

midterms week

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/80327226) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/80327226>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Explicit Sexual Content , Orgasm Edging , Under-negotiated Kink , Dom/sub , no longer dom/sub undertones! so proud of them , Riding , Shoe Kink , Showering Together , Shower Sex , Sort Of , Alternate Universe - Mob , although mob activities aren't really relevant anymore , Blow Jobs , Coming Untouched , Alternate Universe - College/University , Fluff , Fluff and Smut , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , One Shot , Do NOT upload my work to AI , Orgasm Denial , Semi-Public Sex , Dry Humping , Sexual Free Use , Consensual Somnophilia
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of we've got bad things to do
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-27 Words: 3,522 Chapters: 1/1

midterms week

by [fonduebroski314 \(anon_carrots\)](#)

Summary

It's midterms week, and Shane wants no distractions. Specifically, he wants no distractions from Ilya.

Naturally, Ilya has to test those boundaries.

(Or: 3.5K words of Ilya edging Shane.)

Notes

► content warnings

This fic is set sometime after the events of the first story in the series, [meet me in the dark](#). However, if you're just here for smut, I respect you and I believe you can power through the plot points referenced.

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

Shane's leaning against the counter in the kitchen, reading glasses slung low on his nose as he flips through his textbook. He hears the front door open and then close, but is too deeply engrossed in his reading to look up. Soon enough, Ilya is pressing himself along Shane's back. He absentmindedly turns his face for a kiss, eyes never leaving his notes.

"Why are you at the counter?" Ilya asks. He reaches an arm around Shane's side to rub along his hip.

"Been sitting all day," Shane says. "Wanted to stand and stretch for a bit."

"I can definitely help you do that," Ilya says, a leer in his voice. To punctuate the statement, he dips his hand into Shane's sweatpants.

Shane sighs. "Ilya, it's midterms week."

"So?" Ilya runs his fingers along the length of Shane's cock, through his briefs. He can't help but let out a small groan at the sensation. "You cannot expect me to resist when you wear your glasses like that."

"This is how I always wear my glasses."

"Exactly. Let me help you relax." He reaches into Shane's briefs, and begins pumping his hand up and down in earnest.

"I—" Shane says, before biting off another groan. "That's, *ha*, that's exactly the problem." He reaches down, gripping Ilya's arm, but not stopping him. His cock begins to fill out. Ilya knows his body well, and grips him with the perfect amount of pressure.

"What is the problem, exactly?"

"Don't make me say it out loud, asshole."

"No, I do not understand. Tell me." Ilya's hand speeds up.

Shane tips his head back onto Ilya's shoulder. His cheeks flush with arousal and embarrassment. "It's—*ahh*—it's too relaxing. Orgasming, I mean." Precome beads at the tip of his cock, and Ilya swipes his thumb through it. "I go straight to sleep afterward—*ha*, *hnn*, and I need to stay awake to study this week."

Ilya nips at the side of Shane's neck. "Oh? You are saying I am too good at sex."

"Maybe. *Ah*—don't be so full of yourself—"

"Hm," Ilya says, chuckling. Shane feels the warm rumble of it against his back. Combined with the sensation of Ilya's hand, the stimulation fills his head with cotton.

Shane finally abandons his textbook. He reaches behind himself to grab at Ilya, hips bucking into Ilya's tight grip. Pleasure pools in his belly. He closes his eyes.

"*Mm, 'm gonna come—*"

Ilya lets go of his cock.

Shane's eyes fly open. He looks back at Ilya in confusion, panting against red-hot arousal coursing through him. "W-what? Why'd you stop?"

His boyfriend kisses him on the lips. "You say orgasms make you tired." Ilya reaches for the sink, washing Shane's precome off of his hands as if he doesn't have a care in the world. "I understand. No orgasms this week." His matter-of-fact statement sends a shiver down Shane's spine that he doesn't fully understand.

It leaves Shane standing in the middle of the kitchen, hard cock tenting his sweats, fighting not to come on the spot. He curls his hands into fists at his side.

"You *asshole*."

Ilya winks. "Ah, but I am *your* asshole."

Shane scoops up his textbook and storms away.

For some reason, the thought of jerking himself off the rest of the way doesn't cross his mind.

Shane wakes up to his cock halfway down Ilya's throat.

It's not the first time this has happened. Nor is it always this way around—Shane has woken Ilya with a blowjob more than his fair share of mornings. So Shane only sighs into the warmth of Ilya's mouth. He rolls his hips lazily and opens his eyes, drinking in the sight of his boyfriend sucking him off.

Beyond the curtains, the barest hint of sunlight peeks in. It must be early. Shane would be annoyed at having his sleep interrupted—which he gets precious little of, during midterms week—but finds that he can't quite bring himself to care at the moment.

Ilya's tongue traces along the underside of Shane's cock, base to tip. He tongues at Shane's slit, and Shane throws his head back, mouth parting in a gasp. Slides a hand down his own chest, before settling it into Ilya's curls.

"Good—morning," he manages, between gasps.

Ilya hums in acknowledgement, which feels wonderful with his throat around Shane. He rolls his hips again. Ilya dips his head low, taking Shane until his nose bumps Shane's belly.

Shane is so close. Sparks fly behind his eyelids. He lets out a long moan—

Ilya pulls off of Shane's cock with a *pop*. Shane's eyes fly open.

"Good morning," Ilya says, smiling at Shane with spit-slicked lips.

"No, *no*," Shane protests in dismay. "Not again—"

His phone alarm rings.

"Ah, time for class," Ilya says. "Hurry, Shane, you do not want to be late."

He reaches down to where Shane's underwear is tangled around his ankles, and pulls them back up. Shane throws an arm across his eyes, unable to keep them open in this trainwreck of a morning. Ilya taps his hip; Shane lifts up obligingly so that Ilya can finish sliding his briefs over his ass. The friction of the fabric on his weeping cock nearly makes him come. Through supreme force of will, he pushes the impending orgasm away.

Shane drops his arm to glare at Ilya, who's now standing to pull their curtains back. "How long are you going to play this stupid fucking game?"

"You said it yourself," Ilya says. "Until midterms are over."

He drops his head back onto the pillow in defeat.

Shane's at the cafe when Ilya ambushes him next.

He's one test down. Two more to go. His next one is for Biomechanics, his worst subject. So he's extra focused today, flipping through his flashcards like a man possessed, gnawing his way through his hoodie string. His coffee has long since gone cold.

A body drops solidly into the booth across from him. Shane startles, heart racing, as it is wont to do these days at unwelcome surprises.

"Shit!" He drops his flashcards. But it's only Ilya, holding his typical sugary monstrosity of a drink. "Warn a guy next time."

"Sorry," Ilya says, and he genuinely does seem sorry. At scaring Shane, at least. He's unapologetic as ever about invading Shane's space. "Good day at school?"

“It’ll be better when I’m finally done with this week,” Shane says. “It should be illegal to let professors schedule every midterm at the same time.”

“Yes, I also look forward to the end of the week,” Ilya says. “Then we can fuck properly again.”

Shane kicks him under the table. “Shh!” He wants to say more, but is suddenly distracted by the foot that slides up the leg he had just kicked Ilya with. The tip of Ilya’s black leather Oxford digs into the meat of his thigh. “What are you doing?”

“I am just sitting here,” Ilya says innocently. “Don’t let me distract you from studying.”

Shane grits his teeth. The shoe slides higher. “We’re in *public*. People will see.”

“Nobody ever sees us back here,” Ilya says. “And I turned the security camera away from this booth, on the second or third time I came here.”

“Of course you did.” Ilya’s shoe brushes lightly over Shane’s cock. Embarrassingly, he’s so keyed up by all the teasing of the past few days that he’s already half-hard. He bites hard on his hoodie string to prevent any noises from escaping him. “...my pants will get dirty,” he says weakly.

“Then we will wash them when we get home,” Ilya says. “You were studying, yes? Better make good use of your time.”

“You— you—” Shane can’t find a suitable insult for Ilya. Not when his shoe rests teasingly over Shane’s cock. “What do you want?”

Ilya raises a brow in challenge. “I do not want anything right now. If *you* want something, you can do it yourself.”

Humiliation burns across Shane’s face. He casts an alarmed glance about the cafe, but it’s just busy enough that the low murmur blanketing the place covers their words. And like Ilya said, Shane’s usual booth is tucked so far away in the back corner that they can’t be seen. But just the thought of being surrounded by so many people...

Hunching forward, Shane gives a tentative thrust of his hips. Ilya’s shoe is hard and cold against him, but it still feels good. He breathes out sharply through his nose, and thrusts again.

“You get off on this, huh?” He says, sneaking a look up at Ilya. Blue eyes meet his in a short glance, before Shane breaks it.

Ilya laughs. “I think you are the one getting off, here.” He pushes his foot forward a centimeter, deepening the pressure against Shane’s cock.

Shane can’t quite believe he’s doing this. Sitting in a cafe, pretending to study while he humps himself on Ilya’s shoe. But once he’s moving, he finds he can’t stop. He’s desperate to come. If this is what it takes for Ilya to finally let him, so be it. He grips the edge of the table

as his thrusts become more erratic. It feels like everyone in the room is watching him—mortifyingly, he gets even harder at the thought.

It's all too much. Tears well in his eyes and he struggles to breathe. Arousal and humiliation tear a burning path through his chest. Ilya looks almost bored, as if Shane isn't actively falling apart across from him. Shane's vision begins to tunnel.

"Ilya," he breathes, terrified of speaking any louder. "Ilya, please."

On his next thrust, he meets empty air. When he looks across the table, Ilya sits firmly with both feet planted on the ground, leaning back with a satisfied smirk.

Shane bites the back of his knuckles, and tries not to scream.

When Ilya slides into the shower, Shane considers turning the knob all the way to the coldest setting and freezing him out. He doesn't, of course, because that means Shane would be cold too. But he does his best to muster a glare at Ilya through the water coursing down his face.

"What do you want?" His voice bounces tinnily around the glass. "Just let me shower in peace."

Ilya only hums, reaching for the shampoo that Shane is already holding. "I cannot help my favorite person in the world clean up after a long day?"

Shane grumbles, but allows Ilya to take the shampoo bottle. His boyfriend lathers it up efficiently before working his fingers into Shane's scalp. Even though his shoulder and neck are long since healed from being stabbed, it still twinges on occasion, and he's not above letting Ilya do the work of washing his hair. It's nice; Ilya knows just where to dig his fingers behind Shane's neck to work out the stress knots Shane accumulates there.

At Ilya's beckoning, Shane dunks his head into the shower stream, white suds coursing down his body and swirling into the drain. Ilya smooths conditioner into his hair next, before reaching for the body wash.

Shane knows where this is going. He should protest, or take the body wash away, do it all himself. Instead, he sighs in contentment as Ilya drags his hands up and down his arms and chest. The pleasant scent of Ilya's soap perfumes the steam around them with a delicate intimacy.

Ilya's hand skates down Shane's abdomen. His long fingers find Shane's soft cock, stroking a gentle, lazy line along its length. Then it reaches back, fondling his balls. Shane tilts his head back so it rests on Ilya's shoulder, lost in the sensation of it all.

The hand returns to his cock. Ilya's touches are gentle, unhurried. It's like he's deliberately avoiding any sexual motions—he doesn't grip Shane, doesn't pump his hand up and down. Only pets it lightly. Shane's cock begins to fill out anyway. Ilya slides his thumb under Shane's foreskin, carefully sliding it back to clean the area thoroughly.

Shane leans forward, bracing his head against the glass shower wall. His hips stutter on their own, and Ilya presses a kiss into his shoulder. But he's only half-hard when Ilya pulls his hand back. So soon?

He reaches for the body wash again, and rubs a finger into Shane's crack. Shane moans softly, catching a mouthful of shower water for his trouble. Ilya's finger moves in and out between his cheeks, slippery with soap. Traces a slow circle around his rim, before dipping into his hole. The tip of it pushes in and out of the muscle languidly. Shane knows he could easily take two or three fingers at once, with how relaxed he is in this moment, but Ilya only uses the single digit. It twists inside of him, rubbing at his walls. Usually, Ilya presses into his prostate with merciless accuracy, but now he only strokes in and out in a cleaning motion.

Shane knows how this will end, but feels himself building toward an orgasm as relentlessly as the tide against the beach.

"Ilya," he sighs.

Ilya pulls his hand back. "Shane," he murmurs in response, sliding his other hand along Shane's cheek to tilt his head for a kiss. It's wet, unhurried. Ilya can afford the water bill.

He finishes washing Shane, paying the same gentle attention to his thighs, then feet. When they're done, Ilya pushes him out of the shower and wraps him in a fluffy towel, patting down his wet skin. Shane tries to protest, but Ilya shushes him, helping him step into his underwear and then his pajamas. He drifts through his nighttime routine in a daze, Ilya wordlessly handing him his skincare products in the correct order.

It's been a long day. Shane's almost fully out by the time his head hits the pillow.

"Love you," he murmurs. He falls asleep before he can hear Ilya's response. That's okay. He knows what Ilya will say.

Shane finishes his last midterm of the week on a sunny Friday afternoon. His classmates chatter around him, discussing their answers, but Shane practically sprints out of the lecture hall. He's got one mission, and one mission only. The twenty minutes it takes to drive to Ilya's house feel like an eternity.

Ilya's sprawled across the sofa when he arrives. Looks up at the sound of Shane entering the room, before a broad grin spreads across his face as he tosses his phone aside.

“How was your—” Before Ilya can finish, Shane launches himself at Ilya, landing sideways in his lap. “—oof,” Ilya grunts.

Shane rights himself, moving to straddle Ilya. He mouths desperately at Ilya’s neck, quickly unbuttoning Ilya’s dress shirt.

“So eager,” Ilya laughs. He wraps an arm around Shane’s waist.

“Shut the fuck up,” Shane pants. “You owe me, asshole.”

“Owe you what?” Ilya slides his hands under Shane’s shirt, helping him pull it over his head. “I have not lent you any money recently.”

“You know what,” Shane says. He bites at Ilya’s ear in reproach. “I’m done with my tests. Let me come.”

“What is magic word?”

He leans back to place his forehead against Ilya’s. “Please.” He kisses Ilya’s lips. “Please let me come.”

“Of course, *lyubimyy*. As if I could ever say no to you.”

Before Shane can protest at how utterly ridiculous that statement is, Ilya picks him up by the thighs, carrying him into their bedroom. Dumps Shane onto their bed, pupils already blown wide. He sheds the rest of his clothes efficiently, before tugging Shane’s pants off as well.

He leans over Shane, pressing a quick peck to his lips. Then he hands Shane a bottle of lube.

“Open yourself,” he says, sitting back on his heels.

“Wow,” Shane says, but he’s smearing the clear liquid onto his fingers and reaching around himself. “You’re going to make me do all the work myself?”

“Yes,” Ilya says. “I like the view.”

His head thunks onto the wooden headboard as he works a finger into himself. He goes quickly, impatient, and he adds a second finger, then a third. It burns slightly, but it’s worth the pain. Ilya wears an impatient expression, tugging at his own cock, and Shane knows he’s just as desperate for it as Shane is.

“C’mon, I’m ready,” Shane says, already slightly out of breath. “Get on with it.”

“You were being so good earlier,” Ilya says, pouting. “So cute. *Please, Ilya. Give me your wonderful cock, Ilya.*”

“I did *not* say that!”

“But I heard it.” Ilya shuffles up toward the headboard, before sitting down next to Shane. He gestures at his lap with a meaningful look. “If you want so bad...”

Shane glares, but crawls onto Ilya. His thighs spread wide as he braces his knees around Ilya, biting his lip as he reaches down to line himself up with Ilya's cock. Ilya reaches out and holds his hip to help steady him. Then Ilya's head is pushing into Shane's hole, and they both groan as Shane slowly sinks down. Down, down, down, until Shane is fully seated onto Ilya.

With his rushed prep, the sensation knocks the wind out of him. His thighs tremble as he forces himself to relax around Ilya's cock. Ilya pets his hair, whispering Russian endearments that Shane only half-understands.

Soon, maybe too soon, Shane decides he's ready. He gives a small, experimental bounce. Ilya's cock half-slides out of him, before he's sinking back down. Shane grits his teeth against the stretch, but forces himself to keep moving. He reaches up to grip the headboard with both hands.

"Yes," Ilya gasps. "So perfect. For me."

Shane begins riding in earnest. Each time he bounces, he slides along nearly the entire length of Ilya's cock. He scrunches his brow as he focuses on getting just the right angle, trying to reach the right spot—

Ilya thrusts up to meet Shane as he comes down. He gasps, stars exploding behind his eyelids as Ilya nails his prostate perfectly. His own cock slaps against Ilya's abs, smearing a spurt precome across Ilya's perfect skin. Ilya digs a hand into the meat of Shane's asscheek.

"Shit," he says, the words sounding far away even to his own ears. "You feel so good, so big, fuck, Ilya."

"Shane," Ilya says. And then words seem to fail him entirely, his face flushed as he arches up into Shane. A vein bulges on his forehead, and Shane reaches a hand out to smooth over it.

"Ah, I'm so close," Shane groans. It didn't take him long to get here, but in his defense he's been a little bit pent up this week. "*Hah—*"

He reaches his hand down to grip his cock. A hand slaps it away. His eyes snap open, startled.

"Come on my cock," Ilya says with a gasp. "Or not at all."

"Oh my god," Shane says. "Ilya, I don't know—I've never done that—I can't—"

Ilya shoves up in a truly Herculean motion. Shane nearly doubles over at the spike of pleasure from his prostate.

"You can do it," Ilya says, chest heaving. "I know you can."

Shane throws his head back as he continues to ride, hitting his prostate on nearly every single motion. Ilya is hard inside of him, and he can tell his boyfriend is close to his own climax.

"Come for me, Shane," Ilya says.

And Shane does. He comes so hard he blacks out for a moment. His ass clenches so hard he briefly worries for Ilya, before all higher thought flees his mind in favor of endless pleasure. He might be saying something out loud, but he's not sure. It's so intense that the stimulation edges on pain. Shane has no choice but to endure, riding out the overwhelming sensation.

It takes him an eternity to come down from his high. His head is fuzzy, and his vision is still dark around the edges.

He finds himself collapsed on his back, Ilya over him. He's still hard, thrusting into Shane's limp body. Ilya gives his soft cock a quick stroke, and Shane feels tears gather in his eyes from oversensitivity. He reaches up, threading his fingers together behind Ilya's neck.

"Ilya," he gasps. "Ilya, I love you."

Ilya tumbles over the edge, letting out one long groan. Warmth floods Shane's hole, a trickle of come escaping as Ilya continues to thrust shortly through his orgasm. Eventually, Ilya collapses on top of him.

Shane strokes Ilya's hair. "That... was amazing."

"I know," Ilya says. His voice is muffled into Shane's pec. "We should do it more often."

"I could live without everything leading up to it, actually."

"Could you?" Ilya says, looking up at Shane with a smug expression. "You enjoyed, admit it."

He breaks eye contact, blushing. Refuses to dignify Ilya with a response.

"Well, good thing we will get to try it all again at least one more time this year."

Shane twitches, alarmed. "What do you mean?"

"You must take finals to graduate, no?"

He slaps a hand over his eyes in despair.

"Fuck."

End Notes

i keep telling myself i'm done writing smut. alas, it wasn't meant to be. the real victim here is shane (he's exactly where he wants to be)

-

edit: thinking abt this some more, this is technically more denial than edging, isn't it? i'll keep edging in the summary but have added the denial tag

-

thank you for reading! i appreciate comments, kudos, and bookmarks in all shapes and forms.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!