

Still

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Still

by [my_castlescrumbling](#)

Summary

It permeated his brain. The intoxicating smell of simple bar soap, laundry detergent, a hint of sweat, and Ilya. It was like a soft blanket surrounding his thoughts, cushioning them, slowing them down. He'd been so busy, so stressed, by both his life and his secrets. Everything was so complicated, so confusing, so anxiety-inducing, that he couldn't remember the last time he'd truly been able to take a full inhale. So, as he knelt there, breathing, pressing into the man above him, Shane felt himself relax bit by bit, his anxieties and ruminating worries finally slipping away.

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Or, Shane learns that cockwarming quiets his brain.

Notes

Hi, I'm Cas and I'm obsessed with Heated Rivalry! This is my first fic in this fandom but I'm hoping to write many more so....lmk what you think! I want to write hollanov with a couple different kinks, I'm planning maybe impact play next? This takes place after HR but right before TLG. Just some shameless smut! Be warned that hollanov are still figuring out their dynamic here, so they are not completely aware of all the facets of BDSM but they have had conversations about boundaries, etc, so this is consensual. Yay, consent!

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

July 2019

It was something they'd saved until the summer; until they had days to be alone together. Something they'd discussed, somewhat awkwardly, through stilted conversations over many weeks—conversations cut short by Shane's awkwardness, Ilya's inability to find words, their lives on the road, the fact that they were hiding all of this. It started with Ilya bringing up how Shane sometimes got 'sweet' during sex, then mentioning one time he'd visited a particularly salacious club when he'd been younger, using words like 'submissive' and 'dominant,' Shane blushing so much he'd been afraid he might combust. Because yes, he *did* like being bossed around, even if he didn't have the words for it.

There'd been texts. Uses of words like 'slut' and 'mark' and 'edge'--words that made Shane both flush with mortification and also jerk himself off so quickly and completely that he felt like his brains had exploded through his cock. He wasn't sure how, but Ilya was both relentless and respectful. His utterly sinful messages drove Shane completely insane with horniness and sick curiosity without ever scaring him or crossing a line. Everything he said, everything he suggested, everything he *promised* sounded both shameful and perfect, a bit terrifying and utterly attractive, like everything Shane wanted and like nothing he would ever ask for out loud.

So as soon as they arrived at the cottage this year, there was no pretending. There were no fake tours, nor was there time taken to fetch ginger ale.

Ilya had Shane pinned against the wall within seconds.

"Is not fair," he grumbled, already tearing at the buttons of Shane's simple white button-down, mouthing at the planes of his shoulders and collarbone as he did so.

"What?" Shane replied breathlessly, trying and failing to keep himself together, to stop his cock from getting hard already. It was no use, of course; a complete impossibility. He couldn't bring himself to be upset about it. "That I'm better than you? S'alright, Rozonov, it'll be better once you finally admit it—*uhhh*." He tried to be teasing with his rib but a quick nip of Ilya's teeth over his nipple followed by his talented, soothing tongue had Shane's knees buckling, his head tilting back and his spine arching, and before he knew it he was overcome with the familiar, desperate urge to have the other man in his mouth.

A large, steady hand slipped up his back, tangling in his hair and jerking his head so suddenly their eyes were locked, and Shane was both lost and anchored completely.

"Knees," Ilya ordered simply, a cocky smirk playing on his face as he stepped backwards to give Shane space.

Like a ragdoll, Shane sank to the floor.

Once there, he took a moment to just *breathe*, pressing his face into Ilya's lower stomach, inhaling the scent of the man in front of him.

It permeated his brain. The intoxicating smell of simple bar soap, laundry detergent, a hint of sweat, and *Ilya*. It was like a soft blanket surrounding his thoughts, cushioning them, slowing them down. He'd been so busy, so *stressed*, by both his life and his secrets. Everything was so complicated, so confusing, so anxiety-inducing, that he couldn't remember the last time he'd truly been able to take a full inhale. So, as he knelt there, breathing, pressing into the man above him, Shane felt himself relax bit by bit, his anxieties and ruminating worries finally slipping away.

Again, fingers scraped at his scalp. But this time they were gentle, scratching there in a soothing way that made Shane's tense muscles ease even more. It was like his body knew it was Ilya there, taking care of him. "Love you," he whispered, eyes still closed.

"I love you. You are getting fuzzy, yes?" Ilya murmured softly, slowly tugging his t-shirt over his head, leaving Shane to lean against flexing stomach muscles and the inviting lines of the hair dusting downward.

"Hm," he nodded in agreement.

They'd talked about this, too. How Shane's brain sometimes got 'fuzzy' during sex. How, especially when Ilya was in complete control, he sometimes...slipped. Found himself losing focus in the best way. Like he was out of himself, watching from above, just existing, not thinking at all.

It was probably the best feeling he'd ever felt in his life.

"Is called 'subspace,'" Ilya had informed him during one of their rather stilted conversations. "When you are all..." he waved a hand in front of Shane's face to mimic the blur he felt during those times.

"That makes me sound all..." Shane had muttered embarrassedly, gazing around, trying to find the right word.

"Submissive?" Ilya had replied, grinning smugly. "That is what you are, Hollander. Or are you suggesting you are the dominant one here?"

At the time, he'd tried to argue, which he'd failed spectacularly at since he'd just spent half hour being pounded into a hotel mattress.

But now, mind already going deliciously blank, on his knees in front of Ilya, it seemed even more impossible to deny. And he didn't want to deny it. Hell, he wanted to do *more*.

Ilya pulled back, looking at him with shining, hungry eyes. "We will try something different today," he announced, eyes lingering on Shane long enough for him to nod a 'yes' before he took his phone out of his pocket and walked towards a nearby chair, casually unbuttoning his shorts and pulling out his half-hard cock before sitting down, legs spread. "Come," he said, gesturing for Shane to join him.

Unsure of what was being asked of him, but quite unwilling to ruin his knees by crawling on the floor, Shane stood shakily and walked in front of the other man, swallowing thickly, wanting to please, eyes locked on the thick cock Ilya lazily tugged at as he smirked at Shane.

“Strip,” Ilya ordered again, enunciating each sound, but he offered Shane an encouraging smile. “Then on your knees again.”

As Shane awkwardly but excitedly pulled off his clothes, flinging them in every direction, he noticed Ilya’s eyes casting around the room before he stood and walked over to the couch for a moment before returning to his chair.

“Here,” he said, smiling crookedly. He placed a small pillow on the floor, right between his legs. “Is for your knees. Don’t want to have any excuses for why I beat you next season, do we?”

Rolling his eyes and muttering a halfhearted ‘asshole,’ Shane again sank to the ground, naked, his face only inches from Ilya’s cock, his knees cushioned by the pillow. He would never admit it, but he was thankful for the thought Ilya had but behind that. And when he finally settled there, looking up at the other man? God, it was awful how right it felt. How eager he was to make Ilya feel good, to make him smile.

“Now. You will keep me warm. And I will finally beat this level of *Candy Crush*,” Ilya said, picking up his phone and grinning a bit challengingly.

Shane gaped, feeling himself flush all down his chest. Ilya couldn’t mean... “Keep you warm?” he asked stupidly.

“Yes, Hollander. My cock stays in your mouth. But you do not suck, you are just my nice hole to keep me warm. I play my game, and you sit pretty, yes?” Ilya explained, huffing a bit as he did, but there was a look in his eyes that told Shane he genuinely wanted to know if Shane was okay with this.

The words washed over him. *My nice hole. You sit pretty.*

Fuck, it should have felt demeaning, shouldn’t it have? He should have been mad that he was being reduced to this?

But he was ridiculously turned on by the idea.

“Yeah, I can do that,” he murmured hoarsely, looking up at Ilya and nodding.

“Good,” the other man replied, causing a burst of sparks to fly over Shane’s skin. “Now, if you are hurting, if you need to stop, you tap my knee.”

He frowned, insulted. “I won’t need to—”

“No. Show me now, what you will need to do, if you need to stop,” Ilya ordered, giving him a stern look.

A little shocked and put out, Shane tapped the exposed skin of Ilya's right knee, looking up to him for his nod of approval. But as soon as he saw the nod, the disappointment at being told he might need to tap out washed away, replaced by heat and bubbling need. Then, Ilya smiled and said, "Good, Hollander. Now. Open."

He did. Obediently, without thought, his brain focused on this single order, he opened his mouth and allowed his tongue to fall over his teeth, resting on his lower lip, as Ilya gently fed him his cock.

And *fuck*, it was perfect. Tongue slipping over the vein that traced the underside of Ilya's perfect dick, Shane immediately lost himself in the thick cock, groaning unabashedly and pressing forward for more, sounds rushing in his ears, brain going even hazier. He wanted to be *good*, make Ilya feel good, give more, take more, do *more*—

"Shane..."

Ilya's voice was not angry or disappointed, but it was controlled as he again gripped Shane's hair until he stilled his mouth, looking up at the other man with tears in the corners of his eyes. *Bad*. He had been bad. Fuck, fuck, fuck...

"You are okay," Ilya whispered, causing the storm churning in Shane's stomach to cease. "You feel so good. But there is no moving, *moya lyubov*," he murmured, face swimming in Shane's vision. "Be still. That's all you need to do right now, yes? Just be good, be still, be mine."

Be still.

When was the last time in his *life* he'd been still? When he was sleeping, yes, but other than that? He'd always been consumed by either his mind or his body constantly, relentlessly *running*. It was just how he worked. He couldn't be still, it was *impossible*.

Except, as he relaxed his jaw and slowly, hesitantly leaned to the side on Ilya's leg, he felt it happen. He breathed. His eyes fluttered closed. His mind went hazy and blank, Ilya's pet names and sporadic muttered praise the only thing he could conjure there. He could vaguely recognize the fact that he was drooling, that his cock was rock-hard and leaking, but he didn't care about the mess, nor the state he was in. He was in *bliss*, just simply *Ilya's*, the hand absentmindedly scratching his scalp and the cock in his mouth the only thing connecting him to Earth, to reality.

It was like meditation. He was *flying*.

How much time had passed?

Ilya was playing some sort of game on his phone, yes. He could register the sounds coming from the phone's tinny speakers, his boyfriend muttering in Russian under his breath as he lost. But Shane didn't care—didn't *need* to care. All he needed was to be here, where Ilya needed him. He was simply here to keep Ilya warm, and he could do that so well—Ilya had told him so.

Small noises of celebration from the phone announced that Ilya had finally beaten the level, and Shane felt his head pulled steadily backwards, a whine slipping from his lips as he followed Ilya's guidance.

Had he done something wrong?

He turned teary eyes upwards, searching for the answer in Ilya's face.

But the other man looked nothing less than reverent. "You are impossible," he murmured. "So fucking hot. Fuck, Hollander, you will kill me with that mouth, I am sure. I will die happy man."

Shane flushed with the praise.

"Let's go to bed, sweetheart. You get reward now, yes? You did good," Ilya said with a grin.

All he could do was nod.

He wasn't sure how he ended up facedown on the mattress. It all turned ridiculously foggy from there, a blur of needy desire. Shane had never felt so sensitive, so *raw* before, as he let Ilya completely manhandle him, his brain too checked-out to really let him move himself. Ilya seemed to be everywhere: tongue flickering over his hole, lube-covered fingers slowly stretching him wide, mouth biting marks into his asscheek, hands slipping up his ribs, slick cock sliding over his entrance. Shane found he couldn't control a single sound that came from his mouth: every whine, every mewl, every word he used to beg for Ilya to come closer, to take him apart. It was mortifying, really, that he *trembled* when Ilya flipped him and looked him in the eyes as he paused to line the two of them up. It was embarrassing how he moaned, his words punched-out and gasping, "Ilya, *please*, please, I love you, I need you so fucking *bad*." It was *terrifying* how, as soon as Ilya sank into him, filling him up, Shane felt *complete*, his eyes rolling to the back of his head, tears dripping down his cheeks, his ankles locking around the small of Ilya's back, pleasure building fast and hot at the base of his spine as he whispered garbled nonsense, unable to fully form words.

But even in his hazy mind, he could feel it: the orgasm approaching like a freight train, threatening to end this feeling too soon. It scared him. He wanted to do well for Ilya, to make him feel good, too, and if he came too soon...Dazedly, he reached between them, trying to grip the base of his throbbing cock, only to feel Ilya stop his thrusting and grab both of his hands, slamming his wrists to the mattress on either side of his head.

"No," Ilya breathed roughly, his lips so close to Shane's that he resisted the urge to tilt his head up and slam their mouths together. "I am in charge, Shane. And I say, is your time to feel good. No denying yourself what you need. Not right now. I want you to feel as good as you are to me."

The words didn't make complete sense. Perhaps it was Shane's fucked-out mind or Ilya's struggle to have complete control over the English language? But either way, though the words were off, Shane understood: Ilya's only priority was him. Making him feel good, showing him how much he meant to him.

So, shuddering with emotion, he allowed himself to be spread out on the bed, his wrists pinned, his back arched, as Ilya began to thrust again, cock dragging deliciously at his prostate, hitting so deep he could feel it in his throat, causing stars to erupt behind his rolled-back eyes.

“You are *mine*, Shane. Do you feel that? Do you feel how you take my cock?” Ilya gasped in his ear, his voice overwhelming his senses. “You do this for me. You are good for me. And you will come for me. Now.”

It was a very good thing they were at the cottage, because the garbed yell Shane let out would definitely have caused them to be kicked out of any hotel room. He barely registered his own drawn-out groans of Ilya’s name as the other man fucked him through his release. He was too busy losing his fucking mind.

But as Ilya spilled inside of him and collapsed on his chest, Shane felt an inexplicable lurch of fear break through his post-orgasm haze and shoot through his system, causing him to grab wildly for Ilya and pin him against his body, holding him close.

“Shane. Shane, is okay, I am not going anywhere,” Ilya murmured, moving a bit to press kisses to his jaw, ignoring the mess now smeared between their chests. “Shane. Look at me, yeah?”

He could *feel* the panicked expression on his face, couldn’t get rid of it if he tried. It was stupid, they’d been dating for *two years*. Why was he suddenly so nervous that Ilya was going to leave? But what if he’d done something wrong just now, what if he hadn’t been good enough? That had been...a lot.

“Shane, you were perfect, sweetheart,” Ilya whispered, giving him the small, adoring smile that he always saved only for him, for fear of seeming too soft. “You did so well, *moya lyubov*. Did everything I asked. Am so proud of you.”

Relief flooded through Shane again, the words soothing his slowly-sharpening brain. “Yeah?” he asked dopily, his mouth falling into a smile. “I...you felt good?”

“Yes. You think I am lying to you? You know I do not lie, eh?” Ilya said with an amused grin, making Shane grin, too. But then his smile softened again. “Perfect. Always perfect, but extra, this time.”

“Alright.” He loosened his grip, allowing Ilya to slide out of him and move to the side before scooping him into his chest. “That was...holy shit.” Words were hard right now, he found.

“I have to say, game was hard to play with your mouth on my dick,” Ilya said with a smirk, reaching around Shane to grab a bottle of water and shove it in his face. “Here. Internet says to drink or you will fall.”

“Fall?” he murmured, obediently taking a sip.

“Drop? Fall? Something bad. I make you drink water, I feed you, I give you hugs, I fuck you again. Is a tough life, but someone has to do it,” Ilya explained teasingly, grinning. But then

his smile faded. “I did okay, right? Everything was...okay?”

Shane moved closer to his boyfriend and thought back to the peaceful moments between Ilya’s knees, how blank his mind had gotten. “Yeah,” he breathed. “Fuck, yes. It was...I’ve never felt so...relaxed. Like...hypnotized, but in a way that’s not super freaky.”

Ilya smirked again. “You’re saying my cock is magic? It puts you in a trance?”

At this, Shane blushed and shoved him. “Asshole.”

The other man just pulled him close.

“Um...you said there were other things you wanted to try, maybe?” Shane mumbled after a moment, inevitably turning red.

But Ilya just let out a barking laugh. “First, tuna melt. You need strength, yes? Then, we pick safeword.”

End Notes

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