Whispers in the Dark

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/75594731.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers), Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov, Blindfolds, Dildos, Praise Kink, Spit Kink, Subspace, Aftercare, Cuddling & Snuggling, Dom/sub, Bottom Shane Hollander, Anal Play, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Deepthroating, Dirty Talk, Sexual Overstimulation
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-11 Words: 2,161 Chapters: 1/1

Whispers in the Dark

by hollzy81

Summary

At the secluded cottage, Shane and Ilya's intimate evening takes a turn as Ilya proposes something new.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The cottage was a haven, a sanctuary from the world. Rain lashed against the windows, a rhythmic counterpoint to the crackling fire in the hearth. Shane and Ilya were curled together on the plush couch, a half-eaten bowl of popcorn between them, the glow of the movie flickering across their faces. But Shane's attention was less on the screen and more on the man beside him. Ilya, with his intense eyes and the way his hand rested possessively on Shane's thigh, was a constant distraction.

Ilya kept stealing kisses, soft, lingering touches that stole Shane's breath. Each kiss was a promise, a whisper of the desires that simmered beneath the surface. Shane would try to focus on the movie, but Ilya's lips were a siren song, pulling him under. He'd lean in, chasing the warmth, the taste of Ilya, the way his stubble scraped against his skin.

Their kisses deepened, becoming more urgent, more demanding. The air crackled with unspoken needs, with the electricity that always sparked between them. Shane's heart hammered against his ribs, a frantic drumbeat that echoed the growing tension in the room. Finally, Ilya broke the kiss, his eyes alight with a mischievous glint.

"Sweetheart," he murmured, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through Shane's chest. "I wanna try something new."

Shane blinked, momentarily confused. "New?"

Ilya's smile widened, a predatory curve of his lips. He reached out, tracing the line of Shane's jaw with a gentle finger. "Something… different."

The movie was forgotten. The popcorn, abandoned. Shane felt a thrill of anticipation, a nervous flutter in his stomach. He knew where this was going, and the thought both terrified and exhilarated him. He nodded, unable to speak, his throat suddenly dry.

Ilya stood, pulling Shane up with him. He led him, hand in hand, towards the bedroom, the firelight casting long, dancing shadows on the walls. The air grew thick with anticipation, the silence punctuated only by the crackling fire and the pounding of their hearts.

Once inside, Ilya closed the door, the click echoing in the sudden silence. He turned to Shane, his gaze intense, possessive. He reached out, his fingers gently cupping Shane's face, his thumb caressing his cheekbone.

"Will you be good for me, malysh?" Ilya asked, his voice a low, husky command. "Do you trust me?"

Shane swallowed, his voice barely a whisper. "Yes."

Ilya's hand tilted his head back, his thumb brushing across Shane's bottom lip, sending a jolt of electricity through him. "Good boy," he breathed, the words a caress and a challenge.

Shane whimpered, the nickname a brand, a mark of ownership. He felt a flush creep up his neck, his body already responding to Ilya's dominance. He leaned into Ilya's touch, craving the closeness, the promise of what was to come.

Ilya moved with a practiced grace, his movements deliberate and sensual. He reached into the bedside drawer, his fingers brushing against the smooth wood. He pulled out a silk blindfold, the black fabric a stark contrast to his pale skin.

“Lie down, Hollander,” Ilya commanded, his voice laced with a dangerous edge.

Shane obeyed, his heart pounding in his chest. He turned and lay down on the bed, his gaze fixed on Ilya. He felt exposed, raw, and utterly at Ilya’s mercy.

Ilya approached, his eyes dark and hungry. He knelt beside the bed, his fingers tracing the curve of Shane’s shoulder, the line of his spine. His touch was a slow burn, igniting a fire within Shane’s veins. He ran his hands over Shane’s chest, his stomach, his hips, mapping his body with a possessive touch.

Then, he reached for the blindfold. The cool silk against his skin was a shock, plunging him into darkness. He could only feel, only anticipate.

“Now, Hollander,” Ilya whispered, his voice a low growl, “I want you to be a good boy and strip for me.”

Shane’s hands trembled as he obeyed, shedding his clothes one by one. He lay naked and vulnerable on the bed, his body exposed to Ilya’s gaze. He felt a mixture of excitement and trepidation, his senses heightened by the darkness and the anticipation.

Ilya’s hands continued their exploration, his touch becoming more intimate, more demanding. He trailed kisses down Shane’s neck, his lips and teeth teasing, nipping, sucking. Shane arched his back, his breath catching in his throat. He moaned, a low, desperate sound that Ilya seemed to savor.

“Please…” Shane gasped, his voice thick with need. “Fuck… more…”

Ilya chuckled, a low, guttural sound that sent shivers down Shane’s spine. He moved lower, his lips finding Shane’s nipples. He licked, sucked, and nipped, driving Shane wild. Shane writhed, his hands clenching in the sheets.

“You like that, don’t you?” Ilya murmured, his voice a low growl. “Tell me how much you like it.”

“So… much…” Shane gasped, his body writhing beneath Ilya’s touch. “Please… don’t stop…”

Ilya went back to the drawer, returning with a tube of lube and a black dildo.

“Open wide, moya shlyukha,” Ilya commanded, his voice a velvet rasp.

Shane obeyed, his mouth parting. He felt the cool, smooth tip of the dildo against his lips.

“Suck,” Ilya instructed, his voice a low growl.

Shane closed his mouth around the dildo, his movements hesitant at first, then growing bolder. He sucked, his tongue dancing around the smooth surface, his eyes squeezed shut, lost in the sensation.

“Good boy, Hollander,” Ilya praised, his voice thick with satisfaction. “Fuck.”

He removed the dildo, the sudden absence a shock. He spat into Shane’s mouth, the taste metallic and arousing. Then, he put the dildo back in, deeper this time. Shane’s body bucked, his hips moving instinctively.

“That’s it,” Ilya whispered, his voice raw with desire. “Use your mouth for me. Show me how much you want it.”

Shane moaned, his movements growing more frantic. He lost himself in the sensation, his mind consumed by the pleasure. He felt the dildo slide in and out, the pressure building with each thrust.

Ilya took the dildo out again, and reached for Shane’s ass. He applied lube to his fingers, and began to tease the entrance. Shane moaned, his body arching. Ilya added another finger, then another.

“Fuck this hole, so good,” Ilya whispered, his voice raw with desire.

Shane was lost, his mind a haze of pleasure and pain. He was at Ilya’s mercy, and he reveled in it. He felt Ilya’s fingers probing, stretching, preparing him for what was to come.

Ilya removed his fingers, and then, slowly, he pushed the dildo in. Shane cried out, his body tensing. Ilya began to thrust, his movements slow and deliberate at first, then building in intensity.

“Yes,” Ilya breathed, his voice a low growl. “That’s it. Take it all. ”

Shane was lost in the sensation, his body writhing, his breath coming in ragged gasps. He was on the edge, teetering on the precipice of release. The dildo filled him completely, stretching him, pleasuring him in ways he had never imagined.

“I want you to come,” Ilya whispered, his voice thick with lust. “Come for me. Show me how good you can be.”

Ilya increased the pace, thrusting the dildo harder and deeper. Shane’s body bucked, his muscles clenching. He felt the familiar tremors begin, the building wave of pleasure that threatened to consume him.

“Fuck me, Ilya,” Shane gasped, his voice barely audible. “Fuck me hard…”

Ilya obliged, his thrusts becoming more frantic, more demanding. He drove the dildo into Shane, pushing him closer and closer to the edge.

“Come, moya lyubov,” Ilya commanded, his voice a low growl. “Come for me.”

Shane’s body convulsed, his muscles clenching. He came, his release a torrent of pleasure that left him weak and trembling. He cried out, his voice echoing in the room. He felt the world dissolve around him, his mind blank, his body utterly spent.

Ilya didn't stop there. He kept thrusting, his rhythm relentless, his grip on the dildo firm. He wanted to push Shane further, to see how much pleasure he could take. Shane was a good boy, a very good boy, and he deserved to be worshipped.

The dildo slid in and out, a rhythmic pulse that echoed the frantic beat of Shane's heart. He was lost in the sensation, his mind a blank canvas painted with waves of pleasure. He moaned, his voice a broken whisper, begging for more.

"Yes, malysh.” Ilya murmured, his voice a low growl. "That's it. Let it all go. Let me take care of you."

Shane's body arched, his back straining against the bed. He was on the edge, teetering on the precipice of another orgasm. He could feel the familiar tremors building, the tightening of his muscles, the frantic pounding of his pulse.

"I'm gonna come again, Ilya," he gasped, his voice thick with need. "I can't... I can't stop..."

Ilya increased the pace, his thrusts becoming more frantic, more demanding. He drove the dildo into Shane, pushing him closer and closer to the edge.

"Come for me, Hollander," Ilya commanded, his voice a low growl. "Come for me. Now. Fuck."

Shane's body convulsed, his muscles clenching. He came again, his release a torrent of pleasure that left him weak and trembling. He cried out, his voice echoing in the room. He felt the world dissolve around him, his mind blank, his body utterly spent.

Ilya didn't stop. He kept going, pushing Shane further and further, until he was sure Shane was completely and utterly spent.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Ilya slowed his pace, his thrusts becoming more gentle, more loving. He wanted to savor the moment, to make it last.

"Are you okay, moy lyubímyy?" he whispered, his voice a low rumble.

Shane could only nod, his body still trembling, his mind still reeling from the intensity of the pleasure.

Ilya pulled the dildo out, the sudden absence a shock. He leaned down and kissed Shane, his lips soft and tender.

"You were so good," he murmured, his voice filled with love. "So very good."

Shane whimpered, his body still aching, his mind still reeling. He felt a wave of exhaustion wash over him, and he closed his eyes, drifting back towards sleep.

Ilya continued to stroke his hair, his touch a constant, reassuring presence. He knew that Shane was in subspace, a vulnerable state where he was completely reliant on Ilya. He would take care of him, protect him, and cherish him.

He knew that Shane was his, body and soul. And he wouldn't have it any other way.

The world swam back into focus slowly. The fire had died down, casting the room in a soft, amber glow. Shane lay curled on his side, the silk blindfold still in place, his body still humming with the aftershocks of pleasure. He was in a state of blissful, hazy contentment, his mind adrift in a sea of sensations.

Ilya was a presence beside him, a warm weight against his back. He could feel Ilya's hand stroking his hair, his touch a soothing balm to his frayed nerves.

"How are you feeling, moya lyubov?" Ilya asked, his voice soft and gentle.

Shane mumbled, his voice thick with sleep. "Good… so good." He nuzzled closer, seeking the warmth of Ilya's body. "Tired…"

Ilya chuckled, a low, rumbling sound that vibrated through Shane's chest. He leaned down, pressing a kiss to the back of Shane's neck. "You were a very good boy." He peppered kisses along Shane's spine, each one a promise of comfort and love.

Shane blushed, even though Ilya couldn't see it. He felt a surge of warmth, a feeling of belonging that settled deep within him. He was safe, cherished, and utterly adored. He reached a hand up, blindly seeking Ilya's. When their fingers intertwined, he squeezed, a silent expression of his love.

Ilya carefully removed the blindfold, his fingers brushing against Shane's eyelids. The sudden light made him squint, but he quickly adjusted. He looked up at Ilya, his eyes filled with a mixture of love and gratitude. He was a little overwhelmed, his senses still buzzing.

Ilya smiled, a genuine, tender smile that melted Shane's heart. He reached for the covers, pulling them up over Shane's naked body. He tucked him in and Shane felt a wave of pure, unadulterated love wash over him.

"You're safe now, sweetheart," Ilya murmured, his voice a soothing whisper. "I've got you." He kissed Shane's forehead, his lips lingering. "Always."

Shane leaned into Ilya's touch, seeking the comfort and reassurance he offered. He felt a wave of exhaustion wash over him, and he closed his eyes, drifting back towards sleep. He was a little clingy, his hand never leaving Ilya's.

"Stay?" Shane mumbled, his voice thick with sleep.

"Always, moya lyubov," Ilya whispered, his voice a promise. He settled in beside Shane, pulling him close. He wrapped his arms around him, holding him tight. He knew Shane needed the closeness, the reassurance.

End Notes

I can’t wait for tomorrow. Friday’s need to come as fast as Shane Hollander.

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