Teach me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76151951.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Porn with Feelings, Spit As Lube, Anal Sex, Gay Sex, Post episode 5, Falling In Love, I'm Bad At Tagging, not beta read we die like men
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-21 Words: 2,291 Chapters: 1/1

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by Jessi_J

Summary

Their reunion at Shane's cottage pulls them back into each other. It's intense as always but in the quiet orgasm afterglow, Ilya makes a confession.

Notes

This is basically just smut. Filthy gay anal sex with spit as lube. So... have fun 🫠

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane came out of the bathroom of his small cottage at the exact moment the doorbell rang. He frowned as he walked to the door and tightened the knot of his towel a little more.

He opened it and looked into the deep green eyes of Ilya Rozanov.

His heart skipped a beat, then began to race, and his throat went dry as Ilya took a step into the house and let the sports bag slung over his shoulder slide to the floor.

“Hollander.”

It was a rough breath, not quite a word, and the thick Russian accent made it hard for Shane to think clearly.

For a brief moment, Ilya’s eyes wandered over his body before he began to smile and took two quick steps toward him. Ilya cupped his face in his hands and pressed his lips to Shane’s.

It felt like coming home for Ilya when he finally placed his lips on Shane’s and they moved against each other. After so long in the storm in which they hadn’t seen each other, it was as if something inside him finally came to rest.

The effect Ilya’s lips had on him was immediate. Under Shane’s skin it prickled with electric sparks, and all he could think was more, Ilya, *more*.

They kissed in a whirl of impatience, longing, and craving, but with such gentleness that Shane knew something had changed between them since the last time they’d been together.

The door of the small cottage slammed shut behind him as Shane blindly pushed it closed, and a deep satisfaction formed inside Ilya. They were *alone*. In private. Finally.

As Ilya’s hands roamed over his body and his kisses grew more heated, Shane tried to pull Ilya even closer to himself.

The sensual lips broke away from his and kissed along his jaw, giving him a few seconds to form a clear thought.

“Didn’t expect you so early,” he murmured into Ilya’s curls.

His hand slid to Shane’s lower back and pressed him closer so that he could rub his hard cock against him. Shane felt so good. “Took an early flight. Had to.”

Shane gasped. “You had to?”

His breath left his lungs and brushed against Shane’s collarbone. The devil would take him for admitting it now. “Had to come to you.”

Shane almost laughed. “Interesting.”

“Shut up, now.”

Ilya’s voice sounded pleading and commanding at the same time, and he did what Ilya wanted. He shut his mouth and let himself be kissed again, while his hand buried itself in Ilya’s hair, scratching at his scalp as he pinned him against the wall behind them.

“Need you now.” Ilya lightly bit his lower lip, and Shane finally felt his weak legs as he pushed Ilya backward toward the bedroom.

He grabbed the towel knotted around Shane’s hips and tugged it away so that he was naked, then tossed it across the room and pushed him onto the bed with his other hand. He wanted to see him. He wanted to see him naked.

Shane propped himself up on his elbows and bent one leg, then looked up at him through thick lashes. God, he was beautiful when he lay there naked like that and waited. Waited for him. Waited for a command from him.

“Unfair,” Shane murmured with a faint smile.

Ilya couldn’t help but make an approving, almost animal sound in his throat and, in the same moment, pull his shirt over his head. He would give him a little show. As if he hadn’t waited over two months for this moment. Hollander naked and willing, ready to be taken apart.

“Better?”

Shane licked his lips and shook his head, then nodded toward his pants.

A grin spread across Ilya’s face, and he began to open the button cruelly slowly, sucking his lower lip between his teeth.

“Enjoy the show?”

Shane nodded and slid up toward the head of the bed, his cock already rock hard and leaking against his stomach.

The sun made Shane’s skin look golden, and his eyes stared at him intensely as he pushed his pants down. He had a good body—well-trained and all—but what Ilya loved most about Shane’s body wasn’t the firm ass or the strong shoulders. It was his chest, which drove him crazy.

The large bulge in Ilya’s boxer briefs revealed that he was enjoying the show just as much as Shane was, and when he finally let the fabric fall to the floor and his erection sprang free, Shane almost forgot to breathe.

Ilya had the perfect body. His pectorals were defined, brown nipples surrounded by fine hairs and so sensitive that Shane loved licking them.

His stomach was soft and toned at the same time, the perfect place to lie afterward.

His arms were so strong they could lift Shane into any position Ilya wanted him in. His hands, big and broad, could be gentle and strong at once.

Ilya's thighs were thick, perfect to grind against and ride, and at the same time so enduring that they never seemed to tire when he took Shane from behind.

And that cock he was freeing right now... It's length and thickness so perfect that Shane had been addicted to it for years.

Ilya looked down at him as he stroked himself, twisting one nipple between his fingers, imagining what Shane might taste like.

"Come here." Shane tried to command him, but it sounded far too pleading to be an order. He gave up and spread his legs wide so Ilya had enough room to settle between them.

Ilya obeyed anyway, though with a self-satisfied grin, climbing between Shane's legs. His warmth beneath him was comforting, and he kissed him briefly before leaning back with a playful smile.

"You have to learn."

"What?"

"Dominance."

"Why do I have to—"

He was cut off by Ilya's lips on his, their cocks brushing against each other.

Ilya pulled back from his mouth only long enough to spit into his hand and wrap it around both of them, then his lips were on Shane's again.

Shane moaned into his mouth, their breaths mixing as the friction of Ilya's strong hand and his cock pushed him right to the edge.

"Ilya." Shane whined and clawed his fingers into the muscles of Ilya's back, which almost made him come.

"I know, moya lyubov'."

Shane's mind went blank when Ilya started speaking Russian while stroking them both, and he let out a deep moan. It was his weakness. His secret weakness, one Ilya hadn't fully realized yet.

Ilya bit down on his lower lip as Shane moaned hotly into his mouth and let go of their cocks. Then he smeared the remaining slick over Shane's hole, making everything slippery and filthy and so perfect. He pulled away from Shane's lips and looked down at him before slowly sinking a finger into him.

Shane's breath caught and he closed his eyes, his brows drawing together. Maybe they really needed more than just spit.

"OK?" he asked, kissing Shane's cheek.

Shane could only nod and bite his lip while Ilya's finger stretched him, preparing him.

"Dve nedeli ya budu lyubovat'sya etim zrelishchem. Mne etogo budet malo," Ilya rumbled as his finger fucked into Shane again and again. There were things he just couldn't express properly in English. Besides, it drove Shane crazy when he spoke Russian.

Shane had no idea what Ilya was saying, but it made him wild and feral all at once. He dug his hands into the sheets as Ilya added a second finger, scissoring them inside him, preparing him for the cock rubbing against his thigh.

Shane felt heat bloom low in his belly and reached for Ilya's hand.

"Need you now," he moaned.

"Khorosho. Khorosho, dorogaya, ya tebe eto dam." Ilya pulled his fingers back, then hesitated for a moment. A thought had sunk its teeth into his mind, and he couldn't stop himself from voicing it. "Raw?"

Shane needed a second to process the word. Raw. No condom. No latex between them. It was a dirty thought and thrilling all at once. He wondered briefly whether it would really feel that different as he studied Ilya's face and caught the flicker of uncertainty there. Then he nodded hastily. "Shit, yes. Yes. Raw. Ilya, *fuck*."

Shane moaned and tried to pull him closer with his calves, arching up toward him.

"You sure?" he checked again, gripping his ribcage and squeezing lightly.

"Stop asking stupid questions and—ah, shit."

Ilya had pushed just the tip into him, and Shane felt his hot breath against his neck as Ilya fell forward and collapsed onto him.

The sensation was immense, unbelievably intense. Shane was so tight, clenching around his tip, before he forced himself to relax and take Ilya into himself.

Shane could feel everything. With nothing between them. He could feel him raw inside him, inch by inch as he sank into him—so cruelly slow and careful at the same time. It was so much better without a condom, and he dug his short fingernails into Ilya's back muscles.

"Breathe," Ilya reminded him playfully, and Shane sucked the air through his teeth into his lungs, trying to relax even more and push away the pain, the faint burn.

Ilya groaned when he was about halfway inside him. "Shit, Shane. So tight. So perfect."

Shane wrapped his legs around his hips and guided him closer, deeper into himself, until they were finally locked together and both of them moaned loudly almost at the same second.

They held still for a moment, both trying to preserve the feeling, to adjust to something new and unfamiliar. Ilya's hands wandered over Shane's sides up to his neck, then he stroked his cheek, and Shane closed his eyes.

"Khochu tebya trakhnut'." Ilya leaned down and kissed him, then began to pull his hips back a little before slowly sliding into him again.

It was overwhelming after so many months to be close again, to be inside him, above him, making Shane feel good. It was incredible, and Ilya groaned contentedly as he slowly withdrew and then pushed forward again into the tight heat.

Shane's back arched against the mattress and he lifted himself toward him. "God, Ilya. Fuck me."

Ilya had to chuckle softly, but it died in a quiet moan. "I do already." He leaned down to Shane's ear and kissed the spot beneath it.

"Harder," he begged, letting his fingernails sink into Ilya's back. The slight pain made his head spin and spurred him on.

"I will," he grunted, then slid his hands between Shane and the mattress and hugged him tightly so he couldn't slide anywhere, and started to set a brutal rhythm. He fucked hard, in short thrusts into Shane's hole, hitting his prostate with every one, drawing loud sounds from Shane's mouth.

He leaned close to his ear and started babbling in Russian to keep himself from coming and to tease Shane a little.

"Kakoy strastnyy lyubovnik. Obozhayu eto."

Ilya moaned against his ear and kissed his neck, and when Shane heard the Russian words, he felt a wave start to build inside him. "Ilya. Keep going. I'm coming," he groaned.

"Da. Me too." Ilya looked down at him and their gazes met. "Idi ko mne, chert voz'mi, idi ko mne. Ty takaya krasivaya." Ilya kissed him as they both rode the edge.

Shane gasped, dug his fingers even deeper into Ilya's side, and then spilled himself with a loud moan, writhing over his stomach.

Moments later he felt Ilya twitch, his breathing change, and then he suddenly went still, coming inside him—hot and sticky and so good—while he moaned Russian words and breathed heavily.

He collapsed onto him like a warm blanket, and for a few moments they both did nothing but breathe, their hands roaming over sweaty skin as they enjoyed each other's presence.

Ilya kissed whatever his mouth could reach and whispered, "Moya lyubov'."

There was that word again. Lyubov. Shane roughly knew what it meant. He'd used Google Translate to look up one very specific phrase. *Lyublyu tebya*. It hadn't left his mind since. Lyubov sounded like it had something to do with that.

He swallowed. Was this the right moment? He'd wanted to say it for so long—but in the afterglow of a fuck?

Should he say it?

They would spend the next two weeks here in the small cottage. He'd have two weeks to say it. Or longer.

He would tell him someday. After all, they'd been doing this for quite a while now, right?

Ilya lifted his head from Shane's chest and kissed his lips.

When he pulled back, his eyes were closed and he rested his forehead against Shane's. "Lyublyu tebya," he whispered so softly Shane almost didn't hear it.

Ilya felt the wave of relief that washed over him. He'd said it. Shane hadn't understood, but he'd said it, and it felt right and good. Saying it, not just over the phone, like a few months ago. Maybe someday he could tell him in English.

Shane's heartbeat sped up again, then he smiled. Ilya was so full of self-doubt. Always had been. Right beneath the hard shell.

"What does that mean?"

Ilya looked at him with an expression Shane couldn't quite read—something between vulnerability and so much fear. Then he reached out, brushed his thumb over Shane's cheek again, but said nothing. No biting remark or stupid answer. Just those green eyes, laying bare the anxious soul beneath the surface.

"You should teach it to me sometime," Shane leaned forward and kissed his forehead. "Russian, I mean."

He nodded and pulled Shane into another kiss.

Someday. Ilya thinks.

End Notes

Comments are appreciated 🧡

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