how sweet

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how sweet

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Summary

"You in yet, Rozanov?"

"Oh, you still got jokes in you, huh, Hollander?"

or: shane tries to ragebait ilya

Notes

day 1 of having severe hollanov withdrawals

See the end of the work for more notes

“You in yet, Rozanov?”

The words dripped with unusual cocky defiance, just barely hiding the shiver curling down Shane’s spine. He was trying to bait him, like he always did. Like he hadn’t learned, time and time again, what Ilya did to people who dared to run their mouth.

Silence met him at first.

Ilya had been trying to go slow, trying being the key word. He had one hand gripping Shane’s waist, the other splayed firm over his lower back, steadying him, easing in inch by inch. His brows furrowed in concentration, trying to be careful, to give his beloved time to adjust. But that sentence, *you in yet?*, cut through whatever patience he had left like a blade.

Then, with an almost casual tilt, Ilya turned his head, eyes dark with something unreadable. The corner of his lips curled into that same manic grin Shane used to only see on the ice.

“Oh, you still got jokes in you, huh, Hollander?”

And then Ilya drove all the way in.

Shane gasped. His body arched off the bed as his hands scrambled for purchase against the sheets, the wall, anything. His legs trembled as he tried to breathe through the sudden stretch, through the fire curling in his gut.

But Ilya didn’t wait. He never did, anyways.

The rhythm he set was ruthless. Each thrust was calculated, a punishment served hot and fast.

“I’m all the way in now, Hollander.” Ilya's voice was low as he whispered to Shane’s ears. “You feel it now?”

“Ilya—w-wait, slow down—!” Shane’s voice cracked halfway through the sentence, slurred with pleasure and panic. “I—*hng*—I was just joking—”

“Oh, were you?” Ilya grunted, slamming in deeper. “Well, does it feel funny now?”

Shane was about to reply something snarky, but Ilya didn’t even give him time to answer. Just slammed into him again, hard enough to knock the breath clean out of Shane’s lungs. His knees buckled, face nearly hitting the sheets as he let out a choked, helpless moan.

“F-*fuck*! Ilya, I can’t—!”

“Yes, you can,” Ilya murmured into his ear, one hand fisting in Shane’s hair and yanking his head back. “You love this shit. You love running your mouth just to get ruined.”

Shane whimpered, hips twitching under the unrelenting pace. His whole body felt like it was on fire, overwhelmed by how full and fast it all was. Each thrust knocked the words out of him and left his brain melting into white noise.

“You said wait, but your hole’s clenching every time I move. You expect me to believe you?” Ilya mocked, voice rough with pleasure as his teeth scraped along Shane’s jaw. “If you really want it, say it. C’mon, beg for me, *Малыш*.”

Shane tried—*he really did*—but all that came out was a broken whine. His fingers dug into the sheets, eyes rolling back as Ilya hit just right, again and again.

“You can’t even talk now, huh?” Ilya grunts, snapping his hips forward, grinding in deeper. “But earlier you had all that mouth. All that attitude.”

He leaned down, pressing his chest to Shane’s back, hips never slowing.

“Is it too much, *любимый*?” he whispered, voice suddenly lower. “Tell me, and I’ll pull out right now.”

Shane shook his head violently, a sob of frustration clawing its way out of his throat. “No—don’t you fucking dare—”

“Yeah?” Ilya smirked against the skin of his shoulder, kissing it. “Didn’t think so.”

Then he pulled out just to the tip, making Shane cry out at the sudden emptiness, before slamming back in with enough force to shake the bedframe.

“I will fuck you until you forget how to be a brat,” he breathed, fingers bruising on Shane’s hips. “And then you will let me do it again and again, *да*?”

Shane mindlessly nodded. Hell, he could barely even breathe, body quivering under the relentless force. His cock throbbed and ached, wobbling helplessly with every thrust Ilya drove into him. Each slam made it slap against his stomach, a harsh reminder that it had no choice but to ride along. He reached desperately for it, fingers trembling as he tried to wrap around the shaft, seeking any relief he could grab.

Ilya’s hand shot out and smacked his hand away before he could even start, leaving Shane panting and helpless, utterly at his mercy.

“Uh-uh,” he tuts, digging his nails into Shane’s hip. “No touching, *любимый*. You wanna cum? You’re gonna have to do it like this.”

Shane whimpered, his thighs quaking as the pressure coiled tight in his gut.

“*мой хороший мальчик*,” Ilya rasped, pounding into him harder. “Come on. Let go and make a mess for me.”

Shane could barely hold himself up anymore, his arms trembling, breath catching, tears streaming down his cheeks. His cock throbbed between his legs, flushed and leaking, twitching with every merciless thrust from Ilya. It swayed helplessly with each motion, unbearably hard, aching from denial.

“Ilya, please—” he sobbed, voice cracking. “Please, I can’t—just let me—*fuckkk*, I’ll do anything—*anything*—just let me cum, please—”

That made Ilya grunt, cock twitching deep inside him. Shane felt it, felt him thicken even more. Like he was getting off on this. On hearing him beg and watching him fall apart.

“Anything?” Ilya echoed, hips slowing down just enough to let the weight of the word hang thick in the air.

Shane nodded so fast it was pathetic. “Yes—yes, anything, please, I need it—I need to—”

Ilya grabbed Shane’s face, fingers digging into his cheeks as he turned Shane’s head to the side, forcing him to look up. His grip squished Shane’s cheeks together until his lips were pushed into a helpless pout. Shane whimpered under the grip, eyes glossy and dazed.

“You said anything, *любимый*.” Ilya said, his voice curling around Shane’s ears like smoke. “You remember that, *да*?”

Another frantic nod. “Uh-huh—yes, *yesss*, I swear—”

“Good.”

Ilya’s hand let go of his face and slid downward until it wrapped around Shane’s neglected cock.

The touch alone had him keening, his whole body spasming like it had been shocked. He twitched violently in Ilya’s grip, hips trying to jerk forward but trapped under the weight of Ilya’s body.

“There, there,” Ilya murmured, thumb rubbing over the tip, spreading the mess leaking from him. “Cum for me, just like this. All over my hand. Make it pretty for me, *любимый*.”

Shane didn’t even last five seconds.

His back arched as the orgasm tore through him, messy, and all-consuming. His cum poured between them, coating Ilya’s knuckles, his stomach, and the sheets below.

He barely had five seconds of shaky reprieve, his limbs still trembling, mouth open in a wordless moan—

Before Ilya slammed back into him.

“*Ah*! What are you—wait—!” Shane cried, wrung out and oversensitive.

But Ilya was already moving again, fucking into the aftershocks. His grip stayed tight on Shane’s hip, his other hand sliding up his back to keep him pinned down.

“You said anything, remember?” he said, voice ragged. “You didn’t think we were done, *любимый*, did you?”

End Notes

fun fact: this was actually supposed to be a seongtak fic but had it revised so it fits hollanov hehe

pls lmk ur thoughts !! i love reading everyones comment (๑>◡<๑)

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