

wrong room, rookie!

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wrong room, rookie!

by [frvmzero](#)

Summary

When they had ordered a round of cheap tequila, one of them had questioned Shane briefly.

“How old are you, Rook?”

“Old enough,” Shane had answered truthfully, but it wasn’t his fault that The Short American hadn’t specified on which side of the border.

The drinks kept pouring in after that.

Scott Hunter convinces Shane Hollander to join the team at a bar the night after the All-Star Skills Competition. He hadn't meant for Shane to get as drunk as he did.

Notes

Author's note! It is technically underage drinking since they are in Nashville but Shane is 19 years old. Shane and Scott are friends. There is no sex whilst under the influence. ♡

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

Update 2026-01-11: Formatted texts.

January 2011—Nashville

The bar was obnoxiously loud and had been since Shane stepped his reluctant foot inside, practically shoved inside by the rest of the guys on his team from the All-Stars game. He already regretted it the moment his shoes touched the sticky floor of the bar, his brain cataloging every single unpleasant impression; the bass vibrating in his ribs, the sour smell of sweat and booze and the overlapping voices scraping his skin.

He wondered why he had even agreed to it, but it was the night after the Skills Competition and they were all still buzzed from yesterday's commotion. Shane didn't have the heart to tell them no, especially not Scott Hunter who had been very adamant that he needed to celebrate his record, praising him for doing quite well during the competition. He never quite believed he deserved anything; the praises always felt like an error someone would eventually correct. Even now, hearing Scott assure him of his skills on the ice made his stomach twist in the suspicion that Scott was simply being polite.

At least Scott Hunter was right about one thing. Shane was awfully bad at celebrating his successes, and perhaps he needed to get better at it; for the future, since he was technically an All-Star now, but also because he genuinely deserved it. He could rationalize the experience as a learning moment, a way to practice to let loose a little and *God*, why did Shane have to justify everything he did? Why couldn't he just let himself *be* for one night?

Letting himself to simply *be* felt dangerous, and a little bit like losing control. His chest tightened with the familiar tension of self-monitoring, like an exhausting vigilance he never seemed to be able to shut off. He had only been able to completely let go of himself in Ilya's arms.

Perhaps it was peer-pressure, or perhaps it was Shane finally rebelling against his own borderline compulsive need for perfection, or perhaps it was because Ilya Rozanov had sucked his brains out the night before and Shane needed to focus on anything else aside from those perfect lips of his before he went insane.

And fuck, just thinking about Ilya's name made heat creep up his neck. The memory of their night replayed in his head with a humiliating clarity; the softness of it, the desperation, the shock of *wanting* more. The memory sat insistently inside his head, not going away anytime soon.

He needed to get wasted.

Shane wasn't allowed to drink, not *legally*, anyway. Which was stupid, because if they had been drinking in Montreal it would have been perfectly fine, but Shane decided not to think about alcohol-politics in order to spare his own sanity. Yet, as the night went on, the other guys seemed to completely forget that Shane was barely twenty years old. It had started with a beer, pushed into his hand by one of the short American forwards; and Shane wasn't usually this bad at names, but it was something about the loud music, all of them talking over each-other as well as the burning neon lights that made it awfully difficult to keep track.

When they had ordered a round of cheap tequila, one of them had questioned Shane briefly.

"How old are you, Rook?"

"Old enough," Shane had answered truthfully, but it wasn't his fault that The Short American hadn't specified on which side of the border.

The drinks kept pouring in after that.

Alcohol had a weird effect on Shane, and he didn't mean the way his face turned a completely different color which was probably hereditary. Shane deduced that alcohol always seemed to make people annoying and loud and aggressive, but it was the complete opposite for him. Alcohol made Shane calm, as if it dialed all of his senses down; the soft buzzing of his brain offering him some relief against the sensory overload that was the loud Americans,

bright lights and music with an obnoxious bass. At least Scott Hunter was offering him an apologetic look, which was at least a little reassuring. If he had to listen to yet another Taio Cruz song he was going to start throwing punches.

For the first time that night, he could feel the edges of things blur, but not in a scary way. It felt manageable, his thoughts slower.

There was a sudden vibration in his pocket, and Shane's heart practically dropped to his stomach.

Lily

Today 10:33 PM

I think Hunter is out. Do you wanna cum?

Come*



Shane cursed loudly under his breath, lowering the brightness on his phone as he tried to focus on the words that Ilya had sent him. He wasn't drunk, not yet, not on just two beers and three shots of tequila, but he was definitely *impaired*. He fumbled slightly as he typed up his message.

Lily

Today 10:34 PM

I know he is out, I am sitting right next to him

Where are you?

Shane squinted his eyes at the wall of the bar, struggling slightly to read the red neon's letters. He tried to convince himself that it was the lightning inside the bar, and not the tequila having gone right to his brain. He knew it was the tequila that had his vision softening the edges, yet, he preferred blaming the light, as if it preserved his illusion of competence.

Lily

Today 10:36 PM
Mariachi bar
Just you and him?
Today 10:49 PM
Hollander?

The tallest of The Americans had wrapped a drunken arm around Shane and announced loudly that Shane was busy texting his girlfriend 'Lily' which had led to the entire table grilling him on the spot. Thankfully Scott Hunter had swept in like a guardian angel, urging them to leave him alone. Shane had mouthed a quiet 'thank you' to him as he brushed his knee against his under the table.

Lily

Today 10:51 PM
Me and Americans
Are you drinking?
Mmaybe

Fuck, the Tequila was hitting him harder than he had anticipated. Perhaps he shouldn't have mixed different types of beverages, or perhaps he was just inexperienced when it came to drinking; his body unable to properly digest it.

Lily

Today 10:55 PM
Do yui have recvommentations on drinks?
American booze is shit. If you are at Mariachi bar you should order the Margarita colada, it is good.
You hasve been here?
We went there day before.

*Drunk Shane translation:
You have been here?*

Shane had to stop himself from actually *pouting* at the realization that Ilya had been sitting in this bar only days prior. Disappointment simmered in his stomach.

“Can you order me something?” Shane leaned closer to Scott, trying to articulate his words properly as the music roared around them. The other Americans were arm-wrestling on the table; yelling and screaming obnoxiously along to Flo Rida. One of them suggested that they should move on to the karaoke-bar next door.

“What do you want?” Scott replied, to Shane’s surprise.

“Something sweet? Like a Pineapple Margarita?”

“Margarita coming right up, Hollander.”

Scott slipped from his seat and Shane followed him with his eyes all the way to the bar before he dared taking up his phone again, afraid that he would question him about ‘*Lily*’. That was not a conversation he could handle right now, especially not considering how warm his chest was feeling and how much his brain was vibrating. Warm from the alcohol, warm from embarrassment, warm from thinking about Ilya, and all of it seemed to mix into an emotional temperature he didn’t quite know how to sit with.

Lily

Today 11:14 PM

Scott is gerring me one thank you foir sugghestion
Are you staying out late with him?

Today 11:20 PM

we mohjt leave after this drunk
We?

Drunk Shane translation:

Scott is getting me one, thank you for [the] suggestion

We might leave after this drink

Shane frowned at the words, not understanding what Ilya was asking him but he barely had time to think about an answer when he felt Scott slip into his seat. He stuffed his phone back into the pocket of his pants. Scott pushed the huge Margarita across the table towards him and Shane’s eyes widened comically at the mere size of it. What had he gotten himself into?

The glass looked more like a bucket. A colorful, tropical and deadly trap that he was absolutely going to regret tomorrow.

“I thought the saying about everything being bigger in America was a joke,”

The entire table howled at his comment.

“Chug it, Rookie!”

Chapter 2

It had been a terribly bad idea to chug the Margarita, and not only because it was strong, but also because it had been ice-cold. Shane's entire body had practically shuddered when he finished the drink, grimacing pathetically, but the table had cheered and whistled which had brought him more attention to him than he was partially accustomed to. It was ironic, really, how Shane could be so stoic on the ice but somewhat reserved off it. This was going to be his life now, he might as well get used to it.

There was another vibration in his pocket.

"Hey, I'm gonna go to the restroom," Shane told The Tall American before squeezing past him, making his way towards the bathroom. His head was spinning slightly, but he managed to keep himself somewhat composed as he moved across the bar. The line to the bathroom wasn't very long, but Shane took the opportunity to lean against the wooden paneling by the queue in order to breathe momentarily; taking some time to just land in his drunken state.

He fished up his phone from his pants.

Lily

Today 12:13 PM

Having fun?

Today 12:17 PM

tge Margarita wasd very goossd

they wqant to sing Kareoke but i yghnk im going tio hesd back

Are you going back alone?

don't jknow i thiynk Scott nmight go too

I can come pick you up.

Drunk Shane translation:

The Margarita was very good

They want to sing Karaoke but I think I'm going to head back

I don't know, I think Scott might go too

His heart had practically lunged in his chest as he read the last text from Ilya and he tried to keep himself from smiling sheepishly at it. Was he checking up on him? Was he worried? Was he afraid that Shane was going to wake up in a ditch? Considering that Shane's balance was becoming somewhat diminished it was quite a valid fear to have and somehow Shane found that wildly endearing. He tried to sober himself up by biting down at his bottom lip, and then he entered the restroom, making sure to wash his hands thoroughly when he was done. God, Shane *hated* public restrooms.

Shane didn't even realize that he forgot to respond, far too occupied with trying to keep himself on his own feet.

Ilya was losing it. He was completely and openly losing it. He didn't understand why this fury was burning so much since he had no reason to be angry. Why wasn't Shane answering his text? Ilya was not used to being dismissed, was not used to being turned down. He *usually* got what he wanted and he had been getting what he wanted with Shane last night, to an extent. What was so special about Scott Hunter? Scott Hunter wasn't special, except, apparently he was, to everyone else. The thought of him putting his filthy hands on Shane made his stomach twist in disgust, and Ilya *hated* it.

Jane

Yesterday 12:41 PM

Hollander?

Read 1:34 AM

Fuck. Why was he even bothering? Ilya threw his phone onto his bed and buried his face into the hotel pillows, trying not to let his anger overcome him, and especially not for Shane fucking Hollander. Ilya decided to simply undress and go to sleep; filled with rage and disappointment and *envy*.

Lily

Today 1:54 AM

doi yiou remember ny oom numbwr

Read 1:54 AM

*Drunk Shane translation:
Do you remember my room number?*

Fuck, this was bad. This was really, really bad. Shane hadn't meant to be out so late, but The Americans had practically dragged him to the karaoke-bar, and one thing lead to another and now he was standing outside Scott Hunter's hotel room, trying to remember his own fucking room number so that he could sober up and go to sleep. But all he could think about was that Ilya Rozanov was right next door.

He felt like an idiot.

Lily

Today 1:56 AM

Rozanov plsasre

Today 1:58 AM

Rozanov

Read 1:58 AM

Despite the fact that Shane was now panicking, there was no doubt that he had enjoyed his time out with Scott and the other Americans. Sure, it had been loud and overwhelming, but also fun. Scott Hunter felt somewhat like an older brother to him; someone who he looked up to, perhaps even someone he idolized. He had grinned stupidly when Scott had rustled his hair.

“Are you sure you don't want me to accompany you to your room? I will sleep better knowing you aren't wandering around the halls,”

“Don't worry 'boutit, Scott. Plus, I know where to go if I *do* end up lost,”

“Did you enjoy yourself tonight, Hollander?”

“I did. Thank you for convincing me,”

“Anytime, Rookie.”

Scott closed his hotel door with a click and Shane was left standing in the hallway like an idiot.

Again.

Lily

Today 1:58 AM
oprwen tge dpor

DOOR

Rozanov

POEASE

Today 2:02 AM
I am sleeping, Hollander.

Today 2:04 AM
opwen the door or relwse i havve to seep in Hunter romp

Read 2:04 AM

*Drunk Shane translation:
Open the door
Open the door or else I have to sleep in Hunter's room*

Shane could hear some distant footsteps coming from Ilya's door, who, *conveniently for him*, happened to be right next to Scott Hunter's room. This was not how he envisioned his night

to go.

Ilya finally unlocked his door, and Shane practically stumbled inside; drunk, and tired, and ashamed. At this point, the room had to actually *be* spinning, or perhaps Shane was just really intoxicated. For his sanity's sake, he hoped for the latter.

He locked the door behind him, leaning in against the peep-hole in order to make sure that Scott hadn't seen him slip into Ilya's room. And by the looks of it, considering the hallway was empty, he hadn't. Shane sighed in relief as he pressed his face against the door, the coldness of it oddly comforting against the heated skin of his face.

Fuck, this was bad. This was *really* bad.

"Before you say anything," Shane began, turning around to face Ilya who was standing by the large door-frame, his arms crossed over his chest in disappointment. There was something about the way Ilya was standing that made Shane recoil, his posture hostile and eyes dark.

Dammit, Shane had *really* managed to piss him off.

"I am *not* drunk,"

Shane was a shitty liar.

When Shane had entered his hotel room, he had smelled of booze and sweat and *other people*. It wasn't an unpleasant smell, per say, but it was irritating because of who the other people entailed. Ilya hadn't originally planned to open the door at first, far too occupied with his own self-pity of being ignored. Then Shane had the audacity to threaten to sleep in Scott Hunter's room and Ilya refused to let that happen.

“You look fucked, Hollander,”

“Fuck you, Rozanov,”

Shane’s skin looked beautifully flushed and his eyes undoubtedly unfocused as they stared at each other. Ilya was still incredibly angry and hurt from Shane’s disregard for him, but there was also something about seeing how vulnerable he looked that seemed to override his pettiness with something else. Was it compassion? The word Ilya had initially been thinking about had been *possessiveness*, but he had swallowed it down, letting it burn inside the pit of his stomach instead.

Jesus Christ, how much alcohol had these *Amerikosy* given him?

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Author's note: If I make any mistakes (grammar, wording) please let me know since this is all unbeta'd. I apologize for any mistakes that manage to seep through. ♡

Shane was still leaning against the door, mostly because he was afraid that if he stepped forward, gravity would engulf him and pull him under. He didn't trust his knees to hold up his body anymore.

"1221 was the only room I could remember," Shane's voice was trembling slightly as he spoke and he extended his hand toward Ilya in an invitation, pouting pathetically because Ilya was standing so far away from him; he felt exceedingly needy. Yet, Ilya was still scowling at him, his eyes flickering over Shane in irritation. Pathetically enough, Shane thought Ilya looked hot when he was angry, and the fact that he was only wearing a pair of black briefs made it even worse.

He wanted to touch him.

Despite his drunkenness, Shane tried taking a few steps forward towards Ilya but as Shane took one step forward, Ilya took one step back; never letting him catch up to him. Now it was Shane who felt himself become irritated, stumbling forward with more force and as his balance wavered, Ilya's hand shot out almost reflexively, steadying him by his elbow. Shane hummed contently and pressed his chest against his, trying to keep himself upright but simultaneously chasing the warmth of Ilya's body. They had reached the corner of the bed, and thus Ilya had nowhere else to go but to let Shane crash into him. His intoxicated fingers wrapped themselves around Ilya's neck as he pressed his forehead into the warmth of Ilya's nape.

"Help me undress, Rozanov. 'm so warm," Shane sighed, and now his balance wavered. Ilya hadn't been prepared for Shane's body going completely lax, and so he cursed loudly as they tumbled backwards. At least Ilya's body had hit the bed and not the floor but Shane had come down on-top of him with so much force that he almost pushed the air right out of his lungs.

Ilya wanted to stay mad at him, he really did, but Shane looked absolutely wrecked like this; flustered and warm and barely functioning. It awoke something animalistic in him, as if Shane was a lost stray-kitten and it was Ilya's responsibility to nurse him back to health. It didn't make it better that Shane was practically sprawled on top of him, fully clothed; with his coat and shoes on, drunk-out-of-his-mind without a single care in the world.

Fucking Shane Hollander and his pretty brown eyes.

“For the entire night, you let *him* buy you drinks. You let *him* take you home. You let *him* —,” Ilya snapped, but even though his voice had dropped low, almost strained, his eyes were fixed on Shane's with an incredibly softness. There was no longer anger in them, it was something tighter and deeper. Ilya's jaw clenched and he wondered if Shane could see that he was stopping himself before the words could rip out of him. He placed his hand on Shane's hip as a protective measure, just in case he needed to steady him.

“And *now* you come here. To me. Like some *last resort*,”

“I *only* want *you*,”

Ilya shut his eyes for a brief moment as that admission had hit somewhere he wasn't prepared for. Did Shane hear himself speak? Did he realize that heavy-burden those words entailed? Ilya doubted it, because Shane could barely even hold up his own body anymore, humming loudly against his naked chest. When he opened them again, his eyes felt dark, sharp, and hungry in a way that he didn't want Shane to see. Had this been some sort of confession? Ilya didn't know.

“Undress me, *please*. I am so fuckin' warm,”

There were too many layers between them for Shane's comfort, and not only because he was burning up, but because he wanted to feel Ilya's skin against his own. He whined, loudly, face-planting against the muscles of Ilya's chest. He couldn't help himself from groping his pecs, his fingers stroking the skin absentmindedly and then it hit him. This had been where they had touched each other yesterday. The exact spot, and the memory hit him like a blow; of Ilya commanding him, of his hands touching him everywhere, of his lips, of his fingers —

Shane was getting hard from just the memories of yesterday and the room suddenly felt too small, too warm and far too familiar.

“Are you also getting déjà-vu—”

“*Shut up,*” Ilya snarked as he pushed himself up to a sitting position whilst Shane was still on top of his chest. Sometimes Shane forgot that they were professional athletes, but during moments like these, Ilya's strength became awfully apparent. His movements were swift, and irritated, but possessive and Shane's body simply followed Ilya's lead without protest. Now he was sitting up in Ilya's lap, chest pressed against chest, his legs straddling Ilya's hips and his arms wrapped around Ilya's neck. The closeness was somehow more intoxicating than the Tequila, and every point of their intersecting bodies made Shane's body burn; in desperation, in need, in —

“Are you hard, Hollander?”

“*Fuck you!*”

Shane had accidentally leaned dangerously far backwards, far enough that he could feel his heartbeat sink to his stomach. Thankfully for him, Ilya's hands had grabbed onto him almost immediately and steadied him. He had smirked slightly, amused that Ilya was able to predict his movements; which wasn't even something Shane could do given the state he was currently in.

“Take it off, please,” Shane whined, gesturing for his coat which was now suffocating him with its warmth. He had added the plea just to try it, just to see how begging would feel on

his drunken-tongue and to his surprise, Ilya's strong and steady hands had twitched against his hips. Shane wondered if his words had stirred something in him. The world was spinning faster inside Room 1221 than it had back at the bar.

Softer.

"Please,"

Louder.

"Please,"

Frantic.

"Please, Ilya."

Ilya's hand suddenly suffocated his whimpers, pressing against his mouth hard and protective. Shane could feel his heart soar in response to it as Ilya pressed their foreheads together, as if he was trying to use his mere will to silence him. Ilya didn't say anything, he simply looked at him in a long and unforgiving and unbearably close way. Shane wanted to drown in those gorgeous eyes of his; a restless mix of green and blue and gold that shifted as if they were alive. In this light, they burned sharp and bright, fierce enough to pin him in place and Shane suddenly forgot how to breathe under the weight of them.

A silenced moan slipped from him, unconsciously and unashamed, and now Shane needed to get out of his pants before they became unbearably tight.

"Do you want trouble, Hollander?" Ilya snarled as he drowned Shane's whimpers and moans and various other lewd noises with his hand. It was unbearably hot, the noises he was making and Ilya had to practically command his body to shut down as Shane's half-hard cock brushed against him, not wanting Shane to notice his own erection.

Jesus. *Fucking*. Christ.

“I want out of this coat before I die of hyperthermia,” Shane answered so incredibly as-a-matter-of-factly that Ilya couldn’t help himself from laughing at him. For some reason, Ilya loved this part of him. He loved Shane’s bluntness, his predictable mannerisms and how easy he was to read. He loved that Shane folded his clothes before they touched each other. He loved his eyes and his nose and his lips and —

Shit.

Ilya was yearning for a man he ought to hate. But hating Shane Hollander was impossible whilst liking him, *wanting* him, was the path of least resistance; it was the only thing in Ilya’s life that didn’t require effort because Shane was simply too easy to love, even when Ilya wished he wasn’t. This man was going to derail his entire life, and Ilya found himself shamefully willing to let him.

Undressing Shane, on the other hand, proved far more difficult than it had any right to be. The boy was squirming, wiggling and pressing himself so utterly close to Ilya that he wondered if Shane was doing it on purpose just to torment him.

The coat had been the easy part.

Growing rather impatient, Ilya had finally lifted Shane effortlessly, shifting their positions and pushing Shane onto his back on the mattress as he hovered above him. Now *this* was giving him déjà-vu from yesterday. He cursed silently under his breath, a single huff of ‘blyat’ and then his eyes caught Shane’s and *fuck* —

Shane looked wrecked. His face was incredibly flushed, his lips parted in a soft and helpless pout as his hair stucked up in every direction. Yet, it was his eyes that hit Ilya the hardest; usually hazel, now blown so dark that they were almost black, heavy with anticipation. Ilya had no defense against being looked at like that.

Ilya needed to sleep before he fucked Shane Hollander against the wall out of sheer frustration.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The alcohol seemed to almost lull Shane to sleep at this point, cradling gently around him as he melted into the mattress of Ilya's bed. Perhaps it wasn't even the alcohol, but rather the way Ilya was taking off his clothes, every shift and tug and pull a gentle reminder that Ilya wouldn't let him fall. It was infuriating and intriguing and Shane wanted to stay tucked against the nape of his shoulder when he had leaned into him to pull off his shirt. The warm layers of clothing had finally disappeared but Shane was still burning inside despite being practically naked aside from his underwear. It hadn't been the clothes making him feel this warm.

"Do you have water?" Shane inquired whilst yawning, stretching his limbs against the softness of the sheets and he noticed that it still smelled of Ilya, and something else. It had taken him an almost embarrassingly long time to realize that the scent had belonged to *him*.

"I have Coke,"

Shane grimaced in disgust and his chest tightened when Ilya laughed; softly and unreserved. Wordlessly, Ilya brought out a bottled-water from the mini-bar and offered it to Shane, but this time it was unconditional. It was a gift rather than a transaction. Their fingers brushed briefly as he took it from him, and Shane finished the entire bottle without even breathing, far too scared that his breath would be wavering if he did.

"C'ome 'ere," Shane whispered and *fuck*, his voice was slurring more than he had anticipated.

"You are still drunk, Hollander."

"I don't care! Just *come here*,"

Ilya had offered his hand, but Shane had taken all of him instead; dragging him into the bed and practically pulling him over himself. Ilya had braced himself against the mattress as

Shane wrapped his legs around him, keeping him locked in-place with nowhere to go. There was a brief moment of silence; as their shared breaths and heartbeats were the only audible thing in the room. He couldn't stop staring at the golden cross around Ilya's neck.

"I'm sorry for making you worry about me,"

Ilya said nothing in response, but Shane could see a momentary struggle pull on Ilya's features, as if he had meant to retreat at his words but finally decided to let himself stay where he belonged. There was a quiet weight of him staying exactly where Shane held him. As Shane reached up to touch him, the stillness of him changed; he was no longer rigid, no longer distant, just quietly holding on as if he didn't trust himself to move. He angled his face away, and Shane wanted so desperately to chase after him, and so he did.

He shifted his body just slightly, leaning up to brush his trembling lips to Ilya's. There was so much tension in the air but it wasn't the silence that made the air tight, it was the flicker of something raw behind Ilya's eyes; as if his leftover jealousy was melting into relief. The tension in the air was simply what remained when neither of them could hide anymore. Shane felt high, like they were seconds away from something exploding. All night, Shane had been demanding without really asking, and all night, Ilya had been answering without admitting. The air trembled with the knowledge that the next breath they shared, the next touch, the next kiss, would finally settle the question entirely.

What were they?

It was Ilya who had finally crumbled to the pressure. He leaned in, not with hunger or possessiveness, but with a softness that almost hurt. His lips brushed Shane's as if testing whether he was allowed to want this, allowed to *stay*, allowed to *be gentle* with him. The kiss was slow and so careful that it made Shane's chest clench; from the sweetness, from how new it was, from the way it tasted like something he had been waiting for. Ilya kissed him like a promise and it hit Shane harder than anything they had done the day before. There was no heat, no urgency, and it terrified him. The bed creaked gently as they moved against each other.

This softness felt like the realest thing Ilya had ever given him.

Ilya's lips quivered, and for a moment, he allowed himself to feel what he had been denying all night. It was so simple to want Shane. He pressed a little closer, letting his lips brush along Shane's jaw and lingering at the pulse in his neck, basking in the scent that could only belong to Shane. He tasted like pineapple, and coconut, and *lime*.

"Is this okay?" Ilya whispered against his skin, his voice low and unsure, but Shane trembled beneath him, pressing into him without words. The soft whimpering and the arching of Shane's body seemed to answer everything Ilya needed to know. This surrender of his, so slow and real, made Ilya ache, made him want to linger and to tease, just to watch Shane completely unfold underneath him.

His hands slid along Shane's sides, tracing the lines of his ribs and memorizing every curve and shiver and breathless sigh. Perhaps he just wanted to prove, even just to himself, that Shane was his.

Ilya's name was spilling from Shane's lips, and every '*Ilya*' that spilled from him made him melt further, wanting to hear it again, and again. He could feel the way Shane shuddered under the gentleness of his touch. This desperate need to give, to hold, to cherish him, was tangled inside him like an intoxicating rhythm he could never resist. Ilya rolled his hips against Shane's and he groaned at the sudden touch.

The bed creaked and rocked against the wall, sharp and loud and filthy.

Ilya froze for a fraction, his lips still brushing Shane's neck. He seemed to catch the softest whine of panic that slipped past Shane's lips, and the sound made something coil in his chest like a thrill, maybe even hunger. He smirked against Shane's skin, and then he pressed his hand lightly over Shane's mouth, not stopping the rhythm of his hips. He rolled against Shane just enough to draw another muffled whimper. This was making his pulse spike, and Ilya's eyes flicked toward the wall, as he hummed softly into Shane's skin.

"You have to be quiet, Hollander. Scott Hunter is sleeping next door," he whispered, but his hips nor his lips didn't stop, and every soft gasp and whine that Shane tried to stifle seemed to simply edge him on. Shane was still being awfully loud, despite him placing his hand firmly against his mouth.

Shane's body was on fire as he tried to suffocate his whimpers, clawing at Ilya's body pathetically, but Ilya's lips and hips betrayed him as they rolled, and teased, and claimed him, refusing to let him breathe. Every kiss along his neck made him gasp, and every soft nuzzle, every teasing graze of teeth seemed to threaten to push him over the edge.

"*I can't*," Shane choked out as his heart hammered in his ears. He closed his eyes, trying so desperately to be quiet, but unable to stop neither his sounds nor his body from responding. The name kept spilling from his lips in low, shaky moans, and they seemed to echo inside the safety of Ilya Rozanov's hotel room.

His fingers were tangled in Ilya's hair, pulling gently and seeking more contact, more confirmation. Every roll of Ilya's hips, every slow kiss, every lingering touch made him squirm.

A loud bang suddenly rattled the hotel door. *Thump. Thump. Thump.*

Scott Hunter's voice was barely audible from the other side of the door, but it sounded annoyed and angry and exhausted.

"Some of us are trying to sleep, Rozanov!"

Chapter End Notes

[scott hunter voice] right in front of my salad????

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