I can't love you (in the dark)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/75845246.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Explicit Sexual Content, Riding, Anal Fingering, Feelings, POV Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander's Stretch Marks
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-16 Words: 1,743 Chapters: 1/1

I can't love you (in the dark)

by photographer_of_thoughts

Summary

"Oh, fuck." Ilya says, running his hands along Shane's lower back and the top of his ass cheeks. He's covered in thin, soft white stretch marks that are making Ilya's mouth water.

or, Shane and Ilya have sex in the daytime.

Notes

-Title from 'Love in the Dark' by Adele

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya doesn't know if they've ever fucked in the daytime before.

No, now that he's thinking about it, they've never fucked when the sun is still in the sky. It's always been in dark hotel rooms or apartments late at night. Hidden away, enjoying each other in the shadows.

But today, they're having sex right in front of one of the many windows in Ilya's house during the afternoon. The room is so bright, so different from how Ilya is used to seeing Shane when he's inside of him.

But it's amazing because he's fucking gorgeous.

Of course Shane is gorgeous in any kind of lighting. But right now, as Shane rides him, Ilya is sort of hypnotized. He can't stop looking at how dark Shane's eyes are, how shiny and smooth his hair is. How his skin is unblemished almost everywhere - except for the freckles across his nose - unlike Ilya who has lots of moles on his torso.

He's panting as he takes Ilya deep, moaning in the high pitched way he does sometimes when Ilya's nailing his prostate.

Ilya's hands are on Shane's hips, pulling him down so they can keep the amazing rhythm they've found. He knows they're both going to come soon even though they've only just started. It's been too long since Ilya had this, and he knows Shane gets a bit desperate for it sometimes.

Seems like today is one of those days.

"Oh *fuck."* Shane cries out, leaning his forehead down against Ilya's.

Ilya kisses him hard, planting his feet on the bed and thrusting in fast.

"Wanna be on my stomach." Shane pleads, stilling his hips as Ilya continues to thrust. Ilya knows Shane likes to lie down and take it. It's his favourite way to come, and Ilya will never say no to that. He loves knowing that Shane can come just from his cock.

"Yes, baby." Ilya says in Russian, groaning as Shane lifts off of him and moves to lie down.

As he does, putting his ass up, Ilya involuntarily mutters, "*Fuck,"* in a deep, throaty voice he barely recognizes.

"What?" Shane asks, looking back at him over his shoulder.

"Oh, *fuck."* Ilya says again, running his hands along Shane's lower back and the top of his ass cheeks. He's covered in thin, soft white stretch marks that are making Ilya's mouth water.

He's felt these before, sort of seen them in dim lighting as he pounded into Shane in various hotel rooms. But he's never gotten to see them like this.

“Rozanov, what the fuck?” Shane snaps at him, sitting up and therefore moving his ass out of Ilya’s hands.

“No, no, no. Lie back down like that.” He begs, pushing the other man back into the previous position a little more forcefully than he meant to. Shane obeys though, because he’s always been so good for Ilya.

Shane lets out a soft gasp as Ilya strokes his skin, following the lines with his fingers. He doesn't really understand why he finds this so hot; why the mere sight of Hollander’s stretch marks is making him feel close to coming.

He rubs his dick against the bed as he slides down, needing to feel these with his mouth. And also needing some friction on his leaking dick.

“Rozanov, are you fucking -” Shane begins, but his words turn into a moan when Ilya licks a strip across his back between his dimples. “*Oh God*.”

“Fuck, Shane.” Ilya can’t help but moan, licking down further and further as he gently pulls Shane’s cheeks apart. He wants to rim Shane so badly, but then he notices that Shane has even more stretch marks all over his ass, too. He groans loudly again with appreciation, kneading Shane’s soft, plush skin.

“Oh my god, what is *happening?”* Shane cries, trying to move away again. He sounds embarrassed and insecure. Ilya really needs to explain himself. He needs to be giving Hollander reassurance.

But he’s too fucked up with lust to think of the English words.

“Let me worship you.” He says in Russian, which makes Shane stop moving. “I will do it so good. Let me. You are the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen.” As he speaks he puts kisses all over Shane’s ass and lower back.

“I don’t understand.” Shane whispers, but he doesn’t sound distressed anymore. Less panicky, but still obviously confused.

“You are beautiful.” Ilya says, finally finding words Shane can understand. “I want to do this, hm? Trust me? I will make you come hard.”

Maybe it’s a bit too honest but Ilya can’t take it back now.

Shane moans, needy and so fucking hot. Ilya feels him nod as he says, “Yeah I trust you, oh *fuck.* Just please put your fingers in me.”

Ilya can definitely do that.

He starts with two fingers, easing back in slowly. He’s lying on his one elbow as he uses his other hand to finger Shane, mouth tracing those gorgeous lines. He wasn’t kidding before when he said he feels close. He’s thrusting his cock against the edge of the mattress, not nearly enough stimulation as Ilya usually needs to climax.

But right now he doesn't need much. Just his fingers warm and stuck inside the man he always craves, and his mouth following these pathways home.

Shane is back to whining in barely a minute, fucking his hips back onto Ilya's fingers. "Fuck, Rozanov. *Yes."*

"Close?"

"*Yeah.* Give me three." Shane says, and who is Ilya to deny him when he demands it like that; aggressive and impatient.

As Ilya begins to slip a third finger inside, he's struck with a sudden idea and then an intense need.

He slowly sits back up, kissing every inch of Hollander's skin he can reach before he gets up on his knees. Shane glances back again. "You gonna fuck me?"

Ilya shakes his head, breathing heavy. "No, but I give you three."

"Why not just fuck me? Come on, want your cock." Shane says, and Ilya is a bit shocked because Shane isn't usually one for dirty talk. Or commands. He's being more bossy tonight than Ilya's ever seen.

"I *will* fuck you, Hollander." Ilya nods, gripping Shane's hip as he shoves his fingers back in, holding them against the bundle of nerves inside the other man.

Shane gasps and squirms, obviously torn between wanting more and being overly sensitive.

God, the sight of him makes Ilya's dick twitch.

He continues to fuck Shane with his long fingers as he strips the condom off his dick. He leans his own hips forward and rubs his bare cock against the side of Shane's ass.

Shane is a bit too out of it to realize what Ilya's doing, so he slows his fingers and asks, "This okay?" He thrusts forward again, getting Shane's attention. "I will come on you, okay?"

Shane nods and moans, still looking a bit confused. Ilya's never done this before. He never passes up a chance to come with his dick buried deep in Shane when they're fucking.

But he wants to come against these sexy marks today. He *has* to.

"I'm gonna come." Shane whines, and Ilya can feel him tremble into his orgasm just as he thrusts his hips once more and joins him; painting Hollander's skin with endless ropes of his come.

It goes on forever. Ilya keeps shuddering and moaning, his whole body tensing with aftershocks. Shane is panting beneath him, still slightly pressing back again and again onto Ilya's fingers.

"*Fuck.* You gotta stop." Hollander begs a few seconds later, sliding himself up the bed until Ilya's fingers come free.

"Sorry, did I hurt you?" Ilya asks, panic rushing through him. Was he so out of it that he did something to cause him pain?

He follows Shane until he's lying next to him, stroking his hair and the side of his face that isn't smushed into the pillow. He looks for signs that Shane is uncomfortable, but there aren't any. In fact, Shane looks good and sated.

"No, you didn't." Shane shakes his head, throwing his arm across Ilya's stomach and pulling him closer. "Was just a lot."

Ilya calms down, a bit alarmed at how scared he'd been at the possibility of hurting Shane.

They stay like that for a minute, just breathing and lying close.

Then Shane says, "What the hell were you doing, anyways?"

His amused and curious face makes Ilya chuckle, and then they both start fully laughing. Shane rolls over until he's on his stomach again, hiding his face, which gives Ilya the opportunity to smack his ass.

They both abruptly go still because that slap had been *wet.*

Ilya had almost forgotten.

"Oh, gross. That's less sexy now." Shane grumbles as Ilya rubs his come all over Shane's skin.

All over his *stretch marks.*

"You know what is sexy?" Ilya asks, ignoring Shane's comment as he kisses him. "Your stretch marks."

Shane reels back. "My *what?"*

"You have stretch marks on your big ass. Is hot."

"Oh my *god.* You're the one with a big ass.*"*

Ilya just chuckles even more as Shane gets out of bed and practically runs to the bathroom. "I'm having a shower!"

Ilya smirks as he moves himself until he's leaning against the headboard. He hears the water from the shower turn on, and he really wishes he had a cigarette to smoke. But he quit properly a few months ago. He was sick of always hearing Hollander's bitchy voice in his head saying, "smoking is bad for you" every time he lit one up.

As Shane showers, Ilya thinks about how he's going to ask Shane to stay. Because he knows Shane is going to walk back in here and start announcing that he needs to leave for whatever lame reason they both always think of after sex.

Ilya wants him to stay. He wants to make Shane food and wake up next to him tomorrow.

He wants it so badly that it kind of scares him. But he has a feeling Shane might want to stay, might be *convinced* to stay so they can both see what this thing between them could be when it's not constantly rushed and in the dark.

He wants Shane bright and beautiful in the light.

As Shane comes back into the room, giving Ilya an embarrassed smile, Ilya pats the spot next to him and adoringly says, "Come here."

End Notes

And then Shane stayed and they had tuna melts and nothing bad happened at all. ;)

Comments/feedback welcome and appreciated.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!