

when a fire starts to burn

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76163316) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76163316>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	5+1 Things , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Blow Jobs , Hand Jobs , Rimming , Rope Bondage , Phone Sex , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Come Swallowing , Good Boy Shane Hollander , annd that's all folks
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-21 Words: 6,473 Chapters: 1/1

when a fire starts to burn

by [HawkinsLocal](#)

Summary

"How long can you stay?" Shane asks when Ilya arrives at his building, slipping in the back door and racing up the stairs. It's always the question, now: how much time, how many hours can they steal, what can they get away with while the world is looking the other direction.

When they reach the top Ilya looks Shane in the eye and says, "Long enough."

Or, five times Shane comes first, and one time he doesn't.

Notes

Set roughly during the 2014-2016 sex and hockey montage but timeline is a little wibbly wobbly.

Title is from the Disclosure song of the same name.

Have fun!

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

one: kindling

The soft slap of Ilya's hand on Shane's belly snaps him back to reality, his thoughts shifting from *oh my god holy shit fuck fuck fuck* back to some kind of coherent flow. Ilya looks up, framed by Shane's thighs, sated but still starry-eyed. Shane twists his fingers through Ilya's curls—purely an indulgence at this point—and almost asks if Ilya is aware of the slap, a tic that signals satisfaction or praise or maybe both.

But he keeps quiet because he doesn't want to deprive himself of this, doesn't want to ruin it with teasing or self-consciousness. Instead he hauls Ilya up from between his legs and kisses him hard, taking advantage of Ilya's open mouth to shove his tongue inside and taste himself mixed with Ilya's spit and cigarette smoke. His groan is echoed by Ilya, growing stiff against Shane's stomach, and becomes more desperate as Shane reaches down to stroke him with as much restraint as he can manage.

"Hollander," Ilya says, as much a plea as a name, the resonant Russian consonants softening as they only do when he's laid out like this. Laid out for Shane: naked and open and so fucking eager for whatever Shane is willing to give him.

Shane obliges, pushing Ilya off him to the sound of mild protests but making up for it a second later when he settles in between Ilya's legs, skimming a hand over the perfect curve of Ilya's ass and the ridge of his hip and finally letting it come to rest on his chest. Ilya's heart beats once, twice, a third time under Shane's fingertips as he takes a breath and times it out, squeezing Ilya's chest at the same moment he takes Ilya's cock into his mouth, heavy and throbbing red and absolutely fucking perfect. Shane can feel Ilya trying not to squirm underneath him, the slight arch of his back off the bed in spite of his efforts.

There's a giddy flutter of mischief in Shane's chest as his mission becomes clear, and he doubles his efforts to take Ilya apart piece by piece, to leave him gasping and speechless for once in his life. So he squeezes Ilya's pecs again, pinches the nipple for good measure as he lowers his head to take in as much of Ilya as he can and then pulls up at a speed that's almost agonizingly slow. Ilya's hips buck but Shane remains slow and patient: the fleeting voice of a trainer in the back of his head warns him that he might have neck pains in the morning.

"Hollander, please," Ilya groans and then mutters something in Russian, which is always a positive sign.

So Shane goes back to work.

"Not fair," Ilya says once they finish, after moaning Shane's name countless times and ruining yet another hotel bedspread and coming so hard and long that Shane had plenty of time to memorize the expression on his face, the furrow of his brow and the frown of concentration but also maybe disbelief.

"What's not fair?" Shane settles into the crook of Ilya's arm and breathes in the lingering smell of sex and sweat. It reminds him a little bit of countless locker rooms but Shane has come to realize that he doesn't mind, not with Ilya.

"These things you do to me— I could do them to you, too, but you come in like two seconds."

"Oh, that's lucky, actually." Shane turns his head to kiss Ilya softly on his upper arm, lets his lips linger on the soft skin there.

"Lucky?" Ilya asks.

"Yeah." Shane smiles slyly as warm blood rushes back to his cock. "Now I can go again. And you can show me."

"Fuck." Ilya inhales with a hiss. He turns Shane's head away to place a firm, urgent kiss on his jaw, and then travels slowly downward, and they start again.

two: match

"You are in a cave?" Ilya asks when the call connects, frowning under the soft orange glow of the hotel lights. "You need me to send a rescue mission?"

Shane groans and scrubs his face in frustration, none of which is visible because his camera is fucking broken.

"I dropped my phone," he explains. "Actually, Hayden made me drop my phone when he was goofing around after practice."

"Ah," Ilya says. "So it is Hayden's fault I don't get to see your cock tonight."

"It was an accident. And I'm getting a new phone tomorrow."

"Ok." Ilya shrugs and his traps flex distractingly. "Good night then, Hollander."

"Wait." Shane tries to hide the note of desperation in his voice and fails, he thinks. He's been looking forward to this call all day, to the point that he'd had to hide an inconvenient boner in the locker room after practice. "We could just talk."

Ilya scoffs. "Talk about what? Your idiot teammates who break your things?"

Shane shakes his head and smirks, remembers again that Ilya can't see any of it. "No, I don't want to talk about my fucking teammates."

"So what do you want?" Ilya's voice drops lower, a stone sending out ripples across the calm surface of his expression.

"I already told you," Shane reminds him. "I want you to talk to me."

Ilya's eyes spark with comprehension, and then interest. "What, like phone sex?"

"Yeah," says Shane, letting his voice go raspy with his own desire. He glances down to shift the growing bulge in his underwear, and when he looks back up the screen is blank: Ilya has

hung up.

A second later Ilya calls back, audio only this time.

"Is this what you wanted, Hollander?" he says before Shane has a chance to speak. "My voice in your ear, telling you what to do?"

"Shit, Rozanov," Shane replies. It comes out as more of an exhale as he scrambles for his headphones, looped in a neat coil on the nightstand where he'd placed them after his brief workout at the hotel gym. "Yes, that's what I want."

"Good," Ilya says, and Shane can hear the smirk in his voice, the catch of his breath like it's coming from inside Shane's head. "So what are you wearing right now, Hollander?"

"Just a t-shirt," Shane says. "My underwear."

Ilya clicks his tongue. "Too much."

"I know."

There's a silence on the line but Shane resists the urge to fill it: he's pretty sure he can wait Ilya out.

"So," Ilya finally prompts with an exasperated huff.

"So what?" Shane flushes at the desire barely hidden behind Ilya's frustration. He allows his hand to wander down his stomach and slip into his underwear, permits himself a few slow, gratifying strokes.

"Hollander," Ilya says sharply, snapping Shane's attention back to the voice on the phone. "Are you touching yourself already?"

"No," Shane lies.

"You are still a bad liar."

Shane is reluctant to stop but it's probably for the best: his cock is still throbbing even as he withdraws his hand.

"Okay," he concedes. "I'll wait for you."

Ilya scoffs again. "You will wait for me?" he repeats. "That would be a first."

Shane ignores the jab, too worked up for any more teasing.

"Jesus, Rozanov, do you want me to take my clothes off or not?"

After a beat Ilya says, "No, keep them on, I think. You are being troublesome."

"Fuck you," Shane huffs in frustration.

"Fuck yourself," Ilya replies, which, okay, Shane should have seen that one coming. "But do not touch your cock."

"So how...?"

"You are smart," Ilya says, and Shane can practically hear him shrug. "You figure it out."

Shane's breath catches in his throat, a familiar tightening in his chest as Ilya's voice deepens with hunger. He imagines Ilya on his knees at the end of the bed, watching him with dark eyes that are drunk with desire. His cock is getting harder by the second. He slides a hand up under his shirt again, starts to feel a little drunk himself at the thought of Ilya watching and listening.

"Talk to me, Hollander," Ilya prompts. "Tell me what you are doing."

"I'm touching myself," Shane replies. "Like you do. My hand is on my chest and I'm—I'm pinching my nipple."

Ilya swears softly in Russian. Shane wonders if he's stroking his own cock yet, or if he's still in possession of the restraint that Shane lacks.

"Does it feel good?"

"Yeah." Shane exhales, shifts his hips to try to get some relief for his growing erection.

"Yeah, it feels fucking great."

"It is great for me too," says Ilya. "When I make your nipples hard and you moan and say my name."

"Shit." Shane is squirming now, his cock dying to be touched. "Rozanov."

"Yes," Ilya says with a slight wobble at the end of the word. Shane realizes he's holding onto control by a thread. "Like that."

"Jesus," Shane gasps as he flounders, rubs at himself desperately through his underwear for some kind of relief but it's nowhere near enough. "Can I touch my balls, at least?"

"Do you need to?"

It's a genuine question but also a challenge, and Shane responds accordingly.

"No," he says, his jaw set with determination. "All I need is..." Shane trails off, writhing in his skin. "God, I'm so fucking close."

"All you need is what?" says Ilya. "My mouth taking every inch of your cock? My fingers inside of you? Or—" Ilya's voice gets even softer so Shane has to strain to listen, even as he struggles to delay his release— "maybe my tongue instead, huh? I think you would like that, Hollander. I think it will make you come all over your expensive sheets."

"Shit," Shane says as his breaths come fast and heavy, knowing how desperate he sounds but unbothered by the fact. "Shit, shit, shit."

"Fuck, yes," Ilya replies and Shane is vaguely aware that he sounds somewhat in awe too, that whatever effect Ilya is having on Shane works just as well in the opposite direction. And then Ilya says: "Good boy."

The words send Shane tumbling into a spiral, the room spinning as his back arches and he climaxes hard and long with a moan that starts deep in his belly. The come leaks through his underwear and onto the bedspread, as Ilya predicted; Shane rubs his cock to ease himself through the aftershocks.

"Ilya..." he says, but has no idea what comes next.

"I know," Ilya responds, and somehow Shane believes that he does. "I know."

"Did you come, too?"

"Yes," Ilya says. "It was very hot."

There's a momentary pause, like Ilya might be about to say something else, and Shane holds his breath. But the only thing Ilya adds is a clipped, "Good night."

"Good night," says Shane, and then the line goes dead.

three: oil

Shane is distracted at practice, nearly to the point of carelessness. Almost steps onto the ice without his helmet until Hayden runs out with it at the last second and shoves it into his hands.

"Oh," says Shane, blinking as he snaps out of his dazed state. "Thanks."

"It's a community service," Hayden replies with a mischievous smirk. "Can't let that ugly mug get any uglier."

"You're one to talk," Shane manages to respond as he slides his helmet on, only to immediately lose his footing when he hits the ice and instinctively grab onto Hayden's arm. In retrospect, a fall would have been less embarrassing.

"Easy there, Bambi," Hayden says as Shane untangles their arms and sets himself upright. "What's the deal with you today?"

"Nothing." Shane tugs at his pads to adjust them, even though they're not actually out of place.

"Come on, it can't be that embarrassing," Hayden presses. "Are you just not getting laid, or what?"

Shane shakes his head. "It's not that," he says as he pushes off the wall and away from the conversation. "It's definitely not that."

The truth is that Shane can't stop thinking about Ilya's tongue. Hasn't been able to stop since Ilya brought it up while they were on the phone, since Shane had experienced one of the most toe-curling orgasms of his life all because Ilya had the audacity to say *imagine my tongue inside you*, the idea sounding hotter than seemed possible thanks to Ilya's accent and the raw desire behind it.

But it's been a drought on and off the ice: Shane hasn't even earned a point in three weeks, hasn't seen Ilya in twice as long. Shane is hungry for everything. He takes extra shots and works on his puck handling after practice, goes home exhausted and heads straight to his bedroom, where his dildo collection is growing to the point that he has to designate a second drawer for the toys.

Shane fucks himself silly with them, on the bed and in the shower and once in front of the TV, watching a replay of Ilya goading the entire Admirals bench into a fight and emerging from the fray with a split lip and a smirk.

When Shane's hole is slick and puffy he removes the dildo and slides his fingers inside himself, moaning with shameless, aching need. Even with the awkward angle it's not hard to imagine that the fingers are Ilya's, the strokes steady and sure, always giving Shane exactly what he needs. It's more difficult to imagine Ilya's tongue, the slickness and the curve of it, but Shane does his best as he grazes his fingers across his opening, desperate and panting and thinking of Ilya, always.

With Boston at Montreal tonight, finally, Shane might be a little distracted. But he's still hungry for a win, hungry for the points, hungry for the look of jealousy on Ilya's face after Shane scores his third goal and completes the hat trick.

"How long can you stay?" Shane asks when Ilya arrives at his building, slipping in the back door and racing up the stairs. It's always the question, now: how much time, how many hours can they steal, what can they get away with while the world is looking the other direction.

When they reach the top Ilya looks Shane in the eye and says, "Long enough."

Shane nods. "Okay," he says as he pushes Ilya inside and kisses him voraciously, pauses only to slide the lock into place.

Ilya is waiting when he turns back, the hunger in his eyes mirroring Shane's own. They fumble their way across the floor in the dark, Ilya stripping haphazardly as they go. Even in the dimness Ilya's muscles are well defined, from his pecs to his abs to the V of his hips. They're covered in a constellation of moles, a trail of dark hair from his navel to the band of his briefs. Shane can't keep his hands off any of it, is greedy for all of it, thinks back to Ilya saying *Long enough* and knows that will never be true.

"Upstairs," Shane says softly, the closeness doubling as an excuse to kiss and tongue and suck at Ilya's neck.

Ilya places a hand on Shane's jaw and lifts his head, leaving Shane panting as he asks, "You have something in mind?"

"Yeah," Shane breathes, nodding as much as Ilya's grasp on his jaw will allow.

"Okay." Ilya drops his hand, jerks his head toward the stairs. "After you, moy volchonok."

"Wolf?" Shane guesses. He's been studying a bit of Russian and it's starting to pay off, he thinks, the letters and words untangling somewhere between Ilya's tongue and Shane's ear.

"Wolf cub," Ilya corrects as he follows Shane up the stairs. "You are eager, like a puppy."

Shane laughs. "Fuck off."

Ilya says, "That is the idea, yes?"

They arrive in the bedroom, finally. Shane pushes Ilya onto the bed and allows himself to be pulled down in the ensuing wrestling match, ends up naked and pinned down by Ilya.

"So," says Ilya. "Now what?"

"Do you remember," Shane answers, inhaling sharply as Ilya places slow, deliberate kisses down his chest, wraps a hand around his thigh and slides it tantalizingly upward, "on the phone, what you said you wanted to do to me?"

Ilya hums; Shane feels the vibrations from Ilya's lips on his stomach and a shimmer of sparks rolls through his body. "I want to do many things to you, Hollander. Which one are you talking about?"

"With your tongue."

Ilya pauses and looks up at Shane. He's beautiful from this angle: golden curls and liquid-blue eyes below long lashes and plush, open lips, pink and perfect. "You want me to eat your ass?"

Shane nods. "Yeah."

Ilya mumbles something in Russian, too soft for Shane to hear. "That is very hot, you know."

"Good." Shane trails his hand down his own chest and places his thumb in Ilya's open mouth, lets Ilya suck and work it over for a moment before withdrawing his fingers and leaving Ilya chasing them. "Because I haven't been able to stop thinking about it."

Which is all the encouragement Ilya needs to slide down further on the bed, smiling as he pushes Shane's knees up toward his shoulders. He kisses Shane's thighs with a soft, slow attentiveness that makes Shane impatient in the best possible way, a spring winding tighter and tighter with every brush of Ilya's lips against the sensitive skin inside his legs.

Ilya pauses to ask for the lube. Shane is grateful that he doesn't have to move far to get it, grabbing the bottle he wants from the drawer on only the second try.

"It's edible," Shane says helpfully as he passes it down, wincing internally at his own eagerness. There's a quick sparkle of amusement in Ilya's eyes—*volchonok*, he must be thinking again—but he says nothing, only grabs the bottle from Shane and kisses him on the knee for his trouble.

And then Ilya lowers himself and just— fucking— blows on Shane's asshole, warm and unmistakable but almost too light to even be called teasing.

"What...?" is all Shane can say, craning his neck for a better view, the coil in his belly wound so tight it's close to snapping.

"Do you want me to stop?" asks Ilya, and Shane shakes his head no adamantly. He hears the click of the cap and the squirt of liquid from the bottle, nothing unfamiliar about it but he finds himself shivering in anticipation anyway. Ilya places a reassuring hand on Shane's stomach; Shane places his own on top of it and breathes deep and slow, the way he does when he needs to remind himself to just be where he is.

The cool shock of the lube registers for only a second before it's replaced by the warmth of Ilya's fingers; Shane shifts his hips to press into the touch and hears Ilya groan hungrily. And then there's a new sensation, more wetness and hot breath as somewhere in the small part of Shane's mind still capable of higher thought it registers: *holy shit that's his tongue*.

"Fuck," Shane says, his hands digging into the tops of his thighs as Ilya continues working him over, wet and hot and panting and fucking beautiful as his head bobs between Shane's legs.

The situation is dire for Shane's cock now, hard as a fucking rock thanks to Ilya's tongue pushed up against him, inside him, like he's trying to taste every bit of Shane he can get to. Ilya's voice echoes in Shane's head as he feels himself reaching his peak before his dick has even been touched: *Such a good trick*.

"Ilya..." Shane warns, and Ilya's head pops up after a last greedy taste, his lips pink and raw and his pupils blown large.

"Do it," Ilya dares him, pressing a finger up against his rim for good measure.

So it happens just like that, Shane grinding down on Ilya's hand as he comes on his own stomach, letting loose a string of *fucks* as Ilya curses softly down below. While Shane's nerves are still buzzing with electricity he feels Ilya shift to make his way back up the bed. Shane is ready and more than willing to give him anything he wants, but before he can even ask Ilya's head drops again, down to lap up the liquid on Shane's stomach until he's gotten every last drop.

four: smoke

It's Ilya's apartment, so Shane doesn't think he can tell him not to smoke there. But Ilya stops anyway when Shane enters the room, stubs the cigarette out in a cheap plastic ashtray that's a

stark contrast to the marble countertop where it rests. There's already another butt in the tray, which makes Shane raise an eyebrow.

"Been waiting for me long?" Shane asks.

"No," Ilya lies, with the sideways glance that's his surest tell.

"No?" Shane repeats with a grin as he casts his coat and keys aside and crosses the room to Ilya, tries not to think too hard about how kissing him feels like coming home. It's been a premature end to the season for both teams, Montreal and Boston, so the days can get long and monotonous and the nights even worse.

Shane hadn't even made an excuse to come to Boston, having discovered relatively recently that he could just do things without asking permission. He wanted to see Ilya and so here he was, kissing Ilya with the pungent smell of smoke lingering and the lights low in the moody, brooding way Ilya seemed to prefer.

"We should watch a movie," Ilya suggests, which leaves Shane speechless for a moment: he can't remember a time when they've met up and not immediately had sex.

"You are disappointed," Ilya guesses by Shane's silence. "You only want to suck my dick."

"I do," Shane confirms. "I do want to suck your dick. But we have all night."

"So...?"

"So go pick a movie," Shane says. "I'll make some popcorn."

Ilya raises an eyebrow. "Popcorn is part of the Shane Hollander diet?"

"It will cover up the smell of your cigarettes," Shane answers, which seems to satisfy Ilya. He turns to leave and Shane's eyes linger on his ass, his cock giving a telltale twitch. God, he hopes he can make it through the fucking movie.

"This isn't exactly what I pictured," Shane confesses when they're settled on Ilya's couch, the popcorn untouched on the coffee table as two extremely buff men fuck loudly onscreen.

"You don't like this one?" In the dim lighting, it's hard to tell if Ilya's surprise is genuine. "Is very popular. I think the salad has its own Twitter account."

Shane scoffs.

"What, you do not watch porn?"

"I do, obviously," says Shane. "Just uh, not this kind, exactly."

"Okay." Ilya moves closer, his voice dropping soft and low. "So what turns you on, Hollander?"

Shane's cheeks flush hot as Ilya's hand slides up his inner thigh. "You first."

"Me, I am easy." Ilya rests his chin on Shane's shoulder, his lips a hair's breadth from Shane's ear. "I like it loud. I like it when they are gasping and moaning and begging for it."

"Makes sense," Shane says once his brain stops short-circuiting.

"What about you?" Ilya prompts.

"I like, uh." Shane swallows hard. "Ropes. Or like, handcuffs and shit."

"So you want to tie me up."

"Oh, you know that's not true." Shane risks a glance at Ilya, who smiles with a hint of satisfaction.

This is as close as they've gotten to talking about it, the invisible electric current that crackles to life when they have really good sex, when Ilya says *down on your knees* and Shane can't drop fast enough.

Or now, when Ilya says, "Show me a video you like."

Shane scrambles for his phone and finds the clip quickly: God knows he's watched enough times when he's been bored or lonely or too wired to sleep. Only when he hits play does he realize this might be a bad idea, the dom in the scene bearing more than a passing resemblance to Ilya. Blonde curls, fair eyes, a round and ample ass that's practically screaming to be grabbed as he loops a length of rope around his partner's wrists and secures it to the bedpost.

It's nothing groundbreaking but there's a moment Shane finds himself thinking about often, before the fucking even starts. A slight nod from the actor on bottom as the ropes are secured and a hard, long kiss that seems passionate and trusting and genuine. Shane's breath catches again watching it now.

Ilya must be reading his mind because he reaches over and plucks the phone out of Shane's hand, sets it aside with their popcorn and drinks and plans for the night. Then he climbs onto Shane's lap and kisses him greedily, coaxing Shane's tongue out of his mouth. Shane hopes he never stops getting drunk on this, on the taste of Ilya's lips and the weight of his body, all the curves and muscles of it.

Shane lets his hands rove from Ilya's chest down to his hips and then Ilya stops him, grabs Shane's wrists and guides his arms up above his head. It takes a second to realize what's happening, but as Ilya pins his hands to the wall and then grinds down onto Shane's lap, Shane's cock stiffens and Ilya lets out a needy groan.

"Keep your hands up there," Ilya instructs. "No touching."

Shane nods breathlessly and laces his fingers behind his head, watches with a sharp, burning hunger as Ilya drops to his knees on the floor and frees Shane's dick from his shorts.

"Fuck," Shane says when Ilya takes him in his mouth, sloppy and wet and eager, his head bobbing in a stuttering rhythm. All Shane wants to do is touch him, put a hand on his head,

twine his fingers through Ilya's hair, but he complies with Ilya's instruction and stays put, tries not to squirm too much even though he's aching for more.

Ilya slides his mouth off Shane's cock and tugs at his shorts again. "Off," he says. "All the way."

So Shane lifts his hips to allow Ilya to pull the rest of his clothes free and then sinks back into the couch, stays there when Ilya climbs up to kiss him hard on the mouth and then down his jaw, Shane chasing his lips in vain.

"Stay," Ilya warns as Shane leans forward, then falls back with a frustrated sigh.

"Rozanov, please, I—"

"Stay," Ilya repeats, slightly more insistent, sending a fresh shiver of desire up Shane's spine. "I will give you what you need. I always do, yes?"

Shane nods and makes a conscious effort to give himself over to the moment: Ilya Rozanov between his legs, the building heat as the space between their bodies shrinks. Ilya looking up at him with dark, sex-drunk eyes and puffy lips, licking stripes along Shane's cock before taking it in his mouth again, working it over until Shane is on the fucking brink.

"Oh, fuck," says Shane, and tries to ease the tension by twisting his fingers in his own hair, turning his head into the crook of his elbow and breathing hard as Ilya's mouth overwhelms him.

Ilya pulls off again, grabs Shane's hips and slides him forward in one swift motion, looks Shane straight in the eye as he eases his fingers into his own mouth and then removes them, spit-slicked and glistening. Everything happens at once, then: Ilya's mouth on Shane's cock and his fingers inside Shane's hole and wave after wave of shimmering euphoria.

"God, I—" Shane chokes out as Ilya swallows, holding his hand steady so Shane can ride out his orgasm.

"You what?" Ilya asks as he wipes Shane's cum from the corner of his mouth.

"I don't know." Shane shies away from the question, feeling unreasonably bashful considering the fact that he's splayed out naked, Ilya's hand still cradling his cock. "I just... really fucking liked that."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Shane nods, smiling at the way Ilya's voice perks up, the glimmer in his eye. "Now get the fuck up here."

five: spark

Shane is jittery and on edge and for once he knows exactly why. His teammates don't, blaming the Boston rivalry and the frustrated Montreal crowd and the two-goal deficit late in

the third period, but all of that is a regular day at the office for Shane Hollander, generational talent.

The overtime win does feel pretty fucking good, though.

The real reason for Shane's nerves is back at his apartment, tucked away in an inconspicuous bag beside his bed. He hasn't even decided whether to bring it up yet.

Ilya's eye is too sharp, of course: he spots the bag immediately and freezes mid-kiss, resisting Shane's attempts to drag him directly to bed and make up for the months since they've seen each other.

"What is that?" Ilya asks.

"Nothing," Shane tries to convince him, kissing his way down Ilya's neck in a last-ditch attempt at distraction.

Ilya lets out a quiet scoff of disbelief. "Shane Hollander does not leave 'nothing' on the floor of his bedroom."

Shane sighs in defeat and picks up the bag. He hands it over wordlessly, watching for Ilya's reaction. Ilya's eyebrows twitch with something like curiosity, and Shane exhales in relief.

"When did you get this?" Ilya asks.

"After last time," Shane confesses. There's no point in being coy now that the proverbial cat is out of the bag. "Like, pretty much right after last time."

"And you never told me?"

"What was I supposed to say? 'Hey, Rozanov, come over and tie me up?'"

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya says as he drops the bag and its contents, pushes Shane backwards until his legs hit the edge of the bed. "Yes, you could have said exactly that."

Ilya leans in hungrily and Shane smiles into the kiss as they take turns stripping off each other's clothes, tumbling into bed together. Shane leans into Ilya's touch, the way his hands and mouth bring Shane's body to life. When Ilya pulls away it's like he takes some part of Shane with him, the part that wants like a hungry animal.

Fortunately, Ilya doesn't go far. He reaches down into the bag and draws out the neatly coiled rope from within, brand new—or nearly so, apart from the few times Shane's curiosity had gotten the best of him and he'd tried it out, feeling the slight friction of the hemp on his skin, tying experimental knots, testing the strength of the rope.

"How do you want to do this?" Ilya asks as he slowly uncoils the rope, looking at Shane with frank desire, and it's already almost too much.

A hundred answers spring to mind, all the ways that Shane wants Ilya to tie him up and tie him down and take him apart. But he stays silent, simply meeting Ilya's gaze as he lifts his

arms above his head and grasps the post of his bed.

"Oh," Ilya says softly, halfway between a word and a breath. A sense of satisfaction settles in Shane's chest as Ilya straddles him and reaches up to loop the rope around his hands and the bedpost.

"Do you know what you're doing, Rozanov?"

"Yes, Hollander," Ilya replies like it's obvious. A beat, then he adds: "I might have done some research too. After last time."

"Oh," says Shane, and his dick twitches, and Ilya must feel it because he smirks briefly before shifting his concentration back to the rope, his brow furrowing as the loops tighten around Shane's wrists.

"How does it feel?" Ilya asks a moment later. "Too tight?"

Shane shakes his head, tugging gently on the rope. There's plenty of wiggle room, but not enough to slip free by accident. "It's good."

"Very good, yes?" Ilya cocks an eyebrow as he sits back to admire his handiwork as well as Shane's growing erection.

Shane nods, swallowing hard. Twitches in anticipation as Ilya leans down, but instead of taking his cock in his mouth Ilya ignores it, kissing his stomach and thighs and the curve of his ass instead.

"Fuck," says Shane, squirming as much as his restraints will allow.

"They will hold," Ilya assures him, like he's reading Shane's mind. "I did a good job."

"Oh, you're not done yet." Shane raises his knees and watches as raw lust darkens Ilya's eyes.

"Greedy," Ilya says.

"Yeah," Shane replies, "maybe I am."

"You are lucky I am generous."

"Very lu—" The end of Shane's sentence is cut off with a gasp as Ilya thrusts inside him, slick and hard and needy. Shane strains against the ropes, frustration and hunger and friction building inside him to a boiling point.

"You will wait," Ilya instructs him.

Shane nods and Ilya slides in slowly, steadily, until he can go no further. He stays like that for a moment as Shane catches his breath, only to get dizzy again at the sight of Ilya on top of him, inside him, golden and glowing and exhaling hard in pleasure.

Shane wishes he could pull him down and kiss him and tell him how fucking beautiful he looks like this, wishes he could seal the moment in a bottle and stash it away inside his ribcage next to his pounding heart. But it all seems so fuzzy and impossible, and all he can do is dig his fingers into the ropes and thrust his hips impatiently and trust that Ilya will be able to read the pleading in his gaze like a book, like he's always been able to.

"Keep going?" Ilya asks as the moment unfreezes and time moves unfairly forward.

"Yeah," Shane exhales, and Ilya rewards him with a kiss first on one knee, and then the other.

"Fuck," Shane groans as Ilya starts to move again, and even with the loud, wordless moans from both of them a single thought refuses to shake itself loose from Shane's mind: *How could it be someone else? How could it ever be anyone else?*

"Hollander," Ilya says with an urgency to his tone, "don't—"

But Shane is already coming, the white liquid making a mess of him, Ilya, the bed. It still feels fucking good, though, riding his orgasm out on Ilya's cock, pressing his knees to Ilya's sides and saying with his eyes, *Don't you dare fucking stop.*

It's only seconds before Ilya comes with a groan and collapses next to Shane on the bed, releasing the rope around his wrists with a tug. Shane wastes no time wrapping his arms around Ilya, gathering him up and holding him close even though they're both a mess.

"Sorry I couldn't—" Shane begins his apology.

"It's okay," Ilya interrupts. He cranes his neck to lick a spot of come from Shane's nipple, punctuates the gesture with a brief, soft kiss. "Was perfect."

"Perfect, wow," says Shane, some kind of winged creature fluttering to life inside his chest. He glances over to check for a reaction, but Ilya is already pretending to be asleep. Shane lets him stay that way.

one: when a fire starts to burn

"I have been thinking about this," Ilya says, sprawled out on his couch as Shane watches him from the other end, some highlight reel providing white noise in the background.

"Thinking about what?" Shane tries not to sound too curious, or too eager.

"How to come keep you from coming before me."

"Fuck off." Shane throws the peel of the banana he's just finished eating in Ilya's direction; Ilya bats it away to the floor. "So now it's a race?"

"With you, yes," Ilya insists, and Shane has to admit that he's not wrong. "Luckily, I have a plan. Is very simple."

Shane raises an eyebrow. "Simple?"

Ilya nods, shifting his body to make room next to him on the couch. "Step one, you come here." He pats the spot next to him; Shane crawls over without hesitation.

"What's step two?" he asks.

Ilya slides his underwear down and frees his dick, looking at Shane suggestively. "You want to touch it, yes?"

Shane nods and swallows hard: in his mind he's back in the showers on that first day, feeling a flush of something he couldn't begin to understand. Wanting to look, wanting to touch, wanting... all of it, everything he has now.

So there's no reason to hesitate, no reason to ignore the fire stirring to life low in his belly. He reaches for Ilya's cock and is rewarded with a low groan in response, Ilya's hand squeezing his thigh.

"Slowly," Ilya warns. "Now you."

Shane frees his own cock, already half hard in anticipation, swept up in the memory of that first day. When Ilya touches him Shane feels a smile spread across his face, the warm glow growing and spreading throughout his body.

Ilya starts to stroke him slowly and Shane matches his pace, a closed circuit of pleasure that builds and builds. And it's so fucking easy, being with Ilya like this, the muscle memory of what Ilya likes, when to slow down and when to pick up the pace, no words necessary even as they both inch closer to the edge.

And then they careen over it, Shane biting his lip as he rides out his orgasm and strokes Ilya through his, the border between their bodies blurry to the point of vanishing. Like magic, Shane thinks, or another word that weighs heavy on his tongue but can't imagine bringing himself to say.

But this is enough, he tells himself as he brings Ilya's hand to his mouth and licks his own come from his fingers as Ilya watches him with dazed and dreamy eyes.

"Save some for me," Ilya asks, and Shane obliges, relishing the sight of Ilya's pink lips and bobbing head as much as the sensation of his tongue licking his fingers clean.

"Fuck." Shane pulls his fingers from Ilya's mouth but only to kiss it, long and hard and deep, leaning into Ilya's hand as it cradles his chin.

They kiss like that for a long time, simply for the sake of it, until Shane's lips and jaw are sore, his chin rubbed raw from Ilya's stubble.

"Do you want something to drink?" Ilya asks once Shane settles in to rest against his chest.

Shane shakes his head. "Just stay," he says. "For now."

There's a moment of heart-pounding silence and Shane worries that he might have pushed too far, asked for more than Ilya can give. But then he feels a hand on his shoulder, the warmth of

Ilya gathering him close.

"Okay, Shane Hollander," Ilya says, and the fire in Shane's chest throws off bright sparks at the sound of his name. "I will stay."

End Notes

I'm on tumblr at [@postmodernau](#) and bsky at [@HawkinsLocal](#), come say hi if you want!

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