come here, get with it

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76951271.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Explicit Sexual Content, Anal Sex, Hotel Sex, Sexting, Swearing, Dirty Talk, POV Shane Hollander, Top Ilya Rozanov, Bottom Shane Hollander, Canon Compliant, Canon Autistic Character, rugburn, Floor Sex, No Refractory Period
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 3,260 Chapters: 1/1

come here, get with it

by WeeBeastie

Summary

I could be the one, or your new addiction
it's all in my head but I want non-fiction

Ilya said Shane was bad at sexting. Shane, never one to back down from a challenge, decides to prove him wrong.

Notes

The time between when I had this idea and when I finished writing this was approximately 24 hours, which has to be some kind of record for me. I'm just having a lot of fun writing about these two.

It's basically what it says in the summary - Shane tries to get better at sending spicy texts, with funny (and eventually hot) results. Don't worry too much about how this fits into the canon timeline, because I didn't.

Title and lyrics in the summary borrowed from 'HOT TO GO!' by Chappell Roan, because why not, you know?

Endless thanks to my sweetheart, who helped me fine tune Shane's inner monologue. I couldn't do this without you. <3

If you enjoy this, please consider leaving kudos and/or a comment, and sharing the link with someone who might like it. The encouragement is really appreciated!

Bad at sexting? How was that even fair when he didn't know that's what Ilya was trying to do?

He'd asked him a question and Shane had answered it, eventually, with the truth. Sexting, he thought, was supposed to be- something else. More like the romance novels he used to read in secret as a teenager, the ones with the buff long-haired men on the covers. You could get them for cheap at the used bookstore; he'd paid in cash and hidden them under his mattress for a while before freaking out and throwing them all away. In a dumpster downtown, obviously, because he didn't want his parents to find them in the trash.

Anyway. In those, people spoke in hopelessly overwrought terms - purple prose, and wasn't that a groan-inducing turn of phrase - about what they wanted to do to each other, were doing, would do in the future. It was cheesy, yeah, but it made sense as foreplay, as dirty talk.

It was not 'how many times can you cum in an hour?'

Ilya probably hadn't grown up reading romance novels on the sly, though, and he did have a lot more experience in this particular area than Shane did.

So fine, if he said Shane was bad at sexting, he'd just have to get good at it. How hard could it be? Everything could be studied, practiced, perfected.

He just had to figure out where to start.

Which was how he ended up in bed alone on a Friday night, searching 'tips for sexting' on his phone.

He could feel his face heating up as he scrolled through the search results. One article from a women's magazine was called '5 Sexts to Copy/Paste When You're Too Horny to Think,' which seemed like as good a jumping off point as any, so he clicked on it.

As it turned out, though, they were all written from a woman's perspective, which he probably should've anticipated. It wouldn't really make sense to text Ilya about how wet he was for him, so he backed out of that link and back to his search results, muttering 'fuck' under his breath.

The next article he clicked on had more general suggestions: be descriptive, ask for what you want, talk about your fantasies.

He let his phone fall to the side, tipping his head back against the headboard as he thought. Be descriptive, okay, he could probably do that. Asking for what he wanted in specific, and talking about his fantasies…that would be tougher. But he wanted to be good at this, wanted Ilya to look at his phone at an inopportune moment and then have to deal with a hard-on when there was nothing he could do about it. Wanted him to ache thinking about Shane, the way Shane ached for him.

Actually, that could work.

He picked his phone up again and cleared his throat, opening his message thread with ‘Lily.’

‘I want to make you hard when there’s nothing you can do about it,’ he wrote, and sent it before he could overthink too much. He realized belatedly that a ‘hey’ or ‘guess what’ opener might’ve been a good idea, rather than just jumping into it, but it was too late for that.

His phone buzzed and he jumped, looking down at the screen.

‘that is mean,’ was the response, accompanied by a frowny face.

Dammit. That was obviously the wrong tactic - now what? How could he save this?

‘sorry,’ he replied, then groaned, tossing his phone to the end of the bed. Sorry? What the fuck was that? He had choked right out of the gate; there was no recovering from it.

He waited a few days before trying again. This time, he was going to go with the ‘be descriptive’ method, and text Ilya…something descriptive. Maybe about how much he liked going down on him, or how even his favorite toy just didn’t compare to the real thing, especially Ilya’s thing (he definitely wouldn’t use that phrasing, though).

‘do you remember the first time we hooked up?’ he texted him, pacing back and forth in his living room, gnawing on the strings of his hoodie.

‘hard to forget,’ Ilya responded almost immediately, with a winking smiley face. Okay, off to a good start.

‘you know what else is hard?’ he started to type, then shook his head and erased it. Too much.

‘I was just thinking about how good it felt,’ he finally sent him, worrying that the lag time between his texts made it obvious he was out of his element.

‘for first timer, was not bad,’ Ilya responded. That was it. No follow up, no smiley face, nothing.

Shane stared at his phone, feeling his lip curl into a snarl. Not bad? Was this Ilya’s idea of sexting, insulting Shane’s blowjob-giving abilities? What the hell was wrong with him?

‘fuck you,’ he typed angrily, and sent it. He put his phone down on the kitchen counter and went to take a shower, trying to get his mind off his latest failed attempt.

So, to recap: he had tried talking about what he wanted, and had made an effort at being descriptive. Both methods had failed him, which left him with just one more to try, if that article could be trusted.

He would have to text Ilya about his fantasies.

The idea of it made his neck get hot and his ears ring a little. He had a million things he wanted to try - he’d done a lot of late night internet research with his phone in one hand, okay

- but actually putting them into words, seeing them written out so specifically where anyone could potentially read them? Terrifying.

He had to get good at this, though. There wasn't another option. He already couldn't quite believe someone like Ilya actually wanted him, and hadn't gotten bored of him yet - he had to prove himself, here.

'is now a good time to sext you?' he sent him as he sat on his couch one afternoon. He knew Ilya was traveling that day, and he didn't want to risk one of his teammates accidentally seeing what Shane was about to write. Even if it said 'Jane' on the text thread, the eye-watering specifics he was about to go into would make it very clear the messages weren't from a woman.

'what a strange question,' Ilya replied, but then, immediately: 'yes.'

He took a deep breath and shook his shoulders, trying to get some of the tension out of his body. Time to put into words some of the things he'd been thinking about doing with Ilya since the last time they saw each other.

'I want you to bend me over a piece of furniture, maybe a couch or a chair or the bed, and fuck me hard,' he sent him, feeling his cheeks flush. Without waiting for a reply, he continued: 'then I want you to turn me over so we can fuck missionary and I can see your face when you come.'

(he'd waffled on whether to spell it that way or with a U; the internet said either was fine as long as you were consistent)

Finally, he sent: 'I want to feel the calluses on your hand as you jerk me off, and I want you to make me come at least twice.'

He sat back on the couch, exhaling shakily. He watched as a series of dots appeared, disappeared, reappeared, while Ilya typed a reply.

'fuck…send me a pic, please,' he finally responded, and Shane felt a thrill go through him. It had worked - he'd gotten Ilya so riled up he needed to see him.

He unzipped his hoodie and posed with his chest out, hoping to look effortlessly sexy. He wasn't sure he hit the mark exactly, but he sent it anyway.

'good, now one of your ass, need to see it,' Ilya replied a moment later.

"One of my…?" he said out loud to his empty apartment, already puzzling through the logistics of that request.

He managed it eventually, with help from the full length mirror in his bedroom and some careful posing. He didn't look at the picture for too long before he sent it, not wanting to give himself time to reconsider. Sending Ilya a picture of his bare ass was definitely a bad idea, but it was also hot, and as usual, that won out.

‘can’t wait to bend you over,’ Ilya texted him afterwards, and he shuddered with pleasure, hugging his phone to his chest. He had finally done it - he’d sent a successful sext.

A few weeks later, he was hurrying down the hallway to Ilya’s hotel room, already half-hard. He was doing his best to play it cool, but he’d had a lot of time to daydream about what all they were going to do together.

Once he was inside his room, he toed off his shoes, then wasted no time getting into Ilya’s embrace, kissing him hungrily. He moaned as Ilya backed him up against the wall, spreading his thighs apart so Ilya could wedge one of his own between them.

“You made me so hard it hurt, Hollander,” Ilya panted in his ear when he pulled back. “Telling me all the things you want me to do to you.”

“Oh yeah? Not so bad at sexting now, am I?” he asked, rubbing himself on Ilya’s thigh and whimpering. Even deliriously turned on, he couldn’t help gloating a little.

“What?” Ilya murmured, distracted, snuffling into his neck and grazing him with his teeth.

“You said that I was bad at sexting, so I decided to get good at it. I did research and everything, I did it,” he explained breathlessly.

Ilya raised his head from Shane’s neck, eyes roving over his face. His expression was hard to read - he looked upset, or maybe just confused.

“Did you mean what you said?” he asked quietly, and took Shane’s chin in his hand, thumb resting on his lower lip. “Or were you just saying something you thought I wanted to hear? Mm?”

“I meant it,” Shane said immediately. He stuck his tongue out to lick Ilya’s thumb, unable to resist drawing it into his mouth and sucking it for a moment.

“Prove it,” Ilya purred, and Shane sagged against the wall, suddenly weak at the knees. “Tell me what you want. Everything you said in those texts.”

Shane let Ilya’s thumb fall from his mouth, shiny with his spit, and looked down, unable to make eye contact. Weird how hotel carpets were always either really plain, or really loud, no in between. This one was the latter.

“Hollander?”

His eyes snapped up to Ilya’s face, focusing on his mouth. “I don’t remember exactly what I said,” he lied.

It was one thing to say that stuff in writing - entirely another to try to get the words to come out of his mouth. Even with Ilya, even after everything they’d said and done to each other, it was…a lot.

“Here,” Ilya murmured, taking his phone from his pocket. He opened their text thread and scrolled up until Shane’s own filthy words, his fantasies, were staring him in the face.

He could hear his voice trembling a little as he read the messages out loud, but he could also feel himself getting even harder, somehow, and couldn't miss Ilya getting hard against his leg.

"Fuck," Ilya groaned quietly when he was finished. He tossed his phone aside and grabbed Shane around his waist, lifting him up to carry him into the suite. "Where?" he asked, and Shane quickly surveyed his options.

"There," he said, pointing at the ubiquitous chair in the corner. "Bend me over it," he demanded, squeezing Ilya with his thighs.

"Bossy. I like," Ilya purred, carrying Shane over to the chair and setting him down carefully.

The chair turned out to be precisely the right height for Shane to drape himself over the back of it, gripping the arms in both hands and holding on for dear life as Ilya prepared him, then pushed inside. They hadn't even bothered to get completely undressed, just pushed their clothes aside, both of them in too much of a rush. He felt Ilya's hands come up under his sweatshirt, grabbing at his chest as he started fucking him in earnest, making Shane moan and arch back against him.

"Fuck, fuck me," he gasped, moving with Ilya's rhythm. He could feel the heat and hardness of Ilya's cock moving inside him, the friction making his teeth chatter and his eyes water. It was bliss.

"Is as good as your fantasy?" Ilya panted as he pulled Shane back against him, thrusting deep.

"Yes, yes," Shane moaned, digging his fingers into the chair hard enough that he scratched the upholstery with his nails. "Rozanov, god, don't stop."

He could feel pressure building in his core, his cock aching, leaking, untouched. He couldn't let go of the chair without risking throwing himself disastrously off-balance, which meant only one thing: he had to ask Ilya for what he wanted.

"Touch me," he whined, turning his head to look back at Ilya. He could barely keep his eyes from rolling into his head. Ilya looked like a god like that, pounding into him, lower lip caught between his teeth. "Please."

"Yes, fuck, of course," Ilya moaned, and then his hand was on Shane, stroking him fast and firm the way he liked it. It was perfect; it made his toes curl. "So good, Hollander. So beautiful when you're begging for it."

"Fuck, I'm gonna-" Shane gasped, and felt an explosion go off inside him, pleasure seizing him tight in its addictive grip as he came all over himself, and Ilya's hand. "Fuck," he said again, sagging forward against the chair as Ilya kept rutting into him.

Ilya finished soon after, pulling Shane's hips hard back against him and groaning in his ear as he came. He was trembling a little, Shane realized dazedly as he caught his breath.

“Hollander,” he said hoarsely after a moment.

“Mm? What?” He sounded drunk to his own ears; he didn’t care.

“Can you move?”

“Dunno,” he sighed, blinking at Ilya over his shoulder. He writhed slowly, trying to get his body to do anything other than breathe and lie there. “Nope.”

Ilya chuckled at him. “You have to, so I can fuck you again. Missionary, like you asked for, yes? So I can see your face.” He took a small step back, pulling out of Shane as he did, and gave his hip an affectionate smack. “Let’s go.”

Shane groaned, then pushed himself to standing and stretched his arms before turning to face Ilya. “Where?” he asked, drinking in the sight of post-orgasm Ilya, all glowing skin and flushed cheeks.

“Where do you want?” Ilya asked, finally shedding his clothes, reaching out to help Shane out of his.

“The floor,” Shane said impulsively, grinning at Ilya. He grabbed his hand, pulling him out from behind the chair to the main room of the suite and the obnoxious carpet. No one would notice a few new stains on that pattern.

“The carpet will burn us,” Ilya protested mildly even as he went with Shane.

“Good.” He kissed Ilya hard, then lowered himself to the floor, tugging Ilya down with him.

He settled on his back, Ilya between his spread legs, and reached between them to stroke Ilya’s cock and get him hard again. It didn’t take much; he was already halfway there as soon as Shane touched him.

When he pushed into him again, it was with less of a frantic edge, this time. Shane wrapped his arms and legs around him and whimpered into his neck as Ilya moved slow and sweet. He felt light all over, like he was floating.

“Jesus,” Ilya said under his breath, rocking with him. He wasn’t pulling out very far with his thrusts, holding Shane close, possessively. It made warmth bloom in Shane’s chest. “Look at me, Hollander, let me see.”

Shane settled back against the carpet, distantly feeling it stinging his lower back as he looked up into Ilya’s face. He looked incredible - mouth open as he panted, eyebrows drawn together in concentration, pupils blown wide with pleasure.

“Rozanov,” he whined, moving his hips with Ilya’s thrusts, feeling sparks shooting up his spine as Ilya’s cock nudged that spot inside him over and over. He could feel himself drawing tight, getting closer. “Oh, oh my god.”

“Yes, that’s it,” Ilya murmured, shifting his weight to free one hand so he could start jerking Shane off. “Talk to me, tell me.”

He cried out, arching into Ilya's touch, moving with his strokes. "I can't," he said, squeezing his eyes shut. He was close, so close, and it ached and what was he supposed to do about it when Ilya's cock was driving all coherent thought from his head?

"You can, you can. Tell me," Ilya said again, quietly.

"I want you to make me come," he said in a rush, "and then I want to feel you come inside me. Please."

Ilya said something in Russian that could've been a curse or a blessing, and he started stroking Shane faster, finally giving him enough to tip him over the edge. The second orgasm wasn't as big as the first but it was more intense, somehow; Shane felt like it was being wrung out of him. He could hear someone chanting 'fuck, fuck' over and over, and it took him a second to realize it was him.

"Hollander," Ilya gasped, and pushed deep into him twice more before collapsing on top of him, shaking through his own climax.

"Whoa," Shane whispered after a few moments, and chuckled to himself, wrapping his arms around Ilya.

"See what happens when you ask nicely?" Ilya teased him, sounding just as blissed out as Shane felt.

For a little while they stayed there on the ugly hotel carpet, just holding each other. Eventually, though, they had to get up, clean up - and Shane had to go back to his own room.

Shane winced as he stood, twisting around to try and see the rugburn on his back and his ass. That was going to be an interesting thing to explain in the locker room.

"I told you, burnt," Ilya said, and gestured to his own knees, which had fared only slightly better than Shane's back. "Next time, no fucking on the floor, no matter how pretty you ask."

"What if I ask really, really pretty? And suck your dick first?" he asked, smirking. He felt so good all over - the rugburn didn't matter, how late it was didn't matter. Nothing did except the way Ilya was looking at him.

"Maybe," Ilya sniffed. "We will see," he said imperiously, but it was obvious he was holding back a grin.

"Asshole," Shane said affectionately, and kissed him.

Later, once he'd gotten back to his hotel room and taken a long shower, he took a picture of himself in the still slightly fogged up mirror. It was of his bare back, leading down to the curve of his waist and the swell of his hip, showing off the angry rugburn marks on his skin.

'your handiwork,' he texted Ilya alongside the picture.

Ilya sent him a string of hearts in response, then: 'next time i will kiss it better.'

Shane may have fallen asleep alone in his hotel bed, but his dreams were full of Ilya.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!