

wanna fly to a place where it's just you and me (nobody else so we could be free)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76153076) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76153076>.

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 , Svetlana Vetrova , Rose Landry , Cliff Marlow
Additional Tags:	POV Ilya Rozanov , Character Study , Angst , Fluff , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Canon Compliant , it's a little bit self-indulgent , i make no apologies for that , Morning Sex , Possessive Ilya Rozanov , not too much possessiveness but it's there
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-21 Words: 5,509 Chapters: 1/1

wanna fly to a place where it's just you and me (nobody else so we could be free)

by [thejoth](#)

Summary

Six times Ilya wakes up alone, and one time he doesn't.

Notes

I, too, have been hit with the Hollanov psychosis.

Gifting this work to my grems who, bless them, have been very kind and patient with me as I've done nothing but yap to them about the hockey yaoi show for the last month. Nothing brings us closer together than intense feral yaoi 💖

PLEASE enjoy this Ilya-centered fic that kind of poured out of me while high on cold meds. I love him, I loved being in his mind, and hope that maybe that translates for all of you.

You all know what song the title is from.

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

Ilya wakes up with a stiff neck in his living room, the setting sun casting a shadow over his sofa, his tv, his walls. He has a moment, a mere handful of seconds before his eyes land on the two empty plates still sitting atop his coffee table. It all comes back to him:

Hollander and him together earlier. The solid weight of him in Ilya's lap when they were rutting into one another. The sweet, sleep-rumpled look about him while wearing Ilya's t-shirt. How easy it was just to talk. To sit together. To feel the thrumming under his skin at Hollander's proximity to him, even as they mostly sat on opposite ends of the couch.

But none of that returns to him with a kind of jubilation. How could it, when his mind hones in on the moment he called him *Shane*. How it felt to hear him call Ilya by his own name before flying off on Ilya and running out.

Ilya pushes himself up on one arm, and begins stretching out the crick in his neck. And he tells himself that it's fine. Hollander scares easily. That isn't exactly a shock.

And anyway, it's ridiculous that Hollander even ran out like that. All Ilya wanted them to do was chill. Fuck a little more. Maybe fall asleep together. Ruined, all because of boring Hollander with his boring fucking panic.

Letting out a long, drawn out breath, Ilya grabs both plates and rises, heading into the kitchen. He doesn't flinch when he remembers making them their tuna melts. He doesn't even care, really, that Hollander didn't notice the care he put into making everything right.

He tosses the crumbs, puts the plates in the dishwasher, and then pokes his head into the fridge, hungry once more. All his prepped containers and the cans of ginger ale are front and center, but Ilya ignores them, reaching instead for an apple. He rinses it, and then takes a loud, crunching bite.

In a minute, he'll have to go to his room and deal with the still-messy sheets. He'll have to step in the shower and wash off the dried come crusting up the inside of his pants. And maybe, when he's under the deafening spray of his shower, maybe only then, this feeling in his chest—this cold sense of embarrassment—will slowly ease away.

Ilya wakes up to an empty bed.

For a second, he just falls back onto his pillow, sleep still making a mess of him. He had that dream again, the one about his mom, and he wants to go back to it. But of course, he can't. The more he tries, the more awake his mind becomes, and he remembers: Svetlana spent the night last night.

Pushing up, he glances in the empty space beside him and he sees a single post-it note with Svetlana's handwriting: Good luck on your game against Montreal.

Ilya scoffs; not that he needs it.

Getting out of bed is difficult. The air outside his sheets is too cold. His skin is already prickled with goosebumps. He spares a glance to the now-vacated empty side of the bed and his mind betrays him, bringing him back to an afternoon spent spooning his archrival in just the same place.

He frowns, immediately tries to push the thought out of his mind, and throws the covers off of him.

His day takes on the steady rhythm of his regular routine whenever he travels: he works out, packs, gets on a plane for an hour and a half and lands in the familiar Montreal airport. Like always, he's immediately struck by all the French signage, and thinks to himself that if Hollander were here, he'd be able to read all of it with a perfect little French accent.

Marleau nudges his shoulder. "You happy to be back here, Roz?"

"What you mean, Marly?" Ilya answers, almost bored.

Marleau shrugs, a bit of a devious smirk playing on his lips. "I just know how you get when we play here, brother. It's like a different side of you comes out."

Ilya gives him an unimpressed look.

Marleau's still smiling. "Guess we have to thank your Montreal girl for that, huh?"

“Fuck off, Marly.”

Mashing his lips together, he falls in line with the rest of his teammates as they get on the bus that'll take them to their hotel. The weather in Montreal is rainy, a chill and gloom lingering like a haze over the roads as they make their way into the city centre. They hit traffic, because they always hit traffic in this god forsaken city, and Ilya can't help but roll his eyes when he spots the orange traffic cones he knows dominate the roads here like fucking rats.

When he finally checks into his hotel room with his roommate, he's still listless. They're quick to settle in, grab their shit, and head over to the Bell Centre and get ready for their game. Ilya's always been good at putting everything in his life, from the good to the shitty, aside when it came time to play his game. That doesn't change, even if his body thrums with an edgy type of buzz.

The locker room's energy is wild, though, all the boys excitedly talking about the subject Ilya's come to hate the most: is Rose Landry in attendance today?

“Still can't fucking believe that's happening,” Connors says at large, and some of the other guys chime in, agreeing.

“Hollander's always so stiff,” one of them says. “Wonder what those two even talk about.”

“I wonder if it's about being freaky together. Like maybe, when you have a stick up your ass like that, you go fucking crazy. Bet she loves that.”

Ilya's stomach begins churning. He sees their version of Hollander and it makes a sour feeling overtake him. Because that's not him at all. The Hollander he knows is all control until the moment Ilya gets him alone. Then it's like every rigid, restrictive piece of his armor falls away, and he's everything. All dark, suplicate eyes. Ilya's to control. To take care of. To make feel good.

In the next second, he horrifyingly wonders if Shane is still like that with Rose Landry. Everything Ilya discovered in him is now hers to claim. Not his.

There's an animal inside him that roars, and he almost lets it out, almost growls at them all to shut the fuck up.

But he can't let it out. He can't.

So he turns and addresses them as their captain, snapping his fingers and telling them to get their heads out of Hollander's ass. “We have a game to play,” he calls out. “Let us show Rose Landry what the Boston Raiders have to say about her boyfriend, okay?”

Hockey's always been the thing that's made the most sense to him. When he's out on the ice, he's the version of himself he likes the most: capable, powerful, all movement and momentum. Growing up with the weight of his father's expectations on his shoulders, hockey could've turned into a curse—and maybe, to some extent, it did—but it was also his way out. So there's nothing that'll take that away from him. Nothing.

He carries that confidence until the face off. Then it's like he's been plunged under water.

Because he's right there, an arm's length distance away from him. And he looks—

So pretty.

The heat that licks through him isn't the easy one he's come to expect.

Hollander's eyes scan his, almost like they're searching for something. Ilya refuses to give him anything.

For once, he doesn't say a word before the puck gets dropped.

They lose their game. A pathetic fucking loss.

Ilya stares at himself in the mirror that night, because he was the one who was off. His teammates were kind about it, but he's not. He replays every single one of his fuck ups that night, over and over. And they all go back to one thing: his urgency to prove something to himself, to Hollander, that everything is fine. That everything is normal. Their secret arrangement was always just an extra treat, really. It never meant anything. Not until Hollander lost his shit, acting somehow like it did.

Lazy, he thinks to himself. You're lazy, and pathetic, Ilya. A terrible Captain for your team. It's on you and you failed them all.

The words sound an uncanny amount like the things he's used to hearing from his father, his brother.

"Fuck this shit," he says, voice tight, then struts out to tell Connors that they're going out. His body's craving the release it knows to expect when he's in this hellish city. Just because he won't be making his way to a sketchy alley in the Mile End, doesn't mean he isn't going to get off.

That same, keyed up energy from before the game returns to him. It's almost like his body doesn't know what it's missing and it's itching at him. They can't get to the club fast enough.

Walking in, he starts to feel a little more settled. Off-ice, a darkly lit, sexy little club is the next best thing to home.

Ilya needs a drink to get the edge off, so he beelines right for the bar. Marleau and Connors are dogs, hitting on the bartender. Ilya apologizes as he orders. They're served first. He's stuck at the bar, fidgeting with impatience.

His eyes dart on the faces that surround him. The women, the men. So many of them are beautiful. He's sure he can find someone to lose himself in. Someone who'll make him forget

about freckles and stretch marks on tight little hips and eyes so soft and dark they turn Ilya's insides around.

Someone approaches the bar a little ways down.

Ilya sees him, and it's like something in him plummets.

The man greets him, but Ilya's already turning, already scanning the club for what he already knows he'll find.

When he sees them, everything in him goes quiet.

Rose Landry has her hands up the front of his shirt. His arms wrap around her waist, and he's smiling. Smiling like Ilya's only every seen directed at him.

One agonizing second. One long, deep breath.

He turns back to the bar, tapping it in the hopes that maybe that'll do something to get his drink faster. But he's always been a kid who'd pick at his scabs. The next thing he knows, his eyes are back on them. On the impressive figure they cut together in this club. The moody lighting makes them look perfect, like the kind of couple you can only ever envy, and whose life you want to snatch for yourself.

Ilya's drink finally arrives and it's the only thing that grounds him.

He can't look away from the two of them. Can't stop drinking in their closeness. Can't stop hungering for it.

His brain kicks in and gives him a clear goal: He needs to move. Needs to find someone. Someone who'll help him break away from this funk.

Someone to be his Rose tonight.

Luckily, it doesn't take him long.

The girl is beautiful, obviously. Sexy little thing, body lean but full in all the right places. She moves in a way he likes, and she isn't afraid of the way he's quick to seek out her mouth. He kisses her and he wonders how the two of them must look from the outside. If they measure up to Rose and Hollander.

Something about that thought has him deepening the kiss, coaxing a little throaty moan from her. It's unbelievably sexy, but somehow Ilya isn't there. Just knows to pull back, hands still tracing over the curve of her waist, and open his eyes—

He's right there, and Ilya can't tear his eyes away from him.

Time slows. Ilya's ears are ringing, his mouth tracing a path up the girl's neck, and Hollander just stands there, frozen in place, no Rose in sight.

He looks so... so...

Ilya's chest is cut open. From one second to the next, Hollander disappears, but it doesn't matter.

Ilya's so haunted by that look on his face that he knows, even as he continues to work this girl up, that he's going home alone.

In the shower that night, he can't stop himself from thinking of him. Haunting eyes, how they beckon Ilya like no one else can. That sweet little body, how it yields to Ilya's every whim. The way he gives Ilya full control, but somehow still gives as good as he gets.

Ilya works his fist over his cock and he succumbs to his mind's desire, thinking only about Shane Hollander.

Ilya wakes up somewhere unfamiliar, but what else is new.

The room is very bright, though. Sunnier than it should be.

He remembers, belatedly, that he's in Tampa for the All-Star game. East vs. West. Rozanov and Hollander on the same team.

Ugh.

Ilya drags himself out of bed. He has the team mixer today. Time to bond with his new, temporary teammates.

He'd rather have his teeth pulled.

But Ilya goes. And he sees Shane again, dressed in clothes that are absolutely new. And nicer than anything he's worn before.

Once Shane spots him, he heads right to where Ilya is sitting.

“Okay,” Ilya mutters to himself, figuring this moment was coming. He downs the last of his beer. Orders another when Shane does.

He clears his throat. “So, what, are they out of ginger ale, Captain?”

“I’m feeling a bit wild,” Shane answers, low and unassuming and oh so *sweet*.

Ilya stares straight ahead, working himself up to asking the question he actually wants to ask.

“So this should be fun, huh? I’ve always wondered what it would be like to play on the same team.”

“Have you?”

“Yeah. I have. Nice that it’s in Florida this year, right?”

“Yes,” Ilya answers blandly.

The waiter brings them their beers.

Ilya can’t take it anymore. “Did you, uh, did you bring anyone with you?”

“Uh my parents thought about coming, but they’re going to Mexico in two weeks? And they’ve been to these before, so…”

It’s so like him to think that was what Ilya was actually asking.

“Ah,” he says, even though he’s always admired the dynamic between Hollander and his parents. It’s clear that they’re close. That Hollander genuinely loves having them around, treating them like the first pillar in his life he’ll turn to in the big moment.

But if he’s with Rose Landry, surely he’d have answered about her first.

“Also I didn’t feel like being managed this weekend,” he says, earnest little smile playing at his lips.

And that’s the thing with him. He’s always so painfully earnest that Ilya sometimes wants to gather him up and guard him.

“Did you, uh, bring anybody?” Hollander asks.

“Nope,” Ilya says, popping the ‘p,’ meeting his gaze head on and letting it linger. Almost daring Hollander to look away.

So naturally, Hollander does.

But he wears a smile, and his eyes are darting around every which way, taking in the room at large before honing back in on Ilya. Ilya’s lips quirk, and it’s his turn to face forward. But even when they aren’t looking at one another, it feels very much like they still are. Like the air between them is pulling them in like a vortex.

“Nice shirt,” Hollander says after a moment, lips quirked into that small, pleased smile of his.

“Thanks,” Ilya says, soaking in that smile and all of Hollander’s attention. “I like to, you know, get into the spirit.”

“You’re pulling it off.”

They’re interrupted by Carter Vaughan, who’s way too drunk and highly irritating. As obnoxious as his interjection is, he doesn’t linger, so Ilya will count his blessings.

“I feel like we’re going to get a lot of that sort of thing this weekend,” Shane says with a small laugh.

“It should give us a chance to get to know each other.” Ilya sees his opening. He takes it. “Who knows what we might have in common.”

Hollander must feel the weight of his words as much as Ilya does, because for once, he doesn’t look away. Not for a long moment.

When he eventually, understandably does, Ilya doubles down. “You’re looking very pretty today.”

“Hmm?”

“Different, maybe? Someone take you shopping?”

“If I, um... If I tell you something, will you promise not to tell anyone or make fun of me?”

Ilya’s heart quickens, unsteady in anticipation of what Hollander might say. For one painful moment, his brain takes it to the worst of places: that maybe, Hollander wants to tell him about a wedding, a ring, a celebrity partner who buys him clothes and dresses him up like a doll. “Well, it depends.”

“Seriously.”

“Yeah sure.”

“I hired a stylist.”

It’s the absolute last thing he expected to hear.

He can’t quite explain the delight it brings him. His smile blooms of its own accord. Reaching up, he covers his mouth, a bright laugh breaking out against his will.

“Fuck you,” Hollander says, without any heat.

“Sorry,” Ilya tells him, trying hard not to picture the scene—Hollander unimpressed with his own closet, maybe looking up stylists online, letting them take him shopping and explaining to him what he should or shouldn’t wear.

It's just too *much*.

"Wow. Of course you did," Ilya adds, thrumming from how ridiculous he finds Hollander.

"I shouldn't have told you."

"No! No, I love it. I love it." A beat. "You got, what, tired of looking like shit."

Hollander laughs. "I didn't look like shit. I just wore, like, athletic stuff."

"Mmm. I know what you wore."

"And some of the guys in the league are so fashionable."

"Yeah, so very."

"Not you," Hollander says. "Some of the guys."

"In the league?" Ilya asks, eyebrows raised, finding all of this so very... cute.

"Other players. Not you."

Hollander's being very *cute* and Ilya wants to draw more of that out.

But above that, he wants an answer.

"Okay," Ilya says with a small nod. Draws up the courage to just fucking ask, "So, this has nothing to do with Rose Landry?"

Hollander shakes his head. "No." A pause, where all Ilya can hear is the way his heart is racing. "Well, I mean, yeah, she always dressed, um, very well and so did her friends but... I just wanted to stop looking like I was always going to the gym. I never really cared about clothes."

Heart in his throat, Ilya notices the past tense. Like a hunter, he will not let it go. "So, uh, you and her are not—"

"We're not. She's great, but, uh, we're just not... compatible, I guess."

Compatible.

Ilya's weighing the word out in his mind. The uncanny, ESL thing happens where he thinks he has a sense of its meaning, but he's not actually sure.

And he wants to be. Sure. One hundred percent certain he understands.

Still, they're not. They're not, which means Hollander is single. Is maybe open to resuming their secret arrangement.

He can't put a word to the way his entire soul begins to sing.

“I should circulate, I guess,” says Hollander.

Ilya doesn't miss a beat. “Yeah. You have new clothes to show off.”

He watches Hollander go off and do just that.

Ilya leaves the mixer feeling like he's on one.

Of course he looks it up. Compatible. Совместимый.

And of course he goes out of his way to look for Hollander after their game.

Ilya circulates, making nice—well, nice enough—with everyone until he knows for sure that Hollander's not with everyone else. He heads out onto the beach, and sees him sitting, one long figure, just in front of the water.

Ilya approaches him soundly. “Found you.”

“So you were looking for me?”

“Of course not.” A pause. “Oh, I looked up that word. Compatible.”

“What?”

“Comptible. I thought I knew what it meant but I wanted to be sure.”

“Oh.”

“So you and Rose Landry are not...”

“Yeah. Not compatible. Not in that way, anyway.”

Ilya doesn't know why needed to hear him say it again. But he did. And it fills him up with something that he hasn't felt since the day before the tuna melt incident. Hope, maybe.

He glances down at their hands on the sand. Takes a quick look over his shoulder, making sure no one is around. Then, slowly, slides his hand closer to Hollander's.

“When do you fly out?”

“Early.”

“Same. Columbus.”

“Toronto.”

He slides his hand even closer.

His heart is in his throat until he sees Hollander meet him halfway, until their thumbs lightly touch.

“What room are you in?” Hollander asks, and Ilya’s hit with so much rightness and so much anticipation all at once.

Ilya wakes up alone for the last time that Allstar Game weekend, but he doesn’t feel so cold anymore.

The memory of the night before doesn’t scare him as much as it normally would. He can’t stop replaying it. All the things he said, currently running through Ilya’s head on loop.

“I don’t think I can keep pretending I don’t like you anymore.”

It was everything Ilya’s been wanting to hear. But it was also the gavel to a potential permanent exile. With his father’s health in a steady state of decline, Ilya really hasn’t let himself think about any of this.

But he felt safe enough to open up to Shane about it. Even though it scared the shit out of him. Even though he broke open enough for Shane to pull him in and hold him, rocking him through feeling the wave of those awful, hellish feelings Ilya’s always trying to pretend don’t exist. Even though he isn’t sure he’s ever let another person see that side of him, not since his mother.

And this time, when he called him by his name, Shane didn’t run. Instead, he said Ilya’s name with the kind of sweet satisfaction Ilya’s been dreaming about since the first time he heard it.

Reaching up, he rubs his face. Makes himself get up, get ready, and check out of his hotel so he can go meet the rest of his team in Toronto and get back to the rest of his life.

When he’s getting into the taxi the hotel ordered for him, he feels his phone vibrate in his pocket.

JANE: Good morning. Have a safe flight.

Flutters work their way through Ilya’s gut, all the way up to his chest.

He's so fucked.

And he's never been happier.

Ilya wakes up alone in his bedroom in Moscow for what is probably the last time a few short weeks later. He can't find it in him to be upset about it.

Being back for the funeral was hell. Dealing with his family was hell. Getting the funeral arrangements done, from the church to the cemetery to arranging the coffin was beyond that. But Ilya did it. Filial duty outweighs any personal sentiment, even if he can't help but wish there was something else that could've been done. That maybe there could've been a way for his father to love him unconditionally.

The whole time he's been here, he told himself, maybe this is the last time you'll ever come back to Moscow. Maybe, now that your father's gone and you've basically cut ties with your brother, you can leave this place behind. Even if it's home. Even if so much of Ilya's pulse beats to the rhythm of Moscow. Maybe he can settle down in North America for good, close to the only person in the world Ilya loves.

When he's sitting on the plane, glancing out the window at the Russian landscape below, he feels the harshest of pangs cut right through him, and he knows he isn't sure he can commit to that. Not yet.

He tips his head back, closes his eyes, and conjures up the memory of Shane telling him he wished Ilya were there with him. The thought of that is so warming, and reassuring, that the next thing Ilya knows, he's falling asleep to the thought of seeing Shane again.

When morning comes, Ilya's already been awake all night.

Pacing, searching for updates, endlessly worrying, trying hard not to see it all playing over and over in his mind. Kind of hard to stop that last one from happening, though. Ilya sees it all. He doesn't even know how he went on to play the rest of the game after it happened.

When it's a suitable enough time for him to get up, get ready, and head over to the hospital, that's exactly what he does. In the back of the Uber, his stomach is in knots. The sight of Shane crumpled up on the ice has been haunting him all night. He's not sure what he's going to walk into, now.

By some grace of God, Shane's awake. And alone. And high as hell. Ilya's trying not to lose it upon seeing him in the hospital bed, bruised up and wearing a sling, and Shane's acting the silliest Ilya's ever seen him be.

Which would be sweet if it wasn't also completely stressful.

"You scared me," Ilya admits to him, Shane's hand in his.

"I'm sorry I didn't text you last night."

Such a silly thing for Shane to say. "No, it's okay," Ilya insists, letting his fingers skate along the freckles on Shane's face.

When Shane mentions his plan to ask Ilya to come stay at his cottage, Ilya's heart sinks from how badly he wants to say yes when it's completely impossible for him to do that.

But he also can't say no to him. Not when he's in this state. When he tells him, "Maybe," it's completely a cop out answer, but it's the kindest one he thinks he can offer.

They're cut off by a nurse coming and checking up on Shane. Ilya takes that opportunity to go. Even though all he wants is to sit by Shane's side. To help take care of him. To be there with him, holding his hand, just to see that same sweet smile grace his bruised up face.

When Ilya wakes up, he's spooning Shane.

They've been at the cottage for a few days now, and they've fallen into a type of routine: Wake up. Make food together. Brush their teeth together. Shower together. Swim together. Fuck anywhere and everywhere. Kiss as many times as they want, all together, unhurried, unbothered because they're alone and they're *safe*.

He's so happy. So, so happy.

Ilya leans forward and presses a kiss on Shane's shoulder. Shane doesn't even stir.

Before this time at the cottage, the only other time he'd slept with Shane in his arms was the day of the tuna melts. A day he's gone back to countless times since it happened. Because of the painful truth of it, but also because, for a while, it was the most of Shane he'd ever gotten to have. The most he'd ever been able to see. And even though he kept lying to himself about it, he knew that that glimpse had set a blaze in him. That he desperately wanted more, even if he wasn't going to let himself have it.

But now, there he was. In Shane Hollander's bed with him, night after night, with permission to drop his worries and just enjoy it. There are no alarms ringing. No early flights to catch. It's just the two of them, together, moment to moment. He's awake but Shane isn't, and he can just linger in it.

So that's what he does. He closes his eyes and drinks the moment in for as long as it takes Shane to start waking up. Smiling, Ilya lays kisses on every piece of sun-dusted skin his mouth can reach.

When Ilya's kisses begin climbing up Shane's neck, he hears Shane let out a small noise. One of his hands reaches for Ilya's hips and he begins rubbing himself back onto Ilya's already hard cock.

"Mmm," Ilya groans in his ear, his hands slowly traveling down the ridges of Shane's abs until he finds exactly what he's searching for. "Fuck, Shane," he rasps, his fist fitting around Shane's cock. He thumbs at the slit, and hides a smile in Shane's skin. "Always so wet."

"Fuck off," Shane mumbles, hips continuing to wind back.

"I don't think you want me to do that," Ilya says helpfully, moving his fist over Shane slowly.

They move together with such ease. It wasn't always like that—he remembers the sweet awkward feeling that first time they did this. But even then, it almost enhanced the thrill he was feeling. The thrill he always feels when he's with Shane.

Now, turning Shane onto his stomach and tracing kisses down his spine, he feels so thankful for that younger, thrill-seeking version of him. Almost fearless, or just a little too brave, whichever it is, he gets to be here. Gets to lave kisses over Shane's ass, grabbing a handful of the cheek his mouth isn't occupied with and squeezing.

“Ilya,” Shane breathes, grinding himself down into the sheets.

“No no no,” Ilya tuts, using both hands to make him stop moving. “You will stay still for me,” Ilya says to him, “and let me do what I want to you.”

He hears Shane take a nice, long deep breath. Then, softly, “Okay.”

“Good,” he says, drinking in the sight of Shane like this—sheets surrounding his still warm skin, gorgeous ass lined with those stretch marks Ilya can’t get enough of, and how they look underneath Ilya’s strong hands.

He pulls his cheeks apart, revealing the Shane’s perfect little hole. And then Ilya, driven by the kind of hunger he’s only ever felt for this man, dives down.

Shane tips his head back and groans.

Ilya fucking *loves* rimming him. Loves how filthy it feels, in many ways the most provocative of all the shit the two of them do. It’s just so intimate. So personal. He loves knowing that Shane’s never done this with anyone else. That though he knows Shane’s shared his body with others, this is something that only Ilya gets to have.

And he loves how much Shane loves it. How Shane goes taut from trying to hold himself still, just so good for Ilya even when it must be killing him. His boy’s all about control. It’s Ilya’s job to take on that control and let him safely fall apart.

So Ilya does everything he can to make it extra good for Shane, to nip and lick and push his tongue in until he gets exactly what he wants.

“Please,” Shane begs, voice thick. “Fuck me, *please*.”

Who is Ilya to say no?

Ilya turns Shane onto his back and prepping him as fast as he possibly can before fucking into him slowly.

For so long, all he ever got to have of Shane was this. The heat. The tension. The way their bodies work when they’re skin to skin, Ilya driving forward inside Shane, swallowing each of his moans with a selfish amount of kisses. Always rushed. Always quick, little secrets he’d convinced himself were like happy accidents. His hunger never once slackened. His need for him never eases up. He can’t get Shane out of his system, he knows that now, because he loves him. He loves every single piece of him, and he wants to show him that. Wants Shane to understand without saying it.

So he gives everything to Shane. Puts it all into the way they move together. He’s so tight around Ilya, and just as eager for them to get closer, closer, legs wrapping around Ilya’s waist so he can use his feet to push Ilya in deeper.

Ilya has to press a laugh into his cheek. “You are greedy.”

“Yeah,” Shane breathes, twisting a hand into Ilya’s hair. “Need it. Need you.”

Ilya stares right into his eyes. “Tell me how much you need me.”

“Need you so much. Need you to fuck me harder. To fuck me right.” His eyes are glazed over as he stares up at him. “Nobody else can do it but you, Ilya.”

Ilya shudders, and kisses him roughly, letting his words wash over him. Nobody but him. Nobody ever but him.

When he feels like he’s close, he slips a hand between his and Shane’s bodies and begins working it over Shane’s weeping cock. Shane’s eyes actually water when his orgasm hits him, and just the sight of that, of Shane that worked up, face flushed and so fucking pretty it *hurts* is enough to tip Ilya over the edge.

He falls into Shane, who’s waiting to catch him, and Ilya smiles when Shane places kisses all over his face.

And he’s so happy. So, so happy.

End Notes

Thank you for readinggggggg!!! It's my first time writing for a new fandom since I started writing fic. I hope you enjoyyyyyy, PLEASE leave me a comment on your way out, and I'll see you all at the cottage next week 🌞

[Twitter](#)

[Alterspring](#)

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