if you want, you can have it all

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/82531136.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Rose Landry
Additional Tags:	Top Ilya Rozanov, Bottom Shane Hollander, Mean Dom Ilya Rozanov, Sub Shane Hollander, Sexual Freak Shane Hollander, Freak4Freak Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, basically shane being an organic freak and ilya indulging him, Good Friend Rose Landry, 69 (Sex Position), Face-Fucking, Deepthroating, Choking, Breathplay, Porn With Plot, listen they just couldnt stop talking this was supposed to be just porn, Consensual Non-Consent, Knifeplay, blame connor's verizon ad, Rape Roleplay, in second chapter, Safe Sane and Consensual, Bondage, mafia roleplay??, Dacryphilia, Sexual Overstimulation, Ilya Rozanov is a Little Shit, Author has read the books, mix of the show n books bc i adore that stupid bear tattoo, Rough Sex, Manhandling, no beta we die, Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers), Degradation, Ilya Rozanov Calls Shane Hollander a Slut, i love that this is canon, Rimming, Kink Exploration, negative amounts of hockey, Face Slapping, just one lil slap, Spanking, Fear Play, Threats, Mirror Sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of organic freak shane hollander
Stats:	Published: 2026-04-05 Completed: 2026-04-07 Words: 11,854 Chapters: 2/2

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by bbunkoo

Summary

A year after those first two weeks spent at the cottage in the summer of 2017, everything seemed to be looking up. Ilya Rozanov would soon hang up his Boston Raiders jersey in the name of love, and Shane could not adore this man more. Naturally, his brain chose that exact moment to resurrect some deeply buried fantasies he couldn't bulldoze past this time. He blamed Rose.

or

Shane Hollander reinventing kinky interrogation roleplay with his own mind.

Notes

knocks on door um, hi?

this is my first work in this fandom and of course it's about shane being a freak. i haven't written anything besides shit for uni, including my fucking BA and MA papers, since 2023, 2022 if we're talking ao3 fics. so im a bit rusty, but for the past two days i've been writing this fic in-between preparations for easter like a woman posessed. it was supposed to be like 3k words, just the actual roleplay part because i couldn't get it out of my head, but i literally couldn't get them to stop talking, so now it's this. heated rivalry has consumed me to the point of no return i fear, but i'm not mad at it. shane and ilya have singlehandedly brought back my inspiration to write when i was sure i'd lost that joy forever. you'll see them again from me for sure, i have like three more prompts just for this series. god i've missed writing

the second chapter, which is the actual full-blown cnc, is almost finished and will be posted in a few days. i would've waited to post them together but its busy as hell for me right now and i couldn't wait longer so i decided to drop this now n let it cook a bit. so enjoy hollanov expressing their love through bickering and sixty-nining (frankly its criminal that they didn't do it in the books, i have hopes for unrivaled). that second chap will be much shorter than the first but it'll basically be just the roleplay so if you don't vibe with cnc you can totally skip it. take care or yourselves and happy easter to everyone who celebrates <3

(title from like animals by bts bc im an army before anything else and arirang slaps)

my twt (it's been mostly just for retweets of bts stuff for the past few years, but its def gonna expand into hr)

Chapter 1

It started, if he really had to think about it, before his dreams of becoming a professional hockey player for the NHL were anything more than dreams. He had always known he was good, but claims that he was the *best* were usually reserved for his parents. Even at 13, Shane Hollander did not like to brag. After he'd grown into himself, years later, his talent could speak for him, excusing him from even having to mention his accomplishments; now, he could reply to chirping on the ice and to overzealous journalists that even if he sometimes faltered, he was still at the top and would remain there as long as he was allowed to play. At 27, he was old enough to know that age was the one factor he could do nothing about – one day it would stop him, no matter how hard he worked to postpone that dreaded date. He was still trying to make peace with that.

What he also tried to make peace with was the newfound realization that he'd probably, subconsciously, known he was into… less than usual things before he agreed with himself that he actually liked men. Before he started looking at his posters of NHL players and thinking with conviction that this would be him one day, that his posters would hang on the walls of other 14-year-olds.

Before Ilya Rozanov.

Perhaps it was a bit of an intense way to think about what were, at the end of the day, just some sexual fantasies, but Shane was self-aware enough to admit that maybe it was the truth whenever someone said he couldn't be chill about anything.

He definitely wasn't *chill* now, and it was just his luck that Rose Landry was, once again, the catalyst. At least this time she didn't guess it for him.

Fortunately, this time they weren't in a restaurant. Just over a year ago, the prospect of an evening spent at Rose's New York apartment would have caused him to break into a cold sweat, but they've been friends, good friends, long enough now. He hadn't been shaken much even when she'd asked him to be her plus one at the premiere of her newest *X-Squad* movie. He was a bit shaken *now*, though, but it was only in part because of the paparazzi that always seemed to lock in on them whenever they were together. This time, they had been surrounded by other famous people, some even more famous than Rose, but Shane's presence next to her was apparently much bigger news than an actor with two Oscars.

"I'm sorry, again. For the ambush," Rose said as she led him to the kitchen bar after they'd taken off their shoes. Neither of them had had any coats, and Rose's loose, dark blue dress had the thinnest straps he'd ever seen, but her driver had brought them straight from the after party to her apartment, and it was a warm late spring evening. "There's usually a lot of media present at these things, but today it was so much worse than I've ever seen."

"It's fine. Probably my fault, anyway." Shane leaned his hip on the countertop and nodded when Rose turned to him with a bottle of champagne and a raised brow. He'd had a glass at the after-party, but the Montreal Metros had been kicked out of the playoffs recently anyway,

and he didn't have practice the next day. He could allow himself a little more alcohol. Especially after his brief freak-out at the premiere. "I should have apologized to your co-stars for stealing the spotlight," he joked, accepting the bottle to quickly open it and pour them each a glass. They clinked them together.

"No way, they were just as excited to meet you as the paps," she laughed, nudging him with her hip as she rounded the countertop, glass in hand. With the other, she grabbed the bottle and moved to the large living room. Shane would have felt guilty that she'd left the afterparty early for him if she hadn't already reassured him – multiple times, unprompted – in the car. "None of my other famous exes have stuck around; you're hot news."

"Probably because they were all assholes," Shane murmured, sinking into the sectional couch. It was still a little jarring how comfortable he'd started feeling with her once he stopped lying to himself and realized the world wouldn't end if those closest to him actually got to know the parts of him he'd hidden away. It was nice. For now, it was enough.

Rose rolled her eyes, but she was smiling. She turned on the TV, hopping briefly through the channels to land on a random movie. They wouldn't be watching it anyway. "Hopefully you broke the curse."

"What if the 'asshole boyfriend' curse turns into the 'gay boyfriend' curse?" he joked, a bit hesitantly. It had been a year, and Rose never treated the topic like it was taboo, making light, harmless jokes herself, but Shane was still learning how to actually do that. Maybe not the *be gay* part, he was certain that he was good at that; being *out*, even if just to a couple of people, was another thing altogether.

"At least I'll get a few more great friends out of it," she said, tipping her glass towards him. "You'll still be the best one, though, don't you worry. The OG gay boyfriend."

Shane smiled into his champagne. "Didn't you say 80% of your boyfriends in school were gay?"

Rose snorted. "Can't believe you remembered that."

"I'm pretty sure I'm going to remember that one fucking conversation until I die."

Rose's smile turned a bit softer. She squeezed his arm. "That's fair."

He returned her smile, and for a moment, it was quiet, only the low volume of the TV breaking the silence. Until Shane noticed Rose's expression turning sly.

"You remember what else we talked about then?" she asked, wagging her eyebrows.

"Our disastrous sex?"

"Shut up, no. *Your* sex. Your gay sex. That definitely isn't a disaster."

Shane stared at her for a second, mouth slightly open. "Wha-"

“Oh come on!” she whined, punching his shoulder lightly, and then she sat up to pour herself a third glass and top up his without asking. “I *know* you have a boyfriend. You told me.”

Shane could feel his neck getting warm because he *had* told her. Two months ago, through text (which he’d immediately deleted after), in a rare burst of bravery. The consequent key smashes from Rose had been quite overwhelming. “So?”

“*So* how’s it going with him? I’m not asking names, I don’t care. I mean, I do, but if you don’t want to tell me, it’s totally fine. But is he treating you well? In bed and out of it? Is he hot?” she grilled him with a grin, eyes open so wide, like the knowledge of whether his boyfriend was hot would change her life.

If it were possible, Shane turned even warmer. “I mean– yeah.”

She stared at him, and when nothing else followed, she huffed. “You’re the worst gossiper ever. I’m starting to think that peg isn’t that good after all.”

“Rose!”

She cackled, and Shane, for all of his defences and walls, couldn’t help but crack a smile as well, brows smoothing out their frown. Everything was fine. Rose knew, and she didn’t care; or cared too much, but in a way true friends did. He felt comfortable and loose, which definitely weren’t his default settings. A year ago, he definitely wouldn’t have predicted that Rose would one day join the minuscule group of people who could tweak those dials into something that didn’t make him want to vibrate out of his skin.

As comfortable as Shane felt, he was glad when Rose turned the topic to playoffs and hockey, his forever safe topic. They chatted for a bit until the bottle of probably ridiculously expensive champagne was empty, just the last sips remaining in each of their flutes. Even Shane felt pleasantly buzzed, but he knew he wouldn’t be repeating this anytime soon.

Especially since it was probably the champagne that made him ask Rose the question he’d had since the premiere.

“How did it feel?” He didn’t look at her, staring instead intensely at the TV, where the trailer to the movie they’d just watched at the cinema was playing in-between commercials. There were only a few seconds shown from the interrogation scene that had stuck with him so stubbornly, but he could remember it.

“What? Being blue? Very annoying.”

“Not that.” Shane rolled his eyes, trying to act normal even though his heart was now beating just a little faster. He didn’t know why he was thinking about this *now*, when he’d watched her be tied up and kidnapped in many movies, but it had to be in part because they were friends, now. She was the only person he knew who’d had even a bit of experience with… anything like this. This was different from being 14, watching an action movie you're definitely too young for, seeing someone tied tightly to a chair in a dank warehouse, and feeling a weird warmth in your crotch. This was more personal. And now, after years, he felt like he could finally do something about those feelings, maybe. He could ask Rose.

Knowing her, she'd just read him like an open book again. That was what scared him more than asking.

"Being… interrogated. That, um, that scene."

From the corner of his eye, he could see her turning to him and tilting her head.

"Are you asking about the specifics of the set, or…?"

"No. Ugh," he grunted and set down his empty glass on the coffee table to drag his hands down his face. "Nevermind."

"Shane," she touched his wrists gently, circling them with her slim fingers. He twitched involuntarily just from the feeling, which she noticed, of course. Her face was split into another grin when he finally looked at her after she dragged his hands away from his face. "Are you asking how it felt to be handcuffed? You freak."

The groan that left Shane was very undignified. And very telling. It basically answered for him.

"I'm never asking you anything ever again."

"Noo, hey." She let go of his hands and patted his thigh. "I'm not judging. Many people like bondage. It's like, one of the most popular kinks out there."

Shane looked at her, confused. "Kinks?"

She sighed. "I always forget you're a jock before you're gay. Kinks are, like, the things that get you going. Y'know," she waved a hand vaguely, "if someone likes roleplaying as, I don't know, a maid in bed. That's a kink. Or there are a lot of men who like feet. Although that's probably more a fetish than a kink. Or-"

"Okay, okay," he stopped her, sputtering a bit. "I got it."

She laughed, reaching for her nearly empty glass to finish it, and then she plucked his from the table and moved to stand up. "I'm sure you did. But seriously, it's fine, it's normal. I can imagine how it is in locker rooms. You've definitely heard at least one of the guys talking about a girl who liked a bit of handcuffs in bed."

"I don't really… listen when they talk about sex," he admitted, although she could probably guess that. He went after her to the kitchen. It was late, definitely past his usual bedtime. He should probably get going. "I kind of black out when they start. It's automatic."

Rose laughed shortly, placing the glasses in the sink. "Okay, that's valid. But still. Look it up, okay? When it's done safely, it's super fun."

"Oh, you've…?"

"Of course." She nodded and patted him on the shoulder. "Talk to your boyfriend. I'm sure he'll be *very* enthusiastic about it."

Shane bit back a smile. Oh, he was also sure about it. The issue was that it wasn't just the handcuffs Shane had been interested in. And *that* would be harder to explain.

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He should have expected that looking up anything related to bondage, and interrogations, and sex would result in an overwhelming number of very explicit videos. And it wasn't like Shane was a prude, contrary to popular belief, or even according to chirps from his own locker room. He liked sex, he loved cock, especially Ilya's. Maybe he didn't watch porn, but he'd been a teenager once, and he'd been a man in his early twenties with access to the internet and a right hand. Maybe he didn't turn to it often when he had something better in real life, and his imagination usually sufficed, but he knew where to look if he had to. This, though, was something else. This was way different than watching a movie and pretending you're not aroused from seeing someone helpless and immobilized and imagining yourself as them. He hadn't expected there would be so many other people also interested in it.

He scrolled through the thumbnails with raised eyebrows, not clicking on anything. Most videos that would show up on the first page were of heterosexual couples, anyway, and he didn't really understand why so many of them would feature older men with much younger-looking women. Did straight people really enjoy these videos?

He clicked off the page and exited the incognito browser, closing his laptop for good measure, when his phone buzzed next to him, like whoever texted him would instantly know how he was spending his evening.

Lily: this bar is almost as boring as you

Shane smiled right away. God, he was whipped. He'd seen Ilya only two weeks before, had fallen asleep with him on call three days ago, a day before the premiere, and he already missed him.

Jane: You could go home, then.

Lily: no

Jane: Are they forcing you to be there?

Lily: marly has girl problems again. i am held hostage, you have to pay ransom

Shane stared at the message for a moment. Oh.

He allowed his imagination to spiral for all of ten seconds before he forced himself to reply like a normal person who definitely hadn't just fantasized about his boyfriend holding him hostage. Or interrogating him. Or all of the above.

Jane: You're a millionaire too, why do I have to pay?

Lily: oh so you don't love me

Lily: would allow marly to do whatever to me

Lily: i will come home in boxes

Jane: It must be really boring if you're texting me with Marleau beside you.

Lily: he's not here, went to order more

Lily: what are you wearing?

Shane snorted. Ilya was ridiculous.

But Shane had been playing this texting game for seven years. He could also be a little stupid for his boyfriend.

Jane: Your jersey. No underwear.

Lily: hey

Lily: hey, no

Lily: i know you are lying but this isnt fair

Jane: Maybe I'm not lying.

Lily: this is torture

Shane locked his phone with a smile and reached for his laptop again. Ilya would live.

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Or not, because not even two hours later, when he was already in bed, ready for the night, his phone lit up with a FaceTime request. Shane picked up immediately.

"Where's my jersey?" Ilya asked in lieu of a greeting. He was shirtless, the top of the tattoo on his pec just barely visible, and also in bed, his hair damp from a shower. He never dried it properly after washing it before sleeping. Shane knew it would be a mess of tangled curls in the morning.

He wished he could be there to run his fingers through it before Ilya woke up. Just two weeks left before they would see each other. For an entire break.

"Burned it to ashes."

"Rude." Ilya pouted. *"At least put on your glasses."*

Shane rolled his eyes, but this was a common occurrence, so they were lying on his book on the nightstand, always easy to reach. He put them on and raised a brow at Ilya.

"Mhm, good. Can almost excuse the jersey."

"I'll be dead before you see me in a Boston jersey."

"What about Centaurs?"

Shane's breath hitched. He tried to sound casual and not like he was trying to speak through the heart that had suddenly found itself in his throat. God, their hushed plans made in the cottage not even a full year ago were actually coming to fruition. "You should take it to the cottage. We'll see then."

Ilya grinned. *"You are so easy, Hollander."*

"Well, what about you? Didn't you blow off your teammates to call me?"

"I'd rather blow someone else."

"Ilya."

"Shane."

They smiled at each other. So stupid.

Shane cleared his throat. "I missed you. I'm glad you left earlier."

"Was boring anyway," Ilya said, but his eyes were shining. Probably not with tears, maybe with emotion. Shane still couldn't quite believe he now knew how Ilya Rozanov looked when he was crying. *"There was nothing there for me. Even alcohol was bad."*

"And here?"

"Well, I have my vodka in the fridge. Good vodka, Russian," Ilya hummed, breaking into a grin when Shane glared at him. *"And you, of course. You know I love you."*

"I know you're an asshole."

"Surprising news. You should tell it to the world."

"Oh, the world has known that for a decade."

"They should hear it from you. You never called me that in public, I don't think."

"That wouldn't be good for our plan."

"Mmm, maybe not," Ilya sighed and moved to lie on his side, his head propped up on his hand. *"Oh, I saw photos from that movie premiere you went to with Rose. Where she was a*

blue lady."

"Yeah? Did you watch the movie?"

"I don't care for Rose Landry," Ilya huffed. *"I care for you. You looked good. Nice suit."*

"Oh, Rose chose it."

Ilya blinked at him, lips pressed into a thin line. *"I can tell. It was ugly."*

"Oh my God, Ilya, we needed to match," Shane laughed. Ilya's jealousy over Rose would never not amuse him. It was ridiculous. He never seemed jealous of Hayden or of any of his other teammates. Rose was a different story despite their glaring lack of compatibility. "We went together."

"Don't care. You would look better without it."

"You're so annoying."

"And you are mine. Why is Rose Landry picking your clothes? You have designer," Ilya complained.

"Stop that," Shane said, pretending Ilya's casual claim on him, his confidence when he'd said it, did not make him hot. It was as easy as that. Water was wet, the sky was blue, Shane belonged to Ilya. "When we're out, and you meet her, you'll like her. You'll see. You two are very similar."

"So you have a type."

Shane's lip twitched into a half smile. He assumed his mention of them being *out*, no matter how far in the future it'd be, had been what softened Ilya's voice. "Apparently."

Ilya grumbled something in Russian, leaving Shane free to just watch him for a moment. He changed the topic, "The trade announcement comes out soon."

Ilya looked at him incredulously. *"Yes. Is my trade, I know."*

"How are you feeling about it?"

"Mm, don't know yet. Is a lot. Ask me after the cottage."

"You have to sleep on it?"

Ilya blinked. *"Sleep on what?"*

"It's an expression, Ilya." Shane bit back a smile. "It means you have to think about it more."

"Is stupid expression. And beds at the cottage are not for sleeping."

"You're not ruining my schedule again."

“You will ruin it yourself, Shane. Is you who loves my cock too much. Can’t get enough.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Shane barked, but couldn’t deny it.

At least he hadn’t told Ilya about his newest fantasies yet. He would’ve had a field day, and Shane was definitely not ready for the teasing that would soon commence.

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The trade announcement came and went, but the public, as expected, had not taken it in stride. The Internet had been buzzing for days, and it did not seem to be stopping when Shane briefly logged back into his social media accounts to gauge the reactions now that most of the shock should have settled.

“What are they saying about me?”

Shane looked up from his phone at Ilya, shamelessly staring him down when he realized his boyfriend hadn't bothered with clothes after his shower. Nor with a towel. The last dregs of sunlight coming through the huge windows of the cottage’s master bedroom made him look even more like a Greek statue.

He ignored Ilya’s stupidly wagging eyebrows and looked back at Twitter. The theories he'd seen were… interesting. “How did you know I was looking at that?”

“You forget you have phone unless I text you,” Ilya said, like it should be obvious, crawling onto the bed to flop between Shane’s legs. He kissed his stomach and then propped up his chin on the same spot. He was digging right into his abs, but Shane didn’t want him to move. “And I am here, but you are obsessed, so you have to be reading about me.” The only thing that was missing was a smug little *duh* at the end.

Shane lifted his phone to stare down at Ilya, who was blinking up at him, happy as a clam. “I could be texting the team,” he said unconvincingly. Ilya only raised his eyebrows. “And get off me. I haven’t had a shower yet, you’ll get dirty again. We haven’t even changed the sheets.”

“Oh?” Ilya hummed. He pressed his hands into the bed at either side of Shane’s thighs and raised himself, looking down at where he’d plopped down right on a wet spot on the covers. “Too late,” he said, seeming very happy about it. “Then we should just get more dirty. Why do two laundry when we can do one?”

“Ilya,” Shane gasped, curling his fingers in Ilya’s damp hair when he unceremoniously lowered himself to lick up the shaft of his soft, overstimulated cock. It twitched nonetheless. “We– we’ve been in this bed over an hour. I’m done.”

“Your cock does not agree.” And he was right. Shane’s dick was filling up slowly in Ilya’s loose grip, under his talented tongue. The soft touch was almost too much after his recent orgasm.

“Oh, fuck,” Shane whimpered when Ilya took the head of his cock between his lips and sucked, his other hand suddenly finding itself below Shane’s balls, rubbing down his perineum. Ilya had wiped him down with a wet towel earlier, but he was still probably leaking lube. “I already came once.”

“You can give me two, sweetheart,” Ilya purred, his fingers sliding through the leftover lube between his cheeks. Shane’s fingers tightened in his hair when he felt two of his fingers at once entering his stretched out hole, immediately searching for his prostate. The phone he’d been holding earlier was long forgotten beside him.

“You’re going to kill me,” Shane breathed out harshly, his thighs twitching at Ilya’s sides every time he dipped his tongue in his slit.

“*Da*.” Ilya raised himself after the last lick to Shane’s cock, now fully hard. His fingers slipped out and Shane whined at the loss. “Cause of death: sex too good,” he said with a grin, crawling up to kiss him.

“You’re so stupid,” Shane murmured into the kiss. His legs squeezed around Ilya’s hips, and one look between their bodies revealed that Ilya was hard now, too. “Are you gonna fuck me again?”

Ilya hummed and licked into his mouth once more, letting him suck on his tongue briefly, before pulling away. “No. I have different idea.”

“Oh?”

Shane watched, curious and horny, as Ilya winked at him and then moved towards the foot of the bed just to grab Shane by his ankles and pull him further away from the headboard.

“What the hell are you doing?” he asked, a bit winded just from that easy display of strength. His traitorous imagination reminded him of how else Ilya could manhandle him in the future, maybe with Shane tied up and even more helpless, but those thoughts escaped him just as quickly as they’d arrived when Ilya turned around above him, his muscular legs spread wide, knees at either side of Shane’s head. On all fours above him.

“I think you know now,” Ilya said, to his dick. And then, as if that wasn’t enough, he shifted forward, his dick nudging against Shane’s face, and his hands crawled around the outside of Shane’s hips, towards his ass. Ilya ignored his cock completely and hitched his hips up a bit by the harsh grip on his cheeks, making him automatically raise his bent legs to accommodate him.

Now with easier access to his hole, Ilya immediately slipped his tongue inside, fingers tightening to spread him further.

“Holy fucking shit,” Shane gasped, hands briefly curling in the sheets before they flew up to hold onto Ilya’s hips. A bit frantic, he tilted his head back a touch, tongue out. He didn’t have to try much to get Ilya’s dick in his mouth; it was right above his face, bobbing long and hard, searching for a warm hole to sink into.

With the position, Shane’s throat a straight passage, it slipped deeper than usually on the first upstroke.

He choked, barely hearing Ilya’s low cursing through the sound of blood rushing in his ears. He didn’t allow him to move back, though, hands finding the backs of Ilya’s thighs and holding firm to prevent him from pulling away. Ilya was in deep, and Shane couldn’t breathe at all whenever his hips kicked, cock slipping just a little further in, past the tight entrance to his throat, but he didn’t mind. He needed it.

He was already overwhelmed, legs twitching by Ilya’s shoulders. At some point, the fingers in his ass had reappeared. The angle was a bit awkward, but it didn’t matter; Ilya’s hot lips and the thick neck Shane’s cock kept rubbing against were more than enough.

“*Bozhe moi*,” Ilya groaned into his ass, breath hot at the base of Shane’s dick. “Shane, fuck.”

Shane reached a hand under Ilya to hold his dick at the base and take it out of his mouth for a moment. He panted, his own spit mixed with Ilya’s precome smeared on his face and dripping from Ilya’s cock right back onto it. His eyes were scrunched shut, had been since the first tears fell a moment before, but he rasped out, “Fuck my throat.”

“Shit,” Ilya hissed, cock kicking in Shane’s loose grip. Both of them were so close, pleasure hinted with overstimulation. “Hit me if is too much,” he demanded, and only when Shane hummed in agreement, not able to think of any more words, he lowered himself back to Shane’s loose, wet asshole, and nudged his hips forward until his cock found that slick tongue again.

Head tilted back again, Shane let himself be used. Ilya was much gentler than he would be if he were fucking his ass, but it was still *so much*, his throat clicking wetly and protesting with every thrust forward. They mostly stayed shallow for the length of his dick, but sometimes Ilya was so lost in pleasure that the depth would become nearly too much, and all Shane could do was try not to choke too hard and lose his mind. It was difficult, even more so when Ilya, seemingly in an effort to get his tongue to reach even deeper into his ass, slid his knees closer to Shane’s arms and curled over him, legs pressing his arms to his body. A neuron activated.

It was on one of these overwhelming thrusts, Ilya’s balls slapping against Shane’s nose, breath cut off completely, eyes rolling behind his eyelids at the onslaught of sensations, when Shane arched violently as much as he could while being nearly immobilized, and spilled between them, gagging.

Ilya immediately noticed. He quickly pulled his fingers out of his ass and cock out of Shane’s throat and hunched over him, propping himself up on one hand on his boyfriend’s heaving chest. With the other, he began working his spit-slick dick right over his face, both of them panting, the noises of Ilya jacking himself off broken up only by Shane’s sporadic coughing.

“Fuck, fuck, Shane,” Ilya moaned as he came on his neck, reaching his pecs, the cum almost touching his own hand. He hung his head for a second to clear his head as much as he could, and then turned around and fell ungracefully next to Shane, reaching for him immediately. “Holy shit. I love you. Are you okay?”

“Mm,” was all he could muster, his throat so raw that even if he wanted to speak, he wouldn’t be able to without pain. His head was spinning a little, both from the recent lack of air and from the intensity of the sex. And his orgasm.

Ilya barked a short laugh. Shane’s eyes were still closed, but he felt Ilya’s large hands cup his cheeks gently and move him in for a soft, languid kiss that made his head clear a bit. He winced in disgust when he realized how filthy his face was. All of him, really. Ilya’s cum that had pooled in the divot between his collarbones was now everywhere.

“Shh, I know, *kotenok*,” Ilya murmured, his voice deep and accent more pronounced like it usually was after (and during) sex. “We will shower soon.”

Shane hummed again, sighing against Ilya’s sweaty neck, surprisingly not caring that he was smearing on him the mess from his face. They both needed a thorough shower anyway.

It felt like a few seconds, but was probably minutes later when Ilya, holding him against his chest, scooched up the bed and leaned to the bedside table for the bottle of Gatorade Shane had forgotten they’d left there after the first round.

“Here. Slowly. Only sexy choking allowed here,” Ilya said, snorting into his hair when Shane flipped him off as he drank in small sips. It felt good on his parched, swollen throat, but he knew his voice would be hoarse for the next few days. He was glad they were meeting his parents for dinner in three days, by then he should be alright.

“I feel disgusting,” Shane croaked a few seconds later, passing Ilya the bottle.

“You look hot.”

Shane looked at him sceptically. He could feel that even his eyelashes were clumpy. “I’m a mess.”

Ilya nodded and threw the now-empty bottle to the floor. Shane was too wrung out to glare at him for that. “Yes. I made you a mess, so. Hot,” he concluded and kissed his forehead. Groaning a bit, he stood up from the bed and reached out a hand, “Come. Or do you want me to carry you?” he asked, completely earnestly, like hauling a 200-pound man to the bathroom was not a big deal at all.

Shane stifled a smile, taking the offered hand. “I can walk.”

“Mm, but why would you when you have big, strong boyfriend?”

“I will drown you in the shower.”

“Fun. Okay.”

***

The second day at the cottage was even more idyllic than the first, probably because it hadn't settled in yet the day before that they would be alone and undisturbed for two entire weeks. Even though Ilya had arrived in Montreal earlier and they'd come to the cottage together, it was different when they were there. Maybe it was the air, fresher than in the city and clean enough that the sky shone with stars every night, or maybe it was the atmosphere they had created themselves last year and left for the future them to find. Nothing had really changed in the cottage since then, but everything had changed between them, and the building had been the witness.

It had also been the witness of many less wholesome moments, but that was neither here nor there.

"Here. Your disgusting leaf water," Ilya said, gently placing the full cup of already strained tea on the side table next to the armrest of the couch where Shane was sitting, curled up on his phone.

"Why are you like this? You know it's tea. You made it," Shane complained, but kissed his cheek as thanks when Ilya slumped next to him.

"Tea smells good. This does not."

"Well, it's your fault I'm even drinking it. It's a good blend for inflammation and a sore throat."

Ilya huffed. "How is it my fault if you were the one begging me to fuck it harder?"

"I didn't beg."

"Begging, asking, telling," Ilya drawled, kicking up his feet onto the coffee table. Shane's eye twitched. "Is same thing when you do it."

"You exhaust me," Shane sighed without looking away from his phone. He really should delete all his social media again. Nothing any of these people were saying had substance.

"Thank you." The grin was obvious in Ilya's voice.

Shane sipped his tea. It was calm and quiet for all of ten seconds before Ilya's curls partly covered his phone screen as he moved closer to peer at it.

"Can I help you?" Shane asked flatly.

"What are they saying about me?" Ilya asked. "You didn't answer yesterday. Were you maybe distracted?"

“I am now, by your big ass head. Move.” Shane reached under Ilya’s chin and cupped his head from the other side, hand splayed over his ear. He pushed until Ilya met his shoulder, where he settled easily.

“So mean to me, Hollander,” Ilya sighed like he wasn’t currently nuzzling into his shoulder, nose kissing his collarbone exposed by the stretched out collar of his shirt. Like Shane wasn’t so in love with him that sometimes he didn’t know what to do with himself.

“Should’ve gotten used to it years ago,” Shane murmured with a small smile. He took a sip of his tea and scrolled through another long thread of someone putting their two cents into the pile of incoherent conspiracy theories about Ilya’s trade to Ottawa. He supposed he should tell Ilya some of the things he’d read, since both Shane and his mom had strongly advised Ilya against looking through social media too intensely in the wake of the news drop. “It’s not all bad. The responses to the trade, I mean. It’s mostly just people being very confused and pulling theories out of thin air.”

“Like what? Anything fun?”

“Did you know you have ten children across the continent?”

“Wow. Almost as much as Pike.”

Shane did not dignify that with a response. He scrolled back up, showing him the thread he’d just stumbled upon. “And this person is convinced you have ties to the Russian mafia, and the Raiders found out and sent you out. Their ‘compelling evidence’ include: you have a tattoo, which must be gang-related. And, oh, you’re Russian.”

Ilya snorted. When he moved away, and Shane could look at his face, he was glad to see that he didn’t look troubled by the topic. Even if Shane was bad at reading people, he felt like he had a good enough grasp on Ilya’s moods nowadays.

“Now that is fun. I would look good as mafia boss, no?” Ilya asked and pulled a face, his expression akin to the one most of his opponents would see moments before being checked into the board. But sexier.

Shane’s breath hitched, the hand holding his phone falling limp, “Uhm.”

“What?” Ilya’s face smoothed out into soft confusion. It didn’t take him long to realize why Shane had fallen silent; he was the one person who could probably always tell when he was aroused just from his face from miles away. He grinned. “Ah. You like scary mafia boss?” he goaded, and, as Shane groaned in mortification, weakly protesting, he stilled, looking like he’d been hit with a new realization. “Is that why you shot load so easily yesterday? When I was meaner than usually?”

“Please, shut the fuck up.” Shane threw his head back against the couch and glared at the ceiling, cheeks warm.

“No, I don’t think so. Answer me, Shane.” Ilya moved. He kneeled on the couch on one knee with the other leg on the floor, hand propped up on the backrest right beside Shane’s head. He

was cornered. And now Ilya would know how much he liked it. “Do you *want* me to be meaner?”

“I miss when you didn’t know enough English to tease me,” Shane grumbled and, embarrassingly, moaned quietly in surprise when Ilya’s other hand moved swiftly to grip his throat under his jaw. He could definitely feel Shane’s fluttering heartbeat under his fingertips.

Ilya tilted his head, eyes moving from his hand to Shane’s face. They finally locked on him, unblinking, curious, gauging his reaction as he squeezed. Not hard, not enough to constrict his breath, but enough to make Shane’s eyes roll.

Ilya smirked. “Is not teasing. I’m learning,” he said quietly, and squeezed again, this time getting a hand gripping his wrist, but not pulling it away, in response. “See? Now I know you get hard when I choke you.”

The hand disappeared from his throat, and Shane’s breath left him in a huff. He was *not* hard. Getting there, though. “Y-you’ve known I like when you hold my throat since the beginning.”

“Yes, because you are a slut who likes to be manhandled,” Ilya quipped, sitting back down. He didn’t stop staring him down, searching, looking for other weaknesses. He looked way too fucking into it. “I did not know you wanted more.”

Shane swallowed thickly. His throat still hurt from yesterday, and maybe that – the phantom feeling of Ilya’s thick cock destroying his throat – was what helped him say the next thing, “I always want more with you.”

“Fuck, Shane,” Ilya hissed and pulled him into a kiss with rough hands like he couldn’t wait anymore.

Shane melted into it, giving back everything. Ilya’s kisses had always been domineering and sometimes overwhelming, but somehow he felt everything tenfold now, the sudden vulnerability opening up something in his chest. He whimpered into Ilya’s mouth when he nipped at his bottom lip, and twisted his hands in his hair. He whimpered again when Ilya grabbed his wrists and pulled them away from his head, transferring them into one of his hands on his lap, one wrist over the other.

Ilya’s free hand cupped his face, eyes flickering over it. “Okay?”

Shane nodded. A small smile slipped onto his face. Why had he been so hesitant to tell him, again? “More than okay.”

***

“Why didn’t you tell me you want more?” Ilya asked later, as they were lying on the couch naked and sweaty again. Shane was glad he’d at least remembered to pull down a blanket to

lie on before Ilya procured two packets of lube and a condom from the pocket of his shorts. Shane had been too stunned by that and the subsequent events to think about anything after.

At least he would only have to do extra laundry again, not deep-clean his couch.

“Dunno,” Shane murmured into Ilya’s chest, staring right at the ridiculous bear tattoo. It always seemed to be judging him. “Just overthinking, probably.”

Ilya hummed, softly running his hand down his back. The same hand that had just been holding Shane’s wrists at the small of his back as he pounded into him from behind.

“Is there anything else you like?”

Shane stopped trailing shapes over his abs with the tips of his fingers. “You mean…”

“Yes. I mean in sex.”

“Well– you know I don’t have a lot of experience. It’s just concepts,” he snorted softly. He was way more comfortable speaking about it now than earlier. Maybe he just had to have had that anxiety fucked out of him.

“Okay. So tell me concepts.”

“But what about you?” Shane raised his head to look at him. “I want to know what you like, too.”

“Sweetheart,” Ilya sighed, and Shane’s stomach twisted briefly. Ilya had only started calling him that recently, and it wasn’t very often, but it always made him feel warm. “I am pretty sure we are, ah, aligned. I like everything we do, the new discovery is also very fun,” he said, smirking lightly. It changed into something more mellow with his next words, “And, as you said, you are the one with less experience. So tell me what you want, and I will love it.”

Shane squinted. “What if it’s something weird?”

Ilya raised a brow. “Do you want to lick my feet?”

Shane recoiled so hard that Ilya broke into laughter. “Ew, Ilya, what the fuck?” he grimaced, scrambling to sit up, but his horrible boyfriend held him down, still laughing. He went limp at last, muttering under his nose, “God, I almost believed Rose was shitting me when she told me.”

The laughter ceased to exist. “Why are you talking with actress Rose Landry about licking feet?”

“Nevermind,” Shane said quickly, flushing even redder. “You don’t have to worry about that. Or– or about the feet thing. In fact, never mention it ever again.”

“Okay,” Ilya drawled, still looking at him with suspicion. Shane could feel it would come back to haunt him one day.

“Um, okay,” Shane lay back down. “So, um. Fuck, fine. You know I like it when– when you’re mean. A bit.”

“Mhm.”

Shane drummed his fingers on Ilya’s abs. “What if you were meaner?”

“‘Meaner’ how?”

“Like… what if I said ‘no’ but you kept going?”

Ilya’s face did something he couldn’t name. It was terrifyingly close to horror. “Shane, but that’s–”

“I *know* you would never, I love you. I’ve always felt safe with you,” Shane rushed to reassure him. He knew it was wild. Kind of fucked up. Very hot, in his mind. And then everything spilled out of him at once, because making sure Ilya understood him correctly was way more important than his anxiety about some *kinks*. “But in a… in a scene like that, I would want it, but act like I don’t. I would consent to everything before, fully. We could– we could have a safeword to stop everything.”

Ilya was quiet for a moment. “And it makes you horny? To think about it?” he asked, not in a mean way, at least Shane didn’t think so. He sounded and looked like he was considering it, but needed more information.

“Yes.” He flushed, let Ilya cup his cheek and swipe his thumb over his freckles. “I don’t *need* it. We can never even try that if it doesn’t sound like something that could be fun for you. I’ve just,” he trailed off, wondering if he was ready to admit out loud something he’d never said to anyone, but Ilya was looking at him like a man in love, and suddenly everything was easy. “Don’t laugh, but I’ve probably liked that since I was a teenager. Not porn– just movies. You know, those scenes where someone’s… kidnapped, tied up, uh, roughed up– interrogated–”

“By mafia boss?”

Shane bit back a smile. “Yeah, sure.” If it were Ilya, he would settle for a fucking pirate.

“So you want, what is it.” Ilya scrunched his eyebrows, thinking.

“Roleplay?”

“Yes, that.”

“I don’t know. Maybe,” Shane admitted, smile slowly widening. The excitement was probably visible all over his face. “So you’re considering?”

“I’m considering,” Ilya admitted, the corners of his lips twitching up. “I see how excited you are. It would be cruel to not give my kotenok what he wants, no?”

“Your *kitten* wants you not to do something just for him. I don’t care about it if it's not something you’d enjoy.”

“Oh, I don’t think you need to worry about that,” Ilya laughed. He patted his side to signal him to move off him, and then he sat up and stretched, joints popping. “But we need to talk about it more later. After food, maybe. I’m hungry.”

“Of course.”

Ilya stood over the couch and pulled him into his arms to kiss him. Shane couldn’t help but smile into it, his mind already rushing into planning the scene that wasn't even sure to happen. Truly, he would be content with whatever Ilya decided in the end.

He could still make sure he would be fully prepared if they did decide to go through with it, though.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> a bit of a warning: unreliable narrator for most of the scene so you can imagine they don't know each other and aren't actually stupid in love, if you want. ilya probably wouldn't be a good mob boss tho. also, don't expect a very elaborate story for the roleplay, they're just jocks wanting to fuck nasty with a bit of fear play at the end of the day. n im just a girl smashing dolls together to make them have sex ok have fun <3
>
> my twt

Shane turned a page without having retained anything of what he'd just read. It was completely, eerily silent in the cottage, and maybe that was part of the reason why he couldn't focus. The air felt stale yet charged, like a completely still lake you knew was dangerous but didn't look like it. He was used to silence, preferred it, even, but this time it didn't seem natural. He could liken it to the calm before a storm, when everything would halt for a moment to hold space for the awaiting chaos.

Clearing his throat sounded like a gunshot in the quiet. He finally closed his book, admitting defeat. Maybe a cold can of ginger ale would be able to soothe his frazzled nerves.

He set the book on the coffee table and stood up to go to the kitchen. It was now fully dark out, and he'd been sitting with just the mood lamps on for the past half an hour, so the parts of the cottage he could see from the sunken living room would've been almost pitch black if it hadn't been for the moonlight beaming through the windows. Weirdly, that made the atmosphere feel even more ominous.

He stepped over the few steps leading out of the living room to the kitchen while rubbing his upper arms. Was there a breeze? The AC had been on for days, sure, but it seemed to be colder than usually. Maybe the smart system had dialed it up by itself; it did that sometimes.

When he reached the fridge and looked past it to the corridor, he froze.

The front door was open. Wide open.

With his heart in his throat, he considered the situation for a moment. That explained the sudden drop in temperature, but why was the door open in the first place? He'd always been almost obsessive about closing doors after himself, careful not to slam them wherever he was. This didn't make any sense.

He swallowed, looking both ways like he was about to cross the road. Obviously, no one was there. He was just paranoid, surely. Maybe he'd forgotten to close it for the first time in his

life, and now the universe was punishing him for that. Nothing more.

Shane speed-walked to the door without wasting time to turn on the lights, and closed it with a soft click. There. Now he could go back to get his ginger ale and take an hour to unwind before his summer bedtime.

He didn't even have a chance to turn around. He saw the shadow on the door before he felt the presence behind him.

"Thank you for closing door," the man behind him said, voice low, with a thick accent coloring the words. Shane turned rigid. "Now you cannot run."

"Wha–" he gasped, making a move to turn around, but before he could, a body pressed to his back. He instinctively tried to jerk away, ram his elbows into the ribs of whoever was behind him, but the man was faster.

Within the next few seconds, Shane's arms had been wrenched back, his forearms stuck between his assailant's torso and arm, his head tilted back by what was, undeniably, the edge of a knife blade pressed underneath his chin. Shane swallowed back a whine. It went down harshly, barely fitting past the pounding heartbeat in his throat.

"Where do you think you are going, Shane Hollander?" the man tutted as he tried not to squirm, fearing the state of his neck if he moved too much and the knife slipped. "I have spent so long waiting to get to you. I will not let you ruin this."

"W–who are you?" Shane whispered. He stared, unblinking, at the shadow in front of them, painted on the door. It was two bodies merged together, he wasn't able to tell anything about how the man looked besides the fact that he was most likely a couple of inches taller than him.

"You will find out soon," the man hummed, and the knife pressed for a moment just a bit harder under his chin, making him gasp, before it retreated. Shane didn't dare move yet, though; the blade was still way too close to risk anything. "But only if you are good. Are you going to behave?"

Shane felt something in his stomach twist. He yanked his arms, testing the grip the man had on him, but the only thing he managed was making the hold even tighter.

He nodded, jerkily. It turned out not to be enough.

"*Words*."

It was hissed into his ear, followed by the ghost of a touch right on his crotch. Shane nearly whimpered when he realized what it was. The man was tapping the flat of his knife right on his bulge. Which was embarrassingly getting bigger with each passing second.

"Fuck, okay, yeah," he forced out, getting a pleased hum and a kiss behind his ear as a reward. He shivered. "I– I will behave."

“Good. Then walk,” the intruder ordered, pulling on his arms to make him move. He kicked the back of his legs with a knee, forcing him forward. “And don’t even think about running.” The words were given weight by the knife at his side.

“Okay, okay.” Shane swallowed, complying. He hesitantly allowed himself to be pushed down a short corridor, at the end of which were stairs leading to the lowest level of the cottage. It was difficult to get down them in the near full darkness with someone looming over him and holding onto his wrists tight enough to bruise, but he managed without tripping.

The door to his gym was ajar, but he was sure he’d closed it after his workout earlier that day. It made sense as he was pushed into the room and, once his eyes got used to the darkness slightly, saw that his heavy-duty foldable workout bench had been dragged to the middle of the room, folded into a chair, and facing away from the mirrored wall.

He gasped when, after a few more blinks, he noticed in the moonlight falling through the basement windows under the ceiling, that sitting right on the seat of the bench was a thick roll of black tape and a pair of handcuffs. He could guess what they would soon be used for.

If he hadn’t managed to escape before then.

The view and sudden realization gave him the burst of adrenaline he needed. When the man turned slightly to close the door, and his hold on Shane’s wrists loosened just enough, Shane jerked away and made a run for it, heart pounding.

He didn’t make it far, didn’t even manage to turn the door handle before the intruder noticed his attempt at escaping. The knife clattered to the floor as Shane was slammed into the door hard enough to make him lose his breath. He thrashed, whimpering when his wrists were grabbed and then pressed forcefully by each side of his head,

What made him finally freeze was the feeling of the man’s crotch against his ass and his hot breath next to his ear.

“You said you would *behave*,” he snarled, pushed him into the door once again to make all his breath escape his lungs again, and then yanked him away.

He hadn’t been gentle before, but now he truly wasn’t holding back. Shane was being pulled and pushed hard enough to make him wince, and it didn’t help that he was still thrashing, emboldened by the knife being harder to reach now. He was trying to make pushing him onto the bench harder, but in the end, he was too winded and shocked to truly make any of his fighting matter.

He hissed when his arms were yanked behind his back again. The click of the handcuffs being closed behind the backrest of the bench was loud in the room.

“Who the fuck are you? Why are you doing this?” he asked, panting. The man rounded the chair and picked up the roll of tape he’d swiped to the floor earlier. It unrolled with a harsh sound. “Let me go!”

“So many questions, Hollander,” the man sighed, forcing his legs behind the leg rests so that the front of his ankles were pressed into the foam covering as if he was preparing him for a set of crunches. Only, crunches didn’t require the multiple passes of tape that followed. “I will be asking the questions here.”

Shane huffed, but at least now he could look at his attacker. He was wearing dark jeans and a black tank top that showed his muscular arms. His curly blonde hair was mussed slightly from the struggle of manhandling a professional athlete, but other than that, he didn’t show any signs that he’d been affected by it.

Besides the hard cock in his jeans that Shane could see the imprint of once he stood up.

The man looked over his bound legs. “That’s better,” he hummed and walked over to the control panel on the wall to turn on one set of the ceiling LEDs. They were already set to the dimmest setting.

Shane followed him with his eyes now that he could actually see details.

“Shane Hollander.” The man came back to stand right in front of him, arms crossed over his bulging pecs. “Does the name ‘Rozanov’ ring a bell?”

Shane rolled his tongue in his mouth. He struggled half-heartedly against the handcuffs. “No.”

“Mm. That is interesting, because you *just* sold my building.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

Rozanov sighed. “*The building* you bought in Montreal to have secret sex in. It was mine.”

“No, it wa–,” he began saying but closed his mouth halfway when Rozanov glared at him.

“The last floor, did you use it?”

“No. It was empty. How do you even know about it?”

“Because *I* was using it,” Rozanov snarled and grabbed him by the throat, pressing him against the backrest. Shane gasped. “And you ruined my operation.”

“I–,” he wasn't able to say anything else.

“You will sing for me everything. Why did you sell it? And to who?” Rozanov kept him breathless and staring up at him with wide, pleading eyes for a few seconds longer before he ripped his hand away, letting him hang his head and wheeze. “Answer.”

“A– an agent! It's going to go back on sale again!” he panted. “I don't– I don't know what you want from me.”

“Information.”

“I don't know what you mean,” Shane said miserably, watching wide-eyed as Rozanov grabbed him by the front of his old, stretched-out T-shirt, and got up right in his face.

“Do you want everyone to know that their precious golden boy Shane Hollander bought an entire building to get fucked in secret?” he hissed, making him whimper and shake his head frantically. Rozanov smirked. “And let a gang use it when he wasn’t being a *slut*? They will believe you let the boss fuck you as payment, too.”

Shane's mouth filled with saliva. “That's– that's not–”

“What? That is not the truth?” Rozanov tilted his head, and then his face hardened. He moved back a bit and ripped Shane’s shirt right down the middle. Shane gasped. “Who will believe you? When you are fucking hard even now?”

Head spinning, Shane looked down at himself, at his naked, heaving chest and stiff nipples. The tent in his shorts was a horrifying, telling sight.

“Please–”

“Ah, begging already?”

“Stop!” he yelled, thrashing in the chair with a hiss when Rozanov grabbed both of his nipples and twisted, hard. “I don't know anything! Do– do you need money? Is that it?”

Rozanov scoffed, but let go of him for now. “I have money. Try again.”

Shane pressed his mouth into a thin line. His eyes welled up with tears. “I don't know. Just... Just take what you want and leave. Just don't– don't tell anyone.”

“Oh?” Rozanov hummed. He touched the bulge in his shorts, prodding at it with harsh fingers, making him jolt and tug at his restraints. “‘What I want?’ Anything?”

“Anything,” he whispered miserably, not looking at his face, but the other option was watching Rozanov tug the waistband of his shorts and underwear down. He scrunched his eyes shut.

“It is pleasure doing business with you,” Rozanov said, taking out his hard cock easily. “Oh, you are so wet already. Left a mess everywhere,” he tutted, spreading the precum around the head with his thumb.

Because his eyes were closed, Shane didn’t see the fingers moving towards his mouth.

“Open,” Rozanov ordered and Shane’s eyes popped open, locking on his expressionless face. He complied hesitantly after licking his chapped lips. “Good boy. Get them wet properly, or you will not get any lube later.”

Shane whimpered as two of his fingers entered his mouth, prodding around his teeth and gums. Rozanov’s other hand was dry as it began tugging on his cock, but even that was enough to draw his balls up.

“I understand why you had sex building for so many years,” Rozanov mused, straining his hand to reach deeper into his mouth, deep enough to tease at his uvula and make him twitch and choke. He lifted his hand from his dick for a second just to spit in his hand and went back to jerking him off, and then drew his fingers back out of his mouth slightly, petting his tongue to get him to gag and drool even more. Shane’s eyes rolled from all the sensations, tears falling. “You love this.”

Shane shook his head frantically. He tried to deny, but in his attempts, he only managed to bite down on Rozanov’s fingers. It made them retreat, which only made everything worse.

“You will fucking regret this,” Rozanov hissed, twisting his hand on his dick faster, now lubed up a bit more thanks to the spit and the precum he’d been producing in copious amounts.

And then Rozanov slapped him across the face, and Shane came with a drawn-out moan.

Rozanov laughed right in his flushed face, not stopping the ministrations on his twitching dick until he was fruitlessly trying to jerk away and gasping from overstimulation.

“That is very interesting,” Rozanov commented over his frantic begging to stop. “I knew you were a slut, but not this much.”

Finally, his hand lifted away from his dick, and Shane could catch his breath, body still slightly twitching.

Rozanov’s clean hand cupped his flaming cheek and turned his face up to look at him. For a moment, it was quiet, only panting breaking the silence, until Shane nodded, a tiny but sure movement.

Then Rozanov brought up the hand he’d used to jack him off, and smeared the cum dirtying it over Shane’s face.

“Fuck,” Rozanov groaned and, as Shane jerked his head back in disgust, mouth twisted and nose scrunched, he leaned in to kiss him, hand over his throat like a brand.

On instinct, Shane returned it, sucking on the tongue that had bullied its way into his mouth, but then he realized what he was doing and tried to twist away. It only made Rozanov pinch his nipple again until he moaned, leaving his mouth open for him to devour, barely letting him breathe.

Shane was even more dizzy when he finally moved away.

“I hope you will actually behave now,” Rozanov said, waiting until he nodded, too spent and unsteady to argue. He didn’t even move to fight back when the tape around his legs was cut away with the scissors Rozanov had procured from the back pocket of his jeans.

As his handcuffs were being unlocked, though, Shane asked weakly, “Please, let me go. I– I won’t tell anyone.”

Rozanov barked a laugh. The handcuffs fell away, and Shane could finally stretch his shoulders with a wince. “Oh, you think we are done, Hollander?” he cooed like he was dealing with a particularly difficult child. Shane froze where he was rubbing at his wrists and looked up at Rozanov, who raised his eyebrow and cupped his own hard dick through his open jeans, which he must have unzipped at some point. “You will leave me like this?”

“I already came,” he whispered fearfully.

Rozanov leaned over him. “But I didn’t. Turn around. Face the bench.”

“No, please,” Shane whined, pushing at him weakly with his hands when he kneeled briefly to force his shorts and underwear down his legs. His hands were slapped away easily. “You– you can fuck my mouth?”

“Tempting, but no. Turn. Around. Don’t make me angry again.”

Swallowing, Shane did what he’d been told to do. His hands were soon handcuffed again behind the backrest of the bench, this time in front of him. He hissed when his spent cock made contact with the leather.

He understood the change in position when Rozanov lowered the backrest, and Shane made eye contact with himself in the mirrored wall. He looked completely debauched, face flushed and covered in cum and tears, his tattered shirt falling in scraps over his body.

He lay his head down on the bench and closed his eyes. Touch to his bare asscheeks made him flinch, but he did not move, resigned to his fate.

“Oh, what is this?” Rozanov laughed after spreading his cheeks and touching his hole. It sucked in half of his dry finger way too easily. “Who fucked you today? You are loose like cheap slut.”

Shane curled his hands into fists, wincing when the entire finger entered him with no lube. “No– no one,” he hissed, jerking away from the painful touch. He was about to beg not to be fucked dry, but then the finger retreated and he heard the telltale click of a bottle. He relaxed slightly.

Rozanov poured what felt like half of the bottle right down his crack and slid the same finger back inside. “Lies. I can tell it was big.”

“Uh–” Shane groaned, squeezing his eyes shut when the one finger quickly changed into two. “It was– it was a dildo. Please slow down. Fuck.”

“A dildo,” Rozanov mused, ignoring his pleading. In fact, he quickened the pace, the heel of his palm smacking against his ass with every thrust. His prostate was being hit almost all the time, making him pant and his cock twitch painfully, stuck between his body and the bench. “Next time, I will make you fuck your throat with it when I fuck you,” he promised, forcing a third finger inside.

Shane shook his head, stomach in knots. “N–no–”

“‘No’? Then maybe I will fuck you with dildo and my dick at once. You are already loose enough for this.”

“Please–” he started, wanting to protest, but Rozanov chose this moment to slap his ass with his free hand. Hard enough to make the pain spread down the backs of his thighs.

“I knew you would like that,” he laughed as Shane yelped, and slapped him again. The sounds of his fingers fucking in and out of him and spreading in his ass were obscene. “Come on. Beg me again.”

“I– I won’t!”

“Ah. You still won’t listen,” Rozanov sighed and took out his fingers, wiping them on his back. Shane turned rigid when he realized that the next slick sounds were Rozanov lubing up his dick. “Then I will just have to fuck the brat out of you.”

“I’m n–not ready,” he gasped, thrashing, when he felt the head of a hard and *thick* cock nudge his hole. It slid between his cheeks a few times, gathering more lube. He wasn’t wearing a condom. Fuck.

“You are loose enough,” Rozanov scoffed, gripping his hips and manhandling him so that he would stand on his feet on the ground, ass raised into a perfect position, back arched. The only support Shane now had was the underside of the bench, where he’d found a metal part he could grip tightly without straining against the handcuffs to the point of pain.

Any more protests died on his tongue as the hard cock forced its way inside, both of them groaning for different reasons.

“Mm, still so tight, though,” Rozanov purred, giving him inch by inch with small, guiding movements of his hips.

Until he seemed to have had enough and slammed the last few inches fully inside. He immediately began thrusting, making Shane choke on a scream, knees falling weak. Rozanov’s hands were the only things holding his hips up, preventing him from fully falling apart.

“F–fuck,” Shane gasped, eyes rolling back. He felt like that dick was reaching his *throat*. The pain of the too-quick entry was slowly fading, wires crossing into pleasure that hit his overstimulated nerves like an electric shock. His dick bounced uselessly below him with each thrust. “Oh my *God*.”

“You can still speak,” Rozanov noticed, hitting that sweet spot inside and grinding into it briefly. Shane almost passed out right there. “Means you need *more*.”

And then Shane felt one of his hands let go of his hip and twist in his sweaty hair. Rozanov pulled.

“Look at yourself,” he hissed, pounding into him hard enough that his eyes flew open on their own in shock. He pulled on his hair harder, making him raise his chest from the bench. He

was being held up only by Rozanov's hands and cock. He was nothing but a broken puppet.

Shane locked eyes with himself, stunned and nearly fully breathless, both from the brutal fucking and from the position, his neck extended back enough that it was hard to get a full breath. He was sweaty, flushed down to his nipples, raised into stiff peaks. His mouth was open and drooling, a mess of tears and spit left on the bench where he'd been lying. Rozanov was right; he was a slut. Shane was making enough noise to prove it, whiny, staccato moans leaving his slack mouth, timing every thrust. He looked up, at Rozanov behind him. He'd lost his tank top and his muscular torso was glistening in sweat, face twisted in pleasure and focus. The sight only made the need to come worse.

His hole squealched noisily when Rozanov cursed in Russian, sheathed fully inside, and his hips *rolled*, cock stirring him inside, bruising his hole from within.

If that dick hadn't already molded him for itself in the past few years, it'd definitely done it this time.

Rozanov had been right. Now he was fully speechless.

Shane's eyes rolled back. The hand stopped pulling at his hair, but didn't leave. It pushed his head into the bench, pressing his cheek into the wet leather almost painfully. It seemed to only give Rozanov more leverage to fuck him even harder.

"You will, fuck, come untouched or not come at all," he growled and then the hand on his hips retreated, allowing him to fall in an overwhelmed heap back onto the bench. Rozanov followed, relentless, never allowing him to leave his cock for more than a split second.

With Shane's dick now rubbing against the leather, he came without warning in the next moment when Rozanow slapped his ass again, moaning loud enough that the sound caught in the back of his throat.

"Holy shit, fuck," Rozanov hissed, grinding into his prostate until pleasure turned into pain and he could only cry, hiccuping and twitching. Fortunately, it didn't take Rozanov long to spill inside him with a drawn out moan, orgasm ripped from him.

"Ilya," Shane whimpered, eyes still closed. The entire world could crumble and he wouldn't be aware. Everything felt like he was covered in a layer of insulation foam.

"I'm here, sweetheart. I love you."

"Mmm," Shane hummed, clenching around the still twitching dick inside. It made him wince, and Ilya groan behind him, but he needed that pinch of pain not to float away yet. "L've you too."

Ilya huffed a laugh, hands now so, so gentle, petting his hair and rubbing down his sweaty back. He was still panting, he couldn't even imagine how his boyfriend felt. "I know, Shane. I know."

Shane, pleased, mumbled into the bench incoherently.

“Oh no, I have broken the Shane Hollander,” Ilya sighed softly and leaned down to press his lips to Shane’s shoulder. “I will pull out now, okay? I am not going anywhere.”

“Mm.” In this state, Shane would be fine with whatever as long as he ended up in Ilya’s arms. And that was a given, so everything was taken care of.

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“So you are okay?”

“Yes, Ilya,” Shane sighed, but he was smiling, tired but sated. Snuggled to his boyfriend’s chest on their bed, there was nothing that could ruin his mood now. Even if his ass hurt and his wrists would probably be bruised the next day. He hadn’t noticed he’d been yanking against the handcuffs so much.

At least they still had a few days at the cottage left. They’d jumped into the roleplay fairly quickly after having a thorough discussion about it.

Ilya’s eyes searched all over his face for a moment, looking for any hint that he was lying, but he didn’t find anything. He nodded, going back to swiping his thumb against his red cheek softly. Both of them were positive that at least this part of him wouldn’t bruise. Ilya had held back a lot.

“And was it everything you wanted?”

Shane whispered, “That and more.” He looked at him then, one corner of his lips turning up. “You had even more fun than I thought you’d have, though. Why the hell did you bring up that building in Montreal?”

Rozanov smirked, shoulder rising in a half-shrug. “Was good story, no? Secret sex building used by both a slut and a mafia boss. So much, mm, potential.”

Shane snorted weakly, his eyes almost closing by themselves. Sue him. He was exhausted, warm and clean from their bath, he’d had chocolate for the first time in months and hadn’t felt guilty about it, and his boyfriend’s chest was very comfortable. “You really got into the role, huh?”

“Mhm. I could be an actor, no?”

“Maybe in terrible scripted porn.”

Ilya gasped, acting scandalized. “Shane Hollander knows what is porn?”

Shane rolled his eyes. He propped himself up on Ilya’s chest and kissed him to shut up any further teasing. He’d had fun and would definitely want to repeat the scene in different variations, but he’d had enough dramatics for today.

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