

Mutually Assured Destruction

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Mutually Assured Destruction

by [Spidaya](#)

Summary

Ilya's laugh is loud and delighted and absolutely infuriating. He leans back on his hands, eyes lighting up like Shane just told him the funniest joke ever. "Oh my god," he says, murmuring something in Russian that's too quick for Shane's mind to translate. "You want to have a not-sex competition."

Shane shrugs. "You said I couldn't resist you so..."

"Hollander," Ilya says fondly, shaking his head, "You have finally lost it."

"Or," Shane counters, stepping closer, "You're just not used to losing."

Ilya's grin widens. He looks Shane up and down, slow and obvious. Shane's body has never been subtle where Ilya is concerned and he can't help the heat that floods his cheeks with Ilya's eyes on him so intensely.

"Fine," Ilya says easily. "We'll see how long you last."

Shane doesn't hesitate. "Longer than you will."

5 times they don't give in, +1 time someone finally does

Notes

Hi everyone! I've been so incredibly obsessed with Heated Rivalry lately (as we all are) and have been absolutely bewitched by Shane and Ilya.

This story is inspired by a tweet from [@billieroan](#)

I had so much fun writing for them for the first time, and I hope you enjoy reading the story as much as I enjoyed writing it!

Enjoy! ❤️

Shane's sitting cross-legged on the floor, stretching out sore thighs post-practice, damp hair curling around his ears, sweat drying itchy along the back of his neck. He's loose and tired from his workout, and exactly relaxed enough to let his guard down for ten goddamn seconds, which he should know by now he can't do around his frustratingly attractive boyfriend.

Speaking of, his boyfriend shamelessly takes that window and slinks off the couch like a cat. He lowers himself behind Shane and wraps his arms around his waist, hooking his chin over Shane's shoulder.

Shane exhales a laugh through his nose, startled. "You good?"

"Mm," Ilya says. His voice is low, warm.

It's ridiculous how fast Shane's body reacts. Heat curling low in his stomach. Every muscle tensing slightly, even though his boyfriend hasn't really done anything yet. He's still not doing anything, really, he's just sitting there holding him. Ilya's thumbs brush lazily at his hips through the thin fabric of his shorts.

Shane tilts his head back slightly, just enough for Ilya to feel it, but not enough to give him the satisfaction of eye contact. "Do you want something?"

He already knows the answer.

He turns his face just a fraction more, hiding the smile tugging at his mouth.

Ilya shrugs behind him, loose and unbothered. "Maybe. Maybe not." His chin nudges Shane's shoulder, affectionate and annoying. "*You* clearly want something."

Shane follows Ilya's gaze down despite himself.

His shorts are... yeah. Tight. Obvious. He can feel the warmth rush up his chest and into his cheeks, that familiar mix of embarrassment and irritation and desire. It's not *Shane's* fault. It never is. His body has never been subtle where Ilya is concerned.

He scoffs, rolling his eyes even as his ears burn. "That's not—"

"You can't help it," Ilya murmurs, mouth close enough now that Shane can feel the brush of his breath. A smile curls into his voice. "I love that you can never resist me."

Something in Shane snaps into sharp focus.

Because, well, who is Ilya Rozanov to know all that anyway? His ego had gotten too big knowing how easy for him Shane is, and maybe it's time to even the playing field. He's never once let Ilya win on the ice, and maybe, it's time to stop letting him win here every time too.

Slowly, deliberately, Shane shifts his weight back just enough that he's fully sitting in Ilya's lap now. He feels Ilya's breath hitch, just barely and files it away. He rests his hands on his

own knees, casual, like this isn't doing exactly what it's doing to both of them.

Then he scoffs, a short, disbelieving sound. "That's a bold claim."

Ilya's arms tighten automatically, pleased. Smug. "It's *accurate*."

Shane twists his head enough to catch Ilya's eyes over his shoulder. Raises a brow. "You think I can't resist you?"

Ilya grins, lazy and devastating. "I *know* you can't."

That does it.

Shane pushes up out of his lap, turning fully to face him, expression sharp and bright with challenge. The heat is still there, coiled and humming in his stomach, but now it's threaded with something else that burns with a furious competitiveness.

"Yes the fuck I can," Shane says.

Ilya blinks, just once.

Shane straightens, rolling his shoulders back. "Actually," he adds, voice even, "I think I can resist you longer than you can resist me."

For a second, there's silence.

Then Ilya laughs.

It's loud and delighted and absolutely infuriating. He leans back on his hands, eyes lighting up like Shane just told him the funniest joke ever. "Oh my god," he says, murmuring something in Russian that's too quick for Shane's mind to translate. "You want to have a *not-sex* competition."

Shane shrugs, entirely too pleased with himself. "Call it endurance training."

"Hollander," Ilya says fondly, shaking his head, "you have finally lost it."

"Or," Shane counters, stepping closer, "you're just not used to losing."

Ilya's grin widens. He looks Shane up and down, slow and obvious, like he's cataloguing everything he's going to enjoy breaking later. He can't help the heat that floods his cheeks with Ilya's eyes on him so intensely.

"Fine," he says easily. "We'll see how long you last."

Shane doesn't hesitate. "Longer than you will."

The air between them tightens.

They just hold eye contact, something electric passing between them, mutual arrogance crackling like static. Shane can feel his pulse in his throat. In his wrists. Everywhere Ilya's

eyes linger.

This is so fucking stupid. But also, for some reason that Shane can't quite work out yet, it's also really fucking hot. Maybe Ilya's right, he really is a pervert.

Ilya sticks out his hand, still smiling and Shane takes it without looking away. They shake on it, palms warm, grip firm.

Judging by his boyfriend's smug expression, he's clearly convinced this will take hours, maybe less. And who is Shane to make him think any differently? He'll let his boyfriend believe that, because Shane Hollander wants to win.

And god help him, he's already looking forward to it.

Ilya Rozanov is having the time of his life.

Practice is barely twenty minutes in, and Shane is already flushed and annoyed in that way he just absolutely *lives* for, not that it's really all that hard to get his boyfriend into this state anyway.

He leans into every drill with extra energy, just so he can get a little closer than necessary during puck retrieval. He chirps in Shane's direction when the whistle blows. Doesn't even care if it makes sense.

"Avoiding me on the ice, are you?"

"Trying to show off for me, Hollander?"

"That last goal I scored make your dick hard?"

Some of the more explicit messages he says in Russian, slowly enough that he knows Shane will be able to translate them. He throws in a few at a speed too fast for Shane to translate as well because he knows that will make his boyfriend frustrated... and that works in his favor too.

Shane though, is barely reacting, save for a raised eyebrow or slightly flushed cheeks here and there, which means he's actually being serious about this whole no-sex bet. He hates how endeared by it he is, because really, only his boyfriend would come up with something like this and then stick to it with such fierce rigidity.

Ilya glides up beside him in a three-on-two drill and lingers just a little too long at the end of the play. Shoulder brushes shoulder. Shane moves away like he doesn't notice.

He fucking notices.

And Ilya notices that he notices.

He loves this. The game under the game. The layered challenge. It's the same thrill he gets skating into the offensive zone with three defenders collapsing, puck on his stick, heartbeat fast.

During cooldown he tries a new approach. Ilya stretches deliberately in front of Shane. Slow and smug. Pulls his shirt off over his head, wipes his face with it, and drops it by Shane's water bottle.

Shane simply picks up the bottle and takes a long drink from it, not even bothering to look at Ilya's shirt or Ilya himself. Shane just keeps drinking as if he barely notices him at all, which he hates to admit is backfiring and making him a little turned on.

Everyone thinks Shane Hollander is so nice. The perfect role model, always taking photos with fans and being so formal and polite with the press and with everyone he meets. He's never in fights on the ice, never on social media... *boring*. Except Ilya gets to know the real Shane, and the real Shane is an asshole.

His asshole, and he loves it. And also, he wants to shove him for how much he's being ignored right now. Or maybe shove him up against the lockers in the locker room and fuck him.

He is not picky.

By the end of practice, he's sweat-slick, frustrated, and honestly half-hard in his cup, which is fucking rude. And *still* Shane isn't giving him the time of day.

No flirting, not that Shane usually flirts much with him during practices, since he's so focused all the time. But he hasn't even done any celebratory gloating or anything, just completely focused on the drills without so much as a glance in his direction.

Ilya claps his gloves together, breathes deep, and skates off the ice as practice ends with a sigh. His entire body is buzzing and he's overheating as he peels off his helmet.

It's finally now that he sees Shane looking at him, a small smirk on his lips... cause his boyfriend's an asshole.

Shane is already half-gone by the time they get home.

Practice was brutal. Which normally he likes—working hard, pushing limits, letting his body do something he's good at, *the best at*, while his brain shuts up for five minutes. But today it's just made everything worse. Every inch of him is buzzing. He's over-aware of everything. His gear, his pulse, the exact volume of Ilya's laughter in the locker room, the way his mouth had wrapped around his water bottle cap.

Now he's keyed up and hungry and hot, and the second they step inside the apartment, Ilya starts circling him like a shark.

Shane kicks off his shoes and makes it halfway to the kitchen before Ilya follows, barefoot and shirtless, smug as ever. He says nothing. Just trails close enough to brush Shane's shoulder as he passes him in the narrow space between the counter and the fridge.

Shane pretends not to notice.

He opens the fridge. Stares at nothing. Ilya steps in behind him, clearly not in it for the food. Shane can feel him there, bare skin, tall frame, the weight of his attention tugging on him like gravity. He can *smell* him. Shampoo and sweat and heat.

"You're quiet," Ilya says, amused.

Shane grabs a yogurt. "Tired."

"Mm," Ilya says. "You're flushed."

"Practice."

"You're hard."

Shane slams the fridge door a little too hard.

"What?" His boyfriend looks at him innocently with his piercing green eyes, a lazy smile playing on his lips.

Shane turns to face him, trying to force his body, and his dick who is not getting the message, to calm down. His heart is jackhammering but he keeps his expression neutral.

"You haven't even come close to winning yet."

"You think I'm trying?" Ilya steps forward. Crowds him against the counter with zero effort. His voice is low and the cadence of it makes Shane take an accidental step toward him.

"Baby, I'm simply waiting."

His hand lifts. Just barely touches the edge of Shane's waistband.

And Shane... *god*, Shane wants to let him. He wants to lean into it, wants to tip forward and bury his face in Ilya's neck and give in already. He wants this. So fucking badly it feels *stupid*.

But he doesn't, because he made this challenge and if there's one thing hates more than anything, it's losing.

He forces himself to lean out of Ilya's orbit and catches Ilya's wrist, gently pushing it off his waistband, causing his boyfriend to raise an eyebrow.

Shane smiles. "Nope."

Ilya licks his teeth. "Really?"

Shane nods, still wanting to change his mind and beg Ilya to touch him. "Really."

And he watches, fascinated, as Ilya's pupils dilate just a little. As his mouth parts in something like hunger. He hadn't realized just how much this would affect his boyfriend too, and he's kind of loving it.

"You're such a fucking brat," Ilya murmurs.

"Sure," Shane says, breezing past him, "Well, you're the one following me around the apartment like a dog."

He makes it three steps toward the hallway before Ilya calls after him, voice lazy and low. "Congrats on lasting one whole day. You really showed me," He says, clearly sarcastically.

Shane throws a smirk over his shoulder. "So you want to give up then? Admit you lost."

"Don't have to. Is better if I wait for you to start begging."

Ilya feels like he's vibrating out of his fucking skin.

It's subtle. Probably.

From the outside, Ilya looks like his usual post-game self: hoodie on, sweatpants slung low, hair still damp from the shower and curling a little around his ears. He's loose-limbed and relaxed as he sprawls across the kitchen chair, the picture of easy confidence. On the outside he's trying to come off unbothered.

But inside? Inside he is an absolute fucking nightmare.

Because Shane Hollander—Shane fucking Hollander—is sitting on the couch ten feet away in nothing but boxer briefs and a hoodie zipped halfway up, legs tucked beneath him, laptop

perched on his thighs like they're not in the middle of the worst... he doesn't know what to call it.. *sexual standoff*, in history.

His mouth is set in this soft, thoughtful line as he rewatches game footage they've already gone over twice. And his thighs. Jesus. Ilya is not strong enough to witness all that skin and pretend he's fine.

And he's wearing his *glasses*. His glasses that rest on his stupid gorgeous fucking cheeks with his stupid gorgeous fucking freckles.

It's the worst kind of torture, not being able to get his hands all over him when he's like this. And he knows Shane is doing this on purpose. There is absolutely no way this is accidental. He is curled up in the corner of the couch like he lives there, like Ilya's not three seconds from crawling into his lap and making some very bad decisions. He looks casual, relaxed even. The hood of his sweatshirt rests just behind his neck, the tag cut out like it is on all Shane's clothes.

His attention goes to the slope of Shane's jaw, the dip of his collarbone, the place Ilya wants to mark up just to remind him who he belongs to.

And the worst part? Shane still hasn't cracked.

Not once.

He's calm, steady, and as focused as he would be in the final two minutes of a playoff game. Not even blinking.

Ilya, on the other hand, is one wrong move away from losing all sense of reason.

Because it's been thirty-six hours. Thirty-six hours of tank tops and thigh grazing and half-smiles across the room. Thirty-six hours of watching Shane stretch out on their shared bed in just his underwear while Ilya can do nothing but just look at him. Thirty-six hours of touching only by accident, brushed shoulders, feet nudging under the kitchen table, hands lingering a little too long when they pass each other the remote. Thirty-six hours of being *denied*.

And not once—*not once*—has Ilya been allowed to touch Shane in any meaningful, satisfying, universe-balancing way.

It's cruel. It's borderline illegal. And it's making Ilya fucking insane.

He tries to keep it together. Really, he does. Keeps his face neutral. Keeps his mouth mostly shut because if there's one thing he's not going to do, it's lose to Shane Hollander. He's been hoping, *praying*, that Shane is going to give in any second. He was sure when he agreed to this that his boyfriend wouldn't even last a day. But then Shane simply sighs, this tiny, content little noise, and shifts his weight on the couch, and Ilya sees the exact curve of his ass through those fucking briefs and almost blacks out.

He gets up instead and crosses the room slowly. He tugs off his sweatshirt and lets his t-shirt ride up a little in the way he knows Shane likes to watch as he crosses the hardwood floor.

“Still watching that?” he asks, voice casual.

“Mm.” Shane doesn’t look up. “Trying to see if we could’ve closed the gap earlier in the second.”

“We won four to one.”

“Doesn’t mean we played clean.”

Ilya resists the urge to roll his eyes. Instead, he flops onto the couch like a cat, drapes himself across Shane’s lap like a weighted blanket, and exhales dramatically.

Shane shifts an inch and lets out a little laugh. “You’re a baby,” he teases Ilya and doesn’t even pause the video.

So Ilya escalates.

He loops his arms around Shane’s waist and rests his chin on his shoulder. “You’re so smart,” he murmurs, knowing how much Shane likes praise, but also how much he enjoys praising Shane. “Look at you. Analyzing tape. My brilliant little hockey nerd.”

His voice is syrupy, kind of like how his body is feeling at the moment. Shane hums like he’s heard it, maybe even liked it, but gives him *nothing*.

Fine.

Ilya sits up and stretches dramatically. He swings a leg over and straddles Shane without ceremony, knees planted on either side of his hips. He doesn’t grind his hips against him or kiss him or even really touch him at all.

He just... sits.

Shane keeps watching the video over Ilya’s shoulder. He doesn’t react, but Ilya can *feel* it. The tension in Shane’s thighs. The way his hands flex where they rest on the couch cushions. The slight hitch in his breath when Ilya shifts, just enough to adjust his weight and press closer.

He leans in, slow. Lets his mouth hover near Shane’s ear.

“I had a dream last night,” he says quietly. “You were so loud.”

No response.

“Woke up hard.”

Still nothing.

“You were begging for me,” Ilya adds, just to be awful. “Like you do so well.”

Shane exhales through his nose and he can’t help but feel finally vindicated when he feels Shane half-hard under him. Then, without making eye contact, Shane mutters, “Move.”

“Why?” He asks innocently. “Something got you worked up?”

“Fuck you,” Shane replies, but there’s no heat to it. “Off.”

Ilya grins, climbs off his lap, and flops dramatically onto the other end of the couch with a put-upon sigh.

He isn’t insecure. He knows Shane wants him. Shane *always* wants him. But now this is the first time ever that Shane won’t give it to him. He wishes his boyfriend would just give this up already so he can devour him like he wants to, but he’s never met anyone more stubborn than Shane, except maybe himself.

It’s stupid. It’s infuriating. And it’s so fucking hot.

Ilya *likes* control. He likes being the one who says *come here* and has Shane instantly compliant. He likes setting the pace. He likes knowing exactly how Shane will respond when he finally gets his hands on him.

But now? Now Shane is the one holding the leash and Ilya can’t stop thinking about it.

He gets up, *again*, and wanders into the kitchen like that’ll help. He opens the fridge and stares blankly at a bottle of mustard for too long. He is not hungry... not for food, anyway.

Behind him, Shane’s voice mumbles: “I can think of something you can eat.”

Ilya flips him off without turning around. “I can think of something that would make you full.”

“Shut up,” Shane says, but when Ilya turns his eyes look incredibly fond.

He shrugs, “Make me.”

“Idiot.”

“You’re supposed to be insulting me, not describing yourself, Hollander.”

They don’t talk much that night.

It's not cold between them. It's still warm and safe and familiar in all the ways Shane likes. But there's something in the air, crackling just beneath the surface, too low and sharp to name. Shane feels it behind his eyes, in the hinge of his jaw, the slow roll of his shoulder blades every time he shifts in his seat. It's everywhere. The silence between them is so loud he could swear it has weight.

He's sitting at the kitchen table, laptop open in front of him, the glow of the screen painting the undersides of his arms in soft blue. But he's not really bothering to read the article he'd clicked on. His thumb hovers over the trackpad like it might move on its own if he stares hard enough. Ilya is curled on the couch a few feet away, flipping through the same ten channels like something new might appear if he cycles fast enough. He lands on some old movie neither of them cares about and leaves it there. He stays slouched into the cushions like he's unbothered, legs spread wide, hoodie sleeves shoved up to the elbows.

It should be peaceful. Familiar. A slow Thursday night in their apartment, both worn out from practice and pretending they're fine. It *is* normal, on the surface. But underneath, everything feels off-kilter, like the center of gravity in the room has shifted just slightly, tugging them toward each other while they both pretend they're not aware of it.

Every movement feels louder than it should. When Ilya stretches, Shane hears the breath he lets out, slow and deliberate. When Shane shifts in his chair, he catches the way Ilya glances over, not fast, not obvious, just a flick of his eyes, bored and casual. Like he isn't moments away from snapping or two degrees from lunging. Like he doesn't want to crawl across the couch and *end this* in all the ways Shane does.

Shane doesn't look back.

He can't.

This is the quiet standoff they've built, and he knows exactly how it works: say nothing. React to nothing. Pretend he's not seconds from actually combusting. Whoever gives in first loses. And Shane doesn't lose. Not like this. Not to Ilya. Not when he has a point to prove.

He closes the laptop. It makes a soft click in the quiet of the kitchen. He gets up, moves to the sink with deliberate ease. Doesn't say a word and just turns on the tap and fills a glass, eyes on the water line. He starts counting backwards from one hundred just to have something to do with his brain that isn't thinking about his boyfriend.

He drinks slowly. His body's so keyed up he can barely stand the feel of the cold glass against his palm. Even that's too much.

Behind him, he feels it, the low intensity of Ilya's stare. Scorching, lazy, and patient. Like he's waiting for a sign. Like he's giving Shane the chance to turn around and *beg*.

He doesn't.

He walks back to the table, sits down, and places the glass carefully beside his laptop. And stays there, silent and still.

Ten minutes pass. Maybe more. The movie on the TV drones in the background, some grainy 80s dialogue and a synth soundtrack that makes the air feel like it's pulsing. Shane doesn't move, just taps his finger against the corner of the table once. Then again. And again.

Eventually, Ilya gets up.

Shane hears him stand before he sees it. There's no rush to it, just the soft whisper of movement, the shuffle of socked feet across wood, the stretch of hoodie fabric as he shifts. He walks over, slowly. Comes to a stop just in front of Shane's chair.

He doesn't say anything. Doesn't touch him. Just... *lingers*.

Shane glances up, eyebrow raised, like this is nothing. "Something wrong?"

Ilya's mouth twitches like he's trying not to smile. He doesn't answer.

Instead, he lets his eyes drag down. To Shane's mouth. To his neck. To where his legs are stretched out under the table, bare beneath loose shorts and braced wide like an invitation.

Shane doesn't move and honestly doesn't breathe.

He holds his expression neutral and waits. But his stomach is tight. His thighs are drawn taut with the effort of *not shifting*. His skin feels too hot. Too visible. Every inch of him braced for impact.

And then Ilya turns around and walks away.

Shane releases the breath he's been holding, and his whole body is vibrating. The silence left in Ilya's wake is unbearable, like someone turned the pressure up too high and forgot to let the steam out. He digs his nails into the meat of his thigh and wonders how much longer he can really keep up their little competition.

Twenty minutes later, Ilya brushes behind him on his way to the kitchen, and this time, he pauses.

Just a second too long. Just close enough that Shane can feel the body heat at his back. Can feel the faintest graze of his arm near his shoulder, like he might reach out, like he might whisper something. Like he might finally break before Shane does.

He doesn't move, or look or acknowledge Ilya's attempts. He just sits there and breathes. He hears his boyfriend let out a little sigh of defeat and it lights something up in Shane's chest, hot and slow and infuriatingly satisfying.

Eventually, he stands and walks past Ilya, grazing him up and down with his eyes before heading into the bathroom and shutting the door behind him. Inside, it's dim and quiet. The air is cooler, but it doesn't help. Shane leans over the sink, braces his palms on the edge and stares at his reflection.

His face is flushed and he's breathing too hard. He looks like someone who *just had sex*, not someone who's been *resisting it for days*. Nothing has happened and still, somehow, he looks

so incredibly flushed and unraveled

He squeezes his eyes shut, drags in a breath through his nose. The need isn't sharp anymore. It's not a spike of desperation or a rush of heat. It's steady and lingering. A low, thrumming presence that lives in the pit of his stomach and wraps around his ribs like a second skin. He needs it so badly and it's so fucking hard to know Ilya is in the other room, watching him go up in flames and pretending he's not on fire too.

Shane opens his eyes and watches the pink climb up his chest, watches the way his pulse jumps in his throat.

He's going to have to give up soon.

Ilya doesn't remember the movie they put on.

Something loud, probably American, all sharp edges and explosions and men yelling over engines. Guns, maybe. Or cars. He remembers Shane picking it with the remote already halfway out of his hand, thumb pressing buttons like his brain had wandered off somewhere else entirely. Which... fair. Ilya's not exactly present either. The TV flickers light across the bedroom walls, but it might as well be background noise from another house.

He can't sit still.

It's not the usual restless energy he gets before a game, or the bone-deep itch of post-gym adrenaline. This is different. It's tighter and thicker, and it coils in his chest and sinks low in his stomach, a steady, infuriating burn that's been building for days now. It's sharp and demands immediate action and it's all Shane's fault.

They're not touching and haven't been, really. Not all evening.

Shane had climbed onto the bed after his shower and stayed there, stretched out on his back with one arm tucked under his head like he wasn't glistening faintly in the low light, like the line of his collarbone wasn't right fucking there. Like his thighs weren't bare and parted just enough to be ready for Ilya to do whatever he wanted. He looks relaxed. *Comfortable*. Like this isn't killing him too.

Ilya had sat down beside him and done the unthinkable: behaved. Which was *so boring*.

He'd stayed just far enough away not to crowd. Not to tease. Hands to himself. Eyes forward. He thinks maybe this is what drowning feels like, not the panic of going under, but the awful, suspended moment where your lungs burn and you're still holding on because you think you should be able to.

He knows Shane wants him. He's known for days. It's not a question or a gamble or something he needs to test. He sees it every time Shane looks at him from across the room and then looks away too fast. Every time his jaw tightens when Ilya gets close enough that their shoulders almost brush. Every time his ears go pink when Ilya so much as raises an eyebrow at him. The tension between them is mutual and obvious and thick enough to taste.

And still Shane hasn't broken.

And somehow, neither has Ilya.

It's stupid. Ridiculous. They both know this is stupid but they're both too fucking competitive to back down. But this... this is *masochism*. He'd learned that word from Shane when they'd overheard it on the street from someone else's conversation, and when he'd asked what it meant his boyfriend had been beet-red explaining it to him.

God, he loves Shane so much.

And now he's lying shirtless beside his also shirtless boyfriend, wanting him so badly it's almost funny, and refusing to touch him anyway. It *would* be funny, actually, if it didn't physically hurt from how hard his dick is right now.

He shifts again on the bed, trying to find a position that doesn't make every nerve in his body light up. Shane doesn't look over. Doesn't move. Just keeps staring at the screen like he's immune to gravity.

Something in Ilya finally stills.

He turns his head and looks at Shane properly, the TV light washing over his face in soft blue and gold. Shane looks calm, but Ilya can see it now, the tightness around his eyes, the careful way he's holding himself like he's consciously preventing himself from reaching out.

"Are we really still doing this?" He asks softly.

Shane glances over, questioning.

"I want you," he says, simple and steady. "I've wanted you for days now. *I lose*, fine, whatever. I can't keep doing this. I can't pretend I don't want you.

He watches Shane's expression shift, something small, something he might miss if he didn't know him so well. Then Shane sits up, turns toward him fully, attention focused and sharp like he's deciding something.

For a moment, neither of them moves.

Then Shane reaches out.

Just his hand. Palm flat against Ilya's chest, fingers warm over his heart, and *god*, the contact makes it feel like he can finally breathe again for the first time in days.

"I wanted to see if I could do it," Shane says quietly, voice rough around the edges.

Ilya nods, slow. “And?”

Shane lets out a huff of a laugh, something soft and fond that goes straight to Ilya’s chest. “I can’t,” His boyfriend says. “You were right, I can’t help it. I can’t resist you.”

Ilya grins. “But now you know my secret too. That I can’t resist you either”

Shane grins at him and lunges forward, the weight of his body knocking them both down and the two of them wrestle on the sheets, rolling and elbowing each other, trying to pin the other down.

Finally, he wins, or rather Shane lets him win, and he pushes his boyfriend into the mattress and kisses him until they both can’t breathe and are gasping for air from each other’s mouths.

Shane giggles and Ilya kisses him once again with everything he has, the ache, the hunger, the want that’s been simmering under his skin since the second Shane challenged him. His hands move on instinct, familiar paths he could trace in the dark: jaw, hips, thigh. Like muscle memory. Like he’s done this a thousand times.

Because he has.

Shane kisses him back as good as he gets and it’s so fucking delicious. Shane kisses him like he’s choosing this. *Choosing him.*

And Ilya, who’s spent the last three days wrapped around his own want like a vice, melts under it immediately. His hands find Shane’s waist like they *belong* there and he pushes his boyfriend further into the mattress, causing him to let out a gorgeous little whine.

Everything is slow at first, dragged out since they finally get to have this again. Mouths brushing, tongues tentative, like they’re testing how much they can take now that the restraint is gone.

“I can’t believe you made me wait so long,” He gasps into Shane’s mouth, pressing his hardness against Shane and feeling Shane’s hands tremble where they’re pressed against Ilya’s chest.

“You could have—*fuck*,” His boyfriend gasps as Ilya rolls his hips again, biting at his neck, “You could have given up any time.”

“I hate you,” Ilya breathes, pulling back just enough to say it, and then kisses him again.

Shane smiles against his mouth. “Sure.”

Ilya grins, bites his jaw, and then captures his lips. The kiss deepens, loses its patience. Shane’s fingers dig into Ilya’s thighs through his boxers, his breath shaky. Ilya rocks down, once, slow, just to feel it. Shane shudders underneath him.

“Fuck,” Shane says softly, eyes fluttering shut.

That's when Ilya breaks.

He kisses down Shane's neck, open-mouthed and desperate now, dragging his teeth across the skin just to hear the sound Shane makes. His hands are everywhere, over his ribs, his waist, up under his shirt. Shane arches into him, like his body's been aching for this, like he *needs* to be touched.

"Five days," Shane mumbles, voice wrecked. "That's the longest I've ever—"

"Shut up," Ilya says, breathless, pulling his shirt off in one motion. "Fine you win, now take your fucking clothes off."

Shane laughs, flushed and smug and absolutely beautiful. "Sorry, what was that?" His boyfriend teases. "Did you say something about me winning?"

"Mm," Ilya murmurs against his skin, "What do you want then... as your reward?"

"I—" Shane begins but then he trails off. He notices the way Shane goes loose beneath his hands, pliant even as his breath stutters. The way his fingers curl into Ilya's hair. The way he looks so gorgeous against the white sheets.

"Whatever you want, *please*."

And now *that* is more like it. Ilya presses a knee between Shane's thighs and leans down, kisses him slow and open-mouthed, tongue warm and deliberate. He's desperate, but he forces himself to take his time, to take in all of it.

"You look so good like this," Ilya murmurs against his mouth. "All patient. All mine."

Shane makes a small sound, barely more than a breath, but it wrecks Ilya anyway.

His hands roam everywhere, unhurried. Down Shane's sides, over his stomach, thumbs brushing his ribs until Shane squirms, then stills when Ilya presses his weight down just enough to remind him who's in charge.

"You're going to be good for me, right?" Ilya asks quietly.

Shane nods immediately, like he's been waiting for Ilya to ask, and he revels in the flush that's taken over Shane's face and chest.

Ilya smiles and kisses down his throat, across his collarbone, lingering over every inch of precious skin. He mouths at his chest, sucks gently, listens to the way Shane's breathing falls apart the longer he waits.

"You're doing so well," Ilya tells him. "I know this is hard for you."

Shane laughs breathlessly. "You're—*fuck*—doing it on purpose."

"Always," Ilya says easily. "You love it."

Shane flushes, tries to roll his hips up, just a little, testing.

Ilya catches him immediately. Pins his hips down with one hand, firm but careful.

“Ah,” he says softly. “What did we say about being good?”

Shane exhales, eyes dark and blown wide. “That I... that I will be.”

Ilya bends and kisses him again, slow and approving. “Good boy.”

The words clearly land like a match struck in Shane’s chest. He groans, head tipping back, and this time when he writhes it’s unmistakably for show, pressing just enough against Ilya to feel restrained, to feel *contained*.

Ilya lets him. Watches him. Enjoys the way Shane’s pretending he needs to be held down, even as his body melts into the mattress.

“You’re so obedient when you want something,” Ilya murmurs, hands firm on his thighs now. “So good at listening.”

Shane whimpers. “I want—”

“I know,” Ilya says, unable to keep the fondness out of his voice. “I’m not done yet.”

He takes his time after that. Kisses everywhere Shane aches to be touched, then deliberately pulls back, letting the want build until Shane is shaking with it. Every time Shane gets close, Ilya slows him down, talks him through it, keeps him right on the edge.

“You can wait for me,” Ilya says, voice low and steady. “I’ve got you.”

Shane whimpers. “*Please.*”

God. Ilya is already half gone. Shane on his back, legs spread, looking up at him with wide, eager eyes, like this is exactly where he wants to be. Ilya could live here in this moment, in this version of Shane who’s too turned on to hide it, too obedient not to say please.

He grabs the lube from the nightstand and slicks his fingers quickly, then presses one in slowly, watching every flicker of Shane’s face as he adjusts. Shane bites his lip, exhales shakily, and relaxes into it almost immediately.

“I love how much you want it,” Ilya says, voice thick.

Shane laughs, breathless and then mumbles, “Basically been being edged for days,” under his breath, which causes Ilya to bark out a laugh.

Ilya kisses the inside of his thigh, then pushes deeper. Adds a second finger when Shane arches into it, greedy. Shane’s thighs are already trembling. His hands clutch at Ilya’s wrist like he’s trying to ground himself.

“More,” Shane says, so soft Ilya almost misses it.

He wants to draw it out. He always does. He loves the stretch, the way Shane gets slowly more desperate, the way his voice gets more breathless when he's too full but doesn't want it to stop.

He fucks him open with his fingers until Shane's whimpering, hips rolling helplessly. Then he leans over, kisses him slowly, and says, "You ready?"

Shane nods, eyes shining. "Please. Want you."

Ilya strokes himself once, slick and aching, then presses in slowly, watching Shane's eyes flutter closed, mouth parting on a long exhale.

"Fuck," Shane breathes, head tipped back, voice gone.

Ilya moves slowly at first. Gentle. He knows how Shane likes it—deep and steady, no teasing now. Just his steady thrusts, the heat of it all, Ilya inside him, holding him down, letting him feel everything.

Shane clings to him, arms wrapped tight around his shoulders, breath hot against his throat.

"Missed this," Shane mumbles, not even coherent.

Ilya groans. "I missed you."

"You had me—*oh god*—the whole time."

"Not like this."

Shane whimpers, legs tightening around Ilya's waist. "Harder."

And Ilya gives it to him.

He lets himself go and gives Shane everything he has, losing his sense of rhythm with how hard he's losing himself in the pleasure, pressing deep enough that Shane makes those soft, broken sounds he only makes when he's completely gone. Every movement drags another moan from his throat. He's trembling under Ilya now, fucked out and open, mouth slack with pleasure.

When Ilya wraps a hand around his cock and strokes him in rhythm, Shane's whole body jerks.

"I—I'm gonna—" he gasps.

"Do it," Ilya says, low and urgent. "Come for me."

Shane cries out and falls apart, legs shaking, whole body tightening around Ilya as he spills across both of their stomachs. The sight of it ruins Ilya, and he thrusts once, twice more and comes with a choked groan, buried deep, forehead pressed against Shane's collarbone.

They stay like that for a long time.

Breathing in each other, their bodies still as close as they can be and still buzzing.

“Ready?” He murmurs softly in Shane’s ear. He feels his boyfriend give one small nod, so he slowly slides himself out of his boyfriend, hearing him let out a little gasp as he does.

Shane looks *wrecked* in the best way.

He’s sprawled across the mattress, skin flushed, mouth kiss-swollen and soft, hair a complete mess from Ilya’s hands. One arm lies draped loosely over his stomach, the other laying on the sheets. He blinks slowly up at the ceiling like it might have something new to offer him. He’s still breathing a little hard, but it’s evening out now, every exhale deeper, more content. He looks *happy*.

And Ilya can’t stop staring. He loves seeing his Shane happy.

He doesn’t say anything, just leans over and presses a kiss to Shane’s temple, then the slope of his cheek, then his shoulder. He watches Shane’s smile grow, the kind of sleepy, post-orgasm smile that makes Ilya’s chest go soft.

For a second, they just lie there, quiet and warm, still in the haze of it all.

Then Shane shifts, barely, and lets out the tiniest sound. A whine, more breath than voice. His face scrunches a little. He blinks again, slower this time.

“Can you...” He mumbles, voice nearly swallowed by the pillow.

Ilya’s already up on an elbow, hand gentle where it rests against Shane’s stomach.

“Yes, moya lyubov,” he murmurs with a quiet laugh, brushing a thumb over his skin and already knowing what he wants. “I will change the sheets.”

Shane huffs a breath that might be a laugh or a thank-you. Possibly both.

“I love you,” Shane says, opening his eyes and gazing at Ilya with a look so gentle he feels like his heart is going to melt and stop beating right there in his chest.

Ilya leans in and kisses his hair. “I love you more.”

“Not true,” Shane protests, but Ilya’s already getting up and finding the clean sheet set. Shane slowly gets up and leans against the wall, staring through heavy-lidded eyes as Ilya strips off the old sheets and tosses them into a pile to be dealt with tomorrow, before tugging the new sheets on the mattress.

It’s stupid, probably, how much Ilya likes this part. The post-everything. The quiet acts of care. The way Shane lets him do things for him after, when in day-to-day life he can be so stubborn. He loves the way Shane trusts him. The way they know each other well enough that Shane doesn’t have to say the whole sentence for Ilya to understand it.

They’re disgusting. He loves it.

And when the fresh sheets are on and Shane is half-burrowed under them, blinking up at him like he's already half asleep and reaching out to him, Ilya climbs in next to him and pulls him close.

End Notes

It was so incredibly fun to write these idiots, and I hope you enjoyed! I'd absolutely love to hear your thoughts!!

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