming too quick, one hand twisting in the sheets as he fights the sting behind his eyes.

"Fuck..." The word breaks on a sob.

He hasn't left him like this in a long time. Not since they started dating. Not like this.

His skin feels wrong, slick with sweat, yet he's shivering like there's a draft cutting through the room. The cum on his stomach dried in patches, pulling taut, while the load deep in his gut shifted with his movements, a moving heat that made him whimper.

Maybe this is just what happens eventually. Maybe this is the part where Ilya doesn't feel like he has to stay anymore. Where looking after him becomes optional. Where he gets bored.

Shane can't ask him. The thought alone makes his stomach twist.

What if it just makes things worse?

If he stays quiet, if he doesn't complain, if he's grateful for what he's given, maybe Ilya will stay longer next time.

Fuck.

Shane drags his hands down his face, rough and frantic.

Why?

The haze begins to lift in sharp, unpleasant bursts. Sensation floods back in all at once, heat rushing through his veins like lava, his feet tingling numb, fingertips and the tip of his nose ice-cold despite the warmth of the room.

His thoughts still come one at a time, but they arrive fast, overlapping, all circling the same hope.

Maybe he'll come back.

Yeah. Maybe.

Shane chews at his thumb, eyes locked on the door. Five minutes pass. It feels like hours.

Nothing.

A couple of tears slip free despite his efforts. He wipes them away clumsily and leans forward, bracing himself to move. Waiting won't change anything.

Enough is enough.

He's done this before. He can do it again. Even if every aching muscle in his body screams otherwise.

Pain flares up his spine as he shifts, a small, helpless sound tearing from his chest. His knuckles go white as he grips his own thigh, forcing himself upright inch by inch.

God, he wanted to just lay back in his boyfriend's arms. Clean, cared for and safe.

But that's not happening.

This is a learning opportunity, he tells himself bitterly. He just has to be better.

He's always been good at that, watching, mimicking, adjusting. When he was eight, he practiced conversations in the mirror so he wouldn't stand out so much. This, though—this is new. There's no script he'd learnt for it.

He'll figure it out alone.

Maybe he could ask Ilya what he did wrong. That would be easier. Mortifying, but easier. It must've been something obvious. Shane just missed it.

Too loud, maybe. Was that why Ilya had the gag in his bag? A way to hint without saying it outright?

It doesn't feel like him but maybe.

Shane knows that kind of thing could get annoying, even if Ilya had praised him for it before.

Probably lied.

The tears don't stop as he stumbles into the bathroom on wobbly legs, ignoring the sharp protest in his lower back and thighs. He stands in front of the mirror longer than he means to. He came in here to wash up.

Has he gained weight?

His eyes flick down, hands running over his body, checking. He had stuck to his diet as meticulously as ever. He always does. Big games coming up. Still, maybe he'd gotten too comfortable.

He turns to the towel rack and exhales when he sees it empty. Only used towels left, crumpled and damp. He grimaces.

Maybe he can skip the shower.

He makes the mistake of glancing at the mirror again, his eyebrows screwing up at the sight.

The purple bloom at his collarbone. The bruises at his waist. The unmistakable shape of Ilya's hands on his thighs.

Usually, he loves them. Proof of Ilya's unapologetic ownership over him.

Now they just hurt.

The marks throb against his skin, suddenly too visible, too loud.

Disgust coils in his stomach.

A final sob shakes through him, his body giving out as he sinks to the floor, still clinging to the sink like it's the only thing keeping him upright. Tears spill freely now, unchecked. He presses a hand over his mouth, trying, and failing, to stay quiet.

His breathing breaks into ragged, uneven pulls.

Shane's back straightens the second the door clicks open.

The soft electronic beep of the key card feels impossibly loud in the quiet room.

Ilya.

He's back.

Relief hits so fast it almost hurts. Shane curses under his breath, scrambling to pull himself together, forcing his spine straight, swiping at his cheeks as if he can erase what's already spilled over. He needs to look normal. Fine. Like he didn't just fall apart on the bathroom floor.

Ilya rushes past the doorway, breathless. "Fuck—sorry, they caught me in the lobby and wouldn't—"

He stops abruptly.

The bed is empty.

His eyes flick around the room, sharp and immediate, before he backtracks, reappearing in the bathroom doorway. His brows pinch together as he takes Shane in, glassy eyes, stiff posture, the brittle way he's holding himself upright.

Shane tries to speak before the tightness in his chest swallows the words, "D—Did you forget... somethi—"

"What are you doing?" Ilya snaps, confusion cutting through his voice.

Shane flinches. His fingers dig nervously into his palm, scratching at skin already raw.

"C-Cleaning up," he says weakly, like it should be obvious.

Ilya shakes his head immediately. Displeased. Firm.

The tears surge back before Shane can stop them. Of course. He'd messed up again. He just didn't understand the rules well enough to follow them right.

"That is not your job," Ilya says, already moving closer.

Shane's eyes dart away on instinct, his body backing up half a step.

"Sorry..." The word breaks, hitching on a sob. A few tears slip free, and that's all it takes.

Ilya freezes. Then panics.

"For what?" he asks quickly, shaking his head as if to physically dislodge the thought. "No—hey. You need to go back to bed." His hands lift, reaching to guide Shane away from the sink.

Shane flinches back, “N-No, it’s okay...”

“What?”

“I’m sorry,” Shane says automatically.

Ilya closes the distance anyway. “Why are you apologising?”

Shane doesn’t know how to answer. His head still feels cottoned and slow, thoughts slipping through his fingers.

“I just thought—” His voice collapses completely, another broken sob tearing free.

Ilya’s eyes widen. He cups Shane’s face without hesitation, hands warm and steady, thumbs anchoring him in place.

“Why are you crying?” he asks softly now, the edge gone, voice low and grounding.

Shane swallows hard. “I—I don’t know. It’s just...” His breath shudders. “You left.”

Something in Ilya stills.

Then he exhales, understanding clicking into place all at once.

“Yes,” he says gently, lifting the towels folded over his arm into view. “For clean towels.” His gaze flicks briefly to the damp, discarded ones on the floor. “I would not leave you like that. I thought you heard me.”

“Oh.”

The sound leaves Shane like air from a punctured lung.

Then he’s crying again, this time in relief. He slumps forward without thinking, forehead pressing into Ilya’s shoulder as his body gives up the fight. Ilya’s arms wrap around him immediately, one hand firm at his waist, the other stroking slow, soothing lines through his hair.

“It’s okay,” Ilya murmurs. “I’ve got you.”

Shane’s sobs fade gradually into small, uneven sniffles. Ilya doesn’t rush him. Just stays. When Shane finally pulls back, Ilya wipes his cheeks gently with his thumb.

“You okay now?” he asks.

Shane sniffs. “No. I’m a mess.”

Ilya lets out a quiet, breathy laugh. “Then we should fix that.”

He didn’t put Shane down. He held him with one arm while he reached into the shower stall with the other, turning the taps. The sound of rushing water filled the small room, and soon,

steam began to curl into the air, softening the sharp edges of the light.

Ilya tested the temperature with his hand, adjusted it, then finally stepped them both into the spray.

The warm water was a shock and a blessing. It cascaded over Shane's overheated skin, washing away the sheen of sweat, the sticky evidence of their passion. Ilya leaned back against the cool tile, cradling Shane in his lap as they sat on the shower floor, letting the water run over them.

For long minutes, they just sat there. Ilya's chin rested on top of Shane's head, his broad hands splayed on his back, rubbing slow, comforting circles. Shane's breathing evened out, syncing with the rise and fall of Ilya's chest.

Eventually, Ilya reached for the bottle of body wash. He poured a generous amount into his palm, the clean, neutral scent cutting through the humid air. His hands, those strong, commanding hands that had just been pinning him down, pushing into him, were now incredibly tender.

He started with Shane's shoulders, working the lather in gentle, kneading motions that made Shane sigh and melt further against him. He washed his back, his arms, his chest. Shane kept his eyes closed, drifting in the subspace Ilya had so expertly guided him into.

Ilya's touch drifted lower, over the plains of Shane's stomach. He was thorough, but clinical, until his hands slid around to Shane's hips. Here, his touch changed. It became slower, more deliberate. Washing away the lingering traces of lube and spend.

He rinsed the soap away with a cupped hand, the warm water cascading between Shane's legs.

"Easy," Ilya whispered, his lips close to Shane's ear as his hand slipped between Shane's thighs from behind.

Shane tensed for a second, a faint, reflexive hitch in his breath. He was exquisitely sensitive, tender from the relentless fucking, both with the toy and with Ilya.

Ilya's fingers were careful, gentle as they worked to remove the residual cum from inside. Shane was pliant in his arms, letting Ilya tend to him, a soft, continuous shiver running through him that had nothing to do with the temperature of the water.

"There," Ilya murmured, his voice a low hum Shane felt through his spine.

Ilya's arms wrapped around him fully then, pulling him back flush against his chest. He nuzzled into the side of Shane's neck, placing a soft, open-mouthed kiss there that held no heat.

"You did so well," Ilya said, the words barely audible over the water. "So perfect for me."

A tremor, different from the shivers, went through Shane. His eyes stung. He couldn't form words, couldn't even nod. He simply turned his head, seeking Ilya's mouth.

The kiss was slow, water-wet, and deep. It was a sealing of the space they'd just shared. Ilya's tongue traced the seam of his lips, and Shane opened for him, a soft sound escaping into the steam. Ilya's hand came up to cradle his jaw, his thumb stroking his cheekbone.

When they parted, Shane finally found his voice, though it was rough, barely a whisper. "Ilya..."

"I know," Ilya said again, because he did. He turned them, shifting so Shane's back was against the tile now, held securely. He reached for the shampoo. "Let me."

Shane let his head fall forward as Ilya's strong fingers massaged his scalp, working the lather through his short, dark hair. The sensation was blissful, pushing him deeper into that floaty, peaceful haze. He was clean, inside and out. Cared for. *His*.

Ilya rinsed his hair, his hands guiding the water, protecting his eyes. The simple act felt like a sacrament.

Finally, Ilya turned off the water. The sudden silence was loud, broken only by the drip of the tap and their breathing. He reached for a large, fresh and *clean* hotel towel and wrapped Shane in it, bundling him up before efficiently drying himself.

He led a drowsy Shane back into the bedroom

Ilya helps him methodically, new clothes laid out, slow movements, no rush. He talks him through each step like it's the most natural thing in the world, grounding Shane back into his body. When Shane's dressed and steady again, Ilya guides him back to the bed.

He tucks him in with deliberate care, smoothing the sheets, making sure he's warm. Then, without hesitation, Ilya slips in beside him, pulling Shane close until his head rests against his chest.

The room is quiet, at last.

Ilya's arm stays wrapped around him, his thumb tracing slow, repetitive patterns against Shane's arm. Shane's breathing evens out gradually, the last of the tremors fading.

"I didn't leave you," Ilya says quietly, like a promise. "I wouldn't."

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