

Believer

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Believer

by [Nana_71926](#)

Summary

Shane shares his sex playlist with Ilya. Things ensue.

Author's Notes: Soooo, guess who's finished watching all five eps of Heated Rivalry in just under two days? (Still, it's quite an achievement that it was not binged in one session XD!) This happens sometime around ep 6 when they're already in Shane's cottage. Jumping ahead for a bit but no spoilers; it's just a lazy, sexy afternoon with the boys as they discuss what music they're into when making love. Links to the mentioned songs are provided. Enjoy and do let us know what you think! ^_~

"Is just background," remarked Ilya with a shrug.

He was aware that he sounded too dismissive, judging from the lift of a dark eyebrow and a dry look from Shane. *Really?*

"Music during intimacy can be more than mere background noise, you know," argued Shane as they lounged around in bed for what was supposed to be an easy afternoon of nothing more than book reading and phone scrolling, and perhaps a nap-- quite a luxury. But then they were on vacation, holed up in absolute secrecy in Shane's lakeside cottage somewhere in Eastern Quebec; Ilya had not bothered with the exact location given he was more interested in other, far more absorbing matters once he got to the cottage.

As always, he could not quite get enough of Shane Hollander, a fact that ought to be firmly established by now as to not give any pause or thought, yet he found himself amazed and constantly in awe of this person who'd become everything to him. If Scott Hunter's sudden and very public coming out felt like the unclenching of a fist, being here with Shane felt like he could finally let out the breath he did not know he was holding all this time.

And if he were like this, how much more did it feel to Shane-- the relief of having finally unburdened himself to his parents. It was as if a load had been lifted from his shoulders yet the process had been overwhelming in the extreme.

Now they were crossing over to unknown territory, as boyfriends. Everything about this was heady and scary in equal measure, yet this-- lightheartedly bickering over something as trivial as one's favorite music to have sex to-- brought him back on familiar ground.

"I did not say is noise," Ilya pointed out. "All I say is when I fuck, I don't notice anything else except my lover and what I do to him. To you."

Shane grinned. "Your laser focus is riveting, yes," he said, still in that dry tone. "But surely you've got some favorite tunes to, you know, get you in the mood, at least."

"Uhh, there may be some," Ilya conceded.

"Name them."

It took a moment for him to come up with one.

"That song that goes 'I Wanna Fuck You Like An Animal'," Ilya finally replied, not batting an eyelash as Shane dissolved in chuckles.

"You mean [Closer](#)," said Shane. "Yeah, I've listened to Nine Inch Nails. That does sound like you."

"Club music, something raw, something edgy," he said. "Skillrex. Avicii. It's what I like."

He eyed Shane from under his brows. "Whereas you...let me guess."

Shane's dark brow remained lifted as he stared at him, urging him to continue.

"Adele," Ilya pronounced flatly, with a bit of a grimace. "Angsty. Full of meaning. Will make you cry during fucking."

Shane burst out laughing. "No. I mean, I adore Adele and I do have all her records, but no, I wouldn't put her on during those times. Or even when I think about having sex."

Ilya watched as Shane's gaze slid away, becoming distracted, as though he were looking deep into himself. This examination of introspectiveness was a new thing for Ilya. He was guilty of calling Shane boring early into their acquaintance when he was like this; he'd thought him moody and antsy, and he still sometimes found it frustrating, if only because Shane seemed so far away from him, but he was learning to read Shane better now, paying attention to his subtle cues and shifting responses.

After a short pause, Shane continued, "I've never...I mean, I've never really slept with anyone whom I'd like to put some music on for."

"Not even Rose?" Ilya could not help but ask. He was almost embarrassed to admit that Rose Landry, lovely human being that she was, was still very much a thorn on his side whenever he thought of Shane being with her, no matter how brief.

Shane gave a small, wry smile. "Well, she put on *her* music when we were together, of course," he said.

Ilya reached out a hand to touch him lightly on the knee. "What about me?" he asked, voice soft.

That broke the spell as Shane's gaze slid back to him.

"Have you ever played your songs when you thought of me?"

"All the time," said Shane softly.

"Really?" Ilya shifted so he lay on his side, head propped on one hand. "What times?"

Shane shrugged. "Late at night, mostly, in bed with my pods on, thinking about you and what you might be doing. Missing you. Fantasizing about you."

"You touched yourself." It was not a question.

"Of course," said Shane, his gaze steady as he looked him right back.

"Will you play some songs now?" urged Ilya, his voice gone low and throaty. "For me?"

Shane smiled and nodded.

Shane swallowed hard as he brought up his nighttime playlist on his phone. He did not know why sharing something as mundane as his favorite songs would be accompanied by a flutter of nerves, but then it was not everyday that he finally got to have the man he'd been furiously in love with for years in his bed, watching him attentively as he slowly opened up to him.

He was acutely aware that they were going farther into uncharted waters the more they got to spend time together and he could not help wanting more while dreading the possible repercussions. Yet being here with Ilya, in his own space, in their own bubble, was like being in a dream he did not want to wake up from. He was obsessed in finding out every little detail of Ilya's daily routine, and he knew Ilya was the same when it came to him.

And he was painfully aware that this was no ordinary playlist. The songs were a prelude to sex, even if only self-ministered. The main difference now was that the subject of his frustrated fantasies was right here with him.

Sharing his *sex* playlist to Ilya felt like finally yielding one of the keys to his heart to him.

He cleared his throat as he got the music going on the stereo. The music flooded softly through the speakers, enveloping the entire room in sound.

[Nothing's Gonna Hurt You Baby](#), by Cigarettes After Sex, was first.

Shane settled down to watch Ilya take in the slow, liquid cadences and the softly crooning voice.

"Not bad," Ilya said after a moment as he listened intently to the lyrics. "Is just like you. I can imagine you in this mood."

Shane nodded. "I let the music flow through my mind, let it spin its magic around me. It becomes part of my narrative and what I feel, not just a background, when I, you know..."

He paused and Ilya picked up the conversation effortlessly.

"And the band is called?" Ilya checked the name on Shane's phone. "Hmm. Right name. Very proper."

"Very," agreed Shane.

"How would you know? You don't smoke, never had cigarette in your life," Ilya argued, though he grinned. "Now I think I want one, just listening to him."

Shane laughed softly. "The euphoria after a good lay is something I've come to be very familiar with. Thanks to you."

Ilya smiled. "Tell me what you fantasize about," he said next. "Tell me how you want me."

"Better yet," murmured Shane, rising on one elbow to run a hand down Ilya's torso and inside his shirt until he encountered warm, firm flesh, "let me show you."

He felt Ilya's breathing change, quickening as he glided fingertips over the expanse of Ilya's chest, brushing lightly over sensitive nipples. With a sigh, Ilya rose slightly, pulling his shirt over his head as Shane bent down to kiss him.

Yes.

Ilya closed his eyes and it seemed he might take over, as usual, a bit of a growl in his voice as he sucked Shane's generous lower lip into his mouth. As much as Shane wanted him, he wasn't having this.

He broke the kiss first and Ilya sighed deeply, settling back against the pillows as Shane licked his way over the thick muscles of his chest and down the flat planes of his stomach.

"Fuck, yes," murmured Ilya, running his hand over Shane's head to grasp at his hair, holding him there and guiding him as he mouthed down the strip of coarse dark hair trailing below his navel.

By the time [I'm Not In Love](#), by 10cc, started, Shane had already divested Ilya of his jeans and briefs, and the action had definitely notched up.

"Really?" huffed Ilya, momentarily distracted by the lyrics. He grinned as he gazed down at Shane's flushed face, those adorable freckles. "I think I see pattern now, but this doesn't look like some silly phase we're going through."

"Shut up," replied Shane, though he grinned. He bent down to take Ilya's cock back into his mouth and Ilya groaned.

He loved doing this, blowing this man who could be infuriating and wonderful at the same time, reducing him to such a state of hunger, of such need. Shane reveled in the power he held over him, when he could whittle down the cockiness and make that brash mouth forget to utter words, only primal noises.

Ilya threw his head back against the pillow as he moved against Shane's mouth. "Ohhh, that's good," he muttered in that thick accent of his. "You're so very good."

Listening to him was like hearing a large Siberian tiger purr.

"Wait," Ilya said after another minute, his hold over Shane's hair tightening in warning. "Here. Up here. *Now.*"

Shane let go of him and looked up, puzzled. It was too early, surely, he wasn't done--

His breath coming quickly, Ilya said, "I want you up here. No, not like that. Like this."

To Shane's surprise, he was being positioned differently, straddling Ilya upside down so that--

Oh.

This...they had not done this before.

Stunned, he turned back to stare at Ilya in disbelief.

"Yes," the man merely said with a wide, obnoxious grin. "Sixty-nine. Think you are ready for it, Hollander?"

"Fuck you," Shane scoffed, tightening his grip on the rigid, leaking cock in front of him and delighting in hearing a yelp before he bent down once again to the delicious task of torturing this maddening man, ever his arch-rival even here in the bedroom.

Shane was right, Ilya decided even as he drove him to the brink with just his tongue and fingers coated with lube. Having such music here made for a very different, heightened mood. Why had he not noticed the effect before?

Listening to the songs his lover had picked, it was as though he were inside his mind, his heart.

Shane was moaning by now, distracted by Ilya's work on him to mind Rosanov's overt mastery when it came to the giving and taking of such intense pleasure.

Ilya himself did not think he would last much longer. He pulled away from underneath Shane and pressed him stomach down onto the mattress as he quickly sheathed himself with a condom.

"Hurry," Shane could only mutter.

Ilya merely tsked, grinning as he positioned himself. "Impatient one."

He entered Shane, his movements steady and relentless, sinking all the way in and groaning at the way Shane just opened up around him. "Fuck. You're so ready for me."

"Harder," urged Shane as he wrapped his fingers-- wet with his lover's juices--around his own cock, pumping himself and pushing back even as Ilya rammed into him, just like how he wanted.

"Fuck yes," muttered Ilya.

Dimly, he was aware of the new song in the background. [Believer](#), by SYML.

Touch me like a lover.

Touch me, touch me.

It sounded gorgeous and had the surprising effect of slowing his rhythm down, his thrusts going deeper, lingering before he withdrew once again only to thrust back in fully. At the change in pace, Shane turned to stare at him over his shoulder, eyes heavy lidded and dark.

"Do you like that?" Ilya said, hoarsely, his grip biting on the side of Shane's thigh as he continued to thrust in and out, his movements deliberate, intense.

Shane nodded. "I can feel you," he gasped, "so deep."

"Good," Ilya said as he rolled his hips languidly, postponing the pleasure that a moment ago was about to hit them like a runaway train.

"Touch me," mouthed Shane as they gazed at each other, following the lyrics of the song. Ilya felt the music roll over him and through him, becoming one with its rhythm as the pleasure built, steady and sure. *"Touch me."*

He bent down to kiss Shane roughly as he finally speeded up his movements. The pleasure coiled tight within them, winding ever tighter as the song rose to its final, triumphant cadences and Ilya was shocked to feel his orgasm was suddenly upon him.

"ShaneShaneShane," he ground out, his forehead against Shane's shoulder as he pummeled him from behind.

What was it about this man, he wondered in amazement, that he could make him believe in love, believe in themselves, believe that they could pull off anything, even the seemingly impossible?

Shane cried out just as Ilya spilled inside him. Ilya reached out a hand to grasp at Shane's cock, milking him through the orgasm, feeling him spurt as they rode the crashing waves.

Ilya finally subsided, panting and exhausted, spooning against Shane from behind and dragging wet, open-mouthed kisses over his shoulder, his back.

"That was..." Ilya was stunned at what had just happened.

Shane smiled as he turned back to look at him. "Brilliant," he answered. "I know."

"Does it feel like that at all time?" wondered Ilya. "With the music?"

"Depends on which music and what mood. And maybe not all the time, but it does help make it more intense because it's more personal."

"Yeah, I believe. I believe now," muttered Ilya fervently. "Do I get to choose the music next time?"

Shane smiled as he ran gentle fingers over an errant curl of hair on Ilya's forehead. "Absolutely."

"You don't mind?" said Ilya, entirely seriously. "I might want [Twisted Sister](#), depends on mood."

"Oh, fuck you," cried Shane though he could not help but laugh. "We're not gonna take *that!*"

More author's notes: Thanks to my friend, **Meetingyourmaker**, for suggesting some of the music bands that Ilya might like while I supplied Shane's. What music do you think they'd have on their playlist? Do let us know. ^_ ^

I'm not on AO3 much these days because I am busy with my first novel, [**The Education of Mr. Hartnell \(M/M\)**](#). Come join me in my journey, if you like! Subscription is free. ^_ ^

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