

All I See is Red Lights

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All I See is Red Lights

by [HollanovsHotel](#)

Summary

Just two men who attend a high-end sex club. Only rule is, they never take off their masks... They never reveal who the truly are. They both want one thing, and that's a good fuck. Until it's not enough.

Notes

I wrote for another fandom in the past. This is my first time writing for Heated Rivalry. I truly hope you enjoy! I am OBSESSED with these two fools in love. All of my fics will have happy endings!

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

All I see is Red Lights

The high-end sex club is packed tonight. It's an exclusive high-profile club that only the rich can afford to walk into. The only rule is, you stay anonymous and you never take off your mask to help conceal your identity. Bodies are grinding on each other as the music plays, making Shane's head spin. Others are making out in groups of three, four, maybe even five. He is very much out of his element, but he wants this... no, he *needs* this. Heads turn his direction as he strides his way through the room. Men and women alike look him up and down as if they are about to devour him- and if given the chance, they just might. But he isn't here for just anyone, he's here for *the one* to make him forget who he is for the night. Specifically a strong someone with big hands, muscular arms, thick thighs and a large cock to screw him out of his own mind.

"I'll have a beer please, anything on tap." Shane says as he approaches the bar. The bartender looks at him up and down with lust filled eyes. Shane is a humble man, he knows how handsome he is even if his face is mostly covered with a sleek black mask.

"Sure thing, hottie." The man turns and grabs a cold mug from the fridge and fills it with an IPA called Russian Roulette. "Here you go, handsome." The bartender gently places down the beer on the bar top and sends him a wink.

"Thank you." Is all Shane can get out as he nervously grabs the glass with a shaky hand and chugs down half of his beer. His eyes quickly scan the room, and no one catches his attention. He's starting to think all of this is a huge mistake and that he should just leave when a deep, yet captivating voice catches his attention.

"I will have uhhh... whatever it is he's what having. Put his drink on my tab." A deep voice with a noticeable accent says.

"Sure thing." The bartender glances between the man with the most intoxicating accent and an obviously nervous Shane. He serves the man, a tall man I might add and then hands Shane

another glass of beer. Shane politely nods at the bartender; he is so on edge right now he didn't even realize he drank the other half of his beer.

"So." The man says. "You here alone or?"

"Oh..." Shane wipes his sweaty palm on the front of his dark blue fitted jeans and fiddles with the hem of his white fitted cotton shirt. "I am." He clears his throat, caught off guard by the all black Armani suit this man is wearing. It's hugging every inch of the man in all the right places and fuck if Shane doesn't want to rip it off him right here, right now. He has the money to pay the man back; he can easily write him a check. Shane is snapped out of his thoughts when he notices the man smirking at him with an all-knowing look. He wears a black mask that still reveals his striking teeth, something Shane admires in someone who values dental care. His eyes are an enchanting green, and Shane finds himself captivated by their gentle intensity.

"Want to maybe... how do you say this? Go somewhere where we can uhhh, be alone. Just you, can I?"

Shane nods his head slowly, fixated on how straight forward this man is being. Maybe, just maybe he's also fixated on his light brown curly hair that he so badly wants to run his fingers through and pull on as the man fucks- he should really get ahold of himself before he gets a hard on in front of these strangers around them.

"I am VIP here; I have my own suite that we can have some private time in." The man says as he rakes his eyes up and down Shane's body. Now he feels so silly for dressing the way he did, the man in front of him is dripping in luxury and here he is in jeans and a t-shirt and some random sneakers he grabbed on the way out. "Follow me." The man grabs him by the hand and easily leads him through the crowd. The gesture alone makes Shane want to drop to his knees and submit to the man in front of him, this is exactly what he wanted. He wants to be led, be told what to do so his mind and body can shut off and follow for at least a night. They walk up to a tall black door, the man enters a code into the keypad, and the door slowly opens.

As they walk in, Shane glances around the private suite that is completed with a bar area, black leather couches, a buffet of different fruits and desserts, and a noticeably huge California king sized bed with a black cabinet next to it. "This is, nice."

“Yes.” Is all the man says before he places a hand on the small of Shane’s lower back and guides him to the bar. “Have another drink with me, yeah?”

“Sure.” Shane’s lower back lights on fire from the simple touch alone. He can feel electricity shoot up his spine and it makes his hair stand on the back of his neck.

“You seem like, a beer type of guy. Plain and simple, yes?”

Shane has no idea how this man can read him so well. So instead of saying yes, he says; “I’ll actually take a Midnight Maple please, if you have Black Label whiskey.”

The corners of the mans lips quirk up in a sinful smile, the look alone causing Shane’s heart to race as if he’s running in a triathlon. “Good choice, I’m surprised.” The man turns a heel and makes his way behind the bar. He grabs a Coupe glass and carefully places a block of ice inside of it. Shane watches as the handsome man gracefully makes his drink. “Would you like the slice of orange on the rim of your glass?”

“Of course.”

The man slices up an orange and places the slice on the rim of the glass and hands it to him. “I hope you like.”

“I’m sure I will.” Shane grabs the orange slice and deliberately and slowly darts his tongue out and takes the orange into his mouth, sucking and biting to take the tangy juice into his mouth. Then, he lifts the glass to his lips and drinks down the liquid courage, enjoying the burn going down his delectable throat. He doesn’t miss how the man is staring at him with intense eyes as he drinks his own beverage, straight Beluga vodka on the rocks. “Taste, great.” He carefully places his drink down on the glass table, not taking his eyes off the man.

“I bet you taste even better.” The curly haired man makes his way towards Shane with his drink in hand, pulling the younger closer to him so they are face to face. “Do you like vodka?”

“No, not normally. But I hear that Beluga is an amazing brand.”

“Would you like to try?”

Shane lets out a gasp when the man flushes their bodies against each other, he can feel his breath brush against his lips. “Yes.” Shane manages to say.

“Good.” Is all the man says before he drinks the rest of the vodka into his mouth, places the glass on the table and holds Shane’s face with one hand and presses his lips to his. Shane lets out a small whimper when he feels the liquid flow into his mouth. *Holy shit, this is hot.* Is all Shane thinks as he swallows down the alcohol. “Good boy.” The man praises which makes Shane’s cock twitch instantly. Ok, so he might have a praise kink.

“I’ve never... kissed a man before.” Shane admits, his cheeks turning a bright shade of red.

The man gently places the pad of his thumb underneath Shane’s chin and lifts his face up to meet his. “Have you ever been with a man?”

“Oh- I uh...”

“Be honest.”

Shane lets out a shy and nervously shakes his head side to side.

“So, I will be your first yeah?” The man grabs him more roughly this time, more possessively.

“Yes.” Shane is almost glad he has the mask on, because his whole face is probably beat red right about now.

“What should I call you for the night?” The man glides his hand up and down Shane’s back, making the younger shudder.

“Ummm, you can call me Whisper.”

“Whisper? If that’s what you like. Although, I don’t think you will be whispering at all tonight.” The man chuckles. “You can call me Ghost. I disappear right after I fuck, and you won’t have to worry about hearing from me again.”

“Ghost, that’s very fitting for you then.” Shane smiles, but it immediately falters when Ghost ever so sensually places his lips against his and kisses him as if he is savoring every single moment.

“Tonight, you’re mine and I am yours. We can do whatever you like, my only rule is I top.” Ghost whispers against his lips.

“I didn’t come here to fuck. I came here to be fucked, so I think we will be ok.”

Ghost grins from ear to ear, liking the sound of that. “Then…” He pushes Shane all the way back to the bed and the younger lands on his back. “Let me fuck you properly then.”

Shane lifts his shirt off over his head, quickly folding it and placing it on a small end table. “What should we do first?” He isn’t a big drinker; he can feel the alcohol already taking over his senses which he’s thankful for.

“I want to see what makes you squirm. That, ok?”

Shane nods, anxiously waiting as Ghost opens the black cabinet door and pulls out a flogger.

“Wait, wouldn’t that hurt?”

“Not if it is done right. Do you trust me?”

Trust... That’s a big word in Shane’s world. There aren’t many people in his life he can trust besides his parents. But something about this man’s eyes, so soft and warm, makes him feel as if he’s wrapped up in a soft blanket. “I do.” Shane might regret this. But right now, he’s too wound up to even care.

Ghost's gaze sweeps over Shane's chest, a satisfied smile spreading across his face. “You’re beautiful.”

“Wow, I’ve never been called beautiful before.” Shane blushes, and again... he’s thankful for his mask.

“People can be... idiots. Blind.” Ghost runs the flogger down Shane’s chest, making the younger flinch and his nipples harden. “Whisper, we need safe word.”

“Ice.” Shane blurts out.

“Ice?” Ghost gives him a puzzled look. “Why ice?”

“I- It’s the only thing I can think of off the top of my head. Kinda relates to my actual life so it’s an easy word for me to remember.” Just before the fun begins, red lights comes on the record player in the corner of the room, setting the mood.

I cannot breathe without you being right by my side

I’ll die.

So, can you please come over closer

Hold me tight, right now.

“I think it’s perfect.” He flicks his wrist, letting the flogger slap against Shane’s nipples. The slight sting mixed with pleasure sends blood straight to Shane’s cock, making him moan and squirm.

“Fuck, Ghost. Feels... fuck.”

“You like, yes?”

“Oh, definitely.”

“I can tell. Your cock is already standing up for me. Now, take everything else off. I want to see how beautiful you look.”

Shane follows his orders and pulls his jeans down along with his briefs, folding them as well before neatly placing them on top of his shirt. When he looked back up, Ghost was now shirtless, with only his black fitted slacks on. Shane can see the huge imprint straining in his slacks, his mouth waters from the sight. He perks himself up on his elbows, his legs spread open comfortably.

“Fuck, Whisper. You look good like this.”

You look good like this. Why does that sound so familiar? Shane shakes his head and snaps himself out of his thoughts. “You going to fuck me now?”

“Not now. I want to play a little longer and then open you up good for me.” Ghost leans down and sucks a nipple into his mouth, making the man beneath him squirm. He releases it, and stares at the hard, wet bud. “Let me fix myself another drink. Be good for me and wait.”

Shane abides, and he can't help but to snake his hand down to his cock and give it a squeeze along with a soft stroke to ease the throbbing pain. He doesn't realize when ghost is already standing by him with his drink in hand enjoying the show.

"You are so greedy you couldn't wait for me." Ghost takes a swig of his drink, leans over and lets the alcohol flow out of his mouth and onto the man's stomach. Then, he licks it clean, the cold tongue making whisper shudder.

"Fuck," Is all Shane says before he grabs the man by the back of his neck and pulls him down into an almost kiss... almost. They stare into each other's eyes, both of their chests heaving from the intensity of it all. "I want you."

"Is that how you ask?"

"Fuck off." Shane says in frustration.

Fuck off... why does this voice sound so familiar all of a sudden? Ghost stares intently at the man beneath him, trying to make sense of why he suddenly feels he knows whoever this is. He shakes it off and decides to continue, because he'd be a fool if he didn't. This man is gorgeous, and he knows if he took off his mask to reveal his full face, he would not be disappointed. "Ask nicely and I'll give you exactly what you came here for."

"Please."

"Please what?"

"Please fuck me." Shane squirms and starts to rut his cock against ghost's thigh, seeking any type of friction.

"I love how desperate you are for my cock, for me." He reaches over into the drawer and pulls out a condom and lube. "Lay on top of your stomach for me."

Shane quickly turns around and patiently waits as he hears the bottle of lube being popped open. He spreads his legs open when he hears the man softly groan *fuck*. Then, the man's large hand comes down on his ass cheek giving it a good smack before he peppers it with kisses.

"Your body is perfect." Ghost coats his fingers with lube and reaches down with his free hand and starts rubbing Shane's lower back. "Are you ready for this, whisper?"

"Yes." He responds quietly.

"What is the safe word?"

"Ice."

"Good boy." And fuck, there it is again... that damn praise.

"I'm going to make you feel so fucking good you'll always remember the first cock you took inside your tight ass."

Shane blushes profusely, his whole body going hot at those filthy words. "Just- just do it already." He pants.

"Like I said, needy." Ghost eases 1 finger inside of him, making sure to go slow since it's his first time. "Feel good?"

"Fuck, yes! Please..." Shane has no idea what he's begging for. Before he knew it, a second and third finger was inside of him as he fucked back into those long digits. "I need more." He gasps.

“You’re sucking my fingers back in, fuckkkkk. Try to relax, I’m going to fuck you now.” Ghost is one to always fuck from the back, he’d rather have it that way, so it doesn’t feel anymore than a fuck. But for whatever reason, he can’t fathom the idea of doing that to this man. “Turn on your back. I want to see you.”

Shane turns over and opens his legs, letting the man settle himself comfortably between them as if he was always meant to be there. He looks down as the man tears open a condom and rolls it down his thick cock. It’s then that Shane realizes just how big he is. It’s thick, veiny, and long. His heart feels like it’s practically beating out of his chest and he’s so damn nervous and scared.

“It will be ok and will feel good for you. Try to relax for me.” Ghost leans down and places a soft kiss on Shane’s lips. When their lips meet again, he feels it. A weird spark of something that goes straight down to his toes, he ignores it. “Ready?”

Shane nods frantically, and then he feels it. The blunt, lubed slick head pressing against his entrance. He hisses a bit when ghost eases into him ever so gently.

“Fuck, you’re so damn tight. Feels like you’re going to snap my dick off. Relax for me.”

Shane squeezes his eyes shut and breath in and out slowly. Thankfully, the older stops pushing inside of him, letting Shane adjust to the intrusion. “Ok, I’m ready.”

Ghost connects their mouths together again, their tongues tangling together as he pushes the rest of himself inside the beautiful man beneath him. He’s fucked many people in his life, and he means many people. But this, this has to be the best sex has ever felt for him and he hasn’t even orgasmed yet. “The best hole I’ve ever been in.” he grunts as he starts to pull in and out of Shane slowly.

“Feels... shit. It feels so fucking good.” Shane wraps his legs around ghost’s waist as the man picks up his rhythm, slamming into him so hard he can feel the bed start to move back and forth from the force of it. “Ghost, my fucking god.”

“Yes, I am your god.”

Their kiss is hot, heavy, and so fucking heated Shane swears his lips are going to melt right off. "I feel so full. I feel..."

"Best I've ever had. You are so fucking tight. Look at the way your hole is sucking me right back in, greedy for it. Like you were made for me. Love that this virgin ass is mine." Ghost says in the most sexed out Russian accent.

"Made for you." Is all Shane can say as he's railed into oblivion. "I want to ride you."

"Think you can handle it for your first time?"

"Yes." Shane groans. "Let me make you feel good too."

Ghost eases out of him and lays on his back. "Let's see what you got, whisper."

Let's see what you got. There it is again, it's all so familiar. Shane straddles the man's body and as he lowers himself on top of his thick cock, those words repeat over and over in his head. *Let's see what you got, Hollander.* Shane once again shakes his head as he starts to move himself up and down ghost's hard cock. When he finds his rhythm, he starts to bounce up and down as his hips swirl in slow circles. "Oh shit. It's- it's hitting my spot." Shane sees actual fucking stars, at least he thinks he does.

"Shit, you fuck like a porn star." Ghost reaches a hand up to Shane's chest and rolls a nipple in between his fingers. "Just like that, take what you need from me." He can feel his balls start to tighten as Shane's hole squeezes him like a vise.

"How can I ever fuck anyone else after this? Your cock is way too good." Shane arches his back as he gets lost in it all. He doesn't even notice when he leans down and sucks a bruise onto ghost's neck.

“Ahhhh, fuck.” Ghost doesn’t push the man off while he sucks and kisses all over his neck. He never lets anyone do this, it’s too... intimate. He isn’t anyone’s property, no one claims him; and yet.

“I want you to come inside me.” Shane says as he arches his back and slams up and down all 9 inches. He reaches a hand down and wraps it around ghost’s neck and looks into the man’s eyes.

“Oh fuck, you’re perfect.” Ghost groans. He’s never really met anyone who matches his energy in the bedroom. Yet here is this virgin who is checking all the boxes. The sex chemistry is through the roof, and he’d be lying if he said that everything about this man isn’t pulling him in a direction, he swore he’d never go.

“I’m going to come first.” Shane moans as he starts to stroke himself while continuing to bounce up and down ghost’s cock like a seasoned pro. His orgasm explodes out of him so hard his vision goes white for a few seconds. He stills to gather his thoughts from this mind-blowing sex and eases himself off of the man.

“My turn. I didn’t get to come inside of you my greedy virgin.”

Shane is so sex drunk that he doesn’t notice when the flips him onto his stomach, pulls him up by his hips and slams his cock right back inside of him. Shane hisses from the over sensitivity as the man chases his own orgasm. It’s brutal, fast, and too much yet not enough for Shane.

“I’m going fill you up with my come.” Even though he’s wearing a condom, the thought of coming inside this sexy as hell man he’s inside of sends a thrill down his spine. He grips his hips so tight that he’s sure he will leave bruised fingerprints behind. Good, maybe people will get the hint that he was well fucked and *his*. The thought of owning this man makes cock so rock hard it’s begging for release. “Ready for my come.”

“Yes... please. I want it so badly.”

“You ask so nicely, sweetheart.” Ghost slaps his ass hard as he fucks into the man. He loves seeing his ass bounce off his cock with every thrust, he needs more of this. Then, his orgasm hits him like a freight train. He empties inside the condom, fantasizing that it went inside of the man instead. He slows down as the tight hole milks him for everything he has like the greedy little hole it is. “So good for me.” He plants a kiss on Shane’s shoulder as he slowly pulls out, holding onto the condom to make sure it doesn’t spill open. He ties it up and tosses it into a small trashcan next to the bed.

They both pant as they lay on their backs, staring at the ceiling as they try to collect their thoughts and catch their breaths.

“This was- it was everything I needed tonight. Thank you.” Shane says softly.

“It definitely was for me too.”

“I probably should get going. I have practice-.” Shane stops himself, realizing he’s saying too much. “I have work early in the morning.”

“Ah, me too.” They both stand up and quickly get dressed. “it was good for you, yeah?”

“It was. It will be a memorable first time.” Shane smiles. “When I have sex again with someone else, I can only hope it’s this good.”

Something about those words doesn’t sit right with ghost. Picturing this man with someone else does something twisted to his heart that he doesn’t like. “What if- what if you come back again tomorrow night and we do this again?”

“I heard you never sleep with someone twice.” Shane playfully laughs as he nervously puts his shoes on.

“I don’t, but this was... It was really good. You were really good.”

Shane starts to fidget with his fingers, a little tick he gets when he gets uncomfortable.
“Ghost, we- this was fun. But maybe we shouldn’t...”

“I’m sorry. I don’t do this. This isn’t me, at all. I just thought maybe we could-“

“Ice.” Shane says. Then, he walks out the door without another glance back at the man.

Practice went smoothly for Shane. Tomorrow, they play against Boston and he isn’t looking forward to seeing Rosanov again. That man gets under his skin like no other. When the next day arrives, he and his team are in the locker room getting ready for hopefully another win at home. He gives his usual speech to his team, pumping everyone up in hopes to put them on top of their A- game. Everyone is riled up and ready to go! When they get to the ice and start to warm up, Shane spots Ilya Rosanov on the ice passing the puck with one of his teammates. To be the bigger man, he skates up to him to wish him a good game.

“Rosanov.”

“Hollander.”

“Good luck tonight, you’re going to need it.”

“I will be fine. Let’s see what you got, Hollander.”

Let’s see what you got. Shane fucking knew it, that voice sounded so familiar. He looks at Ilya’s neck and notices a hickey on a familiar area. His stomach drops and he goes completely pale.

“Hollander, you ok?” Ilya asks, concern written across his face.

Shane pulls himself together and squeezes his hockey stick to keep himself from punching Rosanov in the face. "Fuck off." Is all Shane says before he skates off.

Ilya stares at the man from behind, his mind flooding back to that night. *Fuck off*... This mother fucker, it was him.

Shane sends the puck into the net and is immediately swarmed by his teammates as they cheer. Ilya curses and yells at his team to get their shit together, they are tied 1-1 and he so badly wants to beat this asshole at their own turf. His teammate passes the puck to him with only 5 seconds left on the clock. Ilya spots a small opening and sends a slap shot straight to the net. It seems like time stilled as he watched the small black object make its way into the net. The buzzer does off and red lights light up the arena as boos fill the air.

"Fuck yeah!!!" Ilya shouts as he holds his hands up in the air. "We fucking won. Fuck you, Montreal!" He laughs as he waves at the crowd. He slows down in front of Shane who is alone on the other side of the bench no doubt cussing up a storm. "Hollander, nice night, yes?"

"Oh fuck off." Shane looks up at the man and glares at him. "Next time, we will win in Boston."

"Ahhhh, no need to be so upset. Maybe you can use a little bit of whiskey tonight to calm down." Ilya sends him an annoying wink, and he can see the color drain from Shane's annoyingly cute, freckled face. "What's the matter? Need me to whisper it to you again?"

"Shut the fuck up." Shane grits out through his teeth as he looks around. Ilya purposely stretches his neck to the side, showing off his love bite he received.

"Have a drink with me tonight, Hollander." He reaches out to shake his hand and the younger reluctantly reaches his out as well.

When they let go, Shane notices a paper in his hand with the number 1221 written on it. Is that his hotel number? What the fuck is happening.

Nighttime rolls around and Shane never goes to Ilya's room. It's midnight and Ilya is so pissed; he refuses to let Hollander yet again run away from him. So, he comes up with a plan.

Phone call to front desk:

This is Ilya, I have a photoshoot with Shane Hollander tomorrow and he gave me his room number to discuss some, how do you say? Details for tomorrow. I forgot it, stupid me. May I have it please?

Yes, Mr. Rosanov. Please don't go killing each other.

Ilya smiled as they hung up. He puts on simple dark jeans; a white tank top and a designer black leather jacket paired with black docs and heads out. When he arrives at room 3012 he knocks and patiently waits for Hollander to answer the door. "I know you're in there, open up." He knocks harder, knowing it will make him answer. Just as expected, the door swings open.

"What the fuck, Rosanov!" He pulls him inside and slams him against the wall. "What do you want from me"?

"Don't act like you don't know why I'm here, Hollander." Ilya pants as Shane's hands wrap around his throat.

"This isn't apart of the fucking rules. Red lights is an anonymous club; we aren't supposed to be doing this shit".

"You liked it just as much as I did, tell me I'm wrong Hollander."

"You're wrong."

“Fucking liar.” Ilya has had enough of Shane’s shit and grabs him by his wrists, forcing him to stumble backwards. He pins him against the wall with his hands raised over his head. “Don’t act like this is nothing when it was everything”! he growls.

Shane looks to the side, avoiding his gaze. “We can’t do this. Yeah, I felt something too. But we both know this is a very bad idea, Rosanov.”

“I can’t stop thinking about you.” Ilya admits. “I just- I want you so bad that all I can think about it you.”

Shane looks into his eyes, trying to find any traces of deceit but finds none. “How the fuck are we supposed to make something impossible happen? This was supposed to be a one-time thing. You had to come and mess this all up.

“Let me remind you why we both enjoyed our time together.” He drops to his knees and pulls Shane’s pants and briefs down. Hollander’s cock springs free and to no surprise, he’s hard. Ilya licks his lips at the sight in front of him. “I didn’t get a proper look at your cock that night. It’s just as beautiful as you.” He grabs Shane by his hips and pulls him into his mouth as he takes him down all the way to the root. Shane throws his head back against the wall and moans in pleasure.

“Fuck, Rosanov. Feels too good.”

Ilya nods as he bobs his head back and forth, swallowing Shane whole. Spit drips off the sides of his mouth, he uses his free hand to wipe it up and uses it to massage Shane’s balls. “Taste good.” He mumbles around his cock. The vibration makes Shane’s head spin with pleasure, and he’s so far gone he feels as if he’s having an outer body experience.

“Rosanov, I’m almost there.” Shane grabs those curly locks and threads his fingers through that hair and tugs at it, and he fucks into Ilya’s face. “Your mouth, feels so fucking good.” He snaps his hips in a sloppy rhythm, chasing his own sex high. He tries to pull off right before he comes, but Ilya has other plans. He pulls him deeper into his mouth and swallows every last drop of him. Shane came so hard he feels dizzy with it, red lights are filling his vision like their first night together.

Ilya stands up and wipes his mouth, not once taking his eyes off the spent man in front of him. “Now tell me again that you don’t think this will be a good idea. Tell me that you don’t want me and I’ll leave.”

“I-“

“Just tell me now that you don’t want me, that you never want to see me again and I’ll walk out that door right now.”

Shane doesn’t respond for what feels like an eternity. He looks at Ilya with tear filled eyes as he runs his fingers through his hair.

“I’ll take that as you don’t want me.” Ilya places a soft kiss to Shane’s lips and turns a heel walking towards the door. He turns the doorknob and barely opens the door when it’s slammed shut.

“I want you.” Shane pulls Ilya into him, his hands resting at the man’s waist. “Ever since that night... our first night together I knew I was fucked for anyone else.”

“That makes two of us. It scared me to shit, Hollander.”

“You mean death.”

“Umm, no. I mean shit.” Ilya gives him a teasing smile.

“I guess we won’t be going back to that club then?”

“Well, we can. They do have a lot of toys we could have fun with, and it’s anonymous.”

“Or we can get all of those fun toys and keep them at my place for when you come over?”

“That could work too.” Ilya leans down and presses a kiss on Shane’s lips. “I can’t wait to see where this bad idea takes us.”

Shane rolls his eyes and playfully pushes him away. What can all go wrong?

-The End-

End Notes

Did you like it??? Honestly, I was a wreck even attempting to write for this fandom. It's been a long time since I wrote a story and finished it. Heated Rivalry has me wanting to write so many different things. Leave kudos and comments if you'd like more! Also, you can leave ideas on what you'd like to read. I will consider them!

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