

he's so gone

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by [gimmekiss](#)

Summary

“Words, Hollander. Tell me that you are helpful.”

Shane clears his throat. “I-I’m helpful. When you need to come.”

“молодец. Good boy,” Ilya breathes, starting to really move his hand now.

He can physically see the moment the fog takes over Shane’s brain. The one that always comes over him when they’re hooking up or fucking. He watches Shane’s eyes go glassy and his mouth hang open, and his lips get wet and he knows he has him. Knows that Shane will do whatever he asks now. He loves when he’s like this. Fuck.

“You are, aren’t you?” he asks. “My good boy?”

Notes

the heated rivalry brain worms got me

this is my first time writing smut & my first fanfic since i was like 14 years old (i am now 26) so please be kind. this is not beta-read either so feel free to let me know if there are any mistakes (in english or russian) or if i need to update the tags!

the idea of subspace shane hollander has taken over my brain and i had to get it out there. please enjoy! <3

J: We still on for tonight? After the game?

L: hmm, maybe. don't know. might be busy.

J: Fuck you, Lily. 🖐️

L: see you tonight, jane. my place. good luck 🙏

Ilya grins down at his phone. He still thinks its so fucking funny how easy it is to make Hollander angry. Years of hooking up, of horny texts, and quick fucks, and of Ilya making fun of Shane every chance he gets and yet Hollander is still so sensitive, turns so red so quickly. Ilya thinks it's so fucking cute.

He's sitting on his couch, bored out of his mind. It's Boston vs. Montreal this evening so he had no practice this morning and he's desperate to see Shane before the game, but he knows that's not what they do. Knows that Shane would freak out if Ilya even suggested changing their routine. But he's so BORED! And so horny. Thinking of Hollander's cute little smile and his flushed face and his pretty freckles. Fuck.

His hand is already sliding into his pants, wrapping around his hardening cock.

What would Shane do if he called him right now? he wonders. He knows Shane is probably at home, resting, because that's what he's supposed to do before a game. Shane always does what he's supposed to do. What he's told to do. He's good like that. So good.

Ilya decides to test his luck. He opens his phone, scrolls down to Jane's contact and hits the little camera button that means "facetime." It rings two, three, four times with Ilya looking at his own red face before his face shrinks down to the corner and those fucking freckles fill the screen.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Shane snaps. He's not whispering or hiding the phone so Ilya assumes he must be alone. He gives his cock a long stroke, gasping a bit.

Shane freezes.

"Are you fucking touching yourself right now?"

"Maybe," Ilya smirks. "Was bored. And thinking of your flushed little face when I make you mad."

Ilya watches that same flush crawl up Hollander's face, turning his nose a charming shade of pink.

"You know we never talk before a game," Shane hisses, but there's no real heat in it. Ilya can feel his resolve breaking even across the phone.

"Ugh! But I was so horny and you are so helpful when I need to cum. Aren't you, Hollander?"

He watches Shane swallow, his throat working and his eyes flashing with heat. He nods.

“Words, Hollander. Tell me that you are helpful.”

Shane clears his throat. “I-I’m helpful. When you need to cum.”

“молодец. Good boy,” Ilya breathes, starting to really move his hand now.

He can physically see the moment the fog takes over Shane’s brain. The one that always comes over him when they’re hooking up or fucking. He watches Shane’s eyes go glassy and his mouth hang open, and his lips get wet and he knows he has him. Knows that Shane will do whatever he asks now. He loves when he’s like this. Fuck.

“You are, aren’t you?” he asks. “My good boy?” He moans and thumbs at his slit, arching his back off of the couch a bit when the movement shoots pleasure up his spine.

“Yes, fuck,” Shane pants. His voice is deeper than usual, weaker. Like he’s having trouble getting enough air into his lungs to talk properly. “I can be good for you, Rozanov. So good.”

“I know you can, малыш. You are always so good for me. You want to help me cum now? And then I will fuck you so good when I see you later, да?”

Shane is nodding before Ilya even finishes his sentence. “Yes, I’ll help. Anything you want.”

“Put your phone on the table and take off your shirt.”

Ilya strokes himself slowly, watching as Shane hurries to do as he’s asked. It hadn’t taken many hookups for Ilya to figure out that Shane is submissive. As fuck. Shane always gets very spacey and floaty when they’re fucking and he’s so fucking obedient. Ilya never has to ask for anything twice. Except maybe for Shane to use his words. Sometimes it seems like Hollander forgets he has them. Forgets he knows how to do anything but take it. He takes it so fucking good.

God, Ilya is leaking now. Leaving a trail of pre-cum on his own stomach, feeling that warmth starting to spread from his lower abdomen down to his toes.

Shane is sitting on the couch in his hotel room, mirroring Ilya’s position, shirt off and panting, waiting for his next instruction.

“Slide your hand over your chest for me, Hollander. Slowly. Want you to really feel it. Pretend it is my hand.”

Shane immediately obeys, gliding his hand over his smooth chest, his eyes rolling dramatically back into his head. He lets out a little noise that goes straight to Ilya’s straining cock.

“Fuck, Rozanov. Feels so good,” he whimpers.

“Good. Good fucking boy. Now touch those pretty nipples for me.”

Shane does, his hand shaking and his back arching.

“Ngh, shit.”

“Feels good, yes?”

Shane nods, “Uh-huh. So good.”

Ilya spits into his own hand and goes back to stroking, harder now, chasing that burning feeling in his gut that seeing Shane like this gives him. Ilya loves him like this. Loves watching Hollander finally leave his own head, stop worrying about schedules and routines, and just fucking let go. Loves being the one Hollander looks to for instruction. Loves the fact that he is the only one who gets to see him this way.

He’s getting close now, watching Shane twitch and writhe and pant, doing nothing but play with his own hard little nipples all because Ilya asked him to. Shane is so fucking easy. Such a good fucking boy. Ilya wants to fuck him so badly. *Now.*

“F-fuck, Hollander. Going to cum,” he cries, spreading his pre-cum over the flushed head of his cock, hips bucking into his own fist.

“Please,” Shane mumbles. “Please cum for me, Rozanov.”

It’s the ‘please’ that does it for him. That always does it for him. The way Shane begs for Ilya’s pleasure. Not just his own. That he loves watching Ilya that fucking much.

Ilya comes onto his own hard stomach with a hoarse shout, back bowing harshly off of the couch as he paints himself. He wishes it had been into Hollander’s mouth.

Hollander, who is staring wide-eyed into the camera and squirming, his cheeks such a dark red now that they look like ripe apples on his face. Ilya can immediately read him like a book.

“What happened, Hollander? You look like you did something bad.”

“I um...came. In my pants. Fuck,” he pants. He scrubs his hand down his face as if he can physically will the blood to leave his cheeks. He won’t even look at Ilya. As if this is even close to the first time this has happened.

Ilya laughs. “So fucking easy for me aren’t you, мальиш?”

Shane hides his face behind his hands. “Fuck off, Rozanov.”

Ilya chuckles again, still breathing hard from his own orgasm. His entire body feels loose and floaty in a way that only Hollander has ever made him feel. He doesn’t really like to think about that.

“Thank you, Hollander. For helping me,” he winks. “Good luck tonight.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Shane says, flipping him off. “See you later.”

He ends the call and Ilya smiles. God, he can't fucking wait for later.

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*Shane steps off the ice, sweating and shaking with adrenaline and maybe a little anger. His team had been a fucking wreck tonight. Himself included. So few of his passes to his wingmen had connected and Rozanov had spent all night making their defense look as weak and flimsy as a fucking piece of paper. Boston had destroyed them 5-1.*

*And yet, Shane can't really find it in himself to be all that upset. He fucking hates losing, of course, but at least it was to Boston. At least Rozanov is waiting for him.*

*Fuck, he's so fucked.*

*When did he start to care so much about these times with Rozanov? When did he start to crave them so fucking badly? He doesn't know. But he knows wanting it this much is a terrible idea that will only end in pain.*

*That's a problem for future Shane, though. Right now, he is just thinking of getting fucked. Of getting bent over, and used, and getting to leave his own head behind while he spends the next few hours safe and sated and happy in that place he goes to during sex.*

*Shane knows he's more submissive than most people. Knows he falls into it so easily. Gives it up without a fight. But he's so used to being in control. Captaining his hockey team, eating a strict diet to keep his body and his health in check, helping his mom manage his brand deals, keeping up with his schedule. It's exhausting. So when he and Ilya had started hooking up and Ilya had been so controlling and so demanding, it had been way too easy to just let go. To let Rozanov do the thinking for him while he floats away and takes it. It's quickly becoming his favorite thing in the world.*

*Which is another problem for future Shane to think about.*

*With the team taking such a beating, the locker room clears out quickly. Shane heads into the showers and cleans himself quickly, but thoroughly and then heads straight back to his cubby and checks his phone. Nothing. Of course there's nothing. Rozanov is most definitely celebrating their big win in the locker room with his team right now.*

*Shane texts him anyways.*

*J: Headed out now. Should I come over?*

*He grabs all of his stuff from his cubby and heads out the door to the parking lot. He's climbing into the driver's seat when his phone buzzes in his pocket.*

*L: go to my house and wait for me. code for front door is 1234."*

*J: 1234? Really? You're so getting robbed one day.*

*L: shut up and do as I say. be naked and ready for me. in bedroom. I will get there when I get there.*

*Fuck.*

*J: Okay. See you soon.*

*L: good boy 😊*

*Just that stupid bit of praise is enough to have Shane writhing in his seat on the short drive to Rozanov's house. God, he really is easy isn't he? Driving himself to Ilya's house, alone, after a brutal loss just to wait an unknown amount of time for him. He really needs to work on his self-respect, he thinks. But he's been a little bit gone all day, since that phone call this morning when he'd watched Ilya's beautiful face as he'd touched himself to the view of Shane playing with his nipples. He's just been waiting for the moment he could really let go all day. Probably why he played so bad, but. Whatever.*

*When he gets to Ilya's, he looks around to make sure no one is outside and then hurries up to the door, quickly punching in 1-2-3-4 (that really is such a stupid fucking passcode) and heading inside.*

*He's been here before, of course. Plenty of times over the years. Just never alone. He's always clawing at Ilya's back as Ilya pins him to the nearest surface and kisses him stupid before carrying him down the hall to his giant bedroom.*

*That's where Shane heads now. First, to the bathroom where he cleans and preps himself with the bag of items he brought with him. He looks at himself in the mirror. At the flush of his cheeks and thinks that this is so fucking crazy. Then he slowly, nervously, like he isn't the only one in the house, strips off his clothes, folding them neatly and setting them on the bathroom counter.*

*He walks out and stands staring at Rozanov's huge bed. Should he just lay there? In the middle of the bed, waiting? For some reason that feels stupid. Unsexy. He wants to be good. Wants to shock Ilya when he comes home with how good he's been.*

*So he goes to the foot of the bed, lowers himself to his knees, and kneels with his forehead resting on the mattress. He breathes in the smell of Ilya permeating the sheets and feels his cock harden against his bare thigh. Ilya smells so fucking good. Like warm whiskey and cigarette smoke and a tiny bit of vanilla. It's Shane's favorite smell in the world.*

*At some point in the time that he waits for Ilya, he feels his brain start to go mushy. It feels like someone cracks an egg on the top of his head and this cool, relaxing feeling spreads down across his body to his feet and his mind goes blissfully silent and he sinks down, down, down into peace.*

*Sometime later (he isn't sure how long, really) he feels a warm hand on the back of his neck.*

*"Hollander," Ilya murmurs. "Come back to me. Just a little. Come on, малыш."*

*Shane stirs and moans at the weight of Ilya's hand on him.*

*"Been waiting so long for you," he croaks. "Did what you asked." His head is so heavy.*

*Ilya strokes his hair and Shane resists the urge to purr like a fucking cat.*

*"I know you did, sweetheart. Very good. You are so good." He pulls his hand away and Shane whimpers.*

*"I am just going to get undressed, da?" Ilya reassures him. "Then I come back to you."*

*Well, Shane can't miss that. He lifts his heavy head from the bed and turns to watch as Ilya slowly strips himself of his black hoodie and jeans, leaving him in only his tight boxer briefs, his crucifix dangling from his neck. Shane starts crawling before he's even thought it through.*

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Ilya's breath had been physically punched out of him when he had rounded the corner into his bedroom to find Shane fucking Hollander kneeling, naked on his floor, head resting against his bed, clearly completely lost to his own submission.

Ilya had known Shane would do what he asked, he was always so good like that, but he hadn't expected this. Hadn't expected to come in to find him so gone.

"Hollander," he had called from the door. No answer.

He had walked closer and tried again. Still nothing.

It wasn't until he had put his hand on him that Shane had stirred, coming to life with Ilya's touch against his neck. He had turned those pretty brown eyes up to look at Ilya and Ilya had nearly come in his fucking pants right then. Shane was the fucking picture of submission. He would do anything Ilya asked right now and then some. Ilya had known he needed to be careful.

Shane was definitely wayyy too far gone to consent right now. Ilya would have to pull him out of it a bit first. Make sure he could talk, remember his own name.

Now Shane is fucking crawling across the floor to him and mouthing at his dick and fuck, Ilya has to resist the urge to pull his cock out and fuck Hollander's pretty throat.

Instead, he pulls him up by the armpits and leads him back to lay on the bed.

He crawls over him, lowering himself down to press hot, wet kisses down Shane's neck and across his chest.

"Are you with me now, Hollander?" he asks.

"Mmmm," Shane moans. "Yeah, I'm here. What do you mean?" His eyes are closed and he's wiggling, trying to push his leaking cock against Ilya's stomach.

Ilya pushes down on his hips to still them and pulls back, looking him in the eye.

"When I got here, I was calling your name. You were gone somewhere I think. More than usual. Need you to be at least a little bit here if I am going to fuck you."

"Oh," Shane frowns. "I'm sorry." His lip trembles and his eyes fill with tears. "I was trying to be good for you. Got a little lost in it I guess. I'm sorry. I'm here now. Will you still fuck me? Please? I'll be good, I promise. I can take it, please," he is babbling and Ilya shuts him up with a firm kiss, licking up the tears that have fallen onto Shane's freckles. If that isn't enthusiastic consent, he doesn't know what is.

"Shhhh, малыш. It is okay. You were so good for me," he reassures him, running his fingers through Shane's hair. "I will fuck you, do not worry. Have been waiting for it all fucking day. Since you came in your fucking pants earlier on the phone. Such an easy boy. Yes, I will fuck you."

The relief is visible on Shane's face and he starts clawing at Ilya's back.

"Now, please," he begs, bucking his hips up into Ilya's. "Please."

Ilya stills him again with a firm grip.

"Still, Hollander. Do not move unless I ask. Okay?"

Shane nods eagerly. "Yes."

"What is your name?" Ilya asks.

Shane's little nose crinkles in confusion. "Huh?"

"What. is. your. name?"

Shane pants and squirms a little against him. "Shane. Hollander. What are you asking for? Please, please just fuck me."

"Just checking you are really here. Good boy," Ilya praises and then he leans over and takes Shane's beautiful pink cock in his mouth. He hears Shane choke on what must be a sob and he immediately starts trying to buck up into Ilya's mouth. Ilya pulls off of him.

"Still, Hollander. I will take care of you. Don't worry."

Shane nods frantically, sweet little tears pouring from the corners of his eyes. Poor baby, Ilya thinks, wants it so fucking bad. He mouths slowly along the underside of Shane's cock, leaving wet, open-mouthed kisses as he goes. Then he takes him back into his mouth, and slides a finger slowly down to Shane's hole.

"Did you prep for me, солнышко?" Ilya breathes into Shane's hip. He can feel that Shane's rim is already a bit stretched, clean and puffy and perfect.

"Y-yeah, was being good. Want you to fuck me."

Ilya's entire body feels like it's on fire. How did he get so lucky? To find someone who submits to him so easily, who wants him so badly. It's more than Ilya ever thought he'd get. It scares him how badly he never wants it to end.

“Turn onto your stomach, любимый,” he instructs.

When Shane is in front of him, propped up on his hands and knees, face buried in the pillow, Ilya allows himself a moment to look. To take in the man before him, his smooth tanned skin, his glistening pink hole, his cock, hanging heavily between his legs. He looks up to Shane’s face, scrunched up in pleasure and streaked with tear marks, those freckles visible even from here, and he wants. Wants to eat him. Wants to fuck him. And worse, wants to hold him and kiss him and never leave his side.

Ilya can’t deny himself or Shane any longer. He leans forward, licking a hot, wet stripe over Shane’s rim. Shane shouts into the pillow and bucks his hips back into Ilya’s face. Ilya holds him still and continues to eat him, slurping and sucking and savoring the taste of Shane exploding on his tongue. When he feels Shane’s hips start to stutter, he knows he is close. Knows he could come just from this. But that’s not what either of them want right now. What they need.

Ilya reaches into the side table and pulls out the small bottle of lube.

“Are you ready, Hollander?”

Shane is nodding before he even finishes asking.

“Words, мальчик.”

“Yes, please, Rozanov. I-I-‘m ready. Please. Fuck me.”

Ilya lubes up his fingers and pushes two into Shane’s entrance, slowly, testing to make sure it’s not too much. Shane takes them easily so he adds a third.

“Fuck, Rozanov, I said I’m ready. Please.”

Ilya chuckles and pulls his fingers out. “Okay, Hollander. Only because you’ve been such a good boy for me today. And because I have been waiting for you to cum on my cock all fucking day.”

And then he slides in, inch by inch, until his hips are seated against Shane’s ass and Shane is clamping down around him, whimpering, and babbling into the pillow.

Ilya swears harshly in Russian, pulling out and sliding back in, creating a slow, steady rhythm that takes them both apart piece-by-piece.

Shane is fully crying now, and fuck, maybe it makes Ilya fucked up but he loves it. Loves to watch the tears leak out of Shane’s eyes, knowing he’s too far gone to care that he’s being so vulnerable with his fucking rival. Ilya wants him like this, always.

He can feel himself getting close, that familiar warmth leaking from his abdomen across his lower body, and he pulls out, flipping Shane onto his back.

He pushes Shane’s knees up to his chest and slides back in, causing Shane to sob and clench around him, cumming instantly over his own pretty stomach.

"Fuck-k. 'M Sorry. Didn't mean to. Feels too good," Shane cries and Ilya shushes him, scooping his cum off of his stomach and bringing his fingers up to Shane's mouth.

"It's okay, sweetheart. Here, suck. Calm down."

Shane takes Ilya's fingers deep into his mouth, eyes rolling back into his head, and his breathing starts to slow. Ilya rubs his thumb against Shane's cheek.

"Doing so good for me, Hollander. I'm so close. Just a little bit longer."

Shane nods dreamily, mouth still clamped around Ilya's fingers.

Ilya pounds into him, grunting and babbling in Russian, until finally that heat that's been building and building explodes and he empties himself deep inside of Shane, fucking his own cum into him as Shane milks him entirely.

When it's over, he slips his fingers from Shane's mouth, and his cock from Shane's ass, and rolls onto his back, bringing Shane to lay on top of him. He strokes the soft skin of his back, whispering into his hair, and plants sweet kisses across Shane's freckles, his neck, his forehead. He waits for Shane to come back, holding him until he does.

"Ew, I'm fucking leaking," Shane croaks and there he is.

Ilya laughs. "Is what happens when you let me come inside you." They had just recently stopped using condoms, agreeing that they won't be sleeping with other people, but not fully admitting to feelings yet. They both know they're there. They just can't bring them up. No point. Not like they can come out.

Ilya shakes his head to clear his rapidly spiraling train of thought.

"Hold still, I clean you up," he says. He slides out from under Shane and goes to the bathroom where he wets a washcloth with warm water. He comes back and lightly strokes it first over Shane's face where drool has dried to the corner of his mouth and the tracks from his tears stain his cheeks, and then down to Shane's chest where he wipes the remaining drops of his cum from his abs. And then he clears his own release from Shane's glistening hole, pressing a gentle kiss to the top of Shane's knee.

"'M still gonna need a shower, you know," Shane mumbles into his elbow where his arm is thrown over his face.

"I know," Ilya says. "But you sleep now. Shower will be here when you wake up."

"Good job winning the game tonight, Rozanov," Shane says, dreamily, rolling on his side, his eyes sliding shut.

Ilya huffs a laugh and strokes his fingers down Shane's cheek.

"Thank you, моя любовь. You were a perfect reward."

Shane smiles a sweet, satisfied little grin and oh Ilya is so fucking gone.

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