

Feels So Good When You're In It (My Heart's On Fire)

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by [Chaoticity](#)

Summary

This is exactly what Ilya needed. He couldn't help himself, really. His boyfriend's lithe, soft body was so malleable in his hands. The feeling of control surged through his core, but at the same time, a spark of something blinding white and beautiful raced through him even faster: reverence.

OR: a somno Hollanov fic (everyone cheered)

Notes

Hiii AO3 nation, first time long time!

I've been reading fanfic for over 15 years, but this is my first time completing and publishing something of my own! Hollanov have been a wealth of inspiration iykwm 🥰

The name is from Love Kills by KATIE

The Russian in this fic is brought to you by Google Translate unfortunately 🙄 please correct me if anything is wrong.

Finally, this was not beta read. If you notice anything feel free to let me know!

K I think that's it — enjoy!

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

“*Lyubimiy*,” Ilya called softly from his place on the couch. He rose slowly before making his way to the recliner where Shane snored softly. He fell asleep remarkably early, barely getting past the 1st period of the Admirals game on the tv. Ilya watched halfheartedly as Scott Hunter secured an easy victory against Detroit. He shut the television off with mere seconds left in the game before standing to gather his sleeping boyfriend in his arms.

Nights like this still didn’t come often for them. They were finally settling into a routine after coming out to Shane’s parents, but unfortunately quality time was rarely a part of said routine. Ilya was still traveling between Boston and Montreal regularly, and while he’d secured a place in Ottawa already, he still had a while to go before his contract was up. Then he would be only two hours away from Shane. Two hours was nothing. He’d make the drive there and back daily if it meant he got to bring this man that he loved to bed every night.

Still, for now, for tonight, this was enough. He carried Shane bridal style to the bedroom in his Montreal home—his *real* bedroom. The one he lived in when he wasn’t at the cottage or on the road. Ilya would never understand how he got so lucky.

He gently placed Shane on the right side of the bed, making sure the covers were folded back for him. He could tell that the jostling had woken him, and it wasn’t long before those deep, brown eyes peeked open to meet Ilya’s hazel ones. It took him a second before he registered his change in location.

“How did I get in bed?” His voice was soft, laced with sleep.

“Rozanov Taxi Services. You owe me \$15.”

“Oh no,” Shane lazily mimed checking his pockets. “I seem to have forgotten my wallet. Do you accept other payments?”

Ilya hummed thoughtfully. “No just the money I think thanks.”

“Fuck you,” Shane grabbed one of the many decorative pillows that have yet to be thrown on the ground and tossed it in Ilya’s direction.

“Mmm, doesn’t sound like a bad idea,” Ilya murmured, crossing over to his side of the bed. He dropped his basketball shorts on the ground, leaving him in only his boxer briefs, before slotting in next to Shane.

“I’m ridiculously tired right now,” Shane groaned in response. Ilya couldn’t blame him. He had a day full of meetings—about the charity, about the press event, about the sponsorships. It was exhausting. Ilya knows, because he attended most of the same ones. Still, Ilya also knew that they both had clear schedules in the morning. Ilya had to head back to Boston in the afternoon, and Shane had a game that evening, but other than that they were free to be lazy and sleep in.

“That’s okay, you can sleep,” He ended up saying. “Just don’t mind me.”

“Mind you doing what?” Ilya’s hand moved to trace up Shane’s thigh, causing a slight gasp to slip out of the freckled man’s mouth.

“There’s no possible way I can sleep while you’re doing that,” Shane pushes Ilya’s hand off of him before rolling onto his side, facing away from his boyfriend.

Well, that would not do.

Ilya plastered his torso on Shane’s back, bending his knees to spoon the smaller man. “Ok, how about this. I will not touch you so you can get your beauty sleep,” he kissed the temple below him before continuing.

“But...” Shane supplied, knowing Ilya well enough to know there was a catch left unsaid.

“But, once you’re asleep,” Ilya continued. “I can touch you as long as you don’t wake up.”

Shane sputtered slightly, looking adorably confused. “I’m not going to get hard in my sleep.”

“You don’t have to worry about that,” Ilya dismissed. “You get hard or you don’t, you will be sleeping.”

“So what’s the point?”

“I get to touch my hot fucking boyfriend,” Ilya responded easily. Shane seemed lost in thought for a minute.

“So will you...,” He paused and Ilya could see the blush rising to his cheeks.

“Marry you?” Ilya filled in the blank. “I don’t know Hollander, maybe take me to dinner first.”

“Fuck you,” Shane laughed, reaching for another pillow projectile. Ilya pinned his arm down just as his fingers caught around it, but Shane was still able to use his wrist to weakly chuck the pillow at Ilya’s head. It bounced off slightly before landing behind him.

“No,” Shane corrected once they settled back down. “Will you, like... Fuck me? While I’m asleep? I think I would definitely feel that.” And well... that was a challenge if Ilya ever heard one. Shane must’ve realized the same thing because he immediately switched to a new tactic. “And what happens if I wake up?”

“Then I get to fuck you awake. Or, I stop if you want to.” Ilya was pressing soft, wet kisses to the outer shell of Shane’s ear. “*Lyubimiy*... please,” he whined. “Just go to sleep and let me use you to get off.”

He felt Shane shiver at this. He knew he had him now. Shane twisted his head in what had to be an uncomfortable position with his lips pursed. Ilya took the hint and leaned down to connect their lips. He lightly gripped Shane’s jaw, guiding the kiss deeper, before releasing him and pulling away, worried about his neck in that awkward position. As Shane started wiggling in front of him, Ilya realized he was taking off his pants and underwear. Soon his

bare ass was on display, and Ilya wasted no time getting his hands on it. “Well, this is a nice surprise.”

“I figured you’d need ease of access,” Ilya couldn’t see his boyfriend’s face right now, but he knew it was blooming a beautiful shade of pink at the implication. *Ilya needed access. To touch him. While he was asleep.*

“How thoughtful of you, *kukolka*.”

“Fuck off,” Shane grumbled, but still pushed back so his ass was pressed right against Ilya's recently growing problem. He still had a long time to go before Shane was in a deep enough sleep for him to do anything. He needed to pace himself. He grabbed the smaller man's hip firmly to stop his movements.

“Shouldn't you be going to sleep now?” As if on cue, Shane let out a loud yawn. They both got comfortable in each other's arms, and Ilya's waiting began.

It turns out Ilya didn't need to wait more than 20 minutes before Shane was fully asleep. He knew it would take longer for him to enter REM, the deepest stage of sleep, so he continued to lay there quietly, syncing his breathing with the sleeping man he loved. After another 30 minutes or so, Ilya figured he was in the clear. Shane had stopped twitching and snoring and instead laid peacefully at Ilya's side. He attempted a few test movements, feeling pleased when Shane didn't react at all. Shane wasn't the deepest of sleepers, but he was a deeper sleeper than Ilya, so he was able to manage some slight jostling with no problem.

With Shane's consciousness—or lack thereof—confirmed, Ilya felt the twist of arousal in his gut come back tenfold. Shane Hollander was prone and vulnerable in front of him. Ilya was in his home, in his bed, with the express permission to touch him in the most intimate ways possible *while he slept*. The subservience nearly took his breath away. Suddenly, Ilya needed to touch Shane everywhere. He couldn't though, or he'd ruin their little game. And that *definitely* couldn't happen.

Instead, he settled with running one hand up his thigh, fingertips barely grazing the supple skin. He felt the involuntary goosebumps raise on Shane’s skin and suppressed a shudder. His hand continued its slow exploration, running across his boyfriend's hips before dipping down to spanned across his stomach. Ilya felt nothing but light peach fuzz on his otherwise naturally smooth torso. His hand continued its gradual descent, fingertips grazing along the unbelievably soft skin as he trailed along his v line.

Shane continued snoring as Ilya's hand dipped lower, passing his soft cock to grasp his balls lightly in his palm. They were light and soft in his hands, though they began to firm up at his ministrations. He continued his massage for a minute before trailing his hand higher. Shane was still mostly soft, though it was the *mostly* that Ilya latched onto. He cupped his hand

around Shane and began slowly rubbing his palm over where he knew his sensitive tip was. It didn't take long for Ilya to feel him filling up his palm as he grew more aroused, even in his unconscious state. Ilya adjusted to wrap his fingers around Shane, now stroking him in earnest.

On one particular upstroke, Ilya heard a quiet whimper leave Shane's throat. He stopped his movements and laid extremely still, not even breathing. Shane wasn't moving much himself, and after a minute of regulated breathing Ilya slowly continued his explorations over his boyfriend's body. One hand trailed up to lightly pinch a nipple while the other continued its work on his now erect cock.

This is exactly what Ilya needed. He couldn't help himself, really. His boyfriend's lithe, soft body was so malleable in his hands. The feeling of control surged through his core, but at the same time, a spark of something blinding white and beautiful and *pure* raced through him even faster—reverence. The mostly obscured moonlight highlighted his lover's sleeping form in pale blue. His face remained soft and so very vulnerable as Ilya greedily took what he wanted. The only sign that Shane may be registering any of this at all was the tiny whimpers leaving his parted lips each time Ilya's fist made its way up to tease the tip of his cock. Ilya continued like this for a minute, enjoying the feeling of the other man in his hands and the hushed sounds coming from his lips. Eventually, Shane's whimpers were coming more frequently and at higher volumes, and Ilya knew he needed to stop if he didn't want to end their game. And he definitely did not.

Shane didn't react to Ilya's abrupt stop, or the way he moved his hand to grasp his thigh instead, but the way his cock involuntarily bobbed on his stomach brought an embarrassing rumble of possessiveness in Ilya's gut. It was like Shane's body was *made* for Ilya. Designed to react to his every touch, to seek him out for pleasure. Like he is the only one who can give Shane the pleasure he so desperately deserves. Like the freckled man below him is the only one that will ever fully satisfy Ilya. That at least, he knows is 100% true.

Ilya ran a feather light finger over Shane's body, starting at his shoulder before trailing the expanse of his profile; dipping into the curve of his waist before rising to meet the swell of his hips. He continued his exploration, reaching as far as Shane's lower thigh before flattening his palm and following the same path all the way back up. This wasn't something he usually got to do—just lay there and admire Shane the way he deserves. The other man would tolerate it for a little bit, but his bashfulness always got the better of him. Usually he would divert Ilya's attention, either with a heated kiss or getting on his knees; maybe presenting a challenge that he knows Ilya can't resist. Ilya, like the loving boyfriend he is, always went along with his diversion tactics, but knowing he didn't have to in this moment was freeing. He could admire every inch of the breathtaking man in front of him. Hell, he could've laid there for hours staring at him. That is, the only thing holding him back was his own self control, rather than the other man's insecurities.

And unfortunately, Ilya wasn't widely known for his self-control. He could only take a few more moments before he needed to make his boyfriend squirm once again. His hand made its way towards where Shane's bare ass connected with Ilya's underwear-clad erection. His other arm rested above Shane's head, fingers lightly grasped in his quickly growing locks. He continued trailing down until his finger tip grazed Shane's hole. He rubbed the dry pad of his

finger over the puckered rim, feeling it ease and tense under his attention. After a few seconds, he sat up and leaned away to grab the lube from his bedside table, cracking it open with one hand and drizzling it on the other. He spent a few seconds heating it up, worried the cold would shock Hollander awake. Once he deemed it at least room temperature, Ilya moved to once again trace his finger over Shane's hole.

With one hand massaging over his rim, Ilya moved the other to once again grasp Shane's dick. The angle was a little awkward, but he made it work as he moved agonizingly slow and carefully. He attempted to keep his attention off of the head, afraid that too much stimulation would cut his fun short. Although, the thought of making Hollander cream himself in his sleep did send another painful wave of arousal through Ilya. He'll add it to the list later. For now, he had other plans.

Ilya held his breath as he slowly pressed the tip of his finger into Shane's prone body below him. He continued his slow, teasing movements over his cock, hoping maybe the pleasure would override any discomfort in his unconscious mind. Once Ilya had one finger fully seated inside him, he began slowly pulling out before pressing in again. Shane continued to be unresponsive to Ilya's ministrations beyond the occasional soft whimper (that was honestly doing more to Ilya than he'd like to admit). Once he was sure Shane could take another, Ilya just as slowly pressed a second finger in. He was zeroed in on the side of Shane's face he could see, looking for any signs of discomfort or waking. Once he saw none, he began pumping the two fingers in unison, slowly trying to open up the man below him. He kept up this routine, slowly, *so fucking slowly*, opening, stretching, teasing his boyfriend, until he had three fingers moving comfortably inside him. He still had one hand wrapped around his dick, which was leaking down his tip and onto Ilya's circled thumb and pointer finger. *Fuck*. He fucking loved how wet Shane got for him. He was always so reactive to Ilya's touch. Suddenly, Ilya felt frenzied. He needed to be in Shane *now*.

Ilya knew he needed to do this carefully to avoid waking Shane, but the now hours of sexual frustration weighed on him and made every thought feel like wading through a lustful haze. He let go of his grasp on Shane's dick to grab the lube that had been pushed behind him. With his fingers still inside Shane, he fumbled as quietly as possible to open the bottle, pull down his underwear enough to release his erection, and slick up his shaft. It took way longer than it should have, but this night was basically one big lesson in patience for Ilya, so he tried his best to take it in stride.

Once prepared, Ilya lined himself up right behind where his fingers continued to hold Shane open. He took a moment to breathe, placing a soft kiss on the younger man's head as he once again fitted himself to the curves of his back. Ilya slowly removed his fingers, coaxing a low and impossibly sexy whine out of his boyfriend. He made sure their presence wasn't missed for too long, slowly pressing the head of his cock into the same tight ring of muscles his fingers just escaped. He fought to hold back a moan as he finally, *finally* got the relief he was craving.

Shane began squirming as he continued pressing forward, and Ilya stopped, feeling like he was being caught doing something he shouldn't be. Obviously that wasn't true, he and Shane had explicitly agreed to this beforehand, but the rush of being caught fucking his sleeping boyfriend had his dick twitching where it sat half inside Hollander. The man below him

continued squirming a bit, his ass pushing back and subsequently, further onto Ilya's dick. He felt an involuntary moan bubble to the surface in surprise, and *fuck*. Ilya's resolve was really wearing thin.

After a few seconds Shane settled back down, and Ilya continued his slow pursuit, pressing into Hollander slightly, waiting for a reaction, then pressing slightly more when none was given. Eventually, he bottomed out and released the breath he didn't even know he was holding. He felt Hollander's hole fluttering around him, and tried his best to not cum right then and there. Not that Hollander would know the difference, or be able to make fun of him for it, but Ilya still wanted so much more and he was not ready for all his effort to go to waste. After a few seconds, he pulled out slightly before pressing back in. The other man's hole greedily sucked him in, and in that moment Ilya knew his resolve was fucked. After two hours of the slowest foreplay ever, Ilya had a desperate need to claim the vulnerable man below him. He needed him to know who he belonged to. Who made his body feel this good.

Ilya quickened his pace, not as much as he would like, but enough to get an actual rhythm going as he fucked into his boyfriend over and over again. Shane was stirring more now, and Ilya was sure he would wake any second.

Technically, he fulfilled the challenge, Ilya reminded himself. He did successfully fuck Shane while he was sleeping. Now he wanted to get his prize. Ilya wrapped an arm around Shane's thigh, lifting it so his leg was in the air and Ilya had more leverage. From this position, he wrapped his other arm around Shane's chest and began pistoning his hips fast enough to jostle both them and the bed.

Shane was dreaming of hands. He couldn't see them, but he could feel them. They were rubbing down his shoulder blades, groping his chest, caressing his thighs, teasing his hole, stroking his cock. He felt pinned down from their attention, stuck under a microscope as he squirmed under their watchful gazes. He couldn't put a face or body to the hands, but he knew he felt safe with them. He knew they only wanted to bring him pleasure.

Suddenly, the hands were in new areas: one gripping his hair, one running along his lips, one or, maybe multiple?, shoved into his ass and pumping in and out. It was soft in the beginning, but soon the movements sped up, and he felt lightheaded with pleasure. He could hear the *slap, slap, slap* sounds of his ass making contact with flesh as it filled him up over and over again, and god, he was leaking so much. He felt so fucking good and safe, like he was free falling through clouds, no bottom in sight. He felt the strong hands gripping him tight, and Ilya grunting in his ear, and...

Ilya?

Shane's eyes sprung open, and he had no time for thoughts before the all-consuming pleasure hit him like a truck. Ilya was thrusting desperately into his prostate, and little "*uh, uh, uh*"s

were filling the room. He realized belatedly that those noises were coming from himself.

“Oh, so glad you could join me,” Ilya grunted out between thrusts. He then slowed down considerably, until his movements were little more than slow grinds meant to drive Shane crazy. With his breath ghosting in Shane’s ear, he whispered, “do you like it, baby?”

Shane involuntarily shivered from head to toe, unable to come up with a response beyond, “*fuckkkk, Ilya*”. Ilya must’ve taken that as an appropriate answer, because he quickened his pace once again. It didn’t take long until he was repeatedly hitting Shane’s prostate with every thrust.

“You are so fucking beautiful,” Ilya grunts between thrusts. “Should have seen yourself. So, so... soft. So open and fuck,” Shane could tell he was close, and his grasp of the english language was waning. He muttered something in Russian before growling and thrusting even harder. Shane could barely comprehend what was happening beyond the swelling arousal in his groin and the tightening climax building in his gut. Ilya bit down hard on Shane’s shoulder blade, trailing his teeth an tongue everywhere he could reach, little mutters of “mine, mine, mine” falling from his lips.

“All fucking yours, Ilya, fuck,” Shane whined. He needed him to know. No matter the universe, in this life or the next, no one could ever come close to making him feel the way Ilya Rozanov does.

“Such a beautiful little slut for me,” Ilya grunted in his ear, his words bringing Shane crashing back down to earth. “So desperate for my cock you’ll get fucking wet for it in your sleep.” Another flood of arousal has Shane’s toes curling. He couldn’t believe Ilya got him this worked up in his sleep. He couldn’t believe how fucking hot that was to him.

“Ilya, Ilya, Ilya, please.” Begging was all he was capable of at this point. Luckily, Ilya knew him probably even better than he knew himself, so he was able to decipher what Shane needed. He wrapped a hand around his cock and stroked at the same pace as his thrusts. Shane felt fuck-drunk and out of it, like he was was still dreaming. All he could feel and smell and say and think was the name of the man who had somehow become his entire life. He wanted him in every way possible. When he was working, relaxing, eating, sleeping. His heart, mind, and body would always gravitate towards Ilya.

“*Ya tebya lyublyu*,” Ilya whispered on his skin, and that was all it took to send Shane toppling over the edge. He came for what felt like forever, his body going ridged as his head soared in the clouds. He vaguely registered Ilya pulling out before he was being pressed onto his back and kissed messily. He felt the warmth of his boyfriend’s release coat his stomach and continued to kiss him through his orgasm.

Ilya broke the kiss and flopped down onto Shane, squishing the mess between their two bodies. Shane fought wrinkling his nose but honestly he was too exhausted to kick up a fuss tonight. Instead, he carded his hand slowly through Ilya’s growing locks as they both laid there catching their breaths. Eventually, he tapped Ilya’s side and the other man rolled off of him and onto his back.

“That was... good, yes?” Ilya breathed.

“So fucking good.” Shane turned to see the corners of Ilya’s lips slowly turn up.

“Oh, yeah? You liked waking up to my cock splitting you open?”

“Jesus, fucking—... fuck off!” Shane flushed. There’s no way he could get hard again this quickly, but it still twitched at the vulgar words that rolled so easily off his boyfriend’s tongue.

“Tell me what you liked about it.”

“Oh my *god*, *Rozanov*, fuck you.” Shane was smiling as he pushed him lightly on the shoulder. “Go get me a towel to clean this mess.” He referenced to his stomach. Ilya groaned exaggeratedly as he sat up, planting a kiss on Shane’s temple before he crawled out of bed.

“Anything for you, *muy lyubimiy*.” Shane watched amusedly as he sauntered into the bathroom attached to their bedroom. As soon as Ilya was out of sight, he felt himself slump back into the pillows, a soft smile decorating his face. This was his. This life, this man. Shane got to have this now.

He felt floaty with the feeling overwhelming him, and he continued to feel so as Ilya cleaned him up and tucked him back into bed before curling back up behind him. The luring pull of sleep beckoned to drag Shane under, and all he felt was light, and floaty, and *safe*.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading. Your comments, feedback, and kudos mean the world to me



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