

It All Started With a Note

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77516831) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77516831>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	unprotected anal sex , Leather gloves , Spit as Lube , Sensory Deprivation , Blindfolds , Cock Piercing , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Anal Fisting , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Established Relationship , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Dom/sub Undertones
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-11 Words: 1,406 Chapters: 1/1

It All Started With a Note

by [Vero_04](#)

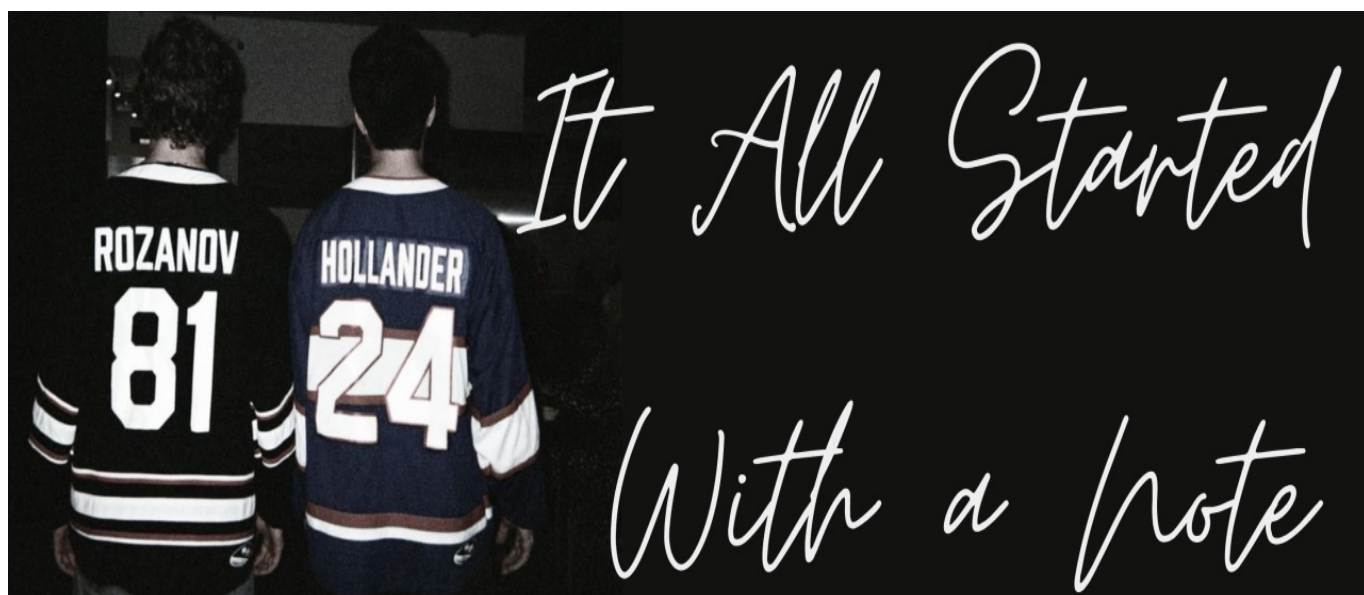
Summary

After typing in the code to the penthouse suite, Shane pushes open the door. His eyes scan something obviously out of place: a paper and a blindfold. In Ilya's messy handwriting it reads: shoes and jacket off Put blindfold on and wait for me.

Shane scoffs at first, and then his brain starts racing through a thousand reasons why it's a bad idea...yet he finds himself stepping out of his shoes.

Notes

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



Shane enters the elevator that will take him to the room Ilya booked for them. Still riding high on winning the Stanley Cup, Shane can't stop from grinning. After typing in the code to the penthouse suite, Shane pushes open the door. His eyes scan something obviously out of place: a paper and a blindfold. In Ilya's messy handwriting it reads: *shoes and jacket off Put blindfold on and wait for me.*

Shane scoffs at first, and then his brain starts racing through a thousand reasons why it's a bad idea...yet he finds himself stepping out of his shoes. Shane knows Ilya won't hurt him. A part of him longs for the wild and reckless Ilya Rozanov to take control. Left in a white button down and his trousers, Shane slips on the blindfold and waits. His heartbeat pounds loudly in his ears, fingers clenching into fists. His breath catches in his throat at the first footfalls of Rozanov. Shane's senses are instantly bombarded by Ilya's cologne and then his body heat.

"Shit," Shane curses under his breath when Ilya grips the collar of his shirt.

Ilya laughs and then leans in, "Don't worry Hollander, I will fold your clothes....later...maybe." Ilya nips at Shane's earlobe as he unbuttons his shirt.

"Fuck you," Shane mutters. His legs begin trembling at the loss of spatial awareness. His throat constricts making it hard to breathe.

"I got you, champ. Now step forward." Shane steps into Ilya's grasp now completely naked.

"My brain isn't taking this well," Shane huffs a laugh trying and failing to play it cool.

"Want to stop? Couch nearby you can sit."

"- Nonono. Just take me to bed please." Shane cracks a small smile. Ilya wraps an arm around Shane's waist as he guides him to the bedroom.

Shane feels the mattress against his shin as Ilya crowds up behind him.

"In front of you is the bed-"

"- no shit," Shane mumbles, anxiety tightening his throat. Ilya sighs and snarkily adds, "Want a gag too?"

Shane doesn't answer, but crawls into the bed hesitantly, hands sweeping in front for the pillows. In one controlled and calculated movement, he rolls onto his back. Relief washes over him, and he exhales loudly the breath he was holding.

"Very good. If you want to stop at any time, just say stop."

"Ilya, I know," Shane huffs in anguish. "Thank you, but I just won the fucking Stanley Cup. Please fuck me." There's a beat of silence that weighs heavily on Shane's chest. Any longer and he'll combust. His palms are sweaty, and he instinctively wipes them on his hips, teasing. He knows Ilya is watching him. He can feel Ilya's heated gaze scanning over every inch of his body. He slides a hand closer to his aching cock, just a tug. *Something! Anything!* Before he can grasp at himself, hands pin him to the bed and a body (rudely clothed body) hovers over his.

"Are you wearing gloves?" Shane asks a little breathless.

"Yes, leather." Ilya releases Shane's wrists and glides the soft and smooth gloves over Shane's muscular arms. The unfamiliar sensation makes Shane's muscles flex. Ilya kisses and nips at Shane's chest, bringing a leather gloved hand to tweak his pert nipple. Shane curses and then moans when the other nipple gets the same attention.

Ilya trails kisses down his torso to Shane's throbbing cock. Ilya stops short of his cock and Shane lets out an exacerbated sigh, "Fuuckk." Ilya slides his hands down Shane's thighs before gliding them up to his chest.

"Oh God," Shane sucks in a breath. Ilya's grin widens when Shane's hole clenches around nothing.

"My eager slut," Ilya coos.

"Please," Shane starts to whine.

"Soon, Hollander. Have to get you ready." Ilya teases Shane's cock and balls with a gloved hand. Shane huffs in frustration, tilting his hips slightly, eagerly for a sliver of friction.

"Stop, or I'll go." Ilya's voice turns stern, and it shoots straight to his core. Shane exhales in defeat and melts into the mattress.

"Fine," he grumbles, releasing his death grip on the sheets.

"That's my boy," Ilya coos caressing Shane's tight balls. Shane moans loudly deep from his chest and tries his damndest not to move. It feels like heaven, but his cock aches to be touched. Shane whimpers when Ilya withdraws his hands.

"Oh fuck!" Shane yelps when something wet circles his hole. It's smooth and - "Sweet Jesus Ilya, why does that feel amazing?!"

Ilya chuckles, "Just wait." And then he slides a finger in and then another, scissoring and stretching the tight muscle. "Breathe Shane," Ilya commands softly. Shane exhales steady.

"Good. Thank you, Shane." Ilya slides another finger in.

"So full... Can't..." Shane breathes deeply.

"You are doing so well," Ilya praises. Shane smiles and his body visibly relaxes more. "You are strong. You can do this. Let me make you feel *good*." Ilya emphasizes the last word, thick with his accent. It makes Shane feel all floaty. Ilya withdraws his hand from Shane's hole just enough to add the rest of his fingers. Shane stretches easily around Ilya's gloved fist. Ilya beams with pride wishing he could show Shane how impressive his body is. Ilya chuckles softly to himself as Shane's muscles pull his hand deeper.

When Ilya finally brushes against Shane's prostate Shane shutters. "Oh my God!" Shane moans. "If you keep this up, I'll cum. I don't wanna cum wait, *please*." Shane continues to babble while Ilya slides out of Shane's hole.

"Sounds like you are ready." Shane can hear the smile on his lips. *Smug bastard... enjoying my torture*, Shane inwardly curses.

"You are cursing me in your mind, yes? Your cute nose scrunches when you are fake mad at me." Ilya laughs. Shane's face heats and then he bites his lip to keep from pouting. Shane chooses not to respond and begins recounting game stats.

"Oh my God Hollander," Ilya lets out a loud annoyed sigh and then huffs a laugh. "You are grinning! Replaying the game in your head! Am I boring you making you wait for this?"

All of the sudden, Ilya's cock breeches Shane's hole. Shane groans as his hole adjusts Ilya's size and "Fuck... wait..." Shane pants grasping at the overwhelming thoughts in his lust filled mind. "When did you get pierced?"

Ilya answers with a slow and deliberate push inside. Shane feels every inch, every metal ball brush against his walls.

"Fuck," Shane exhales a breathy moan, arching his back. "Ilya.. please!"

"*Shhh*, Shane just breathe. You can take it." Ilya pushes to the hilt marveling at the way Shane's body responds.

Ilya hauls Shane's ankles over his shoulders and then grips his hips to steady himself. He withdraws slowly and then begins to thrust slow and steady.

Shane groans and his abs flex. His hands grip the sheets at his sides, knuckles turning white.

"More...please," Shane barely whispers. His head rolls to the side as he melts into the mattress. Ilya complies. Ilya shifts his stance slightly to thrust deeper.

"Fuckfuckfuck," Shane's voice pitches higher with each brush of Ilya's tip against his prostate.

"So wet. So messy," Ilya mumbles. "Oh *Shane*!" Shane clenches around Ilya's pierced cock.

"Need. You." Shane attempts to pull Ilya down with his ankles to kiss him.

Abruptly, the blindfold is ripped off Shane's head. Shane watches wide eyed as Ilya tosses it behinds him and then crawls further up Shane. Ilya caresses Shane's face with his gloved hands and then thrusts back into him.

"Eyes on me," Shane says hoarsely.

Ilya wouldn't dare look anywhere else then his beloved's hazy brown eyes. Shane's wet lashes flutter and his jaw slacken. Shane is so far gone he quietly whimpers when he spurts his load all over his chest. Ilya looks down briefly at the mess of milky white painting Shane's toned and sweaty body. Ilya curses in Russian releasing into Shane's ass. Shane hums satisfied, eyes finally closing. Ilya watches Shane's face relaxes into soft bliss.

After a few breaths, Ilya finally withdraws and hurries to the bathroom to clean himself up and grab a wet cloth to clean up Shane. Shane's soft snoring filters through the room when Ilya returns. His heart clenches at the sight of his boyfriend relaxed, safe, and sleeping soundly.

"I love you so much," Ilya mumbles against Shane's forehead before pressing a kiss to the same spot.

End Notes

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