a world alone

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76102146.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Light Dom/sub, Sub Shane Hollander, Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov, Anal Sex, Shane Hollander Needs a Hug, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Porn with Feelings, Dom/sub Undertones, Hurt/Comfort, Anxious Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Dom/sub, Subspace, Bottom Shane Hollander, Top Ilya Rozanov, Shane Hollander's Cottage, Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry), Post-Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry), Good Significant Other Ilya Rozanov, Protective Ilya Rozanov, Soft Ilya Rozanov, Hollanov - Freeform
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 2,425 Chapters: 1/1

a world alone

by idiotictheughts

Summary

“I love you, Shane Hollander. You know that, right?”

“Of course. And I love you, Ilya Rozanov.”

“Good. Now shut up and come for me like the good little boy you are, yes?”

Or, it's their last night at the cottage and Shane comes apart.

Notes

sooo i don't know what's happening to me but suddenly i'm writing fanfic and listening to lorde and it's like i'm 16 again but i am truly not mad about it.

this is a fluffy, PWP one-shot that popped into my head last night and simply would not leave, feat. anxious, subby shane, and intuitive, loving ilya. hope you enjoy! :)

See the end of the work for more notes

July 2017 - The Cottage

Shane has been here before. This place, this feeling. He's stood swaying on this edge many times, entranced, nearly undone. Always by him. It's always him who brings him here, always him who drags him to this dizzying precipice. Ilya.

Ilya, his Ilya, who has his wrists bound tightly in his hands, whose cock is filling him perfectly, a string of Russian tumbling filthily from his mouth.

"*Moy lyubov. Moy krasavets. Ty moy."*

Shane knows enough Russian to moan in response. Ilya bends down to kiss him, all tongue and teeth, and oh fuck, Ilya is biting his bottom lip, Shane can feel him grinning like an idiot above him and he has enough mind to tighten around him in retaliation, earning himself a firm hand around his throat and a low groan in his ear.

"No. Want you to come for me first, sweetheart," Ilya says and angles his hips, easily finding Shane's prostate. Shane shudders, at both the pleasure that bursts through him and at seeing how certain Ilya is with him now, how intent. He wants to kiss him again. Wants to devour him, really, but Ilya is pulling away now, resting his weight back on his arms and thrusting desperately into Shane. His brows are furrowed, wide cheekbones glistening with sweat, ridiculously beautiful, and it's the sight of his face, honestly, that makes Shane come, spurting heavily onto his stomach as Ilya watches amusedly.

"Oh f-fuck, Ilya, fuck." Shane lets out a slow exhale. He can feel his limbs beginning to relax, a familiar contentedness easing through him, but a part of him is still there, far away on that edge, staring wide-eyed into the abyss. He blinks up at Ilya, feeling a bit like a baby deer. Ilya pats his cheek and then pauses, inquisitive. He forces his thumb into Shane's mouth. Shane moans, eyes fluttering shut, and wraps his tongue around it, wraps his hand around Ilya's and pulls him closer.

"Is okay?" Ilya murmurs and Shane nods. Their eyes meet. Ilya's face softens and he nods too, reaching down with his other hand to brush his fingers against Shane's freckles.

"I love you, Shane Hollander. You know that, right?"

"Of course. And I love you, Ilya Rozanov."

"Good. Now shut up and come for me like the good little boy you are, yes?"

The last remaining logical part of Shane's mind thinks that this will probably be impossible, he doesn't have the refractory period of some kind of sex god, but then Ilya is leaning down to lick the come from his stomach and the rest of his brain clicks off as he lets himself float away into whatever the fuck this is.

Ilya slips out of him and lowers himself onto his stomach between Shane's legs. Shane wants to protest but can't seem to find the words, makes a pleading, ragged sound instead. Ilya seems to read his mind and quickly makes up for it by pressing his tongue to Shane's hole, drawing out another frantic moan.

"I think you can get hard again like this. You always get so hard for me, Hollander, ever since you saw me in locker room. Still such a needy whore, always ready to come for me, da?" Ilya's voice is rough and Shane can see him grinding his hips into the mattress as he buries his face in Shane's ass, his tongue working masterfully between sentences. He nods, barely. Ilya adds a finger and once again deftly finds Shane's prostate. Shane's cock twitches against his thigh and Ilya lets out a dry laugh.

"Ah! I was right. You're going to fucking come for me, Hollander, I know you can." Ilya's hand is suddenly around Shane's cock, his thumb smearing a drop of come against his slit. He repeats the motion, agonizingly slow, as he crooks his finger inside of Shane, finding just the right amount of pressure to make him writhe and arch his back against the bed.

"T-thought you were going to get me, *oh fuck*, *Ilya*, h-hard from just you-your mouth." Shane can't help himself, even now as he begins to come apart again, his cock hardening almost painfully in Ilya's skilled hands. Ilya growls, deep in his throat, and the look in his eyes makes Shane flush. He can hear Ilya's voice in his head, the sharp admonishment, the rise to the challenge. His body convulses and he's held there, trapped under Ilya's dark gaze.

Ilya takes Shane into his mouth and Shane is fully hard again, Jesus Christ, his mind is white noise and he is nothing but a body, a vessel, everything in him is straining for Ilya, Ilya, Ilya. He can't stop moaning, begging, can dimly hear himself crying out for Ilya. Every part of him is on fire, he burns for Ilya, feels as if he's falling and burning with no end in sight and a sob rips through his chest.

"Ilya, *please*."

Ilya's perfect lips are wrapped around the head of Shane's cock and his eyes are wild. He bobs his head and licks dangerously just beneath the tip, making Shane nearly scream, then draws back and lets his gaze drag slowly upwards from Shane's throbbing cock.

"Please?"

Ilya cocks his brow at Shane but he isn't smirking. The word is a loaded gun. Shane doesn't know what he's asking for, if it's a release or a reprieve - all he knows is that he's Ilya's, that his entire being belongs to him and that's somehow the answer because Shane finds himself rolling onto his knees and arching his back towards Ilya, and fuck, he must look ridiculous, pathetic even, but he barely cares, not anymore. He hears a hiss and then Ilya's strong hands are on his waist, flipping him back over with ease.

"I want to see your face," Ilya says and then he's pushing back into Shane, burying himself in him and Shane is alight with relief, a litany of pleasure falling from his lips until he feels Ilya's thumb against them again. He parts his lips and meets Ilya's eyes, feels tears in his own, and lets his tongue fall out of his mouth as he sucks wantonly. Ilya curses in Russian .

“Touch yourself. Now.” Ilya commands, his breath ragged. Shane can tell he’s close and he wants to come together, wants to show Ilya how good he is, how beautifully he can come for him. He reaches down and meets Ilya’s rhythm, his hand working his come-slicked cock and he can feel his own orgasm building, a searing hot pleasure pushing and pulling its way through his body.

Ilya pulls him closer, wraps his arms beneath Shane’s shoulders and uses his hips to push Shane up onto his lap. Shane’s head falls against the crook of his neck and all he can feel is the thin, cool metal of Ilya’s chain on his cheek, the perfect thrust of Ilya’s thick cock, every inch of Ilya’s warm skin against his. Shane is going to come and it shouldn’t be happening, not so soon, and there’s a flare of panic, *too much, God, it’s all too much*, and Shane mouths desperately at Ilya’s collarbone, feels himself fly over the edge, knows that there is no going back, he is forever changed, forever his.

“*Ilya.*”

“*Shane.*”

They come together, Ilya’s lips finding his, Shane’s fingers wound tightly through Ilya’s curls as if he is the only thing anchoring him here and he’s shaking, his entire being dissolved like spun sugar in a storm. A small, distant part of him knows he’s crying, hot tears spilling onto Ilya’s shoulder and then Ilya is kissing his face, so sweetly, so reverently, that Shane begins to cry harder, his body racked with sobs.

“Oh, moy lyubov, my love,” Ilya whispers, “Vernis’ ko mne, I’m here, my love.”

“Ilya? Are you there?” Shane asks weakly and feels a part of his chest crumple. Such a stupid question - of course Ilya is here, arms around him, his come just starting to leak out of Shane’s hole. The sensation of loss makes Shane inhale, lip quivering. Ilya smiles softly and kisses Shane’s nose, once, twice, three times.

“I’m here, moy lyubov,” Ilya reassures him and Shane lets out a hollow laugh, pressing his hands to his face.

“‘’m sorry … I don’t know what I’m saying and I don’t know why I’m crying, I just - ”

Ilya cuts him off with another kiss and Shane melts into him, lets the rest of whatever is rearing up in his chest out and knows Ilya will be there to catch it. He doesn’t know how long they stay there twined together or what he says to Ilya in those moments but when he finally comes back to himself it’s dusk, purple-tinged light working its way hazily into their room and doing little to bring Shane down to reality. They’re lying on their sides, Ilya’s leg draped cozily over Shane’s hip, his arm a pillow beneath Shane’s head. Shane turns to look up at him and finds Ilya watching him intently, his eyes tender and red-tinged as if he’s been crying himself.

“We’re a mess,” Shane says lamely. He still doesn’t quite know what else to say or how to explain himself and the pool of stickiness on his stomach and between his legs is honestly disgusting, all else aside. Ilya snorts.

“So you are okay, princess?” There’s a familiar note of teasing in Ilya’s tone and he reaches down to run his fingers through the mess on Shane’s stomach, pretends to shove his hand in Shane’s face. Shane bats him away and tries to think of a snarky reply, only to find himself floored as Ilya shrugs and sucks his own fingers clean with a satisfied smile.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Shane manages, caught somewhere between revulsion and delight. “We’ve been lying here for God knows how long, Jesus, Ilya, you freak.”

“Is good. Delicious. Want all of you, Shane,” Ilya says and he isn’t kidding, not anymore, and he sounds like how Shane feels, raw and untethered with no sense of which way is up or down. There *are* tears in Ilya’s eyes and he slides his fingers beneath Shane’s chin, bringing his lips to his.

“I don’t understand either. Scares me too … feels like, mm, like we could kill each other?” Ilya says and it’s Shane’s turn to snort. Ilya frowns at him.

“Kill each other? How very romantic, Rozanov,” Shane laughs. “We are all alone here though. It would be the perfect place to do it, if that’s been your plan all along.”

“You keep being smart ass, we will see, no? Would be so easy, Hollander. I would just have to make you come twice, maybe three times, turn off your needy little brain, then *BAM*. Knife to heart.” Ilya mimes stabbing Shane’s broad chest and nibbles greedily at his ear, reveling in the way Shane giggles up at him. “Is very hot, though. Watching my pretty boy come for me over and over. So good, my love. Maybe I will keep you around.”

“You’re in *my* house, Rozanov. I think *you’re* the kept man,” Shane says, gesturing towards the walls of windows and the slope of grass leading down to the water in a feeble attempt to distract Ilya from the heat rising in his cheeks.

“Okay, sweetheart. Whatever you need to tell yourself.” Ilya winks and touches his hand to Shane’s throat lightly. Some ridiculous part of Shane wishes he could wear Ilya like a crucifix, constant and solid against his chest. A sacrilegious thought, maybe, not that Shane is religious, but Ilya is the closest he’s ever come to believing in something more. And he does understand what Ilya is trying to say, knows that Ilya could ruin him, leave him on that cliff alone and too scared to ever leap again, could leave him mid-air and Shane doesn’t know what would happen if he hit the bottom then, doesn’t even know if he would ever stop falling.

The fear creeps back in and he freezes, his mind a blur of the next ten years and all they could carry - the heartbreak, the horror, the enormity of the road ahead. He wants to reach for his phone and Google their names to make sure there weren’t any surreptitious fan photos taken at the airport, that there are no long lens shots by overzealous paparazzi from across the lake. Shane turns away, wanting to hide the panic he knows is clearly written on his face and nuzzles desperately into Ilya’s armpit. Minutes pass, sliding away from Shane, precious moments he knows he should be spending with Ilya, not trapped in his own stupid head.

Ilya is speaking in Russian, delicate and low. Shane doesn’t know what he’s saying but finds himself slowly relaxing, soothed by the rumble of Ilya’s chest and the sound of promise in his voice.

“I will pick you up now, okay?” Ilya asks gently, in English now. Shane is suddenly exhausted, unable to do more than nod and then Ilya has him in his arms and is carrying him effortlessly down the hall and out the sliding doors. The night is lit by a nearly full moon and their bare skin seems to glow as Ilya makes his way across the lawn. It’s remarkably silent aside from the rustle of the wind in the trees and Shane wants to stay here, live in this moment, and exist only within Ilya’s arms. Ilya looks down at him, his hazel eyes bright and unguarded.

“I take care of you now, Shane. Always,” Ilya whispers, and his words are a vow, a devotion. The emptiness that had been threatening to spill out from Shane’s mind recedes and Shane is floating, somewhere beyond the abyss, somewhere far above. There is nothing left but love, sweet, easy love and Shane sighs, content at last. He is Ilya’s, his to command, to cherish. There is nothing else.

Shane barely registers the coolness of the water, simply allows Ilya to carry him further into its depths until it’s up to Ilya’s chest and Shane is weightless in his arms. A quiet revelation is passed between them, unspoken, easily understood. There is still tomorrow, and the weeks and years to come, but for now there is only them, *Shane and Ilya*, *Ilya and Shane,* and they are enough. The lake is still around them, and together, they hold the world at bay.

End Notes

thank you for reading!! :)

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