

all up in it (shane's version)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77697931) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77697931>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Blow Jobs , Face-Fucking , Depththroating , Objectification , Dom/sub , Shane Hollander Has an Oral Fixation , Shane Hollander Loves Sucking Dick , Companion Piece , Alternative Perspective , Lace Panties , Domestic Boyfriends , Explicit Sexual Content , Coming Untouched
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of hollanov in panties
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-15 Words: 1,696 Chapters: 1/1

all up in it (shane's version)

by [afterphantoms](#)

Summary

Ilya really *had* made a mess of him.

Notes

here is shane's perspective for the end of *you wanna guess (the color of my underwear)*! you can read this fic on its own but i highly recommend checking out the previous installment for full effect :)

content warning - shane's thoughts/fantasies get a little kinky, details in end note

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

Ilya really *had* made a mess of him.

Shane braced against the bathroom counter. The cold surface provided a grounding contrast against the heat that seemed to radiate from every inch of his skin as he took in his own reflection; he looked thoroughly debauched, *used*, he thought, cock twitching pathetically. His own cum was drying quickly in streaks across his stomach and chest, uncomfortable but undeniably hot.

Shane's throat ached. He started the shower, and once it was warm enough, he stepped inside.

The hot water engulfed him, soothing the tense muscles in his neck and shoulders. Warm steam curled around him as he allowed the water to soak into his hair and wash over him. He breathed in the humid air, a little relief for his sore throat.

The dried tears and spit covering his face had started to tug uncomfortably at his skin, but the water immediately eased the tension. Shane grabbed soap and started to clean himself off.

There was *so much* cum on his chest. He couldn't believe how *hard* he had come, just from Ilya fucking his throat. Well, maybe he could; it wasn't like he was unaware of just how badly having his boyfriend's cock in his mouth got him going. He sometimes felt possessed by the desire, overwhelmed and desperate with want that seemed to come from the deepest parts of him.

And what they'd done this time had been different, *more* than before. Shane shuddered.

Ilya's fingers gripped Shane's hair, made tears spring to his eyes at the sharp sting. Nails scraped against the soft, sensitive skin at the nape of Shane's neck. His neck muscles strained to accommodate the way Ilya jerked Shane's mouth down onto his dick. The wide, firm press of Ilya's other hand across Shane's throat made his head swim, heart pounding in his ears.

The knowledge that Ilya was watching the bulge of his cock sliding up and down Shane's throat, feeling it under his hand, was driving Shane insane. He could hardly even moan around the intrusion, reduced as he was to ragged, wet choking sounds.

In any other context, the amount of fluids currently dripping down his face would be unacceptable, but Shane was too gone to care. He couldn't focus on anything else when Ilya was using his grip to squeeze his throat tighter, fucking into the narrow space with increasing desperation. Ilya swore, and his hips shoved in just a little further. Shane knew Ilya was close, and his own cock pulsed against his stomach wetly.

A sharp jolt of need shot through Shane, and he was suddenly desperate for nothing more than having his face buried between Ilya's thighs.

Shane was a little surprised by the sensation of firm, round muscle under his hands as he unconsciously hauled Ilya in by the hips. Shane sucked in an aborted breath through his nose, going a little lightheaded as Ilya sank home, bottoming out against Shane's raw lips. Ilya was everywhere, inescapable. Those damn panties rubbed up against Shane's face, Ilya's balls

nearly smothering him. Ilya's scent, musky and sharp, flooded Shane's senses as Ilya's hips ground forward, balls smushing against Shane's nose.

The choked, appreciative moan Shane let out was involuntary. This was perfect, the way he was sandwiched between the stretch of his jaw and throat, open and full of Ilya, and the suffocating press of lace-covered balls over Shane's nose. It was nearly too much, Shane's heart thudded hard in his ears while his lungs screamed for air, his stomach shivered with arousal.

The idea of possibly losing consciousness with Ilya down his throat probably should have made Shane panic, but instead it shot a jerky shudder of arousal right through him.

"Oh God, Shane," Ilya moaned brokenly. He was shaking, and he sounded wrecked; a warm feeling like satisfaction curled in Shane's stomach. He moaned as best as he could with Ilya buried so deep, earning a few deep, rough grinds of the man's hips against his face. Shane's cock jumped against the sticky mess on his stomach, hot pressure swirling tighter between his bound thighs.

Somewhat, through the haze of pleasure, Shane was pretty sure he heard Ilya trying to ask him something, the hips and thighs before him shaking with effort. Ilya was so close.

For Shane, just the idea of Ilya finishing anywhere other than where he was seemed world-ending. He forced his raw throat to work against Ilya's length, swallowing over and over, as quickly and as hard as he could manage. Shane's whole body tingled at the sensation of his muscles clamping down against the hot, hard cock in his throat. He could distantly hear Ilya crying out before his hips stuttered into a short, tight rhythm.

Shane's grip on Ilya never let him pull out more than about halfway, keeping his thrusts deep in his throat. Shane choked swallows around the rough thrusts. His cock throbbed, heavy and hard against his stomach, desperate for any stimulation. He rocked his hips searchingly, relishing the whisper of friction, moaning when Ilya's hips twitched against his lips. Ilya was babbling in more than one language, but Shane could hardly hear it.

Shane raked his nails down the small of Ilya's back, over the curves of his ass. He tried in vain to drag Ilya deeper, snapped the waistband of the thong against soft, sensitive skin. One finger trailed down the fabric at the back, brushing lightly across Ilya's entrance before pressing against his hole, not hard enough to dip inside, but just enough that Shane knew from experience that the pleasure would radiate deep inside. All the things he knew might push Ilya up over the edge.

Ilya gripped at Shane, tight, yanking at his hair and pressing against his throat with dwindling coordination. Pleasure built in Shane's belly, ratcheting higher each time Ilya guided Shane up and down his dick or squeezed his neck –

Like he was jerking himself off with Shane's body.

Shane's face went hot. He was suddenly right on the edge of orgasm, hips jerking frantically into the empty air as he squeezed his thighs together and dug his nails into the meat of Ilya's ass.

Ilya, who was still slurring a mix of English and Russian between grunts and moans, loud enough now for Shane to catch what he was saying;

“Like a toy,” Ilya moaned, and Shane’s brain short-circuited. A strangled sound escaped Shane. “No,” Ilya gasped, “better than a fucking toy,” he grunted, voice rough.

Shane was coming. The tight pleasure rocketed up to the breaking point and snapped, white-hot release washing over him. Shane choked, spluttering around Ilya as his cock painted his stomach and chest with hot cum. The force of each spurt rocked Shane’s body as he thrust helplessly through his release, whimpering a croaky moan. His throat worked frantically around Ilya as he came.

Somewhere in the middle of his own mind-numbing pleasure, Shane felt Ilya press tight to him, grinding in deep. His dick twitched and pulsed in Shane’s throat, and Shane dutifully swallowed the release. His lips were sensitive, and Ilya fucked his face roughly as he chased the last few aftershocks. The hand over Shane’s neck pressed hard enough to make his head spin, and Shane swallowed frantically, desperate to receive everything. He could hear himself whimpering.

A few moments passed. Shane heard Ilya suck in a sharp breath, and the cock in his mouth twitched.

Then, Ilya was slipping out, leaving Shane terribly empty. The noise Shane made at the loss was involuntary, but Ilya just rolled his eyes, moving to help Shane settle into a more comfortable position on the bed. Shane coughed and spluttered, clearing his throat a few times as he adjusted. Ilya got up to get Shane some cold water to soothe his throat.

Shane loved sucking dick, he loved it, but if he was being completely honest with himself (which he couldn’t help but be, at least right now), sometimes it felt like it was over just before the best part. Ilya lasted much longer these days than he had that first time Shane had dropped to his knees for him, it wasn’t really *that* that was the problem.

No, the problem Shane couldn’t name was that, despite how *rough* and *degrading* he could be, Ilya was a little too *nice* about fucking his face. Shane wanted to be sore and dirty afterwards; he wanted to feel *used* by Ilya – no, Shane wanted to *be* used by him.

This time, he had got exactly what he wanted. And to find out that Ilya hadn’t even intended to voice that thought aloud... it certainly eased some of the shame he felt about his own similar desires.

Shane finished washing off, got out of the shower and dried himself with a fluffy towel. A pink flush had settled across his chest and shoulders, as well as his ears and cheekbones. He felt warm and satisfied in a way he wasn’t sure he had really felt before.

He walked back to the bedroom only to find Ilya sprawled in the bed, fast asleep. Shane snorted, careful to be quiet so as to not wake the sleeping Russian and padded over to his duffel bag. He would grab some clothes to put on before joining Ilya for a lazy day in bed napping together.

Shane grabbed a soft shirt, boxers, shorts, and fresh socks, pulling them on while Ilya snored. Something seemed off when he went to rearrange his bag; it was too light.

He dug through the duffel and discovered most of his dirty clothes were gone. He stood for a moment, buffering, before he heard the distant hum of the washer and dryer down the hall.

Ilya had... done his laundry? Shane's chest ached at the thought. He watched Ilya sleeping peacefully on the bed and couldn't help but join him, crowding in close to press himself tight against Ilya's side, throwing an arm over his wide chest. Shane buried his face in Ilya's shoulder. His eyes fluttered closed, and it wasn't long before his breathing slowed to match Ilya's, drifting off to sleep.

End Notes

CW - shane's thoughts definitely veer into cnc/free use territory, specifically mentioning being used for pleasure, feeling trapped/helpless, choking/being choked, and passing out during sex. this is all stuff he feels very positively about, but do steer clear if it's not for you! thanks again to everyone who left comments and kudos on the previous fic! your kind words mean more than you know <3
stay tuned for a third installment, coming soon ;)

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