

Don't tease me (And keep me around like it's easy)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78146116) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78146116>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , JJ (Jean-Jacques) , Original Character , Hayden Pike (mentioned) , Svetlana Vetrova
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Jealousy , Drinking , Las Vegas , Piercings , Nipple Piercings , Misunderstandings , Explicit Sexual Content , Blow Jobs , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Unresolved Romantic Tension , Eventual Happy Ending , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov is jealous of a sweatshirt , no sweatshirt was harmed in writing this fic , the author has nothing against the university mentioned , Not Beta Read , we fold like ilya when shane begs him , english as second language , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Jealous Ilya Rozanov , Oblivious Shane Hollander , Jealous Shane Hollander , Idiots in Love
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Jealous Hollanov
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-23 Words: 5,748 Chapters: 1/1

Don't tease me (And keep me around like it's easy)

by [unlikelychild](#)

Summary

By the time Shane washes his face, brushes his teeth and packs, there's no time to change. So he's stuck wearing the sweatshirt to the airport while mentally being grateful that it's not a tight neon t-shirt that shows the two barbells poking through both his nipples.

Let this be a lesson. Never look at pictures of your situationship with his tongue down beautiful women's throats and go on a jealousy tirade to live a wild night in a city like Las Vegas.

Or, Shane gets accidental nipple piercings and Ilya misunderstands.

Notes

the chapter title is taken from the Tate McRae song run for the hills

Thank you to my friend @kxvindayslvt for the title. Glad to share this psychosis with you.

All the mistakes in this (including the questionable smut) are mine.

Keep the Creator's Style on to have the best reading experience.

Timeline: Pre-Tuna Melt

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

Shane is a man of routine. He has been for as long as he can remember. He wakes up each morning at 7 on the dot. He never lets his alarm ring out, though he has two backups just in case. He makes himself a smoothie: kale, blueberry, protein powder, and a drizzle of honey if he feels like he has earned it. He does yoga for 30 minutes. Then he runs on his treadmill for an hour. By 8:30 he is showered, fed, and dressed to head for practice. That is how it has always been.

Until Ilya Rozanov.

Ilya Rozanov became one anomaly in his perfectly curated life. He started to make exceptions to fit him in. Shane didn't like doing it but he also had no choice. For some reason his rational thinking always takes a backseat when it comes to the infuriating Russian man with curly hair and sea-green eyes.

Still, Shane tries to maintain whatever control he has over his life. He still puts on one shoe and one sock at a time before a game, taps his stick on the boards before entering the ice, and he always makes sure to get up at 7 on the dot in the morning.

Which is why when the sun damn near blinds him through the open windows, it confuses him. Why is he up so late? When his back protests he thinks of a better question, where is he? And why does *everything* hurt so *bad*?

He finds himself on the floor in a neon green t-shirt a size too small. He doesn't own a neon green t-shirt. He's still wearing his jeans, which is great. His back is hurting from sleeping on the carpeted floor. He doesn't have carpet floors in his apartment. They gather dust too easily and feel weird under his feet.

His head is pounding to the point he wants to bang it against something just to make it stop. His mouth feels like something crawled in and died inside. He feels absolutely gross, which makes him even more upset.

Shane Hollander takes great care of his body. He doesn't eat or drink anything that can possibly contradict his diet. It is the reason why he can't eat in several restaurants and has to opt out from night-outs with teammates.

"Oh there you are," a female voice says, making Shane jump in surprise. He looks to his right to find a blonde girl looking as equally disheveled as Shane feels. She's carrying it much better than he is though. She's wearing a loose t-shirt and a pair of shorts. Her hair is in a bun. And she has so many tattoos from her arms to her bare legs to all the way till her neck. She also has a lot of piercings. Her septum piercing is the one that catches Shane's eyes as it glints in sunlight.

"Uh," he says eloquently and winces at his dry throat. He has so many questions. "Hi," he ends up saying.

The girl laughs. She has a nice laugh. It doesn't grate on Shane's hungover brain.

"I'm Maya," she says as she pours herself a glass of water from the kitchen sink. Shane realizes that he's in an apartment. A small but nicely decorated one. There's a lot of bohemian decor scattered around it. Not particularly his taste but it doesn't look tacky.

"I'm Shane," he replies. "What..." he trails off because he's confused about what to ask first.

What am I doing here?

What is this place?

What city am I in?

What happened last night?

What happened to my clothes?

Maya comes and sits on the couch next to Shane. He was probably sleeping on it at one point and fell out.

"We met at the bar yesterday," she explains as she hands him the glass of water. He takes it gratefully and gulps it down. Nothing has ever tasted better.

"Oh?" Shane doesn't remember anything.

"Yeah. You were pretty mad about something and drinking your sorrows away. My friend was hitting on you but you didn't care."

Shane was mad. He remembers grinding his teeth and trying to tamp down the burning in his chest. But why?

"We kind of hit it off. You talked to me. You were real mad about someone calling you boring."

Shane knows exactly one person who calls him boring to his face constantly. He frowns. Whom did they play last night? Definitely not Boston. Who then?

Maya continues to fill the blanks for him. "I think at one point we were very drunk and you told me that you wanna do something you've never done before, be a little reckless, live a little. So we put you in a neon t-shirt and went bar hopping."

Shane doesn't react because it doesn't sound like him. He would never in a million lifetimes go bar hopping with strangers. Where were his teammates? What the fuck was he doing in the club by himself?

"Where'd you get the neon t-shirt?" His brain decides for that to be the priority question.

"The bar's lost and found had it," Maya says like it is the most obvious thing. Shane feels sick by the idea that he is wearing some random person's clothes.

"What happened then?"

“Well, we got bored.”

“Who's we?”

“When we left the bar it was you, me, and two of my friends. By the time we left the tattoo shop it was just you and me.”

Shane blinks. The story is making him dizzy again. “Did you say tattoo shop? Did I—”

Maya shakes her head. “Oh no. *I* got a tattoo.”

Shane visibly relaxes. *Oh, thank god!*

“You got piercings.”

—x—

Shane reaches his hotel room exactly 20 minutes before check out. Thankfully he's rooming by himself this time. A new rookie is traveling with the team and Hayden is usually good at putting them at ease so he decided to room with him.

He takes out his phone and checks his messages. Maya was kind enough to put his phone on charge while he slept on her couch.

The phone shows several messages from his teammates from the previous night asking of his whereabouts. At one point he took a picture with Maya and sent it to the fucking group chat with no follow up text. His teammates got the (wrong!) hint and left him alone after that.

Maya and he didn't sleep together. She's what she called herself as a “raging lesbian” and Shane is thankful to not add yet another regret to his long list from last night.

He checks other texts. Nothing of importance sticks out to him. He opens Google to look up if his night of wildness has caught any reporter's eye. It hasn't.

Shane has been incredibly lucky.

He moves and the material of his sweatshirt brushes against his newly pierced skin making him groan. Okay maybe he hasn't been *that* lucky.

He refused to go out into the daylight in neon green. Maya, thankfully, had a spare sweatshirt from when her brother was visiting and she was kind enough to lend it to him. It was a size too big for Shane but beggars can't be choosers.

There's a knock on his door.

“Captain!” It's JJ.

“Yeah!” He calls out.

“We leave in 10 minutes!”

Fuck!

“Okay! I'll be right out!” He calls back.

By the time Shane washes his face, brushes his teeth and packs, there's no time to change. So he's stuck wearing the sweatshirt to the airport while mentally being grateful that it's not a tight neon t-shirt that shows the two barbells poking through both his nipples.

Let this be a lesson. Never look at pictures of your situationship with his tongue down beautiful women's throats and go on a jealousy tirade to live a wild night in a city like Las Vegas.

—x—

Ilya looks at the pictures more than he should. He's overanalyzing it, he knows. It would be something he could ignore, of course. And he would, if it weren't Hollander.

They are paparazzi pictures of the Montreal Metros leaving their hotel for the airport. Everyone is in casual airport clothes. Everyone except Shane.

First of all, he looks like shit. There's no kind way of putting it. Even in his sunglasses and team ballcap he looks like he is nursing an awful hangover with no food in his stomach. He also looks like he's had a “fun night out.” Ilya is aware of those well enough to recognize someone suffering the morning-after consequences.

What Shane is wearing catches his eyes and bothers him the most. Because those aren't his clothes. He's wearing a navy blue sweatshirt that says OXFORD UNIVERSITY in the front. It's too big for him. He's practically drowning in it. And Shane is not a small man. He's five feet ten inches and 200 pounds easy.

So why the fuck is he wearing that? As far as Ilya knows, nobody in the Metros went to Oxford. The chances of Shane knowing someone in Las Vegas who went to Oxford is also pretty slim.

Unless he slept with someone who let him borrow it.

But a woman wouldn't wear a sweatshirt that big.

But a man would.

And that's what's been bothering Ilya the most. He's aware that Shane and he aren't exclusive. So technically speaking, he can fuck whoever he wants. Ilya does. But... Shane is not like

that. He doesn't fuck people as one night stands. He's... different.

Ilya takes out his phone and texts the only person he can:

Sevta

Reply:Do one night stands share clothes?

Message:???

Reply:Just curious

Message:it's way too early for this

Message:no

Message:usually people in relationships do

Message:why?

Ilya feels a little queasy. His phone pings again.

Sevta

Reply:Do one night stands share clothes?

Message:???

Reply:Just curious

Message:it's way too early for this

Message:no

Message:usually people in relationships do

Message:why?

Message:but one-night stands might lend each other clothes if something happens.

For some reason that doesn't make Ilya feel any better either. Shane Hollander wearing someone else's clothes, Shane Hollander being with someone else long term or for a night, others seeing Shane Hollander in ways only Ilya has seen him; none of those make Ilya feel better. He's aware that it also makes him the biggest hypocrite. He doesn't care.

—x—

The moment his apartment door closes behind him, Shane sags on the floor. He sits there and lets himself breathe for a moment. He's absolutely exhausted and drained. He sits there in silence and tries to ground himself.

It's okay. He will be okay. He can fix this.

Mini crisis being dealt with, he gets up, takes a Tylenol with water and goes to shower. He should probably get rid of the sweatshirt but he finds that he's grown rather attached to it. It reminds him of Maya. He could've ended up in a bad situation last night, but she took care of him. And she doesn't even know who he is.

Shane might never wear this sweatshirt again, but he still throws it in the laundry basket to wash later. Maybe he'll keep it as a reminder as to why he should never drink again.

After showering and doing the aftercare of his piercings like Maya suggested—"Neilmed Wound Wash twice a day"—Shane finally looks at the abomination.

Two straight silver barbells through the nubs of his nipples glint under the bathroom light. They hurt every time he accidentally presses against his chest. But Shane also looks... good? He feels... desirable. He could see the appeal of nipple piercings. He could understand the erotic potential.

Would Ilya like them?

The thought hits him out of nowhere, making him frown right after. If it is up to him, Ilya will never find out about this debacle. He has to get them removed before their next game. Which is in... two days. Fuck!

No, that's alright. He can get them removed in two days. Right?

Turns out he can't. Nipple piercings take longer to heal. Taking them out prematurely can cause infection. So waiting for at least a week is advised. At least that's what the person on the other side of the phone tells Shane when he calls to book an appointment.

A week. He'll be seeing Ilya in two days.

Fuck!

—x—

Ilya glares at the texts on his screen like if he stares at it long enough it'll go away.

Jane

Message:Can we do a raincheck?

The locker room around him is lively and loud having beaten Montreal on home ice 4-2. But the taste of victory doesn't feel so sweet to Ilya anymore.

Jane

Message:Can we do a raincheck?

Reply:Why?

Message:I don't feel well

Ilya rolls his eyes. Shane was not injured on ice. He seemed fine. Yes, once Ilya slammed him into the boards and a groan of actual pain from Shane did reach his ears but it didn't sound serious. Plus, he played fine tonight. Like he usually does.

Jane

Message:Can we do a raincheck?

Reply:Why?

Message:I don't feel well

Reply:You were fine on ice

Message:I'm sick now.

Reply:I already told you you're a really bad liar

Message:Fuck you!

Reply:What else do you think I'm trying to do?

Reply:I won Hollander. I want my prize

The text bubble appears and disappears a few times. Ilya fully expects Shane to back out, sticking to his obvious lie. Each second that passes and Shane doesn't reply, Ilya's mind reels with the question: why?

Why is he backing out?

Was Ilya right? Has Hollander been seeing someone else? Are they serious enough that he wants to end their arrangement? Another question pops up in his mind and makes him almost sick. Is whoever he's seeing here? Is this person staying with Shane?

When Ilya's phone finally pings in hand, he almost doesn't want to check it. But when he does, he feels relief crash into him.

Jane

Message:Can we do a raincheck?

Reply:Why?

Message:I don't feel well

Reply:You were fine on ice

Message:I'm sick now.

Reply:I already told you you're a really bad liar

Message:Fuck you!

Reply:What else do you think I'm trying to do?

Reply:I won Hollander. I want my prize

Message:Fine. My place. Be there by 9. Take the fire exit.

Ilya is knocking on Shane's door by 8:47.

—x—

Shane has barely any time to come home, clean his piercings, and change before there's a knock on his door. Ilya is early. He's hardly ever early. On time maybe but hardly ever early.

Shane puts on his loosest black t-shirt and opens the door.

“Hey,” he says. But then that's all he says. Because the moment Ilya steps into his apartment, he's on Shane like he doesn't care to waste a second spending time doing something as pointless as greetings.

Shane feels himself relax a little. He wonders as Rozanov presses him against the front door and kisses him in earnest that if the Russian is this eager when he's with others. Did he kiss that woman in the pictures like this?

“Rozanov,” he whispers and receives a groan in return. Ilya's hard-on presses against his hips and Shane holds on to his hips pressing it in further.

Ilya is kissing his neck now, leaving the heat of his mouth and wetness of his tongue in his wake. Shane shivers a little. He's hard in record time, which is saying something.

He grabs Rozanov's curls and brings his mouth back to him. Sue him, okay? He's missed this. They haven't seen each other in nearly three months. He has missed *this*.

Before Shane can process what is happening, he's being lifted off the ground, his legs instantly going to wrap themselves around Rozanov's waist. It never fails to surprise Shane how easily Rozanov can pick him up like he's not two-hundred pounds of bones and muscles.

It takes them longer to reach Shane's bedroom because they decide to suck face against walls every few steps. When was the last time they were this desperate to have each other? Shane can't believe he almost missed out on this tonight.

Shane is a moaning, whimpering mess by the time Ilya drops him onto his mattress.

“Hey,” Ilya finally says with that annoying smirk of his.

Shane rolls his eyes but it lacks its usual heat because of his panting and flamed face.

Ilya takes off his t-shirt, a gray one with Adidas logo, and starts to undo his jeans.

“Take off your clothes,” he instructs.

Shane hesitates. *Well, here we go.*

“I’d like to keep my shirt on,” he says with as much steadiness he can muster.

Ilya stops what he's doing and just stares at him, waiting for him to explain.

“I—” God, Shane *is* a shit liar, isn't he? “Please,” he ends up saying.

He can't handle Ilya laughing at his stupid decisions. He can hardly look at himself in the mirror. He's so mortified by the choices he made that night. Just five more days until he can undo this.

Ilya is down looking at him with a frown. His jaw ticks as his eyes land on something behind Shane. Shane follows his eyes and finds the pile of laundry he hasn't managed to put away yet. Why is his laundry pissing Rozanov off?

—x—

If Ilya was a better person, he'd tell Shane what is on his mind. He'd let him answer the questions plaguing him since he saw Shane in that fucking sweatshirt now sitting on top of the pile of clothes on the chair.

“Fine,” he grits out. But it's not fine. Because why is Shane refusing to show him his body? Has whoever he has been with left marks on it that only Shane is allowed to see?

Another possibility makes Ilya go cold. Has Shane been *hurt*?

“Are you hurt? Is that why...” he trails off making a vague gesture.

“No,” Shane says and it doesn't look like he's lying. Bur he's still being shady as shit though.

“Then what?”

“Nothing,” he snaps. “I just wanna keep my shirt on.”

Ilya sighs. “Fine.”

He's on a mission tonight. He's hellbent on showing Shane that *only* Ilya can give him what he needs. Maybe then he won't be showing up on the streets in other people's clothes. Maybe he'll wear Ilya's clothes and piss of Mister Oxford University instead.

Shane takes off his sweatpants and boxers. His cock is hard and leaking. It never fails to surprise Ilya how wet Shane gets for him.

Well apparently not only for him.

The thought pisses him off and he bends down and swallows Shane whole at one go. He's not expecting this and nearly shoots off the bed with a loud moan.

“Holy fuck, Rozanov!” he groans and Ilya hums around him. Ilya knows he can give a good head. It's one of his many skills. And tonight he's pulling all his stops.

If this is all he can give Shane Hollander, if this is all he's good for, he'll give his best.

Ilya makes his blow job sloppy and messy, just how Shane likes it. He sucks the head, teases the slit with his thumb and licks off the pre-come that oozes out. He plays with Shane's balls, presses that in-between space—perineum he thinks it's called and watches as Shane withers under him, pulls his hair, arches his back.

Ilya constricts his throat around Shane's girth after he takes him in completely. He pins Shane's hips down with his other arm, not letting him move.

You don't get to demand things tonight. Take what I give you.

Shane moans as Ilya bobs his head up and down. He feels Shane tug on his hair. Underneath his palm he feels Shane's stomach clench, a sign that he's close.

“Fuck, Rozanov, please,” Shane begs. Please what? Please let him come, please pull away so that he lasts longer?

Rozanov hum, letting Hollander feel vibrations.

“Fuck, fuck, Roz—you need to—fuck—I'm gonna—*oh shit!* Oh—”

Shane's orgasm punches out of him like it physically hurts. He arches his back and then curls in on himself as Ilya keeps sucking him. He takes everything Hollander gives him, and then pulls off when the man tugs on his hair to stop.

With his eyes closed, Shane pants heavily. Ilya sits back and observes him, drinking his fill because Shane Hollander is a sight post-orgasm. His eyes and freckles are hidden behind his hands. His fucking shirt that he insisted on keeping on has ridden up. Ilya can see the beautiful flush spread across his chest. He slowly traces his thumbs on Shane's belly. The soft muscles there are his favorite. He longs for the day he can finally sink his teeth into them. Maybe Hollander would let him mark his inner thighs. Ilya has always left kisses there. Shane must know he loves them wrapped around him.

His eyes catch on something shiny poking out from underneath the shirt. Ilya's breath catches when he realizes what it is.

Holy fuck!

With shaky hands he slowly lifts Shane's shirt. He gets a fraction of a second to watch before Shane yanks his shirt down.

“What the fuck?” he glares at Ilya. It doesn't have its usual heat given that Hollander's face is red, making his adorable freckles stick out even more.

Ilya can't stop his smile. “What are those?”

“Fuck off.” Shane sounds embarrassed. Why? Those piercings are fucking sexy.

“Is this why you didn't take off your shirt?” Ilya asks although he already knows the answer.

Shane goes to get up but Ilya traps him under his weight but leaning down. Shane predictably squirms.

“Go away.” Ilya smiles at his petulant tone.

“Why? They look sexy.”

Shane huffs. He doesn't believe him. Ilya kisses his cheek. He can't help it. Shane is so adorable sometimes.

“Why did you get them if you don't like them?”

Shane is suspiciously quiet. His face gets redder and he wouldn't meet Ilya's eyes. He murmurs something.

“What?” Ilya strains to hear.

“It was an accident!” Shane snaps a little louder.

Ilya raises his eyebrows in question. But then it clicks. Hungover Shane from the pictures wearing that sweatshirt. In Las Vegas.

“Did you get them in Vegas?” he asks to confirm.

At Shane's reluctant nod Ilya doesn't know whether to feel good or bad. Whose idea was it to get the damn piercings? As much as he likes seeing them on Shane's nipples—and he likes them a lot—he never gave any indication that he was into piercings.

“I was drunk,” Shane says, trying to explain. He still wouldn't meet Ilya's eyes.

“*You* got drunk? Willingly?”

“I was upset, okay?”

“About what?”

“Nothing! Fuck off.”

Ilya sighs. He doesn't know how to get his point across without sounding like a pathetic excuse of a person. But he really likes the piercings. He would love to see them again. And he really wants to hear how Shane Hollander of all people got them.

He trails soft kisses down Shane's face and neck trying to convey what his second language wouldn't let him.

You're so beautiful. Everything you do is so fucking sexy to me. You're doing things to me and I don't know how to stop you. I'm not sure I want to.

“Hollander,” he groans when Shane squirms again.

“I'm getting them removed soon,” he says. And Ilya doesn't stop the whine that leaves his lips.

“No,” he drags out the word. “They look so sexy.”

Shane pushes at his shoulder, glaring. “Don't make fun of me.”

Ilya grinds his clothed hard-on against Shane's bare cock. Shane sucks in a sharp breath.

“Hollander, does it look like I'm making fun of you?”

Shane gulps and keeps looking at him with those eager fucking eyes that drive Ilya up the walls.

“No,” he says.

“No?” Ilya challenges.

Shane keeps looking at him.

“Can I see them?” Ilya asks as sincerely as he can. He kisses Shane on the cheek softly to plead his case further.

Shane looks uncertain but he gives one hesitant nod. Ilya smiles, really smiles as he slowly lifts the shirt from Hollander's chest.

His throat dries up at the sight. Shane's nipples look... fuck!

Ilya groans and grinds against Shane's hips.

The dark nubs look a little inflamed but the silver barbells contrast against them so beautiful. Shane has always been sensitive here. Ilya has felt him shudder every time he closed his lips around them or tugged on them. He can only imagine how sensitive he must be now.

Shane is observing him with anticipation.

“So pretty,” Ilya manages to grit out. He places a soft kiss right next to the left nipple. Shane moans.

“They're still healing,” he whimpers. Ilya hums and places a kiss in the middle of his chest as an apology.

Shane is blushing when Ilya looks at him. The tips of his ears are red enough that Ilya wants to bite them. He trails feather-light kisses around his pecs instead.

“Rozanov,” Shane moans in intervals.

Ilya growls. “You look so sexy like this. Fuck, it's driving me crazy.”

Shane is fully erect by the time Ilya is satisfied with the kisses he has left on his skin.

His eyes are glassy as he says, “Fuck me. Please.”

Ilya has an early flight tomorrow. He needs to leave soon if he wants to catch some sleep and not feel like death on his way back. Ilya has also always folded easily when it came to Shane. He nods and kisses Shane on the lips.

He preps Shane with care, giving him his fingers in slow succession; stretching them inside him, grazing his prostate from time to time, letting him adjust. He's tight—tight in a way one usually is when they haven't been fucked in a while. A selfish part of Ilya rejoices at that.

Shane hasn't been with anyone. He hasn't. Not like he and Ilya have been at least.

“Rozanov, please. I'm ready. Please.”

Shane is ready. His cock is an angry red, leaking a puddle on his stomach. His face is flushed red. His eyes are watery the way they always are when he's desperate for Ilya's cock.

Ilya leans down and kisses him again, giving his three fingers inside Shane another twist, brushing his prostate. Shane moans.

“Okay,” Ilya says as he slowly withdraws his fingers. “You will ride me, Hollander.” He doesn't ask. He knows he doesn't need to. Hollander will do pretty much anything Ilya asks him to. It's hard not to get drunk on such power.

When Shane finally sinks down on his cock, Ilya nearly cries out in relief. The man above him is shirtless; completely naked, all in display for Ilya. Only Ilya.

“Fuck, Hollander,” he moans as Shane's ass meets his thighs. Ilya slowly runs his hands over Shane's thick thighs. He loves them when they're wrapped around his face. Maybe someday he will convince Shane to ride his face.

Shane moans and whimpers as he starts to move slowly. His eyes are closed and his face is scrunched up in that adorable frown Ilya loves so much.

“Look at you,” Ilya says, his voice strained. Shane clenches around his cock. “So pretty and eager for my cock.”

Shane lets out a small sound.

Ilya grips his hips and encourages him to move. Shane does. Slowly at first. The pace nearly kills Ilya.

“Fuck, baby, you gotta move faster. You're killing me.” The nickname just slips out. He means to trample it down in his throat but Shane Hollander riding his cock is a fucking vision

Shane doesn't give him much time to contemplate. He moans, loudly this time. Ilya takes it as a sign that he likes it.

Hollander moves faster then, picking up his pace. Ilya struggles to keep his eyes locked in one place. There's so much to take in. Shane's face, his parted lips, his fucking piercings. Ilya wants to tug on them, wants to close his mouth around them. He knows Shane will like it. He might even come from it. The idea makes Ilya a little insane. But they're still healing. He can't hurt Shane. He won't.

“Doing so good for me, sweetheart,” he says. Shane whimpers and clenches around him. He has always been so eager to please and hungry for praise. Good thing Ilya has a lot of those for him.

Shane is pressing his lips together. Ilya can't have that. “Let me hear you. Make those pretty noises for me.”

Shane throws his head back and moans. He starts to ride Ilya harder. Ilya meets him thrust for thrust.

“You look so good,” Ilya says. “Those piercings, fuck!”

Shane lets out a breathy “Fuck!” His moans are getting louder.

“Want to feel them against my tongue. Fuck! Can't wait till they heal. Will suck on them until you come.”

“Rozanov!” Shane begs. ““P-please just”—a sob—“I just need you to touch me. Please touch me.”

Shane is so close. Ilya can feel it in his vice grip around him. He angles his hips just right and starts to nail Shane's prostate with each thrust.

“You're taking me so well, baby.”

Shane's cock is hot and needy when Ilya finally wraps his hand around him. This is his favorite part, watching Shane come undone.

“Please,” Shane whimpers as Ilya starts to jerk him off. He's asking for permission. Always so fucking polite.

Ilya feels his heart thump against his chest. He realizes how fucked he is. “Come for me,” he whispers. That's all Shane needs. Ilya barely gives him two more pumps before he comes all over Ilya's chest. His orgasm is powerful enough to hit Ilya under his chin. Shane always comes so much, Ilya is surprised each time.

Shane slumps against his chest as the orgasm subsides. Ilya is still hard and inside him, but he lets him catch his breath. Shane is breathing hard as he finally opens his eyes and looks at Ilya.

The tears caught in his lashes grips Ilya's throat like a vice. He looks wrecked, fucked out, perfect.

“Rozanov,” Shane whispers again. The way he says Ilya's name. He wonders how his first name would sound in Shane's voice when he's like this. It scares him so much how badly he wants to find out.

Not letting him think anymore, he flips them over and starts fucking into Shane's hole with abandon, chasing his own pleasure now that Shane has been satisfied.

Under him Shane grips his biceps and starts to moan again, letting Ilya use him for his pleasure even though he might be oversensitive by now.

Perfect fucking Hollander! Ilya hates how much he loves it.

When he finally comes into the condom, it's a lot. He feels like he comes for hours. Shane holds him through all of it.

When he separates and falls next to Shane on his bed, he's struggling to catch his breath. Shane is silent next to him.

Ilya is always hungry for these in-between moments where they're both next to each other trying to catch their breath, not saying a word, and just... existing in each other's presence.

Soon, too soon, Shane starts to squirm next to him, and Ilya knows his time is over.

“When's your checkout?” Shane asks.

Ilya sighs internally. “Eight.”

“Oh.” Was that disappointment in Shane's voice?

“Why?”

“Nothing. Just... nevermind.”

Ilya wants to push. He wants to roll over and kiss Hollander until the twist of his mouth melts into a smile.

But they don't do that. So Ilya gets up. He takes a quick shower. Tries not to relish in the smell of Hollander's bodywash.

When he's pulling on his pants, Shane is leaning against the headboard watching him. His piercings are out, drawing Ilya's attention. His dick twitches in his boxers but he ignores it.

“Keep them,” he says, looking away and looking for his shirt.

“What?”

“The piercings. They look nice. You should keep them.”

Shane snorts like Ilya is being ridiculous. Of course Ilya can't push him to make choices about his own body. But deep inside he knows Shane wants to keep them. He just needs someone to tell him that he should. Ilya wouldn't hold it against him if he doesn't. But he wants Shane to know he finds them hot. Very hot.

Shane climbs down the steps of the fire exit with Ilya. He's wearing the black t-shirt again and sweats. Ilya looks at him and can't help pressing him against the wall and stealing a kiss. He looks so soft and inviting.

I'd stay, if you'd ask. Ask. Please.

But Shane doesn't ask.

Ilya presses his thumbs against Shane's pierced nipples over his clothes, earning him a moan. Before he can get lost in the sounds Shane makes for him, he pulls away.

“Goodbye, Hollander.”

—x—

6 Years Later

“This is a perfectly good sweatshirt.” Shane frowns at his husband.

“You want sweatshirt? I will give you Centaurs sweatshirt. We have plenty.”

“I have one!” He plays for the Centaurs for fucks sake!

“Why you need this Oxford one then?”

Shane can't explain. “It has sentimental value.”

That seems to piss Ilya off even more. “No. This has to go. Let's burn it in the fire pit.”

“What?” Shane squawks. “No! We can donate it.”

“No. Nobody is wearing this. We burn it. I will donate fifty new sweatshirts to charity instead.”

“What is with you and this shirt?”

Ilya doesn't answer. He simply grumbles, plucks the shirt from the cardboard box and walks out of the attic.

Shane pinches the bridge of his nose in annoyance.

He loves Ilya to death. But sometimes, his husband can be a real pain in his ass.

“Ilya I swear to god if you burn that shirt!” he says as he follows the man.

“I let you keep the damn piercings, let me have the sweatshirt.”

“*Nyet.*”

—x—

Somewhere 2400 miles away Maya watches in glee as her brother bangs his face against the opened door of the kitchen cabinet when he accidentally runs into it.

“Fuck!” he curses.

“Somebody must be mad at you,” she sing-songs while chewing on her cheerios.

End Notes

This came to me in a vision. So I stayed up till 4 to write it. People who do coding for a living have my utmost respect after I spent an embarrassing amount of time trying to get the texting codes right.

Thank god for Google!

Speaking of Google, my search list is full of queries related to nipple piercings now. *sigh* what am I doing with my life?

Please leave a kudos and comment if you've enjoyed this. That would mean so much.

Come say hi to me on [Tumblr](#) if you want. I'm nice and always up for HR conversations.

Take care and have a lovely day.

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