

can't help myself

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77744906) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77744906>.

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
Additional Tags:	5+1 Things , Touch-Starved , Sexual Tension , Resolved Sexual Tension , Needy Shane Hollander , Whiny Top Ilya Rozanov , Anal Sex , Mutual Masturbation , Blow Jobs , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Fluff and Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-16 Words: 3,975 Chapters: 1/1

can't help myself

by [pourpl](#)

Summary

“You can’t go five minutes without touching me.”

“Is that a challenge?”

Something flashed across Ilya’s face. Maybe the reality of that question hit him. Maybe he was picturing what it meant to say yes.

“Yes.” He said it anyway.

“I can go five days without touching you.” Shane stuck out his chin to emphasize.

Ilya let out a cackle. “Sure, Hollander.”

Five times Shane and Ilya could resist touching each other, one time where they couldn't

Notes

sorry to all the hockey camp au lovers but this poured out of me like a goddamn faucet today. inspired by this [tweet](#) from the lovely billieroan which inspired an afternoon of frantic writing.

its barely a 5+1, i definitely cheated with how much counts as one of those 5 but i wanted this to be relatively short because i wanted to finish it today so there you go.

<3 love you all

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

After a long day, all Shane wanted was to get fucked.

Today had been a long day.

He came home from a shitty game with shitty formations and a shitty outcome where he played shitty and he felt shitty and all he wanted was to have Ilya spread him out and work him open and make him forget.

Ilya was sitting on his couch when he opened the door, and he barely acknowledged Shane when he closed it behind him. *That wouldn't do.*

“Hey,” Ilya said, delivery lazy and generally disinterested.

Shane said nothing.

He dropped his bag to the floor with a *thump*, and stared at the back of Ilya's head with a perverted sense of hunger. Just looking at the golden curls conjured the feeling of carding his fingers through them as Ilya sucked him off in earnest. The drag of his nails along his scalp. The yanking and pulling and pushing for him to take Shane deeper. He swallowed hard.

At this point, the silence had stretched long enough for Ilya to turn around, a question spreading across his features. He raised an eyebrow at Shane's heaving chest and blown out pupils. His mouth settled into a smirk. Shane wanted to kiss it off of him.

“What?” Ilya feigned ignorance. Shane huffed.

“I had a shitty day.” It was a plain statement, but it got the point across.

Ilya stood up, and Shane stalked across the room to meet him, face first, craning his neck to enter Ilya's headspace and bring their lips together and—

Ilya stopped him. Shane's momentum was countered with a hand around his neck, firm but not punishing. Though it sure felt like a punishment as Shane squirmed to reach him, who sidestepped his kiss and leaned into his ear.

"You cannot resist me, can you?"

"Yes I can..." A halfhearted murmur. He moved to brush his lips over the side of Ilya's cheeks.

Ilya released him but jerked out of the way. Teasing fingers caught Shane's chin and brought their faces parallel. Shane's eyes fluttered shut, knowing he would drown in the ocean of Ilya's gaze considering the state he was in.

"I bet you can't."

Shane startled awake. This was a test. He was sure of it.

"Yes I can." He insisted this time, taking a painful step backwards that had his body screaming at him. *Ignore him. Take what you want. You know you want it.*

Ilya stepped back too. "Really?"

"Really."

"You can't go five minutes without touching me."

“Is that a challenge?”

Something flashed across Ilya’s face. Maybe the reality of that question hit him. Maybe he was picturing what it meant to say yes.

“Yes.” He said it anyway.

“I can go five *days* without touching you.” Shane stuck out his chin to emphasize.

Ilya let out a cackle. “Sure, Hollander.”

“Ilya.” The word had the stature of business.

“*Shane*.” Ilya said it as a taunt.

“I can do it.”

“Alright!” Ilya threw his arms up. “I love to see you try.”

As much as it was eating him alive—the rhythm of want coursing through his body at the sight of Ilya with tousled hair and Shane’s sweatshirt around him, biting his lip, *taunting* him—he couldn’t submit to failure. To the admittance of weakness. Ilya’s new smirk was one to defeat without contact. With the intentional withholding of it. Shane threw a grin back. As if Ilya was the weak one.

He was more than ready to watch Ilya regret this.

1:

Day one was almost easy.

Almost.

They had different schedules in the morning, Ilya rising earlier and quietly so as not to disturb Shane's rest, and Shane was having lunch with Yuna in the afternoon, and Ilya was at the gym until 5, and by the time they were together at dinner time, Shane was too engrossed in prepping vegetables to look over at Ilya.

But Ilya was trying to make him look, that's for sure.

After his shower he found himself rummaging through Shane's drawers to find a Metros t-shirt. A step down from wearing his jersey, but a choice that would convey the right amount of nonchalance that it could almost be perceived as a coincidence.

Almost.

Ilya couldn't wait to make Shane lose on day one. He was already smug about it. There was something about being apart all day that made Shane especially needy, as if he was thinking about Ilya all day and couldn't wait to get home and have Ilya use him. And how could Shane resist his former rival adorned in his merchandise?

He wouldn't be able to, that's for sure. Ilya imagined Shane's knife dropping when he walked back into the kitchen. He imagined the drool practically pooling in his mouth. He imagined him dropping to his knees right there and then, yanking Ilya's shorts down his thighs and—

Shane barely glanced up at him.

Maybe he just didn't see.

"Hello, Shane."

Shane sliced the zucchini calmly. "Hello, Ilya."

Ilya prickled. Apparently it was time to resort to the obvious. "Do you like the shirt?"

Shane chuckled. "Yes, Ilya."

Ilya stared at him. Waiting for a reaction.

Nothing.

Then Shane dropped the knife.

Finally.

But the expression on his face was reading as annoyed more than it was aroused. Ilya frowned.

"Did you really think it would be that easy?"

"Well..." Ilya paused. "Yes?"

Shane returned to the zucchini, shaking his head. “You don’t think very highly of me.”

Ilya slinked over to stand behind him. He brought his lips relatively close to Shane’s right ear. Anyone who didn’t know Shane would not have caught the way he stiffened. Ilya was highly attuned to it. “Maybe not. *Because I know how much of a slut you are for it.*”

Shane pulled away, looking at him with an intensity that was half encouraging and half scary. “Easy, Rozanov.”

“You think I will go easy on you?”

“I wasn’t expecting that.”

“We did not establish rules.” Ilya stalked to the other side of him, miming contemplation. “Surely I am allowed to touch you.”

“That’s not fair.” Shane shot back.

“No, probably not.” Ilya tapped at his chin. “Well, I guess we both are going to lose this week.”

“I’m not losing.” Shane couldn’t help the smile as he shook his head at Ilya.

“We’ll see about that.”

The next day was harder.

It was Saturday, and both Ilya and Shane were at home all day, spending much less time in the same room than they normally would. A typical day together would be laced with forehead and cheek kisses, simple passing touches, quiet phone time in the living room with some parts of their bodies connected. Maybe a blowjob here and there. Surely some dry humping when boredom crept over them.

Ilya and Shane were not used to resisting each other.

So Shane had spent the day in their room for the most part, answering emails and scrolling through social media without really paying much attention, skimming through an old book half-forgotten on the bedside table. The thought of Ilya's body, something he had not seen fully for what felt like years, hovering over him and completely at Shane's disposal to squeeze and bite and run his hands over, had become incessant and annoying. He didn't even want to see it clothed.

But Ilya kept popping in the room, just as annoying, "checking in" on Shane and trying to draw him out of their room.

"Hello, Hollander." He would say, sticking his head in and running his eyes up the length of Shane's sprawl on the bed.

"Hi." Shane would respond, trying not to look.

"How is the book doing? Anything exciting you wanted to tell me about? I could come sit with you."

"No." Shane said quickly. "Nothing exciting. Go back to your..."

“Cleaning. I am cleaning the house.” Ilya grumbled. That seemed to be his distraction for the day. “Want to watch a movie later?”

Shane wasn’t a coward. He could handle a movie. He beamed up at him. “Sure.”

Ilya threw a wink over at him. Shane tried to dodge it, but it landed right in his center. Stirred something wicked in him. Wow, he might have been that easy.

“Excellent.”

3:

They convened after dinner in the living room, Ilya plopping down on the couch, opening his arms to Shane.

Shane caught himself before falling into them. “You almost got me.”

“It was worth the shot.” Ilya shrugged. “Thought you would forget.”

Shane settled down with at least a foot of space between them. “I can’t forget.”

“No, you can’t.”

They squabbled back and forth on which movie to watch—Shane bidding for something extremely unhorny and unromantic while Ilya was suggesting bullshit like *Love Lies*

Bleeding and Tie Me Up Tie Me Down.

They settled on *Wall-E*.

Shane counted it as a win, considering it was a PG-rated Pixar movie and one of his favorites, and the stiffness in the air after arguing over a film and sitting 40 feet apart dissipated with the charming atmosphere.

At one point Shane almost forgot about the bet, and it had him scooting closer and nearly falling into Ilya's chest, but reality snapped back to him just in time. Ilya had noticed, of course, and kept peeking at Shane throughout the movie, waiting for him to falter. Or maybe it was killing him as much as it was killing Shane.

It all started to go sideways as soon as the two robots started to fall in love. As sanitized as it was, it pulled at something in Shane, something that didn't feel horny as much as it felt like longing. As much as it reminded him of the unlikely love he had found in Ilya. And oh god, did he want to at least hold his hand. But that felt off limits too. Would Ilya have counted it as a loss, if purely for the sake of chaste devotion?

He considered doing it anyway as he looked over to Ilya whose eyes were brimming with tears at one point, and the game felt stupid as he watched the hard exterior of Ilya Rozanov crack at animated yearning.

"Ilya..." Shane said softly as Ilya wiped his lashes with frantic fingers.

"I'm fine."

"Let me—"

"No."

Shane sat back on the couch. He wanted to feel annoyed at Ilya's stubbornness, but he realized he was probably just letting Shane win for the day. Maybe he didn't want to see it end like this. But that made Shane want to touch him more.

He imagined flipping himself onto Ilya, kissing the tears as they fell, cradling his face in his hands, submitting to the want they both were feeling, apologizing for the insanity of this sort of bet, thanking him for trying to extend it all the same so Shane could feel triumphant...

And then as Shane thought about that scenario more, it started to devolve.

He imagined Ilya pushing him into the couch, eyes sharp and dark as he slipped his tongue into Shane's mouth, and Shane would wrap his legs around Ilya's middle and thrust up into him, needy and desperate and so sensitive from the lack of release for the past two days, and Ilya would grunt and fuck him *down down down* and Shane would be the one to cry and suddenly Shane was hard just through his own imagination.

He pleaded with himself that Ilya wouldn't see. He could not handle the humiliation of that.

Of course, he immediately clocked it.

"Wow, Hollander. My misery works you up that much?"

"Shut up."

"You want it bad."

Shane gritted his teeth. "Yeah, I *do*."

"So take it."

“No.”

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

Another day won.

4:

The same thing could not be said about that night.

After the movie Shane had stomped into the bedroom and ripped off his clothes, Ilya following not far behind.

“Fuck.” Ilya murmured when he finally caught up to Shane.

But instead of any sort of show for Ilya, Shane shoved the door open to the bathroom and sequestered himself. Ilya ran his hands down his face. This was impossible. Why had he agreed to this? He felt insane.

“You better not be getting off in there!” Ilya called through the door.

“I’m taking a shower, pervert!” Shane shouted back.

Ilya went through the motions of getting undressed and putting on his sweatpants and sleep shirt, but he could not ignore the way his stomach was twisting at the thought of Shane alone in their shower, lathering his body up with soap, and dripping in water, and *fuck*, this had been a stupid idea.

He was ready for it to be over.

So he stripped off the pajamas he had just put on and headed for the bathroom.

“What are you doing?” Shane said the second the door opened.

“What?” Ilya said calmly. “I am brushing teeth. I do this twice a day.”

Shane’s head peeked out of the shower curtain. Ilya ignored him. “Why are you naked?”

“Why so many questions, Hollander?” Ilya smeared toothpaste on his brush. “Go back to your shower.”

Shane ripped the curtain back with a loud screech of the metal hooks.

“*Fuck!*” It was the most exasperated he had ever heard Shane.

Ilya was winning this for sure.

Shane came out of the shower minutes later. Ilya was not winning this.

Shane was hard, because of course he was, and Ilya could not draw his eyes away from the flushed, twitching cock against Shane's abdomen that was never something he could resist before. Or had to.

Shane grabbed his towel in a swift motion and began drying himself off as Ilya just flat out stared at him. Unbridled and uninterrupted staring. Shane ran the towel along himself, paying an agonizing amount of special attention to his dick, and there Ilya was, all the blood he ever had rushing straight down him, watching. His toothbrush nearly fell from his mouth.

5:

Once they both finished, they got in bed, both fully naked still, in aching silence. They laid there, staring at the ceiling, hard swallows the only thing piercing through the quiet.

"I need to touch you." Ilya finally said.

"I know."

"*God*, Shane. I want you so bad."

"I know."

"Please. Touch me." Ilya whined. "I want to fuck you."

"I know."

"Say something else!" Ilya's heart was beating out of his chest.

“I don’t know what else to say!” Shane cried. “I want to touch you. I want to run my hands all over you. I want you so bad. I need you to fuck me.”

“Then do it.”

“No.”

“Shane.”

“I’m not losing.”

Ilya’s hands were slipping. Lower and lower, moving down his happy trail, brushing along his thighs. The gentle stimulation was driving him crazy. But his own hands weren’t enough. “You are so fucking stubborn.”

“You said I couldn’t do it. I’m telling you I can.”

“Well I can’t!”

“Touch yourself, then.”

“What?”

“Touch yourself, Ilya.”

Ilya let one finger run a course along a particular straining vein. “Is okay?”

Shane turned so he was facing Ilya. Ilya did the same. “It wasn’t part of the rules.”

“I guess not.” Ilya whispered back. *God* Shane looked wrecked. Half as wrecked as Ilya felt.

“Do it.”

“I am.”

“Good.”

“Will you—?”

“Yes.”

Ilya let himself grip his cock firmly. The pressure bordered on painful. He squeezed harder, then began to drag his hand up and down his length. The pull was dry. Still painful.

“That’s it.” Shane murmured. “Go slower.”

Ilya obeyed. It was a weird turn for them. Ilya was not used to being told what to do. But at that moment, it was exactly what he needed.

“Circle the head with your fingers.”

Ilya’s eyes rolled back. It was so hot. He listened, and the precum built up, which he then used to slick up the manner in which he worked at himself. It felt so good.

“It feels so good, Shane.”

“I know.” Ilya caught Shane touching himself too. He watched Ilya with an intensity that felt borderline invasive. They didn’t do this. Touching was always the first resort.

But this...well, it was doing it for Ilya.

“Fuck your fist.” Shane commanded weakly. “Come on.”

Ilya’s hips thrust desperately into his hand. Shane did the same. Their cocks were almost touching at the precipice, and the thought of it brought Ilya so close. He wanted to put a hand on Shane’s shoulder at least. Wanted to grasp at his chest. Feel the fullness and life and breath within him more than it was aspirated in the air between them. He wanted to cry. He wanted it so bad.

“I can’t believe you.” Shane breathed. “So desperate for me. Thinking I wouldn’t be able to resist *you*. Look at you.”

Ilya must have been a whimpering mess. His eyebrows must have been drawn so close, face must have been so twisted, he must have been *shaking*.

“Fuck you.” Ilya pleaded for some control. “I want to—*holy shit Shane*.”

“I know. I know. I know. I know.” Shane repeated, a mantra for them both. They both could feel it. They would forever want each other this bad.

They came together and it was so sweet and hot and burning and not enough. Not even close to enough.

The night was restless as they still laid apart, Ilya yearning to hold Shane and smooth his hair and kiss his temples and draw circles on his back. He needed it.

As the night was laid to rest and the morning crested through the windows, Shane found himself completely on top of Ilya, chests moving in tandem, blissfully slotted together in a warm line that should have made him panic but instead washed over him in an intense heat. He stirred a little, and Ilya's arms went up and wrapped around Shane, firm and strong and the touch was buzzing at Shane's skin and making him feel wild and painfully aroused.

"Ilya." Shane whispered into his ear.

"Hmmm?"

"We're touching."

"Mmmmmmm." Ilya pulled Shane in tighter, nestling his nose in Shane's hair. Shane could feel him harden. Shane was already there.

"Who lost?"

"I don't care." Ilya said, eyes fluttering open. He stared at Shane for a second, before flipping them without much passion or strength. They rolled over and both half returned to sleep.

"Can I-?" Ilya slotted a leg between them. "Is okay?"

“Please, Ilya.” Shane could barely get out a word.

“Mmmmm.” Ilya started to rock into him. “So needy.”

“Me?” Shane whispered. “Last night...you were...*fuck* Ilya.”

Ilya slithered down Shane’s chest, grabbing a nipple in his mouth and sucking delicately, making Shane squirm and press himself up into Ilya. He left gentle kisses down his torso and Shane was whining impatiently over and over again like a metronome in its cadence and consistency.

Ilya took Shane’s solid cock into his mouth and sucked so hard Shane was curling off the bed, coming awake. “Oh my *god*.”

“Tell me you missed me.”

“*I missed you.*” Shane lolled without hesitation.

“Tell me how good it feels.”

“Ilya, I can’t *describe*—” Shane was panting. “Touch me, touch me, touch me.”

Ilya traced a finger down the line of his cock and towards his hole. But the pace was not fast enough for Shane.

“*Lower.*”

“Be patient, sweetheart.”

Shane groaned at the name, spastically lifting up the bed with every brush against him from Ilya’s finger.

“Please, Ilya. I can’t—I don’t—”

“Alright, alright.” Ilya presses a finger in.

Shane is fading in and out of consciousness yet he can still see the way Ilya smirks against him, so smug to have Shane back falling apart under his fingers, and Shane forgets why he even cared in the first place, as if either of them knew they wouldn’t land themselves here again eventually.

The intrusion is a bit much at first, considering this was probably the longest they had gone without sex since they started living together, and Shane’s entrance was tight and underprepared.

But Ilya was forgiving as he lubed his fingers up and took his time, a miracle considering how much he was probably craving Shane’s touch. Shane blushed at the thought of this being enough for him. Ilya lived to please him.

And please Shane he did, because he was stretched quicker than expected, his body so open to it after waiting so long. (Three days. Ish.)

“Ok, ok, ok, I’m ready.” Shane pleaded.

Ilya didn’t need to hear much more than that. The whole time Ilya sucked him and worked him open, Shane’s hands were in his hair just as he had once needed so badly, raking through his scalp and curling in on portions to pull in the way that Ilya liked.

But now as Ilya traveled up Shane's body and Shane fully had him in his hands, he was bruising in his touch, gripping tightly at his shoulders and arms and scratching down his back as they kissed like it was their first time, though not quite as curious but filled with the same desperation. Like all of time had been building to this moment.

Shane kept sucking Ilya's tongue into his mouth and Ilya was pulling at his bottom lip with his teeth and they were practically devouring each other and it was a lot of teeth but it was heavenly, and made even more heavenly as Ilya positioned himself against Shane and pushed in.

They both moaned at an incredible volume with incredible duration. It was like they had punched each other, but instead they were pressed so firmly against each other there wouldn't have even been room if they wanted to. Instead it was a fit of love and passion as Ilya punished Shane's hole, and Shane could tell he was taking everything he had wanted these past few days with reckless abandon, none of the prior consideration for Shane's adjustment.

It was so fucking hot.

"Yeah? You like that?" Ilya was goading him after a particularly indulgent whine from Shane that sounded euphoric even to Shane who could barely hear anything except the slap of their bodies together.

"I love it." Shane admitted.

"How much?"

"So much. It's so good. I can't believe we—Ilya—fuck—I'm—"

"Already, Hollander?" Ilya said, but without much bite as Shane could already tell from the stuttering of his hips that he was getting close as well.

The pounding was just as relentless, though, and Shane could feel it everywhere as he would pull fully out and push fully back in. It was almost astounding to Shane how he managed to maintain such a rhythm and such an intensity while simultaneously letting Shane feel his whole length. It was a lot of practice. Practice Shane was lucky to have experienced on himself.

Shane came too quick and too hard, arching up into Ilya and fully wrapping around him as he pulsed out ropes of cum onto their stomachs completely untouched, and it seemed to never end as Ilya worked him through his orgasm, filling Shane up until it was dripping out of him with a chorus of *Shane's* and Russian babbling.

“Oh my god, Ilya.” Shane said as they came down, never separating as Shane curled into him. He wanted Ilya to rock him back and forth and kiss him and gather him up and soothe him for hours. And he did, without Shane having to ask.

“How long did we last?” Shane murmured after some time.

“Five minutes?” Ilya guessed.

“No, I mean the whole time.”

“Three days. Is that good?”

“No, it was terrible.” Shane pressed a kiss to Ilya’s chest. “Why did we do that?”

Ilya shrugged. “Was hot.”

“Never again though.”

“No. Never.”

End Notes

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