

in the low light, you know i'd do anything for you

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by [raykive](#)

Summary

Sometimes, the world gets a little too much for Shane Hollander.

He gets tied up in knots. He skates and scores goals but doesn't score them right. And for a long time it was just that— a discomfort he couldn't pinpoint, a disconnect, where everything tilts and tilts and tilts and only he stays in place.

For a long time, there was no place for Shane to rest—to *forget*—the way his body needed.

For a long time, there was no Ilya Rozanov. Not like this. Not like now.

Notes

where the hell are all the boypussy fics guys?!?!? this is short and far from my best work but the lack of shane pussy on here is personally upsetting to me so i had to take matters into my own hands with the very little free time i have. enjoy <3

also i love the word cunt. be warned.

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

Sometimes, the world gets a little too much for Shane Hollander.

He's perfectly fine in it most of the time, but then the performance of it all starts to take more effort than usual. He struggles to keep up the smile he's practiced to perfection. He listens but doesn't hear, not really. Questions don't seem to land right, not like usual, and he stumbles. Shane Hollander, perfect, an idol, the greatest player the league has ever seen, stumbles under the weight when it gets too heavy. Even for him.

He gets tied up in knots. He skates and scores goals but doesn't score them right. And for a long time it was just that— a discomfort he couldn't pinpoint, a disconnect, where everything tilts and tilts and tilts and only he stays in place.

For a long time, there was no place for Shane to rest—to *forget*—the way his body needed.

For a long time, there was no Ilya Rozanov. Not like this. Not like now.

"Are you with me, sweetheart?"

Shane nods almost immediately, and then he remembers himself. Words. Ilya wants words.

"Yes." His voice cracks. Comes out a little shaky from his throat. Breathless after another denied orgasm. "M here."

He's rewarded with a tender kiss, too tender for what they're doing, maybe, but perfect nonetheless. Ilya's lips slot right into the dip of his hip, over the material of his underwear that still clings to him. Ilya's decided to take his time with him tonight.

"Good." Ilya's breath tickles Shane's skin, but it's the thick accent that sends a shiver down his spine. "Very good. Your arms are okay, yes?"

Shane hums. He twists his wrists in the rope circling them to check, tied just tight enough to keep him in place without hurting too much, and then nods again.

"Perfect," he all but purrs, and it earns him another kiss. This time lower, where his panties are pulled to the side for Ilya to play with him.

That's what it is— *playing*. Even with his eyes covered Shane can tell Ilya's lips are curled up in that smirk of his, the one he wears when he's having fun. The one that makes Shane want to pull him in and kiss him stupid every time he sees it.

They don't do this often. It requires time they don't have and meticulous preparation, because Ilya never half asses anything. Not when it comes to Shane. And all of it *is* for Shane.

When the world is too loud Ilya is the opposite. He whispers praises against sweaty, flushed skin. He speaks in that lazy tone Shane loves, but still firm. Still commanding. Peeling back built up layers and making sure Shane knows, at the end of the day, where safety resides.

When everything and everybody is uncertain, unsure of how to handle him, Ilya never wavers. He knows Shane down to the lines on his palms and the pattern of his breaths. Knows when to get rough and when to go easy on him. Knows how to take him to that sweet, sweet corner only they visit, the floaty space where Shane breathes. Fully. Entirely. He breathes and breathes until his lungs are full of the smell he associates with Ilya. Knows how to bring him right back, when the time comes.

When Shane asks, through gritted teeth, to see him, Ilya tightens the ropes around his ankles until his legs are stretched out straight and gives him what he wants.

"Keep your eyes closed for a minute," Ilya says, tilting Shane's head up to untie the knot at the back. "The lights are dimmed, but it could still be a lot."

Shane, drowsy and sickly in love, turns his neck then. His lips brush Ilya's arm and he nuzzles the skin wordlessly.

The blindfold gets thrown to the side, and Ilya lets him hang on and get his fill for another moment. When he opens his eyes in a flutter of little blinks, Shane takes another full minute to speak, and even then all he manages is a weak, strained, "*Wow*."

Ilya's gaze twists into something else; love and desire filling each and every crevice. It takes some time for Shane to adjust to the light, with strips of it falling across the left side of Ilya's face, down the defined muscle of his shoulder, but Shane can't stop looking at his wild, glossy grin. At the sheer amount of his slick on Ilya's face.

Shane swallows. "Yeah. *Wow*."

He gets a chuckle. Fingers running through his hair reverently, all while others trail back down his stomach. Ilya mutters something in Russian and Shane regrets still not knowing it well enough to understand, but then Ilya licks his lips so slowly the thought immediately dissipates, melts into that nothingness as eagerly as his body does.

"Da. *Wow*," Ilya drags the word out, teasing, reaching down between Shane's legs and watching him closely. "You did not even cum and you are gone."

If he had any words left, any *real* words, Shane would argue back that precisely that—the fact that it's surely been an hour and he still hasn't gotten his release—is the reason why he's gone.

When Ilya slips a finger inside of him it's easy, smooth, Shane's back arches off the bed with it and he clings harder. His tied hands tighten into fists and when he feels a thumb press into the corner of his mouth he doesn't think twice.

"*God*, sweetheart," Ilya groans, dipping the digit past Shane's teeth, over the top of his tongue. "Good boy. So fucking good."

Sucking on Ilya's thumb, Shane begins an unconscious little grind with his hips. As much as the bindings attaching his ankles to the bottom of the bed allow him, at least. A faint, creaking noise follows his movements—the sound of the steel loops and links they had built

into one of the beds at the cottage for these moments. Shane feels like he might combust when he feels Ilya pull away again.

But then his hand is coming back down on Shane's pussy, only this time a wet, slapping noise follows it. Shane clenches around nothing, legs jerking to close at the flash of hot pain in between them, but to no avail.

The loops creak louder. Shane lets out a whimper, not unlike that of a wounded animal, when Ilya removes his thumb from his mouth.

"You take what I give you, yes?"

Shane nods. Mind spinning at the sudden shift. Ilya's voice is no longer that tender rumble, but instead a deep, heavy weight Shane feels low in his stomach. Down where he's soaked and throbbing for him.

"Yes," he gasps out. "Yes. I'm good."

"You are," Ilya says, honest. "But you like being bad, too."

Shane, struggling to juggle the space in between bliss and reality, feels his heart drop a little. *Bad?* His face must twist while the word echoes, disturbing the bubble he is in, because Ilya is quick to take his chin and tilt his head back, shaking him.

"Yes, bad. But it's okay." Ilya's hand is back on his pussy then, and Shane forgets what he was upset about anyway. Ilya's voice is nice. Good. *Keep going*, he wants to say. Maybe he does, he can't tell. "Because I can make you a deal."

Shane's ears perk up at that.

"Deal?" He parrots back, too overwhelmed for much else.

Ilya hums, rubbing his fingers in between Shane's folds absentmindedly.

"I will go back down and have some more fun with you. You will be good and won't cum, and then, if you listen well, I will give you what you want."

"What I want?"

There's no answer. No verbal answer, at least. Shane watches with hooded eyes as Ilya flattens his palm over his dripping-wet cunt and slips two fingers in, but before his moan can even fully make its way out it's gone again. Ilya wraps the same hand around his cock, giving it a few hypnotising tugs right there in Shane's face. Close, but far enough that he can't do anything about it even when he strains his neck to get closer.

Ilya's cock. That's what he wants, yes. What he needs.

He notices, belatedly, that Ilya is fully naked now too. He had been clothed when they started, before the blindfold made its way around Shane's head, and he had no way to track

when exactly Ilya lost his clothes as well. In between the four orgasms he'd denied Shane, surely, and Shane pouts unconsciously.

He wishes he had seen it happen, but then a drop of precome catches on Ilya's thumb when he tugs up and Shane loses focus again.

"Mm, ye-ah." Shane's voice cracks on the word. He slurs further, "I'm just...I want..."

"Shh, shh, shh," Ilya shushes him, pushing Shane's hair back and stroking the side of his face. "You just be good, okay?"

Ilya slaps his cheek twice, and Shane bites down a whine when Ilya moves back down on the bed and brings an end to the mini show Shane was immersed in.

Settling himself in between Shane's knees, Ilya reaches behind himself to adjust the links the ropes are tied to, giving Shane's legs a wider range of motion again. Ilya pushes them back, lowering himself down as well, stomach to the covers and hands to Shane's thighs. Shane digs his heels into his back mindlessly, already breathless at that look returning— Ilya's eyes darken and the vein on his forehead pops under the light, skin shiny with sweat. Another wave of that way-too-hot pleasure runs through Shane at the sight alone, making his cunt clench and gush with more slick.

Ilya takes it slow. Like he's been doing all night, and Shane feels like he might snap from the faintest breath with how tight his body feels.

He fights to keep his eyes open and watch him— the way Ilya toys with the strap of his underwear that's digging into the meat of his hip as he kisses the inside of his thigh, tracing his thumb under it back and forth before pulling and letting it snap back against Shane's skin. Shane gasps at the feeling, back arching, and Ilya takes to kissing over his panties when they slip to cover his cunt again.

"Hmmf," Ilya grunts, mouthing over him eagerly, tongue flat against his folds and nose pressing into his clit. "*Fuck*, Shane. You are so fucking wet, sweetheart."

Shane tugs on the ropes holding him down, not to escape, no, he can't fathom ever wanting such a thing, just— he feels like he might *die*, when Ilya gets frustrated with his underwear and simply rips it off of him.

"*Ilya*," Shane whimpers, heart all the way in his throat.

With a loaded grunt, Ilya buries his face in his cunt. Does it like he wanted to make use of time, really push Shane to that brink of insanity, but simply couldn't help himself, and Shane lets out a sound too feral to be considered human.

Ilya eats him out like he always does, all heavy groans and an eager mouth, filthy slurps that take over the room. Barely contained need that often makes Shane wonder if this is for him at all.

"God, *fucking*—" Ilya cuts himself off, one hand flying up to Shane's chest and the other squeezing his thigh. With his face snug against Shane, he mutters, "I love this fucking cunt, all mine. S'good, so sweet, and is *mine*."

Shane nods, because, "Yes. Fuck, *fuck*—"

Ilya's. That's correct. Yes. *Yes*. His brain is on a loop. Shane can't fucking breathe.

Ilya wraps his mouth around his clit and sucks, nose buried in the dark hairs just above it, and Shane's belly pulses with a warmth. A pressure, just at the base of his gut.

"Taste like heaven," Ilya kisses him, right there on his throbbing clit, mumbling Russian that goes over Shane's head. "I could do this for hours, sweetheart. Would you let me? Hm?"

Right now, Shane would let Ilya do just about anything to him, even if it's torture. Even if it takes ages before he cums. Even if it kills him.

When he sees the dazed look in Ilya's eyes he thinks he'd let the man rip him apart piece by piece, so long as he keeps his mouth on Shane as he does it. Silently, he thanks himself for asking Ilya to take his blindfold off, now that he gets to look at him eat and lick at Shane like a man starved.

Only when Ilya slaps his cunt again does Shane remember he's been asked a question.

"Of course," he gasps, teeth gritted. "Anything. Anything you want."

Immediately, Shane's legs get pushed back further and Ilya flattens his tongue over his asshole. Licking up, up, *up*, he pauses, circling around the entrance of his cunt before finally sticking the tip of his tongue inside and sending Shane's eyes rolling into the back of his head.

The pressure in his gut grows the longer Ilya licks and sucks and takes everything Shane is able to give, but the moment it gets too much Ilya pulls off, panting and still leaving kisses all around. On the insides of his thighs, his stomach, his clit, anywhere he can reach while Shane squirms and whines under him.

"I wanted you to cum while I'm inside," Ilya says, not even looking at his face. He's focused on what's in front of him, tracing a lazy finger along the mess in between Shane's folds, circling his hole and then bringing the digit to his mouth to suck. "But you have changed my mind. I like tasting you too much."

Shane whines, eyes drooping with exhaustion. "Please...I'm— I need—"

"I know what you need." Ilya cuts him off.

Dipping his head down, he licks a long stripe over his entire cunt, and then his mouth is closing around Shane's clit again and he's so sensitive and raw it doesn't even take a minute of that sweet, warm pressure of Ilya's mouth to have Shane's entire body tensing up with an orgasm.

When he cums it almost feels like he blacks out. It feels like hours pass in the waves that keep washing over him, never ending and too intense to feel or think of anything else, but it must be only minutes because Ilya is still there when Shane comes back to himself. Still kissing him, still praising, still muttering words he doesn't understand. Not because it's in Russian, but because his ears are full of cotton, his brain complete goo in his skull, hands tugging down so hard he's sure it will leave behind rope burn on his wrists.

The pain is secondary to Shane, now that the tight band has finally snapped after so long, and all he feels is release. So intense and all over the place he forgets about everything that isn't this—the feeling coursing through him, the warm, loving mouth he knows so well, the safe kind of comfort that grounds him and makes him float all the same.

"...Ilya, Ilya, *Ilya*." He realises he's chanting under his breath, needy and eager and wanting. He needs something, he knows. He's forgetting what. "Mmh, Ilya. *God, fuck...*"

Ilya detaches himself from him immediately. Shane whines, guttural and wounded and upset and—Ilya's kissing him before Shane can even realise he's hovering over him, and Shane relaxes all at once. *Of course*, that's it. Perfect. Shane puts his last bit of strength into kissing back.

It's awfully soft, even when Ilya sticks his tongue into his mouth and Shane tastes himself, he only collapses further into tenderness.

"Shane, sweetheart," Ilya hums. Kisses him again and again, until it feels like they've melted together into one. "Look at me."

Shane listens. He blinks up at Ilya, lips stretching into a wide smile when their eyes meet.

"Heey," he mumbles, nuzzling Ilya's palm.

"Hey." Ilya kisses his cheek. "Are you with me, Hollander?"

Shane grunts. "Mhm. I am. I think."

"You think you can give me another one?"

Shane furrows his eyebrows, but then Ilya grinds his hips against him and Shane's brain comes back online in an instant.

He spreads his legs as far as they can go, nodding and leaving open-mouthed kisses all over Ilya's hand. "Yeah, I can. I can."

With one last kiss to his jaw, Ilya sits back between his legs. Slowly, he brings a hand to Shane's left ankle and unties the rope there, soft fingers caressing the reddened skin as Ilya kisses his knee. He moves lower and lower and Shane watches, love-drunk and hyper-aware of every single point where Ilya is touching him, easing him down always. Keeping him grounded and in check.

Ilya thumbs over his ankle, and when he reaches the sensitive skin with his mouth Shane can feel him smile.

"So sensitive, hm," Ilya rubs along the red circle the rope left behind. "I should tie all of you up one day. Leave these marks everywhere. You would look so beautiful."

Letting Shane's foot rest against his shoulder, Ilya leans his face into it and continues those little circular motions down the length of his leg, pressing gently into tense muscles. Shane's heart nearly bursts at the show of care. So simple and wordless and loving. So...Ilya.

Shane shakes his right foot, rustling the links. "You'll need a lot more rope than that."

"I know." Ilya leaves a wet kiss at the arch of his foot and lets him go. "Next summer, maybe. If you are lucky."

Shane doesn't have it in him to give a snarky comeback. He just watches Ilya do the same thing with his right leg. Untie, kiss, massage, repeat. He half expects Ilya to untie his hands as well, but it never comes.

So he lets his eyes flutter shut and basks in every point of pleasure in his body, in how light he is after feeling like he might snap and break down when they'd just arrived at the cottage. The stark difference alone makes him want to cry, when Ilya starts littering more kisses over his stomach, his chest, the curve of his neck, and then he's there— breathing life and love into his open, waiting mouth.

"Ya tebya lyublyu," Ilya mutters against his lips. Shane lets out a little happy noise.

"Again."

"Ya tebya lyublyu." And a kiss.

"One more time."

Another kiss.

"Ya," Ilya whispers slower. "*Tebya*—" another soft kiss, "*lyublyu*."

Shane chases after his lips when he pulls back. "I love you too."

Ilya hums, pushing Shane's legs back until his knees are up against his chest and he's hovering over him.

"You are sure you don't need a break?"

"Just fuck me already."

Like always, Shane gets exactly what he wants. Without complaints. Without further questions.

Ilya reaches in between them to give his cock a few more tugs, and then he's thrusting into Shane all at once, knocking the breath out of his lungs and setting a steady pace.

Shane's moan gets swallowed in another deep kiss, meeting Ilya's own, guttural sound halfway and tugging him down deeper, like a compensation for not being able to actually hold and pull him in. Ilya melts into him, mouthing and kissing all over his face while he pounds into Shane with abandon, making him toss his head back as he bottoms out and their hips meet in a loud snap of skin.

Hooking Shane's legs over his shoulders, Ilya braces himself to drive in deeper, harder, until Shane feels the pressure all the way in his chest. It shoots up his spine and spreads into his nerves, setting his body alight every time a deep grind of Ilya's hips creates friction against his clit, and Shane is certain the string of words leaving his mouth is nonsensical, a way to keep himself from falling apart too soon.

"Shane, *fuck*." Ilya hangs his head, and with their bodies pressed together so tightly Shane's nose ends up buried in his hair, giving him a lungful of Ilya's scent— the shampoo they share, sweat and sex and something that's just Ilya to Shane. The smell he's been craving since he was eighteen and painfully unaware of his needs. "Feel so good, sweetheart. Always perfect. It makes me crazy."

With the rest of his body entirely under Ilya's control, all Shane can do is dig his fingernails in his palms to keep it together, give himself something else to think about that isn't Ilya's thick cock ramming into his cunt, making a space for himself right there in Shane's guts. It barely works, the small stinging pain is nothing compared to Ilya's heat, his weight, his filthy mouth. It's all too much. Too good.

"Ilya— it's— *oh god*," Shane whimpers, cunt spasming around Ilya's cock. "I'm gonna— *uhh*."

Ilya fucks him harder, turning to kiss his knee. Once, twice, and then, "Come on. You can cum for me."

As if that's all Shane's been waiting for, he cums with a drawn out moan, head tossed back into the pillows and eyes squeezed shut. Ilya keeps fucking him through every overwhelming wave of pleasure that returns and pulls him further into the vast ocean, seizing him completely, taking him where nothing but the drag of Ilya's body against his exists.

In this moment, where Shane lets go and Ilya allows him, it's only the two of them, and everything else is still. Finally. *Finally*.

Ilya lets him go and Shane wraps his legs around his waist, and then Ilya follows right behind him. He cums with a few short, deep thrusts, spilling his release inside of Shane all while pressing kisses across his neck, muttering praises, going in and out of Russian and all Shane can do is lie there and take it. Drink it all in until his chest is too full to even bear the love he feels for this man.

When he catches his breath, Ilya reaches up above him to untie the knots of rope holding Shane back.

Shane brings his wrists to his chest slowly, hissing at the ache in his muscles, but it quickly turns into a smile when Ilya starts nosing over the inside of his wrist.

"You are so good." Ilya rolls his hips, a slow, deep grind, and Shane doesn't even try to keep his eyes open. "I love you."

Shane nods, squeezing Ilya with his legs in response. Soft fingers caress the skin of his wrists, and Ilya already knows not to expect words when Shane gets like this. When he sinks so deep into love and pleasure it takes over entirely, so Ilya coaxes him back the way he always does.

He pulls out only when Shane is ready for it, still talking in that soft tone Shane loves so much to avoid disturbing him too suddenly. Shane is barely hearing the words, but Ilya is there, all around him, always, and that's all that matters.

"Good boy," Ilya whispers into his palm, leaving a small kiss there.

When Shane settles fully and his breaths even out, Ilya leaves him in bed while he moves around the cottage, making sure to leave all the doors open so Shane can still hear him. He returns with full arms and sits down next to Shane on the bed.

"All good?"

"Mhm."

Ilya laughs, giving him a once over. "Yes, I see."

"Shut up," Shane mumbles weakly.

Ilya lets his head rest on Shane's bent knee, running a hand up and down his thigh. "I will clean you up now, so take it easy."

While Ilya does exactly that, Shane slowly comes down from his high, back into his body, his mind, their bed. His limbs are loose and relaxed, albeit a little sore from being tied down, but Ilya is already rubbing soothing ointment into his ankles and wrists when Shane's vision really, fully clears up.

"Thank you," Shane whispers, taking a sip of the water Ilya brought when his throat protests.

Ilya's eyebrows furrow beneath the mess of curls on his forehead. "What for?"

"You know what for."

There's silence, a brief gap of comfort they can take now without panic, before Ilya looks at him again.

"Thank you, sir," Ilya says, poorly mimicking Shane's voice. "For tying me down and fucking me so *so* good and ha—"

Shane throws a pillow at him, groaning loudly. "Seriously?"

Ilya dodges it, smile wide and amused, but then it softens and he shuffles closer to kiss Shane. When they pull back there's that love-struck look on his face again, the same one

Shane knows he's sporting whenever he's around Ilya.

"Is nothing to thank me for. You feel better now, yes?"

Shane nods. "Yes. A lot better."

He can barely remember why he was so high strung before this now that they're here, away from it all.

"Good. I am glad."

Ilya gives him another kiss, letting Shane drop his head down and nuzzle his chest, eyelids fluttering at the steady rhythm of Ilya's heart— a reminder that the world has its soft corners for him too.

End Notes

thank you for reading <3 i wish i could've done more for this lovely Lovely ship but i still hope you enjoyed this silly little pwp <3

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