

Not Even a Little Bit, Not Even at All

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Not Even a Little Bit, Not Even at All

by [OrYouCouldHaveMine](#)

Summary

“I think, at this point, we are friends, no?” Ilya asks, his back still to Shane.

“Are we?” Shane asks, and Ilya’s lip quirks at the way he can hear the curiosity bleed through Shane’s tone, despite the way he’s clearly trying so hard to sound indifferent.

“I consider you a friend, yes. We had food together. Hung out,” he explains.

“Okay. Sure, yeah,” Shane agrees, meeting Ilya’s eyes as he turns around to face him.
“Friends.”

“Good. It is important you know this,” Ilya asks, stepping across the slightly echoey room, his hand going to tilt Shane’s jaw up. “It’s important for you to know I like you,” he says, watching with amusement as more confusion spreads across Shane’s pretty face.

“Why?”

“Because,” Ilya says softly, condescendingly as he leans down, his mouth close to Shane’s. Shane is so receptive to him, his lips already parting, expecting a kiss. “I am going to fuck you like I hate you,” he finishes, watching as Shane’s jaw drops a little, his breath hitching.

Notes

This is my first Heated Rivalry fic, written approx. one day after finishing the book, and finished shortly after starting the show. I hope you like it! I'm very excited to do something different from what I normally write. I'm so endeared by these two.

Title from the poem in 10 Things I Hate About You:

But mostly I hate the way I don't hate you
Not even close
Not even a little bit
Not even at all

“You know, Hollander,” Ilya starts, walking into the Montreal condo like he owns the place, like he’s the one paying thousands of dollars a month for the sole purpose of having a private place to fuck.

“Hello,” Shane answers, rolling his eyes as Ilya walks past him. He shuts the door and follows Ilya into the living room where he’s looking out the window rather dramatically. Theatrics are necessary, Ilya thinks. For effect.

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“Oh,” Shane exhales, his mouth forming a perfect little ‘o’ shape that makes Ilya’s mind wander. He can’t really help himself then, when he moves his thumb across Shane’s chin and slips it between those plush pink lips, and then Shane sucks on it, just once, like he doesn’t

even realize that his automatic reaction to something being placed in his mouth is to suck on it.

Fuck, he's perfect. He's a *slut*, a perfect slut, and the best part is that Ilya knows it's just for him. He's not a slut for anyone else, which maybe is contradictory, but Ilya doesn't worry about that.

Shane realizes then, and he pulls his head back, a little indignant frown on his mouth. "Oh, you are? And do I have any say in that?" He asks.

"Hmm," Ilya hums, pretending to think about it. "Yes. You do. Actually," he says, taking a step forward, as Shane backs up in time with him. "You're going to beg me to. And because I am nice, I am going to do it."

Shane lets out a sound, a sort of incredulous scoff.

"What? You don't think you will?" Ilya asks. Another step forward. Shane takes another step back. One more, and he'll be against the wall. Convenient.

"I don't beg."

"Hm. And I think maybe, before you met me, you didn't suck cock either, no? So maybe you don't know what you will do or not, until you are doing it with me."

Shane seems surprised when his back meets the wall on his next step back, his eyes wide as he looks up to Ilya.

The game had been good. It was good hockey. It would have been fun to be a spectator, of two evenly matched teams, keeping each other on their toes the whole night. In the end though, Shane Hollander had scored the game winning goal for his team, and despite the momentary pride Ilya had felt watching him celebrate, he needed Shane to know it would be the last time he would have the upper hand that night.

Shane is speechless then, but he doesn't need to speak, not with the way his eyes keep darting down to Ilya's mouth.

Ilya grins, clicking his tongue. "Aw. I don't kiss things I hate, Hollander. Wouldn't want you getting the wrong idea," he purrs out, his one hand settling on the wall next to Shane's head, the other going to his waist, caging him in.

"You want to kiss me," Shane argues.

"Do I? You have a smart mouth on you. I don't think it deserves kissing," Ilya answers.

Shane pouts a little. Cute.

"Are you going to beg already?"

"No," Shane says quickly. "Your loss."

Ilya quirks an eyebrow. "Hm. You could beg. You want to taste me, Hollander?"

Shane blushes a little. "No."

"No?" Ilya asks, and he leans in. Shane turns to meet him, but Ilya isn't going to give him what he wants. Instead, he darts his tongue out and licks a stripe up Shane's cheek, laughing as he pulls back and Shane scowls.

"Ew."

“Ew? You like my tongue. You like when it’s on you. You would like it inside if you too, I bet,” he says, watching fondly at the way Shane ducks his head a little.

“Beg,” Ilya says, his tone colder now.

Shane scoffs again.

“*Beg*,” Ilya repeats, and this time he moves his knee, pressing it between Shane’s legs, dangerously close to being painful.

“Please,” Shane says after a moment of what is clearly a tumultuous internal battle. “Please,” he says again, softer this time, resigned.

“Please what? Please is not a sentence.”

“I want... to taste you. Please,” he says, avoiding eye contact.

“Look at me,” Ilya orders.

Shane does.

“Open your mouth.”

Shane hesitates this time, but he does. So obedient.

“Good boy,” Ilya says, and he leans down slightly, before he parts his lips and doesn’t spit exactly, but he deposits a glob of saliva right into Shane’s open, waiting mouth.

He's not exactly sure how this will go down. The likely outcome is for Shane to shove him away, make a face of disgust, and ask Ilya what the fuck is wrong with him.

Instead, Shane whimpers, his mouth still open, so Ilya can watch as his own saliva slides down Shane's tongue and to his throat before he swallows.

"Shit," Ilya whispers.

Shane is red, his breath coming in small little huffs, his eyes glassy. Ah.

"Thank me," Ilya says quietly, because maybe he's losing it, but then-

"Thank you," Shane whispers.

"Ah. You are so... hm," he thinks for a moment. "Submissive."

Shane's face flashes with a mix of anger and embarrassment. "I am not."

"No? Get on your knees."

Shane doesn't move, so Ilya moves the hand on the wall to his shoulder and pushes softly.

"Come on, sweetheart. Get on your knees. You want to, I can tell. You can pretend you don't, because you have to prove something. But I already know. So just do it, hm? Save us both the trouble."

Shane lets out a frustrated sound, but then he lowers himself down, his eyes glaring up at Ilya the entire time.

"There you go. Good slut," Ilya says softly.

Shane's jaw drops at that. "*Me?*" He asks. "You're one to talk."

"Hm. Maybe. Maybe on paper, by numbers," Ilya says, reaching down to caress Shane's cheek. Again, he slips his thumb into Shane's mouth, and Shane pulls it in easily, circling his tongue around it. "But from where I am standing, and from where you are kneeling, I think you are the slut."

When Shane tries to protest this time, Ilya presses his thumb down on his tongue, silencing him. He's awarded with an eye roll.

"Why do you try to fight it, hm? Do you think it's bad?" He means it genuinely, and he pulls his thumb out to let Shane answer.

"No. I don't know," he answers, seemingly caught off guard.

"Do you think it means you are weak?"

Shane doesn't answer, but his face looks thoughtful.

"I do not think so. I think it is brave, to know what you like. I like it," Ilya says. Really, screw Shane and his pretty face and his nice eyes and his freckles. It makes it very hard to want to fuck him like he hates him.

"Oh," Shane answers softly.

"Pretty boy," Ilya hums out.

This time, Shane doesn't shy away. "Thank you," he says quietly.

“Ask me for what you want. You can be brave, yes?” Ilya asks, gently stroking Shane’s hair.

“Please,” Shane says, exhaling shakily. “I want you to...” he pauses, licking his lips. “Fuck me like you hate me.”

“Do you mean it?” Ilya asks, because he wants to be sure.

“Yes. Yeah,” Shane agrees.

“Good. You played well today,” Ilya says, reaching for his fly. He undoes it quickly, watching as Shane’s eyes follow.

“Thank you.”

“No one out there knows the great Shane Hollander gets on his knees like this, hm? No one but me,” Ilya coos as he shucks his pants off, stepping out of them before he kicks them aside. “What would they think, hm?”

Shane’s eyes are focused on the bulge in Ilya’s briefs, so Ilya snaps his fingers once, sharply in front of Shane’s eyes.

“You haven’t even tasted it yet, and you are cock drunk already?”

Shane bites his lip.

“What would they think, Hollander? If they knew their Canadian hero was on his knees in front of Ilya Rozanov?”

“I don’t know,” Shane says softly. Ilya watches as his fingers twitch at his thighs, resisting the urge to reach out.

“No? You don’t know what they’d think about you being my *bitch*?” Ilya says the last word coldly, harsh and mean in his accent.

Shane shivers beneath him.

“Say it. Say you’re my bitch, Hollander.”

Shane pauses. “I’m your bitch,” he says quietly.

“Again. Louder. Like you mean it, yeah?”

“I’m your bitch,” he says, more firmly this time.

“That’s right. You know what?” Ilya pauses briefly, bending down to reach for his discarded pants. It’s in the pocket of them that he finds his phone. He opens the camera app, and starts a video.

“Say it one more time, for the camera, yeah? Whose bitch are you?”

Shane is blushing so beautifully, his eyes needy and unfocused. “I’m Ilya Rozanov’s bitch,” Shane says, just above a whisper.

Ilya ends the video then, a wide, slightly manic grin on his face as he tosses his phone down onto his pants.

“What is that face?” Ilya asks, still smiling.

“You’ll delete it, right?”

“Relax,” he answers, rolling his eyes. “Sure. Maybe after I jerk off to it a few times, I’ll delete it.”

“I hate you,” Shane says, but Ilya knows his heart isn’t in it.

“Yeah, yeah. You hate me. Tell me when my dick’s splitting you open, yeah?”

Shane whines, leaning his head back so it rests on the wall behind him.

Ilya kind of wants to fuck his face, to hold his head tight and fuck into the wet heat of his mouth. He wants to hear him gag and choke, wants to look down at those pretty eyes, tearing up and desperate. He’s also been on edge since before the game, maybe longer, maybe since the last time he saw Shane, and he isn’t sure how long he’d last doing that right now, and he really, *really* wants to fuck Shane, so he resists.

“You’re thinking,” Shane says.

“Yes. Thinking about how maybe it’s a good thing you hogged the puck all night. My arms are not sore,” Ilya says.

Shane lifts an eyebrow.

“Think I could hold you up. Fuck you right against this wall,” Ilya explains, watching as Shane reacts to the idea. It’s funny, how expressive he is. There’s a moment of surprise, then there’s doubt, then there’s an instinctual bit of resistance, probably because Ilya had suggested it.

“I’m not one of your girls,” Shane protests. “Can’t hold me up that long.”

“No, not one of my girls. But you are my bitch, aren’t you? Or do you need a reminder? I have video proof, after all.”

Shane exhales loudly.

“You like the idea.”

There is a long pause before Shane nods. “Yeah. Never uh... never had anyone do that.”

Ilya laughs at that, unintentionally. “Of course you haven’t. So many things you’ve never done before me. Get up,” he orders.

Shane scrambles to his feet quickly.

“So good,” Ilya whispers, running the back of his hand along Shane’s jaw, watching as he shivers. “Almost makes it hard to want to fuck you like a cheap whore,” he says, mock sadness in his tone. He then gives Shane’s face something that pushes past the line of being a pat but doesn’t carry quite enough heat to be considered a smack. “Almost,” he adds on, watching the way Shane’s face twists in surprise.

“Strip for me,” Ilya orders, and he pulls his own sweater off over his head, feeling a little silly in it still with no pants. He tugs his underwear off next so that he’s naked besides his wool socks, as Shane starts to undress as well. It’s not that Shane is putting on a show or trying to be especially sexy. He just is, sometimes. He’s so pretty, the way he moves, the way he absently folds his sweater in his hands before setting it on the coffee table. Ilya steps back to give him the room to take his pants, and watches as Shane’s underwear goes to join the sweater on the table.

“Look at you,” Ilya says softly.

“You’re really nice to people you hate, huh?” Shane replies.

“Oh, shut up,” Ilya laughs. “You worry too much. Do not worry, you will not be questioning how I feel about you when I’m done with you, hm?”

Shane’s lip quirks a little. “Big talk. Not much action.”

Ilya is on him then, shoving him back against the wall hard enough Shane makes a grunt as the air gets pushed from his lungs. Ilya’s arm is crossed over Shane’s upper chest, close to his neck, and he’s breathing heavily under it.

“You want to see action?” Ilya asks.

Shane nods once, quickly.

Ilya knows he can’t fuck Shane here against the wall. They don’t have lube or condoms, and Ilya knows the angle, though hot, isn’t going to let him fuck Shane the way he wants to; punishing, relentless. Still, he moves his hands down, between Shane and the wall, and gets a firm, full grip of Shane’s ass, then hauls him up, holding him against the wall.

“Fuck, Il- Rozanov,” Shane gasps out, correcting himself.

“Easy to lift,” Ilya says, before he leans in and presses his mouth to Shane’s neck, giving it a wet kiss, sloppy and greedy as he sucks into a sensitive spot that makes Shane whine. “So needy,” he breathes out, going to attack the other side, his teeth pressing on a tendon.

“You, ah-“ Shane gasps. “I need-“ he cuts himself off again.

“Go on. What do you need? Ask me nicely and I’ll consider,” Ilya says.

“Fuck me. Please. Just... give it to me,” Shane asks.

“Hm. That wasn’t very nice,” Ilya says, but he hoists Shane up a little more and pulls away from the wall, carrying him. It’s cute, how he wraps his legs around Ilya as he’s carried to the bedroom. Ilya isn’t particularly gentle as he throws Shane onto the bed, but he rights himself quickly, rolling over and propping himself up on his elbows.

Ilya goes to the nightstand he’s become well acquainted with; the one that’s home to lube and condoms. He sets a condom on the nightstand and brings the lube onto the bed with him, where he kneels between Shane’s legs. He manhandles him then, taking one leg and bending it at the knee, pushing it close to Shane’s chest. It’s a position he’s been in during training. He takes Shane’s hand and guides it so he’s on the back of this thigh.

“Hold, yes?” He asks.

Shane nods.

Ilya gets to the other leg then, lifting it the same way, bending at the knee and then pushing back toward Shane’s chest, like he’s his physical therapist and they aren’t naked.

Shane takes his second leg before Ilya even has to ask. Ilya leans back then, admiring his positioning of Shane. He’s so exposed like this, ass bare and spread and exposed with the way his legs are lifted up and held back.

“Like pretzel,” Ilya says, because the thought makes him laugh a little, and because really, Shane is folded in half. He’s more flexible than Ilya.

“Please do something,” Shane asks then. Poor thing. He does look needy, holding his legs back, his cock hard and leaking onto his abs.

“Hm,” Ilya hums, considering. He pops the cap on the lube, and it’s enough for Shane to exhale a sigh of relief.

“I will do something. Maybe I will do so much you will beg me to stop instead,” Ilya says as he coats two of his fingers with lube. People he likes can start with one. People he hates can handle two.

“You talk too much. Please, just-“

The end of Shane’s sentence dies on his tongue as Ilya presses the tips of two lubed up fingers to Shane’s hole, exposed and accessible for him. It’s not easy to get them both in, not when Shane isn’t loosened up at all, but he presses his fingers together and makes them fit. He’s rewarded with a broken sounding moan, ragged and ripped right from Shane’s chest.

“That’s it. He isn’t begging now,” Ilya says, a little too reverently.

Because he is being mean, and because he knows Shane likes it, he pumps his fingers in and out roughly, fucking him on them. It’s mesmerizing to watch, the way his hole stretches to accommodate them, the way his chest rises and calls, the way he can’t decide if he wants to wince and bite his lip, or let his jaw go slack, so he alternates.

“Should record you like this, I think. You look very pretty,” Ilya says.

“Do not,” Shane bites out.

“What is the word? Like, you are... falling apart, you know?” He asks.

“Undone,” Shane offers.

“Yes. You are undone. Just from two fingers. Imagine how you will be when my cock is in you, hm?” He says, and keeps it up, fucking Shane hard on his fingers, deep, long thrusts that

go to his knuckles. He twists his wrist a little, angles his fingers, and ah. There it is. The spot that makes Shane's neck crane back, his head thrown back on the pillow, the spot that makes his thighs tremble.

"Would it be meaner to make you cum now, and fuck you after? Or to keep you on edge and only let you cum on my cock? You are good at that," Ilya says, slowing his hand down so that he can scissor open his fingers and stretch Shane's hole.

"Second one. Please," Shane begs.

"I think so too," Ilya agrees. It's one of his favorite things about Shane, the way he can cum on Ilya's cock, hands free.

"You are ready now," he says simply.

"What?" Shane asks, because usually Ilya does more, spends more time prepping him, does three fingers, does more stretching and less finger fucking.

"You've taken me before. Why is not different? Remember," he asks, and then he leans down as he pulls his fingers out, getting in between Shane's raised thighs. "I *hate* you. If it burns, you know why. I want to get off. You are..." he struggles briefly for the word. "Incidental," he says, when he finds it.

"Get it on with, then," Shane huffs.

Ilya does. He rips open the condom packet and slides it on, sighing at the contact on his cock, hard and needy. Not as needy as Shane, though.

"You want it?" Ilya asks, gripping himself so he can smack his cock on Shane's hole, pink and puckered, pulsing at the sensation.

“Yes,” Shane hisses out.

“Why?”

“Wh-” Shane starts, incredulous. “Because I’m... horny,” he says, like it’s some secretive admission and not glaringly obvious.

“No. Why?”

“Because... I’m a slut.”

“Whose?”

“Yours.”

Only then, does Ilya line up and sink in. He’s not slow with it. No, he’s quick, deliberate, pushing all the way in to the tight heat, suffocating and pleasurable in a way that he has to take a breath and steady himself before he continues.

“Jesus Christ, Hollander,” he exhales. “You are still very tight for a slut.”

“Fuck,” Shane whines, his eyelashes fluttering a little.

“Do you want me to move?”

“Yes. Please. Please, move, I need it, I need-” he begs.

“I want to make you regret these words,” Ilya says, and it’s the last thing he says before he moves.

Ilya has watched porn. Plenty of it. He knows the words they use in the titles, and so his brain supplies him one. He is drilling into Shane. He fucks him hard, mercilessly, hard enough that when he closes his eyes for a moment, he thinks maybe, he does hate Shane Hollander. Of course he doesn’t. But he fucks him like he does, brutally, the pace punishing.

Shane is near silent beneath him, which is... new. Often, Shane tries to be quiet, out of shame or privacy, but he struggles. Now, though, he is silent. Ilya looks down at him, because he still wants to be sure he is okay, and... yes. He is okay. His mouth is open, wide, in a silent moan, his eyes nearly rolled back in his head. He looks gone, drunk with pleasure, possessed by it.

“Fuck, you should see yourself,” Ilya gasps between thrusts. “You fucking love it. Say it. Say you love my cock.”

“I love,” Shane gasps when Ilya pounds into him. “I love your cock.”

“Again.”

“I love your cock, please, Ilya,” Shane gasps.

It’s so close to the string of words Ilya imagines him saying sometimes.

“You’re my bitch,” Ilya growls, and he moves his hands to press down on the back of Shane’s thighs, folding him even further, making his entire body stretch and ache to accommodate Ilya’s cock, bending him for the sole purpose of providing an inconsequential amount more of pleasure as it lets Ilya go deeper. He moves up a little closer, angles himself, so he’s not just fucking forward, he’s fucking down, Shane’s ass lifted off the bed so Ilya can use his entire body weight to plow into him.

The sound of their skin slapping together echos, reminds Ilya of how quick it is, how brutal.

“I’m so close,” Shane gasps.

“You want to cum?” Ilya asks.

“Please.”

“Say you’re my cockwhore. You’re...” he’s not even sure where he’s pulling the phrases from anymore. “You’re owned by my cock.” Maybe it’s stupid, maybe it doesn’t translate well, maybe Shane will laugh-

“I’m owned, I’m fucking owned by your cock, I’m your whore, Rozanov, please, please,” he whimpers, his voice so beautifully pathetic.

“Yes. You can cum,” Ilya says, and Shane does. His body clenches, and cum shoots up, painting Shane’s chest, his abdomen, a perfect white rope of it landing right over his nipple.

“Fuck, fuck,” Ilya gasps, because he can never last much longer than Shane. Seeing Shane cum always does it for him. His thumbs dig into the meat of Shane’s thighs, and his hips stutter as he empties himself into the condom, cumming hard, hard enough his vision goes spotty for a moment.

“Holy shit,” Shane whispers beneath him.

Ilya catches his breath, still buried deep in Shane. Holy shit indeed. He gently takes Shane’s hands away from his thighs and guides them down, letting him stop the absurd stretch he’s been holding, and he leans in, his tongue going over the cum that’s splattered across his left nipple. Ilya licks it up, his eyes locked on Shane, a single long stroke of his tongue that makes the man beneath him shiver.

He doesn't swallow, though. He moves up, he sticks his tongue out, right over Shane's mouth.

"Seriously?" Shane asks.

Ilya doesn't do anything.

Shane doesn't huff or roll his eyes or protest any more though, as he lifts his head up and *sucks* his own cum off of Ilya's tongue, swallowing it down before his head falls back on the pillow.

"I hate you," Ilya says, because it has the same amount of letters as the thing he wants to say, and maybe Shane will pick up on that.

"I hate you more," he says softly.

"I do not think so," Ilya says, slowly pulling out.

"I hated you first."

Ilya smiles at that. Maybe Shane knows.

"I should go."

"Drink some water first."

Ilya laughs at that. "Okay. I will on my way out."

“See you.”

“Yeah,” Ilya agrees. “See you.”

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