starburster

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by sadistrobinavitch

Summary

“You are sure, Hollander?” Ilya grins with a glimmer of sympathy in his light blue eyes.

Flashes of scenarios pass through Shane’s mind, not understanding where the rope will go, but Shane never backs down from a challenge. He puts on a fake smile, “Why not, Rozanov?”

“Hello.”

“Hi, Hollander.”

Shane runs his hand through his freshly washed, jet black hair, trying to appear confident. But he can’t help how fast his eyes fall to Ilya’s bare chest, unable to match his gaze.

Ilya, always endeared by Shane’s antisocial nature, speaks gently, “You look pretty. Just for me, huh?”

“No.” Shane cheeks flush, aware of how he’s being analyzed. “I had to take a shower after the game.”

“Ah,“ Ilya takes a step, closing the space between them, “I see.” His own appearance reflects the late hour. Shirtless in low hanging sweats, as his messy blond curls round his head like a halo.

Shane’s eyes remain down, crossing his arms over his chest.

Ilya pauses, always able to sense Shane’s caution when they’re together. He inhales, upset with his own strong and stubborn nature. *He can’t afford to lose Shane.* Now inches away, Ilya's nose fills with Shane’s familiar clean, floral scent, seemingly perfect to him.

They don’t speak anymore.

Instead, Ilya raises his right arm, caressing Shane’s soft cheek with his callused fingers. The stale hotel air becomes lighter knowing what comes next.

Ilya’s rough fingertips trace along Shane’s pouty lips, instinctively relaxing his jaw and allowing Ilya’s thumb to enter his warm mouth. He sucks it, taking his rival as he so often does. Intoxicated by the heaviness of Ilya's finger lying on top of his tongue. He pulls him in until his smooth lips wrap around his bony knuckle, then pulls back, closing his eyes in complete bliss.

Shane hums, hollowing his cheeks, completely fixated on the soothing feel in his mouth. Ilya’s own lips part in a trance, mumbling approval in his native Russian. He admires how peaceful Shane looks with closed eyes. His long, dark lashes lying above his lightly freckled skin, like a doll.

Ilya leans in, replacing his thumb with his plump lips. They share a sloppy kiss, spit collecting at the corner of their mouths. Tongues cross over top of one another, shamelessly moaning as they unite.

Ilya eagerly digs under Shane’s shirt, pulling the fabric over his head. They can’t stay away for more than a few seconds, like magnets, their lips crash together once again. Ilya’s top lip overtakes Shane’s shallow mouth, shoving his tongue deep inside, relishing in his submission.

Ilya speaks into Shane's open mouth, “I have something.”

Shane tilts his head back, “Yeah?”

“Yes. Something for us to try.”

“Okay,” Shane hesitates, dread filling his chest, hating surprises.

Ilya turns away and picks up a paper bag that’s been tucked behind a chair. He opens it and pulls out a meter of rope that could have been purchased at any hardware store.

Shane's eyebrows come together, confused, “For you?”

Ilya’s face grows wide, showing off all his crooked teeth. He laughs in Shane’s face, “Ha- *no, no, no*.” He walks towards him holding the rope between their bare torsos, “For you.”

Shane gulps, intrigued but uneasy, “Um, okay yeah.” He hates how nervous he sounds. He’s not as experienced as his partner, still slightly fearful of Ilya’s unpredictable dominance.

“You are sure, Hollander?” Ilya grins with a glimmer of sympathy in his light blue eyes.

Flashes of scenarios pass through Shane’s mind, not understanding where the rope will go, but Shane never backs down from a challenge. He puts on a fake smile, “Why not, Rozanov?”

Shane’s suddenly being pushed backwards, landing fiercely onto the hard mattress. Ilya commands in his deep voice, “Arms up.”

Shane obeys, revealing the dark hair in his pits beneath his sculpted triceps. Ilya sits on his chest, running the rough rope through his hands, stinging his palms. He grips Shane’s wrists together with one hand, keeping them in place.

Shane whines from the sensitivity quickly finding its place around his thin skin. He watches Ilya’s face contort with concentration as he works above him. His chest rapidly rising and falling from anticipation. Shane wonders when Ilya learned how to do this, and how many other people have been below him, just waiting.

Once his wrists are carefully tied together, Ilya extends the rope behind a rod of the bed’s headboard, trapping his arms above his head. Ilya mumbles under his breath, “Beautiful,” while moving off Shane's hard body.

Shane automatically tries pulling his arms down, already uncomfortable in his position. The rope only rubs further against his wrists, a soreness quickly developing, keeping him motionless. He understands now, he’s stuck in a room with a feral animal, exposed and vulnerable to whatever *it* wants to do with him.

Shane can only strain his neck forward to watch Ilya wander around the bed. The low light of the hotel room casts a deep shadow over Ilya's brow bone, blocking his eyes, only adding to Shane’s apprehension.

He gulps, breaking the silence, “What are you gonna do to me?”

“We will see.” Ilya doesn’t want to rush the process, having Shane exactly where he wants him, unable to fight back. He thinks for a moment how to translate this. “You are better like this.”

“Like what?”

“Hm, like on your back.”

“Wow, thank you,” Shane bites back.

Ilya speaks seriously, “You are perfect when you relax.”

“Yeah?” Shane scoffs, “And how am I supposed to relax like this?”

Ilya never answers Shane’s question. He just stares at the tan, athletic body stretched across his mattress. Thinking how lucky he is to have Shane Hollander in *his* hotel room in the very city who’s out celebrating his victory tonight.

But Shane is impatient. He starts to grind his hips against nothing as his hands claw at the air above his head. His eyes stay wide open, as the body of a Greek god haunts his view. Ilya's perfectly sculpted muscles and chiseled expression silent above him. Shane recalls all the times he’s collapsed in those strong arms before, engulfed by primal passion.

Ilya enjoys watching Shane lose his poised composure, fear slowly taking over his usual stern demeanor. He takes a step closer to him, putting one knee up on the mattress. His hand hovers above Shane's crotch, "Stop moving, Hollander."

Shane meekly whines, lowering his hips and relaxing his body.

Ilya smiles, satisfied with Shane's obedience. He fingers Shane’s belt buckle, taking his time, slowly pulling it through each loop. Shane’s eyes roll back as Ilya peels his pants off, careful to keep his briefs on.

Shane’s face grows hot, imagining what Ilya is thinking, able to see the imprint of his greedy flesh beneath the fabric. *So selfish for any attention.*

All Ilya feels is attraction. A deep want that has transformed into an undeniable need over the last couple years. His own cock twitches in his loose sweats, craving Shane’s warm comfort again.

He climbs onto Shane’s knees before he has a chance to hide himself. He leans forward, pecking at his dark nipples. His small kisses suddenly turning into large gasps of air, trying to swallow Shane’s rounded pecs. He gropes his chest, making Shane’s fingers twitch, wanting to run them through Ilya’s soft curls. To pull him up to his face, tasting his spit one more time.

Ilya leaves a trail of kisses down Shane’s hairless center, his ripe lips feeling over the deep grooves of his abs, ending with an open-mouth kiss on top of Shane’s white briefs. An

intense heat quickly spreads inside the thin fabric, surrounding his hard cock with Ilya's hot breath.

"You want more?" Ilya's voice is muffled, face-down in Shane's crotch.

"Y-yes."

Ilya continues breathing into him, tasting the salty precum leaking through the fabric. "I can tell." He looks up, "Ask nicely, Hollander."

Shane groans, his dick beginning to hurt, confined in his tight underwear. He opens his eyes and lifts his head, "Please."

"Why?"

Shane chuckles in disbelief, "Seriously?"

Ilya sits up, frowning, "Yes, seriously. Blowjob is a lot of work. I need reason."

Shane's round, brown eyes soften, speaking slowly, "Because you know how to make me feel good. I need..." He thinks *I need you now, I need you always.*

Ilya stares into the boy's fragile eyes, sighing, "No." He shakes his head and reluctantly pulls off Shane's underwear. "But I can give you handjob."

Shane exhales, his erection finally free from any barriers. The relief distracts from any protest he could give, forgetting Ilya's soft tongue and deep throat as soon as he sees him bring his large hand to his mouth. Ilya purses his heart-shaped lips, spitting a thick glob into the center of his palm, bringing it down to Shane's thick shaft.

Ilya likes how easy Shane is, a warm hand nearly bringing him to tears. Shane's eyebrows come together as his belly tightens. He looks dumb with his jaw hanging open as Ilya lazily rushes his hand up and down, leaving his dick all wet and filthy.

Shane feels weightless in Ilya's grasp, weakening pleasure flowing through his limbs. His elbows attempt to bend, leaving them at an awkward angle, whimpering through the contradiction.

Ilya watches him unravel and slows down, letting Shane catch his breath. Only to return by rubbing his thumb on the underside of the head of his cock. Shane's hips flinch from the direct pressure, "Holy shit," he cries out.

Ilya's thumbprint works him, never seeing Shane so hungry. His digit barely moves over his hard, moist flesh, but it's enough. Shane's toes curl from the stimulation, overwhelming and closing in on an orgasm.

"Ah- I'm gonna come."

"Hold it."

“I- I can’t,” Shane slips. “*Oh fuck*.”

In the same breath, Ilya removes his hand. Shane’s back arches, his orgasm slipping away as soon as it starts. He twitches as the white fluid lands on his sculpted abdomen, but he feels lost. He’s missing the familiar ecstasy that leaves him all warm and happy.

Ilya tsks, “Ah- what did I say Hollander?”

Shane writhes beneath him, unsatisfied and angry, “Fuck you, Rozanov!”

Ilya shows no remorse, “I fucking told you hold it.” He raises his hands above his head and both palms come down hard, slapping the inside of Shane’s thick thighs.

Deep marks imprint around Shane’s wrist as he tries pulling them forward. His thighs turn a similar shade of pink, pain shooting down his legs and through his balls. Shane, unbelievably frustrated, never having this happen to him before, cries out like a child.

Ilya grabs hold of Shane’s face, squishing his cheeks together. “Shut up. You can’t follow rule, you don’t get reward. Simple.”

Shane tries speaking, but it comes out all mumbled, “I’m sorry.”

Ilya raises his eyebrows, “Say again.”

Shane knows he looks ridiculous, but he can’t help but to do as he’s told. He tries again, speaking as clear as he can as Ilya holds his jaw in place, “I’m sorry.” He loves how pathetic he sounds, “I didn’t listen.”

Ilya’s blood runs hot straight to his cock. “No, you didn’t Hollander.” He scoffs, throwing Shane’s flushed face out of his hands, replacing it with his meaty hips, flipping him over.

“Give me another chance,” Shane whines.

Ilya shakes his head. “My turn now,” pulling off his sweatpants, revealing his own erection.

"I'll do better." Shane pushes his face into the mattress, rambling, "*Please, please, please.*”

Ilya’s jaw stays tight as he begins to work himself, watching his prize desperately hump the bed, wanting his orgasm back. He can’t stand what he sees, silently raising his hand above Shane’s stretchmark-laced ass. The sound of the slap booms through the near empty room, scaring Shane before he feels it. His sensitive skin ruptures, pink markings cover his plump ass.

This is his punishment.

Ilya kneels behind Shane, entering his tight asshole with no warning.

“Ah, Roz-” he screams out.

Ilya knows it’s too much. He doesn’t care to pump his long fingers into Shane tonight, getting him warm and ready for his large cock. He continues to push into him, ignoring the loud noises coming from the boy.

Shane’s body squeezes against Ilya’s cock, burning from his size, tearing him in half. His hands turn into fists, still attached to the headboard. Ilya fights against his resistance, forcing him open. He stares down at himself, watching his dick disappear into Shane like a magic trick.

Shane can only imagine how attractive Ilya is at this moment. His entire body, carefully crafted of muscle, all swelling up at once. His broad shoulders and thick neck, like a statue positioned behind him. Exerting the same athleticism he does on the ice. Sweat getting trapped in the hair around his nipples, dripping down into his happy trail, tangled in between his pubes. His whole body glistening as he thrusts into Shane.

Ilya falls forward from his brutal pace, pushing his palm around Shane's skull, covering his whole head with his hand. The other stays at Shane's hip, grabbing his flesh, contorting it, leaving white rings around his fingertips. He traps Shane beneath him, ensuring his own cock stays warm and smooth, pumping adrenaline through his veins.

“Touch me,” Shane moans.

Ilya stays silent, pursing his lips in pure satisfaction, accentuating his deep cupid’s bow. He continues pounding into Shane’s thick body, his strong quads bulging out, holding both of them up. A few more slaps land on Shane’s pale ass, turning the whites of his eyes pink, enjoying every second of his treatment.

Shane’s insides swell each time Ilya thrusts into him. Pain shifts into a radiating relief, contracting and pulsing against Ilya’s hard member. Still wanting to feel the same in his cock, Shane tries again, a husky voice coming from somewhere deep in his chest, “Please, touch me.”

Ilya hips change pace, becoming slower, more sensual. He shifts his hand over Shane's scalp, his fingers brushing across his tall forehead. He pulls Shane's dark hair back, exposing his worn out expression.

Ilya spits, “You do not deserve it.”

As the tip of Ilya’s dick brushes against Shane’s most sensitive gland once again, these words strike him down, breaking him completely. Shane’s face crinkles from devastation and complete submission, a flood of hot tears burst from his eyes.

Ilya dips down, finding Shane’s ear, whispering, “All you deserve is my cock.”

A pained smile appears across Shane’s face, Ilya's thick voice like honey to his tired ears. Ilya extends his tongue, licking the salty tears collecting on his cheeks. Lapping over Shane’s beautiful freckles, littering him with small kisses.

Ilya places his cheek against Shane's, listening to his shallow breaths as his partner comes. Shane clenches around Ilya, unable to stop himself. Waves crash over and over again, leaving him gasping for air. The pressure releases in Ilya too, blind with ecstasy.

Ilya pulls out and sits back on his heels, staring at Shane's hole. Puffy and gaping, absent from his cock. He's mesmerized by the cloudy fluid coming out of his puckered hole.

"I wish you can see how pretty you are," Ilya speaks without much thought, his eyes glued to Shane's ass.

Shane can't comprehend what Ilya means until he feels a new heat enter him. Ilya dives in between Shane's smooth ass cheeks, tongue first. He licks a long strip down his taint, gathering the liquid, tasting his sex. He then inserts his tongue into Shane's needy asshole, swirling around both of their flavors, drunk off intimacy.

Ilya trails up Shane's quivering body, grabbing his face as he so often does. Shane feels like a lifeless doll, Ilya moving his pieces any way he wants. Ilya sticks his thumb into Shane's cheek, loosening his jaw, letting his mouth fall wide open.

Ilya leans down, releasing his mouthful of shared fluids into Shane. Immediately swooping in, stirring his tongue around Shane's mouth, mixing his cum with their saliva. It's sloppy and gross, making a mess all over their faces.

Shane gags, swallowing it all before he chokes. Ilya can't keep away, licking up all the fluid that leaked onto Shane's cheeks and chin. Shane lays, barely conscious, his eyelids heavy and body spent. He's reached a new level of euphoria he's never felt before. Ilya's tongue and lips feel like a warm blanket, already feeling like he's dreaming.

"Hey- Hollander."

"Hm…"

"You still with me, yes?"

Shane feels his own hands resting on his belly, realizing Ilya has finally finished with him. Through blurry vision, he sees him crouched near him, sitting by his hip. Ilya runs his sticky palm over Shane's thigh, afraid to look back.

Shane grasps at his forearm, "C'mere."

Ilya turns back, "You need shower."

Shane ignores him, rambling on, "No, no. Lay down with me."

He is clearly drained and all he needs is to sleep. But all he wants is to fall asleep in Ilya's arms. He grabs at him, trying to pull him down on the bed next to him.

Ilya likes how strong he pretends to be. He wants to lay down so bad, but can't. He needs this to be over before he says something he regrets. *Shane. You're perfect. I need you again, and again, and again. Just like tonight. Forever.*

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