

Shane Hollander is Really, Really Sexy

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Shane Hollander is Really, Really Sexy

by [jeepeerscreepers](#)

Summary

After Shane Hollander collabs with Calvin Klein for a sexy shoot, he's the next big thing. Ilya, his secret lover, is not happy about this. After all, Ilya's never been much of a sharer.

OR

Ilya owns tf out of Shane!

Notes

I have been very annoying since Heated Rivalry came out... Please comment if you enjoyed!
I love reading them.

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

Ilya Rozanov thinks Shane Hollander is the most beautiful person to ever walk the Earth.

Scratch that, Ilya Rozanov *knows* that Shane Hollander is the most beautiful person to ever walk the Earth.

That's why when his freckled boyfriend had told him in casual conversation over the phone that Calvin Klein had offered him a shoot, he wasn't surprised in the slightest- unlike his partner.

"...Yeah, my mom said I should do it. I'm not sure though to be honest. I don't think I really give off that kind of vibe." Ilya can tell Shane is anxious by the way his voice is straining.

Ilya rolls his eyes. "You are hot. Hot people model. Hot people also model half-naked. Is part of being sexy, famous hockey player."

Shane chuckles lightly on the other end of the phone. "I'll give you the first look at the pictures when they're done. You can help me pick which ones we should use!"

The amusement in Shane's tone brings an instant smile to Ilya's face. "I did not agree to sitting and staring at your boring photos. I could be doing better things with my time."

"Like what, Rozanov?"

"Mm, that will spoil the fun, no?"

"When have you ever cared about that?! Just yesterday you were telling me about how you wanted to spread me open and-" Shane abruptly cuts himself off. More shushed and hesitant, he continues. "I'm still on the bus with the team."

"How do you say... cat has tongue?"

"Goodbye, Ilya, hanging up now."

"Love you too."

The boys have done many a photoshoot over the years. Combined, Ilya and Shane have probably been in over 200. They're also not strangers to the spotlight, being professional athletes. From articles, to news segments, to being filmed in public- Rozanov and Hollander are *very* familiar with the limelight. Plus, (not to toot their own horns) the two would like to think they're both a couple of the most famous hockey players around these days, at the peak of their careers. It can't get much more intense!

Until the Calvin Klein x Hollander shoot dropped.

It came out in July, a few months after Shane had his pictures taken. For a lack of words, the shoot was simply breathtaking. Shane was clad in the absolute smallest boxers Ilya had ever seen, a drastic contrast from his normal "teenage boy-esque" undergarments. They hugged his ample hips, ass, and thighs so tight, Ilya was convinced it'd turn a straight man gay. Shane

was also glazed up in some kind of body oil, making every inch of him (especially his abs) look delicious. His hair was tousled and his eyes were as gorgeous and submissive as usual, but the real kicker- was how he was posed.

Ilya wanted to get ahold of whoever was the true mastermind behind this shoot. Ilya loves Shane more than anyone else, but even he'll tell you Shane can't pose for shit. He always looks a little scared, or like a deer in headlights. Cute, but not exactly sultry.

When Ilya got to see the pictures for the first time, it was a few days before the entire world saw them. Shane had received an email from the photographer, titled "SHANE H. SNEAK PEEK".

Ilya heard Shane's notification first. He looked up from the TV and half yelled over the couch at his boyfriend. "You have email."

Shane plopped down next to Ilya on the couch and immediately leaned his head on Ilya's shoulder, closing his eyes. "It's probably spam. My head's killing me from practice."

"Give me your head. You need to relax." Ilya moved to the edge of the couch and urged Shane to lay back on him. "Massage time."

The two laid there for a while, Ilya kneading the knots from his lover's scalp. So tense, that boy.

"Mmm... feels good, Ilya."

"Don't talk like that. Not until we finish movie. Now check your email."

"Yeah, yeah. i'm checking it." Shane opened up his Gmail app, characteristically neat and tidy.

"Oh, Ilya! They're my Calvin Klein pictures! Let's look at them!" Shane opened the file attached immediately, and Ilya can't help but admit he was just as excited to see them as Shane.

Ilya has seen every part of Shane. Every goddamn inch. But these photos weren't just *photos*, They were art.

In the first few, Shane was on all fours, back arched in the air, his plump ass looking absolutely breedable. His earthy brown eyes drifted mischievously off to the side, looking at God knows what, with the sexiest look Ilya's ever seen. With every swipe to the next picture, the situation for Ilya's jean-contained cock became even worse. In one photo, Shane's leaning back, his face twisted into a practically orgasmic expression. In another, he's crossing his perfect legs, face... red and flushed? How did they get his face that red? Only Ilya can do that.

They scroll through the rest of the photos, all increasingly inciting, intimate, and irresistible. Shane's face has morphed into a little smirk.

"Wow, these are really good photos. I like the lighting on them a lot."

“Yes, the lighting is very sexy. Not the half naked hockey player busting out of his boxers.”

Shane giggles. Ilya leaps on top of him, and does not remove himself for hours.

In Ilya and Shane’s relationship, there are three major time markers.

1. Before and after they came out as a couple.
2. Before and after they spent time at the cottage.
3. Before and after the Calvin Klein shoot.

On release day, it gained millions of likes in a matter of hours. The photos quickly exited the hockey space, and soon, people all over the world were saying what Ilya has known for a long time.

Shane Hollander is *really, really sexy*.

Their day to day life changed a lot too. People stopped Shane in public to ask if he was the “guy in the photoshoot”. All over, not just in Canada. Japan, America, Mexico, Madagascar- Everyone was now finding out that Shane was hot. People threw their numbers at him, girls were begging for a minute of his time, his games were packed full of fans just to get a glimpse of him- It was insane.

Shane didn’t care. It was flattering at first, and the money from the shoot was awesome, but he had everything he needed waiting for him at home. He was used to Ilya being the one who got most of the looks-based attention, so in the beginning he had enjoyed it from a simply competitive perspective. Since they weren’t out as a couple yet, on nights out, they’d compete to see who could get more numbers without asking. It was fun, pretending to be two hot friends who are looking for some pussy, (something he’d never do again). Unfortunately, It got old fast, and by September, He was actually pretty annoyed by all the hoopla.

Ilya, on the other hand, had never found it fun. He was naturally very possessive over Shane, and now it seemed like most people (guys AND girls) looked at his boyfriend like a piece of meat. Do these randoms even know his favorite food? Why he won’t sleep in later than noon? Where is prostate is?

“Hey blondie, tell your little hockey friend that if he needs a good time, he can come to me.”

“Hey, like, my sister thinks you are superrrr handsome! Could she buy you a drink?”

“How’d you like to give me my own private shoot back at my place, huh?”

(The last one left the poor guy with a stern berating via Shane.)

Ilya hasn’t told Shane how bothered he is by it though. He hasn’t told Shane how his blood boils every time anyone other than him sizes Shane up. They’re not out yet as a couple either, so as badly as he wants to shove his tongue down Shane’s throat to claim his territory, he can’t. Ilya knows what they’re thinking. Gross thoughts that make him feel sick. The worst part is he can’t even blame those freaks, Shane really is so stupidly sexy. Ilya doesn’t wasn’t

to sound unreasonable or “toxic”. He just wants to keep Shane safe, happy, and well fucked. So he keeps his mouth shut and his unhealthily jealous and possessive side tucked away.

Until he can’t.

Svetlana invites the happy couple out for a night of dancing and drinks (AKA Shane and Svetlana dance, Ilya watches). A new club has just opened up in their town, and Svetlana is dying to see it before she leaves. Svetlana and Ilya down a heinous amount of drinks between the two of them, and even Shane indulges in a beer or two. They’ve been working hard on the ice lately with not much time for anything else, so the break is welcomed.

On the way there, Ilya and Shane are in the back row of their uber.

Ilya leans over and whispers in Shane’s ear. “You will be good tonight, yes? No attitude?”

Shane’s expression remains calm, and he looks in Ilya’s direction. “Always.” Ilya’s hand drifts to Shane’s thigh and squeezes, hard. “Do I get anything in return?” Shane asks, so quiet Ilya almost doesn’t hear.

“You will get something.” Ilya grabs Shane’s hand and gently drops it onto his own half hard cock. “I’ll take care of you, if you’re good.”

Shane shudders. He allows his hand to grip Ilya’s length, subtly. Shane was never much of a dirty talker before he met Ilya, but being with someone like him for over a decade has taught Shane a few things.

“What if i’m not...good?” Shane squeezes Ilya’s now fully hard cock, fingers skillfully teasing his tip through his pants.

Noticing it’s almost time to get out of the uber, Ilya plays a little dirty.

He licks up Shane’s neck, and pulls him in close. “I’ll still give you want. Cannot say no to you. But, if you are not good, it won’t be pretty.” Shane whimpers softly, and Ilya almost tells the Uber to go back to their house and cancel the whole evening, but luckily Svetlana sees them before they can bail.

The first half of the night is spectacular. It’s full of laughter and belting songs out loud, they drink some more, and the night feels like it will never end. It’s packed in the club they’re in, and Svetlana drags the two around for most of the night introducing them to more drunk people.

Around 1AM, the mood begins to shift. The lights go from flashing strobes to soft, dim ones. The music slows, and the drinks go from tequila shots to glasses of Prosecco. Shane and Ilya have been killing themselves, half drunk, trying to keep a friendly distance, but as they make eye contact with each other, they easily realize the theme of the night has changed. No more “Dance your ass off”, now its “Get your ass *off*.”

Ilya is so horny he can’t think straight. He shouldn’t have gotten himself so worked up on the way here. The only thought in his head is “I need to fuck Shane, right here, right now.” He’s

also extremely pissed off. Svetlana has left with someone for the night, so everyone stopped assuming she was Shane's girlfriend. The swarm has begun.

Every few minutes, someone new comes up to Shane. It's the usual routine for them now, but something feels off about it tonight. They're feral, like beasts. Ilya feels like he's going crazy, but he's thinking someone here might actually try to fuck Shane. He stays close to his boyfriend. Closer than he was before. Shane notices this.

"You're awfully friendly tonight." He leans on the bar, preparing to ask for another ginger ale of the bartender.

"Got a problem with that?" Ilya wraps an arm around Shane's shoulders, way bolder than they usually are in public.

"Nope. I like it, actually." Shane points behind him. "He's been looking at me funny."

Sure enough, behind Shane, a tall, skinny man is looking right in Shane's direction. He's dressed hideously, and looks like a creep, but that's nothing compared to what caught Ilya's attention immediately.

The guy is hard.

He's shamelessly teasing himself through his satin pants, which hide nothing. The creep's face is one of self-pleasure, and he's trembling where he's standing.

Ilya can't hide it anymore. He's so beyond furious he can't think straight. He's going to show everyone at this bar that Shane is his, no matter how toxic it seems.

Ilya snaps back to reality. "Ah, I see him. Be right back, Hollander."

Ilya waltzes over to the creep with a mission. No one will ever disrespect anyone who belongs to Ilya ever again.

In the bathroom of the bar, Shane runs Ilya's bruised hand under cold water. Ilya knows Shane's grumpy.

"What are you going to tell your Coach?"

"Exactly what happened."

"He's going to be mad."

"That I defended you from a pervert? Why would he be mad?"

"You won't be able to play as well for a few days. You have a game tomorrow night."

“I would rather that creep have two black eyes and we lose game tomorrow, than have him look at you like that for a second longer.”

Shane simply huffs in response.

Shane massages Ilya's hand. “Still grumpy” Ilya thinks to himself. While trying to think of how to cheer up his boring boyfriend, Ilya notices he missed something very important in all the chaos.

Shane's hard.

Ilya smiles to himself. Fucker.

Snatching his hand back from Shane, Ilya picks Shane up and pins him to the wall.

“Ilya! What are you-“

“You liked it. You wanted me to beat him up.” Ilya nips at Shane's neck, eliciting a moan.

“N-no I didn't! I just... haah... Ilya...” Shane's resolve is breaking.

Ilya grips Shane's round ass hard, and grinds up against his lover. He stares into Shane's eyes intensely. “You are all mine. Now they know. At least, Mr.Black Eye does.”

Shane is silent. His mouth is agape, and a small stream of drool is dripping from his mouth.

Ilya eases Shane's pants and boxers down, but not off completely. He toys with Shane's member, fully erect and leaking pre. Shane's still staring into Ilya's eyes, biting down hard on his lip to stifle the slutty little noises he's making.

“You were naughty. I was too. Makes sense.” Ilya gets on his knees, while still supporting Shane's weak knees. Ilya begins to suck on his fingers, lubing them up. “Listen. I am going to fuck you like I own you. No one else gets to see Shane Hollander like this, but me. Tell me you understand.” He eases a single finger into Shane's needy hole.

Shane whimpers. “Ilya...”

Ilya impatiently slips another finger into Shane, which causes a lewd moan to rip from him.

“You sound so pretty. But I did not hear you say you understand?” Ilya begins to remove his fingers from Shane, but before they can exit, Shane grips Ilya's wrist with a passion.

“D-don't stop...please. I understand. I'm yours. All yours. Please, fuck me Ilya...aaahh!”

Ilya takes in the scene in front of him for a moment, much to Shane's chagrin. Shane's leaned against the wall, pants and boxers (wet with pre) around his ankles. He's doing that thing that he always does when he's horny and ready to get relentlessly fucked that Ilya loves. It's when Shane's eyebrows furrow together- wiggling in some kind of secret code that screams out “Make me come, Ilya”. He quickly bolts over to the entrance of the bathroom and slides a large trash can in front to prevent anyone from coming in. They'll just have to hold it.

Shane looks intensely at Ilya, taking in the muscular blonde looming over him. How does he still manage to turn him into a melting puddle of arousal after all these years? He pulls Ilya back in for a hungry kiss, relieved when Ilya's fingers resume pumping in and out of him. They moan into each other's mouths, sounding straight out of a porno.

When Ilya gets his third finger in, Shane sees stars.

"Fuck, Ilya, I can't, Fuck me now!"

Ilya takes his other hand and spits on it, and begins to toy with Shane's nipples.

"Mmm, Hollander, Cannot wait to take me?" He rolls poor Shane's protruding nipple around like putty, causing his entire face to flush. Ilya abuses Shane's prostate a few more times before biting on Shane's neck and whispering:

"Tell me how bad you want it, Shane."

Shane throws his head back from a combination of pleasure and frustration. He's Shane Hollander, captain of the Montreal Metros, a sexy, desirable young man whose career and life is one of people's wildest dreams.

And here he is, under the influence of his favorite drug, the only thing he will ever need,

Ilya Rozanov.

"a-ahh, Rozy, I need you, all of you. Wanna feel you leaking out of me. Wanna feel you stretch me so bad the guys at practice wonder what happened. Make me wonder why I ever did that photoshoot, because the only one I ever want to get off to me..fuck... is you. So please... use me--"

Ilya's the one moaning this time, closing his eyes and shoving his hand over Shane's mouth. Ilya uses his strength to pick Shane up again and hoist him back up against the wall, wrapping his legs around his waist.

"Shh...you're doing so good Shane. Going to make you cum so hard you will forget your name." Ilya has one hand on Shane's ass, and the other is swiftly undoing his own pants to free his neglected cock. It's huge, 9 inches to be exact, but Shane's used to taking it by now.

At the sight of it, a tear rolls down Shane's face. He's too horny, too needy, too *greedy*

...

The world goes silent when Ilya slides his thick, girth length into Shane's prepped hole. A whorish smile spreads across Shane's face as he feels himself becoming more and more stuffed with Ilya.

"Keep taking me baby, just like that." Ilya cups Shane's cheek as he revels in his own pleasure of entering Shane.

It's moments like this that are impossible to beat. People in their life wonder, why Shane? Why Ilya? Why complicate things for themselves? Why go through something difficult by

choice? It's because this, that cannot be explained fully in words, is the best feeling in the entire world. Not just the sex and the orgasm, but the otherworldly connection between them. Feeling someone inside you, and being inside another. Right now, Shane and Ilya, are one. As they gaze into the other's eyes, each thrust is a reminder that their love is real, and the link of their souls transcends any and everything that makes sense.

They both begin to feel the familiar coil in their stomachs. They lean into each other, and Shane digs his fingernails into Ilya's back as his thrusts become relentless.

"Perfect, Ilya. You're so perfect." Shane rests his chin in the nook of Ilya's shoulder, feeling a wave of safety and comfort wash over him.

Although he cannot see it, he can feel Ilya's smile.

Both men are at their limits, and this is their favorite part of any time they make love.

Ilya shoves his mouth back into Shane's, whispering praises in his ear.

"My sweet Shane, all mine. You were made for me. Everything I could've dreamed of."

He caresses Shane's member, the couple teetering the edge. Despite this, Rozanov is still pounding into Shane's hole. They're panting, moaning, sweating, kissing, whining, even crying a little bit. Shane's the one to push them over the brink.

"I love you, ngh, Rozy."

Ilya comes right then and there, filling Shane up with his hot seed. Shane can feel it flooding every part of him on the inside, and rocked with pleasure, comes as well when Ilya practically moans in Shane's face:

"I love you, Shane. My good, good boy."

With a stroke of his penis, Shane unravels, squirming in Ilya's arms as he chases his high. They're both half dressed and sticky, but to each other, they've never looked more beautiful.

That night, in bed, Shane's phone pings.

"Hey Ilya, Calvin Klein just asked if you want to do a shoot too!"

Well, the only thing Ilya likes more than fucking Shane...

Is beating him.

"Bet I'll still have more likes than you."

"You're on, Hollander."

End Notes

It got more emotional than I had planned but I hope you guys still liked it :) Again, I really appreciate comments. Thanks for reading!

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