

I Follow You, Even Into Your Dreams

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I Follow You, Even Into Your Dreams

by [Buyurei](#)

Summary

Shane's body seems to sway, and his dick finds friction against Ilya's body.

Then, what Ilya can only describe as a miracle.

Shane exhales, and speaks in his sleep. "Suhz, uhz... Anov..." Shane inhales deeply, and says "Ozanov... Nnng..." on the exhale. He whines through it.

Ilya freezes. He can't stop the smile from spreading across his face.

Shane says Ilya's name in his sleep. Ilya can't resist.

Notes

happy new year! 51% of my thoughts are still hollanov, and at least 51% of *those* thoughts are hudson williams' photoshoot for timid magazine. sorry but i really have nothing normal to say about that man askjsfhd anyway please enjoy :)

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

At night, Ilya and Shane wear nothing but boxers to sleep. On one hand, there *is* a level of easy access afforded to them in the morning. On the other hand, it's how both of them have always slept, and it doesn't feel weird, or especially "sexy" or "horny" or anything like that.

Tonight is slightly different. Ilya isn't even sure if he's awake when he wakes up, because his eyes open to find everything the exact same as when his eyes were closed: total blackness. Still, he stirs a bit, feeling something against him.

His thoughts come to him through a fog. *Ah, yes. Shane.* Disbelief washes through his mind. Disbelief, and gratefulness. How any of this is possible is beyond Ilya. Shane's cottage is more than a respite. It's a home.

Ilya almost felt some embarrassment at how quickly he made himself at home here. But, the way Shane acted, it was impossible *not* to find a home here. His house in Boston was not a home. His apartment in Moscow was not a home. Ilya discovered the hard way that home is a person, not a place.

Now, his home's limbs were flung across Ilya. Shane lies half on his side, half on his stomach, with an arm thrown over Ilya's torso and a leg strewn over Ilya's thigh. If they were standing, it would be like Shane was climbing a tree.

Ilya moves to get a sip from his water, but as he shifts just an inch, he feels why he woke up in the first place. At the slightest motion, Shane is sliding against his leg—more specifically, he feels Shane's cock rubbing up against Ilya's boxers. It's sticking out of the slit in Shane's own boxers, and sticks to Ilya, hot and hard. Ilya is in awe, but cracks a smirk. *Is he actually asleep?* Ilya thinks.

"Hollander," Ilya whispers. It's so quiet that it could be mistaken for an exhale.

"Hnnng..."

"Hollander?" Ilya repeats, still quiet as a leaf falling from a tree.

This time there's no response. It was just a coincidental noise.

Ilya is ready to dismiss the moment. He carefully moves only at his shoulder to reach for the water on his nightstand and get a sip. It's so cold—so good. He smacks his lips once after downing it all, places it back on the nightstand by putting a pinkie under the glass in order to make no noise, and closes his eyes, ready to sleep again. But then something novel happens.

Shane ruts up against Ilya. Or, maybe "ruts" is too strong a word. Shane's body seems to sway, and his dick finds friction against Ilya's body.

Then, what Ilya can only describe as a miracle.

Shane exhales, and speaks in his sleep. "Suhz, uhz... Anov..." Shane inhales deeply, and says "Ozanov... Nnng..." on the exhale. He whines through it.

Ilya freezes. He can't stop the smile from spreading across his face. This thought is too complex for Ilya's half asleep brain, and comes to him in Russian: *Я следую за тобой даже в твоих снах?* [I follow you, even into your dreams?]

Ilya doesn't need any more encouragement. He simply slides a hand down to cup Shane's cock, then moves his leg up and down from his hip, grinding his thigh against Shane's dick.

It's glorious. Ilya uses the heel of his palm to push Shane's dick into the movement. At Ilya's manipulation, Shane's entire body shudders against Ilya.

Still asleep, sounds begin escaping him. "Hzz... Zuh... Szhh..." Then, his body jerks, as if his spine sends a twitch through every muscle. "Hah... Ah...!" Shane gets noisy. So noisy that Ilya isn't sure if he's awake by now, or not. *But*, Ilya thinks, *Shane would never show himself getting so hot and bothered at something as little as this.*

Shane's shoulders move in towards his stomach, and his knees tense. "Haaahh!"

No, he's certainly asleep. Ilya's eyes have no light to adjust to, so he can only follow the barest shine off of Shane's hair as Shane hugs Ilya's body. Through his involuntarily open mouth, Shane breathes hot air into Ilya's side. Ilya's fingers dance all over Shane's dick, and he only has to bounce his leg centimeters in each direction to create the agonizing sensation.

Shane wakes up with a roar of a moan. "Shaaaaah! Shit! Sh... Huh...?"

Ilya melts into quiet laughter.

"Ro – Ilya...?" Shane asks, still more asleep than awake. There's a pang of worry in his voice – like Ilya might not have been there when he woke up. "Ugh..." He rights his body so that he's on his back and can sit up, and lifts the covers to see what happened. "Jesus... Thought I had a wet dream for a second." Shane rubs his eyes. "I think it's just sweat. Blegh."

Ilya collects himself and says, "Wet dream? Sounds interesting." Ilya grabs Shane's wrist and drags his hand away from his face, pinning it to the pillows. Ilya climbs over him to hover above Shane's face.

Shane laughs without making noise. "Ooooh my god, are you never not horny?"

"Me!?" Ilya's eyes are incredulous. He places a wet kiss on Shane's cheek, then moves to his neck with his tongue. He pauses to whisper in Shane's ear, "You are the one saying my name in your sleep."

Shane exhales breathily as Ilya makes his moves. In the still and total darkness, every touch is a surprise. "W-what? Your name?"

Ilya lifts his head and thinks he makes eye contact with Shane, but isn't really sure. "Yes. You whimper like puppy, 'Rozanov! Rozanov!'"

"Pffft, liar," Shane says with an audible grin.

“What?” Ilya pretends to throw a fit. “лжец!? лжец!? I am not a liar! I wake up to Shane Hollander, the most beautiful hockey player in the world, his dick poking into me like sword, his big arms hugging my chest, and his gorgeous mouth saying my name. What I can do but indulge!?”

Shane’s free hand idly searches the dark for the light switch at his bedside, and clicks it on. He and Ilya both squint as their vision comes back to them. “Wait,” Shane says, “indulge? What do you mean?”

Ilya shrugs. “Your dick want me, so I give it what it want.”

Shane smiles, and again uses his free hand to playfully shove Ilya’s chest. “And what does that mean?”

“I just play with it a little. That’s all,” Ilya says, guiltless.

Shane half-laughs, half-gasps in astonishment. “You’re jerking me off in my sleep!?”

“You are begging for me in sleep!” Ilya buries his face in Shane’s pillowy chest. “I can’t help but to help you, Hollander.”

“And how did you ‘help’ exactly?” Shane says as he puts a hand lightly in Ilya’s hair.

Ilya lifts himself, and then descends again over Shane’s face. He kisses Shane’s mouth the way a paper airplane kisses the wind. “Let me show you,” Ilya whispers directly into Shane’s lips.

Shane doesn’t move his body. His eyebrows furrow. His eyelids flick down as his eyes follow Ilya’s hand—the one not holding Shane’s wrist against a pillow—until it vanishes under the incomprehensible mess of covers. When Ilya’s hand is gone, Shane returns to make eye contact with Ilya, full of anticipation.

This is Ilya’s favorite part. He knows how to make Shane come undone. And Ilya knows that Shane knows, and Shane knows that Ilya knows that Shane knows, and Shane would be humiliated except that Ilya loves to see him humiliated. So the humiliation is nullified, and Shane just lets himself revel in the mix of embarrassment and undiluted desire. In his day-to-day life, Shane is sometimes like a spring, coiled around a polished steel orb. And Ilya doesn’t take a sledgehammer to it. Instead, he takes a precise, gentle hand, and persuades the spring to unwind. Ilya is like a snake charmer. But a snake would be easier. And less dangerous.

Ilya’s fingers find Shane’s cock and his head is pushed lightly into his palm. Ilya slides up the length of it, and his fingers meet in a pinch at Shane’s tip.

Shane writhes under Ilya, his neck twisting and his chin lifting into the air. “Nnhhh!” Shane violently pushes his hips into the air to find purchase in Ilya’s grasp. In response, Ilya lifts his hand, and lets go of Shane altogether.

Shane gasps in confusion.

“First,” Ilya says, “tell me about your dream.”

“Fuck, off, Rozanov, I don’t remember it.” Shane veils desperation with fake contempt.

Ilya lets go of Shane’s wrist and rips the blankets off the bed. Shane shivers, and his beautiful body is revealed to Ilya. His perfect pecs, his *ridiculously* enormous thighs... Ilya gets on top of Shane and straddles him.

“Ilya,” Shane says like it’s a command, but no other words follow.

“Shane,” Ilya responds in kind, defiant.

Shane’s mouth turns into a line, and he tries to lift himself off the bed, or shake Ilya off him, but he fails. It’s not that Shane is weaker than Ilya, it’s just easier for Ilya, who gets to use his own weight as well as the force of his muscles simultaneously.

Ilya moves his boxers to take his mostly soft cock out through the slit, and lets it rest against Shane’s abs. “Maybe you should just get to work on me first, since you don’t remember.”

Shane lets his head droop—even though, it rests horizontally on his pillow... but he still gets the message across—and does nothing.

Ilya grabs Shane’s hand and puts it on his cock. “Like this, Hollander.”

Shane laughs. “Ilya, for fuck’s sake—”

Ilya interrupts. “For what’s sake? Don’t know such a word.”

Shane pouts. Ilya feels his dick get hot. *Why is he so beautiful when he’s annoyed?* Ilya’s thoughts correct themselves. *He’s always beautiful.*

Shane says, “We were... on the ice.”

“Da? Something coming back to you?” Ilya asks teasingly.

“The place is totally empty. Like that movie with Chris Evans where they’re playing basketball,” Shane says.

“I don’t know it,” Ilya says.

“What? You said you love American romcoms.”

“I don’t know this ‘Chris Evans.’”

“It’s about this woman calling all her exes, and—”

“Oh, da, da, and they’re in Madison Square Garden.” Ilya pauses for less than a second and smirks. “You remember these movies by who male lead was?”

Shane rolls his eyes. “Shut uuup, Rozanov.”

Ilya drops his face close to Shane's again, and grabs his neck. He holds himself millimeters above Shane's lips. Shane breathes roughly through his mouth, and waits for Ilya to kiss him. When Ilya doesn't, Shane lifts his head, but Ilya retreats just as he does.

A "huh?" escapes Shane.

Ilya reaches behind his back and puts his hand onto Shane's cock again, and uses just his index and middle fingers to move up and down the shaft.

Shane shakes through a deep breath.

"What happens next?" Ilya whispers.

Shane swallows. "T-the – we're on the ice, and no one else is there... hah... and I'm stretching, on my knees... hah, ah..."

Ilya wraps his full hand around Shane's cock now, and thrusts quickly exactly once. Shane brings his arms up and pushes his hands into the mattress. "Shit," he whispers.

Ilya keeps a steady pace now. "I'm waaait-iiinnng," he says slyly.

"Fuck. And then, um... Ilya..."

Ilya rights his posture and looks back at Shane's dick. Shane's crotch is in the shadow of Ilya's body, but he still sees what he needs to. Ilya puts a sweaty hand on Shane's chest and pushes himself to move down Shane's body. Now positioned with Shane's erection in front of him, Ilya uses one hand to play with Shane's dick, and slides his other hand under Shane's boxers to begin massaging Shane's hole.

"Ah! Ilya! I... Ilya, I—"

"Can't focus, Hollander? Something about getting stretched out on the ice?"

"Stretching! Not getting stretched – hng! No, you're right, I, I, um... Suddenly, you're behind me... And your hands are under my clothes..."

"Sounds familiar." Ilya drops what he's doing and grabs the ends of the opening of Shane's boxers in each fist, and pulls harshly. He makes a rip so that Shane's underwear is torn in half, and the fabric only lies beneath him, now, as Ilya pushes apart the now ripped halves.

Shane gasps. "Ilya! You—"

"Shh. What is word. Urgent! Was urgent. Had to." Ilya lowers his face to Shane's ass and licks at Shane's hole.

"Ah – fuck! Fuh, fuck! I-Ilyaaa—!"

Shane's brain empties like his power button is being held down—the metronome's pendulum slows to a stop, the spring begins to unwrap from around the steel ball. His entire body shakes as Ilya digs into his entrance with his tongue.

Still jerking him off, Ilya lifts his face mere inches and says, “Hollander, need story to keep going. What am I supposed to do now?”

Shane says nothing, and Ilya glances up to look at him. Shane’s face flicks back and forth, left and right, eyes shut so tight that his eyebrows almost meet. His breathing is rapid and intense, and his chest heaves to capture every breath. He’s panting, and with his mouth wide open in a never-ending whine, an *almost* invisible line of drool escapes his mouth.

Ilya beams. “Game over already?” He says. Ilya lifts his still-working hand off of Shane’s dick and removes his own boxers to free his dick, which has hardened up at the sight and smell and taste of his love.

In the moment of going untouched, Shane opens his eyes, confused and dopey. He looks down at Ilya, and his dick has grown.

Shane nods rapidly.

Ilya makes eye contact as he lines up his cock. He says, “Is this what happens next, Hollander?”

Stupid Russian accent. Stupid sandy hair. Stupid bouncing chest. Stupid veiny arms, rippling abs, happy trail, enormous dick. Everything about Ilya Rozanov is so fucking – perfect.

Shane’s thoughts leave him again as he feels Ilya’s tip bump against his inner thigh, hot and loud.

“Yes – no – I don’t—” Shane interrupts himself as he opens the drawer to his nightstand and grabs a bottle of lube, throwing it at Ilya. “Just fuck me.”

Ilya lubes up his dick and quickly slathers Shane’s hole, too, although it’s already bathed in sweat and saliva. He enters with a finger, and continues pressing in with the lube.

“*Fuck!*” Shane shouts. Really, shouts. If they were in an apartment, their neighbors would hear him loud and clear. “Ilya.”

Shane’s voice is serious. Ilya pauses, and looks up. Shane’s face is exhausted, like he just ran a marathon.

“Just put it in,” Shane says. His face is flushed, and his eyelids flit open and shut.

“I don’t have condo—”

“Fuck me *now*, Rozanov.” Shane covers his eyes with his forearm. “Fucking fuck me already.”

Ilya’s brain comes apart. He gulps. He tips his head inside of Shane, and Shane explodes in a moan. It’s part pain, part relief.

“Ilyaaa...” Shane sings out.

“Hollander...” Ilya pushes in as slowly as his can, but everything is slippery with lube and sweat. He grabs at Shane’s hips and pulls him closer. Shane whines with every little adjustment.

Something crosses Shane’s mind: *And to think we just fucked before we went to sleep, too...*

“Hollander, I’m going to—”

“Don’t you dare say cum.”

Ilya exhales with a smile. “No. I’m going to do this.”

Ilya grabs handfuls of Shane in his hands—his back, his waist, his ass—and drags him. He lifts him into the air.

“Woah! Shit,” Shane says. “Oh, fuck, shit!”

“Is okay?” Ilya asks.

Shane’s arms wrap around Ilya’s neck and shoulders, and Ilya holds him so that his dick can fuck directly up into Shane’s ass.

“No more talking,” Shane utters between pants.

“Oh? I think I’ll decide when no more talking.”

As Ilya finally stops making adjustments, his dick is frozen in place inside of Shane. Shane pants and shivers. He begins gritting his teeth.

“Ilya,” he says. “Please.”

“Shane,” Ilya says, a huge smile painted on his face.

Shane desperately tries to buck his hips, but his body doesn’t really move in the way he’s attempting, what with bones and muscles and skin restricting him.

Ilya looks down as Shane does this, and finds a warm joy rising in his chest. He says, “How does dream end?”

Shane almost growls. His words come from his throat, and his voice is so deep. Ilya loves hearing Shane’s voice like this. He says, “I wake up in your arms, and you’re there playing with my dick, and then you fuck me till I can’t speak.”

Still unmoving, Ilya turns his head slightly, and nods, just looking away at the ceiling. “Sounds like good dream.”

“*Rozan—*”

Ilya starts pumping into Shane right as he speaks.

“—*nnh!*” Shane is set aflame with pleasure. His voice leaks out of him, and Ilya drinks it up. As Shane opens his mouth to curse, and moan, and whine, Ilya unites their lips. It’s loose and sloppy, and Shane can barely form a cohesive seal in their kiss as Ilya pounds away. The more Shane falls apart, the more ferocious Ilya is to take him.

There are men who miss the mark when they top, there are men who scrape past the spot, and then there’s Ilya. Shane’s entire body—save for his arms, which clutch onto Ilya’s wide back for dear life—is fucked into a limp mess. The spring is completely uncoiled, now.

Ilya walks forward and pins Shane up against the wall, which is still a blind covering a window. Then he puts both his hands in the crooks of Shane’s knees, and pushes so that Shane is wedged up against the wall, stuck in the air. He’s heard Shane ask for it every way: harder, faster, rougher, deeper. Ilya doesn’t need to hear those words anymore to know what Shane wants. But, even as he goes as fast as he can, some stupid plea bubbles up out of Shane.

“Fuck! Oh, fuck, Rozanov! Harder!”

“I – *Shaaaane!*” Ilya moans. Shane is so slicked, and warm, and *tight*. It feels like Ilya’s dick is getting fucking microwaved and hydraulically pressed at the same time.

Shane is writhing frantically, and almost begins to slide down the wall, but Ilya catches him with one hand. Shane’s left foot slides to the floor, but he still isn’t quite standing as all of his weight is in Ilya’s arms, that leg just barely balances him.

Shane can tell he’s about to cum because his thoughts return to him in a rush. Not his normal thoughts, rather, it’s almost like a report card of the sex he’s just had. He says the main thing that comes to mind out loud. “You’re – hah – so – ah, hng! – fffucking big, Ilya!”

Ilya is like a Jenga tower, getting built and getting destroyed at the same time. As he reaches his climax, he takes Shane off the wall to move him back to the bed. However, it’s like the way the body loses control when it laughs—Ilya can’t keep Shane aloft as he reaches his orgasm, and he fumbles to the floor as his knees buckle. Thankfully, in the tangle, they never disconnect. Shane’s back hits the floor with a light thump, only truly “falling” a few inches as Ilya does everything in his power to hold his weight.

Shane gasps as he lands. “Ilya!”

Ilya cums inside, all words failing him except for one: “*Sh-Shaaaaane...!*”

Ilya’s body convulses. “Hah! Ah! Ah! Hnn!” His pecs tense, his arms and legs freeze, his shoulders tighten, his eyes shut, and finally his neck drops the weight of his head. He’s left panting.

Simultaneously (although technically, imperceptibly, moments after Ilya) Shane releases. His dick launches cum into the air like a cannon, and he cries out. “Fuuuuuck! Fuh, hng! Fuck! Uhn!” Shane’s first rope of semen gets caught in Ilya’s hair. The rest splashes all over his own stomach.

Both men are at a loss for words. But, even with no energy left in his body, Ilya manages to lean forward—still inside Shane—and begin licking at Shane’s abs, vacuuming up the cum with his mouth.

Shane opens his eyes and glances down at the sensation of Ilya’s tongue, and begins laughing. “You’re insane...” he manages to say.

Ilya simply says, “I have to. I have to.” He licks his lips and continues lapping up the mess. When he’s done, he sits back on his haunches and gently removes himself from Shane. Shane moans even at that.

They sit there for minutes. Shane on his back, hands covering his eyes, panting. Ilya, leaning back with his knees on the floor, also panting.

“I love you,” Ilya says.

“I love you more,” Shane says.

Haven’t heard that line yet, Ilya thinks. He smiles, and gathers Shane up in his arms.

“Hey, hey – we have to—”

“Shower? In morning.”

“What!? I’m filthy! I’ll never get to sleep like this...”

But Ilya is already laying Shane back into his spot, and Shane isn’t resisting in the slightest. No matter how dirty everything is, Shane does not have the physical, literal energy to do what he wants right now.

“I’ll help you to sleep,” Ilya says reassuringly. He gets in bed, too, and spoons Shane.

Ilya’s breathing is still heavy. Shane notices, and says, “How’d you even keep that up for so long?”

“My love—” something Ilya has never said not in Russian to Shane “—is 5 in the morning. We can review tomorrow.”

Shane—sticky, sweaty, and without covers—nuzzles into Ilya’s arms and warmth. His ass even rests against Ilya’s dick. Then something dawns on him.

“Ilya?”

“Mmm?” Ilya’s eyes are closed.

“I’m gonna be... making a mess on you...”

“You already made mess.”

“I mean, you came inside me, and I...”

Ilya realizes what he means and glances down between their bodies. There's nothing he can see, so he adjusts himself and uses a hand to spread Shane's ass and look. His conquest is just as Shane described.

Ilya falls back onto his pillow, laughing.

Shane sits up on an elbow and looks at him. "Hey!"

"Whaaat, what? I am clean. You know, no sickness. And I only sleep with you now." Ilya plants a kiss on Shane's bicep.

Shane sighs, and falls back into Ilya's arms. "I can't even move."

They lie there in peace.

But the light is still on.

"Ilya?"

"Oh, ёбнутый Shane, what is it?"

"Can you turn off the light?"

"Is on your side!"

"Too... tireed..."

Ilya gets up and walks all the way around the bed to click the light off. "This coming from the center with two Stanley Cups..."

But it's worth it. As Ilya circles the bed, he sees Shane's smile. His warm smile, his eyes closed, his body shining with sweat. *This is worth anything*, Ilya thinks.

"Thank you. Love you," Shane says.

Ilya gets back into bed and finally, in the dark, wraps himself around Shane.

"Я тебя люблю."

Shane repeats him, faintly, in the comfortable, enveloping tenebrosity: "Ya tebya la-blue."

×

In the morning, Shane remembers how Ilya ripped his underwear in half and scolds him for it. But Ilya mocks him in a fake apology, going on about how horrible it was for Shane to get pleased like he did—how he was so spent that he couldn't even reach his hand to turn off the light. Shane can only blush at that. He spends well over an hour showering, cleaning his ass, and making his bed. Once he's done, he goes to join Ilya on the couch in the living room, but... can't.

Shane stands over the sofa, his body slowly lowering and raising itself.

“Shane?”

Shane reaches behind himself with rigid arms, and tries to sit. His breathing becomes labored.

“Shane? You okay?”

“I – I can’t—”

“What’s wrong?” Ilya stands and throws his phone on the couch.

Shane drops his head in embarrassment.

“I... My ass hurts too much... To sit...” Shane looks back up at Ilya as he says it.

A smile, slow and wide, spreads across Ilya’s face. He covers his mouth and turns away as he laughs.

“Ohhh my god – Ilya!”

Ilya, still laughing uproariously, picks Shane up bridal style and lays him down on the couch.

Shane laughs now, too. Ilya lifts Shane’s legs and sits beneath them, and kisses the top of his foot. “Need painkiller after I fuck you from now on?”

Laughter ruins Shane’s serious façade. “Fuck off, Rozanov.”

End Notes

in my head, shane genuinely does not remember the dream he had so he just makes shit up as things progress LOL but they're too tired afterwards for shane to reveal that

also i'm considering making an alt on twt so i can engage with hollanov and HR fandom over there. right now i'm just a lurker on my main account but, yeah, just considering that. idk if anyone even cares about that actually but notes section is for me to think out loud and for you to listen

please consider leaving kindly worded feedback! <3 love u guys, see ya

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