

Where he keeps me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76698621) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76698621>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Smut , Shameless Smut , Sex Toys , Top Ilya Rozanov , Bottom Shane Hollander , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , No Refractory Period , Needy Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Subspace , Praise Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Stolen Moments
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 2,146 Chapters: 1/1

Where he keeps me

by [northrow](#)

Summary

Ilya has a surprise for Shane.

“But I want to see you,” Shane whined.

“Just long enough to get surprise,” Ilya murmured.

The silk scarf slid snug behind Shane’s head, darkness making Shane breathe faster. Shane swallowed hard as the world narrowed to touch and sound, every nerve straining for proof that Ilya was still there.

He tilted his head just a fraction, just enough to catch the ghost of movement. Fingers. Long, confident.

He tugged uselessly at the scarf binding his wrists to the headboard. “Ilya,” he breathed. “You said you wouldn’t tease.”

“But I want to see you,” Shane whined.

“Just long enough to get surprise,” Ilya murmured.

The silk scarf slid snug behind Shane’s head, darkness making Shane breathe faster. Shane swallowed hard as the world narrowed to touch and sound, every nerve straining for proof that Ilya was still there.

He tilted his head just a fraction, just enough to catch the ghost of movement. Fingers. Long, confident. Drifting down his chest towards his aching cock.

Shane’s excitement burned fast and bright, tightening low in his stomach until it felt less like arousal and more like need. The longer Ilya made him wait, the worse it got. Every second without him another reminder of how badly Shane wanted him.

He tugged uselessly at the scarf binding his wrists to the headboard. “Ilya,” he breathed. “You said you wouldn’t tease.”

A low chuckle answered him. “Did I?” Rough fingers caught his ankle and pulled his leg straight. “Hold still, baby.”

Shane forced his body to be still, barely breathing as every bone in his body begged for the Russian’s touch. Ilya lifted his leg and pressed his foot against solid muscle. *His thigh*. The realization sent a shiver through him.

Something soft wrapped around his ankle, tightening fast.

A cuff.

“Baby,” Shane gasped, the word tearing out of him.

“Mmhmm?” Lips brushed just above the leather - unhurried, possessive - before his leg was lowered and the other lifted. The second cuff clicked closed. “You good, moya dusha?”

“Yeah,” Shane panted, rolling his ankles. The leather was absurdly soft. “Let me see you.”

“Almost.” Ilya told him, earning a groan of frustration. His rich laugh vibrated over Shane’s skin. “Patience.”

“I’ve been fucking patient.”

Ilya just laughed again, and his body weight left the bed. Shane strained without thinking, chest lifting off the mattress, chasing heat that was already gone. *Don’t leave. Don’t-*

“Baby-” Shane hardly recognized his own voice.

“I’m still here.”

Ilya’s voice was suddenly close. Warm lips brushed Shane’s mouth. Just enough.

“Fuck,” Ilya murmured. “You’re beautiful.”

“Rozanov, please.”

“I love when you sound like that.”

Then he was gone again.

Something heavy landed at the foot of the bed. Shane frowned beneath the scarf, confusion threading through the lust. His right foot was lifted, leg straightened. Metal tapped metal.

What is that?

Hands tightened around the cuff. Then his other ankle was lifted. The cuffs were attached to something, he felt it before he understood it.

The bed shifted. Shane was tugged downward just enough to stretch his arms fully overhead.

“Fuck!”

“Know what it is?”

Weight settled over him before he could answer. Thighs framing his chest. The scarf was stripped away.

Light rushed back in and there was Ilya, looming above him, his curls a halo around his face, eyes sharp, cock hard and leaking.

“Ilya...”

Shane’s tongue flicked out without thinking, brushing the flushed head of Ilya’s cock.

A sound tore from Ilya’s chest. “So pretty.” he muttered, shifting his cock out of Shane’s reach.

He cupped Shane’s cheek, tipped his head back. Shane sucked his thumb into his mouth, eyes locked on Ilya’s face. On the tight jaw, the way his curls brushed his forehead when his brow furrowed.

“Fuck,” Ilya groaned. “Look at you.”

Shane hollowed his cheeks around the digit, sucking hard. Fingers tangled in his hair, jerking his head back just enough to steal his breath.

“Do you want to be my slut tonight?” Ilya whispered, stroking Shane’s cock once, then twice, then letting it slap back against his stomach.

“Forever,” Shane moaned. *God, forever.* “Want to be good for you. Let me be good for you.”

“Open your mouth.”

The scarf was untied from the headboard but left binding his wrists together. Ilya pulled him forward, cock sliding heavy into Shane's mouth.

Shane could have come from the taste alone.

"Get it wet."

He closed his lips around the head, realizing quickly that the Russian wasn't going to give him as much as he wanted. Shane sucked greedily on what he was given. Ilya guided him, controlling the pace, watching Shane swallow around the tip. Blue eyes rolled back as he moaned Shane's name.

I did that. The smugness barely had time to settle before Ilya pulled his cock free.

Ilya moved, kneeling between Shane's thighs. A hand gripped Shane's chin before he kissed him roughly, teeth grazing and lips pressing hard. Ilya ended the kiss just as abruptly, his gaze sharp and possessive. Shane's stomach clenched.

"You still haven't guessed your surprise," Ilya murmured, thumb pressing against the base of Shane's cock.

Shane gasped, hips jerking instinctively. Ilya's hand tightened, stroking slow and precise. Shane moaned, voice raw, legs trembling as pleasure built with brutal clarity. He tried to push back, tried to escape the delicious control, but Ilya's grip held him like iron.

"You want to cum for me?" Ilya whispered, lips brushing Shane's ear, breath warm and teasing.

"Yes... yes, please!" Shane begged, voice high and shaking.

"Show me how much you need it," Ilya murmured, fingers curling tighter, thumb brushing over the tip in a rhythm that stole Shane's breath.

Shane's thighs shook, chest heaving, desperate heat flooding him. Every nerve screamed, every muscle quivering. He cried out, body trembling, trying to contain the overwhelming need, but Ilya's hand and gaze kept him anchored.

"Cum for me," Ilya growled.

Shane's control shattered. Pleasure ripped through him in waves, muscles spasming, his voice breaking into ragged moans. Ilya held him, stroked him, whispered his name with every pulse, never letting up until Shane shuddered into release, body wracked and trembling.

"So pretty when you do that," Ilya muttered.

He watched through half-closed eyes as Ilya scooped up a line of Shane's cum. Ilya parted his mouth, his tongue coming into view before he licked his finger clean. Shane's cock came back to life so fast, he got dizzy.

Ilya smiled. Slow. Dangerous. "Beautiful fucking man."

He moved to the foot of the bed, lifting the black metal bar attached to Shane's ankle cuffs.

"Wanna see what it does?"

The bar expanded before Shane could reply.

Air punched from Shane's lungs as his legs spread wider.

"Try to close them."

He tried. Failed. "I can't."

"Perfect."

He sounds so pleased.

"You ready for what's next?"

"Yes," Shane mumbled, the word ripping out of him. *Anything. I don't care. Just touch me.*

Before the word fully left his mouth, Ilya flipped him onto his stomach with one swift turn of the bar. Shane grunted as Ilya slapped his ass, then dragged him down the bed until his feet pressed to the floor. Ilya braced the bar under his heels, trapping Shane in place.

"Hands out in front of you," Ilya commanded, voice low and steady. Shane obeyed, fists gripping the scarf still tied around his wrists. "Color?"

"Green," Shane whispered, voice ragged, eyes fluttering under the aftershocks still racing through him.

Two sharp spanks landed on his ass, making him gasp, followed by Ilya's hands on his hips, pulling him back until he ground helplessly against the Russian's cock. Shane arched automatically, still hungry for the heat even after coming, body wanting more.

"Baby, fuck me," Shane begged, looking back over his shoulder. "Please, please--"

"Beg so pretty for me," Ilya growled, spanking him again.

He heard Ilya fumbling with something before cool liquid hit his hole. Shane groaned, pushing back against Ilya's thighs. Ilya had stretched him until Shane was gasping and begging for more just before the blindfold came out so he didn't have to wait long to feel the heaviness of Ilya's cock against him.

Shane barely had time to inhale before Ilya pressed inside him. He cried out, forehead dropping to the sheets as his back arched. Ilya set a deep, teasing pace, each thrust pulling a sound from Shane's throat.

The roll of Ilya's hips was almost punishing. Shane wished he could see his face. He could picture the flush on his cheeks, the tightness of his clenched jaw, the way his mouth would slacken as he chased his release.

“Tightest fucking slut,” Ilya groaned, spanking him again. He adjusted the bar, forcing Shane higher, onto his toes. “So fucking tight.”

“Just for you,” Shane choked out. “Please don’t stop!”

“You take me so well,” Ilya muttered, hand sliding up Shane’s spine, curling around his throat to tilt his head back. Lips pressed to Shane’s ear, warm and demanding. “You’re going to cum for me again,” he whispered, voice rough, curling into Shane’s nerve endings. “I want to feel you squeeze.”

“Yes fuck, please-”

“Beg prettier.”

Shane would’ve collapsed if Ilya hadn’t held him up. “Please, Ilya, baby, please let me cum, touch me, let me be good for you-”

“Good boy.”

The next thrust shattered him. He wailed, body shaking, legs straining uselessly.

“Let me hear you.” Ilya urged through his teeth.

“Ilya - fuck - Goddamn...” Shane’s voice staccato with every thrust.

Ilya’s hand wrapped around Shane’s cock, teasing him right to the edge with long strokes. His grip was the perfect amount of pressure, perfect friction learned through their years together.

“Cum for me.”

Shane did, spilling across the sheets with a broken cry.

Ilya didn’t slow, guiding him through it, hands firm, grip perfect, coaxing every last pulse from him until Shane collapsed forward. His hand squeezed the base of Shane’s dick; Shane was shocked to feel himself still half hard.

Ilya laughed roughly, “Ready again already, Lyubimyy?”

Another sob. Another thrust.

Shane’s hands were dragged between his legs by a tug on the scarf.

“Touch yourself.”

Shane obeyed instantly, oversensitive and shaking. A spank landed hard against his ass, grounding Shane back in the moment.

“That’s it.” Ilya grunted. “Good boy, my good fucking boy. Give me another one.”

“I don’t think I can.” Shane cried out but his hand didn’t stop moving.

“Oh my baby, my beautiful fucking slut. You will because I want you to. Cum for me.”

Ilya's voice talked Shane right off the cliff, his knees weakening and his eyes rolling back in his head as his cock shot one or two ropes of cum to the bed. Ilya's grip tightened on his hips, keeping him upright. But it was only a moment before Ilya followed behind him, his hot cum filling Shane and a broken groan of Shane's name echoing in Shane's mind.

Ilya didn't move right away. He stayed draped over Shane's back, weight warm and solid, breath slowing deliberately until Shane's matched it. One hand traced slow, absent lines along Shane's spine while he pressed a line of kisses along his shoulder blades.

“Shane.” Ilya's deep voice rumbled over Shane.

It's like he's purring.

“Shane.” His voice was more insistent but Shane couldn't get his eyes to open. “Shane!”

The change in his tone made Shane's eyes snap open, searching. He quickly found Ilya's bright eyes watching him carefully.

“Hey,” Ilya murmured. His voice was different now. Lower. Softer. “Stay with me.”

Shane nodded against the sheets, too wrung out to speak yet. Everything felt far away at the edges, like he'd been rung out and left humming. Ilya shifted slowly, giving Shane time, then reached for the scarf binding his wrists.

“I've got you,” he said quietly, fingers gentle as he loosened the knot. “Tell me if anything feels weird.”

The pressure vanished inch by inch. Blood rushed back into Shane's hands, tingling sharp before easing. Ilya rubbed warmth into his wrists immediately, thumbs working slow circles, grounding him back into his body.

Ilya freed his ankles next, carefully easing the bar away and guiding Shane down onto the mattress properly. Shane heard the clank of the bar hitting the floor and frowned. Ilya kissed each ankle before carefully rolling Shane onto his back.

Shane blinked up at Ilya.

“There you are,” Ilya whispered.

Shane exhaled shakily. “Hi.”

A soft smile brushed his shoulder. “Hi, baby. Color?”

“Green,” Shane said, hoarse but sure. “Just...floaty.”

“Good.” Ilya brushed his fingers through Shane's hair, fingers lingering. “Thirsty?”

“Mm, I think so.”

Ilya smiled against his skin and reached for the water on the bedside table, guiding the glass to Shane's lips. "Drink. Small sips."

Shane obeyed, grateful for the direction. When he finished, Ilya set it aside and resumed rubbing warmth into his arms, his thighs, anywhere Shane still felt floaty.

Eventually, Shane shifted, more aware now. "I feel okay," he mumbled.

Ilya nodded. "Good. If that changes, you tell me."

"Obviously." Shane said fondly. "I like that bar."

"Yeah?"

"I think you killed me."

A laugh. "Worth it?"

"So worth it. Come here."

Ilya dropped into his arms, curls brushing Shane's jaw as he tucked in close. Shane threaded his fingers through them with more effort than it should have taken, tugging softly. Ilya sighed, content, and tangled their legs together.

"Yeah," Shane laughed sleepily. "Wanna be your slut forever."

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