Have you ever tried this one?

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by rozyholly

Summary

There is no plot. There is no foreplay. This is smut.

He never broke eye contact with Shane–not for a second. Their breathing picked up, growing heavier as that familiar pull of desire and want overtook them. They stared at each other, fully aware of just how far gone they both were, how badly they wanted each other, how obsessed they'd become with each other.

Notes

First fic for Heated Rivalry! Just recently got back into writing, so I hope everyone enjoys.

And if say that I wrote this for another fic I was working on, but it fit so well with hollanov that I just changed all of the names, would ya'll believe me?

See the end of the work for more notes

Hollander-Rozanov Residence - Sometime in late 2021

—

“Fuck, Ilya. *Please*.” Shane begged.

Ilya’s hands were greedy.

They ran over Shane’s muscled thighs, his hips, his ass, his chest. He would twist Shane’s nipples or run his fingers over where they were connected, feeling himself go in and out of Shane’s body–touching him all over as Shane rode his cock. He loved how Ilya's hands never left his body, as if he couldn’t get enough of him. Shane could never keep quiet at the constant rubbing, kissing, biting, touching–it felt so good to be worshipped, and the gasps and grunts Ilya let out every time he thrust up into him also served as a reminder that Ilya was also enjoying this just as much as him.

Ilya was laid back against the pillows of their bed, with his feet flat on the mattress, supporting Shane as he rode him, and also giving himself the extra control to thrust up into him. It felt heavenly. Shane’s own cock was hard and leaking onto Ilya’s stomach, bobbing between them as he moved, steadily chasing his own pleasure.

“Please what, baby?” Ilya teased him.

“Ple-please let me–*ungh fuck*–let me come,” Shane panted. He felt his orgasm coming quicker than he could get the words out.

It wasn’t as if he needed Ilya’s express permission to come, the brunette loved to get Shane off, as many times and in as many ways as possible. Shane just thought it was hot to have to beg for it, and his husband was more than happy to indulge him.

Ilya got off on Shane getting off, and Shane got off on Ilya getting off to him, it all came back full circle. In short, they were both obsessed with each other, borderline unhealthily so.

Shane fucking loved it.

“Show me how much you want it,” Ilya groaned under him.

Shane’s legs were starting to shake from the pleasure and the strain of riding his husband into the mattress, but he had never been one to turn down a challenge.

Ilya, however, did not even give him the option to accept or refuse the challenge he had proposed.

Shane’s breath stuttered as Ilya grabbed him by the neck with both hands, tangling his fingers in his hair and rubbing his thumbs over his cheeks. He pulled Shane down to meet his open mouth, not giving him a chance to catch his breath or adjust to the position before he tangled their tongues together. Shane settled with his forearms on either side of Ilya’s head, holding himself up quite poorly–not that Ilya seemed to mind the extra weight.

Shane moaned loudly into his mouth, the change in position pressing Ilya's cock at an even better angle than before, pushing even harder against Shane's prostate as he took advantage of the new position, which gave him more room to drive into Shane harder and deeper.

"*Oh fuck*–fuck," Shane broke their kiss to pant into Ilya's mouth. "Fuck you."

Ilya heaved a laugh at him, knowing that Shane was weak to being grabbed by the neck. So extremely weak to having his whole face enveloped by Ilya's hands and devoured by his mouth.

Shane's cock was now trapped between their bodies, sliding back and forth with each thrust. His precum mixed with their sweat made it deliciously wet and hot, and–yeah there was no way Shane was winning this.

Shane decided it was a challenge he had accepted in spirit only, and he would get Ilya back tenfold. For now, he just held on for the ride. It was honestly a win either way in his book.

His orgasm was already tugging at his stomach. He gasped and moaned loudly into Ilya's neck, unable to keep quiet or form a coherent sentence at Ilya's domination of his body. Ilya's mouth was already back on him, this time on his neck, sucking bruises into his skin as he held Shane tightly, one hand on Shane's head tangled in his hair, pulling him closer, the other sliding down his back and grabbing a handful of his ass cheek and moving Shane's body in time with his thrusts, holding him hard enough to bruise the skin as he fucked him.

An endless stream of *please, Ilya, fuck, ungh* ran out of his mouth, each word tacking onto the next until it was just a mix of whimpering, pleading, gibberish. He felt his hole start to clench around Ilya's cock as his orgasm started to take over and his body started to convulse.

"Ilya! Ilya–I'm com–"

Ilya pulled his head back from his neck, a string of saliva connecting Shane's mouth to Ilya's shoulder where he had drooled in his frenzied mumbling.

"Let me see you come," Ilya huffed out, his breath short. "Show me how good it feels when I fuck you, Shane."

Shane made eye contact with Ilya for all of two seconds. The piercing gaze of his husband quickly became lost as Shane felt his eyes roll back in pleasure. His head would've fallen back into Ilya's chest, had the other man not been holding him up, his fingers tangled in his hair to keep him in place.

Shane's whole body stiffened and started to shake as his orgasm was drug out of his body. He felt the wetness grow between their chests as he came. His stomach tightened and his legs clenched around Ilya's hips as he fucked him through it. His mouth had dropped open on an unending moan, being broken up into little whimpers as his voice faltered with each thrust into his prostate.

"*Fuck*. You're so hot." Ilya moaned from underneath him.

Shane felt another wave of pleasure roll over him from the words. Any embarrassment he would've felt at losing his composure and dignity this close to Ilya's face, and drooling while he was at it, was completely overshadowed by the fact that he was currently losing his fucking mind in ecstasy.

As Shane started to come down from his orgasm, he felt Ilya grab him and start to move his hips again so that Shane was back to grinding on his lap, sending little jolts of pleasure through him as he whimpered and his body spasmed from the overstimulation.

Shane pushed himself up on shaking hands and sat his full weight back on Ilya's hips, savoring the fullness he felt and the little aftershocks of pleasure as he wiggled and continued grinding, trying to steady his breathing and regain some semblance of composure. Ilya's lap felt slippery from all of the lube that had leaked out of his hole mixed with sweat and now cum, making the glide of his hips back and forth easy and wet.

The string of saliva had broken and clung to his chin. Shane wiped it with his thumb and stuck it in Ilya's mouth, his other hand coming down to rest on Ilya's chest for support as he continued to ride him slowly. Ilya readily sucked his finger as he continued to feel all over Shane's body.

Shane could feel how droopy his eyelids were, weighed down by lust for the man underneath him, whose skin was flushed and covered in a light sheen of sweat, his curly hair both a mess on the pillow behind him and sticking to his forehead, his lips swollen from the kissing and biting, his eyes still wild with desire. *Fuck*, he was dating the sexiest man alive.

"Can you go again?" Ilya asked him breathily, his voice muffled by Shane's finger in his mouth. He brought one of his hands to Shane's wrist, holding his hand in place as he sucked harder on his finger.

Shane thought about it. Shortly. I wasn't even really a question, more of a forewarning. He felt his breathing start to get heavy again, the tension in the air hadn't dissipated yet despite orgasming. His cock had gone slightly soft, but he felt it start to fill out again as Ilya's cock, still rock hard, rubbed just slightly against his prostate every time he ground down. His only thought was *more*.

He nodded.

Ilya's eyes darkened even further, his own eyelids drooping with unconcealed lust. The hand he was holding Shane's wrist with suddenly reached all the way up his arm to his neck, Ilya grabbed him and flipped him onto his back. He reached up to grab a pillow, tapping Shane's side, prompting him to arch off the bed just enough so that Ilya could shove it under his back.

He started moving slowly, continuing the shallow thrusts, barely moving outside of Shane's body, just grinding into him, a deeper thrust every now and then. He ran his hands over Shane's chest, smearing the cum and sweat over his body, moving over his shoulders, then his biceps, down to his wrists. He grabbed Shane's hands and brought both of them up to his head, pinning him down, intertwining their fingers as he did so.

He never broke eye contact with Shane–not for a second. Their breathing picked up, growing heavier as that familiar pull of desire and want overtook them. They stared at each other, fully aware of just how far gone they both were, how badly they wanted each other, how obsessed they'd become with each other.

Ilya brought his head down to pull one of Shane's nipples into his mouth. Lightly biting it with his teeth to get it hard and then swirling his tongue around it to get it wet and messy before sucking it. Shane couldn't stop the moan that left his mouth from the stimulation and from watching Ilya look up through his eyelashes at him while he sucked a mark onto his chest.

Shane started squirming as Ilya moved to the other nipple giving it the same treatment.

Bite, lick, suck.

Ilya pulled off of a fresh bruise right next to his right nipple, the cold air hardening the nub even further.

"Will you be good and come for me again?" Ilya asked him, though he already knew the answer.

Shane was laying here already blissed out of his mind. Hickeys blooming all over his chest and neck, his hair tangled beyond reason, bruises in the shape of hands already forming on his hips, his nipples hard and sensitive, his lips swollen and red, his skin tingling all over from Ilya's constant exploration of his body, his hole throbbing yet greedy for more, and his cock already at half mast again.

Yes, Shane was going to come for him.

He felt ready to come again just thinking about how debauched and fucked out he probably looked. Probably the same way that Ilya currently looked with Shane's own bruises and marks covering his skin.

Shane ultimately decided to be a brat since Ilya didn't even give him the chance to rise to his earlier challenge, mind-altering orgasm aside.

"I dunno. *Can* you even make me come again?"

It was weak.

It was a pitiful attempt at brattiness and Shane knew that. Ilya knew it too. Ilya could probably drag six more orgasms from him without even trying that hard. Shane was so gone on him. His mind was still recovering and he wasn't in the right mindset to come up with anything better. The insult didn't really matter though, it did what it needed to do, which was to rile Ilya up.

Ilya huffed a laugh, more of a scoff, but his smile wasn't friendly or joking–it was predatory, and Shane knew what usually followed that smile.

He was going to love it and hate it so much.

Ilya let go of his hands and sat back on his heels, his cock still buried in Shane. He reached up over Shane's body towards the nightstand, grabbing something from the drawer. When Ilya came back into view, he was holding a pair of handcuffs. He shook them in Shane's face tauntingly, but as a question. Shane nodded. He wrapped the cuffs around each of his wrists, securing them to the headboard. His arms were raised above his head, stretching his body out and leaving him completely at Ilya's mercy.

He then ran his fingers down Shane's body, spreading the cum over his stomach and scooping some of it up onto two fingers.

Ilya's eyes flicked over to his. Shane opened his mouth without even being told, sticking his tongue out and panting, his breathing quick from the adrenaline of being restrained.

Ilya stuck his cum-coated fingers into Shane's mouth. The sharp flavor spread in his mouth as he smeared it all over his tongue. Ilya pushed his tongue back in slightly and hooked his fingers behind Shane's bottom teeth, pulling his jaw open as he bent down, coming face to face with Shane.

He hovered over Shane for a moment, Shane felt the tip of his tongue brush against Ilya's fingers unconsciously moving on its own. Ilya held his gaze, his eyes flicked from his eyes, down to his mouth, and then back up again.

"Stick your tongue out." He whispered, as if speaking any louder would break something between them. Shane didn't dare to even breathe.

He stuck out his tongue out, resting it on top of Ilya's fingers, coating them with saliva and cum as it dripped off of the muscle.

Ilya licked his lips before he bent down and licked the cum off of Shane's tongue, still watching him with those sharp, unforgiving eyes. Not kissing him, not sucking his tongue, just licking the cum from it.

Licking it like you would lick crumbs from a dish you didn't want to be done with yet, trying to savor it until the last piece. His tongue moved from the tip of Shane's to the back and then curled to lick the roof of his mouth. Shane let out a pitiful whine and that seemed to break the tension.

Ilya was all over him. Devouring his mouth and fucking him into the bed hard and fast. The headboard thumping against the wall, in time with the loud slapping of skin every time Ilya pushed into him. Shane's legs were bent at the knees and burned with the stretch of accommodating Ilya's body in between them.

The pace he set was unforgiving and had Shane seeing stars and moaning right away. Still sensitive from his first orgasm and unable to close his legs or cover his mouth, he was completely at Ilya's mercy. Ilya was muffling some of his sounds with his own tongue, but Shane could hardly kiss back and let him explore his mouth as pleased. He wanted to drag his nails down Ilya's back and leave it streaked with scratches, but his hands were out of commission, leaving him vulnerable to Ilya's every whim.

Ilya pulled back from his lips to breathe and his chain was dangling in front of Shane's face, brushing againt his lips as he fucked him. Shane wanted to lick it.

“You know,” Ilya panted into his mouth “I love it when you beg, Shane.”

“*Yes–ungh–plea–*”

Shane’s cry was cut off by Ilya's hand over his mouth.

“Ah, but begging will not help.” He ground out, Shane’s whimpers muffled by his hand, which he had covered in more cum before silencing him with it. He smiled at Shane, knowing how hard it was for him to keep quiet. Shane had always been vocal and loud in bed. Keeping his voice down was a major struggle they faced when they were still hooking up in hotel rooms.

“Now be good, lay there, and *fucking take it*.”

Shane moaned into Ilya’s hand, closing his eyes from the pleasure. His cock was completely hard again and he felt another orgasm building with every snap of Ilya’s hips.

Ilya let his hand fall from Shane’s mouth, leaving spit and cum smeared over his mouth and chin. He let his fingers trail down Shane’s chest, giving his cock a few tight strokes before letting go. Shane felt his stomach tighten at the touch and he moaned loudly now that his mouth was free.

“More. Please, please–*fuck*”

Ilya pulled Shane’s left leg onto his shoulder, the change in angle pushing his cock directly into his prostate. Ilya started nibbling on his leg, pressing kisses into his skin as he ran his left hand down his leg–from his knee, to his groin, spreading his fingers so that Shane’s cock rested in between his middle and ring finger, but never directly touching his cock. Teasing the area all around it, his hand slick with spit, lube, and cum, running his hand over Shane’s balls and squeezing them, sometimes dipping even lower to feel where his own cock was pounding into Shane.

The fucking sadist. He loved to watch Shane suffer like this, even better if he was the cause of it.

The teasing was driving Shane crazy. He could come completely untouched–he *had* come completely untouched on multiple occasions–but he would never not yearn for a hand on his cock. He wished Ilya would spare him the act and just fucking touch him already.

Unfortunately, Ilya’s modus operandi was to annoy him, so the teasing continued.

“Touch me, Ilya.” He whimpered. He felt ready to cry from the frustrating stimulation and Ilya’s refusal to touch his cock. Shane would’ve pulled himself off, but his hand’s were still bound to the fucking headboard.

“No.” Ilya grunted, emphasizing his words by smacking the outside of the thigh resting on his shoulder, his other hand still working Shane’s groin area without granting him the

satisfaction of touching him where he really wanted it.

“Oh god–*fuck you*,” Shane moaned. Another smack to his thigh.

Shane let out a small yelp at the contact, followed by another loud moan.

“I–I’m–*fuck*–I’m sorry.” Shane stuttered out.

He wasn’t sorry at all.

Ilya also knew this.

He took his hand away from him completely, using both hands to hold Shane’s leg up as he fucked into him.

“No you’re not. Come with just my cock.” Ilya smirked at him.

Hindsight is 20/20 they say.

“Fuck..you.” Shane managed to whimper out between moans.

Ilya just huffed a laugh at him again.

“I’m feeling close, so you better hurry,” Ilya taunted him, smacking his thigh again and squeezing the tender skin right after, “Come on, I know you can do it, Shane.”

Shane wanted to cry. He felt so close already, he just needed something to push him over the edge. *A hand on his cock preferably, if you would please Ilya, you fucking asshole.*

Ilya was unyielding in his conviction not to touch his cock, but the rest of his body was free real estate. He knew just what buttons to push to drive Shane mad, and just what it took to push him over the edge.

“Come for me, Shane,” Ilya breathed, voice low and rough, his eyes blown wide with want. He smacked Shane’s thigh again, dragging his palm over the sensitive skin to prolong the sting. He folded Shane in half, bringing his mouth back down around Shane’s sensitive nipple, sucking the nub.

Shane’s orgasm was ripped out of him without his permission—caught between the bindings at his wrists, the wet warmth on his nipple, Ilya’s relentless rhythm against his prostate, and the lingering echo of that last smack. His body wasn’t his own anymore; it reacted to Ilya’s command before he even had the chance to think.

His back arched off the bed, muscles locking as pleasure ripped up his spine.

“Fuck–fuck–*oh god, Ilya*.” He moaned in sharp, desperate breaths as his body shuddered through it.

His hands curled into fists above him, useless, the chains of the cuffs rattling against the headboard as he struggled in their hold. All he could do was ride it out—again.

He could feel Ilya right there with him, feel the moment he tipped over the edge too—could hear him, even through the roar of blood pounding in his ears.

His vision flickered at the edges as he felt his orgasm begin to wane. A final, broken moan slipped out of him, collapsing into a soft whimper as the last tremors of pleasure left his body and he finally went still.

As Shane attempted to recoup, he felt the handcuffs being released. He felt Ilya slowly slipping out of him and letting his leg down off of his shoulder. He felt his hot cum running down between his thighs and onto the pillow below him.

Ilya gently slid the pillow out from beneath him, allowing Shane's back to straighten out comfortably against the mattress. He eased Shane's arms down from where they'd been held, his fingers moving in slow, careful circles over Shane's shoulders to work out any tightness, and then moving to check his wrists, making sure the cuffs were not too harsh. His touch stayed warm and steady, grounding Shane back into his own body.

He brushed his hand over Shane's chest–moving through the new streaks of his cum there–and leaned down to press soft kisses along Shane's lips, his cheeks, the line of his jaw, licking the cum off of his face as he went. Each kiss felt like a quiet apology, a reassurance, a wordless *I've got you*.

Then Ilya stretched out beside him, propped up on one elbow so he could keep watching him, his hand never leaving Shane's chest. He traced slow, soothing circles over his skin, matching the rhythm of Shane's breath as it slowly steadied. Shane focused on breathing, the warmth of Ilya's palm, and on trying to get his legs to stop trembling and his stomach to stop tensing with aftershocks of pleasure. *He couldn't.*

When he finally had enough sense to form words again, he chanced a look over at Ilya. The asshole had the most insufferable, triumphant, shit-eating grin on his stupid face.

Shane let out a breathy laugh—half exhausted, half incredulous, everything sore. "Fuck you," he muttered, voice rough. "You asshole"

Ilya only grinned harder, leaning in and capturing Shane's mouth again. He kissed him slowly this time, nothing like the desperate, heated kisses from earlier. His hand slid up to cradle Shane's neck, thumb brushing gently over his cheek as his lips moved slowly, tenderly against Shane's.

Shane let out a low, involuntary moan against Ilya's mouth. Ilya pulled back with a breathless laugh.

Shane instantly whined at the loss, reaching after him without thinking.

"We cannot go again," Ilya said, trying for stern, but the fondness dripping through his voice ruined the effect entirely.

"I just love kissing you," Shane said, giving him his most pathetically innocent look—wide eyes, soft pout, the whole bit.

Ilya conceded.

“I love you,” He said, watching Shane carefully.

“I love you, too,” Shane whispered back, watching as the words made Ilya smile lightly.

He leaned in and gave Shane one more quick kiss…then promptly abandoned him, sliding out of bed.

“What? No cuddle?” Shane whined, scandalized.

“No. No cuddle. I have team meeting now. I forgot.” Ilya said, shrugging his shoulders.

“Hey!” Shane laughed at the horrid impression of himself “I apologized for that! And we’re on the same team, there is no meeting.”

“Oh, I know,” Ilya smirked at him. “Come on, Hollander.”

He waded over to the ensuite bathroom.

Shane rolled his eyes at the use of his last name and shamelessly ogled him as he went. He hated to see him leave, but *loved* to watch him go. His eyes roamed over Ilya’s body, his thick legs, his muscled back, and his round ass. The way he moved was arrogant, confident, and completely unfair.

Shane rolled onto his side to keep the best possible view of Ilya through the open bathroom door.

Through the mirror, he watched Ilya’s reflection—broad chest, lean lines, the familiar moles that Shane knew by touch as well as sight. His body still sheened in sweat making the lines of his body more pronounced. His neck, front and back, was covered in hickeys and bite marks. Shane could also see the drying drool on his shoulder shiny in the bathroom light. His gaze drifted down to the sharp cut of Ilya’s hips, his V-line prominent—until the sink blocked the rest from view, earning a frustrated snicker from Shane.

He dragged his eyes back up, meeting Ilya’s gaze in the mirror.

Ilya was giving him a look that very clearly said, *Really*?

Shane beamed at him, laughing awkwardly. Guilty as charged.

“Are you coming to shower with me or what?” Ilya spoke as he strode further into the bathroom, and out of Shane’s sight. He heard the shower turn on and water start running in the bathroom.

“Ilya,” Shane called, “If I ever turn down showering with you, you need to take me to the hospital, immediately, do you understand?”

Ilya’s laugh echoed in the bathroom. It was bright, warm, and very dear to Shane.

“Just come.”

Shane swung his legs off the bed and into a sitting position on the side of the bed. As he went to stand, his legs gave out from underneath him, and he collapsed into a heap on the floor.

“Fuck!”

“Shane?” he heard Ilya’s concerned voice call out for him.

Shane pulled himself up, using the bed as support with his legs trembling underneath him, unable to support his weight.

Ilya appeared, his hair and body wet from his short stint in the shower, a towel wrapped hastily around his waist. His face broke out in a grin.

“Fuck you.”

End Notes

Come find me being a freak on twitter @rozyholly

Also should I have had Ilya eat him out at the end, reading it back got me thinking...

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