are you scared (are we playing with fire?)

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are you scared (are we playing with fire?)

by theoneiam2277

Summary

"Yeah, um. Thanks, I guess." Hollander's reply was vacant, and Ilya moved to gather his clothes and pull his boxers on, taking care to keep his movements smooth and casual. He had to get away. Now. Before he did or said something unfortunate.

One word from Hollander, naked on the edge of the bed, derailed his plans.

"Wait," Hollander pleaded, and there was something undeniably *vulnerable* in his voice.

Ilya hesitated immediately, turned back to the bed. "Hollander?"

Hotel room 1822 in Montreal, February 2011. What if Ilya did stay a little longer?

Notes

Soo, this is inspired by this bit in “My Dinner with Hayden: A Heated Rivalry Short Story”: *The first time Ilya had fucked Shane had been a few months after that, and Ilya had been overly concerned with making it seem like it hadn’t been a big deal. Like being inside Shane hadn’t been a revelation. He’d left the hotel room as soon as possible after, afraid of what he may have said or done if he’d stayed even a minute longer.* and the simple thought that being fucked for the first time can be a very vulnerable experience and what if Shane had experienced that insecurity afterwards?

Thank youuu to Steen for betaing this, love you! <3

Title from MIKA - Relax, Take It Easy.

Obviously, some of the dialogue lines in the beginning are from the Heated Rivalry book!

See the end of the work for more notes

theoneiam2277
ARE YOU SCARED
(are we playing with fire?)
SHANE X ILYA
1822

are you scared (are we playing with fire?)

It was a struggle to keep the emotions off his face while taking Shane Hollander apart with his cock for the first time. The man writhed and panted below Ilya, sweaty and overwhelmed, letting out the most delicious small noises of pleasure. Ilya consciously kept his words mostly to Russian as he fucked Hollander into a hotel bed – not that he could have mustered much comprehensible English – because it covered up the fact that it wasn't just cussing and dirty talk, but also Ilya ranting about how fucking *perfect* Hollander felt around his cock, how gorgeous he was, how *brave.*

Because if there was a word to describe Hollander's approach to what they were doing, it would be brave.

Ilya had never let anyone fuck him, never been able to bring himself to try it. But Hollander – infuriating, beautiful, *inexperienced* Hollander – had blushed violently red and admitted he wanted to, the last time they'd gotten each other off. And today, he'd surrendered so prettily to Ilya's hands, relaxing slowly under soothing touches while Ilya stretched him, often looking away to hide his face in the pillows. Each time, Ilya forced Hollander's eyes back to his with firmer touches on his cock or a teasing comment, both because Ilya *needed* to see Hollander's face to make sure he wasn't uncomfortable, and because Hollander's eyes were so fucking *trusting* and Ilya was addicted to that.

Now, the emotions swirling in his chest were complicated and tangled as he returned from cleaning up in the bathroom to the sight of Hollander splayed across the bed, come still drying on him, a far-away look on his face. He wanted to stay, clean him up gently – Ilya wasn't a complete asshole to his partners – but he was in a hurry to get away before he blurted out something unfortunate that he had no business saying to his on-ice rival.

"Hit the showers, Hollander," Ilya said. Hollander blinked out of his daze, peering at Ilya. Something in his expression shifted, like he'd been struck across the face with a realization, features blanching. Perhaps Hollander was freaking out about fucking a guy? "I will get dressed and leave."

"Oh," Hollander answered, but his voice was uncertain, a tad shaky, and he rose like he was about to get up, but remained sitting on the edge of the bed. "Yeah. Okay. Well..."

It made some kind of wrongness swirl in Ilya's stomach, and he covered it up by squeezing Hollander's shoulder and telling him flippantly, "Was fun."

It was *more* than fun, it was life-altering in a strange way, and Ilya hoped that didn't show on his face.

"Yeah, um. Thanks, I guess."

Hollander's reply was vacant, and Ilya moved to gather his clothes and pull his boxers on, taking care to keep his movements smooth and casual. He had to get away. Now. Before he did or said something unfortunate.

One word from Hollander, naked on the edge of the bed, derailed his plans.

"Wait," Hollander pleaded, and there was something undeniably *vulnerable* in his voice.

Ilya hesitated immediately, turned back to the bed. "Hollander?"

Perhaps he should have worried about the hold this man had on him – and later, he would – but right now he was just *worried.*

And when Hollander avoided his eyes, looking like he already regretted saying something, Ilya knew he couldn't take a single step away before he knew what was wrong.

"Just–"

Hollander broke off, and Ilya was horrified to see a thin sheen of tears in his eyes.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

"Did I hurt you?"

The sentence was abrupt, and perhaps too sharp. But that was a minor matter, compared to the stress of thinking that maybe Hollander had not been fully *enjoying* what they'd been doing, that perhaps he'd been too shy to say no. That Ilya had *pressured* him into something. Surely, Hollander would have told him?

Hollander grimaced, nose scrunching up in a cute way, freckles bunching up in a new pattern that Ilya wanted to learn with his tongue. "No."

That one word brought indescribable relief. Hollander shook his head and shifted a little where he sat, experimentally. Facing Ilya like this, he was unable to hide his wince at the movement, and Ilya's heart dropped again. *Shit.*

"Okay, maybe I'm a bit sore," Hollander amended, voice weak. "But that's– to be expected, right?"

Those captivating dark eyes were uncertain, as if looking to Ilya for support. As if Ilya was the expert. And between the two of them, he honestly *was,* but he had nothing to give here.

Ilya tried to find the correct words. His brain was still scrambled from the incredible feeling of being inside Hollander. "Would not know. I have never been fucked." Maybe it wasn't classy to bring up others while in bed with Hollander, but if it would reassure him... "Previous partners have said that sometimes they feel sore. After."

"Probably normal, then," Hollander muttered, quiet and dismissive. "According to what I read, too."

It almost made Ilya smile. Of course serious, golden, hockey boy-wonder Shane Hollander had *read up* on gay sex before having it. Ilya could picture him looking at the screen, blushing bright red while researching.

But this wasn't a time to smile.

Hollander wrapped his arms around his own torso, and while he was by no means a small guy, at that moment he looked very small to Ilya. Delicate.

Breakable.

Some dark part of Ilya wanted to ruin him, corrupt all that innocence and reveal the eager, desperate thing Hollander became beneath his hands. A much bigger part wanted to wrap Hollander up in his arms and protect him.

Ilya ignored both urges.

"So what is problem?"

That was such a clumsily formed sentence in English that Ilya wanted to beat himself up over it. He hated being so blunt, especially now, when it mattered. When word choice had an impact on a person Ilya was coming to realize captivated and challenged him like no one had before.

The last thing he wanted to do was hurt Hollander.

"Never mind." Hollander's tone was clipped, short. Embarrassment brought more blood to his cheeks, and his fingers dug into his own biceps. "Forget it, Rozanov."

"Well now I cannot," Ilya teased, though he was half-serious, but maybe a return to more familiar banter would put Hollander at ease. Hollander was still hugging his arms around himself. *"Tell me,* Hollander."

He'd suspected, from the moment Hollander dropped to his knees at Ilya's soft command in Nashville, that Hollander liked to obey, to be ordered around. Now, he injected some authority into his voice, because for some inexplicable reason, it was *important* to him that Hollander was okay.

Not that Ilya was ever careless with his partners, even though he did fuck and leave them – which they knew beforehand, he never made false promises. But this felt different. Perhaps Ilya felt responsible, considering he was the first man Hollander had allowed inside of his amazing body.

Ilya was claiming a lot of Hollander's firsts, it seemed.

Hollander shivered and backed into the bed again, uncaring of the mess on him, pulling his knees up until he curved over them like a protective ball. There were no tears, but he still looked like he might cry at any second, and it tore at parts of Ilya's heart he was unaware existed until now.

Like a wounded animal, crawling into a corner, Ilya's brain supplied.

"Hollander."

But those dark eyes were turned down towards the sheets.

"Just go!" Hollander snapped, voice breaking a bit, but didn't look at Ilya.

"Hollander." It was a warning this time. Ilya dropped the clothes he'd been holding, only his boxers on, and crawled back onto the bed to grip Hollander's chin. It forced him to face Ilya. "Tell me."

"Go," Hollander hissed, eyes glistening and lower lip trembling like he was holding himself together by sheer will. So stubborn. "I don't need you here!"

But something in that sentence made understanding bloom in Ilya's gut. "But you want me here."

It was a calm statement, much calmer than Ilya felt right now. In fact,he was hardly in control of what he was doing, let alone thinking it through.

"Fuck off."

The response was weak.

Ilya's brows furrowed momentarily. He'd had the rogue impulse to stay, the first time they had hooked up. Mostly because he'd been drawn to Hollander, and because he could see that the encounter – hooking up with a man for the first time – had rattled Hollander badly.

Just like now.

Hollander looked like an angry kitten, but anger was better than tears. "I don't *want* you!"

"On the contrary," Ilya chuckled, and felt proud of himself for using such a big word. He couldn't resist the light mocking. "I think you *do."* Reaching out, he wrapped a hand carefully around Hollander's upper arm, loose enough that he could knock it away if he wanted to. Hollander didn't even attempt to shake it off. "And right now, I think you are not alright."

Well, that was way more than Ilya had planned to say, but it made Hollander go quiet. Good, because Ilya could see through his attempts to put on a brave face.

"What do you need?"

It was unlike Ilya to offer. He wasn't heartless, not by a long stretch, but he rarely put other's comforts above his own and made such open offers. And that Hollander, with his stupidly perfect *everything,* might need something from *Ilya...* Well, he felt things about that. Complicated things he would never care to untangle.

Hollander hesitated for so long that Ilya thought about letting him go and just leaving. But finally, eyes pressed firmly closed, words spilled from Hollander’s swollen, pink lips:

"Hold me?"

For a second, Ilya wasn't sure he'd translated correctly. Then his pulse skipped, and he debated saying no, for just a moment. He didn't cuddle. He rarely lingered in bed after sex at all.

But the look on Hollander's face showed that he clearly expected to be *mocked* for the request. That he expected Ilya to laugh, to be cruel, to be dismissive. Those dark eyelashes fluttered over freckled cheeks, and then Hollander dared a single peek at Ilya's face from under half-closed lids.

And Ilya decided to prove him *wrong.*

He could never resist a challenge.

Manhandling Hollander was all too easy. He was curled up, so Ilya grabbed him, twisting to put his own back to the headboard, dragging Hollander into his lap. The man let out the cutest little *oof,* a

surprised sound, and Ilya wrapped his arms securely around Hollander's body.

Even if Hollander had asked for it, he was stiff and unresponsive.

"This is what you meant by hold, yes?" Ilya asked drily. But he lifted a hand to pet that silky, dark hair, like one might do to a child or a lover. Softly. Reverently enough that he wanted to snatch it back like he'd been burned, because he hadn't meant to do it.

But Hollander melted against him, hiding his face in the crook of Ilya's neck.

"Shut up," he muttered, but it was muffled and his voice sounded thick. He was warm and solid, his weight unexpectedly soothing for Ilya too.

For a long while, Ilya stroked Hollander's hair, and down his back. The strong, muscular body in his lap trembled with what he suspected were held back sobs, emotions Hollander couldn't bring himself to release. It wasn't unusual to crash after sex, and Ilya supposed if you were having a little sexuality crisis and journey of self-discovery, like Hollander obviously was, sex might feel more intense than normal.

Who was Ilya kidding inside his own head? It *had* been more intense than normal, even for him.

"Sorry," Hollander mumbled after a while, and Ilya was reminded of how he'd apologized breathlessly after coming in Ilya's mouth that first time. There were many things that were a pleasure to coax out of Hollander: eye-rolls and glares, moans and whimpers, pleas and banter. But apologies were not turning out to be one of them. "I'm so fucking pathetic– I don't know what came over me– I'll just–"

He made a move as if to push out of Ilya's lap, and Ilya grabbed him tighter on instinct. Knew that if he let Hollander run now, he'd flee and never look back. Hollander managed to spin a bit in his lap until he was less sideways and more facing Ilya, his thighs ending up on either side of Ilya's. There was a certain amount of panic and self-hatred and fear on Hollander's pretty face.

Ilya disliked it.

"Let go of me, Rozanov!"

The more Hollander tugged, the harder Ilya resisted. "Do not apologize," he said firmly. "Was your first time with man, *da?* New is scary."

Vulnerable was the word Ilya was looking for, but he didn't know it in English. Hollander froze.

"I'm not scared." It was a stiff and very clearly a lie.

Ilya shrugged. "You were scared. You wanted it. And you did it. Brave, no?" The tension in Hollander practically uncoiled, like maybe the praise got to him. Or perhaps it was just that Ilya wasn't judging. "Is not a bad thing, to want to be held."

"It's a bad thing when I want *you* to hold me," Hollander muttered, but relaxed back into Ilya's arms.

There was no arguing the fact that what they were doing was stupid, so Ilya didn't try.

Instead, he caressed Hollander's hip and lower back, sliding his palm over the smooth, warm skin in a way he hoped was comforting. Perhaps a small part of Ilya wished someone had held him like this, the last time he'd allowed himself to be scared – facing a world without his mother in it. He'd buried his fears after her funeral, or tried to at least, and he'd never been held since she died. Not really been the one doing the holding, either. It was surprisingly nice, Hollander nuzzling against Ilya's clavicle and Ilya pressing his nose into Hollander's hair. The silence and the fact that they didn't have to look at each other made it easier to take and give comfort, he suspected.

Ilya almost lost himself in tracing the muscled back beneath his hands, in counting the knobs of Hollander's spine.

"What the *fuck* are we doing, Rozanov?" Hollander asked against his neck, lips so close to Ilya's pulse, breaking the silence.

They both knew this had crossed some invisible line in the sand. Ilya wanted to have a confident, cocky answer. Something to distance himself from the way this was making complicated emotions bubble in his chest.

"I do not know," he confessed quietly. "Something troublesome."

He'd told Hollander he liked trouble, though, and something in him suspected he'd started liking *Shane Hollander,* just a little.

In some time, they'd have to get up from this bed. Hollander needed to get cleaned up and Ilya needed to sneak back to his room. They'd have to face the fact that this entanglement between them was a complicated mess.

But for now, Ilya Rozanov held tighter to Shane Hollander and let his thoughts drift aimlessly, their chests rising and falling in sync, heartbeats pressed against one another while their thoughts drifted.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! <3

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