

Pretty Boy

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by [skargasm](#)

Summary

Whatever Shane is to the outside world, here he is Ilya's pretty boy.

Notes

Happy Birthday to the most wonderful Mephistopholes!!

I haven't really written anything since the middle of December but there was no way I could let your birthday pass without sending you a little something!

I have fallen deep *deep* into the Heated Rivalry after watching the series! Utterly obsessed with Hudson Williams and Connor Storrie's performances and re-reading the series because it is fantastic to have the actor's voices in my head when I read!

This is my first attempt to write these characters so please be nice!! Looking forward to the UK release of the series and 'looning' out on Threads with other people who are in love with the series!



Anyone thinking that Shane Hollander was only a big deal in Hollywood because of his relationship with (alleged) mafia boss, Ilya Rozanov had to eat their words when the movie came out. Shane and his co-star, Rose Landry, were hot news – like, burning! The requests to attend red carpets and awards ceremonies were flying in faster than their secretary, Farrah, could handle and if Shane accepted all of the invites, he wouldn't get a night off in *weeks*!

He hated Shane attending all of these premieres and interviews – even with the security that Ilya had personally vetted, he was worried about something happening to him. What if there was a rabid fan in the crowd that tried to take Shane away from him? Or worse, one of Ilya's enemies?

Standing back and watching Shane working towards his career goals was going to give Ilya an ulcer.

He watched as Shane worked his way through his umpteen step skincare routine in their bathroom, his products scattered over various surfaces. Seeing people *finally* see who Shane Hollander was – sexy, boring, frustrating, intelligent, talented – all things that Ilya had realised the first time he saw him in some film short on YouTube, was frustrating and pleasing at the same time. He **wanted** Shane to be a success because that was what Shane wanted – anything Shane wanted, Ilya would get for him one way or another.

But there was also a part of him that **needed** Shane to be **HIS**.

For everyone to know that they could scream at Shane when he arrived for interviews with Chat Show hosts – that they could take as many pictures as they liked, squeal and lose their minds because they thought they had caught his eye and he smiled at them. They were all free to do that as much as they liked. They could even share inside jokes with Shane about his inability to not say the first thing on his mind, his slightly unhinged rants that he sometimes went off on. In fact, Ilya well understood – when Shane had showed him the outfit for arriving at his latest interview: dark red leather coat that flowed behind him, jeans that hugged his round ass and flattered his long legs, the shades that hid the beautiful eyes but not the freckles that Ilya was obsessed with – Ilya had been unable to vocalise what he felt. Instead he had grunted and nodded, ignoring the knowing smirk that Shane threw his way.

His man looked all kinds of sexy and all he wanted to do was get all of the people that had invaded their space out of there so that he could lay Shane down on the bed and worship him properly.

Not that there was time.

He got his revenge – as Shane was leaving, Ilya told him to make sure to bring the coat back with him but that the rest of the outfit was optional. Shane had blushed so hard and almost walked into the door as he left, and Ilya had grinned evilly. Shane had no doubt spent the journey to the studio trying to tame his erection and *not* think about what Ilya was planning to do to him when he got home.

“You’re quiet.” Shane had come out of the bathroom whilst Ilya was still contemplating things, a pair of sleep shorts all that he was wearing. His face was glowing slightly from all of the skin care, his eyes looked a little tired from how full his day had been, but he was smiling.

“Yes. Was thinking of what I want to do to you – remind you who you belong to,” Ilya said, shoving his hand into the pocket of his trousers. “You brought the coat home, yes?”

Shane blushed and nodded, rubbing his hands together nervously, shifting from foot to foot.

“Coat back on,” Ilya said, pleased when Shane practically ran to the other room and returned wearing the red leather coat. It was a beautiful garment, the colour flattering the soft sheen of Shane’s skin, flowing over his strong body, highlighting his six-pack just visible through the open sides. “Lose the shorts.”

Ilya watched with a heated gaze as Shane slid his thumbs beneath the waistband of the shorts, sliding them down from his hips and allowing them to fall to the ground. He was already hard and Ilya allowed his gaze to travel from the top of Shane’s head to his toes.

“Get on the bed,” he finally said, “and don’t touch – belongs to me.” Shane climbed onto the bed shifting backwards until his head was on the pillows. “Spread legs – I want to see everything.”

Without taking his eyes off of Shane, Ilya grabbed the chair from the wall and placed it at the foot of the bed, grabbing his glass of vodka before taking a seat.

“What – what do you want me to do now?” Ilya wondered what people would think if they could see this Shane. His Shane. The Shane that wasn’t all calm, collected and stoic – the Shane with the flushed cheeks, heaving chest and trembling hands as he waited for Ilya to tell him what to do. What would they say if they could see their leading man struggling not to reach for his cock to stroke it, the fine tremor in his legs as he watched Ilya with anticipation?

Not that they would *ever* see Shane like this – this was just for Ilya.

“I think you know what I want you to do,” Ilya said, taking a sip of his vodka and looking at his husband over the rim of the glass. “You have spent whole day being the charming and *beautiful* Shane Hollander. I want to see *my* Shane – the one who is needy, who sucks my dick so good, who wants *me*. Show me what belongs to me Hollander and maybe – just *maybe* - I will fuck you to sleep tonight.”

Shane’s gasp was audible, his eyelids lowering and a flush mounting his cheeks. Ilya waited to see what he would do – if he would remember that hotel room all those years ago when Ilya had persuaded Shane to give him a show he would never forget.

“You want me to – “

“I want you to show me what’s mine – and perhaps see if you can entice me to touch for myself, no?” Ilya smiled. “My English is not so good – perhaps I mis-spoke?”

“You’re such an asshole – your English is fine and we both know it!!” Shane replied, shifting so that his legs were spread even further.

“That is good. You look pretty in coat,” Ilya said, watching as Shane visibly preened under his praise. Shane began sliding his hand over his chest, flicking his dark brown nipples gently before running his palm over his shoulder and neck. He had closed his eyes, his mouth falling open slightly as he began to sink into the pleasure. Ilya leaned forward in his chair, jealous of Shane’s hands as they ran over his body – stroking over the defined abs, teasing the barely there curls of hair leading down to his groin before finally taking his cock in his hand and giving it a light stroke. “No – you cannot touch. Only I.”

“But Ilya – “ Shane began to protest and Ilya arched his brow, looking at Shane imperiously over the rim of his glass.

“There is problem?”

“No!” Shane almost shouted but it was obvious he was getting frustrated with how slowly Ilya was moving.

“Check under pillow.” Shane did as instructed, pulling out a half-used tube of lubricant and a small purple vibrator. “I want to watch – show me.” Shane’s cheeks were scarlet but he was biting his lip as he considered the items Ilya had left for him. Ilya could see the moment when Shane finally let go of his inhibitions and sank fully into the moment. He smiled with

satisfaction as Shane slicked up his hand and groaned at the new feeling on his cock. “Slow – please.”

Shane nodded but Ilya could tell he wasn’t really listening – he was concentrating on the pleasurable feelings flooding through his body as he stroked himself, building up to a quick rhythm, his breath hitching in his chest.

“Two fingers.” Shane didn’t even nod this time, just squirted out more lube and chucked the tube down the bed, sitting up slightly to get into a better position. The red leather of the jacket gleamed in the light from the lamp, the darker, soft lining making Shane’s skin practically glow. “Fuuuccck,” was all that Ilya could say as Shane began to fuck himself with two fingers, rolling his hips so that his cock was pushing through the tunnel made by his hand. Shane tossed his head back, sweat rolling down his chest, his fingers working furiously, muttered curses coming from his lips.

“Use the vibrator – it reminds me of when you told me you had dildo,” Ilya said, pleased when Shane immediately obeyed. The curse he let out when he pushed the vibrator into himself made Ilya groan inaudibly, watching as Shane flicked the switch and his body reacted to the vibrations. He was so beautiful – all smooth, beautiful skin covering a strong frame and muscles. And he was all Ilya’s. “Such a pretty boy for me,” he murmured, getting to his feet so that he was towering over Shane on the bed.

“Yes,” Shane murmured, meeting Ilya’s gaze with slumberous eyes. “Your pretty boy.” His voice was slurred with pleasure as he continued to fuck himself with the vibrator and pull at his cock.

“All of those people looking at *my* Shane – all of them want a piece of you. They all want to be where I am – standing in front of you, watching you touching your beautiful body – they can want as much as they like. You belong to me – yes?”

“Yes”, Shane groaned and Ilya decided he was done torturing him. It was the work of a moment to throw the almost empty glass to the floor, tugging open his pants as he did so and finally releasing his hard cock. Shane tugged the vibrator out of his body, already reaching up to pull Ilya down on top of his. Ilya grabbed the back of Shane’s knees, pulling them up so that they were draped over his elbows.

“Will be fast – have been wanting you all day,” he grunted as he positioned himself, thrusting all the way inside in a move that made Shane throw back his head and cry out. “Is good? You okay?”

“Yes – fuck, yeah,” Shane moaned, looping his arms around Ilya’s neck and pulling him into a deep kiss. As they explored each others’ mouths, Ilya began thrusting, instigating a driving rhythm that shoved Shane further up the bed. The smooth lining of the coat was slippery beneath the material of his pants making it difficult to gain momentum but he didn’t care. The tight clasp of Shane’s body was his home – he never wanted them to be apart, would melt into him if he could. The nails of one of Shane’s hands were digging into his shoulders whilst the other was working his cock in sync with Ilya’s movements, the air being pushed from him in “uh uh” noises. The sound of their bodies slapping together echoed throughout

the room and Shane was gasping into his mouth, their kisses having degenerated into merely breathing with each other.

“Ilya!” Shane cried out, his eyes widening as his climax overtook him and he spurted between their bodies, splattering his chest and abs with his release. The look on his husband’s face, the tight squeeze of his inner muscles, the warmth of the beloved body beneath him sent Ilya into a frenzy and he began to thrust in earnest. No longer aiming his thrusts to bring Shane pleasure, he drove into his lover over and over again, feeling his balls tightening and his skin tingling just before he himself was overtaken by sensation and he came, holding himself deep as he shuddered through his orgasm.

He had no idea how long he lay on top of Shane trying to get his breath back, his mind full of white static as he relaxed for the first time that day. Shane was carding his fingers through Ilya’s curls, stroking and scratching just right and Ilya sighed.

“You know we ruined this coat, right?” Shane finally said and Ilya gave a small chuckle.

“Is okay – I will buy you more so we do this again.”

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