

give it up / do as I say

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give it up / do as I say

by [bullseyebullseye](#)

Summary

“Shane Hollander,” Ilya gasped, faux-aghast. “You are wet. Wet like pussy.”

Shane flushed and tried to squirm out of Rozanov’s grasp, to no avail. “S’just sweat,” he murmured. “It’s just fucking... hot in here.”

Ilya’s strong grip tightened, vice-like, around Shane’s hip. His grin curled into something cruel, something bright and sparkling. “Is not hot. You are bad liar. Take it off.”

Notes

hi!! this is my first HR fic, please be considerate of that as I am only familiar with the show! i do not speak russian but it is scattered throughout this fic. translations will be in the end notes!

title is from [erotica by madonna](#) :)

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

The moment Shane stepped into Ilya's hotel room, he knew something was different. There was no immediate descending upon him, no rush to kiss. No kissing at all, actually—the Russian was sitting on the bed, shirt unbuttoned and vodka in-hand. His hair was damp, tousled; as if he had just showered. Shane swallowed nervously, his throat clicking in the stifling silence of the hotel room. "Rozanov?" he managed.

"You think today was fun, Hollander? Enjoy yourself?" Rozanov sneered, tone low and gruff. The "today" that he was referring to was probably Shane scoring a last-minute, game-saving goal by shooting the puck through Ilya's legs. Ilya, who had somehow managed to *not* catch it, had definitely gotten an earful from his team. And his coach. And his father.

Shane winced a bit as he recalled the game. Rozanov had been right up in his face the whole time, playing into the audience's illusion of rivalry, cussing at him and his team in Russian and making aggressive plays. Neither of them expected the game to end the way it did.

Rozanov snapping in his face brought him back to reality. Reality was no longer the ice, the adrenaline of the game, the yelling. It was now the golden specimen of a man who was standing in front of him with a scowl on his face. All he needed to think about was Rozanov. *Ilya*.

"Hollander. You are here, *da?*" Ilya snorted, condescending. "You are going to listen to what I tell you. Because you cannot listen on ice." He smirked, and the glint of his canines made Shane feel weak. "Good boys listen." Rozanov's free hand came up to caress Shane's cheek. "And you are good boy," he whispered. Not a question. A statement. A fact.

The hand on Shane's face inched downward until his thumb nudged at Shane's lips. "*Otkryt*," Ilya purred. Shane's breath hitched. He could guess what that meant. Shane parted his lips and Rozanov hooked his thumb into his now-open mouth. Shane moaned, as best he could. He wanted to suck on that thumb, swirl his tongue around it. Savor the taste of Rozanov, of his sweat, of his soap. But he couldn't, his maw pried open.

Ilya took a long sip of his vodka, then crowded even closer to Shane. He leaned down, ever so slightly, and let a stream of the vodka course from his pursed lips to Shane's open mouth. He moved his hand and closed Shane's mouth for him. "*Glodat*," he murmured, voice rough around the edges. His eyebrows raised expectantly.

Shan swallowed, whimpering as he felt the liquid burn its way down his throat. Ilya opened Shane's mouth forcefully again, inspecting it. Satisfied, he patted Shane on the cheek, hard enough to sting. "Good boy," Ilya whispered. Shane felt as if his knees were jello.

Ilya turned around and went back to sitting on the bed. He put his vodka down on the bedside table, looking at him as if he was a piece of meat. "Come here."

Shane took a step forward, then another, until he stands directly between Ilya's legs. He felt off-balance, heady— when is *he* ever the one looking down at Rozanov? He gulped. "Wh— what do you want me to do?" Shane asked, voice shaking.

"Hmm," Ilya hummed. "What do I want you to do..." He crawled two capable fingers up Shane's thigh, towards his belt in a funny little two-step. "Take off your clothes." He gave the belt one simple, firm tug.

Shane's stomach roiled. "Rozanov—" he started, voice still untethered.

"Ah-ah," Ilya tutted. "You are good boy. You listen, yes?" Shane immediately nodded, fingers desperately working at his layers until he was in just his pants, his belt hanging open. He had begun to work at his belt, fingers unsteady, until Ilya had knocked his hands away in favor of nosing at his V-line. "Is nice," he said, voice low and dangerous.

"What's nice?" Shane asked, thrilled at how nervous he felt. Ilya kept up the drag of his nose and lips, the soft brush of his eyelashes on Shane's lower stomach, distracting him until Shane found himself whimpering as his pant's buttons got flicked open. Ilya's rough hands pushed down Shane's jeans, enough so that they simply rested on the curve of his ass, his hard dick straining against the fabric of his boxers.

"Your *cock*," came Ilya's warm voice, the edges of the word sharp in his mouth. "Is nice." He palmed at Shane, the pressure hard and fast, and Shane had to squeeze his eyes shut not to cum right then and there.

“*Rozanov*,” Shane started. “That’s—“ He could barely finish his sentence, his breath was so shallow.

“That is what,” the Russian drawled. “Too much?” He looked up at Shane and the other man felt his breath leave completely. Shane nodded. Ilya shrugged and decided that a finger, delicately traced over the clothed head of Shane’s cock, was the next best thing.

Shane moaned, unsure of what to do with his hands, opting to leave them hovering above Ilya’s still-damp hair. Ilya must have noticed because he was smirking. “Put them on head.” When Shane didn’t respond, Ilya’s eyes darkened. “Your hands. Put them on your head.” Shane listened, stomach going concave when Ilya dragged another thick finger over his weeping tip.

Ilya pulled his finger back, putting it in his mouth and looking up at Shane as if he were the next thing he would devour. “*Tssk-tssk*,” he tutted, shaking his head condescendingly, unoccupied hand snaking up to grab him by the hip. “Shane *Hollander*,” he gasped, faux-aghast. “You are *wet*. Wet like *pussy*.”

Shane flushed and tried to squirm out of Rozanov’s grasp, to no avail. “S’just sweat,” he murmured. “It’s just fucking... hot in here.”

Ilya’s strong grip tightened, vice-like, around Shane’s hip. His grin curled into something cruel, something bright and sparkling. “Is not hot. You are bad liar. Take it off.”

Shane fumbled hastily to strip off his boxers, flinging them into a corner blindly. He stands in front of Ilya now, bare, aching, his hands back on his head. “*Rozy*—“ he whined. “Please, I can’t...” His hips twitched minutely into the air in front of him, length already smeared with pre-cum. Ilya smirked again, dangerous, and squeezed his hip.

“Cannot what?” Ilya sighs, pretending so convincingly to be unaffected when Shane could see his own hardness tenting his sweatpants. “Cannot be good boy? Cannot stay still? Cannot,” he squeezed Shane’s hip so hard the man thought he might pass out, “listen to your *paposhka*, *da*?”

Shane blinked down at Ilya. “My, um, my what?” he managed.

Ilya shrugged, a playful smile on his face. “You do not know?” When Shane shakes his head, he laughs. “You will learn.”

Before Shane could wrap his head around whatever *that* could possibly mean, Ilya had taken him all the way down his throat. Shane’s hips bucked of their own accord, his tip hitting the back of the other man’s throat and a whine crawling its way out of his bitten-raw lips.

Ilya did not even flinch, just stared up at him with low-lidded, dark eyes. The man has no gag reflex, and Shane thinks that he might never want to be without him, but that was neither here nor there.

Ilya began to hum and bob his head up and down. Shane kept flinching, stomach sucked inwards, breath shaking. He didn’t move his hands from where they were holding onto each other for dear life atop his head. He didn’t dare. “Rozanov...” he whined. “*Rozanov...!*”

The other man pulled off and started to stroke Shane at a punishing pace, ignoring his cries of protest. “*Da*, Hollander, that is my name, good job,” he said, his tone being akin to one used with a particularly excitable yet slow-minded dog. “You need reminder of who you belong to?”

Shane’s breath got stuck in his throat, body shaking with the effort he was exerting *not to cum*. He secretly loves when Ilya gets like this, revels in it. The Russian’s possessive streak made fire lick at his brainstem, at his belly, at his heart. “N— no,” he choked out. “Yours.” It was small and pained, but Shane knew Ilya had heard him when the other man let out a shaky, low breath.

“Yes, good boy. Good boy that knows his place.” Ilya suddenly let go of Shane’s dick, the other man whining, his hips chasing the touch. “No, Hollander, *wait*,” he commanded, again using that small-stupid-dog tone. Shane’s flushed scarlet to the tips of his ears.

“I’m waiting, I’m waiting,” Shane mumbled, half-delirious. “I’m being good, I’m waiting —!” His whines were cut short when Ilya suddenly maneuvered himself to push Shane face-

down onto the bed.

Shane landed with a *thwump* and a moan. He couldn't help but get a heady rush of greed when he remembered that *Ilya Rozanov is about to fuck me, and only me*. He started to turn around but was stopped by a hand grabbing, pushing down at the back of his neck. "Wha—"

"Stay down, *sobachka*," Ilya chuckled, mirth and want layered deep in his voice. "You will get your treat, yes? You do not ever listen on ice, but you listen in bed. Can always expect you to listen here," the man purred, warm fingers trailing a path down his back. "I will always get what I want from you, yes, Shane Hollander?"

Shane felt his skin prickle at the condescending tone of Ilya's voice, at the implications of his words. "Yes," he managed. "Yeah, you will." He squeezed his eyes shut, a strained moan leaving his lips when he feels a glob of *spit* hit his hole. "*Rozanov...!*"

Ilya chuckled, and Shane could feel the other man's lips trail down his body, whispering sweet nothings down his spine. "Let me have you," Shane caught, before Ilya started to eat him out with a fervor.

Time passed in a blur, then, for Shane. It was horribly overwhelming, Ilya's tongue on him—it always was. Shane's tip was drooling onto the covers, and ever so often his hips would start forward against the sheets. The pressure was delicious. Ilya always knew how to read Shane, how to respond to the subconscious signals that Shane was always inadvertently sending. The drag of the other man's tongue against his hole was delicious. Somehow it felt like eons. Somehow it felt like seconds.

It was, in fact, about five minutes before Ilya flipped Shane over and wrestled his left leg to bend up, up, up, until his knee touched his shoulder. "Mmm," Ilya had purred, satisfied with the way he had gotten Shane where he wanted him. "Flexible." Before Shane could protest, Ilya had slipped two spit-slicked fingers inside of him. "Oh," he breathed out. "This for me? You prepped?" For once, he sounded winded.

Shane covered his face in embarrassment with a large hand, moaning as Ilya pushed his fingers in and out, rubbing his prostate. "Uh— yeah, *mhm*, I did, hope that's okay," he managed, squirming against where Ilya was holding him down. "Couldn't help it, thinking about how rough you were with me during the, ah, game—"

“Yes?” Ilya smiled, looking all too much like the Cheshire Cat. “You like when I am rough with you, Shane Hollander. This I know.” Blanketing his strong body over Shane’s matching one, he slid in all in one go. “You like this.”

Shane moaned as if his soul would extinguish if he didn’t let the noise out. “I do, I do like this, like *you*...” he mumbled, almost incoherently.

Ilya grunted and started to move, picking up a brutal speed. Hard and sweet and ever-punishing. “You like me, Hollander? Thought we were rivals, no?” The slap of skin against skin was filthy in the silence of the dim hotel room, punctuated by Shane’s gasps and moans.

“Fuck *off*, Rozanov,” Shane moaned, voice wrecked.

“*Da?*” Ilya asks, still fucking into Shane at a rough pace. “I am going to make you cry.” He says it like a fact, again, not a question, or even an aspiration. Just a fact of the evening.

And he does. Ilya fucks him until he cums all over his chest, sobbing into the crook of his elbow, biting it hard just to avoid chanting Ilya’s name like a prayer. Ilya cums, obscene moans and grunts huffing out of his mouth as he jacks off all over Shane’s stomach.

Ilya had drawn a finger through the mess of their shared cum against Shane’s stomach, smiling softly, the spell broken. It made Shane feel something that made him nervous, something warm and soft that quickly sharpened as Ilya drew that finger into his mouth and sucked. “What?” he had asked. “You eat well. Tastes good.”

He had gotten a warm washcloth, then, and made Shane drink some water with *liquid IV* in it. Shane felt lightheaded in the way that good sex (sex with Ilya) always made him feel— he was on Cloud 9.

After cleaning up, the two of them had easily fit into each other, arms wrapped around shoulders, kisses planted on foreheads and cheeks. Shane sighed, and was going to let himself drift off to sleep before Ilya had to leave, but something flashed in the back of his

brain. His eyes shot open, blinking rapidly as that one unfamiliar word that Ilya had used resurfaced.

He let some of his consciousness float back to him before he spoke up.

“So... what does *paposhka* mean?” Shane asked, a bit too eager, against Ilya from his place on the other man’s chest.

“*Hollander*,” Ilya groaned, half-asleep himself. “You have too much energy for man I just fucked for hours.”

“Not an answer,” Shane huffed, nestling his head in the crook of Ilya’s arm, kissing softly at his ribs. “Please?”

Still, no response came from the Russian. When Shane peeked his head up, he found Ilya as close to bright pink as he had ever seen him. “Is nothing,” Ilya managed.

“Obviously not!” Shane protested, scrambling to get his phone. “Google translate will help me if you won’t.” He opened the app and started to type into the input box.

Ilya made a noise that sounds suspiciously like a squeak and dives at Shane. The two tussled for a second, Ilya trying to grab Shane’s phone, Shane successfully keeping it away. Ilya slumped, defeated, into a pile of limbs next to Shane, embarrassed heat radiating off of him while Shane types.

The translation loads and Shane’s eyes widen. “*Ilya!*”

The Russian cackled, long and loud, the glint of his smile visible even in the low light of the hotel room.

End Notes

russian:

"paposhka" — daddy (sexual)

"sobachka" — doggy, mutt

"glotat'" — swallow

"otkryt" — open

"da" — yes

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