

Poor Hollander

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Poor Hollander

by [AthenaZahils](#)

Summary

Ilya is obsessed with making Shane cry and beg for sex. Shane likes to be a good boy.

Notes

First things first: this is the first time I've written a purely pornographic short story, so take it easy!

Second: I always get this idea whenever I watch episode 2, you know, that scene after the awards ceremony with Ilya and Shane at the hotel, and Ilya has that dominant alpha look and Shane has that submissive omega look, and Ilya is drinking vodka and ordering Shane to do dirty things, and

it's a mess, a delicious mess, anyway. I needed to get this idea out of my head and see what would happen, and this is what happened.

Almost 4,000 words of pure pornography, but I'm normal, I swear! Really! Actually I was going to file this story away cuz it seemed a little too much, but after seeing Hollanove's interview with Buzzfeed, I thought, "Hell nah, hell nah," I'm going to publish this right now cuz there are people out there crazier than me. So I felt excited that I wasn't the only insane one LMFAO.

I'm innocent, I promise. It's all Hollanove's effect.

Oh, just a message for those who are following my other story:

I already have the next chapter of Trapped almost ready, I just needed to post this one short first cuz it wouldn't get out of my head and it was distracting me and it was a mess, okay?

But tomorrow I'll bring the next chapter of Trapped, I promise, don't come after me. Lol.

Enjoy the read, little nastys!

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

Shane practically ran out of the elevator, his heart pounding as he checked the time again. He was late.

Ilya hates delays.

But it wasn't Shane's fault. Rozanov liked him clean and smelling nice, so he needed a shower. Just imagining what Ilya would do to him made his neck flush and his cheeks redden before he even reached the door.

When Shane reached the last door in the hallway, he looked at the door to confirm the number. He was panting, so he took a deep breath to calm himself and turned the doorknob.

He entered and closed the door behind him with a shrug.

"You're late."

The voice sent instant chills down Shane's spine. Shane turned toward the person responsible.

Ilya was standing in front of a window, his body leaning lazily against a wall, holding a glass of vodka that was still half full.

"Sorry... I..."

"Come here," Ilya interrupted him.

Shane approached hesitantly and stopped in front of Rozanov. Ilya leaned away from the wall, and Shane caught his breath briefly when Rozanov stopped in front of him. Shane could feel his breath touching his forehead.

Shane swallowed hard.

Ilya then leaned in to face him, and his hand went to his cheek, caressing it and tucking a strand of hair behind his ear.

Shane's body trembled at the slightest touch.

"What took you so long?"

Shane had to snap out of his little trance to answer the question.

He swallowed hard to moisten his throat.

— Shower. I was taking a shower.

— Yeah? — Ilya continued caressing his ear, then returned to his face and ran his finger over his freckles.

Shane could only nod, his eyes fixed on Ilya's necklace, not daring to look him in the eye. Shane knew that if he did, he wouldn't be able to control himself.

Shane was taken by surprise when the hand that was caressing his face moved down to the back of his neck, bringing his face closer to Ilya's, while pulling his head back so that Shane would look at him.

Shane let out a sigh when his eyes met those irises.

Shane gasped for a moment when Rozanov's face stopped inches from his. Ilya was looking directly into his eyes, and Shane felt like he was going to collapse.

Then Ilya kissed Shane fiercely and hungrily. Shane had no choice but to try to keep up with him. He was always taken by surprise by those kisses. They were too intense.

But it felt so good... Ilya's tongue explored his mouth and dominated his entire territory. Shane gasped and tried not to collapse with just one kiss while enjoying every movement Ilya's tongue made with his.

Shane was lost in the moment, until he widened his eyes and then closed them tightly, trying to pull away from Ilya. But Ilya tightened his grip on the back of his neck and forced Shane to stay still, while he bit down hard on his lower lip.

Shane groaned in pain, his eyes shining with tears. Only after tasting blood on his lips did Ilya pull away, still holding him by the back of his head.

Shane was gasping for air and enduring the pain. "I-Ilya..."

"Don't be late again. Okay?"

Shane just nodded submissively. A single tear rolled down his cheek, his eyelashes fluttering hard as he tried to stop more from falling.

"Ah!" Shane felt the back of his neck being pressed hard again. He looked at Ilya, confused.

"Okay?" Ilya's eyes were dark.

Scary.

And, against all logic, exciting. Well, Shane wasn't being very logical at that moment.

"O-Okay..." Shane sniffed. His chest rose and fell rapidly.

"Great." Ilya finally let him go. Shane felt dizzy for a second, as if he had been returned to his own body. "Take off your clothes." Ilya took a sip of his vodka and leaned back against the wall.

This time, Shane didn't hesitate. He quickly took off each piece of clothing, folding it and placing it on the sofa.

When he was down to his underwear, Shane stopped and hugged himself. Ilya raised an eyebrow at him questioningly.

"Can we... hm, go to the bedroom? Too many windows." Shane looked at the large glass wall behind Ilya.

Ilya doesn't answer, he just pulls his body away from the wall and starts walking. Shane starts following him and sees him picking up an armchair along the way, dragging it along with him.

Ilya stops in front of the bed and sits down on the armchair he dragged over, settling in. "Lie down." He gestures toward the bed.

Shane obeyed. The bed sagged under his weight as he lay down. He tried to get comfortable and leaned his back against the headboard.

"Now, masturbate." Ilya takes a sip of vodka.

"Yes?" Shane exclaims.

"I want you to jerk off for me, Hollander. Is my pronunciation not clear enough?"

Shane's face flushed absurdly.

"I-I've never done..."

Ilya raises an eyebrow and gives a half smile. "It's not that hard. Be creative." Ilya takes another small sip of vodka. And Shane watches his lips get wet with the liquid and the drink go down his throat, moving his Adam's apple.

Shane swallows hard. He was already pretty aroused, so it wouldn't be difficult.

Shane then takes a deep breath and exhales slowly, while he begins to run his hands slowly over his own body. On his neck, chest, he runs his hands under his nipple, running his thumb around it.

Ilya couldn't take his eyes off him, and that was making him even hotter.

Shane spreads his legs wider and bends them slightly, bringing them closer to his chest, making his penis and ass more visible. Then he starts rubbing his penis. He squeezes it under his underwear and shudders, drawing the head and wetting the fabric with his precum.

"Fuck," Ilya blurts out.

Shane feels more aroused and looks at him. "Are you going to fuck me, Rozanov?" Shane asks boldly, his voice hoarse.

"It depends," Ilya takes a sip of vodka. "If you're a good boy."

Shane then takes off his underwear and throws it carelessly on the bed. He was getting more excited just thinking about being a good boy for Rozanov and making him happy, willing to fuck him hard.

Shane uses his own pre-cum to spread on his cock and make it wet. Then Shane starts stroking it and moving his hand up and down, moaning and closing his eyes.

Shane runs his free hand back over his chest and starts squeezing one of his nipples.

Ilya couldn't take his eyes off him, and that gave Shane the courage to do better and impress him, and Shane is completely crazy.

Shane then lowers the hand that was holding his penis and takes advantage of all the liquid spread on it when it reaches his hole. Ilya gives him a look of approval, and Shane is loving it. He could purr at that moment.

Shane circles around the spot first, then slowly inserts his middle finger. Shane arches his back and lets out a moan, his head hitting the headboard as he begins to slowly push and pull his finger.

"Just one won't be enough," Ilya says, his voice also hoarse, and Shane can see the veins bulging on the sides of his face.

Shane looked at him with moist, seductive eyes. Then Hollander added another finger, and as his body arched further, he cried out in pleasure and gripped his nipple tightly, beginning to move back and forth rapidly.

Shane couldn't take it anymore and looked at Ilya pleadingly. "Rozanov... I need... ahh."

Ilya drinks a little more vodka, looking at Hollander pleadingly. "What do you need?"

Shane takes a while to answer, overcome with lust.

"Y-You..."

"Ask properly," Ilya says with a serious look.

Shane squirms. He moans. Increasing the speed of his fingers. "I need you. Please... hm... fuck me?"

Ilya smiles and gets up with his vodka. He walks over to Shane and stops at the edge of the bed.

"Come here," he calls. Hollander stops moving immediately and shifts toward Ilya, who is watching him.

Shane knew exactly what to do. So, feeling a little dizzy, he stopped in front of what he wanted, but it was still hidden. Stupid pants, Shane thought.

He hurriedly began to unbuckle Ilya's belt and took out his long, thick cock, holding it with his small hands in front of him. Shane caressed it for a while, admiring it, reveling in its texture, until he let out a sigh of pleasure as he eagerly took it into his mouth.

"Fuck!" Ilya curses in Russian, throwing his head back.

Shane completely ignored the small cut on his lip and begins to swallow the cock, pushing deep, completely ignoring any discomfort and focusing on Ilya's moans and curses.

He began to slowly pull the cock out, pressing his tongue against it throughout the process.

The cock popped out of Shane's mouth with a pop, his mouth and cock both sticky with saliva and pre-cum. Ilya let out a sigh.

Shane felt Ilya's hand caressing his ear, and Hollander lifted his head to look at him.

Rozanov's face was contorted with pleasure. Shane lifted his member slightly to run his tongue over his testicles and drag it to the top of his cock.

Ilya's touch began to grow more aggressive, and Shane knew he was reaching his limit.

Shane then dove back down, deep throating him.

"Fuck." Ilya grabbed Shane's head with one hand and began dictating the movement. Shortly thereafter, Ilya was fucking Shane's throat.

"Where did you learn to do that so well, huh?" Ilya said through gritted teeth.

Shane didn't understand what Ilya meant. Ilya knew that Shane had only been with two men in his life, including him. And he only stayed with that other man once, never again until today. Shane lost count of how many times he said that to Rozanov.

Shane held Ilya's thigh tightly because he was starting to run out of breath.

Ilya continued, though. "Fuck... Just imagining you using that mouth with someone else... Should I cut his dick off?"

Shane's eyes widened, shaking his head and slapping Ilya's thigh. Then Shane felt Ilya's penis swell and soon after, thick, bitter liquid fill his throat.

Ilya's breathing was heavy. He slowly withdrew his cock from Shane's mouth, and Shane lowered his head to look. Shane was a mess. His eyes were watering.

Ilya clenched his hands in Shane's hair as a warning. "Don't waste any." Then he pulled his entire cock out of Shane's mouth.

Shane swallowed it all, his chest rising and falling with heavy breathing. Some of the liquid slid down the side of his mouth, and Ilya wiped it with his thumb, bringing it to Shane's mouth, which opened automatically and sucked on his finger.

Even after that, Ilya hadn't calmed down, and with the sight of Shane all messed up and submissive, looking at him with eyes that clearly begged for him, the Russian was trembling with excitement.

Shane's face was glowing, with pre-cum smeared all over it, he was all flushed with his freckles standing out and his mouth half open, breathing heavily.

Ilya let out an almost psychotic laugh, pushing his hair back. I'm going crazy, thought Rozanov.

"On all fours." Shane obeys quickly.

Ilya puts down the glass and finishes taking off his own clothes. He kneels, pulling Shane closer by the waist, sliding his right hand under Shane's abdomen, who shudders at the touch, and pushes his belly in, raising his ass higher.

Ilya begins to caress Shane's butt, holding both cheeks and squeezing. He takes the glass of vodka and pours some over Shane's hole, which trembles.

"Wh-what...?" Shane exclaims, confused.

"Shh..." Ilya whispers between his skin.

Ilya spreads Shane's butt cheeks wider and, without warning, plunges his tongue into the hole, tasting the vodka.

"Oh fuck!" Shane exclaims, clutching the sheets.

Ilya thrusts his tongue deep inside, thrusting and moving it quickly.

Shane throws his head back on the sheets, rolling his eyes.

Ilya pulls away just to rub his thumb in the hole and then thrust it in all at once. Shane can only moan and squeeze the sheets under his hands as he tries to endure Ilya's teasing.

"Ahh... Ilya..."

Shane sticks his ass out, wanting more, he needed more.

Unconsciously, Shane begins to move his hips, wanting more contact. Ilya slaps his butt hard and loudly. Shane lets out a cry.

"Be quiet."

Shane shudders. "I-I'm sorry..." Shane muffles a cry under the sheets.

Ilya dips two of his fingers into the glass of vodka. Immediately afterwards, he penetrates Shane's ass with both fingers at once, who arches and shudders at the sudden intrusion.

"Ahh!"

Ilya squeezes the Shane's waist.

"Be quiet, Hollander. I won't repeat."

"Sorry... I'm sorry."

Shane starts whimpering and murmurs apologies without even remembering what for.

Ilya starts fucking his ass with his fingers, hard and fast.

Rozanov adds a third finger and continues fucking Shane with them, running his free hand over Shane's waist and back. Then suddenly Shane feels a sharp slap on his ass that makes him arch his back and scream.

Shane's eyes rolled back in pleasure.

"Ilya... Ah, I'm going to..." Shane clenched the sheets, trying to control himself. "I think I'm going to come..."

Ilya ignored him and slapped him again, and again, keeping up the speed of his fingers until Shane came hard on those sheets.

Shane moans loudly and his whole body is shaking and spasming.

Ilya smiles contentedly. "Good boy," he says, caressing Shane's red, bruised butt.

Hollander couldn't even react. His body lay limp on the bed, breathing heavily.

Ilya takes off the shirt he was still wearing.

He straightens Shane's limp body, putting him back on all fours.

"I-I just came, Ilya," Shane whimpers. Shane's body was extremely sensitive.

"Shh, don't worry." Ilya rubs his cock against Shane's entrance, without penetrating yet. He leans over, resting his chest against Shane's wet back and licks his ear, making Hollander shudder. "I'm going to make you cum all night long." Ilya holds his own cock and begins to push the head in slowly, Shane moans softly. "I'm going to drain every last drop of cum your body has."

And in one stroke, Ilya penetrates Shane, who screams, arching his back with force.

Shane knew that Ilya had just hit his prostate when an overwhelming pleasure rose to his brain. Ilya's entire penis was inside him, and Shane feels his own penis get hard again.

Ilya then grabs Shane's waist with both hands and begins to thrust mercilessly. Hard. The friction caused an obscene sound that filled the room.

Shane was completely out of control at that moment. He moaned loudly without caring about anything, his small hands clutching the sheets as if they were his salvation.

"Fuck, Hollander, damn it," Ilya groans, slapping Shane's already sensitive butt.

"Ahhh... fuck!" Shane cries out in pleasure. "Rozanov!" Shane shudders and feels like he could come again at any moment.

Ilya grabs Shane's hair violently, taking him by surprise, and lifts him up, pulling him toward him. He turns his head and kisses him. It was more tongue rubbing and saliva exchange than anything else, and the friction of Ilya's tongue made his wound burn, but it was fucking stimulating.

That position wasn't good at all, but Shane didn't care. He didn't care about anything, really, as long as Ilya kept fucking him like that.

Shane reached his right hand up to the Russian's curls and lost himself in them, squeezing them and messing them up.

Shane felt like he could die. Was it possible to die of pleasure? Shane would probably be the first. He couldn't do anything but moan loudly and whimper for more. It was pathetic.

Ilya reached a hand down to Shane's nipple and began squeezing it hard. He deliberately began to slow down his pace. Shane grumbled between kisses and began to move his hips, Ilya smiled.

"My bitch," Ilya whispered, and Shane's hole tightened even more around Ilya's cock, which began to throb.

Ilya throws Shane's body back onto the bed, turning him so that his back is against the bed.

Shane grunts as Ilya's penis springs out, his hole twitching and searching for it.

Ilya laughs. "You like that, hm? Your hole is crazy for my cock, look how it searches for it." Ilya sticks his thumb into the shiny pink hole. Shane's hole swallows Ilya's thumb immediately.

Shane whimpers, his body arching. He begs. "Ilya, please..." Shane lets out a sob.

"Yes?" Ilya has a smirk on his face and looks at Shane with an arched eyebrow. "Please what?"

Ilya smiles. He loved seeing Shane beg for his cock. It was definitely better than any victory.

Shane let out a sob. "Come back, please..." Shane felt like he was going crazy. Why did Ilya like to tease him?

"Come back where, honey?" Ilya kept playing, pushing his finger in and out.

In fact, Ilya loved playing with Shane's hole. Especially when he was all wet and desperate to suck him, searching for him.

"So wet..."

"Ah..." Shane moans. "Please, please... come back... here" Shane placed his hand over Ilya's finger as it played with his hole. "Please? Fuck me, Ilya..." Shane's tears were already flowing freely at this point, he felt frustrated.

And Ilya was an idiot. Who stopped in the middle of sex to play with the other person's hole?

"Oh, my love..." Ilya holds his neck and kisses him. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry... I'll be right back, okay? Don't cry." He returns to his position between Shane's legs. "I'll give you what you want, okay?" And Ilya penetrates Shane again with force, who screams, almost choking.

That pause made his body lose its rhythm for a moment, and it was like the first thrust. Shane was going crazy.

Ilya began to thrust his hips hard, hitting Shane's prostate mercilessly.

Ilya pulls Shane's hips closer for more friction.

"Look at you," Ilya says, squeezing Shane's stomach. "So greedy, my good slut." Shane moans loudly.

— I-Ilya...

— Yes, dear? — Ilya looks at Shane, without stopping for a second.

Shane had his arms outstretched, and Ilya understood.

"Oh, my love..." Ilya moved closer to Shane, and he immediately wrapped his arms around Rozanov's neck, hugging him tightly, squeezing his legs around Rozanov's hips.

Ilya felt tears on his shoulder. Shane was extremely aroused.

"My naughty boy." Ilya began kissing Shane. His freckles, cheeks, neck, ear. Then the kisses turned into hard hickies.

Ilya sucked on Shane's neck, collarbone, and everything else, which was too much for little Hollander, who could only moan and cling to Ilya's body as if his life depended on it. Maybe it did.

Then Shane redirected his attention to Ilya's back. He wouldn't let the Russian's body get away with it.

Ilya pulled back a little to gain more control and increase his thrusts. He himself could feel that he was getting close.

Ilya's moans grew louder, and his thrusts stronger. He kissed Shane once more, aggressively. He nibbled on the already bruised area and licked it immediately afterwards. Shane moaned with pain and pleasure, digging his nails into Ilya's shoulders with force.

Shane's hole squeezed Ilya's cock tightly, and it was driving Rozanov crazy. He buried his face in Shane's neck and his thrusts became animalistic, his moans even louder, and after that it didn't take long for Ilya to start cumming.

And all that sensation made Shane cum right after him too.

Shane squeezed his legs even tighter around Ilya's hips, his toes curling and his hands claspng Rozanov tightly, almost suffocating him. Ilya didn't care, Shane was super aroused.

Ilya squeezed Shane's waist, moaning as he continued to thrust until he finished coming. Then his movements slowly stopped.

Their bodies seemed to converse in perfect harmony. Calming down together.

After a while like this, with his head buried in Shane's neck and breathing heavily, Ilya pulled back a little to see Shane's face and the mess he had made of the boy.

There were still a few tears running down his face, so Ilya started kissing his eyes and licking away the tears.

Shane grumbled, acting all coy and sensitive. Then Ilya finally kissed his lips, but this time it was a gentler, more affectionate kiss, though Shane flinched a little because of the wound.

"Are you okay?" Ilya asks in the middle of the kiss.

Shane nods, returning the kiss.

Shane hadn't noticed before, but now he knows that Ilya's cock is still inside him, because he feels it starting to get hard again.

"I-Ilya?" Shane tries to speak in the middle of the kiss.

"Hm?" Ilya murmurs casually.

Shane groans.

"We— Ahh! Ilya!" Ilya began to move, which made his penis stimulate Shane again. "B-but you just came..." Shane whined.

Ilya stopped kissing him.

"It's your fault. You won't stop squeezing my cock, Hollander."

"That's because... because..."

Well, Shane's body was super sensitive and his hole wouldn't stop trembling. Which made Ilya's cock get stimulated and hard again.

"Besides..." Ilya begins to stand up and pulls Shane's body with him, hugging him. "I told you I'd make you come all night long." Then Ilya forces Shane to sit down hard on his cock.

"Ahhhh..."

Shane's eyes were wide, and he hugged Ilya desperately.

Then another round began, and Ilya really only left Shane alone after the sun began to rise and he had drained all the semen from Hollander's body. Well, at least for the rest of the week.

The last thing Shane sees before passing out is Ilya's satisfied smile as he caressed his freckles. Then Shane smiled too, being completely carried away by sleep.

Ilya stands for a moment admiring his work. Shane's body is covered in hickeys and marks.

He runs his finger over his partner's swollen, bruised lips. Shane shudders and his eyes flutter, but he doesn't wake up. That's how tired Shane is.

"My poor Hollander." Ilya bent down to leave a small kiss on his lips, then held him in his lap.

Ilya gets into the bathtub he had prepared and begins to wash him and Shane.

After dressing Hollander and himself in just a bathrobe, Ilya carefully lays Shane's body on the sofa.

He goes to change the sheets, throwing the dirty ones carelessly on the floor, picks up his mischievous baby again, and carefully lays him down on the bed.

Ilya lies down immediately, covering them both with the sheet and positioning himself behind Hollander, slipping one arm under Shane's head and hugging him with the other.

Ilya kisses Shane's cheek, smells his neck once more, and closes his eyes. Feeling completely refreshed.

End Notes

I mean, after draining all of Shane's energy, Ilya couldn't be more alive. Thank you for reading, hope you enjoyed!

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